Inside Report on a Marriage

How much more can Liz take...
A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

Breck Hair Set Mist is a gentle spray that leaves hair soft and shining, never stiff or sticky. This fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out the natural beauty of your hair.

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Beautiful Hair

BRECK

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tooth paste is for teeth!

Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste!

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Every time you brush your teeth,
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JULY, 1960

FAVORITE OF AMERICA’S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

EXCLUSIVE

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DEBBIE REYNOLDS and GLENN FORD
DEBORAH KERR

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NORMAN SIEGEL, West Coast Editor

CLAUDE SABIN, Managing Editor
ANDRE BROOKS, Associate Editor
TOM FERDINAND, Assistant Editor
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ROGER MARSHUZ, Staff Photographer
JOAN CLARK, Assistant Art Director
MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributor

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bells are ringing

In CinemaScope And
METROCOLOR

SONGS! SONGS!
"Bells Are Ringing"
"Just In Time"
"I Met A Girl"
"The Party's Over"
and many more!

Starring
Judy Holliday  Dean Martin

FRED CLARK with EDDIE FOY, JR. • JEAN STAPLETON
Screen Play and Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • JULE STYNE
Music by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • JULE STYNE

Based On the Musical Play BELLS ARE RINGING
Directed by VINCENITE MINNELLI
I wonder who Kim Novak thinks she is. She is different people at different times, but I admit I like most of the Kim Novaks I've met ... Marilyn Monroe, more than any train, plane or boat, makes news when she is on time. "They tell me I was born late," admitted MM. ... When I mention the Schell clan, I'm betting my money on Maximilian instead of the better-known Maria. ... Time was when Frank Sinatra was singing in a New Jersey roadhouse, wondering if he'd ever become the singer with a name band. ... Never believed I'd see the day when two songs would be yanked out of a Pat Boone movie ("Journey to the Center of the Earth") to make room for his acting. ... It didn't happen so long ago that you shouldn't remember the answers. Here goes: Charlton Heston and Simone Signoret won Oscars for the best performances by an actor and actress. Who won the Oscars for the best performances by a supporting actor and actress? ... I think "The Unforgiven" is a beautiful, uneven, long movie which I'd have thought as beautiful and more entertaining if it hadn't been so long and uneven. ... John Saxon is about to come on strong and prove he can act. ... But with Gardner McKay, I can still see the acting lessons. ... Starlet Googie Schwab told why she had broken her engagement to her wealthy fiance: "I saw him in a bathing suit and he looked so different without his wallet."

Hugh O'Brian can't go with as many girls as he's itemed with. ... I'll always remember Ava Gardner in "The Barefoot Contessa" as the most beautiful face I've ever seen in Technicolor. ... There's never been a white bathing suit like the one Elizabeth Taylor wore in "Suddenly, Last Summer." ... Time was when Tony Randall was intent upon becoming a professional weight-lifter. ... Barbara Nichols defines a wolf as a man of single purpose and double talk.

I never watch Sophia (Continued)
The talent from Tampa who became a ten-cents-a-dance girl...

You talk about breaking New York open in three months. It might take you all your life—and you still won't do it. Just wait till it slams every door in your face. You'll lie, steal, cheat—and that's only the beginning!

Tony Curtis

Debbie Reynolds

in the Perlberg-Seaton production of Garson Kanin's the rat race

Director by Robert Mulligan - Screenplay by Garson Kanin - Based on HIs Play - A Paramount Picture
Loren without imagining I hear the director giving the directions. . . . Things move so fast these days that they don’t allow a New Face time enough to become new. . . . I’ll bet (while I’m in the betting mood) that Bing Crosby is more naturally relaxed than Perry Como. . . . Edd (Kookie) Byrnes has trouble parking his own car. . . . I’ve heard people (producers, directors, agents, etc.) boast about the talent they discovered; but I’ve yet to hear one talk of the performers they helped ruin. . . . Hugh Griffith and Shelley Winters won the Oscars for the Best Supporting Actor and Actress. You didn’t think I’d be an old meanie and not give the answer? . . . Time was when Jimmie Rodgers worked in a paper mill and his fellow workers would ask him to quit singing on the job and keep still.

I keep looking and looking at Doris Day, wondering what makes her look like the All-American girl. It can’t be the blond hair, because Jayne Mansfield has blond hair; it can’t be the freckles, because Katharine Hepburn has freckles; it can’t be the smile, because Maria Schell is always wearing one, too. . . . I can’t accept the statements that France Nuyen is as eccentric and uncontrollable as they’d have her appear. I always found her an independent, but a smart chick. . . . The best thing I like about James Darren is Evy Norlund. This is not meant as a bum rap for Darren but heavy praise for Evy. . . . I’d like to see Doris Day’s boy, Terry, marry Tuesday Weld, only because she’d then be Tuesday Day. . . . Did you ever believe you’d see the day when it would be Mamie Van Doren, Inc.? They’re making better looking corporations. . . . Dick Shawn tells about the 50-year-old Martian who landed here and said, “Take me to your Lola.”

Holler at me if you must, but I believe Tab Hunter is a better actor than most critics credit him. . . . Time was when Fred Astaire announced his retirement because he was tired of dancing and thought the public was tired of watching him dance. . . . Mort Sahl, talking about the political propaganda, said, “The politicians are so used to exaggerating that they can’t tell the truth without lying about it.”

I’ve yet to see a Marlon Brando movie (good, bad or indifferent) without being fascinated by Brando. . . . Whenever they start giving an actor the “Mr.,” billing in front of his name, watch out. He’s on the way out. . . . Do you remember when Debbie Reynolds was married to Eddie Fisher, and Glenn Ford was married to Eleanor Powell, and Nick Adams wasn’t married at all? It seems like yesterday, and when you think about it, it practically was!

I’m of the opinion Anna Magnani is a fine actress, but sometimes I wish they’d use subtitles under her speeches. . . . They took away Brigitte Bardot’s towel and thought that made her a character actress. . . . Hollywood is a place where if you exhibit good manners they think you are a butler, an usher, or out of work. That’s Hollywood For You.
NEW!

Shampoofs!

Helene Curtis
Shampoo plus egg

in the handiest packets you ever poofed

First purse-size shampoo for girls who go places . . . Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg in spillproof, leakproof little plastic packets! Just nip off the tip and poof a Shampoo . . . two heady headfuls of rich, rich lather. See the Golden Plus of egg, nature's lusterizer, relight your highlights, whatever your hair color. Poof a Shampoo today . . . with Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg.

1 complete shampoo
(2 luxury lathers) in every 10c packet. Card of 6, just 59¢. Also in handy beauty bottle, 59¢ and $1.
The Fugitive Kind

U.S.

Three high-powered personalities—Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani and Joanne Woodward (pictured above)—go into high gear, with the result you feel as if you've been crashed into the middle of a nightmare. Marlon's a thirty-year-old who believes he has wasted all his young years. (At least, that's the way it sounds; this character has a terrible time putting his ideas into words.) Looking for a fresh new life, he drifts into a small town—but ooh, did he pick the wrong place! This town is so deep in the heart of Tennessee Williams-land, that the people are even nuttier than the writer's usual creations. Joanne is a bedraggled, rebellious, desperately unhappy drunk, and even though, at first, Anna seems refreshingly normal when she and Marlon are drawn together, she admits she's "filled with hate" for the brutal citizens who killed her father. But we had to admit, under Sidney Lumet's direction, the story is like a strange, dream-like spell.

Flame Over India

CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Have you caught "Stagecoach" on the late, late show? Well, here's a rousing British thriller that follows the same classic pattern, though its Indians live in India, where, incidentally, the movie was shot. The formula: Round up a miscellaneous bunch of people and send 'em on a trip through hair-raising danger and watch how each one reacts. Around 1910, with civil war blazing in the hill country, British officer Kenneth More is assigned to get a five-year-old Hindu prince to safety, away from Moham medans who want to kill the child. Instead of a stagecoach, we have an ancient, wheezing railroad engine that hauls one coal car and one battered old coach. With Lauren Bacall as the little prince's spirited American governor, we have just about every shade of political opinion aboard. And we're off on a wild ride that gives two hours plus of spectacular thrills.

The Savage Eye

TRANS-LUX

If you can stand a jolt, a movie that's intensely personal and frighteningly real, try this one. It'll be very much worth your time as it takes you inside the mind of Barbara Baxley, a young woman just divorced and utterly lost. Through "the savage eye" of the camera, wandering around Los Angeles with her, you'll see people as she sees them—all ugly. But, as the film moves on, you finally realize that the picture's creators (Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers and Joseph Strick) have something much gentler to say and, except for one scene, the action is wordless. You hear instead Barbara speaking her troubled thoughts and the quiet voice of her conscience (Gary Merrill's voice) calling her to sanity.

(Continued on page 83)
"There's no tan like a Coppertone tan"

says Sandra Dee

Co-Starring in
"PORTRAIT IN BLACK"
A Universal-International Picture
in Eastman Color

SANDRA DEE says, "Only Coppertone gives me such a deep tan, yet keeps my skin so soft and smooth." Like other Hollywood stars, Sandra has discovered what Florida sun tests prove:

Coppertone gives you the fastest tan possible ... with maximum sunburn protection!

It's guaranteed by a scientific sunscreen that shuts out rays that burn and coarsen skin; lets in ultraviolet rays that activate safe tanning deep within your skin—so it tans quickly and naturally ... from the inside out!

Absolutely no artificial tanning agent to stain your skin or clothes. No alcohol. Coppertone is lanolized and moisturized to prevent ugly drying and peeling. Stays on skin longer—so protects you even after swimming!

America's
No. 1 Suntan!

Only suntan product available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, Shade (for children and supersensitive skin). Also Noskote. Save—buy large sizes.

Another quality product of Plough, Inc. Also available in Canada.

COPPERTONE
for fastest tan

- With maximum Sunburn Protection Guaranteed

Don't be a Paleface!

Coppertone is a Reg. T. M. of Plough, Inc.

SEE DICK CLARK ON "AMERICAN BANDSTAND" • ABC TELEVISION NETWORK
Like Father, Like Daughter

Everyone always tells me that I take after my father and it always makes me so proud. I wondered since Father's Day is coming up, if some of the stars' daughters look like them, too?

Roz Elbaum
Miami, Fla.

See for yourself. Just turn the page and see how many Hollywood fathers and daughters you can match up.—Ed.

Famous Songs?

I thought that the list of songs famous people might sing, in one of your past issues, was very cute. It also gave me some ideas: "Who's Sorry Now?" by Martin and Lewis, "The Way of a Clown" by Red Skelton, "When You're Smiling" by Lawrence Welk, "A Fool Such As I" by Jerry Lewis, "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?" by Jack Benny, "Mutual Admiration Society" by Bob Hope and Bing Crosby, "Just Kiss Me" by Pat Boone.

Helen Paul
Rutherford, N.J.

Look Alikes

... I think my Uncle Orion looks a lot like Glenn Ford. Don't you think so?

Linda Fulton
Wilton, Ohio

He looks more like William Holden to us.

—Ed.

You Asked For It

... Recently I became very interested in a fairly newcomer to the screen and have looked through countless magazines expecting to find stories and pictures of him. Since my favorite, Stephen Boyd, is a fine actor as well as charming, handsome and rugged, I can't see why there isn't more on him. Hope the next time I pick up a Photoplay, I'll find some nice pictures and a story on him.

MRS. L.M.B.
Lynn, Mass.

If you pick up this issue of Photoplay and turn to page 56, you'll find what you've been waiting for.—Ed.

It's Ava, Grace and Clark in "Mogambo."

A Discussion?

A friend and I have been discussing the movie "Mogambo." We have disagreed as to who were the female stars in that picture. My friend says Ava Gardner and Deborah Kerr and I say Ava Gardner and Grace Kelly. Could you please settle this argument and tell us who's right?

Miriam Dudley
Linwood, N.J.

I hope your discussion doesn't become a fight! You are right—Grace Kelly played opposite Ava Gardner.—Ed.

Your Wish

Recently, I saw the movie "The Miracle" in which Roger Moore played the part of Michael. I think he's a wonderful actor and he's very handsome. Would you print some information and a picture of him?

Carla Hunter
Salem, Ohio

Your wish is our command. See page 62.
—Ed.

... I am a great fan of Bobby Rydell's. I would be very happy if you did a story on him with a big picture.

Lynda Cohen
Middletown, Pa.

As long as you'll be happy, see page 41.—Ed.

Favorites

I hope that Jeff will read this And maybe Esther too, For they were my very favorites As everybody knew.

But then came Frank Sinatra With Novak by his side: Then they were my favorites, This could not be denied.

Next was Elvis Presley And charming Sandra Dee. They are my current favorites As you can plainly see.

But after seeing Deborah And lover Gregory Peck, I still say they're my favorites If I may stick out my neck. Or at least that's what I thought Until I met the rest.

Now it's Rock and Doris The greatest and the best.

Lavonne Cherrie Lockwood
Miami, Fla.

Boy, are you a mixed-up kid!!—Ed.

More Look Alikes

... This is Jack C. Cleland, the man who coined such phrases as "Drive Carefully, The Life You Save May Be Your Own." He's mistaken for Arthur Godfrey many times. What do you think?

Doris Zerry
Lynwood, Calif.

... I, as well as lots of other people, think my daughter Lynda looks a lot (and acts a lot) like Shirley MacLaine. Don't you agree?

Tina Rider
Oakland, Calif.

Continued

Godfrey's the cause of mixups for Jack.

Do you think Lynda looks like Shirley?
Most beautiful thing
that's happened to
diamonds in fifty years

Evening Star

The brilliant discovery that sets off
a diamond in a blaze of glory! You've
never seen anything like it because there's
never been anything quite like "Evening
Star" on earth before. Dreamed up and
created only by Artcarved it frees a
diamond so that it looks like a star
floating on your finger. See "Evening Star"
at the thousands of Artcarved jewelers
throughout the country—
and you'll know what it's like to catch
a star and put it on your finger.
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ring's full current retail price, should you
ever desire to, toward a larger
Artcarved diamond. Everything's more
beautiful about "Evening Star."

Artcarved
"EVENING STAR" ENGAGEMENT RINGS

"Evening Star" engagement rings in a dazzling collection from $250 to $10,000. Things
to remember forever about an Artcarved engagement ring—every one is guaranteed,
in writing, for color, cut, clarity, carat weight, if Artcarved is stamped in the ring.

Beloved by brides for more than one hundred years (1850-1960)

"Evening Star" designpat. applied for. Price subject to changes without notice, include federal tax.
Rings enlarged to show detail. Copy: 1959, J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.
Eighteen Pictures ... Count 'em!

"The Story on Page One" concerned "The Wreck of the Mary Deare" in "Tiger Bay."
"Our Man in Havana," "Cash McCall," was hiding behind "The Bramble Bush." "On the Beach," when "Suddenly Last Summer" "The Last Voyage" on "Swan Lake" took place.
"The Miracle" of the whole thing was that "The Third Voice" he heard, kept shouting "Sink The Bismarck!" I'm afraid "Cash McCall" should not have been "The Mouse That Roared" as "The Odds Against Tomorrow" were just too high for "The Man Who Knew Too Much." For all that's left of "Our Man in Havana" is "A Portrait in Black" which, I would say is a poor "Imitation of Life."

NORMA J. DONALDSON
Pinehurst, Idaho

I'd say you took a "Journey to the Center of the Earth" to dig up this "Story on Page One."—En.

A Question?????

I want to ask you a question. When is Perry Mason going to lose a case?

RENA TYSON
Lyons, Ind.

As soon as the D.A. wins one!—En.

Dear Someone:

"I'm Available," "At the Hop," This is my "Blue Heaven" since you said "Bye Bye Love," and "It Hurts." When we had a "Lovers' Quarrel," it was like "The Battle of New Orleans." Believe me, "I Ain't Never" been in the "Sea of Love" or even "Beyond the Sea." You used to say "I Only Have Eyes for You," but "What a Difference a Day Makes." From a "Big Hunk of Love" to "Tears on My Pillow."

Now I'm going down to "Lonesome Town." I'll be at "Heartbreak Hotel" on "Lonely Street," so "How About That?" "Just Ask Your Heart" if you want to be a "Lonely Blue Boy," or you don't want to be "Among My Souvenirs," I know you don't want to be "A Boy Without a Girl." Remember, "You Were Mine," and now I'm "Twixt Twelve and Twenty," and I've changed "From Bobby Sox to Stockings." So "Don't Be Cruel."

"P.S. I Love You."

ANN ARTELLI
Matawan, N. J.

Tribute to Eddie Cochran

I would like to express my deepest sympathies over the death of singer Eddie Cochran. He was one of my favorite singers. I had heard he was on tour and I was hoping that he'd be back soon, when I heard about his accident on Easter Sunday.

I wish that, in tribute to him, you might have an article in your magazine on him. I am sure that his death was a great loss to all who knew and liked him.

SARAH HARTWELL
Weston, Mass.

Photoplay's tribute to Eddie, written by Shari Shedeal, will be in our next issue. Shari, who was in the crash with Eddie, is still in the hospital at this time.—En.

Continued

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.
Color AmericanA
for Fashions AmericanA
by CUTEX®

The new light, bright fashion tones, Fashion Coral and Fashion Orchid

American designers have a way with color... American women have a talent for wearing it. Ask Paul Whitney, noted California designer. Ask Sarmi, famous New York fashion creator. Each has a flair for color. Each has used that flair to interpret for you the new all-American lipstick and polish shades by Cutex. "Fashion Coral" done in taffeta by Paul Whitney. "Fashion Orchid" translated into chiffon by Sarmi. "Colors Americana," the new light, bright fashion tones for your lips and finger nails!
I am so lonely that I would like to have pen pals. I am a twenty-year-old student.

Kyoungsoo Park
232-104 Huk Seok Dong
Young Dong Po Koo
Seoul, Korea

... Want to join the Sandra Dee fan club? Membership is $2.00 per year and you'll receive an editorial and a picture each month, plus a membership card and many special privileges. Write to:

Nancy Walsh
12 Lakeshore Dr.
Marlboro, Mass.

... Attention all Patty McCormack fans! If you want to be a member of her fan club—Chicago branch—write to:
Patty McCormack Fan Club
C/o Matt Ignazio
740 S. Ridge Ave.
Chicago 15, Ill.

Remember "Shangri-La," "My One Sin," etc.? Those were a few of the hits made by The Four Coins. This is an open invitation to you to join their national fan club. Dues are 50c per year for a membership card, photo, biography and issues of our bulletin, with snapshots of our boys. Foreign members can send their dues in the form of a souvenir of their country. Join us, won't you?

Barbara Siman
364 Halle Dr.
Euclid 32, Ohio

... My friend and I both have Muscular Dysfunction. We both love to write and have met other people to keep in touch with the latest news. My friend, Miss Eva Fimbinger of 2529 Lemmova, Gottwaldov, Czechoslovakia, wrote to write to boys and girls between the ages of 16 and 20. She is twenty and would like to write to boys and girls between the ages of 17 and 25.

Phyllis Zlotnick
East Hampton Rd.
Portland, Conn.

... This is to introduce Margaret Nicholson, of 901 West Wellington, Chicago, Illinois, as the president of the Audrey Meadows National Fan Club. Margaret has my full consent and cooperation in this venture.

Audrey Meadows

... I am president of the Postcard Exchange Club and would like members all over the world to join. Anyone who is interested in collecting postcards, with dues of 50c and 3 postcards per year, write:

Glenett Flaherty
600 N. 61 Terrace
Kansas City 2, Kansas

... Anyone who is interested in joining the Bob Clayton fan club, please write to me. Bob is a former American Bandstand regular who has now turned to a singing career.

Liz Keller
3527 West 50 St.
Cleveland, Ohio

... I am a seventeen-year-old Elvis Presley fan and would like to swap pictures of other singers and stars for pictures of Elvis. I have pictures of many stars such as Ricky Nelson, Fabian and Edd Byrnes.

Ronald Gomes
No. 28, Road 11/6
Petaling Jaya
Selangor, Malaya

... I am twenty years old and stuck on a deserted island with nothing to do but to write letters. How about some of you attractive young ladies dropping a young sailor a line?

George Berry
5174028
WWII Radio Div.
Navy #103
C/o F.P.O., N.Y., N.Y.

... I would like to have pen pals from different countries. I will exchange my collection of pictures of "Filipino movie stars" for any other pictures of movie stars of other countries. I am a fifteen-year-old girl.

Fely Abaya
1312 M.H. del Pilar
San Nicholas, Tarlac
Philippine Islands

... I am starting a collection of pictures of Audie Murphy. I would appreciate any pictures of him. I will pay for them or exchange them for pictures of mine.

Jean Rusk
121 Mill St.
Crawfordsville, Ind.

... I am thirteen years old and I am a collector of movie stars pictures. I have pictures of almost any TV, recording or movie star that I will gladly trade for pictures of Gail Davis.

Jane Greenberg
352 Exeter Rd.
Linden, N.J.

... I am a boy studying in the movie department in the University and I'm interested in collecting postage stamps. Will you exchange stamps with me?

Jesicove Rhee
Reconstruction Residence No. 111
287 Hong-je-dong, Seo-de-moon-ku
Seoul, R.O.K.

... I am a lonesome soldier over here in Korea and I would love to hear from all the girls around my age. I am one years old, love to dance, swim and water-ski.

P.F.C. Laurence Smith
US2477388 APO 24
A Co. 1 BIG 8 Can.
San Francisco, Cal.

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fans? Write: Confidently, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.
New Color Shampoo Wash 'n Tint

COLORS • CLEANS • CONDITIONS • Imagine a shampoo that makes blonde hair blonder, adds shimmering lovelights to brunettes, blends in greying strands, guarantees younger-looking hair!
A shampoo that makes yellow streaks disappear from grey hair; replaces fading red hair with cascades of brilliance. And hair always looks natural, never artificial.
WASH 'N TINT does all this—and more! The protein in it adds body, lustre, makes hair more manageable.
WASH 'N TINT—greatest, safest, easiest, cleanest way to color your hair! So marvelous, you have to see it to believe it!

A shade for every woman: Natural Blonde, Brown, Black, Auburn, Silver.
For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see Contents page. (A—ADULTS —FAMILY)

BAMBOO GOES TO WAR—Columbia. CinemaScope. Eastman Color. Smart suspense comedy stars Brigitte Bardot (fully dressed!) as a lovable French girl who blunders into the underground in Occupied France, while Nazis think she’s on their side. (A) April

BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG—Columbia. In a picture made especially for younger moviegoers, likeable teacher Dick Clark is under fire for his interest in the personal problems of high-schoolers. Michael Callan (a hit) and Tuesday Weld. (A) June

BEN-HUR—M-G-M. Camera 65, Technicolor. This epic of Roman imperialism, Jewish patriotism and Christianity’s beginnings is the best of the big pictures about Bible days. Charlton Heston and Haya Harareet as Judahs, Stephen Boyd and Jack Hawkins as Romans stand out in a story that has not only historic excitement but ageless emotions and ideas. (F) February

CAN-CAN—20th. Todd-AO, Technicolor. Feast of star talent. Cole Porter songs. Gay Nineties costumes. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine and Louis Jourdan make up a saucy Paris triangle, while Maurice Chevalier makes with the sly comments. (A) June

CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS—Rank. Paramount. Breathless tension becomes more than just a game as nuns of an Italian convent rescue imprisoned Jewish children during World War II. Lilli Palmer is the Mother Superior, charming, quick-witted, dedicated. (F) June


DOG OF FLANDERS—A—20th. CinemaScope, De Luxe Color. David Ladd’s an appealing orphan boy in this quintessentially charming version of the children’s classic, with Theodore Bikel as a gruff but friendly Winter. Real Dutch houses add atmosphere. (F) April

EXPERTO BONGO—Continental: The British kid ’n’ r’ films with the fast, flashy, funny tale of tough manager Laurence Harvey and dreamy-faced young singer Cliff Richard and their girls. (A) May

GALLANT HOURS—The-U.A.: Amazing look-alike for Admiral “Bull” Halsey. James Cagney dominates an unusual war epic of the fight for Guadalcanal. Not a shot’s fired on screen; the action is all at headquarters—Halsey’s or the Japanese. (F) June

HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS—Paramount. Technicolor. Something new in westerns, with fine humor and authenticity. Anthony Quinn bosses a touring theatrical troupe including Sophia Loren, Margaret O’Brien. (A) May

HOME FROM THE HILL—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor. Unusual. Emotion loaded drama of a tangled Southern family, with Bob Mitchum and Eleanor Parker as married antagonists. Three talented young players—George Peppard, George Hamilton, Luana Patten—stand out in a strange, pathetic triangle. (A) April

KIDNAPPED—Buena Vista, Technicolor. Splendid version of Robert Louis Stevenson’s classic, shot in Scotland, with Jim MacArthur as the lad seeking a lost inheritance. Peter Finch is a delightful fighter. (F) April

MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE—20th. CinemaScope. De Luxe Color: Beautiful travel movie, both exciting and truthful, surveys the African land and people, with narration by Orson Welles, William Warfield. (F) May

PLEASE DON’T EAT THE DAISIES—M-G-M; CinemaScope. Metrocolor: In a hilarious domestic comedy, Doris Day’s a darling, as she copes with a theater-critic husband (David Niven), three up-tight little boys and an actress “trivial” (Janis Paige). (F) May

SCENT OF MYSTERY—Todl; Todd Color, New Todd Process. Smell-O-Vision: Gorgeous, cheerful whodunit takes us around Spain in a couple of days, while a very proper young Englishman (Denholm Elliott) endeavors to rescue an heiress from a murder plot. (F) May


SNOW QUEEN—THE-U.A. Eastman Color: Russian-made cartoon with an American sound track (including Sandra Dee’s voice) retells the Andersen fairytale. By turns, it’s charming, eerie, cute and scary. (F) May

TALL STORY—Warners: College comedy goes after laughs as eagerly as coed Jane Fonda chases basketball star Tony Perkins. Profs Ray Walston and Marce Connolly think somebody going to college should read a book occasionally. (A) May


UNFORGIVEN, THE—U.A.; Panavision, Technicolor: Big, handsome frontier drama about Indian-haters and a family mystery. The fine cast is led by Audrey Hepburn and Burt Lancaster. Audie Murphy also scores; John Saxon’s role is minor. (F) June

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANT—Paramount, VistaVision: A flying saucer lands, and out pops Jerry Lewis. Here to study such odd Earth customs as love (demonstrated by Joan Blackman and Earl Holliman). Lots of wild camera tricks and wacky gags. (F) May

WAKE ME WHEN IT’S OVER—20th. CinemaScope. De Luxe Color: Crazy (but longish) service comedy sends red-draftee Dick Shawn to a forgotten Air Force base on a Pacific isle, under Ernie Kovacs’ mad command. What a spot for a plush resort hotel? (A) June
SOMEONE ELSE’S HUSBAND AND SOMEONE ELSE’S WIFE...!
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914—Perk up kitchen towels, curtains with embroidery. Transfer of 8 motifs, 5½ x 7½"; color ideas.

7142—Swap scraps with neighbors for a Tulip Friendship Quilt. Pattern of applique patches, directions.

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Close-Ups: The Smiths, Roger and his wife, Vici Shaw, came calling, abloom with news. "We're hoping to have another baby before long," they announced together. And to celebrate, the three of us set out for a steak and champagne dinner. . . . I know I shouldn't worry but I do. I wake up moaning over "that" star who carelessly gambled away $70,000 while on location in Las Vegas. And with a large family to support. Some people live in a rosy glow of fame with no thought of the future it seems. . . . It's my personal opinion that Ava Gardner still hasn't gotten over Frank Sinatra and keeps running away from that empty place in her heart. At his invitation, Ava occupied Frank's home in Palm Springs while he was in Florida. After his return and a brief meeting between the two, Ava hopped in her car and took off for a quick trip to Mexico. She was in such a hurry, she grabbed two traffic tickets in the first hour. Like Lauren Bacall, Ava is a fugitive from love, Frankie's love. . . . The Pat Boones caught up with Pier Angeli in Paris and carried her off to Venice for a taping of Pat's TV show to be shown later. His European fans sure were surprised to see Pat. . . . Hollywood thought it strange of Shirley MacLaine to leave her four-year-old daughter in nursery school in Japan, while Shirley made a movie in Hollywood. Especially since Shirley's husband, Steve Parker, was hospitalized over in Japan with hepatitis. And the more I'd thought about it, the more I thought it strange too. . . . I'd like to offer my congratulations to lovely Diana Lynn on the birth of her daughter, Dorothy, on April 26.

Upsets: Rumor has it Jean Simmons left for London with just one determination in mind—and that is only to divorce Stewart Granger. And despite Stewart's protests and denials, Jean heads for their Arizona ranch the instant she returns to have it out with her husband. With Jean's as well as Stewart's money tied up in their ranch venture, a settlement may take time. . . . The same reasons are advanced in the case of June Allyson and Dick Powell whose divergent tastes have had them rumor-targets for years. But it's no rumor June is chafing at the bit, weary of a husband so wholeheartedly devoted to his business. . . . I wasn't too surprised to hear that Bette Davis and Gary Merrill have finally called it quits. It's been pending for quite some time now. But I was surprised to hear that Joan Fontaine and TV producer-husband Collier Young have separated. . . . I, for one, wish that my very good friend Van Johnson would come home and talk Eve out of the divorce.
Here and There: All through the shooting of "High Time," Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer were so hand-holding in love, Bing Crosby regarded them with a sort of paternal approval and Fabian with a sort of this-may-happen-to-me-one-day attitude. . . . On his dateless evenings, Fabe, along with Frankie Avalon, usually wanders into Chez Paulette, a coffee house on Sunset, made famous by Brando who drops in now and then. . . . Incidentally, Marlon hired several moving vans to tote his furniture to his new Mulholland Drive home at the hour of midnight no less. You can imagine the curiosity of the neighbors awakened by the loading of the vans. And those on Mulholland Drive by the unloading—in the middle of the night yet! And twice a week, while Marlon was in town a car drove up before Anna Kashfi Brando's house and little Chris was placed in the back seat for his ride to visit Daddy. Must have been a lonely trek for a little two-year-old, . . . And by the way, if you're the father of a pretty daughter, don't be afraid to have her help in your shop. It was in her dad's haberdashery store that lovely Jana Taylor met Fabian. It seems she helped Fabe pick out a new hat and that's how the whole thing started. And Fabe's been dating little Jana ever since. . . . To my notion, Elvis Presley really seems more eager to mingle and be one of the crowd, since his return to Hollywood. The result of his army training, perhaps. Or perhaps Elvis felt it was you and me and all of us who set him apart. Anyway, the press, his co-workers at Paramount and even the admiring public around him seem one happy family to El these days. Let's hope it remains that way. . . . Odd how George Hamilton grabbed all the publicity before "Home From the Hill" was shown and how George Peppard walked off with the raves afterward. According to my mail, Peppard is the biggest thing since Rock Hudson. And speaking of Rock, you caught your last glimpse of him on the Oscar Awards show for a long time to come. Rock, who hasn't made a picture since "Pillow Talk" over a year ago, is off for Mexico and then Europe for movies that will keep him busy and away from Hollywood for another year. . . . Looks like Efrem Zimbalist is really calling it quits this time. Seems, besides packing his clothes, he also packed the kiddies. Steffi told the press the divorce is all his idea. . . . It's really so pleasant to find two such lovely people as Jane Wyman and musician Fred Karger, once husband and wife, finding companionship in each other's company. It can happen you know. . . . Singer Jimmie Rodgers is ecstatic over the arrival of his first child, little Michelle Colleen. Carries pictures of her everywhere, I'm told. I get the impression he's a bit proud. Don't you?

Bits and Pieces: Yul Brynner becomes more and more like a Tartar prince of old, with his retinue of hand servants in constant attendance while riding regally through the capitals of the world with his young bride, Doris Kleiner Brynner by his side. It's a scream, really. . . . It seems Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler still aren't talking about rumored wedding plans set for July. . . . Saw Burt Lancaster dining at Chasen's with his brood of five, carefully ordering milk for each child and tucking in their napkins. What a wonderful little family this is. And what a wonderful dad! Mrs. Lancaster, I learned later, was home ill. Hope she's feeling better now.

(AContinued)
The Young and Old: Tommy Sands and Nancy Sinatra have chosen one photographer, Sid Avery, to take all their pictures together. Well, Princess Margaret chose a favorite photographer and look what happened to Tony Armstrong-Jones, yet!!! Luana Patten's father, a former designer, designed his daughter's wedding dress and those of her bridesmaids. From their first date, I thought Luana and TV star John Smith made a lovely couple. . . . Warners announce the Big Build-Up for two of their young players, Troy Donahue and Connie Stevens, who will co-star in "Parish." Couldn't happen to two nicer kids. . . . How fine to hear that Leo McCary, who directed your Gold Medal Award winning picture, "An Affair to Remember" for 1957, is recovering from hepatitis and is out of the hospital. . . . I stopped to greet Dinah Shore, enjoying an ice cream soda with her two children at Blum's, and in the next department ran right into Bobby Darin buying himself some chocolate sweets. "Know something, Sara?" he grinned. "I've decided I want to get married more than any guy you know. I'm sick of being alone. I'm sick of hotel rooms. I want someone to come home to," surprised at this confession, yet sympathetically responsive. I emerged on Beverly Drive to discover two teenage girls all agog over Ray Danton striding just ahead. "Look," said one fan to the other, "that's Legs Diamond. Remember how scary he was in the movie? I'll bet he's after someone right now. Let's follow." A few minutes later, Ray came out of Wil Wright's ice cream parlor calmly licking a double-decker ice cream cone. What a let-down!!!

Memories: It was the first time Bing Crosby had entered the famed Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel in thirty years. As one of the famous Rhythm Boys, who rose to fame at the Grove with Tommy Dorsey's band, Bing had been a young and skittish crooner sowing his semi-wild oats with a carefree hand. Yet, here he sat in this same room, all these many years later, with memories flooding about him. Memories of the stars who once gathered in this room to dine and dance and listen to him sing. Where were they now? Where had they gone? Suddenly, with a misty look, Bing turned to those around him and said, "Sorry, it's ten o'clock and my bedtime," and rose to his feet and departed.

Street Scene: She stood patiently waiting for the green light on Wilshire Boulevard, plainly dressed and apparently weary. Passersby neither noticed nor recognized Rita Hayworth who, only a few years before, had been the glamour girl of the day. The lines of sorrow etched on her lovely face revealed a woman who had lived and loved and lost and yet, her very calmness and serenity, as she stood there, marked a woman who, in losing had gained herself. The old glamour and oomph may have disappeared but instead stood a woman who had become an actress—a truly fine actress coveted by the best directors in the business. Married in turn to a promoter, a genius, a Prince and a crooner, Rita seems happy with producer Jim Hill despite the rumors of discord and separation.
I Look Back: I waited in the Paramount reception room to greet the arrival of their newest import from Germany. Her beauty in "Blue Angel" had entranced us all and when Marlene Dietrich finally walked in, she seemed even more lovely in person. Her figure, however, was decidedly plump and her get-up inappropriate. But Marlene caught on fast. In no time she'd slimmed down to fashion plate proportions and wore the smartest of frocks. Her friendship with director Joseph Von Sternberg was the gossip of the studio while Marlene talked longingly of her small daughter, Maria, in Germany, with occasional reference to husband, Rudolph Sieber, who was nowhere around. On one occasion, she set off a time bomb by suddenly appearing in public in men's clothes. And slacks for women became a vogue. As an American citizen she takes pride in her adopted country. In fact, her recent night-club invasion of Germany, her first visit since her arrival in Hollywood, caused quite a commotion.

Scoopies: Sal Mineo's family have chosen a bride for him and hope when Sal returns from Israel and the movie "Exodus," he'll make Monet La Forrest his wife. The entire Mineo family are crazy about her. And I hear Monet beats a better bongo drum than Sal. . . . The John Saxon of old has disappeared. Gone with the wind of rebellion and indecision. And gone, too, is his faithful girlfriend, Vicki Thal, who has taken a job in a small Beverly Hills dress shop. In her place, is the lovely Dolores Hart who clings to John's arm with rapt devotion. And standing in place of the John of old, is the new Saxon whose work has increased to star-status with each film. In a recent stage appearance at the Huntington Hartford theater in Hollywood, critics and audience alike applauded this very fine actor. A lad who has finally come into his own. . . . Dolores Michaels has taken over Don Murray so completely since his separation from Hope Lange, his former calm, serene countenance suggests a man who can't imagine what hit him. Dolores is mad for him. Steve Boyd, who is bemoaning the alimony blues, having been wed to Mariella di Sarzana a brief eighteen days, made no move to date Hope before he took off for movie making in Ireland. But take my word for it, Steve cares. The way he longingly inquired of his friends, "Have you seen Hope lately?" betrayed him. And the way Hope reaches out a hand of friendship to Steve, reveals Hope is not unmindful of the fascinating Irishman. Nevertheless, Hollywood hopes, for their children's sake, the Murrays find a way to be happy again. . . . I'm told that since that kidnapping of the Peugeot child from Paris, our own Princess Grace has increased the number of guardians keeping watch on her two beautiful children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert. I can't really blame her.

The Nelsons: From his room, Rick Nelson looks across the garden to the fence that will soon become a high brick wall around his home. Rick regrets the need for this barrier that will shut him out from the world but he realizes that his family is right. The privacy of the Nelson home has been invaded beyond endurance by the growing number of curiosity seekers peering through windows and prowling the gardens. "But please, Miss Hamilton," says Rick, "get across the fact that I'm still close to fans and those who want to see me. I always will be." In the meantime, brother David is taking a two months' training period with the army reserves. Rick may take the same step in a year or two.

Debbie, Eddie, Liz: It isn't always the woman who pays. At least in the Debbie, Liz and Eddie triangle it isn't. While Liz and Debbie have emerged from the fracas rich, popular and more in demand than ever, Eddie, who unfortunately grows plumper and plumper, seems to have retreated into the shadows. His TV show gone, his night club appearances growing fewer and fewer, Eddie accepted a role in his wife's starring vehicle "Butterfield 8" at much less than Liz's fabulous salary. But the tragedy is, this former charming thoughtful lad, seems completely to have forgotten his manners. At the party following Academy Awards, I noticed a prominent and older woman writer, who had sided with Debbie, approach the table occupied by Liz and Eddie and several Hollywood personalities. Instantly every man at the table rose. Only Eddie sat there in sprawled out defiance. The frowns of those around him revealed their disapproval of Eddie's conduct but somehow my heart ached at the thing that had happened to this nice boy. (Continued)
**Mailbox Corner**: To all you nice readers who praised my Cary Grant story, a big, big thank you. I’m happy you agree about Cary. ... Will the President of the Bob Horton fan club please send on his address? Bob’s legion of admirers seem like little lost sheep trying to connect with their favorite. ... Another bewildered group are the Race Gentry fans. Information, anyone? If so, please write to Jean Peton, Graettinger, Iowa, Box 44. ... A very flattering and beautifully written letter comes from Cay McGowan of the Jean Pierre Aumont fan club. Thank you, Cay. I’m an Aumont fan, too. Sydney Bricks of the fashionable Eden Roc Hotel in Miami, writes from the hair salon that Rhonda Fleming is the nicest customer he ever had. ... Dianne de Leon of Moline, Ill. is a George Peppard fan. But isn’t everybody, these days? Young married women, attention! Fran Kurtz of 17 Hasselman St., Astoria, Oregon, is organizing a National Women’s Fan Club for married girls only. Why not write Fran about it? Philip Cubilla of New London, Conn., Box 1124 hopes to organize a Warren Beatty fan club. If you like Warren, write to Philip about it. ... Saw Dick Clark and his lovely wife at the premiere of “Because They’re Young” and he wants me to say hello to all his many fans. ... And I agree with all the kind things Don Cieszynski says about producer, Jerry Wald. Jerry is really one of the best. ... And for your many kind words regarding the column, thank you. And remember, I love you, everyone, everywhere.

**Cal York’s Jottings**: Aldo Ray and his bride, the former Johanna Bennett of London, were all excited over their honeymoon trip to Hawaii. The couple were married March 26th. ... When Fabian and Frankie Avalon presented their manager, Bob Marcucci, with a collie dog as a birthday present, he promptly named it “Fabalon.” Cute, eh?? If Joan Collins and Warren Beatty aren’t the most in-love couple anywhere, then don’t tell me. ... Gardner McKay’s fan mail has reached the 1500 letters-a-month peak. Twentieth’s next Big Star? ... Kim Novak, who visited director Richard Quine on “The World of Suzie Wong” location in London, had only one worry: the welfare of her cat “Pyewacket” in Hollywood. Kim’s mother, who cared for the pet, sent her daughter a daily report. ... Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell, who exchanged their marriage vows at Easter time, now plan to honeymoon in the south of France where Dean had promised to present the Best Acting Award at the Cannes Film Festival. Dean won it last year.

**Caution**: The way Debbie Reynolds is raking in the “jools” from Harry Karl is a caution. The latest is a diamond necklace, no less. Karl was Debbie’s escort to her brother Bill’s wedding. Will there be another wedding soon???
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Elvis’s father, Vernon Presley, looked happier than I’d seen him look in a long while that day we met for a chat in a restaurant in Memphis, Tennessee. Casually dressed in a gray plaid suit, black shirt and a light yellow tie, he greeted me with a warm Southern smile, immediately ushering me over to a table in a darkened corner, remarking, “You can’t imagine how pleased I am that the secret’s out. About my marriage, I mean. To tell you the truth, I’m more than glad to be able to talk to you about it. It’s the first time I’ve said anything—outside of the family.

“You see, Dee’s such a wonderful girl and we’ve both hated living behind all those rumors and gossip in the newspapers which speculated about who she might be. Almost every day there’ve been items calling her my ‘mystery blonde’ or suggesting that she’s still legally married. She’s divorced, you know. I felt I shouldn’t say anything until everything was arranged, but that seems to have only added to the confusion and mystery.”

He paused for a moment. Then, fingering his new mustache thoughtfully, said, “I thought about this marriage for a long time. I was worried about it some. I wouldn’t do nothing to hurt my boy Elvis or his career. But he likes her and he said that anything that makes me happy makes him happy. He’s all for us.

“Of course,” he said slowly, “there will never be anybody to really take the place of my (late) wife—I know that and Dee does too—but she comes as close as anyone could.

“Everyone likes Dee,” he remarked. “They tell me they find her very sweet but a little shy. Her brother says she was always very sensitive and understanding as a child.

“Dee has three children of her own, you know, by her first marriage. (She was the wife of Bill Stanley, a master sergeant in the Army. They broke up ten months ago.) There’s Billy, who’s seven, Ricky, six, and David, the youngest; he’s four. I love them already. I believe if you love a woman you will naturally love her children. Of
Before this interview, nobody knew what Elvis thought of the mysterious blonde who was to be his step-mother.

course, it's never quite like your own children, but I will always try to do right by them. They won't have to call me daddy. I'll teach them to love their real daddy. As far as they are concerned, he's a great man. That's what I would expect if the shoe were on the other foot.

"Are we going to have children of our own? Well," he laughed, "that's getting a little too far ahead—I don't know yet. I'm not a spring chicken anymore.

"What does Elvis think of his future step-brothers? Oh—he gets a bang out of them, but sometimes I think they worry him too much. They really love him so.

"What is Dee like? She has the most wonderful deep blue eyes," he said proudly. "She's slim and she has silvery-blond hair. She's thirty-one—that's quite a lot younger than me, I know—and she's from the South, like us. Born in Nashville, Tennessee. But I met her in Germany, when she visited my mother with another woman.

"She's kind of a quiet person, not too much for going out. Occasionally we will drive to the movies or go to some nice place to eat, but we usually stay at home and watch television together. She came to stay with us at our home when Elvis was discharged. And in case anyone wonders, we were well chaperoned! My mother lives with us and Elvis always has a gang of his friends around.

"She likes Elvis's music," he continued. "She likes rock 'n' roll. But she likes other kinds of music too. Church songs for instance. And she's a terrific cook—can cook anything. She's already been doing some cooking for us."

Then he said slowly, "I feel very good about this marriage. We plan to settle down and make our home right here at Graceland. I'll take care of the place while Elvis is off on trips or making movies like 'G.I. Blues' for Paramount."

"Oh—I am happy," he added, as if to say all the months of loneliness were gone. "But it makes me happiest of all to know that Elvis is with me on this. It wouldn't have been the same otherwise," he added thoughtfully.
Rick Wonders What Dave’s Up To; Wedding Bells For Four Preps; Frankie Avalon Starts New Fad

by SHARI SHEELEY

HOLLYWOOD—Just got the scoop: Rick and brother Dave Nelson were living in Hawaii. I knew Rick was doing a film there, “The Wackiest Ship in the Navy,” but what was Dave up to? ... Looks like wedding bells for Glen Larson of the Four Preps and his high-school girlfriend, Carol. Glen confided he gave her a ring on Valentine’s Day... I’d like to express my deepest sorrow on the death of a great singer, Jesse Blevin, who was killed in a car crash. Some of Jesse’s great hits, like “Guess Who” and “Goodnight My Love,” will never be forgotten.

The new fad this month in Hollywood, for the girls, is the Alice-in-Wonderland look, with your hair pulled back with a big ribbon hanging down. I think Connie Stevens and Tuesday Weld started it. For the boys, it’s Italian loafers. And you might as well tell your boyfriends to follow Rick Nelson’s and Frankie Avalon’s advice and top it off with the bulky sweater he can find...

Another trick for girls is the “Earring Combre Case,” a full set of cushions that slip, stick or snap on to every possible size, shape and kind of earring.

NEW YORK—Shari mailed this month’s column to Photoplay from England, less than an hour before the taxi that was taking her, along with Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent, to the airport, crashed. Eddie was killed; Gene and Shari were both hurt badly and Shari is still in the hospital. Shari wrote us just before the accident: “I went to Liverpool with Eddie and Gene, for a rock ‘n’ roll show. It was great fun and we all kept laughing about how we only found American singers over here. I like it over here,” Eddie said, “but I’m sure he’s glad to go home.” Since we had great plans for Easter, we were coming home to be married.” Then came the tragic accident and Shari’s mother flew to England to be with her. Slowly, she is getting better. Next month, Shari will tell you her own tragic story:

“Eddie Died in My Arms”

Have you heard...

by PAUL DREW

STATION WGST, ATLANTA — Connie Francis dating Howard Greenfield, songwriter-partner of Neil Sedaka. Howard gets credit for her latest winner, “Everybody’s Somebody’s Fool.” ... Nothing for Brenda?

Busy filming “G.I. Blues,” the Pres burns red hot with “Fever,” from his new LP, “Elvis Is Back.” ... New-found fun for Bobby Darin—deep-sea fishing. He catches another winner with “B.B.W.Y.P.C.H.” ... Tommy Sands always dreamed of playing the Sands in Las Vegas and the air-force bound young star is most impressive in the album he recorded live, “Sands at the Sands.” ... “Right By My Side” is being played everywhere while Rick Nelson plays the tennis courts.

... Could she be questioning Paul Anka when Annette sings, “Tell Me, Who’s the Girl?” Paul’s latest ballad might be the answer: “Something’s Happened.” ... If you’ve ever attended, or tried to attend, a Kingston Trio performance, you’ll understand why their latest album is called “Sold Out.” ... Jim Edward is the only single member of The Browns left, now that sister Bonnie eloped with her childhood sweetheart. The trio’s soft sounds win with their “Town and Country” collection. ... The only pop singer with a vocal range from D to high C, Jackie Wilson adds another album triumph with “Jackie Sings the Blues.” ... And for some cheeky philosophy, bounce brightly with Doris Day’s LP, “What Every Girl Should Know.” Boys are allowed to eavesdrop ... Steve Lawrence made news with his first solid hit with the teens, and I’m betting he can follow in his own “Footsteps.” ... And girls, girls, girls. Isn’t it nice to hear so many on the top songs?
Like “Paper Roses,” by Anita Bryant, the Miss Oklahoma who’ll be the June bride of Miami deejay Bob Green. Or “Sweet Nothin’s” by Brenda Lee, who’s just fifteen. Remember her on Como’s TV show? And don’t forget “Apple Green” by June Valli, a talent who spans two musical generations. Hey, it looks like a real trend. And to add to your classical collection, mark down for listening these three gems: Mahler’s Symphony No. 4, Chicago Symphony (Fritz Reiner); Hayden’s Surprise Symphony No. 94, Vienna Philharmonic (Pierre Monteux); Schubert’s “Death and the Maiden,” Juilliard String Quartet. All on RCA Victor.

What’s in the Stars?
by ERIAL

Born between May 21st and June 21st? Then you’re a Gemini—just like: Jeanne Crain and Steve Cochran (May 25), John Wayne (May 26), Marilyn Monroe and Pat Boone (June 1), Tony Curtis (June 2), Rosalind Russell (June 4), Dean Martin (June 7), James Darren and Dana Wynter (June 8), Audie Murphy (June 20), Marisa Pavan (June 19).

You have a sensitive, active mind, a great deal of curiosity. You love to invent things and, because of this, your home is usually filled with all sorts of doodads that are useful as well as interesting. You have a wonderful imagination and so you often like doing things a little differently than other people. You’re a fast talker and are known to be able to sell anything to anybody. Watch out. It seems you tend to leave things undone because of new interests that arise. So have a little patience and finish first things first for your own good!

Gemini is a double sign and so you’re luckier than most people because you have two lucky numbers: 8 and 9.
Dianne Lennon:
In my Hope Chest,
I wanted tradition and
elegance, beauty and service.
I got all my . . .

HIGH HOPES

HOLLYWOOD: Society Notes
A miscellaneous shower was given last evening for Dianne Lennon by Madolin Wilson, president of the Lennon Sisters Fan Club. Only life-long friends and family attended the small, informal party. A decoration theme of pink was carried throughout. On a low serving table were two tapering candles, a pink lace heart, and a white cake decorated with a pink heart and Dianne and Dick’s names. A Hope Chest, full of china, silver and linen gifts, was at the end of the room. These pages show the delight of both Dianne and guests.

1. For elegance: “Jack Shepard”
stereing sugar bowl by International
2. For beauty: “Bed of Clover”
sheets by Lady Pepperell
3. For tradition: “Stanton Hall”
spoon by Heirloom Sterling
4. For elegance: “Bracelet” china by Syracuse
5. For beauty: “Petite Fleur” towels by Cone

For service: Hope Chest by Lane

All items available at better stores everywhere
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, nicest legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!
June, 1959: They were on their honeymoon in Europe after a wedding most people had said would never take place. But it did. Yet trouble seemed to follow them everywhere, and now again rumors say it can’t last. (Continued on next page)
It was their first anniversary. Alone in the room, Liz was crying. Where was Eddie? He'd said he would be back soon. Suddenly her pet monkey, Matilda, cut across the room and jumped up on the couch. Liz almost laughed as the little monkey thrust her impudent, small head up to be scratched. Smiling, she stroked behind the (Continued on next page)

by JIM HOFFMAN
It was hard to believe, as she splashed in the surf with Eddie, that he'd had to half-carry her off the plane in Jamaica.

Jamaica would be different, a new start,

They had fun at the goat races, betting against each other. This time, Eddie didn't mind losing.
She'd been tired when they arrived, and there'd been her injured leg, too. But, almost immediately, the lazily perfect days made her better, like magic. She and Eddie had never been happier.

they had hoped

monkey’s ears, but her thoughts were far away. For a moment, the bright afternoon light from the window, shown directly on Liz’ face—a tired face, red and slightly puffed with tears; and the sun also glinted on the huge photograph of Mike Todd that stared down on her from the wall. Her hand mechanically rubbed Matilda’s ears and the sparkle from Mike Todd’s $92,000 ring, on her finger, moved back and forth. It seemed even brighter against the dark hair of (Continued on page 73)

Then it happened. Perhaps, secretly, they’d known it would. Their holiday was spoiled.
SANDRA DEE:

did you ever just have to tell a lie?.....
Sandra huddled deeper into the big hotel armchair, as if, by making herself as small as she could, she could escape. But she couldn’t get the picture out of her head. She could see herself standing in the middle of the big stage in her old Public School #3 in Bayonne, New Jersey, and she could hear a titter and a snicker growing into a loud roar of people laughing at her. She opened her mouth but no words came out. All the people who’d known her as Alexandra Douvan had come to see her now as Sandra Dee. But she couldn’t think of anything to say. She was just standing there, in front of all the people who didn’t like her anymore. The laughter grew louder and louder.

She put her hands to her ears to stop the roar. They must like me a little, she tried to tell herself, or they wouldn’t be giving her a Sandra Dee Day.

She could hear the steam hissing in the hotel radiator, but she shivered. She felt cold. They used to like me, she told herself. She closed her eyes and tried to remember how things once were.

The last time she’d been at the grammar school auditorium she was eight years old and it was St. Patrick’s day. There were green paper streamers and all sorts of decorations hanging all over the assembly and the whole school (Continued on next page)
was out there in the audience, waiting to see the play they were putting on. It was the last play she'd be in at this school, because they were moving to New York. She wished they weren't moving. She didn't want to leave her friends. And even the teachers here were nice to her. (Continued on page 89)

but this is why I'm glad
her grandmother (far left) assured her. As she got to the theater, Sandra prayed the people were still the same, too.

Left: At Public School 3, they’d hung paper streamers and decorations all over the place, just like they had that other time, so long ago. Suddenly, remembering that other day, she began to cry. Everyone was so nice to her, even the principal, but it only made her cry harder. When she left, she tried to smile.

Left, she met some of the kids from the high school and then, later, when (above), she had some time alone, she remembered the “fib” she’d told. She had told it because she was scared, because there’s no more important place than your home town.
When this picture was snapped, did Debbie know, then, what Glenn Ford was hiding?...he was standing not very far away from Debbie, and yet suddenly he seemed  

(Continued on page 76)
On a date with Glenn Ford, Debbie meets Maria Schell for the first time at the Foreign Press Awards at the Coconut Grove.
I tried to smile, but I could still hear those girls whispering—

"what can anybody see in him?"

When I turned into the driveway of her home, that night, and cut the engine, I was scared. I looked okay—I was wearing my good black suit and I had my dad’s car and I had enough money so I didn’t have to worry about what she wanted to do, but the truth was, I didn’t know Ann very well. She’d come to Philadelphia, from New York, a month before. She was the smartest girl in the class, and the prettiest, too. She (Continued on page 91)

by BOBBY RYDELL as told to Charlotte Barclay
Caught off guard by a sly, long-lensed camera, Deborah Kerr reveals her feelings for writer, Peter Viertel, whom she met two years ago in Vienna on the set of "The Journey." Then, Viertel was in the process of getting divorced, and Deborah unhappy over her marriage. Perhaps unhappiness brought them together. Anyway, word's out that the wedding's set for July—just about the time Deborah's California divorce from first husband, Tony Bartley, will be final. Court battles over custody of her two daughters, begun soon after she met Viertel, still go on and friends question if the marriage isn't a mistake...to this she simply says, "For the first time in my life, I feel really, really alive."

SCOOP! First picture of Deborah Kerr and her husband-to-be, Peter Viertel.
In the past few weeks, the newspapers have headlined a series of Hollywood marriage breakups. Some of them seemed almost inevitable; others came as a real shock. But in each case, behind the bare facts of the newspaper announcements, was a story that only Hollywood insiders knew. Here’s how it looked to me.—CAL YORK

JAMES ARNESS
VIRGINIA CHAPMAN

NEWS ITEM: Less than a month after Virginia Arness, wife of “Gunsmoke’s” James Arness, announced in March that her lawyer was starting divorce proceedings, she tried to end her own life by taking fifteen sedatives. They have three children: Craig, twelve, Jenny Lee, ten, and Rolf, eight. And they had been married for as long as thirteen years.

FACTS: It’s a tragic story of a woman who will stop at nothing—even death—to regain the love of a man she lost.

Arness moved out of the house in the spring of 1959, and in July of that year they signed a property settlement for a legal separation. However, Jim wasn’t completely out of Virginia’s life. He was in the house (Continued on page 84)
Hope Lange
Don Murray

NEWS ITEM: Don Murray and Hope Lange have announced their separation. They were married on April 14, 1956, after they appeared in “Bus Stop” together. They have a son, Christopher, three, and a daughter, Patricia, who’s seventeen months.

FACTS: Even the crew members on the set this spring of “One Foot in Hell” could see that Don Murray had more than a dramatic interest in curvaceous actress Dolores Michaels. She plays a prostitute in the picture and he plays her lover. The shooting of the picture was one (Continued on page 84)

Vera Miles
Gordon Scott

NEWS ITEM: Vera Miles, who married Gordon Scott in April of 1956, flew to Juarez, Mexico, to divorce him on March 3, 1960. The 28-year-old actress retained custody of their son, Michael, two, and she has two daughters by a previous marriage, Debra, ten, and younger sister Kelly, seven.

FACTS: Vera married her first husband, Bob Miles, when she was only eighteen-years-old. She divorced him in 1954 and received her final papers in April of (Continued on page 84)

Recent Hollywood Breakups
AUDIE MURPHY
PAMELA ARCHER

NEWS ITEM: Audie Murphy, 35, and his wife Pamela, 37, have announced their second separation within a year. No divorce action has yet been filed, and friends believe that this separation is not final. Married in April, 1951, they have been separated before. The couple have two sons.

FACTS: When Audie Murphy married Pamela Archer on April 23, 1951, it was his second marriage and her first. Only three days before, his divorce (Continued on page 84)

BRIGITTE BARDOT
JACQUES CHARRIER

NEWS ITEM: Brigitte Bardot is reported to be seeing her lawyer about a separation from her husband Jacques Charrier, whom she married last summer. Friends say they have been fighting over her career. In February of this year, they had a son, Nicolas.

FACTS: When Brigitte married Jacques in a secret ceremony a year ago, rumors began spreading immediately that she was pregnant. They were both annoyed at the time and denied them but, when it turned out to be true, and, at the same time Jacques was drafted in the army, close friends were (Continued on page 84)
**Debra Paget**
**Budd Boetticher**

**NEWS ITEM:** Actress Debra Paget, 26, whose first marriage lasted only ten weeks, is reported to have separated from her second husband, Budd Boetticher, 43, only 19 days after they eloped.

**FACTS:** Before Debra married her first husband, crooner David Street, 40, in January of 1958, she was always known as the starlet who'd never been kissed. Her romance (Continued on page 84)

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**Yul Brynner**
**Virginia Gilmore**

**NEWS ITEM:** Only five days after Yul Brynner's first wife, Virginia Gilmore, divorced him in Juarez, Mexico, the actor married Doris Kleiner, 32, the director of a fashion salon in Paris. It's her first marriage.

**FACTS:** The marriage took place March 31, 1960, in a Mexico City hotel. His second wife is Yugoslavian-born, emigrating to Chile with her family before the outbreak of World War II. She returned to Europe after the war, working as a model. Brynner met her in 1955 while making a movie (Continued on page 85)

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**Suzy Parker**
**Pierre de la Salle**

**NEWS ITEM:** Suzy Parker, the famous fashion model and actress, is reported to be separated from her French journalist husband, Pierre de la Salle. Wed five years, they have an infant girl.

**FACTS:** For about three years now, Suzy Parker's name has appeared regularly in gossip columns, although she was a top-flight model long before that. Always (Continued on page 85)
GOODBYE, Mrs. Calabash,
wherever you are...please forgive me

THE TRAGIC STORY BEHIND JIMMY DURANTE'S FAREWELL

In a million American homes, the radio was on. Over it came the sounds of an orchestra, blaring out the raucous, joyous music that heralded the end of the program. Behind it the sound of applause could be heard, the last lingering echoes of laughter. Then, cutting through the noise, close to the mike—a voice. Husky, infinitely tender, the voice said: "Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are!" Who was Mrs. Calabash? All America wanted to know. Those near Jimmy maintained it was a woman who (Continued on page 80)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
When Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell slipped off to Las Vegas for a secret marriage just before Easter Sunday, people in Hollywood didn’t have the nerve to ask them, “But why the runaway? What’s all the hush-hush about?” Hardly anyone knew them intimately enough to ask such personal questions. But they wondered plenty. For if Millie and Dean were older, or anyone of Hollywood’s multi-divorced-and-married couples, you could more easily imagine them climbing into his three-year-old Chevy or her tiny English job and casually taking off for the Gretna Green Wedding Chapel in Vegas. But Millie
why
MILLIE PERKINS
had to settle for
a runaway marriage

and Dean are young! And though the newspaper stories were as brief and uninformative as this secretive couple themselves, you still read seven very romantic little words. "It was the first marriage for each." First marriage! To any girl that's a big-wedding dream woven of satin and lace, perfumed with flowers, set to organ music whispering in a hushed church till it swells triumphantly for a radiant bride and bridegroom. Mostly this is a girl's dream, a magic charm to keep romance alive forever. It's Her Day, her audience smiling and weeping just a little at the lovely vision coming

(Continued on page 95)

by ELAINE BLAKE
Stephen Boyd walked into the crowded 20th Century-Fox commissary recently, and despite the general noonday luncheon confusion, there was hardly a female head that didn’t turn toward his direction. Standing over six feet tall and weighing a husky one hundred and sixty-five pounds, he is a handsome man. His features are rugged and masculine while his eyes, a hazel green, add, to what might be a stern look about his face, a boyish, lively mischievous charm that seems to complement his captivating smile and unruly thick mop of curly, red-brown hair.

He is thirty-two; Irish, and after “Ben Hur,” not only one of Hollywood’s most exciting new leading men—but one of the town’s most elusive bachelors.

He dates many different women; is non-committal on all. There were rumors about him and Hope Lange, whom he met while filming “The Best of Everything.” At the same time, he is known to be interested in Elana Eden, an Israeli actress, and in (Continued on page 86)
Single
“WHEN HE FINDS OUT MY SECRET WILL HE STILL WANT TO MARRY ME?”
CONNIE STEVENS bounced into the booth for lunch, leaning over to kiss Gary Clark before she sat down. There was nothing bouncy about the kiss. It was tender and careful. And Gary's smile reflected satisfaction but not even a hint of surprise.

"We have to read the columns every day," Connie giggled, "to see whether our romance is off or on. It's certainly not off, although we're not announcing a formal engagement. You see, we're trying not to tie each other down, but it's awfully hard to give up a person who's been important to you for three years." She and Gary held hands as she talked. When she paused, it was to look at him for a silent moment.

Connie sighed. "We have to give this some time," she explained. "There are so many problems in the way of a happy marriage. We have to be sure—and we have the added problem of how our careers will work out.

"You know, when you're in love, you want the other person to think you're perfect. At first, I only wanted Gary to see me in my best light. But then, one day, I thought: 'But I can't hide everything forever. If he loves me, he'll be willing to help me.... If not, well, it's best to know before the wedding is all set.' (Continued)
Connie continued

“You see, I got a special feeling about marriage when I was just a little girl in St. Barbara’s parish. I sang in the choir and saw so many weddings. Since then, I’ve always said, ‘I have to be sure mine will work.’"

A wedding day, in St. Barbara’s parish, was always one of crackling excitement. Funerals, fights, elections and confirmations were all exciting events in Connie’s Brooklyn neighborhood, but none could compare with a wedding.

One day, Connie, who was (Continued on page 93)
"It’s a strange thing about ghosts," Roger Moore said in his precise, impeccable British accent. "Either you believe in them, or you don’t. I do. My wife does. But it wasn’t always that way... It all started one evening soon after my wife and I had moved into the big rambling country home we had just bought near the little town of Bexley, Kent. It was a large house and, for years and years back, had been called St. Mary’s Mount, since it was built on top of a high hill, and was part of an estate that was reputed to be hundreds of years old. It was a lonely house, in a strange sort of way, yet we liked it. (Continued on page 78.)
"You're kidding! You mean you can tell from Photoplay's quiz if you're the type of girl Fabian goes for?"
and here's the quiz

What Type Are You?

For each of the questions below, put a check in the column at the left that's the right answer for you. Then add up the number of checks in each column. If you've the most checks under:

"Always" .................................. You're Type 3
"Generally" .................................. You're Type 1
"Frequently" .................................. You're Type 2
"Occasionally" .................................. You're Type 5
"Rarely" ........................................ You're Type 6
"Never" .......................................... You're Type 4

If you've almost the same number of checks in 2 or more columns, it just means you haven't yet decided exactly who you are. For 66 bachelor arguments on who you should be, turn the page.

Personality Quiz

- Smile when you're whistled at?
- Talk to strange men on a train?
- Talk to yourself if nobody's around?
- Laugh out loud at a funny book?
- Get misty at beautiful music?
- Write letters to editors?
- Hum when you dance with him?
- Lend your best clothes to friends?
- Scream for your team at ball games?
- Despite a sign, talk to busdrivers?
- Leave your clothes where they fall?
- Ask men whether they're married?
- Remove your earrings for a kiss?
- Pretend a stocking-run just popped?
- Ask a new boy home to dinner?
- Take a trip at a moment's notice?
- Discuss sex with the opposite sex?
- Give him little gifts for no reason?
- Stay on the phone forever?
- Think tomorrow you'll go on a diet?
- Accept a date for the same night?
- Use safety pins when buttons fall?
- Reward yourself with a sundae?
- Hate to go to a party alone?
- Kick your shoes off first thing?
- Close your eyes when you're kissed?
- Feel funny at meeting a new boy?

- Buy a dress that flatters your figure?
- Can't eat when you're in love?
- Want to tell him you love him?
- Send away for free booklets?
- Admit it to him when you're wrong?
- Keep a diary?
- Get mad quick and get over it soon?
- Forget the ending of a joke?
- Answer romance quizzes?
- Ask people to sign petitions?
- Like a boy to be jealous over you?
- Always know what to say to him?
- Teach boys to dance?
- Sing in the shower?
- Take walks with him in the rain?
- Tell the world about your secrets?
- Kiss a boy on a first date?
- Get teary-eyed when you're happy?
- Sleep with perfume on?
- Don't try to hide your emotions?
- Prefer orchids to one perfect rose?
- Skip and run when you're happy?
- Try to write poetry?
- Do what you make up your mind to?
- Laugh so hard at his jokes you cry?
- Want to have a large family?
- Hug your pillow at night?

Now that you're typed, see who goes for you >
66 bachelors vote for their favorite type of girl

**TYPE: fun-loving**
- Paul Anka
- Frankie Avalon
- Edd Byrnes
- Peter Brown
- Ben Cooper
- Robert Fuller
- Jackie Gleason
- David Hedison
- Tab Hunter
- Pat Wayne

**TYPE: womanly**
- John Bromfield
- Phil Everly
- Jack Lemmon
- Jody McCrea
- Sal Mineo
- Cameron Mitchell
- David Nelson
- Johnny Restivo
- Cesar Romero
- Tom Tryon

**TYPE: sexy**
- Stephen Boyd
- Marlon Brando
- Maurice Chevalier
- Montgomery Clift
- Mark Damon
- Dwayne Hickman
- John Ireland
- Elvis Presley
- John Saxon
- Frank Sinatra
TYPE: mysterious

Cliff Arquette
Fred Astaire
Richard Beymer
Robert Evans
Cary Grant
Robert Morse
Hugh O'Brian
Michael Rennie
Mort Sahl
Russ Tamblyn

TYPE: old-fashioned

Dirk Bogarde
Tom Conway
Gary Crosby
Michael Dante
Brandon De Wilde
Earl Holliman
Dennis Hopper
Will Hutchins
Bobby Rydell
John Vivyan

TYPE: lady-like

Raymond Burr
Jimmy Clanton
Ben Gazzara
George Hamilton
Rex Harrison
Rock Hudson
Gene Kelly
Christopher Lee
George Nader
Tony Perkins

who's your favorite man?

how to be the type HE wants...
how to be the type HE wants you to be

1 ANNETTE FUNICELLO (fun-loving)
Life is a picnic to her (as it is to Molly Bee, Connie Stevens, Doris Day, Debbie) and I want to tag along, so some of her sparkle will rub off on me, says Rick Nelson. She's musical—plays a uke and likes to harmonize. Her clothes are easy: shorts, pleated skirts and blazers, white duck pants and little sailor hats. Her smile is like a four-alarm fire, and the way she wrinkles her nose when she laughs—it kills me. She looks wonderful in polka-dots, charm bracelets, red corduroy, has bouncy hair and loves the wind in it. She brings me out, gets me to do crazy things. We go to the zoo and die laughing at the polar bears, and the monkeys. She likes Thurber illustrations, bubble baths, bedtime stories; plays tennis, even baseball; is a natural-born flirt, which means there's nothing phony or obvious about the way she does it. She has the light touch. She's not afraid of what people will say, because she trusts herself. She has a wonderful time just being a girl. And she sure makes me glad I'm a boy.

2 SHIRLEY TEMPLE (womanly)
There's something solid about her (like Sandra Dee, Vici Shaw, Deborah Kerr, Simone Signoret). Something I could build my life around, says Bob Horton. Maybe it's the serious look in her eyes that does it. They're clear and intense, with thick, expressive brows. Her hair is fluffy and natural looking. She likes to putter in a garden, make unusual soups and stews, serve cheese with apples or pears. We're both sunworshippers, love sailing or just plain hiking, want to live in an old farmhouse with a creek out back, go barefoot and bareheaded, walk in the rain. She looks great in shirtwaist dresses, velvet slacks, old GI jackets, halter-top dresses, sandals, sleeveless blouses, belted coats, big pocketbooks and the color yellow. She's practical; helps me save money, gives me confidence, listens carefully to what I tell her, and can keep a secret. She feels a responsibility for the well-being of all living creatures, and cares for them as devotedly as she will one day care for children—mine, I hope.

3 SUSAN HAYWARD (sexy)
Her aim is to make me happy (like Rita Hayworth, or Brigitte Bardot, Marilyn Monroe, Liz Taylor, Tuesday Weld), even if she can't ever be punctual, count money or control her temper. She does pretty much what she darn pleases and, luckily, most of the time it pleases me, says Edd Byrnes. She can get away with extreme clothes: red satin, plunging necklines, elbow-length gloves, a leopard jacket—even a bikini. Her mouth is her most provocative feature, and she paints it brilliantly: the lips always a little parted, the lower one slightly fuller than the upper—which means she's very good at pouting and getting her own way. She loves big jewels, hanging earrings, orchids, fancy petticoats; likes to go on shopping sprees, or to the beach; is a big eater. She has a passion for humor books, but likes me to read aloud to her. She's impulsive, ticklish, gets a big kick out of shocking people. I can't take my eyes off her—she gives off rays of life, energy, excitement, that are 100% female. (Continued)
New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering.

These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit.

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
how to be the type HE wants you to be

continued

She’s like Carolyn Jones, Ava Gardner, Garbo or Marlene Dietrich. And what makes her so special? Well, I guess it’s her face, says Gardner McKay. Not necessarily because it’s so beautiful, but because it hides so well what she’s thinking. Her neck is long, like a swan’s; her profile is superb, and she dramatizes it with all kinds of hats, from picture ones to the kind that cover her hair. She likes masculine sports—or never says she doesn’t—like golf and fishing; also exotic plants, health foods, abstract art, panthers. She keeps trim on a strict routine—massages, exercise. She wears straight-straight skirts, deceptively simple dresses; unusual combinations, like a woolen sweater with an evening skirt, a double-breasted fur coat, black suits lined with orange silk. Then she’ll have just one piece of jewelry, maybe, worn dramatically on her hat or at her waist. But no, it’s not just her clothing that makes her unpredictable, it’s that she seems to be looking at something nobody else can see, thinking about something nobody else could know. She can’t be swept off her feet. I know, because I’ve already tried. She can’t really be classified and she can never be talked into doing anything that she hasn’t already decided to do—all by herself. Which means she may never marry me, but I’m going to keep on trying.

She’s learned how to say No when she doesn’t trust her emotions. (like Kim Novak, Leslie Caron, Diane Baker, Jean Simmons), because she’s soft-

Only 20 minutes more than last night’s pin-up…

wake up
hearted and tender, and afraid of getting hurt. Her hair is silky and not too curly, and she keeps it long, so she can twist it up in a roll or tie ribbons in it, or violets. Her make-up is all light and rosy, except for the dark outline around her big, innocent eyes. She wears pastels, mostly blue; full velvet skirts with matching stoles, crisp blouses with peter-pan collars. She's got dozens of belts and bright-colored scarves, and she wears a locket with my picture in it. She's crazy about animals, both stuffed and live ones. She's a good swimmer; makes fudge, bakes pies, knits; she used to study ballet. I want to protect her from the world, says Fabian, because she's so—well, fragile, and big crowds of people scare her. She blushes when I tell her she's beautiful. And once in a while she'll let me know she loves me, in some sweet, quiet way. She needs time and patience, and she's worth it. I can wait for the day she won't say no.

She has this marvelous elegance about her (like Lee Remick, Susan Kohner, Claudette Colbert, Grace Kelly), as if she had no choice but to make the right gesture, say the right word, wear the right clothes—like long skirts for dinner, and real evening gowns (none of those balletina things) when the invitation says Formal. She wears lots of white kid-skin gloves, chiffon scarves, fur pieces, fresh flowers, little veiled hats. Her jewelry has an heirloom look on her cashmeres and tweeds. She plays charades and bridge, but doesn't go for outdoor sports. On her table, the china is apt to be Bavarian, the linen Irish, the silver English. Her perfume is French, and she sprays some on her stationery, too. Her letters are always handwritten, full of wit and unusual observations. Her tastes are expensive, but she's pretty shrewd about satisfying them without undue extravagance. I guess you'd call her well bred, and a bit of a puritan—which, frankly, I like. says Troy Donahue. And whether she wants one or not. I'll build her a pedestal with my bare hands—and carve my heart on it just to show her how I feel about her.

**THE END**

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the monkey. All was quiet, and then a sudden harsh sound at the door made her snap to attention. "Have you seen Matilda?" Lizzie asked, still in fright. Their four dogs began barking all at once, and the two cats added to the din. "Eddie?" Lizzie said. "Eddie?"—but the footsteps outside faded down the corridor. Suddenly, she had a bad feeling about something that had happened to Eddie. He should have been back by now. He'd said he'd be gone only fifteen minutes. "He must have had an accident," she thought out loud. She lived in dread of anything happening to her man. She would laugh, like that day on their honeymoon, when he took up the dare and played her a matador, making cape-like passes with his scarf at a harmless bull in Spain. Everyone else had been afraid, even Eddie had laughed; but her heart had stopped beating—she was certain it had stopped beating—for a few seconds. "Suppose it isn't harmless?" she had said.

She looked up suddenly at Mike's photographer, bringing her thoughts back to the present. Her eyes studied the calendar tucked into the corner of the blotter on their desk. It told her what she already knew so well: this was May 12, 1960, the first anniversary of her wedding to Eddie. She unconsciously turned over the calendar months, as no one else had been, afraid, until she was alone and afraid, she remembered things she had tried hard to forget.

May. 1959. She remembered the wedding in Las Vegas but somehow today the excitement of the moment was a fuzzy blur, and what she recalled was something else; something she thought she had put out of her memory forever. The reporters and photographers were crowding around her and the ceremony was over. Someone yelled congratulations and they applauded and for a while—for just a little while—she felt they liked her, that they really wished her and Eddie the best.

What do you have that's old, Mrs. Fisher?" a reporter shouted.

She showed them the heirloom handkerchief she was carrying. It had been in the family for years.

"And what do you have that's new?"

She looked down at her moss-green chignon wedding dress, it had been created especially for her for the occasion, and a smiled sort of curtained.

"Something blue?"

For a second her cheeks turned pink, and then shily, she admitted that she sentimentally wore a blue garter.

"Anything borrowed?" a columnist asked.

And a photographer screamed out something, one word—and she felt that she wanted to run away, crawl away, fly away, get away and hide from them all. One word: Eddie.

Then came the attacks

June. 1959. They were in London, and she was making "Suddenly Last Summer." She remembered the press attacks—vicious, underhand, constant—made against her and Eddie by the British press: "Mr. Fisher, after admitting that the police guard at the studios, every morning, spends his days alone in their rented house (the police guard is no longer there after looking at the children). Sometimes, but rarely, he is allowed to bring them over to lunch with Mother. I wonder what Mr. Fisher thinks about the price one pays for an Award-winning wife? But Mr. Fisher isn't singing, either. Suddenly this summer, all is tension.

She tried at first to keep the paper from him, but failing, she had made light of the item and laughed it off. Eddie's lips laughed with her, but there was nothing she could do about the expression in his eyes.

But then, later, neither of them could even pretend to laugh. One columnist revealed: "Liz Taylor's raven tresses are already streaked with gray!" Other Londoners, only she'd hugged him, and he looked as if he'd been to Spain to their house, with the shouts and jeers of the crowd only dying away, completely, when Eddie bolted the shutters in their suite. They had the same look in their eyes then, as the day she and Eddie had seen the mob's expression, one that had a hint of something that Eddie and she took for Paris without them. It wasn't that they felt they were being left behind, again—it was the report that Eddie had sneaked over to them and begun firing. Christopher had cringed and were almost in tears by the time she and Eddie rushed over and rescued them.

She was the same confusion and pain she had seen on their faces that day, way back in May, when her secretary, Dick Honley, brought them to Nice by plane to join Eddie and herself on their honeymoon. As the plane from New York, via Belgium, started up, she saw Michael's excited face pressed against the window and she knew he'd seen her. He smiled and waved and his brother's face pressed over his shoulder. But when Michael's face cleared, the head of the landing ladder, she saw the photographers massed below. He shrank back into the plane, and it was some time before Dick was able to convince him and his brothers that they were safe in going out. Her daughter Lisa's face was calm and sweet in sleep, when her nurse brought her down to the field, but Michael's and Christopher's were covered with red and swelling.
down, the coughing and the fever suddenly seemed too much. They had to leave the dinner untouched on the table. They took her to the hospital—Harkness Pavilion. The doctor said it was due to the pneumonia—and Eddie moved into the room next to hers to be close by. The doctors said that hers was one of the worst cases of double pneumonia they had seen in a long time and that her lungs were almost completely congested. The delay in coming to the hospital, they claimed, was her condition almost critical.

For three weeks she lay in the hospital bed, and for three weeks, Eddie was with her every minute when he wasn't on-stage at the Waldorf. He tried to cheer her up—bringing her hot pizza (which she didn't eat), looking for the mink sweater that he'd ordered for their six-months wedding anniversary to be delivered to the hospital, making sure that her children called her every night, and not getting used to hospitals, though she'd been in so many—fifteen different ones altogether—for manipulations, examinations, and then that four-hour fusion operation on her back three days after the birth during Lisa's birth and a series of throat operations.

So it was with great relief that, on December 13, Eddie came for her and she worked out of the hospital, wan and weak, leaning on his arm, but out in time for Christmas just the same.

The new year

January, 1960. “Liz Taylor is definitely pregnant,” she read in the paper, one day. And another rumor, nicer, perhaps, than the report in a British paper two months after their marriage in June, that she was “expecting in March.”

The latest rumor brought all kinds of scary warnings from her friends, from the press, and from people she'd never even met. “Don't have another child,” they'd said. “Don't bring disaster to the mother, to the child”—they went on. When she insisted she wasn't pregnant, they accused her of lying. When she replied it was nobody's business but her and Eddie's if she were pregnant or not, they wrote that she was nasty and uncooperative. In the end, she simply bit her tongue and said nothing.

February, 1960. Funny, but about all this eventful month, she remembered just one thing: her 28th birthday. A crazy day, with sweet, kind, loving Eddie doing everything to make her happy. And a day of memories of her own childhood. The first day on the set of “National Velvet.” She was thirteen. Her mother, always a little off-camera, gave hand signals—hand on stomach when her voice was too high, hand over head when she wasn't showing enough emotion; hands on cheek when she should smile more; hand on neck when she was overacting.

March, 1960. She remembered how horribly March began, with memories of Mike's death—two years ago —and how beautifully it almost ended . . . almost. She and Eddie had been to visit his mother in a Philadelphia hospital, where she was recovering from a heart attack. After they'd left the hospital, she slipped on the pavement and severely cut her leg. The motion picture strike was on; her leg was bandaged, so she had a fine time to take a vacation from everything. And Eddie flew off to Jamaica in the British West Indies.

On the plane down, Eddie just had one cup of coffee and diet to the wind. During the five-and-one-half-hour B.O.A.C. Britain turbojet flight from Idlewild to their destination, she ate almost without stopping and drank glass after glass of what Eddie calls Liz's soda—champagne over ice.

Paradise—but not for long

At Montego Bay, they transferred to a small plane that was to take them to the Hotel Marrakesh at Ocho Rios, Jamaica. At the hotel, they stayed in their own three-room cottage (two bedrooms, a living-room, and a bathroom) where they had a bathtub. It was the bathroom that really delighted her: it had a bath tub eight feet long and six feet wide, with three marble steps going down half way. She took one look at it and cried out, “Oh! Edie”, it's my own private swimming pool.

For a while, they were in paradise: no crowds to bother them, no reporters to plague them, no films to make, no records to cut—just privacy. They slept late, ate a combination breakfast-lunch at twelve or one o'clock, and then lazed around the beach or patio all day. At dinnertime, they would attend an outdoor barbecue with the hotel guests or dine alone on their own patio. At night, they'd walk along the beach in the moonlight, or take rides on the bay in glass bottom boats, or visit beachfront light clubs, or watch goat races on the sand.

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INVEST IN
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Eddie was fascinated by the races, real contests between six goats, each of whom was guided on a leash by a native boy. The races would bet on each race. She and Eddie'd bet.

She'd get advice on whom to bet from their favorite waiter, dubbed “Benny the Bookmaker” by Eddie. Eddie talked directly to the groom to split his winnings with them. She'd bet two dollars a race and Eddie would bet ten, and every night she'd win and he'd lose. At the end of their stay in Jamaica, she turned all her winnings over to her adviser, “Benny.”

Each lazy day was followed by a still lazier day. They went shopping for things for the boys and for Lisa. They sneaked in to see “National Velvet,” and nobody recognized them. Each evening, they'd call Michael and Christopher in New York. It took a century to get through to them, but it was worth hearing their voices, even when they were fighting about who split his vegetables while his nurse insisted that he wasn't. Late at night, they'd sit on the patio—he'd sip Coke and she'd drink ice-champagne—catching the moonlight, listening to the pleasant beat of the surf close by. They had never been happier.

Then the champagne went flat and the bubbles burst. It all began innocently enough. They'd meant to go shopping early, but they'd been running up and down the beach like high-school kids and had forgotten what time it was. Too late, they realized that shoping closed at 4:30. Eddie couldn't find one of the stores and asked if they could stay open a little longer. “Sure,” they said, “be here by six.”

But then other shopkeepers heard that the couple was coming and they all decided to stay open. Some of the guests heard they were going to the shopping area and they decided to go along. Soon, a whole bunch of cars were following their Cadillac to the stores.

They went, they purchased things, they returned to the hotel, and that should have been that—but it wasn't. A local newspaper man had written a story about “Elizabeth Taylor and her faithful retinue.” That was just the beginning. Next came a vicious editorial which mockingly asked the reader to call on “an accident” and bad taste anything that had ever been written against them. All the old charges were made . . . and some new ones as well: it looked fun at her “broken leg” and pointed out she'd only been hurt in a “did-I-ever office matter that she'd never claimed her leg had been broken); it accused her of “buying” an appreciative audience for Eddie's Waldorf comeback; it said she maneuvered a “favor” for a friend; it exposed another flood of innuendo and criticism.

Paradise wasn't the same. Not so long afterward, they left Jamaica and flew back to New York. How much more could Liz take?

She didn't stop smiling

April, 1960. Early in April and the night of the Academy awards. She tried not to let her hopes rise. When people told her that George Skolsky had said, “Elizabeth Taylor will win an Academy Award for her performance in ‘Suddenly Last Summer,’ ” or that the conservative Herald Tribune had stated, “If there were ever any doubts about the ability of Miss Taylor to express complex and deceptive emotions, to deliver a flexible and deep performance, this film ought to remove them,” she smiled and changed the subject.

She remained, before her “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” nomination, and the public opinion which had turned against her after Eddie gave up Debbie. So she smiled and thanked people for their good wishes and tried not to dream of the Awards.

Only Photoplay's Sidney Skolsky revealed her true feelings when he recalled how she'd told a London newspaper early in the year, “I'm not going to win an Oscar before I retire. Only then will I be really content to settle down to a full domestic life.”

She did not admit it to herself, again, as she chatted with her friends, on the night of the presentation, she sat next to Eddie, in the midst of a small group of friends, and listened to the presentations being made. Her smile was easy and natural, as if she were not hurried and with their kids. Then the moment came, the card was read, and the name rang out: “Simone Signoret.”

She did not stop smiling for a moment, she thanked her friends with the others, and she did not believe it when someone, sitting close by to her, told the press he had heard her whisper, “Oh, no.” . . . But she could not be sure.

Eddie comes home

Matilda, Elizabeth Taylor's pet monkey, jumped up on the desk and pressed her nose against her mistress's cheek, and Liz had to laugh. The calendar dropped to the floor. Eddie, her ambison, told her that, for the moment, everything was all right and she forgot the heartbreak of the past year, and the jinx that seemed to follow her.

THE END

LIZ STARS IN “SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER” FOR COL. SHE'LL BE SEEN WITH EDDIE IN M-G-M'S “BUFFETTER BULLET.” EDDIE RECORDS FOR RANBOW.
DEBBIE AND GLENN

Continued from page 42

to her to be miles away in thought. His mouth became set, and his eyes brooded intensely, as though he were deeply absorbed in a difficult problem even.

Evidently, trying to attract his attention, Debbie cocked her head to one side and snapped her fingers. At this, Glenn suddenly shook his head, smiled across at her and raised his glass. "Chalgy, Mildred. As the Miwaki family turned off toward their own table after having stopped for just a few seconds to greet Maria Schell. She had been working on a film recently with Glenn.

"I've always been a big turnaround of glamorous stars when the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents present their Golden Globe awards, yet Maria stood out; her manner was poised and elegant, her exquisite blond hair shining under the lights; her smile gentle yet provocative and her blue eyes deep-set and compelling; in fact the whole impact of someone with a remarkable personality.

There had been gossip about Maria and Glenn, ever since they had began working on "Cimarron" together. But if a look of concern crossed Debbie's face, even for a moment, as they had greeted Maria, she was later found her smile again and obviously seemed to dismiss the gossip lies.

And yet ... was there any truth?

First, just one week before "Cimarron" began shooting, Glenn's wife Eleanor was granted a divorce after their sixteen years of marriage.

Second, Glenn had been spending three months in the almost-daily company of a very special woman, a woman as different from Debbie as any you could imagine. These crucial days began under the warm winter sun of Arizona, where "Cimarron" went into actual production. Glenn had met Maria Schell only more than two years earlier, when the European star came to M-G-M to make her first American movie, "The Brothers Karamazov."

However, he must have heard stories and perhaps was wary about the prospect of working with Maria. She was hard to work with and the unhappy crew of her French movie "Une Vie" ("A Life") nicknamed her "The Monster." Over in Hollywood, Karamazov director Richard Brooks had just barely managed to keep the upper hand. "Maria," he said, "fought me all the way."

A girl like Debbie ... Maybe Glenn Ford has his moods about the house, but on the job he has no time for temperament, his own or anybody else's. His idea of a model leading lady is a girl who is brisk, business-like, and good-natured. Perhaps (if a fellow's lucky) she even behaves as if she enjoyed working with him. A girl like ... well, like Debbie Reynolds. And here on the wide prairie, forty miles from Tucson, he was face to face with something else instead. There was something very promising there. Being wary of Maria beforehand, Glenn was also strongly aware of her. She didn't look much like a monster, standing there in the sunlight, ready to rehearse their first scene together. Funny, few people realize how small Maria is. Only an inch taller than Debbie, Maria is more sturdily built, and she sometimes has a commanding presence that adds to her apparent height. Now her figure looked tiny amidst the brilliant lights; the prim corset of her 1889 "Cimarron" costume. Her head was bent; her face, slightly turned away from him, was sombre in concentration.

DEBBIE AND GLENN

Continued from page 42

Then she looked up and said, "I'm ready." And she smiled at him. "The golden smile," as her German fans call it, hit him with full force.

"I'm ready," she repeated and her soft voice and the play of emotions across her sensitive features wove a magic circle around them. That is the keynote of her character; intensity. She recognizes it and admits it may be a fault. But the drive has been in her from the beginning. It made her a star when she was sixteen, in the Swiss film "Steinbruch."

Some people compare the similarity between Debbie's early career, no matter how hard she worked, everybody had a hunch that something more important was on her mind. And for Debbie, love—the love she was looking for—was an emotion entirely apart from her job.

But not for Maria. From the start, love was very thoroughly involved with the Schell career. While she was working on her first big hit, "The Angel with the Trumpet," all Germany heard the news: Maria Schell was in love! She was in love with producer Ernst Lohar. No ... she was in love with actor Attila Horbiger, famous in the German theater. No ... the man was cameraman Gunther Anders.

The result was a split and divorce. Maria was seen flirtatiously and stylishly, bedecked in the tender young love story of Maria Schell and Dieter Borsche. True, they just happened to be co-starring as on-screen sweethearts in a series of weepy pictures. But each time they were off the job, they were seen whizzing around the countryside in an open sports car, while Maria laughed, her golden hair blowing in the wind. Dieter and Maria were seen holding hands, whispering at sidewalk cafes in the spring.

Publicity? No, in Maria's case the motive runs much deeper. Listen to her own words, spoken to a Photoplay writer years later, while she was working in Hollywood. Of acting, Maria said: "There's something very strange about our profession. Everyone else has tools of his trade. But we have only one soul; we have to use the same soul to live with and to act with. If you love, you love with the same soul you act at love with ..."

Of her fellow players, Maria has said, "My feeling is that they should share my intensity in trying to make each scene as perfect as possible."

And Maria has said, "Without love, I can't glow." And that glow, "the golden smile," is her chief stock in trade.

Debbie never has had this attitude toward acting. Talk to Debbie for ten minutes and she'll be telling you about her house, her children and how happy she is to loaf with them. When she works, she's gay and fun but business-like toward her leading man. This was her attitude toward working with Glenn.

With Maria, it was different.

For three weeks, the "Cimarron" company worked on those outdoor scenes. On location, trouper's lives much more in each other's track than they do in Hollywood where each person can go home at night, to a separate life. From Arizona, the rumors began filtering back. A technician wrote to his wife about the two co-stars: "As if they don't need it. They can't hide it—the way they feel about each other."

In the meantime, rumors still stirred around Debbie and Glenn, and in the end, all three ended up saying separately, "We're all good friends."

Besides, "I am married," Maria protested. She hadn't married her leading man but a dark young man named Horst Haefele, who was dancing as assistant director and
Rumors of trouble

The whispers that started while "Cimarron" was on location soon loaded when the company moved to the Metro lot and to nearby outdoor locations (the San Fernando Valley, Thousand Oaks). It was hinted that Glenn and Maria were seeing each other, friends and playmates. I heard it on the best authority. They were having dinner at Jack's at the Beach—and looking very chummy.

"They were drinking beer at the Beverly Hilton Rathskeller—a real tête à tête."

If any of these stories reached Debbie Reynolds, she didn't betray her hurt with public outbursts. But she should have guessed, because she knew from her own experience, what daily, close association on the set can mean to an actor and an actress—especially when there is a background of emotional upheaval. On the very day that Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor were married, Debbie and Glenn were doing the crazy, hilarious, love-under-the-shower scene of "It Started With a Kiss." The wild clowned and Glenn's friendly cooperation covered-up Debbie's secret heartache on the day that put an final end to her first young hopes.

Glenn's separation from Eleanor and her suit for divorce came soon after that. No matter how the newspapers prattled about "the ideal marriage," Hollywood knew it hadn't been. There had been rumors of trouble as much as ten years earlier. And yet Debbie, with her strong sense of propriety, would not date Glenn until her own divorce decree had become final.

"She won't date him openly, that is," cynics added. For just the same sort of rumors that now follow Glenn and Maria once trailed Debbie and Glenn. "They didn't come to the party together," said one eager reporter, "but I saw Glenn leave—alone—right after Debbie had left—alone. And after that . . . ?"

As soon as Debbie was completely, legally free in her own eyes, she did begin going out with Glenn, and they seemed utterly relaxed together, frankly enjoying each other's company. His divorce had come through by this time; he, too, was free of other entanglements.

But was he? Wags asked. For he had met Maria Schell. Six years older than Debbie, she has a worldliness that widens the gap even further.

Though Debbie has put on the air of the gay sophisticate since her divorce, nobody doubts that at heart she remains the young American housewife and mother, longing for security in her home. In a genuine duel of romantic strategy, would she be any match for the high-powered Maria?

From Hollywood, Maria went to New York to rehearse for Garbo's role in the TV-special version of "Ninotchka." Between sessions of turning on the intensity and the golden smile, she relaxed with solitary whisks—like turning out the staff of the furrier Maximilian for some midnight shopping. Pirouetting before mirrors, draping a black broadtail scarf around her shoulders, smiling at her own image, what was she thinking about? Horst? He would be joining her in New York any day, but he was busy on a new German picture, busy seeing to the completion of their dream farmhouse, on a lake near Munich.

So everybody waited, waited for a new dramatic climax in this strangest of "friendships," while Glenn and Maria were suddenly called back, weeks later, to Hollywood for re-takes, following the end of the actors' strike. The talk started up all over again. Some people even said that Glenn had asked M-G-M to co-star Maria with him in "North of Rome," the picture he was set to make in Italy. What will happen then? Hollywood is watching and waiting with intense interest, for, in this triangle, almost anything can happen.

SEE DEBBIE IN PAE'S "THE RUT RACE" AND "PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY." DON'T MISS HER SPECIALS ON ARC-TV, HEAR HER SING ON DOT. BE SURE TO WATCH FOR HER IN COL.'S "PEPE." SEE GLENN FORD AND MARIA SCHELL IN "CIMARRON" FOR METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER.
The tale of St. Mary's Mount

"It took me about a half hour and when I got there, I stopped off at the local pub for a drink. I was suddenly very tired. The bar was fairly full, crowded with local farmers and villagers, and I kicked off my shoes and took off a pint of ale and as I was taking it back to a small table in the corner, a funny thing happened. As I was walking across the floor, a remark caught my ears which made me start and the remark was, "Wonder how long he'll last?" I heard someone say. And turning, I saw two elderly men sitting huddled together, staring at me. It was obvious they were referring to me, and I think he's found out," finally answered.

"I was annoyed. I turned around and walked directly toward the two men. I wouldn't normally let such things upset me, but I was feeling a bit spurious and normal anyway. "Look here," I said, somewhat flustered. "What's all this mystery about my house? Every time I mention I live there, everybody nods a knowing nod as though... well... as though it were haunted!"

"The two men merely smiled. I could tell no one had intentions of telling me more, so I just walked to the corner table, taking my glass of ale with me. It didn't take but a minute, and an old man who looked like something out of 'Long John Silver,' came over to my table and sat down. He said he knew what the mystery was all about. He pulled his chair up close to mine, so that our faces nearly touched. I couldn't help notice that he had a bad eye that wouldn't stop twitching, and a scar just above it. 'What a scary-looking character,' I remember thinking to myself. Then he said, 'A whisper in his deep country brogue: 'That estate you 'ave—St. Mary's Mount—it's quite a 'istory. Did ya know,' he went on, 'that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the mystery writer, used to live there?""

"I didn't know that,' said I, "but his mysterious legend is legendary tales of Dr. Watson and Sherlock 'Olmes originated right in that 'ouse. Those thick woods nearby—they're supposed to have been the setting for 'Ivanhoe,' 'the Hounds of the Baskervilles.' Lots of folks, 'ereabouts, say it's 'ainted, even though only a few ever seen ghosts there. Seems them spirits only show themselves to the worthy and the good.'""

"'Oh,' said he, a little mocking, 'what a'spidderly yarn that is!—to think a fellow like 'Olmes would ever be baffled!"

"'No,' I answered coolly, trying to appear undaunted, "'ave 'ave you and your missus seen any ghosts lately, sir?' the old man asked, breathing heavily on my face.

"'Oh, of course we haven't,' I replied. 'I don't believe in ghosts.'"

"'Ah, that's what they all say,' chuckled the old man in a tone that sent chills up my spine."

"Getting down the rest of my drink, I thanked him and left. I wouldn't think about it, I promised myself, as I walked homeward. Instead, I thought about Dorothy who was due back in two days. I could hardly wait to hear the details of her latest story."

"Life was being good to both of us, I thought. Dorothy was enjoying a successful singing engagement, and I had been signed to star in a TV series called 'Ivanhoe.'"

**What they found**

"Because of this, we had decided to take advantage of our good fortune and put into action a plan we'd had for a long time—to build a swimming pool in the gardens of the house despite the chiding by our friends that the British climate wasn't exactly suitable for outdoor bathing."

"The builders had moved in to begin working on it and, when I returned home, I stood watching them before going in for tea. But suddenly something strange happened. It was about quitting time for the men, when suddenly one of them came charging in. He was as white as a sheet, and hollering "Watson!"

"'Mr. Moore, excuse me,' he said, 'but one of the men, when he was digging, unearthed what seemed to be decayed roots but we think they're human bones!'"

"After calling him down, I went out to the garden. After I saw the remains, I summoned the town constable. When he came, we all took shovels-in-hand and searched the spot. More bones were found."

"This was put to rest soon. Before even I knew it was all about, news of this finding spread like wildfire. Tongues of the townspeople buzzed with bizarre speculations, including the blood-curdling story of a tea time Ripper who had dug deep graves in the garden to bury his victims."

"Fortunately, the town constable lived up to Sherlock Holmes' reputation. After finding the bones in the ditch, he checked the records of the town and found that this was no case for Scotland Yard. Our garden, it seemed, was, probably in the late 16th Century itself, a place for the holding of executions."

"Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, and I really didn't give the incident much more thought because I, too, had accepted the
The showdown

"The next day, everything went wrong. The men had some trouble with the cement for the pool, which was supposed to be finished that day, and Dorothy had telephoned that she wouldn't be home until the day after because she had missed her train connections. To make matters worse, all day I seemed to be bounded by the episode of the night before.

"Sometime in the afternoon, I made up my mind to have a showdown with the ghost. Instead of going to sleep, I decided I would prop myself up on two large feather pillows and wait for it. Which is exactly what I did. I was prepared for it, I told myself as I waited. I must have smoked a pack of cigarettes by the time midnight chimed in. I grew a little nervous as two o'clock approached. Two o'clock came. Nothing happened. Three o'clock.

"Still no sign of anything. My eyelids became heavy and I finally dozed off to sleep, still propped up on the pillows. For the first time in two nights, the ghost didn't appear. I was sure, the next morning, that this whole nightmare was finally ended.

"But you can't be too sure about these things, for odd things continued to happen in that house. A few days after Dorothy returned home, a cycle of strange events started. It began her first night home, when she'd decided to take a bath. She let the hot water run in the tub, until the steam filled the room. She always liked a hot bath. Then, barely seconds after she turned off the hot water and stuck her toe in to test it, she jerked her foot back in utter amazement. The water was ice cold!

"After that, lights would mysteriously flick off and on in the unoccupied bedrooms in the middle of the night. My three poodles, for no apparent reason, would suddenly gather in front of one of the upstairs rooms, late at night, and start howling—and we couldn't do anything to make them stop.

"On another occasion, when we were preparing to go out for the evening, Dorothy daubed some perfume behind her ears and placed the bottle back on her dressing table. We hardly got through the door, when we heard a glass-shattering bang behind us. We turned and found the perfume bottle had been smashed against the wall at the opposite end of the room from where Dorothy had placed it on the table. But what puzzled me most was the fact that Dorothy saw all these things happening, yet she never saw the actual ghost itself—only I did.

"With these unbelievable occurrences, Dorothy and I went to London, just to get away for a little while. Dorothy had to stay on and since we didn't want to leave the house empty, indefinitely, I returned on a late train, one stormy night, a few days later. It was about a mile's walk homeward to St. Mary's Mount, from the tiny rail station. I couldn't explain to myself why, but I was especially nervous that night. The wind was howling and it was pitch black outside. As I walked, only the sounds of my footsteps were heard. Beads of sweat started to form on my brow.

"Just as I passed the town's cemetery and had started up the long slope to the estate, out of the trees came a misty figure. My hair was standing on end again! The figure hovered over, moving along with me as I walked. I didn't run, although I thought of it, because I didn't want to show the ghost that I was frightened—but I'd be lying if I said I didn't walk much faster. It didn't do much good, though, because it just followed me at the same pace.

"Then, as we approached the house, it disappeared into the trees and, I realized then, that I had been so alarmed, I had completely forgotten to scream! ... And that was the last I saw of the ghost.

"Dorothy and I left, soon after, for Hollywood, where I was to begin work on the TV series, The Alaskans.

"We still own the estate and it's a funny thing, the ghost must have liked St. Mary's Mount, because it didn't follow me across the Atlantic. Maybe it was afraid of becoming seasick. Or maybe it couldn't swim. Or perhaps it just thought America wasn't old enough to be haunted!"

... And, as Roger Moore said this, he sniffed the air and then looked up at the ceiling. "Just wanted to make sure," he laughed, "that the ghost didn't decide to take swimming lessons."

The End

SEE ROGER MOORE SUNDAYS ON ABC-TV, 9:30-10:30 P.M., ED. APPEARING IN "THE ALASKANS." ALSO SEE HIM IN WARNERS' "RACHEL CADE."
with him more than twenty years. Her name was Jeanne. Jeanne Durante. She was dead.

It began, of course, with a nose.

Even when Jimmy Durante was an underprivileged child, his nose was big—and odd. Other children on the dirty New York street pointed at the nose, made cruel jokes about it and its owner, and dared each other to run.

The little boy Jimmy felt himself a thing set apart, a freak. How could he have been born, he wondered, to his father, Bartolomeo the barber, the elegant, dignified gentleman in whose face was the punch of his calling? How could he be the product of his mother, queenly beautiful Rose? Having, by some miracle, been born to these two, could he, in his ugliness, actually be loved by them? Jeanne Durante had a deep need for love—for more love than most people could stand. The too-small eyes peered out past the nose at the world, begging for love from anyone—strangers, too. She got few smiles even then. Eventually, it didn't matter how much love he had. He wanted—no, he needed—more and more and more.

In 1910, when Jimmy was seventeen, three times a week he would go to a beer hall in Coney Island. To his surprise, his audition was successful. He was offered twenty-five dollars a week—a stupendous salary.

It was a way to the Durante family. But to Jimmy, the real riches of the job were not to be counted in cold cash. He had received them on his first night at work when, after playing a group of songs, he had walked up to his piano stool to face his audience and found smiling faces and applauding hands. He saw them, and for a long time, that was enough.

And they didn't even seem to see his nose.

Could a girl love him?

He became a very popular man. For the first time he almost believed he might be loved. He actually got up the courage to fall in love himself—and to tell the girl he cared for her. When she turned him down, it never occurred to him to find it ludicrous. After all, he was Jimmy the Nose. Doubtless he had gotten too confident, expecting a woman—any woman—to want him.

He got a job at a bigger place, The Alamo, and hired a band to play jazz with him. Sometimes he'd even heckle the other musicians with jokes and cracks. The audiences went for that. They would laugh and applaud and come back night after night to hear Durante's New Orleans Jazz Band. Afterward he would play cards or drink beer or just talk to the girls. They never failed him, never turned him down.

And then one day a girl named Maud Jeanne Olson walked into The Alamo and asked for a job singing with the band.

Why he said yes, Jimmy never knew. The girl was tall, and soprano-harshly ever went over with his audiences they liked loud, deep-voiced, deep-cheeked singers. This girl was slight, with red hair and a pretty, quick face, and a voice of delicate beauty. But her eyes shone, and she tossed her hair back when she sang, and in the middle of a song she broke off and said to Jimmy, "Who ever told you could play the piano?" He started to laugh—she laughed—and by the time they were ready to finish the song, she was hired.

She was the first real lady he had ever met.

At first he was simply lost in admiration, her tiny hands and feet, her clear midnight-blue eyes, her圣, not an angel. A lady with a quick temper, a sharp wit, a talent so forceful it quieted the rowdy Alamo crowds with the first word or two she held them spellbound through her songs. She was shy as anybody but in love with performing as he was.

A miracle personified.

Very diffidently, after a show, Jimmy suggested that they go out for something to eat. To his everlasting gratitude, Jeanne agreed. Over hamburgers and coffee, he fell in love for the second time.

Only this time, of course, he had better sense. Jeanne was not the sort to be so unexpected! True, she went out with him for coffee almost every night—but then, he was her boss. Possibly she was afraid to offend him lest he fire her.

He pushed his luck a little. He asked her to go to a show with him—it would be the first time he had ever been inside a legitimate theater.

And at that time, she walked to the corner they had agreed on, and there she stopped, stared at him, and planted her small fists on her hips.

"Are you going to the show with me?" she demanded.

Jimmy stared at her. "Who else?"

Her gaze traveled coolly over him. "In a cap and a sweater? No, thank you. Some other time, Mr. Durante."

And she turned on her heel and walked off.

For a full minute, Jimmy stood looking after her, his face crimson. It had never occurred to him to buy a shirt and tie for the occasion—nor, for that matter, had Jeanne. Her never-barrased Jeanne, humiliated herself, ruined his chances with her forever. If the pavement had opened and swallowed him up, he'd have been fine.

And then he blinked. She had walked out on him. Without a moment's hesitation—she'd turned her back and walked off. Didn't that prove she wasn't afraid of making a fool of him? In that case.

In that case, all those other times she'd gone with him—it must have been because she wanted to. Because she liked him.

No happier man

There was, in all of New York, no happier man than Jimmy Durante as he stood on the street corner and tore up the expensive concert tickets to the Hippodrome Theater.

The next day, he bought shirts and ties.

He never wore a cap again.

After that, they began to see each other often. There were shows together, long walks, evenings out. They never shared jokes: Jeanne's heckling of Jimmy when he played the piano, the time he turned around suddenly and caught her waddling behind him in imitation of his way, which Jimmy knew by asking that there was no awkwardness in the gag. And yet—she had other dates. There was one other fellow she saw often, a man who took her out to coffee almost as often as Jimmy did. Did she love him? Was it just the coincidence that almost every time she went out with him she would walk past the window of a room where Jimmy and a group of friends played cards? Was she trying to rub it in—or to make him jealous? If she wanted to make him jealous, surely that meant she was serious about him. But how could he be? He was so ugly, she so beautiful. He could hardly speak English—she was so refined, so cultured—

Half in ecstasy, half in agony, he let time drag on.

In the winter of 1920, Jeanne became ill. She had an operation, then went home to her family in Detroit to recover. With painstaking attention to spelling and grammar, Jimmy wrote Jeanne. Immediately, Jeanne answered. With a pen in his hand and his homely face invisible across the miles, Jimmy felt more at ease than he had ever been with her. Into his letters went more of his heart, more of his honesty than he had ever shown before. The answers came quickly, as warm as his own. They asked, they hoped it great frightened him.

This time he didn't think he would recover if hope lied. Nor could he bear the suspense any longer.

On the day Jeanne returned from Detroit, Jimmy proposed to her.

"Why, Jimmy," she said, "Whatever took you so long?"

They were married in church—Jimmy in the clothes Jeanne had told him were proper. Then she put on a flowered dress she had made herself. They were both in their late twenties.

After the wedding, a party was held. All the people from the Alamo were there, waiting singers, musicians, steady customers.

"It's a pity you don't have time for a honeymoon," someone said to Jeanne.

She looked around at the hundreds of friends. "It don't matter," she said. "Working with Jimmy and everyone is like a honeymoon in itself. I won't mind going back to work tomorrow."

She stopped short when she saw Jimmy staring at her. "Why, honey," he said. "Listen. I thought you knew. I wouldn't let you work after you're married. Why, Jeanne—"

Jeanne glanced around. Then she took Jimmy's arm. She pulled him over to a quiet corner. Jimmy, she said, "What are you thinking about? Why should I? I love singing. It's been my life till now. I like working with you. And you think I'm talented, you know you do—"

"Honey, honey," he said. "I think you're great. And I don't mean mean—" Jeanne, you mean, you're the greatest thing that ever happened to me. I got to be worthy of you. I want to give you everything. Diamonds, Fur coats. A beautiful house. Everything you want."

"I want you, and to sing. That's all."

"Naw, naw," Jimmy said. His eyes were anguished. "Jeanne, you gotta let me give you everything. And—and you're not well enough to work. Why like you used. You gotta protect your health. Please, Jeanne."

The tragedy begins

She had never heard him so anguished, so in earnest before. She was a bride of a very few hours; she was very much in love. With tears in her eyes, she nodded her head. "All right," she said.

"You promise?"

She turned her head away. I—promise."

"Aw, honey," he said. "You'll be so glad. You see—"

"Only—what will I do with myself?"

She whispered. "What will I do?"

"You'll fix up a place for us. You'll have babies. And listen. You'll help me manage my career. You know, make plans for it and figure out what a contract is talking about and all that stuff I don't understand."
You'd be great at that. Wouldn't you, huh?"

She kept her head turned. Finally, muffled, she said, "Yes. I could help you. I could do that."―

"Sure," Jimmy cried. "You'll be the brains, I'll be the breadwinner. Now smile. Come on. We just got married."

Jeanne looked up. She saw the relief in his eyes. She smiled. And so they collaborated in what was to be the great tragedy of their marriage.

The next night, Jimmy went back to work. Jeanne stayed at home in the furnished room they had rented. It wasn't too bad at first. She would wait up for him at night, perform cooking miracles on a tiny stove—they were ambidextrous, and would delight Jimmy with her stirring and basting feats employing both hands—and then, when they had eaten, they would sleep all day. But gradually the walls of the tiny room seemed to close in on Jeanne; she was used to the bustle and noise and excitement of the clubs and stages in which she had worked.

"Jimmy—I'm so restless. I'm going nuts here!"

He didn't know that she was waiting for him to say, "All right, honey. Come back to work."

Instead, he looked around and nodded. "Yeah. No wonder. I'm gonna find us a bigger place."

He rented a larger apartment in a better neighborhood. It meant his taking on extra work, and Jeanne's finding a boarder to help meet the higher rent, but it never occurred to him that, in his way, some new surroundings, Jeanne would be happy. So what if he had to work all night and well into the morning now? It was worth it.

But now Jeanne had a larger house to clean, a boarder to provide with linens, meals, a home. All day she shopped, cooked, cleaned. At night she waited up for Jimmy. At the end of a few months, she was exhausted. She began to fall asleep long before Jimmy came home. In the morning, when she rose to get her chores, he was snoring peacefully. At the end of the day, he would get up, eat what she fixed for him, and leave again for work.

They were together for perhaps an hour and a half in twenty-four.

But they were still in love, still trying to do what each best was on his own. During those snatched hours together, Jeanne held firmly to her part in her husband's career. At her urging, Jimmy asked for, and received a badly needed raise. At her suggestion, he eventually turned himself to try for what Jeanne told him was the world in which he belonged—the world of large, sophisticated clubs—the world that had as its center, the glittering stages of Broad-

way. He quit The Alamo. For a while he was out of work. For a while he played other clubs no better than that one. Once he even went back. But finally he landed a better job at a far better place.

"You see?" Jeanne cried. "Listen to me, Jimmy. You've got real talent—you're more than a piano player. You're going to be a comedian, to go places!"

Almost, she was content with her role in their lives.

She couldn't hold him

One summer, Jeanne's folks bought a camp on a California lake. For three months, Jeanne and Jimmy stayed there. It was the honeymoon they had never had; it was a place neither had ever known. They lived in jeans and old shirts, fished for their food. They were together and alone, twenty-four hours a day. When
becoming attractions

A. News on the summer waves: with no-neutralizing pin curl permanent Bobbi, you set, style and wave your hair all at once, no re-setting. $2.00

B. Shulton's Sparkling Cologne freshens a summer day, add to its fragrant airs. "Desert Flower" or "Friendship Garden" in crystal-cut bottles. $1.00

C. Something for the boys: the new Yardley Roll-On Deodorant for men is non-sticky, quick drying, rolls on in a trice from its plastic bottle. $1.00

D. Cutex gives hands ten fashion tips with new "Fashion Coral," beautiful flattery for a tan. Regular or iris-descent polish 35c, lipstick too, 79c

E. New cleanser by Helena Rubinstein, "Herbessence" blends herbs and scientific ingredients in a soft green liquid to clear and refine skin. $2.50

*plus tax

they left, it was, to Jeanne, like walking away from heaven. She began to talk wistfully of leading a simpler life, of moving to California some day. Neither she nor Jimmy fully understood that what she really wanted was not life in a fishing camp—but the husband who was slipping away from her.

But there was a great void in the city. They never lived in the city. Back in the city, they claimed their new life together, every day, parting for the long hours in which Jimmy entertained and Jeanne sat home. More money was coming in now. As soon as it was in his hand, Jimmy had to spend it on Jeanne. Whatever her troubles, he thought, they'd be cured by having what ever woman wanted—a home of her own. He bought a little house at the end of a wooded street in Long Island. It would remind Jeanne, he thought, of the fishing camp at Clear Lake, where they had been so happy. Everything would be perfect now.

And so, with the best intentions in the world, he installed her in the lonely little house on the Island—where he could no longer even rush home for an unexpected half-hour in the evening, where their precious time together was cut still further by the hours of traveling it cost him to get home.

The next summer, Jimmy found a job for three months at a resort in the Catskills.

"This sounds wonderful," Jeanne said. "I'll take a room there of course—"

"Baby, you can't. It'll cost everything I'll make, and we gotta pay for the house."

Her eyes filled with the tears that came more and more readily these days. "But I want to be with you. I can't stay here alone—"

"Why don't you go to California for a while and stay with your folks. You know how you love that place!"

"Without you?"

"Honey, we ain't millionaires. We gotta have money!"

She knew he didn't want it for himself. He had no interest in money, or what it brought—except in so far as it paid for her pleasures. It never occurred to him that her joys, like his, were not to be bought with money. He was obsessed with the idea of proving himself worthy of her in the only way he knew. In a sense the tragedy came about because he could never believe that anyone could want, out of the whole world, only his company.

So Jeanne went to California for the summer. It was their first separation. She came back from it with two dreams, neither new. One was that Jimmy would take her there to live. The other was that he would ask her to work with him again.

Instead, he told her how to make Jeanne happy. He opened up a night club with a friend, Eddie Jackson. It was Prohibition time then; little clubs all over New York were making bootleg liquor and priceless entertainment to customers who ranged from Chicago mobsters to society leaders. The Club Durante was an immediate success—within months, Jimmy was bringing in the first real money he had ever earned.

That is, when he had time to go home. When the club had been running for a while, Jimmy took on a third partner. His name was Little Chin; he was a great dancer, a shrewd businessman, a loyal lifelong friend—and the crowning blow to the Durantes' staggering marriage.

For with Lou's coming, Jimmy moved into a new life. Lou had big ideas—and he knew how to make them work. He knew how to turn Jimmy into one of the world's greatest comics, how to make a good night club into the most important in New York, how to blend a clever floor show into the top entertainment the East Coast had to offer. To do it, all he needed was all of Jimmy's time and all of his trust. There was no question of his being worthy of those things.

It was only that it left nothing for Jeanne Durante—nothing she could even pretend was a share in her husband's life.

"You're destroying me!"

At first she fought bitterly and desperately against Lou—his friendship for Jimmy, his ideas, his successes. When time after time Lou was proved right, when his schemes worked, when Jimmy started to become, under his management, a world famous man—he gave up fighting. She never gave up caring.

In the fifteen years when Clayton, Jackson and Durante were the most famous entertaining trio in the world, Jeanne Durante spoke to Lou Clayton only once. And that was to say that he was destroying her.

More and more she withdrew into herself. She had never been afraid of anything; now she was afraid of everything. All night, alone in the house in Flushing, she sat among the expensive furnishings Jimmy bought her, and trembled. After a while she began to lock the bedroom door, to barricade herself inside. One night while Jimmy was on stage, a waiter interrupted his act.

"It's your wife, Mr. Durante. She's on the phone. Says it's an emergency."

He hurried to the phone, "Jeanne?"

"Jimmy—I—I've got to go to the bathroom. I'm so frightened to leave the room, Jimmy. Please—stay on the phone till I get back and tell you I'm all right. . . ."

It became a nightly occurrence. It was, of course, inevitable that sooner or later Jeanne Durante would begin to drink.

It was inevitable that when she had irrevocably lost her health, Jimmy would finally wake up to his wife's real needs, to the destruction he had so lovingly wrought. And by then, of course, it was too late.

Running away

Once, during the long slow years when Jimmy and Jeanne lived in California and Jimmy made his series of bad, degrading movies, he boarded a train one night to Protests. He didn't even care where he went by then. He was running —only running not from her but from himself.

For by now he believed he had destroyed the high-spirited girl with the lovely voice, the girl who had laughed and tossed her hair, the girl to whom he had planned to give the world.

It seemed like he had taken the world away from her, and given her nothing.

In 1947, when Jimmy's income was almost nil, when Jeanne's tears and protests prevented him over and over from accepting engagements at the New York and Chicago clubs where he was still loved and remembered, Lou Clayton got an offer for Jimmy to do two weeks' worth of work in New York. He would net, Jimmy was told, eleven thousand dollars. "You can't do it," he said, "Jeanne's sick."

Standing beside him, weak and ill, Jeanne said quietly, "If you leave this time, Jim, you will never see me alive again."

"I'm not going," her husband said. "I won't go. Let the hills wait a while longer. I won't leave you."

They sat together silently, the woman...
Want The PROVIDENCE lady singer, Studio lost, he WABASH, N. r.*

You past, the ance had a mistakes Jimmy light his name, they'd named her "Mrs. Calabash." And, because of Jeanne's love for the town, he'd nicknamed her "Mrs. Calabash.

Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash. Forgive me. Goodnight.

He was free now to work—and no longer free to enjoy it. He clung desperately now to the love of his friends—and knew always that it was partly that love that had killed his wife.

A second chance?

A year later, he met Margie Little. She might have been Jeanne again. She was red-haired, a singer, a lady—and a sprite. She had Jeanne's once-light heart, Jeanne's way with a joke.

If he had been anyone but Jimmy Durante, he would have known he was in love again. If he had been anyone but Jimmy Durante, he would have seen Margie and her love for him as his chance to start over.

But it was Jimmy Durante, who couldn't believe he deserved another chance. Who thought the rest of his life would be too short to be sorry enough for the mistakes of the past.

Who believed that loving him could lead only to disaster. Who had promised Jeanne's mother that he would never marry again.

Time and again, he tried to put new love away from him. Somehow, it wouldn't go.

Somehow, Margie continued to wait. And Jimmy to continue to go.

And then one day in 1959, when Jeanne had been dead for seventeen years, Jimmy Durante woke up and knew that the burden had been lifted from his heart.

The reason, he never knew, the burden was finite—that it meant to last only a certain number of years and then end.

The reason didn't really matter.

At the end of 1959, Margie accepted his proposal of marriage, and set a date for the summer of 1960.

The papers carried the announcement; they gave only the dates, the names, the facts.

They left out the most important line.

They left out the one that ended the past, and opened the door of the future.

"Goodnight, Mrs. Calabash, wherever you are. Goodnight—and, at last, good-bye."
MARRIAGE BREAKUPS

JAMES ARNESS

Continued from page 48

months when they lived together. He'd come over to visit the children either during the day or in the evening.

"I will always love him," Virginia once said. But he thinks more of the children than he does of her.

Virginia tried acting to forget Jim. She starred in a local company doing "Streetcar Named Desire." This didn't work, and she went to Europe. On her way back in October, she was caught off in Hollywood. From there she telephoned Jim, begging him to come back. He refused and she slashed her wrists in a suicide attempt.

Her friends thought she had really resigned herself that Jim wasn't coming back when she announced, in March of 1960, that she was planning to file for divorce. Less than a month later, she tried to take her life again. This time by taking fifteen sedatives. "I want to die," a note read, addressed to Jim. "Life is not worth living."

The exclusive story behind the second attempt is this. Jim had told Virginia's mother that he would love to give their marriage another try when she returned from Europe. However, he said when she tried to commit suicide in Hawaii he didn't want anything more to do with her. Her mother unfortunately told Virginia this the weekend in March when she tried to end it all.

She has been released from the hospital, but is under close supervision of her psychiatrist.

Cal's Comment: The tragedy that ended this marriage, was seemingly brought about by one of Hollywood's crudest masters: the work itself. When Jim began his series, he found himself with less and less energy and time left to devote to his family until he found the marriage falling apart. And, after having struggled together for so many years, Virginia found it impossible to give him up. He was her life. She had worked and fought through difficult times only to find him leaving her behind when he finally became successful. . . . as is so often the case.

HOPE LANGE

DON MURRAY

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of eight films caught in the middle by the strike. Don and Dolores used to spend a lot of time together on and off the set at 20th Century-Fox while the film was in production. They claimed that they were rehearsing their lines.

But after the filming had been stopped by the strike, Don paid daily visits to Dolores. It surprise many around town, because Don had never appeared as the playboy type. He's oftimes naive and even shy. The Dolores-Michaels-Don Murray romance undoubtedly led to his marriage breakup but court records told Hope that he was less with Dolores and wanted a divorce is purely speculation.

Dolores, who's very popular around the studio, has, in the past, dated most of the the young eligibles in town and while going to dramatic school last year, met John Duke, a young actor. They were reportedly engaged, but that was before Don stepped into the picture.

She's been married once—to Maurice Martine, an interior decorator who owns a small art shop in Laguna Beach, California. She once worked with him in the shop but claims that it was boring and left him for a movie career. They were divorced a year ago.

Oddly enough, earlier rumors of a rift in the Murray-Lange marriage had started over Hope's attention to the dashing, young Stephen Boyd when they became close friends while co-starring in "The Prince and the Showgirl." They were inseparable on the set and a daily two-some lunching in the commissary. Several columnists began to infer that Hope had fallen in love with Boyd and wanted a divorce. She became so upset over these rumors that she nearly suffered a nervous breakdown.

Boyd said, at the time, that he liked Hope very much as a "good friend." He made it clear that he would certainly seek her affections if she were single.

"She's very happily married," he confided to me, "and I would never attempt to break up a happy marriage. I think Hope is one of the most beautiful women in the world and I respect her very much."

At that time Hope and Don vehemently denied the rumors. They even quelled the gossip by going to Europe together.

Meanwhile, Vaclav Marhacek, an editor, I saw Hope and Don at a party for Shelley Ber-
man at the Crescendo. Both seemed jolly (even though at that time they knew of their decision to separate but hadn't announced it). I remember Hope kept compla-
ing that there was no room to dance in the place. Don wasn't too talkative, but he never is.

Cal's Comment: This was a surprise all around!

VERA MILES

GORDON SCOTT

Continued from page 49

1955. She had already met Scott, now 32, while filming a picture with him, and they dated off and on for a couple of years.

On March 2, 1956, he proposed to her via long-distance telephone from London where he was making a Tarzan picture. Previously she had told the press, regarding marriage rumors to Scott, "I want to marry for sure before I marry again."

The marriage breakup with Scott began last summer and came as a surprise to Hollywood. There hadn't been one indication that anything was wrong. Both the exes were wartime sweethearts. Vera had confided to a close friend that Gordon had been going out with other women, and that she had put up with it as long as she could.

It was the second marriage for both.

The six-foot, three-inch "Apeman" previously married Lea Duarte in March of 1954. She was a switchboard operator at the Sahara hotel in Las Vegas, Gordon was a regular guest. It wasn't until Gordon became a movie star that this marriage came to light. He claimed that they only lived together less than a year following their overnight mar-
riage in Tijuana, Mexico. The brief nuptials produced a son, Eric, born in De-

December of 1954. They were divorced in 1955.

Cal's Comment: Long separations and conflict heating careers seem to be the cause of the breakup of this marriage. In so many Hollywood marriages, such lengthy separa-
tions have usually been the prelude to divorce. When a wife waits so long for other reasons, their is a story repeated over and again: the struggle for love which finally ends in disappointment and break-
ung, up, because of a greater love: the screen.

BRIGITTE BARDOT

JACQUES CHARRIER

Continued from page 50

already saying that all was not running smoothly in their relationship. Brigitte seemed determined at first to keep going, but soon became disappointed at her husband's lack of adjustment to Army life (which finally won him a deferment on medical grounds). Soon reports, further squabbles took place—this time over Brigitte's insistence on continuing her career. Some say Jacques, two years younger than Brigitte, resisted her success. He, too, is an actor. And, like many women stars, she refused to give up her career to save her marriage.

AUDIE MURPHY

PAMELA ARCHER

Continued from page 50

had become final from actress Wanda Redix.

Pamela was an airline stewardess, an employee of Braniff International Airways. The wedding of the World War II hero was quite an occasion in his home state of Texas. They were married in Dallas by the chaplain of Audie's Texas National Guard outfit, the Rev. W. H. Dickinson.

They separated briefly eight years later— in 1959. At that time they gave the reason as a conflict between Audie's career (he has to be away many months out of the year) and his home life. On March 24, 1960 they announced a second separation.

Audie married his first wife Wanda Hendrix, in January of 1948, and they were married for 17 years. They had no children. Wanda charged, in her divorce action, that Audie "constantly criti-

cized . . . even to the expression on my face and any opinion I had."

They separated again, this time to Jim Stack, the brother of actor Bob Stack. This marriage has ended in divorce.

Neither Audie nor Pamela will give the reason for the second separation. But one friend remarked, "Audie is married only to his career and a horse."

Cal's Comment: Career versus marriage: a story that is told time and again. But it is a story that Audie always wins . . . the career wins, breaking up the home. Maybe not this time, though.

Most of their friends insist that the separa-
tion just doesn't look final.

DEBRA PAGET

BUDD BOETTICHER

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with David Street was a fast one even for Hollywood—they knew each other only a few days when they married. He proposed to her on their first date. The wed-
ding, however, was a little complicated. Debra's parents were surrounded by gossip about David's four former wives and a suit his latest "ex" had filed for money she claimed he owed her. With this mixed-up begin-

Cal's Comment: Who can tell what this girl will do next!

YUL BRYNNER
VIRGINIA GILMORE

Continued from page 51

in Paris. Brynner married his first wife Virginia, on Sept. 6, 1943. They have a son, Rocky, now 13. Both now have joint custody of the boy, who currently is living with his mother in New York, but will attend a school in Lausanne, Switzerland, next year. Brynner plans to build a home for his bride in Lausanne so he can spend as much time as possible with his son.

Miss Gilmore, a one-time big star, is planning to resume her acting career.

His first marriage, I am told, went on the rocks shortly after he met Doris. But both Yul and Virginia never discussed their problems with the press. They maintained everything was all right up until a month before Virginia winged to Mexico to divorce him. Terms of the property settlement were kept secret, but it was estimated that she got over a million dollars in addition to their beach home at Balboa, California.

Cal's Comment: This marriage seems about par for the course, and following the trend of those which seem to break up not too long after the husband achieves real success. His goal achieved, the world's most glamorous women anxious to meet him... and... he goes.

SUZY PARKER
PIERRE DE LA SALLE

Continued from page 51

known as an unsympathetic offbeat character who loved life and high-living. She even made a mystery of her marriage—denying it until after a tragic auto crash which took the life of her father and got her headlines—because, friends say, she wanted to protect her image of the gay bachelor girl. Once it was proven, she took on a new line—that of a woman who had very unconventional ideas about marriage. "In France you never see your husband—French couples believe in separate homes," said Suzy, who added almost in the same breath, "but I never expect to get a divorce. Why start going through the whole thing over again?"

Suzy denies that there's been a "separation," insisting that she's in the States because of her career, while Pierre's in Paris because of his. But people close to the couple say that these conflicting careers could eventually become the cause of a real breakup.

Cal's Comment: It may be just a matter of time. Anything can happen.

LARAINA DAY
LEO DUROCHER

News Item: Laraine Day, 39, and Leo Durocher, who's 54, announced their separation on March 17, 1960. They have stated no immediate plans for a divorce, although Leo engaged Chicago attorney Sidney Korshak and she, attorney Edward Rose, to work out terms of a property settlement, thus paving the way for divorce action. They'd been married thirteen years.

Facts: Laraine obtained an interlocutory decree from her first husband, James Ray Hendricks, an airport manager, on Jan. 20, 1947. The next day she and Leo flew to Juarez, Mexico, where she obtained a Mexican divorce in less than an hour and they were married the same day, Jan. 21, 1947. However, this marriage wasn't legal in the eyes of the California courts. So, on Feb. 15, 1948, they were married again in a small Mormon (she's a Mormon) ceremony in their Santa Monica, California, home.

Her second marriage, like her first, was childless. This disturbed the non-smoking, non-drinking actress because her faith calls for large families. So on Oct. 2, 1946, she adopted a boy, Chris. She and her husband, the following year, adopted a girl, Michele, in Texas, and later the girl they applied to adopt was returned to the adoption home due to physical handicaps.

Following the marriage, the two were inseparable. Laraine even announced, in December of 1948, that she would give up a million-dollar movie contract with RKO if it meant she couldn't be with her husband, then managing the Brooklyn Dodgers. She joined him in New York, telling the press she didn't intend ever to be separated from him.

Everyone knew, including Laraine, that the marriage was not a happy marriage for the last year. But Laraine refused to admit it. "Leo was seeing the constant freebies of dancer Larri Brand, the estranged wife of actor John Bromfield. Leo had even met her family and reportedly was going to marry her as soon as he divorced Laraine. But he denied this.

But everyone knew it was just a matter of time before they would publicly announce their separation. And I hear now from a source in New York that Leo and Miss Thomas have since broken off.

Cal's Comment: Thirty years seems a pretty lengthy average for a Hollywood marriage, and it was hoped by close acquaintances that this one could be saved. Is it simply that the couple seems to have lost interest in each other? They have evidently tried hard at their marriage. They adopted children, moved around the country together when one of them had to move... but this didn't seem to help. There seems no hope for reconciliation. The End
Marlon Brando's ex-wife, Anna Kashfi. And there still is Dolores Hart. In other words, he could be married, but he isn't. "I'm not looking to get married," he says, simply and directly. "Between a bachelor and a woman? Are American men too aggressive, too demanding, too un-feminine? The question was hardly out when Stephen thundered out:

"It stops me cold," he says, "when someone asks me what I am, an Irishman, think of American women. I think only as a man. And as a man, I find that there is no difference between American women and women throughout the world. "I have not met an American woman who was not feminine," he adds, seriously. "I have not met an American woman who has struck me as being more aggressive than any other woman. I think anyone who starts describing American women as something different is just out of his head. As for me, I don't care whether she's an American woman or not. "I want one—a woman—and give it to me—just like you."

**His head is turned**

He says this with a soft trace of brogue that still reveals his birthplace, "a tiny hamlet on the outskirts of Belfast, Ireland, called Glen Gormley," where he was born the ninth and last child of James Alexander and Martha Gormley, "an Irishman born of the Gormley family. He is at a loss to say where his love for acting came. His father was a truck driver but he remembers his boyhood as being filled with performances in village amateur theater shows and by the time he was eight years old, he had already played Hamlet for a small children's company. "I started young," he says matter-of-factly, "but I didn't get ahead much until I was ten." It was a group of touring players that came to town and turned his head. They called themselves the University Players. And to the ten-year-old boy who sat hunched on the step in a corner of the theater, a new world opened up. "I was a kid and gave up running, his chin resting on his hands and his body motionless so he would not miss a line, they were—these University Players—the most fantastic people he had ever seen.

He was sitting in his regular corner, as far out of sight as he could, when an actor came down from the stage and sat next to him. He read a script and when he finished reading four or five pages, he turned to Stephen and asked, "Why do you come here every day?"

At first, Stephen could not find his tongue and he shuffled his feet and felt the red burn deep in his cheeks. And only after a long hesitation, did he find courage to say what he had been almost afraid to admit to himself. "Someday, I will be an actor, just like you."

Stephen never knew whether the actor told anyone in the company about what he had said, but not too long after that, maybe two days, a man came over to him, said, "I am the manager of the group. Would you like to join us?" he asked.

"Can you imagine," Stephen says today, "me a mere ten years? They probably would have laughed, and I'd say if they'd known. But I was tall and looked much older and they believed me when I said I was sixteen."

He went on tour, with his parents' permission, and they agreed to pay him a single minute of that hard, unsettled life," he says today. "I never had any doubts this was the only way to live, even when between engagements or working for parts they'd have liked to have done so or not, but simply stating a fact—that maybe, it is true: one can't miss what one doesn't know about—even if it is a childhood. And by the time Stephen had worked his way to England to join a touring company, he was already a man.

But in London, instead of acting, the nearest he could get to the inside of a theater was as aבי worker. When he was offered the job of ushering for the British equivalent of our Academy Awards, to be staged at a large London movie theater, he accepted.

The evening was grand, magisterial and festive and all evening long, he took the winners up to the emcee, introduced them and quietly walked away. Nothing might have happened, but since for the first time in his life Michael Redgrave, the well-known British actor, who has both a keen interest in the theater and in young actors.

When the evening was almost over and the tired-looking celebrities left, Michael Redgrave, on his way out, spotted Stephen watching the celebrities leave, Redgrave took him by surprise by coming over to him and asking sternly, "What do you think you are doing?"

"You're an actor, aren't you?" asked Redgrave.

Stephen remained silent.

"So what are you doing opening doors?"

"How, how do you know I was an actor?" he finally stammered.

"You can always tell, Redgrave answered, but what are you working?"

"That did it," explains Stephen today. "I told him why; he listened with great patience, took out a piece of paper from his wallet and wrote me a note of introduction to a small repertory company near London. And from then on, it was a breeze."

What Stephen means by a "breeze" is that he was spotted by a London agent who was casting for a film. He was an absolute stranger, with no acting experience or previous work at all. The agent offered him a part in a film, "The Man Who Never Was," and in Hollywood: "The Best of Everything" and "Ben Hur."

**Romance catches up**

And then, finally, early in 1958, even romance caught up with him...
It was spring and he was in Rome and Rome was very beautiful. He arrived at his hotel, and not many minutes after, there was a knock on the door of his room. He opened it, and standing before him was a slim, young blond woman with the "most engaging manner and smile."

"Hello," she explained carefully, "I am Mariella di Sarzana. I am from MCA (his American agency) and I have been assigned to look after you for your stay in Rome, as long as you are making the picture 'Ben-Hur.'"

"Come in," was all he could find to say.

After that, when he was free, he would telephone her and ask, "Would you like to show me something that Rome is like ... the Colosseum, the fountains, the ruins, the Vatican—everything," he would say. And then afterward, they would drive out into the sun-baked countryside, sometimes with an Italian basket, other times, they would stop in the small villages or towns for something to eat. It was on one of these days, as they walked by the shore of a picturesque fishing village, Stephen turned to Mariella and asked her softly, "Will you marry me?"

"I honestly thought this was it," he says earnestly. "She was lovely, attractive, and a wonderful world traveler and cosmopolitan, too, and just about everything seemed to point to everlasting love."

A few weekends later, they flew to London for the ceremony ... but their life together seemed doomed from the start. Stephen's work seemed to get in the way, as never before. "Just after the wedding," says Stephen, "I received a cable from my studio to be back very early on Monday morning. That gave us not even a day before I had to fly to Rome again."

Together, they raced back to Rome, only just in time for Stephen to rush off to the studio.

It was a busy day for him, that Monday. But even so, Stephen had felt sure he would spend the day with Mariella, about their new life together, about their love for one another. Yet he was surprised.

For all that day, he could think of nothing but his work and his portrayal of Messala.

And it was just that for the rest of the week ... and the next. Exhausted, he would come home at the end of the day to drop into a chair, pick up a script, and lose himself in preparation for the next day's shooting.

Mariella tried to be understanding. She tried to reason with him, all while a marriage is a career, a fulltime occupation for a woman, it is only part of a man's life. His outside life is still vitally important to him. Yet it was hard for a bride to be neglected...

Sometimes, thinking perhaps it would be kinder to distract him for a few hours in the evening—so that he might have a little relaxation—she would walk unexpectedly into the room where he was concentrating, and start talking to him about nothing in particular.

At first he could try to shut out her voice, but finally his concentration would be broken and he would rise flashing with irritation and snap, "Honey, please don't disturb me when I'm working."

Officially their marriage was dissolved a little more than a year later, but it was over, to all intents and purposes, a month after they had recited their marriage vows, when Stephen had to leave Rome for Hollywood ... and Mariella did not go with him.

Somehow she was reluctant to leave her native Italy; others point out that she was hurt and resentful for the way Stephen had neglected her.

A hasty decision

"But it wasn't really an unhappy marriage," Stephen himself explains. "It was an unsuccessful one. Just a question of two adults making a mistake. It's that simple. Both of us had the courage to recognize it, and this way neither one feels hurt. And I do believe," he adds, "that the decision to get married after only three months courtship was what was hasty—not the decision to divorce after less than a month. There was no point in prolonging what we both knew to be an error.

"A husband and wife must be friends first. You cannot get to know someone in three months ... friendships are not made that easily. You need time to know what you aspire to—for yourself and for the other person; to know what you are looking for in life and in marriage, also."

And what is Stephen Boyd looking for in a wife?

Today, in Hollywood, where he has resumed his bachelor existence, he seems more reluctant than ever to give it up. He says simply: "You can't be certain I'm not in any hurry to put my head in a moose for a second time."

But he does say that if a girl is fun-loving and good to talk with, if she has a sense of humor and a sense of values, he will find her attractive and want to know her. "But she need not know anything about acting, or my work," he adds. "Even though a man's occupation is his first love, when I am out with a girl, very little shop talk ever enters the conversation. I make sure of that.

"There are so many other things than work to talk about and find out about," he says. "Like the wonderful life here in America, its people; there's food; there is the different attitudes toward living that people have in various parts of the world ... all sorts of wonderful things. If an actor can only talk about acting, then he must be a very dull person; and this is true for any woman who can only talk about what she does. And because I was so poor so long," he says, "I value things. I try to absorb pleasure and I would like the woman I am with to feel the same."

She would please him, too, if she liked golf and tennis and if she knew a little about baseball. "I became a fan last year," he laughs at himself, "and no one talks to me when a baseball game is on. They—or she—wouldn't dare. I'd go out of my mind."

And if she could be prepared to follow him anywhere and live anywhere in the world—"I'm very uncertain. I don't know where my future lies, here or back again in Europe," and if she could love the out-of-doors and not be afraid of being too unsettled. "You see, I'm a rambler," he tries to explain. "I guess you might call me an Irish rover. Anything that's going to stifle my life—let it go somewhere else. I don't want it. That does not mean that marriage is out of the question. It's just that I don't think marriage is necessarily something that has to be within four walls."

"See, you're still talking to a director ... " he hesitates and never finishes the sentence. But it's pretty obvious what Stephen Boyd means is that just about any bachelor can be made to change his mind a few years from now if a girl is willing to take the time to understand him and offer him a lasting friendship along with her love. THE END

SEE STEPHEN BOYD IN M-G-M'S "BEN-HUR."

BOYS U.S.A.

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MOVIES
(Continued from page 8)
I'm All Right, Jack	LION INTERNATIONAL

Do you think labor-management relations is a pretty solemn subject? Strictly for school discussions? Wait till you see the hilarious shambles the British make out of it, with a performance by Peter Sellers that's a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael, who nearly wrecked the British Army in "Private's Progress," now does the same for British industry—all with the best of intentions. He's a nice fellow, you understand; just not extra bright. Worse yet—he's honest. As a new employee in a missile factory, Ian runs afoul of Sellers, the shop steward, who's given to calling strikes to make sure his union members will keep getting more money for less work. As for top management, it's thoroughly crooked. The picture plays no favorites, just lets everybody have it right where it hurts. ADULT

Five Branded Women	PARAMOUNT

Guerrilla fighting in Yugoslavia during World War II provides plenty of violent action, but sympathies are blurred. The five women of the title have had their hair cropped off by the partisans, as a penalty for fraternizing with a handsome Nazi (Steve Forrest). Outcasts, they must join underground forces led by Van Hefflin in order to survive. The unhappy heroines all seem strongly individual characters, thanks to good international teamwork by Vera Miles, Barbara Bel Geddes (American), Silvana Mangano, Carla Gravina (Italian) and Jeanne Moreau (French), and are worth worrying about. ADULT

Bobbikins	20TH. CINEMASCOPE

Delightful surprise! There's a fresh comedy idea in this fable about an Anglo-American show-biz couple (Max Bygraves, Shirley Jones) and their angel-faced infant (Steven Stocker). Baby Bobbikins suddenly starts spouting better English than his old man can speak. The astonished Max tries to tell Shirley about it—and promptly lands on a psychiatrist's couch, because the kid won't say a word when anybody but Max is around. Then the toddler's secret talent is put to amusing use. Along with the fun, there are songs for Shirley and Max, who's a cheerful favorite in British musical comedy. FAMILY

The Mountain Road	COLUMBIA

While yesterday's wars sometimes seem colorful and exciting, somehow modern warfare looks drab and tragic and utterly confusing, like this closeup of World War II in China. The Japanese are advancing, and a small group of treating American soldiers, led by James Stewart, is ordered to block the roads by demolition, cutting off the escape route for the terrified civilians. The story tries to make a plea for international understanding, compares Stewart's thinking—he shows absolutely no imagination—with Lisa Lu, as a sensitive Chinese lady, and Glenn Corbett, as a sympathetic American. But no matter what, you'll want to see more of that good-looking Glenn. FAMILY

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn	M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

We seem to be all set for a lively big musical, with a smart showman like brash little Eddie Hodges playing a runaway who goes rafting down the Mississippi a century ago. But the scant bits of music get brushed off before they're finished, and all that's left is some mild humor about Eddie's difficulties with two com-men (Tony Randall and Mickey Shaughnessy). Any resemblance to Mark Twain's story is strictly accidental. Nobody in on the movie seems to have read the book, except perhaps fighter Archie Moore, who shows some flashes of dignity as the slave Jim. FAMILY

The Battle of the Sexes	CONTINENTAL

It's a small classic that gets tossed away this time, as the British move James Thurber's short story "The Catbird Seat" from the U.S. to Scotland. Still, it's hard to complain whenever Peter Sellers is charming the audience with his sly humor. He's a prim, precise and utterly loyal employee of an old Edinburgh zweed firm. When an American efficiency expert (Constance Cummings) starts breaking up the stodgy but happy routine, Peter is forced to desperate measures. Too bad comedy isn't as subtle as the acting. FAMILY

I Passed for White	ALLIED ARTISTS

A drama that isn't very believable makes its bid for your attention with a provocative title and three attractive young newcomers to movies. Remember James Franciscus as the junior hero of "The Naked City" on TV? And opposite him is Sonya Wilde, who has to contend with the shakier angles of the plot. She plays a part-Negro girl who "passes" in order to get better job opportunities, then falls in love with a rich white boy and marries him with almost no advance planning. As a sympathetic friend, Pat Michon shows a sprightly, likable personality. Too bad that, in being so nervously anxious to avoid offending anybody, the movie just may wind up by making everybody mad. ADULT

The Sword and the Dragon	PARAMOUNT

Though this spectacular adventure-fantasy is Soviet-made, there isn't a trace of modern propaganda in its rambling story of a legendary hero of the Middle Ages, played by husky Boris Andreyev. Instead, there's an appealing fairytale atmosphere about the mighty peasant's battles with barbarian invaders and mythical monsters. The castles and the costumes and the warriors' weapons make you think of faraway places and long-ago times. Most of the English dialogue is pretty stiff, but its quaintness somehow fits in, and there aren't too many words breaking up the action. FAMILY
SANDRA DEE
Continued from page 40

Some of them had had her mother in their classes and one teacher had even told her that she’d known her grandmother as a girl. Of course, it had been a high school then, but even so, it was hard to imagine that long ago.

She turned around to look at the stage. It was so big. It was bigger, she thought, than the one at Radio City Music Hall, where her mother had taken her once, to see something or other over to her. “Ready?” she whispered. Sandra nodded, her blonde curls bobbing as she shook her head up and down. The school band started to play her introduction and the teacher flew over to grab a little pat, to start her on her way. And then she was doing her dance step, making her way right to the middle of that big stage. She stole a look at the audience. There were so many kids out there, she thought, and she started to sing, “Peggy O’Neil”...

The awful present

Then her mother’s voice, calling from the other room, brought her sharply back to the awful present.

“Sandy,” her mother called. “It’s getting late, and I’ve peeked her head in the doorway and gave her a long look. ‘Nervous?’ she asked. ‘You’ve hardly said a word all morning.’

Sandra shook her head. ‘No,’’ she lied. ‘I’m not at all nervous. I just prefer to be alone in the closet, looking for something for Sandra herself. But when her mother disappeared into the fitting room, she’d look through the racks of dresses, standing on tiptoe so she could turn them over, one by one, and plan which ones she’d get when she was big enough.

Once, there’d been a blue dress. ‘For afternoon weddings,’’ the woman told her. Sandra had reached out gingerly to touch the label. It said ‘WEDDING,’’ nothing for Sandra herself. But when her mother disappeared into the fitting room, she’d look through the racks of dresses, standing on tiptoe so she could turn them over, one by one, and plan which ones she’d get when she was big enough.

Then they got back in the car. ‘I’m so excited,’ the woman said, ‘aren’t you?’

‘As if to avoid having to answer, she looked out the window. Bayonne hasn’t changed, she thought, it’s still just the same. When they got to the school, there was a big crowd waiting outside. She hadn’t thought there’d be that many people. Some of the faces looked familiar and the people were all waving to her as if they knew her. She waved back.

There were crowds of people inside, too.
The moment she dreaded

It was her turn now. She was supposed to make her speech. But she just stood there, the loving cup and the rolled up paper she was to deliver draped over her arm, the tears streaming down her face, and she couldn’t say anything.

She’d been scared that this would happen all morning, she’d thought. But if she got up on the stage and couldn’t make her speech, she’d die, she’d want the wooden planks to open up and swallow her. As she stood there, dabbing at the tears, little tears dripped from her face. It was embarrassing, crying in front of all these people. But nobody laughed at her for it. They were her friends. And for one giddy moment, the thought flashed across her mind—why I don’t have to make the speech after all.

Finally, she took a deep breath. She knew she had to say something. She looked out at the faces, at kids who were going to the same school. There were Father Bill and the teacher who’d always been so nice to her, not all the way people say teachers are. And she managed to blurt out hoarsely, "Michael Curtauld."

They all cheered, I guess, she thought, that was the right thing to say.

The rest of the day passed in a daze. These people were doing so much for her; her mother and her father and her war friends and her war friends and her war friends and her war friends, and as they walked by her, she felt she’d been in the wrong, too, for being the one who let him copy. But they hadn’t gotten into too much trouble, because they were only in second grade. She wondered now if her eyes had even been the right color. She couldn’t remember.

They all found seats on the stage and then the principal made a speech. It was hard to listen what he said, what he was saying, because she was so full of emotion. Then a little girl came out on the stage. Sandra guessed she must be about eight. And she began to sing her song; the one she’d sung in the talent shows and the one she’d sung the night before. Only instead of "Peggy O’Neill," the little girl was singing "Sandra Dee."

Everybody clapped and cheered. Sandra applauded the little girl, too. She felt a terrible pang of jealousy. She thought, why don’t they let me cry? And she let it fall slowly down her cheek, so nobody would notice but then the other tears began and she had to fumble in her purse for the tissues, but the tears followed so quickly that suddenly she was crying so hard she couldn’t see.

Someone handed her a handkerchief and she wiped her eyes—embarrassed—and blew her nose hard, but she just couldn’t stop the crying. It was as if the tears were misty but she could see now that her mother was crying, too, and the man from Universal who’d come along with them that day and had never said anything wrong, had been crying, too. She could see that her mother was looking at her a little worried and, sniffling, she tried to smile. She guessed her mother was worried because once she started to cry she never could stop.

The president of the Board of Education—who had been her classmate and he was up on the platform, too—got up and went to the corner of the stage, where they brought a wooden speaker’s rostrum. Someone nudged her and she went to stand next to him. He gave her a loving cup and an honorary diploma and made a little speech, which she couldn’t understand. Everyone was being so nice to her, but it only made her cry more.

PHOTOGRAPHER’S CREDITS

Bobby Rydell color and black-and-white by Taples; Connie Stevens color and black-and-white by Lowenstein-Siegel. Stars: Salwinski; Deborah Kerr by Sanford H. Roths; Glenn Ford, Debbie Reynolds and Maria Schell by Annon Photo Features; Sandra Dee by Henri Daumier and Impact Photos Inc.

WATCH FOR SANDRA IN U.I.S. “PORTRAIT IN BLACK” AND LISTEN FOR HER VOICE IN “THE SNOW QUEEN” FOR U.I.S. SHE SINGS FOR DECCA.
had dark hair and big eyes and she wore cashmere sweaters with a single strand of pearls. From the first I had admired her from afar and I couldn’t believe she had really agreed to go out with me. I was worried sick. All I could think of was, “What am I going to say!”

As I sat at the wheel trying to get up the courage to go to the door, my mind raced back to the time when I was ten and on the Paul Whiteman TV “Teen Club.” I’d been scared then, too, and I was remembering the day, just about a week before, when I’d walked into the school cafeteria and heard a girl say to a bunch of the other kids, “What can anybody see in him?” That remark still kind of haunts me. Whenever I’m scared I mean that question to myself and right away I start getting depressed. But this was my first date since that remark and it was kind of extra tough for me.

A dog barked, somewhere, and I came to. It was ten past eight. She’d think I wasn’t coming. I ran up the steps, two at a time, and rang the bell. I was afraid her father was going to come down the door. I never know what to say to fathers. After they shaken your hand and said, “Sit down, sit down, my boy,” there’s always a dead silence and I kind of squirm inside. But Ann answered the door herself. She looked so cute in a pale blue dress, her hair up in a shiny ponytail.

“Hi, she said, “I’m all ready.”

“Good,” She slipped on a coat and we went down the steps and I helped her into the car. I wanted to tell her how pretty she looked but the words just wouldn’t come out.

“It’s a lovely night,” she said as we drove off.

“It sure is,” That was a brilliant answer, I thought miserably and then added something just as stupid, “I’m glad it didn’t rain.”

“Mmmm,” Ann settled her head against the back of the seat. “This your car?”

“No, it’s my dad’s.”

“It’s nice. I like convertibles.”

“Me too.”

“Where are we going?” she asked expectantly.

“I don’t know— I thought maybe you—” I could tell already she was disappointed and a little put out. You can always tell. “Doggonit,” I thought desperately, “give me a chance, Ann! It’s just that I'm kind of shy, I'll warm up in a little while, honestly!”

But it doesn’t seem to me that I ever did. All evening long, just as I’d get ready to say something, she’d turn her head or speak.

We ended up at a Debbie Reynolds movie. Debbie is Ann’s favorite star. We had ice cream afterward and played some Bobby Darin and Frank Sinatra records—they’re favorites of mine—and then I took her home. She didn’t say much. I thanked her but I knew she’d never date me again.

When I got home, I tiptoed up to my room. My grandparents were in bed and so were my father and the house was so quiet. I wished Bunny was there. Bunny is a cocker spaniel I had once. He was blond and had green eyes that glowed in the dark. I loved him. You can always depend on a dog with green eyes. He was depression, I’d cuddle and pet him. But Bunny wasn’t there. And I was alone. I didn’t see how I could face Ann in school the next day. She probably thought I was a drip and a bore. And I could hear that strange voice saying, over and over, “What can anybody see in him?” I put my hands over my ears but it didn’t stop. Then I began pacing up and down the room. A few moments later, I stopped looking in a mirror. “I’m not too bad looking,” I told myself, “but nothing special, I guess.” And I found myself sighing. “Maybe they’re right,” I thought.

Nearby, stood my set of drums. I picked up one stick, wanting to hit the drum the way I felt I wanted to hit out at the world. My parents had given me those drums the Christmas I was fifteen. I was a sensitive youth, and I was breaking the frustrations, the hurts, the mixed-up emotions. But instead, I just rubbed my hands over the smooth wood of the drumsticks.

My first love

I was crazy about drums. They’d been my first love. You didn’t have to talk to them, they talked to you. I always smile when I remember the first time I played my mother crazy banging on her pots and pans, and it was awful how I cracked the arms of the leather chairs in the living room using knives for make-believe drum sticks.

Maybe Ann would have liked me better when I was little, I thought wistfully. I wasn’t so shy then. I was only nine when I first stepped onto a night-club floor to entertain; and I’ll never forget it. When I saw the master of ceremonies standing in the spotlight holding that hand mike, my heart started aching like crazy. But I wasn’t shy and quiet the way I’d been with Ann. I was—well—scared just for the moment, especially when he announced, “We have a little fellow sitting in the audience—Bobby Ridarelli!” But as soon as I got up to perform, I was relaxed. Maybe it was because so many people were cheering me and wishing me well. Maybe that’s the answer to the problem—although I didn’t think about it until years later—maybe all you need is for one occasion when you know there’s someone who believes in you, who thinks you’re something special, and then you’ve got your confidence for always, whatever anyone may say.

I remember I did impersonations of Johnny Ray, Louis Prima and Dean Martin, and the audience seemed to like it. It was like love at first sight. When I was the only Bobby Ridarelli at all, I was a performer, confident and sure of myself.

“Give me another chance, Ann,” I thought that night. “I’d like you to tell me all about yourself, and I’d like to tell you all about me. How I love rock ‘n roll and Frank Sinatra and my grandmother’s pizza pies. What fun it was being a little kid. When I was playing drums in the school band and performing in the variety shows; going outside after supper, on warm summer evenings, and playing ‘cops and robbers’ with the kids, or ‘take-a-giant-step.’ Oh, it wasn’t perfect, Ann, I got into mischief, too. Like the Hallowe’en we tied ropes to people’s doors so they couldn’t get out. Gee . . . I loved Hallowe’en. You could get away with anything. I mean anything! It was the shallowest, simplest, funniest thing! Sometimes, even when I was real little, I’d feel I was wasting time just playing. Often, I’d go home and practice the drums, sitting in my room for hours and hours. I was determined to succeed, to get ahead. And everyone said I had talent. So, I’d watch performers on TV and try to copy their style, if I liked it, and see if I could learn what it was that had made them successful. I think some of the other kids thought I was crazy. But it made sense to me. I’d always wanted to be somebody, be a big success, make enough money to help buy a house for Mom and Dad and get him to retire from his foreman’s job.
I was growing sleepy, my eyes began to close.

I woke, the next morning, surprised to find myself lying across my bed still dressed! At school, I purposely avoided Ann. I went into the cafeteria at noon and got a bowl of tomato soup. I kept my eyes down. I felt like everyone could see me. I was a damper flap I'd been the night before. Ann was sitting a few tables away with a group of friends and they were laughing loud. I could feel my cheeks getting hot and I was more embarrassed than ever. But they were quiet and suddenly I felt a hand on my shoulder. I looked up and it was Ann. She asked if she could sit down and I nodded yes.

I was so surprised, I didn't quite know what to say for a moment. I guess she must have sensed this, because she looked at me so kindly and said, "I hope you didn't mind my coming over like this."

"Nope," I gulped. "I don't mind at all."

"I don't know quite how to tell you," she began. "I guess I wasn't—well—very nice last night."

"That's all right," I said softly.

"You didn't think that... that we were laughing at you over there, did you? You kept looking over in such an odd way."

"Of course not."

"I'm sure I gave myself away."

"You'll have to tell me about it."

She touched my hand ever so lightly. "It's okay, Bobby. I was sorry I didn't tell you last night—I like you," she smiled.

"Next time you pick the movie," I smiled back at her. "You know, Bobby," she said, "when you smile like that, you get, well, sort of a glow about you, as though you're happy from 'way inside. It makes you seem kind of special."

Then came the break

Suddenly, my heart was flipping and I was grinning like a Sweepstakes winner. I felt on top of the world. I felt maybe I was something special after all, if only to Ann. It's like I said, I've learned, now, it just takes one person to give you confidence.

It wasn't long after that, that things started to break for me. I was signed by Cameo Records and was lucky enough to have some hits like "Wild One" and "I Dig Girls." But when you get something you want in life, you sometimes have to pay for it with something else. The company Ann's father worked for sent him abroad and she and her family went to live in England. Then I had to make so many appearances, I had to leave the Country School I'd been yin-Sing for ten years. I felt pretty bad, that last day, and when my family suggested a tutor I thought, "Me... a tutor?" It just didn't sound right. But, sure enough, I got one, and even though I felt rather stupid, at first, I finally settled down.

From then on, most of my time was taken up with tours. I was with "Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars" for six weeks of one-nighters, traveling from Texas to Canada. Then I did "Greatest Stars of '59." Frankie Avalon was with this one. Frankie and I are great friends. We grew up together. He used to live only about a block from my home. We used to play together. Now we were both just like the other kids. But then the two of us moved on.

I love the tours. Besides, the audience reaction inspires you. Even the squealing. You feel close to the kids. TV is great, too, but the closeness isn't there. On a stage, you feel kind of confident when you see the audience out front screaming for you. In the TV booth, you pick out a face in that audience—maybe a pretty girl with cute blue eyes or silky hair—and make-believe I'm playing just to her. She looks at me as though I'm kind of real and suddenly I forget again all those fears I had about being a nobody and a bore.

When you're in the theater, you work hard because you feel you owe it to the fans. They're there... they're where you are. I'll always be devoted to them. Even when they get a little out of hand. Sometimes they get excited and run up to the stage with cameras, but the MC usually knew how to handle them—and as a performer you have to understand it. When they like you, I guess they feel they're a part of you.

It can be kind of rough, though—boy! Sometimes, they have to call the cops out. The kids don't mean anything by it but there are so many of them and they get so excited. Once, in Scranton, they pulled me to the ground and all the buttons came off my jacket. They wanted something belonging to me—a handkerchief, a comb—anything. They even grabbed my hair, and ten hands pulling on that—oh, that hurts. I always look forward to getting home to Philadelphia and my own group of friends who know me real well. I don't feel shy or uncomfortable with them. We hang out in the corner soda shop and talk about what happened while I was away—did Anthony break up with Charlotte—that sort of thing. And a lot especially like the jazz groups. I've got so many records at home, that they're going to run me right out of the place! When I'm on the road, the distributors give them to me to sign. I have a lot of them. I'll have to admit, though, I'm still shy when I meet new people. I still squirm inside and have trouble making conversation. Now that I'm eighteen, maybe I should be getting over it. I'm not going to never will completely. Maybe it will always take me a little time to warm up, "like the engine of a car," my mom says. All I ask is that people give me a chance and I'll try my best to make sure they're not disappointed.

Like when I did the Danny Thomas TV show. I had never met any of the cast before, and when I wasn't on, I'd sit quietly in a corner, observing. The first night I went on, I thought I was holding back, and then, one afternoon, the director said, "Okay, Rydell, on your feet. Not so much noise over there," he added a little sarcastically. Suddenly the whole studio was watching and waiting to see what I was going to do. I was in the mood to kick back so I twisted up my face, put my hands in my pockets, and said, "What's in it for me? What's there to stare at?" They all laughed and the walls were gone and we were friendly.

If it weren't for Frankie...

Actually, I do like to have lots of people around me and I love parties—all kinds—it's just that maybe I'm quiet because I still don't always think I have much to offer. I know I'm going to be a party on first impression. People don't want to know what I did when I was fourteen. And I was down there with Frankie Avalon, who was playing trumpet with a group called "Rocko and His Saints." I was fourteen then and I was sitting in with the Saints and played drums and sang. Frankie Day said he thought I had something, and asked if he could see my father. I was so excited I wanted to run all the way to my dad and tell him what was happening. When he asked Dad if he could manage me, my dad wasn't very impressed. He was kind of discouraged at the time. People had always been building dreams for me. But then I'd get real depressed, too—go close myself in my room and play records and not talk much, and that worried Dad. But Frankie managed to convince him he was sincere. He offered to take me. He changed my name from Ridarelli to Rydell, which seemed kind of strange-sounding at first. But I grew to like it. It sounds grand. Then we really went to work.

When I first came to New York, I had to take dancing and voice lessons, and I learned how to sharpen my performance. Things didn't happen overnight, for me. As a matter of fact, my first three records were big flops. But then I started to play...
CONNIE'S SECRET

Continued from page 60

going to sing in the choir for a wedding ceremony that night, was busy rearranging the drape of her veil, which she'd pinned to her hair. She pirouetted in front of the mirror. True, the veil wasn't as filmy as a veil nor as long and full as one should be, but it did have lace on the edge. She turned her back to the mirror and studied the effect over her shoulder.

"Good gracious, child," her grandmother exclaimed, coming through the door with a sack full of soft tissues. "What are you doing with that veil on your head? I only ironed it this morning."

"I know," Connie said. "I was just borrowing it. I won't miss it."

She arranged the lace edging on her forehead and grinned impishly.

"Someday, do you think I'll be a pretty bride?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

Her grandmother's face softened with pride.

"So that's it," she said. "You're thinking about the wedding tonight. All brides are pretty."

"Yes, oh, yes," Connie was thinking about the wedding. She'd thought about it all day. In St. Barbara's parish, a girl's wedding day was the most important day she'd ever know. It was the day to which she'd been born.

The bride's entire family became frantic with preparations weeks before the marriage. Papa rented the Masonic hall for the party after the ceremony, and uncles, aunts, cousins and friends put beer on ice and helped make sandwiches and cakes.

This was the kind of wedding celebration Connie wanted someday for herself—a great occasion shared by friends and family.

Even the children on the block, who didn't know the bridal couple at all, looked forward to each neighborhood wedding. After the ceremony, maybe they could sneak into the Masonic hall for refreshments.

"Grandma," Connie said, "have you heard what the bride will wear tonight? I hope it's a long dress with a long veil. It doesn't matter so much if the bridesmaids' dresses are short length, but the bride—well—if she wears a short dress she doesn't seem quite so married to me."

Connie's grandmother had finished putting the groceries on the shelves and was tying them on her apron.

"It won't matter so much what she wears," she said, "as how she can cook. Come here, and I'll teach you to make lasagne. Any man will be glad to marry you if you make lasagne like I do."

Connie laughed and walked over to her grandmother.

In the choir loft of the church, that night, Connie felt the usual pressure in her throat and the usual hint of tears behind her eyes, as the organ sounded the wedding march.

The attendants came down the aisle. Each bridesmaid was dressed in pale rose velvet and wore a picture hat. The maid of honor wore pale green.

Colors whispered of spring, romance, a rose garden, a new rainbow.

Connie swallowed hard, taking up the beauty, remembering details for a wedding of her own.

Then came the bride. Her gown was velvet, too. White velvet.

"I've never seen anything more beautiful," Connie whispered when it was over. "They'll have to be happy after a wedding like that. They'll have to be, or too many people would be let-down—all the people in the church."

She's old-fashioned

Connie, sitting beside Gary in the luncheon booth, said, "I've wanted a formal wedding all my life. A formal wedding has a psychological effect. After you've taken part in a beautiful sacrament in front of all your friends, you can't make a fool of yourself by not being happy."

Connie, despite her impish manner, is deeply sentimental.

"I'm old-fashioned," she says. "I want to marry in a gown with a high neckline and a long skirt. I want a full veil with a little crown of pearls on my head."

With her hands, she shaped a coronet.

"That pink and green wedding was the prettiest I ever saw—though it does sound horrid—pink and green—ugh—but I'd like my bridesmaids to wear shades of lavender and blue."

"Wouldn't that be pretty?"

Gary's eyes twinkled at the question which went unanswered. There seemed to be another and a rather red question in his eyes, too. When, Connie, when?

If Connie sensed the question, she seemed not to want to answer it right then. for she was smiling mischievously and had begun to talk about her "secrets."

"My husband," she was saying, "will have to be a very tolerant man."

"For instance, I hate housework, generally, and I have three dogs. Anybody who marries me will have to support three dogs! How much, Gary, do you
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Meeting the folks

Here Gary interrupted.

"Gosh, I'll never forget the first time I met her family. The first time Connie took me home to dinner."

Connie had been working, together, on a picture. Both were young and lively and handsome. Both sang. So it had been almost inevitably they had become good friends.

Gary was going, always quick to make friends, had started the wheels turning by inviting Gary to dinner.

"I'm starved," she had said, one evening, as she slipped on her coat to prepare to leave the set. "If it weren't so fattening, I'd like a peanut butter sandwich right now."

"I don't want a peanut butter sandwich," Gary said, "but I could sure use a cup of lasagne. How about it? Why don't I drive you home and we'll stop off somewhere for a sundae or something?"

Connie, stuffing her lipstick back into her purse, and gathering up odds and ends she'd left on the edge of the set, shook her head.

"I have an idea," she said. "Why don't you come home with me and have dinner with the family. I want you to meet my father and my mother."

"Are you sure they won't mind?" Gary said a little hesitantly. "I mean, will there be enough to eat?"

Connie laughed.

"Oh, surry, she said. "No chocolate sundae, but plenty to eat. We always have enough for company. Come on."

Then, without allowing time for argument, she grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the door.

"I went out and had dinner with her family all right," Gary remembered, "while Connie went out with a date!"

"You see," Connie explains, "as we sat down to the table, the phone rang. It was a boy reminding me we had a date that night. I'd completely forgotten. And I could hardly tell him that."

Connie laughed and said, "It always seems so strange when I think of that evening because now I'm married to Gary. I'm always worrying his friends to find out who he's been out with. You see, both of us still date other people."

"I guess I'm just as bad," Gary admitted. "Although I was always warned to be wary of a jealous woman!"

Marriage shouldn't be sensible

"Something else a husband will have to tolerate with Connie, is my terrible habit of latency."

"And you know what her answer always is?" interrupted Gary. "She says, 'It's not that I'm not punctual—it's just that I'm always on time.'"

"And he'll have to know that I'm scared—frantically scared—of mice," she said, ignoring Gary's remark.

"While I hate to clean house," Connie continued, "I try to keep it neat. One of the big troubles, I think, in marriages, is the failure of people to enjoy their homes.

"When a couple invite guests for dinner, what happens? They reserve a table at a restaurant, and they all eat out.

"When I marry, I'll want to invite friends home and cook for them myself. My lasagne is pretty good—just like Grandmama, I think. Maybe I'll invent a mayonnaise on things, but Gary loves it. He's always forgetting and smearing it all over my sandwiches." Then she laughed and added, "But I can overlook that, though."

Suddenly, she looked more serious and said, "When I marry, I won't budget. Does that sound crazy? Even though we might be almost broke, I couldn't stand to be known as a pennypincher."

That would take the fun out of marriage. I'd rather surprise my husband and treat myself with an occasional luxury even if I had to do without a near-necessity."

"But they taught me to say 'yes'—it's been fully warned about this," she grinned.

"He's come to the supermarket with me, and watched me buy water-chestnuts or mushrooms, instead of the flour we came for. And if Gary comes home over for dinner, I'll fix big desserts, even when money's scarce, and I'll buy butter instead of margarine, though margarine might be more sensible."

"Marriage shouldn't be sensible all the time. It should be fun," she remarked, sounding far older than her years.

"But marriage has to be more than fun. I do not believe in divorce, and this isn't anybody's matter of my religion. I just don't believe marriage is a thing you can turn on and off like a lamp switch. Once you are married, you're not the same any more. Let me tell you a story to explain."

"My best friend was getting married. We'd always shared everything—talked about boys, about petting, ditched school together—we'd done everything together.

"I was to be her maid of honor. Naturally, I was worried about how my marriage would affect our friendship, but she was taking everything so calmly that I thought, This is nothing. Everything will be just as it's always been."

But one day when I watched her go down the aisle to her bridegroom, I knew nothing would ever be the same again. In a sense, she'd walked away from me.

"She wasn't a little girl. She was a woman, and, though I was still her friend, I wasn't important anymore. I think,
right then, I understood better than I'd ever understood before just how tremendous marriage is.

"You can't erase it."

The big temptation

Connie was quiet for a moment. She leaned over and held Gary's hand, again.

"Making a marriage work in Hollywood, must be very difficult," she said quietly. "And in Hollywood, the problems are the most attractive in the world, I think. They make a career of being so. And a man who plays love scenes with a beautiful woman, who eats lunch with her, who is with her more than he's with his wife, is facing big temptation. I don't know how I'd feel knowing my husband was kissing some gorgeous woman every day."

In Hollywood, when you marry, I believe you should be aware of the extra hazards.

"Oh, I might not be easy to live with," Connie confessed. And Gary smiled. "I never go to bed before daylight—never. And I'm stubborn. I just have to have my own way about certain things.

"Holidays are big things with me. I like to celebrate them with my family—the whole gang. We never have fewer than fourteen or fifteen for dinner on holidays. Fortunately, I've never been out with a boy who didn't like my relatives."

I believe a man should handle the family finances, but, when each member works, a wife should keep one account just for herself to do with as she pleases.

"I'd want to keep working after I marry. I know that would mean I'd be away from home a lot. But anyway—never. And I'm stubborn. I just have to have my own way about certain things.

"Gary and I have done so many things together," Connie said. "We like to go for long walks or spend hours at the beach, just talking. I guess, little by little, I've told him almost everything about my past. He's so easy to talk to," she said, giving his hand a grateful squeeze, "and he's so understanding."

Then she leaned forward and, looking seriously at Gary, said, "But there's one secret you don't know about me... yet."

Hiding behind her hand, she leaned over and whispered in his ear.

Her big secret

Gary looked startled. "You do what!" he exclaimed.

This time, Connie spoke out loud. "I knew it would get back to you, even if I didn't want to tell you," she said. "Remember last weekend, when I told you I went to San Francisco with those married friends of mine? Well, on Sunday morning, the girl came into my room while I was still in bed. She gave me such a strange look.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"No, it's not answered, after a moment. 'It's just that you look... well, I never saw anybody look the way you do the first thing in the morning.'

"I wasn't sure just what she meant, so I didn't say anything. But, at breakfast, she kept talking about it. She gave her husband a blow by blow description of what I'd looked like. Frankly, it was a little embarrassing. And then she said, 'I can't wait till we get back to Hollywood so I can tell Gary about it. And no matter how much I begged, she insisted she had to tell you. So I figured it would be better if you heard it from me first."

"Well," Gary said, impatiently, "what is it?"

"It's my eyes. You see, Gary," she said, almost whispering, "I sleep with my eyes open.

Gary still looked puzzled.

"I mean my eye makeup," she explained. "I always wear it, even at home when I might think about it. It's so light it might be shiny. I'm never without my eyes. Even when I sleep I wear it."

Gary thought about it a moment. Finally, he said, "Well, I'm glad you told me about it."

"I don't think it should make any real difference between us."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there's something else I've been wanting to ask you about."

"What?"

"Well... what I've been wondering is... I hope you don't mind my asking... but do you kiss with your eyes open or closed?

"You don't know?" Connie asked, blushing.

"Nope," Gary laughed. "You see, I close mine!

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RUNAWAY MARRIAGE

Continued from page 55

down the aisle to meet her waiting bridegroom.

Millie had no part of the dream. You could understand Dean's not caring for it—many a male goes through the ordeal only because a girl has a big wedding and he loves his girl. But Dean loves her girl, too. And wouldn't you expect a little girl from a little home in Bridgeport, New Jersey, to want her family around when she says "I do" to the first love of her life? Why, then, did Millie Perkins, with a great big wonderful family—father and mother, four sisters and a brother—who could have made her wedding the most wonderful, exciting day in her life, settle for slipping off to a secret ceremony like a pair of runaways?

They drove up to Las Vegas just before eleven, that Good Friday morning. Millie was wearing a simple little blue dress. Everything about her is always tiny and unfancy, and her wedding outfit was no exception. But, for Millie, this was quite dressed up—a nice change from her eternal blouse-and-skirt-and-high-socks.

They were Mr. and Mrs.

Their first stop was the Greta Green, one of the many "marrying chapels" in Vegas, to sign the papers. And told the hostess, Mrs. Anderson, what they wanted in the way of a ceremony—a simple one, naturally. Then they headed immediately for the Clark County Courthouse to take out their marriage license and to have the man just chanced by a stroke of luck—his—be in the County Clerk's office. Hopefully, he followed Millie and Dean to the elevator, asking when and where they were getting married.

"No publicity," Dean said flatly. All further tries got the reporter nothing but a brush-off. What frustration! The only newspaperman on the scene and he was getting nowhere. He pleaded plaintively, for $10.00 On A Box

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"I wish you'd help me!" Dean shook his head, took Millie's arm and walked her away without another word.

Back at the Gretta Green, with the limousine parked and the minister summoned by the management, the Rev. Alan Robertson, pastor of the Church of Christ. The single-ring ceremony didn't take long. Millie and Dean, alone with their love, seemed to be unaware that there were no attendants for a girl with four sisters, no best man for a boy with an older brother. No mother smiling through tears, no father choking down a lump.

"We've been married," the minister said. They were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dean Stockwell, looking into each other's eyes as they spoke a Beverly Hill address. They signed the license to be forwarded to the scene of the marriage which was what they read in the papers. Their frantic phone calls finally reached Millie after the weekend, and when they asked, pointblank, "Are you married?" she answered, "My personal life is my own."

But is a passion for privacy all that was back of the slip-away marriage? Hollywood thought not. People who wouldn't dream of asking a question of that sort asked an outright blunt question, immediately began asking each other more round-about ones. "Why do you suppose they had to run off like that, dodging reporters, and refusing to answer questions about marriage?" For a while, there was even a revival of an old rumor—that the celebrated pair of "loners" were actually married more than half-a-year before, when a top movie columnist reported their secret union from "very reliable sources."

Now, this was all some people needed—Millie and Dean refusing to deny or confirm a new report of a new secret marriage—and the old one was starred to life. Some began insisting, all over again, that they must have been husband and wife the whole time.

If all the wear and theory doesn't seem to make sense, neither do most rumor binges in small towns where everybody knows everybody—except the rare handful who refuse to be known. Actually nothing could be simpler than to explain Millie's and Dean's kind of wedding, once you accept them not merely as two secretive people, but two highly individual ones.

"Little people"

Both are what Millie calls "little people"—meaning they make no pretenses and are sturdily against being pushed into any and every movie in love, each with a shattering capacity for loneliness. But right there is a nub of difference. For Dean has known, since childhood, what it is to be so apart from others and so hurt by the world's cold and dry that he'd never before let it show. That's loneliness, from way back and deep down.

But Millie was never a hermit girl—not until she came to Hollywood. Home in Fair Lawn, in the tree-shaded house full of lively Perkinses, you couldn't find her unless you worked at it. "A lot of living went on there," she recalls wistfully, "and I was always part of it." Her chief grief was peering into the mirror and deciding who she was the one ugly Perkins. She still isn't sure the duckling has, as yet, made it to swan.

That's a tell-tale symptom. The ground isn't firm under Millie's feet because her big breaks came with punch, not needed work she believes in. When she left the safe nest for New York, fashion modeling fell into her lap—someone liked photos she saw of her. It spiraled. Twenty Cen-

TV-Fox talent scouts, searching the world for a girl to play Anne Frank, also liked Millie's face in a magazine. They chose her over 10,000 applicants who wanted to be movie stars when she didn't, particularly want to be one. She came to Holly-

wood looking fourteen, indeed, in dark, knee socks, a rumpled skirt and blouse. These are still her favorite kind of clothes—she's in blue at when they're called her "Frank costume."

But she came quivering with fear. She was an amateur, a worrier, the pros were watching for her to fail on her face. She never got over her dread of failure. She cried under pressure, she walked alone. But to those on the set who were patient and kind, she was sweetly courteous. Director George Stevens became an ideal in the place of her parents, no Marine officer she used to grease raptur-

ously after each sea trip when she was home. Dodie Heath, who became Millie's friend, was close to both in the "Frank" cast, loved her for the genu
eral words that many mistake for weakness— till they found she couldn't be stopped on.

Dodie told a writer, "When Millie finds something that she can't understand, she gets all excited." Prophetic words. For when she met Dean, they both found understand-

ing. And this he had been groping for all his life. From then on, they walked together, at one time they were the most popular outdoor love story, anywhere away from people and night clubs. They sprawled in secluded grassy fields and read to each other. And they talked—about everything in both their worlds. Millie even confided how sad it was for a girl to be an ugly duckling. She didn't care that girls never admit to ugliness, past, present or future.

Anyway, Dean touched her. He said, "It's worse for a girl, such a little, pretty thing that the kids you want to laugh in your face. You're different—a child actor, and that's a terrible thing to be!" At six, Dean was a stage veteran starting a college minor in chorus and music. "I heard he worked too hard and played too much, that at sixteen he'd completed high school and more than twenty pictures for M-G-M. Then he rebelled.

"I'm through with all this," he told his mother and older brother Guy. "I'm going to college. I don't know what I want to be—but I want to be something." A year at Berkeley, and the "apartment" got under his skin again. He felt he'd always be "that actor" or "the comic." Resigned, unfilled, he took off for anonymity. As "Rudy Stocker" he wandered to find him-

self. He did everything from lugging office mailbags, in New York, to driving railroad spikes in Texas. After a few years, satis-

fied, he could live by the sweat of hard labor, he came back—first to the New York stage, to co-star in "Compulsion," then to Hollywood. And eventually to meet and fall in love with Millie Perkins.

They're young—but wise

The mixed-up rebel was a man now, and Millie saw this in him; leaned on him for strength. She worried with him, went on him, laughed with him, shared his quiet times with music and books, his exciting times with the big outdoors. Dean had been close to others in the same line like Millie. He listened to her joys and troubles, comforted and praised her, poured out his own complicated heart to her—and never, never, never, never.

"It's my girl," he introduced her at his birthday party, where she showed up in the same old kind of skirt and blouse— and the others were all so dressed! He kissed her and said, "My girl looks different from any other—because she's different." He loves her exactly as she is and doesn't want to change her.

This is the all-accepting love that Millie never wrote her family back home about; they read for love in the columns. Friends said then, "Millie isn't sure how the Perkinses will take it, they being Cath-

olic and the boy Jewish." They described the pictured fragment of the Ten Com-

mandments framed and hanging over Dean's fireplace, and the Torah, the He-

brew Law, among his books.

But if difference of religion finally prompted them to go off to Vegas, secretly, and have a minister say that's only part of it. The whole story is that Millie and Dean have something to-

gether far more important to them then religion, family, career, anybody or any-

thing.

They're young, but wise. They know love is something you can't describe in words that anybody but your own be-

lieved truly will understand. And suppose, no one understands, is that only a past-

ter, that's only part of it. The whole story is that Millie and Dean have something to-

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ter, that's only part of it. The whole story is that Millie and Dean have something to-

gether far more important to them then religion, family, career, anybody or any-

thing.
Tampax is invisible, unfelt when in place. It keeps you in the swim, in the fun of things. No wonder millions choose it. Worn internally, it's the modern way! TAMPAX ... so much a part of your active life.
Don't you know... her gentle soap can make your skin glow?

YOU: But a baby's skin is one thing; my complexion is something else again!
WE: Pardon us, but a grown-up complexion needs gentle Ivory as much as a baby's does. You want a skin soap that doesn't dry or irritate. Does that sound like the soap you're using now?
YOU: Well... I don't know. It seems all right.
WE: Everything about Ivory tells you it's baby-gentle. The color tells you... it's pure white. The scent tells you... it's pure and clean. 99 4/100% pure.® And watch your skin respond to Ivory's daily care. You'll bloom!
YOU: Sure you're not prejudiced?
WE: Naturally, we love Ivory. But consider this: More doctors recommend Ivory for babies' skin—and yours—than any other soap.
YOU: Then you really think I can have That Ivory Look?
WE: Babies do—you can too. Your skin never outgrows Ivory... it just grows lovelier.
P.S. Boom in Ivory babies! Today, 3 times more babies are bathed with Ivory than with any other soap. The soap you can trust with your complexion!
EDDIE COCHRAN DIED IN MY ARMS — Shari Sheeley’s tragic story

PHOTOPLAY
AUGUST 25¢

Is DEBBIE settling for less than love?

DEBBIE HARRY KAR

AUGUST 25¢

PHOTOPLAY

Is DEBBIE settling for less than love?
Your skin never outgrows Ivory! Naturally a soap gentle enough for a baby’s skin is loving-kind to yours. Do you know that gentleness is the simple secret of a clear, radiant complexion for you? And Ivory Soap is mildness itself . . . white, pure color . . . clean, pure scent. That’s why such lovely things come of choosing Ivory . . . 99 4/100% pure.* More doctors advise Ivory for babies’ skin and yours than any other soap. Use Ivory daily and soon your complexion will be soft, sweet to touch. You’ll have the radiant loveliness of That Ivory Look!
Who put the egg in Peg’s shampoo?

(and why?)

Helene Curtis that’s who! Here’s why:

Peg (and you) need the Golden Plus of egg, nature’s own hair lusterizer. A sea of suds cleans and sheens every strand, then rinses out in nothing flat! The Golden Plus richness of egg helps give you right-after-shampoo manageability, too. What do you want? Cleanest, shining-est, behaving-est hair? Then you want egg in your shampoo. You want . . . you need Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg, the luxury shampoo that costs no more than ordinary watery shampoos.

New! Shampoofs! Shampoo Plus Egg in handy little plastic packets for girls on the go. 1 complete shampoo (2 lathers) per 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢.
PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL

"What Women Want to Know" is a 24-page book explaining menstruation in yours. Free. Write Dept. B-80, Box 280, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper)
SALOME... who couldn't stop—once she started!

CHAD... tried to destroy what he couldn't have!

Torn between the urgency to love and the desire to hurt!

AN AVON PICTURE

"ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS"

re-starring

GEORGE HAMILTON • SUSAN KOHNER

TONY... who had a marriage but no wife!

CATHERINE... no checkbook could buy what she needed!

and PEARL BAILEY / JACK MULLANEY • ONSLOW STEVENS Screen Play by ROBERT THOM

Directed by MICHAEL ANDERSON • A PANORO S BERMAN PRODUCTION in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
I'm weary of imitations of Dean Martin with the impersonator holding a glass of liquor. No matter what they—and I—might say about him, I do have a fondness for Fabian. Rod Steiger once said.

Was Cary first? Or Craig (top) or John (below)?

her years of success and strife. I can't wait for Simone Signore's next picture, but I must. No matter what you've heard. Yves Montand has that yearning sound in his voice when he speaks about Simone. Yet you could have knocked me over with the gentle push of an Oscar when I heard the Don Murray-Hope Lange marriage was on the celluloid rocks. Whatever became of Deanna Durbin? She's married to retired producer Charles David, lives in France, and hasn't any desire to return to the movies. At a recent party, Debra Paget uttered, "Take away Brigitte Bardot's towel and what has she got?"

Jayne Mansfield has an unbuttoned look. I'm weary of the opening shot of "Gunsmoke." It's been burlesqued so often that now even Jim (Matt Dillon) Arness looks as if he's doing a burlesque of it. Laurence Harvey is one of the screen's finest actors. Some night even Oscar will realize it. I haven't more respect for an actress who won a Phi Beta Kappa key than I have for an actress who hasn't a high school diploma. My thanks to the Hollywood Women's Press Club for voting me their "Golden Apple" award as "Man of the Year." It was my thirtieth covering Hollywood. And if anyone was going to top me, I'm glad it was Bob Hope, named "Man of All Time."

I'll wager Tuesday Weld would have been as popular if her name had been Wednesday Weld. Want to know what happened to Elvis Presley's sideburns? They went to the top of his head, where he's got more hair than ever before. I believe TV has done more for Garbo than any other movie star. It has kept her popular and a legend to many youngsters who had only their parents' word for it. I'm weary of those TV series in which the hero (Craig Stevens and John Vivyan, to mention two) endeavors to give the impression he's a small-screen Cary Grant. I know a lady (a relative) who viewed a Cary Grant movie and claimed that he was trying to be Craig Stevens. Cara Williams gives the impression that she's holding back a scream. Whatever became of Evelyn Venable? She's married to star cameraman Hal Mohr, and after being graduated from UCLA (June '56) she occasionally teaches Latin and Greek there. I get no message from Dorothy Malone, but with Angie Dickinson I'm tuned in. James Mason usually wears a scowl, appearing as if he's angry. Yet James is a pleasant chap. I don't know how I'm going to keep up with all the new faces. Most of them have the same new face. Alec Guinness claims that England and the United States are two countries separated by the same language.

Nick Adams looks like the kind of guy who likes to wear a funny hat on New Year's Eve. I'm weary of those movies which advertise "Funnest picture in 10 years." I'm always tempted to ask the producer the name of that picture that was so funny 10 years ago. I'd like to have a dollar for every model who came here to be a movie star. And (Please turn the page)
A solid wave of laughter roars out of fabulous Miami—as Jerry's classic comedy performance launches the silliest series of sequences that ever hit the screen!
Senhora Julieta Estrela, Rio socialite, with her debutante daughter, Senhorita Gilda Maria

Senhora Julieta Estrela says:

"Why do so many of my friends choose Odo-ro-no? Because they've found through personal experience that Odo-ro-no keeps them feeling sweet and fresh—even in the warm Rio climate."

Yes, in Rio, as in most world fashion capitals, gentle new Odo-ro-no is the largest selling deodorant. Lastingly effective, yet so kind to your skin. So safe, too, for your loveliest gowns and for your flimsiest lingerie. Discover the excellence of Odo-ro-no for yourself—in cream, stick or spray.

Something's gone to Kookie's head.

I'm merely referring to those I've met... Peggy Lee is one of the few singers who doesn't have to act at being sexy... Zsa Zsa hates to be alone—and she never is.

I wonder why Mickey Rooney gives excellent performances on TV and is so mediocre in the movies. Mickey hasn't done an excellent movie job in years... Edd (Kookie) Byrnes now combs his hair too much off-screen as well as on... Whatever became of Jess Barker? He couldn't get a job in Hollywood so he moved to Chicago where he's the chief man in an employment agency... I have a suspicion that despite all his success, Charlie Weaver would like to be sophisticated... I'm so weary of Sammy Davis Jr. doing Nat King Cole and Louis Armstrong that I'm also getting weary of Nat King Cole and Louis Armstrong... I like Byron, Keats and Shelley Winters. Sue me... I believe that Frank Sinatra believes the stage is a playground and he's out there with the boys for a good time... Our old friend Mike Curtiz, talking about movie audiences, said, "If the people don't want to come, nothing will stop them." That's Hollywood For You.

did you know **ODO·RO·NO** is the leading deodorant in Rio?
Its story is by Edna Ferber and its people are fierce, tender and passionate—like her people of 'Giant'!... These are people caught up in the turbulence of creation... This is Alaska today—lavish splendor, stripped passions, tremendous personal drama!

Presented by WARNER BROS • TECHNICOLOR® starring
RICHARD BURTON • ROBERT RYAN • CAROLYN JONES • MARTHA HYER

with
JIM BACKUS • SHIRLEY KNIGHT • DIANE McBAIN

From the novel by EDNA FERBER Screenplay by HARRY KLEINER
Produced by HENRY BLANKE • DIRECTED by VINCENT SHERMAN

MUSIC BY MAX STEINEB
MISS MEXICO CITY—Maybe it wasn't the best time to talk to Johnny. When we met in the Hotel Bannen, in Mexico City, he was obviously tired—not really beat, just tired. His shooting schedule in Durango had been pretty tough.

Should I ask him to comment on such a personal subject as Vicki Thal?
I think he sensed my hesitancy, because he forced a smile and said, "Go ahead. Ask whatever you want—anything."

"Do you plan to marry Vicki?"

John lit a cigarette and leaned back in his chair. He was silent for a few moments, collecting his thoughts.

Then, in a voice that was grave and even wistful, he answered, "No, No, I don't think so. I don't see how I can.

"Most of the stuff printed about Vicki and me sounds like I feel marriage would interfere with my career. That's just not true. And it's also not true that if I did have to choose between Vicki and Hollywood, I might choose Hollywood. For me, the question simply doesn't exist.

"I'll explain. We've all seen many marriage crack up because the husband maybe feels the wife is getting more publicity than he is or the wife thinks her husband is only a part-time husband. You know, between the studio and cocktail parties and press conferences, he never gets a chance to be with her. That often happens in the case of a star."

IS MARRIAGE TOO MUCH OF A RISK?

"So you mean," I said, "that being a star, marriage is too much of a risk for you?"

John broke into a broad grin. "For a star, maybe, but I'm not a star; that's why I said for me the question simply doesn't exist."

"Not a star? Look; it's nice to be modest, but not that modest!"

"I'm serious. What do you mean by a 'star'? Somebody who wins a lot of popularity polls, gets a stack of fan mail and things like that? Wrong. A real star is a combination of stamina and talent. I know I've got the stamina; what I'm not so sure about, is whether I've got the talent."

"Can I print that?"

"Why not? It's the truth, isn't it? Who knows where I'll be in a couple of years. Right now I have a lot of fans—and I appreciate their loyalty—but they think of Johnny Saxon as a handsome face and that's all. I want them to get a different picture of me. Why kid ourselves? We all get older and if your talent, your acting ability, doesn't mature—you're through. You're through for good. That's my problem. And that's one of the reasons I can't marry yet. First I have to prove to Vicki and myself that I—we—have a future. As it is, I'm definitely not satisfied with my work up to now."

"But you do love Vicki?"

"DON'T THINK SHE'S MY IDEAL!"

"Very much. But don't get the idea she's my ideal or my 'dream-come-true' or anything like that. I prefer surprises! I suppose that's why I did fall in love with her.

"You see," added John, "Vicki is different. Every actor is constantly being flattered. And sometimes—I won't say always—the flattery goes to your head. That couldn't happen with Vicki. Not only is she my severest critic, but she's probably the one person who understands my problems and helps me because she knows me."

"John—"

"No, hold it a minute. Put this down. Say that, for me, Vicki is a kind of mirror. I see myself reflected in her. I can only look at her, and I find me. Does that sound selfish? I hope not.

Don't miss John Saxon in "The Unforgiven" for United Artists and "Portrait in Black" for Universal-International.
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo...
Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!

VERA MILES, one of Hollywood's loveliest new stars, always makes sure her hair is shampooed with Lustre-Creme. It leaves her blonde hair shining with highlights, every wave soft and smooth. Why don't YOU try Lustre-Creme, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
Thanks For The Joke

I want to thank you for playing a joke on me. Let me explain:
I made it a habit to buy Photoplay every time it comes out. When I passed a newsstand, an article from your May issue caught my eye. It was called "Why Frankie Avalon Won't Talk About His Secret Bride." I grabbed it and bought another for my friend. I immediately sat down to read it. As I neared the end of the story, I sat back and was furious at myself. The next day, my friend stopped over and laughed so hard, that I had to laugh too.
I would like it if you had more of these catchy features in your future issues.

Arlene Meuschke
Flushing, L.I.

The Story Of My Life

I was born in "Kansas City" "Back in the U.S.A." When I was "Just Young" I fought in "The Battle of New Orleans." I was a "Lucky Devil" not to be killed, so I'll "Give Myself a Party" "For My Good Fortune." The party went fine as I remember but we all had "Too Much Tequila." We got in a fight and I "Shot Sam" so I decided I "Gotta Travel On." I had figured on going "South of the Border" but I ended up in "El Paso." I met a "Country Girl" named "Mona Lisa" but her "Baby Talk" made me a "Wild One." Me and three friends of mine killed a man, but the sheriff caught us and we spent a "Lonely Saturday Night" in the "Tijuana Jail." Then our case was brought to court and now I'm on the "Chain Gang," with my three friends "Johnny Reb," "Running Bear" and "Big Harlan Taylor." I guess we'll spend the rest of our lives on the "Chain Gang."

P.S. This isn't really the story of my life. Hope you didn't think it was.

Ruby Paige
Upham, N.D.

You're kidding!—Ed.

Do you agree about Keely and Carol?

More Look Alikes:

...I think Carol Colombo has a striking resemblance to Keely Smith. Don't you agree with me?

B.M.M.H.
Rochester, N.Y.

...We have been told by so many people that our son, Jerry, looks like Bill Cullen, emcee of the television program, "The Price Is Right."

C. E. Martinez
Akron, Ohio

Good news: Hayley's coming your way.

She Was Darling

My family and I just saw the picture "Tiger Bay." We thought the picture was just wonderful, but the star that stood out in our minds, was the little girl who played Gillie. We've never seen her before and wondered who she was and will we be seeing her again. We hope so.

Mrs. Simon
New York, N.Y.

You certainly will. She was played by that new little star, Hayley Mills. Her dad's the famous actor, John B. Mills. Watch for her in the picture "Pollyanna."—Ed.

Dead and Dot in a state of confusion.

Look Alikes:

...Many people think that my father resembles Tennessee Ernie Ford. They ask him if he is related to him all the time.

Helena Ferreira
Danbury, Conn.

The face is right for Bill and Jerry.

Orchids To You, Photoplay

Orchids to you and the staff of Photoplay for those super colossal pictures of our Elvis in the June issue.

Mrs. Chris Bray
Coal City, Ill.

Please turn to page 13
Maybelline

SPECIALIZES exclusively
IN EVERYTHING
TO MAKE EYES BEAUTIFUL

In all the world, nothing does so much to make eyes beautiful as Maybelline, the pure eye make-up you know you can use with perfect confidence. Maybelline offers everything for eye-beauty . . . quality unrivalled, prices unmatched . . . in a wonderful range of precious jewel colors that give eyes shimmering, glimmering loveliness.

That's why Maybelline is so necessary to every woman who wants to appear perfectly groomed, fashionable . . . as lovely as she was meant to be. Maybelline is a specialist in eye beauty!

Remember, for purity, for complete confidence in your eye make-up insist on Maybelline
MAX FACTOR

stirs up summer fun and fashion with Cool Coffee Colors

Drench your lips, tempt your lips with a splash of deliciously new summer colors! Max Factor flatters your suntan with cool Coffee Toffee... sparks your summer fashions with creamed Café Frappé. Enjoy both of these cool, cool shades in creamy moist HI-SOCIETY lipstick!

Coffee Toffee Café Frappé

Cool Coffee Colors $1.00 each
Both fit Max Factor's famous Hi-Society dainty mirrored lipstick cases!

Cool Coffee Colors by MAX FACTOR
DEAR EDITOR:

I have been going with a boy I love very much for four months, and he has said we shouldn't see each other any more five times already! So, five times we've broken up, but he always comes back the next day. He said he thought we were really too young to go steady but still he said we could be engaged and wait two years until he finished school to get married. I'm very unhappy and he even says he doesn't know why he does things to hurt me, but I still can't make myself hate him. Love is a mess and I hate it. Please, can you tell me, am I crazy or what? I'm so very confused.

G.N.M.
Akron, Ohio

DEAR G.N.M.:

"Crazy-in-love" maybe, to get so involved in such a short time. Calm his jitters—and you'll stop hurting yourself—by suggesting you keep on dating but save that marriage talk for a much later date.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been dating this one boy for quite some time now. I go to the bowling alley every Saturday to see him bowl in his league. In fact, I go practically everywhere he goes. Just lately he has been ignoring me as if I were nobody. My girlfriend. Bonnie, says he must like another girl. What'll I do?

Judy
Dearborn, Mich.

DEAR JUDY:

Stay away from that bowling alley. You can't score there anymore.

DEAR EDITOR:

I have two girlfriends, one my best friend and the other, my next-best one. I hang around with both of them a great deal, but I have a problem. They don't get along. Both talk about the other behind their backs. What can I do to bring them together so everybody will be happy? Especially me!

Troubled
Newark, N. J.

DEAR TROUBLED:

With a little psychology on your part, next time the gossip starts, say in a surprised voice, "I don't know why you dislike Susan so much. She thinks you're a genius in Spanish (or anything)." She'll be so flattered, she'll admit that she's always envied Susan's beautiful red hair. And, before long, they'll be exchanging compliments to each other and all your problems will be solved.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry they can't be answered personally.

Please turn the page

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR: 1. __________ 2. __________

3. __________ 4. __________

ACTRESS: 1. __________ 2. __________

3. __________ 4. __________

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. __________

2. __________

3. __________ 4. __________

Name: __________________________ Age: ________

Address: __________________________ 8-60

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is one of the first 25 ballots received each Friday from July 8 through 29, we'll send you an autographed picture of your favorite star. Just tell us who it is.

Nestle Colorinse intensifies your natural hair color OR gives you thrilling NEW color. Colorinse also beautifies grey and white hair... blends-in grey and faded streaks. More than a rinse... but not a permanent dye. Colorinse lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 shades. 35¢

Nestle Colorint

Colors your hair without bleaching or dyeing.
...I am a boy ten years old and I'm in the fourth grade. I would like anyone who has any monster pictures to please send them to me.

**RICKY TINDALL**
Box 395 RR #2
New Albany, Ind.

...I would like very much to thank you for publishing my letter in your magazine. I've received 243 letters and I'm trying to answer them all. So I ask a little patience to the letters that didn't receive my answer yet. I promise I will answer soon.

**PEDRO BERG**
Uruguay, So.A.

...I am a sixteen-year-old Chinese girl living here in the Philippines. I would like very much to have pen pals from anywhere.

**DIANA KU**
66-68 Tindalo Ave.
Barcolod City
Philippine Islands

...The newly organized Perry Como fan club wishes to extend its membership. The dues are $2.50 for each which each member is entitled to: a membership card, a photo button, a memberbooklet, and a photo of Perry.

**AUDREY KYLE**
133 Ira Rd.
Syosset, N.Y.

...I am starting a fan club for Bobby Rydell. Dues are $1.00 and you receive an 8 x 8 autographed picture, a membership card and Bobby's biography.

**JOANNE DI GIAMPAOLO**
120 Evans Drive
Manville, N.J.

...I am a boy eighteen years of age. My hobbies are rugby, cricket and radio building. I shall correspond in English.

**GILLIE RAS**
Hugo St.
Elles River, Cape Town
Cape Province, S. Africa

...I've started a fan club for Elvis Presley. It's the first one for him in Finland and it's a chapter of Elvis Presley's Golden Platters. Anyone interested? Membership dues are $1.00. Please, "let's talk Elvis!"

**MISS MARJA TUIHUNEN**
Fregatin 9,
Helsinki, Finland

...I am a sixteen-year-old boy who is going to the U.S.A. at the beginning of 1961 just to become a U.S. Air Force pilot. Because of this, I would like to have several U.S.A. pen pals.

**EDUARDO AMARAL**
Rua Alagoas 515
Apt 133
Sao Paulo, S.P., Brazil

...I would like to correspond with boys and girls from any part of the world. I like to collect and exchange postage stamps and like to know about other countries.

**ROSHAN J**
P.O. Box 1827
Addis-Ababa
Ethiopia

...On my own accord, I left home ten months ago, just to see how it feels to be independent. Though now employed and gained many friends, I still yearn to return to my family life which I miss very much. But because of foolish stubbornness, I keep on remaining here and face the fact of being lonely. Maybe you, anywhere, can somehow help me overcome my loneliness by corresponding and sharing interests through letter-writing. I'm eighteen and of Filipino descent.

**MAXINE SANTUH**
1418 SE Ankeny St.
Portland 14, Oregon

...I have always wanted a pen pal in the U.S.A. but I did not know how to get one until now. Does anybody want to be my pen friend?

**MISS INGER-CRETTE JOHANSEN**
Uranienborg, 9A
Oslo N.V., Norway

...I am fourteen and would like to correspond with boys and girls who are interested in sports, rock 'n' roll and who simply dig Frankie and Annette.

**LINDA LINDBLAD**
U.S.O.M. to Costa Rica
C/o American Embassy
San Jose, Costa Rica
C.A.

...All are welcome to join my Eddie Fisher fan club. For information, write:

**SUSAN GREGARSK**
127 Ten Eyck W.
Brooklyn 6, N.Y.

...I'm a seventeen-year-old Hungarian girl, I have no friends and would love to have someone to write to. I'm majoring in art and was the 1959 North Carolina swimming champion. I correspond in German, Hungarian, English, Yugoslavian and Russian. Please write.

**MARY CRIKE**
53-46 84 St.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

...Anyone interested in stamp collecting? I live in New Jersey and will trade stamps for other stamps from different places.

**SHARON DUIMSTRA**
Hainesburg, N. J.

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**WHY PAY MORE?**

**The Dainty STICK Loves by Millions**

With Plastic Push-Up Holder!

**Only** 29c

You Just Can't Buy a Better, Safer, All-Day Deodorant at Any Price!

**The Perfected Luxury-Quality ROLL-ON**

Stops Perspiration Odor Worries

**Only** 39c

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**Readers Inc. continued**

...confidentially...

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**NEED MEMBERS FOR A FAN CLUB? WANT A PEN PAL? LIKE TO EXCHANGE FADS? WRITE: CONFIDENTIALLY, PHOTOPLAY, 205 EAST 42nd ST., NEW YORK 17, N.Y.**
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly “razor shadow” (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there’s no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, nicest legs in town, why not try NEET—you’ll never want to shave again!
For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 18. (A—Adult F—Family)

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Mild fun on the old Mississippi with brash little Eddie Hodges, runaway slave Archie Moore, con-man Tony Randall, Mark Twain’s story gets lost, so do the songs of note. (F) July

BARETTE GOES TO WAR—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Smart suspense comedy stars Brigitte Bardot (fully dressed!) as a lovely French girl who blunders into the underdog in Occupied France, while—think she’s on their side. (A) April

BECAUSE THEY’RE YOUNG—Columbia: In a picture made especially for younger moviegoers, likable teacher Dick Clark is under fire for his interest in the personal problems of high-schoolers Michael Callan (a hit!) and Tuesday Weld. (A) June

BEN-HUR—M-G-M: Camera, 65, Technicolor: This epic of Roman imperialism, Jewish patriotism and Christianity’s beginnings is the best of the big pictures about Bible days. Charlton Heston and Haya Harareet as Judens. Stephen Boyd and Jack Hawkins as Romans, stand out in a story that has not only historic excitement but ageless emotions and ideas. (F) January

BOBBIKINS—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, delightful comedy gives an Anglo-American showbiz couple (Max Bygraves, Shirley Jones) an angel-faced baby—with the fantastic ability to spout big words! (F) July

CAN-CAN—20th; Todd-AO, Technicolor: Feast of star talent, Cole Porter songs, Gay Nineties costumes. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine and Louis Jourdan make up a saucy Paris triangle, while Maurice Chevalier makes with the zy comments. (A) June

CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS—Rank, Paramount: Breathless tension becomes more than just a game as one of an Italian countess rescue imprisoned Jewish children during World War II. Lilli Palmer is the Mother Superior, charming, quick-witted, dedicated. (A) June

CRACK IN THE MIRROR—20th, CinemaScope: Sharp courtroom thriller with a trick twist, Orson Welles, Juliette Greco and Bradford Dillman skillfully juggle two roles aperie in a sensational Paris murder case. (A) June

EXPRESSO BONGO—Continental: The British kid ‘n’ ride films with the fast, flashy, funny tale of tough manager Laurence Harvey and dreamy-faced young singer Cliff Richard and their girls. (A) May

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN—Paramount: Yugoslav guerrilla fighting during World War II. led by Van Helfin, provides violent action. Among the women are who are outcasts because they fraternized with a Nazi, Silvana Mangano and Vera Miles draw sympathy. (A) July

FLAME OVER INDIA—Rank, 20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Excellent thriller of civil war in India in 1940 sends British officer Kenneth More and American governess Lauren Bacall on a wild ride rail, to save a child prince from assassins. (F) July

FUGITIVE KIND, THE—U.A.: Three high-powered personalities put us under a nightmare spell as Marlon Brando drifts into a town deep in the heart of Tennessee Williams-land, where he meets Anna Magnani, a restless wife, and Joanne Woodward, a sad rebel. (A) July

GALLANT HOURS, THE—U.A.: Amazing look-alike for Admiral “Bull” Halsey, James Cagney dominates an unusual war epic of the fight for Guadalcanal. Not a shot’s fired on screen; the action is all at headquarters—Halsey’s or the Japanese. (F) June

I’M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Lion International: The British turn labor-management relationships into a laugh-loaded shambles. As a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael’s a bumbler whose honesty starts a riot. (A) July

KIDNAPPED—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Splendid version of Robert Louis Stevenson’s classic, shot in Scotland, with Jim MacArthur as the lad seeking a lost inheritance, Peter Finch is a delightful fighting fool. (F) May

MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Beautiful travel movie, both exciting and truthful, surveys the African land and people, with narration by Orson Welles. William Warfield. (F) May

MOUNTAIN ROAD, THE—Columbia: Closeup of War II in China reflects the drabness and confusion of modern warfare, James Stewart, as an imaginative U.S. officer, is opposed by Lisa Lu, as a sensitive Chinese lady, You will like newcomer Glenn Corbett. (F) July

PLEASE DON’T EAT THE DAISIES—M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In a hilarious domestic comedy, Doris Day’s a darling, as she ropes with a theater-critic husband (David Niven), three uproarious little boys and an actress “rival” (Janis Paige), (F) May

SAVAGE EYE, THE—Trans-Lux: A truly unusual movie, intensely personal, frighteningly real, takes you inside the mind of a lost divorcee. Barbara Barley, lacking love, sees only ugliness in Los Angeles life. (A) July

SCENT OF MYSTERY—Todd: Todd Color, New Todd Process, Smell-O-Vision: Gorgeous, cheerful whoodunit takes us around Spain in a couple of days, while a very proper young Englishman (Denholm Elliot) tries to rescue an heiress from a murder plot. (F) May

SERGEANT RUTLEDGE—Warner, Technicolor: Attempt at a new angle in westerns, Accused of rape-murder, Negro cavalryman Woody Strode is defended by Jeffrey Hunter. (A) June

UNFORGIVEN, THE—U.A.: Panavision, Technicolor: Big, handsome frontier drama about Indian-haters and a family mystery. The fine cast is led by Audrey Hepburn and Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy also scores; John Saxon’s role is minor. (F) June
It's here! Hear it!

Brand-new . . . and his first in Stereo! With 17 never-before-released photos. Also in Regular L.P. RCA VICTOR
Pollyanna
THE MONTH'S BRIGHTEST SURPRISE: FAMILY

Even if you've never read the old juvenile classic, you probably associate the name “Pollyanna” with a girl who's sticky-sweet. But you'll forget all about that the moment thirteen-year-old Hayley Mills—seen before only in the wonderful British film “Tiger Bay”—lights up the screen. She's absolutely, wonderfully, irresistibly natural. You really can believe that she could arrive in a small town, as a gawky, unknown orphan—and proceed to change everybody's life. Directing his own screenplay, David Swift surrounds her with charming 1912 atmosphere and a lot of fascinating grownup characters: Jane Wyman and Richard Egan, former sweethearts; Nancy Olson and James Drury, young lovers; Karl Malden, a browbeaten preacher; Adolphe Menjou and Agnes Moorhead, village eccentrics. You'll enjoy meeting every one of them.

BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR

Wild River
SOLID STORY OF DEPRESSION DAYS: ADULT

Now here's a picture to get your teeth into: people so real that you worry about their problems even after you leave the theater; details of their everyday lives all so convincing that you feel you're actually living with them, in Tennessee in the troubled year of 1934. Producer-director Elia Kazan is in his best “On the Waterfront” form, and it's good to see Montgomery Clift's old talent and appeal returning. As an employee of the federal government's Tennessee Valley Authority, Monty has a stubborn opponent to battle: Jo Van Fleet, magnificent as an ancient farm wom-
an who refuses to give up her land, even though it will be flooded when a TVA dam goes into action. Lee Remick, who has usually played flighty or brassy dames, goes sympathetic as a very young, very lonely widow.

20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Bells Are Ringing
HI-FI RECORDING OF BROADWAY HIT; FAMILY

Judy Holliday proved years ago that she's about the smartest and most likable of the lady clowns. But she showed theatergoers that she had another trick up her sleeve when she put across the lively songs of "Bells Are Ringing." Here's Judy on film as the girl who gives her whole warm heart to her job with a phone-answering service. On the stage, the customer who captures her heart was just a role for a leading man. But Dean Martin (above with Judy), earns his co-star billing as the playwright who's lost his confidence and is looking for it in the bottle. Judy's other problem clients—a song-composing dentist, a "Method" actor—help keep the plot bubbling, and jazzman Gerry Mulligan (who is Judy's steady date off-screen) does a cute bit as her blind date. Though some scenes were shot around New York, most of them seem to be taking place on theater sets. It's more like a stage show than a motion picture.

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

(Please turn the page)
MOVIES continued

The Rat Race
DOH, THAT BIG, WICKED CITY; ADULT

With a team like Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis (below, left) it's easy to get all upset over the woes of two young people trying to make good in New York, Debbie as an actress. Tony as a jazz musician. She keeps borrowing money from her dancehall boss, who wants to set her up in an older profession. Now if she'd only take a brief course in shorthand and typing instead . . . no, that way the picture would wind up with no plot. Tony does a pleasing, relaxed sort of job as the naive hero, but Debbie has a harder time drawing sympathy for a heroine who is essentially dishonest, no matter how the story tries to excuse her. Jack Oakie tosses in some humor as a friendly bartender. And here's Gerry Mulligan again, in and out quickly as one of a hot (and crooked) combo. PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

Strangers When We Meet
LIKE A JUICY BIT OF Gossip; ADULT

We're used to seeing Kirk Douglas swashbuckle around in ruggedly male action yarns. Now he settles down and looks at home in a love story aimed at feminine fans. He follows a properly romantic profession, as an architect, and he's happily married until he meets suburban neighbor Kim Novak, who hasn't been emotionally awakened even by marriage and motherhood. For the early part of the proceedings, Kim's usual sleepwalking manner is just right. And when the love tangle builds up to big drama, Barbara Rush comes to the picture's rescue, with her showy performance as Kirk's wife. The brightest lines go to Ernie Kovacs, as Kirk's screwball client. But Ernie's character fits into the picture's mood, too. This poor guy isn't happy—because he's a bachelor. And we want all the boys to get that message. don't we? COLUMBIA: CINEMASCOPE, EASTMANCOLOR

Hiromichi, Mon Amour
WHAT WAR DOES TO PEOPLE; ADULT

French director Alain Resnais, shooting in Japan, brings all the seldom-used power of the movies into play, to tell a story that goes deep beneath the surface. Its beginning is strange and shocking, interweaving scenes of love-making with shots of ruined Hiroshima and its tragic people. The lovers are a French actress (Emmanuelle Riva) and a young Japanese (Eiji Okada), but the idea of racial barriers doesn't enter the story at all. Through this affair that started casually, the Frenchwoman is forced to remember her first, youthful love—for a German soldier—and its terrible aftermath. ZENITH INTERNATIONAL; DIALOGUE IN FRENCH, TITLES IN ENGLISH

The Story of Ruth
PAGAN SPECTACLE, PLUS LOVE; FAMILY

There's a beautiful simplicity in the Old Testament story of the young widow who follows her mother-in-law into an alien land. "Wither thou goest . . . " So the movie-makers have plenty of room to use their imagination. As Ruth, the very lovely Israeli actress Elana Eden (below, right with Stuart Whitman) isn't

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For you... sweet simplicity?
FROSTY MIST

— one word of caution; don't be fooled by its deceptive innocence. Be prepared to be irresistible! Lavish Cologne Decanter $1.00
Fragrantly floral Dusting Powder $1.00
Dewy-bright Cologne Spray $1.50
Matching Cologne Stick $1.00
Appliqué Sachet $1.00

ANOTHER FRAGRANCE TRUMPET BY BOURJOIS
just a hated Moabite; she's a pagan priestess, and the opening scenes are loaded with the pageantry you expect in Biblical epics. But the rest of the picture stays on the personal level. Peggy Wood puts warm, unexpected humor into the sad life of Naomi, bringing home a daughter-in-law who is a foreigner in Judea and a target for the local gossips. And Stuart Whitman's Boaz, a rich farmer and a husky fighting man, has to battle his own prejudices before he can love Ruth. The folks at the harvest festival don't go in for square-dancing, but you still have the pleasant feeling that all this happened only yesterday.

20th; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Pay or Die
REALISTIC CRIME THRILLER; FAMILY

You've most likely seen blood-and-thunder melodramas about the Mafia. But this is the first that really sticks close to the facts, and the truth doesn't need any phony trimmings. The police detective that Ernest Borgnine plays was an actual person, who tackled the Black Hand in New York half a century ago. In the old days of Little Italy, on the Lower East Side, there was a lot of color and romance, as well as danger, and all three come back to life in this unassuming movie. Zohra Lampert, as a local girl who's being courted by a young cop (Al Austin), manages to be convincing even though she's too new to have learned much about acting. ALLIED ARTISTS

The Subterraneans
THE BEATNIK WORLD; ADULT

At least, the beat generation gets some sympathy here, instead of being treated like a bunch of comedy characters. And its assorted nuts give several young players a royal opportunity to parade their talents. "Nuts" isn't too strong a word. When George Peppard drifts among San Francisco's beatniks, he says, "You're all crazy!" And the movie really does present the beats as a pathetic collection of mentally disturbed people, huddled together for comfort. Leslie Caron is the worst off, as a war-shocked French girl. But Janice Rule isn't in much better shape. Gerry Mulligan, in the biggest of his three current acting jobs, is a minister who tries to help the beatniks by dressing and talking like them. Yes, they're still mumbling that old tired lingo: "Like, man... like, I mean." For people who have such trouble with all their (Continued on page 96)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Persstop®. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Persstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use Arrid to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Persstop® actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

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Sara Hamilton's

INSIDE
STUFF

Set News: Doris Day was trembling with emotion when they lowered a supposedly trapped elevator on the "Midnight Lace" set. From the sidelines, I had watched them raise the elevator to its trapped position and shuddered along with Doris when villain John Gavin attempted to get at her though the car roof. What a scene! A nightmare, really, as Doris' screams rang out in what seemed like genuine terror. Now that I think of it, I'm not sure I didn't scream along with her. Incidentally, I wonder if those people who make a to-do over no more posed pictures of Doris and her son, Dennis, ever realize Dennis may prefer it that way? After all, a college lad in his teens must want some identification of his own.

Scrambled Love: "It's simply not true," Tuesday Weld told me when I mentioned her rumored romance with Elvis Presley. "And neither is it true my mother lashed out at Elvis for bringing me home late on a date." Over in London it grows even more mysterious, "I was never alone with Tuesday in my life," says John Ireland, who wooed the teenage blonde some months ago. "In fact, I have already chosen my next bride, the ex-Mrs. George Cameron." Now try to figure that one out. . . . David Hedison dates Maria Cooper in Hollywood. But his long-distance telephone calls go to Lupa Bodine in Rome. They met when Lupa played a role in "The Lost World" with David. . . . And handsome Gardner McKay has settled on the Oriental beauty Greta Chi as his steady date. In fact, Greta crews for Gardner on his 18-foot outrigger boat and greater love hath no woman. Especially when the sea is choppy. . . . It was really laughable the way several Hollywood starlets just happened to find themselves in Reno while Efrem Zimbalist was there preparing to divorce his wife, Steffi. Efrem paid them no mind, you can be sure. The Zimbalist mind is on actress Kip Hamilton, according to all reports. A wonderful actress. this Kip.

Party Of The Month: Would you pay $1000 to hear John Wayne and Guy Madison duet "Red River Valley"? Or a sizable sum to hear Tony Curtis play the flute? Well, guests at the Share Inc. party did, and applauded wildly when Mexican star Cantinflas donated $10,000 not to sing "Granada." All for sweet charity's sake. The popular Moulin Rouge became the old Trading Post all over again, with guests appearing in western riggings. Frank Sinatra as a Heap Big Indian chose to start an argument with Big Sheriff John Wayne and a moment later became involved in a parking lot brawl. Sammy Davis Jr. showed up in the uniform of a Confederate general and Dean Martin, as usual, was a relaxed master of ceremonies. Debbie Reynolds, with best beau Harry Karl, looked cute as a bug in her snug Western breeches, and Lucille Ball happy as a lark with her date, songwriter Jimmy Van Heusen. To me, Yves Montand looked like a passenger on a wagon train.

After the brawl: Arthur Miller, Simone and Yves, Marilyn.

Wonder if Doris would've scared even he-man Rock?

I learn of Gardner's new girl.
Goodbye To All That: It was early summer when Joan Crawford flew to the Coast and for the last time entered the Brentwood house that had been home for thirty-one years. Thirty-one years and what memories they held for this woman who put the “G” in glamour and the “S” in stardom. Here, in this house, she had lived through her first marriage to Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and her second marriage to Franchot Tone. And then Phil Terry and finally to her fourth husband, the late Alfred Steele, before they took off to New York and a new life for Joan, at least. As she strolled through the beautiful rooms and gardens, what memories must have arisen, of famous names and faces, some of whom have long faded, of stormy scenes, of joyful moments and tragic ones! At the end of the day, Joan quietly closed the door for the last time and, meeting with actor Donald O’Connor, signed the papers that made the house his. And so was written another paragraph in the passing of the old regime in Hollywood, of the life, the glamour, the excitement of an era gone forever.

Heartache: “Don’t turn on the radio,” they cautioned ten-year-old Yasmin Khan, daughter of Rita Hayworth and the late Aly Khan, Pakistan’s delegate to the United Nations and a world renowned figure. From the golf course, where Rita and husband Jim Hill received the tragic news of Aly’s accidental death in Paris, they sent the car and driver to pick up Yasmin at her ice skating lesson. “Don’t turn on the car radio,” they warned by telephone, afraid the child would hear the news before Rita could rush home to meet and console the little Princess who adored her father, who had been Rita’s third husband. Only three weeks before, Aly had flown to Hollywood for a short visit with his daughter and three days before his death, he’d telephoned Yasmin from Paris, full of plans for their summer together. What a tragedy and what a heartache for the child who openly preferred the exciting world of her father to the rather dull life of a movie star’s child in Hollywood.

Here And There: A cat may look at a King. And Kool Kat Elvis Presley certainly eyed the King and Queen of Nepal during their recent visit here and Royalty eyed Elvis right back on the set of “G.I. Blues.” In fact, the King asked Elvis for his autograph while the Queen smiled sweetly, her eyes widening slightly at El’s enormous pompadour hairdo. Seems, whatever came off those sideburns, Elvis has piled on top. It’s really something to see. . . . Rex Harrison recaptured every heart during his stay here for “Midnight Lace.” Some years ago, Rex left Hollywood under a cloud when Carol Landis took her own life, reputedly over Rex, who was then married to Lilli Palmer. But his devotion to his late wife, Kay Kendall, whose impending death remained his secret, and his graciousness to one and all while here, completely won over his most ardent knackers. . . . What a surprise to hear that actress Andra Martin filed for divorce from cowboy-actor Ty Hardin charging extreme cruelty.

Young Love: Tommy Sands considers himself the luckiest fellow in the world with lovely Nancy Sinatra as his promised bride. “I didn’t want anything to happen to our love,” Tommy says, “but I knew if I didn’t ask Nancy to marry me, it could have turned out another Molly Bee episode. And I didn’t want that.” Tommy was remembering back to two summers ago when he and Molly were steady-dating but seldom saw each other. Their careers kept them apart for weeks and sometimes months at a time when Tommy was on tour or Molly Bee was off on a singing job. Although the two were deeply attached, they finally saw it wouldn’t work and called off the romance. “But it wasn’t easy,” Molly told me. “I didn’t sing a note for six months after our breakup.” But with Nancy, who has no career to follow except that of Tommy’s, things will be different. Where Tommy goes, Nancy will be free to follow. Sometimes I think it’s the girl whose only career is home and husband, that’s the happiest after all. . . . Chums are delighted Edd Byrnes is dating Asa Maynor again. Asa is by far one of the nicest girls “Kookie” ever had. I wonder if anything really serious will develop with these two.

New Hope? It’s sad to think about it, but I’m told that just before Virginia Arness attempted to take her life in Hawaii, Big Jim was about to telephone his estranged wife, asking for a reconciliation. “Let’s try again, Virginia,” he’d planned to say when the distressing headlines broke, shattering plans for a more mature, unemotional second chance at marriage. But, today, Virginia Arness has found new contentment in doing for others who need it at Long Beach Veterans Hospital. (Please turn the page)
Goodbyes: They met face to face at an actors’ meeting. Diane Jergens and her estranged husband Peter Brown. For one long moment, they looked into each other’s eyes, remembering the tears, the heartaches, the first separation, the reunion and the final parting. Suddenly, Peter reached out a hand and said, “Will you have a drink with me, Diane?” Impulsively, she took the hand he offered. “Yes, Peter, I’d love to,” she said. “But, it’s no reunion,” Diane said later. “I’m still going through with the divorce. But with the bitterness gone and I hope forgotten, Peter and I can now become friends.” Which is as it should be. That’s how I feel, anyway. And I do hope that Peter and Diane can each find, in a new love, the happiness they missed together.

Roundup: James Darren telephoned the good news all the way from Europe. He and his bride, Evy Norlund, are expecting a baby. When their chores in “The Guns Of Navarone” were finally finished, the Darrens hurried right home. . . . The real estate agent eyed the prospective customer with the anonymous name rather curiously. “You are Eddie Fisher, aren’t you?” she smiled. And Eddie, who shopped for a Bel-Air home during a brief visit to the Coast, admitted he was. The Fishers plan to make Hollywood their home base, dividing their time among their other homes in Jamaica, New York and Connecticut. . . . At one time, she was the most fantastically beautiful woman the town had ever seen. But beauty was never enough for Hedy Lamarr whose heart hungered for love and understanding. Today, Hedy seems a most unhappy woman, involved first in a divorce suit from her husband, Howard Lee, and secondly with local accountants. In each case, Hedy refused to make a court appearance, resulting in unpleasant complications. . . . Tab Hunter seems slowly but surely retreating farther and farther from Hollywood and its demands. When Tab moved to the suburban town of Glendale, Hollywood thought it rather curious. But now that Tab is thinking of selling this house, plus his stables, and moving a hundred miles away to Santa Barbara, his friends, even Maria Cooper, are frankly puzzled.

Will Betsy and Cary give one another a second chance?

Bits And Pieces: Cary Grant’s courtship of ex-wife Betsy Drake is the talk of London town. Wouldn’t surprise me in the least if these two remarried and lived happily ever after. I hope. . . . From Rome, comes word that Sandra Dee has the natives goggle-eyed in her new Jean Louis wardrobe. Now eighteen and fancy free from lessons and the welfare worker who constantly haunted her sets, Sandra is having a wonderful time making “Romanoff and Juliet.” What a doll! . . . Seems little Missy Reynolds is feeling her oats a bit in demanding her first TV Spectacular be an almost solo sort of “Evening With Debbie Reynolds” kind of thing. The network felt Debbie should surround herself with guest stars, as do Dinah Shore, Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby. Debbie’s reply to that suggestion was “Whose show is this anyhow?” And, in the end, Debbie seems to have won her fight . . . A friend who sneaked in on one of the lessons Ricky Nelson is taking from the matador Luis McManus, reports that Ricky could become one of the best young bull fighters. . . . From the soft lights and sweet music of the Coconut Grove to the wide open spaces and a cattle roundup, is a big step but Vic Damone made it with ease. After his last appearance at the Grove, Vic took off for his Fresno ranch. Vic hardly misses Pier Angeli these days.

From What I Understand: The “Gunsmoke” cast is very blue over the decision of Dennis Weaver to go it alone next season. The old West will never seem the same without Chester, who has been doing some fine dramatic work both in movies and on TV . . . From Rome, the Richard Egans and their baby daughter send word that Italy is great but Hollywood looks mighty good from that distance. Richard took his family while making “The Story of Esther.”
Cal York's Jottings: In Las Vegas, Russ Tamblyn took one look at showgirl Elizabeth Kemp and said, "Didn't you play in Tom Thumb with me in England?" "Yes," said Elizabeth and two hours later they were married. The payoff came the following day when Venetia Stevenson telephoned Russ that they were never properly divorced since neither one had bothered to pick up the final decree. Poor Tom Thumb! The payoff now is, I hear the two are spitting already!!! Friends are keeping their fingers crossed for Pam and Audie Murphy. It looks like a reconciliation coming up for these two... Suzy Parker, in Hollywood with her baby daughter, is finally divorcing the Frenchman she denied having married in the first place... Ava Gardner gathers stares of interest wherever she goes in Hollywood, but like Kim Novak, recovered from her recent illness, Ava doesn't seem to have any place to go—heartwise, that is... Word from Israel has Joanne Woodward terrified over those threatening letters sent her husband Paul Newman and director Otto Preminger on the set of "Exodus." Seems the Arabs object to the story theme... Ellen Powell, daughter of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, married actor Chuck Hayward, with Dick and Joan's approval... No wonder Dot Malone and Jacques Bergerac beam every time they talk about their little Mimi. She's a little doll... Talk about British understatement: For a year and a half Sir Cedric Hardwicke has been over here starring in a play while his young wife, Mary Scott, has been in Hollywood. Suddenly he's notified that she's planning to divorce him, and what's his reaction? "Well," he said, "I'm certainly going to telephone her about this!"

Mailbox Corner: Doug Moore, president of the Sara Hamilton fan club, telephoned the pleasant news the club now has several hundred members from Canada, the States and Mexico. Incidentally, Doug has a new address. It's 2254 McIntyre, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada... Faye Spieler of 730 Willow Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y., would like an autographed photograph of her favorite actor, Earl Cameron and Lupine Malise of 629 Pine Street, Camden, N. J., yearns to join a Mario Lanza fan club, if there is one... A big thank you to Barbara Moore of Oakland, Calif., and Dianna Zieban of Chicago for their charming letters. I'm happy the Frankie Avalon matter was cleared up to Dianna's satisfaction.

Brando-isms: It will be a dull world out west if the Brandos, Marlon and Anna, ever reach a lasting agreement. Their recent goings-on in court, where Marlon, once again, fought for visiting rights with his son Chris, has had us all agog with Anna hurling the terms, "you slob" and "you criminal" in Marlon's direction. And Marlon's claim that Anna hired a man to spy on him, was never completely cleared up. But the climax was reached when Anna, irked at the questioning attorney, fled from the witness stand and out the courtroom door with the judge yelling, "Bring back that woman." For all the world like a TV comedy. Anyway, Marlon won his case and can now see his son at the specified times. But if looks could kill, actor Brando would have been a "dai'd" goner. Come to think of it, I wonder how Perry Mason would have handled the Brandos?

On the Sets: The odd looking, middle aged, Southern belle, rounding the corner of a 20th Century-Fox sound stage, looked strangely familiar. With a shout of laughter, I suddenly knew why, for here was my friend Bing Crosby done up in hoop skirts, pantaloons and blond wig, hurrying from his trailer dressing room to the "High Time" set. I stood by Fabian while Bing went through his scene and later, when Bing coyly lifted his skirts to reveal heavy yellow woolen socks and tan brogues, Fabian all but had a fit. Emoting in two pictures at once, "High Time" and "Go North" with John Wayne, has Fabian in a spin, "I miss Frankie, too," he sighed. Before young Avalon took off on a night-club tour, the two lads had a great time together. And I spotted Fabe with a new date, Katie Kelley. They make a cute couple... The musical scene in Columbia's "Pepe" done by Cantinflas and Shirley Jones, two of the picture's many stars, captures all of the pageantry of a Mexican Fiesta. This picture, to be released in December, should be quite a hit.
Duane Eddy Tattles On Himself; Connie Stevens Ends A Romance; Johnny Mathis Gets A New Girl

by PAUL DREW

STATION WGST, ATLANTA—What’s he really like? The inside answers are in picture and song in "Duane Eddy Plays Songs of Our Heritage." . . . Did you know Fabian’s favorite song is “Unchained Melody?” It’s out now by The Blackwells. . . . Breakup of the month: Connie Stevens and Gary Clark. Connie’s new album is as refreshing as a Waikiki breeze. . . . The memorial album, “Eddie Cochran,” is one you’ll want to treasure as a memento of a wonderful, talented boy. It includes five tunes Eddie wrote himself. (For Shari Sheeley’s story of the tragic accident in which Eddie was killed, just before they were to be married, turn to page 32). . . . Dinah and Brook swing with “A Rockin’ Good Way.” . . . For handholding time at a party, play music nostalgics to Mantovani’s “Songs to Remember.” . . . The boys’ latest album is “It’s Everly Time”—and when isn’t it? Their next project is a movie. . . . The Broadway show, “Bye Bye Birdie” spoofs a young pop singing star, Conrad Birdie (played by good-looking Dick Gautier), who gets drafted into the Army. It’s loaded with his songs: “Kids,” “One Last Kiss,” and “One Boy.” . . . Not quite five-feet tall, Brenda Lee’s a tower of sound singing “That’s All You Gotta Do.” . . . Phi Gamma Delta fraternity’s gift to you is the Brothers Four, clicking with “My Tani.” . . . Still a teenager—he’ll be nineteen in July—“Paul Anka Sings His Big 15”—all giants. . . . Ernie Fields leads the pack in the new big band era with “Begin the Beguine.” . . . Maria,” from the Broadway show “West Side Story,” could be this year’s “Misty” for Johnny Mathis. . . . The excitement of jazz and the loneliness of the blues comes to life in “Ray Charles In Person,” recorded live in concert. . . . And for some funnies, try “The Button Down Mind of Bob Newhart” and “Laughing Room” by Woody Woodbury.

If you’re fond of good music, you’re familiar with the label, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft, and know it represents some of the most superb European record imports. Like those four new releases: Schumann Piano Concerto in A Minor, Svjatoslav Richter on piano; Haydn String Quartets in G Major and B Flat.
Major, by the Amadeus Quartet; Mozart Piano Concerto in E Flat Major and Haydn Piano Concerto in D Major by the Berlin Radio Symphony Orch., with Jorg Demus at piano. . . Violinist Jaime Laredo is 19 years old and chances are you'll get to know him as well as Van Cliburn. As an introduction, listen to him play Brahms Sonata No. 3 in D Minor, on RCA Victor. . . And if you don't already own Schubert's Unfinished Symphony No. 8, the Richmond (London) record of it is a bargain, not only because the Vienna Philharmonic, conducted by Carl Schuricht, gives a stirring performance, but on the other side is the wonderful Mozart Haffner Symphony.

What's in the Stars?
by ERIAL

Wime you born between June 22nd
and Juy 21st? Then you belong to the
fourth sign of the zodiac - Cancer
like Bob Evans
(June 29), Susan
Hayward (June 30),
Leslie Caron (July
1), Gina Lollobrigida (July 4), Janet Leigh
and Luana Patten (July 6), Nick Adams
(July 10), Tab Hunter
(July 11), Polly
Bergen (July 14), Pat
Wayne (July 15).
You are a very sen-
sitive person and be-
cause of this, you tend
to take upon yourself
the grief of others.
You have great love
and protectiveness and
so your home and
family mean a great deal to you. Because
you are such a sensitive person, you take
things very personally, sometimes thinking
a remark was meant
for you but which
was never intended.
Money is important
to you and you can
often "stretch a dol-
lar" very far. You
are very straight-
forward, generous
and loyal to friends
and family. Men,
you are understand-
ing and thoughtful. Women, you are gentle
and feminine and have a natural talent for
flattery. Your lucky number is three.

Tab: A great love?

Susan: Flatterer?

Bob: Too sensitive?

Puzzles

ACROSS
1. Miss Bee's initials
2. "Greensleeves" is their best-seller
3. To chart or survey
4. International Business Machine (abbrev.)
5. Popular record label (abbrev.)
6. "Teenage -----" by Sam Cooke
7. Bobby Darin's big one
8. "Don't Throw Away All Those Teardrops" is his plea
9. He made money with "Money"
10. "Puppy Love"
11. He made money with "Puppy Love"
12. "Puppy Love"
13. Singer who died in auto crash (init.)

Puzzles

DOWN
1. Connie Francis' Italian hit
2. "Greensleeves" is their best-seller
3. To chart or survey
4. International Business Machine (abbrev.)
5. Popular record label (abbrev.)
6. "Teenage -----" by Sam Cooke
7. Bobby Darin's big one
8. "Don't Throw Away All Those Teardrops" is his plea
9. He made money with "Money"
10. "Puppy Love"
11. He made money with "Puppy Love"
12. "Puppy Love"
13. Singer who died in auto crash (init.)

CAN YOU GUESS THEIR NAMES?
1. Virginia Katherine McMath — a. Helen
Hayes b. Lauren Bacall c. Ginger
Rogers
b. Phil Silvers c. Robert Taylor
b. Shelley Winters c. Mary Martin
4. Sarah Jane Fulk — a. Lillian Roth
b. Shirley Temple c. Jane Wyman
5. Edythe Vertner — a. Marilyn Maxwell
b. Susan Hayward c. Dinah Shore

Answers: 1. a 2. c 3. a 4. b 5. c

Kleinert's

FLAME

Keeps the curl in your coil because Secret Magic Sawa-Wave Inner Rim keeps water out. In colors, $5.98. Other Sawa-Waves, $1.25-$8.98.
You’ve put a ban on beauty shop bills. Good girl! Since Toni came into your life—home is headquarters for permanents. Now your waves are penny-wise—prettier. And no more appointments to pin you down. No more dryers to dawdle under.

Best yet—Toni has “Hidden Body.” You can sleek it away—or coax it into the frothiest fluff-up. Toni’s “Hidden Body” is perfect for all hairstyles. You won’t find it at any price—in any other permanent—home or beauty shop.

And you’ll sail right through the neutralizer bit—without a splash! No watery mess to mix—with Toni. Just squeeze a plastic bottle. Pearly liquid (already mixed!) shimmers through your curls. Nice, lazy way to lock “Hidden Body” into your hair.

So stop singing the beauty shop blues. Start having New, No-Mix Toni’s at home. You’ll get the exact kind of curl you want—and have loot left over for fun! P.S. Exciting extra—free Miss America Beauty Book—when you buy this Special Toni.
why Liz and Eddie had to have a second honeymoon

The feel of Eddie's arms around her waist only seemed to make her shiver even more. It was as if the burning sun overhead had become a cake of ice—as if Eddie weren't the husband she loved, as if every stranger were someone to frighten her. They'd left, less than fifteen minutes ago, their six pieces of oversized luggage piled in the corner of their "honeymoon" cottage and, without even unpacking, had started to run hand-in-hand down to the beach for their first swim in the lovely blue tropical sea. (Please turn the page)

by JAE LYLE
Then Liz had stopped short. "Let's go back," she said suddenly. "I don’t want to swim after all." They walked back slowly, neither of them speaking. Eddie watched her face worriedly. He knew by now what could cause a bright mood to fade and make Liz’s face grow pale with fear. There had been many times he’d seen that haunted look. Sometimes it helped to talk it out between them, and so he asked softly, "Liz, what’s wrong?" She walked into the cottage and then, hands dropping helplessly to her side, she cried out:

"Those whispers! I can’t run away...and I can’t answer them."

(Continued on page 74)
Shari Sheeley:

"Eddie told me:
'Something awful's going to happen.
I can feel it.
You'll never be Mrs. Cochran.'
And then,

**EDDIE DIED IN MY ARMS**

only two hours later.
I still can't believe it.

*(Continued on page 76)*
IS DEBBIE SETTLING FOR LESS THAN LOVE?

In her heart, Debbie knew she couldn't listen to what others were saying. Then something happened to make up her mind. (Please turn the page)
Is Debbie settling for less than love to give her fatherless children a new "daddy"?

"Ooh," Carrie Frances said. Her wide eyes made round O's in her small face. "Toddy, look! Isn't it beautiful?"

Todd Emanuel echoed obediently by nodding his head. Obviously, he couldn't have cared less. But his big sister had dropped his hand now and was wandering over to the heavy stone wall. "Jus' lovely," she murmured, in perfect imitation of grownup talk. "So pretty...."

Debbie looked around her. Yes, it was pretty. She turned slowly. Very pretty. The beautiful rock wall, the spacious grounds leading to the patio-enclosed swimming pool, the low elegant lines of the house. Inside, she knew it would be even more handsome; though she had never entered the house, she knew of the large airy rooms, the two wood-burning fireplaces, the modern furniture. She knew, because the proud owner of the house had described it to her many times. She knew, because recently acquaintances had made sure that she knew, mentioning casually that, of course, it was a showplace. Oh, not anything extravagant, but if you admired perfect taste, quietly displayed—well, the house was the marvel of Palm Springs.

Of course, it was the house of Harry Karl.

Inside it now, Harry was ordering lunch for them all. For Debbie and her children and her parents, all of whom Harry had driven down to Palm Springs for the weekend. They would be staying, naturally, in Debbie's own house—the one she had received as part of her divorce settlement from Eddie. "But you mustn't go straight there," they had been told as they neared the Springs. "It's so very unpleasant to go home to an empty house." (Continued on page 93)
Tuesday Weld whispered: "Dick, you're the first boy who's ever made me feel I belong"

The little motor boat, riding at anchor in the bay, rocked lazily—as lazy as Tuesday and Dick, who were stretched contentedly side by side on the deck. The smooth wood felt good against their backs. Their eyes were blissfully closed against the sun's rays, lulling them half to sleep. They hardly talked, except once in a while in drowsy murmurs. Suddenly, the little boat tossed—so unexpectedly that it rolled Tuesday over on her side against Dick—almost on top of him. And then, having kicked up and played its little trick, the sea behaved again and went back to its gentle rocking. Tuesday's first embarrassed reaction was to pull away and roll back where she belonged. But maybe it was the sun, or maybe the sleepy salt air, that (Please turn the page)

by BILL TUSHER
Dick Beymer whispered:

“Did you know, the kids dared me to date you”
Tuesday Weld continued

made her stay where she was. She couldn’t move—she didn’t want to! Only her hand stirred, coming to rest on his shoulder to steady her against the boat’s rock.

Tuesday felt Dick’s hand join hers, his strong fingers interlace with her slim ones. When he released them, it was to stroke her long blond hair, to gently brush back the silky wisps wind-blown around her face. They lay facing each other now, arms lightly around each other’s shoulders, and Dick smiled, looking into her eyes.

“Nice,” he murmured.

“Oh,” she sighed, “all this dreamy sky, and everything...”

“I meant you,” he said softly, and kissed her fleetingly on the tip of her ear. Then, easily, they both rolled happily on their backs again, and simply laughed contentedly. (Continued on page 72)
Stretching, Frankie looked at his watch. "Ten o'clock already? I wonder if he's been asleep all this time." Then, still holding the book he'd been reading, he got up from the couch and ambled over to the baby carriage. "You're a quiet little fella, aren't you?" he asked.

There was a short pause, in which Frankie seemed to see a weary expression taking shape on baby Tommy's face. Then he heard a precise little voice explain indignantly, "But I'm only eight weeks old . . ."

Convinced he was only hearing things, Frankie lifted the baby up. "Ooooh, you sure smell good," he said out loud, and kissed him on the
As he did this, the baby pushed back.

"Aw, Uncle Frankie, cut it out," the baby blushed. "Fellas shouldn't kiss."

In spite of himself, Frankie felt silly, but he tried not to let it show.

"Don't worry," the voice went on, "we'll pretend that the whole thing never happened."

Now he's comforting me, Frankie realized with a start. That's what I call a real switch!

"Isn't that only natural?" the voice continued, casually reading his mind. "After all, I've been a baby much longer than you've been a father. . . . Just go and heat up my formula, and everything will be all right." (Please turn the page)
Frankie Avalon continued

Frankie didn’t know why, but he went meekly into the kitchen to do as he was told. This is looney, he kept thinking as he tested the formula on his wrist. Fabian would never believe me. Then he sighed, picked up the bottle and started for the living room. “Okay,” he decided flatly,

“he can talk. So what? Maybe it happens every day,” he wondered out loud.

“What happens every day?” Tommy asked.

“Eight-week-old babies answer you back every day, that’s what,” Frankie replied evenly.

“We would, if anyone ever bothered to ask our opinions,” Tommy countered with hurt
dignity. Then, eyeing the bottle, he went on, “Grandma says you never drink your milk, that’s why you’re so skinny. Can’t I have soda pop?”

“It’s not good for you,” Frankie told him, adding, “It makes your teeth fall out.”

“But I haven’t got any teeth!” Tommy exclaimed, opening his mouth very wide.

The only way Frankie could think of to halt this exasperating logic, was to stuff the bottle into the baby’s mouth.

Now I’ll sing him a lullaby, he thought. Maybe he’ll fall asleep again, I hope. “Good night, sleep tight,” he began to croon.

Tommy let his bottle  (Continued on page 89)
HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND:

would he marry you all over again?

ON HIS AND JANET'S NINTH ANNIVERSARY,
HERE'S WHAT TONY CURTIS SAYS:

“A good wife is a dame you need and who needs you and that means you want to live together—every day of your lives. All this talk about the sanctity of marriage is hokey, all this business about a holy experience. Marriage depends on two people needing each other. To me, it is the basic business of living. I saw this dame in the middle of a mob scene, at Lucey's, one night. There was a free feed going on and the place was crammed with people and everyone had a gimmick to get attention to themselves, and all of a sudden I saw this dame with her lovely open Janet-face and no gimmick. There was a sweet, wholesomeness about her that nailed (Continued on page 90)
They’d had a few heavenly days together—Evy and Jim—on this lovely isle of Rhodes in the blue Aegean sea, off Greece. Now Evy Norlund Darren sat forlornly on a bench outside a little shop. The sun was golden on her face, but she wasn’t noticing its delicious warmth. Not even the picturesque
little donkeys passing with their burdens, or the color and stir of the ancient town, could move her. Sitting there—alone on her honeymoon—she felt lonely. Everything and everybody had been warm and wonderful on their visit home to Copenhagen to meet her folks, and then to (Please turn the page)
Italy to look up relatives of Jim’s, before coming here. It had been a happy and exciting time. But now, with Jimmy gone every day from dawn to dark to work on the picture, she was so alone.

Looking at her watch, she saw that it was only noon. What would she do until seven or eight tonight, when, finally, Jim would come home to their seaside bungalow?

The first few days on Rhodes, they had walked hand in hand, kicking off their shoes to go barefoot on the sand, and ridden donkeys to the steep (Continued on page 91)
HENRY FONDA:

look what's happened to my

Plain jane
It’s awful to be nervous, and Jane Fonda says, “I’ve been nervous a lot in my life. Like the first time when I was real little and saw my dad in ‘Drums Along the Mohawk.’ I became so excited, I got sick.” She felt the same way when she played in her first piano recital when she was nine, and her father still kids her, today, about the first time she saw pictures of her mother in the hospital, holding her newborn brother in her arms. “I had hysterics,” says Jane, who was then only two. “And when I took my first Hollywood screen test, I had to be practically carried in,” she adds. “I was quite sure everybody would say—what a plain Jane. . . .

“Of course,” she says, (Continued on page 70)
I always worry about making a fool of myself on dates,” Sandra says. “I often wonder if other girls do, too. And Mother says that even if I started five hours ahead to get ready, I’d still be late. I always ask the boy where we’re going, so I’ll know what to wear and I try—honest!—to be ready on time. If I don’t know the boy too well, I always feel shy, so to hide it I start to talk. But I’m learning to let him say what he thinks, too. I don’t worry about boys getting fresh. It’s really the girl who sets the pace on a date. A boy can almost tell what kind of girl you are from the first ten words you speak.” (Please turn the page)

3:30—I’ll be ready at seven . . .

SPECIAL 6 PAGE SECTION: SANDRA DEE’S

6:00—A nap, so my eyes—and me—sparkle.

6:30—If he saw me now!
5:00—Now I wish I’d dieted!

7:00—He’s here! I’m not ready.

7:10—One last touch.

8:45—Lipstick must match dress.
FOR A CLEAR

MAKEUP: After two years in Hollywood, Sandra's become an expert—"Well, almost"—in skin care. Her teacher is Bud Westmore, her makeup man at Universal. "The biggest thing I learned is to always try and look natural," she says. "I used to try for real dramatic effects, but not any more. I also learned—and while I don't look in every mirror I pass—to try to check my makeup from time to time."

CLEANSING: Sandra removes her everyday makeup with a lotion cleanser. Then, when that's tissue off, she cleanses thoroughly with mild soap and water. For her heavier studio makeup, she uses cleansing cream. She's also learned that, for oily skin, which is the most common teen problem, strict cleanliness, several face-washings a day, followed by a brisk "brush" with a terry towel, is excellent. This helps tone the skin and can also help loosen blackheads and prevent blemishes by eliminating surface bacteria. If skin's oily, look for a soap with hexachlorophene.

DIET AND EXERCISE: Because she wants her skin to always look good for the camera—"and dates," she adds—she keeps an eye on her diet. "Actually, it was Mother who made me," she admits. "I used to be a terrible eater. I could sit down and eat a whole head of lettuce and let it go at that."

WHAT'S IN SANDRA'S MAKEUP KIT?
SKIN LIKE SANDRA’S...

Now, she’s a great milk drinker (“two glasses a day, one before bedtime”), and makes sure that every day’s menu includes proteins (“lean meat, eggs, or a piece of cheese for a low-calorie snack”), green vegetables and salad, fresh fruits. Even if she is tired, she tries for a fifteen-minute exercise in the fresh air (“My favorite way is a walk around the Beverly Hills Hotel—and sometimes I end up running to catch sight of a star.”)

SUMMER CARE: Sandra’s learned that the sun can burn and coarsen her skin, but creamy tanning lotions let her get a glow safely. If your skin is delicate, there are also lotions that completely filter out the sun’s rays. These no-tan lotions are good, too, for girls who get freckles—you’ve got to choose between a tan or freckles. And Sandra also protects the delicate eye areas with dark glasses. (“My motto is: ‘I-must-not-frown-or-I-will-get-wrinkles!’ ”)

5 "TEENAGE SKIN": Sandra knows that oily skin can be a teenage terror, because it can mean blackheads and whiteheads. The answer? Cleansing, plus a weekly application of a coarse, grainy cleanser or a good facial mask. When blemishes appear (watch that diet!), a tinted, medicated foundation will help heal them as it conceals. A thin film of cake makeup, smoothed on with a clean, damp sponge or a bit of cotton, is a good foundation for oily skin (unless it’s badly erupted). “And try dabbing on astringent under your foundation,” Sandra suggests. This helps keep over-active oil glands from spoiling your makeup. “And don’t worry!” she says. “Did you know that if you get upset, it can cause even more oiliness and create blemishes? Mr. Westmore says that the greatest yardstick for beauty is the love and warmth within you,” she adds. “I guess what he means is that if you think pretty, if you feel beautiful, then you will be.”

WHAT YOU NEED TO LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR:

• 2 sable-tipped brushes; one for outlining a pretty mouth (or even painting on a new one) and the other one to use for outlining eyes
• Cylinder of mascara to swirl on lashes
• Eyelash curler for that wide-eyed look
• Eye pencil (try one with its own self-sharpener) for expressive brows
• Eye brush to keep brows neat
• Glamour stick of eye-shadow
• Pressed-powder compact
• Rippily bobby-pins that look like gold (too pretty to hide)
• Palm-sized hairbrush to tame the waves and keep them shining
• Lipstick, as if you’d be without!
• Cotton balls (what can’t you use these handy little things for?)
• Spray purse-flacon of perfume
• Purse-size hair spray (not shown) for non-windblown look
• String of pearls (for unexpected dress-up times)

(Please turn the page)
START WITH NAILS: So her hands look prettier and nails won't split or break, Sandra applies polish, in pale shades or pearl, then uses colorless sealer over all.

FOUNDATION: She starts with liquid foundation, blending into neck, then blots so oily areas won't shine and presses on matching powder, "sets" with damp cotton.

COPY SANDRA'S

LIPS: Sandra had to practice to learn to use a lipbrush ("finger on chin to steady hand"), but it was worth it to insure a clean outline and no feather edges. She uses brush for outline, fills in color straight from the stick, then blots with tissue. She likes clear, pastel reds.

For gentle line: bowed, rounded.

Lips too full? Color inside.

Lips too thin? Curve on fullness.
LASHES: With a spiral-brush wand, she applies brown mascara on upper lashes only; sometimes tips lashes with iridescent blue or green. She uses light brown pencil on brows; brushes on petroleum jelly at night.

EYES: Sandra soothes her eyes with drops, makes them look larger with blue or green shadow. Using very little, she blends it up and out over the eyelid, for just a hint of shadow. She likes black liner, blends this, too.

OWN MAKEUP TIPS

ALMOST READY: Sandra shampoos every third day, adds even more highlights with a hairdressing and brisk brushing with a natural bristle brush. She fingers waves into place, turning front hair to form arc bang. This style needs body (a home-permanent?). Last touch: hair spray.
what makes a woman interesting?

1 way

2 ways

TONY PERKINS and INA BALIN
1 “What makes a woman interesting? The fact,” says Tony Perkins, “that she is a woman and can do things a guy could never do. I’m always jolted when Ina Balin (Tony’s current favorite) can take a ball of yarn and come up, weeks later, for fall with a sweater that actually fits me.”

2 “Girls complain that we guys are only interested in cars, westerns and baseball. Maybe. But lots of guys think girls only talk about clothes, dates and gossip. (Don’t get me wrong. I’m just repeating!) But I’d be game to studying some French verbs under a tree in the park.”

3 “It’s a primitive instinct, going way back to caveman. A guy wants to be the hunter, find his mate and drag her home (or to the altar) by the hair! A girl should never show she’s hunting—even if she is. She’ll panic her prey. And remember: when in doubt, just curb your enthusiasm.”

4 “Fellows clown around a lot. And it’s true girls are more socially aware. But we really like it that way. A guy, deep down, respects good manners. And sometimes, a guy waits for the girl to set the mood.”

5 “Mystery—it keeps a fellow guessing. But let’s not kid ourselves, we men. We talk about opposites attracting, but when we get down to facts, we look for a girl who feels the same about things as us. By mystery, we mean surprise—like a new hairdo.”

6 “Girls are always being told—don’t let your IQ show. But not by guys! What guy wouldn’t honestly be interested in a good book, a new record? A lot depends, though, on how the girl suggests it.” (Suggestions: “Act One” by Moss Hart; “Kiss Kiss” by Roald Dahl; “Johnny’s (Mathis) Greatest Hits” (Col.).

7 “You can’t even remember telling her; she just tuned in on it herself. But when she says after a movie, come on in for a snack and cooks up your favorite sandwich—well—you feel pretty big.” (Tony’s: Crisp bacon, between American cheese on rye buttered on the outside and toasted in a pan till the cheese starts running.)

8 “I’d say flattery helps a guy’s ego. A woman is really in charge of a man’s ego because he depends on her more than anyone else for a feeling of manliness. I guess, in the end, an interesting woman is the one who can make a guy feel, ‘Boy, am I interesting!’ ”

Help yourself be more interesting! Combine all the above eight tips and knit a HIS and HERS sweater like Tony’s and Ina’s. For free Coats and Clark directions, send a long, self-addressed stamped envelope to Photoplay, Dept. PY, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Tony stars in “Psycho” for Paramount and “Tall Story” for Warners. Ina’s in “From the Terrace” for 20th. Her slacks by Jack Winter.
what happened when Paul took Annette home to his mother

by KIRKLEY BASKETTE

“Paul was a boy who got every kind of music lesson he ever asked for,” Mrs. Anka said across the table to her guest, Paul’s best girl, Annette. “We only wanted his happiness—and to Paul, happiness meant music.” Annette was listening, all attention. Paul had brought
her home to meet his folks for the first time. It was fun hearing the old stories about Paul. At first, he pretended he was amused, too, but she could tell he didn’t like it when his mother said, “Paul had piano, voice, violin, drums—but he didn’t stick with anything. He was always
what happened when Paul took Annette home continued too impatient.” And Paul’s father, Andrew Anka, said, “Impatience—that was his middle name! Always on the jump. When he wanted something, it had to be
right away—not in a little while. And half the time, when he got it, he didn’t want it for long. He wanted the next thing.”

Annette watched Paul’s face. She could tell a mood coming on. He was just sitting there and not putting anything into the conversation any more. A silence seemed to settle over the whole table. (Continued on page 82)
High above the traffic's muffled roar, in a New York City apartment, it was past midnight, yet a light still burned low from a window overlooking Central Park. Voices could be heard coming from the library, but the room was empty except for a slim figure of a woman sitting alone on the couch, propped up by two large blue pillows. She was intently watching a newscast on television when, suddenly, with the announcement of "The Late, Late (Continued on page 80)

Lauren Bacall is bringing up Stephen and Leslie the way Bogey'd have wanted, but she knows she can't be both parents.
No twisting... no push up... just slip down the shield!

New S’lipstick by CUTEX®

So new there’s nothing like it anywhere at any price! Its slender, grooved case looks for all the world like a precious jeweler’s original. Its new slip-down metal shield is easier to use than messy push-up sticks! Its extra length...when you slip the cap onto the base...makes it as accurate to handle as a lip brush. And its new tapered point draws a pretty mouth with beautiful precision. Now guess the price. $1.50? $1.00? You’re way off the mark! Cutex S’lipstick is a mere 49¢ plus tax.

1. CLOSED, IT LOOKS LIKE A FINE JEWELER’S DESIGN.
2. SLIP THE CAP ONTO THE BASE FOR HANDIER APPLICATION!
3. SLIP DOWN THE SHIELD... AND IT’S READY TO USE.
"I don't believe it," Jo-Ann Campbell said. "It isn't true. It just can't be."

She sat motionless on the couch, but her hands twisted at each other, knotting and unknotting. "It isn't true." But her voice trembled. "You just now made it up so I shouldn't be mad. But it isn't—isn't funny, Bobby. It isn't—"

Bobby Darin stood in front of her. His face was white. "No, it isn't a million laughs, is it, Jo-Jo?" he said. Then, very slowly, he repeated what he had said a moment before. "There's something wrong with my heart, Baby. I've had it a long time. Remember, I told you I always had the feeling I'd die young?"

"Oh, God," Jo-Ann said softly. "Oh, God." She shook (Continued on page 86)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
suddenly looking quite serious and moving her hands restlessly across the table, "I'm not nervous any more." But those hands gave her away. They're seldom still. Almost as though she were conscious of this, she turns and straddles a straight back chair, folding her arms across the back of it and then rests her chin on one hand. Looking up, she seems to be so intent with something, she has to tell myself to be calm. And sitting like this is the only way I can do it."

In every other way, she's very much like her famous father, Henry Fonda, and her mother, Frances Dee. She's tall, and her nose and eye stamp her as a Fonda immediately, "although the most frequent remark is that I have the Fonda chin!" She confesses she smokes, but not much, loves music and always has the radio playing. "My favorite pop singers are Bobby Darin and Elvis Presley," she confides and then laughs, suddenly adding, "Do you know I've been choosing my own clothes since I was old enough to go shopping? But I'm not really clothes conscious. I just like simple things and never wear much.

Steak's her favorite food, "but I don't really eat it as often as I'd like. When I'm in a show I go home and make myself a sandwich—maybe whole-wheat toast with cottage cheese and tomato. But mostly I cut out meat. I like the taste, but I force myself to get into the habit of eating non-fattening foods some years ago." Modeling was the cause of the 14 pound weight loss. She was so afraid she was too fat, she began to diet. "I just had to be a success to earn enough to pay my share of the apartment," she explains. She was living with a girlfriend, in one small room. "I started modeling," she says, "You need the patience of a saint."

Yet modeling meant money in her pocket. "You see," she explains, "Daddy had been supporting me so, I was used to my parents and I'm not used to being supported by myself. I've got six months a year, but the great thing is that it's over for now."

So pre pup was a bit of a mint of them. After her first six months as a model, she appeared simultaneously on the covers of four national magazines. "I guess I just happened to look different from the girls they've had before," she says, then laughs and adds, "I remember the first time I passed a newsstand and saw fifty of my own eyes peering at me. It was pretty unnerving. I must have had my mouth wide open because a news-vendor asked if anything was wrong. I wasn't quite sure whether I should buy one of each magazine or just walk on!

"I started being flattered. And then I got paid. And people were always saying, "which is too much for someone who's five feet, seven inches tall. But I still have to watch my weight," she says seriously, "although I do get huge yarns for my legs.

Jane doesn't go out very often, or attend parties very frequently. She doesn't like drinking, particularly, "but that's not why I dislike cocktail parties," she insists. "I guess I just hate talking to people! Maybe I'm still a little nervous," she admits shyly.

"I guess I was worse as a child," she says thoughtfully, "I was always afraid, they never let us go out past six o'clock."

Jane was never really concerned myself with the theater until I was much older," she says, "although, whenever I went to see my father backstage, I would think what an exciting place a theater was and somehow I think I knew that's where I would finally want to spend my life. It had a strange kind of atmosphere that I found very inviting.

Her father never encouraged her into acting. "If anything, he was against it, although he never kept me from it. After I graduated, he was very strict with us all through our childhood. He never spoiled us or gave us anything we couldn't handle. I remember, I always longed for a horse of my own but I never even asked because I had a mule that I didn't take care of."

He took his duties as a father so seriously, says Jane, that "he even insisted we move when he thought we were picking up bad friends."

He said he preferred the discomfort of moving to what he considered unhealthy friendships.

**Tragedy hits**

When Jane was thirteen, tragedy hit her life. Her mother died. And even today, Janes is "my mother's life." She says she "can't think of anything else, other than my mother's face and looks."

It was after this that they moved back—she and her brother—to the East coast—to Connecticut, and then to New York. And, around the same time, Jane took the first steps towards becoming friendly with Brooks Hayward, Margaret Sullivan's daughter. "We grew up only two blocks from one another," she says. "Her mother was my father's first wife. They were married after her awkwardness and it lessened her nervousness. And when, as a teenager, Jane was sent to boarding school—the Emma Willard School for girls in New York—she claims, 'I was quite self-conscious and even got into trouble."

I have a lot of energy," she says with a toss of her dark-blond head. "I don't conform easily. I'd smoke behind the piano, play records in the middle of the night, throw things in the dining room. They had a rule book as thick as the telephone directory and your punishment depended on how you felt. I'd be sent to bed early, or have to stay on campus for the weekend, things like that. Frankly, I think sometimes it's the imaginative ones who get into trouble. Class presidents are usally very dull."

I spent most of my time in my own little group. There were about seven of us. I don't really know if I'm an extrovert or an introvert, but I feel as though I would like to be born in a different century."

Then, when I grew up a little, my mother took me to see some of his pictures. She didn't even have to ask me, she just suggested it. It was strange, only because you identify with the character she's playing, much more closely. I remember in 'Fort Apache' he played a bad man who got killed and it really hurt me because I had to play a bad man and I hated to see him kiss a woman on the screen."

As a child, she says, she loved movies "far more than the theater." This was because, "they just sit in the dark and imagine all sorts of things." And she found them easier to enjoy and to believe in.

"I was never really concerned myself with the theater until I was much older," she says, "although, whenever I went to...

She had to be the best

Although Jane was always thrilled by the theater—"I was always on the stage in school!"—she decided against being an
actress when she was about sixteen. "I felt that I couldn't be the greatest or the best, I should be nothing at all," she explains. "And I was still worried about being too plain. So I toyed with the idea of being a veterinarian, then a scientist, then a psychiatrist. Then I wanted to work in a mental hospital. The thought of probing the human mind really fascinated me."

Undecided, she went up to Vassar College for two years—two restless years—but still her problem remained unsolved. So, still seeking a vocation, she then went off to Paris to study painting. Once there, she attended three different academies and ended up "learning French and having a good time." But she hasn't touched a brush since she came home three years ago. "My father's an excellent painter, though," she says proudly. "Brilliant, in fact. I have one of his paintings—pansies in a vase. It's lovely."

It was right after her return from Paris, that she began modeling and sharing an apartment with a girlfriend instead of living with her father. But she soon tired of modeling.

Then, after a taste of summer stock with her father—a successful one—she came to the conclusion that she would never be happy anywhere but in show business. She decided to accept being at the bottom of the ladder and try to become the greatest—or as good as she can be.

"Have I ever considered changing my name?" she looks up, a puzzled expression on her pixie face. "No! I'm proud of it. I know how the kids of some famous parents feel. They want to prove they can do it on their own—it's a form of pride. Personally, I'm willing to take advantage of it. I believe in pulling a few strings. The name Fonda helps me and I'd like to give it up! As a matter of fact, I think you work harder because there's someone special you can't let down."

Jane works all the time. She studies dancing at June Taylor's, and takes singing and speech lessons, as well as her classes with Lee Strasberg at Actors' Studio.

"I have a purpose now!"

"When I met Lee Strasberg," says Jane, "he scared me so much I knew I had to study with him. He is a brilliant man and has marvelous classes. I began to study with him in the fall of '38. After the first two weeks, my whole life changed and has never been the same since. I have a real purpose now, a real goal. Before that, I was just drifting on a sea of indecision."

When she went to Hollywood to make her first movie, "Fall Story," Jane continued to find out things about herself. "They were just little things," she says, "but it all added up. Like a makeup man who told me, one day, 'Your eyes are your most good feature. Play them up.' And then, while making the picture, something happened that just did wonders for my ego. In one scene, I was supposed to wear a cheerleader's costume with a very short skirt. I hesitated at first, because I'd never thought my legs were especially nice before. But I got my skirts—honest!"

And has Hollywood, and the theater, changed her? "Well," she says, "it's like sweeping a hand along her upswept hair and looking down, in mock sultriness, at the low-cut blouse her role called for, 'I really don't know.' But I often wonder what Dad must think of me now."

We think he'd probably say, "Look what's happened to my plain Jane!"

—CHARLOTTE BARCLAY

Caryl Chessman is dead. But there are at least seven women who stood by him and who will not soon forget him. It is hard to believe that a man convicted of violent crimes could earn the loyalty and respect of many women, but Chessman did just that. Who are the women, and why did they plead his cause? One of these women, Eleanor Garner Black, veteran reporter for the Los Angeles Examiner, spent three years on the case, and, now, in an exclusive article, presents an unusual, revealing, often startling story in the current issue of TRUE STORY Magazine.

"Must" Reading in the New Issue of TRUE STORY—

"BEAUTY BY SURGERY"

Cosmetic surgery is an everyday procedure. What can it do for you, and how much does it cost? Is it always vanity, or are there sound medical reasons for such a step?

"DARKNESS COMES EARLY"

The memorable story of a shipboard romance and a young girl who loved a stranger and followed him around the world.

"WHAT EVERY HUSBAND SHOULD KNOW"

So many women have written: "We've been swamped with articles on how to keep our spouses happy. When are we going to read about what they should do to keep us happy?" Here it is, to pass along to you-know-who.

MORE THAN 30 PRIZE STORIES, HELPFUL ARTICLES, AND FAMILY-SERVICE FEATURES
TUESDAY AND DICK

Continued from page 41

Tuesday sighed. "I wish every day could have been like this one."

"It will be," Dick promised. "I've got it all worked out with the Weather Man. Tomorrow, fair and warm... day after, fairer and warmer... day after that..."

"Ve -- good," Tuesday told him approvingly, playing along with the game. "Then starting tomorrow, Mr. Beyer, I'm sure you will have the feel of it when you arrive..."

"Yes, dear," said Tuesday, "I'm so happy! And you've done it."

"I did? I'm glad -- but tell me, Funnyface, what's this wonderful thing I've done?"

"Don't you know, Dick?" she asked. "Don't you know you're the first boy in my whole life who made me feel I belong... right from the beginning?"

The "beginning" started at the airport. "Remember that day at the airport?" he said.

Tuesday groaned and laughed. "How could I forget? I was so late getting to the plane that I had to run to the window, and I left you behind in Los Angeles -- and they'd make the location shots without me!"

Dick laughed too, remembering. "You were so funny -- I saw you from my seat window, running with that big suitcase, hollering 'Wait for me! Wait for me!'"

"That was funny?" Tuesday sniffed. "With that valise hanging my legs black and blue every step? I couldn't get a porter at the last second."

"Well, I came down and gave you a hand, didn't I? The way you were clutching that big full blue skirt I was sure you'd trip up the stairs. So I figured I'd better come take the valise and let you have two hands on the skirt."

"You were nice," Tuesday said softly, "I never expected anything like that. You'd never said a word to me on the set."

"I wanted to," Dick admitted. "In fact, I was planning to," he said shyly. "Then the kids dared me to date you."

And, seeing the surprise look on her face, he explained, "Well, you acted pretty standoffish at rehearsals... I didn't take up the dare. I guess I didn't want to stick my neck out." He grinned. "But then, at the airport I didn't want you to break yours, either." That was exactly how it had started. Lying on the sunny deck now, Tuesday and Weldon remembered every minute of the trip of "High Time" took to Stockton -- near San Francisco for location shots. After coming to get the rescue as Dick had, it seemed only natural for them to sit together on the flight. Talk came easy and natural; they had this new film in common, and Hollywood to chat about. They got along great, for a first conversation, and there seemed so much to laugh about.

He doesn't act one bit adolescent or smart alecky, she'd found herself thinking. He seems kind of settled and assured, but not suffocating with the charm.

She'd been surprised at her own thoughts. It wasn't often she met a young boy who felt this relaxed with. With him she wasn't -- well, afraid. But that was the wrong word -- she wasn't afraid of boys themselves so much as that idiotic leer she sometimes saw on their faces. That look always made her think of the mean gossip they'd read about her. And it hurt! She hated that type of boy, the kind who'd just hardly met you but already had you all figured out -- his way!

Dick didn't impress her as being like that one bit.

Perhaps her fear had all really started one night when she was only thirteen and going to a high school dance in New York with a boy she didn't know very much at all from around school. He'd invited her, but when he picked her up and saw the mess of a tenement building she lived in, everything seemed to get all tight and uncomfortable between them. Maybe it was her own painful imagination, but the whole evening he seemed sullen and miles away from her. The little snob, she'd thought bitterly, hasn't even got the manners to stick it out with the girl he brought. You'd think I was poison! Maybe all boys his age were goons, going off to dance with other girls and turn on the charm. All she knew was that the evening she'd looked forward to with such excitement, turned out to be one big agony. She still felt sick remembering it.

The gossip crew

And then, when she came to California and entered Hollywood High, it hadn't been any different or any better. How she had wished she'd known very much about the very contempt shown by the other students because she seemed too different in her ways from all of them. Even around the studio, people hadn't been very easy to know. They believed "natives" only twenty-two," she said suddenly. "You seem so mature. He was pleased and flattered; she saw that the minute she said it and was glad. She found herself wanting to know more and more about him. So, being honest, she didn't hedge around; she asked straight questions, and he told her of his life in a little Iowa town where his dad was a printer. And how, when he was ten, his father decided to move the family to Los Angeles, where there were more opportunities in his line of work. "I thought it was fun, that idea of seeing Hollywood," he told Tuesday and laughed when she answered, "Not me -- I was scared stiff!"

"I was," he said. "I was all excited to get in. I asked my mother to let me take drama and dancing lessons, and from there I got to TV." He grinned and said, "I can still see me, every day after school, running to the TV studio, afraid I'd miss something. But I was in luck, that show lasted right up till I was thirteen, and from there on an agent helped me make it into the film studios. So here I am."

Yes, Tuesday had felt like saying, here you are, and doing fine, but you're so nice and modest, even about a big part in "Anne of Green Gables" that you make it sound like little things anybody could've tossed off. And she thought, gosh, Dick Beyer, you are a nice person! But she didn't say any of it out loud--not then, not yet. They were only going to know each other. It was like a first date only better!

Now, months and months later, they were such good friends they could stretch contentedly on a sunny boat deck and reminisce back.

Do you remember?

"Remember when the plane landed in Stockton?" Dick asked. "And I said 'Let's have dinner by candlelight.' I did want to have dinner with you, but the candlelight part was supposed to be a joke -- to pay for the three hundred dollars of the piece of paper on the plane, with the number twenty-five on it. You kept looking at it and giggling, and you wouldn't tell me what it stood for."

"You didn't want?" Tuesday laughed. "That's my secret little joke and I won't ever tell you what it is."

"So I gathered. And the candlelight was supposed to be mine. Only you took it straight, remember? You were going to be fun, Dick, and you meant it. You were so enthusiastic, I just couldn't disappoint you."

"So you asked the waitress to please bring us a candleabra," Tuesday giggled, "and I can still see her expression when she shrugged and went for it! I guess she said to herself, 'Crazy movie people. Without candles they can't see to eat.' And this was in the Hotel Stockton dining room with candles on the table. But it was fun, wasn't it?"

His answer came softly. "I got a kick just knowing it was what you wanted. You don't know how much." Suddenly he confided, "You know, Tuesday, it was a miracle how we got together on that trip, considering we're both so slow to reach out to make friends. I like people, but..."

And he clasped her hand. "I had a chance of being turned down, I won't be the first to approach. And it didn't take long before I saw you weren't as standoffish as you seemed on the set--you were only waiting for someone to step up to you and take the lead. So when two shy people make friends on one short plane ride--girl, that's news!"

That was when Tuesday turned to Dick and propped herself up on one elbow so she could look at his face while she told him the very important thing. "You're the first boy who ever made me feel I belong to a crowd--I'm only twelve myself. You did that for me, Dick, you opened doors I always thought were purposely shut on me, so I didn't dare open them."

The drive with Dick turned into a crazy adventure. Tuesday'd never forget it.
I was always afraid. But now I'm not."

From that day on . . .

Yes, from that day on he'd been a wonderful friend. He accepted her just as she was. He didn't screen her, criticise her or try to make her over. He didn't tell her how to dress, how to put on makeup, or wear her hair. But best of all, the whole while they were on location, he drew her more and more into the young crowd she'd always shied away from out of fear—but he was the first to understand . . . So he accepted Dick, and he accepted her, they accepted her—and found she was fun.

But the best fun of all was with Dick. Often, when there was a lunch break and the others were gone, she'd go up to the bandstand with Dick and Jimmy Boyd, who was in the picture with them, and they'd play trio. Dick on drums, Jimmy on guitar, and Tuesday at piano, or sometimes doodling on a Chinese flute her mother once gave her. A little ten-cent toy flute, but she clung to it like a kid does to a treasured toy. And this was something else Dick understood about her—that she could swing from sophisticated to childish. That she was an older, maturing person when working, but when the makeup was off and her hair down, literally, she was somebody else—a giggling young girl, be knew and liked so much. She could sit with him, deep in earnest conversation about life—or she could run shouting and laughing and battling him for the basketball they were playing with. She could be quiet and grown-up, or she could jump up and down on the trampoline, wild with the sheer physical fun of it, like any girl her age—or younger! Dick understood all this about Tuesday. And all the while, she was growing in self-confidence. They ate with the crowd one night and, as they walked out and headed back for the hotel, Tuesday felt an impulse to go sight-seeing instead. Just the two of them.

The old church

"Couldn't we go for a walk?" she asked Dick. For the first time in her life Tuesday was feeling the assurance it takes to be the one to suggest breaking away from the crowd.

Hand in hand, they walked toward the city square. "I just wanted to be alone with you for a little while," she said softly, and Dick squeezed her hand in pleased understanding. They wandered, taking in the local sights and smells. They pressed their noses against store windows, studied people passing on the street.

"Don't you love wandering and watching everybody?" she asked, turning happily to Dick. He nodded, clearly enjoying her excitement over the world around her, and the glow on her face.

"Oh, there's a wonderful old, old church," she cried. "Let's cross the square and see it close up." It had weather-beaten red brick walls, but the door was puzzlingly hard to find. They circled it, searching till they came on a tier of windows criss-crossed with iron bars. Then they saw the sign. "City Jail." They laughed till they had to lean on each other in order to stand up.

Then they did a really crazy thing. Tuesday's idea. It began to rain and she cried, "Oh wouldn't it be nice to go for a ride in the rain?"

That was a ride they never forgot. Even now, basking in the sun on a little motor boat, they began laughing over that ride on a dark, rainy night with the two of them listening to the music on the car radio and paying no attention to signs. Until suddenly they found themselves crossing the Bay Bridge—driving into San Francisco!

"Wanted that exciting?" Tuesday recalled, "San Francisco is the most interesting city in the world—and to stumble on it like that, was a complete surprise! And, Dick, I crack up every time I think of you saying, 'I don't know San Francisco, but now that we're here, what would you like to do?' and me saying . . ."

"And you saying," Dick sat up on the deck and did a perfect imitation of Tuesday revealing a great desire. "You said, 'Oh Dick, I have the biggest thirst for orange juice.' So we scouted around till we found a little orange juice place. How do you like that—I drive eighty-five miles in the rain just so you can drink a glass of orange juice!"

Tuesday jumped up from the deck and stretched her arms way up, contented and relaxed. Dick stood up, too, and started for the boat's stern to haul up the anchor. The sun was going lower in the sky and it was time to head for shore. Another day was ending—another lovely time to remember.

Before Dick got to the anchor cable, Tuesday ran over to him. On an impulse she threw her arms around his neck and put her cheek to his.

"That's just a thanks, Dick," she said. "Thanks for being the way you are—and making me so happy. Thanks . . ." but she didn't finish the sentence. She didn't have to. She knew that Dick understood.

The End

Watch for Tuesday and Dick in 20th's "high time." Tuesday can be seen in col.'s "because they're young" and u.l.'s "the private lives of Adam and Eve." Watch for her also on CBS-TV, Tuesdays, from 8:30-9 P.M. EDT, in "The many loves of Dobie Gillis."

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Eddie understood. The whispers seemed to follow them. And, though he might put his arms around Liz protectively and she might hide her face in his shoulder, they were both of them helpless to stop the whispers; to answer them. There had been that day in New York, cold and with a dampness in the air, as if it might snow, even though it was early spring. And Eddie had bundled her fur coat around her, trying to keep warm, as she waited for the next location take of “Butterfield 8.” The Greenwich Village street had been closed for the shooting, and the curious crowd packed tightly at the edge of the barriers that had been put up. And then, as everyone quieted down for the take, a woman’s voice yelled out from the crowd, vile, obscene words. They were directed at Liz and she had wanted to run away from the sound of them. But, then, how many times can you run away? And so she stayed and did her scene.

And there were always others. Like the woman at the airport in Jamaica, her voice harsh as she said, “Their second honeymoon! Why, I bet they’ll be calling for the kids or their friends or anyone to join them the very next day. Why, the idea is to let the news of the marriage spread; have the most amount of time, probably scares them to death. They have nothing in common. You know that neither of them wanted this marriage, it was only because of the scans- der.”

Eddie nodded lazily at the woman, trying to give up pictures, and she’s making more and more. And they’re always on the go—New York, Vegas, London, Palm Springs, Hollywood. If they ever stop running for the phone, they’ll find out the awful truth: they have nothing in common . . . except maybe Mike Todd’s memory . . .

The woman stopped as if for breath, and then suddenly threw her shoulder. The smile flared from her face and she blushed a deep crimson. There, standing at the gate, was Elizabeth Taylor. She had heard every word. Eddie was with her this time and his face white. She began to take a step toward the woman. But then, as if changing his mind, he’d looked at Liz helplessly, apologetically. It was hard for him to escape the thought that hadn’t he brought this about?

Liz had only stared at the woman for a second, not in anger, but with such an expression of deep sadness and pain, that it hurt him more. Then, as if the woman had not been there at all, Liz followed Eddie into a cab and settled back in the seat—shivering even though it was a warm night— as he gave the driver the address of their honeymoon cottage.

*What’ll we do now?*

Eddie’s voice brought her back to the present as they stood in the middle of the cottage living room. “A penny for your thoughts?”

“Not a penny,” she said, her voice by laughing and asking—“What’ll we do now?” Shaking his head ruefully, he looked at the six large pieces of luggage piled in the corner of the living room—“Unpacking.”

And then she laughed. This time she laughed freely. “Eddie, you know what? When you look like that . . . you look like a chipmunk!”

Eddie squeezed in his cheeks, to help the resemblance along, and began to sing Alvin’s “Chipmunk Song.” She stuffed her fingers in her ears and turned her head away to keep from giggling. “Eddie,” she said, her voice a whisper, “they said you were coming back to me,” she said, “You know what? I’m hungry again.”

Eddie’s cheeks were no longer sucked in. Instead, his mouth was wide open in disbelief. She took her fingers away from her ears just in time to hear him shout, “Oh, no; impossible. You can’t be hungry!” But a moment later, he was calling the hotel dining room. “I know it’s late,” she heard him say, “Who’s starving to death—again.”

Eddie kidded her that she’d started eating even before the plane took off from Idlewild Airport in New York. The stewardess had made some tea for them when Liz asked, “They look good. Could I have one?”

That’s how it started. Liz had eaten the whole tray of hors d’oeuvres, Eddie instantly joined her and they’d had some tea with champagne after. When the stewardess came round, again, with a plate of fruit tarts, Liz confessed, “I feel like Chris. I can’t make up my mind which one to choose. I like this one . . . and this one,” and she pointed to one with a little cherry on top, “and this one” and she pointed to one ringed with pineapple. “Oh, I can’t decide which.”

“This is it,” Eddie said, “do what Chris does. Take both.”

She laughed, and she took the two pastries as if they were the most precious things they had.

Eddie understood the real value of those tarts and all that food to Liz. Whenever she was unhappy, it was like that; she couldn’t stop eating. But he didn’t try to stop her. Instead, when the stewardess arrived, just for their autographs, just before the plane landed, he laughed and said to Liz, “Sign the menu. That way she’ll be sure to remember you.”

The next morning, before they’d even had a chance to use the phone in their cottage began ringing with all sorts of invitations, but they refused them all. They said “No” to requests for interviews, pleas from photographers, phone calls from stars inviting them to dinner or to night clubs, even to an invitation from the Governor General of Jamaica. “I hope people won’t think we’re being stick-up,” said Liz, knowing that no one realized what she was really very shy and that she was frightened to death by official receptions.

Instead, they spent their days, beginning at noon—because they both loved to sleep late, lying lazily side by side, alone, on the beach.

“You know what?” Eddie teased. “Your nose is shiny!” But, when she rummaged in her beachbag for a compact, he said, “No, it isn’t. Believe it or not, you’re even prettier without makeup.” She laughed and tumbled him in the sand.

At night, they’d wear sports clothes but, to invite the attention, they’d have to call for her formally as if they had a date. One time, he plucked a blossom from the garden outside and, then, knocking on the cottage door so she’d have to come and let him in, he bowed low and presented it to her.

“You’re my acting coach,” he laughed. “How was that for a bow?”

Could he have said that, laughing, back in New York? There, the matter of his actor had seemed so serious, so urgent, as if their lives together depended on it. People were saying that Liz had never had so many people flocking to see her pictures, that she had never acted as well, that her career would take off. People were saying that she could never have turned in the kind of mature performance she did in “Suddenly Last Summer.” But then they’d add that Eddie’s career might never recover from it. And he’d known he’d be the last person to fight to get him a part in “Butterfield 8.” It wasn’t as big a part as hers—she was the star—but they’d worked hard, together, to make people notice Eddie in that picture. They’d worked hard to make everyone see how they fitted in, how well they were doing together. Afterward, there was a chance of another picture they could make together, this time with a bigger part for Eddie.

So it was funny to be suddenly making a joke of it. Yet, in Jamaica, they could laugh at almost anything.

Like that first morning when they’d been having breakfast off a tray in the living room of their honeymoon cottage. There was a knock at the door and Eddie shouted, “Come in.” Four maids, armed with feather dusters and rags, marched through the door. They were followed by two butlers who piled a large tray with the breakfast tray. When they’d left, Liz leaned over and whispered to Eddie, “How many are there? Every time I count, I get a different answer.” “I’m not sure,” he laughed. “But, I think there are ten. They just transients?” He ducked just in time, as one of the maids emptied the ashtray right from under his cigarette, and then, because they could no longer smother their laughter, they’d remembered the first morning’s invasion and start to laugh all over again.

They had never laughed so much together. In the Schmidt of their falling in love, there had been no time for ordinary courting. They had been too much in love to bother with the walls of the castle they’d rented in England, they emerged into a sensation-seeking, unforgiving world. Eddie had said that if he were to last thirty years, “Would it? The thirty?”

Paper stories . . . the people who shouted after them on the street . . . the servants in Spain who walked out on them in scorn . . . the way they’d remember—“Would that last thirty years? It was better to start over, better to have a second honeymoon.”

When they’d been there ten days and it was almost time to fly back home to New York, they decided to spend the 30th on the late one afternoon, along the ocean. Sud-
Their doctor's advice was: "Stop! The driver braked the car and they climbed out. They had stopped at a lovely strip of land overgrown with lignum vitae, hibiscus, sugar cane, palms, breadfruit and scarlet royal poinciana. And straight ahead, as far as their eyes could see, was the calm, blue ocean. It was the kind of place for children to play in and grow up in; it was the kind of place where a man and woman, if they had been running, could finally stop. It was such a natural place for a house that, closing her eyes for a brief moment, Liz thought she could almost see the one they would build here.

On the following day, they bought the land. "We'll call it 'Liz's Delight,'" Eddie announced. But Liz shook her head, "'Eddie's Eden,'" she insisted, and by the time they'd finished signing the necessary legal papers, Eddie had agreed.

They had needed this second honey-moon. There were days that just the two of them shared, an adventure they had in common. When they returned, the memory of it—and the promise of the house—would be something to help hold them together.

And it was really like an adventure, discovering each other. Liz found out, even more than she had previously, just how gentle and firm Eddie was. Very, very gentle, but paradoxically enough, as strong as he was kind and understanding. And he... he found out that she was sensitive and shy and passionate and sincere and unsure and tender. He discovered, in short, that she needed him and that he loved her.

And they talked about Mike and they both realized, more and more, that the memory of Mike Todd was always with them; yet instead of splitting them apart, Mike's memory now seemed to bring them even closer together.

They talked about the time Mike had called a store in Las Vegas, on New Year's Day. The store had been closed when she and Mike had stopped by it earlier. They had been walking along, window-shopping. Suddenly, she'd spotted at one window and gazed in at the display of out-of-this-world shoes. "Mike," she'd said, squeezing his arm, "Mike, I love them." That had been enough for him. He'd gone to a phone booth and started to make calls. It seemed he'd called everyone in the city trying to find the owner of the store.

Finally, he located the store owner at dinner with his family. And Mike talked him into coming down to open the store.

In a few minutes the storekeeper, and all his family, had hurried up in a taxi. Inside the store, Mike had kept up a running commentary as Liz tried on shoe after shoe. "Would you believe it, this doll has more than a thousand pairs of shoes? She's queer for heels, maybe that's why she likes me. She has the biggest collection of shoes in the whole world—Mars included: When she's making a picture, they have a special shoe closet on the set for her, the size of an ordinary room... Hey, Mrs. Schwartzkopf," he interrupted himself, "haven't you forgotten some! The ones in the window. The ones we came for in the first place."

And there was the matter of Mike's picture; the one Eddie had never showed Liz before. He himself had seen the photograph, for the first time, just after he'd opened at the Tropicana in Las Vegas, three short months after Mike's death. Liz, remembering the many times she and Mike, Eddie and Debbie had been together, had been there, breaking her period of mourning for her husband to be at his best friend's opening. After the show, a photographer had brought Eddie a picture he had shot of Mike months and months before. Mike was grinning into the camera, and his crossed legs revealed that he had had a hole in his shoe.

Eddie had cried when he saw the picture, and after thanking him, he'd showed the photographer out of the room. He'd promised the photographer he'd give the photo to Liz. But somehow he could never muster up the courage to do so, the picture was so life-like, so real. When he looked at it, he felt that Mike was actually in the room with him. He had been afraid the photograph would break Liz's heart all over again.

But now, in Jamaica, he showed her the picture. They looked at it together, and for a moment the three of them were together again, just as they used to be. But Eddie's eyes remained dry and Liz, though her face whitened, did not cry... Their time for mourning was over, though they both knew that Mike would always be with him. He was what they had in common. Mike had brought them together and, in some strange way, kept them together. Alive, he'd expected so much from both of them and, somehow helping them grow into the kind of people he would have wanted them to, they still shared his memory. But they also had the future—and each other.

Eddie put the photograph carefully back into his wallet. Then he turned to Liz and said, "How about going back home?" She nodded her head "Yes."

A few minutes later, with Eddie's fingers closed firmly around hers, they walked down to the empty beach. Liz paused a moment, listening, but there were only the whispers of the waves, lapping gently against the shore. Then she said, "It'll be good to get home, won't it?"
HE DIED IN MY ARMS

Continued from page 32

How can Eddie be gone—and I still here? How can Eddie be dead and I alive? She'd ask herself this every time she heard the clock strike

They were going to spend the rest of their lives together. They had it all planned! She used to say, "Eddie, honey, I feel so lucky. We're going to have forever together. Forever—I mean it, Eddie—a hundred and fifty years at least!"

He'd hug her and laugh at her crazy arithmetic. He always did, except that last day in England, just before they took the plane to New York. Eddie, at least, he said quietly, "You know, Shari, I've got a queer feeling that Fate's not going to let us. Something awful's going to happen—I can feel it."

But some people get hunches, especially before a big plane trip, and they were flying home. So Shari put her arms around him and said, "Oh, Eddie, don't think that way. You're tired, you've had a long tour, but it's over and you'll have a rest. No one's going to stop me from being Mrs. Cochran. All that wonderful time shining ahead for us, Eddie. We have everything! Everything's going too great for anything to happen."

It had been a long day. They had been watching Eddie from the wings, that last day. The English kids were screaming themselves hoarse for him. He was proud of him, thinking, "that's my Eddie!"

But mostly she loved him for looking so young when that one stubborn lock of hair would fall over his forehead as he forgot himself in a song. He had a way of pushing it back that made her want to go out on stage and brush it out for him.

Funny, but that was exactly the same way she felt the very first time she ever saw Eddie Cochran. She was watching TV show and she happened to be back stage. Eddie knew she had an impulse to push back his hair with her hand, since it always seemed to be bothering him. She had gone backstage to watch friends of hers, Phil and Don Everly, on that show, and there was a handsome looking boy with a wonderful smile. He was standing with a guitar slung over his shoulder, waiting to be called on stage. When he went on, she watched. She didn't seem able to take her eyes off him.

"He'll never remember me"

After the show, Phil Everly introduced them: "This is Eddie Cochran, Shari," Phil said. Eddie smiled and said hello; she said hello back. Then he said, "Well...so long..." and went on his way.

Shari looked after him and thought, 'I'll never remember him.' She forgot to tell him she loved to write songs.

A few months passed. She had written a song called "Love Again." And she had a manager now, so she asked him if he could show her song to Eddie Cochran. Eddie liked her, and when they met again, she was happy that he was going to sing her song, but not expecting that he'd remember her. She was right—he didn't.

But when she stood and listened to him singing words that she'd written, she had a feeling that he'd never forget her again. And she was right there, too. He didn't! They went out afterward for a Coke, and began to get friendly. In time, they became close buddies—like brother and sister, only better. The more Shari knew him, the better she liked him. He liked her, too. They kidded around a lot, they had fun.

Shari would say, "Eddie, I could listen for hours to that Southern drawl of yours," and he'd say, "Now where would I get a Southern drawl, reared in Minnesota?"

Shari had moved up to Minnesota when he was a baby, but she'd say, "Well, you were born in Oklahoma, so you must've been born with the accent."

Shari'd argue, "I'm the youngest of five kids and no Cochran was ever born with an accent."

Her mother must have thought they were crazy, but she liked having Eddie around, and looked forward to him. She was a sister, Mary Jo, would bring out a batch of cookies and Cokes and they'd sit around the living room singing while Eddie played. It was great fun. Her mother could play the piano, and when Eddie told them he'd learned to play the guitar all by himself, when he was only ten years old.

"My folks moved to California when I was thirteen," he told them, and "I never took a lesson, or anything. I taught myself."

Shari said, "Funny, I didn't know you could do that."

Eddie had been watching the guitar all the way. His ma said, "For pity's sake, Eddie, with all the other odds and ends we have to carry! That guitar isn't the prize possession in this household, you know." And I said, "Possession, Mom? This guitar's my friend. It's my best friend."

Her mother had loved that story. She liked Eddie for being the most polite and well-remembered of any of the boys Shari knew. She never would let him fly alone. But Shari wished he wouldn't be so darn platic. But she didn't kid herself about it. She knew that wherever he went there were girls, girls, and she didn't want any of them to think his was "special" girl. "But," she says, "I was grateful for what I had—and that was Eddie's friendship, his nice way of trying to help and advise me on my songs."

That Christmas, or was Eddie asked her to go to New York. There was to be a big rock 'n roll show in the city, and her manager, Jerry Capehart, would be going along for it. She begged her mother to let her go, but he refused. Besides, she was going to be in New York to look after her, too. "They'll chaperone Eddie and me," she pleaded.

And told her mother how Jerry thought it was too bad she couldn't get these jockeys and TV people. When her mother gave in, she was so excited, she nearly burst.

New York was exactly the way she had dreamed it would be—full of excitement. She liked the atmosphere at the hotel where a big crowd of show people were staying. One of them, Ritchie Valens, became good friends with Eddie and her, and the three formed a regular threesome, going everywhere together. Later, she remembered it as the happiest Christmas of her life.

"On Christmas morning," she told her mother later, "he left a package by my door—a pair of lovely earrings. But what do you think Eddie left right next to it, Mom? A tree. A tiny little Christmas tree. I was so touched, I cried. Gardens always remind me of you, and that's why I put it around our hotel, and every time they caught sight of Eddie they screamed and ran after him. And to think he bothered being nice to me. He's a wonderful friend for a girl to have, Mom."

No longer buddies

One night, on their way out, Eddie took her to see the rest of his flock of fans and hustled her into a taxi. They sat in the back laughing like crazy over the whole thing. Until—neither of them knew exactly what happened, or why—but it happened, they do say. They were so close they sat looking at each other with a new tenseness between them. Eddie still had held of her, but it wasn't an easy
casual thing any more—they were both too close. They were no longer just buddies—they'd found each other, they were falling in love!

They flew back together, literally in the clouds. They talked about everything and nothing, but both knew that things were different between them now. That never again, would it be friendship alone. There was this feeling of being together forever. If Eddie didn't talk about it, that was all right with her. They were both too young. If the serious things—marriage and the future together. She was only eighteen. Eddie was twenty. They each had some plans and dreams still to fulfill. He wanted to help his family, and earn enough to buy them lots of things, especially a house. And she certainly didn't want to get married. She couldn't even cook, let alone run a house! But to be in love—that was the wonderful thing. For now it was enough and she asked no more.

But soon after they got back from New York, Eddie came over one night, and anyone one could tell he had something on his mind. They sat on the couch and she looked at his handsome face. She loved him, but she couldn't tell him.

But she still didn't know what he was going to say.

"Shari...will you...would you marry me?"

She could feel her heart turning all the way over inside. She stared at him and turned so numb, she couldn't answer at first. And, then, all she could think of to say was, "Marry you...when, Eddie?"

He made such a helpless gesture with his hands that she was almost sorry for him.

"Well," he mumbled, "well..." That was when she said the crazy thing, "Oh, Eddie, of course..."

One look at his face and she realized what she had done. He looked the way a darling puppy would look if someone he loved had kicked him.

"Of course I'll marry you. Of course I'll marry you. Of course I'll marry you."

She was laughing and sort of crying, at once, and he put his arms around her.

"Oh honey, you know I love you," Shari said, "but there's all the time in the world for getting married." That was the first time she said, "We'll have a whole life-time, Eddie—a hundred and fifty years together."

And that was the first time he laughed so hard it was really pathetic. He kissed her cheek at the same time he kissed her. How happy they were that night. Light-hearted one minute, and the next so serious about all they still had to accomplish.

A few days later, Eddie came to the house with a small box inside. In side, was a beautiful silver bracelet. He put it around her wrist and closed the catch. She looked at the gleaming silver and knew that, someday, it would be on the finger of her husband on their wedding ring. But that was a long way off.

After the night Eddie proposed, being separated wasn't easy. Whenever he went out on tour, she would follow his itinerary and spend the nights in the same hotel, always on the move, but every mile he traveled brought them closer to their goal.

The news bulletin

When she couldn't talk to Eddie on the phone, she could at least listen to his voice on records. She'd drive along, fiddling with the car radio till she tuned in something, listening to his voice, and then move blissfully, her eyes on the road, her ears
on Eddie. And her heart with him, too.
That's what she was doing, one day, when a disc jockey broke in on the program to bring a special news bulletin.

"Three rock 'n' roll singers killed in plane crash!" She shuddered, so relieved that Eddie wasn't flying this time. "Buddy Holly," the flash went on, "the Big Bopper ... and Ritchie Valens.

Ritchie was dead! Sweet, dear Ritchie—dead!

"I almost drove my ear off the road," Shari told about it. "I came home hysterical and collapsed. I couldn't get it through my head. Eddie, Ritchie and I—why, we'd been an inseparable threesome all through that great time in New York. Now Ritchie was gone. I called Eddie, but I was so shaken, I couldn't think straight. He was broken up, too, but he tried to calm me down. He talked and talked till I got control of myself. I said, 'Oh Eddie, what would I do if I didn't have you to cry on?' And he said, 'Don't think about it, Sweetie, because you always will have me.' We talked for hours, until I felt better. After that I could bear to hang up."

But when she had to go to Ritchie's funeral, with Eddie still away, she broke down. She shielded the little brown coffin, all she could think of was Eddie and Ritchie and herself in New York, dreaming their dreams together and making their plans. Ritchie had accomplished one of his, he had bought his folks the house he wanted for them—and now a plane had put an end to the rest of it! So she stood there and cried, and needed Eddie terribly. She needed him to lean against while she cried. When he got back from his tour, she crawled into his arms and felt she never wanted to leave them again.

Nevertheless, there were times when they'd argue and even break up. Then she would date other boys, burning up inside because Eddie had hurt her. Or else they'd quarrel over something she said to make him mad. But every time they broke up, it was only a matter of time before they got together again. She was deeply in love with Eddie, there was no fooling herself. The kind of man she wanted and needed was one she could look up to with respect as well as love. And that was Eddie! Sometimes she teased him. "You make me just miserable enough to know I'm in love."

"When Eddie sang," she told friends, "I always felt warm and wonderful inside. I loved going to his recording sessions and listening to him cut a record." One night she stood listening, and knew that this was a very special occasion—great and sad at the same time. Because at six o'clock next morning he'd be taking off for a tour of England, playing all the big-time spots like the Palladium in London. "He was going to be gone thirteen weeks," she said. "More than three months—and I'd miss him terribly. But, when he got back, we'd go on making our plans. Plans for always being together. Secret plans that only Eddie and I knew about. Plans I found so hard to keep locked up inside me!"

Listening to Eddie that night, she thought, "He won't get any rest at all." The recording session had started eight o'clock in the evening and it went on until everything was perfect, even if it meant going straight to the airport from the studio. But, finally, Eddie walked over to her and said, "We're all through, Shari. How did the session sound to you?"

"Great ... just great." They walked outside. It was early in the morning. For a few hours, he'd catch his plane. But for now it was so late that he insisted she go home, not come to the airport. Before he called a taxi for her they kissed and said goodbye, there in the half-deserted street. They kissed again and made their promises. He'd write often, and send all his stories clipped from the English newspapers. And she would write even oftener. She said, "Eddie Honey, it costs a fortune to phone from overseas, so I won't expect calls. Save your money. Save it for when you get back—save it for us." He grinned that big grin of his, kissed her again—and then he was gone. She went home thinking, "Thirteen weeks are going to feel like thirteen years."

She was proud and lonesome

Wherever he went in England, Eddie sent postcards and hastily scrawled letters. She kept a map on her dresser and every day tried to pinpoint exactly where he was at any given moment. When she'd find it—some little town in the middle of England—it looked so far away, that she felt more lonesome than ever. But she was also very proud, because all the reports said Eddie was playing to packed houses. The teenagers of England had taken him to their hearts, her Eddie was a smash hit. And every mile he traveled, was one closer to their goal—the happy time in the shining future when they'd always be together.

She kept marking off days on the calendar. January went by. And so did February. In March, Eddie had been gone eight weeks. She told herself, "Five weeks more and he'll be back—just in time for Easter. And then we'll tell our folks we're serious about each other."

One evening, her younger sister Mary Jo went to a show and their mother visited friends. Shari chose to sit home.

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and listen to music—Eddie’s music—the voice she missed. She stacked her phonograph with his records and played them over and over.

When Eddie sang a slow ballad, his voice was deep and soft and it made her feel funny inside. But when the next disc came on and she heard him do the rock ‘n’ roll song they’d written together, “Some-thin’ Else,” she smiled at the lift in his voice, the laugh in it. That slight Southern drawl that she loved.

One minute she was smiling, hearing him sing the song—and the next, she was missing him so bad she started to cry. That was when the phone rang. She wondered who’d call so late, nearly midnight—but she ran, her heart pounding with a sudden intuition. And she was right. A far-away voice said, “This is the overseas operator. I have a call from England for Miss Sharon Sheeley. Are you Miss Sheeley?”

“Sharon? Yes, I’m Sharon Sheeley,” she shouted, as if her voice could carry clear across the ocean. And then she heard his!

“Shari... honey... how are you? Me? Oh I’m fine... everything’s going great! But Shari, I miss you... I need you... Shari! Can you hear me?”

She nodded her head yes, and tried to hold back the tears. “Yes, Eddie, I can hear you... and I miss you too. But it won’t be much longer now. You’ll be home in less than five weeks and...”

“Five weeks is a long time, Shari,” Eddie said. “I was hoping—maybe your mother would let you come over here.”

She nearly dropped the phone.

“Oh Eddie,” she cried, “I’ll ask Mom—I’ll beg her!”

“Tell her your tour manager will take good care of you, Shari. He says he’ll be your chaperone. Try to come, Honey. His voice was so eager, she thought she’d die hearing him.

“Eddie, if Mom says yes, I’ll take the plane and you can fly to me.” Shari said, all excited. “I’ll send you a cable that minute I know, one way or the other...”

“Try to make it yes, Shari,”

“I’ll try, Eddie. I’ll try.” She made him say goodnight then. This call was costing him a fortune. And they were going to need the money—for that future of theirs.

“Mom, he’s lonely!”

After they hung up, she felt she couldn’t go to bed; she had to wait up and settle everything or she’d never be able to sleep. It was an awful lot to hand her mother all at once. “Mom, Eddie wants me to stay there so badly. He’s lonely, Mom.”

Her mother said slowly, “I didn’t realize things were this serious between you two...”

“They are, Mom. Oh please, please can I go?”

The answer, finally, was yes. But even then, she didn’t tell her mother the whole story. She wanted to wait till they got back, till she and Eddie, together, could tell Mom, “We want to get married.”

Like Eddie wrote in a song... one step at a time!

Next day, her mother was driving her to the airport and Shari was saying excited goodbyes. “Yes, Mom, I’ll call the minute I land. Yes, I promise I’ll write every other day... yes, you can count on us being home by Easter Sunday, Mom. Eddie said the tour’ll be over April 16—so we’ll fly home that night.

One minute she was kissing her mother goodbye, the next she was flying high and, half a day later, she was in Eddie’s arms. The whole fantastic thing was hard to believe. Especially that they were together again. At every show, she sat in the front row, or else stood backstage in the wings, her heart thudding as she heard the wild cheers and applause. The few hours they had a chance to be together, they’d sit holding hands and talking of the future.

“Should we live in an apartment, Eddie?” she asked. “With you always on the go touring, maybe a hotel would be better.”

“You’re going wherever I go,” he said. And then, “I’ve got a swell idea, Honey. Why don’t we live in a tent?” They broke up laughing. Their love was always like that—fun. They could be serious one minute, then laugh and play. And then be very serious again.

In the serious moods, they realized the time had come to settle down; to pool their resources; to work hard together, so two families could be taken care of besides themselves. They made great plans. And the best of it was that both were so young, yet—Eddie just twenty-one, Shari nineteen. No—twenty. A few days after she arrived in England, Eddie celebrated her twentieth birthday—on April fourth. She thought, “How wonderful to leave my teens behind and turn twenty with such a beautiful future staring me in the face. Twenty—and a whole lifetime ahead to be shared with Eddie.”

They had it all worked out. Easter Sunday they’d be back in California, and that would be the perfect time to tell the parents. They were planned on being married. No fuss, no fanfare, no elaborate wedding. Just something simple, and as soon as possible.

On Friday night, April 15, she and Eddie together phoned her mother, to say they were definitely leaving right after his last show, in Bristol, the next night. Mrs. Sheeley said she’d meet them at the airport Sunday and that she could hardly wait to see them.

By Saturday afternoon, Shari was all packed. Everyone who was riding to the airport together, that night, brought their luggage to the theater and left it backstage. Then, when Eddie went on, she stood in the wings, humming to herself. She’d done so often. And watching him brush that stubborn lock of hair back.

And then disaster

After every number, the audience cheered louder and louder. It was Saturday night... date night... all the girls and their best beaus went out front. And there she was, close to her best beau as he stood in the spotlight and sang. He came to his finale, a big loud version of C’mon Everybody. The audience joined in and clapped in rhythm and cheered wildly...

As soon as the show was over and they could get through the crowds waiting for autographs, they grabbed a cab. They had a long drive ahead, to reach the London airport in time for the flight. It was just after midnight when they settled back in the cab—allready the beginning of a new day, Easter Sunday, “How miraculous!” Shari thought, “in a matter of hours.” She drove across the ocean... across the continent... and landing in Los Angeles.

There were four in the back. Eddie and another performer, Gene Vincent; Eddie’s British tour manager, Patrick Pomkins, and Shari. Only Gene was calm enough to settle back in the seat and try to catch a few winks. The rest sat and talked, Shari and Eddie with their arms around each other, while the driver up front drove through the dark deserted streets toward London. He drove fast, she thought to herself, “Too fast.” They were almost flying along the ground. She tightened her. He kept racing to get to the plane on time.

She couldn’t bear to tell anyone the
rest of the story. Those who love her had to find out from others about a speeding car, and a driver who lost control. . . . The man at the wheel about to plow into another car, swerved frantically, and the cab crashed into a lamp-post. The back door flew open, Shari and Eddie were torn from each other's arms and bodies were tossed about like rag-dolls, to sprawl in the road in crazy, unreal poses. A boy with a guitar case still clutched in his hand lay unconscious, his guitar smashed to bits . . . And a few feet away, a girl lay moaning, trying to call "Eddie . . . " before the black nothingness closed in on her.

As the first rays of an Easter Sunday sun were rising over the rural town of Bath, England, the doctors and nurses of St. Martin's Hospital were ministering to the accident victims. Gene Vincent was being bandaged for a painful shoulder injury. Patrick Tompkins was slightly hurt. The cab driver had come through without a scratch.

He couldn't say goodbye

Down the hall, in another white room, a girl lay in absolute stillness, her young body cruelly broken with multiple fractures. But she felt nothing, she was under sedation. In the brief moments, when she struggled back to consciousness and called a name, they soothed her to sleep again. 

How could they tell her? How could they tell her that Eddie was dead? Eddie—never regained consciousness . . . He never had a chance to say goodbye.

For days, the girl hovered between the dark and some glimmerings of awareness. Her mother had flown to her side, and when she moaned, "Eddie . . . Eddie . . . " her mother soothed, "It's all right, darling. it's all right. Sleep, darling, sleep." The doctors said it, too, and the nurses. But somehow, she knew it was all lies! She was bandaged from head to toe, not one muscle of her body could move, but her heart still had a beat and it beat out the truth. Eddie was gone. Eddie was gone.

She wanted to give up the fight, then. And, indeed, a priest was called to administer the last rites. But her time to die hadn't come. Slowly, very slowly, she emerged from the tortured darkness, to the world of the living—only to awaken to a worse torture. She would live, she would recover. In time, her body would be well. But who could say whether the scars in her heart would ever heal?

And only to her mother, she asks the pitiful question: "Oh Mom, Mom, I always said we had so much time ahead to be happy together. A hundred and fifty years, I said and Eddie always laughed. But Mom—without Eddie—what am I going to do for a hundred and fifty years?"

—MARCIA BORIE

A MEMORIAL ALBUM, "EDDIE COCHRAN," IS ON THE LIBERTY LABEL, WITH ALL THE ROYALTIES TO GO TO EDDIE'S PARENTS. IF YOU WANT TO WRITE TO SHARI OR SEND GET-WELL CARDS, ADDRESS HER CARE/OF PHOTOPLAY, 321 SOUTH BEVERLY DRIVE, BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA.
Show,” her expression changed and she got up and clicked off the television set. Walking to the window, she stood there motionless, looking out at Central Park, but not really seeing it. Peaceful and unreal, the pulsating city had at last gone to sleep.

She stood there a long time without moving, and then, almost defiantly, she turned around and walked across the room, turning on the set again. Adjusting the sound, she backed away from the set, not taking her eyes off the screen, and sat down on the couch again. As she watched the picture come into focus, she seemed to smile, almost hesitatingly, as a cool, slightly arrogant voice said, “If you want anything, just whistle.” Then, for the rest of the evening, and for the first time since her husband's death three years before, Lauren Bacall sat alone watching Bogey on TV, and reliving a memory.

“Have and Have Not” was her first picture and their first together.

“I remember the day before we went into production on that picture,” she said. “I was so nervous that I was all arms and legs. I was sixteen and had been a model and Howard Hawks had discovered my pictures in Harper's Bazaar magazine. The first thing he did, when I arrived in Hollywood, was to take me on Bogey's set to meet the star. I had always been a movie fan but very much an ardent, across-the-plate kind of person who had never been one of my special favorites. To my sixteen years, he seemed like an old man of forty-one. Besides, he was married, but that automatically excluded any thoughts of romance—which I didn’t have, anyway. But I had enormous respect for him as an actor, and even after we had worked together, my worst fears never entirely disappeared.

“Sitting there watching ‘Have and Have Not,’ I remembered the crazy nicknames he used to call me, like ‘Sam’ or ‘Joe’ or ‘Charlie’—‘Charlie’ was his favorite—he never called me Betty—and how he kidded me out of my nervousness. One day, we were playing a scene together and I suddenly went dry. I just couldn’t remember my dialogue. There was a dreadful silence, and then Bogey just looked at me, and in a low, deadpan voice, said, ‘I don’t know your pardon?’ I just broke up and, after that, all my tension was over. I didn’t muffle another line. Another time, I had a scene where I had to enter a doorway and I slouched in like a model. Bogey came over to me and said, ‘Listen, Charlie, have you any idea why you are entering that doorway? Just don’t walk in as if you had come from a manicure and had no other thought in your mind except whether your nails are dry?’

“Bogey stopped talking, as though the matter were settled, and then, finally and, without reason, she said: “Bogey gave me a sense of security. He sheltered me the way my family had. That’s why, after his death, when I was left with my children and had control of our future, without Bogey it terrified me. I kept telling myself that there were millions of young wives all over the world who experienced the same. But it didn’t help my loneliness. The panic was still there.

“It remained until, one day, I finally came to my senses. I decided I couldn’t go on living surrounded by the ghosts of the past. I stopped wearing the bracelet Bogey had given me, with the inscription from ‘To Have and Have Not’ and a tiny whistle.

“It had no point to it now. He can’t whistle for you any more, I told myself, and put it away. And I put away the pictures of his yacht ‘Santana.’ I didn’t need them as a reminder of the fun we had, sailing in Catalina, Balboa and the races in Honolulu.

“The memory of Bogey’s genteel face, when he was sailing, was all I needed. So I sold the ‘Santana’ to a fellow-yachtsman who knew Bogey and loved the sea as he did.

“I had sold the house we shared our life together in. Our friends—Hjordis and David Niven, Kate Hepburn, Frank Sinatra, Spencer Tracy, who had come to see Bogey every day to help keep up the pretense till the property was sold. It was all right, continued to visit me—but Bogey was always with them. Everyone was wonderful to me, but Hollywood is a town of couples—married, divorced, romantic—and I felt like a third wheel and more alone than ever. However, I didn’t have the courage to move away. And then, when I moved into a new house, I chose one in the same old neighborhood—can you beat that?

“I had always traveled with Bogey and the thought of being on my own, in London and Paris, was more terrifying than staying in Hollywood. Then, one day, my great friend Slim Hayward said she was going abroad and I would be all right and invited me to join her. That did it.

“In London, Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier gave me a party. Everyone of portance, in the social and theatrical world, was there, and I kept pinching myself to see if I was the same girl who had once fainted at the thought of even meeting Sir Laurence. But Larry and I couldn’t see Stephen and Leslie growing up. Being a father was quite an astonishing experience for Bogey because, after three childless marriages and at his age, he was sure that the stork had, at last, taken pity on him about to drop a spermatozoon at Stephen’s impending event, at first he was somewhat reserved in his reaction. I think he was a little scared of the responsibility and parental jealousy that being a father might bring. And, maybe Stephen would trespass on his territory a bit? But after Stephen came, and looked like a miniature Bogey, he was just like all fathers who feel that it is they who have produced their first born. As for Leslie, he adored her, but he didn’t quite know how to play with a little girl. He would balance her on his lap like a delicate piece of china.

“You can try to keep the memory of a father alive for a child, but I don’t. Not with any conscious effort anyway,” she said. “They each have a photograph of him in their bedrooms, and they accept the fact that a father is a father and that he is not allowed back. And they, though, to attend the funeral and I didn’t tell them about the anniversary of Bogey’s death, either. Bogey would have been the last person to have wanted this kind of significance to his memory.

“I know there is no such thing as being father and mother to a fatherless child. Leslie isn’t as aware of her need for a father yet, but I hate the fact that Stevie is being brought up in a household of women.

“So, of course, I want to get married again. It is the greatest compliment I can pay Bogey. But, I haven’t the foggiest idea who it can be. I can’t go looking for it. I have to find you—aided by the moving finger of Fate. Now that I’ve learned this the hard way, I go out on dates and have fun. I no longer take inventory, for people aren’t material! But my mind is alert! But when she paused and laughed, ‘my son has other ideas. You should see the way he sizes up every escort who bears me around. He takes measide and whispers’—

‘I’ve explained to him and to Leslie that I want a father for them, but first he must be the right husband for me.”

“Too old for her...”

And, pausing, as if considering the loneliness of the past three years, she said: “We would have been married fifteen years now. Motherly love. We were married at Louis Bromfield’s beautiful farm in Ohio. I was nineteen.”

And remembering the day fondly, she smiled, “Bogey had hesitations, in the beginning. Motherly love. My friend told a friend ‘I’m nuts about the dame, but I’ll never marry her. I’m too old for her. I’m at that age when I’ve had my fling and want to settle down. She’s just starting her life and I’d take her dancing every night and give her a family, I’m too far off from that type-casting...’

He always kidded me and said he finally proposed because if he didn’t someone else would beat him to it.

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DON'T MISS LAUREN BACALL in "FLAME OVER INDIA" FOR RANK AND 20TH CENTURY-FOX.

Tough, but for me. Bogey's friends were all much older than I. So many of them have passed on, too—lifelong friends like Leslie Howard, Walter Huston, Robert Sherwood and Louis Bromfield and his wife Hope. They are all gone...

Betsy sat still, then said, 'I can finally look at Bogey and not be sad any more. Watching him on the 'Late, Late Show' last night, seeing him now as he was when I first knew him, is like a flashback in a movie. And there are no sad memories now, just happy ones, of eleven-and-a-half wonderful years shared together. I realize I have these. How many people can go through an entire lifetime and be this lucky?'

'And now, all I want is a one-woman man, as Bogey was,' she said quietly, 'I don't believe in infidelity in marriage. You know, most people think of me as a playgirl, but they couldn't be more wrong. I'm the type that goes to India to film 'Flame Over India,' where I meet the richest maharajahs. But do they decorate my finger with a pigeon-blood ruby, or smother me in sable? They do not. And why? Because they think of me as a nice girl and don't want to offend me. And do you know something? They are right! If this makes me sound like Miss Virtue I don't mean it like that. What I mean is, I believe in the togetherness of love that builds a home and a family. I was lucky enough to find it once, and I hope I will again.'

'So long, Baby'

She stopped talking and sat thinking, perhaps of a young woman sitting quietly in a bedroom, watching her husband—still and weak—gasp for breath. And know that she was sitting there watching him die. And feeling that she, too, was in a long illness and that she, too, might never recover. Only, she would be alive, yet numb. And a telephone rings downstairs, below in the library, and she listens as someone moves and picks it up, and yet, she knows she has no desire to know who's calling.

And a slight movement and cough pulls her thoughts back to the bed and to her husband and she realizes, as though it were a new thought, that she has been sitting there for months, desperately trying to hide from her husband that he was dying. And wondering, all the while, 'Does he really know? Does he know, even as we dress and shave him and carry him downstairs every afternoon, at five, for a drink and a smoke with friends, that he cannot live this long?'

Then, aloud, revealing her thoughts, she says: 'Bogey never once discussed death with me during all those months that I sat at his bedside, trying to hide the desperate truth from him. But he was a great actor and he played out his part magnificently to the end. He knew, from the beginning, that he had cancer, but he really thought he could lick this disease as he had licked every other obstacle in his path. But in those final days, he was too perceptive to kid himself any longer—even though he went on kidding me. He faced death as he faced life—a brave and unafraid. When his time came, with his last strength, he merely said, 'So long, Baby...', and then was still. But what he meant, I'm sure, was that it was great fun while it lasted, but it's all over now. Tough luck, Baby."

And, smiling a little she went on, her voice hardly audible, 'You know, I've sent for all my furniture. It has been in storage since Bogey died. But I decided last evening, from now on I'm going to have a new home of my own. That's the way Bogey would have wanted it, don't you think?'

The End
HOME TO HIS FOLKS

Continued from page 65

It wasn't comfortable for Annette, and she felt sorry for Mrs. Anka who had cooked a delicious meal and set a pretty table, making the visit into a big occasion—an occasion that flopped. But, most of all, she was sorry for Paul because he was sad again. And when he was sad, she felt it right along with him somehow.

Annette coaxed, "Don't be blue, Paul, they didn't mean to poke fun at you, they were only trying to entertain me.

Paul sat brooding, quietly, until he burst out, "It isn't them, Annette—it's me. They're right—I was a mixed-up kid, never sure exactly what I wanted. But what bothers me is I'm still mixed up! When am I going to know? When am I going to be sure what life's all about?

Annette bit her lip, and thought, does he mean us? Does he mean marriage? But this was nothing a girl could say, or ask. So she told him, comfortably, "Paul, you're only eighteen. Give yourself a chance!"

Her concern, so sweet, moved Paul to tell her something he hadn't intended to. Something he had kept from her, and from his mother, and from his family. But now he felt the need to reveal it—and himself—to Annette. He told her what had happened on his last hop to Europe.

They were an hour out over the Atlantic when suddenly a sputtering sound on his side of the big Air France plane snapped him out of an exhausted doze. Lights suddenly flooded the wing, showing one propeller fanning to a stop, and gasoline reacting from the tail. At the same time, the cabin blacked out. Stewards with flashlights explained the danger.

"There's a fuel leak. We're circling back to Montreal. Please fasten your seat belts and remain calm. There's only a little danger." Paul wasn't so sure. He noticed revved-up engine's sparks dangerously close to the escaping gas. If they set it off—they'd all blow up in flames.

"Why," he told himself, "I can't die like this. I've hardly lived!" He prayed. And then, miraculously, they were safely down, the whole thing an unbelievable nightmare. He had just toured practically all of Europe and Japan, Australia, Hawaii and Africa, this boy who had "hardly lived." He'd set records at the famous Olympia in Paris, and on the Riviera. In Tokyo, they'd staged a ticket-tape parade in his honor. In Osaka, thousands stood out a typhoon to greet him. In Helsinki,

Finland, he'd sung for two hours, in driving sleet, to 20,000 people—without losing a listener!

And, yet, something was missing. Paul knew then as he knew it today, sitting here with Annette. "Sometimes on that European tour, I'd find tears welling up," he went on. "It'd lie on my hotel bed, all wound up after a day of the wildest cheers." Yet he couldn't say exactly why.

Coming into the Georges Cinq Hotel in Paris, a bunch of French teenagers invariably flocked around him. "Come on, Paul," his older troupe members would say. "Break it up and let's rehearse."

"No," he'd answer them, arrested by a disturbing thought. "You guys go in. I want to stay here a while." So he'd sit on the brick wall out front, buddying with kids in his own age, talking about things that the people he traveled and worked with wouldn't care about, or even understand. Then he felt better.

It was funny: how some days in a dollop—how Rome was one—he'd have to smuggle himself to safety in fire trucks or police wagons. He'd have to climb over walls or shiny down fire escapes, hide himself under long cloaks and hats, even paste on false beards to give them the slip. And yet, he really ached for someone like him to talk to.

At the plush Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas, when he made his American nightclub debut last spring, he was like a fish out of water. All around him, gamblers cinked silver dollars at the gaming tables and belted up to the bar. Even if he liked to drink or dance, he didn't, he couldn't. He was too young. At the dinner shows, he shared the program with brassy Sophie Tucker, past seventy, with her risque patter and suggestive songs. In his own act, he found himself talking about apologetic for being in front of such a sophisticated audience. "Every night, at the end," he told Annette, 'I'd walk off fast, without looking back, like a school kid running out of a room of patronizing adults."

So, in Las Vegas, he got an idea. He'd give a free concert on Saturday at the high school auditorium, just for teenagers—two thousand of them. That way, he knew, he could meet kids. And it made him feel good.

"But then, it was so strange," he told Annette. "One minute I was out in front of all those people, and then suddenly, I was alone. What could I do here in this hotel room? Nothing but think of what I'd be doing if I was home! I'd think I'd be with the kids having fun—or would I have been? No, I guess not," he frowned now. "It's not the same anymore. They've heard my records and they think I'm different. They don't know what to say and I don't either. They may even resent me. Sometimes, I think, 'What's happened to all my friends?' and then 'What's happened to me?'" He looked at Annette as if waiting for an answer. But she just sat there listening intently.

"It was that way when I went back to my home town, Ottawa, Canada," he continued. "It's all up, the Quinns brothers and Tommy Wrangle, busting for things to be like always. They weren't; there wasn't much to say. All the things he'd planned, excitedly, to say and hear, gone out; he couldn't even say goodbye. It was really just "hello" and then "goodbye" without real contact, and that lonesome feeling again.

"Like I'd hopped off a sleigh ride and hopped right back on," he described it for Annette.

"I'm so young!"

Once, before he moved his family to New Jersey, he got a chance to fly home to Ottawa. He wanted it to be a surprise, so he didn't let the family know. When he arrived, the house was empty and still. He went up to the piano stool and fooled with the keys, because that's all there was to do. In a few minutes, he wrote "Lonely Boy"—and he also wrote about himself.

"I'm so young—and you're so old..." the words of "Diana."

"And this is the way I feel!" he explained to Annette. "Like there were two Paul Ankas living in two different worlds. In one, he's a boy; in the other, he's a kid who sometimes says glumly, "I should be in school," who likes to send for his mother to be with him on engagements, who can't resist sophomore pranks and was too tongue-tied as a ninth grader on my first date with a girl named Annette Funicello." When he finished with a shy smile, Annette squeezed his hand, touched by the very shyness he was confessing.

"I don't know much about love, Annette," he went on. He fumbled for words. "You know who was my first love? Miss McCrea, my high school teacher. We went on a road trip together, and told Annette how he used to slip little gifts into her desk drawer and hang around after school, mooning. After she got married, he'd ride his bike past her apartment and camp out, until, finally, he snapped out of it. "When that happened," Paul laughed, "I made up my mind never to fall in love again. I couldn't have been more than nine at the time." Annette started to laugh. "But then I met Collette," Paul continued. "She was a French girl who came to look after us kids when Mom worked at Simpson-Sears store, and Dad was at the cafe and his Red Sox game. Paul fell madly in love with Collette. When she got a boyfriend, Louie, Paululked miserably and threw oranges at them as they sat on the porch.

"Do you do me," he accused bitterly. Collette tried to explain the betrayal. "No I don't, Paul. I just love Louie in a different way. When you get a little older, you understand."

Now Paul wasn't as bashful or last—eighteen—and trying to make Annette understand how he felt about her. "Like one night, last December, I was tossing around in bed. I just couldn't sleep. My manager, Irvin Feld, called. 'Paul, it's Louie.' We're just come from Hollywood—that was where I fell hard for you, Annette. Now here I was in New Jersey and I couldn't stop thinking about it."

"Tell me!" Irv finally blurted out to Irv.

"Do you think Annette really loves me? Do I love her?"

"Paul," Irv said to me, "You know what I think. You're my best pals, the Quinns brothers and Tommy Wrangle. We're just come from Hollywood—that was where I fell hard for you, Annette. Now here I was in New Jersey and I couldn't stop thinking about it."

"Puppy love—what's that?" I asked, and Irv told me. Next thing I knew, I yanked him out of the bed and downstairs to the..."
A pretty fresh kid

This was the day Annette learned something else about Paul she never knew before—how, if anything bugged him, it was the fact that he’s only five feet six inches.

As a kid they’d called him “Shorty.” Like most small kids, he did everything he could to prove he was big, but didn’t mean a thing. Most people thought I was a pretty fresh kid,” he admitted to Annette now. “Mother doesn’t kid when she says I was a little devil most of my life.”

At Connaught elementary school, he wore a run between his class and the principal’s office. He was always getting tossed out of classes for passing notes, shooting spitballs, pulling ponytails. He called Miss Winchester, the teacher, “Miss Windbag” behind her back. He was promptly kicked off the “Safety Patrol” for having snowballs. “The only thing I really liked about school,” confessed Paul, “was sports!”

He was a mighty atom at those, once he fought his way onto the teams. He made the soccer, baseball and hockey teams. He was agile on a bantam league club that won the city championship, high scorer for “The Ants,” another ice group sponsored by the Kiwanis Club. Later, in Fisher Park High, he caught for the softball team, ran the 100 mile run in eleven seconds. He was the shortest member of the basketball squad, but his high-point player.

And he hustled just as aggressively at making money. He had the knack. One summer, when he was only seven, a gang of workboys dug up the street in front of his house, laying new sewer pipes. He rigged up a lemonade stand and cashed in at a nickel a glass. Next day, he organized a tidy racket, floating a saucer in a bucket of water, and inviting the men to pitch pennies for a free drink. The coins that missed—and most did—fished out and kept.

After that, he begged bottles for the millcman. Mowed lawns in summer, shoveled snow off walks in winter. He swept out a grocery store mornings and afternoons. His newspaper route got to be the biggest in his section of town. One day his dad handed him a bankbook. But the pages remained blank. Paul blew the proceeds on records, records and more records. He stacked his room with platters, his phonograph or radio was always going during his homework, and late into the nights when he was supposed to be asleep.

Because all this time, there was another side to him besides the joker, hustler and athlete. It was a side nobody saw—it was too personal. He knew he had to entertain people. It might have begun when he heard the Anka clan singing around the house, as they did all, especially his Uncle Maurice. The holy chants at St. Elijah’s Orthodox church might have originally stirred what was deep inside him. Paul was an altar boy, then a member of the choir. “Music was everything to me,” he told Annette. And this she could well understand.

Yet high school was one long, confused misery, which brewed plenty of tension at home. “I was so mixed-up,” he said, “I couldn’t seem to settle down to anything. I used to wonder why I couldn’t do anything right. It was the worst time of my life.”
Paul was never a great brain in school, but his dad wanted him to be a lawyer. So he dutifully enrolled in the general course. It was a mistake. "I flunked flat and had to repeat my whole first year. I switched to a commercial course, but my report cards were still dismal. The teachers had to call home constantly, with complaints. If I wanted to help, but when he'd catch me doodling at the piano instead of cracking my books, he'd blow up. "Stop wasting your time on those crazy tunes!" he'd always yell.

One teacher, who knew about his song writing, liked to pick on him and beat down his dreams. "Wake up," he told me. "You'll never make anything out of that nonsense."

As a class, one day, he was reading "Prester John" for a book report. An African village named Blau-Wile-de-Beest-Fontaine kept coming up in the story and it caught in his mind like a witch doctor's chant. "I began tapping out the rhythm on my desk, when the teacher yelled, 'Anka—stop that noise!'

"I did, but soon I was drumming it again. The teacher tossed me out of the class."

"Blau Wile" turned into a song that lodged in the doghouse, both at school and home—deeper than ever. Nobody dreamed, then, that "Blau Wile" would some day become his first recording.

**He's on his way**

The other high spot for Paul Anka was The Bobby Soxers, a local trio he worked up with two pals, Jerry Barbeau and Ray Carriere. The Bobby Soxers autography pretty sharp combo, Paul thought. They all wore identical black, pink and white sweaters, white shoes and black pants... but they weren't identical in height. Paul was still the smallest.

But now he had his heart set on going to New York. Sometimes at four o'clock in the morning, his dad would come home from work and find him waiting up with the eternal plea: "I know how I am. I'm going to New York with my songs. I know they'll make it. I'll take care of myself. I'll call home every day. Only buy me a ticket."

"Look, son," his dad would say impatiently, "what you want to do is dangerous and wrong. The whole thing's ridiculous, so let's stop talking about it."

And his mother, caught in the middle, said, "Wait a while, Paul." But Paul couldn't wait. In the summer of 1956 his Aunt Hortense, who lived in Hollywood, visited in Ottawa. He begged to return to Hollywood with her. To his parents, it seemed safe and they let him go.

In Hollywood, he played and sang his songs for his Uncle Maurice. "I've got a few contacts. Bet I can peddle these," said his uncle. He tried at Capitol and all the big record firms, but couldn't get a nibble. "I'll keep on it... yet got awfully impatient... so I drop the way I get," Paul grumbled. Annette grinned back. She knew.

One day, I flipped through Billboard Magazine and stopped at the phone numbers of all the record companies in Hollywood. The first one I called was Modern Records in Culver City. "This is Mister Anka from Canada," I said in my deepest voice. "I'm in town with some songs. I'd like an appointment."

When Sol and Joe Bahari, the owners, heard him sing "Blau-Wile-de-Beest-Fontaine," they let him record it and gave him a check for $50. He rushed to the bank and cashed it, dancing on air. "Already," he said to Annette, "I saw myself on the Ed Sullivan show! But the record didn't sell. It was an awful bomb."

Now a reporter from the Journal met him at the plane, back in Ottawa, and that night when he read, "Paul Anka, Local Boy, Records Song," he finally felt like he was somebody.

That next school term, he merely went through the motions. "What does one need school? I'm on my way!" he'd said.

He was "on his way," all right—almost to jail! One night, he'd had the Rover Boys, a group of musicians, out to his house. When they had to leave for the show, he begged his mother, "Lend me the car to drive the boys over. I'll be careful and come right back." His mother weakened and said "Okay." He'd taken driving lessons, but he was still too young for a license.

Some time later, the doorbell rang. Two Mounted Police had him with them. The old car had stalled right on the bridge and he'd been desperately trying to push it, when the cops rolled up. His father raged at the news. He was head of a civic group combating juvenile delinquency. Now, his own son! Paul got off with a lecture and a fine... but he felt he'd broken his dad's heart.

But being booted out of the Civic Auditorium, a few weeks later, was an even worse blow to his pride. Fats Domino had come to Ottawa with Irvin Feld's "Show of Stars." Paul bought a white jacket for the event, determined to have Fats autograph it on the lapel. The police wouldn't let him near the dressing room, but Paul, in clapped in and first thing, bumped into the man who ran the show. "No visitors," he barked. "Out, fella!"

The man sat down to make a phone call, thinking Paul had left. But when he looked up, the little guy was back—not only getting his picture taken, but having his picture taken with him!

"This time, he grabbed my shoulder and pushed me toward the door, but I shouted at him, I'm Paul Anka. I'm a great singer and song writer, listen to my songs—please! Take me with you—huh? Paul Anka—remember that name!"

"Yep, I'll remember. Now, out!" Mr. Feld told me. And I was out. But I had to have pictures—Annette nodded, knowingly. "I yelled, 'Listen, Mr. Feld, one of these days, I'll be the star of this show!'"

Finally, his parents realized it was useless to try to hold him back any longer. Right before Easter vacation, in 1957, there were more tears and pleas—and, then, his dad surrendered. A few hours later, Paul took the train for New York. And with the amazing enough, his luck had changed. When he called ABC Paramount, he got an appointment right away. That afternoon, he was standing in Don Costa's office. He was comfortably but feeling great. Costa pulled back the piano seat. "Well—what have you got?"

All he had was on scraps of paper stuffed in his pocket, but he didn't need those. The songs were written in his head and heart. He sat down and went into "Tell Me That You Love Me" and "Don't Gamble With Love."

"Um-h-m—wait a minute. Then he tossed another look, "Cigars, came back in with Don. "Can we have them again?" They certainly could. "Where's your father?" one man asked. He said Ottawa, Canada. They put in a call. "Hello—yes, Mr. Anka. You're in town with us and we love his songs. We'd like to sign him to a recording contract. Can you fly down to New York tomorrow?"

"I nearly ruined everything"

From then on, everything was from Dreamsville. A half finished song that he'd started in Ottawa, sent him winging with his very own racket. Of course. The day Paul recorded it, he overslept and had to run all the way up Broad-
nearly love. Poems... State... was. can is please. "I felt so good," Paul told Annette, "that I nearly ruined everything. I was still a little pesky kid."

On a 90-day break-in bus tour of rock 'n' roll shows from coast to coast, he made himself obnoxious to the whole troupe. He sprayed Laverne Baker's perfume all around the bus, then climbed up in the luggage racks like a monkey and dared them to come get him. He lined the Everly Brothers' hotel beds with ice cubes, daubed hair grease on telephone receivers, popped out of closets to scare one and all, and generally made himself poison. Each week he needed, "Look, I'm still Number One on the Hit Parade!" Finally, in Omaha, they smeared him with lubricating grease, ripped open a pillow and "tailed and feathered" him.

Maybe you couldn't expect better of a sixteen-year-old boy fantastically flushed with too much too soon after years of being too little, too young, too nothing! And being laughed at, tossed out, told "Come back when you're older... or bigger... or more talented..." as he was in, and he went so crazy with joy, he got himself lost and mixed-up. He saw, for himself, he needed someone to handle him, or he'd ruin everything. He begged Irvin Feld to be the one. Management isn't Feld's business; primarily, he's a one-nighter king, owns a chain of record shops and a dozen other enterprises as well. He kept doubling his salary but ducked his personal job. Until one day Paul disappeared. On Thanksgiving Day his father called from Ottawa.

"Paul's here—in bed. He won't eat or sleep, he's moody all the time. He says he'll never sing again, unless you manage him."

"Okay," Feld sighed, "tell him to come back to New York and I will." Paul became his first and only client. The boy was so happy, he sat down and at once wrote "You Are My Destiny." It was no idle title. With Irvin Feld's help, he breeze right to the top.

His mom got the house on a hill she's always dreamed about. His dad has quit night work at the restaurant and handles his public relations.

Someday... "So now you know, Annette, how the moodiness can start if you're an undersized kid who has to fight for everything," he said at last. And then suggested, "We'd better go in or the folks will worry."

They got up and, slowly walking back hand in hand, looked into each other's eyes. They both knew the others it was only good manners. But they went back feeling close, with a world of new understanding between them.

"It helps when you understand," Paul said to her, stopping outside the door for a few last moments alone together. "It helps when you're patient with me like you were today. I love you as much as I can love anybody—now! But growing up all the time, getting surer of myself—and I'll outgrow the black moods, too. You'll see. Just keep on being patient with me, Annette... please."

The End

SEE PAUL IN U.L.'S "THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE." HE RECORDS FOR ABC-PAR. ANNETTE SINGS ON THE BUENA VISTA LABEL.
THE RIGHT TO MARRY

Continued from page 69

her head as if in pain, and with the gesture, to raise her hands to her cheeks, and she put her hands up to her face so Bobby wouldn't see them. "I've got to stop," she thought. "I'm making it harder on him. And I was cruel to him every time I said yes."

But she couldn't. The tears streamed down her face and she didn't wipe them away.

This was going to be such a happy evening. But right from the start it was wrong. A few days before, when Bobby called her, she'd been delighted with his plans. "I'll pick you up at seven-thirty," he had said. "We'll have a really big night, Honey. We'll grab a bite, chat with the crowd at a night-spot. We'll make the scene at half a dozen if you're game. There's a lot of acts I want to catch."

She had laughed, "That's my boy—wants to get in everything in one night. New York'll still be here next week, Bobby. Save some!" But actually she loved a big night as much as he did. Loved dressing up, looking her best, singing in the clubs, and Bobby saying "These spots will feature you some day soon, Baby." It was all fun—laughing and dancing and kidding with the friends who affectionately teased her and admired her, knowing they ran their romance. But, most of all, she loved being with Bobby.

I guess it's ridiculous to go with a boy for two years and be un officially engaged to him," she thought often, "and still get the same blissful feeling, like your heart is slipping down to your toes whenever you hear his voice." But that's how it was, to be how she felt. It made up for whatever else she didn't understand about their romance, about Bobby and his odd way of being in love. It made up for everything that troubled her, without quite knowing what was wrong some times.

At seven-thirty that Friday she was ready. She sat in the living room talking to her mother and father, every now and then pasting her lips to her mother's lips in a quarter to eight she glanced at the clock. Immediately her mother said, "Now, Jo-Ann, it's a long way from Manhattan to Flushing, Long Island. He could have missed a turn-off, you know." At eight-thirty, her father was saying how bad traffic gets on Friday nights. But the phone rang, interrupting him, and she ran to pick it up.

"Bobby?"

"Hi, Baby. Listen, I'll be a little late. I'm sorry. Wait for me."

"Well—sure," she said. "But where are you?—Are you?—"

"See you soon," he said. Then there was a click.

Jo-Ann walked back into the living room. "He—he got tied up."

At ten after nine, the phone rang again. "Jo-Ann. I got snubbed some more. I'll be there as soon as I can."

"Oh, really?" she said. The blue dress was crumpled from sitting, she was hungry, and now that she knew he was all right, she was growing angry. "What's holding you up, Bobby? What's her name?"

But he had hung up, again, without listening. "Just as well," she thought, putting down the phone. "That was a stupid thing for me to say. After all, she'd consented to Bobby's idea that till they were married, or at least officially engaged, each was free to date other people. So she had no right to say no."

Besides, she had no reason to imagine he was with another girl tonight. Bobby was always honest with her about who he was seeing. Sometimes too painfully honest!

Then what was he doing? Having a business conference? Going over a change in a song lyric? Probably. She'd never prompted his many minutes of silence, of busi- ness before pleure, work before play, career before Jo-Jo. As if she came second in his heart, with singing and fame and romance following?

At a quarter to ten, her friends tactfully decided to visit a neighbor. They'd been gone fifteen minutes when the doorbell rang. Tight-lipped, Jo-Ann answered it.

But she didn't move. She turned against the door frame as if he had all the time in the world. "Hello," he said.

Just like that. Hello. "Well!" Jo-Ann said, "if it isn't Mr. Darin, boy genius, maybe—too late?"

"I'm sorry," said Bobby. But his voice was expressionless. His eyes fastened on her briefly. "You look terrific, Honey," he said. But the words sounded meaningless. She was too busy trying to imagine his evening like this, but I'm beat. Knocked out. Could I—would your folks mind if I sacked out for a while?"

Without even waiting for an answer, he was already pacing the narrow bedroom down the hall. Absolutely speechless, Jo-Ann watched while he shut the door behind him. A second later, she marched— not赳 stomped—into her room. She stripped off the crumpled blue dress and threw it furiously on the bed. She pulled off her stockings and reached for a pair of slacks and a cotton blouse. Her earrings tumbled onto the corner of her bed. She took her bracelet. She went back into the living room, turned on the television, folded her arms and waited.

When, an hour later, Bobby emerged from the bathroom, Jo-Ann was up for him. She slammed off the eleven o'clock news and let him have it! So he was tired, was he? Well, wasn't that just too bad? She wasn't tired. Oh, no. "All I did today waiting for you was sit in the city for a voice lesson," she raged. "Then did three hours of shopping for my mother, had an interview during lunch and a boatload of school work."

He stopped at the photographer's got home in time to help Mom fix dinner for Dad and barely made it into the shower and my dress to be ready on the dot of seven-thirty for my big date with my big love!"

She ran on, her words biting. Was she lying down? No, she was not. The mere fact that she was seeing Bobby was enough to pep her up. It was a pity it didn't work the same for me. But, when it did get to. Only. I wish you wouldn't stand there Please, Honey, sit down. Listen, hard. I wasn't goofing off tonight, Baby. I was sick. Real sick."

Then he took the rest of it.

"Jo-Ann, there's something wrong with my heart."

It didn't penetrate at first. For a split second, Jo-Ann felt only that the rage she had built for three hours was draining out. But then the words tumbled like others later to come fill the void. And then she knew Fear had come.

Fear that would never, never again depart. They talked, Jo-Ann with the tears pouring down her cheeks, Bobby with his white, set face and steady voice. They talked of his mother, who had died of heart-trouble. Of the day when he first learned of it. Jo-Ann was not quite the faithful, miraculous, perfect organ he'd always thought it was. Of the doctors' warning to take it easy. But mostly they talked of what his secret knowledge had meant for him. They'd decided.

When, finally, he went out through the door to his car, heading back to the city. Jo-Ann sat for a long time in the quiet living room. Not till she heard the sound of a car's engine did she get up. She didn't want to see anyone, not even her parents. First, there were too many pieces of her crumbling world to be put together again. She needed time to think.

Very quickly, Jo-Ann slipped from the room. When her parents entered, she was already in her own bedroom with the lights out. In the hall, things were wide open. She did not undress. She lay motionless on her bed as the long hours crept by—and she remembered. And understood. For the first time, she understood so much...

They were introduced

Jo-Ann Campbell and Bobby Darin had met at a record hop in Philadelphia. They were both "everybody's girl," listened to, listened to, approadingly to each other. They could each have walked away right then and there, and never remembered each other. But, the same night, their girlfriend offered Jo-Ann a lift home to New York. She mentioned that Bobby was coming, too. "Fine," Jo-Ann said, interested only in the convenience of getting a ride home. She and Bobby climbed into the front seat and, while their friend drove, made polite conversation. After twenty minutes, the small talk was no longer small. They were discussing the approaching tour to New York. They'd be talking steadily, with mounting interest, for almost three hours. When they said goodbye, it was like leaving a life-long friend. Jo-Ann walked into her folks' house with a pounding heart. Now, there was a fellow a girl could really admire: talented, straightforward, a little brash—maybe—but she liked that! It was a pity she was over thirty, a pity she hardly wait for him to call. For, of course, he would call. He had been every bit as interested in her as she was in him—it stuck out all over the guy. She smiled to herself, planning what it would say when he asked for their first date. But he didn't call.

It was the first mystery of many; the first question without an answer. Oh, Jo-Ann. Had she been asked for you? Would she have told him you were coming over tonight—and well, the look on his face—I just had to ask him.

It was funny, she had wanted so much to be nominated for an Oscar, but ten minutes after it was over, she had no idea who had won. Bobby Darin took her home
that night. He didn’t ask straight out for a date. He talked around it. She didn’t know whether to be glad or sorry that she had to say, “I’m leaving for a singing tour.” But when she came back from it, they began to see each other regularly. With every date, they fell more and more in love. They knew each other so well that, after a while, Jo-Anne felt free to ask, “Bobby, after we met, why didn’t you call me for so long? Two months, almost. And then I was away for seven weeks on tour—almost four months out of our lives when we should have known each other and didn’t.”

“Now,” Bobby said, “is that a proper question? You’re not even supposed to let on you knew I existed before I called—’ain’t lady-like.”

“But why?” Jo-Anne persisted. “I mean—if you hadn’t happened to bump into Sue on the street, you might never have called. Is that it?”

Bobby picked up her hand and rubbed his thumb along her fingers. “Yes,” he admitted finally, “that’s it. I wouldn’t have called you.”

“Didn’t you like me?” Jo-Anne asked, hurt. “Didn’t you like me at all?”

Bobby sighed. “I’ll tell you why I didn’t call you, Jo-Jo,” he said. “But I don’t think you’ll believe it. It was because I liked you so much. And I just didn’t want to make anyone else. Not then. Not that way.”

Believe it? She didn’t know. He never lied to her, yet—why should a man be afraid of falling in love? Especially Bobby. He wasn’t married, wasn’t even going with anyone. He didn’t have much money, but surely he could see she wasn’t the kind who cared.

Finally, she let it drop. What difference did it make what happened before they fell in love? Now was all that mattered.

**Now she knows**

But now, lying on her bed in the dark, she knew the real answer. She had just heard it from Bobby’s own lips:

“The doctors told me to cut down, Jo-Jo,” he told her, in a way that she was to take it easy if I wanted to last longer. But you know how I want to get somewhere, to be somebody. So if maybe I couldn’t have all the time in the world—I didn’t want to work harder, faster. Then I spotted you—and you were my kind of girl. But you’re not the kind a guy can pick up and drop, Jo-Jo. Loving you is a full-time business, I knew it from the start. I didn’t want to rob you of anything. But, in that case, did I have the right to call you? I didn’t know. I still don’t know…”

She had the answer now. It explained so much. The way he asked her to marry him. The proposal that wasn’t—anything. They had been on tour, together, for three weeks, and being in love stuck out to all of them. They got teased about it constantly.

“Hey, love-birds—curtain’s going up!”

“Say, Bobby, could you wipe the stars out of your eyes long enough to look at this lyric?”

And, of course, “Listen, why don’t you two get married so you can get your minds off each other?”

The umteenth time he heard that one, Bobby grinned. “Now that you mention it,” he said, “let’s not get carried away. In a couple of weeks—and then the tour—the tour has two weeks to run. Does that give us time to rent the Waldorf, Jo-Jo? I always dig a brawl for a wedding—”

“Sure,” she had giggled. “Only I like garden weddings best. How about if we hire Central Park?”

They went on like that for a long time; being teased, teasing back, issuing invitati-
BELLS ARE RINGING—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: Ella Peterson, Judy Holliday; Joe Mantell, Martin Balsam; Oscar Levant, Sara Berner; Charles Matthau, Luther Adler, Bernie伐, Osa Massen; Bebe Moore, Adele Jergens, Evelyn Keyes, Janis Carter, Jack Kruschen; Sylvia Jane Bowles, Miss Olsen, Edna May Oliver, Charles Winninger, Jack Gilford, Gower Champion; Kari Matthiessen, Johnny Seven; Mrs. Dreyfuss, Naomi Stevens; Mrs. Lieberman, Frances Weissman.

Casts

OF CURRENT PICTURES

APARTMENT, THE.—U.A. Directed by Billy Wilder: Jack Lemmon; Jack Kruschen; Jack Klugman; Shirley MacLaine; J. J. Shulman; Fred MacMurray; Mr. Dobie, Ray Walston; Mr. Hitch, William Tabbert; Mr. Krupnik, Jack Kruschen; Miss Shane, Miss Oles; Mr. Schuyler, Jack Kruschen; Mrs. Tanne, Patricia Hitchcock; Mrs. Zako, Gigi Perreau; Miss Zako, Gigi Perreau; Mr. Zako, Jack Kruschen; Mrs. Zako, Gigi Perreau.

BELL IS A ROUND—STAND. Directed by Pierre Schoeffel: Willard Waterman, Dorothy Patrick; Eddie Albert, Victor Jory; Henry Travers, Pauline Lord; Robert Barlow, Dorothy Patrick.
NGOOGHULUBH
Continued from page 45

slip aside. "How about 'Jailhouse Rock'?
he cut in.

"You're too young," Frankie answered, 
laughing. "Come on, wise guy, we'll 
werp you, and then it's night-night for you.

And then he was out of bed. The Tommy
made a face. "Ah, gosh, Uncle Frankie,
cut out the baby talk, will ya, huh? And
don't forget to change my diaper."

Frankie decided not to argue. He lifted
Tommy up and held him on his back.
But when he turned him on his stomach
to powder him, Tommy raised his head and
said: "A little to the left, please . . .
Now, a little to the right . . . That's it, just . . .

ahhh . . ."

When he had finished, Frankie picked
him up and held him close. "There now,"
his, said, "that's better." Then, leaning the
baby against his shoulder, he began to pace
around the room, gently rocking him in
his arms.

"Boy," Frankie said, nuzzling his mouth
against Tommy's ear. "I certainly never
expected a night like this. I thought I'd
go nutty babysitting for Sis. But if you
know, you're some kid." Then he added
laughing, "I guess you take after your
uncle!"

"By the way, where'd you learn to talk
like that? Hey, I'm talking to you, why
don't you answer?" Lifting the baby gently
away from his shoulder, he noticed Tommy
was fast asleep.

Tiptoeing to the crib, Frankie laid the
baby down, covering him with a soft blue
blanket. Then he just stood there for a
minute, looking down at Tommy with an
expression of complete bewilderment.

Suddenly he heard a key turn in the
door. "They're home!" he cried, so loud
that Tommy opened his eyes again. Ex-
citedly, Frankie picked him up and went
to break the news to his sister Theresa.

"Theresa, Theresa," he urged his
husband, "Theresa, Theresa, Theresa.
They're home! They're home!"

"But what? How? What?" Frankie
asked, batting his eyes at his wife.

"Ask him, honey," Theresa said.

"Well, what do you want me to say?"

"Tell me, baby," Theresa continued.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa repeated
again.

"I want to know what you want me to
say!"

"Tell him, baby," Theresa urged
again.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa insisted.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa commanded
again.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa reinforced
one more time.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa exclaimed
one last time.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa commanded
one last time.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa insisted
again.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa urged
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"Tell me, baby," Theresa repeated
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"Tell me, baby," Theresa urged
again.

"Tell me, baby," Theresa repeated
one more time.

"Tell me, baby," Frankie said to his
wife, "but this is the only explanation.
I think maybe it's time you settled
down," she said gently as she kissed
Frankie goodnight, "and had a baby of
your own."

"You kill me," Frankie told her, but
his hand trembled on her shoulder as he
added, "Now what would I go and do a thing like that for?"

"The End"
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TONY AND JANET

Continued from page 47

me. None of this jazz about showing her figure in a too-tight dress, just this face and, in it, more than I’d ever seen in a woman’s face before. More than I knew there was in my body—like a million hard, cold little emotions, millions of years.

“From that minute, I was going to have her if I had to steal, rob, cheat or fight! Swing that route? And remember I was absolutely nothing. But I was going to capture her, to take her and her name, and those million ways and that’s great, that keeps it interesting. We fight, of course we do—but not in an anger that can’t be overcome with humor.”

Neither of us were secure

“I love this doll—she has a wonderful sense of humor and yet she’s dead serious about life, she has to know the whys and wherefores. She’s family-minded and understands my relationship to my family. Neither of us were very secure but, together, we’ve achieved a good measure of security. She leans on me for business advice and now she lets me guide her on picture making. For years, Janet did pictures simply because she was paid to do them. She never figured out whether they were good for her or not. The fact is, she didn’t want to know if they were good. Primarily because it gives us a chance to work together or travel together. I thought she was great in ‘Who Was That Lady?’ It gave her a chance to show what a flair she has for costumes.”

“Then the one thing that could have bigged us, would have been constant separations. If she had put her career ahead of our marriage, or if she’d been finicky about travel, then we would have had trouble. But Janet has never been uncertain about the basic issue—who is the main thing, the man or the marriage? I never jeopardized this by separations. Face it, there’s a physical as well as an emotional problem. You have to express yourselves with each other, or you don’t survive. Janet was—like every woman, I’d say, a woman and she acts like one!”

“It happened to us only once when she was working on ‘Safari’ and I on ‘Trapeze.’ At first, she was shooting in London and I was in Paris. Our working schedule was for five days, mine for six. So, every Friday night, Janet would fly to Paris to spend the weekend with me. It didn’t go well. The following Tuesday, I got a telegram to go off the set to shoot in Africa, in the middle of a jungle. I couldn’t even phone her. She was able to phone me once every six or seven days. Five weeks of that! When I got back to town, I was elated, she’d had a wonderful time with Kelly and Jamie. All the tensions melted out of her and a lovely, inner glow has taken over. She’s completely relaxed and secure.

“Only two people ever know about a marriage: the two who make it, who have found in it their security and their answer. This is why marriage is so valuable. The man has to prove how big she can be, she just is! I’m very lucky—my wife is primarily and always my wife and always a woman’s man.”
summit of the ancient Lindos Acropolis, explored the medieval city of Rhodes, picked delicious juicy oranges in the groves outside the quaint village of Archangelos, with its small white houses. And every day, a hundred times a day, Evy would sigh, "This is the most marvelous honeymoon a girl could dream of. Oh, Jim, I'm so happy. I love you like crazy!"

Sitting on her bench with her chin in her hand, Evy wondered, how can everything change so in a few weeks? Now, Jim had to leave at four and five every morning, to prepare for the day's champaign. "The Guns of Navarone," being made here in this beautiful Aegean setting. He'd be gone all day, coming home late and exhausted. But there was no time to rest. No time to go to the petr in peace and quiet. They had to get dinner over with, so Jim could study for tomorrow's shooting. Every night, they walked to the huge dining room of the Miramare Hotel, ate, walked back for the honeymooners at the apartement, a marvelous smorgasbord of smoked sturgeon, black caviar, of tiny meatballs, and white fish, shrimp, and all kinds of salads. Everything tasted different from Jim's favorite Italian dishes, but he sampled everything and enjoyed it, praising it till his mother-in-law beamed.

There was only one thing wrong, she remembered—Jim's discomfort because her dad wasn't an easy man to get close to, and this her warm-hearted bridegroom couldn't understand. "You have to get to know Papa," she'd whispered to Jim when ever he got uneasy that his father-in-law had nothing to say to him. "He's sweet, but he's shy, because words come hard to him."

That was when she had the bright idea to let food help bridge the gap between the two different men. Daddy enjoyed food—and wasn't there a saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach"? So she asked Jim, "Why don't we cook the folks a dinner tonight, darling? A real good Italian meal." And he agreed.

"Wait till you taste my husband's native cooking," she told her family proudly, as she and Jim set out gaily to buy the makings. All afternoon they wandered, hand in hand, through the colorful market stalls for tomatoes and the right cheeses, for spaghetti and veal and everything else they needed.

They came home and put everyone out of the kitchen. Together they cooked, laughed, and kissed, and the meal came out perfect.

For an appetizer, they served an antipasto of olives, celery and sliced cold cuts, and for the entree they prepared veal parmigiana, which made a big hit. There were side dishes of spaghetti à la oleo and a crisp green salad. And plenty of crusty Italian bread.

But it was the pizza that did it! They'd been sitting talking for hours—so much to say in a week—until everyone got hungry again. So Evy and Jim went back to the kitchen. It was Jimmy who knew how to turn Danish muffins into little individual pizzas, and Evy just followed directions. When they were served, everybody "ummmed," they were so delicious.

And, in the middle of the raves, Mr. Norlund broke down and said, "I never tasted anything like this before. Aren't they good, Mrs. Norlund?"

Mrs. Norlund beamed on Jimmy. "I want the recipe," she said.

"Ah, you're just flattering me," Jim grinned at her.

for a state-by-state survey of boys: how they're alike; how they differ — don't miss...

BOYS U.S.A.

IN JULY

TEENS TODAY MAGAZINE

Also in this issue—TEEN MODELS: HOW TO BE ONE
COLLEGES UNDER $1000 A YEAR
"CATCH HIM ON THE REBOUND"
And Evy's father, sitting contented with another pizza in his hand, made what was for him quite a speech. Right to Jimmy, he made it. "It's nice," he said, "to look around and see everything. Especially my Evy. She brought us a good son, a fine son, my boy." And after that the two men found a hundred things in common to talk about.

Later, after Evy giggled and whispered to Jimmy. "Who would ever dream that all it took was a piece of 'zi-a' to break the ice between you and Papa?" Jimmy whispered back, "You dreamed it, you little witch!" And kissed her. He was happy. Now he felt part of the whole family, and it made Evy feel that much closer to him because he had such good things to say about Evy. "I love you, Jimmy," she told him, close in his arms. "I never want to be away from you for one hour of my life."

And then they had flown off to Rome. Together, they had looked up distant relatives of Jimmy's, and enjoyed their warm hospitality. They spent a golden week basking in the sun, or driving through the winding roads in the hilly dark, green countryside to admire the pink stucco villas with their breathtaking rose gardens.

Then loneliness set in

Then they had come to Rhodes where, after a few luxurious days, the picturesque making started—and the honeymoon was ended. This time:

When the reading palled, and the empty hours on the beach, when embroiderer produced nothing but a lot of prickled fingers and a bodied-up fabric, Evy decided to go to Kyria Eleni after all. If she was as wonderful a dressmaker as Gia Scala said, it was silly to go home without a few of her dresses. And it would be fun to try some of the new. And, indeed, Kyria always talked as she fitted Evy. She talked through a bunch of straight pins clenched between her teeth. "Broken pins—and needles English, Evy called it, and joyfully conversations very much. Kyria asked her about the United States and Denmark. And Evy asked all about Greece, the ancient and beautiful country Kyria loved passionately. By the time they were started on the second dress, they knew and liked each other very well.

Until, one day, Kyria asked, "You are still lonely, no?"

Evy hedged. "Oh, a little."

"Your husband... he is away all day?"

Evy was ashamed to complain. "He's very busy with the movie," she said. "It's a wonderful, wonderful role for him, and I'm happy about it."

"But you... what are you doing?"

Kyria Eleni took a pin from her mouth and fitted the violet linen skirt tighter around Evy's waist. "Oh." Evy tried to appear nonchalant. "I read and swim a little, and I take nap... and I come here!"

"But you miss him... your husband, eh?"

Evy wished Kyria Eleni would stop. It was all getting too personal.

But Kyria Eleni persisted. "Do you?"

"Well," Evy answered, "I guess I'm just like anybody else... I look forward to being with Jimmy."

"I've been married," Kyria Eleni said, "I know."

"I don't want to know what Kyria was getting at, so she didn't answer."

"Let me make you a cup of Greek coffee," Kyria said, "and we'll sit outside while I tell you something."

And while Evy waited on the sun-baked veranda with its black grillwork fence until Kyria came out with a silver tray, she served Evy a spoonful of rose-petal jam on a white china saucer. Then she poured a demitasse cup of Greek coffee from the long-handled brass jezbeh.

The two of them, sitting in the hot, dry sunshine of the island, sipped the coffee slowly. Finally, Kyria Eleni spoke. "I know you are very much in love. I see it in your face. And it's wonderful. But, my dear, you are now going to have to face yourself—and this isn't easy."

A honeymoon doesn't last forever

Evy finished her coffee, Kyria Eleni reached over, took Evy's cup, turned it over in the saucer. "I'm going to read your coffee grounds," she said.

She turned the cup right side up again and closed her eyes and read the grounds that stuck in it. "Hmmm," she murmured, "you will have money." She paused. "And love."

She frowned. "And you will suffer a personal disappointment with your career."

"But how can you see all that—in a cup?"

"It's what I've been taught. Little signs show me your future."

Evy didn't mean to laugh, it wasn't polite, but somehow the giggle escaped. But Kyria wasn't offended.

"Just wait," she said serenely, "you will see. But this is not so important as what I want to tell you that is not in the cup—that I have learned from life."

She sounded so hardly mysterious, that Evy wasn't sure she wanted to hear it. But, finally, she half-whispered, "What? What did you see?"

The dressmaker-fortune teller leaned forward intently. "That a honeymoon cannot go on forever."

Evy felt like a small girl who had been scolded.

"I never said it could!" she cried. Evy nearly choked as she swallowed hard. How could Kyria Eleni know her innermost feelings?

"What you must learn, my dear, is that your husband will always have his work. And while he works, you must make a life for yourself so both of you can be happy."

"What am I supposed to do?" Evy asked. Her curiosity was piqued now.

But Kyria answered her question with another. "What do you want to do?"

"I... I'm an actress," Evy offered shyly, "so I guess I want to act."

"Remember," she warned. "You will find that a disappointment in your career."

"Oh," Evy said. And then, just as quickly, "It doesn't matter. I'd rather have children than be an actress."

"Then you will give yourself to motherhood," Kyria nodded approvingly. "But now, what was it that you wanted to do?"

"I... I don't know."

"Think about it," Kyria Eleni said. She rose, picked up the silver tray with the silver and China and the cup with Evy's fortune in it. "And remember what I told you. That, in life, the worst thing to do is to sit and wait for something to happen. It never does. You have to make it happen. You have to find something which gives you happiness when you're away from your husband." Even if it's all day and all night for weeks and months and years at a time."

Evy rode back on the bumpy little bus, lost in thought over Kyria's words. By the time she got home, she felt, "I know what she means! She doesn't mean I have to keep busy with a pottery course or a job—or even a baby yet. If I can just change my mind on the supplementary loneliness and the waiting and not be unhappy about it. Because if I am, it'll only make Jimmy unhappy, and spoil everything.
Their new happiness

By seven o'clock, Evy was freshened up with a shower and a crisp change of dress-

waiting. But Jim was later than ever to-

night. When he came, he walked in so

wearily that Evy's heart turned over with

a kind of ache for him.

"Sit down a few minutes, Honey," she

said after their hello kiss, "and I'll bring

you some cold lemonade. We don't have
to rush to the hotel.

He drank it gratefully and asked, "What

kind of a day did you have, Sweetheart?"

Evy looked at him and thought, "Isn't he

nice, asking me that when he'd worked

so hard?"

She smiled at him and said, "Oh, Honey,

I had a wonderful day! I went to the

beach, and I shopped, and to the dress-
maker—she's making me some lovely

things." But she didn't tell him the rest—

the fortune telling. That was her own

secret.

Tired as he was, Jim smiled and said,

"I'm glad you're so contented here, Evy.

It's a load off my mind to know you're

not bored and lonely.

Oh! I love you as I thought. He's so
good and sweet. I adore him.

They went to the hotel for dinner. And

then, before going back to the bungalow,

they walked by the water. Evy leaned

her head against Jim's shoulder in

the deepening dusk, and her hand was in

his.

It was only a little walk, a few minutes,

but it was enough to make her happy and

content to sit quietly the rest of the even-

ing while Jim studied tomorrow's lines.

And he was content too—working with

his Evy sitting near him.

They didn't dream that night, what

further happiness was in store for them.

That before they left the island of Rhodes,

late in the summer, a baby would be on

its way for them. And that while she was

waiting, Evy would have her opportunity
to be an actress again—she'd get a small

part in Jimmy's picture.

All of this may have been in the coffee
grounds, but Kyria Eleni wasn't telling—

and it was as wise of her. For, with-

out knowing any of it, Evy had arrived

at great happiness and peace of mind. She

and Jimmy were on their kind of a honey-

moon—the kind that lasts.

—GEORGE CHRISTY

LESS THAN LOVE

Continued from page 37

with nobody to meet you." So when Harry

said, "Please come over for lunch. It

would give me the greatest pleasure," they

accepted.

Debbie had known it was more than

courtesy. But if Harry didn't have

to have them come. Not simply because he

was in love with her—though that was

part of it, of course—but Harry would

have urged her parents alone, or any

casual girl would have. Debbie thought

he would—if his shyness let him—do just

as much for half a dozen weary tourists,

or a trailer-park couple he'd never met

before.

"Charity," he had said once, "is as

necessary to life as religion, education—or

anything else at all." But when Harry

said "charity," he used the word in the

Biblical sense—translated into "love." He

gave not only money, but himself; he gave

not only to the money-poor, but to those

who didn't even know that they were des-

titute—the poor in heart.

Like me, Debbie thought suddenly. The

ones who try to keep busy so they don't

know they're lonesome. But you can't

keep busy all the time: Sometimes you sit

down for a moment and it sneaks up on

you—loneliness, emptiness, weariness.

And then...

Then the phone rings, and it's Harry

Karl, saying, "Let me drive you down to

Palm Springs, you and your family. Come

on. It will do you good.

"They need a father"

And all the way down, he joked and

tossed the children, starts a discussion that
takes your mind off yourself, makes your

parents feel sure they're not superfluous

but an essential part of the outing. And

then, with his usual quixotic tact, leaves

you alone for a moment in the garden

while he orders lunch and shows your

folks where they can wash up. How does

he know? she wondered. How does he always

seem to know when to let me think?

And there was so much thinking to do.

With a little sigh, Debbie lowered herself
to a stone seat where she could keep an

eye on her little ones. Carrie, now explor-

ing the patio, carefully kept away from

the edge of the pool. Todd, squatting be-

side a cactus plant, extended a tentative

finger toward a turtle. His babies, she

thought proudly. So sturdy and handsome

and bright. Enough to fill any heart with

love, with joy.

That was what she said, over and over,
to her friends, to anyone who would

listen. I have my babies; that's enough.

But so many wanted to argue the point.

"Now, Debbie, mother-love is a won-

derful thing. But you're a woman as well

as a mother. A woman is meant to love a

man, too."

"Now, Debbie, you wouldn't be depriving

the children of something by falling in

love again. Did you love them any the

less when you loved Eddie? Of course

not."

"Now, Debbie, you know what the psy-

choologists say about over-devoted mo-

thers! You're so wrapped up in Carrie and

Todd; you'll get possessive and nervous,

and that will be terrible for them. Besides,

they need a father."  

"But they have a father," she would

protest. "Eddie loves both of them very

much."

"That's all very nice for Eddie. But

where was he when Toddly fell off his tri-

cycle? Where was he during Carrie's

birthday party? Where will he be when

Todd wants to learn to drive, and when

young men are coming to the house to

take Carrie out on a date? A child needs

a father who's there."

Good friends, tactful friends. They al-

ways stopped just short of the obvious,

direct conclusion: You've got to marry

again. You've got to make yourself fall in

love—or pretend to.

Debbie reached down for a handful of

the loose white gravel that covered the

"lawn" of the house in the manner of the

desert landscaping popular at the Springs.

Eddy, she let it run through her fingers.

Love, she thought.

Everyone gave her so much credit for

loving—maybe that's why they felt she

couldn't be really happy until she married

again.

In her twenty-six love-filled years, how


Loneliness — the Killer

It comes in the night, with

the persistence of a ticking

clock. It comes in the morn-
ing and in the afternoon and

in the evening. But it comes!

And sometimes it never goes,

unless you have found the

way to banish it.

"I THINK IT WILL DRIVE ME MAD,"

SHE WROTE

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93
many times had she really been in love?

Once, with Eddie! Half-a-dozen dates with him and she had found herself sitting by the phone, willing it to ring; dressing to go out, with her heart doing flip-flops; unable to pass a show-window of a man’s store without thinking: “That would look good on Eddie; Eddie would like that; I wonder if I should buy one of them and send it to Eddie?”

Was it love?

All the things that used to be important to her—her career, her home, the Girl Scouts—all those things began to shrink in size and importance. All the problems that had always known she wouldn’t get seriously about a boy now, miraculously, were easy to solve—or forget. A difference in religion? They’d work it out. Careers on opposite ends of the country? They’d commute. Different sets of friends? Everyone’d get to love everybody. Different goals, different desires, different pleasures? They’d each give a little. “Give a little, take a little.” That’s what Eddie’s mother had said on their wedding day, and on that day, of course, it had sounded so easy to do.

If everything looked so easy to work out, if you were deeply convinced that a wonderful life, together, was more important than any problem—why, then you knew you were in love.

She had been in love—once. The fine white pebbles trickled through Debbie’s fingers and made a little heap at her feet.

Debbie’s hand fell open. Her lips parted slightly. She took a deep breath.

Was it possible—was it possible—that, someday, she would believe she had not really loved Eddie either? That she had seen in him a different dream? A dream of a happy, peaceful, deep companionship, a warm world with loneliness shut out? Or had she been in love with the idea of marriage, more than with the man she planned to marry? Girls do that.

Was that love?

A step sounded on the gravel at her side. Debbie looked up. Harry was standing there, smiling down at her, his eyes young beneath the greying brows. “I’ve eaten in about twenty minutes. May I sit down?”

“I’m in your garden?” Debbie said, laughing. “I think it might be arranged.”

She moved over on the stone seat. Harry sat down beside her. He moved so easily, so softly, she thought for the hundredth time; she noticed his grace and strength automatically. Not a wasted motion. He didn’t bounce away, as you might have thought; and, yet, there was nothing weak about him, nothing slow. Merely the movements of a man who has much to do, and knows exactly how much energy and time and motion it takes to do it. And he liked steam baths, massages. She liked that. She, too, had always believed that decent self-respect required that you take care of your body, keep it clean and fit, keep it a good sight in the eyes of God and man.

And Harry did. His clothes were expensive—not to display wealth, but to fit well and wear well; to let the man inside move easily. Carrie had said, “You'd think they were wearing. They weren’t to admire in front of a mirror or in other people’s eyes. He changed his white shirts as often as three times a day. He took pleasure not in the shirts themselves, but in freshness, neatness. Debbie had never seen him less than immaculate. Never.

“Debbie!” Harry said. “Debbie? You’re a handsome little thing, aren’t you?”

Debbie looked at him, startled. She was remembering the Desert Rodeo they went to together; she and Harry and the children. “I think I’ll leave you alone with what you’re thinking,” Harry said, standing up. Debbie saw him turn and walk, with long swift strides, toward the pool. She knew he was being rude, but she wanted to be alone to think.

She remembers . . .

For the first time, she yielded to the temptation to close her eyes and recall vividly what happened on that Saturday afternoon.

They had gone to the Desert Rodeo in the morning, she and Harry and Todd and Carrie. The gates were shut, and she could still see Carrie and Todd's face in the outfits they had worn that day—the cowboy clothes Harry had given them last Christmas. The children were so excited they could hardly stand still to be dressed. Todd kept jumping up and down, asking, “Mommy, will the real cowboys at the rodeo think that I’m a real cowboy, too?”

Laughing, Debbie assured him they would. Then, Harry came to pick them up in his car.

All through the rodeo, both children pestered him with questions about everything they saw—Debbie’s answers didn’t interest them in the least. Harry turned from one child to the other, supplying peanuts, hot dogs, information on some cowpokes, and asking how far a stage coach would go in one day, how many Indians he had personally killed—until Debbie was torn between laughter and chagrin. It really wasn’t right to say it, she knew, but that morning, the man she was going to marry wasn’t the father, but Harry was a marvel with them.

The silk handkerchief . . .

After the rodeo, there was a barbecue. Harry led the way, with Todd clinging to his hand. He led them to the corral where the bullocks were being looked for in past displays of western handicrafts and arts, matching his pace to Todd’s little legs, turning back to Debbie and Carrie with comments and smiles. After a few minutes, Todd stopped and asked for ice cream.

“What?” Harry demanded. “Ice cream before the barbecue? Well, now—you’ll have to ask your mother.”

Todd turned around and, tugging at Debbie’s sleeve, he asked, “Mommy . . . please?” and pointed over to where they were selling the ice cream.

Debbie smiled and shrugged. “They’ve had so much ice cream,” Harry said, “I guess an ice cream won’t kill them!”

So Harry waved to a vendor and bought two cones for the children.

“Thank you, Toddie,” Debbie prompted.

Todd grinned up at Harry, his double chocolate cone held firmly in one small, chubby hand, then, with a howl of perfect bliss, he started to make his way back to where Debbie and Harry threw both arms around him.

“Todd!” Debbie cried. “Todd—oh, look at the mess you’ve made! Oh, Harry, I’m so sorry. Todd, how could you? Look what you’ve done!”

Todd slipped to the ground and began to wail, half because his mother was cross, half because he had lost most of his ice cream. Harry gazed down at himself and then at the child. “Have you anything like a tissue, Debbie?”

Debbie rummaged frantically in her bag.

“No. Oh, darn it. Not a thing.”

“Never mind,” Harry said. “Here—” and from the front of his shirt, he pulled out an immaculate silk handkerchief.

“Oh,” Debbie said. “That’s good. Give
it to me, Harry, and I'll wipe you off...."  
Then she had stopped. For, instead of  
attacking the mess on himself, Harry had  
stooped down in the dust and pulled Todd  
toward him. "Don't cry, little man," Debb-  
ie heard him say gently, "it's all right.  
There. Isn't that better?" And with his  
white handkerchief he gently wiped Todd's  
tear-and-chocolate smeared face, dusted  
of the cowboy shirt, rubbed at a streak of  
chocolate on the buckskin shorts. Only  
when Todd was dry and matted and all  
smiles, with another come in his hand—  
then Harry used the silk handkerchief to  
pit himself dry.  

And suddenly other scenes crowded into  
his mind. There, the many times, when  
Harry had given what he'd never promised.  
There was Harry, on their first date,  
handing Debbie a ten-thousand-dollar  
check for the Thalians, her pet cause.  
Not a word about giving a little now  
maybe more later if he liked their work.  
Just then and there—a large check.  
And Harry sending her a little golf cart  
toop around the studio grounds instead  
of walking between sets. Not a word about  
"My girl shouldn't wear herself out—you  
are my girl, aren't you?" Just the cart,  
arriving with a note that said he wanted  
to give her something to think about.  
And Harry listening to her, as she'd  
said to so many other men, "I can't go on  
a date before nine, when the children are  
in bed." Not a word about nine o'clock  
being four o'clock in the morning. And  
that she was carrying motherly love a  
little too far. All he asked was could he  
possibly come over at eight, and help her  
give them supper?  

And Harry driving her all over when  
she was apartment-hunting for her broth-  
er Bill and his bride. Not a word in ad-  
vance about being willing to do anything,  
no matter how much money he'd earned and  
tiring, for Debbie. He just showed up in  
his car in front of her house, saying cheerfully,  
"I just thought that you might like company."  

Could she love again?  

Best of all, there was Harry last Christ-  
mas in Palm Springs, making no promises  
to the children as many people did—  
peaceful promises designed to win their affection  
when Debbie was around and forgotten  
when she was away. He came with a picnic  
basket for Debbie to fill with sandwiches  
and potato salad, and he'd mapped out an  
Itinerary of Indian and French canoes to visit,  
or-chards to see, and palm tree groves to eat  
in. It was very strange, indeed, how Harry  
Karl made no promises—and still fulfilled  
so much. Strange, how the sound of his  
voice was so sure, so reassuring.  

So many people, in so many ways, had  
been asking her about Harry Karl:  
"Debbie—do you think you could love  
again?"  

"Surely, you don't mind an older man,  
do you, Debbie? Look at Doris Day and  
Jean Simmons and—well, even Liz and  
Mike Todd! Sometimes, after a girl has  
had a hard time from a younger man, she  
finds that someone more mature is just  
right. Now, you take Harry—and anyway,  
he's only forty-seven."  

"Debbie, don't you think it's possible  
for a girl to be in love with a man and not  
know it? Now take you...."  
In her heart, she knew she couldn't listen  
to what others were saying. She had to  
make up her own mind.  

And today, here in Harry's garden,  
she sat and wondered. Love could be many  
things. A promise. (But promises could  
be broken.) A dream. (But dreams some-  
times turned into night, too.) The sound for  
hers had always seemed based on the  
future—the life they would have together,  
the joy they would know. Later, always  
later. For Debbie, love meant you over-  
looked present problems in hope of future  
solutions. Love was forgiving today's  
quarrel because there would be a recon-  
ciliation tomorrow. The future, promises.  
From around the house, Harry appeared.  
Carrying a hard time from a younger man,  
Todd straddled like a lord at his side.  

"Debbie," Harry said, "lunch is ready."  
Ah, Harry, she thought, could love come  
without stars bursting and suns explod-  
ing? Could love be gentle and honest  
and deep and quiet instead? Could it belong  
to this moment, build on what one knows  
of a man as he is—not dreams and hopes  
and prayers that he'll turn out?  

She knew she could never marry with-  
out love, not even for Carrie's and Todd's  
happiness. But what if love wore this other  
face that she'd known too little—the face  
of goodness and kindness and tenacity  
so endearing that you cannot help but love it?  

Debbie stood up. Harry was holding out  
his hand—asking for nothing, except that  
she come into the house where her parents  
and children were waiting to sit around  
the lunch table with their host.  

Debbie took Harry's hand.  
"I'm coming," she said.  

SEE DEBBIE IN FAR'S "THE RAT RACE" AND "PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY." DON'T MISS HER SPECIALS ON ABC-TV. HEAR HER SING ON DOT. AND WATCH FOR HER IN "PEPE" FOR COLUMBIA.
words, they do an astonishing lot of gabbing. *M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

**Walk Like a Dragon**
FRESH LOOK AT THE FRONTIER; ADULT

Did you think westerns had used up every possible switcheroo? Well, here's another, and it's a good, strong one, with characters that are consistent all the way through. Young and very attractive, James Shigeta and Nobu McCarthy are both of Japanese ancestry, but you believe in them as Chinese immigrants who are completely baffled by American customs and standards. Nobu is rescued from slavery by Jack Lord, who brings her home as a hired girl to his startled mom (Josephine Hutchinson). Enter love and utter confusion along with it. Shigeta's problem is pride, and it takes quite a beating. The picture has its amusing moments and bursts of action, but the underlying idea is serious. **PARAMOUNT**

**The Brides of Dracula**
EEEEK! ADULT

If you enjoyed being scared silly by "Horror of Dracula," here's an extra helping of chills from the same British outfit that did the original vampire story. Doc Peter Cushing—a very peculiar sort of specialist—is still roaming around Transylvania trying to keep the "undead" situation under control. Like rescuing pretty Yvonne Monlaur, who thinks that young nobleman David Peel would make a fine husband. And he'd just love to bring Yvonne home for dinner. This sequel hasn't quite as much gore as the old Dracula story, but the atmosphere is rich and creepy. **U-I; TECHNICOLOR**

**The Leech Woman**
A GAL GHOUL; ADULT

Double-billed with "The Brides of Dracula" is a clumsier horror item, with a female menace. You may feel sorry for poor Coleen Gray at first, because she's getting old, and her young husband (Phillip Terry) is terribly nasty to her, and he insists on dragging her off to darkest Africa for some kind of sinister medical research. Then Coleen learns the secret—and look out, fellas! **U-I**

**Prisoner of the Volga**
RUSSIA'S GOOD (?) OLD DAYS; ADULT

The Italians hired a couple of American players, John Derek and Dawn Addams, and dubbed in English dialogue for this melodrama, but they needn't have bothered with any dialogue at all. Movie screens haven't seen such a luxurious old-fashioned yarn since fans listened to organ music instead of actors' voices. As a gallant officer in the Czar's army, John has a genuine villain to contend with in his commanding general (Wolfgang Preiss). This guy didn't have an unhappy childhood; he has no special motives; he's just plain MEAN! But plenty of handsome scenery sets off John's adventures. **PARAMOUNT; EASTMAN COLOR, TOTALSCOPE**

**Dinosaurs!**
MORE FICTION THAN SCIENCE; FAMILY

Stand by for riots at the Saturday matinee! The kids will just love little Alan Roberts, as a Caribbean boy who makes a pet of a brontosaurus and a pal of an ape-man. These critters (along with the terrible, meat-eating rex tyran-nosaurus) have come back to life because engineer Ward Ramsey disturbed their natural deep-freeze by blasting for an island harbor. Anyhow, the beautiful tropic vistas are real—shot on St. Croix, one of the Virgin Islands. **U-I; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR**

**The Great Day**
CHILDHOOD IN SPAIN; FAMILY

A real-life incident provided the plot for this Spanish-made film, but its creators haven't quite managed to make their viewpoint clear for American audiences. It's hard to see why a small boy would go to such lengths for a dazzling, expensive white suit to wear at his first communion. The village priest does suggest that the boy has his values confused, but the story ignores this reasonable idea. As the little hero, Miguelito Gil is pretty much the child actor, with a too-sweet smile. It's Miguel Angel Rodriguez, as his chunky, matter-of-fact pal, who steals scenes. **ELLIS**

**Hercules Unchained**
THE MUSCLE-MAN'S HERE AGAIN; FAMILY

This is embarrassing! Just look at big Steve Reeves, lolling around the palace, being waited on by fluttery girls, getting too weak to bend the slimmest iron bar. Trouble is, Queen Omphale (Sylvia Lopez) has put him under a spell, so that he doesn't even know his name is Hercules, and he's forgotten his lovely bride (Sylva Koscina). These adventures get pretty far away from the ancient myths, but they're fun. How about a little more footage for Gabriele Antonini next chapter? This boy who plays Ulysses is a dreamy-looking kid. **WARNERS; EASTMAN COLOR, Dyaluscope**

**And Quiet Flows the Don**
ROMANTIC RUSSIAN TRIANGLE; ADULT

This Soviet import, under the official cultural-exchange deal, takes us back to 1914 and the colorful little world of the Cossacks—not the Czar's mounted police, but the proud race of demon horsemen and hard-working farmers who lived along the Don River. As the youthful hero, Pyotr Glebov is more interested in the lusty married woman next door (Ellina Bystritskaya) than he is in farming or fighting. Most likely the Revolution (only hinted at here) will take care of all this reactionary sex stuff in the sequel. Meantime, strong performances put a lot of emotions into the universal human relationships. **U.A.; SOVCOLOR; DIALOGUE IN RUSSIAN, TITLES IN ENGLISH**

**Next to No Time**
EASYGOING BRITISH FANTASY; FAMILY

Thanks to Kenneth More—good actor, likable guy—and to the beautiful S.S. Queen Elizabeth, this humorous tidbit is tasty enough. Kenneth's a bright but shy fellow who has been ordered to wangle financial backing for his company out of tough tycoon Roland Culver—before the ship docks in New York, And Kenneth gets the notion that there's confidence-building magic in the witching hour after midnight, when all clocks stop for each time-zone shift. Betsy Drake, as a traveling Hollywood star, lends Kenneth a friendly hand. **SHOW CORPORATION OF AMERICA, EASTMAN COLOR**

**Head of a Tyrant**
ITALIAN BIBLE-EPIC; ADULT

Italian script-writers weren't satisfied with the ready-made drama in the Apocalypse story of Judith, the patriot girl of Bethulia, and Holofernes, the Assyrian invader who listened to her too long and lost his head. They've added an ingredient—old reliable Love—to complicate the duel, with Isabelle Corey and Massimo Girotti as the intense enemies. And they've turned good-looking Massimo into a surprisingly modern character. **U-I; TOTALSCOPE, FERRANICOLORED**
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MARCIA BORIE, West Coast Contributor

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ANOTHER FRAGRANCE TRIUMPH BY BOURJOSI

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU
BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

I wonder if Liz knows she doesn't really have to do it.

I'm amused by the fact Anita Ekberg had to go to Italy to prove she was a good actress, and Sophia Loren had to come to Hollywood to prove she wasn't... Did you notice that Tony Curtis wore his made-to-order Italian suits although he played a hick musician from the sticks in "The Rat Race"?... Elvis Presley is a Judo expert, so don't get funny with him fellows—or girls... I still look forward to Marilyn Monroe winning an Oscar for the best performance by an actress. M.M. is capable of it, despite her stage fright in front of a camera... Tuesday Weld is now going through what she calls her "reconstruction period." Tuesday has had enough of the weird doings and the beatniks and is now out to improve herself... Laurence Harvey's real name is Larushka Mischa Skihne. Aren't you glad he changed it?... Louis Jourdan plays the piano badly. He does, however, play tennis and croquet well... Hollywood is a place where it is better for a woman to be well-formed than well-informed... I've never seen Kim Novak wear a pair of loose fitting toreador pants... Betty Grable would stand a chance of being discovered for pictures if she already hadn't been a movie star... Intuition, according to Tony Randall, is what tells a woman she's right when she's wrong.

Anna Maria Alberghetti, although it isn't noticeable, has blossomed into a good business woman... The old Deanna Durbin bungalow at Universal now has a shingle in front stating "Wagon Train" and is the headquarters of that TV show... The old Shirley Temple bungalow at 20th is now the studio dentist's office... I continue to be fascinated by Katharine Hepburn's face. Close-ups of these performers always hold my rapt attention.

I must favor actresses named Holliday, no matter how they spell it. For example, you must see Judy Holliday in "Bells Are Ringing," the best musical of the year and Judy's best movie since "Born Yesterday." And then you must see "The Apartment" (the best comedy to date) if only to discover Hope Holiday, who has a terrific bit... I wish to report that I witnessed Edd (Kookie) Byrnes buying a comb in Schwab's... I have
yet to see anyone look better in Technicolor than Maureen O'Hara. She photographs as if she were made for their test runs. . . . George Hamilton, who wears hard, starched collars, even insists that his bed sheets be starched. . . . Hollywood is a place where the type of people who discover talent would have discovered America in 1493. . . . Jack Lemmon confesses that "Somewhere I read that I'm supposed to look like the All-American boy. I think I may be worried by the idea." . . . It doesn't worry Doris Day—I mean being called the All-American Girl. Nor is Debbie Reynolds insulted by it. Movie acting has been therapy for Sal Mineo. . . . Mickey Rooney still bites his nails. . . . Elizabeth Taylor doesn't have to display cleavage to be sexy, but she does. . . . I'd say that Archie Moore is the best actor in "Adventures of Huck Finn." Young Eddie Hodges could learn a trick from Archie—that is not to use any tricks. . . . Director Otto Preminger reversed the procedure and pulled a Curtizism on Mike Curtiz. Otto said: "I think I'll go to Palm Springs for three days for a week's rest."

Shirley MacLaine looks as if she's in action even when she's standing still. . . . Sometimes, when I see Olivia De Havilland on the Late Show, I miss seeing her in a current movie. . . . Whenever I meet Craig (Peter Gunn) Stevens, I feel as if I'm part of a mystery and must be careful of what I say. . . . Hollywood is a place where the new movie stars go to parties hoping to see the real movie stars, who go hoping to see each other.

I'm told Zsa Zsa Gabor considers herself naked if she isn't wearing jewelry. Why, there are some nights Zsa Zsa even wears a bracelet to bed. . . . They buy the Broadway hit play, "Marriage-Go-Round" with such movie stars as Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer in the lead; then the only member of the original cast suitable for the screen version is non-movie star, Julie Newmar. . . . Linda Cristal will tell you that she divorced her husband because their neuroses didn't mix. . . . Hollywood is a place where an actor will take any amount of criticism, so long as it's flattering. That's Hollywood For You.

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by PAUL DREW

STATION WGST, ATLANTA—Look what the mail brought—"Postcards From Hawaii," and the song messages from Annette are superb. . . . Keep your eyes and ears open for Dick Roman. Dick, who was singing at Radio City Music Hall with Annette, subbed at the Copa one night for Bobby Darin when he was ill. That’s the way Eddie Fisher zoomed to the top and people who were there say the same thing could happen to Dick. Incidentally, Dick, who dated Annette often while she was in New York, gave her a little tiger-striped kitten as a going-away present, and she promptly named it “Dickie.” . . . Frankie Avalon is busy on the “Summer Scene,” filling night-club dates with his new act, where he does some pretty fancy hoofing. . . . Fabian never looked better, and in a bathing suit yet, than on the cover of “Good Ole Summer Time.” . . . Have you heard “Sincerely” from the album “Connie Francis Sings Rock ’n Roll Million Sellers”? Could be a hit all over again. Connie’s now filming her first movie, “Where the Boys Are” for M-G-M. . . . Wonder who the girl is who knits those sweaters on the cover of “Wish Upon a Star With Dion and the Belmonts.” The harmony, too, is well-woven. . . . Remember Pat Boone singing “I Believe” on his first network broadcast? Or Teresa Brewer singing “Darktown Strutters Ball”? These and other great performances are here in the U.A. album, “Original Amateur Hour.” . . . Paul Anka’s got a new look, thanks to his nose job, and a new sound, too, in “Paul Anka Swings For Young Lovers.” . . . Ray Charles once said of his music, “I want the people to see my soul.” You will in “The Genius Hits the Road.” . . . Can’t wait to see how Brian Hyland will follow up his 1960 big smash, “Itsy Bitsy Teenie Weenie Yellow Polka Dot Bikini.” . . . I sure hope that, when it’s Academy Award time again, someone will remember to nominate “Look for a Star.” From “Circus of Horrors.” . . . More talk of the hands coming back. Like young Dicky Doo and the Don’ts, who catch the sound of the Sixties in “Teen Scene.” . . . Best nonsense record this month: Bill Dana’s “My Name.”

What’s in the Stars?

If you were born between July 22nd and August 21st, then you belong to the fifth sign of the zodiac—Leo—like Richard Egan (July 29), Don Murray (July 31), John Saxon and Robert Taylor (Aug. 5), Robert Mitchum and Lucille Ball (Aug. 6), Esther Williams (Aug. 8), Ann Blyth (Aug. 16), James Cagney (Aug. 17), Molly Bee (Aug. 18).

You’re really quite an interesting person. You are magnetic and warm-hearted. You have a good sense of humor and because of this, many are attracted to you. As far as your emotions are concerned, you are sensitive and are very easily hurt. Maybe it’s because of your lack of understanding of what is in the hearts and minds of others, that you, in turn, are hurt back.

You are creative and are a born leader, and because of your charm, others tend to follow you. You seem to wrap your life around the one person dearest to you and in this way you neglect those who were important to you before this loved one entered. Watch this. You need praise to bring out the best in you or else you are apt to be lazy. Lucky number: three—ERIAL.
Jose Jimenez... To add to your prize classic collection, write down and listen to: Ravel's "String Quartet in F," played beautifully by the Juilliard String Quartet on an RCA Victor album, with Debussy's "String Quartet in G Minor" on the other side... Alexander Brailowsky plays Chopin, "The 24 Preludes," on a fine Columbia recording.

**Puzzle**

**ACROSS**

2. ______ Thomas ("Heartbreak")
4. "My Home Town" is his hit
7. Pat Boone's label
8. She's "Everybody's Somebody's Fool"
10. Past of light
11. A musical sound
12. Indefinite article
13. Singer of the month (pictured)
16. Her husband wrote "Mack The Knife" (init.)
17. She sings "One of Us"
20. Port of verb "to be"
21. Los Angeles (abbrev.)
22. Frank —— Vol.
24. What not to do at the opera
25. "Young ---"
26. One of a group of Five
30. Long distance (abbrev.)

**DOWN**

1. He's made Mack, Bill and Clementine famous
2. His big one is a variation of an operatic aria from "Samson and Delilah"
3. Preston
5. The ever popular Mr. Cole
6. She's one of "The Real McCays" (init.)
8. Fold
9. "By Starlight" (a Sinatra oldie)
10. To caress
11. Taina
13. He says it's a "Wonderful World"
17. Anka's hit
19. Star of "Story of Ruth"
23. Fastest way to get to Hollywood
26. Holdren
28. Note of the scale

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up...

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you wake up with a permanent that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!
Congratulations, Hollywood

Recently I spent ten dollars seeing “Ben-Hur” four times. If I hadn’t run out of money, I probably would have gone to see it a fifth and sixth time. My congratulations to Charlton Heston on his magnificent portrayal of Ben-Hur. Besides being tall and extremely handsome, he is just about one of the best actors I will ever hope to see. He made me cry with him in almost every scene. I’m glad he won the Academy Award because he really deserved it. Previously, I hadn’t given much notice to Stephen Boyd but his performance in this picture will be a memorable one to me. He was wonderful. Haya Hararect is a beautiful and great actress. Anyway, what I’m trying to say, if you haven’t already guessed, is that the cast was perfect and the scenes I will never forget. If this movie represented Hollywood at its best, I congratulate them.

ASSUMPTION LUCERO
Kansas City, Mo.

A Moving Story

While making “The Journey,” “Around the World in Eighty Days” with “My Uncle Hulot” and my “Auntie Mame” we stopped off to see the “Mardi Gras.” At “The Inn of the Sixth Happiness,” we met “Anastasia” and “My Pal Joey.” They sat at “Separate Tables.” I asked Sonya Lyle why her and her gal were not sitting together, and he said “That Kind of Woman” is not for him. Furthermore, he said that he can’t ever take this chick on a “Carousel” at night because she always has to be “Home Before Dark.” “The Whole Truth” is that I’m not going to end up being “The Matchmaker” for these two “Scapegoats.” The next day, we came to Cordura. There “On the Beach” we saw “The Old Man and the Sea” talking to “The Big Fisherman” who had just pulled out “The Whale” that bit “Moby Dick” “20,000 Leagues Under the Sea.” “For the First Time” I started to “Take a Giant Step” when I saw “Porgy and Bess” coming toward me wearing “Blue Denim” overalls. They told me that they went to the “Senior Prom” the night before and had a lot of fun. I told myself that “I Want to Live” through “The Restless Years” of my life. I wasn’t ready just yet to end up as Maggie did in “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.” No siree, I told “The Geisha Boy.” It is true that “Some Like It Hot” but “Me and the Colonel” wanted to make this trip “The Perfect Furlough.” It was all quite perfect until I found “A Stranger in My Arms.” He said to “Kiss Me Kate,” whereas I said I would tell the “Sheriff of Fractured Jaw” the whole of “This Affair to Remember.” Then “Gigi” came to the rescue. She heard the story right from “The Horse’s Mouth.”

YVONNE WALTER
San Francisco, Calif.

Well Satisfied:

My friend and I went to see “Home From the Hill” and came away well satisfied. The picture was the best one we’ve seen this year (and we’ve seen quite a few movies). Everyone was highly great and the picture held you spellbound.

M. BURDEN
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Please turn the page
And what stirred up this lovely storm? SWEET MUSIC*, the bra with the spoke-stitched cups for fashion's newest "rounded look". A,B,C cups, 2.50. Also in the SWEET MUSIC family tree: SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC LACE CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC ELASTIC, A, B, C cups, 3.00.

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"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" is a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours FREE. Write Dept B-90, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Readers Inc. continued

The Most Wonderful Guy

The most wonderful guy I know, goes by the name of Perry Como. I simply adore his wonderful charm. Which is so sweet, friendly and warm. There's no other singer I so admire. And you can bet of his show I'll never tire. "Prisoner of Love" sounds really neat. But "Delaware" is the song to heat. His smile easily meat your heart. And in his fan club I take a part. He's so down to earth and very nice. I wouldn't trade him for any price. The simplest reason I'm his fan. Is because he's such a wonderful man.

A COMO FAN
Cincinnati, Ohio

A Special Thanks

I would like to say a special thanks to Kim Novak for sending me a note for sending her a card while she was in the hospital. Not many people would send a thank-you note for a mere get-well card, but she did.

MYRA LARBOWITZ
Pittsburgh, Pa.

See Page . . .

. . . I love Loretta Young more than anyone besides my mother. I think she is the most wonderful and beautiful person in the world. I try never to miss her show. I wish you would do a story on my favorite.

DORIS CURTIS
Atlanta, Ga.

After a letter like that, we just have to. See page 28.—Ed.

. . . I am a great fan of Troy Donahue's. I would appreciate it greatly if you would have a story on him.

KAY SWANCY
Weatherford, Texas

As long as you'll appreciate it, see page 38.—Ed.

PHOTOPLAY

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR: 1. ____________________________ 2. ____________________________
3. ____________________________ 4. ____________________________

ACTRESS: 1. ____________________________ 2. ____________________________
3. ____________________________ 4. ____________________________

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOCYCLE are 1. ____________________________ 2. ____________________________
3. ____________________________ 4. ____________________________

Name: ____________________________ Age: ______
Address: ______________________________________________________________________

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y. If yours is one of the first 25 ballots received each Friday from August 5 through 26, we'll send you an autographed picture of your favorite star. Just tell us who it is.
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. And it's so easy. Instant Whip Lady Clairol is amazingly gentle. Feels deliciously cool going on. Leaves your hair in beautiful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever!

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#404 girdle (not shown) $7.95

It's a gift! A new fashion and grooming booklet "Mirror Talk with Debbie Reynolds" free with your answer-deb!

THE H. W. GOSSARD CO., CHICAGO
For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the month indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 17. (A—ADULT F—FAMILY)

ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN, THE—M-G-M; Cinemascope, Metrocolor: Mild fun on the old Mississippi with brash little Eddie Hodges, runaway slave Archie Moore, con-man Tony Randall, Mark Twain's story gets lost; so do the snatches of song. (F) July

APARTMENT, THE—U.A.: Faravon: Half funny, half serious, this nery film takes a sharp look at the low goings-on in Jack Lemmon's apartment. Jack's fine work is almost matched by Shirley MacLaine's, as his beloved; Fred MacMurray's, as his boss. (A) August

BARETE GOES TO WAR—Columbia; Cinemascope, Eastman Color: Smart suspense comedy stars Brigitte Bardot (fully dressed) as a lovely French girl who blunders into the underground in Occupied France, while Nazis think she's on their side. (A) April

BELLS ARE RINGING—M-G-M; Cinemascope, Metrocolor; Too-faithful recording of Judy Holliday's bright Broadway musical, with Dean Martin a welcome addition as her favorite customer. She's a phone-answering-service gal who worries about the clients. (F) August

BOBBIKINS—20th, Cinemascope: Fresh, delightful comedy gives an Anglo-American showbiz couple (Max Bygraves, Shirley Jones) an angel-faced baby—with the fantastic ability to spout big words! (F) July

BRIDES OF DRACULA, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Rich, creepy atmosphere surrounds doc Peter Cushing, still coping with the "undead" situation in old Transylvania. (A) August

DINOSAURUS!—U-I; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Kids will love little Alan Roberts, as a Caribbean boy who makes a pet of a brontosaurus, a pal of an apeman—both revived today in this comic-style thriller. (F) August

FLAME OVER INDIA—Rank, 20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Excellent thriller of civil war in India in 1910 sends British officer Kenneth More and American governess Lauren Bacall on a wild ride, to save a child prime from assassins. (F) July

GALLANT HOURS, THE—U.A.: Amazing look-alike for Admiral "Bull" Halsey, James Cagney dominates an unusual war epic of the fight for Guadalcanal. Not a shot's fired on-screen; the action is all at headquarters—Halsey's or the Japanese. (F) June

HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR—Zenith International: dialogue in French, titles in English; War can destroy an individual spirit, as well as a city, says this beautiful, powerful film, with French Emmanuelle Riva and Japanese Eiji Okada as searching lovers. (A) August

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Lion International: The British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-loaded shambles. As a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael's a humbler whose honesty starts a riot. (A) July

LEECH WOMAN, THE—U-I: Clumsy horror item features Coleen Gray as a 200-foot ghouls, an aging woman who goes to Africa and finds a gruesome way to regain youth. (A) August

MOUNTAIN ROAD, THE—Columbia: Closeup of War II in China reflects the drabness and confusion of modern warfare. James Stewart, as an imaginative U.S. officer, is opposed by Lisa Lu, as a sensitive Chinese lady. You will like newcomer Glenn Corbett. (F) July

PAY OR DIE—A.A.: Trim documentary-type crime story casts likable Ernest Borgnine as a real police detective who fought the Mafia in New York's colorful Little Italy, half a century ago. (A) August

POLLYANNA—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Wonderful Hayley Mills, thirteen, highlights the happy surprise of the year. She's the orphan who gives a 1912 small town a good shaking-up. A strong adult cast, topped by Jane Wyman and Richard Egan, supports Hayley. (F) August

RAT RACE, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: With Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis co-starred, it's easy to get all up over the struggle to make good in wicked New York, though Debbie's essentially dishonest role creates a problem for her. (A) August

SAVAGE EYE, THE—Trans-Lux: A truly unusual movie, intensely personal, frighteningly real, takes you inside the mind of a lost divorcee, Barbara Bakley, lacking love, sees only ugliness in Los Angeles. (A) July

SERGEANT RUTLEDGE—Warners, Technicolor: Attempt at a new angle in westerns. Accused of rape-murder, Negro cavalryman Woody Strode is defended by Jeffrey Hunter. (A) June

SNOW QUEEN, THE—U-I, Eastman Color: Alternately eerie and charming, a Russian cartoon retells the Andersen fairytaile. On the all-American sound-track, Sandra Dee, Tommy Kirk speak up as sweathearts. (F) May


STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Juicy as a bit of suburban gossip, an illicit-love story teams Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak, Action honors go to Barbara Rush, as Kirk's wife; Ernie Kovacs, as her screenbally client. (A) August

WALK LIKE A DRAGON—Paramount: In a new and sound switcheroo on westerns, good-looking James Shigeta and winsome Nobu McCarthy are young Chinese baffled by American ways. Jack Lord is Nobu's rescuer. (A) August

WILD RIVER—20th, CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Solid story of Depression days. Government man Mony Clift must get ancient, stubborn Jo Van Fleet off her Tennessee farm before a dam project floods it. Lee Remick's a youthful, lovely widow. (A) August

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And use Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch for the finest finish of all!
The Fall of the House of Usher
BIG BADDY OF AMERICAN CHILLERS; ADULT

Well, it’s a great month for goose pimples! We can have mystery, madness and/or murder served up any style. First, there’s the most famous of American horror stories, and producer-director Roger Corman puts it across with plenty of weird camera effects to match the flavor of Edgar Allan Poe’s words. Young Mark Damon has his best chance so far, as the overnight guest at the old country mansion that’s literally coming apart at the seams. So are his host and hostess: Vincent Price, whose creepy voice sounds just the way a Poe character ought to; and Vincent’s beautiful sister, Myrna Fahey, who isn’t as cheerful and normal as she seemed when Mark fell in love with her. But who would be in a joint like this? Very cozy—the family burial vault is right down in the cellar. It’s all played absolutely straight, with no room for giggles—unless your nerves snap.

Psycho
GORY AND GRUESOME BUT ALL IN FUN; ADULT

Alfred Hitchcock really has a time for himself on the big screen, indulging in lots of stuff he could never get away with on TV. That goes for the opening scene, which makes it clear that Janet Leigh and John Gavin are on very chummy terms. For all the terrifying events at an out-of-the-way motel run by Tony Perkins (bottom, left, with Janet) and Tony’s mystery house. Up on a hill above the motel, is a first cousin to the dear old Usher homestead. Vera Miles, as Janet’s sister, and Martin Balsam, as a private eye, manage to look reasonably normal in spite of the horrors building up around them. As usual, Hitchcock does it all in a jaunty, half-kidding manner. But we couldn’t help wondering: Is mental illness an appropriate subject for light entertainment?

Portrait in Black
SUSPENSE DRESSED TO KILL; ADULT

After seeing the two shockers above, we needed something soothing, and found it (even if the picture does bloodedly kill off its best actors, Lloyd Nolan and Richard Basehart). A nice to look at picture with colorful San Francisco street scenes and luxurious sets and well-dressed pretty people. Lana Turner is a rich man’s wife (very quickly is widowed). Her stepdaughter is Sandra Dee (both top, left). In the young-romance department, Sandra and John Saxon make a decorative pair. And you’ll like Lana’s lover, Anthony Quinn, even if, as the family doctor who seems charming and tender-hearted, he’s really planning to murder a patient. Yet there’s no bloody violence or blatant sex or trip-hammer tempo, and the story shouldn’t ruffle anybody’s sensibilities. After all, who needs nightmares every night.

(American International; CINEMASCOPE, COLOR)

(Paramount, VISTAVISION)

(U-I, EASTMAN COLOR)

(Please turn the page)
MOIES continued

It Started in Naples
HAPPY SENTIMENTAL HOLIDAY; ADULT

Hayley “Pollyanna” Mills had better look out, because Italy’s come up with a kid star who’ll win a few hearts away from her. He’s Marietto, and plays enchantingly a “tough little cookie,” an orphan who’s the result of a romance between a footloose American and a Neapolitan girl. Auntie Sophia Loren has brought Marietto up on the Isle of Capri in a pretty haphazard style. Anyhow, that’s what Clark Gable thinks, as the uncle from Philadelphia. In the tug of war for Marietto’s custody, lawyer Vittorio De Sica has trouble deciding which side he’s on. Believe it or not, it’s all funny and romantic and touching, with songs and gorgeous scenery— the whole thing was shot in Italy.

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Man in a Cocked Hat
TOP-LEVEL CHUCKLES; FAMILY

International affairs are in such a mess that there’s nothing left to do but laugh at them. That’s the angle British movie-makers take in a nutty mythical-kingdom caper. While poking fun at their own Foreign Service, they take a few pot shots at us and the Russians, too. Off to the forgotten island of Gaillardia goes Terry-Thomas, representing Her Majesty’s Government. He’s a nice fellow and he means well, only he’s an idiot. And Thorley Walters, his Army sidekick, is no brighter. They’re up against Peter Sellers, the local prime minister and the very picture of a crooked politician. Civil war is threatening because there are two contenders for the throne: the new king (Ian Bannen) and a princess (Luciana Paluzzi). The rivals are both young, attractive and single, so anybody should be able to see a way out of this argument.

SHOW CORPORATION OF AMERICA

From the Terrace
SEXY SUCCESS SAGA; ADULT

Money does not bring happiness… Where have we heard that before? But it seems Paul Newman hadn’t and it takes him more than two hours movie running time to reach this simple conclusion. Seems first he has to get out of his native Pennsylvania town, where he’s dad (Leon Ames) is a mill-owner and a monster. And his mother (Myrna Loy), is a brow-beaten drunk. So figuring he’s taking a step in the right direction, up the social ladder and toward happiness, he marries Joanne Woodward. She’s a warm-hearted girl (to put it politely) with a one-track mind that seldom gets out of the bedroom. As Paul’s next love, sweet Ina Balin has higher standards—and a little trouble living up to them. Best we can say, is that Paul and Joanne make an ardent couple.

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Chartroose Caboose
HOMESPUN FUN; FAMILY

There’s a fresh, happy atmosphere about this little fable. Like the caboose, it rambles around and winds up back where it started, but we meet a lot of good people on the way. Molly Bee and Ben Cooper are a likeable team, as the sweethearts whose elopement plans get an assist from Edgar Buchanan. He’s the old railroad man who lives in the gaily painted, home-decorated caboose, which is supposed to stay parked on a siding. Only it doesn’t, and when it unexpectedly starts moving Edgar has several surprise guests aboard. Yes, Molly slips in some singing, to suit the cheerful mood and, in the end, that’s what this is—a nice bit of cheerful summer viewing.

U.S.; PARAVISION, EASTMAN COLOR

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DALE DENNIS

Scientific Clearasil Medication...

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

Song Without End
BANQUET OF BEAUTY AND MUSIC; ADULT

Your movie ticket takes you to a full piano concert and a costume pageant in subtle colors, with some pretty stormy personal drama on the side. At least that’s the way it was, we’re told, with pianist-composer Franz Liszt, who led quite a life. Dirk Bogarde’s romantic good looks suit the part, and even though Franz was a devil with the ladies, with him, his music always came first. Dirk gets plenty of opportunity—what with love and art, boxoffice success and religious feelings—to act, but all model Capucine has to do is listen to Liszt play the piano and let her fashion-model features get shown off in plenty of rapt closeups. All in all, the picture is most alive when it’s suggesting that Franz was a bit of a ham, as well as a genius.

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR

From the Terrace
SEXY SUCCESS SAGA; ADULT

Money does not bring happiness… Where have we heard that before? But it seems Paul Newman hadn’t and it takes him more than two hours movie running time to reach this simple conclusion. Seems first he has to get out of his native Pennsylvania town, where his dad (Leon Ames) is a mill-owner and a monster. And his mother (Myrna Loy), is a brow-beaten drunk. So figuring he’s taking a step in the right direction, up the social ladder and toward happiness, he marries Joanne Woodward. She’s a warm-hearted girl (to put it politely) with a one-track mind that seldom gets out of the bedroom. As Paul’s next love, sweet Ina Balin has higher standards—and a little trouble living up to them. Best we can say, is that Paul and Joanne make an ardent couple.

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
**All the Young Men**

**EARNST DRAMA OF YOUTH AT WAR: FAMILY**

The title is the tip-off to the most interesting part of this war movie, about a cut-off platoon of marines trying to hold a key position in Korea. Sidney Poitier, who's in command, is resented because he is a Negro and because he hasn't as much experience in leadership as the old-timer in the group, Alan Ladd. He is outstanding but you'll like James Darren and Glenn Corbett in their sympathetic roles, too, and Ingemar Johansson's easy performance suggests that the ex-champ ought to stick to acting, before he gets that good-looking face muddled up. Though the movie is smoothly done, you have the impression it's been done before.

**COLUMBIA**

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**The Time Machine**

**PERIOD-STYLE SCIENICE FICITON: FAMILY**

Travel into the past or future has become a familiar theme in science-fiction, but H. G. Wells's novel was a pioneer in the field. The movie starts in a dignified manner; Rod Taylor's take-off point is the year 1900, and the story has the leisurely pace of the good old days. Whizzing into the future, the young inventor expects to find nothing but progress ahead. So what does he get? Two world wars, the A-bomb, the H-bomb. . . . All pretty discouraging, and a look at the years beyond 800,000 A.D. is worse yet. Thank heavens there's Yvette Mimieux to bring some romance onto the scene.

**MGM**

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**School for Scoundrels**

**BRIGHT WIT, BLUNT SLAPSTICK: FAMILY**

Stephen Potter's books about "Lifemanship," "Oneupmanship," etc., have amused a lot of readers with their advice on underhanded ways to get the upper hand. Now the gag goes into fiction form, with Alastair Sim running a "School of Lifemanship." Any British-movie fan would automatically send Ian Carmichael to a school like that (Ian always plays the nice fellow who's a hopeless flop at everything he tries). And after a short course with Sim, which works wonders, Ian bounces out to give arrogant Terry-Thomas his comeuppance and win pretty Janette Scott. Anyway, that's the way Ian has it figured, now that he has all the new gimmicks at his command.

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**SOS Pacific**

**SUSPENSE TALE WITH A TWIST: FAMILY**

Here we go again, on a rough plane trip with a mixed bag of passengers. Everything's in order: Owner-pilot John Gregson is a neurotic drunk; stewardess Pier Angeli loves him anyhow; prisoner Eddie Constantine seems to be a pretty good guy; so does fancy lady Eva Bartok; and the plane's falling apart. We expect the crate to crash; we expect the castaways to react with all sorts of varied emotions. But then comes the switch. They are stranded on a very special Pacific island. No, there are no monsters on it. There's something much, much more terrifying than anything as simple as that. . . .

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**Murder, Inc.**

**FACT-BASED RAICKET-BUSTING: ADULT**

Grim stuff, this! Stuart Whitman and May Britt, as a weak-willed young couple who get drawn into the Syndicate, may be fictitious characters, but most of the story is yanked right from yesterday's sinister headlines. It's appropriately rapped out in a crisp documentary style, with Peter Falk and David J. Stewart doing low-key jobs as bosses Reles and Lepke. Among the good guys are Simon Oakland and Radio-TV comedian Henry Morgan, who plays racket-smasher Burton Turkus, in a surprise bit of casting. Surprisingly, Morgan's normal frozen expression—as if he smelled something bad—comes in handy here. And despite a matter-of-fact approach, sometimes, it's funny to hear ghastly crimes discussed as if they were ordinary business deals.

**20TH, CINEMASCOPE**

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**Tarzan the Magnificent**

**LIVELY JUNGLE THRILLER: FAMILY**

We're still on the beautiful continent of Africa, but this time jungle boy Gordon Scott is faced with an outlaw gang that seems to have strayed out of the American West. Old man John Carradine and his ornery sons—especially super-nasty Jock Mahoney—make things tough for Tarzan and some European travelers. One of these is Betta St. John, a married woman with a roving eye that lights on Jock. We hope we're wrong, but in these scenes there seems to be a hint of s-x. In a Tarzan picture? Is nothing sacred these days?

**PARAMOUNT, TECHNICOLOR**

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Fibers: Rayon, Acetate, Nylon, Cotton, Rubber
Busy Dave Hedison’s path crossed mine.

Purely Personal: Edd Byrnes tells me he can now furnish the house he bought in Cold Water Canyon before his five-month strike against Warner Brothers. “I was too broke during that time to think about furniture,” Edd grinned. “Now I’m in and out of shops every minute I have away from the set.” “And who is helping you?” I asked. “Asa Maynor,” he confessed. Come to think of it, I wouldn’t be at all surprised if Asa one day graced the house of “Kookie” as Mrs. Edd Byrnes. . . . Gardner McKay postcards from Paris that he’s having a knockout time visiting the art galleries and museums. Gardner, something of a sculptor himself, once lived in Paris and knows all the Left Bank hangouts. . . . “I don’t believe it,” Dave Hedison cried when I ran into him recently. “Everytime I see you, Sara, I’m on my way to New York. This is at least the fourth time.” “And when do you go next?” I asked. “I’m on my way now,” he grinned. “See you later.” . . . It was no idle summer for Tony Perkins and Van Johnson. Both lads did summer stock in the East and Van reconciled with his estranged wife Evie.

Will Asa Maynor be the “Mrs.” of Edd Byrnes’ home? Fabe seems to know.

Tony’s summer was far from idle.

Bits and Pieces: Never can you visualize the disappointed expression on Fabian’s handsome face when he trekked off to location for the John Wayne movie “Go North.” Fabe was delighted to be playing in the movie but the location summons came before he’d filmed his big production number with Bing Crosby in “High Time.” “And after all those dancing lessons,” he moaned. I’d sat in on several rehearsals and was amazed at Fabe’s dancing ability. The lad was really good. Richard Beymer, also in “High Time,” substituted for Fabian in the number. Which reminds me, Richard and Tuesday Weld are still at the hand holding stage—in the daytime. But evenings usually finds Tuesday riding the roller coaster with Elvis Presley at Ocean Park.
Rumors: Connie Stevens and John Ashley are such a cozy twosome, that Connie's other beaus are wearing that lost and forsaken look. I really can't blame them—besides good looks, she's got personality. . . . The reasons advanced for the coolness between Jack Lemmon and his former chum Tony Curtis are pretty silly. One group claims Tony is sore over Jack's nomination for an Oscar in "Some Like It Hot" while Tony was overlooked. Another group insists Tony resents the preference of director Willie Wilder for Jack as an actor, especially after his work in "The Apartment." And still another set insists Marilyn Monroe made trouble between the boys during their "HOT" stint together. But the truth is their work has kept the boys apart and that's the end of that book—period....The silliest rumor of all has popular Bobby Darin much older in years than he claims. All based on the gossip Bobby's hair is thinning. Of all things. . . . Another flight of fancy had Ernie Borgnine and Katy Jurado at sword's point. A re-marriage in the church quieted the stories. For a spell, at least. . . . From Rome wafts rumors that Pier Angeli and actor-singer Maurizio Arena will wed when Pier's divorce becomes final. It must be love between the two for Pier was more devoted than ever after an audience in Naples booted the handsome Italian off the stage. Oh dear! ! ! !

A New Era: I'm amused at the efforts of Carolyn Jones and her husband Aaron Spelling, such individuals, to go all out for old time glamor in their elegant new showplace home. And I'm all for it even when Carolyn admits it's way beyond their means. But, as the Spellings are discovering, that wonderful era of glamor in Hollywood is over and no matter how much we may yearn for it, it's as out of place in today's economic scheme of things as the horse and buggy. Rather than satin draped stars in elaborate mansions, today it's the modern kitchens that come in for glamorization. Those all-electric kitchens of Ronald Reagan and Jimmy Stewart, for instance. And even the younger set who go in for large homes, take it slowly when it comes to furnishings. "Tony and I buy a piece at a time just as we can afford it," Janet Leigh once told me as we toured her lovely home. "We never get out of our depth." Yes, today, stars are going in for smaller homes or piece-by-piece furnishings. And sorry as we are to admit it, those wonderful, elaborate mansions of the Hollywood of old, that wonderful, headed, fringed glamor of old, is no more. And I doubt if we'll see its like again. . . . Dave Nelson confides his one big ambition is to have his own plane. I can just see Dave and Ricky flying together, high in the sky. These are two brothers who stick together in everything. "Except," David, "Ricky walks off with a pretty girl while I'm still planning to ask for a date. How he does it, I'll never know." Wonder if that's going on down in Australia where the two boys are vacationing together. I must remember to ask Dave when he comes home.

Around Town: When Tommy Sands was suddenly summoned for his basic training at Lackland Air Force Base at San Antonio, Texas, Nancy Sinatra called off her planned farewell party. But judging from the way these two missed each other, their wedding should take place the second Tommy returns. . . . Overseas operators were rather glad when the long delayed "Let's Make Love" was finished and the songs were later waxed for a platter. Every day, while he was here, Simone Signoret telephoned husband Yves Montand to know when he would return to her in Paris. And with all their blending of French and English, the operators were in a dither.

Rumor had the Borgnines—Ernie and Katy—spatting till their church wedding.

Here And There: If you want to meet Tab Hunter, get interested in horses. It was at a horse show in Phoenix, Arizona, that Tab spotted cute Vicki Trickett and advised the pretty girl with the tricky name to try movies. Result? Vicki grabbed a role in "Pepe" with Cantinflas and is on her way. . . . They call Warner Brothers the "Gettysburg of 1960," what with all those battles raging between studio and stars. James Garner, for instance, never did get his fracas settled, at least not at this writing, and how about Roger Moore who was ready to pop his top? Expecting roles in major films after his TV "Alaskans" series was over, the studio ordered the handsome Englishman to take on Garner's role in "Maverick." When Roger refused, they suspended him. But I understand everything was finally settled and everyone's happy again.

(Please turn the page)
The Grand Ball:
They are quite the handsomest couple in the room, I thought to myself, as Cesar Romero and Princess Margaretha of Sweden waltzed by my table at the Wai1 ball in the Beverly Hilton ballroom. The three tall, sweet-faced Princesses, Margaretha of Sweden, Astrid of Norway and Margrethe of Denmark, each had partners of equal height. Vincent Price, Fernando Lamas, George Montgomery and Tom Tryon were all gallant attendants.

“Tell me about it,” I said to Tom later in the evening. “Well, I followed instructions,” he said, “I presented myself, spoke my name, and requested a dance. I felt flattered to be dancing with such a lovely Princess.” Looking so lovely were guests Barbara Stanwyck, Jeanette MacDonald, Merle Oberon, Dinah Shore and Arlene Dahl. Don Loper introduced the Royal visitors in his most gracious manner. But the incident that held my attention was the marked interest Desi Arnaz displayed in Anna Kashfi. In fact, Desi has been seeing Anna quite often since that evening. A budding romance, perhaps? ? ?

Briefies: Rosemarie Bowie grew lonely while husband Robert Stack tracked down hoodlums in “The Untouchables.” Result is actress Rosemarie accepted a role in the movie “All In A Night’s Work” and now both Stacks are busy, busy, busy. . . Tab Hunter tells me he sees no conflict in titles with his new TV series “Bachelor At Large” and John Forsythe’s “Bachelor Father.” But John thinks the similarity may prove confusing. What do you think? ? ?

Earfuls: The most forlorn man in town is Ty Hardin who moans, “How can I win back my wife Andra?” Ty didn’t appreciate his ex-wife Andra Martin when he had her. And with those wonderful twin boys, too!!!! The new house Debbie Reynolds purchased could well be her honeymoon home. With Harry Karl the groom, of course. . . Kim Novak’s placidly beautiful face wore an odd expression when word came director Richard Quine, her devoted beau, planned to remain in Europe for two more pictures. Could he be Richard is weary of the chase. . . Sammy Davis Jr. has asked Frank Sinatra to be his best man when he weds May Britt. Handsome socialite, Ed Gregson, attending drama classes on the 20th Century lot, has nothing to say concerning the engagement of his former wife May to the versatile Sammy. . . . “I want to see the boss,” an irate impatient customer, at a local gas station, cried. “Sorry, sir,” replied the polite attendant, “but Tony Curtis is very busy making a picture at the moment and he owns the station.” OUCH!!! Step right up and call him Producer Eddie Fisher. Eddie will produce his wife’s future movies, act in a few and look after his own record company. Busy, eh??? My sincere sympathy goes out to Lana Turner in her problems with daughter Cheryl. Certainly it’s no time to be critical of the star whose heart is so heavy laden. . .

And in case you’ve wondered, John Derek is still roaming the world. His last stop was Rome for the “Colossus of Rhodes” movie. Like Bill Holden, John seems to be completely off our town of Hollywood. I can’t figure out why, but we all miss them and wish they’d come home.
**I LOOK BACK**: He came across to my booth at Romanoff's for a hearty greeting and I almost failed to recognize handsome Clark Gable. "I've shed thirty pounds since my 'Bay of Naples' movie," he grinned and suddenly I was thinking back to that slim, handsome, virile Gable I knew so long ago. Throughout the years, our friendship has endured. Through his divorce from Rhea Gable, through the tragic death of his second wife, Carole Lombard, and his unfortunate marriage to Lady Ashley and now his present happy life with my friend Kay Spreckels. I recalled a gay meeting we'd had in London, a marvelous weekend a group of us had in Palm Springs and his loneliness at that time. But most of all I marvel at the pleasure he has given to millions of movie goers.

*Cal York: Bobby Darin's promise to appear with George Burns in Las Vegas, forced him to turn down that good role in the movie "Cry For Happy." Poor Bobby all but Cried For Unhappiness at that, till a successful nightclub tour cheered him. Talented Donald O'Connor stepped into the role. How wonderful it will be to see Donald on the screen after a three year absence....* Marilyn Bradley made that TV Spectacular with her best beau, Robert Horton, in London. The English, who are rabid Horton fans, were disappointed when Bob strolled down Bond Street minus his "Wagon Train" outfit. Evenings, they couldn't get over how well his tux fit. *Jean Seberg* divorced her French husband Francois Moreuil. But little Jean will continue to make most of her movies abroad. *Eftem Zimbalist* will apply for a California divorce since his wife Steffi blocked the Reno deal. This man seems bound to get free.... It was a happy get together with the press when Bob Hope and Lucille Ball celebrated the start of their movie, "Facts Of Life." And who showed up for Good Lick kiss with his Lucy but her ex-husband Desi Arnaz. But Lucille insists it's no reconciliation move. Everybody else wishes it was, though.

**Scoopies**: Put down John Saxon as another rebel from Hollywood. John claims he's weary of wearing a stoney face in movies and years to laugh and sing and really let go in a hoe-down musical. And I'd really love to let go with him. .... Steve Allen will attend night classes at UCLA and work in movies now that his TV show is no more. Sorry to have Steve fade from our screens. But I am looking forward to Doris Day's big spectacular this fall and Debbie's first solo TV show.... "Call me grandfather" says Fred MacMurray with pride. His daughter Susan Pool has presented her father with a handsome namesake—Frederick Michael. .... TV's Peter Breck frontier attorney in "Black Saddle" married pretty Diane Bourne but Jody Baker of "The Wackiest Ship In The Army" cast, is blue over his marital problems with Joan Blackman. .... Those Boone family smiles reached from ear to ear as Pat, Shirley, and their four little girls arrived in Hollywood to live and enjoy life the rest of their days. They hope. And we hope so, too.... We also hope that cute Luana Patten and handsome John Smith live happily ever after.

*Vive La France: Poor Jacques Charrier. No sooner had Jacques, Brigitte Bardot's husband, recovered from his nervous breakdown, than he found himself out of her new movie and her life completely.*

*May they live happily evermore!*
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EXCLUSIVE

Why
Debbie must keep
her real love
out of the
FAMILY PICTURE
EXCLUSIVE
FAMILY PICTURES

taken by Debbie's mother
continued
“Don’t frown, Franny,” her mother called, and just the sound of her girlhood name made Debbie laugh. She turned her head, so the sun would no longer be in her eyes, and then her mother clicked the shutter. Later, when the pictures were developed, they’d go in her family album. She could look at them and remember the way Todd and Carrie squealed with delight over their Hawaiian costumes. They could bring back the carefree vacation when there’d been no secrets to hide except maybe a surprise gift for Todd. And no decisions to make. It was so different now. (Continued on page 66)
when everyone you love has left you

Behind the smiling, beautiful face Loretta Young usually turns to the public, is a private tragedy.

(Continued on page 89)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
read

Bob Conrad's story—if you feel like you’re a nobody...

Something happened to him that summer when he was sixteen. It made him take a long look at himself.

(Continued on page 83)
The place was jammed to the door and jumping at The Cross Bow, a little-known rock 'n' roll hangout in the San Fernando, one recent Saturday night. Gals and guys left their tables for the crowded floor, swinging to the beat of Lance and the Dynamics. And upstairs, in a tucked-away little balcony where they could see, but hardly be seen, sat Elvis Presley and Tuesday Weld. Elvis, tapping the rhythm on the table with his fingers, was thoroughly loving every minute of the rhythmic ruckus below, and when Lance, who is from his home town, let out with “Going to Kansas City” in pure Presley style, Elvis grinned and turned to Tuesday. But Tuesday looked as if she’d rather be down there dancing in the thick of things than hidden away—along with El’s six best buddies—for Elvis loves to travel in a pack. But it was pretty obvious, this is the way El wanted it. Why? What are Elvis Presley and Tuesday Weld trying to hide? Why are they dating in dim corners of out-of-the-way places and then denying they had a date at all? But the pack is loyal, they clam up when the question is asked. El and Tuesday (Continued on page 72)
by CAROL LYNLEY

as told to MARTIN COHEN
"I know they're talking about me behind my back."

I don't know where to start blasting! I have a terrible temper, and I want to shoot it at all the people who have told those mean lies about me. Bang! There goes the one who said I can never (Continued on page 81)
how to fall in love... and

20 pages for daydreamers only

WHAT IS A GOOD WIFE?  10 steps to "a happily ever after"
"JUST HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW"

"I nearly flipped," says fifteen-year-old Eve, "but that's what my
ABOUT THE BIRDS AND THE BEES?"
brother, Troy Donahue, asked me when I told him about my big date"
You've got to say the right thing when he calls." Troy insisted. "Just listen." And then he called his own date.

"A special date," Troy told his sister, Eve,

"Watch his budget," Troy said, "but don't let him know about it. It's a secret, just like your beauty tricks are."
“Watch how the heroine gets her man in TV or the movies,” he said. “I’d rather watch the hero,” Eve sighed.

“should make you want to be so beautiful...”

continued

Eve pretended not to hear what her brother, Troy, was saying. Instead she leaned across the table, resting her chin on her arms and acted as if she were lost in a daydream. But Troy wasn’t letting her off so easily.

“Did you hear me, Eve?” he asked. “Stop kidding. I meant what I asked.”

“Well, I... I am fifteen,” she protested, meaning that certainly at that age every girl knew such things, and she blew back her bangs which were always hanging down over her eyes and waited.

Troy didn’t say anything. Finally she smiled and said, “I should have them cut,” attempting to change the whole subject.

But Troy had his mind made up. “I know how old you are,” he answered patiently. “I happen to have known you since you were born. But you’re growing up.”

Eve knew this. Growing up had changed lots of things between her and Troy. They used to go just about everywhere together. Even when the guys complained of a girl tagging along. “If Spence can bring his dog,” Troy would say in her defense. “well, why can’t I bring my sister?” The guys would gripe a little, but after all, Troy did have a point.

She used to dress like a boy then, in blue jeans and an old tee shirt, and Troy never seemed to mind. She learned, too, to run fast so she could keep up with them and they couldn’t poke fun or complain about her to Boy. Everybody called him Boy then. He’d selected the (Please turn the page)
“This is funny,” Eve thought when her date finally arrived to take her out. “He looks almost as scared as I feel.”

“Don’t forget what I told you,” Troy said, giving her a little kiss—and a big shove. “... and have a good time.”

“A guy,” Troy said, “is afraid to get stung, too”  
continued

name by himself just after he’d seen a Tarzan movie—the one in which the ape man’s son was called Boy.

He used to say, “Eve, I like to play with you best. Now I’m going to teach you a new game. It’s called tennis.” So she stood on one side of him, as he showed her, and he stood a little ahead. He had something in his hand called a tennis racket and with the racket he hit a ball against the side of the garage. Every time it bounced, he’d shout and she’d run all the (Continued on page 85)
ANNETTE: when it sometimes turns out to be

A REAL NOTHING DATE...

Tim: "It's a beaut..." Hal: "A real dream boat..." Annette and Shelley (wondering): How do we get their minds on us?
ANNETTE turned to her best girlfriend, Shelley Fabares. “It’s so beautiful out,” she said with a sigh, “and you can have such fun at Disneyland on a day like this... especially when you’ve been wanting to get back into circulation again,” she concluded hopelessly, shrugging her shoulders toward the opposite end of the park bench, where Tim Johnson and Shelley’s date, Hal Stalmaster, were comparing notes on outboard motors. “Nothing. Just—nothing. (Continued on page 64)
It wasn't a very posh picnic, but the sun was just beginning to set, and the grass smelled good, and there were daisies. "Now I've got you eating right out of my hand," Tim told her.

It was rough, but they made it. She and Shelley found out one way to loosen up a boy who can't get a date started is to stop waiting for him to make the first move, and do something yourself.
From the window of her room, Nancy could see the flagstone path that led up to the house. It seemed a million years ago that she had kissed Tommy goodbye on that path and yet, when she wasn’t missing him so terribly, she knew it had only been a month ago that he had left for basic training at Lackland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas. She turned to look again at the little clock on her bureau. What was keeping the mailman? And then, turning back to the window, she spotted him as he turned the corner onto her street. She thought she had never seen a man walk so slowly. Finally, though, he was at her house. He paused, but then she saw it was only to adjust the heavy sack on his shoulders. She watched, disbelievingly, as he continued down the street. Her eyes were clouded as she turned away from the window. No letter from Tommy again. She tried to tell herself that he was busy, (Continued on page 87)
IS DORIS SICK OF BEING A GOOD WIFE?
“I’m a difficult character to live with,” Doris Day admits. “Marty should know, he’s been living with me for nine years. I run his home—but I’m too darn clean. I cook for him, but not so good as my mother. I’m bossy, I criticize him—is that the kind of a wife a man really wants?”
WHAT IS A GOOD WIFE?

10 young men with opinions answer:

1. ELVIS PRESLEY
2. ANDY WILLIAMS
3. BOB FULLER
4. BOB CONRAD
5. TOM TRYON
Playing Tag

which man is IT for you?

Find the description below that fits you best, then see if you can guess whose ideal wife you'd be. Just fill in the number that's on his tag. Then match the rest of the "ideals" below to the other men on these pages. To check your answers, turn to page 65. For 10 steps to "a happily ever after," turn the page.

- "a comfortable girl"
- "a trusting girl"
- "a dream-sharer"
- "not a blueprint"
- "an indoors-outdoors girl"
- "like my mother"
- "a good sailor"
- "always by my side"
- "makes me ten-foot tall"
- "a female woman"
A man is a specimen who needs a wife. She should sew, clean and cook like mother, be a whiz at golf yet somehow make sure he comes out ahead. She’s beautiful and wise—and absolutely helpless without a man.

His motto:
Keep her in the kitchen.

Admit it—he always has good taste.

Never talk back.

Let the best MAN win.
But let's face it, he really means a slave.

He says he really wants a partner . . .

No matter what— you think he's fascinating.

Of course, he's perfect. You both agree.

Whatever it takes to keep a man happy, moments like this are worth it.
MOLLY BEE:

how will I know he's the boy of my dreams?

1. WHEN WE MEET, THE WHOLE WORLD COMES ALIVE. THE LEAVES LEAN OVER EACH OTHER TO LISTEN.

2. HE MAKES ME FEEL SO BEAUTIFUL I COULD FLY. WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I WEAR?
When my dreams come true, that'll really be the loving end...

**The End**

of our section on love
please
For the last few hours, she had ceased to be Princess Grace. Once again, she was Big Jack Kelly's daughter and, as she walked the last few steps to the hospital door, she tried to frame a smile. But her eyes gave her away, pleading God, don't let my father see me cry.

(Continued on page 74)

by RUTH BRITTEN
three-year-old Chris talks about his father, Jerry Lewis:

Even when he doesn’t finish all his milk, I always play with my daddy before he goes to bed.

"I was a little tired tonight but I had to spend some time with my daddy since he was sad. He didn’t want to drink his milk so Mommy yelled at him and said he was setting a bad ‘sample for us kids. I let him give me a bath so he’d be happy. He loves that,” Chris confides. “We have fun together. I laugh and scream and so does he. I think he must be around my age—I’m three—’cause he acts like me a lot. I love him. He’s a famous ‘median, you know. My friends think my daddy makes me laugh all the time, but I have to make him laugh sometimes, too.” THE END

"My daddy, Jerry Lewis, says to see him in ‘The Bell Boy’ for Par. ‘cause we need the money."
“Daddy doesn’t play the games my brothers do. He makes up his own, like Waterfall. It’s real fun, except I always get all wet.”

“He likes to balance things on his head, but they often fall. That’s why Mommy got plastic bottles.”

“After we play and it’s time to go to bed, Daddy doesn’t want to. Sometimes he cries, till I tell him I’ll go to bed, too.”
"FOR FOUR HOURS, I WAS GARDNER MCKAY'S WIFE"

Listen, Kerry, will you . . ."

The tall, handsome boy was struggling to say something that must have been very important to him. He was so nervous, he was actually stuttering. He wouldn't even come inside my apartment—just rang our bell and stood leaning his lanky six-foot-three frame against the doorway.

Finally he blurted it out. "Kerry, will you be my wife for four hours?"

I stared at Gardner McKay, stunned. I couldn't believe my ears!

"Why Gard . . . I . . . never thought about it," I answered, "even for four hours!"

Nothing surprised me about Gard so I didn't even ask him why. I just followed him. I let him take my hand and rush me downtown to look at a wonderful studio apartment on the far fringes of Greenwich Village. We had to hurry, or it would get snatched by somebody  (Continued on page 79)
behind the TY HARDIN-ANDRA MARTIN divorce

how a dream of love turns into a NIGHTMARE

(Please turn to page 76)

by JIM HOFFMAN
A REAL
NOTHING DATE
Continued from page 44

They didn’t even so much as hear us.”
“We can’t get a word in edgewise,” Shelley commiserated.
“And it’s no use trying to look interested,” Annette went on. “They know we’re not.”
“So what do we do?”
“Stop trying.”
“Okay,” said Shelley flatly, “we suffer in silence.”

Annette folded her arms across her lap, stuck out her feet and examined her shoes.
“Funny,” she mused, “they make such a fuss over you before they get a date; then you say Yes, and right away they lose interest.”

“No incentive,” Shelley agreed. “Let’s face it, the part boys like best about girls is chasing them.”

“Hah!” Annette forced a laugh. “Some cave-men!” Suddenly she put down her feet and sat up stiffly. “Say,” she began, “why don’t we get them to race us to the old blockhouse?”

“What’ve we got to lose?” Shelley was already on her feet.

Tapping Hal playfully on the arm, Annette broke into a run. Over her shoulder, she yelled back, “Last one to Frontierland buys the chow!” It worked like a charm.

In no time flat, the boys were at their heels.

“At least we got them up,” Shelley whispered.

“And now we’ve got to let them beat us,” Annette whispered back, “but it can’t look too easy. You go ahead—leave all the rest to me.”

The casualty
Ducking behind Pancake House, she smiled to herself as she saw the fellows scramble past. They sure were getting a run for their money.

She took her time. After she had watched Annette make a flyover the seventh hotcake, she set out after them at a slow trot, and by the time she caught sight of Frontierland, all three were sitting on the ground, laughing. Instantly she developed a slight limp on her left side.

Tim saw her and came running. “Gee, did you hurt yourself?” he asked worriedly.

“Just twisted my ankle,” she fibbed, “it’s nothing, really.”

Taking her by the elbow, he led her over to the others. “Bargain’s off,” he told them. “We’ve got a casualty.”

“Baloney,” said Hal, looking Annette straight in the eyes.

“Oh, Hal,” Shelley groaned, “stop acting so suspicious.” But to Annette she whispered, “For goodness sakes, Annette, don’t overdue it!”

Tim made a fist. “Them’s fightin’ words, Hal, old pal. But it just so happens I ain’t armed.”

Shelley giggled. “Fight it out later, boys,” she said. “Let’s work up an appetizer first.”

Just beyond the Davy Crockett arcade, Chief Shooting Star was rounding up volunteers to learn an Indian feast dance.

“Here we come, Chief,” Hal called out to him.

“Dance now,” Tim grinned, jostling Hal’s elbow, “and pay later.” Everybody started to laugh.

They were the only pupils in the ring, and they went through their paces surrounded by a whooping, squealing band of five-year-old spectators. And they were pretty awful, but the Chief let Annette try on his headdress anyway. “I feel like Pocahontas,” she grinned.

“Slow-poke-a-hontis,” quipped Hal, “but you did pretty good for a dame with a twisted ankle!”

The piece of feather
Before she could think of an answer, the headress slipped down over her face, and by the time she got it off, one eye was teary. “Darn, there’s something in it, she said, rubbing her eye.

“Probably a piece of a feather,” said Tim.

“Here, stop touching it ... let me—” He was so gentle as he pulled the lash down “Did anyone ever tell you,” he remarked quietly, absorbed in the operation, “that you have beautiful eyes?”

“No,” Annette lied, “but did anyone ever tell you ought to be a surgeon? You have such steady hands.”

All of a sudden, his hands weren’t steady anymore, so he took them quickly from her shoulders and hid them behind his back. “If you’re okay now,” he said lightly, changing the subject, “let’s get a move on.”

The minute they crossed over into Fantasia, everybody got crazy. First, at the Sleeping Beauty Castle, Shelley locked herself in a dungeon, and they had to go get the caretaker to spring the lock. Then, sailing through Wonderland, Tim tried to pick Annette a daisy—looked so lifelike—and got an electric shock. Finally, Hal did so much thrashing around on the Mad Hatter’s ride that he fell out of the teacup-buggy, and had to spend the rest of the ride on the suacer.

Boys are great
Picking himself up afterward, he cried, “I’m starved! Where do we eat?”

“There’s a real swanky restaurant inside that Pirate Ship,” Shelley told him. “Can we afford it?”

“Be my father’s guests,” Hal replied, bowing.

“Not on your life,” Tim objected. Then they got into such a silly harangue about who’d lost the race, they ended up insisting they were going to have a duel on the pirate ship for the privilege of feeding the girls. All of which might have been very thrilling to Annette and Shelley, if they hadn’t been scared the fellows were going to fall off the masthead and break their necks.

As it turned out, nobody won anyway because luckily the head-waiter from below-deck climbed up and asked them please, could they be a little more quiet, so the customers could enjoy their dinners in peace.

After that, they didn’t have the nerve to face him in the restaurant, so they just quietly stole away. Tim and Hal bought popcorn, hotdogs and chocolate sodas, and they found themselves a cool spot on the grass behind a big rock, where there were lots of real daisies. It was beautiful and peaceful there.

Tim picked Annette a whole handful, and then he fed her popcorn as if she were some kind of little bird. She liked that best of all.

Later, Hal started singing ‘I’ve Been Workin’ on the Railroad,’” and they all joined in. Not bad harmonizing, either, for a foursome that started off on a real sour note.

Boys are pretty great, Annette thought as Tim reached for her hand and suggested the long way home. Sometimes they just need a little push, that’s all. She concluded.

THE END

ANNETTE SINGS ON THE BUENA VISTA LABEL. SEE SHELLEY ON ABC-TY IN “THE DONNA REED SHOW” EVERY THURSDAY 8-8:30 P.M. EST.

PRICE PLUS TAX. SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA.
What is a good wife? For every man there's a different ideal. See whose ideal you are. How well did you tag each of the ten men to his mate?

Continued from page 51

"... a comfortable girl"

"I like all kinds of girls," Frankie Avalon admits, "but for keeps I want a comfortable girl who fits with my big, happy family—warm and lively and loving like them, full of music and fun. She doesn't have to make her own macaroni like my mom, who's a genius in the kitchen. But she should enjoy eating and sitting at the table talking, like we do. That's the future wife for me."

"... a trusting girl"

"A real wife trusts a guy no matter where he goes, when he comes in, or who says what about him," says Edd Byrnes. "And that goes double for a girl who marries an actor with his crazy hours, location trips and the stuff she reads in the papers about him! My wife will be a girl whose heart is big enough to accept a fellow the way he is, without always trying to make him over."

"... a dream-sharer"

"If your dream sounds crazy to others but okay to your wife, you might still have a crazy dream but a wonderful wife," says Will Hutchins. "A bunch of us, actors and writers, plan to roam the world shooting our own films. The wife for me will come along because anything I do, she'll believe in. An actress? Could be. But if so, she'll put her career second and her man first."

"... not a blueprint"

"I want a wife, not a blueprint. So I don't plan exactly what kind of girl I'll fall in love with and marry," says Tom Tryon. "But I hope she'll be calm and sweet. If she has some kind of talent to enrich her life, fine. But I don't want a career wife, so I hope she won't be an actress. I'd love it if she loved art as much as I do. And if she's willing to take up skiing—that's for me!"

"... an indoors-outdoors girl"

"I don't mean my wife has to be an All-American athlete but I'd enjoy having her trail along on the golf course with me, or maybe even play. But I want her to be an indoors-outdoors type who can also sit in a chair and hear a few hours of good music without breaking it up with talk. A serious-minded girl with a sense of humor. A quiet girl, the future Mrs. Andy Williams."

"... like my mother"

"It might sound corny, but I'm hoping my wife will be a lot like my mother. My mom is warm and considerate of every little thing. And so relaxed that she's an easy woman to be around. And she can fix good food! I know I'm asking a lot, maybe I don't deserve it—but a gal with all this would be my ideal woman, I'd adore her. I'd want all our little Fabians to be exactly like her."

"... a good sailor"

"She'll have to be someone who loves boats and sailing, and isn't afraid to let a good spanking breeze blow her hair in her face. I dream of taking the Khairuzan into all kinds of waters, with a fun-loving good sport by my side. So the girl I'll marry," says Rock Hudson. "needs to be strong, patient and intelligent to cope with a rugged life—the sea, me, our kids, and Hollywood."

"... makes me ten-foot tall"

"My ideal is a girl who makes me feel ten-foot tall when I only push five-foot-nine," says Bob Fuller. "It's the way a girl looks at a man that does it. And I like one who doesn't dress up to the teeth and run to every party in town, but does look cute when we go out. I like the great outdoors, and kids, and a girl like Kathy Nolan, who's okay about show biz, hiking, and even hunting."

"... always by my side"

"I'm strictly a one-woman man and when I find that one, she's going to be always by my side, like my mother was with my dad. Sure I like 'em pretty, what fellow doesn't? But mostly she should be real and warm, I'd like her to be friendly with folks, not go stepping on toes. And we'll tell each other everything we think. I want her to say, 'Elvis hon, anywhere you are is home.'"

"... a female woman"

"I've got my girl, ever since we married as kids of seventeen and grew up together," says Bob Conrad. "My Joan is a female woman who has stood by me for nine years—of anxious moments and great ones too. I support the family, she raises our children, and we like it that way. If the other boys make out half so good as us, there'll be a rash of happy marriages." The End
It wasn't for downs chance it though secret. Yet, in Francisco she like had her. The natural grow you knew. "I... don't... know," she said slowly. "I don't know." Yet, in her heart, despite all the ups and downs of the engagement, she had known, just as she did now. Only she couldn't answer them. She and Eddie were engaged for a year before they married and looking back on it now, she knew that it had been a mistake. They hadn't given their love a chance to grow in private. She knew now that you needed to be alone, to have the privacy to get to know the person you loved, before you announced your love to the world. And for all the waiting, she'd gone into something for which she wasn't equipped. The Mary Frances Reynolds who'd been raised a clean-living homebody couldn't permit her bridegroom Eddie to hand out keys to their home. She got them all back. Jazz trumpeters sleeping it off on the living-room sofa, she said, was going too far.

So now, even as she knew her answer to the "When are you marrying?" "Who are you marrying?" she hugged her secret close to her.

Sometimes, the question was asked with only the lift of an eyebrow. Like the man at the studio who'd asked, grinning, "How's fun in New York?" He'd looked at her knowingly, as if he was sure he could see through those dates she'd had on her trip to New York and wanted her to know that she wasn't fooling him. His grip from the say that he knew those other dates were just a camouflage, that he knew nothing was changed between her and Harry Karl.

Sometimes the questions were spoken out loud. "When's the wedding?" They persisted. And after she and the children and her mother had come back from a trip with Harry to Palm Springs and, later, made a trip to Las Vegas with him, they pushed her even further, adding, "December?"

But she couldn't answer them. Harry's divorce from Joan Cohn didn't become final until October, and she couldn't say anything until then. She had always believed strongly in observing that kind of convention, and she had never been the kind to grow impatient with the year-long waiting period of a California divorce and push off to a wedding in Mexico or Las Vegas.

And then there were the whispered speculations. Like the woman who'd been walking her dog along Benedict Canyon and wasn't hooting with. His grip from the backyard of No. 906. There was a "For Sale" sign on the front lawn and the rambling, two-story Spanish style house was supposed to be deserted. The woman had investigated, and found that someone could peer through the trees and shrubbery that shielded the rear garden. An old blanket was spread on the grass and there was Debbie, with little Carrie and Todd and her mother, having a picnic. The woman had tip-toed away. The scene seemed so private. She had stumbled on them outdoors, in a garden, and yet they seemed so quiet, so at ease and at home. It was like peeking through a window into a family's house and seeing the people who belonged there relaxing.

The woman had meant to respect this privacy. She had meant to tell only one friend. And, yet, somehow the rumors had spread the next day, when it was reported that Harry Karl had bought that house, nothing could stop the gossip. People began calling it Debbie's Honeymoon House. Debbie herself called it her "dream house." A columnist quoted her as saying that, though Harry had handled all the negotiations, the property was in her name.

The house is so stately, so elegant, people said, it belongs to the old days in Hollywood. You'd need an army of servants to run it. Those who thought they knew Debbie said it wasn't the kind of place she'd be happy in.

And then an architect had confirmed that Harry was talking of tearing down the house and building a smaller, more compact one on the almost-priceless site. That would have been amusing for Debbie, people said; she would want a more homey and comfortable place.

A family-size place. For first to consider, were Carrie and Todd. They had to be in any house she lived in, in any decision she made.

Seated on the couch, the family album on the low table in front of her, she turned to an empty page and began to add the new pictures to it. She was musing over why the happy the children had been that day they were taken.

Harry gave so much

Carrie and Todd were getting to know Harry. They seemed to really like him, to look forward to his visits. Her parents, too, seemed to have accepted him. It had been like one of the family at her brother's wedding, and he'd still fitted in easily and naturally, even though his gift had been diamonds, at the time, rather than her mother who'd given her for her birthday. And he was so thoughtful. Only a man like Harry would fable away in his mind a casually mentioned date and then, some months later, buy a valentine's day party for her mother and all the family at L'Escoffier.

Harry seemed to give so much, and in a way that obligated nobody. It was almost as if it pleased him to do it for allowing him the pleasure of giving.

She could never forget the look on his face the day when she had reversed things and given him a gift. There had been surprise, confusion, almost an awkwardness as to how to act when someone else was doing the giving. With a little pang, she realized how much Harry had given all his life and how little he'd gotten in return.

He'd been all thumbs as he tried to open the package without tearing the ribbon. "Here," she laughed, "let me help." Finally, he lifted the lid of the little white box to find a ring of Star of David cuff links studded with diamonds.

"Oh, they're beautiful," he said, not even realizing, at first, that each cuff link opened up. He'd been overjoyed to have the surprise. She had shown him how, inside one of the cuff links she'd put a tiny portrait of her two children and, in the other, a picture of herself.

Still smiling, Debbie added the final picture of the children to the album and then twisted the cap back on the bottle of glue. Then, as she always did when she added new pictures to the album, she began turning the pages back to other older pictures.

There was a picture of her and Eddie, snapped by a night-club photographer at his Cocoanut Grove opening, their second date. Neither of them had dated very much before they met each other and then, suddenly, in a lovely, bewildering time, they were falling in love for the first time. There were pictures of them, when they'd joined the gange at Janie Powell's pool. She looked at their faces, close together, laughing up out of the pages.

And there was their wedding picture. Not the picture she'd planned on, not the one of herself in a long flowing gown with the train carefully arranged by the floor and Eddie, in a formal suit, standing by her side.

Somehow, after being engaged for a year, after planning so long on a big, beautiful wedding, they had ended up with a hectic, last-minute affair at Grossinger's. They decided only a couple of days before
and then they'd telephoned her mother in California. There was no time for fittings for a dress. Her mother, without explaining why, so as not to give away the secret, managed to send the double-breasted, ballerina-length dress Debbie had worn in "The Tender Trap." She'd replaced the colored ribbons with white satin and then air-mailed the dress.

Still it had been a lovely wedding. She had come down the stairway in the cottage where Jennie Grossinger's daughter lived and had caught her breath at the sight of the giant vases in full vases and the gold and russet leaves that filled the room. A string trio began to play "Moonlight and Roses," and, for a moment, she had faltered. "No, please," she whispered. "Could they play the 'Wedding March'?"

And then, with fifty guests looking on, County Judge Lawrence Cooke had married them. She tried to speak her marriage vows in a clear voice but, in the double-ring ceremony, she was so nervous that, without realizing it, she put Eddie's ring on the wrong hand. But it was a borrowed ring and, later, she bought him another. After the wedding, someone told her that when, finally they were man and wife and Eddie took her in his arms and kissed her, she had emitted a sigh that everyone in the room heard. She didn't remember it.

There, in pictures, she saw the story of their marriage. The brief honeymoon. Their first house. Carrie as a baby and then before long, little Todd Emanuel. They were a complete family now.

It all looked so perfect. Yet, had the camera lied? Had she somehow lied to herself, smiling through those years but really playing a part in a marriage? Perhaps it was true, after all, that she had shut her eyes to the trouble and clung to an image of the marriage as she wanted it to be. Now that it was all over, she could no longer deliberately forget the times she and Eddie had appeared in public in frozen attitudes that showed their unhappiness . . . the times they'd gone to friends for advice . . . and the meetings with psychologists and to a marriage counselor. That had been a year before the breakup, a year before their marriage ended in the very place it had begun, in Grossinger's, when Eddie and Liz went there together.

Recently, on Decoration Day weekend, she, too, had gone back to Grossinger's. Jennie Grossinger is my friend," she had told people when they looked at her with derision. Yet, before deciding on a new marriage, it had been a good place to go and face the truth about her old love once and for all.

She flipped quickly past the pictures of herself taken shortly after Eddie had left her. The camera had caught, too well, the drawn face and the eyes rimmed with dark circles. No longer smiling, she continued to turn the pages of the album.

After the divorce

There were pictures of the men she had met and dated after the divorce. Before her marriage, she had never been one to date just for the sake of going out. And, though she was anxious to begin a new life, she still felt the same way, she had to like the man or not go out at all. Yet strangely enough, once she was free, she found that there were not very many men around who were eligible, especially when they had to measure up as a prospective husband for her and a father for Carrie and Todd, too. "The next man I marry," she has vowed to friends, "will be one hundred percent good for my children or I'll stay single."

For a while, there was Bob Neal. They'd had good times together. Yet Bob was a perennial beau, probably having too much
fun changing Hollywood beauties with the seasons to really want to settle down.

On trips to New York, she saw Walter Troutman. On a trip to Hawaii, she'd dated Tab Hunter, but he was a friend and only that.

And then there was Glenn Ford. They'd enjoyed working together in "It Started With a Kiss," and they had fun together on dates off the set. He took her to the Foreign Press Awards dinner and it was a memorable evening. They ran into Maria Schell there. No matter how lightly she may have taken their dates, it was hard not to be hurt a little when she learned that, all the time Glenn was seeing her, he had been secretly and deeply interested in Maria.

And then there was Harry Karl. A kind and generous man, respected and admired by everybody, he began by dating Debbie casually. At that time, he was caught up full in a romance with Joan Cohn and, eventually, married her. It was hard to say what had happened, but, on their honeymoon across the country, they suddenly called a halt to the marriage. And Harry came back to Hollywood a free man—except that he would have to wait a year for his California divorce to be final.

She asked him why she began to see Harry in a new and serious light, during that time when she missed him? For it was hard to deny that she had missed him. His constancy. His tenderness. His Rock of Gibraltar strength in the face of his troubles, his unflinching loyalty and devotion that, so far, no younger man had offered.

"I gave everything—everything beyond what I ever dreamed of years ago," she insisted to people, pointing to her home, her children, her successful career.

All of it she'd earned the hard way, throwing herself into writing, flying to Todd's bedside. How the humiliation of Eddie's rejection seemed to strip her in public. She worked and played thirty benefits in ninety days, and took such care of her children that no one was surprised, later, to hear how she slept on the floor next to Todd's bed, one night, when he had the croup. Fingernails cut short, she kept removing the phlegm from his mouth. Debbie, her children, kept alternated with the nurse. To offers of help she said stubbornly, "I have to do it myself."

She tried to bury her problems in work, until she collapsed with a blood clot and an ambulance had to be called. "What are you trying to prove?" her boss at Twentieth asked, "That all bachelor girls die young?"

But what she earned, was the admiration of millions of Americans who love guts.

A state trooper whizzed up beside her speeding car, his clenched fist up.

"Oh, oh, here comes a ticket," she thought.

But he was only trying to tell her something. "Keep it up, baby," he shouted. "We're all pulling for you." The fist went up again, to a bracelet she'd had on flying to Todd's bedside. How grateful she had felt to Harry during that awful time. He was so solid, so dependable. It was so good to have someone like that to lean on.

Friends would no longer have to say, "Debbie, without a steady man around, is a sad sight—but Lord, she's admirable."

They could stop telling how this tiny woman could come through, and stop telling what her children, keeps a loaded .38 by her bedside. The gun was real, but it was also a symbol. If she married Harry, he would take care of her.

There were pages to be filled.

He'd be that way as a father, too. He'd be someone the children could always count on, could always come to for good sensible advice. She remembered how Todd had clung to her hand during that trip to Palm Springs. It was a good image to keep in her mind as she went over and over her decision.

Before putting the album away she turned back the pages for one last look at the picture of herself and Eddie on their wedding day. Her hopes had been so high then; the future had stretched ahead of them so bright and shining. And yet, somehow, there was a kind of stillness.

The picture blurred before her and she shut her eyes, as if to shut out the doubts and fears that came flooding back. Did she really want to risk her heart again? Was it possible, she wondered, that she could make the same mistake a second time? She didn't dare think of it; and yet she must.

Finally, with a sigh, she closed the album, her eyes on the book page on the past. There were pages in it yet to be filled, she knew. Now it was time to think about the future.

—MILTON JOHNSON
Doris grins fondly at her husband and adds, "But Marty isn't so perfect either. Do you know what this man does to me? He falls asleep right while I'm talking to him! We'll be sitting in the backyard soaking up sun, because I'm between pictures and I can relax. . . ."

"She means that when she can take a chance on getting more freckles," Marty Melcher teases. "When she's working they show up too much. She loves to poke her face in the sun, and for some reason it makes her feel talkative. But it makes me very sleepy—the sun, I mean. . . ."

". . . so the next thing I know, I'm talking to the wall!" Doris breaks in. "Just talking to the blank wall and a fast-asleep man! It makes me so mad I get out of my chair and march back to the house. . . ."

"Dragging me with you, don't forget!" "Okay." Again the broad grin. "I said I was bossy, didn't I?"

Marty puts it this way. "Doris and I have a talent for staying close, for two excellent reasons. One, I like it. Two, she insists on it."

But then he adds, "Seriously, I do believe in closeness—it's the heart of any marriage. I feel very close to my wife, and her mother, and Terry."

"He only married me to get my mother and my son," Doris insists. "He tells everybody, 'I certainly married a beautiful package deal.'"

"And so I did," Marty agrees heartily. "My wife's relatives are my friends, not my in-laws. I have no use for the in-law relationship, I don't even like the expres-

sion. We're friends because they're nice people to have around—it's only a coincidence that they happen to be your relatives too."

In answer, Doris bounds across the room to throw her arms around her husband and kiss him with an enthusiasm that all but knocks him down. Marty does not call his mother-in-law by title—sometimes it's Alma and sometimes Nanna—but Doris enjoys the way they get along. Alma—Nanna lives with them and runs the household. And about this Doris has another confession.

"Don't tell Marty," she whispers, "but I hate to cook. And my mother is such a whiz that when he puts on weight he com-

plaints to her. 'Oh you cook so good you make me mad.' So you see what a good wife I am? Do I put pounds on him? No, it's my mother. And Marty jokingly announces to Nanna: 'Nanna, I hereby give notice that if this wife of mine ever acts up, I'm going to be the one to get cus-

tody of you. You're never going to get away from me.'" Doris deliberately turns down the corners of her mouth in a sad droop. "Honestly, they gang up on me. Around here I'm a nobody—I have no say at all. I'm the one who always loses—and I'm a bad loser."

Marty good-naturedly points out that one minute she admits that she's bossy and the very next minute holters that she has no

say.

"Who," he demands, "looks me over like an inspector general before we go any-

where?"

"Me!" Doris agrees brightly. And explains that if she didn't, he might go to a formal party wearing a light suit. The Melchers don't go out socially a great deal because both of them adore their home and all they want is to get back to

it if they've been away. "I love coming home," Marty says and Doris nods know-

ingly, remembering that from the time he was eighteen Marty lived in hotels too much and longed for a home. Now he has one and revels in it. That's why they by-passed interior decorators and shopped together for furniture and fabrics they enjoy living with.

But when they do step out, Doris admits she will make Marty stand inspection, and even go back to change into a dark suit if the invitation calls for it.

"What's more," she boasts proudly, "I pick out his ties, and he lets me! Now he's acting put-upon, but actually he goes around telling people 'my wife has impec-

table taste.' Those are his very words. Impeccable."

Marty does go shopping with Doris, too, for the fun of it, admiring everything she buys for herself. He can't get over how sensibly she spends her money. "My wife looks elegant in a skirt and sweater," he says proudly. "She doesn't need a three hundred and fifty dollar dress to make her attractive. And she's a lot more sens-

ible about clothes than most a girl who never had to earn a quarter."

"I can't resist it" Marty feels that people shouldn't spend money out of line with their income, even when it comes to the beautiful house they both love. "If you pay more for a house than you should," he says, "it becomes a snare and a delusion, and you can't walk into your home on a solid foot."

"Oh I agree with you a hundred per-

cent," Doris nods like a wise owl. "Until," she adds, "until it comes to something for the house that's so beautiful I can't re-

sist it."

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ments today—very likely the finest, most effective beauty preparation you will ever use.
Marty throws up his hands. "That's why I have to act as a stabilizing influence. She's for economizing but beauty gets her..."

A strange glassy look has come into Doris' eyes, and she hasn't heard one word of this. Her gaze is fixed on one particular place in the rug, and she stalks it like a tiger—then pounces! A piece of lint! She picks it up in her fingers, muttering something about this place having been vacated less than an hour instants. She claims it's her pet aversion, but Marty insists she's always on it. Including her calls. Business or personal, it doesn't matter, a bright voice comes on the extension, asking, "Who is this?" And it's anyone she knows. Marty groans. "I don't get another word in edgewise."... She criticizes her husband. Marty looks on himself as a whiz with handling such things, and he tries to limit his fixing to the rough outdoors. "Inside we'll have experts," she decrees. "And what am I?" he wants to know. "A doll—but you put up some crooked fence."

She goes back to her perch on a footstool near Marty's chair and beams up into his face. "Of course," she says, "I'm lots better about it than I used to be before Marty took me in hand retory. I would come in dirty from playing outside, and it bothered me out of all proportion. Anyway, to be perfectly honest, I didn't always understand small boys. But Marty had always been fine at handling my son—I should say our son. Marty legally adopted Terry, you know. He always knew what to do when Terry brought spiders home or had to mixed up in fights. I'd scold, but not Marty—his voice just gets firm. And if Terry was dirty, Marty would calmly send him up to wash. And then he'd say to me, Hon, a boy has to get dirty. I used to get dirty all the time. It comes off in water. And you know, he was right. All of a sudden dirt stopped being a problem. I'm grateful Marty taught me that."

And two minutes later, she darts off the footstool to pick another speck of anything off the rug. Marty watches with a grin and says nothing, until Doris catches on and laughs too—at herself.

"I guess I'm a difficult character to live with," she announces. And promptly confesses to a list of sins as long as your arm. Such as: she annoys him by reading the paper in the car while he's driving, instead of enjoying the scenery... has a habit of keeping three books going at the same time, which baffles him... sometimes "tunes out" of a conversation by daydreaming, and comes to, deeply apologetic... tells little lies. "You even lie about the ages of your dogs," Marty accuses. "For years now you've been saying that Smudge and Beany are only three and five years old apiece."

"I can't bear to think of them as getting old," Doris explains. In fact, she's sentimental over everything that has a meaning in her life, from baby pictures to frayed pillowcases. When she was still in high school, she remembers, she kept her first corsage in the refrigerator for two years.

"And I hate to eat alone," she adds, remembering another fault, "even though I'm really not cheerful until after I've had breakfast."

"And we make each other jump," she sums up.

"Jumpy?" Marty echoes, placid but puzzled.

"Jumpy. I'll be having my massage and I'm so relaxed I feel marvelous. Suddenly there's a knock. And then a man snaps, 'Shut up and get into that coffin, sister.' By the time I realize it's only the TV turned up too loud, it's too late. How can I get relaxed again? I can't."

"Oh that," Marty understands now.

"That's just to fix you for rehearsing your lines in bed while I'm trying to drop off to sleep." He explains, "I'm peacefully doing and she'll suddenly shout, I'm going to have you thrown in jail for this, you fool! It's enough to make anyone a nervous wreck."

"You see?" Doris sums up.

"You see?" Marty echoes.

"I know my faults!"

"I said that first! I know my faults."

She lists some more serious offenses. The telephone, for instance. But Marty insists she's always on it. Including her calls. Business or personal, it doesn't matter, a bright voice comes on the extension, asking, "Who is this?" And it's anyone she knows. Marty groans. "I don't get another word in edgewise."... She criticizes her husband. Marty looks on himself as a whiz with handling such things, and he tries to limit his fixing to the rough outdoors. "Inside we'll have experts," she decrees. "And what am I?" he wants to know. "A doll—but you put up some crooked fence."

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"You see?" Marty echoes.

"I know my faults!"

"I said that first! I know my faults."
"The miracle about this girl," he says, "is she's never grumpy, no matter what she says about before breakfast. And believe me, that sunny disposition is no pose. Nothing can take away her joy of living for long. She'll grieve, but not brood. But don't think she can't feel deeply—she's a warmhearted girl who gives all of herself. She's had more than her share of setbacks and heartbreak, enough to sour most people, but not Doris."

Which goes back to when things weren't as good as they are now. To an early automobile accident that nearly crippled her, and cut short a promising dance career, so that she had to start all over again by taking up singing. To when, a child of divorce herself, her own youthful marriage ended with a child to raise and support at an early age when life is first beginning for most girls. To when she and Marty first met. Both were separated from their respective spouses, but neither had done anything about divorce—not till they decided to marry each other. Doris got hers in June of 1950, but Marty's didn't come through until the following February. They were married on April 3, 1951—her twenty-seventh birthday.

"And he's been my tower of strength ever since," she says. "What I love most in him is his kindness. Sometimes he'll make a pretense at being cynical, but it's an act. Terry knew he was all right the minute he laid eyes on him—kids have an instinct. Marty's the softest, gentlest man I've ever known. He's a great father to Terry and a wonderful husband to me."

"Doris is a wonderful wife for me. She has a deep, instinctive confidence in life, she knows it's terrible and everything happens for the best. I admire her for it—and envy her."

"When I was in love before," she says, "I only knew it as heartache and misery—I thought that's the way it had to be. But from this fellow," she smiles, giving his hand a squeeze, "I learned that love takes quite a little growing-up-to—but then a marriage gets to be the most marvelous experience two people can share."

"That's right." Marty's arm goes around her in a protective gesture. "Sharing is everything."

"I never have a secret from him," she goes on. "I don't think a wife ought to hold back anything that bothers her. I tell him everything—but I had to learn how. I didn't have what he calls the ability to communicate my secret feelings."

Then, with a gamine smile, she adds, "He even knows I lighten my hair. And he likes me in the morning before makeup and a hair-doing. It may not be what all the female experts say is the right way to run a marriage," she says, making a face to show she's sick of trying to be their idea of a good wife. "But if that's what Marty likes in a wife—a female who doesn't bother to keep her beauty secrets from him—brother, he's got it."

"Oh, I've got more than that," Marty says airily. "If you really want to know the secret of our happy home, here it is: half the time I let my wife have her own way—the rest of the time I give in. So we get along fine."

"See?" Doris chirps in triumph. "Isn't that what I say? Pay no mind to the rules—if your husband likes you, you're a good wife."

**THE END**

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still insist they don't know each other. Why do they say they don't when they do? Ask Tuesday and she asks right back at you, "Elvis Presley? I have never, to my knowledge, met the gentleman." And like a true Southern gentleman, Elvis sticks to the lady's story. But they're about the only two who do. Everyone else says that his first date in Hollywood was with Benjy Grodin, Ray Bolin, and Larry Parks

They've been having a great time in Pacific Ocean Park, munching on hot dogs and drinking pop, and in some of the so-called "greasy spoons" around Hollywood, enjoying hamburgers—neither of them is a finicky eater. Just lots of it, for Elvis. He loves sauerkraut with mashed potatoes and gravy, even for breakfast, and his excuse for ordering doubles on strawberry shortcake is that he must regain the weight he lost.

But their pet hideout has been the balcony of The Cross Bow, where the owner and the band-leader are friends of his and can be trusted. Only they and a handful of regular patrons, sworn to secrecy, know when Elvis and Tuesday are upstairs playing the balcony scene like Romeo and Juliet.

It was written in the stars
And yet, for all the cloak-and-dagger mystery, by now, the only secret about their secret romance is why it can't be brought out into the open. Certainly not because it's a one-sided thing. Friends say it was "in the first sight" for both of them. They say Elvis quarreled violently with his manager, Colonel Tom Parker, for demanding that he stop seeing Tuesday. The Colonel did his share of begging, said none of it was so. But then he told people, "Elvis can do what he wants after 5 p.m. I don't handle his social affairs. I gave up babysitting a long time ago."

According to Ben Gary, Tuesday's astrologer, whom she asked to do a horoscope on Elvis, it was written in the stars for these two. In fact, Gary told her in May that she would meet the man of her dreams—tall, very handsome and wealthy. May was the month Elvis arrived and soon they did meet. But about this there are also conflicting rumors. Some say she accidentally bumped into him on a movie lot, while others claim that she telephoned him at his suite in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

"But no matter how they met," one of Tuesday's girlfriends told me, "it was 'love at first sight.'" Since the rumors were flying anyway, she decided to fill me in on facts. "I saw Tuesday at a party Ben Gary gave and her happiness made her more beautiful than ever. She talked about how wonderful Elvis is, what a gentleman, what a man, who wonderful a person to share the rest of your life with! Later, she made some excuse, I can't remember now, to leave the party early, but I knew she was to meet Elvis. They'd like taking long drives along the Pacific coast." And then she added, "And she told me that his conduct has been beyond reproach. I don't think he ever kissed her goodnight on their first date."

Then why all the secrecy? Because Tuesday's putting off telling Dick Beymer there's someone else. She's too nice a girl to like the idea of hurting his feelings." I was told. And it is true that Richard, who plays opposite Tuesday in "High Time," never succeeded in covering up his own feelings. They were always together, they had lost serious talks over lunch in the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary. They held hands on the set, and if Tuesday was called to the phone, he didn't let her be alone when she went along and held it while she talked.

But a time came when all that changed. Others on the set saw that the two were drifting apart, with Dick taking it very much to heart. He dropped following her to the phone booth, and the way rumors were checking out, just then, it might have been just as well. The voice at the other end might have been Presley's.

Tuesday could be considering Dick's feelings. But some observers aren't convinced this is her prime reason for not telling the world she dates the boy whom many of her girls fancy for. They claim that both kids are playing it cool till they're sure.

"Elvis has been burned too many times before," one of his friends told me. "He's known he's found the right girl for him." Elvis himself admits, "After three dates with a girl, I know if she's using me or if she likes me for myself." He also complains about the Hollywood habit of linking names romantically. "Every time I take a girl out, they have me married to her."

And Tuesday's reasons for keeping mum? Some say it's because being Tuesday, she likes to be dramatic when actually the romance isn't all that serious. They point out that she has dated Dick Beymer before. And that Elvis was out on the town (Las Vegas) with Juliet Provence, his co-star in "G.I. Blues," who is generally considered Frank Sinatra's girlfriend. That's just it, say other friends—Elvis and Tuesday are good friends and the impression that their own romance isn't serious when it really is.

The real truth
But the real truth, claims still a third side to the debate, is that for all her "I-don't-care" ways, Tuesday is a girl like any other. Any girl, before she pins her heart on anyone, wants the world to see, likes to be sure that the boy is hers for keeps. And Elvis is a boy whom many a girl has tried to hold, but didn't or couldn't. The mention, among others, the strawberry blonde, Anita Wood, who was Elvis's steadfast girlfriend before he went into the Army. And Margaret Buerger, the pretty Frankfurter girl he'd ordered to be his. Anita Wood was stationed in Germany. And Priscilla Beaulieu, the sixteen-year-old beauty, who kissed him a tearful goodbye when he left Germany. Priscilla was a Texas gal overseas with the Force the year before and she'd been seeing Elvis steadily for months before he went home.

Says a friend of Tuesday's, "I'll admit that Elvis's romances haven't been as many as you could expect, considering his appeal, but still there have been quite a few. And every time that people thought, 'Well, this one is it,' it ended. So you can't blame Tuesday. But I hope that the girl he marries has the Force captured by his charm and she'd been seeing Elvis steadily for months before he went home."

"I want to be known for my career, not my romances," he's said before. "I used to have to separate the two; his career has been wrapped around with romance. Millions of girls are in love with him, hordes of 'ponytails' carry his picture in their wallets, and he has been photographed kissing fans all over two continents. When he came home from overseas, teenagers waited in a furious, blinding snowstorm just for the privilege of seeing him."

But through all the dazzle and idolizing, there was only one woman on earth whom Elvis always called "my best girl." It broke his heart when his mother died. He hurt all the more because she died when he'd made it possible for her to enjoy life as the Presleys had never known it through years of bitter, grinding poverty, sweetened only by strong family ties. After the funeral, Elvis kept his lonely father with him all he could, and when he was shipped to Germany, Vernon Presley followed along.

Elvis was reared in a home where love and marriage meant life. When he died, and it wasn't surprising that he grew up with his nice attitude of respect for womankind. And Elvis has gone to bat, in the past, for the institution of marriage. He has said, "I plan to marry, some day, and have a big family."

The only question his friends ask is whether Tuesday is enough like Elvis' admires "best girl" to be his. Certainly she could never be described as a "girl just like the girl who married dear old Dad." But those close to Tuesday say, "You can discount more than half the things that float around about her, anyone's no wild character—she's more the victim of rumors, than anything else."

Whether it's Elvis's influence or a case of growing up, many people have been noticing a big change in Tuesday Weld. A
famous columnist had this to say about her a few months back: "I've always seen Tuesday with her hair disheveled, clothes disarranged and falling off, and rather pouty. So I was very surprised when I met her at Johnny Mathis' reception to find a very pretty girl, well-mannered and neatly dressed. There was none of the roughness in her talk that I was led to believe was a part of her make-up."

Nor did the cast of "High Time" find her the party-girl they'd expected. She explained it herself. "There are always a lot of people around ready to help you get into trouble," she said, "but you have to get out of it by yourself. So I don't go to parties much any more. I like small groups." Somebody asked, "By small groups, how many do you mean?" And the well-known Weld wit flashed out, "Two people." At that time the other of the two was Dick Beymer. Soon after, Elvis.

People make a lot of a seventeen-year-old having her own private floor in the house where her mother has her private floor. Yet, a top columnist who has often ridiculed the girl for wearing wildly weird wigs, smoking cigarettes, going shoeless to a TV interview and other "publicity stunts," also patted her on the back, publicly, for the way she takes care of her mother. The columnist said, "Not only did this talented girl buy a house in Beverly Hills for the two of them, she has taken out a large, paid life insurance policy naming her mother beneficiary."

**Her mother is watching**

And in a smaller way, Tuesday revealed a little something about her own daughterly attitude a year ago on her sixteenth birthday. Explaining why she didn't want a big party she said, "It makes me feel strange when people give me presents."

"Even your mother?" she was asked.

"Well, about my mother," she said, "on my birthday, I like to go back to the old Chinese custom and give my mother a present."

But Tuesday does listen to her mother. And there are those who say her mother is keeping a sharp eye on the romance. Mrs. Weld's telling Elvis off nearly wrecked the so-called secret romance, some say. When he brought her home at three-thirty in the morning, Mrs. Weld is quoted as saying, "Don't you know she has a nine a.m. studio call?" and Elvis as answering, "What about my own? It's even earlier!" "Fine," was the irate reaction. "Let the Colonel worry about you." But Elvis's intimates pooh the idea he'd even keep himself out late. They insist he gets Tuesday home well before midnight because his own studio calls are almost at the crack of dawn. And her friends make something else, again, out of the yarn. "See?" they say, "If Tuesday is as independent in that house as people are always yapping, how would Mrs. Weld know how late she got in? People gossip too much."

Anyone who can unravel the whys and wherefores of these little matters has the privilege of doing so. But eventually it may all come into the open. Elvis, now twenty-five, is considered a mature and stable person around Hollywood. And Tuesday is beginning to grow up up and away from much of the fun stuff that made her a character. If ever they stop being afraid to admit their love—providing that's the main problem—there will be many well-wishers glad to know that Tuesday can hang on to Elvis when no girl could before.

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she was ready for her father. When she'd walk through this door into his room, she would need her skill in acting more than ever before. She would have to smile, though her heart was heavy because she mustn't let her father see her cry.

Suddenly, startling her, the door opened and a nurse intercepted her.

"I'm sorry to make you wait," she said softly, "but the doctor is with your father."

She hesitated a fraction of a second, as if not sure whether she ought to say "your Highness" or not. Then, as she saw the anxious look on Grace's face, the nurse smiled kindly and tried her best to sound reassuring. "It's just that it may take ten or fifteen minutes longer," she said. "Why don't you sit down?" She indicated a chair in the corridor not too far away, "I'll come for you when you can see him." She went back into the room, quietly shutting the door behind her.

Princess Grace sat on the straight-backed wooden chair, not noticing just how straight or how hard it really was, almost grateful in a way, for a few moments alone. A door was shut between her father and herself. She had no way of knowing what was happening behind it. She could only try to imagine how her father looked lying there against the white sheets. Was the doctor's face grave as he bent over him? Did the door look so forbidding, so frightening only because it was closed against her? Or had her father taken a turn for the worse and was the nurse hiding it from her?

Two white-coated attendants passed by, pushing an empty stretcher cart. They recognized her but, then, as if respecting the grief and worry they knew she must be feeling, they turned their heads away.

Far down the corridor, on the floor nurse's desk, a phone rang shrilly. Just as, only a few short days before, her own telephone had rung in the palace at Monaco.

All day, she had waited tensely for the overseas call from her mother to tell her the operation was over—and to say how it went. It was dusk already, and shadows lay on the palace courtyard, on the bright gardens overlooking the blue sea. But, in Philadelphia, it was only early afternoon and it was strange to remember that, in America, the day was a holiday—Memorial Day.

When the phone rang, she picked it up quickly, cutting it off at the first shrill ring. She gripped the receiver tightly as she listened to her mother's voice sounding tired, yet relieved. It had gone very well...yes, it had been what the doctor thought, adhesions from last year's emergency operation...Dad's condition was good...No, there was nothing to worry about.

Brave, encouraging words. Yet, at the back of her mind, there was still a nagging doubt.

Soon after, there was another transatlantic call, this one from Dr. James A. Lehman, who was such a good friend of the family and who had performed the surgery. He, too, tried to assure her that her father was doing well. Yet, she also felt him say that she must forget about the family reunion planned for mid-June in Ireland, where a cousin was to be married. She had looked forward to the wedding, but most of all, to the joy of seeing her father again, and her mother, and the whole family. It seemed so long since they'd all been together. But, now, the doctor was telling her that her father would not be up to the trip: that it must be postponed indefinitely. Was he telling her everything?

And it was, then, that she knew she had to see her father. Her husband agreed; she should fly at once. But the decision was so sudden, that there was no time for Rainier to arrange matters of state and go with her. He would have to stay home and so would the children, Caroline and little Albert. Two capable nannies would look after them well.

It would only be for a few days, but she and her husband had never been apart for more than a few days since their marriage. And now, though it was his birthday, he insisted that she go to her father's side. There would be a lifetime of birthdays for them to share.

Not fast enough

In the hospital corridor, a red light blinked on and off over a doorway; a patient signaling for a nurse. But, as she sat waiting to be admitted to her father's room, the blinking signals seemed like the lights that had flashed on and off at the wing-tips of the plane carrying her to him. It started, uneasily, out the window at the slowest possible speed. The stewardesses had told them, when they took off, of the jet's incredible speed. Yet, how slow they seemed to be going, how very long the trip seemed. It was the fastest way, and yet it wasn't fast enough.

When they had to make an unscheduled refueling stop at Reykjavik, Iceland, she had to change her seat, twisting her hands in impatience. Finally, they landed at Idlewild, and she gratefully let herself be whisked through customs and Immigration, then into a waiting limousine by helpful New York City police. Then she was speeding in a car on her way to Philadelphia. At last she would see for herself, how her father really was.

But, not after all that hurryng, she sat waiting with the door closed between them. She shivered, a little, at the persistent clink, cling of the bells ringing out their code call for doctors who were needed on the ward. It was sound, it meant that behind one of those closed doors, someone was sick, perhaps dying, and needed help. Tired and tense with apprehension, she tried to shut the sound out. It wouldn't do. She didn't only turn her thoughts away from the frightening present and back to the years when she was "Big Jack" Kelly's daughter and he had been the strong, silent rock of a man, a man it was impossible to ever imagine ill.

She had been third of his four children, but she was the only one who was "different"—quiet and dreamy and lost to the world half the time. Peg and John Jr. and Lizanne were so much like Dad that it was hard not to get a left-out feeling sometimes. There was enough of the Kelly's in her with all the family games and sports. She wanted to be with them and to feel sure everybody loved her, but she was always coming down with another sinus attack...And she wasn't very good at games, anyway.

She was the shy and tremulous child who hung back on the family outings, holding her mother's hand while the adventurous们 went off looking, shouting out discoveries, noisy and happy. In her own secret way she was happy too, but so sensitive that at the sign of a reproof she felt she could curl up and die of it. She was dependent on her parents' love, she needed it more than the others. But how can a painfully uncertain child be sure that she deserves love? She must be as proud and fond, in his own rough way, of the "quiet" one as of the others.

Suddenly, she heard a soft rumbling and she saw that the stretcher—no longer empty—was being rolled past her again on its way to the elevator. The figure on it was so blanket-wrapped that only the face showed—a man with eyes closed, mercifully asleep.

She, too, closed her eyes. There was so much to remember. There were the old family stories the Kellys loved to tell and retell. The one about the day of her own birthing, she'd said—it sometimes felt she could actually remember it happening.

The message

It was in 1929, a year that, to many, was the beginning of the end—the Big Crash. But to Jack Kelly, life was good—or may be it was because he had tried so hard for it, being a man nothing or nobody could stop. He'd started out pushing a wheelchair and he'd gone all the way up in business, in sports, and in politics. He was less of a businessman than he sometimes felt he could actually remember it having.
To such a man, the Depression was nothing you allowed to mar the big day your third child is born. Nothing would do but to drink a last in champagne to the new baby. She could imagine how he'd looked that day, tall and proud with his laugh booming out. And then, when the bottle was empty, he had put a note into it. Nobody knew what he had written, and nobody was to take it out and look. It was for Grace's eyes, but not until the day she turned twenty-one.

When the time came, she took out the note and read a message that was short and simple--hardly more than a few words: "I hope you grow up to be as nice a girl as your mother."

The father who had written that bit of sentiment and keep it a secret for twenty-one years--how was he today? She looked toward his door again, as if willing the nurse to bring him this sentence.

But the waiting went on. . . . There had been another message from him--Seventeen years ago her father had written it in freshly-laid cement in the driveway at home. She knew the words by heart. "November 12, 1943. Grace is fourteen today. Long after he was gone, those words would endure. He--the builder--must have known that.

There was still another message that she would always remember, though it was only in the spoken words. It was when she knew for sure that she wanted an acting career--and wanted her own story, not the reputation and contact of her uncles. For she was the niece of George Kelly, who wrote such hit plays as "Craig's Wife" and "The Show-Off." And Walter Kelly, the famed "Virginia Judge" of vaudeville. But, above all, she was the daughter of Jack Kelly, who'd made it on his own, too.

She was about to enter the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Her father talked it over with her, asking her only to be sure. He told her what he knew of his own dreams, that time in business is heart-breaking and demanding.

"You have to be good," he said, "or we don't want you to go."

It was the crossroads for a girl who had everything. On the one hand a warm, welcoming home, family and friends, a privileged life of comfort. In the other direction hard, hard work. Had her father always known which she would choose? She chose the work, and turned out what he wanted her to be--good. She became a star, and Academy Award winner. She was noted for her beauty, talent, bearing. She played a princess in "The Swan" and looked more regal than a real one.

A fairybook romance

And, then, like a fairybook romance, a real prince did come. A young, handsome prince--but so shy, that his personal chaplain, Father Tucker, had to play Cupid and do the asking for him to Grace. Even then, with a prince asking for his daughter's hand in marriage, Jack Kelly was so much the protective father, and so thoroughly with the family, that he didn't leap at the chance to make a princess of his daughter.

He said to the chaplain, "Father, all we know about this boy is your word that he will be a good husband." And he said, "Father, let's get this straight, we're not running after royalty."

Now Grace remembered Father Tucker's answers to her own father during the conversation that shaped such a happy, love-filled life for her and Rainier. Father Tucker had said, "John, I wouldn't recommend any boy to any girl if I didn't think he was ready."

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The running after—those were only words, figures of speech. Her father knew that what mattered was two young people falling in love with each other. So the announcements went out. “Mr. and Mrs. John B. Kelly Sr. announce the engagement of their daughter Grace to His Serene Highness Prince Rainier III of Monaco."

And she remembered how, in the unbelievable stress and strain of an international wedding, her father had stood by her to hold off the curious ones and the press.

Yes, he had given her his protection, his strength, and a great deal of love. Jack Kelly, wrapped up in business, sports and politics, was thinking about his feelings for the sky, quietly intense one of his children—but he was there when she needed him. Always. With such a father, the question was inevitable: What would I do without him?

She looked up and saw the nurse coming out of his room, toward her. She stood up at once.

He wouldn’t see her cry

“You may come in now.”

Now she would see her father. What the doctor had to tell her, he would tell later, and then she could release the tears, whether they were of relief or despair. But now, while she was in this room, her father would not see her cry. Because he was so sick—and she loved him so dearly.

She walked swiftly along the corridor. Only for one moment, at the very door, she stopped. She turned away, alone within herself. The nurse didn’t see her face, with its look of fear, or her hands pressed tightly together and against her body for control.

She said a silent little prayer, took a deep breath, and when she was ready. The look of anxiety was gone, her face wore a serenity that was lovely to see. A smile of greeting was ready on her lips.

Two weeks later she was on her way home to Monaco—knowing what she knew. That for her father it was what she had dreaded all along. Cancer.

Andra had been in the hospital now; the doctors had let him go home to be surrounded by his family again, in the reassuring comfort of his own house. Because Big Jack Kelly, that man made of iron and steel, had told them it was only a matter of time. Yet, at home, he attended shows and made jokes about having been hospitalized.

Grace flew home to the family whom she had left for a few days that lengthened into two weeks. She went knowing that this visit with her father had been something very precious. She would always be grateful for it, always have it to remember along with everything else dear and good that she remembered about him and herself. All her life she would remember the birthday note in the champagne bottle and the birthday card in the cement, and all the other unspoken ways he had shown his love. And for comfort she would have, too, the knowledge of his being with her by never showing grief in his presence.

But she went home with the burden of her knowledge heavy on her own heart.

And a week later she was winging back to Monaco. She would be a Rainier by her side. For death had come abruptly, sooner than she anticipated.

Now Grace Kelly could weep. Her father could not see her cry. The End

NIGHTMARE

Continued from page 63

It was June when everything, little and big, came to a head. Ty Hardin had gone to Indianapolis alone, to watch the 300-mile speed race. And there, with the shrill ring of the horn, the dream of a perfect marriage turned into a nightmare.

At first, when Ty learned it was Andra telling him—distance, he was hopeful. Perhaps this little separation had been what they both needed. And then, with no warning, he heard her familiar voice telling him that hope was over. She had filed for divorce, she told him, in Los Angeles. She had shown conscience and mental cruelty and requested custody of, and support for, the twins. Ty tried desperately, on the phone, to change her mind, but for once his voice and his words had no effect on Andra.

He flew back to Hollywood, hurrying home straight from the airport. Until the moment he opened the front door, he still insisted to himself that Andra’s phone call had been a terrible mistake, something he could clear up as soon as he could talk to her face to face. But Andra wasn’t there. And near the top of his heart she’d been there all his personal belongings, with his shining black boots and his cowboy hat at the top of the heap. From their Mexican nursehousekeeper, he learned that Andra was at lunch at the St. Regis, on a call for the “Bourbon Street Beat” series.

Ty moved in with a friend, and that night he telephoned Andra. This time she invited him over. Ty was exasperated. He’d spent an entire afternoon, three days before, shopping for that extra-special gown that would make her first Hollywood premiere. Of course, the gowns she had tried on the day she walked to the door, smiling with excitement and anticipation, and opened it.

The smile froze on her face. “Oh, no! He’s not for real,” she thought. “He just didn’t want to be alone. And he’d been for real, all six-foot-two inches of him: from his ten-gallon hat dripping with rain, to his finely tailored tuxedo that set off his handsome face, to his black, highly-polished cowboy boots.

She started toward the hall closet to get a raincoat. “No need of that, Ma’am,” he drawled, “I got just the thing out here on your porch to keep us all dry.” She let herself be dragged along, and the next thing she knew he’d draped some smelly oillskins over their heads and had lifted her up to the seat. She didn’t kick, she didn’t protest; she just laughed hysterically and wondered what her mom and dad back on the farm near Bockford, Illinois, would say if they could have seen her, and then she deposition her down in the seat of his open sports car, kerplunk. Of course, his car wouldn’t have a top, but he stretched the thighs of his cowboy boots over the little table so they would look like windshields and let her see how to the front windshield and the back of the seat. The odor of the oillskin almost made her sick, but when she protested in a ladylike fashion to being unmotherly, saying she was trying to keep me for me to be protected from the rain while you’re getting all wet,” he told her that his hat kept the rain off. "Besides," he told her, “I never smoked a cigarett.”

So she squirmed up in the corner, not caring about wrinkling her dress, not able to see his face above the oillskins, feeling like a defenseless dove that had been trapped by a mad bear. Rain began to drip through a hole in the oillskin right on her hair that she had taken such pains with. But she didn’t move, she didn’t care. She fixed her eyes on his bright shiny boots, as he accelerated and braked the car. Those crazy, impossible boots on this impossible, crazy character.

Hours later, she was in her own hallway and listened to his boots clattering down the steps and along the walk to his car. Then she ran upstairs, threw herself face down on the bed, and sobbed into the pillow. With the utmost desire of her heart she wished she’d felt when they’d pulled up in front of the theater and Ty had pulled her out. wet and bedraggled, to face the glare of the photographers and the towel of the milling crowd. She’d escaped into the ladies’ room where she did her best to repair the damage that the rain had done to her hair and gown. When she came out into the corridor, she was a little better, she saw immediately that he hadn’t changed: the same huge hat (wouldn’t he ever take it off?), the same outlandish boots. He was still sitting up in the dark theater, she felt her face turn crimson with shame. He finally had taken off his hat, and stuffed it in the little wire rack under the seat; and every time she looked down, she could see it help looking down, the little program light at the bottom of the seat shone on the brim of his hat, and on those ludicrous impossible cowboy boots.

A promise is a promise

In the morning, the sun was shining brightly and, suddenly, for Andra Martin the memory of the night before was like some vague nightmare that fades in daylight. Once, during her day at the studio, she had taken the car, driven to Bockford, Illinois, and to the commissary and automatically she gazed down at his boots. But they weren’t black and they weren’t shiny, and she laughed in relief.

That night she was exhausted. All she wanted was to take a nice warm bath and go to sleep. She was just slipping off her shoes when the phone rang. It was, Ty Hardin, the man she spent so much of her time with understanding words, winning words. And suddenly she saw him—rather, saw his eyes—as if he were standing right...
They were different

After that, there were many dates, each crazier than the last. When with him, she had fun and everything was fine. When she was alone without him, their relationship seemed absurd and impossible to her. They were just too different. He dressed bizarrely, to say the least, while she was always careful to wear just the right things. She'd come from a close-knit, happy, conservative Swedish-American farm family, while he was the child of a broken home. He'd never really been in love before (yes, she had to admit to herself, she was in love with this unpredictable galoot!) while he'd been married before, too. Ty was a cute boy, had been the father of two children, a boy and a girl. She'd wanted to be a star as long as she could remember and had done everything to further her career, while Ty had no idea what he really wanted to do, who'd worked as a helper in a bake shop, a filling station attendant, an optical lens grinder, a second lieutenant in the Army, a professional football player, an engine salesman, and finally stumbled into an acting career. While she'd worked and prayed to get her break, he...
just walked into Paramount, one day, to borrow a prop gun to wear with his cowboy suit to a costume party, and walked out again with a seven-year contract tucked in his pocket.

They waited patiently

Yes, they were just too different; in backgrounds, interests, habits, hopes and dreams they were miles apart. That’s what she thought until they were together. Then, the touch of his hand and the warm, tender expression in his blue eyes melted away all her logic and all her reason. When he finally asked her to marry him, she said “Yes.”

But her friends agents almost hit the ceiling when they were told the news. Marriage would ruin their careers, they said; Andra and Ty were too impulsive; Andra and Ty were teenage idols; Andra and Ty should win million dollar offers.

They postponed the wedding, but Andra told reporters, “Ty and I feel terrible. We love each other very much—and we will get married later when all this confusion is over.

They waited patiently . . . for ten days. Then they refused to wait any longer. On August 30, 1958, in the Little Brown Church in the Valley, in North Hollywood, the Reverend John H. Wells joined Andra Martin and Ty Hardin in holy matrimony. The wedding got off auspiciously; Ty had left his ten-gallon hat and his shiny black boots at home. He was dressed in a conservative dark suit; his shoes were black but regular; he wore a light tie on a white shirt; he even sported a white handkerchief in his jacket pocket and the traditions with it were curtailed in his buttonhole. As Andra’s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rehn (she’d grown up as Sandra Rehn), and Ty’s mother, Mrs. Gwen Hungerford (Ty had been christened Orison Hungerford), jostled in tuxedos, hat and couple, the bride—glowing in her gown of white net and lace over pink taffeta, with a seed-pearl crown on her hair—knew that all kettledrums had been sally, and was sure that they were going to live happily ever after.

And they were happy, ecstatically happy, for a while. There was one sentimental ritual that, curiously enough, was their happiness and their marriage to both of them: they always dined by candlelight. The light from the candles represented the glow and warmth they felt for each other. The soft yellow flickering of the candles established a special place of security, of closeness, of love for the hardboiled man from Texas and the pretty, little sensitive girl from Illinois.

The little things

Then little things, insignificant things, unimportant things, began to cast their shadows on the romantic glow.

Ty couldn’t remember birthdays, anniversaries, days that they might have shared together. Andra tried not to let this hurt her. On one special birthday, she crossed her fingers and hoped against hope that he wouldn’t forget. But he did. He went off to the studio without saying anything special to her.

Andra was convinced he just didn’t care. “To let him know how I felt,” she says, “I filled our apartment with red roses before he came home, baked myself a birthday-day cake, and bought two presents which | I bought just as he walked through the door.”

Ty didn’t apologize, but three weeks

later he handed over to her all the expense money he’d saved from a long personal-appearance tour, money for her to spend in furnishing the new house he’d bought for her in the San Fernando Valley. What could you do or say to a fellow like this? Sure, he’d forget birthdays and anniversaries, but then he’d celebrate what he’d call a “No-day,” just any old day at all, just one of the 365 days in the year when he loved her most of all.

He also teased her mercilessly. And just when she thought he was serious, that the peasants she’d had specially for him was a total lie, he’d break them and confess that it was the best pie he’d ever tasted. And, at that point, she didn’t know whether to laugh or cry.

In matters of dress she finally deferred to him. She liked sophisticated clothes; he obviously preferred casual cowboy duds; so she took to wearing blue jeans most of the time. But in the matter of speed in getting dressed, she never quite caught up with him. Ty would slip into his clothes in two minutes flat. Then he’d pace the floor impatiently, waiting for her to get ready. He never actually criticized her, but she took the hint and learned to get dressed in exactly seven minutes.

These were the little things, but there were others more important. One problem, most significant, that confronted this young couple was money. When they were first married, Ty was making less than two hundred dollars a week and Andra then wasn’t even signed to Warners. Two hundred dollars might seem like a lot, but it wasn’t very much in Hollywood, especially when two young people were trying to make their way in show business and had to dress and act as if they were millionaires, even when they hardly had enough to pay for hamburgers and Coke. Then there was an added drain on their finances: Ty had to pay for the support of his two children by his former wife.

By the time the twins, Jeff Orison and Mark Richard, were born, their expenses had skyrocketed. Both of them were overjoyed at the birth of the boys. Ty drove through the streets of Hollywood, honking the horn of his car and yelling at the top of his voice, “They’re boys! Twin Boys!” But with their survival came new bills, new responsibilities.

There were the mortgage payments on their home at Denny Avenue, in North Hollywood, for instance; and then, too, there were the hospital bills, nurses’ bills, and all the other expenses that any parents have when a new child comes into the world—but in this case it was two new children.

By this time, Ty and Andra were both under contract to Warners Brothers. But with more payments on the house, the liquidation of old debts, and all their running expenses, they seemed to get deeper and deeper into a financial hole.

Their other major problem seemed to be the twins. One day, Andra and Ty had said publicly that the problem of two careers in one family “doesn’t bother us in the slightest. I’m proud of Andra’s talent and looks.” But deep down inside he must have felt that Andra’s place was staying home with the twins and his place was making money for the family. After his own mom and dad had split up, he’d seen how hard his mother had tried to support the family. And back then he’d resolved that no wife of his would ever have to work. The irony of the whole thing, of course, and the trap from which he couldn’t quite extricate himself was that they both needed the money that Andra brought in.

Nevertheless, in his mind he thought of her as a wife and mother, not as an actress. When people on the “Bronco” set would ask about his wife, he’d always answer, “Mama and the children are fine.”

It didn’t work out

The day after the news of the divorce startled Ty Hardin, Hollywood and fans everywhere, we talked to Andra Martin on Stage 16 at Warners. She was bent forward in a chair, her eyes red with strain and tension in her blue eyes. As we approached, she managed a faint smile—but only with the corners of her mouth, not her eyes.

“It just didn’t work out,” she said, speaking more to herself than to anyone else. “I think it’s better to divorce now than to keep being unhappy.”

But what had happened to the marriage, the marriage that their friends had called “perfect”?

“Nothing really, she answered, looking down at the floor. “I guess it was just a case of two different people, that they no longer are happy together. I gave it careful thought, of course, before I filed, and it was the only alternative.”

Is there someone else you love?

“Two boys,” she said, “My sons. But if you mean another man, no.”

Did Ty fall in love with someone else?

“I don’t think so,” she said, shaking her head. “I’ll tell you why.

We started to ask more questions, but she’d bent forward again and was staring at the floor as if we weren’t there. So we left her alone with her thoughts . . . and her memories.

We tried to call Ty, but he refused all calls. He was waiting for just one call, a call from Andra Martin, telling him that she wants to try again.

The end?

That’s all there is to the story—and yet we are reluctant to close the book. We hope and pray that Andra and Ty read this story, their story, and that now, when it’s almost over, they go back to the beginning, for a moment, and look at the picture of two people in love. A picture of a father and a mother who have the most precious gift in the world, two lovely children they both adore.

It is our hope that in looking at that photograph and in reading this story, they may find, again, that which is stronger than petty differences and major disagreements—love.

The End

Ty Hardin can be seen every other Tues. on ABC-TV in “Bronco” 7:30-8:30 P.M., EDT.
A knew A was California. later. Chicago ever Cornell was long "mobile" on in end. Gard liked him, too. It wasn't long before the shy Gard was so much at home with us that he dropped in regularly—to take showers. He had to take a shower somewhere, he couldn't in that dream apartment he'd rented with my valuable assistance! One afternoon, my mother was giving a tea party for a dozen or so friends, when the Gard rang and Gard walked in. I wasn't home, but Mother told me about it later. She introduced him all around. He said, "How do you do," then politely excused himself and went to the bathroom. A little later you could hear the shower running, because the plumbing in our apartment was very noisy. And over the running water, you could hear the cheerful sound of man washing in the shower. Mother said the women didn't utter more than ten words, they were listening so hard, with the funniest expressions on their faces. After the tea was finished and out came Gard, completely dressed again. He said, "Thank you" to Mother, and "Nice to have met you" to the ladies, and walked out the front door.

For one full minute, there was a stunned silence, then one of Mother's oldest friends said, "Lily, do you realize that very polite young man just went into your bathroom and took a shower?" Of course, Mother said calmly, "He's a very clean person.

To this day, Mother still refers to Gard as "that nice boy who always took showers in our apartment." But what I fondly remember is the fun we had together. We'd go to the park and I'd do that when he could afford it. Mostly, we walked, talked, drank coffee in Louie's, our favorite restaurant, haunted junk shops to fix up his studio, and had the occasional good time in Central Park. That was because of the mobiles. We'd have things like roast chicken, French bread, and even a bottle of wine. I was going to a girls' school in my new home, but in the school, he was too shy. There was something about the way females looked at him that made him stilt and stumble all over himself. On the other hand, you couldn't blame him, because he was that way, either. But I bet they'd be surprised if they knew how darn trustworthy such a handsome fellow could be. I bet nobody'd believe it.

I am almost 5 feet tall, and Gard is six-foot-three. We're both shy, and I didn't think he kissed me more than half a dozen times in those happy young years we spent together. He set the pace himself one night—something not many men will do.

He wasn't always wacky

We were at his apartment, washing dishes after dinner and he kissed me on

Answers to Last Month's Puzzle

THE FACTS ABOUT "NITE-OWL" EYES

Loss of sleep the "night before" shows up in red irritated eyes next day. Make them sparkle again with new triple-action 20/20, the Professional Lavender Eye Drops. Acting in three ways—By relieving physicians proved 20/20 (1) Soothes and relieves eye fatigue, reduces pain and discomfort; (2) Cures blepharitis; (3) Relieves minor irritation from strain, smoke, wind, dust etc. For best eye care, insist on 20/20. Squeeze bottle $1.00 at drug counters.

*Caused by enlarged blood vessels in the outer eye.
I learned soon after I became a friend to be trusted. I was home, one evening, and the phone rang.

"Kerry? Listen," Gard's voice was low and hurried. "You've got to get here fast—you've got to get me out of this!"

"Oh! Gard! Gard—where are you?"

I'm in the penthouse at the Sherry Netherlands. At a party. And . . ."

"Okay," I said. "I'm on my way."

I slammed on some good clothes and hopped a cab. Soon a butler was leading me into a fabulous drawing room with at least a hundred elegant guests. It was strictly out of a movie. I spotted Gard in a far-off corner hunched on a tiny satin ballroom chair. At his feet sat three internationally famous glamour girls, two of them old enough to be his mother. All three were looking up into his face adoringly. But he was looking scared.

I swooped on the little group saying, "Darling, I hate to tear you away but we'll be late for the Malcombs." Whoever they were!

You'd never think a six-foot 'threer' could shoot out of a little chair like a rocket, but he did. I grabbed his arm and we sailed out. We ended up working Fifty-ninth and Fifth down to the Village. He needed air!

"All th-those strangers," he groaned.

"And th-those f-female f-f-leeches!" He was stuttering again—he only did it when he got panicky.

"Nobody forced you to go," I sort of snapped. "I rescued you, so quit carrying on! Next time don't get yourself into something you can't get yourself out of."

The day Gard collapsed

He never forgot my words. Some months later, we were sailing for Fire Island on a twenty-five foot ketch he had acquired—no motor, only sails. We invited two other couples along and none of us were sailors except Gard. He was kept busy with the sails and rudder while we ate hamburgers, drank Cokes and relaxed.

When we came to a bridge that had to be opened for us, he jumped up on the pilings to help the bridge-keeper. Next thing we knew, the ketch was floating away with Gard stranded on the pilings. At first, he stared after us with shock, while we stared back the same. Then he started to laugh. That's what we saw as we drifted out to sea—Gard laughing!

We floated for an hour until the Coast Guard picked us up. They said Gard had been flying a seagull—five landlubbers drifting out to sea.

Back in town we headed for Louie's, tired, hungry, a little wet and pretty mad. We hoped to find Gard and strangle him. We sat drinking coffee till he walked in, carrying a brown paper package.

"For my friends," he said. And to me, "You were right, Kerry—never get yourself into anything you can't get yourself out of."

I hit Gard with my copy, but later I measured it out of the room.

"Good girl," he told me, then, "Whatever you're trying to do, learn the ropes or you'll sink every time."

He should know! He was trying to do half-a-dozen things—writing, designing mobiles, sailing, among other things, and learning the ropes thoroughly for each. Until one day, he collapsed right on the dock. The doctor said he'd been overexerting it to the point of exhaustion and was suffering an attack of mononucleosis. That put him in the hospital.

And did I teach him to slow down? Hah! He tried something new. Strictly for his own amusement. Building a razor-blade commercial. He wasn't very keen about the business, but he needed new sails for the ketch and it seemed a good way to solve the problem.

The rest is history. The commercial was seen by movie execs and Gard was signed to a long-term contract.

"Why not?" he said the night he came over to the apartment to tell us. "I'll be able to buy a new boat, I can work on my mobiles in my spare time. It'll be pretty much the same life only on the West Coast. Of course, there'll be lots of people to tick—what a guy's got to get out and circulate."

He sees the light of life

This was Gard? Gardner McKay? A boy who, two years before, couldn't walk across a room without falling over his feet if people were watching him? Who felt sick if he was exposed to a stranger? Where did the confidence come from all of a sudden?

I believe that sensitive and unsure people are hiding in a small, dark room where they live out the years in fear and trembling behind a locked door. You never know what thing, little or big, will unlock that door. Even a little bit of success might do it for someone whose known failures. Or a good friendship for one who's been lonely too long. Or a bit of good luck for the always-hard-luck guy. It doesn't matter—just so someone opens the door to let a human being out of the hiding place he's made for himself.

When that happens, when, for the first time, he sees the light of life, he wants to rush around and make up for lost time, embracing everything and everybody in the fine new world.

I know that's what happened to Gard. He told me so. He said, "Kerry, the first time I got before a camera, I expected to panic. I thought, oh boy, a stuttering actor! But it didn't go well. Kerry, it was great! I felt like making people laugh, or cry, or sing—anything to bring them out of themselves the way I was brought out of myself. This was for me. It was like . . . well, Kerry, it was like coming home."

The End

SEE GARDNER ON ABC-TV IN "ADVENTURES IN PARADISE," MONDAYS, 9:30-10:30 P.M., EDT.
meet a nice boy because my mother keeps me locked up in my room. And bang! That's for implying that I will probably snack my way to 300 pounds. So everyone can say, "Oh look, there goes Miss Jello of 1960, the former Carol Lynley."

Some of the lies told about me are big fat ones that smash me across the face like a wet, heavy towel. And others are the sneaky kind. Like: "Carol always looks so sad because she is frustrated" or "Carol Lynley is the pitiful result of a broken family."

When I hear these things I am really shocked and they pain my mother, too. Sometimes they are such gross exaggerations that they are funny--in a way, but it's a hurting way. I don't think it's very nice to do this to a girl, or her mother, or anybody. And if I sound flip, it's because it's sometimes the easiest way to talk about things clearly.

I know they're talking about me behind my back. But I'm no longer afraid to take those lies out in the open and pick them up one by one, like: "Carol Lynley has no self-control to eat." Now it's true that if I eat too much cake and candy I'll put on unnecessary weight. But isn't that true for millions of teenagers? Does it mean we're all going to hit three-hundred pounds? No! Three hundred times no!

Besides, I do watch my diet. And when I look tragic about not having chocolate cake for dessert, my mother always remarks, "What longer strike for the first ten years of my life. Before she left the hospital with me, I had dropped from the eight pounds, eight ounces I weighed when I was scared to death I'd just fade away. From the time I was eleven--the year I grew six inches, incidentally--my attitude toward food changed.

I've been told to say they put on a pound just looking at a cake. Not true for me. So long as it's behind a store window I'm safe. But I'll admit that once it gets into the house it's another matter. Why do we have to keep the house when my mother doesn't want to tempt me or herself with calories? Well you see, there's my brother Danny. He's six-two and cute, but he weighs over four hundred and sixty-eight. My poor mother, she worries if I gain and worries if Danny doesn't.

And this is how it works out: Mother stocks the refrigerator with oranges, grapes, carrots and such rabbit food--for me. You know who raids the refrigerator and gobbles up the oranges, grapes, etc. You guessed it. Danny. And mother buys cookies to encourage Danny to drink milk, only they hide somewhere in his house. Well, they don't have to hide any cookies from me. When I walk into the apartment my built-in radar automatically switches on. Danny's room, stand stock still for a few seconds, the radar takes over, and guides me directly to the secret cache.

A broken home

Yet it's not true that I suffer from creeping calories. While I'm home in New York, like now, I spend three hours a day in dance classes, carry lunch with me, usually hard-boiled eggs and carrots in a paper bag. Just like any other girl, I want to keep my figure on the straight and narrow. Though I admit it's sometimes plain torture.

But this doesn't come from unhappiness that stems from a broken home. Actually there are two lies here. In the first place I am not unhappy. And in the second, while my home life may be a little kooky at times, it's not broken. Let me give the picture. I live with my mother, brother, Samuel Katz (a Siamese cat) and Frankel (a dachshund). We moved into a comfortable apartment off Central Park this past December. We have three bedrooms and two bathrooms, so we don't bump into one another. I have my phonograph and Danny has his phonograph. Danny has his records and Danny has my records--which I can always steal back. We live in peace and dignity and we respect each other's feelings. Take our dachshund, for instance. He does look like a Frankfurter, but rather than offend him I call him Frankel.

There is only one pattern of unhappiness and it's with us almost every morning. I admit that at that moment of the day my mother, brother, Samuel and Frankel really hate me. But can I help it if I'm one of those unfortunate beings who wakes up whistling, smiling and full of gaiety? So Samuel and Frankel hide under the sofa, Mother tries to pretend I'm not there, and Danny, with his face teared, says, "Carol, if you must be cheerful in the morning, go into your room and be in private."

But that is our only genuine problem. Danny and I are as close as brother and sister can be. We have our own peculiar way of showing affection. I come home, and Danny grumps a hello that is more like a snarl. But Mother tells me later he's been sitting and crying. I ask him and asking her to phone around and find out. By the same token, Mom complains that I give her altogether too much advice on how to keep the house. Frankel.

Now let's see if my relationship with Mother could be healthier. We love each other and there's always a lot of give and take, but sometimes I don't think we agree on anything. For example, I don't like his taste in furniture. She did invite me to shop with her, but I didn't have time, and so she chose much of our furniture herself. She likes unusual things but I think we have too many unusual pieces are disturbing. Like the large table lamp with the giraffes chasing each other around the base. Mother thinks it's kind of fun, and very striking. Well.

My bedroom, which I'm furnishing in early five-and-ten with a touch of Salvation Army, best describes my taste. The furniture is 19th-century American, kind of lardy, colonial, and I adorned it with artificial flowers, which I'm mad about. In another few months my room will be a tropical paradise. I have flowers in bowls and ceramic pots and on those small oval or round-framed pictures which I buy in the five-and-ten. I paint out the picture and fasten flowers to the frame.

In all fairness, I should point out that I've got a good bed. Also a very good Colonial desk which Grandmother Felch gave me. And then there is always a stack of magazines and several new books and my phonograph and records. I should think a broken home would have broken records but there's not a sad one in the lot. The albums include The Kingston Trio, "Pony and Bess," "Nutmeg Suite," songs by Theodore Bikel, and so forth.

We're not that kind of people.

Perhaps at this point I should tell cute little anecdotes of my mother and me shopping together, behold our heads over a game of parchies, and giggling with joy to convince everybody that I don't live in an unhappy home. I can't do that because we're not that kind of people. But we always have something to talk about. We like to discuss murder trials, books, movies, plays and politics. We stimulate each
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When a boy thinks you're fast

I have the same dating problems every girl has—plus one. Sometimes, when I date a boy I don't know too well, he has the idea that I'm acting, and in any way he acts but in the way he talks, I mean he may say, "Of course, you drink... Of course, you stay out all night." Well, I don't drink and I've never stayed out but I do go out. Most of the time, she was reading in the newspaper about the Shah of Somewhere marrying the Princess of Somewhere Else. She looked up at me and said, "I don't think he married her because he loved her, do you?" I said, "Well, I don't know." She said, "You must have some opinion." I said, "I know nothing about it."
The family grew

With her encouragement, he switched to a night job, took vocal lessons by day, and still supported the two of them. And when he made enough to rent for a brand-new band, at five dollars a night, he felt he was making a start. He sang at college dances, business banquets, and in bars. He was back to the docks for Bob. Besides, the family was growing. Little Joan was born on the next New Year's Eve, and by the following Christmas, a second child was on the way.

“It's going to be the best Christmas of my life,” Joan told him happily. She was full of plans. They'd put up a big tree this year, even if Joanny was only a baby girl. She'd get a "flop flop I am," he chuckled, and "the darlings' toys for her," Joan said, and "I've got your surprise picked out." Then she added with a laugh, "I'm just waiting for your next pay check, to make like Mrs. Claus.

"Listen," he pleaded kiddingly, "leave me a few dollars to buy your presents, will you?"

"Christmas is for children," they kept telling each other, proud of their parenthood, but they were merry as a pair of kids themselves. Until next pay day. And then he came home with dragging feet and a face that had so much trouble in it, he couldn't hide it. Finally, he had to tell her. But it was hard to say. Instead, he pulled the envelope out of his pocket and handed it to her. And she saw what was in there, along with his palm, a pink slip! "Yes,?" he said gloomily, "that's what I got for Christmas—fired!" And, as if he was afraid she'd think he was no good on the job, he pulled the note up row after row—"these bastards isn't enough shipping this time of year."

Her arms went around him, consolingly. "Well, of course, Hon, or they'd never fire a hard worker like you. Look, let's not worry. You'll get something else soon." "You're sweet," he mumbled, and held her close. But even her sweetness couldn't keep the old, "I'm a nobody" feeling from being in the half a year. She knew that the biggest thing in his life was to grow up quickly, so he could marry Joan and take care of her forever.

The Kelsons lived in a boarding house. They were sitting in a booth at the sweetshop where they always met after school. They sat on the same side, so they could hold hands and talk low. To the other end of the line, kids in love with love—"puppy stuff." But the boy knew that the biggest thing in his life was to grow up quickly, so he could marry Joan and take care of her forever.

The Kelsons lived in a boarding house. They were sitting in a booth at the sweetshop where they always met after school. They sat on the same side, so they could hold hands and talk low. To the other end of the line, kids in love with love—"puppy stuff." But the boy knew that the biggest thing in his life was to grow up quickly, so he could marry Joan and take care of her forever.
But he refused. The old ache was still with him. "I don't want you showing me down people's throats," he insisted. "I'll do it on my own or bust trying. Just give me time!" His mother sighed and gave up. When she wanted so much to help, when it was only a matter of a little push here and a tacit word there—why did her son exact so much? At home, it was an entirely different story. When he came home, Joan greeted him with open arms and his baby daughter gurgled ecstatically at her Daddy. He was the big man in their lives. And on March 1, 1954, he knelt by Joan's hospital bed with his arms around her, admiring their new daughter Nancy. Joan, tired but happy, murmured, "Wasn't it a miracle before that she was born on your birthday?"

"She was exactly what I wanted," he told her softly, "Show me a man who ever got a better birthday present." This was a familiar man—Joan, his wife and two babies depending on him. And he had just turned all of nineteen!

The hunger for success

More than ever, the hunger for success hounded him. And hard as the singing bug had bitten him, the acting bug now bit him harder. He'd dreamed to study with Robert Schneiderman of Northwestern College's drama school. But with the crazy hours he worked, how could he attend classes? He went to see the famous coach, poured out his hopes and problems, and Mr. Schneiderman agreed to take him on privately. Meanwhile, he sang in clubs that were only so-so, all the while searching for the steady work that would get him into the better clubs, so he could take better care of his wife and children.

And then it happened! A swank new club opened in town and they wanted him. "We need someone to follow the stars," they told him, "We'll do better—a percentage of the net profits." He hesitated, then decided to take a chance. In a place like this he'd surely be seen by the right people, the ones who could make his future.

And the end of two weeks, he came home to Joan with his share of the profits—a check for a hundred and thirteen dollars! "I did better on the docks," he told her. "I won't listen to such talk," she said. "The docks weren't getting you anywhere. This club might.

But it didn't! It folded right from under him.

He talked it over with Joan again. "Maybe we ought to go to New York."

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BIRDS AND BEES

Continued from page 42

way across the lawn and bring it back just as fast as she could, because that was part of the game. Boy kept hitting the ball and she kept running all over and bringing it back. Then he got a bright idea and he got two balls. He hit one while she ran to third, and the two made the game more fun, he told her. Until one day, when she saw some other kids playing the same game only they both had rackets! After that, she didn't want to play Boy's type of game. She was about five at the time, so what could you expect? Boy was eleven.

When she was about seven, Boy told her she was growing up and old enough to be trusted with a big dark secret.

"Come on up to my room," he whispered, "he never wanted her in his room so she knew something important was going to happen. Boy didn't say a single word as they climbed the stairs and he opened the door. They sat down on the floor and finally Boy spoke. "Now listen carefully, Eve," he said. And then began to read her a story. When it was finished, he told her, "I'm no longer Boy." And she listened wide-eyed, as he explained. "From now on, I'll be Samson, the Strong Man." He explained how he had kept the secret the whole world could just come to the end because somebody would want to cut his hair off, just like in the story he read to her.

She was thrilled. To think that her own brother was Samson. "And you can be my servant," he told her. And after that, every afternoon for a long while, he would send her upstairs and ask her if she was ready to go up to his room. She never wanted to go, he'd glare and stare strangely and say, "Samson commands you," and she'd run like heck to do what Samson said.

She kept the secret locked tight up inside. So when, one day, she was asking Mother if Boy was really Samson, but she remembered the sacred words he'd said. "If you tell, they might take me to a barber and then the whole world will come to an end. And it will be a great trade-off never to have to see it again!"

That's when she grew up and everything changed.

Sometimes he was too protective!

Troy began to act differently toward her. Like the time they came from the studio early, before she had gotten home from school. When she went into her room, she discovered a pile of clothing right in the middle of the floor. Who put all my jeans on the floor? she yelled downstairs.

"Are you talking to me?" Troy called back from the kitchen.

"I'm talking to whoever dumped all my jeans on the floor," she shouted back.

"Oh, I'm sor... turned her face so she could arrange a compromise. She'd only wear jeans around the house. So he gave her a pair of his old ones on one condition. "If you're going to wear them, Eve, at least wear them neatly. Do you know what you look like with them rolled up to your knees?! When she looked at herself in the mirror, she never wanted to wear them. Yet."

And even if she wouldn't admit it then when she was only thirteen, she was pleased now (after all she is fifteen now) that Troy was helping her to be a lady.

Sometimes she didn't understand this. She used to feel that sometimes he was overprotective. Like the afternoon he took her swimming at his friend's house. The minute he saw a boy walk over and talk to her, he came over and joined them saying, "She's my sister—only fourteen, you know. That did it! Fronto, all the fellows scattered.

"I'm not so much older than he is, Eve," he said when she protested. "And I know he's not driving too fast, take chances and try to act big time, it's a stage that most guys go through. But a girl should and can avoid this type of guy. And she doesn't have to be a square either. Besides," he added big brother, "you're only fourteen, you've got plenty of time. Now you should be learning how to be an interesting woman!"

And that meant, never "beautiful and dumb." That was Troy's pet saying, "Who can stay interested in a dumb girl?"

"Be good at something. You're good at sports, and that's one way to get along fine with guys, too, but now you should begin to know something about what boys are interested in." So after that, whenever they were driving, he'd talk about the car, and they'd play a game identifying the different models, and he'd explain about equipment and sports cars and other car things that fellows talk about so that when she did go out on a date, she'd know what the guys were talking about. He taught her how to dance the Bop and all the latest steps.

At first she was shy about dancing and Troy would say, "How am I going to be a good dancer if you won't help?" And he'd go and show her the turns, the layer, and soon they'd be dancing around the living room, and before she knew it, she didn't feel so strange at all. In fact, she kind of began to like dancing.

A girl can seem cheap

One afternoon, when they were practicing, Troy gave her a big hug and said, "A fellow likes a girl to smell soft and feminine when he's dancing," he told her. And not until days later did it hit her—maybe her perfume had been too spicy and overpowering. About this time, too, she began using a more delicate shade of lipstick. The lipstick Troy liked, but when she bought a great shade of green eyeshadow and wore it heavily draped on her eyelashes, she couldn't tell from the look on Troy's face, that he thought she was overdressing it a bit.

"Too much?" she asked.

"Ahum," he answered, "in a phase all girls go through. Like boys driving fast. Remember, let's never be obvious. In fact, let us both never be obvious." And they laughed and she went and washed her face.

But she really wasn't trying to be obvious. The day Troy got mad—really mad—at her. She didn't really think her skirt was too tight.

She had worn the skirt to school, and when she came home, her mother had asked her to go to the store. She was coming home from the store and she had a funny feeling that Troy was standing on the front steps watching her. For some reason, she thought it would be funny that he didn't call to her. He just walked into the house. When she came in, he seemed to be angry with her and he just about never ever got angry, so she asked him, "What's up?"

"Eve, I saw you!" he said.

"Saw me?" she said indignantly.

"Yes, I saw you wiggling all the way up the block. You skirt's too tight and you were wiggling when you walked and every guy in every car passing by turned to stare," she didn't know what to say as she
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Jane,

The following was just too much.

You never talked about sex, he answered.

And she nodded, "Well, not exactly..."

"But, I think it's important to talk about. Refusing to discuss sex and love is wrong, all wrong, and ends up, if grown-ups keep it a secret, pushing young people into experimenting on their own. Under the right conditions, love, marriage, being together can be the most beautiful thing on earth. Sex isn't something dirty or shabby to be discussed on street corners. The real deep attraction a boy feels for a girl can't have anything 'cheap' about it.

"Aside from physical attraction, a guy wants a girl he can share things with, a girl he can talk to unburden. He doesn't demand expensive gifts and being taken to fancy places when she knows he can't afford it. A guy wants a girl who loves you for yourself and not what you have or what you can do. But a guy, to a girl, is attracted to a girl because first of all by her surface qualities, but he then judges her on many other levels: personality, poise, intelligence, sense of humor, these and many other things.

"Sure, a boy is attracted to a girl physically and asks her out for no other reason but that she's cute. That's usually how most first dates come about. But a guy who has had the sad and dull experience of dating a girl who's as cute as a doll but as dull as a wax mannequin in a store window would rather be的同学 to a girl because first of all by her surface qualities, but he then judges her on many other levels: personality, poise, intelligence, sense of humor, these and many other things.

"What if he does get fresh?"

"Then get him to take you home as soon as possible, and if he persists until he learns how to behave. Do so, if possible, with dignity. Laugh him out of his amorous ways, take it lightly, change the subject, and at all costs, let him know you're interested in nothing but his gymnastics in his front—or back—car-seat."

"There is a difference between necking and petting, isn't there?"

"Yes, bet," Troy nodded. "Necking involves kissing, petting goes much further. And, unfortunately, it's up to the girl to set the standard. Most boys will try to see how far a girl will go, but it's up to the girl to put a stop to it. But, once a boy under the mistaken impression that this is the only way they can be popular or get a boy to call them again. And there are some immature boys who do flit from girl to girl and think their own gain if they go in for heavy necking and petting. But one secret that most males don't like to admit, but which is true, is that if a boy likes a girl, really likes her, he'll ask her to be his steady, no matter how many times she says "no" to anything more than a few goodnight kisses. Being fast or cheap may seem like the only road to the popular scene, but it's just leading to the road to loneliness and unhappiness, too. And now my dear student," Troy said in deep, professional tones, "is the end of this afternoon's lecture."

"I'm going to close her books and collect her pencils. Then, with a very serious face, she leaned over and tapped her brother affectionately on his arm. "And Troy," she said, "the way I'm growing up, feel free if ever you should have a problem to bring it to me."

"Why, you..." Troy pretended to swat her with a magazine, but she was already out the door. Come on, enough of this talk, let's talk about more interesting things like records. I'll treat you to a Bubble Up at the candystore.

The End
that basic training left him little time to write, that, anyway, they'd agreed they wouldn't write each other.

"I've never been able to write letters," he'd said, "I'd rather phone.

And she agreed. She was like that, too.

"Besides, a letter would take two days to get to you," he added. "And I couldn't wait that long for an answer.

"Me neither," she said. "I'd think of a dozen other things I wanted to say to you by then."

So she knew she shouldn't wait for the mailman. And yet. A letter would be so nice. She could keep his letters in a drawer, tied together in a ribbon, and when she was feeling lonely, she could take them out and read them over.

But she was troubled by doubts, whenever she thought how far apart they were, she could take out his letters and read and reread the parts where he said, "I love you.

It was a couple of days now that she hadn't heard from him, and she couldn't help worrying. He was just learning to fly. Maybe ... maybe there'd been an accident. A plane crash. Maybe there was another worry, almost as awful, that nagged at her. What if, being apart, he'd thought things over? What if he'd changed his mind about her?

It was a kind of torture, when her dad had asked her to fly to New York, to be his representative to welcome home Elvis, who was going to be on TV with Dad and her. Meeting Elvis had been exciting and yet, she'd felt lonely and miserable. They'd call each other but it was awkward and strange. It was so difficult to talk from three thousand miles away.

And one night at about 2 a.m., the phone rang in her hotel room. It was Tommy. "Nanny," she heard him say, "I love you." Then quickly, before she could answer, he added, "You don't have to give me your word, Nanny, but I love you and I want to marry you and I want us to become engaged right now.

"Yes," she said, answering right away, in spite of what Tommy said. "Yes.

They talked about five minutes. "I'll have a ring waiting for you when you get home," he said.

"No, don't spend the money," she answered. "I don't need a ring. You can buy me one later. Don't save our money for furniture and things we'll need. Please, don't worry about getting me a ring."

But he hadn't listened. The next day, Tommy was at her mother's house asking her what kind of ring Nanny would like, and then going off with his own mother to pick it out. He'd gone from one appraiser to another. And finally her mother had agreed that she could stay home.

"Maybe we'll go to Hawaii on our honeymoon," Tommy had said. He was always making plans. She remembered the first but not the second.

It was just before Christmas and Tommy had said, "Let's go where the snow is." They drove up to Lake Arrowhead and the Big Bear mountain and spent the whole day there. They had dinner at the ski lodge and then they started to drive back. It had been a perfect day.

On the way home, Tommy had been exceptionally quiet. She'd never seen him look so serious. "Nanny, I'm going to mention something now, and then I'm not going to bring it up again for a few months. But if we both feel the same way in a few months, I'm going to ask you to marry me.

That was Tommy's plan. She'd just listened, without saying a word. She hadn't known it was coming, though now she thought that, deep down, she might have wanted it to happen. But then they'd only been dating a few weeks and it scared her. She didn't want to think about it, in case things didn't work out. She didn't want either of them to be hurt.

Suddenly the phone in her room rang, startling her back to the present. For a moment she hesitated, afraid to answer it, afraid to find that it wasn't Tommy. Then slowly she walked to the receiver.

But it wasn't Tommy after all. It was one of their friends, asking her to come to a party ... the whole gang would be there. For a moment, she wanted to say yes, she'd come. But then she remembered.
"No," she answered slowly. "I... can't."
"You can't just sit home every night, Nancy," her friend told her, "Why don't you come? I'll do you good." Nancy shook her head firmly. She was grateful for the way the gang kept asking her to join them, trying to keep her from being too lonely.

Finally, she said, "Well, maybe... maybe he'll be back later." But she knew she wouldn't. A party wouldn't be any fun without Tommy. Everyone else would be paired off and she would only feel more lonely.

The times he didn't call
She put the phone back on its cradle. It wasn't right, she thought, to have to stay home, at least until eight o'clock. Then, she knew, it would be nine o'clock where Tommy was. She always waited at least that long. If he hadn't called by then, she knew she wouldn't hear any more from him that night. After that time, it was no longer possible for him to get to a phone; it was "lights-out" in his barracks.

She tried to understand, the times he didn't call. She wondered, "Tell herself it was because somehow, all day, he hadn't been able to get near a phone. And yet..."
She needed so much for his voice sounded so strange, so different. She wouldn't try to tell herself it was just the long-distance wire but sometimes, after they'd hung up, she would ache to pick up the phone and call him back, to ask him, "Please, Tommy, is anything wrong?"

She couldn't help wishing they were married already. They had talked about eloping. "August," they'd whispered. But she knew she couldn't do that. The Church would be against it, and he would hurt his family, too. No, they had to wait.

"It isn't as if we had to run away and get married because we don't have our parents anymore," Tommy had said, trying to be practical. "We know we're going to be married and we have the security of our love for each other and so we can wait."

She'd nodded, Tommy said, "If we got married now, you'd be living in a motel or something near Long Beach or wherever it is I'll be stationed after basic. I don't want that for you. I want us to have a real home."

She'd had to agree. "Too many young people get married and make a drudge of it," she admitted. "When we're married, I want us to be together constantly. I'll even go on your Army tours and Army events and all that. And we'll really get to know each other and enjoy each other and then, her voice became low and shy, "we'll settle down and raise our children."

They agreed to wait.

And besides, the big wedding they were planning would be so romantic.

"You're romantic," Tommy had laughed at her. "I guess I am," she admitted. It was just before he went away that she told him.

"You know, I've already decided that I'll never go around our house with my hair in curlers and wearing pants and all that. I'll never let you see me like that. I always want to look my best for you." He kissed her on the tip of her nose. "And I want to make music playing drum and cymbals burning on the table. Little touches like that are important in a marriage."

"Okay," Tommy had grinned. "You promise not to notice if the food is burned. If we eat by candlelight, you won't be able to see anyway."

She smiled at the memory of it. And she remembered, too, how she'd teased Tommy about his six-months in the Air Force. "You're just going out of town to get out of the work of the wedding," she'd laughed. She sat down at the desk where she'd put the guest list, and then, and she'd left once more, but when she counted up the people she was planning to ask, she couldn't believe it. Four hundred names! And that was without the people Dad would want to have! So she figured they'd come to about another two hundred. She shook her head ruefully. She didn't want that big a wedding. Before she'd started to make up her list, she'd thought they'd need about three hundred. But it seemed that every day they'd remember someone else who just had to be invited. If she didn't ask them, she knew they'd be hurt. It was too late for her to be happy as a wedding could somehow end up with hurt feelings. She didn't want that.

The same initials
If only her father were back in California. She wanted to talk to him about the wedding, to get his advice on her plans. She'd been months away but there was much to plan. The flowers and the music and the food. The bridesmaids. Her dress. She wanted everything to be just perfect.

She'd wanted to ask him, too, about what to do about her career. She didn't want to do anything without his advice, but, ever since she'd been on TV with him and Elvis, so many people had asked her to be on this TV show or sign that contract...

...and they even want me to be in a movie," she'd told Tommy excitedly when he'd returned home.

"That's great," he'd said, and his voice had sounded full of enthusiasm. But suddenly she remembered the long talks they'd had. Two careers in a family could hurt a marriage, they'd agreed. Was he remembering that, too?

"Whatever I do," she'd said, "I would never let it keep us apart. When you get back, I don't want to be separated any more than you do."

"Nothing could ever interfere with our marriage," she insisted, when he didn't answer right away. "You'll always come first with me."

"I want to have a career if it's what you want," he told her. "I'd never want to hold you back."

But it had been so hard to talk on the phone. Was he really happy about it? On the phone.

She told him that, if she did have a career, she thought she'd keep the name of Sinatra.

But the initials will still be the same," she added quickly.

"Hey, is that why you're marrying me?" he teased. It was his way of telling her everything was all right. So you won't have to change your initials or anything?"

She was happy when she'd hung up the phone that night. This time there were no doubts about what he'd said, no worry that he hadn't understood what she said. He wouldn't need a change.

Yet, in her heart, she knew that Tommy always understood. Only it was hard not to wonder... She'd seen the pictures. She was going to join the Air Force when his hair had been cut short. Being in service was a whole new way of life for a man, a tremendous experience that couldn't help but change him. What other changes would she find the next time she saw Tommy?

In the quiet of her room she remembered
The going away party

She had wanted that to be so perfect. She was going to give him a big going-away party at her house. Tommy got such a kick out of parties and she planned for days to make this one that they both could look back on while they were apart.

She was on the phone constantly, inviting all his friends. "Hey," he’d complained, "I can’t even call you up these days. You’re always busy." They planned to clear out the furniture in one of the rooms downstairs so there’d be lots of room for dancing and they’d put decorations all over the place. And she worried about the food. In the middle of the night, she woke up and had to call Tommy. "You’re sure you’re not just saying you like Italian food?" she asked.

The worst problem was what to wear. She’d stood frowning in concentration before her closet, trying to pick out a dress. There was one that Tommy especially liked. "It does something to your eyes," she’d told him. Still, maybe she should buy a new dress.

And then, just when everything was all set, Tommy called. She answered on the phone, and in extensions, and she knew something was wrong the minute she heard his voice.

"Nanny," he said, "I’ve got awful news. I just heard from the Air Force. They’ve been trying to contact me a few days earlier... on Saturday.

"Oh, no, Tommy," she moaned. "I feel awful... I guess it messes up the party..."

"The party!" she gasped. For a moment, she’d forgotten all about it. But now, as they talked, she heard a loud pop, as one of the balls on her kid sister Tina was helping blow up, burst.

"Well," she told him, "we’ll just have it earlier.

They moved the party up a couple of days, but just when she’d finished calling her last guest up and telling them about it, she heard the phone again. Tommy heard the phone again. They’d moved his induction up once more. There was no time for a party.

They’d both felt cheated, and it wasn’t only because of the party. It was as though those last precious days, together, had been stolen from them. They could never have them back again.

She hadn’t even been able to go to the airport with him. Tommy’d had to drive out in the Air Force bus while she had gone out with Eddie Goldstone, the boy who’d first introduced them. She’d cried all the way.

It wasn’t fair.

Suddenly, when she should have had more time, she was kissing Tommy goodbye.

Suddenly, when there were still so many things to say, there was only the unspoken plea, "Love me, Tommy, even when you’re far away..."

Suddenly, when she should have still been with her, Tommy was gone.

She looked once again at the clock on her bureau. Ten minutes to twelve. The hand ticked as it seemed to be moving at all. Yet she knew the clock hadn’t stopped. She could hear the ticking.

"I love you, too,"

And then, suddenly, the silence was broken. The phone rang and this time she leaped to answer it.

"Yes... yes," she told the operator, "this is Ninny Sinatra speaking.

And then, there was Tommy’s voice. She thought she sounded tired. Was he ill?

"Tommy," she said, trying to keep her voice steady, "are you all right?"

"A little bushed," he said. "We just got back from a bivouac. It was murder... not a phone for twenty miles."

"Oh, I was so worried," she said breathing a sigh of relief.

"I knew you’d be," he said. "I thought I’d never get to a phone. There was such a line of guys waiting to call... Nanny," he said, "I miss you so. At night, I started to write my name, and the words "I miss you so.'' And I don’t want to get down what I really wanted to say. The words just didn’t look right and I tore the letter up. Nanny, how are you?"

"I’m fine, Tommy. I’m fine—now," she whispered. "Me, too," he said, "I love you, Nanny."

The End

LORETTA YOUNG

Continued from page 28

The words Loretta Young spoke for the newspapermen were brave words—brave and firm and light—and they held what seemed to be a good answer to a hard question:

"Miss Young, how did you feel when you heard your son had run away?"

"I must say," Loretta Young replied, her voice clear and her smile brilliant, "that I was panicky for a moment when I heard that he was missing. But, heck, I’ve ditched school myself ten times—a hundred times! After all, he’s just a fourteen-year-old, full of adventure!"

And when she received the news that Peter, her boy, had been picked up near Las Vegas and would be brought back to her, she was still calm, still smiling.

But how much heartbreak did that brilliant smile, those brave words, hide? How much heartache was hidden, throughout the strange life of Loretta Young? The truth is that this was not the first time that someone had run away from Loretta Young. There had been others. Always men. Always men she loved.
But Gretchen was only a very little child. And children live in a strange and terrifying world, and have no concept of the idea of a girl of three, everything happens because of her. If, for example, a chair collapses beneath her, she knows and cares nothing for the fact that the chair was broken; to her understanding at the fell because it was mean and wanted to hurt her. If Mommy cries, the little girl does not reason that Mommy is sick, or in debt, or has problems of her own—this is more than she can believe. She has done something to make Mommy cry. And if, one day, Daddy fails to come home for supper, and then does not show up at the breakfast table the next day—or the next week—then the house is filled with the sound of a childish voice asking over and over, "Where is Daddy? Why doesn't he come play with me?"

But all the while, the childish heart, accustomed itself painfully to the loss, secretly believes it knows the answer: "Daddy is gone because I did something wrong, Daddy will come back because he doesn't love me anymore!"

Could it have made any difference to three-year-old Gretchen Young if she had been presented with a thousand reasons why he deserted his family? Could there have been, for her, anything but the pain of believing that he had deserted her, and the half-conscious feeling that she somehow to blame?

When she was told that John Earl Young was gone forever, his wife packed her things and moved to Los Angeles. She was determined to keep her family together. To deny her four talented, beautiful children nothing, to make sure they deserved. They would all have to merely work a little harder, that was all. To supply them with the necessities, she borrowed money and opened a boarding house. To pay for the dancing lessons, she registered them as "child extras" at a movie studio.

Her plan seemed to work. The boarding house brought in enough money to keep them all half-fed. Then came the boy's Young girls, with their huge, wondering eyes and masses of black hair, were used over and over in motion pictures; their earnings were not large, but with careful managing, they could live on enough for her work. And then something very exciting happened.

Mrs. Young fell in love. The man she married was a businessman named George Belzer. With him, around the head of her household, poverty was no longer to be feared. Now everything would surely be all right; the children would have a father again. The girls could give up their chores at the boarding house, and devote their time to the normal things, the fun and carelessness of simply being young. A very wonderful thing. But it didn't interest Gretchen. Gretchen, in spite of herself, didn't want to quit. Gretchen didn't care much about the money or the pretty things money could buy. Gretchen wanted to act because she had discovered that she liked it.

A search for love

She found out that she loved to pretend to dress up to be "somebody else," to see herself on the screen and hear others say that she was talented—and to know in her heart that it was true. Surely she never puzzled out just what her work meant to her.

But certainly she did not give it up. She worked harder than ever. She meticulously rehearsed for even tiny roles. Once, when she was alone in the house and a call came for one of her sisters to play a part in Mervyn LeRoy's, she begged that the role be given to her instead.

When she was fifteen, she got her break in a movie opposite Lon Chaney. It met that she would have to let the studio play her legs, fill out her bust with cotton, a advance age by three years for pu things. It. It also meant that she would have to change her name: "Loretta was a better name for a star than "Gret thet." She loved her new name (her close friends use it to this day) and the public, flounces that she was in love, but she said you to all.

She was going to be a star.

And she was, too. A big star. So charming, so talented, so wonderful to work with. She was offered a contract, and of Loretta Young's life a gain.

But this was not true. The procession was just beginning. The second man to leave was her husband.

She was seventeen when she met him, and at seventeen, love is the answer to all questions, the solution to all problems, the end of loneliness and emptiness forever. She was found, low prices, and Loretta, love was an older man—Gr Wither, movie star. She eloped with Grant Withera.

Eighteen months later, she was divorced.

Her husband told the world nothing the problems everyone had so poorly decided for the marriage; what he said was the bare truth. Loretta, he told a startled world, was a steel butterfly.

Perhaps it was true. Perhaps the years work and loneliness and self-protection had taken their toll on the woman who had created a core of ambition and independence that Grant had not been able to melt.

But was it fair to have tried for such pitifully short time—and then to have walked away? Was it not possible that the warmth, the tenderness was there—if only he had looked longer, looked harder?

Idi speculation. The facts were all that mattered.

Years later, Loretta said that Grant was the most bewildered man she had ever known. Of the bewilderment she herself had to have felt, divorced at eighteen, mere along. She had nothing to say.

The brave words and the bright smile spoke for her instead.

She began to date. For nine long years she was the most popular girl in Hollywood. Would have been, fun to be with—her phone never stopped ringing. People wondered, as the years went on, why she did not marry again. Loretta Young could have had any man in the world.

Any man in all the world, except the one she wanted.

For the man Loretta Young fell in love with, during that time, could not marry her.

He already had a wife.

The third man in her life

Twice, in her short life, Loretta had cared for a man—and both those men were gone. Now, for a third time, she reached out for love—and this time it was returned. Secretly, unwillingly perhaps—but fully. The man she loved returned her love, giving passionately. But she had no right to accept. They spoke of it to no one; they hardly dared talk of it to each other. But the man was a famous actor, and the movie in which they starred was filled with love scenes. Inevitably, those who watched their plaid their parts, guessed their secret. And waited, wondering what would happen. And whispered that after all, the actor's home had been an unhappy one for years; that after all, divorce was no dis
trace these days; that after all, Loretta des-
erved some happiness, that everyone would for-give her if the man divorced his wife for . . .
And, of course, the whispers reached Loretta, too.
But in the long hours of the night when
she lay awake and stared blindly into
lackess, Loretta Young knew they were not
quite accurate. There was one person in
the world who would not be able to for-
give her.
She, herself.
In crisis, they say, we learn what we really
are. Loretta Young must have learned
that the most tenderly and gracefully
nerily woman with a great need of
love—she was also the possessor, for
better or for worse, of an element still
more than the steel of which Grant
Champion spoke. Character, call it what you will, all it an aching memory of a childhood in
a broken home. Whatever it was, it
would not be softened, or put off. It would
not let her accept the love that was offered.
It told her instead, to send the man away
and, at the cost of her youth, she did.

Afterward, she tried to forget as rapidly as
possible. When friends offered sympathy,
he changed the subject. When producers
came forward with starring roles, she
accepted them one after another. Work,
she told herself, would comfort her as it
did Loretta. And the truth is, it did many
and. And she could always meet new men.
She could always dress up and go out, to
d红酒 and dance and chatter, and look for
someone—surely right around the corner—
whose love would ease her pain.

The baby girl nobody wanted
But it was not enough. Behind the wall
of smiles, something was strained too far,
and began, at last, to break. When it was
apparent that it might tear the wall down
as well, exposing her to the sympathy, the
girl she was too proud to accept, she fled.
She was gone, she was gone for a num-
ber of months. When she came home again,
change had taken place.
She had always been religious. Now she
seemed to have grown infinitely closer to
God, to turn to Him more and more.
She had always searched for someone to
love her. Now she began a different search—
this time for someone she could love.
Perhaps it was a substitute for the blessed goal. For
she attained it quickly.
She heard, somewhere, of a baby girl
whom nobody seemed to want. A tiny,
new-born child with eyes that promised to
be wide and open, and the breath of life
and unless something was done soon, they
would also surely grow to be as lonely and
as full of longings.
The "steel butterfly" found the child and
loved her into its arms. With the gesture,
she began a new life.
If this were a fairy tale, it would be the
beginning of the end, of the "happily ever
after." The girl who wanted love, having
become the woman who wanted to give
love, would find her prince. The steel
would melt. The wall would crumble. She
would never have to weep again.
But the story of Loretta Young in a fairy
tale only to have everything by the wall
—the eternally beautiful, eternally glamorous,
talented, successful woman.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS
Nolly Bee color by Lawrence Schiller; Bob Conrad
color by Beth Young; Daily Tuesday (Top); Grace Kelly by Tho Philadelphia
Bulletin; Gardner McKay by Globe Photos; Tommy Sands by Sid Avery and Assoc.

To those who know the truth, it is closer to
tragedy.
There were two more men she was yet
to love and lose.
One of them was William Buckner. The
papers called him a playboy-financier. He
was charming, eligible and obviously in
love with Loretta. He delighted in giving
her carefully chosen flowers, unexpected
little gifts. He was the perfect escort for a
glamorous, evening—romantic, tender,
thoughtful. People began to wonder when
the engagement would be announced.
Another announcement was made
instead. By the police. The flowers,
gifts and love that they said, had been paid
for by money that was not William Buck-
ner's. He was going to stand trial for fraud.
"For heaven's sake," her friends begged
Loretta, "leave him then, let him live."
He's going to be found guilty. You have a
reputation that means something—a reputa-
tion you deserve. Don't take a chance on
spilling it, honey. Think about your future.
She thought about it. She knew her
friends were not exaggerating. Her public,
the one constant, steady source of love in
her life, loved her for her beauty and her
talent—but mostly for something far rarer
—the aura of real purity that clung to her.
To distort that image even slightly, to
injure that reputation even by association,
would be to risk everything she had
worked for, and had done herself for four
years. It was a real risk, and for a woman
who needed her stardom as Loretta did, it was
a tremendous one.
She thought about that. She prayed.
She looked within herself. And she knew the
risk counted for nothing.
Years ago she had learned that she could
not turn against her conscience to attain
love. She would not turn against it now to
protect her career.

With her head held high and her eyes
steady, she testified publicly for William
Buckner. Then, while the flashbulbs
exploded in her face, she stood aside and
watched in silence as he walked out of her
life—this time, on his way to prison.

The man she loved and lost
In 1940, she married the last man she
was to love and lose.
It was, everyone said, an ideal match.
There were no complications, no tragedies,
no problems possible this time. The bride
was no longer the bewildered, lonely girl
with the unexpected hard core of steel.
but a mature and deeply honorable woman,
who had waited long for happiness and
recognized it when it came. The groom
was not a temperamental actor, nor an
unattainable dream, nor a charming phony,
but a man of proven character and ability,
a successful radio executive, Tom Lewis.
From the moment they met, it seemed
they knew that they could build something
fine and lasting marriage.
Perhaps they were too confident even
then.
It was as if, having waited so long,
Loretta was determined that this marriage
would be more perfect than any other,
would grow to include every aspect of their
lives.
Their home, for example, was less a
house than a mansion. The furnishings,
ancient and unique old Loretta and her
mother, were picked with such care and
thought that the house became a showplace even
in elegant Beverly Hills. Their little dinner
parties were jewels of perfection.
The relationship between Tom and Loretta's
adopted daughter Judy, was so fine that,
when he legally adopted her himself, it was
merely the finishing touch.
All those things were, of course, good.
But they all took so much time, so much

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CHARTROUSE CABOOSE—U.I. Directed by William "Red" Reynolds; Doris Warren; Molly2, Dorothy Patrick; Andy, John Cooper;錌, Edgar Buchanan; Joey Janer; Mike McGreevey; J. B. Kite, Lora; O. Z. Blackwell; Pete Harmon; Jim Ickman; Lex Porter, George Grizzard; Jim Roper; Patrick O'Neal; Mac Harkney; John, Desert; Thorne; Thorne; Greenleaf; George Fry; Malcolm; Atterbury; Mr. St. John, Raymond Bailey; Mr. Bent, Ted de Courcy; Mr. & Mrs. Kathryn Givney; Mrs. Bentziger, Dorothy Adams.

IT STARTED IN NAPLES—Paramount. Directed by Melville Shavelson; Michael Hamilton, Carlotta; Cabot, Josephine; Kate, Josephine; Maria; Vittorio de Sica; Nando Hamilton, Mar- cia; Renée, Paul Carlini; Luigi, Claudio Erm- lin; Gerda, Anna Luciani; Filippo, I. Solpin.

MAN IN A COCKED HAT—S.C.A. Directed by Jeffrey Dell and Roy Boulting; Carlton Browne; Terry Thomas; Prince Minister, Ambas- sador; Price Seller; Princess Ilona; Lucia Pao- luzzi; Col. Bellingham, Trolly; Waverly; The Young; The Young; Bath; Nordstrom; Mr. & Mrs. David J. Rabin; Mrs. Morris; Simon Oakland; Bug, Warren Fennerty; Woody Weiss, Joseph Bernard; Joe Rosen, Eth Mike, Lynch.

PORTRAIT IN BLACK—U.I. Directed by Michael Gordon; Sheila Cabot, Lana Turner; Dr. David Rivers; Anthony Quinn; Catherine Cabot, Susan Dey; Melinda; John Sturges; her Thrice Cabot, Lloyd Nolan; Howard Mason, Rich- ard Baccari; Lily, Ethel Griffies; Ray Walston; Miss Lee; Virginia Grey; Tini, Anna May Wone; Peter Cabot, Dennis Kohler.

PSYCHO—Paramount. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock; Norman Bates, Anthony Perkins; Marion Crane, Janet Leigh; Vera Crane, Vera Miles; Sam Loomis, John Gavin; Milton Argo- boro; Marie Bates; Sherill Chambers, John McTwist; Dr. Richmond, Simon Oakland.

SONG WITHOUT END—Columbia. Directed by Charles Vidor: Franz Liszt, Dirk Bogarde; Ferenc Lee; Leonide Massine; Genevieve Page; George Sand, Patricia Morison; Prince Nicholas, Iman Deemy; Grand Duchess, Mila Hart; Pauli, Louis Mann; Prince Fene Lichnowsky, Albert Reuprecht; Cledaw, Marcel Dauphin; Peter, John Loder; Advocates, Asch- tihn, Walter Rilla; Ciar, Hans Unterkeicher; Thärberg, E. Erlandson; Chapman, Alex Davion.

TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT—Paramount. Directed by Robert day; Tarzan, Gordon Scott; Coy Bostock, Jack Mahoney; Faye Ames, Belita St. John; Abel Bostock, John Carradine; Laurie, Allen Bridges; India Steward, Taina Elg; Earl Cameron; Courage, Charles Tingwell; Mar- tia; John, Al Milton; Johnny Bostock, Gary Cockrell; Chief, Christopher Carlos; Headman, Harry Baird.

TIME MACHINE—THE—M.G.M. Directed by George Pal; Eliza; Jack Palance; Jack; James Finlay, James Finlay, Al Young; Weena, Verne Middelton; Dr. Alexander; Kenneth Holmes; Anthony Brindille; John Hennore; Walter Kemp, Wint Bissell; Mrs. Watchet, Doris Lloyd.

effort. For any other people they would have been enough.
But not for Loretta. There was also work to be considered. Tom's, of course, was easier. He was quite sure his new role as the perfect wife, the role she had longed to play for so many years, Loretta gave him hours of her time, listening to his problems, helping him find solutions. When he made her feel wanted and important, she was impossibly wonderful. But there was her work, too. You do not devote yourself for so many years to a job to turn it into a com- fortable retirement. She had to work, and the world fails you, only to drop it because suddenly other things are going well. Indeed, you tell yourself that now, happy and content, you will do your best work, your best work, and then you'll have time to take a closer look at the scripts and interpretations with your hus- band—and when your marriage is eight wonderful years old, you win your first Oscar, as proof that you were right.

There was a lot of joy, all in quick succession, two sons were born to Tom and Loretta—Christopher Paul and Peter Charles.

Two wonderful boys, whom Loretta wanted to take care of herself. And still it wasn't enough. There was television to be considered. A whole new world for her and Tom to explore together. They would form a corporation and call it Lewislor, as it might well come to be. There might even be a chance to draw upon their combined talents in the making of TV shows.

Was it possible they did not realize how few hours they had? Or that the rest of the life they had planned for was not that they never worried about adding to the inevitable problems of even the best marriage, those of even the best possible life? Was it possible they did not realize how many days, even for a year and a half, the end of impossibly long days to spend any significant time with each other and their children?

It would seem that it was very possible. It was just that they hit it so fast, so hard, when Tom's work began to call him more to New York, and Loretta's to prevent her, more and more frequently, from accompanying him, that their marriage could turn into separation, cross- country commuting, business squabbles—and anything else that they might choose to inflict upon it. After all, was it not visibly a success? Lewislor made money. Loretta won awards. Judy grew up and made a happy marriage, and if Tom began to feel almost like a guest in his Hollywood house, he found himself referring to the New York apartment as "home"; if Loretta began to live on vitamin pills because she had no time for meals, if she increased her charity work to impossible extremes (designed to fill up the occasional empty hours) and still heard herself referred to by friends as a "marriage bludgeoned beyond recognition"; if Christopher seemed to prefer going to school in New York where he could see more of his father, and Peter to prefer staying in Los Angeles with her, then what were all these but temporary problems which would someday be swept aside, be proven meaningless compared to the wonderful love and marriage she and Tom found?

But it was the marriage that, in the end, lost all meaning.

All the other things came to dominate their lives—the duality of their careers, the physical and emotional distances it put between them, the constant strain and drain on her strength and even her ability to sleep. All these things came to dominate their lives. But particularly the business partnership that was ultimately allowed to take precedence over the marriage part- nership. That was a barrier nothing seemed to be able to surmount.

In 1958, Tom Lewis sued Loretta for mis-
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CONNIE STEVENS: "How can you be sure it's really love?"

PHOTOPLAY

as her son told

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I'm aware Elvis Presley is a judo expert, but I didn't realize until now this subject is his opening dialogue with a girl. ... Bet Tony Curtis never thought he'd be a Roman gladiator. ... Tuesday Weld is still on her reformation and improvement kick; the pounding of my typewriter keys are applause for her. ... I'll say this for George Hamilton: He's always well-dressed. ... John Wayne must have surprised even John Ford with his direction of "The Alamo." ... Julie Newmar told me she likes Hollywood better. "This time it seems like fun here. I like my role in the picture ("Marriage-Go-Round"), but I guess it all boils down to the amount of zeroes I get paid." ... As far as I'm concerned, movies about The Beat Generation have had it. ... May Britt's real name is Maybrett Wilkens. ... Weren't you surprised by those unglamorous photos of Charles Boyer and Maurice Chevalier for "Fanny"? Especially Boyer. ... Tony Martin should unbend a little and he'd be good in the movies. ... The studios are using new faces so fast that Yvette Mimieux secretly calls herself "that old new face."

Rod Steiger often can't remember his own phone number and has to look it up in his personal address book. ... It isn't often you hear Marilyn Monroe praise another actress. However, she has only superlatives for Shirley MacLaine's performance in "The Apartment." MM

How much does Susan Kohner have to do with the way George Hamilton looks?
THE WOMAN IN THE MIDNIGHT LACE...
TARGET FOR TEMPTATION...OR TERROR?

THE SHOCKING MIDNIGHT THREATS...
THE UNEXPLAINABLE 'ACCIDENTS'...
THE MENACING VOICE IN THE FOG...
HAD SHE INVENTED THEM...OR WAS SHE LIVING TWO LIVES...WITHOUT KNOWING IT...?

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JOHN GAVIN

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MYRNA LOY • RODDY MCDOWALL
HERBERT MARSHALL • NATASHA PARRY • JOHN WILLIAMS
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Directed by DAVID MILLER • Screenplay by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Based upon the play "MATILDA SHOUTED FIRE" by Janet Green
Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER • A Universal-International Release

IN EASTMAN COLOR

A ROSS HUNTER ARWIN PRODUCTION

Midnight Lace...
half-concealing, half-revealing
Flattering Richard's divorce? I await that news. I'm pretty sure Jean Simmons was thinking the same way. I think I'm wondering what actually happened between John Saxon and Vicki Thal. They looked as if they were made for each other when they announced their engagement. The youngsters in the movie colony are using the attractive album covers to decorate their bedroom walls. I think Keely Smith is the best female singer around these days. A little longer

BANISH THIGH BULGE!
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Life.” Sandra Dee was Lana’s daughter and in “Portrait in Black” she’s Lana’s step-daughter. If Richard Burton was as colorful in the movies as he is offscreen, he’d be one of the biggest box office attractions. I admire Efrem Zimbalist Jr., not so much for his acting, but because at a cocktail party he can take one peanut and stop. I’m still wondering what actually happened between John Saxon and Vicki Thal. They looked as if they were made for each other when they announced their engagement. The youngsters in the movie colony are using the attractive album covers to decorate their bedroom walls. I think Keely Smith is the best female singer around these days, and Frank Sinatra is still tops on the male list. They should do an album together. Starlet Googie Schwab told me: “I’m thinking of getting married. How difficult is it to get a divorce?”

HOLLYWOOD continued

Zsa Zsa Gabor shopping at the Farmer’s Market—a bunch of lilacs under one arm, a ham under the other. I believe that Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, the only actors who are two-time winners of Oscars, will battle it out to see who wins it for the third time, judging by their performances in “Inherit the Wind.” I think Jayne Mansfield should be bigger than she is—career-wise, I mean. Anxiously I await the movie version of “West Side Story.” Vincent Price told me that Hollywood is the only town about which you can say contradictory things and still be right—which is a pretty contradictory thing to say in the first place.

When Carolyn Jones gets fidgety in a movie, I do, too. Wonder who displays his teeth more in a picture, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas or Charlton Heston? Jean Simmons always appears good-natured to me. Now if I were Stewart Granger—. Mamie Van Doren believes that love is the best beauty treatment for a woman. A Hollywood starlet is a girl who’s great in still pictures and is waiting to get a role in a moving picture. That’s Hollywood For You.

Wherever Lana is, there’s Fred May.

Dot Malone meets Vicki Trickett, who’s in “Pepe.” Tab discovered her—on a horse.
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**SAMPLE PUZZLE**

L I Y

Largest Island in the Mediterranean.

The correct answer to each of the first four puzzles below is the name of an island.

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**THEME:**

In this Sample Puzzle which is typical of all basic official puzzles there are just enough letters scrambled to correctly spell out the name of a certain island. Now look at the Clues. "Largest island in the Mediterranean." Know this is Sicily, and sure enough, when you unscramble the letters, exactly that's the island name you come up with. Furthermore, you can tell by the outline of the island that you've got the correct answer. Finally, the pictured objects in the puzzle (Mt. Etna—a hot salt), also suggest Sicily. Below is an additional list of basic Official Puzzles will be a list of island names from which to select your answers.

**PUZZLES 1-4 INCLUSIVE!**

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You may also enter this contest through the Daily Newspaper Puzzle. If you find the correct island name, please send it to the Puzzle Editor at the newspaper office. You must also enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

**HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME**

The correct answer to each of the first four puzzles below is the name of an island.

**THE PUZZLE GAME**

The object of the game is to spell out the correct island name in each puzzle by re-arranging the letters in the puzzle. The pictured objects and other clues will help you verify your solutions.

**PUZZLES 5-8**

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The last three puzzles, #9-#11, are the "TREASURE" puzzles. In each puzzle, the islands are named from the "Treasure Island" story by Robert Louis Stevenson. The first island name is the name of the author.The second island name is the name of the first character of the story. The third island name is the name of the second character of the story. The fourth island name is the name of the main character of the story. The fifth island name is the name of the island where the Treasure is located. The sixth island name is the name of the person who finds the Treasure. The seventh island name is the name of the person who finds the Treasure on the Island. The eighth island name is the name of the ship that is used to get the Treasure to its destination. The ninth island name is the name of the person who finds the Treasure on the Island. The tenth island name is the name of the person who finds the Treasure on the Island. The eleventh island name is the name of the person who finds the Treasure on the Island.

You may enter this contest through the Daily Newspaper Puzzle. If you find the correct island name, please send it to the Puzzle Editor at the newspaper office.
Elmer Gantry
WARM-BLOODED STORY OF REAL PEOPLE; ADULT

The Sinclair Lewis novel made a lot of readers mad back in 1927, but that hasn't scared Richard Brooks. Adapting and directing the movie, he gets a firm grip on a hot subject, instead of juggling it nervously. Maybe religion is supposed to be a taboo topic for arguments, but just look what we have here: Burt Lancaster preaching hellfire like a side-show Barker; Jean Simmons (above with Burt) sincerely offering a happy faith (with some showmanship of her own); and Arthur Kennedy, as an agnostic newspaperman, taking a cynical view of revivalists in general. Yet it isn't any argument you'll remember from this lusty picture; it's all the live, believable characters. Almost every part is an actor's delight. Shirley Jones seems to enjoy throwing her virtue away to become a gal that any honest cop would keep a suspicious eye on. And Patti Page is a sympathetic person, as well as a fervent hymn-singer. Yes, moviegoers are arguing about this one—but it isn't leaving anybody indifferent! 

Hell to Eternity
SURPRISE HIT, WONDERFULLY TRUE; ADULT

Here's a splendid example of what Hollywood calls "a sleeper." No big names; no expensive publicity campaign; a title that doesn't mean much. You walk in without expecting anything special—and you're caught up in a fascinating drama, living with people you'll remember for a long, long time. Under Phil Karlson's direction, Jeffrey Hunter (who used to seem too good-looking to be a really good actor) is just fine as Guy Gabaldon, an actual hero of World War II—but one who wasn't famous chiefly for (Please turn the page)
Ceil Chapman's dreams begin with a maidenform® girdle

the dream of a dress:
Ceil Chapman's black and brief beauty of whisper-soft silk crepe. The chic of the matter: sleeves which barely exist, the V (for vamp!) neckline, and a whittled, belittled waist from which the drape draws its artistry. Clearly, Ceil Chapman's figure of fall fashion is slim, slimmer, slimmest (helped to who knows what extent by the girdle beneath)!

the dream of a girdle:
Maidenform Variation® girdles are weightless will-o'-the-wisps that are the very soul of self control. Seamless (seemingly endless) powers of restraint gently prompt your figure to sheath-worthy trimness. Seven flattening, flattering styles in whitest white that stays white. Pantie girdle illustrated just 2.95. Other machine washable Variations to 5.00.
MOVIES continued

killing. A California boy (white), Jeff has been raised in a loving family of Japanese-Americans. Their tragedy after Pearl Harbor is shocking new material for the screen: The Japan-born parents are forced into "relocation camps," while their Nisei sons fight with the great "Go for broke" regiment in Italy. Jeff's unusual knowledge of the enemy's language finally takes him to Saipan with the Marine Corps. War scenes certainly aren't prettified, but their note of hope is stronger than the horrors. For relaxation, there's a wild and hilarious party in Hawaii, when Jeff and his buddies, David Janssen (opposite page with Jeff) and Vic Damone, meet up with two cheerful Japanese-American girls and a chilly newspaperwoman (Patricia Owens), and . . . well, these boys aren't Boy Scouts—they're Marines!

All the Fine Young Cannibals
SEX IS CERTAINLY CONFUSING: ADULT

When you get right down to it, the young people of this modern story are facing the same problems as Dean's—only theirs are less convincing and much more complicated. Though the creepy title is never explained, the general idea seems to be that Natalie Wood, Bob Wagner, George Hamilton and Susan Kohner are trying to eat each other up emotionally. All of them leave their Southern home town for New York: George and sister Susan (below right), to escape the boredom of being rich; Bob, to follow a jazz career; Natalie, to escape disgrace. The young stars (especially Bob) are all at their best as they try to express the picture's serious intentions—whatever those may be. A couple of times, the theme appears to be that you aren't truly in love unless you're ready to commit suicide over it. A pretty sick notion.

The Crowded Sky
LOTS OF PLOT TO KEEP US FLYING: ADULT

Remember "The High and the Mighty"? So do the people who made this new air thriller. They've got us nibbling our fingernails over the fate of
two planes this time: a big transport and a Navy jet, speeding toward an unscheduled rendezvous several thousand feet over the U.S. As usual, every soul on each plane is in an emotional swivit. Navy flyers Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Troy Donahue have wife trouble and sweetheart trouble. On the transport, pilot Dana Andrews doesn’t get along with co-pilot John Kerr, who loves stewardess Anne Francis, who has quite a past. Among the passengers, we have old lovers meeting again, a "Marty"-type romance starting, a husband taking care of a dying wife. Nobody is just yawning and looking out the window.

WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Come Dance With Me!

BARDOT TURNS DETECTIVE; ADULT

It looks as if comedy murder mysteries just aren’t a French cup of tea, though Brigitte Bardot is pretty, sassy and semi-dressed while she’s making like Nora Charles or Mrs. North. She wants to find out who shot Dawn Addams, a blackmailling dance instructress, because the cops are after Brigitte’s handsome but not extra-bright husband (played by the late Henri Vidal). The pace is too leisurely, but there are suspects aplenty and enough chuckles, and the murder motive is an eyebrow-raiser—definitely not for the family trade.

KINGSLEY INTERNATIONAL: 
DIALOGUE IN FRENCH, TITLES IN ENGLISH

Ice Palace

ALASKA HISTORY GOES ON AND ON; FAMILY

Richard Burton and Robert Ryan are a couple of forceful personalities and good actors— (Continued on page 36)

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman’s "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They’re bigger and more powerful. And when they’re stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it’s here... a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion... during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It’s wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop®, the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop® penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor... stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in... you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in... rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating... completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So... to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop® stops perspiration stains... stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don’t be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49¢ plus tax.

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
Happy Father: Mel Ferrer was in bed for a scene when I tiptoed onto his “Hands of Orlac” set, shooting at Shepperton’s in London, first stop on my exciting trip to Europe. With a sudden leap Mel grabbed my hand in friendship while photographers snapped. “Wait till I tell Audrey who was here,” he beamed, for Mel knows how fond I am of his lovely wife, Audrey Hepburn. His new son hadn’t been born at that time but Mel had reservations on every plane from London to Switzerland in order to be there with Audrey. And I learned later he made it. While they were in the South of France last spring, Mel had surprised Audrey with a new nursery in their Switzerland home. He’d done it all by telephone. “We’re coming to Hollywood in the early fall,” he told me, “Audrey to make ‘Breakfast at Tiffany’s’ and I to direct ‘Return Fare.’ And, of course, we’ll bring the new baby with us and we want you to be among our first visitors.” And that I will.

A Birthday In Rome: “Now mother get busy,” Sandra Dee said to her mother, Mary Douvan, one morning in Rome. “This is Sara’s birthday and there’s a lot of planning to do.” So, Mary, who told me about it later, ordered the orchids which turned out to be gardenias, and suddenly everything was ready when I arrived for what I thought was an ordinary luncheon. Instead, there was Sandra, Mary, Jerry Germain and Jack Newman from Universal in Hollywood, and Vera Thompson, wife of the co-producer, Walter Thompson, on “Romanoff and Juliet,” the picture Sandra is making in Rome. The party was gay with a cake, champagne and lovely gifts, among them a giant bottle of Caron’s “Bellodgia” from Sandra. What a time! But that wasn’t all. That evening on the night location in the surrounding gardens of a beautiful villa, I was led over to a table laden with more champagne and an even fancier cake. And while the orchestra, a part of the picture, played Happy Birthday, I was surrounded by the Peter Ustinovs, Sandra, her mother, Mary, Cecily and Jack Gavin, the Akim Tanniroffs and Walter Thompsons. Surely, I thought to myself, no one ever had two such wonderful birthday surprises. And in such a romantic setting. Just like Sandra to dream it all up.
In Marseilles, a happier Leslie posed for Vincent Roux.

**A Day With The Pecks:** The driver finally found Burly Lane, an hour outside London, and suddenly there was Veronique Peck at the door with a warm greeting. She had telephoned my hotel a day or two before with an invitation to lunch and what a wonderful day it was, in the huge English manor house that housed Gregory, Veronique, the three older Peck boys and little Anthony and Cecilia. After their naps and our wonderful lunch, the two younger children appeared and if ever there was a pocket edition of the handsome Gregory himself, it's little Anthony. “Even in Rhodes,” Veronique said, “the natives who had never seen us would stop Anthony and say, ‘Ah, a little Gregory Peck, eh?’” And, of course, perr, adorable 2-year-old Cecilia, the sole femme among a houseful of boys, is the Queen Bee of the household. A happy family, the Pecks. And Greg deserves it all.

**A Day At Peter Ustinov’s:** After “Spartacus” there can be no doubt about the talents of the bearded Englishman, Peter Ustinov, who wrote, directed, produced and starred in “Romanoff and Juliet” with Sandra Dee. So with pleasure I accepted his Sunday-at-home-day in the gardens of his elaborate villa. Here I met again the fascinating Oscar winner, Simone Signoret, who had been making a film in Italy. Simone raved over the smoothness of American production methods. And husband Yves Montand, she said, was crazy over Hollywood and has two more pictures to make for 20th Century-Fox. Simone will also make a few American movies. (Please turn the page)

**A Set In Paris:** Maurice Chevalier was roaming the “Fanny” set in a dilapidated bathrobe the day I visited the Boulogne studios near Paris. Resting in a comfortable chair nearby was Charles Boyer. “You see what happens when you grow too old for romance?” Maurice grinned. “Charles and I like to take it easy.” To me, both gentlemen seemed the epitome of romance and I wanted no further arguments from either of them. “I’m 72 in September,” Maurice called after me “and I’ll see you in Hollywood soon.” Director Josh Logan shook his head. “Maurice is the only actor I know who keeps reminding the world of his age,” he said. And you know something? It’s true. . . . Leslie Caron joined me for a chat. With her husband, Peter Hall, a director of Shakespearean plays at Stratford, she’s off to the Virgin Islands for a visit with her parents and then, if time allows, on to Mexico for a vacation. Leslie tells me she’ll appear on the London stage this winter in “Ondine,” to be directed by her husband. And what a happy marriage this one is! Happiness absolutely shines through the interesting face of little “Gigi” and her handsome husband. What an adorable couple they are! Don’t you agree?

**And In Hollywood:** All those femme admirers of Bobby Darin can now take heart. His engagement to Jo-Ann Campbell seems definitely off. . . . Terry Moore called me to tell me how exciting it was giving birth. She watched in a mirror! . . . Poor Vera Miles and groom Keith Larson. Right after the ceremony, Keith took off for location for his new TV series “Aquanaut”—and without Vera.

**After the party with Kookie and Keely, things changed for Bobby and Jo-Ann.**
Familiar Faces: That cute, delectable Frenchie, Christine Carere, and her husband, Philip Nicaud, paid us a visit at our hotel in Paris. Christine expected her baby any day but later, in 1961, she and Philip plan to come to Hollywood for a movie. “I hope they haven’t forgotten me,” she sighed. . . . “Hey” came Gene Kelly’s voice over the phone. “Why are you arriving in Paris just as I’m leaving?” But not a word about his plans to marry Jeanne Cogne, which he did a short while later, in Nevada. . . . “Come right over,” Richard Egan telephoned in Rome. “Pat and the children and I love it here. We may even stay to do another picture.” Richard, we gathered, was very happy with his “Esther and the King” movie and lives in a charming villa. . . . “It’s a press cocktail party so do come,” Rhonda Fleming telephoned, so with Al Hix, that handsome man around Rome, I sat beside Rhonda and her husband, Lang Jeffries, while the Italians asked their questions through an interpreter. Rhonda and Lang were on their way to Madrid to make “Revolt of the Slaves.” . . . “I’m off to Sicily,” Tina Louise told me in Rome, “to make a picture for Rossellini called ‘Viva la Italia.’ It’s the story of Garibaldi and I love the role.” “And what about your love life?” I asked Tina who merely laughed. But I happen to know it’s quite a romance between Tina and a certain Italian attorney of good family. . . . I saw Sal Mineo when he came through from Israel and his role in “Exodus” and somehow it hadn’t occurred to me before just how the long hard hours of work these young people put in can interfere with their social life. Sal phoned Sandra Dee for a date and Sandra was eager to accept. But suddenly her set call was shifted to a night scene and so the date had to be cancelled. And Sal understood.

The Ball And Home: When Pier Angeli arrived at the Berlin Film Festival Ball, all eyes turned toward the little Italian beauty. She looked absolutely beautiful. It was sad, though, not seeing Vic Damone with her . . . One of the first callers, when I got back to Hollywood, was my friend Jack Lemmon. . . . On the plane home, I read Paul Anka’s book, “Diana and Me,” and it should prove a best seller. “Diana” was also the name of his first song hit.
On The Set: Cary Grant wrote and said, “Be my guest. Fly over to Europe. You’ll feel at home.” And when he came across the sound stage to greet me with his usual charming smile, suddenly I did feel at home—even far away at Shepperton’s Studio outside London where Cary, Deborah Kerr, Jean Simmons and Bob Mitchum were filming “The Grass is Greener.” Cary, of course, knew I was coming as he was my host for this wonderful month’s holiday in Europe but Deborah, whom I hadn’t seen for some time, did a perfect double take when she glimpsed me. The instant the scene was finished, she came over and with a “May I?” kissed my cheek and held my hand in greeting. Cary and Deborah and I lunched in the studio dining-room and, of course, I had to give them all the news from home. Both Cary and Deborah looked fantastically young and handsome. Could be the English weather. Deborah has married Peter Viertel by this time and Cary is back in Hollywood. But for that moment, what a wonderful reunion it was!

Dinner With The Darrens: Jimmy and Evy Darren drove up to my hotel exactly on the hour and the three of us took off for an Italian restaurant in the heart of London. But the rather touching thing, to me, was Jimmy’s concern that everything be just right. He had telephoned me in advance to know if I liked Italian food and had ordered everything in advance—made to his own tastes. Wonderful pizzas with small sausages. Raviolis stuffed with cheese. A special red wine. And we ate and laughed and gossiped for hours. Evy, who is expecting a baby in November, is a doll. I’m crazy about her. And here’s news: “I’m giving up my career from now on,” she confided. Jimmy says it’s strictly up to her but Evy is a sensible young woman who wants to be free to go where Jimmy goes. Incidentally, the three wives of the “Guns of Navarone” stars, Mrs. Gregory Peck, Mrs. David Niven, and Evy are all chums, visiting back and forth. And here’s a prediction—when Jimmy appears on the Ed Sullivan show, this fall, he’ll surprise the world with his marvelous voice. And wait till they hear his new record of “Man About Town.” (Please turn the page)
Cal York’s Jottings: Cynthia Lemmon Robertson received her divorce decree from actor Cliff Robertson on their third wedding anniversary. . . That unexpected visit Frank Sinatra paid to Juliet Proverse on the “G.I. Blues” set must have assured Frankie no definite romance existed between Juliet and Elvis, as rumored. The following day, Frankie gifted Julie with a diamond bracelet. So one hears. . . Two reasons are given for Elvis not attending his father’s secret wedding in Memphis. One is that Elvis objected to the wedding so soon after his mother’s death. The other is that Elvis felt he’d attract too much attention from the groom. So, you pay your money and take your choice. . . The cutest romance in town is that of Molly Bee and Dwayne Hickman. It could be that Molly’s tender influence softened that feud between Dwayne and Tuesday Weld. At any rate, it seems to be all over. . . The return of Diane Varsi from her Bennington, Vt., retreat caused more excitement than it’s worth, for my money. I never could see what all the Varsi fuss was about in the first place. Could you? ? ? ? Jimmy Boyd made Yvonne Craig his bride before he took off for his Uncle Sam duty in Texas. At least those were his plans. . . Tab Hunter’s new TV sponsors are unhappy over that cruelty to his dog charge that may bring Tab before the courts. Tab’s neighbors brought the charge. . . It’s another boy, Zoltan, for Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay. How nice.

Sinatra had to see for himself.

Did Dodie know about Katie when she posed with Fabe?

Good News Department: Fabian is more and more intrigued with cute Katie Kelly every day it seems to me. And he’s also all excited over his appearance at Atlantic City’s Steel Pier over Labor Day. There’s just no stopping this Fab Boy. But, then, who wants to? Everybody’s just as excited as he is! ! ! ! It will be a Christmas baby for Ann Blyth and her husband Dr. James McNulty. Their fourth child, incidentally, and the best present I know of.

A Date With Jean Simmons: The time was set—luncheon at Shepperton’s studio—when suddenly the news broke from Hollywood: Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger were divorcing! But it came as no surprise. Theirs had been an odd and rather incongruous match from the beginning, with Stewart years older than Jean, and so different in temperament. Too, their careers took a topsy-turvy turn. Stewart was a big star in England when he married Jean, who was just beginning. But it was Jean who shot into popularity in Hollywood. One thing I did learn from Jean. She’s adamant about having custody of her small daughter Tracy who is with her in London. I’m sure, with proper visiting rights, Stewart will cooperate and will offer no protests.
Never, never before an engagement ring so radiant, so romantic, so right for your love. It's part dream, part dazzle, a million lights and fires dancing in your honor. Truly an "Evening Star"* on leave from the heavens to light your life with all the excitement you've ever hoped for in a diamond. Your star awaits ... find it at your Artcarved jeweler. And, remember, only Artcarved makes the genuine "Evening Star." Look for the name stamped in each ring.
Priced from $125 to $10,000.

Beloved by brides for more than one hundred years (1850-1960)
Personal Appearance

I am eighteen years old and I have heard much about Miss Tuesday Weld. She made a personal appearance, not too long ago, at Lido Faite Homes in Newark, California. I went to see her not really knowing what to expect since she seems to be a young lady with a dual personality. I am pleased to say that I saw a gracious, well-dressed, friendly and cooperative person. She patiently autographed each picture herself and answered questions while being interviewed. I wish success and happiness to a very talented and beautiful girl.

Nancy De Valle
Niles, Calif.

Excellent Article

I wish to tell you how much I enjoyed the excellent article on Stephen Boyd which appeared in your July issue. I think Stephen is a very fine actor and is on a steady rise to stardom. Needless to say, I’ll be rooting for him all the way.

Joan Perullo
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Fabulous Fabian

Fabulous Fabian, that’s my man. The cutest boy in all the land. He’s friendly, he’s nice, he’s very cute. He looks just grand in a pale blue suit. He sings like no other singer can.

Nancy Lewis
High Point, N.C.

My Favorite Star

Connie Stevens is one of my favorite stars. I loved your article in the July issue, “Will He Still Want to Marry Me?” Would you please have some more pictures and stories on Connie?

Sandra Londre
Racine, Wis.

If you’ll skip over to page 34, you’ll find a story and pictures on your favorite star. Don’t skip too fast, though, because in between there are some pretty good stories, too.—Ed.

Harry Called

I wrote to my favorite singer and movie star, Harry Belafonte, when he was in Los Angeles, and asked him to call me up. Much to my surprise, he did! He is one of the nicest people I have ever talked to and I want to thank him for calling me.

Linda Vasquez
Fontana, Calif.

Cute and Refreshing

What is the name of Ingemar Johansson’s first movie and when will it be released? His fans don’t care if he’s heavyweight champ or not. He is cute and refreshing.

Anne Tiera
Chicago, Ill.

Ingemar can be seen in “All the Young Men” being released this September.—Ed.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

(Please turn the page)

A scene from “All the Young Men” with Ingemar Johansson and Alan Ladd.
Modern women make sure of internal cleanliness

Zonite is far more effective than any homemade solution for the douche—yet safe for delicate tissues

When a woman has taken every other precaution to be dainty, she makes sure of internal cleanliness with a Zonite douche. Zonite is the one effective liquid specifically made for feminine hygiene. It's a safe antiseptic, effective germicide, dainty deodorant all in one. Be sure of internal cleanliness. Buy Zonite today.

Complete instructions for use in every package.
Dear Fashion Editor:

I have several dark pleated skirts left from past winters and I understand they are very fashionable this fall. Is this true, and if so what does one wear with them?

Sunny Brown
Madison, Wis.

Yes, yes, yes! Pleated skirts are smart this year and lucky girl to own several! You'll love the fun of an overblouse and the wonderful feeling of little girl sophistication. Easy care, casual cut, slate blue color, and low cost are all plusses for this Ship 'n Shore blouse.

Dear Fashion Editor:

Although the rest of my body is in proportion, I have very large legs and therefore feel I look best in high heels. It is impossible for me to walk gracefully in sandals or sling backs. Are there any new shoes being sold that are basically high heel pumps yet not the plain ones I'm so bored with wearing? I would appreciate any information you can give me on this.

Judy Anne Moss
Montgomery, Ala.

Smart girl—and I hope dark stockings are a must for you, too. As for fashion excitement in a basic pump, look at the three we're sketched at the right. All high heeled, all operas, and each with individual fashion news in fine detail of buckles and bows. Tober-Saifer made them all. They're just for you.

(Please turn the page)
Touches your complexion with moonlight
Sparkles your lips with iridescent color

A whole new concept—a makeup that lights up your complexion with the shimmering beauty of pearls. Puff on new glittering Pearlescent powder; instantly your complexion looks flawlessly caressed with moonlight. Touch on new creamy Pearlescent lipstick; your lips are moist with an iridescent sparkling beauty that he's bound to find more than a little disturbing. Find out for yourself—pearls are a girl's best friend!

Evening in Paris
CREATED IN PARIS, MADE BY BOURJOIS, U.S.A.
confidentially...

... I am twenty-five years old and am interested in music and love nature. I am also interested in having pen pals from all over the world. Anyone interested in writing to me?

Elias Geron
Markov Botsaris 15
Athens, Greece

... I am a boy of fifteen and have 300,000 stamps to swap with anybody. I could offer stamps of the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland as well as stamps from its surrounding countries. So why not write to me soon?

Leslie Schmal
P.O. Box 38
Ndola Northern Rhodesia
Africa

... I will trade pictures and articles of all other movie stars for pictures and articles of Brad Johnson and Robert Carly. I will also trade LP albums of Marty Robbins, Eddie Cochran and Conway Twitty for LP albums of my favorite singer, Johnny Cash. Contact:

Judy Becker
1524 18th Ave.
Lewiston, Idaho

... Recently I took over the Gordon MacRae fan club and am writing you to let you know that if anyone is interested in joining a fan club for either Gordon or Sheila MacRae, he or she can get in touch with me.

Sue Harrison
873 East 30th St.
Brooklyn 10, N.Y.

... I have a fan club for Rick Nelson. The dues are 25¢ for lifetime membership. In return, you will receive a 5x7 autographed picture of Rick, a 5x7 autographed photo of the Nelson family, a membership card, one snapshot of Rick taken on personal appearance and also details on how to receive a letter from Rick.

Frank Pettis
2561 E. Grand Blvd.
Detroit 11, Mich.

... You can become a member of the Conway Twitty fan club for only 35 cents. Each member receives a large glossy autographed picture, membership card and bulletins.

Glenda Lee Launder
Route 3, Box 317
Alexander City, Ala.

... Attention Peter Lawford fans! If you are interested in helping me get more members for this fan club, please write me. Any suggestions for making the club stronger will be gratefully accepted also.

Anita Saizetz
20 Marine Ave.,
Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

... I am nineteen years old and I wonder if any of you Photoplay fans would be interested in corresponding with me.

Ivy Asow
3 Tragaret Rd.
Port-of-Spain
Trinidad, W.I.

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording star):

ACTOR: 1. ______________________ 2. ______________________
3. ______________________ 4. ______________________

ACTRESS: 1. ______________________ 2. ______________________
3. ______________________ 4. ______________________

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. ______________________ 2. ______________________
3. ______________________ 4. ______________________

Name: ______________________ Age: ______________________

Address: ______________________

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. If yours is one of the first 25 ballots received each Friday from September 5 through 26, we'll send you an autographed picture of your favorite star. Just tell us who it is.
DEAR EDITOR:
Please help me. My problem is, I have a very good figure (37"-20"-36") and a fairly pretty face and when boys ask me out they only try for one thing. I would like to know how I can show them I have other qualities, too.

RACHEL
Ala.

Dear Rachel:
Your other qualities will show up as soon as you play down your obvious ones.

DEAR EDITOR:
I am fifteen years old and very much in love with a guy eighteen. His parents like me but my father doesn't like him. My mother likes him. I love him and I want to marry him some day, but I don't know what my father would do.

J. M. LANE
Lafayette, Ind.

Dear J.M.:
Is it the boy your father dislikes or the idea of your being so serious when you're still so young? I think your best bet is to curb that marriage talk and see how Dad feels in a couple of years.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have sort of a real personal question to ask. It's this—during that week every month when a girl isn't feeling well, can she swim and dance and go to parties?

BETSY
Arlington, Va.

Dear Betsy:
You might find it helpful to read a booklet which has just been published called "Accent on You." You can get a free copy by writing to: Department 58, Tampax Inc., 161 East 42 St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

DEAR EDITOR:
I have a six foot problem. He is really nice looking and I'm crazy about him, but how can I know if he feels the same?

HEATHER
Hamilton, Canada

Dear Heather:
You'll know when he asks for a date. In the meantime, you might show him how popular you are by dating other boys.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry we can't answer them personally.

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All through your engagement and wedding, your world is full, enchanting, gay. To preserve each precious moment and to symbolize your love, choose the rings that are meant just for you.

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A. H. KEND CO., INC. PRODUCERS OF KEEPSAKE AND STARFIRE DIAMOND RINGS
Drench your hair in luxury with Liquid Prell... the extra-rich shampoo!
was her son told

Liz is leaving Eddie?
Liz is leaving Eddie?

continued

"I was on the beach near where Liz Taylor was picnicking with her boys," said a woman who had worked with her on "Butterfield 8" in New York. "And another of those things happened that
make you simply sick. It seems so unfair when people attack her through the children. Which is exactly what had happened that day on the beach.

"It was an exceptionally hot day, and Liz had taken Mike and Chris out of the city to the beach. After a while she evidently felt they were getting too much sun because she spread a blanket" (Please turn the page)
in a spot of shade formed by their picnic table. She got down on her knees, fixed the blanket just so and fussed a bit to make it comfortable.

"As she did, a voice came clear as a bell—you know the way voices, especially women's, carry on the beach. 'It makes me tired,' the voice said, 'the way that Liz Taylor emotest
all over the place with her children. It's corny—if she really loved them she'd stick with one husband long enough to give them a steady home. What happens to those poor kids again—now that she's leaving Eddie?"

"I could feel the stab as if I were Liz herself," said the woman. "Liz must have heard it, but she didn't budge, she stayed where she was on her knees. But she looked over at her boys. I imagine she was trying to see if they'd heard, too. But how could you tell for sure?"

"Then the little one, Chris, came running and she got up off her knees. When he was as close to her as he could get, her arm went around him and she talked to him softly. Whatever it was, he didn't answer, he kept his eyes down and away from her, his mouth pressed tight and unhappy. I had a feeling he'd heard every word, but he'd die before he let on.

"Liz sat down on her beach chair and lifted Chris onto her lap. She took his little face in her hands, and the way she talked, right into his eyes, she must have been trying to reassure him. By now Mike Jr. had joined them and was standing with his hand on his mother's shoulder, listening. Naturally, I couldn't hear and wouldn't want to, but I could guess. Can you imagine a mother trying to tell a five and a seven-year-old, 'Don't you boys worry over a thing people say about Mommy and Eddie, because it isn't so. People like to make up stories—you know, the way we make up stories at bedtime?"

"Finally Liz coaxed them into lying down on the blanket, and they closed their eyes. She squatted down by them for a few minutes, gently stroking the hair away from their faces. Then she gave each of them one of those now-go-to-sleep-because-everything's-fine kisses. After that she went back to her chair and sat alone, staring out at the water, right over the heads of all those hundreds of people, and she didn't seem to see a thing."

Liz is aware that many rumors get to her children's (Continued on page 78)
I was face to face with Elvis himself, being introduced to him. I never dreamed it could happen to me! He was smiling and saying, "I'm sure glad to meet you, Judy." And I couldn't think of a thing to say! I was beet red! And do (Continued on page 82)

by JUDY FOWLER
as told to NANCY ANDERSON
Where's my real kiss?"
El kidded me.

"Is it on straight?"
(I mean my head.)...
gee, how I hate to leave.

Hmmm, he is cute!
Behind the
• Yves Montand
• Marilyn Monroe
• Arthur Miller triangle

It didn’t seem to matter that everyone in the room was staring at them. It didn’t seem to matter that reporters were writing furiously into notebooks and that photographers were snapping pictures.

And it didn’t even seem to matter that her husband, Arthur Miller, was standing close by. For almost a minute, for fifty-seven long seconds—a lifetime, an eternity—Marilyn Monroe looked at Yves Montand. It was the kind of look that she’d given to probably only two other men in her whole life, to Joe DiMaggio, to Arthur Miller himself—on the day that they wed. (Continued on page 70)
tell more than it should?
Connie Stevens: 
how can I tell if I’m really 

IN LOVE

“I never really meant to fall in love with John Ashley,” Connie Stevens said. “He was just a friend, a date. Oh, he was fun and I absolutely loved being with him. But falling in love? That I never dreamed of. I was in love already! With a wonderful fellow whose name is Gary Clarke. And you just can’t be in love with two boys at the very same time—well, not really in love, anyway. Or—or can you?

by Marcia Borie
"when Gary and I are together, I'm so sure it's forever..."

She doubled two small fists under her chin and just sat thinking real hard. "I'm not exactly sure what 'really in love' means," she then admitted. "How can you tell? If it's that goose-bump feeling because someone special is near, then I've got it. If it's wanting to laugh and cry for joy at the same time while John's holding my hand— I've got that, too. But I don't understand how it can happen to me? Not after three years of being in love with Gary and still feeling he is one of the most precious things in my life. (Please turn the page)
...then I see John and my heart flip-flops"

Even if I don’t understand it,” she said, “I can tell you what happened. John and Gary and I were part of the young-no-where-yet set. We all palled together and had wonderful fun parties and generally clowned around while working hard for our big breaks. When I got mine, I had to go to a lot of fancier parties and places. By then, I was Gary’s girl, and he’d go to them with me when he could. But when he was working and couldn’t, he didn’t mind if someone else took me. We had that kind of an understanding, we knew each other’s problems, we didn’t make a big thing of my inviting another boy to take me to someplace important. Just so he was a good friend—like Edd Byrnes, Mark Damon, Kenny Miller, Troy Donahue.

“I had never asked John to be my escort, though I’d known him so long. No reason, it just happened that way. But one day I did ask, and he said Yes. When he came to pick me up, he looked handsome in a tuxedo. I liked his nice way of helping me into the car, I liked a lot of his

(Continued on page 91)
Gene Tierney was afraid when

she'd heard of Ali Khan's tragic death

that the jinx was on...

something terrible's going to happen to me - again

Continued on page 84
by Jim Hoffman
'GEE, WILL I EVER GET MARRIED?'

Connie Francis sat at the kitchen table, sipping coffee, eating cake and leisurely thumbing through the paper, while her mother made dinner. She stopped at the Society page and stared thoughtfully. One face seemed especially familiar. Sure enough, it was her old Junior High School friend, Linda Simon. "Hey, Mom!" Connie exclaimed excitedly. "Guess what? Linda Simon is engaged." Mrs. Francconero turned from the stove. "How nice, Dear," she said. "To whom?"

An Engineer," Connie said. "From Newark."

And she smiled softly to herself as she remembered how she and Linda used to sit at this same table in Connie's old house in Newark and drink soda pop as they sighed over that cute boy who sat in front of them in Math class, or giggled as they mapped out their strategy to snare him. Connie laughed to herself remembering it all so clearly.

She fumbled in a drawer in the table, found a pair of scissors and carefully cut out the story and photo. The clipping would have to go into her Memory Drawer. She pushed back her chair, got up and (Continued on page 87)

by ROSE PERLBERG
The meeting was called for Saturday afternoon at two in a New York City auditorium, but panel members were urged, by us, to arrive ahead of time "to have a group picture taken." (See pic left.) So they gathered outside on the fire escape: Annette, Kookie, Frankie Avalon, Pat Boone, Paul Anka and Bob Denver. Then went inside to meet some of the high school guests and wait around for chairman Pat Boone to open the meeting. The subject? A loaded one—strictly from the male point of view: What do girls do that bugs boys most? Defending girls was Annette who, right (Please turn the page)
Before the meeting, Frankie kids Annette, “Being a girl, you’re prejudiced.”

Annette wasn’t so sure Paul was right. He insists a guy can have a girl as a best friend (no love strings attached) just as easily as a boy. “You’re my very best friend,” she said, “but there are some things I’d never tell you!”
Pat listens to a girl complain: “Why not talk about all the things boys do wrong!”

from the beginning, showed she wasn’t letting the guys run away unfairly with the subject! Surprisingly, the fellows came prepared—with not only notes but with notebooks filled. And there was no kidding around. They took their responsibility seriously. Bob Denver and Pat even worked through the two intermissions! For the panel’s final report on the things girls do that bug boys most, turn to page 65.
Intermission: Bobby Darin gets a chance to offer some advice. Annette and Frankie then went outside “to clear our heads”.

Later, everybody went for a soda “on Annette”
Tic Damone leaned dejectedly against the wall of his living room and began toying with the empty coffee cup in his hands. "Might have been... Those are the saddest words I ever heard," he said. "It describes something that's over; something that can never be again." He looked down at the floor. "My marriage was like that. It might have been the most beautiful thing in the world. That's the way it started...

"Anna (Pier Angeli) was the most beautiful woman I'd (Continued on page 68)"
Every time Vic Damone looks at his son, he remembers how it might have been...
what they’re saying about Dianne Lennon: “the wedding will never take place”

The telephone rang and Dianne was sure it must be for her. Dick had always been one for calling many times a day, and now with the wedding approaching...

But Mrs. Lennon was the one who got to the phone first and answered. And it wasn’t Dick. It was a woman’s voice. Though Dianne couldn’t make out the words, she saw her mother’s face, frowning a little as if she were concentrating on a difficult question. She heard her mother answer: “Why, certainly, there’s going to be a wedding.” That question! There must have been fifty calls lately with that question. Why would anybody ask such a question? Who could be spreading rumors that she and Dick weren’t going to be married? Why would anybody want to do such a thing?

She felt odd as she walked to a corner of the living room where Kathy was sitting deep in her own thoughts, a magazine closed on her lap. Dianne didn’t disturb Kathy—when a big family lives in a little house, you learn not to get into each (Continued on page 76)
Dianne sat there with her chin resting on her hand. She wanted to talk to Kathy, but knew she shouldn't disturb her.
Edd Byrnes heard a girl’s high-pitched giggle, and then he heard a man’s voice, mean and nasty, like a dull but deadly knife: “Kookie, we’re gonna mash your face—so even your own mother won’t know you!” He heard everything: the man’s words, the girl’s giggle and then

(Continued on page 74)
a QUIET afternoon with Janet and Tony

"A swimming pool?" Janet asked. "When we don't have any living-room furniture?" Tony just nodded and looked around the living room in their new Palm Springs home. "It'll give you a rest," he'd said. "We'll live outdoors around the pool, no cooking, cold food and paper plates. And I'll keep an eye on the kids."
Janet closed her eyes and saw herself, deeply tanned, relaxing on a float, listening to Tony teaching Kelly to swim. "Humm," she said. "And I'll do the barbecuing," Tony interrupted her dreaming. "Heavenly, Tony," she said, succumbing. "Who needs furniture when one can get peace and quiet?" So Tony bought a pool. And did Janet live quietly ever after? Janet asks you to please turn the page... or
whose idea of a quiet afternoon?  
I only have two hands  

Janet, I'm slaving over a hot barbecue...  

Tony, who is he?
Jamie, no-o-o-o!

...go tell Mommy

if you want your Coke,
Daddy, you gotta catch me

the end of a perfect day—and there’s still dishes
6 ways to look this fall

Watch for...the trench coat, culottes, dropped waist, the fluid suit, high puffed hats, low dress heels, shorter hair, orangey lipstick, corduroy, earthy browns...look at Janice Rule's wardrobe tips.
LET CARY SHOW YOU

See the pictures on the other page? That’s me, Madlyn Rhue. You might have seen me in “Operation Petticoat,” that is, if you weren’t always looking at Cary Grant. But the top picture is the way I looked before I met Cary; the bottom is the way I looked after Cary taught me how to make the most of myself. What he showed me, because it helped me so much, I’d like to pass on to you. Cary says any girl can be more beautiful and I believe it because it happened to me and it can happen to you, also. Turn the page and I’ll tell you how it all began. . . .
I worried myself sick that my figure was too sexy and so I wore bulky shirts like the one in this photograph and high necks. When I got dressed up, I'd dress too severely for my age—you know, plain black sheath dresses. Cary told me, "That dark eye makeup makes you look older and it makes your eyes recede. Experiment with make-up, see yourself." I discovered the effect should be natural-looking. In the film I wore a lighter lipstick, and I liked it better than my dark shade so I wear it all the time now.

Incidentaly, this is a retouched photograph of me. I now keep my eyebrows natural, wear a light lipstick, and one line on my eyes—that's all. I wear my hair long but short on top so when it's curled it gives me height—which I need. Cary says a woman should strive to make herself look soft and feminine. He felt my old look was "hard." I now minimize my lips by not making them so full when I apply lipstick and to get a neat line I use a lipstick brush and always blot my lips carefully. My aim: to always look alive and natural.
Kotex is softness

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For your leisure hours, send for the Parisian-style robe pictured above. It’s fashioned from fluffy-white cotton terry cloth in the marvelous French manner... so luxurious for lounging, after bathing or just any time.

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only $4.75 with Kotex napkins, $8.75 retail value
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One size only—fits everyone beautifully.

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Address________________________
City____________________________Zone__State__________________

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I’d had a screen test. And now I was sitting in producer Bob Arthur’s outer office trying to look very poised and calm and not like a girl waiting to hear what happened. Do you know how it feels? You think of all the years you worked scrubbing ladies’ washrooms and working on lights and painted scenery just to get a chance to act. And the dozens and dozens of tryouts and the dozens and (Continued on page 72)

How do you rate?

- Do you really believe you could never be beautiful and don’t really try hard to be so?
- Do you find that you get bored easily... with people, parties, yourself?
- Do you feel you are not observant? (Can you close your eyes and describe in detail your favorite friend, your living room, what books are on your shelf?)
- Do you feel afraid to express your own opinions?
- Do you sometimes find you have nothing to talk about?
- Have you done less than two of these during the past month: Made a list of books to read, places you want to see, courses at the Y.W.C.A. you want to take, tried one new foreign dish, stuck to your daily exercises, done one thing you’re scared to do, like make a speech?
- Do you believe everybody’s looking critically at you when you walk into a room?
- Do you invite the same people to your parties or to lunch every day, because you’re shy about meeting new people?
- Do you go through life not knowing what image you create because you’re afraid to find out what impression you make on others?
- Do you use your hands too much rather than using your mouth or eyes to express your feelings?
- Do you lack faith in yourself and believe you can never be gracious?
- Do you find yourself forgetting names of guests introduced to you at parties?
- Do you honestly get a joy out of living and do you know how to show it?
- Do you feel that you are interested in other people more than in yourself?

Score: If you score 8 or more “yes” answers, your personality needs bolstering—read the article again.
P.S. He was glad he waited...she looked so delicious in “Sugar Plum,” one of the newest fashion-fresh colors by Cutex® in long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and creamy new Delicate lipsticks!
the things girls do that bug boys most

are you the girl
the boys were talking about?

(Guilty? Then try to improve. Mark weekly progress here)

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(cut out and post in private place)
Deborah had waited so long for this day. When it came, finally, it was bright and sunny, perfect for a wedding.

DEBORAH KERR’S

Old-Fashioned Wedding
Klosters, Switzerland—After the turmoil of both their bitter divorces, Deborah Kerr and writer Peter Viertel at last had their wedding. Blue skies held only one cloud: her little girls could not leave England, even for their “most wonderful and beautiful mother in the world,” while in their father's custody. Only Peter’s own young Christine rode in the carriage. So these pictures are for Deborah's Melanie and Francesca... their mother lovely in her bridal suit of pink Swiss embroidery... radiant with her new husband... beamed upon by the driver with his quaint smock and flowered hat... smiling with her friends, at the small wedding reception that the best man, novelist Irwin Shaw, and his wife gave for them. Then, instead of going away, they went to their own chalet for a honeymoon.

This wedding gift delights the couple. Peter was also pleased that both his mother and his daughter were at the wedding.

At the wedding reception, the bride greets the newly-wed Yul Brynners as Mel Ferrer looks on. Mel had to leave Audrey Hepburn home with the new baby.
THE WOMAN HE

LOVED

Continued from page 48

ever seen, so different from any of the girls I'd ever known. We had met in Germany when I was in the Army and she was making a picture there and we dated immediately. The five years until I was earning enough so I could ask her to marry me and share my life. I wouldn't have waited two years, but I was as good as dead in show business when I got out of the Army. We'd forgotten. I had to start, again, from scratch.

Pier, whom he called Anna, and Vic were married November 24, 1954, in St. Timothy's Church in Hollywood. She was twenty-one; he was twenty-six. After the honeymoon, they went to live in a little rented house.

"When we were first married," Vic went on, "I knew I had found a wonderful wife. But, you know, I think, maybe that I had found the greatest thing in the world. If only it could have continued that way.

"He sighed as though asking himself what brought about the sudden change? What did he do to make marriage end? He'd once said of his divorce, "Nobody knows what a raw deal I got." Now, for the first time, he seemed willing—almost OD to talk. "And maybe to get the memories out of his heart where they were hurting him so.

"I hardly know how to say this," he began, "but—I was so happy with Anna that I was afraid to think, maybe I don't deserve this much from life and it'll be taken away from me. I never went away on a trip without being afraid something might break it up for me—the house—let down by me. I was afraid the plane would crash and kill me. Every chance I got, I'd rush to a phone and call her long distance so I could hear her voice saying 'I love you.'" Eight, nine calls a day I'd make. It was the only thing I could do to take care of them."

The hurt could not be healed

It wasn't too long after that the marriage broke up; not with Vic and Anna, but with Vic and Pier. Vic got a court order to bring them back. Photographs of the three of them were plastered all over the front pages of newspapers across the country. The private lives of Vic Damone and Pier Angeli were no longer private.

And in the midst of the furor, they decided to try again. Vic still loved his wife and she couldn't bear being separated from him. But, if anything, the reconciliation only proved that the hurt could not be healed. There could never be the marriage that might have survived. The accusations began again.

"Bring these people to me," Vic pleaded with his friends. "I'll have them all accused to my face. Then I can defend myself. But Pier would not do this.

"They're my friends," she said. "I won't put them on the spot.

"You're young and foolish," Vic protested. "I'm the one who's on the spot and you won't let me do anything about it.

"The final split happened early last year. Vic told the story with agony in his voice. "We were fighting all the time. Anna started to run out of the room. I only wanted to stop her, make her listen to me and understand me," he pleaded. "So I grabbed her robe at the shoulder and she screamed and ran to her room.

And that was how it ended. The final divorce was granted, ironically enough, on Christmas Eve, 1959.

Vic got up from his chair and walked across the room to the telephone. He was about to dial a number when he paused and asked, "Can you imagine what it's like to know that you can only talk to your former wife over Saturday telephone hours? And how it feels to be able to visit your child only on weekends? How am I ever going to forget how it was when I was with him just a couple of months ago?

"Vic had knocked at the door of the Pierangeli home. "Penny," he silently prayed, "let this be better than the last one. Let me have some time alone with her. I need her, and please don't let me frighten him.

"Mrs. Pierangeli had opened the door and coldly asked him to come in. She walked into the living room and sat down on a chair, remaining until Vic left. Pier was already seated on the sofa. He didn't run to his father and jump in his arms the way most little boys would. He sat quietly until Vic came to him. Maybe it was because his grandmother was there."

The father kissed his son gently. "How are you?" Vic asked. "Are you a good boy today? What did you do? Where did you go? Who did you talk to? Did you find a little boy to play with?"

Perry looked alarmed. The intense look on Vic's face, the almost demanding questions frightened the boy. "Oh no," Vic growled, "I don't need any of that. I just want to know. I'm doing it again. I'm frightening my son away from me. But I don't mean to, I want so much to be a part of his life that I make it too hard for him."

Perry would have none of it. Conditions, but it was difficult for a not-quite-five-year-old boy to tell everything that happened in a day. And it was hard on Vic, too. He kept seeing a little boy rushing to welcome him. "I know", every evening, romping in the grass with him.

"That's how it might have been," Vic kept thinking. "That's how it wanted it to be."

Vic was too quiet, too reserved. He had no one to look up to, to admire and imitate. He wasn't being raised the way a boy should be.

"I love you, Daddy," Perry took Vic's face in his two little hands and spoke solemnly and lovingly to his father. "I love you, Daddy," he said.
But Vic couldn’t help feeling that it was a love that might die if they were separated too long. He recalled, with dread, that Perry was leaving in a few weeks to join Pier in Europe, where she was working on a new movie. The boy couldn’t be away for more than nine months—that was a court decision when the divorce was granted. But nine months is a long time for a child.

“Long enough to forget,” Vic thought, and his heart felt as if it would break. “I’ll see Perry in Europe,” he swore, “but how can I possibly be there every weekend, or even every month?”

Soon, it was time for Perry to go to bed. Vic kissed his son goodnight and walked away. When he reached the door of his car, he heard a voice crying, “Daddy, Daddy.” He turned, and saw Perry running to him. He was alone and they were alone for the first time.

“I just wanted to say goodbye again,” the little boy said, and was that a tear creeping down his cheek? Vic grabbed his boy up in his arms, hugged him and kissed him as if he could never stop. Then they both saw the grandmother at the door, saying nothing, only waiting.

Vice set his son down again. Perry slowly walked back to the house and his father went back to his car. He felt completely defeated. His shoulders drooped; his eyes were bleak; he walked as though one rope were tied to him and another dragging him away.

“Why does it have to be this way?” he asked desperately. “I shouldn’t have to leave him. He’s part of me—but he’s being cut away... like an arm or leg, only worse, much worse.” And he drove away.

The next day, he called his son at five. “Perry told me he’s leaving for Europe next week,” he said, now, and put his hands over his eyes. When he took them away, again, he had himself under control. He tried to sound conversational.

“Did I tell you I just made a new kind of movie? Well, it’s new for me. It’s ‘Hell to Eternity,’ and I don’t sing at all—I act.”

But the next second he was leaning forward in his chair, a bundle of intensity. “I just had to do it well,” he said almost desperately. “I’ve got to let Anna see that I have got talent, I’m not the nobody they talked her into thinking I am.”

And then he said something else. He said, “I just have to get married again. I want a wife and children and a home. I wish it could have been that way the first time.” The defeated look was on his face, again. “I don’t know what’s going to happen with my son. I only hope I have got talent. And Anna? How can I say I really love her any more, after all that’s happened? But I love the memory of her. I’ll never forget her. Even if I marry again, I’ll never be able to forget how it might have been...”

**Does a man ever forget?**

**Editor’s note:** A week later, word came from Rome: Pier Angeli was engaged to marry a handsome young Italian actor—singer, Maurizio Arena.

Swift on its heels came another piece of news. That Vic Damone would fly over to meet Pier on the island of Ischia. He was going, so he said, because of Perry’s fifth birthday. The boy certainly would be happier if he could celebrate it with two parents, instead of one.

But then, he admitted he would talk to Anna; he would talk—if Anna would listen—about the chances of a reconciliation before it was too late.

Can it be that a man never does forget the woman he loved? The End

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SEE VIC DAMONE IN "HELL TO ETERNITY" FOR ALLIED ARTISTS. HE SINGS ON COL. LABEL.
It was an open-eyed, baby-faced, quivering lips expression, somehow coolly intentional, that she produced every time she talked. As Marilyn, in her form-fitting beige halter-neck dress of clinging jersey, cut low in front and back, with a matching chiffon skirt, leaned forward and looked at Yves, the crowd at the cocktail party gasped.

Yves shifted his body nervously, all six-foot, 190 pounds of him, but he could not take his eyes off Marilyn.

Only two people in the crowded room, it seemed to me, appeared unaware of what was going on. Arthur Miller was lost in his own thoughts. Simone Signoret, Yves' wife, chatted away briskly in French, her head to be brushed and to Marilyn.

The contrast between the two women couldn't have been stronger: Simone, sophisticated and mature, was in a severe high-necked gown, and wore a chic fur hat on her head, and had only the faintest touch of eye makeup on her face; Marilyn was a study in suitlessness—the helpless and bewildered quality of her little-girl face conflicting sharply with the exposed fullness of her seductive figure.

Their statements

Shortly after this party, Marilyn and Yves made separate statements about each other to the press. Both chose their words carefully, but in each instance they revealed more than they realized.

And Yves, wrestling with the English language and his own excitement, said of Marilyn, "She's like nothing I've ever seen before—nothing even just standing and talking to you. She is so rich in her heart that you receive a beeng-beeng in your heart—and for me that is more important than anything.

Once the filming of "Let's Make Love" got underway, Marilyn made it clear to those associated with her that the ruggedly charming actor swept into her life as her "dream man," establishing himself as her lover.

Her eyes sparkled with warmth in his presence. . . . Her sensuous mouth dropped open in breath-taking awe on several occasions when he would enter the sound stage, at the sight of her, and the sensuality was at its best when he was near.

It was as if Marilyn Monroe was torn between another world—the world of a knight in shining armor and reality. The reality was that the young wife of Arthur Miller and Montand belongs to someone else, too, French actress Simone Signoret. Although Marilyn and Yves frequently acted like a couple of lovesick teenagers, there was nothing to indicate conclusively that their relationship reached a serious romantic level. As one member of the crew put it—"strictly a platonic arrangement."

Yet, their actions on and off camera around the people of Hollywood seemed to some to believe that Marilyn had fallen head over heels in love with Montand. It was Marilyn (and ironically Miller) who had to persuade the studio to accept Montand for the role. After all, he's virtually an unknown (or was) in this country. How ever, the studio tried to deny it was Marilyn who put the pressure on to get them to accept Montand. Their version is that Prudence, (the part Marilyn was to play in the Dinah Shore TV show, and mentioned him to Marilyn as a possible leading man. Still, several weeks before that, both Marilyn and Arthur had attended the opening of "Monsieur du Monde," (the French version of Miller's "The Crucible." So it was no wonder that the Millers joined Montand in a small celebration after the show.

Hollywood knows Marilyn

Surprisingly, the warmth between Marilyn and Yves didn't really develop until midway in the filming, when he turned particularly moody at first. As Hollywood knows, her personality can be turned on and off as fast as turning off the cold water and turning on the hot. Some of her crew members and fellow performers swore she'd go out of her way to make their lives miserable. Often, she'd have an eight o'clock call, and she and her black Cadillac didn't wind their way to the lot, but rather turned and didn't show up at all, keeping the whole company waiting. The next day she claimed she'd been ill, and was at her doctor's office (or in the trough), and called from her, explaining her woes, could have saved the studio a pile of money in overtime. On still another occasion she showed her MM spunk by making the studio photography staff的工作. On another occasion she didn't like the photograph of her that was on the ads. Yet, she had approved it previously. And one member of the studio staff can thank the loss of his job. Bogart, incidentally let a magazine have a photograph of the actress that hadn't been okayed by her. One person I talked to maintained that, just to get even, she automatically rejected all of his photographs, after having given him a few weeks of shooting, but this could be just talk.

For there is definitely a good side to Marilyn, and it finally revealed itself. Many observers give Yves Montand the credit for this. A big change came over Marilyn. She almost was like another person. She amazed the company by starting to report to work on time, joked with crew members, and, a surprising change, she broke out of her shell by lunching in the studio commissary. The old MM just didn't do this, but, instead, had her lunch sent to her dressing-room where she usually sat alone or with her constant companion, Paula Strasberg, her Method acting coach.

Oddly enough, Marilyn and Montand never once lunched together in the commissary. Yves usually would enter with Tony Randall or Frank Vaughan (they're also in the picture) and sit at a large table, Marilyn, wearing a blouse (usually long-cut) and tight capri pants, would make her entrance later, sitting at a table for two off to one side. What followed became the routine. Marilyn would wave and

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smile at Montand and he likewise; just as she was finishing a plate of cottage cheese and fresh fruit (she watches her weight carefully—she's known to have a tendency to be over-hyppie) Montand would walk over to her table and they'd chat. But usually they would return to the set separately.

As Marilyn and Yves had an affair, however, Arthur Miller and Simone Signoret during all of this? Were they suspicious or did they have complete faith in their spouses? Miller wasn't around town much. He busied himself with his own work, working at the Theatre Guild for weeks at a time. However, on his return, he and Marilyn acted like nothing was happening—and maybe nothing was. Simone kept out of Yves' work, never visiting him when he was staying in their bungalow in Beverly Hills. It could be just coincidence, but Marilyn and Arthur had a bungalow at the same hotel. Simone's friendliness towards Miller, however, can only mean, with the way for rumors that Marilyn and Yves were carrying love roles off screen.

In fact, it was during this time that they were making love on screen.

"I've never seen such a realistic love sequence," a member of the company told me. "It's red hot.

Unfortunately it was. One Hollywood columnist reported that Marilyn had closed the set on the day she and Montand had their first screen kiss together.

He cast a spell over her

Certainly Yves Montand had cast a spell over Marilyn. But how? Montand, who'll be 39 years old on October 13, has been described as having "the Bogart quality." Yves is said to be a hypnotist, and he once said when he performed, it's hard to agree. Granted, he's handsome in a rugged sort of way, yet his manerisms don't suggest a Bogart. He's always the gentleman and seems to feel more comfortable when he's free of the fact that he can't hold his own with the boys but he often appears shy and ill at ease with them. As for looks, he isn't a Tony Curtis or Cary Grant but his husky, six-foot figure makes him a standout with all the females.

Another reason Marilyn may have taken a liking to him is that, strangely enough, he and Arthur Miller resemble each other in many ways, and beginning him in his ways. For instance, they both have about the same profile and build. And Arthur can be classified, too, as a ladies' man.

"I think Marilyn is certainly one, if not the woman that he is most fond of," Yves said. And the praise for her talent rather than her beauty must have struck just the right note with Marilyn, who's been working so hard on her acting. "I have had much acting experience," he added, "I'll never forget."

Yves made such a sudden rise to publicity via MM that little was known of him. Usually, when you mention him, you mention Marilyn, and Marilyn. Oh yes, that Frenchman who's making a picture with Marilyn." But Yves isn't a Frenchman. He was born in Monsummano, Italy, on Oct. 13, 1921. His early life (like Marilyn's) was quite different than when he was eleven and, due to the shaky political conditions in Italy, his family fled
Marilyn had definitely fallen for the idol, but was it love? Some seem to think so, yet others around town maintain that Yves was just a passing fancy in her life and there are no strings attached. Those who insist that Marilyn had fallen for the idol point to her 32nd birthday party, held June 1, on the set of the picture. Yves and Marilyn acted like a couple of newlyweds. She was posing for pictures with her arm around him and they had eyes for no one else. Marilyn was gifted with a pearl necklace from the cast and crew, who pitched in two dollars apiece to buy it. You may wonder why the company, suffering so many headaches as a result of Marilyn, dug into their pockets. It was mainly because she became a heroine to their eyes when she was moved to give the family of a studio electrician, who died during the film, a check for $1,000.

Near the end of the filming, Marilyn showed up at Gina Lollobrigida's going-away party with her publicist, Ruppert Alan. But it was with Yves that Marilyn danced most of the evening at Beverly Hills' swank Romanoff's restaurant.

Then, suddenly, in the final days of shooting, they became quite cool toward each other. Miller had flown back to town, and the rumor buzzed around town that he was wise to the situation. And from Rome came a report that Simone was getting suspicious and telephoned Yves several times to ask him about the rumors.

The final day of shooting, the company worked until nearly 8 p.m. Due to the weariness of all, there was no customary set party and both Marilyn and Yves went their separate ways. Marilyn left for New York with Arthur Miller that week while Yves remained in Hollywood two weeks longer. The picture was finished—and so was an important chapter in Marilyn's life. Or was it? Montand's arrival in New York started the rumors all over again. At Idlewild Airport, Marilyn Monroe, in white slacks and dark glasses, waited with him for the plane that would take him back to Europe and his wife. The plane was late, and for three hours Yves and Marilyn sat and talked in her rented limousine. At 1:00 a.m. she rode back sadly to New York City—alone.

No one knows what they said to each other during those three hours. Perhaps it was goodbye. For some weeks later, when Yves returned to New York, on his way to Hollywood to film "Sanctuary," he didn't see Marilyn. "You Americans go too fast," he told reporters and then went on to deny that there had ever been anything serious between him and Marilyn.

Some people, though, still weren't convinced. After all, Yves was in Hollywood again and Marilyn, too, would soon be starting a new film. They may have avoided meeting each other in New York, but, in Hollywood, where the film colony is more closely-knit, it wouldn't be so easy. From what I've been seen of these two so far, I would only take a chance meeting and the "chemistry" could explode again. There may still be a scorching new chapter written on this romance. The End.
dozens of "we're sorry's." I remembered them all as I sat there, pretending to read a magazine and pretending even more that even the text didn't turn to gray. I had the courage to keep trying. I was pretending so hard, maybe that's why, when the door finally did open and a tall, handsome man bounded out into the waiting room, I didn't exactly faint. For the tall handsome man with the most magnificent voice was Cary Grant.

"Madlyn," he said. "Have you seen your screen test?"

I hadn't, but I didn't know whether I should be happy or not.

"Well, it's the most exciting test I've seen in ten years," he said before I could answer.

When he said that, I dropped the magazine. I leaned over to pick it up and lost my balance so that I reared back and banged my head against his as he bent down to get the magazine for me. I was so embarrassed, but before I could apologize he said, "Come, stand up," and since I couldn't seem to do either, he sort of grabbed me by the shoulders, pulled me up and turned me around to see how tall I was, talking easily all the time in that voice while I stood as though hypnotized.

He said he thought I could do the lead, that hadn't been decided yet; and that I had all the qualities to be beautiful, and perhaps it would be well to have that little mole taken off my cheek and that if I didn't mind would I take off my hat and be sure to bring some cool clothes with me for Florida and that it was going to be exciting to work with me and to relax.

Then he pushed me gently back into the chair (where I was very glad to be) and before I knew it, he was gone.

That was the beginning. I learned later from him how to be a hostess; how to dress; the art of makeup; what poise is; how to laugh and the art of living. I didn't get the lead in the picture, my part actually turned out to be a bit by looking one, but I got something far better, as you can see.

Cary Grant is a sensitive man; a man with quiet ways; a man so aware of people that he can sense when anyone is upset and make them relax. By watching him, I learned something very important. And that is, to be attractive and charming, you must forget yourself as he does and give your interest and your complete thought to the other person. You cannot fail to "con-nect" with other people if you do this. He enjoys teaching people to live more fully, to look better and to feel better. Like being thoughtful. Cary always remembers little things.

When we first arrived in Florida, we were all a little apprehensive. Cary came around to all of us girls and greeted each of us personally. When he finished, he came over to me, and quietly, squatting down on his knees beside my chair, he said, "You didn't have the little mole on your cheek removed." He not only remembered who I was, but he remembered the advice he'd given me and, what's more, he made me feel that it really mattered to him—that I should look better.

He began teaching me poise. How? He made me feel I had poise. "And as much class as anyone would want, Madlyn. (You have to have faith in yourself.) You can hide class only by doing what you think is classy," he said. I thought about this a long while. And now I know what he meant. I had always thought I was a lady but, especially in show business, I wanted other people to know it. I tried to be cool, elegant, ladylike and proper. But what I did was dress too severely for my age. And I tried to minimize sex. I worried myself sick that my figure was too sexy and so I wore bulky shirts and sweaters and high necks. And, of course, I always wore white gloves!

There's a difference, Cary taught me, between being proper and being false. The trick is only what you're doing and not worry about which fork goes where or whether you have on white gloves. That made me remember the first time I had met Cary. He'd had on levies and a magnificent tweed sports jacket latched together at the top with a safety pin—a big safety pin! Like an absent-minded professor. Yet he looked elegant.

We were dripping wet

"Learn how to have dignity," he said, "and you will always look proper." One day, when we were dancing around the swimming pool at the hotel, Cary pushed someone into the water as a joke. A few minutes later, someone pushed Cary in. He laughed, splashed out, climbed out and continued our dance which, in two seconds, meant I was dripping wet, too. Then, in a very dignified manner, he escorted me to the hotel dining room for lunch, both of us dripping wet.

As we sat down, she said, "And do you realize, Madlyn, you look exactly like a lady? Clothes don't make the difference—or white gloves." This is the true meaning of "habituating" to enjoy everything in life as if for the first time—that's true sophistication. That's what Cary is able to do. And he applies it to work, too. He is aware of the full meaning of each sensation.

"Look into the camera before your scene," he said. "See where your stand-in is in the camera image, because that's where you'll be when it comes time to shoot. Will you be in focus? Is this going to be a close-up?" He had the cameraman take two shots, one shot with me just walking in the way I'd been doing. For the next shot he had me check my position, knowing that the camera was on me. On the first shot, I was entirely out of focus. I learned to check and stand in focus.

"Keep quiet for close-ups," he said. "Let your eyes and mouth do it for you." (This is true in real life, too. A girl shouldn't move too much.)

But what I'm trying to say, from what Cary taught me, is that if you do something, do it right. Know all about the work, or the reason for the course in school, or how you can enjoy the party—not fear it. Try to live fully by thinking and understanding what you want and are doing.

I learned so many things from him. Like the afternoon on the dock when we were all waiting and the crew was setting up shot. A man of eating and a mob of spectators were standing about, too, and suddenly Cary asked, "May I have this dance?" And away we went, over the knotholes, Cary whistling and gay. At that time, Cary was "costing" and Cary stepped out of the dance and into the scene where he had to be angry—without a minute's pause. When I asked him later how he could do that, he assured me that so could I do it. "Learn to give your attention to more than one thing, more than one person at a time, don't allow yourself to be narrow-minded."

He taught me, not by criticizing, but by admiring—and this is a wonderful way
He taught me that you learn from everything, the happy things and the unhappy things. He's never stopped learning from mistakes, and things, and people. Now I try to apply that. When I'm traveling spending a weekend perhaps at Palm Springs, and meeting people around a pool, I never say I'm an actress; I say I'm a secretary in an insurance office. If I say actress, they want to know all about that, and I don't have a chance to hear about them. It's very easy to get people to express themselves if you can find out what their work is, or if they have children, or what their hobbies are. I like to meet all kinds of people. I'm interested in them. Cary taught me how to show that interest graciously—by always asking the names of the people to whose houses we were going, the names of the others who'd be there, and what they all did, so when we met I'd have a basis for conversation. Now, when I introduce people, I always tell who they are and what they do. It makes the talk easier.

And I've learned from him the trick of mixing my guests at my own parties. If I invite only show people they'll talk shop, but if I throw in a few young actors, a psychiatrist, a cameraman and a scientist, let's say, we'll have fascinating talk. And I can relax and enjoy it, because I prepare the refreshments in advance, for if you're not relaxed, how can your guests be?

I have acquired a few good tips on relaxing when I do get nervous and feel a tension in the back of my neck that's bound to give me a headache unless I ward it off. This is something anyone can do. If I'm with people and feel the tension coming on, I excuse myself and go into another room. (You can always go into the bathroom.) I slowly rotate my head, and then I bend forward and let my head hang until I feel the blood rush in. It's a great help.

When I home when I get that tight, taut feeling as if someone's grabbing me by the back of the neck, I lie across the bed letting the tips of my shoulders and head hang over the edge till the blood circulates. Then I sit on the floor, cross-legged, with my back very straight, let my arms drop limply, then bring first one shoulder up to my ear, then the other, four times and rotate.

But I do think that most tension comes from nerves or unhappiness, and can be overcome by thinking things out.

And as you see, Cary Grant has given me a great deal to think about. It all adds up to an image of graciousness that each of us must develop for himself. To Cary, Ingrid Bergman and Princess Grace have it—personalities that are wise, warm and intelligent. He also pointed out to me that the world too often mistakes cool aloofness for indifference. "It just isn't so," Madlyn, he said, "There is nothing so gracious as warmth combined with class and an interesting mentality—which does not have to mean bookishness. All delightful human beings have a natural curiosity and are interested in the world around them. They have stimulating things to say, they want to hear what you have to say, and they give people the feeling of being wanted."

When we left Florida at the end of location, I left with self-confidence, hope and a sense of "becoming." I wanted to become a fine woman, a good wife and mother, a fine actress. And if the first time in my life I know that I can, that the potential is there. Because if someone you admire and respect, admires and respects you, you begin to feel a new confidence, a new faith in yourself. And once you have that feeling, you'll find you'll never get lost again.

—Madlyn Rhue as told to Jane Ardmore

*See Cary in U.L.'s "The Grass is Greener.*
EDD BYRNES

Continued from page 52

only the silence, before two other men clambered down from the truck's cab. The horror of it was that he could not see them.

A glaring yellow spotlight on the side of the truck was focused in his eyes, more blinding than any studio lights had ever been. At first he'd ducked his head, then darted from one side to the other to avoid it, but it didn't help. The blinding light followed him as if it were a hunter's gun and he were a clay pigeon being set up for the kill. Finally, he backed away slowly, trying to make out the bodies in the middle coming toward him. Until suddenly he felt metal in his back. In a flash he knew what it was. His own car's open door—the edge of it. He could retreat no further.

It was a nightmare, and for no special reason he laughed out loud. The crunching of the men's footsteps stopped as his laughter rang out and then slowly died, leaving silence again. For a few seconds, then he heard a moment on the other side of the road and he was aware of a noise louder than any he'd ever heard before: the trip-hammer beating of his own heart. Then he knew this was not a nightmare. He was trapped.

He'd read somewhere that a drowning man, or a man face to face with death, relives his whole life in a second. It didn't happen that way now with him. His entire life flashed across his face. For three hours of his life, these last nightmarish 180 minutes.

He'd been barreling along the lonely desert road in his T-Bird, singing along with the steady beat of the radio, and suddenly zembo his car vaporlocked from the heat and conked out. He could do nothing but sit there by the side of the road for more than half an hour letting the heat of the motor work its way into his body. Then he started to turn the engine again, but the whirr-whirr of the starter, not making contact, told him that his battery was stone dead.

"Why must people be so miserable?"

He took a flashlight from the car and stood by the side of the road waiting for help. The sun dipped down behind a moving cloud that settled over the desert. Off to his right, near a sagebrush bush, the skeleton of a dead prairie dog gave off an eerie orange glow from the last rays of the sun.

The sound of a motor far off in the distance broke the stillness. He stood near the center of the road and waved his flashilight back and forth vigorously. The headlights of a speeding car came closer, close enough to make him jump to the back of it by making him jump back out of the way. "A fine spot to be in," he thought. "Stranded in the middle of nowhere. Fifty miles from the nearest town in either direction. The desert about halfway between Vegas and L.A. Battery dead. Radio dead. Prairie dog dead." The inky blackness pressed in all around him so that the thin beam from his flashlight at the best could only dangle in it.

Two tiny fliers of light far down the highway caught his attention even before he heard the low purr of an oncoming car. "This proves light travels faster than sound," he thought, recalling his high school physics course. "Or is it the other way around? Man, if it's just the opposite, then I'm sure. But in this God-forsaken place, I bet it's possible to prove the world's flat." All laws break broad grin spread across his face as he raised his hand in greeting. He stepped forward, trying to make out the face of the man behind the wheel. Immediately the beam of a yellow-green spotlight hit his face.

"Hey, cut it out," he yelled. "I'm not a robber! My name is Edd Byrnes. I'm from L.A. My car broke down. I need a lift to the next town so I can get some body to come back and change the battery.

There was no sound from the truck. Just that piercing, blinding light. He threw his arm up over his face, and at the same time, the spotlights on the top of the truck's windshield flashed a yellow-gold smile—giggle, the girl's giggle, and the raucous laughing of some men—more than one, but just how many he wasn't sure.

"What's so funny?" he asked. "That's the car's laugh, trying to make you smile. It's trying to make out of the glare of the spotlight, but it followed him no matter what he did.

"You're funny, Kookie," a man's voice hollowed out. "You're the biggest black man in L.A. — making a personal appearance just for us. We're going to see how tough you really are, Mr. Big Man. We're going to make you crawl. Why, you've laughed back. Why? What have I done to you? Why?"

"For kicks, daddy-o," another voice chimed in. "Just for kicks. We're going to kick you for kicks. ... Isn't that comical? Alright, Kookie. You're just laugh for kicks. Why don't you laugh, Big Man? Let's hear you laugh!"

He heard the men—he was almost certain there were three of them—climbing down from the truck and the girl's giggle as she played the light on his face. Then he heard the third voice. "Kookie, we're gonna smash your face so even your own mother won't know you." And then he heard the muffled: "Hey, we're gonna smash your face. Huff, Huff. Kick you for kicks. Why don't you laugh, Big Man? Let's hear you laugh!"

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The radio dial on his wrist watch showed it was almost midnight. Two cars and a truck had come along by since his T-Bird had first conked out. He closed his eyes knowing he wouldn't be able to sleep and, yet, hoping against hope that he might doze off. But in a few minutes, he was wide awake.

This time he heard an engine in the distance before he saw the headlights. "Eureka," he shouted to the prairie dog. "Einstein—why is there such large sound traces?" It's better. Get out the car. Or is it the other way?" But it didn't matter now. He ran out onto the highway and flashed his light at the car that was coming nearer. The sound was different somehow. Then he realized what the car was. Truckdrivers are used to emergencies," he thought. "And they're pretty regular guys."

The piercing blinding light

Instead of swinging his flashlight back and forth, he clicked it on and off in rapid succession—three times on and off and then a pause, three times on and off and then a pause, three times on and off and then a pause—then the standard signal for danger. As the truck loomed large out of the darkness, he had a wild desire to throw himself down on the road to make it recognize him. "Kookie," he said to himself. "Suppose his brakes don't hold? Then I'd be a permanent part of the highway!"

But the truck did stop. It ground to a halt and he backed stepped to his car.

Then he saw them

The light went out. For some fifteen seconds he still couldn't see their faces. They looked like, like an old TV movie coming into focus. They weren't men exactly—maybe in their late teens, maybe in their early twenties. But they were all alike. Not brothers probably, but kin. The types who were always in a hurry, always expecting things. The same powerful, animal builds. The same clothes. Black leather jackets stuffed with cheap metal. Huge black belts, at least eight inches wide around the waist. There was just one of them—Del. The same tight black pants. The same heavy boots. And what was her name—Myrna—back there in the truck: probably cut out of the same comic book pattern. He flashed his light toward the cab, but she ducked her head quickly.
Spurs clinked across the macadam. The first of them leaped directly at him, and he sidestepped quickly, bringing his flash-light down hard. It hit the thigh behind the car. The glass broke and the batteries spilled out. The fellow dropped to his knees next to the Thunderbird.

The other two separated and came at him—one from the left, one from the right. It was pitch dark now, but their cheap metal spurs, the glass jewels on their belts, gave them away.

The one on his left dived low for a flying tackle. Edd jumped high in the air to avoid him (as high as he had jumped years ago to catch the flying rings at the Turnverein Gymnasium in New York City where he worked out on the bars and the rings twice a week). His attacker's head and outstretched arms passed under him and crashed full speed into the side of his car. His breath went out of him and he plunked down unconscious.

"Two down," he thought panting. "Two down, one to go!" The fellow on the right was crouching warily just out of arms' reach. Then Edd felt hands grabbing his throat. He fought to loosen them, realizing that attacker number one had recovered and was trying to choke him. He kicked his feet out from under him and the hands slid off his neck. His assailant rolled over in the highway and got up.

So there were still two! They inched closer and closer to him. He was awfully tired. His breath stuck in his throat. He dropped his hands to his side as if in surrender.

Three against one

Suddenly, crazily, he started talking. Fust. ShriIIy. Almost incoherently. "Come on. Get it over with. Three against one—nice safe odds! Come on... rough me up... work me over... kick me... that'll make you feel good. It'll make you feel strong—real brave! You're all cut out of the same cloth. You know what that makes you? A mob. A brainless, spineless mob. You're afraid to be alone. Afraid to face yourselves. So you gang up because you're afraid to be weak, afraid to be human. You look alike, you act alike, you think alike. Together you're brave. Alone you're cowards. Come on, fight in a pack—like rats!"

One of them stopped and slowly straightened up. The other kept coming. He forced Edd back into a faction and bashed his fist into the side of his face. Edd sank down on his knees. "This is it," he said, and waited for the first kick.

Suddenly the yellow-green spotlight came on—but above his head, aimed at his attacker's face instead. "Hey, I can't see," the thug hollered. "Douse that light so I can finish this guy." But the light seemed glued to his face.

"Myrna," Edd thought, stunned by the miracle. "Myrna, back there in the truck." Then her voice—not sily like her giggle. It was sharp, firm. "Enough. I've had enough."

Edd looked up from the ground just as the other guy, the one who'd been a spectator so far, rushed forward. He covered his head with his hands to protect himself. But the kicks didn't come. Instead, the newcomer grabbed the thug, swung him around and dropped him to the truck. Then he returned, hoisted the unconscious one into a fireman's carry, over his shoulder, and hauled him back to the cab.

Edd opened the open door of his car and dragged himself, hand over hand, to his feet. His head was spinning and he couldn't tell the sky from the ground. For a moment the truck's headlights shone on him again, then dimmed. A voice called "I'm sorry." But in his fog he couldn't tell if it was the girl's voice or a man's. Or if he imagined it altogether. Then the truck roared down the road.

He half-climbed, half-pitched into his car where the door stood open. Exhaustion slugged him like another fist. He fell asleep immediately.

In the morning, a state trooper's knocking on his car window woke him. "Boy, you sure gave me a scare this time, to you?" the officer asked. Edd told him.

"Would you recognize them again?"

"Anywhere," Edd answered.

"Got their license number?"

"I'll never forget it!"

"Want to press charges?" The trooper got out his black notebook.

"No," answered Edd slowly. "Let it go."

The trooper pointed to Edd's cheek.

"That's some bruise," he said, "but I bet you gave them something yourself."

"I think so," he said. "Yes—I gave them something to remember me by."

A pretty rough story

Edd Byrnes leaned back in his chair and said to me reflectively, "You know, I never went to tell any of this before, it's a pretty rough story. But I feel that playing it clean is still the only decent way, no matter what goes with the hoodlums. The dirty fighters might seem to get a mess, but any long run they generally lose out. This bunch that roughed me up—I think they finally caught on that an ordinary decent Joe can have more guts than a rat who only dares to fight in a pack. That's what I hope they remember me by."—JAMES WILLIAMS

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other's hair. She just sank down on to a low seat and sat with her chin resting on her hand, brooding over the unfairness of people who must be such miserable human beings, themselves, that they couldn't take pleasure in the happiness of others. All they could do was contribute to spoiling it! But what a mean rumor to spread when everything was ready for the wedding.

She took her hand away from her face and looked down at her engagement ring, twisting it on her finger without being aware that she was doing it. Because she was thinking—and remembering—back to the day when she and Dick had bought it.

They'd been going together for some time. Dating, not at night clubs and fancy spots but simple fun things. Miniature golf, or a church social and dance, or a drive-in movie with a Coke and hot dog after. Or an evening of classical jazz—they both enjoyed New Orleans jazz, especially. Sometimes all they did was baby-sit for some married friends so they could step out of an evening. Whatever it was, she liked to let Dick take the initiative. And now that they knew of their love, he had made a major decision. She was to have her engagement ring.

They went to pick it out without first telling the family—they wanted to spring their big news as a surprise. Together they chose a beautiful solitaire and decided that the Fourth of July celebration was the perfect time to show it.

So, on the night of the Fourth, Dick took her to dinner first at the Sea Lion Inn. While they were alone, he slipped the ring on her finger. They drove down to Ocean Park where the whole community had turned out for the fireworks. Thousands of cars were parked by the beach to watch the fireworks, and they went looking for her family. They found the car finally, crammed with Lennons and little big—and all simply entranced by the Roman Candles shooting to the skies with deafening explosions.

Dick and Dianne came up to the folks and Dick shouted over the racket, “We have something to show you all. Deed and I are engaged.” Just in case they couldn't hear him, he held up her hand for them to see. And then the fireworks were nothing compared to the excitement of DeDe's engagement ring.

Now they had the wedding ring to go with it. A band with three baguette diamonds.

Everything was ready

Her wedding dress was ready, too. But until the moment when she walked down the aisle to Dick and her father's arm, she wouldn't allow him to see the flowing gown of white silk organza, long to the floor, and the little chapel veil she'd wear. This was to be his surprise.

The wedding was going to be held in St. Mark's Church, right next door to home. Everyone was saying oh, they'll never get all those Lennons and all those Gasses and all those friends of DeDe's and Dick's crammed in. Nevertheless, it was going to take place in the family church, where else?

Peggy was going to make a lovely maid of honor. For bridesmaids, she had chosen her childhood friend, Claudine Capp, and Kathy, and Dick's sister Patsy. Janet was to be a junior bridesmaid along with her best girlfriend Joanne Esser. And there would be two tiny flower girls, one from each side of the families—Mimi Lennon and Debbie Gass.

Suddenly, she got up from the low seat where she'd been daydreaming, and went to her room to find something to wear—some material from the attendants' dresses. She'd saved it for a color sample. Yes, it was lovely. She was glad they had settled for aqua.

There were packages all around the room—more wedding gifts.

One of their earliest gifts was touching because it was from a fan. An elderly lady had been a wartime villicia for them. They were charming, and Dianne cherished them as she did all the gifts that came—from fans and friends and family. Those close to them knew that she and Dick loved Early American, and some lovely old pieces had been received. Dick had spent one whole happy weekend sanding down and refinishing two tables a friend gave them. They were well with the Colonial rocker from another friend, and with their silver and dishes. But there was one terribly 1960 present that any bride would be delighted to get—a washing machine from Joanne Esser's mother, "Why, her own mother kidded her, "I never had a washing machine until my second child was born."

The house that was ready and waiting for them used to belong to Dick's parents, it was the house he'd been raised in. When Dick's family moved to a bigger place, he thought about it and bought it for their own future home. While he was in the Army it had been rented out, but now they would live there themselves. Some neighbors might want a brand-new house that nobody had used before, but they loved this one for the very fact that it had seen so much of living. It was full of memories.

As it was, now they would make their own memories, and some day their children would add theirs. "A dozen babies," they had both said, only half-joking. There were a tone in big families—everyone children in her, and eight in his. She knew all about taking care of children, from babies on up. And she had no worry. Dick was wonderful with them. He was the ideal father. As such he sometimes helped her babysit, even the boys obeyed him as readily as they obeyed Daddy. That was because he knew when to be firm and when to be fun.

Dick was always fun

And he was great fun to be in love with. One of her fondest memories took her back twenty days before they were engaged, when they were going steady.

Dick was working for the telephone company as a wire splicer. Wherever he landed on repairs he'd plug in his testing phone. Once he was on a job some two or three miles from his home, and every time he had his phone, he'd phone from deep down under manholes or high up on telephone poles.

One evening he'd gone out for a ride and stopped out on Route 101. "I want to introduce you to some of my friends," he said, and helped her out of the car. For a moment she was puzzled because there was no one there, but then she thought people could be. But he led her to an open manhole with a guard rail around it and a ladder leading down. He shouted, "Hi!" At his call, faces popped up. "Fellow," he said, "I want you to meet my girl, Dianne Lennon."

They stopped at manhole after manhole that night. Earlier in the day, there had been a furious electric storm and cables were all over the place. So Dick, who happened to have the evening free, took her around to meet his friends. He was proud of her—not because she was one of the Lennon Sisters, but because she was his girl.

She looked at the clock and saw that it would soon be time for her, Peg, Kathy and Janet to help Mother with supper. The rest would be waiting for them, any way. For the rest, the potato peeling, vegetable washing, table setting and such chores, the girls teamed up.

It took a system to feed a family this size, but there was always room at the table for an extra friend or two or three. Especially Dick. It was hard to remember a time when Dick hadn't been around their house. Actually it was only a few years, though it felt like most of her life. As a little girl she used to shoot marbles with his kid brother, Mike. She and Dick had been friends before they became serious, and they remained ready for some time before getting formally engaged, and now all these growing relationships, they felt, made a firm foundation for husband and wife.

All this she once expressed in a few sentences when a friend of Peggy's claimed that Dianne and Dick weren't a very romantic couple because they talked about such practical things—how they'd furnish and decorate and the many children they wanted, and such. Peg argued indignantly that DeDe and Dick were very much in love. Later, when Dianne heard about the discussion she had thought about it, but it seriously and felt Peggy's friend didn't understand. Because when you're in love for keeps, you're building on a firm foundation.
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ears and a great deal of damage. Once, someone asked her how she felt about it, and she said simply, “I do my best.” She keeps the two children with her whenever it’s all possible and when she has to be away, she phones them every day. Between calls she worries. She doesn’t want her children growing up to be troubled kids just like their father. She never wanted it, but she was pushed into it at eight. Her mother had been on the stage as Sara Sothern until she gave it up to marry and have children. She was determined that Liz should have what she herself had sacrificed—a career. She campaigned until she got a movie contract, and then better and better parts. She did everything, she was mother and manager. Liz was never allowed the type of child she would have thought for herself or even act for herself.

Liz has never forgotten any of this. And a career that cost her so much of living doesn’t mean enough to her now that it should continue on from her and Eddie. If anything is pushing them apart, it’s for some other reason.

There are rumors of a growing gulf between them because Liz can’t give Eddie a helping hand. Her acting already had three Oscar nominations, and so a fourth is forbidden by her doctor. But that couldn’t be a reason for separation. Eddie loves her children and they adore him. He plays with them, looks after them when Liz is working, he’s Daddy. Liza is too young to remember still another bond between them, but the boys might. It was Eddie—Eddie who took them to his home and cared for them when Mike Todd crashed to his death and Liz was half out of her mind with grief.

Yes, a good reason why Liz’s and Eddie’s marriage would stick is the children. She wouldn’t want them put through the wringer another time. The boys, especially, have been through it twice—when she left their real father, Michael Wilding, and when Mike Todd died. Liz would hate to do it to them again. She’s a sensitive woman, despite talk to the contrary, who has always felt their hurts as if they were in her own flesh. Right from the start. Soon after Mike Jr. was born, a reporter asked her son: “Who’s your mother?” She raised weary eyes in a peaked face and said, simply, “When he cries, I cry.”

A meeting of strangers

Knowing how her children feel about Eddie, Liz wouldn’t want to put a wide gap between them as there is between the boys and their real father. She hasn’t forgotten the time she and Eddie were in England with Mike and Chris, and Michael Wilding wanted to see his sons. So the Fisher and Wildings—Michael and his present wife Susan—took a trip to the place where they were living during their stay.

As it turned out, no one of the four around the table felt relaxed, the conversation was superficial small talk, and it was almost a relief when, after dinner, the boys were brought in to have a visit with their father. What happened next was seen and described by a British chauffeur who drove for the Fishers while they were in England, and to whom the children had become very devoted.

“The boys came in, already in their pajamas for the night,” he said. They didn’t run to their father to be hugged and kissed, they walked over to him and shook hands like little gentlemen. He asked them how they were, they said they were fine. Anyone might have thought they had nothing more to talk about. The boys stood around stiff and helpless, they didn’t seem to know what was expected of them and what to do next. I never saw two more uncomfortable children. It was like a meeting of strangers, not of father and sons.

“Finally Mrs. Fisher got them out of the situation. She kissed the boys and said, ‘All right, children, bedtime, say good-night now.’ They shook hands with their father again, and went off to bed. I can’t remember seeing a more strained evening in my life.”

Liz has not forgotten it either. And the kids are a bond between her and Eddie—no gulf. If something is wrong, it’s because of Eddie and Liz—nobody else. But to understand how such rumors start, you have to understand Liz.

Liz has been accused of being moody, cold and selfish... partly because she won’t try to explain her actions. Sometimes she acts like a little girl—she has a whoppoing, little girl’s laugh—and then sometimes she’ll walk on the set, eyes straight ahead and not looking at anybody, like a queen. When not in costume, she comes wearing very tight jersey to the waist, and high slit below a yellow or green or orange—with a polo shirt, while in the evening she’s dressed to the hilt in plunging neckline. For daytime, she likes a bright taffeta in wild color. She wears little makeup and looks like a little girl. She may look as though she has a lot of makeup on, but she doesn’t really. She looks like she wears a lot of eye makeup but that’s because her eyes are naturally large. And she eats constantly, mostly in her dressing room rather than in the commissary with the rest of the crew and will have special food brought in for her. She’ll have an enormous sandwich at three o’clock. At three she’d order something like pizza or chili; next day she may prefer champagne—nobody can guess what it’ll be the next day. At lunch time her brothers Eddie, he’s not mentioned it to anybody.

On set, she sits alone, looks bored, continually chews on the inside of her cheek nervously. She looks as though she wants to reach out to people and she always lights up and looks grateful and interested when they do talk to her. But she’ll never be the first to start a conversation. It’s also true, though, that the people who do try to do the courting, it seems to discourage people from talking to her. But more than that, it’s almost as if she were afraid of offering her friendship to a human being and having it used against her. She’s always afraid of nothing more than animals. One day she came on the set bringing her two puppies, Gittel (Gittel is the character she’ll play in “Two for the Seesaw”), and someone seemed satisfied to sit there quietly, saying nothing, but just stroking the puppies.

“If you don’t talk to her first, she can go for hours, even sitting right next to you, without saying a word.” When someone remarked it was a nice day, her answer was, “a nice day for anything but working.”

Eddie’s career comes first

She seems to think she’d like to retire and talks about it but would probably be bored without acting, although how would she know acting since she was eight, and is a real pro as an actress, never ever fluffing a line? But she makes no bones about it, Eddie’s career comes first.

The days when they were shooting Eddie’s first scene in “Butterfield 8,” she was so nervous, she’d fluff. She kept starting at him anxiously, even mouthing his lines. This was the day she’d been looking forward to the longest. Earlier in the picture’s shooting, when someone had asked her when Eddie would start, she knew the exact date, though it was three months away. When she heard what with the delays, he didn’t start till even later this only added to her anxiety.

“When the day finally arrived,” one of the “Butterfield 8” crew said, “she was on pins and needles.” Few people know that she makes it clear that Eddie’s company is to record all the background music on her films, like her next, “Cleopatra,” and together they have formed their own production company. The bits of gossip that Eddie resents her pushing, dislikes her working, feels her talent and career outrstrip him seem, at least from the outside looking in, completely unfounded.

When Eddie comes on the set, Liz’s face lights up when she sees him. They greet each other loudly—hi, darling—and kiss almost as if to show people their marriage.
is all right. But they do look, in fairness, in love. When Eddie was away on the Coast, Liz was ill—when he returned, she immediately seemed better. On the set, she is always introduced as Mrs. Fisher, although the crew calls her Liz and Eddie calls her honey or darling.

She acts like a little girl with him and seems to defer to his wishes—not Eddie to hers. Once, on location on Fifth Avenue, about a dozen people were trying to decide where to go to eat and they asked Liz, deciding to go wherever she wanted. She immediately turned to Eddie and asked what he’d like to do. And Eddie decided. He is not as boyish as he used to be and seems to be trying to assert himself, à la Mike Todd, when he’s with Liz. He’ll clown around loudly, jokingly shout orders to people and always gives the impression that he’s the boss in the family.

Her joining the Jewish faith was a sincere act and whenever anyone, like the director, made a point of making Jewish jokes, she got a big kick out of it. If someone used a Jewish word, she’d always say, “What is it? What does it mean?” She seemed very anxious to learn them. And occasionally, she’d use a Jewish word herself, like saying her Mishpochah (family) were all in town when Eddie’s mother was in New York. In a way, it seems she wanted to please Eddie.

There seemed to be no feeling against Liz from the crew or the cast because of marrying Dick, at Stony Point, N. Y., when Eddie arrived on location and she kissed him in front of 200 townspeople, they all clapped. Yet, Liz knows every time people see her and Eddie what they’re thinking. One day, early in production, almost as a relief to break the tension she sang, out of the blue, “Tam-my, Ta-a-mmy, Tammy’s in love...” It was as though she wanted to say, I know what you think, but I would rather we all brought it out in the open.

Liz’s illness has been the center of much talk. Every time she’s not happy, she gets ill—the rumors run. And she’s never felt worse than the past six months. Trouble? “Certainly, between her and Eddie,” people insisted. “It’s an emotional reaction—she’s not sick. She’s temperamental.”

But those who worked with her on “Butterfield 8” confirmed that she was ill. That any temperament comes from illness rather than the other way around.

Like the day she was supposed to have walked off the set in a huff. Liz has a mind of her own on the set and will make suggestions and give her own ideas to the director, but one has to admit she does work well with people, is friends with the crew. She never asks for special camera shots or lighting to, say, hide the fact that she’s overweight. She is overweight and she knows it. In one scene, she was supposed to be picked up and lifted onto a bar. Worriedly, she asked her co-actor, “Are you sure I’m not too heavy for you?”

The day she let temperament fly she was ill. She was upstairs in her dressing room, something like a half-hour late coming onto the set. Director Daniel Mann sent the assistant director to see when she’d be coming down, and she said right away. She had pains in her stomach. Later, after an hour or so, another messenger asked when she’d be down. More time passed and finally Mann went up himself. “Either we do it or we don’t,” he said, meaning the picture. She said, “May-be we won’t.” There were more words and finally she started to cry. It’s true, she had been late and out sick a great deal, but this was the only blow-up. She had been ill all through the picture, stomach pains (eating too much? tight costume?) trouble with her back (can’t

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stand or sit in one position for too long—must rest) ... injured leg ... throat is hoarse (can’t speak). On her wedding anniversary, Eddie had planned a surprise party on the set and had ordered a cake for 40 people. But that day she was sick and didn’t work. There was no doubt that she had hurt her leg when she fell on the ice; that she’d had repeated operations on her spine and that her throat did give her trouble, no doubt aggravated by fatigue and complicated by strenuous diet. If there were small tensions, as people reported, between her and Eddie, there were also tensions with her work, but these could be traced directly to physical discomfort.

She obeyed but never forgot
Crowds congregate to stare at her whenever she’s on location. So she is very careful not to bring the children to the set. This is not part of a child’s world, she feels, and who would know that better.

She has never forgotten her mother standing in some inconspicuous spot behind the camera, where the director couldn’t see what she was up to, and giving out hand signals for the girl to follow. They were very subtle little reminders that she was forgetting what Mother had taught her. Anyone glancing at Mrs. Taylor might merely see her touch a finger to her neck as if she had a momentary itch. But to the harassed child on the stage, trying to watch her director but knowing she must also watch Mama, that touch was code for “Elizabeth, you’re overdressing this scene. You’re hamming.” If Mother’s hand touched her blouse over the heart it meant “Show more feeling, Elizabeth.” Fingers to cheek, as if deep in thought, warned the child, “You’re not smiling enough.”

Liz obeyed, but she has never forgotten. And another remembrance she’ll never lose is how an old family friend once stuck her neck out trying to fight for the girl’s right to grow up and get an education. From eight years right through high school age, Liz had gone to school on the studio lot. It meant working on stage every morning, studying in any odd corner whenever she had a free minute between takes, and going to class every afternoon. “If you felt like daydreaming,” Liz remembers, “you had to go to the girls’ room.” But if she liked a subject, like English composition, she got A’s in it. So when she got her high school diplomas from the studio school, her mother’s old friend went to bat for Liz.

She came to Mrs. Taylor and said, “Sara, this girl has a fine mind and wants to develop it, she wants to be educated. I think you ought to let her go to U.C.L.A. or some other college. She ought to be more among young people her own age—and more on her own.”

The girl listened breathlessly. Going to college would mean learning a lot. And it would also mean freedom. Maybe she could finally get to pick her own clothes and even her own dates, instead of having Mama choose her wardrobe and screening every boy who wanted to take her out. So she hung on the answer.

But it wasn’t yes. Mrs. Taylor looked her friend squarely in the eyes and said, “Nonsense! I bet all those girls at U.C.L.A. wish they were Elizabeth Taylor.”

Whether Liz Taylor wishes she was Liz Taylor is another matter. She never says. But, right now, despite gossip, rumors and jobs, Liz Taylor does wish to be Mrs. Eddie Fisher. This she will say.—JULIA CORBIN

SEE LIZ AND EDDIE IN M-G-M’S “BUTTERFLY 8,” WATCH FOR LIZ IN 20TH’S “CLEOPATRA.” HEAR EDDIE RECORD ON THE RAINBOW LABEL.

COME DANCE WITH ME—Kingsley International. Directed by Michael Anderson; Freda Hope, Brian Rawlins, Bridgette Bardot, Harvey Hendrix, David Heath, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Mige Role, John Kerr, Kitty Foster, Anne Francis, Nick Hylden, Norman Was, Mige Role, Tom Courtenay, Joe Mantell, Gertrude Ross, Patsy Kelly, Terence Morgan, Donald MacRae, Helen Hayes, Hollis Irving; Gloria Pianace, Jean Willes.

ELMER GANTRY—U.A. Directed by Richard Brooks: Elmer Gantry, Burt Lancaster; Sister Sarah, Sara Montiel; William Morgan, Dean Jagger; Jim LeFerts, Arthur Kennedy; Luise Bahn, Shirley Jones; Sister Rachel, Pert Fouche; Gordon Smith; Rev. Penbilt, John McIntire; Pete, Joe Maross; Rev. Brogue, Everett Glass; Rev. Phillips, Michael Whalen; Rev. Garrison, Hugh Marlowe; Rev. Planch, Philip Obee; Rev. Oulich, Wendell Hollesi; Captain Hat, Barry Kelley; Preacher, Rex Ingram.

HELLO TO ETERNITY—Allied Artists. Directed by Phil Karlson: Gary Gablehod, Jeffrey Hunter; Bill, David Jace; James Muro, Patricia Oinwa; Gwy (as a boy), Richard Eyer; Capt. Schram, John Larch; Gen. Simmons, Seong Hwan Hyakawa; Ester, Milko Taka; Leonard, Bill Williams; Mother. Ume, Tsuru Aoki; Son, Mickey, Pat O'Brien; Ester, Richard Gardner; Scumper, Nicky Blair; Kaz, George Shishibata; Pape Uno, Ikko Okaoki; George, George Takei; Freddy, Paul Togawa.

ICE PALACE—Warner's. Directed by Vincent Sherman: Zeb Kennedy, Richard Burton; Thor Storm, Robert Ryan; Dorothy Wendt, Martha Hyer; Betty, Eleanor Jones, Betty Bollabuy, Karl Swenson; Dave Husack, Jim Hacket; Yes, Donzor, Louis Low King, Perry Knight; Chris, Steve Harris; Christian Storm, Diane McBain; Buy Husack, Ryan Danton.

REST IS SILENCE, THE—Films Around the World. Directed by Jack Cardiff: Ray, Trevor Howard, Paul Morel, Dean Stockwell; Mrs. Morel, Wendy Hillier; Clara, Joan Plowright, Barbara Shelley, Heather Sears; William, William Lucas; Baxter Dawson, Conrad Phillips; Mr. Pappleton, Donald Houston; Mr. Armitage, Jack Thetsger; Mrs. Lovers, Rosalie Crutchley; Mrs. Redford, Elizabeth Begley; Arthur, Sean Barrett.

13 GHOSTS—Columbia. Directed by William Castle; Charles Martin Smith, James Mason, Boris Moron; Ben Rush, Martin Milner, Hilda, Rosemary Day, Cyril Luckham, Eunice Elliott, Zacharias, Margaret Hamilton; E. Van Allen, John Van Deelen.

WHY MUST I DIE?—American International. Directed by Charles Vidor; Richard Todd, Edith Evans, Paul Morel, Barrie Chase, Gordon MacRae, Ann Doran, Edith Evans, Ralston, Harry J. Ansley; Preacher, Leon Janney, Phil Harvey; Red King, Fred Sherman; Charlie Murray, Joe Maross, Vicente Wolfey, Sid Melton; Zizi, Julie Reiling.

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you know what? All I could think was that I almost didn’t enter the contest! Helen, my girlfriend, was the reason. I won a day. So I read about it in Photoplay together. “You send Elvis your kiss and maybe win a personal visit with him,” Helen suggested. “Oh no, Helen. I’d never have the luck,” I begged off.

But he sent you a telegram once, so why.

“But that was different.” Last summer I had to have an operation for cancer, and my girlfriends wanted to do something nice for me. They knew what Elvis meant to me, so they wrote Colonel Parker about it. He and Elvis wired me best wishes for my recovery. And I did recover!

But to actually meet him? It would be—well, more than I could bear. And anyway, I’d never win. Even to hope was crazy.

Yet, that night in my room, there I made space on the top of my desk for writing. I had to push aside some of thechina dogs I collect, to make room for my elbow, and when my real live dog, my poodle Beanie, came whimpering for attention, I had to humor him by scratching his ears.

“Don’t bother me right now, Beanie,” I told him. “You know I love you dearly, but this letter is very important.”

I smoothed a sheet of paper and thought about Elvis.

“Dear Elvis,” I wrote. At last my contest entry was under way. Then, after those two beautiful words, I stopped. I didn’t know what to say next!

“Dear Elvis.” At the thought of him, my breath was short, and my heart was so full of things I’d like to say, I should have been able to write a book. I wanted to thank him for the telegram and let him know how it speeded my recovery. I wanted him to know how sincerely I admired him and how much pleasure his records and movies give me and so many of my friends here in Phoenix. And, of course, I wanted to welcome him home from the Army.

That was it—our welcome was the best way to start. While I thought, the pen began to move. At the end of an hour, I’d finished the letter. I thought to myself, “It isn’t anything special, not good enough to win, but every word is sincere.”

When I folded my letter and put it in the envelope, my fingers trembled. Elvis, himself, might touch this very envelope. Surely, at the touch, he’d realize how I felt when I wrote it.

**Medium rose lipstick**

Next, I had to enclose a kiss print. This was going to be important, but it wouldn’t take me long to select the right shade of lipstick. I knew it well, because there wasn’t many. My mother and I have argued about this occasionally—lipstick, eye makeup, things like that. I really don’t care a lot for heavy makeup and don’t wear much, but sometimes wear more than she thinks is appropriate.

I looked at my lipsticks on the dressing table. A pale rosy pink was my favorite, but it was worn down so low I was afraid it wouldn’t make a clean, definite lip line.

Another, that a friend had left by accident, was too purple. She’s a decided brunet, and the dark shade is becoming to her but not to me. Of course, Elvis (and the Photoplay editor) wouldn’t know I don’t wear purple lipstick but somehow using it didn’t seem honest. And, with Elvis, I wanted everything to be completely honest.

Finally, I chose a lipstick of my own, almost new and still with a good point, in a medium rose. It was darker than the shade I usually wear, but it was mine and I do wear it sometimes, so I wouldn’t be cheating.

Carefully, I shaped my lips, wishing for a lipstick brush—something I’ve never had. I remembered seeing a demonstrator in the dime store apply makeup. She said the correct way to put on lipstick was to start by carefully outlining the upper and lower lips, and then you just fill in from there. I tried it, but my hand wobbled, and the lipstick smeared. I wiped off the first attempt with cleansing tissue and tried again.

Beanie was sitting up watching with interest, making little puzzled noises. I threw the tissue at the waste basket but missed, and it fell on the floor where Beanie examined it, sniffing.

Next try was more successful and, pressing carefully, I made a kiss print on the paper.

“How would it be to kiss Elvis himself?” I wondered, and was ashamed of myself for even thinking such a thing.

I didn’t expect to win

At dinner, I told Mother I had entered the contest.

“Well,” she said, “whoever wins, I know she won’t be one bit a sweeter girl than you are.”

My mother and I live alone and she works very hard to support me. She’s a billing clerk but also a singer, and she likes Elvis’ records almost as well as I.

“Oh of course,” I told her, tasting my soup, “I don’t expect to win.”

Mother didn’t answer but patted my hand reassuringly.

I was studying for the next several days to dare think too much about Elvis. Sometimes when I saw his picture in the paper I wondered who’d get to meet him, but I could never picture myself as the one.

Again, it was without a warning, without a hint, that a very ordinary day became memorable—even more memorable than the day I won.

I got up sort of late—oh one nice, warm, sunny Saturday morning. I was slow about dressing, because I didn’t have to go to school. Mother had already bought six roses; we set them out for a couple of hours. I was idly puttering around my room, making my bed, dusting mychina dogs, when the doorbell rang.

Truthfully, I was a little bit annoyed by the bell, but I wasn’t completely dressed. “Now who could that be at this time of day?” I wondered. I rummaged for a housecoat as the bell rang again.

Kathi Norris wrote, “You know that old saw, how the morning after every good night, we want to hear about the night, and things like that?”

In October

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See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

And don’t miss ELEANOR ROOSEVELT’S “You Learn by Living,” the first of a two-part condensation of a new book by the world’s First Lady...
I asked my mother what to say to him. "Just say anything," she advised. "Now if you freeze, Judy, I'll feel like spanking you!"

I tried practicing in front of the mirror, smiling and nodding, carrying on a conversation with Elvis. I tried not to look too excited but also not too stiff. If I could only be myself, I thought, if you are the most sensational person in the world, he'd decide I was a hysterical little girl. But if I was cool and sort of off-hand, how would he know how to act?

"Tell him we think he's grown up a lot since he went to Germany," many of my friends suggested.

"Kiss him, fool," someone said.

"Oh, Elvis! What's so great about meeting him?" some boys scoffed, but I could tell most of them would like to, themselves. The boys, who were special friends, thought I would look particularly nice. They teased me a little about my prize, but they seemed genuinely glad I'd won and truly interested in the plans for my trip to Hollywood.

Of course, my best friend, was thrilled that I won. I called her as soon as I got the letter from Photoplay. But one or two girls were openly, unpleasantly jealous.

"I don't see why Judy should get to meet Elvis more than I should," one of them complained. The funny part was, she hadn't even gotten an envelope.

My mother and I flew to Hollywood by jet and were taken to the Beverly Hilton Hotel on Wednesday. Thursday was to be the big day.

Riding in the Paramount studios with one of the editors of Photoplay, I tried to look at all the things he pointed out, but I couldn't concentrate. I'd been awake since five that morning. I hadn't been able to eat breakfast and I kept hoping I'd picked the right dress to wear today. Mother had bought me two dresses especially for the trip. One was pink, the other was yellow and white with a white sheer short sleeve that was my choice, deciding which to wear to the studio. It was the yellow and white that I finally put on, and I kept wondering if I should have picked the pink.

Finally, we were at the studio. "Sh—h," someone said as I slipped through with a "Closed Set" sign hanging on it. "We'll have to be quiet until we see what's happening."

I'd never been in a movie studio before, so I had no idea what to expect. It was dark just inside the door, and the darkness was filled with funny shapes, like when you step into an attic. Then I began to make them out. They were props and people. As we walked forward from the door toward the set the light increased until we were in a room with spotlights, the kind of stage where they were shooting Elvis' picture, "G.I. Blues." A row of dressing rooms were to the right, and one of them had a sign over the door that said, "Elvis Presley."

On the set, a lot of soldiers surrounded a tank, and one of them was Elvis! He looked almost exactly the way I'd thought, only now he didn't look like a lion, but a little boy of about 6 or 7. It was his face and voice that he was very glad to meet me. What—what had I planned to say to him? I mumbled something. All the original words to me and I had planned vanished from my mind.

"Come into my dressing room," he invited, "so we can talk."

I wagged my head like a puppet but didn't answer. We chatted away, and I told him all about my friends and the party and what not. He said, "What's the matter?" and asked. Turning to my mother, I said, "I don't believe she knows how to smile." But he was kidding—oh, how he was kidding.

He put his arm around me to help me over the wires and cables on the floor, and I got stiff as a statue. Poor Elvis. He was so full of things. He thought he was a very important person, and he must have thought I was a terrible dope, because he had to work being friendly, less the one could say.

"Pleese, God," I thought, "let him know I'm not,-not just because he's too wonderful for words."

Of course I did talk some during the day. What about? What did we say? I'm still in a sort of Hollywood dream. Honestly, I can't remember many details.

I know Elvis asked if I was a senior in high school, but he was probably trying to flatter me. I'm only a sophomore and I don't have any friends. At least I don't think I do. He asked some other questions about school and about my friends. And he was so polite and friendly to my mother, too, that I must have been captivated.

I got to watch him work for a while. Once he said the wrong line, and I was afraid somebody'd be mad at him, but nobody was. Later he, or somebody else, told me that his first day was a very hard day to go, the first time they go through a scene, and I needn't have worried.

I forgot to tell Elvis that my friend, thought he'd been up a lot, and I didn't think how much I wanted to kiss him. Once or twice, I started to ask him if he'd kiss me, but my courage failed. The last time I saw him he was standing with a group of men. He waved to me, calling, "Goodbye, Judy."

Mr. Diskin, one of Elvis' managers, knew how hard it was for me to say goodbye, so he did a very kind thing. Our party was about to leave the Paramount lot when Mr. Diskin whispered, "Come on, Judy. Let's get back and see Elvis one more time, shall we?"

We went back to the set but couldn't find him. He must have had to call makeup or somewhere.

I felt happy and miserable

After we left Paramount I cried, because I'd seen Elvis and talked with Elvis, and now I'll never talk with him again. I felt happy and sad and got out of the car.

When I returned, my trip to Hollywood, I'm only happy.

Maybe I'll never meet Elvis again face to face, but I have souvenirs to keep forever. How I wish I'd just taken some pictures. I've put up a bulletin board in my room just to display the Elvis momentos.

And just before we left the studio, Colonel Parker gave me another china dog for my collection, one that was Elvis'.

Now, when I mist my dogs, I can touch the one that Elvis touched. When I hear his words, they'll have a special meaning, because now I know the singer behind the voice.

And, most important, if I ever hear any one question that Elvis is wonderful, I can set that straight and be sure I'm right. Of course I always knew—he is handsome, kind and modest—but now, thanks to Photoplay, I'm sure. The End

See Elvis in "G.I. Blues" for Paramount and hear him sing on the RCA Victor label.

The moment finally arrived

Finally the moment arrived! Elvis came up to me and greeted me, and before I could even smooth down my bangs, he was saying in his soft, dreamy voice that he was very glad to meet me.

What—what had I planned to say to him? I mumbled something. All the original words to me and I had planned vanished from my mind.

"Come into my dressing room," he invited, "so we can talk."

I wagged my head like a puppet but didn't answer. We chatted away, and I told him all about my friends and the party and what not. He said, "What's the matter?" and asked. Turning to my mother, I said, "I don't believe she knows how to smile." But he was kidding—oh, how he was kidding.

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I forgot to tell Elvis that my friend, thought he'd been up a lot, and I didn't think how much I wanted to kiss him. Once or twice, I started to ask him if he'd kiss me, but my courage failed. The last time I saw him he was standing with a group of men. He waved to me, calling, "Goodbye, Judy."

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See Elvis in "G.I. Blues" for Paramount and hear him sing on the RCA Victor label.
Any one looking at Gene Tierney at that moment would never have known that her heart was heavy with grief... and pain... and fear. For her face was calm and impassive; her body, curved in the chair, was unmoving. Only her hands gave a-away: over and over again she would go through the motions of slowly removing each finger of a glove from first one hand and then the other; then she'd go through the motions of putting the gloves on again, deliberately and slowly, making sure each glove-finger was on skin-tight before she went on to the next. Off and on, on and off, again and again and again. The only thing wrong was that she had no gloves.

Inside... inside her head and her heart... she felt that she was breaking to pieces. Aly was dead... was dead... was dead. A speeding car, a flaming wreck, and—nothing. I should cry, she thought, because I once loved him so very much... so very, very much... and the doctor said I should cry, it's good for me to cry. But I can't, I can't. Fate is after me again. Fate won't leave me alone. Fate killed Aly, and now Fate's going to try to come between me and Howard. Something terrible's going to happen to me again. It's always the same—just when I have happiness in my hands, Fate snatches it away.

Betraying no emotion on her face, holding her body rigid, she let her mind run wildly into the past—White was the word. He hands put on and took off the gloves that weren't there—searching for peace, searching for understanding, searching for a time and a place in her life when she'd had happiness for more than a little time. But of real age, always, wherever she turned in memory, Fate was there grinning at her horribly...

**She was too young**

The first time that Fate crept up behind her she was too young and joyful to recognize the evil thing that was to pursue her everywhere and never let her out of sight. How could she know the hard, cold, tough, the frightening fingers of her jinx, when she was so happy after running off with Oli and getting married? Only yesterday they had eloped, Gene Tierney, the beautiful girl from Texas, and Oleg Cassini, the handsome young clothes designer. As she stood next to Oli before the Justice of the Peace in Las Vegas, repeating the words “Till death us do part,” she felt a surge of happiness that she was sure no one else in the world had ever known before. Flushed with love and pride, she had hurried with Oli to the Western Union office and wired her parents the exciting news: the two wires—her and Cassini's—were to one another in her father's Green Farms, Connecticut, and the other to her mother in Hollywood—she imagined the expressions on their faces when they received the news: their pride would match her pride, their love would equal her love, their happiness would fuse with her happiness. With her happiness—and Oli's.

That day, it was, 1932...

On June 2, she received her parents' answer. Not by telegram or telephone, but in the cold, impersonal front pages of the newspapers she and Oli picked up at the hotel desk after eating their wedding breakfast in their room. She cringed at her mother's sobbiness. "Gene's just a misguided child carried away by a suave man of the world," Mrs. Tierney had told the reporters. "She could at least have let me announce her engagement... She could have had a church wedding with everything formal and in good taste."

But it was her father's words that cut like a knife. "I wish Gene had stuck to her own standards—not allowed herself to go Hollywood."

She read it and wanted to cry. It was as if her father's words that cut like a knife—she called in reporters and answered her parents the way they had answered her, in print, "I have my own life to live," she said. "I'm sorry my mother and father disapprove... but I can understand why they do not see that this is the most important thing in my life." But she expressed hope, too, "I love my husband, and I know that I will win my parents over."

What she didn't know, couldn't know until later, was that Fate had taken a lease on her soul. Fate, having found her a vulnerable and easy victim, wasted no time in casting her the force and power of its ugly hand.

Gene was confident that this time would heal the misunderstanding between her and her parents. When 20th Century-Fox tore up her old contract, under which she received $750 a week, and gave her a new one raising her weekly salary to $1,250, she informed Mother and Dad immediately that there was no further need for the Belle-Tier Corporation, the family corporation which her father had set up to protect her earnings, and to save on taxes. Now, although she was still a minor, she was a working girl. Nobody was going to stand in the way of a married woman. And the studio had worked out a most favorable contract for her.

She was very pleased with the new arrangement, and knew her parents would share her pleasure.

And again her father answered. This time with a law-suit. He sued his daughter for $50,000 and contested her new contract. Fate, who had objected to her marriage to Oli, she'd felt as if she'd been slapped in the face. Now it was much worse—she'd been knocked to the ground and kicked in the heart. "What am I?" she asked herself dazedly. "A daughter—or an investment?" All her love and admiration for her father drained out of her, leaving her helpless, without hope, and afraid. If this could happen, anything could happen.

There was a nasty legal battle between her father and herself, but his claims were thrown out of court. When she was told of the victory, she shook her head numbly. She had won a law-suit, she had lost a father.

**All her fault**

When shortly afterward, Howard and Belle Tierney were divorced after twenty-five years of marriage and her father soon took another wife, she was convinced it was her fault. Mother had deserted, she brooded. "If I didn't go on the stage against their wishes, if I didn't marry Oli without consulting them, and if I didn't sign a new contract without Daddy—they'd still be together."

But she had defended, and they'd gotten a divorce because of her. Nothing Oli could say or do made her think otherwise.

Now Fate prepared a terrible blow. But first the usual bait was dangled before
her. This was to be the pattern, the ever-repeating, heartless pattern—hold out happiness, then snatch it away.

Living with Oll was like living on a cloud. She wasn’t Gene Tierney the star now, she was a war-time wife keeping house near Fort Riley, Kansas. While her husband went to Officers’ Training School, she cooked and cleaned, shopped and mended. While her sister, like other wives were doing all over the country. And then, to make her happiness complete, she discovered she was going to have a baby.

She had to share her joy with her friends in Hollywood, so she flew back to the Coast for a brief visit. One night she made a guest appearance at the Hollywood canteen to entertain the troops. She was about to fly back to Oll when she came down with a short but violent attack of German measles. When she returned to Kansas, the doctors advised, “Don’t have your baby. It’s too dangerous.” The baby was little and had to be kept in an incubator.

The days went by; she felt fine and walked around in her room and out in the hospital courtyard. She talked to the babies and told them stories. The babies were brought in to their mothers for bottle feeding or breast nursing. Each time a nurse would come near her door, bearing a pink bundle out of which would sometimes stick a little hand or a tiny foot, her heart would skip a beat. “Daria,” she would say to herself, “Daria.” But it wouldn’t be Daria, it wouldn’t be her baby; it was always someone else’s.

One day she met a young woman who had just come out in the hall with other mothers—and with various fathers and brothers and sisters and grandparents and great-grandparents. She was an intern for the hospital. She told her what a thrill it was knowing that the babies were going to grow up to be healthy, adorable babies. But her divorce from Oll was inevitable.

After her leaving her husband, she plunged into work—making pictures after picture after picture. She made a priority of getting her life together, drawing Tots, and leaving Daria, a normal, healthy, adorable baby. But her divorce from Oll was inevitable.

After her leaving her husband, she plunged into work—making pictures after picture after picture. She made a priority of getting her life together, drawing Tots, and leaving Daria, a normal, healthy, adorable baby. But her divorce from Oll was inevitable.

For the first time she noticed that each incubator baby had a tag attached to the front of its enclosure. So she began to read the names on them. Virginia Ferguson, Dryer, Lee, Polsky. And that was all! Seven incubator babies, but where was hers? She knuckled on the door to get an attention. And there was all the busy fussing over the youngsters. Then she beat on the glass with her fists, screaming. “Where is my baby? Where is my baby?”

A nurse lead her back to her room where her own baby was. When she saw the baby, she noticed that the baby’s head was down. She was amazed never to be normal. The German measles of her mother had contracted so early in pregnancy, had affected her central nervous system. There was nothing that could be done to help the child. Daria would be a life-long invalid. Perhaps God would let her husband find a way to help the infant, but as for now... And the doctor shook his head.

At that second she died completely insane. Oh, she went through the motions of being alive, in the weeks and months that followed, but actually she was like an animated mannequin that walked, and talked, and done her job—but worked—most of all, worked, until she was too tired to think, too numb to dream.

For a while she tried to keep pitiful little Daria with her, but at last she realized that she must let her daughter away from other handicapped children like herself, and put her in an institution.

Fate still was not satisfied. It had killed her heart, now it began to destroy her mind. Fate’s next move was as perverse as it was cruel.

Almost a year to the day after she had contracted German measles at the Hollywood canteen, she met a woman Marine who had seen the show that evening. “You didn’t happen to get measles afterward, did you?” the woman asked. “I so wanted to see you that I broke quarantine to come see you.”

Her heart, which had seemed dead so long, suddenly beat so fast and so hard that she thought it would burst. The fingersnails on her right hand bit deeply into the web of her left wrist. Tears that had been held in check since she was a little girl pushed to the corners of her eyes. But they did not fall. Instead she turned to look at the smile, and said, flatly—in a voice from the grave, “Yes, I had the measles.”

After that, nothing mattered. She separated from Oll, reconciled with him and hid him and told them, of Daria, a normal, healthy, adorable baby. But her divorce from Oll was inevitable.

And then she sat down at the side of her bed and told her about Daria. Daria was made to be never be normal. The German measles of her mother had contracted so early in pregnancy, had affected her central nervous system. There was nothing that could be done to help the child. Daria would be a life-long invalid. Perhaps God would let her husband find a way to help the infant, but as for now... And the doctor shook his head.

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too good for the over-simplified parts they play here. Richard goes on being ruthless and Robert goes on being noble while their feud lasts through three generations of life in Alaska. The fight is rough on the girls mixed up in it: Car- 

ylana Jones, who loses both men; Martha 

Hyer, who marries Burton and regrets it; Diane McBain, who tries to be a loyal granddaughter to the two pioneers as they wrangle over statehood.

WARNER, TECHNICOLOR

Carry On, Nurse

KIDDING THE GIRLS IN WHITE: ADULT

Here's the first in a comedy series that has the British in stitches. It's funny on this side of the Atlantic, too, because it's based on a simple fact that newspaperman Terence Longdon discovers when he checks in to get rich of his appendix. Just this: Being a hospital patient is awfully hard on a man's dignity. The movie doesn't bother with plot; simply strings together a lot of jokes about eccentric patients and wacky nurses. As you'd expect, the humor gets a bit earthy.

COLUMBIA

13 Ghosts

SILLY CHILLER, OKAY FOR KIDS: FAMILY

Small fry in the audience will probably take the same attitude that little Charles Herbert does here: He's perfectly delighted—and hardly ever scared—to meet all the star boarders in the haunted house, which father Donald Woods has inherited from a crazy uncle. But big sister Jo Morrow behaves like a proper horror-movie heroine. There's some jazz involving cardboard specs that the audience is told to put on every so often, and it's kind of fun to go along with the gag.

COLUMBIA

Why Must I Die?

PRETENTIOUS CRIME VARY: ADULT

These movie-makers must have decided "I Want to Live!" would have put up a stronger argument if its heroine had been a good girl and innocent beyond a doubt. So poor Terry Moore winds up on trial for a murder com-

mitted by Debra Paget (who's more interesting as a sex-cracker than she ever was as a sweet young thing). Sure enough, Terry's death-house sufferings are painful to watch—but not exactly in the way intended.

AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL

scribed furiously in their notebooks. "He told me he loved me long before that. He proposed a year ago May and I told him I thought it would be a good idea. I cer-

tainly consider myself engaged to the very much in love... We will probably be married in six months, I imagine in Europe."

As she talked, her eyes were only on Aly. He nodded his head in agreement at every word she said. A newspaper woman on the scene wrote the following for the world to read: "I don't think I've ever seen two people so happy. Gene Tierney was in ecstasy."

Suddenly six months seemed too much to wait. Aly made frantic phone calls to local authorities, but the officials would not consider it. Aly, an old-six-months-before-marriage rule, even for a Prince and his glamorous bride-to-be.

Now Fate stepped in again, using its instrument Aly's father. Aly Khan III, was the wealthiest man of the Western world, worth half a billion dollars.

The Aga Khan had been badly hurt when, after Aly's divorce from Rita Hay-

worth, he had been unable to see his granddaughter, Yasmin, despite the fact that she was the first girl baby to be born in his family for 200 years. He sent word to his son, "You cannot marry another movie star. If you marry Miss Tierney, I will cut you off, but equally, her implied in this message, was the threat that he would disinherit his son, stripping him of political power and wealth."

Then Aly Khan, Lord of Fate, took Aly Khan chose duty. He broke the news to her gently and with great tenderness, but at the moment she heard the words, "I cannot marry you," her world dissolved into total, starved lacrimose.

She could not sleep. She did not eat. She would not talk to anyone. One evening, alone and in a daze, she went to a fashion-

able night club and sat by herself at a ringside table. She was wearing a grey dress and gloves. Very deliberately, and with infinite care, she began to take them off, one finger at a time. Then she put them back on, as carefully as she had removed them, spreading each finger until it was skin-

tight before going on to the next. Again and again she repeated this ritual, not listening to the music, not ordering, not looking, not eating. They played to an empty audience and put them back on, over and over and over.

Her mind had snapped and she was com-

mitted to a Connecticut asylum. For eight-

een months, she and her own private world, a world of inkly blackness, of babbl-

ing voices, of flitting ghosts out of the past. She was finally released from the mental sanitarium, but on the day before Christmas in 1957, she and her husband, the Aga Khan, released from the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas. There, painfully, slowly, the doctors helped her to pierce the darkness, hear the voices clearly, meet the ghosts, recognize the face. After eight months she was released as cured. Fate had been defeated.

She returned to Hollywood and was greeted with affection and love at 20th Century Fox. She had been a super-

star for eighteen years and had played the lead in more than twenty-five major films. She was signed to star opposite Clifton Webb in "Holiday for Lovers." Her hotel room was filled with flowers and presents, a hundred bouquets, from co-workers, friends, and complete strangers who just wanted to wish her well. Looking around at all the flowers she said, "I feel like a bride."

More confident than she had been in years, she even dated Aly Khan again, who was now Pakistan's ambassador to the United Nations. The whole world opened before her—fame and beautiful and beautiful final days for her.

But Fate had not finished with her yet. The old fears and feelings of guilt came back to plague her. She fought for her san
ty, but the pressures around her were too much. Shortly after New Year's in 1958, she tried to commit suicide at the Menninger Clinic. For eight long months she retracted her past again. One day one of the doctors asked her to tell them about the time when Fate had first clutched her, about the time her father had lied to her parents and married her to Oli and had sued her for $50,000. Her gray-green eyes blinked and then she laughed. "Oh that!" she said. "I lived through it!"

But the doctor suddenly gripped her arm. "That was a very serious thing, Miss Tierney," he said. "I want you to cry about it if you feel like it. But don't laugh. Don't laugh." And he slapped her hand.

"She did not laugh anymore. But she still was unable to cry.

Yet the doctors had given her under-

standing. Always in the past, whenever some terrible thing had happened—the loss of her father's love, her daughter's death, her marriage to the woman Ma-

rine, her divorce from Oli, the breakup of her romance with Aly Khan, her relapse after her first visit to Menninger's—she'd hidden her feelings behind a ladylike ex-

terior. A smile, hard work, white gloves: these had been her defenses against the world. She couldn't do them now. Her parents had drummed into her. "Don't let other people know when you're hurt!" And her bottled-up feelings and damned-up emotions had produced a perfect 

tentatively, with great care, as a child tries to walk again after falling, she re-

entered the world of reality and of love. She became an out-patient and lived off the hospital grounds and part-time in a small dress shop in Topeka.

When her former fiancé, the Aga Khan, proposed to her again, she was overjoyed. He married her and they adopted two children. And as she sat in her car looking at the world, she realized that she was happy. She was free. She was alive.

We make our own fate

Her hands, in the process of putting on gloves that weren't there, suddenly stopped. She had remembered something else, something about her past. She had forgotten until this moment. Aly's fam-

iliar, handsome face, looking directly at her from the newspaper photograph, seemed to be saying the same words once again.

"Most of the time, we make our own destiny. We can't control some things—accident, illness, the place and way in which we will die—but it's what we do and what we become that govern everything else.

Hadn't this been what the doctors had been trying to tell her all the time? she thought. If you have the courage to be your own mistress, this is sometimes true. Sometimes sure, sometimes uncertain... to a large degree you can make your own fate, you can fashion your own destiny.

She closed her eyes and tried to think of the photograph of Aly. And she let the tears run down her cheeks.

Some time later she went to the telephone to call Howard—to tell him every-

thing was all right, to tell him how much she loved him. And they got married on their wedding day on July 11, 1960.
headed for her bedroom. She pulled out the top drawer of her bureau, set it on her bed and stood there, contemplating her Memory Drawer. Stacked neatly in it were reminders of all the milestones, big and small in her life. Each dusty, fading keepsake had a special meaning; they were keys that let her enter a world that was no more, and walk through memory lanes—and laugh a little and cry a little.

Twelve years ago, she had come home from the dentist’s office. She’d never ever had pulled wrapped in tissue paper. She’d dumped some scarves and belts out of this drawer, put the tooth right in the middle and started her collection. Over the years, it had piled higher and higher, until now, the drawer was almost full. Paradoxically, she rarely looked through the drawer, because, as she often told friends, “I don’t like to live in the past; it depresses me.”

But somehow, today, she wanted to roll back the years and dust off the old memories and visit old friends and half-forgotten places. And then, she wanted to be all by herself while she reminisced.

So she poked her head around the staircase and called to her mother in the kitchen. “Mom, can I have a little drive before dinner? Okay?”

“Be careful, Connie,” her mother called back. “And try to be home by six in time for dinner.

“I will,” Connie replied. She picked up the drawer, carried it down the back stairs to the garage and gently placed it on the front seat of the family car. She slid in beside it, gunned the motor, backed out of the driveway, drove into the quiet residential area until she reached her favorite spot—a shady little glen just on the outskirts of town. This was her favorite retreat, her own little island, which she discovered quite by accident right after her family had moved to Bloomfield, N. J., two years ago. There was a little brook that hissed and gurgled, and masses of oak trees and mossy roots. The trees and bushes muted traffic noises from the highway beyond and it was almost like being shut off from the rest of the world in a cool, green sanctuary.

She slid off the back of the convertible and the radio and sank down on the seat until the back of her head rested against its top. The top of the convertible was down and she could look up and up into the blue sky. She sighed and breathed deeply. It all smelled so nice and fresh and clean.

Inside the Memory Drawer

She wriggled around to a sideways position, drew her knees up onto the seat, tucked one leg under the other and pulled the Memory Drawer closer to her. She plucked her hand into it and, rummaging around near the bottom, dug out a packet of yellowing, brittle paper dolls. She removed the clips that held them together and spread them out on her lap. There were the Grables and the Hayworths—all in different “outfits.” When she was a kid it had been a big fad to cut these paper model dolls out. For some reason, it wasn’t the size of your collection that mattered as much as whether or not your dolls had the most valuable clothes.

She grinned delightedly as she remem-

bered the clever bit of bargaining she did with one of her girlfriends to get the Rita Hayworth with the glamorous gown. She’d pointed out with innocent logic that since this girl had two Rita Hayworths and she, Connie, had two Jane Powells—why didn’t they just switch dolls? She had to add a "furnicase" to the Jane Powell doll to clinch the trade—but even so, she was secretly convinced that she’d gotten the best deal: the Rita Hayworth, unquestionably, had the most expensive outfit. It remained the queen of her collection.

Connie smiled to herself. How important it had all seemed then. . . . She stacked the dolls together, replaced the clip and laid them on the seat next to the humdrum drawer. She stood in the drawer again and came out with a dog-eared, greasy packet of cards: her trading cards. Collecting illustrated playing cards had been a widespread and favorable pastime of the grammar-school set.

You traded them as cunningly as you could, sometimes spending as long as an hour over one swap. And then, little groups of friends would get into a fandango to see who’d ended up with the prettiest ones. The cards—and her Rita Hayworth doll—were the most important things in her life. At that time, boys didn’t even exist.

She turned her attention to a frayed, ink-smudged bunch of papers held together with a faded, stringy red ribbon. These were the letters. Well, to be completely honest, they weren’t all love letters. . . . Many of them were just little notes, written in hasty, crooked scrawls on crumpled notebook paper, asking for a soda or help with a homework problem. They came from male admirers, sitting three rows behind her in Geography, or Math, or English, and they had been compressed, crumpled, hand-to-hand, under the desks to escape the watchful eyes of the teacher.

Because they had come from boys and because they had sadly eluded the teachers, they were the most romantic, and she had saved them all.

Lenny Williams

She divided them into little piles according to their writers. The biggest pile had come from Lenny Williams. She smiled. Lenny had been her boy-friend—and the second fellow she’d ever dated. He was a senior at Belleville High during her junior year. He was captain of the football team, one of the most popular guys in the school, an all-American. She had been trying to get him out of school for so long she was sure, even if you were blue and miserable—whenever Lenny did. And he had dimples.

She loved dimples.

She remembered the very first time he had asked her out. She had just gotten her “new figure” as she liked to put it. Actually, she had lost thirty pounds and felt changed from an ugly duckling to a swanly young lady. The boys were quick to note the difference. Where they’d previously ignored her, she now drew admiring notices. But Lenny had remained kind of aloof. It made him all the more appealing. Once or twice, she had a feeling that he was trying to catch her eye, that if she lingered, he’d come up to her. But still self-conscious about her new attractiveness, she’d be flustered and run away. This time, she’d been busily engrossed in conversation with a girlfriend and she’d bumped smack into him right outside the door of her math class.

She’d flushed, started to mumble, “Excuse me,” and slip away, but he’d grinned, fixed those magnetic blue eyes full on hers and said lightly, “Hi there, Miss Always-in-a-Hurry. Can you stand still long enough for me to tell you that you’ve just been voted The Most Popular Girl in our class?”
She'd stared, dumbfounded. A few months before she would never have dreamed of being voted anything more glamorous than The Girl Most Likely To Win A Pizza-Eating Contest! You’re kidding,” she whispered.

He folded his arms and rocked back and forth on his heels. He shook his head. “Nope.”

Her eyes narrowed suspiciously. “Who voted for me?”

He grinned. “Well, I did.” He admitted. “But that’s beside the point. What’s most important is, will you go to the dance with me on Saturday?”

She grinned back. “I’d love to.”

Now she smiled reassuringly and looked up through the leaves high above her head.

Thepatches of sky glowed pink and orange and the sun, like a fireball that setting sun’s rays were more directly focused, it looked as if the leafy “roof” was actually on fire.

Lea felt she had loved this little nest, she thought. It was almost as nice as “their” place where they went after the dances or the parties, or the movies; the pretty road by the lake near Belleville, where she’d lie on the convertible, with the top down, and they’d park, and she’d rest her head on his shoulder, pleasantly aware of the rough, tweedy texture of his sports jacket against her cheek; he’d have his arm around her and the back of his head resting against the top of the seat and they’d look up, as she was doing now. Only there were no trees, just miles of empty fields, like hundreds of diamonds casually arranged on a dark blue velvet display cloth.

Once, she could have sworn that a star had winked just at her, and she giggled and pointed and said, “Is that Honey, they’re signaling at us. From up there?”

He ruffled her hair and scoffed softly, her eyes still glued to the hypnotic sparks above. “I don’t know, Honey. They’re signaling at us.”

And then they’d talk, sometimes about philosophy and abstract things, sometimes more realistically, about school and the people they knew. But mainly they talked about what they wanted to do with their lives. He was going to college to study law or economics. She cooed her dreams of becoming a great singer. But not for all her life, because one day she wanted to get married, and she declared in all seriousness, “have a dozen kids.” He laughed, and even they’d all have to be boys, so they could hold their own basketball tournaments!

Every single time, he’d lean down and kiss her on the tip of her nose. And then they’d talk about themselves. He never said he loved her in so many words. But there are some things a girl doesn’t have to be told. She just knows. She liked him. He was rather tall, and had outlined her face with love and with love. Of course, never having been in love she wasn’t sure. . . . She did know that it would be a long time before she was ready to settle down.

She’d been talking about her plans. The standard one was about going steady. He agreed; he wanted to; she didn’t. At times, the quarrels would be so fierce that she’d angrily pull away from him, her eyes flashing, her face burning, and he’d come close to her door as she could anger, in a voice low with contempt, “Take me home immediately.”

He’d scowl. “I can’t stay white with rage. I honestly grind the gears, jerk the car around, drive her home and let her get out by herself. “Good night!” he’d call, as she ran up the steps. “Good night!” she’d shout over her shoulder, hoping it sounded like “good riddance.”

A few days later, she’d get a letter in the mail, or he’d call, and she’d read in one of her textbooks. Invariably it said something like: 

“Have I changed my mind, Connie. I’m not one to back down from my principles. I’ve made up my mind that no. I believe strongly I think about you and you must know how much I like you——enough is enough. So I guess this is it, Connie. I wouldn’t have even bothered to write if I didn’t put this or any other note. I’ve written you in your Memory Drayer. Destroy this!” Of course, she’d immediately put it with the others. And when he’d con-fessed she’d have wondered worried, “You did destroy it, didn’t you?” she’d nodded reassuringly.

Now she looked at it and the rest of the notes and remembered. The last date she’d ever made with Lenny had been to go to his Senior Prom. She’d never kept it.

**Her first prom**

For months, he’d saved his money for the big event. She’d excitedly looked forward to attending her first prom. She had a frilly new dress, in chiffon and pump, and each night, for weeks before, she fell into a blissful sleep, imagining herself gliding across the dance floor in Lenny’s arms. It seemed too good to be true. And it was.

The night before, her father found out a post-prom party was to be held in New York, and insisted there’d be drinking and it would be late. And he didn’t think it would be safe or wise for her to be driving all that way under those conditions. As a matter of fact, he wouldn’t allow it.

Connie begged and cajoled and promised that she wouldn’t let Lenny touch a drop of liquor. But he remained adamant. He shook his head stubbornly. His voice was kind but firm: “I’m sorry, Connie. I hate to spoil your fun. But it’s too big a risk. If it weren’t in New York and you didn’t have to drive so late at night.”

She was heartbroken. She ran up the stairs so badly, and fell down on her bed and cried until she could hardly breathe. Then she flopped on her side and lay there, her body still shaking, clinging to the outline of the prom dress as it hung temptingly from a hook on the closet door. In a helpless burst of blind anger, she leaped to her feet, snatched it off the hanger and flung it at her and scowled and glared at it, as if it were the cause of her misery. Then, slowly, she walked over, stooped down, picked it up. When she regained her composure, she called Lenny.

“Sorry, honey. What did I do wrong?” he blurted out incredulously.

She couldn’t bring herself to tell him the truth. “I’m sorry,” she said as evenly as she could, “but an important club date has come up for me.”

“You’ve got to sing? Tomorrow? After all the plans and——everything!” he cried in exasperation. “Honestly, Connie, I don’t understand you. I thought you wanted to——”

“I didn’t, honey. I didn’t,” she said, and he hurried off, his face crumpling with mingled fustration at someone who didn’t find his plans important or that club date?”
Each word seared her like a red-hot iron. But she was past feeling any new pain. She said dully, "Well, it's a big break for my career..."

She hardly heard his tired, "Okay, Connie. That's all I wanted to tell you."

She'd been talking to college with Lenny. They had coffee and sat for hours reminiscing about old friends and old times. Once, Lenny's name came into the conversation and he flushed with embarrassment and mumbled something, but Lenny still liked her and she felt her pulse quicken even in that split second before he changed the subject. Neither of them mentioned Lenny's name again. She knew that Lenny would have voted for her. He wasn't wishy-washy. He wouldn't come crawling back. She understood. It hurt, but she understood, just as she knew he understood. He'd crawcd, he'd been hurt, and her eyes tinged with the realization that she'd never achieve this goal. Too often, these nights, she'd find herself lying tensely in bed, exhausted by a strenuous day's activities but unable to sleep. She'd toss restlessly, and clutch her pillow and wonder, "Where am I going? What's ahead?"

She'd shut her eyes tight and try to project herself ten years into the future. Sometimes she'd see a happily married wife and mother and shed and easily off to sleep. But other nights, try as she would, she didn't seem anything but emptiness, black emptiness... and unanswerability... and unhappiness. And she'd sit up, staring at her eye wide open and choking off a cry of desperation.

Once, while she was on tour in a strange city, lying in the dark late at night and feeling vulnerable, she'd seen herself she had shut her eyes and seen the empty blackness again, and she'd blurted out her fear to her secretary, friend and traveling companion, Sandy Constantine: "Sandy, did you ever think in your life that you would never get married?"

Sandy answered slowly, "I don't know. I never thought about it like that." And she cried out, "Well, I have. And sometimes... sometimes I wonder if I ever will..."

The Good Luck charm

Now she felt the same wave of hopelessness flooding her and she hunched over the steering wheel, leaned her head on one hand, waiting for one to sob uncontrollably. After a while, there were no more tears, the pressure in her chest subsided and she felt curiously light-headed, limp and spent, as if she'd just run a long distance without stopping. She sank back and slowly began to replace her treasures in the Memory Drawer. As she finished, she spied a corroded aluminum Good Luck charm, in the shape of a horseshoe, half hidden between the car seats. She retrieved it. The greenish lettering read, "Good Luck—Connie and Gene—Palisades, 1956." The class outing. She'd gone with Burt Sevemelli. He's at Harvard Law School now, and she'd heard he was engaged to a wonderful girl.

She smiled tremulously and closed her fingers over the trinket. She stared thoughtfully at the Memory Drawer. There was still room for the most important Memory bits of all: a marriage license and the birth certificates of her children. She opened her hand and studied the charm. Once, a long, long time ago, she'd believed, that if you wished on a Good Luck charm, if you wished with all your might, your wish would come true. She squeezed the horseshoe charm until it dug into her hand. She took a deep breath, closed her eyes and made one big wish...The End

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

D JON
JANKA DOT
FRANCIS H
LIT K TONE
P PRESLEY
P W ELL
PATTI PAGE
AM LADY
UM SNORE
UL EMOTIONS
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REMEMBER;

The old man who walked by

the sea;

He did not talk with men

but only dreamed of lilies

and sunflowers; he called

to his country-town

and spoke of ancient

and famous deeds;

he walked on tiptoe

and spoke the language of youth.

—Oliver W. Holmes

September 1912

FOR FULLER REVIEWS SEE PHOTOGAP FOR THE MONTHS INDICATED. FOR FULL REVIEWS THIS MONTH, SEE PAGE 8. (A—ADULT F—FAMILY)

ALL THE YOUNG MEN—Columbia: Earnest but often familiar drama of youth at war. In Korea, Sidney Poitier leads a cut-off Marine platoon that includes yet Alan Ladd and greener James Darren. Glenn Corbett, Ingegna Johansson. (F) September

APARTMENT, THE—U.A.: Panavision: Half funny, half serious, this nervy film takes a sharp look at the low-going-on in Jack Lemmon’s apartment. Jack’s fine work is almost matched by Shirley MacLaine’s, as his beloved: Fred MacMurray’s, as his boss. (A) August

BELLs ARE RINGING—M-G-M: Cinema-Scope, Metrocolor: Too-faithful recording of Judy Holliday’s bright Broadway musical, with Dean Martin a welcome addition as her favorite customer. She’s a phone-answering-service gal who worries about the clients. (F) August

BOBBIKKINS—20th., Cinema-Scope: Fresh, delightful comedy gives an Anglo-American show biz couple (Max Bygraves, Shirley Jones) an angel-faced baby—with the fantastic ability to spout big words! (F) July

CHARTROUSE CABOOSE—U-I: Panavision. Eastman Color: Rambling carload of homespun fun. Old railroad man Edgar Buchanan helps elope Molly Bee, Ben Cooper. (F) September

DINOSAURUS—U-I: Cinema-Scope, De Luxe Color: Kids will love little Alan Roberts, as a Caribbean boy who makes a pet of a horto-saurus, a pal of an apeman—both revived today in this comic-style thriller. (F) August

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER—THE—A-I: Cinema-Scope. Color: Truly terrifying, imaginative version of Poe’s classic, with Mark Damon as guest in a deserted mansion where his sweetheart (Myrna Fahey) and her brother (Vincent Price) await death. (A) September

FROM THE TERRACE—20th., Cinema-Scope, De Luxe Color: Success and marriage to rich Joanne Woodward do not bring Paul Newman happiness; so he seeks it with sweet Ina Balin. Over-length, often obvious. (A) September

I’M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Lion International: The British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-loaded shambles. As a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael’s a humber whose honesty starts a riot. (A) July

IT STARTED IN NAPLES—Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor: A tough, lovable kid named Marietto steals this sentimental frollick from Clark Gable, as his American uncle, and Sophia Loren, as the aunt who’s raised the orphan—improperly, Clark says. September

MURDER, INC.—20th., Cinema-Scope: Fact-based racket-smasher features Burt Britt and Stuart Whitman as a weak-willed young couple drawn into the Syndicate. Peter Falk scores as business-like crime boss. (A) September

POLLYANNA—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Wonderful Hayley Mills, thirteen, highlights the happy surprise of the year. She’s the orphan who gives a 1912 small town a good shaking-up. A strong adult cast, topped by Jane Wyman and Richard Egan, supports Hayley. (F) August

PORTRAIT IN BLACK—U-I, Eastman Color: This entertaining suspense thriller is really dressed to kill, in its handsome San Francisco settings. Sandra Dee and John Saxon are endangered young lovers: Lana Turner and Anthony Quinn, murderous older pair. (A) September

PSYCHO—Paramount, VistaVision: It’s gory, gruesome but all in fun, thanks to director Hitchcock, who sends Janet Leigh, John Gavin and Vera Miles to a very peculiar motel run by Tony Perkins. (A) September

RAT RACE, THE—Paramount: VistaVision, Technicolor: With Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis co-starred, it’s easy to get all upset over the struggle to make good in wicked New York, though Debbie’s essentially dishonest role creates a problem for her. (A) August

Savage Eye, The—Trans-Lux: A truly unusual movie, intensely personal, frighteningly real, takes you inside the mind of a lost divorcée. Barbara Baxley, lacking love, sees only ugliness in Los Angeles. (A) July

Snow Queen, The—U-I, Eastman Color: Alternately creaky and charming, a Russian cartoon retells the Andersen fairy-tale. On the all-American sound-track, Sandra Dee, Tommy Kirk speak up as sweethearts. (F) Max

Song Without End—Columbia: Cinema-Scope, Eastman Color: Dirk Bogarde’s romantic good looks suit the role of composer-pianist Franz Liszt, whose life is seen as a piano concerto and costume pageant, with stormy personal drama on the side. (A) September


Strangers When We Meet—Columbia: Cinema-Scope, Eastman Color: Juicy as a bit of subhurn gossip, an illtude love story teams Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak, Acting honors go to Barbara Rush, as Kirk’s wife; Erin Kowars, as his screwball client. (A) August

Tarzan the Magnificent—Paramount, Technicolor: Africa and Gordon Scott’s muscles are beautiful as ever, while the jungle hoy battles a western-type outlaw gang. Jack Oakie’s the meanest of all. (A) September

Time Machine, The—M-G-M: Pioneer science-fiction by H. G. Wells has a nice atmosphere of 1900. That is Rod Taylor’s takeoff point for his time trip through this war-ravaged century to the far future—uglier yet, except for Yvette Mimieux. (F) September

Walk Like a Dragon—Paramount: In a new and sound switcheeroo on westerns, good-looking James Shigeta and winsome Nobu McCarthy are young Chinese baffled by American ways. Jack Lord is Nobu’s rescuer. (A) August
IN LOVE

Continued from page 39

attentive ways—he didn’t table-hop like so many men in Hollywood. It was a real fun evening and so, after that, we had others. He took me to premieres, studio parties, the Golden Globe Awards dinner—all formal things, but he always had fun. And when you’re laughing a lot, and talking your head off, you don’t realize what’s happening.

What did happen was something that hit John and caught him off guard just as it hit Connie. He was the one who told me of an evening that started like the others but turned out very special.

John said, "We were there weren’t even each other’s dates that night," John said shaking his head in wonderment at the strange ways of love. "She was with someone else—I don’t remember who—but it wasn’t Gary. And I was with a girl. Who? I don’t remember that either—only that she wasn’t Connie, because the moment I walked in and saw Connie, I was suddenly aware that she was here. Then I decided, All our other dates had been such a ball—she’s a great girl, that Connie." The party, which was in somebody’s house, was going fine. A combo played rock ‘n’ roll, and I sat in and did impromptu bits. Kenny Miller sang, then Connie, then Burt Reynolds was on, and he called John up next. The combo took the opening bars of “Don’t Be Cruel.”

John told me, “I was at one end of the room and Connie was at the other, but suddenly our eyes found each other and I was singing to her—only her in that whole room. I never sang like that before. I was letting myself go! If I’d wanted to tear my eyes away from her face, I couldn’t! I couldn’t stop looking at her. And—she was smiling.” John’s second song told her even more.

He’d chosen “Trying to Get to You.”

“I felt like I was doing a scene from a movie about teclimcolor,” he told me. You know, the kind where the heroine and the villains start playing. Maybe a rock ‘n’ roll beat isn’t exactly the haunting sound of a hundred violins—but that’s what it was.

When he finished, he went across the room and sat next to Connie. The silence between them was so electric that she had to break the tension with talk. "She bubbled over," John said. "She praised my singing to the skies, said she’d never heard me ‘live’ before, and it was good. She was so excited that I felt like Frank Sinatra! That’s how Connie makes a guy feel, anyway, but you also know, she didn’t say anything she doesn’t mean.

“We got up to dance—and that was it! We were in a roomful of people and we were alone in a dressing room, I didn’t know where my date was, Connie didn’t know where hers was. We’d danced together plenty of times, but tonight we were doing the same steps and everything was different. She was different from all those others.

“It’s a great feeling, you know. I knew it—and she knew it. Only we didn’t say it.”

“I thought you’d never ask!”

Next morning, John phoned and asked her out. And this was different, too. In the past, it had been a rising young star involving a friend to escort her to something her best beau couldn’t make. An arranged thing. This time it was John asking Connie because he wanted to. Because now he realized that she’d spoofed other girls for him. Just the first few premieres and parties with Connie, and after that he’d often felt that dates with other girls fell flat. Now he knew why. But he still had hard trouble saying it, because she was Gary’s girl. So he didn’t say it. But he’d seen her eyes last night, finding his across the room as his own gaze searched for her. He’d danced with her, sharing a silence that said more than words. And so in the morning he called her. He asked couldn’t they go somewhere, just the two of them, no parties, no crowds, no premiers. And no dressing up—just a casual date. She didn’t answer for a long time, while he waited. And then she laughed happily. "Oh John, she said, "I thought you’d never ask!"

Next evening they went to dinner at Kelbo’s, which specializes in Hawaiian dishes. "Connie looked like a Hawaiian dish herself in caprius and a flowery blouse. John said with me in blue, and a sport shirt. It was the first time we’d go out when she wasn’t in three inch heels. She seemed so little in her sandals, like a twentysomething only cut in two. We had a waiter named Henry, a special dinner, and frosted drinks served in scooped out pineapples. We sat in a booth,

E-here we didn’t need crowds around to make our evening exciting! Then we decided on an impulse, to go to the movies. We found an all-night show with a double bill: neither of us had seen. We bought a box of buttered popcorn and sat holding hands and loving ourselves, when we’d just eaten. We got out of there at four in the morning.

"Ever since that night, Kelbo’s has been our place. We’ve been to the same booth, the same waiter, the same dinner and the same scooped out pineapple confection. Funnily how doing the same thing over and over again is exciting when you’re with the right person. Connie has been seeing me two or three times a week—but she also sees Gary as much as ever. I guess it sounds like a kooky situation, but the three of us accept it and there’ve been no complaints from the other two who talk about triangles, and say I came between them. In a way I did, and I don’t want to hurt Gary, we’ve been friendly for years. But in a way I didn’t—it just happened.

“’I’d be lying if I said I was sorry. Connie makes a fellow feel like he’s a king, the greatest things that ever walked. She can be serious, or she can clown, but she always has the right words about anything you need them the most. We don’t talk about the future, about John Ashley and Gary Clarke, we just have fun. But it couldn’t work if Connie wasn’t so honest with both of us and herself. She’s so sincere and down to earth, so open about her feelings that I’m grateful for every moment with her. All I know is, we’re together, and magic happens. Call it chemistry or whatever—but it happens.”

Connie knows this is how John feels, and she can’t say she’s sorry either, but it doesn’t solve her dilemma.

“The thing that jolts you most,” she said thoughtfully, “is when you discover that your new attraction hasn’t done anything to your feelings for your one and only. It sounds kooky, but that’s exactly the way it is. When I’m with John it’s the greatest. I think maybe . . . but then I see Gary and my heart still does flip-flops. When I’m with him it’s like always. Nothing changed. I love him but . . .

Love is confusing.

“It makes everything so this-side-and — that. I’ve had three wonderful years with Gary, and six wonderful months with John. On the one hand I’m in no rush to settle down, but on the other I know a husband and children are the most im-
portant things in the world. I’m pulled to two boys yet I know marriage for me will be a once-in-a-lifetime thing.”

The small fistics were under her chin again.

“Love,” she said, “it’s so confusing. But it’s so wonderful, too, that I don’t want to let it get me down. I don’t want to fight love, or fight myself against loving one or the other. I keep thinking of my favorite song. It’s not the way to do it. But I can’t get the words to change a little—’Some day they’ll come along, the men I love….’ We think of both of them! And I’m true to both of them. I know that once you’ve said it’s wrong to love two men at the same time, but until then, maybe it’s all right. What else can I do, what should I do?”

“My feelings for John go deep. We talk about everything endlessly,” Connie volunteered. “We were how in April, twelve young entertainers planned to fly together from Hollywood to Dallas to play a benefit. But then, and I deliberately missed the plane, I told her. “We wanted to be alone. We were literally up in the clouds. We talked the whole trip about life, ourselves, our work—everything.”

She sighed, and cupped her hands in her lap. “But we were all rich and—‘I-rong-to-do’ gesture. “I don’t know where it’s all going to lead,” she said. “When I’m with John I’m sure this is it. forever. Then I’m with Gary, and I can enjoy some fun.” “But I’m not the fickle type, actually. Am I really in love with two boys at the same time? How can I tell? I’ve been crazy over Gary since I was eighteen,” Connie confided on. “That was three years ago, and I’m still crazy over him.”

She didn’t fall for Gary right away. They met in a drama class and kept running into each other at odd moments until they found themselves working in the same small-budget picture. “Dragstrip Riot.”

“He was as easy to talk to as my brother,” Connie remembers, “and wonderful to work with, because he had such talent. We used to have lunch together every day, then sit on set in a corner by ourselves and study our lines. Until one day, a very pretty girl showed up. She sat watching up shoot, and soon as the cameras stopped she walked over to Gary, put her arm through his as if she owned him, and they walked off together. And there I sat in our business, too, and not to blame them, but I couldn’t help it. And I could hear them laugh together. Well, it was no concern of mine, he wasn’t my boyfriend—merely a friend.”

Her clear eyes crinkled with sudden laughter. “I guess I’m as logical as most girls,” she said. “Because the second after I shrugged the whole thing off as no business of mine, I suddenly saw—yes! I wasn’t going to sit there watching him two-time me under my very eyes! I got up, walked off the set and went home. Next day, I didn’t say one word to Gary except what was in the script. For a week I was like ice to him. And if he didn’t know why, that was his hard luck. I wasn’t even sure myself why I was so mad—I was just sore, insulted and feeling awful. My stom- ach felt all butterflies. I was so unfair.”

For a week, Gary went around looking confused over the sudden cold-shoulder treatment from his little friend. Funny, she’d always been like a nice little kid sister, a buddy, and now… Never hit him! Suddenly it dawned on him that Connie Stevens was also a girl, and maybe she didn’t like being treated like a cute little sister and a pal. But he wasn’t sure, and he didn’t quite know how to bring it out in the open. So he did nothing. Just let Connie ride out her mood.

“And that’s exactly what I did,” she said. “I couldn’t stay mad at him more than a week so I started talking and smiling and being very hard, he asked me out. It was divine. We went out once, twice, three times. Then, pow, both of us knew we’d fallen head over heels in love! We started going steady, and right from the beginning we talked about the marriage. But both of us wanted desperately to make a success before we considered settling down. Through those early hours of the day we had each other and our dreams and the wonderful knowledge that someday, when we had it made, we’d get married and spend the rest of our lives together.”

The kitten with the crooked smile

“Meanwhile, whatever we did was wonderful,” Gary added. “We couldn’t afford expensive dates, but a drive or a walk was great with me, or a fifty-cent neighborhood movie. Sometimes a whole gang of us ‘struggling artists’ would pool our change, rent a theater and come together. But we couldn’t afford a big meal, so we’d go to a coffee shop and drink coffee and eat French fries. Kids like Ed Byrnes, Mark Damon, John Ashley, Gary and I—we’d sit around the fire singing, or dreaming out loud how it would be when we made it. It kept us together.

Connie was very earnest as she remembered the struggling years for so many of them. “I used to pray for Gary’s chance that it would come, that it wouldn’t happen to him that Fate wouldn’t play it my way. I got my break and he’s still waiting. If our love wasn’t so real and deep it could have pulled us apart.”

But it didn’t. They went steady a year, two and into the third. They knew Connie would wait for him, forever if it had to be. But they also had an understanding. Gary knew how it was in their business, that a girl doing pictures, records and TV had to appear many places. He knew she went out with other boys, she would never try to hide that or anything from him, but he also knew that he was the one. And that if other men did take her to the Beachcomber, she was happier eating a hamburger with him at a drive-in.

But they were human, they had their quarrels, too. Once, after a fight, Connie deliberately dated another boy, not out of necessity but sheer spite. She admits it now. But her eyes go tender as she tells what happened. “My date took me home,” she said, “and there was a funny-shaped package sticking out of my mailbox. I pulled off the paper—it was a little stuffed kitten with pearl buttons for eyes and a crooked smile. No card, no note—but I knew. And it tore my heart. I couldn’t say goodnight to my date fast enough! Then I made a mad dash for the phone and called Gary. We made up for a hour.”

Eventually, Connie’s busyness and Gary’s side jobs began taking its toll of their time together. The “arranged” dates with other boys became more frequent. “Until the Christmas party last year,” Connie shook her blond head with a baffled expression on her pretty face. “I still don’t understand. A boy stands up in front of a roomful of people and sings a song. He looks right at you and you look back and your heart does nipups. You close your eyes, and tell yourself it’s crazy. Insane. It can’t be happening. Then you open your eyes and look into his, and you know it is happening!”

She wrapped her arms around her shoulders till she was in a huddle with herself and thinking—thinking hard.

THE END

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Doin' the Best I Can
I knew Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl hold hands at the movies. I watched them. Zsa Zsa turned square; she admits on the jacket of her book that she didn’t write her autobiography. Call me what you will, but I think Shirley MacLaine gives a finer and more legitimate performance in “The Apartment” than she did in “Some Came Running.” Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh have a television set in their bedroom. Simone Signoret’s real name is Simone Kaminker. She took her mother’s maiden name. I’m of the opinion Elvis is developing into a good actor; also, despite his name, Tab Hunter is a good actor. Marlene Dietrich’s Quotable Quote: “I’ve spent my life in show business which is supposed to be cruel and selfish. Yet I can honestly say that I’ve never been badly treated by any person.” It could come to the point where her admirers believe a day in the week was named after Tuesday Weld. Hollywood is a place where Kim Novak has a niche in her house waiting for her Oscar.

Lassie is a male. And he gets away with the impersonation even better than Jack Lemmon did in “Some Like It Hot.” Why doesn’t Millie Perkins make another movie? I’m for it. Yul Brynner, with hair, has yet to make a money-making picture. I’d like to see Jayne Mansfield play a role in a movie so that I didn’t know it was Jayne Mansfield. James Garner is as fast on the ad lib as almost any comic you can name. Nick Adams never demands top billing. He’s satisfied that the billing be alphabetically. Hollywood is a place where actors and actresses call themselves honest hypocrites.

I’d answer “Dana Wynter” if asked to name the most beautiful, cooperative and witty actress in town. Dana’s new hairdo was suggested by husband Greg Bautzer. No, he didn’t set it. It’s about time her studio gave Barrie Chase a good movie role. Can you imagine John Wayne a Method actor? Well, I can’t. I never see Ernie Kovacs and his big cigars but I think of Edie Adams warning him to be careful about spilling the ashes all over their new home. Gloria Grahame’s Quotable Quote: “I retire just as I really am. When I go to bed, I’m not acting.” Mamie Van Doren divides her wardrobe into two closets. One for “movie star clothes,” the other for her “around the house and street apparel.” If anyone tells you that you have to be beautiful to be a movie star, just mention Juliet Prowse. Talent and personality put her over. I’m accepting Alec Guinness as the best English comedian, and then they spring Peter Sellers on me. If ever a role was made for an actor and vice versa, it’s Burt Lancaster in “Elmer Gantry.” All the debits about Lancaster work as credits as Elmer. Kirk Douglas, with his flashing teeth, would have been my second choice for the role. Hollywood is a place where, if you exhibit good manners, they think you are a butler, an usher or out of work.

Barbara Stanwyck and her silver hair looks dignified to me. Joan Collins has been very quiet recently, considering the fact she is Joan Collins. I was pleased to read Anita Ekberg is being appreciated by people for her ability and not tape measurements. Hollywood is a place where a vicious rumor is that an actor is getting along very well with
Is Warren the reason for Joan’s change?

his wife. . . . I have a feeling if Robert Mitchum played an entire picture with his eyes wide open, they would say he was a Method Actor. . . . For some reason, I never tire of looking at Jean Simmons.

I keep believing Rick Nelson is going to grow into Elvis Presley. . . . Hugh O’Brian is the fastest gun in the west. He can take off his holster and makeup faster than any actor in westerns. . . .

Julie Newmar’s Quotable Quote: “I try to be feminine always. You’d be surprised how it helps, especially with men.” . . . I’m always surprised when I meet Audrey Hepburn in a delicatessen, no matter how many times I meet her there. . . . I don’t believe the rumor that Lassie and Rin Tin Tin are the best of friends. . . . Hollywood is a place where a weary actor will tell you that he’s going to Palm Springs for three days to get a weeks’ rest. That’s Hollywood For You.

Jack & Felicia: So when’s the wedding?

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Bobby Darin Gets An Earful; Connie Francis’ Big Mystery; Chubby Checker Starts A Craze

by PAUL DREW

STATION WGST, ATLANTA: It happened! The third greatest moment of my career in broadcasting—the chance to tell Bobby Darin in person that “Darin at the Copa” is the best album I’ve heard since Sinatra’s classic “Songs for Swingin’ Lovers.” The second greatest and greatest moments respectively were doing a live program with Fabian . . . and dating Connie Francis. I still don’t understand why Con won’t permit M-G-M to release her record of “Robot Man” in the U.S.—it made England’s top ten. Her album of “Spanish and Latin American Favorites” is sure to be a best-seller for years to come, and “My Heart Has a Mind of Its Own” is her seventeenth consecutive hit. Wow!

Watch Kenny Rossi’s popularity zoom upward with his much requested “Sandy” and “What’s Wrong.” . . . You’ll find the Everlys in the audience many Saturday nights at the Grand Ole Opry. Their “Lucille” and “So Sad” are being heard everywhere.

Lots of luck to anyone conquering the lyrics to “To Morrow” in the Kingston Trio’s “String Along.” . . . Nomination for the cover-of-the-year award to Fabian for “Bobby Sings.” The living color shot of Bobby Rydell is tops. So’s the music. . . . Know why his fans call him Mr. Sincerity? The answer’s heard in Tony Bennett’s “Alone Together.” . . .

Brian Hyland has six brothers and one sister—maybe that’s why he chose to include “Cozy Little Compact Car” in his album. “The Bashful Blond.” . . . Everybody in Tulsa’s still talking about how pretty Patti Page looked—after seeing her de-glamorized in “Elmer Gantry”—when the Singing Rage paid her hometown a visit recently to autograph copies of her book, “Once Upon a Dream.”

I’m glad that I haven’t said this before—the best Hawaiian album I’ve heard is M-G-M’s “Tommy Edwards in Hawaii.” And anyone remember when Joni James last turned up with a hit single? But, oh those albums! Hats’ off to hubby Tony Acquaniva for his masterful arrangements in “100 Strings and Joni on Broadway.” . . . Still the nation’s biggest dance craze—“The Twist.” (See page 22 for how to do it.) The Parkway LP, “The Twist,” by Chubby Checker comes alive with The Stroll, The Shlop and many more exciting dances . . . It’s the Pat Boone of pre-1956

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in his best album in years, “This and That.”
Our government’s spending over two million dollars for 1961’s Civil War Centennial. For much less, you’ll enjoy “Dixie,” “Yellow Rose of Texas,” “Oh Susanna” and other songs of the era in Jaye P. Morgan’s “Down South.”

And while Rod Lauren was below the Mason-Dixon Line, I took him to a restaurant that’s world-famous for Southern Fried Chicken—so he ordered steak. . . . “A Wild Imagination” and “One Finger Solo” look like Rod’s best to date for RCA Victor. . . . You’ll meet an intimate Sam Cooke in “Hits of the Fifties.” . . . Who do most deejays consider to be one of the most pleasant people to interview and work with? Jimmy Clanton, who keeps his streak going for Ace with “Wait.”

What’s in the Stars?

Like Deborah Kerr, you are under the seventh sign of the Zodiac—Libra—if your birthday falls between September 23 and October 22. Gentleness, poise, charm, co-operation are your attributes.

Libran women are often beauties like Deborah (Sept. 30) and Rita Hayworth (Oct. 17). Other charming children of Libra number Dolores Hart (Oct. 20), Julie London (Sept. 26) and Inger Stevens (Oct. 18). Librans are exceptionally thoughtful about others, enjoy sharing life’s good things. One trait only, Mate for Dolores? unless watched, can cause friction—and that is an over-emphasis on perfection. This is not because you value “things” more than people—quite the opposite. But this is what a partner may misunderstand and your relationship can suffer for it. Watch it, for you are happiest in a partnership. The men under this sign can “charm the birds out of the trees” and are creative and talented. As witness Charlton Heston (Oct. 4), Montgomery Clift (Oct. 17). Your lucky number: eight.

Puzzle

ACROSS
1. His hit is “Look for a Star”
4. James
6. They’re still asking for his comb
7. Metropolitan Opera basso (init.)
8. That popular yellow-dotted bathing suit
10. Bronco
11. Railroad (abbrev.)
12. Note of the musical scale
13. Another singer to popularize “Look for a Star”
15. Mr. Cooke’s initials
16. To accomplish
18. Exclamation
19. She’s “Sorry”
20. Last name of 19 across
22. A co-star in “From the Terrace” (init.)
23. Neal
25. Eydie’s husband
28. For grain storage
29. Richard ______ Bennett (folk singer)
30. Note of scale
32. Preposition
33. Record label

DOWN
1. Initials of 2 down
2. His current best seller: “Because They’re Young”
3. A commercial
4. Animal with broad antlers
5. “My—”
7. Not a boy
8. The lead who sings of 8 across
9. ______ Now or Never”
10. A choice morsel!
14. “Happy-Go-Lucky Me,” he sings
15. Not he
17. Roy —
18. A disc by Dante and the Evergreens
21. A pair of brothers
24. Of (init.)
26. Famous Trombonist (init.)
27. —— Day (end of a war) init.
30. One of 21 down
31. Singer of the month (pictured)

Flame-Glo!

All eyes are on you when you use Flame-Glo: beauty secret of stage, screen and TV stars, as well as smart society. For your lips, nothing beats Flame-Glo “Lustre-Flame” with satin smooth, dewy, moist brilliance that lasts far longer. In a wide variety of divinely flattering shades. For your nails, there’s none better than this revolutionary new Flame-Glo enamel. In luscious colors to match the beauty of the lipstick itself!
Weddings and Babies
AFFECTIONATE CLOSEUP OF EVERYDAY PEOPLE; ADULT

"Weddings and Babies," says the sign outside photographer John Myhers' studio and home, in New York's Little Italy. But don't expect any gunplay; this is a true picture of average life in the big city. John's worries are the kind that would be familiar anywhere. His assistant and sweetheart (Viveca Lindfors) is getting insistent about their own long-overdue wedding, and we feel as exasperated as she does at his often childish moods, typical of the stubborn bachelor. But we sympathize with him while he wonders what to do about his mother (Chiarina Barile), a splendid old lady whose mind is beginning to wander. The story was written, directed, produced and photographed by Morris Engel, who made his mark with "Little Fugitive" and "Lovers and Lollipops." It's the photography—never slick or flattering—that brings us close to these people, to see how human beings can be funny and sad, lovable and irritating, all at once.

Let's Make Love
BIG, BLOWZY MUSICAL WITH DAZZLING STARS; ADULT

Here's the new Marilyn Monroe picture—but it isn't all hers. Should it be called the Yves Montand picture instead? Either way, the competition-cooperation provides lots of easygoing fun. (MM and Yves at left, top.) Yves gets into the act first, as a French-American billionaire whose hobby is girls. His public-relations man (Tony Randall) hears that the tycoon is about to be unmercifully ribbed in an off-Broadway revue, so Yves goes to the rehearsal in person and in a bad humor. Enter Marilyn, and he melts just as movie audiences do, because she's at her most appealing in this part, a show-business girl with informal manners (and clothes!) and a heart of pure gold. From there on, the stars carry the show on its rambling way. The French idol is a pleasantly ordinary-looking guy, but his charm and his light-comedy skill are 'way above the ordinary. Famous for his songs, Yves has to pretend to be a terrible singer, and that's no simple trick.

I Aim at the Stars
EXCITING SCIENCE-FACT STORY, EXPERTLY TOLD; FAMILY

How can you make a hero out of a scientist who put his genius to work for the Nazis? On the other hand, how can you make a villain out of a man who has contributed immeasurably to the American space program? The two are the same person, Wernher von Braun, so the movie version of his life (starring Curt Jurgens, at left, bottom, with James Daly and Gia Scala) is a mighty tricky project. The problem has been neatly solved by giving both sides of the argument and then leaving it up to the (Continued on page 92)
I dreamed I covered the Paris Collections in my *maidenform* bra

I wore an original, too! New ARABESQUE*—the bra that tops the whole Paris picture! Bias-cut insert between the cups for *superb* separation, uncanny (almost *custom*) fit. Noteworthy: flowered circular stitching combines hand-embroidered look with newly defined contour. Excitement ... high! Price ... low! White, A, B and C cups, 2.50. *Pre-shaped* ARABESQUE* (with light foam lining) 3.50. At stores everywhere.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. © 1960. MAIDENFORM, INC. NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Hats Off to Ginger

When an exceptionally busy star takes the time to show interest and gratitude to her fans, I think it deserves a word of mention. So a big, “Hats Off,” to Ginger Rogers.

When she appeared here in Rhode Island, many fans waited for her each night after her performance in “Annie Get Your Gun.” There were so many fans, that some were afraid they would be left out with programs going unsigned, but every night, Ginger, herself, reassured them that all would be signed—and they were! This was not a gesture extended by her to Rhode Islanders alone, for she did the very same thing two weeks later in Massachusetts.

Some stars devote very little time to their fans, but not this star. To steal a phrase from the teenagers, “Ginger Rogers is the greatest!”

HENRIETTA COLLINS
Providence, R.I.

Look Alikes

... Many people have said that I resemble Eleanor Parker who is in the movie “Home From the Hill.”

JANICE JANOUSEK
Gregory, S.D.

Eleanor has a double in Janice.

... I think my friend, Jesse Dehoyos, looks like the singer Paul Anka. Don’t you agree with me?

JULIE SALEZAR
Corpus Christi, Texas

Can you tell Paul and Jesse apart?

Another Look Alike

... Everyone thinks my son, Harold Harner, Jr., looks very much like Bob Cummings. Do you?

MRS. LORRAINE HARNER
Valley View, Pa.

A little. But wouldn’t you say he looks more like Fred Astaire?—Ed.

Do you agree on Fred and Harold?

Pleasingly Surprised

I was very pleasantly surprised to find cute newcomer Tim Johnson featured in “A Real Nothing Date” at Disneyland in your September issue of Photoplay.

As Annette’s date, Tim was very attentive and full of fun. I especially liked the crazy shot inside the wild animals cage. It was all very refreshing.

CARMEN HOLT
Montreal, Canada

Poor “Pal Joey”

“Jeanne Eagels” went on a “Picnic,” “The Man With the Golden Arm” and “Pal Joey” went with her. Jeanne brought a “Bell, Book, and Candle” along. The book was “The Eddie Duchin Story.” “Pal Joey” had “Vertigo.” He met his death in the “Middle of the Night.” His death was a “Pushover” for Kim Novak. She pushed him over a cliff.

SHERRY DERBIES
Blairsville, Pa.

Good to See Gable

Glad to see Clark Gable making movies again. I saw his new movie, “It Happened in Naples,” and liked it very much.

A FAN FROM KENTUCKY

GET TO THE NEWSSTAND EARLY

Newsstands everywhere have been selling out their copies of Photoplay Magazine earlier and earlier. The December issue will go on sale November 3rd. Get to your favorite newsstand early. If all the copies are gone, send 25¢ to: Publisher, Box 3365, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. and we will rush a copy to you. And tell us the name and address of the newsstand that was sold out and we will see that more copies are put there in the future. Then, you.—The Editors.
A Request

About the only thing that is missing from your wonderful magazine is an article and pix on that swingin' Kingston Trio.

Barbara Jones
Park Ridge, Ill.

We certainly agree with you. Page 64 should make it up to y'ou.—Ed.

Thank You

I would like to use your magazine as a means of publicly expressing admiration for, and thanks to, the cast and crew of "Desire in the Dust"—a film which was recently shot on location in the area surrounding my home, Baton Rouge, La. During their stay in this area, these ladies and gentlemen completely ingratiated themselves with the local citizenry through their open friendliness toward the public and dedicated attitude toward their work. Each member of the cast—Joan Bennett, Raymond Burr, Ken Scott, Brett Halsey—was exceedingly courteous about signing autographs, posing for pictures, and conversing with their many fans. The "Desire" company was a credit to Hollywood and the motion picture industry.

Paul Killgore
Baton Rouge, La.

Shocking Story

I would like to tell you something that really shocked me. One day, Tab Hunter found his dog had dug a small hole in his lawn. He was so mad, he tied his dog up and beat it unmercifully with a stick for fifteen minutes. Finally, hearing the dog’s howls, the neighbors called the police. They said if Tab did it again, he would get a fine. I am a great fan of his and didn’t think he would do that. Did he?

L.B.M.
Montreal, Canada

We asked Tab about this and he wrote back saying: "I have been around dogs and horses all my life and have always treated them with kindness and affection. Those charges against me were totally without foundation. I have known and worked with two of the most prominent dog trainers in this area, both of whom have stated that any disciplinary action of mine was advised by them and is common procedure in dog training. No accusation, which could be made against me, could wound me personally as deeply as this which involved cruelty to an animal I love. I am confident that a thorough investigation of the facts will result in my vindication."—Tab.

Cast

I have just finished reading the screenplay "A Face in the Crowd." However, they do not list the cast from the movie. I would be very grateful if you would print the complete cast of this movie.

Beth Mandelbaum
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Lonesome Rhodes—Andy Griffith
Marcia Jeffries—Patricia Neal
Joey Kiely—Anthony Franciosa
Mel Miller—Walter Matthau
Betty Lou Fleck—Lee Remick

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 285 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.

confidentially...

... I'd like pen pals from all over the world between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. My hobbies are corresponding, music and swimming. I don't care if you're nine feet tall and weigh five-hundred pounds, I just want a pen pal.

ALFRED WONG
266 N. School St.
Honolulu 17, Hawaii

... My fan club for Greta Garbo, probably the greatest of cinema stars, is in full swing and we're campaigning for more members. Our dues are only $1.00 per year which entitles one to a fan club journal and frequent bulletins plus many photographs of Miss Garbo. A four-cent stamp will bring full information. The journals are filled with intimate glimpses, exclusive photos and facts about the silent Swede.

Peter Bankers
Fairview St., Rt. 4
Smithtown, L.I., N.Y.

... I am seventeen years old and I would like to have pen pals from everywhere. My hobbies are drawing, reading and stars such as Ricky, Elvis and Sandra.

Ratana Nutagama
309 Prasumairu Rd.
Banglamphoo Bangkok
Thailand

... The official Shirley MacLaine fan club is four years old. We have a very active group and Shirley is very interested in her fans. Dues are $1.25 and you receive, when you join, two bulletins, "Shirley's Secrets" and two journals, "Playtime With Shirley."

SHIRLEY SMITH
280 Santarium Ave.
Orlando, Fla.

... All are welcome to join my Stephen Boyd fan club. For information, write:

BARBARA KRAFT
119 South Croft Ave.
Los Angeles 48, Calif.

... Dear anybody from anyplace. Want to be my pen pal? I'm seventeen with dark brown hair and eyes. My hobbies are to see football matches and swimming.

MAGDA MIDHAT
42, Kairat St. (Laz Oglu)
U.A.R. Cairo, Egypt

... Come on and join the Jo-Ann Campbell fan club. Dues are 50¢ and members will receive an 8 x 10 photo suitable for framing, a 5 x 7 pinup and a membership card with Jo-Ann's picture on the back for your wallet.

John A. Iannone
1968-64 Street
Brooklyn 4, N.Y.

... I am a girl of fourteen and I would like a pen pal in some far off country. My hobbies are swimming, riding horses and stamp collecting.

Kath Mazenko
375 Sloat Court
Santa Clara, Cal.

... Breaking up my collection of old movie stills and photos of the period 1933-1942 and would be pleased to hear from other collectors who want items from that time. Wonderful autographed photos and personal letters from the stars, especially from those who have passed from the scene. I wouldn't think of parting with, but do have loads of others which serious minded collectors may desire.

Harry Wilkinson
22 Darling St.
Marblehead, Mass.

Need members for o fan club! Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fods? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR: 1. 2. 3. 4.

ACTRESS: 1. 2. 3. 4.

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are 1. 2. 3. 4.

Name: __________________________ Age: ________________

Address: ___________________________________________

Please turn the page
**DEAR FASHION EDITOR:**

I am eighteen years old, very thin, with big breasts. Because of my prominent neck bones, strapless dance dresses, like most girls wear, are out. I believe halter-neck dresses would be ideal for me, but what do I do about a bra?

VIOLA HARRIS
Reading, Pa.

Halter necks are for you... they can cover the neck in front and yet give a feeling of straplessness from the rear. A bra answer lies in Hollywood—Vassarette's halter bra pictured at the right. It offers firm breast support through wired and reinforced cups and is held in place by hook-on-to-the-girdle clips.—FASHION Ed.

**DEAR FASHION EDITOR:**

I am deeply concerned because I have bought a very expensive, thin-strapped dress and now find it impossible to keep my strapless bra from slipping. I must have some support. Have you a solution?

MRS. JOHN REED
San Francisco, Calif.

Yes indeed! Olga has a wireless strapless Secret Hug that can't pressure or slip. Bare "wing" sides hold it firmly and the lift comes from latex ribbon inside cups. Pretty, too, in nylon lace, piping, and feminine rosebud trim.—FASHION Ed.

**DEAR FASHION EDITOR:**

Although my daughter is only twelve years old, she has already begun to develop. I, of course, do not want her to feel awkward, but I have read that it is very important to start wearing a bra at the beginning of development. Is this true?

MRS. SAM SMITH
Dallas, Texas

It is quite important to wear a bra from the time the breasts have developed. . . . Important, because the weight of the breast can stretch the skin and delicate connective tissue. This cannot be restored. I suggest First Impressions by Exquisite Form because it molds but does not accentuate.—FASHION Ed.

**Kleinert's**

WAIST-IN
Gently yet firmly will whittle your waist. Tuck in tummy too. White breathable feathernap—adjustable supporters. Sizes 22-36, $2.95.
Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! It takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

Instant Whip® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

Regardez! Pom Pom by

It rolls on! The new...

Quelle red! Belle red! Flash of crimson brilliance...
tempting and teasing...potent and pleasing!

Lip Quick
Lip Quick

French decoration for your lips!

It makes an arc de triomphe of your lips! Gives a bright French accent to important smoky fashion shades. You'll love 'POM POM', the deliciously well-rounded red! It sparkles with crimson gaiety, tops everything for flattery.

Only 'LIP QUICK' shapes such brilliant excitement for lips. It rolls on! Outlines and colors perfectly. Replaces lipstick, lip liner and lip brush. Never loses its point! 16 shades. 'LIP QUICK', $1.50; refills, $1.25, plus tax.

...the new fashion in lipstick by RICHARD HUDNUT
Sta-Puf keeps towels fluffier...woolens softer...clothes smoother, fresher!

So soft to touch, so smooth and fresh! Sta-Puf® Rinse restores downy fluffiness to all matted-down fabrics. Woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, ordinary muslin sheets like luxurious percale. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick. And diapers and baby things dry soft as baby's tender skin! Much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, requires little or no ironing. Be sure to try Sta-Puf in your next wash. Available at grocer's everywhere.

Finish with Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch for crisper wash-to-wash freshness.

Chit Chat: Elvis decided he preferred to live in Memphis between pictures. "I like to work in Hollywood," he told me, "but I like to be among 'just folks' in between." All I can say is if El's ever-present bodyguards from his home town, are "just plain folks," then Memphis must be a city way off in outer space, man. Such characters, yet. . . . Sorry to report Troy Donahue is reaping a lot of hot gossip these days that has his friends and his family distressed. Too bad, as Troy has a lot of promise. . . . Tony Curtis bought an entire hotel in Palm Springs, and at the cost of a million and a half dollars is transforming it into a deluxe tennis club. And up in San Francisco, the Kingston Trio invested in a $350,000 office building. . . . Dolores Hart confided a secret I'm passing on to you. "I want to get married," says this delectable star of "Something for the Boys." "I don't think a girl is ever happy until she's married."

El won't change, but I hope Bobby will.

Tony Eisley and I got Connie to confess to what's really happening.

Briefies: Fans are muttering over Bobby Darin's Sinatra-like attitude these days—waving away fans and generally "lording it over." I hope it's only a phase and talented Bobby will return from his "Come September" film in Rome, a much more thoughtful lad. . . . If Tony Franciosa stages any more physical assaults such as he launched on director Chuck Walters, on the "Go Naked in the World" set, he may find everyone on his future movies toting a gun or at least wearing armor. What a temper! And that break between Tony and Shelley Winters looks final. At least the separation papers are signed. . . . Robert Conrad ("Hawaiian Eye") seems shorter off TV than he appears on. But he's certainly as nice as I'd expected he'd be. . . . And I dig that handsome Tony Eisley. What a charming, friendly lad he is, to be sure. And what a cutie is that other "Hawaiian Eye" member, Connie Stevens, who moaned, "All I do is work. I'm doing publicity promotion for my picture 'Parrish,' playing Cricket in my 'Eye' series and rehearsing for my night-club tour all at once." "No dating?" I asked. "Well, maybe a little," she grinned. . . . Your big favorite, Andy Williams, is booked solidly for a year ahead with movies, TV and night-club dates, interrupted by an overseas trek with Bob Hope during the Holidays. And I promise you many Andy fans to report more about this Williams lad in the future. . . . Greeted Edd Byrnes on the Warner Bros. lot the other day and discovered "Kookie" has lost considerable weight. That long layoff did him very little good, really, and I doubt if Jim Garner's rebellion will profit him much, either. But his "Maverick" brother, Jack Kelly, is very happy these days with a brand new house, a new car, gift of the studio, and a good performance in the movie "Fever in the Blood." Just exactly what more could a man ask for????? But I will say that Jack deserves anything he does get. It's good to see him smiling.  (Please turn the page)
Surprise! The night was dark and the two characters hidden in the bushes along the road leading to Susan Kohner's house, looked mighty suspicious. As it turned out, the lads, wearing speaker sets connected with Susan's house, were stationed there to report the approach of an unsuspecting George Hamilton. And what a surprise when the gang leaped out of the darkened living room to cry "Happy Birthday." It was George's twenty-first, and Susan had asked in practically all of Hollywood to celebrate. Lovely Dolores Del Rio, Susan's Godmother, was among the guests who enthused over the birthday cake, baked in the shape of George's new Italian car, an Alfa Romeo. It was great fun.

Yvonne and Jim were in a hurry—and who can blame them?

Cupidisms: Pert and talented Taina Elg was touring Texas and waiting for her best beau, Keith Larsen, to join her when news of Keith's marriage to Vera Miles reached her. I'm told it rocked Taina off her dancing toes—it was that unexpected. . . . Gene Kelly and his living image, teenage daughter Kerry Kelly, stood side by side in a Nevada courtroom when Gene wed Jeanne Coyne, his production assistant. Kerry and her father have been very close since Betsy and Gene Kelly were divorced several years ago. Yes, Kerry is very happy with Jeanne as a stepmother. . . . Singer Jimmy Boyd married Yvonne Craig the minute her movie "High Time" was in the bag and Robert Horton is expected to take the same step with Marilyn Bradley. I'm told Marilyn will be Horton's third wife. Or is she the fourth??? It's my congratulations to Lana Turner and businessman Fred May on their marriage. And if possible, Lana's daughter Cheryl will take off for Europe with Lana and her new stepfather. Cheryl, who is a ward of the courts, must have their permission as Lana, unfortunately, has no say in the matter. . . . And, of course, Fabian is still so devoted to Kathy Kelly, the teenagers around town have the moping, drooping blues. Which shows the way the cookie crumbles this month, at least. . . . Two good-looking couples: Stephen Boyd with Elana Eden. . . . and at the Harwyn, John Vivyan with Mickey Miller. . . . Joan Collins says she and Warren Beatty will wed before the first of next year.

Caught offguard: John and Mickey . . . Stephen and Elana.

Closeup: Unobserved, I watched as Yvette Mimieux bought shoes at Saks Beverly Hills to wear in the M-G-M movie "Something for the Boys." Unlike many demanding young stars, Yvette seemed perfectly content with the shoes in this "less expensive" department of the shop, listening to every suggestion of the studio shopper who accompanied her. I noticed other busy customers had no idea the blond, rather plain little thing, so intent on her errand, would soon be recognized as one of Hollywood's brightest stars, especially after "Something for the Boys" and her future film "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" are released. I recalled a day I had spent with Yvette on a back lot of M-G-M studios while "The Time Machine" was being made and the fun we had together over our picnic lunch under the trees. "I want no part of Hollywood wolves," she said there, and meant it. As to those recent marriage rumors, Yvette denies them. "I'm too busy for marriage," she assures me. So, we go along with Hollywood's future Bright Star and say no more about it. But we do wish her the best of luck on her acting career.

Esther said goodbye to Jeff, hello to a new romance . . .
Tidbits: I'm not too surprised over the Arlene Dahl-Fernando Lamas separation—their second parting and perhaps their last. Only recently, at a preview, I sat beside the handsome couple and before the picture began, listened while Arlene enthused over her newspaper beauty column and her new book on beauty which, she explained, went much deeper than cold cream. I noticed how indifferent Fernando seemed at the time, and after a brief "hello" in our direction, never contributed one word. Rumor linked Fernando's name with Esther Williams after their recent TV spectacular and the two have been seen together at various parties. Esther said goodbye to her romance with Jeff Chandler so maybe Fernando is "the new beau" in her life. . . . Poor Yves Montand was so distressed over those Paris headlines linking his name with Marilyn Monroe! And it did seem to lunchers in the 20th Century-Fox dining room, during the shooting of "Let's Make Love," that Yves and Marilyn were very cozy over their salads while both their mates were out of town. But the arrival of Simone Signoret, Yves' wife, allayed all gossip and now all the handsome Frenchman has to worry over is his billing in "Sanctuary" with Lee Remick. And maybe a few more complications in his marriage with Simone. . . . The Rory Calhouns are elated over another expected heir—their third child, to be exact. Rory and wife, Lita Baron, always wanted a large family and they're getting their wish.

Young favorites: "I'm home, I'm home, come up, come up," the familiar and happy voice of Sandra Dee floated over the telephone. So, in nothing flat, I found myself with Sandra and her young mother, Mary, all of us talking at once about our experiences in Rome. Sandra was blue, however, over returning again to Italy for the movie "Come September" with Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida, and Bobby Darin. "I love the cast and the picture but I love my new home here and my friends and the studio. I've spent so many weeks in Rome making 'Romanoff and Juliet' I'd like to stay home a while," she moaned and I understood her point of view. The house of Mary and Sandra, perched atop a Beverly Hills mesa, is a dream one with Sandra's room all blue and white and the kitchen agleam with the latest gadgets that Sandy loves. That morning she had invaded a hardware shop for more gadgets and on the new whisking mixer whipped up all sorts of delectable vegetable and fruit juices which Mary and I sampled. The lunch, with Sandy busy in the kitchen, was delicious and after a cozy, lazy afternoon around the pool, we decided Oriental food would be the very thing. A short time later, Trader Vic's delivered delectable concoctions of Polynesian food that was, we all agreed, far from the menus of Rome. Sandy's new contract with Universal Studio and the fact PHOTOPLAY readers awarded her first place on our Popularity Poll, somewhat eased the homesickness of her leaving. So now I'm awaiting her return for more news and more mixed delights from Sandra Dee's kitchen. What an adorable child she is!!! Paul Anka has a way with his fans that's a pleasant way, indeed. When they gathered too closely about a location set for his movie, "Look in Any Window," Paul refused to have them ordered away.

Cooperation: Up in Reno, Nevada, where Marilyn Monroe's new picture, "The Misfits," was shooting, Marilyn surprised everyone by keeping almost up to schedule. Whispers are that Clark Gable, one of my favorites, had let it be known to everyone involved, he brooks no nonsense. Clark, who always ends his day's work promptly at 5 o'clock, did so regardless. So, if Marilyn showed up at four in the afternoon, that was her hard luck. King Gable left on the dot of five. And since this was an Arthur Miller-Marilyn Monroe production, Madame Miller did a lot more cooperating than she has ever done—until taken to the hospital with nervous exhaustion. (Please turn the page)
It's all in your mind!

... that barrier that's holding you back from using Tampax. Millions of girls just like you have crossed the threshold to freedom. Join them!

Many, many nurses and women doctors use Tampax. Because the more a woman knows about herself, the more she knows how right Tampax is! Hundreds of thousands of teenagers use Tampax—and bless it every month for the freedom it brings. It's all in your mind!—if you think you can't use it.

The Tampax applicator gives the necessary firmness and smoothness to make insertion quick and easy. Tampax itself is made of pure surgical cotton that expands gently for full absorbency. Disposal is easy. And you can tuck a few extra Tampax in the bottom of your bag; they're paper-sealed to stay hygienically fresh.

But, you say, why turn to Tampax? Only because it does away with three things no girl wants: discomfort, odor, bulk. Why go on till your forties enduring these things 13 times a year?

Get Tampax® internal sanitary protection in any of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever such products are sold. Package of 10 costs only 45¢.

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Mailbox Corner: Sharon Clay of Medicine Hat, Canada, is another Stephen Boyd fan. I know Sharon will be glad to hear Stephen's just as big a hit in Europe, where he's filming "Cleopatra."... Kathy Polimeno is a John Ericson fan. Can anyone tell me if there is an Ericson club Kathy may join??? Dorothy Luker writes me good news of her favorite, Lee Tracy, who is playing on Broadway in "The Best Man," in a co-starring role with Melvyn Douglas.

More Mailbox: We've become quite international this month with a letter from the Bahamas, one from Thailand, one from Jamaica, and one from Mrs. Abdul Khan of Karachi, Pakistan, who suggests our column rates an Oscar. Well! ... Deborah Kerr writes a warm note from her home in Switzerland... From Vancouver, British Columbia, Irish Hall inquires about a Darren McGavin fan club. Does anyone know of a McGavin club? ... Very pretty Pruja Sonakul of McGill University in Montreal writes a charming letter and all the way from Bangkok, A. Xuto of the Royal Thai Navy writes us about the visit of his King and Queen to our country. Photo Play certainly gets around. ... And if you want to join a John Vivyan fan club, write to Maia Jagds, Box 131, Mountain Iron, Minn. for info. ... 15-year-old Linda Rein of 840 East 8th Street, Brooklyn 30, New York, adores Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Barkenhagen of Baraboo, Wisconsin, is a Maximillian Schell fan. So's Janet Clayton of Mo.

Party of the Month: It was young people time in Hollywood when Merle Oberon gave a dinner party for her young house guests, Anne and Charlotte Ford, daughters of the Henry Fords. And you can imagine the surprise when Susan Kohner walked in with John Saxon. Seems George Hamilton, Susan's best beau, was working and Saxon was a willing substitute. Maria Cooper, as co-hostess, spent her free time talking with Gardner McKay, who came stag. Frankie Avalon, who brought along Bob Forte, Fabian's 14-year-old brother, explained Fabe was ill with a sore throat. David and Ricky Nelson both eyed the lovely Ford sisters who beamed at the handsome brothers, a charming foursome. Even the chaperones, Ernie Kovacs and Edie Adams, the Gary Cooper's, Tony Curtis and his Janet, had a wonderful time.
Cal York’s Jottings: Tommy Rettig, who only yesterday was concerned with Lassie, is now fussing over his new son. Tommy, a father at nineteen, and his wife, Darlene, a mother at sixteen, are Hollywood’s youngest married couple. ... Gene Barry (“Bat Masterson”) denies any feud existed between him and Monique Van Vooren while the pair co-starred at the Riviera in Las Vegas. But those who know, say they fully expected the two to shoot it out on Main Street any moment. ... Pat Boone and the Lennon Sisters had a ball playing State Fairs together during the late summer. Pat is now settled in Hollywood for a while and the Lenmons have returned to their Lawrence Welk chores. ... Jimmy and Gloria Stewart and their four children trekked home from a grand tour of Europe, tired but happy. The Stewarts were welcomed wherever they went. ... After Vic Damone’s trip, to see Pier Angeli in Europe, proved futile, there seems no hope at all, now, for a reconciliation.

Bits and Pieces: With Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor living quietly in an English hotel suite during her “Cleopatra” chores, their one hope is that the English press will permit them and their children to live the quiet uncontaminated lives they yearn to. I’m all for giving them their chance but I doubt if the English press will grant them that privilege. ... Doris Day and her husband, Marty Melcher, are early Christmas shoppers, but guess what they plan to give each other? A TV station, each his own, preferably both of them in Northern California. Now, how in the world can you wrap up television stations in red ribbons and holly? ... Two Englishmen who spent considerable time in Hollywood, have returned home now—Stewart Granger and Michael Wilding, both recently divorced. And rumors are that Stewart will remarry his first wife, I wonder? ... A letter from Jimmy Darren and Evy Norlund in London bemoans the fact his “Guns of the Navarone” goes on and on. “Wouldn’t it be awful,” they say, “if we’re here all fall and the London bobbies picked us up on Halloween on a ‘trick or treat’ charge?” On the serious side they’re elated over their new flat and the fact their expected heir will be born in Hollywood. They hope!!! Judy Garland and husband, Sid Luft, are comfortably ensconced in their London home which will be their base of operation for some time to come.
GETS INSIDE PIMPLES to Clear Them Fast!

You see only the top of a pimple. The real trouble is inside because a pimple is actually a clogged, inflamed pore. That is why Skin Specialists agree the vital medical action you need is the Clearasil action, which brings the scientific medications down inside pimples, where antiseptic and drying actions are needed to clear them fast.

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On or Off? Despite all that talk about their romance being over, Annette came to the Twist party with Paul Anka. Am I wrong, or are Paul's feelings for Annette much stronger than vice versa?

Paul to Dick, "What's the Twist?"

A Party: At Kenny Miller's party, Dick Clark was teaching everyone that new dance craze, "The Twist." It's great fun. You stand facing your partner. Both perform identically. Then you slowly twist your body on the toes of your left foot to the left, while your arms are extended. Then bend lightly at the knees, straighten up again, and twist back on the toes of the right foot to the right. You just repeat this over and over to music. I love to do it but, brother, am I sore. I couldn't move for days!

"It doesn't look too easy," Paul said.

"The Twist is easy," Dick said. "Watch."

Dodie invented a "break."

"I go 'round," she said.
Hollywood is doing THE TWIST

Guest List: Spotted Burt Reynolds, without a date, arriving with Jim Franciscus and his wife. And Jimmie Rodgers and Colleen even brought the baby. “She never cries,” Jimmy boasted.

Mark teased Annette on her movement!

“All in the hips,” he said. “Try it.”

What Happened: The food was just great, so everybody just forgot their diets and dug in. “Besides, if we gain any weight,” Dodie Stevens laughed, “we can lose it again by doing The Twist.”... Sherry Jackson looked downright scary when she arrived, straight from the set, with her hair in giant rollers and huge sunglasses hiding her face. Later, though, with hair combed and wearing a sleek red swimsuit, she reminded Mark Damon of a junior Susan Hayward. . . . Marianna Gala got tossed in the pool. An old twist, eh?

Dodie was babbling; Paul wasn’t sure.

“Then you keep twisting.”

“It works,” she laughed.

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After all, she never did say she’d marry Harry Karl—people drew their own conclusions... she wore his gifts, they looked at houses together, and he spent more time with her children than Eddie ever had. But Harry’s final divorce is nearing—only four weeks from now—and yet no wedding date has been set. Why? Did it have anything to do with Glenn Ford, who’ll be free himself three short weeks later? So instead of “When?” people were asking “Who?” And “Was Harry a cover-up for the real romance?”

Please turn the page
Only one man knew the answer—Glenn Ford himself. He and Debbie had once been very close—and had this closeness ever really ended? So Photoplay sent Jane Ardmore to the source to ask a very direct question: “Glenn, Will You Marry Debbie?”

Now, for the first time, we have his answer—as open and as frank as the question itself. In an exclusive interview Glenn admits, “I want to get married again. I want to give her my love, my time, everything I have.”
This time they weren’t going through the back way. The big, black Lincoln Continental rolled up to the front entrance of The Cloister, the famous niter on Hollywood’s Sunset Strip. Three young men stepped out of the limousine, and then Elvis. He was healthily tanned, handsomely dressed and, at the sight of him, a horde of girl fans set up a happy squealing. In less than half a second, they had him and the car completely surrounded as they clamored for autographs, a look, a smile. And, at first, no one noticed the girl sitting in the back seat. Her auburn hair was neatly done in a French twist with two deep waves falling softly around her pixyish face. Elvis, who had been pushed many feet away from the car, tried desperately to reach his date and escort her into the club. It was nearly ten minutes before Juliet Prowse could emerge from the car. In the sudden silence that fell on the entire street audience, every whisper became a loud comment. (Continued on page 81)
Cupid waved his wand and, suddenly, it was magic. Bob Stack was in love with Rosemary Bowe. It was nice, being in love. But no matter how bright the moonlight shone, Bob had made up his mind— he wasn’t going to get married. He had seen what happened to his friends when they got married. First, she’d bring him his pipe and slippers and he’d bring her roses. They’d have dinner by candlelight. But pretty soon they began to get bored... or began to argue. Bob was worried, even though Rosemary told him:
IN LOVE
(even when married)
(Continued on page 76)
Bobby Rydell stared closely down at her. Joanie Sommers didn’t
"IS IT WRONG TO FEEL THE WAY WE DO?"

why, but suddenly she felt flustered.
umbling and giggling, they rolled on the ground, a tangle of arms and legs. For a minute they lay there, Bobby's arm around her waist, his head resting on her shoulder as he tried to catch his breath.

"He's so crazy," she thought, "and such fun."

Almost as though he'd heard, Bobby lifted his head and stared closely at her. She didn't know why, but she felt her face flush and a funny lightness in her head when he tightened his arm and, suddenly feeling shy, she twisted to one side, sat up and pretended to pin back her hair that had fallen loose when she fell to the ground. It was her fault, really, that she fell.

"Race you to the clearing," Bobby had said with a mischievous grin as they reached the top of the hill, and they were off.

She noticed he held back a little to give her a head start but, even then, he got there first. It was lucky he did, too, because just as she reached him she slipped on a broken twig and when Bobby tried to catch her they both fell.

As she sat there, in the middle of Griffith Park, she was glad she had come. She wasn't sure when Bobby called yesterday. She really didn't know him (Please turn page)
that well. Some mutual friends had introduced them. But he began to joke on the phone and so she gave in.

They had first met at the park a month ago and Bobby had had her within minutes floating on air . . . well, almost . . . They were sitting near the trampolines—which were the big thing in California—and when she admitted she'd never been on one, Bobby insisted, right then and there, on teaching her how to jump on one of them.

Before she knew it she was standing several feet above the ground, ankle-deep in canvas, having her first lesson. It was real tricky but she was good at sports and caught on pretty fast.

"Gee, Joanie, you were great," Bobby said as he lifted her down. "How about a soda?"

"Well, maybe some coffee," she said thinking about the diet she had started just that morning.

Her mother said she (Continued on page 71)
Rick—why
dare
death?

A round moon and a skyful of stars hung like a jeweled canopy over the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum. A huge crowd had cheered the first part of the All-Stars charity football game. Now, between halves, lights flooded one end of the stadium and picked out a contraption of bars and ropes. The announcer boomed, "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Flying Viennas, Del and Babs Graham, and the Nelson brothers, David and Rick, will perform their thrilling aerial act for your pleasure..."

(Continued on page 87)
This picture was taken at 10:20 p.m. at Rick and Dave Nelson's aerial show at the Los Angeles Coliseum.
what really happened at Nancy Sinatra's

Saturday Night Party

Tommy phoned and, almost without asking how Nancy was, excitedly screamed into the receiver, “I’m gonna be a free man! Let’s have a blast. Get the gang together!” For a moment Nancy was stunned. She thought they’d spend the two days just by themselves, having fun on their own. But why shouldn’t all of Tommy’s closest friends, who were just as concerned about him as she was, get a chance to say “Hi.” She almost dreaded last minute parties, but she reminded herself that, somehow, they usually turned out just right . . .

Besides, Tommy was coming home. The weeks of letter writing, waiting by the phone for a call, the worrying about trying to prepare for their future without Tommy’s help, would soon be over. Tommy was coming home—only for a couple of days—but he was still coming home!

She yelled up to her mother, “Tommy’s coming home!”

Then she got on the (Please turn the page)

by RONA BARRETT
"Meet you on the lawn," Tommy'd said. They wanted a minute alone before the party. But just then they heard the doorbell.

'Ina Sinatra, trailing behind Tommy and her sister, looked a little lost.

"Find a rare one for me," Frankie Avalon told Dwayne Hickman. Everyone stared when Dwayne walked in with Dot Provine.
Saturday Night Party
continued

phone and started dialing numbers. She began with Eddie Goldstone because he'd been their Cupid, he brought them together ... then she called Fabian ... and Frankie Avalon ... and Dwayne Hickman ... and on down the list of Tommy's friends. To each she said, "Tommy's coming home for the weekend. We'd love you to stop by for a Coke and a hamburger." At first she was going to make it a Saturday night party, but playing it safe, she invited everyone "come to a (Continued on page 84)
"Did you make a wish when you cut it?" Tommy teased. "Like a wedding cake?"

During the dancing, Nancy, Sr. cleaned up a bit.

"Great party," Tommy said. "But ... now's the greatest."
BE CAREFUL, WARNS MARLENE DIETRICH—

ARE YOU REALLY KEEPING YOUR MAN HAPPY?

The murmur of voices in the lobby of the Lancaster Hotel, in Paris, stopped abruptly as Marlene Dietrich walked in. An American tourist, just signing the register, nudged his wife and the dapper hotel manager, with years of catering to the world’s most elegant people, emitted a deep, heartfelt “Ahhhhh.” Dressed in a stunning, haze-colored mink coat, a matching mink cloche hat pulled (Continued on page 69)
“My idea of living is to make a man happy.”
The booing began just sporadically as the woman in a pink, embroidered cotton dress walked out of the shadows that had darkened the aisle into the glaring lights that beat down on the canvas ring and the seats around ringside. She was alone. As she passed each new row of seats on her way to the first row, the people in those seats added their voices to the growing crescendo of hisses and jeers. She'd known there'd be a terrific mob at the Polo Grounds for the big fight, and that the noise there would be over. (Continued on page 82)

by JIM HOFFMAN
Rock telephoned her early in the week—to give her plenty of time. "I've just finished 'Day of the Gun,'" he'd explained, "and I've a three-week vacation before I start working on the next one."

"What is it?" she'd asked. "'Come September,'" he'd said, and she'd said, "No, I mean the name of the picture."

And she heard him laugh. his deep rich laugh. "That is the name of the picture." And then he asked, "How would you like to go sailing with me?"

She knew it was a compliment. Rock was a fiend for sailing, and she was told he was good at it. She'd never seen his boat. He called her Khairuzan. It was 40 feet long. She sighed, "Ah, it sounds heavenly." Was there anything more romantic than sailing! She was thrilled.

He promised to pick her up at seven. She forgot to ask, before hanging up, about food, so she packed four sandwiches anyway. That was her first mistake. For a woman's guide to the real side of sailing—and sailors—please turn the page.
can mean only one thing
when a guy suggests

going off on his boat alone

continued

Accept it:
the crew’s always hungry.

On a boat, he’s the master. (above top) Who
coiled this line? What a mess! (She did)
As a woman, the main thing you should know about a boat is that you can never compete with her. It is a man’s first love. As he whispers to her; admires her lines; praises her dependability; don’t ever let him know you are jealous of her, for he will hold it against you for life. Remember, too, on his boat, he is the master! And he’ll appreciate your not calling his galley a kitchen, even if you do spend most of your time down there. When feeding a crew, a good rule of thumb is: for each man, a minimum eight sandwiches. As for time to be alone, just you two on the deck, sunning and laughing and relaxing together—count on him to ask, “What for?” (For more, turn the page)

He notices nothing but his boat, so don’t even bother freshening up!

Can’t he at least take time out for lunch?

Don’t count on it: some time alone together.
When a guy suggests going off on his boat alone continued

When he’s racing, stay out of sight. And if by chance, at this time, you’re hit by the boom and thrown overboard, be a good sport. Swim home. Should he look at you with pride in his eyes and say, “I’ve a good catch,” don’t misunderstand. He’s talking about his ketch. So, in concluding, girls, if a fellow invites you on his boat, go—but it can only mean: he’s short a crew member!

(P.S. Rock just wants to say, in defense of a man and his boat, he’ll go along with ninety-nine and one-half percent of the above; but the other half is slight exaggeration.)

When bored, try sleep.

When he admires “her” form, don’t show you’re jealous.

A movie, maybe? Gee, did she mind. He was dead tired.
why boys whistle at girls

PAT BOONE
“She looks pretty, but her clothes don’t flirt.”

BOBBY DARIN
“She shouldn’t come in her father’s shirt...no beatniks!”

PAUL ANKA
“Look natural... it’s okay to try out new styles but...”

FRANKIE AVALON
“I like clothes that show off that she’s really a girl.”

When he whistles, don’t turn around...turn the page
how do YOU register with the boys?

continued

He couldn't help but notice when she came into the room. She was dressed in a sweatshirt—he had to smile because it looked as if it might have been her father’s. Her skirt was nice but unpressed, and somehow, she seemed thrown together. It wasn't that he didn't like casual clothes—bulky sweaters, big scarfs—but a girl should look like a girl—soft, neat. He decided not to go over and speak to her (even though she was pretty). She was too sloppy.

For some reason, he couldn't take his eyes off her when he saw her on the dance floor. She was dressed in white organdy with a bouquet of flowers in her hair, and when she moved, she seemed to glitter—like a birthday cake. Entranced, he watched her coyly finger the colored beads around her neck. He didn't know why, but even though she was pretty, he never asked her to dance. He guessed she kind of embarrassed him. She was too overdressed.

He heard a few of the fellows give a wolf call so he turned. That’s when he saw her. She was dressed in a black dress that sort of hugged all around—at least that’s the way it looked as she stood poised with her hand on her hip. Maybe it was the heavy makeup or the bareness of her dress or her high heels, but something made him uneasy and he knew: She’s not my type. She’s a phony. She’s trying too hard to be sophisticated.

He thought, to himself, when he saw her: There’s the type of girl a guy would notice only if he tripped over her. She was dressed in a bulky tweed dress that didn’t have much shape but seemed as if she's planned on growing into it. Just looking at her, he felt she’d be wearing the same prim style the rest of her life. He liked girls shy, but he passed her by. He could tell she’d never try anything new. She wouldn’t be fun. She was just too timid.

Carol Lynley (at right), who played all the “types,” says: When he doesn’t whistle, it’s time for action... turn the page.
If your taste is classic, Pat suggests: fake fur skirt (long or short) leopard top; fur collar on sweater.

If your taste is dressy, Bobby suggests: fur (fake or real) coat; peek-a-boo veil; velvet sheath; beads.

If your taste is feminine, Paul suggests: organdy apron, fur-trimmed; gaily striped dress; fur helmet.

If your taste is casual, Frankie suggests: plaid culottes; big velvet top; bulky sweater; long scarf.

For more on how to improve your taste and more about these fashions, see page 74.
Now more than ever

Kotex is comfort

New Kotex napkins have a softer, more gentle covering.

The napkin ends are pleated to assure smoother fit.

And the Kimlon center, a special inner fabric,

provides better, longer-lasting protection.
“About growing up, it’s the dizziest, but,” confided Brenda Lee,

“BOYS SCARE ME MOST OF ALL”

Brenda Lee sat silently as she listened to her mother and to Dub Albritten—he was her manager—discuss her. Dub was saying, “She’s a regular tomboy. Just now when I was driving her home from the recording session, she leaned out the car window and hollered to a girlfriend halfway down the block. She’s really got to learn to be just a little more feminine.”

Brenda’s mother spoke quietly, as if she’d been living with the problem so long she couldn’t get very (Continued on page 88)
Stewart Granger signaled the waiter to bring him another cup of coffee. He was in no hurry. He really had no place to go after dinner. He couldn’t help wishing he were home now . . . back on the ranch he loved in Nogales, Arizona.

He felt awkward and conspicuous, dining alone. There were couples at the other tables in the restaurant. It seemed to emphasize his loneliness, and he didn’t like the feeling. But perhaps he had better get used to it.

The waiter brought the coffee and, as he poured it, Stewart thought: After almost ten years, his marriage to Jean Simmons was over. And his home was for sale. Yet, he thought, if he were there now, after dinner he could walk through the cottonwoods to the lazily-winding Santa Cruz river. Or he could climb in the jeep and take a look at the new calf that had been born. But that was all in the past. He no longer had a home. The dream had ended—but not the memories.

He still loved Jean and she knew that. But she had told him she would be happier free and so he hadn’t contested the divorce; hadn’t even fought against the provision that gave her custody of their little three-year-old daughter, Tracy.

He was worried about Tracy. What would the divorce do to her? And the three weeks a year that the court said she could be with him, where would they spend that time? Tracy had been raised on the ranch; she had a pony and was learning to ride. Everything on the ranch had been named for her, for the ranch, both he and Jean agreed, was their future together.

A shadow fell across the table and, looking up, he saw a reporter he had known for many years. “May I join you?” the man asked and he nodded yes, almost grateful for someone he could talk to.

“Is it true?” the reporter asked. “Are you really selling the ranch in Arizona?”

“Now that Jean and Tracy are no longer there,” he explained sadly, “I couldn’t live in the place. It would be just too depressing for me.”

The reporter seemed to understand. “Any plans?” he asked. “Where will you live now?”

Stewart shrugged. Then he told the reporter that, after the ranch was sold, he’d probably go to Europe to make a series of pictures there. He added, “I’ll miss my home in Arizona.”

Home was Rolling Hills, 10,000 acres of ranch land that started just east of Nogales and stretched to the Mexican border. There was a six-bedroom main house . . . a (Continued on page 77)
What type are you?

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Now, for a dollar, make the most important beauty discovery of your lifetime. Discover which kind of make-up makes you look loveliest! Campana has prepared a special combination package to make this possible. It contains all 3 famous Campana Make-ups—as shown above—not sample sizes.

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You’ll look different in each make-up. Even your personality seems to change. Which you do you want to present to your world? Try all 3 make-ups, and compare. Wear them different days—see which makes you loveliest. Keep the others for special occasions—or pass them on to a friend. All 3, plus a Solitair Lipstick, sent post-paid for only $1.00 (Campana even pays the U.S. tax!). What value—what an interesting test and exciting discovery, for you! Offer limited—send coupon now.

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Dear Fletcher,

I hope this finds you well. We had a fantastic time in the Galapagos last week. It was a wonderful experience.

We met the locals and tried some of their delicious food. The wildlife was incredible. We saw dolphins, sea lions, and a variety of birds.

I can't wait for our trip to Africa next year. We will be meeting my family in South Africa and then flying to Uganda. It will be an adventure.

Thank you for all your support and encouragement.

Warm regards,

[Signatures]

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ONLY MODESS IS DEODORANT-PROTECTED

Only Modess® offers you deodorant protection... safeguards your daintiness in such a special way. Surely, the most trustworthy napkin ever created.

BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES

Choose Regular, Junior, Super—box of 12, 45 cents...
Modess Regular, box of 48, now $1.73.
PETER BRECK sat waiting in the car until his mother came out of the big building across the street. She slid behind the wheel, smiling down at him, and he thought to himself, “She’s real pretty.” He liked it when she came to Grandma’s to visit him, seldom as it (Continued on page 90)
Made for each other—and for you!

lips<sup>stick</sup> in new hi-fashion swivel cases...
12 exciting shades 39¢ and 69¢, plus tax.

new nail polish in perfectly matched colors with exclusive Protogel for strong, healthy nails
20¢ in regular shades—iridescent 29¢, plus tax.

Tangee cosmetics available in Canada
down at a rakish angle over the shining blond hair, Marlene swept past them, the click of her high, narrow heels hushed in the deep pile of carpeting, and entered the adjoining living room. A group of reporters were waiting to talk to her. She sank into an armchair, crossed those famous legs, smiled and said simply, "Bon jour."

The reporters had chosen a leader for the conference and now, blushing furiously and evidently terribly ill at ease, he walked over to her and bowed deeply. It was as though her very presence commanded such attention, and no empress ever appeared more royal than she as she gave him her hand to be kissed.

In just a few minutes, the usually cyanotic reporters had been converted into ardent slaves, tripping over each other to fetch cigarettes for her, light them, and bring her tea.

The alluring mystery that is Marlene Dietrich had fascinated them as it does most men who meet her.

Recently, on the eve of her fifty-fifth birthday, an item in the gossip columns of a New York newspaper had threatened to kill themselves unless Marlene Dietrich decides which one she really loves. And they said about this, Marlene laughed, tossed back her blond hair, and said, in her low, husky romantic voice, "How can I decide? They are both so charming. And, of course, you understand, they are both just very good friends."

Love has always been a dominant force in Marlene's life and she thinks it should be in every woman's. "If I didn't have to earn my living," she has often said, "I'd live more time to live. And my idea of living is to make a man happy. It's a task that leaves little time for leisure."

And when asked what makes a successful relationship, she has said, "Give of yourself unconditionally and completely. There is no compromise in love."

The men in her life

Jean Pierre Aumont, an old friend who has known Marlene since 1942, says she is a devoted friend, especially in time of sickness, and adds that this is an essential part of her character. "She's so simple. It contained every medicine imaginable to combat a cold!"

Another amazing and favorite story of those who know Marlene is one that goes back to the days of her youth. Jean Gabin was the man in her life. One night, very late, Marlene received a phone call from him. "Marlene," Gabin pleaded with a laugh in his voice, "please come over immediately. I must see you."

She dashed to his apartment, as any woman in love would have done, Gabin greeted her effusively. "Marlene," he cried, "I woke up and had a terrific idea. Would you please cook me some?" Without a word, Marlene donned an apron, went to the kitchen and, in a few minutes, the magnificent aroma of Gabin's favorite dish was circulating in the room. He sighed, the sigh of a contented man.

"My own physical ability is amazing, too," a friend remarked after visiting her in Paris. "During her entire engagement in Paris, she never had a day off."

She rarely ever slept more than four hours in one night. "How does she do it?" she asked. Her routine seldom varied. She was awake at noon and breakfasted on eggs, toast and cheese—she has always had a weakness for French cooking. She is always on the hunt for new songs, she devoted her spare time to listening to records sent her by French composers.

Although she didn't have to be on stage for another six hours until eight, she was usually at the theater at 6:30. In a tiny, almost bare dressing room, she put on her own makeup, and, very often as not, pressed her dress herself. Bruno Barreiro, who has done her hair for years, said if she had wanted her dressing room re-decorated. She replied, "I need only a chair, washbowl and mirror."

And when she arrived, the sound of the dressing room the first day of rehearsals—because Paul Anka, her predecessor at the Etoile Theater, had left for a weekend in the country with the key in his pocket—she told him, "You won't be sorry, of course, to have had a guest."

After her first show, she either grabbed a snack in her dressing room—large ham sandwiches and tea—or else she went to a restaurant across the street. At eleven o'clock, she went on stage for the last evening show.

As a performer, she was a perfectionist. "People pay to see and hear me," she says. "When they pay, I expect the maximum I can give."

One evening, when a photographer, standing just below the stage, kept disturbing her act by continually taking pictures, she stopped singing and simply took taking photographs while I'm on stage. It disturbs the audience as well as me."

And when he refused, she slowly and gracefully, without a hurried movement, walked down the stage, turned away from him by the shoulders and gently pushed him up the aisle, up the stage steps, and out by a side stage exit. He was so astonished, he didn't even thank her. And that was the last anyone saw of him.

Marlene then continued her act with just a few words of apology. "Her love of perfection as a performer is reflected in the detail always found in her clothes. Ginette Spanier, director of the Balmain fashion house, says, "She once made us a dress over six times because it wouldn't look right on her. While we were fitting her, she stood for hours, incredibly beautiful, watching and verifying everything down to the last detail."

And Bruno Coquatrix, though he has presented some of the world's biggest stars on his Paris stage, was in such awe of her when he booked her for a recent singing engagement that he spent the day before her arrival pouring over her contract. "I have an old friend, Edith Piaf, for hints on how to handle her. After her engagement, he closed down the Etoile for three weeks, in an unprecedented move, confiding to friends, 'This woman, but after this I need a rest.'"

After her late night shows in Paris, she was usually free to taste the pleasures of the city she has always loved. Accompanied by her friends, Brian Welles, Noel Crawford, Jean Salhon or any of her other faithful admirers, she would go on a tour of her favorite Paris night clubs, throw up her hair, danced, and laughed, and quite unconsciously put all the other women in a shadow.

The first rays of dawn usually coincided with pangs of hunger, so Marlene would often end the evening at a restaurant in "Les Halles," the picturesque wholesale food market. Then she would go home, she said, "to bed in the morning, with a hearty, cheerful word for the night porter and not even a suspicion of a yawn on her lovely face."

How does she do it?"

"I love every minute of life," she says. "And I live with my times. How can you grow old if you keep pace with today and move with the times?"

One of the qualities which friends admire is her essential simplicity—so unlike the Marlene of the legend. Many stories have been told about her housewifely gifts, and one is often repeated by Jean Pierre Aumont.

One night last year in New York, he and his wife, Marisa Pavan, and actor Daniel Gelin ran into Marlene at a play and they were invited to come with them to Sardi's for dinner.

"But why go to a restaurant?" asked Marlene. "Let's go to my apartment, and I'll have dinner."

"We hardly saw Marlene for the rest of the evening," Aumont recalls. "She sat down with drinks and then disappeared into the kitchen. The only glimpse we could see of her the entire time was when she brought us platters of delicacies. I remember she prepared a Boeuf Stroganoff, and what a Boeuf Stroganoff that was! He looked nostalgic as he spoke.

"None of this is a pose," explains Aumont, "she's a very private person, and she really enjoys doing housework. The Marlene that her friends know and love is a devoted mother and grandmother, whose whole life is centered around her grandchildren."

There is no resemblance to the public's conception of her. Yet, even armed with a dust mop, Marlene remains the essence of glamour.

The Dietrich legend

Such earthly qualities as domesticity, warmth and generosity are difficult to reconcile with the image of the unapproachable and ageless symbol of sex and seductive charm, who has haunted two generations of men.

Ask her how she perpetuates this legend. Marlene launched a smile, a smile that will never run out of gas, and said, "A God was when she was a little dusty." Marlene commented smiling as she continued her chores.

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Born in Berlin at the turn of the century, and named Maria von Sternberg, she was the daughter of an engineer of the German Army. "My mother imprinted in me, at a very early age, the importance of self-control and the mastery of my thoughts and actions. I have never forgotten those lessons," she says thoughtfully. "They have guided my entire life.

She probably would have led an ordinary middle-class life if her father hadn't been killed on the Russian front in 1917. Obliged to earn her own living, after finishing her convent studies, she began violin lessons. A weak wrist discouraged her from pursuing a planned concert career, so she turned to thoughts of the stage, enrolling in Max Reinhardt's School of Drama in her native Berlin. "If things don't go as I had planned," she explains, "I never let myself be dominated by a contrariness. I rationalize myself to the new situation and retain complete control of it. Friends often marvel at my apparent lack of problems. I do have problems. It is just that I have learned to muster them and not inflict them on others.

"I was motivated less by a burning desire to be a film actress than a need for personal money," Marlene confesses. "On the days she frequented the local studios in the hope of picking up a small role. She didn't get much work but she did meet the man who was to become her husband and the three of them were together for four months after their meeting. Marlene and a young assistant director, Rudolf Sieber, were married.

The husband nobody ever sees

The one trait Marlene has always admired in men is intelligence. "I don't care how old a man is as long as he is intelligent," And perhaps this is what's made their marriage last so long. They have never been divorced and are the best of friends although they are apart. But whenever she can, Marlene will go to visit him on the chicken farm in California where, because of poor health, he lives almost all year round.

As a young bride, Marlene was swept into show business. She would have preferred to stay at home and, later, to take care of her newborn daughter, but she and her husband needed money. She accepted a tiny role offered her by Alexander Korda, which led to engagements as a singer in Berlin theaters and night clubs.

"It was when she was singing in a Berlin music hall that Josef von Sternberg, the director, first saw her and was so fascinated by her deep voice and the strange mixture of provocative coquetry and innocent purity of her face and gestures that he asked to meet her.

"I am making a movie of the Heinrich Mann novel, 'Professor Unrat,'" he told her. "There is a small part in it that I think you'd be ideal for.

"Professor Unrat," became the famous film, "The Blue Angel," and the small part grew into the pivotal role of a picture that caught the imagination of the world.

"From then on," Marlene says today, "I was motivated by circumstances more than choice. Josef begged me to go to Hollywood, so I went.

In Hollywood, where Josef von Sternberg carefully nursed the Dietrich legend of the eternal dangerous irresistible vamp who broke men's hearts at will, the real Marlene Dietrich became lonely in her big Hollywood mansion and longed for her childhood home, a tiny home she had left with her mother in Berlin.

The child was six when she finally sent for her. Then, to the great despair of her press agent, Marlene showed herself off to the world as a mother.

Today, some friends say that Maria, protected at home by guards and nurses, longed for more personal attention from her mother. She didn't give much to her. When Marlene was, again, pushed by circumstances into a life of receptions, parties, a parade of her sumptuous jewels and clothes, and a constant exploitation of the Dietrich myth. And as Maria grew older, the adoration she had had for this beautiful, glamorous creature, who had the world at her feet, was marred by a feeling of inferiority. Her mother, she felt, was more beautiful, more desirable than she could ever be.

To stifle an unconscious resentment, Maria stuffed herself with chocolates and grew fatter and fatter.

The end of a conflict

As time passed, Marlene took drama lessons, trying to make a career, under a happy surface. She gave herself up Broad- way, but she was obsessed with the shadow of her mother's glory. She felt she could never emerge from this shadow.

In 1941, Marlene, to whom her family is a very important part of her life, if one of them is feeling well, a phone call from her daughter, in the middle of the night, will rouse her out of bed in an instant. When she is away, she phones them every night.

What might have been

Marlene wears the title of "Grandma Dietrich" as proudly as the red ribbon of her Order of Honor. She would never dream of trying to push her grandchildren's existence into the background or attempt to conceal her age. That would be foolishly trying to turn the clock back. Marlene has never looked back, and she has no respect for women who talk about "what might have been." She calls this emotional cowardice.

"Most people spend their time regretting the past and planning others for their failure instead of admitting their own responsibilities," she says. "It's all a matter of principles. If you have a basic philosophy and discipline yourself to follow it all your life, you can but no regrets." That holds just as true for love, too, she feels.

"There is no such thing as an unsolvable love problem," she insists. "Look into your heart. Ask yourself, 'Am I really making my man happy?' Then analyze your own emotions. Are they the same as when you first met and everything going as you had dreamed? If not, then perhaps it is you who have changed and not your man as you think. As we get a little older, many of us tend to live in the past, overlooking the problems of today. This is wrong. To be happy you must always live for the present. Never give yourself to every new situation. And have you ever wondered if the boredom you may sometimes suffer may not be something that is within yourself instead of the fault of others?"

"And remember," she says, her eyes narrowing in emphasis or perhaps in warning, "the only true lasting success in love is when you give of yourself unconditionally and completely."
died have to lose weight but she was always going on crash diets anyway.

As they walked toward the ice cream shop, they passed four girls who stopped when they saw Bobby and then came running after him.

"Please ... can we have your autograph?" the tallest asked.

"Sure," Bobby replied with a big grin, and immediately all four surrounded him.

"Here, you better use this," Joanie offered, holding out her pocketbook for him to sign.

Afterward, when they were sitting in a booth in the ice cream shop, Joanie looked down at her pocketbook. "Look!" she laughed and held up her bag. "Those girls weren't the only ones who got your autograph."

On the flat surface where Bobby had leaned, you could read: "All the best, Bobby Rydell."

"Gee, maybe I should preserve it in bronze," she said pretending to be serious, and then started giggling. "... and dedicate it to The Man Who Bounced Me off My Feet."

She didn't realize she was smiling, now, as she remembered until she felt a piece of grass tickle her right cheek and heard Bobby say: "Penny for your thoughts?"

"They're secret," she smiled and looked over to where he lay stretched out full-length on the hill. "He looks longer than five feet nine," she thought to herself. She knew exactly how tall he was. That was one of the first things she asked about a boy before. Even though she was only five feet three-one-half, she liked to be able to wear heels on a date and still have the boy taller.

"You know, I'm supposed to be home working on a bit arrangement of" Bobby said, "but this is much more fun."

"Me, too," Joanie said guiltily. "I feel as though I'm playing hookey," and they laughed together.

Bobby took a deep sniff of the air and cradled his head in his hands. "Look at those clouds," he pointed. "Sheep-in-the-meadow."

"Do you call them that, too?" Joanie asked, her voice squawking a little in excitement. "My aunt—the one I used to spend summers with—did, but I've never heard anyone else call them that."

"My grandmother used to," Bobby said leaning up on his elbow, and they sat grinning at each other as though they'd just discovered something terrific.

"Where'd she live?" Joanie asked.

"Actually, we all lived together in our house in Philadelphia but my grandparents had a cottage at Wildwood—that's down on the Jersey shore and ever since I can remember, we went there summers."

He rolled over on his stomach and started chewing a blade of grass. "We had great times. Frankie Avalon used to stay with us a lot. Do you know him?"

"I've gone out with him a couple of times," Joanie answered, "but I didn't know you two knew each other."

Bobby nodded. "There used to be a saying around home that you could stand at the corner of Thirteenth and Ritner Streets—that's right near where I lived in South Philadelphia—and hit Mario Lanza's house and Eddie Fisher's house with the same stone, but now they need a lot more stones.

Jimmy Darren lived right back of me, Frankie lived three blocks away and Fabian only one. Frankie, Fabe and I went to the same boys' club."

"Did you all want to be singers then?"


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B. Light as dew-drops, fine as silk, a new liquid makeup designed to add radiance to a complexion as well as color. "Translucid" by Jaquet, $6.00.

C. Newly introduced by Parfums Caron, Eau de Toilette in "Tabac Blond," a smoky-amber fragrance for golden days or evenings. Two ounce bottle, $5.00.

D. Putting lips on the gold standard, a new lipstick by Charles of the Ritz with built-in dazzle: "Gold Dust Coral," a warm and glowing red. $2.00.

E. For luxury bathing, new "Nectaroma Bath Perfume" steeps your tub in fragrance, smooths and softens skin,ingers hours after. By Tuvaché, $4.00.*

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Joanie asked him, a little curiously, "Did we?" Bobby laughed, "I think we were born that way. Frankie and I were playing at weddings when I was twelve and we cut our first record when I was fifteen. We were in Atlantic City and went to hear a band, 'Rocks and His Saints,' they were called, rehearsing. When we got there we found out they were going to be on two-man shows for the kids—every afternoon at 3 o'clock—impersonations, drum and trombone solos, and songs ... all for two, but we couldn't collect. They used to play in their bathing suits so they could run right back down to the beach to swim or play baseball, and then his mom would have to come down and drag him away."

"We never wanted to take time out to eat... no wonder we've both never been able to gain any weight," Bobby said. Then, with a self-conscious laugh, he apologized shyly, "Now, Joanie, I don't go on like this all the time. I don't think I ever talked this much about myself to anyone.

She felt flattered, as though he'd paid her a compliment, but she just said dubiously, "Oh, I enjoyed it." "I'll give you the next two hours," he said, leaning on his elbow. "What about you?"

"Oh," she said, playing with the collar of her jacket, "there's nothing much to tell." She felt her mind go blank the way it did whenever someone said: "And what have you been doing lately?" She could never think of anything terribly interesting to say.

"Where'd you live when you were little?" he asked.

"Buffalo," she answered, thinking, he's so nice and friendly he probably does want to know about me. "And then we moved to California... to Venice... when I was in high school and I lived there with my parents.

"Which do you like better," Bobby asked, "Buffalo or California?"

"Oh, both," she said. "I go back to Buffalo to visit a lot, but if we hadn't moved here I probably would never have become a singer. I'd always loved to sing, but it was just for fun. I'd never taken lessons or anything... In fact, I still haven't. I guess I kind of want to see how far I can go on my own. And I probably would never have had the nerve to try singing professionally if it hadn't been for Tommy Oliver.

"The band leader?" Bobby asked.

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**How it started**

She nodded. Tommy Oliver played at their farewell dance when she was graduating from Venice High and towards the end of the night, a couple of the students started fooling around with the band, playing drums and singing. Then someone called her over to join in and after a while she realized everybody else had stopped singing and she was doing a solo with the band. Somehow, she managed to finish the song, and then Tommy asked her to sing and never have she been so happy. And she did get in touch with her. She thought she was just trying to be nice but that fall, after she'd started classes at Santa Monica College, he called and asked how she'd like to sing with his band.

"And that's how it started," she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "I kept on at College and sang with Tommy weekends and then, one day, he took me down to Warner Brothers and I signed a contract that very day. I nearly flipped. In fact, she laughed, "sometimes I still have to pinch myself to believe it's all true."

"When I was a little girl, I used to dream about being a beautiful and famous singer and I always pictured myself standing up on a stage in a white organza evening dress with a big wide skirt. But even then, I didn't dare admit it to anyone. Except..."
Once," she corrected herself. "That was the first time there was going to be an amateur singing contest at one of the movie houses in Buffalo and I persuaded my mother to let me enter—and I won!" She wrinkled up her forehead and said: "Isn't that funny? I can't remember what I won . . . a plate, or something."

"Did you ever think about whether or not you'd want to keep on singing when you get married?" Bobby asked.

"I don't know what I'd do," she said thoughtfully. "That's why I don't want to get married for a long time."

"Me, neither," Bobby agreed and they both sat thinking. "But I sort of know what kind of girl I want to marry," Bobby said. "Someone who'll feel the same way about things as I do and who will understand me," and then he grinned. "And of course she'll have to be smart, but above all, she has to have a good sense of humor, like kids and be able to match my grandmother's Italian cooking."

"That's all?" Joanie laughed. "All I want is for him to be tall, have dark hair—although that's not really important—be a good conversationalist. . . ." With an embarrassed laugh, she tilted her head and looked at him. "Oh, this is silly. It's only a dream."

"What's wrong with dreaming?" Bobby asked. "I'd like an unlimited charge account at one of the big stores in any city in the country—I never seem to have enough money for clothes—and lots and lots of pots and pans. But not the ordinary kind."

"I know," he said, still holding her knees and leaning forward excitedly. "I want the kind with copper bottoms—for our new apartment.

"You know," she said, shaking her head seriously, "it takes a lot of furniture to fill up even a one-bedroom apartment. I don't even have a record player. When I want to hear my own records, I have to borrow one from a neighbor. That's next on the list after the pots. They're most important because I love to cook," and, with a groan, added: "As you can see, I love to eat, too, but I think the real fun of cooking is to experiment—you know, Mexican, Chinese, Italian foods—but you need lots of pots to do that," she said wistfully.

"How are you on meatballs and spaghetti?" Bobby asked, leaning toward her.

"Oh, just great," she answered and added with a mischievous twinkle not as good as your grandmother, I'm sure." He laughed and then quietly motioned to her to look toward the edge of the woods where a small squirrel was busily rubbing his face. They watched until he scampered off behind the trees.

"There were lots of squirrels and wild rabbits on my aunt's farm," Joanie said in a soft voice, "and there was a hill, too—a little like this one—that was my wishing hill. I used to go there whenever I wanted something real bad, like a new bike or roller skates or a new dress for a party. And when I was really unhappy or depressed," she added in a voice so low he had to bend his head to hear, "I'd go there at night after it was dark and no one was around and sing until my lungs gave out. Singing always made me feel better—it still does.

"But . . . but why," Bobby asked, stum-}

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looks that topped the boys’ poll

CHECK LIST OF BASIC RULES FOR DRESSING TO PLEASE A MAN

Determine your style of dressing: feminine, classic, casual, sophisticated. And remember, who ever said you couldn’t change once in a while for fun!

The Casual Dresser: You feel “better” in casual things, you know it. Besides, for the type of activity you’re engaged in, casual clothes are more appropriate. Your problem is you get rutted, you never want to try anything new. (Try splurging one dressy dress and see how you feel; it’s marvelous for the morale, particularly around this time of year.) Remember, too, that being casual doesn’t mean “falling apart,” run-down sweaters; unsupervised slacks or skirts; untidy hairdo; too-big shirts or sweaters. Casual means “happened by chance,” and the secret is it takes time to look like that! When we speak of being casually dressed, we mean, naturally. And as Carol said, “One of the hardest things to do is to be yourself.”

Frankie Avalon suggests (on page 58)

Veilvelvet plaid and plaid culottes by Jules Isles for Mr. Mort
Mohair 61⁄2” scarf by Vera
Wood sweater by Jernat

The Dressy Dresser: You go to work; your favorite date is dinner for two; you plan a vacation far away from home; you dress for church on Sunday. In other words, you like to dress up. Your big mistake might be in confusing dressing-up with being sophisticated (something most American men run away from). As Carol says, “The black dress I’m modeling is really a good basic black one, but I’ve overdone it with my heavy makeup—and believe it or not, by not using accessories.” Most dressy dressers realize the long dangling earrings and the spiked heels are out of vogue, but do you realize that if you added some bold gold heads or a big rhinestone pin to the black dress Carol is wearing, you’d get a dramatic and bewitching effect. Good, exciting and individual accessories can subtly change a dress—provided, too, that it starts out a good fit. More than any other type, the dressy dresser must be impeccable in her grooming, her dress and her manner.

Bobby Darin suggests (on page 58)

White “unborn” calf fingertips coat by Freidrea
Gold veiling “Hedid” by John Frederics
Gold heads by Richilieu
Black velvet “easy flow” dress with gold embroidered insert by Anne Fogarty

The Feminine Dresser: Your greatest mistake is overdoing it, as Carol shows on page 57. (You can see Carol in “The Day of the Gun” for U-L.) You tend to wear too much jewelry and too many flowers and too many colors. You usually choose a dress that has enough ornament or a wide enough skirt or a flamboyant enough pattern that you don’t need more accent, but you do because you think it’s feminine. But being feminine, as Carol said, it most aptly, “A girl should look like a girl.” Men like to see a waist; like a dress to show off a nice figure; like a girl to smell nice and look neat. But they don’t want the dress to be dominant. They want it to show off the girl! Carol says: “Remember, when you’re in any doubt, take it off.”

Paul Anka suggests (on page 58)
Organdy apron with mint tail trim by Leitman Furs
Pixie Dalmatian “Charme” by John Frederics
DuPont’s Antron multistriped bouffant dress by Jr. Theme

The Classic Dresser: You hate going to parties; you don’t mind if people don’t notice you; you rarely talk in a crowd; you collect milk glass and, when you go shopping, you usually come home with the same type of dress. You can’t help it but you feel shy. And as Pat Boone said, “Clothes tell a lot about a girl’s character.” Your clothes—more than with any other type of dresser—tell about you. Sometimes you use them to hide in. You don’t pay attention to fit; you always wear a dress with round collar; big pockets, too, to hide your hands. Your clothes are your retreat. Notice Carol’s manner. “I’m lost in this dress; I have no figure; I’m fading into the wallpaper, a real wallflower.” Did you ever think about this? Classic clothes don’t have to mean timidity. They mean basic. But remember, improvise a bit. Wear a bright scarf; add a red rose; investigate accessories; try a new mood.

Pat Boone suggests (on page 58)
Long sleeve wool and mohair cardigan by Pendleton
Mink ascot by Freidrea
Synthetic plaid for “at home” dress by Lee Evans for Mr. Mort
Leopard print Popover by Vera
For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 8. (A—ADULT/FAMILY)

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS—MGM; CinemaScope, Technicolor: The sincere efforts of Bob Wagner, Natalie Wood, George Hamilton, Susan Kohner hold your interest in a confused story of Southerners who take their sex problems to New York. (A) October

ALL THE YOUNG MEN—Columbia: Earnest but often familiar drama of youth at war. In Korea, Sidney Poitier leads a cut-off Marine platoon that includes vet Alan Ladd and greengrocer James Darren, Glenn Corbett, Eugene Jonhanson. (F) August

APARTMENT, THE—UA, Panavision: Half funny, half serious, this nifty film takes a sharp look at the low-going-in Jack Lemmon's apartment. Jack's fine work is almost matched by Shirley MacLaine's, as his beloved; Fred MacMurray's, as his boss. (A) August

BENDS ARE RINGING—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Too-faithful recording of Judy Holliday's bright Broadway musical, with Dean Martin a welcome addition as her favorite customer. She's a phone-answering-service gal who worries about the clients. (F) August

CHARROUS CABOOSE—U-A, Panavision, Eastman Color: Rambunctious, earload of homespun fun. Old railroad crew, Edgar Dugan helps elope Molly Bee, Ben Cooper. (F) September

CROWDED SKY, THE—Warner, Technicolor: Efrem Zimbalist Jr., prototype of a Navy jet fated to crash with Dana Andrews' transport, which carries the usual quota of emotional passengers. Overplotted but tense. (A) October

ELMER GANTRY—U-A: Memorable characters fill a flawed, courageous movie, with Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as revivalists. Are they phony or honest? Newspaperman Arthur Kennedy wonders. (A) October

FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE—A.I.; CinemaScope, Color: Truly terrifying, imaginative version of Poe's classic, with Mark Damon as guest in a doomed mansion where his sweetheart (Myrna Fahey) and her brother (Vincent Price) await death. (A) September

HELL TO ETERNITY—A.A.: A surprise hit tells a true and touching story of World War II. As a white boy raised by a Japanese-American family, Jeffrey Hunter faces a sad dilemma, finds a great mission. (A) October

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Lion International: The British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-embossed shambles. At a shop steward, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael's a bumbler whose honesty starts a riot. (A) July

IT STARTED IN NAPLES—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: A tough, lovable kid named Mariette steals this sentimental frollick from Clark Gable, as his American uncle, and Sophia Loren, as the aunt who's raised the orphan—improperly, Clark says. (A) September

POLLYANNA—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Wonderful Hayley Mills, thirteen, highlights the happy surprise of the year. She's the orphan who gives a 1912 small town a good shaking-up. A strong adult cast, topped by Jane Wyman and Richard Egan, supports Hayley. (F) August

PORTRAIT IN BLACK—U-I, Eastman Color: An entertaining suspense thriller is really dressed to kill, in its tan-handled San Francisco settings. Sandra Dee and John Saxon are endangered young lovers; Lana Turner and Anthony Quinn, murderous older pair. (A) September

PSYCHO—Paramount, VistaVision: It's gory, gruesome but all in fun, thanks to director Hitchcock, who sends Janet Leigh, John Gavin and Vera Miles to a very peculiar motel run by Tony Perkins. (A) September

RAT RACE, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: With Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis co-starred, it's easy to get all upset over the struggle to make good in wicked New York, though Debbie's essentially dishonest role creates a problem for her. (A) August

REST IS SILENCE, THE—Films Around the World: German dialogue, titles in English; Hardy Kruger is excellent in a modern version of the "Hamlet" story, which fits neatly into Nazi-era and postwar Germany. (A) October

SAVAGE EYE THE—Trans-Lux: A truly unusual movie, intensely personal, frighteningly real, takes you inside the mind of a lost divorcee, Barbara Baxley, lacking love, sees only ugliness in Los Angeles. (A) July

SONG WITHOUT END—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Dirk Bogarde's romantic good looks suit the role of composer-pianist Franz Liszt, whose life is seen as a piano concerto and costume pageant, with stormy personal drama on the side. (A) September

SONS AND LOVERS—20th, Cinemascope: Sensitive study of growing-up, done with taste and vigor, Dean Stockwell is fine as an English miner's son; Wendy Hiller, Trevor Howard are even better as parents. (A) October

STORY OF RUTH, THE—20th, Cinemascope, De Luxe Color: Lavish free-hand translation of the Old Testament story finds warmth in the country romance of rich farmer Stuart Whitman and foreigner Elana Eden, with Peggy Wood as her mother-in-law. (F) August

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Juicy as a bit of suburban gossip, an illicit-love story teams Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak. Acting honors go to Barbara Rush, as Kirk's wife; Ernie Kovacs, as their screwball client. (A) August

13 GHOSTS—Columbia: Silly chiller, okay for kids like young hero Charles Herbert, who enjoys living in a haunted house. Big sister Jo Morrow scream properly. (F) October

TIME MACHINE, THE—M-G-M: Pioneer science-fiction by H. G. Wells has a nice atmosphere of 1950. That is Rod Taylor's take-off point for his time trip through this war-ravaged century to the far future—uglier yet, except for Yvette Mimieux. (F) September

Eleanor Roosevelt's

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They were married on January 24th, 1956.

He thought of that day one morning as he leaned out the car window to kiss Rosemary and take the Union Jack to the poll. He searched her pretty face, tilted toward her, and looked for a long minute into her wide blue eyes. He saw so little of her these days. It worried him. Would he wake up one morning to find they'd become strangers?

He was glad they'd managed to have breakfast together, today, even if now he had to take off fast or he'd be late on the set. "It's bad," he said as he kissed her. "I think things are going to change once. "If you hadn't married me, I'd probably have gone on being the guy who always almost made it." He was serious, too, when he gave her a lot of credit for the success he'd been making playing lawyer Eliot Ness in "The Untouchables." Still, it meant long hours away from her. She never said anything, but he knew it was hard on her.

What about dinner, Dear?" she asked now, hopefully, "Will you be home?"

"No, Honey," he shook his head. "The way things look, I'll be working until one, maybe two in the morning."

Rosemary leaned inside to continue the conversation.

"Okay," she said, making her voice cheerful. "Then I'll bring dinner out to you."

"That's some idea," he laughed. But, then, something about the way his chin was set made him stop. "Hey, you're not serious, are you?" he asked. She nodded her head. "You're a honey," he said, rumpling her hair. "But forget it. Don't bother. You put up with enough for my show."

He moved off, waving goodbye, but Rosemary had the last word anyway.

"Don't be silly," she called after him. "I'll love you."

He didn't hear her. The car engine had drowned out her words and he was already nosing his car toward the studio, and grinning to himself as he pictured her showering in the little girl's Little Red Riding Hood with her basket of food, on the blustery backlot in Culver City where they shot the night scenes.

It was just like her to think up a fantastic scheme like that, he thought. Not once has she griped about being lonely in the years that he'd been driving himself sixteen, seventeen hours a day on this series. She'd patiently backed him every inch of the way. The hours were murder; they shot all day at the studios, took a supper break and drove out to Culver to do the night scenes in Nature's own dark. And he had forty, fifty pages of dialogue to learn a week. But Rosemary gave a good study; she was responsible for the children and house on her own slim shoulders. And if he hadn't said no, just now, she'd come tooting him to the telephone. She was that kind of a wife. And he wished he could see her more than just once in a while.

Out of the darkness

That night, Bob felt lonely and desolate. And the chill settling over the lot didn't lift his spirits any. When you work out- side in the middle of the night for four, five hours it gets cold—you actually wear long underwear or fleece. The darkness around the lot, an odd little figure emerged in an outlandish costume—a ski jacket on top, and riding pants on bottom. Bob said as some child started playing up. He saw it was Rosemary. She was lugging not one Little Red Riding Hood basket, but two Little Red hampers. He took them from her and asked, "What's the dickens have you got in here—food for twenty people?"

"You'll see," she said brightly, and kissed him on the cheek. He couldn't help noticing that, for all the scrambled get- ting ready, she was still pretty.

They went into Bob's dressing room. She opened a folding table and covered it with a checked tablecloth. Then, while Bob watched somewhat dumbfounded, she put the dishes, turned off the electric bulbs and lit a pair of candles in two little holders they'd bought for picnics.

"Talk about enchanted evenings!" Bob smiled. "That's one thing even brought me a little martini to have before dinner. She cooked the artichokes and did the whole thing. I thought, 'Gee, maybe the others will think it's too pretentious.' Then I decided, 'The heck with what people think. Why shouldn't we have a good time out of a dinner break that's usually pretty ghastly?' It was great. The food was hot, and it was wonderful.

Bob's impulse became a nightly ritual. Bob, who already had been willing to shoo from his house that he was hopelessly in love with his wife, found himself more in love than ever. They'd couldn't be together and have a break in their life. Rosemary had been impossible to have a break in their life.

"Keep alive the very flavor of their marriage. Or as Bob puts it, 'She made it, one hour, might mean something instead of just a chance to fill your stomach. We'd sit in the dressing room relaxed, and I'd visit with her, ask what the kids did all day, what's new around the house. I'd go to the store. Otherwise I'd feel like a stranger coming in just to sleep for a few hours."

At first, people thought we were crazy. The candle bit, for instance. But we like candles. We use them all the time when we're with our friends. But to some people, candles are snobby. Anyway, it turned out that my wife's whole idea was a great morale booster even to the other guys. They figure it out. When I come out one, two in the morning for a husband who's crazy to work those hours, then everybody's crazy and nobody's lonely. Otherwise, you get to figuring that Bob and Rosemary are really have to do to bed and what am I doing out here?"

It is true that when some of the other fellows' wives heard about it, they resented Rosemary. "They thought she was trying to steal Bob," one spied her husband. "Bob grins. "They wanted to read her out of the housewives' union, or something. But that soon blew over. Now everyone sort of expects it, and people don't talk to each other."

"It takes away all the bitterness. You have a few laughs, tell a few lies, and have some fun. If I'd known marriage was going to be like this, I never would have hesitated."

Settling down seemed stupid

Vague fears of marriage problems had gnawed at Bob at one time he courted Rosemary Bowe. He wasn't sure they could be happy in his kind of life. He wasn't sure he had the right to expect that. He had a sense of being a free man. He had the bachelor's dread of losing his freedom. He couldn't see himself staying home with the pipe and slippers, watching the footloose fellows go by.

"Settling down and having children," he admits, "seemed dull as dishwater and a stupid way to live—for me, at least."

Moreover, Bob firmly believed that he traveled alone. And speed was for him—single-seater racing boats, speed cars, any pursuit where he dared care because he had no obligation to be careful for the sake of a wife and children.

His skepticism was deepened by the mounds of marital debris cluttering the Hollywood scene. Friends told him, "Marriage is exactly like building a house. You may do most of the work in the first, and plenty in the second, and the third is to make up for all the mistakes in the first and second." It sounded awful.

"I come from a broken home myself, and I had my share of everyone's happy marriage," he admits candidly. "If I could have pointed to just one! But everywhere I'd say of a pair, 'Well, now, they look pretty contented,' next week I'd pick up the newspaper and he was hitting her with a hammer or vice versa. I was sure marriage was the end of happiness, not the beginning."

Bob was particularly uncertain about his future. He didn't see how to contribute to a happy marriage. "I thought the great lack would be in me," he owns up. "I had grave doubts that I would be worth a darn as a husband. I just thought I wasn't cut out to be a husband. The thought of being broke the heck out of me. Felt it was almost religious to go to church and say those marriage vows if I didn't mean it. A man has the right to make a mistake. But I do feel that it's only a fly, and if it doesn't work then, in two years you can call it off—that made me shudder worse. It wasn't for me."

Bob married Rosemary Bowe and Rosemary fell in love, he was unable to rid himself of his tormenting doubts. He felt pulled in two directions at once—wanting to marry Rosemary, at the same time not wanting to be trapped by the legal ceremony of marriage.

"We fought," he recalls, "and the fights were all about do we or don't we get married. She was so emotionally upset, the point that she actually blacked out. She fainted at the wheel and drove off the side of the road."

Bob and Rosemary fought so bitterly that finally they called off their engagement. But they secretly discovered he couldn't live without her.

"It was that simple," he says in awe. "I was so dumb that I hadn't even known how much I was in love with her. I'm not saying that I completely disappeared, but they couldn't affect me any more. I only knew I was so miserable without her that it was worth anything to be with her again."

So he proposed

So, consumed and driven by love and tormented by fear, he proposed desperately.

"I have to marry you!"

He smiles wryly about it now.

"She didn't quite get it, because she's a woman," he explains. "She took my proposal as a backhanded compliment, when it was a genuine proposal I could ever pay anyone. Because I literally had no choice. The marriage might fall on its face tomorrow; all I knew was what I had to do today. And that was to ask her to marry me."

So they were married. "And," says Bob,
"I looked at myself and asked, 'What were all the problems? This is a great girl. Marriage is a ball.' But I'll be candid—I was still wary about having children unless I was positive we had a good marriage for keeps. But the house I bought for some reason didn't appeal to me, so I sold it. We lived in a broken home, I'd seen others, and even though my mother was wonderful, it's a sad thing to see children torn up. If there were any doubts, I wanted no children. But it took only three months to end all my doubts.

"I was no longer afraid to have children, I wanted them. I didn't worry about tomorrow, I just knew it was there. I married my best friend, but my friends. They said they never saw anyone take to marriage and fatherhood like I did. And we were lucky, the Lord blessed us with children when we wanted them.

Elizabeth is three now, and Charles is two. They don't see much of their daddy because he works such hours, but when they do it's because he wants to. As he puts it, 'I want to be with the kids. Instead of doing something else, it's because I'd rather—not because I have to.'

Bob, who at forty still has the face, figure and vitality of his mid-twenties, was an All-American skeet shooter before the war. He played polo, fooled around with fast cars, motorcycles, racing boats. He figured that now that he was married, his love for sports and the outdoors would die a natural death. But not so. Zing went another unfounded fear.

"Rosemary," he points out with relief "is not only a good-looking girl, and feminine, but she turned out to be a darn good athlete. I took her skiing and she learned fast. I took her skeet shooting, and she amazed me by having no fear of the gun. This is something I was forewarned of. She's shooting well that now, when I get a couple of days off, we head north to shoot ducks at a place my father left me near Marysville.

"There were times when I didn't try," he says, "I still love speed—but risking my wife's neck in a hot auto is the only thing I didn't share with her. For that, I go by myself. And I'm free to. She has made me give up nothing."

The result? He's crazy about staying home. "I've been around the globe," he says. "When I go on location—Spain, Japan—my family comes along. But home in Bel Air has it all over Europe. We built our house between our two-quarter acre swimming pool on the estate of Colleen Moore, who was a silent screen star, and we practically live in a playground.

But Bob feels fun and freedom isn't the whole thing. There's the matter of understanding.

"The acting business is a very lonely one," he explains, "and hard to take unless you can walk through your front door into a life as a human being. Rosemary does that for me. She cares what happens to me more than I care myself. I'd hate to go back to the way I lived before." And with a grin, he adds, "Now I even have a built-in audience. When my kids say, 'Daddy, I love you,' you're nine feet tall no matter what anyone else says."

After almost five years, it feels as though their love and marriage is as "good as new."

And why? Because you don't have to tell Rosemary that the long hours away are for her and the kids, that after a few more years they'll have financial security. Too many men have to explain this to their wives. They phone and say 'Look Honey, I'm busy designing a missile.' And she says, 'I don't care about your confounded missile, you come home, dinner's getting spoiled.' That attitude can murder a marriage.

"I know I'm lucky," he goes on, "because Rosemary's not like that. Sometimes I want to pinch myself because I can't believe where a guy like me comes off desiring a wife like her. And every now and then, when I'm on my way to work and in a hurry, I can't help it, I have to turn the car around at the corner and have a look down back home, just to kiss her again. She looks at me as though I'm crazy, but I just have to let her know I appreciate her. I keep wanting to thank her for marrying me and for somehow arranging it so that, even though we did get married, we're still in love."

—William Tusher

See Bob on ABC-TV, Thurs., 9:30-10:30 p.m. EDT in "The Untouchables." Rosemary's in Par.'s "All in a Night's Work."

END OF A DREAM

Continued from page 62

twenty-five years in the movie business," he said, "but the greatest thrill of my life was as a Britisher, winning blue ribbons for my French cattle."

Then softly, almost as if he were speaking to himself, he said, "I guess now I'll die an actor instead of a cattleman."

A few weeks later, Stewart Granger prepared to leave for Europe, where he'd make a movie. There, he would try to find another home, perhaps in Switzerland. Yet up until the last moment, Stewart's friends and Jean's hoped that they might come back together again. In a final gesture at trying to save their marriage, Stewart bought Jean a gift, an $8,000 German car. But it did no good; she refused even to accept his gift. It seemed there was no chance of a reconciliation. After she picked up her final divorce papers, it looked, despite her denials, as if Jean would marry director Richard Brooks, even if she had to wait a year to do it.

In mid-Atlantic two planes crossed. One was taking Stewart to Europe; the other was bringing Jean back to the United States. That was the closest they had been in four months. . . .

The End

See Jean in U.I.S.' "Spartacus" and "The Grass Is Greener." Stewart can be seen in "Sleeping Partners" for M.G.M. and "North to Alaska" for 20th Century-Fox.

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Continued from page 62

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The noise of the hotel coffee shop with steady sounds of the lunch-hour crowd, the bellhoses ordering and the clink of china, didn’t seem to bother Nick Reynolds as he sat, hunched over a round marble table, examining timetables spread out before him.

At clocked the time on his watch, then began noting figures on a small white pad. He didn’t even notice when Dave Guard and Bob Shane, who were his partners in the Kingston Trio for the past four years, since they left college, came in and sat down across from him.

“Hello, a.m., loud haven’t you don’t streaked of the phone, then he finished a little thousand of the minutes fell down the room. They were recording into their clothes in their bags—drinking black coffee the whole time to keep awake—and got to LaGuardia Airport with only minutes to spare. There was just time to send off one telegram to Gretchen Guard announcing: “On our way. Tell Joan and Louise.”

Don’t three couples now live conveniently within fifty miles of each other in Northern California—Dave in his old college town of Palo Alto, Nick in Sausalito and Bob in Tiburon.

They helps cut down on the overhead, Dave explained. “Usually when one of us phones home, we pass messages back and forth for the other two wives.” He paused; then, with a quick look at the others, admitted: “Anyway, it’s supposed to work that way.”

Alone in a hotel room.

“There’s something about being alone in a hotel room that really drives you to that phone,” Bob said, with a bewildered shake of his head. “And if the circuits are busy or I can’t get through to Louise right away, I feel the world’s against me,” he added, remembering the time the Trio arrived in New York for a rare three-day stopover.

As soon as Bob checked into his room at the Park Chambers, he automatically reached for the phone. The emptiness of the hotel room closed in on him as he waited for the operator to put through his call to Louise in Atlanta, where she was staying with her folks.

He lay back on the bed and imagined how she would look as she answered. Instead he heard a soft, drawing voice—it was Louise’s mother—telling the operator that Mrs. Shane and her cousin had left only a few minutes earlier to see a movie. Dejected, Bob left word to have her call him when she got in and went to dinner.

When he returned to his room later, he tried to write Louise a letter, but gave up. She could always tell when he was depressed and didn’t want to make her feel worse. After all, being separated was hard on her, too.

He was deep in a dream about Louise, when the telephone rang and he tripped over the wire to answer it on the first ring. But it was only Nick, telling him to come right over to the Blue Angel Supper Club where he and Don MacArthur were discussing some commitments.

It sounded urgent so Bob left word at the desk where he would be if the call came in and took a cab to the club. As he walked toward Nick and Don, he noticed that a girl was sitting with them. It was in the next room and she had her back toward him, so he couldn’t see that she had long, blondish hair.

“Hey, who’s the girl?” he asked Nick who came to meet him.

Nick looked quickly, then tried to hide his smile, but at the sound of Bob’s voice, the girl turned around. Nick couldn’t keep silent any longer.

“Man, that’s no girl,” he burst out with a loud laugh. “That’s your wife!”

Bob just stood, without saying a word, and stared, even after Louise came over to him. Finally, he managed to stammer: “It... really is you, isn’t it.”

Later, after he had recovered, Louise told him that, when she found out he would be in New York for three days, she decided to surprise him and fly up. She arrived at the hotel while he was out and then, for the first time, arranged the meeting at the Blue Angel.

“You know, even after Nick said it was my wife, I wasn’t sure,” Bob admitted sheepishly afterward. “Louise had changed her hairstyle and had died with her hair blond since I last saw her.” After a minute, he added: “It’s frightening how people can change when they don’t see each other every day.”

“That’s the hard part,” Dave said thoughtfully, “trying to maintain some sort of communication with your wife when you’re apart so much. I guess we’ve each devised our own way of trying to share things with them... even when we’re not together.”

Bob spends his free hours shopping for charm bracelets that memorialize places he and Louise haven’t been together and experiences they’ve never quite managed to share.

“When we played Washington, I sent her a bracelet with an engraving of the White House and MacArthur,” Nick remembered.

“And when we played the Blue Angel, I sent her one with little blue bugs playing on a pipe. I don’t want her to forget who I am,” he murmured, almost to himself. “I don’t know what I’d do without these little things. Nick and I both carry them in our breast pocket where he always carries the latest one. Joan puts down her innermost thoughts, and I read them over and over.”

Can they ever make it up?

Both the fellows and the girls have tried to accept the phone calls and letters as substitutes, but each of them knows that nothing can ever make up for those days, lost forever, that they didn’t spend together. And some of their most cherished memories, even more precious because so brief, are those unexpected minutes they had together.

Like the time during their midwestern tour last fall when the Trio received a last-minute call to fly back to Hollywood to record some soft drink commercials. The recording session took the whole day, with only three stolen minutes for a hurried call home, and the next morning the boys were back at Los Angeles Airport for their flight to Chicago. They were having their breakfast crowded into the galley when Nick suddenly shouted: “Hey, Dave, look.”

Dave turned and saw Gretchen, her brownish-blond hair catching the early morning sunlight as she ran toward him. “Where’s Honey?” he called, rushing to meet her.

She was out of breath and could only shake her head to reassure him.
“Well, then, what are you doing here?” he asked in a puzzled voice.

“Oh, Dave, you haven’t forgotten, have you?” she said, her voice catching a little in her disappointment. “It... it’s my birthday.”

“Oh of course I didn’t forget,” Dave assured her and bent to kiss her just as the final boarding warning sounded over the loudspeaker. “Happy birthday, Honey. Sorry... but I’ve got to get on the plane now. It was great seeing you,” and he hugged her again. “Bye now. See you sometime.”

Gretchen stood alone on the field, waving a white handkerchief hard long after the plane had disappeared. The gift came the next day.

On Nick’s and Joan’s first anniversary, Joan found Gretchen at the airport with her husband, even though she knew he would be working the whole time.

At three-thirty in the morning, the boys were still recording and Joan had fallen asleep on top of the piano.

“A great way to spend an anniversary,” Nick muttered and tenderly covered her with his coat.

A minute later, the studio door swung open with a sharp bang. At that signal, Dave and Bob sounded a loud fanfare and Don MacArthur and Louise Shane, who had flown up to join Bob, marched in carrying one pink cupcake with a frosted candle and shouting, “Happy anniversary to you...”

Joan blinked sleepily, her yawn slowly turning into a smile. “Isn’t this a beautiful anniversary?” It was only the beginning of a couple of minutes to get married—and then, the next morning, you wake up and discover your wife next to you. You say, ‘My gosh, this is a great pleasure,’ and he added hastily, ‘but it hits you that way...’ that it’s forever. I had the same feeling when Catherine was born, as though suddenly I had this tremendous responsibility to protect and care for some one else.”

“Plenty of best men

“You know, belonging to a trio is a little like being married, too,” he said wryly, tilting back his chair until his crew-cut brushed the wall behind him. “You know, you’re always together, and you enjoy all the advantages. Except for one,” he admitted. “All of us got married after we started singing professionally so there have always been plenty of best men on hand. And so, the way to make them happy and out of the way, isn’t to have so much time together as a trio, but to keep careful we get on each other’s nerves—that could ruin our professional relationship.”

“Something to no problem,” Bob said, elaborately crossing his fingers. “We found the best way to stay friends is to lead separate lives as soon as we finish working. On the road, we always have separate rooms and the boys are on their own. We surely don’t invade each other’s privacy. The same is true when we go home. Once we walk off that plane, we don’t see each other until it’s time to get back on.”

“Something to get together in Hawaii,” Dave interrupted, “and we’ve known Nick since college, we have different friends, mostly people who don’t care whether the Kingston Trio lives or dies. But we finally get home, we’re absolutely incognito and incommunicado. We stay right around the house all the...”
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we’re

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time, no night clubs and no parties,” he emphasized with a wave of his hand. “As far as I’m concerned, that time is just for Gretchen and the kids.” All three boys agree.

One thing about being separated so much,” Dave added. “You have a lot of time to think about your marriage and you really understand how important it is.”

“It’s strange,” Bob said. “Sometimes it takes something pretty serious—like almost dying—to realize how much a person means to you. You know, Louise and I met in Hawaii and it was love at first sight... For me, at least. I spent the next six months convincing her—mostly by phone—to marry me, but I never knew how much I really cared until I thought I’d never see her again.”

So little time

It was the day before the wedding and the Trio was flying in from St. Louis for a one-night stand at Notre Dame University in South Bend. At that time, they were still using the chartered plane they had nicknamed The Tom Dooley because, Nick explained, the song “Tom Dooley,” their first big hit, was what got them off the ground in the first place.

They were somewhere over Michigan when it started to snow. Visibility was zero, their gas supply low, the plane was bobbing like a cork and they couldn’t get clearance to land at South Bend. Then the radio went out. The pilot had no choice but to drop down to about two hundred feet above the ground and try to follow the highway signs.

The Trio started to sing, not one of the folk songs that had made them so popular, but a hymn, “Nearer My God to Thee.”

They had gone through it twice when the pilot spotted a clear patch of land and headed in. The three of them looked out the window to see a snow-capped field and, holding their breath, watched as the pilot missed a haystack by a couple of feet, tipped a barbed wire fence and, by a miracle, made a perfect landing.

Still dazed, they crawled out of the plane, struggled through the fields to the road and managed to hitch a ride to South Bend. As they staggered up the steps of Notre Dame, a student stopped them.

“Look, you guys,” he called, “if you’re trying to buy tickets, they’re all sold out. Come back next year.”

Afterward, they laughed about it but it was a sobering experience. “All I could think about was Louise,” Bob said. “That’s when I really knew how much I loved her. It struck me how little time most people have to spend together, that even if you’re always together, if the husband doesn’t travel, still there’s so little time.”

“There’s no getting around it,” Nick added quietly. “It’s tough when you’re away from someone you love. I don’t think you ever can adjust to something like that, not really. At least I haven’t been able to. You may learn to accept it more, but you don’t feel any better about it.”

“You learn to make the most of the time you have together,” Dave said. “You know, when we’re on the road, in those lonely hotel rooms, I dream of the day when we’ll have a chance to live like ordinary married couples. But even then,” he added thoughtfully, “it’s just like Bob said. You never know it but there’s really only a little time. You have to make being together count. You can’t take those hours for granted.”

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WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF?

Continued from page 29

"Oh, it's Juliet Prowse... That's Frank Sinatra's girl! What's she doing with Elvis?... Has Elvis gone off his rocker?" The newsmen tidbits flew faster than a gossip columnist's pencil. One little girl in the back of the crowd sighed in complete disgust. "Oh, they're doing a picture together!" But her brief comment was lost in the onflowing tide of "juice!"

Juliet, in a crisp green cocktail dress, slid her arm through Elvis' while and tried to cut a path through the club. As he felt her touch, he grasped hold of her arm as though it was the last thing he was going to feel, ever. He looked into her blue eyes as if for reassurance as to him, a small smile gently curving her lips.

"Maybe we should've gone in the back way at that," he said, but she shook her head. "No, what's there to be afraid of?"

Inside the club, a line of people waited to be seated. But the maître d' immediately directed Elvis and Juliet to a table. The three bodyguards had disappeared.

Juliet and Elvis seemed to have tremendous things to tell them. They smiled often at each other and held hands under the table. It was the first time anyone had seen Elvis so relaxed. He even tilted his chair back, casual and comfortable.

Photographers' flash bulbs went off all over the place, but somehow no one went near the Pressley table. Which was rather peculiar. Then a flash went off right in his direction and Elvis immediately jumped to his feet. He called the photographer over to his table, but he did it quietly, causing no commotion. In a firm tone he said, "I didn't take any," the photographer insisted. "I was getting a shot of Tony Bennett on stage.

"Oh, okay," Elvis settled back in his chair again. Even in the rest of the evening seemed less relaxed than the beginning, and he looked preoccupied. During the show, he glanced at Juliet often. It was as if he were asking, "Are you the one for me? What have we, can it last?" But each time he tried to say anything a fan would come up to ask for his autograph, and each time he obliged with a smile and a "Thank you." He signed the last autograph as the show began and, as the lights dimmed, he took Juliet's hand, twined his fingers with hers. They didn't say much after that, just stole secret looks and held hands.

When they met

Juliet and Elvis had become good friends while they were making "G.I. Blues." She was a warm girl, with a tremendous capacity for understanding—a girl full of love and empathy. Men came first in her life, always had been and probably always will be. And one of the few people that drew Elvis to her. He had been fond of several foreign girls while overseas in the Army—though none of the romances too.

Juliet, of French and English descent, came from South Africa. When Barrie Chase walked out of "Can Can," Juliet replaced her, which brought her and Sinatra together. She became Frank's favorite date—but when she got to know Elvis she liked him a lot, too. She told people, "What I like best about Elvis is his gentleness."

When Frank went off to the Orient, it seemed natural for the two young people to come closer. Often, when they were visiting back and forth in each other's dressing rooms on the set, choreographer Charlie O'Curran (he's married to Patti Page) would yell, "Here comes Frank!" Everybody took it as a great joke—until the day Sinatra really did show up on the set. O'Curran had given out his warning, "Here comes Frank," but by then he'd pulled it so often nobody listened. So Frankie, who arrived with a gift in hand—an expensive string of pearls—found his girl great chums with Elvis. It was a moment of intense strain. "But Frank and Elvis both laughed," Juliet related later. "A little hysterically—but what counts is, they laughed."

And now, tonight, Juliet and Elvis were holding hands in public, while Sinatra was in Florida.

The day after their date at the Cloister, Juliet got a call on the set—long distance, from Florida. It was hard to tell if she was pleased or not at the sound of Sinatra's voice. At first, she seemed elated, then her happy face turned red.

"What's going on?" Frank wanted to know. All those rumors about her and Elvis—were they true? Already word had reached him of last night's date at the Cloister. And if any pictures of them had been taken, he personally would "rip 'em up."
The word had immediately gone out to his publicity office, and from there to all photographers. "Have any pictures been taken? They'd better not!

When Juliet returned to her dressing room, Elvis was waiting for her, concerned about the call. Juliet was apprehensive herself and of course. She was free and twenty-one, nobody could tell her what to do and not do! Yet she was Frank's girl!... sort of, anyway. He hadn't asked her to marry him, but he hadn't asked her anything—except to do what he said when he said it. He won her a lot, and she appreciated it immensely, but how far does appreciation go?

She and Elvis stood staring at each other as if the same thought crossed their minds at the same time—last night on their date and now again! Are we in love? Can we—may we—be in love? And the answer seemed to be up to Elvis.

It was a question many other people had begun asking, and wondering: Are those two in love with each other? And can Elvis stand up to Sinatra? They doubted it. They doubted it for only one reason—they didn't feel Elvis wanted to stand up to Frank over Juliet. Not because he was afraid—he wasn't. But because he wasn't sure that in Juliet, either, he had found the girl he was looking for.

Now, standing by her dressing-room door, none of this was easy to put into words. And before he could speak, the long silence between them was broken by director Norman Taurog, who called both of them into a scene. Elvis looked at Juliet, a pathetic look crossing his face. He couldn't say anything—perhaps it wasn't necessary. The look in his eyes said everything.

During his scene he goofed his lines several times. His mind wasn't with it. What was he thinking of? What was he afraid of?

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The memory of his mother

Then he found himself in the Army, in a division that was to go to Korea, it was rough, and he liked it. "It was one of the best things that ever happened to me," he

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whelming. She pressed her hand to her head. She had a headache. But headache or no headache, she was going to back out at the last moment. She did not enjoy fights even if this one was for the championship of the world, but her husband and baby brother were singing the National Anthem before the fight started. She had wanted to be with him.

She had waited until the last possible second to make her appearance, so she should still be able to slip into her seat unnoticed and not divert attention from her husband. She hadn't realized that the penetrating lights from the ring, more powerful than any klieg lights in a Hollywood movie set, would be shining down upon her.

As she neared the apron of the ring, the boos, hisses and catcalls fused into a mighty roar of disapproval. Her body sagged as if to say, "I'll wait no longer to come in." She felt they were booing at her—or could they be booing Patterson, the challenger, coming down the aisle?

She turned her back to the audience and ran for the fighters to climb into the ring. Ten seconds passed, then a minute, five minutes. There was movement in the ring as champions and celebrities were introduced; but neither the champion nor the challenger appeared.

Then it began—the feeling she dreaded, the horrifying, helpless feeling of panic.

The feeling that always began before she was even aware of the reasons that inspired it.

There was always a reason

She sat there helplessly as panic invaded her body. The tightness in her chest... The throbbing in her temples... The awful, loud pulsing in her heart... The blanking out everything else—insistent, pounding, deafening—until she wanted to get up and run away from herself and the man she loved.

The reason, what was the reason for her panic? There always was a reason. There had to be a reason. Just as her mind seemed to be reaching out to grasp for one, she heard the bell clang just above her, and the sound of it, louder than the beating of her own heart, snapped her attention back to what was happening.

Her husband was introduced. She was aware that he had begun to sing. She and thousands of others stood quietly as he sang the National Anthem. His voice was strong, clear, in perfect control. As she looked up at him, the tightness inside her, the throbbing in her head, seemed to lessen. The sound of the words he was singing seemed to soothe the noise of her heart beating. When he hit the note of "the land of the free" she felt, just as he sang, the explosion of sadness, of love— that he was washed up, "a has-been," a "nothing-fighter," and that Johansson, who had knocked him out before in winning the title, would do it again.

Even before the action stopped she had felt a wave of sympathy for Patterson. She felt she knew what it was to be the underdog. The sports pages were as much a mystery to her as the fashion pages were to her husband. But from him, she'd learned that Patterson, the ex-champion, was the underdog, the defending champion, was a heavy favorite. She'd been told that many of the experts had written that Patterson, the American, didn't belong in the same ring with Johansson, the Swedish title-holder. But Johansson, who had knocked him out before in winning the title, was going to do it again. The opening round, the experts' predictions appeared to be coming true. Johansson seemed invincible; it looked as if he could pick the punch and the second to knock Patterson into oblivion. It was as if she were helping the underdog who was about to take an
She didn't have to hide

But, as the second round began, the situation changed suddenly. The underdog, the ex-champion, began to strike back. The one they had said was "washed up" suddenly found dynamite in his fists; the one they had labeled a "failure" was throwing the word back in their mouths.

Now she found she did not have to hide. She watched what was happening in the ring as if it were a charade of her own life.

When Johansson lay beaten on the canvas and the referee raised Patterson's hand in victory and the announcer proclaimed, "The winner and again champion of the world, Floyd Patterson," tears filled her eyes. It didn't mean if she, in that second, had triumphed, too.

As the lights went on all over the Polo Grounds, she was still in a daze. It seemed as if as many photographers were milling around her and her husband as were swarming about in the ring, but she didn't care. A coroner of policemen tried to lead the two of them down the main aisle to the exit. But the crowd was whooping and hollering and they couldn't get through.

Finally, they took another path that led back close to the fighters' dressing rooms. On the way, she heard people screaming and shouting at her. But she couldn't make out the words.

Near the exit, she found herself on a raised ramp. She was in the center of a tight circle of policemen around which the mob surged and howled. Suddenly, her husband was no longer next to her; he'd been pushed or pulled out of the circle by the crowd, the screaming, mauling crowd.

Then the face of one woman jumped out at her. A pretty face, she thought. But it was contorted in rage, distorted by anger. The words that came spewing out of the woman's mouth were even uglier.

Mean words. Vile words. Disgusting words. Vicious words. Malicious, lying, horrible words. And all the woman's venom was directed at her.

The members of the mob were repeating what the woman was saying, as if she were their cheerleader and they were taking their cues from her. Except the cheers were less loud and more jeers.

Whenever the woman would stop for breath, the crowd would join in a chorus of boos and hisses and catcalls. And as her confusion and pain quickened to panic, the suddenness of the reason she had panicked before when she'd been walking down the aisle to the ring. It was for the same reason that she was panicking now. The crowd in the Polo Grounds hadn't been booing and hissing because one of the fighters was about to enter the ring, or because the fight was being delayed: they'd been booing her! Nobody else but her!

She felt, actually felt, her face flush and grow hot. She gasped for breath, as if she were the one, instead of Patterson, who'd been poked in the stomach by one of Johansson's rights in the first round.

Except she knew now that, unlike Paterson, she couldn't win the crowd over. She knew, and the knowledge seemed to claw at her heart, that the mob actually hated her.

A hand reached over a policeman's shoulder and jerked an earring from her ear. She quickly took her bracelet off her wrist and shoved it into her pocketbook, a small satin clutchbag. Someone grabbed for the jeweled brooch she wore on her shoulder strap. She held her pocketbook tightly, then raised it to ward off any further attack. The voice of the jeering crowd through the din, and the woman's voice was the voice of the entire crowd: "You're rotten . . . rotten . . . rotten!"

They closed in on her

The woman's face and the other faces in the mob closed in upon her. The circle of policemen buckled and flattened as the screaming, clawing crowd pressed in closer and closer.

She dropped her arm helplessly. Patterson could hit back, but she was only a woman. A woman could take just so much, a woman could stand just so much, and then . . .

The faces blurred and she shut her eyes as if her knees were about to buckle. She felt a strange numbness on her shoulders, then a calm, steady voice—the most comforting, familiar voice in the world—said, "It's all right now. Everything's going to be all right.

She opened her eyes and looked up at her husband. Additional policemen were around them, more than fifty policemen altogether. The mob broke and backed away as the officers guided them down the ramp and out the gate. The crowd, pushing its way out of the Polo Grounds into the dark streets, gave way and parted as they made their way through to their waiting cars.

In the limousine at last, she leaned back against her husband's strong, protecting arm. Luckily, he had recovered her diamond drop earring and tenderly he put it back in place. Then he kissed her gently on her forehead.

Secure with her husband, Eddie Fisher, Elizabeth Taylor sat motionless and tried to block out that feeling of helplessness. Then the driver started the car and they disappeared into the night . . . The End.


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SATURDAY NIGHT PARTY

Continued from page 42

Saturday night party on Sunday at six.” And she explained that that was just in case—

As usual, no one knew about the Air Force. She was beginning to get in the mood of the party. And after all, there had only been the family at their wedding, because a big wedding scared both her and Tommy; so it was only fair that they have a party for their friends now right.

The entire Sinatra family went along to meet Tommy at the train depot. Somehow, plans got all mixed up and the train was almost five hours late. Nancy almost bit her nails down to the bone and Nancy Sr., who had come to the station to calm her daughter’s nerves, tried to laugh it off.

When Tommy finally stepped off the train, he rushed into Nancy’s arms. They had been married in Las Vegas only a few weeks before, but Tommy’s only had a few days leave and then he’d had to go back to the Air Force.

Then everybody hugged Tommy, got his bags and headed for home. He would spend the weekend at Nancy’s house. Most of his belongings had been stored there when he went in Service.

All day Saturday, Nancy had hurried around getting the food, picking up the big cake and now she had everything checked off the list—from napkins to pickles. It was her first party as a married woman and she wanted it to be just right. By 5 o’clock the sprawling Sinatra “hacienda” was so immaculate it sparkled. There wasn’t an ash in an ashtray or a chair out of place. Out on the patio Nancy had the barbeque set up with hamburgers and hot dogs ready to roast. The redwood table was set, with the huge cake for a centerpiece. What a cake she’d ordered! “Welcome Home, Thomas Sands” across the top was only the beginning—It was also decorated with a picture of “The Old Oaken Bucket,” Tommy’s newest recording. Everything was ready and perfect. Even the big rolling lawn had a haircut for the occasion.

But it wasn’t even 5:30 when the doorbell rang.

“I told everybody six!” Nancy squealed. “I’m not ready.” It turned out to be someone who’d gotten the time wrong. He politely suggested to Mrs. Sinatra that he’d be glad to come back a little later. And he did.

Nancy hurried and she and Tommy even caught a few minutes alone. Then, by three-thirty, the gang was spread over the house. Frankie Avalon and Fabes arrived and Frankie spent a lot of time talking to Tommy about the Air Corps. “No, it’s not that hard on them, it’s the Air Force,” Tommy corrected.

Frankie wondered if he’d soon be drafted, or join the Service for six months like Tommy. Frankie Sinatra Jr. turned out to be the big hit of the party. “He’s almost the splitting image of his sister,” Bob Marecucci, who Fabes and Frankie Avalon’s manager, said. Fabes thought he looked more like Frank Sr. than his sister does, but he’s definitely a combination of both his parents, and the sweetest, lovingest guy ever.

A little Tina Sinatra looked almost lost in the crowd. But everybody couldn’t help notice what a great beauty she’ll turn out to be one day. Nancy Jr. even kidded her baby about it. “Good thing you’re not a few years older, Tina,” she laughed. “You’ve given me a good run for my money with Tommy.” It was obvious that Tommy was simply mad for his little sister.

Towards 7 o’clock the doorbell rang and in walked Dwayne “Dobie Gillis” Hickman—with none other than Dorothy Provine. Everyone gasped. It wasn’t just because Dwayne looked glamorous in a blue dress with lots of gold beads around her neck, but because she was with Dwayne. They used to be a hot threesome over a year ago, though no one ever expected them to get back together again. Now here they were.

A moment alone

All through the party, Nancy tried not to leave Tommy’s side. She had so many things to tell him, but there wasn’t a free minute to be alone. Every time they tried to walk off to steal a little privacy, somebody was screaming, “Where’s Nancy and Tommy?”

Everybody who came in wanted to see their album of wedding pictures. “I haven’t got to it yet,” Nancy groaned. “It takes so long.”

While everyone was dancing or huddled in groups telling jokes, Dorothy and Dwayne sat off to one side, having a heated discussion on politics. Nancy and Tommy looked at each other with a word, they took advantage of the moment and went off into another quieter room.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sinatra was busy running around the house looking after things. She’d gone along on the last flight to L.A., and now she blamed her if she didn’t seem too keen on what it was doing to her house. She seemed to be the kind of woman who hated seeing smokes use ashtrays for their ash—though Tommy had finished his cigarette and the smoke died down, than the ashtray was as clean as a whistle.

Some of the crowd drifted over to Dorothy’s Dwayne’s corner and their political discussion went on. But nobody was going. No one expects Dotty to be a brain, though Nancy remembered what Dorothy once told her. “When I first came to Hollywood, I’d never show I had opinions or read books or anything,” she confided. “I was afraid it would put men on the defensive against me.”

Off in another corner, Frankie Jr. sat displaying his new “American Bandstand.” Wow! What a wild cat he is! The talent that oozes from every inch of his body is not to be believed! He plays the wildest piano, too, and knows just enough about photography to pros gladly take tips from him. When he hits those bongo drums, his eyes lit up like electric signs on New Year’s eve.

Before long, an old family friend, who passed away last year and accompanied Frankie. By dusk, the whole gang was sitting around the living-room floor as Tommy began to sing sweet love songs to his Nancy, who cuddled close in his arms. And when they finished, and someone screamed, “C’mon, Avalon, it’s your turn!” For a moment, Frankie looked as though he’d pass out. Maybe he wasn’t too happy about the idea of singing with his old stilt friend, but he obliged like a pro and knocked everyone over. Ted Wick, who’d been sitting on the floor, glanced nervously over to where Bob Sinatra was sitting in his favorite chair. Somehow, you get the feeling that both managers were saying, “Hey, look at my boy... He’s better than yours!” Of course, that really wasn’t true. And everybody knew that those auditions would be around for a long, long time.

Getting up to dance, Nancy almost spilled a Coke on the new dress she’d just bought. It was a white-and-black checkered affair with a tight bodice and full skirt. Tommy had once told her he prefers sheath dresses, but, for warm weather, Nancy finds full skirts a lot more comfortable. Nancy explained that while her apartment was coming along, Nancy and Tommy had just taken the same kind of apartment he had, only in a building a block away. Billy’s question reminded Nancy of how many things she wanted to talk to Tommy about.

The apartment was almost all furnished. She’d had to do most of the decorating herself. It had driven her almost out of her mind. She even made a special trip down to Texas one weekend to bring Tommy all the sample materials for their drapes, couch, chairs and so on. She’d just die if Tommy stuff she’d picked out. But before she made the final purchases, he did give her some idea of what he wanted. “Big, comfy furniture,” he said. After all, it was really up to her.

The party’s over

Ben Sands, Tommy’s dad, seemed excited about the whole party. He didn’t talk a lot, just watched smilesingly from the sidelines. Nancy was the cutest girl in the whole world, as far as Mr. Sands was concerned. He was so happy that the entire Sinatra clan—from Mom, Nancy to Tina and Frankie Jr.—they all loved his Tommy. After all, it was a broken home life Tommy had come from, as did

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Nancy, too, but hers seemed so much more stable. Tommy's mother hadn't come to the party. She was in Texas and Frank Sr. was in Las Vegas. Otherwise, just about all the people Tommy loved best in the world were there, joining in the party.

Around 10 o'clock, the party seemed to be over. Fabe was the first to leave. He had to make a late rehearsal. Billy Belasco left shortly after that. The gang left little groups and by 10:30 the overturned cups were gone, the pillows were off the floor and back on the couch, and the left overs had all been put away. Tina had gone off to bed and Frankie Jr. had driven off to see one of his girlfriends—presumably Jana Taylor, who'd been dating Fabian for so long a time recently.

Jana and Frankie had been good friends since their early school days and even though they were both in high school—different ones, too—they remained close friends. Nancy and the others were just run out of the house. She kissed the kids goodnight and retired to her room to watch some television before falling asleep.

Tommy and Nancy took a walk down to the pool, which was quite a ways away from the house. The lights all over the vast city were on and the reflection of the multi-colored lights on the pool made the whole setting appear like a scene from a technicolor movie. Hand in hand, her head on his shoulder, Tommy and Nancy stood on the San Diego spread out before them.

They had so much to talk about... but not now. It wasn't the time. Nancy sighed softly pleased with the way the party had turned. Tommy had seemed so glad to have the chance to see all of his friends.

“Have fun?” she asked, smiling up at him.

“Hmmm,” he nodded. “Thanks for the party. It was great. But now,” he said, “just the two of us alone... that's really the greatest.”

A short while later, they headed back toward the house. Tommy had to report to the Long Beach Air Force Base on Tuesday morning. Only one more day together. They were just too tired to really talk about any problems. “Mrs. Sands,” he whispered, and he took her in his arms and kissed her. Tomorrow they could talk... there was always tomorrow.

The End

Hear Tommy sing for Capitol records.

GLENNDANDEBBIE

Continued from page 26

He has a houseboat waiting on the Seine. He's going to build a house here on the West Coast of wood, stone and shingles on his great sweep of beach at Trancas. “And a very masculine house it will be,” he says, “masculinity is associated with masculinity. They'll also have an apartment in town so he won't have the long drive and she won't be so isolated while he's away. They'll travel the world together and have the joy of coming home... They'll say... They'll listen to music and lie on the beach watching the night sky. They'll be very much in the picture of the good deal in recent months, but the man-about-town routine holds no glamour for him. He longs to share his life.

“The time,” he said, “‘I'll give her everything—my time, my thought, my love, everything I have.”

A new Glenn Ford

If this sounds like a new Glenn Ford— it is. When I met him five years ago I liked him at once. As time passed, I've respected his integrity. But always felt that he was not free, that imprisoned in him was a warm, vital man at odds with the stiff, rather formal reserve he wore like armor. He seemed often harassed, always tense, under wraps as it were. You had the feeling that someday there was going to be a mighty explosion.

Well, there has been. Today, Glenn is far more at ease, he laughs and means it. The other evening, at George Cukor's party for Vivien Leigh, he seemed totally relaxed and having a ball—highly unusual for Glenn who's always avoided parties and been around the Hollywood social scene. I don't believe I've ever seen him dance. In fact, everyone knows he doesn't dance—but he danced with Hope Lange at the Cukor party—danced very well and for at least three hours!

“Good heavens, Glenn,” exclaimed a friend who hadn't seen him in some time. “You've broken the sound barrier!” And having broken it, he's going to find a new life with a girl who is very feminine, very natural, and who “never ceases to be amazed.”

To Glenn, the spontaneous things are the most fun. He's not one for giving a month's notice to take you to dinner. And he spots, on the instant, the slightest phoniness. What he's found, in the last three months, is that there are women with whom he can totally relax, with whom he doesn't have to be “on” all the time. He can say “Look, honey, we're going for a drink this evening. And if I don't talk a lot...” He expects understanding, he's received it. Many a night you catch sight of his black Chrysler Imperial coming in and parked inside at Trancas. The gate has a new lock and you know that Glenn and his date are down on the beach and for the moment he's with someone who understands him enough to let him be quiet. He needs this, he's grateful for it. He could never be involved with the type of people who love night clubs and set out to have a good time if it fits the plan.

“Everyone crowding into little boxes trying to have fun in a trap,” he shudders. “I love to start off and do whatever comes into our heads. And a feminine girl doesn't have to run the show, she'll follow your lead as she would on a dance floor.”

But for all her femininity, the girl for him must know how to be a good friend to his considerable abilities. He prices high on the list of qualities. And he told me a story to illustrate. When he and Debbie went to Spain to film “It Started With A Kiss,” she was proved up, but had not revealed. She had been facing a tremendous barrage of publicity over the breakup of her marriage, she was heartbroken, keeping a life going for her children and returning to work in comedy—a triple strain. Spain was her first chance to let down, to breathe. She needed a friend badly and Glenn proved to be that friend. He let her talk or he let her not talk, as she wished. And in working together, he kept the comedy bouncing— Debbie has told me that herself. She can never thank Glenn enough for his moral support.

“When it came to ‘Gazebo,’ the situation...
Glasgow and the Shaw's going to be the wedding of Mary Dorothy—
their death-defying challenge to the laws of gravity... and so I give you... "Arida the Spidron,"皮肤紧贴着, moved into the spotlight. Royal blue capes slung over their shoulders shimmered and glittered. With the supple ease of tigers they walked to the trampoline, 20 feet off the ground, and took a chance to dare death by flying through the air.

Rick took hold of his trapeze bar. Across the vast expanse, David was ready for him, his catcher's bar until he was hanging only by the knees.

Rick swung back and forth a few times, making one more time... then let go of his bar... somersaulted into space... and into the outstretched hands of his brother.

A crazy kid

Rick, his hands still in David's, swung back and forth one more time... then he left the security of his brother's hold. With split-second precision, he caught his swinging bar... and propelled himself back to the cereal bowl. He did it again, with variations, and in the grandstands people sat glued to their seats, hardly daring to breathe. The bodies whirled around high above them, forty feet off the ground. Under them, a net—true—but you can land wrong in a net—and still be seriously, even fatally, hurt.

The finish was spectacular. One by one, the four performers dived down twenty-two feet into the net. The audience screamed with relief and admiration. They caught the net's edge with their hands, flapped over the sides, landed lightly on the floor, and once more, put on their satin capes and walked away, silhouetted in the glowing spotlight.

And people, letting out long-held breaths, said: "Wow! What a crazy kid. Even I could have done it." How the heck did Rick Nelson take his life in his hands? 

A good question. For that matter, why does he take the other calculated risks that no one can talk him out of? Why does he tempt fate by bull-dogging steers? Or ski when conditions are so treacherous that even the pros won't go out on the slopes? Or water-ski in the roughest of storms? Or drive a car without a license?

People ask "Why?" and give themselves the simplest of answers. He's brave, he's not frightened by physical danger. He's young, he has a well-coordinated body, good nerves.

But then you remember the spine-chilling incident of the Demolition Derby, where Rick drove so wildly and went so far asking questions that he got it! He came so close to death the day he and his brother, 25 feet above the ground and 100 feet away, almost hit her, that he nearly turned out to be his last romance.

Rick was on location in Arizona for "Rico Bravo" when he heard about the Demolition Derby that the local disc jockeys were putting on. It was one of those wild "races for survival." The cars are stripped down to metal frames with motors. Not one excess part is left on them. The idea is to knock the other fellow out of the race by crashing him wherever his heap is most vulnerable. Last car able to run on its own power is the winner.

Rick told Joe Byrne, his stand-in. "That's for me. What do you say we go?" Joe was for it, too. They told nobody on the show that Rick was make the Demolition Derby competition. If he came out tops, it had to be because he was the better athlete, he didn't want the attention focused on Rick Nelson the star.

Flames from the car

By early that day, word around a dozen metal scarecrows were battling it out on the course, and the stands were filled with a breather that the wild man in car number 2 was Rick Nelson, for Rick makes it a rule never to match competition under assumed names. If he came out top, it had to be because he was the better athlete, he didn't want the attention focused on Rick Nelson the star.

Rick revved up his motor and headed for the heap that stood between him and victory. To the roaring crowd it looked like he was going in to hit it on a side-swipe and knock them out of the race. At the last second, as though the excitement got out of control for him, he came on for a complete victory. He rammed the other breaded—knew he was in the race—and knocked the wind out of himself.

In the same instant, he saw flames shooting from the front of his car, and the smoke pour out black and thick. He struggled to uphake his vision, thinking that any second now the tank could explode. It wouldn't come open. Then, just in time, some men came rushing on to the track and yanked him out of the death trap.

The newspapers made a big deal of the story. They compared him to Jimmy Dean. They said that he, like Jimmy, had a "death wish." Rick shrugged it off as a lot of nonsense. He'd been a little foolish, but that's all. The papers were out of line, implying that other stuff. "But why did you do it?" friends asked.

Again the shrug. A lot of reasons. Excitement of hair flying off his own head at the wheel... and worked his way up to what he considered the clincher, the real McCoy of a reason—the end of the discussion. He said: "I guess I wanted to prove something. Why? Because I was afraid?" Rick just shrugged his shoulders again.

It was on this same Arizona trip that he accepted the invitational to a car show that was going to be a car show and art show. "It's the art of bullfighting. Cars became something to enjoy, not to race. He threw himself into the new interest with typical wholeheartedness, read everything he could lay his hands on, studied technique with an expert and got himself a practice bull. Because this is the key to the Nelson approach—if you learn something, you learn all of it. Flamenco guitar was a natural with all his background. He started studying the instrument with Vincenzo Gomez, one of the greatest.

But the guitar was only a breather for those who worried over Rick's safety. The big love affair developed next between him and the trapeze. Again people wondered, "Why does he do it?" He had been so close to death that day at the Demolition Derby. Why, after such a near miss, did he keep on with the same risks?

It was different in David's case, he was working on "The Big Circus." The film's technical advisors were the famous Flying Viennas and David, getting the feel-
ing of his role, began working out with them. He found he not only loved this thrilling occupation, but he was good at it, because of concentrated effort.

He was working out with Del and Babs Graham—the Flying Viennas—when Rick wandered over to watch. Say, he decided, he looks like fun—and he tried it. From the start, Dave encouraged him. He passed on everything the Grahams had taught him, and worked out with him until Rick, too, was soaring in space. Then, a week closer than ever—every time Rick flies through the air he is literally putting his life into Dave’s hands. But they refuse to think of it in these terms, they refuse to think of it. As Rick puts it, “When you do anything requiring skill and courage, you first learn how to do it, then you work hard at it, then you study the odds; and after you know the odds, you go home.”

Rick has dismissed the odds so often, you begin wondering to whom he is trying to prove he’s not afraid to do the things he does. He proves it to trembling audiences every time he goes flying out into space on the trapeze. He has proved it to his family, his friends, his... friends.

Perhaps the only one to whom he hasn’t proved it yet, is his family. Intricately dating Edith Rodier, a pretty airline hostess, and people who have seen them together insist that this could develop into a really serious romance, a couple of men who know these two together is Edith, in her day by day contact with pets, had met other men with the same drives as Rick and can give him the understanding that our circuitry lacks.

Yet, how must a girl feel if the man she cares for lives in constant danger? What can she do about it? Perhaps Edith has not been menaced by the mortal fear of his own life; but she is a morbid girl. Perhaps she already understands that everyone has a secret fear and that each person handles it his own way to conquer this fear. Sometimes there’s no danger involved. The things a woman is afraid of are often simple—like meeting new people, fear of heights, being alone. A woman tries to conquer whatever she’s afraid of by searching for security.

But with a man it’s different—and with someone like Rick, there is often a mortal fear. When a man is a stunt man, this fear is easy to forget. Often, a man will find that he can’t admit the thing he’s really afraid of and so he must give fear a different face. The real terror does not come from the realized resentment, some long-forgotten frustration, some urge so deeply-buried that even Rick is not conscious of it? Or maybe the answer to Rick is simpler. Maybe it is that every man is fighting everyday trying everything to prove that the fear really isn’t there. Maybe a man dares death to prove that he is a man.

—BEATRICE MARCH

See Rick and David on ABC-TV, Wednesdays, 8:30-9 p.m. EDT in “The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet.” Be sure to see Rick in “Rat Catchers Must Go” for Col. He records for Imperial.

BOYS SCARE ME

Continued from page 61

excited. "Just wait a year or so and you won’t recognize her. Pretty soon she’ll have so much femininity that we’ll be wishing for the old Brenda. She’ll be sixteen in December—that’s when there’ll be a change," her mother added, almost as though she was hoping for some miracle, and we had her he mother and Dub went into the kitchen. Brenda grimaced, leaned forward and whispered, "I can’t stand all of this," and with her hand she brushed some pretty blue dressy formal and high-heeled shoes that were on the living room table.

"If I had my way, I’d be in slim—jims nearly all of the time," she said and paused and took a deep breath. "You know, I’m not sure that I want to be sixteen. I’ve seen those older teenagers moping over Sinatra records. And talking about boys and dates and things like that. That’s fun. Give me Jimmy Clinton and Fats Domino anytime.

"Pretty soon they’ll be telling me I’m allowed to date and people will be asking me, ‘When do you marry, Brenda?’ That’s living? I mean hanging around a telephone, hoping he’ll call when you could be out bowling or swimming? I can’t stand it. If you can’t dance without them—but who wants to be tied down! And to tell you the truth, boys scare me most of all.

"Her mother and Dub had came back into the room. On the face of her looked serious.

"You know what I need?" she says. "A kind of Emily Post genie who would talk softly to me and remind me, ‘Remember, Brenda, be a lady, be a lady, be a lady.’"

Poor Dub. She really gave him cause for anxiety. During the sumer when she was starring at the state fair, every night after her performance, she’d rush backstage to the dressing room and change into her white gloves and the trapeze, that was in the band—they were all teenagers, too—were already free and waiting to take her on the roller coaster. Dub always gave his permission. But one night she heard a knock on the door.

"Brenda, hurry," Dub shouted. "The Governor’s outside and he’s waiting to meet you." And just before shutting the door, she said, "And don’t forget—your white gloves.

In three minutes flat, she rushed out of that room, down the steps to where the Governor left her.

"Please to meet you," she had said, shaking her white-gloved hand with the Governor’s. And then she saw Dub’s face. She didn’t know what the matter was.

When the Governor left, she asked: "What’s up, Dub? What’d I do?"

"Now, Brenda," he said patiently, "don’t get discouraged. But do you think slim—jims with white gloves go together to assist the Governor?"

"But you said to hurry up," she explained.

But she didn’t know you’d changed from your costume ... Dub began, and she could tell he just thought it was too late to go into it much further.

"I’m sorry, Dub," she apologized. "I probably shouldn’t have said that."

"I really knew better," she explains. "I’m not really stupid, but I was in such a rush about the roller coaster. ..." And then she adds appreciatively, "But Dub’s a good sport about it."

"He even went to some of our football games to watch me."

Last year she was a cheerleader, it was one of the games her school team was one point behind and was in a scoring position with one minute to go. Suddenly, there was a commotion on the field and, a few
minutes later, a stretcher was being rushed out. Everyone in the stadium craned their necks to see what player was hurt. When, finally, the crowd around "the body" moved away... "Who was being carried out?" says Dub. "Brenda."

"I guess it all looked kind of funny," Brenda admits, "but I didn't care. When Dub saw who it was he rushed right out onto the field and he got so anxious he followed right after me and didn't even watch where he was going."

"Suddenly, some women began to scream at him. Poor Dub was in the women's rest room!"

"I guess it sort of looks foolish to get that worked up over a game. Football games and my grades in school—they're the two things I get most excited about. No matter what happens to me as a singer, I want to be a doctor; I want to help people, but now when we go on tour and I go to hospitals to meet patients I get a feeling all funny and break up when I see the badly hurt older people. I don't know. But no matter, I want to go to college—and so I need good marks."

"Good marks are more important than her mark in school."

One afternoon he'd called Brenda up and said, "I've got good news, Brenda. I think we've got a big hit again—with I'm Sorry," Listen to this. Your record's made the chart again—this time at the top."

"Oh, Dub," Brenda answered breathlessly, "I'm so glad you called. Guess what? I got an A in my History exam."

"I'm not sure of any real connection between Scienctific and English and B's in all her other subjects as her final marks," Dub says proudly, and Brenda just smiles, embarrassed. She tries to change the subject.

"You know—I'm going to transfer to an Eastern finishing school?"

in such a way, almost as though, "Roller coasters will be the farthest thing from my mind."

It was suggested that Brenda would make a good actress—she'd had offers to go to Hollywood, but Dub turned them down. "Once she wanted her to play a hillbilly. I could do it but in real life Brenda says, but I want to start right off. Some day I'd like to play parts like Ingrid Bergman—tragic, romantic roles . . . So far though she'll go to the new school, and they'll try to firm up her soft Southern accent.

"I guess," she says, "it would be normal to hope that I'd make a lot of real good friends. I don't think it will be my fault, though, if I don't. I know Dub is always complaining that, if anything, I'm too friendly with strangers. But I'll tell you how I feel about it. You can be a stranger, and love friends and I love to have their pictures. I collect pocket-size pictures of all my fans. When they ask for a picture, I ask for their name and that they're always nice enough to send me one."

Sometimes they send a stuffed animal because Brenda collects them. She has more than forty—dogs, cats, crocodiles and all kinds of big and small animals. "I call the dinosaur GooGoo. I know it sounds silly, and I'm often silly . . . sometimes I get carried away with my own ideas. For my sixteenth birthday, I'd better wish for more understanding."

"Mother says I do need new furniture for my bedroom and maybe this could be part of my birthday surprise. I've always wanted a white canopy bed, so I could wake up in the morning feeling like a princess. I know this sounds kind of silly, but I always wanted to look like a princess. But I'd like a pretty bed . . . not that I'd want a fancy nightgown or silk pajamas or anything like that."

She looks down at her shoes and guiltily slips her feet back in them. "I'd like a birthday party," she says. "I like them where everyone mixes—maybe eight boys and nine girls like you've got. It'd be good to have an extra girl so you can gossip. Don't misunderstand. I like boys, especially when they have a good personality and are lots of fun. I love to dance but the trouble is most boys don't know how to dance when you get down to it and they don't want to learn either."

"And it would be real crazy if somehow we were to blindfold me when you go down you feel as if you're halfway to Hades and when you pull up you feel as if your head is blowing off. I'd like to ride thirty times straight."

"Her current record," says Dub, "is twenty rides without getting off."

"I guess, too, I'd hope for a second television set in the house. My little sister and I can't wait until Bandana's birthday, my brother—he's ten and he always wants to tag along—we're forever going at it tooth and nail over which TV show we're going to watch. So it'd be practical, got that idea, Dub.""

"Or being practical. I wish I could have a special shoe closet. That's about my only passion—shoes and more shoes. I can't wait to go out for hours and minutes to look at all the styles. I wouldn't think of asking for another pair of shoes for my birthday. With all I have that would be plain greedy, but I wouldn't mind maybe another form of—"

"You know," she says abruptly, "I can't see where there's fun in sophisticated clothes. Who wants to spend half your time taking care of your slopings?" And then she adds, "Maybe if I could have just one birthday wish, it would be that I might be fifteen for another year."

But her eye catches the pretty blue formal on the table and she kind of smiles and says, "I guess I have to admit; it is pretty with all that lace and taffeta and I like that kind of waistline . . . and no matter what Brenda says, you know she's kind of growing up."

She sits thoughtfully and, suddenly, the smile is gone and her face is serious and a little sad. "I guess," she says, "if there was just one wish that there were just a small package for my birthday and in it I found a picture of Daddy. I guess that would give me, me, me, me, the thrill of my life. Daddy died," she explains, "when I was eight and there isn't a single picture of him in the house. Not even a snapshot."

He was working on a construction job in Georgia, and hit him on his head. He picked himself up and stayed on the job. Then, three weeks later, he went into the hospital for the injury and a week later, he died."

"I don't remember too much about Daddy, but I think of him all the time," she says. "He left enough money to provide for us for quite a while, so I know he was good, always paying. I keep hoping that someone on Daddy's side of the family has a picture of him and that they will send it to me. I'd just like to sit through the picture of Daddy and all the wonderful things that have happened since he went away . . . That's really what I'd like to do on my birthday. That's really what I want—no parties, or% dressed, or TV sets—just that."

—Martin Cohen

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The son of Joe Breck

Deep in the script, Peter hardly noticed a young man walking toward him—slowly, shyly, as if he'd rather forget the whole thing and run away. By inches the young boy came over to him, and in a soft, shy voice said, "Ah ... I ... wonder ... ah ... could you see me?"

He cleared his throat and started again, "... Are you the son of Joe Breck, the 'Prince of Pep?'"

A bill collector, Peter thought at once. Or he wants to make a touch. Who else would ask about his father? Brusquely he asked, "Who wants to know?" in a tone a man uses to intimidate guys in westerns.

The young boy looked as if he'd like to sink through the sound stage floor. But he continued hesitantly, "Well, if you are Joe Breck's son—then I'm your brother...

...I'm George, George Breck, and ..."

Like the two words that made him jump to his feet. George Breck! He looked at the boy for a full moment; he couldn't speak. Then he felt a burst of emotion like a dam breaking in. He put his hands around the young boy's shoulders and gave him a hard hug, saying over and over, "Georgie, Georgie." He could hardly believe that twenty-two years of off-and-on searching had finally led him to George's own hard knocks and drifting. But now he was married to a swell gal named Patty and they had a small son named Alan. Four years they'd been married and George all of twenty-three now! They'd come West to live, settled in the Glendale section of Los Angeles, and he worked as a machinist. Everything was fine. Oh, some doctor's appointment, of course, and about a sickness with a long name that meant calcium deposits around the heart, but it wasn't anything you had to rush into. Even the doc said so.

"Now let's see, George, what do you take care of?" Peter said. He was the big brother now, the senior by six years. It felt great to suddenly have a kid brother to advise. George was kind of herky-jerky, "I'm as healthy as a horse," he said. "That saw-bones must've got me mixed up with two other fellows."

Peter said, "I can't get over your finding me. Tell me just how it was." And George told.

"One Saturday night we turned on 'Black Saddle' for the first time," he said, "and the words 'Starring Peter Breck' flashed across the screen. That's my brother's name, but I haven't seen my brother since I was a baby, so how would I know?" She got all excited. 'You mean that tall handsome TV star might be your brother?' We both laughed, but I watched that show every Saturday night for three months trying to catch some expression that might be like Dad's or Mom's."

Finally he decided to find out for himself. He got into the car and rode around Hollywood looking for the studio where "Black Saddle" was being filmed. More than once he saw a young, handsome boy who did look like him. But he just couldn't quit, he told Peter.

"I had to find out if you were my long lost brother."

They became inseparable

After that, the two became inseparable. Every char-ee George got, he came on the set and watched from the sidelines. The whole business fascinated him, the cameras, the sound track, especially his own brother up there—a star! Peter would look over and laugh at his gone expression from the front. He was more like the two-year-old who used to follow him around worshipfully.

Peter hit on a way to make George very happy by taking him on as his stand-in. George glowed in the show's high ratings
The day before Memorial Day, Peter was about to go out for a packed stadium in Denver for the last show. In five minutes he'd be on. Suddenly someone—he never could remember who it was—hurried to him with sorrow and pity on his face.

"Peter," he said, "Peter—it's bad news.

Peter, he said, "Peter... and the man nodded. It was George. The heart that was going to be mended, had stopped beating.

Someone called, "Breck, you're on!" and he walked out before a mob he didn't see. The personal publicity was that the people didn't hear them. He went through his act—and didn't know what he was doing. And later, in the same haze, he saw Diane was next to him.

"I flew in as soon as I heard," she said.

"I wanted to be with you," she said.

"We'll leave now," he told her woodenly. I can't do tomorrow's shows."

But he did. He had to go to go. It was Memorial Day and he did three shows in memory of the brother he would never forget. Then he and Diane left for Gloucester, and when he arrived asked the publicity man to write up his brother's death and put it on the wires.

Do it for George," he said. "He'd get a bang out of seeing his name in print."

People who never knew George in life, came to Gloucester to see him in death. Or maybe to see Peter Breck—and this Peter hated. He walked through the crowds and didn't recognize his family in the mourning room. It was an old-fashioned Irish wake—three days and nights of continuous mourning. Past the casket, streamed people who had loved the boy—and people who had never met him. But they went, too.

Back in Hollywood, again, Patty and her son came to stay at Peter's. Diane, who had been with the Brecks in Boston for the operation, said it was for postponing the wedding. It was Peter who told her, "It would break George's heart."
The Dark at the Top of the Stairs  
CREES IN AN AVERAGE FAMILY; ADULT  
What makes a marriage succeed or fail? How far can parents go in protecting their children? We get some sound answers to these important questions while we're living for a couple of hours with an Oklahoma family in the 1920's. Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, teenage Shirley Knight and ten-year-old Robert Eyer have some genuine marriage type problems. But they're still in trouble, each in a familiar crisis: losing a job; finding there's Another Woman; going to frigging first dance; being bullied by other kids. And, oh, dear, the dark-eyed, adorable Shirley looks like a highly talented newcomer. You'll want to watch Lee Kinsolving, too, as her unhappy blind date. WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR  

The Savage Innocents  
HONEST STUDY OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLE; ADULT  
You might say this is a story about an average family, too-average in their own society, that is. Anthony Quinn and Toto Tani are Eskimos of a remote tribe, courting, marrying, and leading the same normal life as their ancestors for centuries back. To us, their ways seem either too free and easy or too harsh and strong. Yet studio photographer Alex Tolwill makes this, a simple, decent story, look like a highly talented newcomer. You'll want to watch Lee Kinsolving, too, as her unhappy blind date. WARNERS, TECHNICAL COLOR  

Under Ten Flags  
ERISK, FACT-BASED WAR ADVENTURE; FAMILY  
No quibbling here—the scathing action you get in a production as noble as director-propaganda Royal Navy operations against the mysterious raider. You wouldn't expect women to play a big part in a story like this, but Mylene Demongeot tosses in a dash of femininity as an unwilling passenger on Van's ship. This gallant enemy, you see, tries to rescue everybody on board a target vessel before sinking it. He seems to think war can be civilized. PARAMOUNT  

The Entertainer  
FINE ACTORS PLAYING DREAMY PEOPLE; ADULT  
There's shock value at the start of this drama, a low-key of British realism. Imagine the great Sir Laurence Olivier playing a cheap vaudevillian! Olivier does go at the job with full honesty, making it clear that this man's act is a vulgar bore and his private life is a mess. But he does it so thoroughly that you can't see how this all-around failure holds the loyalty of his second wife (Brenda de Banzie) and his sensible daughter (Joan Plowright, said to be Sir Larry's offscreen interest). Too bad we have to wait till the end of the picture to hear the "entertainer" analyze himself and his personal tragedy in dialogue, because that's hardly ever a convincing dramatic device. CONTINENTAL  

End of Innocence  
SOMBER, POETIC STUDY OF ADOLESCENCE; ADULT  
The setting of this Argentina-made film is the 1920's, but international audiences will see a century away in another world. Yet the story is told with such delicacy and feeling that young Elsa Daniel's experiences seem utterly believable. One detail is the super-Victorian upbringing that an aristocratic family imposes on Elsa and her sisters: Each of the girls is supposed to wear a special color to distinguish her from all the rest. Elsa, in one night Elsa finds the realities of love and death invading her sheltered life, while handsome Lautaro Murua is a guest in her family's house. He's about to fight a duel—yes, in the 20th Century. Romantic as that sounds, there's no clock-and-sword stuff in this picture. KINSLEY INTERNATIONAL; DIALOGUE IN SPANISH, TITLES IN ENGLISH  

Surprise Package  
FUNNY IDEA, TOO MUCH TALK; ADULT  
Yul Brynner seems to get a big kick out of this unusual assignment, swaggering around and snapping wisecracks like an old hand at the gangster game. Mitzi Gaynor, too, has fun with her brassy role as his girlfriend, who follows the boss racketeer when he's deported from the U.S. to his birthplace, a tiny Greek island. And then, in ailed Broadway, as an unemployed king who brought his diamond-studded crown into exile with him. That trophy, as you'd guess, is very attractive to Yul—and to a couple of even more sinister types. Her are some bright lines, and Coward is just the fellow to shine them up. But unfortunately, sometimes, all those words keep the pace from moving as fast as it should. COLUMBIA  

Ocean's Eleven  
BIG BUT LEISURELY PRIME COMEDY; ADULT  
If this picture hadn't been in the planning stage so long, you'd almost think its makers had seen "Seven Thieves," last year's modest but popular thriller about a robbery of the Monte Carlo Casino. . . . Only seven? Let—have eleven thieves, and make 'em bigger names: Frank Sinatra (he's Danny Ocean), Dean Martin, Peter Lawford, Sammy Davis, Jr., etc. One casino? That's for pikers! Let's knock over the five biggest in Las Vegas. Let's do it in a minute! And (there comes a mis-take) add about half an hour to the running time. . . . The result is amusing in a relaxed way. It has a tendency to present the ambitious thief as just a boisterous prank, but this is amusing farce, and there are a few genuine laughs. The picture looks a bit fantastic anyhow, and the players don't seem to be aiming for realism—just amiably kidding around. WARNERS; PANAVISION, TECHNICAL COLOR  

Between Time and Eternity  
SENTIMENTAL AND DECORATIVE; ADULT  
It's a while since we've heard the only-six-months-to-live plot, always good material for an emotional spree. This time the lovely and gracious Lilli Palmer is the lady under a medical death sentence. Though she has been contented in her marriage to a successful surgeon, her re-action is an urge to get away from it all. So off she goes to one of the primitive, beautiful Balearic Islands. And there she meets a dashingly unscrupulous native. In this role, C. Aubrey Smith (off-screen husband) is a little too conscious of his own charm. The girl who plays his island sweetheart is likely to attract attention. Her performance is too cute. It hardly suits her exquisite, exotic appearance. We'll bet she crops up with a new tag. U-I, PATHE COLOR  

Let No Man Write My Epitaph  
SENTIMENTAL AND SOBER; ADULT  
James Darren looks wonderful and does some furtive emoting in this offbeat tale of the slums; it's a pity his efforts haven't a better frame. At least, he holds his own in the midst of highpowered talent. The story's a sequel to "Knock on Any Door," which starred John Derek as a tenement kid. Here he's a hardworking railroad chugger. Now Jimmy plays his son, and a picturesque group of skid-row characters bands together to save the boy from his old man's fate. Burt Ives is their leader, a drunken ex-lumberjack. Illustrated (and partly directed) by his wife, Oona, Jimmy's a star. And then comes the final, very moving scene: as the planes, instead of the switch-blade; and he's a winner, at last. When the Seberg. But then along comes nasty, doped-peddling Ricardo Montalban. The total effect is odd—as if "A Hatful of Rain" had been rewritten by the late Dona Runyon. COLUMBIA  

Seven Ways from Sundown  
UNASSUMING HORSE OPERA; FAMILY  
Another peculiar title! This is true— all of it. By gosh, it's all true! Nothing else about the movie is startling, but Barry Sullivan's character does represent an attempt to get off the beaten coast road. Robert Mitchum as Rain- ger, Audie is assigned to go after Barry, who has been leaving a wake of corpses and ruined barrooms around the country. But the outlaw, it seems, is such a lovable fellow that hardly anybody is mad at him, and Audie can't get much cooperation from the citizens. As attractive a performer as Barry is, he's hardly developing enough screen presence. But it serves to keep the chase going. U-I, EASTMAN COLOR
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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

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ANNE KANE, Assistant to Editor

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Phony. I always think of Jane Russell. Do you ever believe that glamorous girl Joan Crawford would be plugging a soft drink? Movie policemen seldom look like real policemen. I don’t care how funny Mort Sahl may be in a sweater, I prefer to look at Lana Turner in a sweater. Quotable Quote of Peter Lawford: “A person who is a phony is the biggest bore in the world.” I can’t imagine Jerry Lewis being shy. The adolescent female screamers for Elvis Presley will grow into middle-aged women who will adore Elvis. Did you ever notice that actresses who play movie stars in pictures aren’t? The only thing more annoying than a know-it-all, according to starlet Googie Schwab, is a know-it-all who really knows it all.

I know that Tuesday Weld always doesn’t look at a TV show on which she is appearing, but I can’t say this about Nick Adams. Juliette Greco should come to this country to make a movie. Brigitte Bardot shouldn’t. I have the impression that Gina Lollobrigida is laughing quietly at us when we think she is so sexy, and also thinking of her bank deposits. Now Sandra Dee is going to play Tammy, without benefit of Debbie Reynolds—or even Eddie Fisher. In Hollywood all marriages are happy. It’s the living together afterward that causes the trouble.

I believe Zsa Zsa Gabor smiles too much. No one, not even a Gabor, could be that contented. Clark Gable is what a movie hero should look like, no matter how many years have edged by, no matter how styles have changed. Tab Hunter is best described as the kind of fellow who, when the alarm clock routs him out of bed in the morning, gets up smiling. I’d like to see more movies with Glynis Johns. I don’t believe that because a movie has subtitles it is a work of art and better than the better Hollywood movie. Quotable Quote from Marlon Brando: “I play a scene as I feel it. I may do it different for the camera than I do during rehearsal. I improvise. Movie acting consists of improvisations.” Hollywood is a place where romance seems as necessary as film making. At present, I’d say, there’s more romance going on than film making. I thank Kim Novak for the Thank You notes she writes. Usually you only hear from the performers when you write something that pleases them. Inger Stevens has a great figure that most of her dresses don’t make obvious. I know that Sidney Poitier has given fine performances, but I’m waiting for him to give the great one of which I know he’s capable. Oh well, at least we’ve got all the Crosby boys married to Las Vegas girls. Now the boys, Las Vegas and even Bing can give a sigh of relief.

When Elizabeth Taylor opens her large handbag, it resembles a gypsy camp. The movie producers believe that no matter how much everything changes, sex will still be sexy.

Marilyn Monroe, on hearing that she played a scene very good, wants to play it better. I wonder if Tony Curtis remembers everything about himself when he was Bernie Schwartz. John Wayne considers it acting if he’s able to portray John Wayne in a picture. I can never understand why an actor hasn’t the time to take off his makeup before he leaves the studio and parades around with it on all night. Some movies on the Late Late Show are so old they should be in bed at that hour.

I’d say Audrey Hepburn has a whimsical quality and that Katharine Hepburn is realistic. I like them both. Dorothy Malone sometimes wears red panties. People seem to enjoy movies in projection rooms more than they do in theaters. Hollywood is a town where you expect anything to happen, and yet you’re surprised by what does occur. Paul Newman is a better cook than Joanne Woodward. I wonder if Kirk Douglas is really as satisfied with his performances as he gives the impression that he is. I’d say Martha Hyer is a different kind of a blonde. Carol Lynley’s slacks are a bit baggy, but she’s still appealing in them. Hollywood is a place where if you can afford what you’ve got, you’re entitled to something better. Mamie Van Doren’s favorite color is white, because white makes her feel so pure. Our old friend Mike Curtiz told me: “There are many times I wish I had the courage to be a coward.” That’s Hollywood For You.
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CASE STUDY OF A PARTY GIRL: ADULT

Does anybody still think Liz Taylor's too beautiful to be much of an actress? Let the doubters take a look at her in this strong version of John O'Hara's novel. There's more of Liz than there used to be, but the voluptuous figure suits her role as a girl who roves around New York night clubs collecting men. Her self-respect is almost gone; the best she can do is try to keep her amateur standing. Under Daniel Mann's direction, other good performances round out the people hurt by this girl's headlong campaign to destroy herself: the married man (Laurence Harvey, at left, top, with Liz) that she loves; her wife (Dina Merrill); Liz's despairing friend (Eddie Fisher); her mother (Mildred Dunnock). Sometimes, it seems the picture misses, a little, the savage realism it's aiming for, when it goes sentimental or lets its people get too glib at analyzing each other, but it never fails to hold the interest. M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

Sunrise at Campobello
INTIMATE CLOSEUP OF HISTORY: FAMILY

Campobello is a Canadian island, where one man came to a turning point in his life—that changed the history of this country and influenced the world. What happens to a family when the father is crippled by polio? That's a dramatic crisis in itself, but it grows in scale when the man is young Franklin D. Roosevelt. The cast manages superbly with a tough job: giving emotionally true performances and accurate impersonations at the same time. Ralph Bellamy has already scored on the stage with the FDR role, but Greer Garson is a stunning surprise, even to the uncertain pitch of Eleanor Roosevelt's voice at that time. Dore Schary produced this version of his own play, so director Vincent J. Donehue tactfully sticks close to theater technique. WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR

Inherit the Wind
ROBUST PAGE RIPPED FROM YESTERDAY'S NEWS: FAMILY

Two old pros in a magnificent head-on collision—that's Spencer Tracy and Fredric March, as opposing lawyers (at left, bottom). Gene Kelly's a mighty colorful reporter; Dick York and Donna Anderson are young sweethearts torn apart. Take the story just on those terms, and it's richly entertaining. But it's a lot more, too, because it's based on a real case of the 1920's. Never mind what they're called in the picture—Dick is obviously playing Scopes, who defied the Tennessee law against teaching Darwin's theory of evolution; Tracy is Clarence Darrow, defending intellectual freedom; March is William Jennings Bryan, speaking for that old-time religion. It was a hot news story, and producer-director Stanley Kramer serves it up still sizzling. U.A.

Please turn the page
Some gals fritter away a fortune on beauty shop permanents. But you're the Smarty who saves—by having Toni's at home! You bypass appointments and huffing-puffing dryers. Best yet—you get your idea of a pretty permanent—not someone else's.

And Toni has a unique kind of curl. It can hide itself in a sleek hairstyle, or flip right into a fluffy-top. Set it smooth or curly, umpteen ways—it stays. No other permanent, home or beauty shop, has this "Hidden Body." It's Toni's alone!

What's more—it's a lark to give! The double-rich neutralizer is already mixed! Just squeeze a plastic bottle—and creamy drops swirl through every curl. Minutes later—Toni's No Mix Neutralizer has "locked-in" your soft, set-able "Hidden Body" wave. So stop punishing your pocketbook with beauty shop permanents. Have a Toni "Hidden Body" wave and save. Your home will be your beauty shop forever after. (Don't forget—Toni also makes Tonette for children and Silver Curl for gray hair.)
Another Sky

STRANGE, SUSTAINED LOVE STORY; ADULT

An Englishwoman falls in love with an Arab. That blunt outline of a plot may suggest "The Sheik," but you can forget all about the old Valentino romance. The setting here is the real Morocco, and the events are odd yet believable. As a governor, Victoria Grayson has been living at secondhand, through the families she has worked for. She comes to Marrakech to be a companion to rich Charles Lacey, whose foolish life offers absolutely nothing worth sharing. So Victoria is completely vulnerable to the mood of the foreign country, and she becomes infatuated with a handsome, indifferent boy in a singing-dancing troupe. Gavin Lambert directs his own script at a slow, thoughtful pace that gives us plenty of time to search out the implied meanings in this poetic movie that's so full of the unexpected.

High Time

AMUSEABLE CAMPUS MUSICAL; FAMILY

Bing Crosby plays he's a fiftyish freshman, a restaurant tycoon who wants to catch up on the fun (and education) he missed. Fabian's one of his roommates; Tuesday Weld's a kookie coed who loves a different boy each year; Nicole Maurey's a pretty French prof—widowed, as Bing is. The movie's at its liveliest in novelty musical connections between scenes; the more serious bits, with dialogue, look a bit sticky by contrast. On the surface it seems college comedies haven't changed much since the days when Bing Crosby played the young professor, crooning "The Old Ox Road." Come to think of it, there is one big change: These college students actually do some studying!

Ten Who Dared

FORTHRIGHT TRUE ADVENTURE; FAMILY

Like most Disney productions, this one's aimed at the youngsters, but it has enough substance to satisfy an older moviegoer who's in a relaxed mood. There's lots of gorgeous scenery, in the Colorado River country, and a story based on historical fact. John Beal plays Major John Wesley Powell, one-armed scientist who first mapped the river and its mighty Grand Canyon. The only crew running venture is a rough bunch, including a couple of drunks and two guys who are still fighting the Civil War. Character conflicts are simple and obvious, but they ring true, and the backgrounds tower over everything.

It Happened in Broad Daylight

FAIRLY INTERESTING SENSIBILITY; ADULT

Mostly German-made (but with dialogue in English), this thriller keeps suggesting sinister twists—that never materialize. Instead, it goes along a familiar path with a Swiss detective who throws his career away to track down a psychopathic child-killer, after the police have written the case off their books. Heinz Ruhmann is quietly attractive as the patient sleuth, and Alpine villages at least supply a different locale.

The Angel Wore Red

WEAK WAR MELROBAMA; ADULT

Even at this distance, Spain's Civil War—curtain-raiser for World War II—is an explosive subject. But this story is so vague and indecisive as its hero, Dirk Bogarde is stuck with the part, a priest who leaves the church because he thinks it has lost touch with the people. Then he has a hard time figuring out which side he's on. It's no help at all when he falls in love with a bargirl (Ava Gardner), who's as noble as such fancy ladies always are—in fiction. Joseph Cotten has to play a slightly idiotic American newspaperman, and Vittorio de Sica (with somebody else's dubbed-in voice) is a cynical Loyalist general.

Key Witness

INCREDIBLE CRIME YARN; ADULT

Nobody connected with this picture had better park one inch too close to a fire plug or drive one mile over the speed limit. Considering how useless the here, they're probably just itching for revenge. Though Jeffrey Hunter, wife Pat Crowley and kids are such a model family that they could pose for a TV commercial, they're in a peck of trouble after Jeff witnesses a teen-gang killing. Dennis Hopper and his j.d. pals are a preposterous group, too, including Susan Harrison, who's at least pretty to look at, and Johnny Nash, who's standing enough to be in a Boy Scout troop.

Where the Hot Wind Blows

GRIMLY AMUSING SHOCKER; ADULT

"Where" is a fishing village in Southern Italy—picturesque, all right, but no place to visit on a vacation. A smell of decay hangs over the town, and everybody's a little odd, or worse. Gina Lollobrigida is asked to wear a skimpy dress (and that's about all) while scheming to get out of an old tycoon's household, marry a handsome and innocent engineer and evade the clutches of a most uncharming Yves Montand. People who are not easily shocked will find some sharp touches of humor in the peculiar goings-on. People who are just hunting for sensation will find plenty of that, too.

Midnight Lace

EYE-SOOTHERING, NERVE-FRAZZLING; FAMILY

Now here's a pretty kettle of fish! That is, it's a mystery with gorgeous clothes, mellow backgrounds—and more red herrings than ever confused a film detective before. Question is, who is frightening poor Doris Day with blood-curdling threats over the phone? If it weren't for this menace, she'd be the girl with everything; a lovely wardrobe (designed by Irene); a luxurious London flat; a gallant British financier (Rex Harrison) for a husband; a nice American aunt (Myrna Loy); a good-looking house-builder (John Gavin, with an uncertain English accent) next door and ready to rescue her. But we can't help noticing that John is often nervous...

Rex and Doris in "Midnight Lace."

...Every man in sight has a quirk or a motive that makes him a suspect, so the story gets more and more baffling. Always a pretty girl, Doris really blooms as a beauty here. And her helpless heroine role is full of hysterics that give her a dandy chance for emoting. (No songs for Doris.)
gives you the glow of a girl in love...

new liquid makeup... glows on in seconds... lasts for hours!

Just touch on ANGEL TOUCH—and a light from within seems to glow through your skin! It can happen to you! ANGEL TOUCH is the liquid makeup that gives your complexion the come-touch-me texture, the tender color, the luminous glow of a girl in love!

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For the finishing touch, Angel Touch Face Powder in complementary shades; $1, 50c, 25c.

All prices plus tax.
The Prettiest Singer

Please print a story on Connie Francis. I think she's the best singer I know of and the prettiest, too.

**Brenda Williams**
Silver Spring, Md.

*Your favorite appears on page 30.—En.*

The Cast

Please tell me the cast of "Hercules Unchained." I saw the picture, but I don't remember the stars.

**I. Portell**
New York, N. Y.

---

Vampire Fancier

Not too long ago, my friend and I went to see "Brides of Dracula." Since I am interested in vampires, I really enjoyed the movie.

Now will you please settle a disagreement? My friend said that Robert Cushing was the Vampire. I say it was David Peel. Who's correct?

**Margaret Rogers**
Orange, Texas

*You're right. The Vampire, Baron Meinster, was played by David Peel. Peter Cushing played Doctor Van Helsing.—En.*

A Fan

I am a fan of Dodie Stevens and would be very happy if you printed this drawing of her in your wonderful magazine.

**Johnny Ortiz**
Long Island City, N. Y.

---

Guess who this is?

Surprised

Just a short thank-you note for sending me the wonderful picture of Pat Boone. I certainly was surprised when I received it and especially so because I don't have that particular photo.

**Joan Kirkbright**
Rochester, N. Y.

---

Everyday thanks you.

Congratulations, Peggy

I think Peggy Wood should be congratulated for her magnificent portrayal of Naomi in "The Story of Ruth." All the other stars were grand, too. By the way, who played the part of Tehah, the child who was sacrificed?

**Jimmie O'Quinn**
Colfax, La.

*We're sure Peggy Wood and the whole cast thanks you for your nice compliment. Tehah was played by little Daphna Einhorn.—En.*

Three, Four or Six?

My mother and I were trying to figure out who was right, she or I. Mother said Rosemary Clooney has six children and I said three or four. Not too long ago, we saw her on TV and she looked like she was expecting again. Is this so?

**Sally Sweeney**
Columbus, Ohio

*It's so! Rosemary Clooney and husband Joe Ferrer are expecting their sixth child, so your mom was almost right. Right now, the Ferrers have three wonderful boys and two adorable girls—and they haven't given up yet. Guess they like kids?—En.*

A Change

I would like to thank both the staff of Photoplay and Ruth Britten for the wonderful story about Princess Grace Kelly in the September issue of Photoplay. To me it was a change from the ordinary articles to something more precious. I miss Grace Kelly and I hope the day comes when she can make a comeback.

**Jim Donnelly**
Portland, Ore.

*We're very happy you were pleased with our article and if you turn to page 21, we're sure you'll be even happier.—En.*

---

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fun clubs or write stars, contact their studios.
DEAR EDITOR:
I have three big problems. First, I am eleven years old in the sixth grade. The boys started to like girls at the first of the year and one boy liked me for two weeks and then ran away with another girl. I think I'm over it. But should I try again? Second, I have found another boy in the other class and I don't know about anything that goes on in there. Something happened about five weeks ago and it took me about one week to find out about it. (It was about another girl.) But he still carries my books. Should I worry? Third, I ride the school bus and a boy in the eighth grade sometimes sits with me and he saves me a seat. What should I do?

SHERYL
Texas

DEAR SHERYL:
About that first boy: If at first you don't succeed... And the second: Just keep your eye on those books. As for that third boy: Smile prettily and say thank you.

DEAR EDITOR:
I am very good friends with this girl. Every time she comes up to my room she nosies into all my personal belongings. Then she starts banging on the baby grand piano (which gets it out of tune). I never did that in her house or anyone else's! How could I politely tell her what a nuisance she is?

CYNTHIA
New York

DEAR CYNTHIA:
Tell her bluntly to tone down her manners or you'll have to audition for a new friend.

DEAR EDITOR:
I like a boy an awful lot. He's real cute and a terrific dancer and a pretty big wheel around school. Even my father likes him, and that's saying something! But in spite of all this, I have a problem which I can't solve and which is serious. What I wonder is, should I like him? He's 5' 6¼" and I'm 5' 6¾".

SUE
Tacoma, Washington

DEAR SUE:
Why not? It makes such a little difference.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry we can't answer them personally.

Please turn the page
This wonderful new Elegance has a Queen Size shaving area—almost as fast as the next size up. Instantly gives smoother grooming. And Elegance is so gentle, there's no nicks or cuts ever! Price: 39c. (Paired with Lady Sunbeam.)

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**RECOMMENDED RETAIL PRICE

faster, closer, gentle feminine grooming... to do a delicate job quickly!
DEAR FASHION EDITOR,

I belong to a cooking club that meets once a week. The club members are boys and girls who go steady and who are interested in cooking as an art. We discuss recipes and cook one main dish at each meeting. Do you believe aprons for each member would be a nice Christmas gift, and, if so, do you think they should all be the same or different?

Betty Sterns
Boston, Mass.

A very lovely idea... and by all means give all the members the same apron. Why not make them with easy Simplicity Pattern #3206 (pictured here) in red and white striped denim? This style is good for both boys and girls and the pockets grand for keeping tools at hand.—Fashion Editor

DEAR FASHION EDITOR,

My daughter Rita is always “falling apart” at school. Do you know of an inexpensive sewing kit that I can give her for Christmas? Small enough to put in her school locker? I know Rita will appreciate this gift.

Sally Milkin
Washington, D.C.

Coats and Clark puts out a black-vinyl-covered 3½ by 5 inch kit that Rita should love. Named “Sew ’n Go” it contains ten spools of Size 50 “O.N.T.” mercerized sewing thread in a variety of colors, two spools of “O.N.T.” Heavy Duty thread, a thimble, scissors, tape measure, needlethreader, and two needles—enough to hold her together! Sells at $1.49.—Fashion Editor

DEAR FASHION EDITOR,

I am the grandmother of two little girls who stay with me. As a child I enjoyed making dolls and I wonder if there are any simple and inexpensive “make-it-yourself” dolls available so that I can show these children this old fashion art.

 Frances Hightower
Denver, Colo.

Bondex puts out a neat little package from which you make their “Bondy” doll. This box contains 4 pieces of “Bondex” Hot Iron Fabric as well as the doll itself. Front is printed (as shown here) while the back is designed and made by you from the patterns enclosed in the package. Simply iron on the back design, stuff the doll with old nylons, and sew up the opening in the legs. Washable, too, and only 50¢ for the kit.—Fashion Editor
Liz and Eddie’s Wedding Present to Debbie

It isn’t something that can be bought with money. It isn’t a present that can be done up in fancy paper, satin ribbon and a frilly bow. It really can’t be gift-wrapped.

But for all that, it’s a wonderful gift—a wedding present to Debbie. And a surprise—because it comes from Liz and Eddie.

We can almost see Debbie’s face as she receives it. Perhaps she has just come from one of her long, busy workdays, and feels, oh but it’s good to get home to the children, to Carrie and little Todd. She swings them up in her arms, hugs and kisses them, laughs with them. And only when she sets them down again does she see the small white envelope addressed to her—in that so familiar handwriting. She opens it at once, a look of wondering on her face, takes out the sheet of note paper closely written on both sides.

“Dear Debbie,” she reads, “There are so many things we’d love to say...
Would Debbie take the gift in the same spirit that Liz and Eddie sent it?

to you, only it isn’t easy to find all the right words. But we’ll try. To begin with, we’re honestly and truly glad that now you, too, are going to have a chance at happiness. We send you our sincere wishes for a good marriage, and we want you to know it comes straight from our hearts. Whatever went wrong in the past has nothing to do with our hopes for the best of futures.

“We have another reason for writing to you. Because if ever two people know how you’re feeling at this time, it’s Elizabeth and I. All you ask is the right to be happy—but you can’t help feeling pressured that people are ganging up on Harry—and on you, too, for falling in love with him. We know how that is.

“We don’t know Harry Karl, but we know you, and we don’t think you’d choose a husband who wasn’t a fine man. We can’t go along with those smears on him—that he’s a rich playboy . . . (Continued on page 84)
Here and There: A woman shopper approached the blond young man arranging his wares on a shop shelf. "I see this is an Oriental shop," she observed, "but you don't look like an authority on Eastern art to me. May I please speak to the manager?" "I'm the manager," admitted the blond young man who turned out to be Tab Hunter. And the woman, who suddenly recognized Tab, was so flustered she practically bought out his Beverly Drive shop. . . . Ty Hardin is a completely changed man since his wife Andra Martin walked out of the marriage Ty refused to take seriously. Today, the hero of TV's "Bronco" series lives in a dormitory room at U.C.L.A. and teaches a Bible class on Sundays. His friends at Warners' studio are dumbstruck. . . . Gary Crosby, who wed Las Vegas showgirl Barbara Stuart, was a-twitter with nervousness during the ceremony but seems calmer and happier now than he's been for some time. All four Crosby lads have gained brides from the Vegas chorus lines and all seem quite content, especially Lindsay who recently became the father of a young son. . . . Now that Molly Bee has become twenty-one and quite grown-up, her friends are trying to persuade her to dispense with that pony-tail hairdo with the ribbon bow on top. In my opinion, Molly Bee would look much prettier with her hair cut loose and short. Don't you think? Although I think we'll all agree, Molly is cute as a button with any hairdo.

*I couldn't help notice how starry-eyed the John Paynes are.*

Fred, with wife June and Freddy Karger, isn't scared.

On the Set: Efrem Zimbalist, Roger Smith and Edd Byrnes gave me a hearty greeting when I stepped onto the "77 Sunset Strip" set in search of news. "Come on, Sara," Edd said kiddingly, "let's see how movies are made." So directly behind the camera, we gawked like yokels at Roger Smith who was going through a scene. "You two nearly broke me up," he complained to us later, which, of course, was our intention. I asked Edd about Asa Maynor. "Haven't seen Asa in weeks," he said. So I presume that the romance is over. Funny thing, but I noticed something different in the hair arrangements of each of these stars. That dashing touch of gray in Efrem's hair had entirely disappeared, Roger has suddenly become a curly-locks and Edd's pompadour had flattened out considerably. "Since I've been promoted from parking lot boy to part-time detective, I'm more conservative about my hair," Edd grinned. But you know, I never did get the chance to find out about the other two.

Star on the Roof: Jane Wyman was all aflutter the night her ex-husband, orchestra leader Freddy Karger, opened at the most beautiful room in town, the Hilton Hotel's Star On The Roof. Jane and Freddy have remained the dearest of friends. Waved to John Payne and his attractive wife across the way and later Fred MacMurray and his cute bride June Haver came by my table to greet designer Don Loper and actress Sylvia Sydney who has been touring the country in smash plays. I congratulated Fred on his wonderful acting job in "The Apartment." "I'm still getting threatening letters from wives about it," Fred laughed.
A Line or Two: Rumor has it that Fabian has a new love! In fact, they say Fabe is so enchanted with pretty Joan Wynne, he took her home to meet his mother. . . . Elvis invited his dad and his dad's bride to visit him in Hollywood while he made “Flaming Star.” El is completely enchanted with beautiful Dolores Del Rio who plays his mother in the film. And Dolores thinks Elvis a fine young man and an excellent actor. . . . Rumor also has Bobby Darin making few friends among the “Comes September” cast and crew in Rome. And even more rumors have Rock Hudson wandering about alone and lonely through the Roman streets like a lost soul. I do wish Rock would find someone gracious and companionable, don’t you???? And I wish someone strong and wonderful would come along to sweep that doll Sandra Dee off her feet. It’s about time Sandra and Romance got together. . . . Rod Taylor, Jim Arness, John Smith and Luana Patten traveled to San Francisco to join the Hearst Youth program and had themselves a ball. So did Tom Tryon, Betty Lynn and Mr. & Mrs. Roger Smith. . . . The big question in Hollywood today is whether or not the Arthur Miller-Marilyn Monroe marriage can survive the reams of publicity reaped from Marilyn’s rumored crush on Yves Montand. Mr. Montand, who frankly discussed the situation in the newspapers, expressed concern over the feelings of his wife, Simone Signoret. But who worried over Mr. Miller or considered his feelings? No one at all. So, who knows about the future of this marriage? . . . Bits of flotsam and jetsam have Lana Turner and Fred May arguing in public with hints the couple will not wed despite the fact they’ve already taken out a marriage license. . . . And Kim Novak’s announcement she will indeed wed director Richard Quine is surely to be taken with a grain of salt.

Set News: Troy Donahue dashed by me on the new “SurfSide Six” set like a man in a hurry. “Oh hello,” he paused to say. “I have the rest of the day off and I’m rushing to get my auto license renewed. It expires today.” And off he flew. . . . Diane McBain, I decided after watching a scene or two, is one of the prettiest girls in town and a fine little actress. But what a way to make a living! With the temperature a high ninety. Diane in a fur coat and Van Williams in a heavy sport coat, were all but panting on that back lot set. Van, of course, is one of my favorites. A former Navy deep sea salvage worker and something of a hero in his line, he couldn’t be nicer or simpler if he tried.

Party News: Martha Hyer, who lives “high in the sky” above Hollywood, invited her friends for a get-together before showing us her latest movie “Desire in the Dust.” With Raymond Burr, who plays Martha’s father in the film, I admired the view from Martha’s windows and her lovely new paintings. “By the way, how come you never lose a court case on the ‘Perry Mason’ show?” I asked Raymond. “Because I’m paid not to,” he said honestly. The prettiest girls present were Julia Meade, TV’s “commercial queen,” and Arlene Dahl whose two-toned red hair was wound close to her head. (Please turn the page)
Farewells: Patti Page came over to my table at the Johnny Mathis garden party with hand reached out in greeting, “I’m Patti Page,” she said, “and I think we should know each other.” I heartily agreed, for Patti, who is so wonderful in “Dondi,” has long been one of my favorites. Johnny, himself, buzzed by with the distressing news I had scared him to death by showing up at his concert rehearsals. “I did everything wrong,” he moaned. He fibbed. He was wonderful and he knew it. Clint Eastwood of the “Rawhide” series and his attractive wife sat down at our table for refreshments and never have I seen such a happy, easy, natural couple. Clint and his TV partner Eric Fleming are not only “tall in the saddle” but delightful to know. The party, given Johnny by his manager, Helen Noga, was a farewell to the singer who was off to Manila and points east. On hand to wish him well were his many friends, among them Philip and Dennis Crosby, Barbara Rush, Lee Remick, Bill Colleran and, of course, every songwriter in town. . . . Hear Gary Cooper’s pretty daughter Maria turned into the most popular miss London has seen in years.

Hope and Glenn had fun—till it was time to say goodbye.

New Love? They were having a wonderful time at the “Ice Follies” premiere, but Hope Lange wore a pensive expression when she bid goodbye to Glenn Ford who took off for Europe and the movie “Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.” Glenn took his mother with him and some say Hope’s love traveled along with him. . . . Young Doug McClure, co-star of the new TV series, “Checkmate,” had the time of his life with Barbara Luna. Is there anything here?
Lunch at Warners: Bob Conrad, one of the “Hawaiian Eye” stars, gave up his daily hour at the studio gym to lunch with me in Warners’ Green Room and to chat freely of his home and family. And what a well-adjusted family it is. For instance, Bob told me about a recent trip he and his wife and two small daughters took through central California. Everywhere, even in the smallest towns, the fans recognized and besieged Bob for his autograph. “Why are you writing on those pieces of paper?” his bewildered children asked. “Oh, it’s something about my job,” Bob said, and passed it off. One day, the older of his little daughters, who had been playing with neighbor children, asked Bob a puzzling question: “Daddy, are you an actor or a movie star?” “I’m an actor,” Bob said. “You see, people who are actors live in an apartment as we do. Stars live in Beverly Hills and have swimming pools.” “Oh,” said the little girl, completely satisfied with the explanation. And, incidentally, here’s one actor who takes a genuine interest in you, his fans, going over your letters with tender seriousness, often working at his studio office until late into the night. “Interest in my fans may not make me a star,” says Bob, “but it makes for better understanding between us.” And how very right he is.

This and That: Connie Stevens was the proudest young lady in town showing off her ten-year-old half-sister, Ava Maria, and her seven-year-old half-brother, Johnny. During their visit here, the kids were the pets of the studio. And no wonder. Young Johnny, who scored on Broadway in the play “Green Willow,” is all set for his next play. “A Death in the Family,” and Ava has an offer to step into the Mary Martin show “Sound of Music” this season. No wonder Connie beamed. . . . The three most wanted men in Hollywood today are Cary Grant, Efrem Zimbalist and Yves Montand, in that order. There isn’t an actress in the business who wouldn’t give her capped eye-teeth to play opposite one of these three. With Cary, powerful enough to pick and choose his own, the choice boils down to Efrem and Yves, with Efrem a fair edge over the Frenchman. And happy was Luna Turner to grab the Zimbalist charmer for her current film, “By Love Possessed,” and more than happy was Ingrid Bergman to land Montand for her movie “Time on Her Hands.” . . . Eva Marie Saint and hubby, Jeff Hayden, had a grand time at the “Ice Follies” premiere. . . . The famous Kowloon restaurant in Hollywood keeps a chain across the booth that was Stephen Boyd’s favorite. Even Edd Byrnes couldn’t break down their resolution to keep it exclusively Boyd’s until the actor returns from movie-making overseas.

Cal York’s Jottings: Doris Day is still glowing with pleasure over being named “Star of the Year” by the Theater Owners of America. . . . Donald O’Connor beaming over his new son Don. “But he’s not to be called Junior,” Don tells me. The O’Connors are also the parents of two little girls. . . . Twentieth Century-Fox lifted Millie Perkin’s suspension. . . . Alana Ladd happy over her job in a “77 Sunset Strip” segment and the fact her good friend Peter Fonda, Henry’s son, traveled to Hollywood to see her. Could be a romance for these two. . . . Connie Francis won another gold record which is getting to be a habit with this popular young singer. . . . Lori Nelson and composer-conductor Johnny Mann may be “Mann” and wife any minute now and are they happy. . . . The warmest romance in town is that of Jean Simmons and director Richard Brooks which doesn’t set too well with Stewart Granger. . . . Lauren Bacall was named by Jason Robard’s wife in a separation action. Friends predict that, when he’s free, Lauren will wed Jason, who bears an almost uncanny resemblance to her late husband, Humphrey Bogart.

Bits and Bites: While poor Debbie Reynolds wore herself out selling tickets all over Las Vegas to the Thalian Charity Ball, a hot piece of news trailed along. It began when a columnist reported Harry Karl had bought Debbie a $32,000 full-length white mink coat as a wedding present. Along with that Benedict Canyon home Harry is rumored to have bought his bride-to-be, and also all those jewels and presents. In short, what has Liz got that Debbie hasn’t, except Eddie Fisher? And speaking of Eddie, his days as a singer seem to be over and from now on Eddie will concentrate on Liz’s career and be a movie producer. Good luck to you, Eddie!
Get set for the kind of male-female explosion of excitement you haven't seen in years with Lollobrigida and Montand

WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS

One stunning scene after another explodes the most dangerous game six sensualists ever played with life!

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents

Gina Lollobrigida - Brasseur - Mastroianni - Mercouri - Montand in WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS!

From a novel by Roger Vailland with Paolo

Directed by Jules Dassin - An M-G-M Release

Hear THE AMES BROTHERS sing "WHERE THE HOT WIND BLOWS"

Music by Jimmy McHugh - Lyrics by Buddy Kaye

STARTS NOV. 10th AT LEADING THEATRES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
THE WHISPERS ABOUT PRINCESS GRACE AND HER HUSBAND

Her father's death had brought Grace and Rainier together temporarily, but the gossips said they'd part again and go their separate, lonely ways
in public, the royal family seemed

The first ugly rumor was born exactly at 10:45 P.M. on the night of June 30th, when Princess Grace of Monaco—wearing a large orange straw hat with narrow brim and bowler-shaped crown on her long, recently coiffed shoulder-length hair, a white suit, simple costume jewelry, and blue shoes—descended the movable ramp from the Pan American jet airliner and faced the swarms of newsmen and photographers at New York’s Idlewild Airport. As one reporter

In the palace courtyard, Grace stood apart from Rainier as he talked.

To Albert, the only trouble about today was: “I can’t choose. I want them all.”

Albert and Caroline are too young to understand. Like any mother, Grace kept trouble away from them.
pushed forward to get closer to the Princess and her companion-secretary, Phyllis Blum, he said bluntly, "Something's fishy! Where's the Prince? Where's Rainier?"

In the days that followed, while the Princess hardly ever left the bedside of her father, John B. Kelly, Sr., at Women's Medical College Hospital in Philadelphia where he was recuperating from major abdominal surgery, the newspapermen did not divulge the (Continued on page 82)
If I were Lana Turner I'd never have to worry... thought Sandra Dee, picking up her good luck Teddy Bear and saying good morning to her dog. It was Saturday.
and already 11 o'clock. She never liked to get up. Not even when her mother tried "smoking" her out by frying bacon

(Continued on page 89)
brother, a good thing nobody can read daydreams...

“Daydreaming again?” Miss Klampt asked. Fabian almost confessed.

Fabian sat at his desk in the little studio schoolhouse, alone in the room except for the teacher, Miss Klampt. And he was having an awful time keeping his mind on the subject. Usually he liked current events—a fellow should know what’s going on in the world. But today he couldn’t seem to help himself, he kept staring off into space—while his mind goofed off on its own. He just couldn’t seem to concentrate...

“What you’d find out about Fabian... if you could read daydreams... (Continued on page 88)
FABIAN: daydreams could really get me in a jam

He-man, that’s me.

Girls surround me. I know just what to say.

Mink for Mom.
Everyday's a ball.

Tuesday made my dream come true.
It scared me—the way I was falling for Adam. What if it turned out like all the other times?

Will I mess up everything again?

Everybody was talking at once and I'd never seen so many flashbulbs go off in my life. We were at a hotel in London, and I was an honored guest at a very nice party. But I felt more like a sardine surrounded by a school of whales. I didn't know which way to swim first! Suddenly, hemmed in as I was, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned around—and my heart stopped. There was this blond boy, wearing a sport jacket and open-neck shirt, and his hair looking like it was cut with an eggbeater, all chopped in front. But his smile made him so handsome I gulped. He smiled down on me. (Continued on page 69)
We had such fun, that day Adam showed me London. We seemed to feel alike about everything—even babies!

He called the ice cream “cornets,” and he had such a nice way with everyone we met. “Will I ever see him again?” I wondered.
(Silent Slide) "ONE MINUTE PLEASE WHILE THE OPERATOR REPAIRS THE BROKEN FILM . . . PLEASE DO NOT STAMP, THE FLOOR MAY CAVE IN."

THE MANAGEMENT

It was 1911—people were flocking to the movies and baby carriages lined the streets outside theatres. "Movies are here to stay," we predicted, and brought out a new kind of magazine for a new kind of fan, the movie fan.

There was no sound in those days—only the tinny tunes of an upright piano. There were few stars. It was up to PHOTOPLAY and PHOTOPLAY readers to help boost Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and Francis X. Bushman to stardom. And it was sixteen years before we heard Al Jolson "sing in sound" and the birth of the talkies.

Movies went West. Hollywood made history and PHOTOPLAY was there to recognize it. In 1920, we gave the first screen award, pre-dating Oscar by eight years. The fun, the ballyhoo and the glamour—we were there to record it, too. Movies grew up. So did PHOTOPLAY. Looking back, as we go into our fiftieth year, it all seems like only yesterday. Don't you agree?

J. F. Mantleman
PUBLISHER
"The streets of Hollywood are paved with memories."

THE EDITORS OF PHOTOPLAY

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"Thanks for the memories..."

by SARA HAMILTON

The first time I saw John Barrymore, he was having a permanent wave at Westmore's Beauty Salon. Struck dumb, I stared through the open booth at the amazing spectacle in hair curlers.

"Frump," he growled at me with such vehemence, I fled down the hallway sideways. Mr. Barrymore, I was told, was being readied for a movie role, in "Beau Brummell."

Our second meeting took place across a luncheon table at Paramount studios, and for two wonder-
ful hours, Mr. Barrymore regaled me with cleaned-up stories of his life. On and off the stage.

Our third and final meeting came about a year or two before his death when he invited me to his home for luncheon. I never saw Mr. Barrymore after that day. I never wanted to. The empty shell, the caricature that certain producers had made of his genius by cashing in on his name at the expense of his weakness—the same alcoholism that later brought such deep tragedy to his daughter Diana, too—made pitiful viewing.

But I knew little of all this when I arrived from the East leaving behind my job as a junior high school principal. I gaped like a tourist when, from his open car, Valentino smiled in my direction one day, and as I watched Norma Talmadge every morning driving from her Hollywood home to the studio. Adolphe Menjou, the dapper dresser of the movies, daily shopped at my grocers on Cahuenga Boulevard and I got to know Conrad Nagel, who had married a Photoplay staff writer and was my neighbor. Movies were still filmed in and about the streets and such (Please turn the page)
“Glamour is something housewives don’t get at home.”

—Darryl F. Zanuck

stars as Theda Bara, Buster Keaton, Wallace Beery, Marion Davies, Ramon Novarro and William Boyd, long before his “Hopalong Cassidy” fling, were popular idols. Clara Bow was the “It” girl but what was “it”? What I remember best is Clara, wide-eyed at the news that flowers could be telegraphed. “Suppose you do manage to get them over the wires,” she said. “How’ll you keep them fresh?”

PHOTOPLAY, the first movie magazine, was selling like hot cakes and PHOTOPLAY readers chose their “favorites”—Norma Talmadge, Harold Lloyd, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Jackie Coogan and, of course, Valentino. The first movie award, the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, was given to “Humoresque” and Oscar hadn’t yet been born.

But it wasn’t until the year 1930 that I took up my pen to write for PHOTOPLAY. And what company I was in! Eleanor Roosevelt had a PHOTOPLAY byline and so did Robert Sherwood, Louis Bromfield, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Sherwood Anderson, Mencken, Burns Mantle.
What times they were. And as I look back, some faces seem more vivid, some voices more unforgettable than others. Perhaps some of my favorite memories are yours, too.

My first major assignment as a staff member was a piece on a brand-new arrival, Jimmy Durante. "He has twelve hairs on the top of his head all violently curly and two bright eyes—one slightly blue," I began, and Jimmy loved it. We've remained friends to this day.

I heralded the arrival into movies—they were called "photoplays" then—of Amos and Andy and their dilapidated taxi cab, and wrote tales on the poise of Pola Negri, the glories of Gloria Swanson and wrote a beauty column while interviewing Lucille Ball lying prone with two emerging the favorite at Warners and Rita Hayworth was still a struggling player at Columbia.

I remember sitting quietly with Dick Powell in his small house in the Valley through long free afternoons. Dick, then the singing-dancing-musical sensation of Warner Brothers, was then married to Joan Blondell and, as two old friends from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, we talked together for long hours at a time. And through the years as Dick married June Allyson and as he progressed to a top movie and TV producer, we remained the same friends as we were then.

I loved to visit the hillside home of the late W. C. Fields, one of the greatest comedians of the day, a former Broadway star, a Ziegfeld favorite and Hollywood’s pet, whose high nasal twang and eternal battle with inanimate objects, had customers rolling. "Ah, well, my little Chickadee," I can still hear him say, reaching for the ever present martini pitcher. Then, slyly, he'd add, "No man who hates small dogs and children can be all bad."

I remember a telephone call early one morning that had me racing off to Joan Crawford’s house for breakfast. Joan, still abed, was beside herself. "I have something to tell you," she confided. "I’m divorcing Douglas." I couldn’t believe my ears.

I had watched, with bug-eyed interest, the romance between Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Joan—who had metamorphized almost overnight from a plump redhead to a svelte freckle-faced beauty. Many times, in the M-G-M commissary, I had shuddered as Joan lunched on plain crackers spread with mustard to shed the pounds. And I listened with fascination to the sweethearts’ special jargon—a sort of baby-talk language that no one understood but Joan and Doug.

As I gazed at Joan this early morning I realized she had had a tough time with her in-laws, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks Sr., the Royalty of Hollywood. I recalled how unwelcome Joan had been made to feel and how utterly devastated she became when, at her first party at Pickfair, a guest accidentally stepped on the train of her formal gown (Please turn the page)
“There is no shortage of talent—just a shortage of talent to recognize talent.”

—JERRY WALD

continued

and off it came. How she suffered!

Of course, I had no way of knowing Joan was embarking on a marriage career of four husbands or that Doug’s best friend, Franchot Tone, was to become her next one. But firsthand I did know something about our “Royal Family.”

I had been trying for some time to see Mary and Doug for a new Photoplay story when, suddenly, out of the blue came a telephone call. A car would pick me up within the hour and I was to be delivered to the Royal box at the Olympic games held in Los Angeles that year of 1932.

Just how I was to secure story material between the exploits of the discus throwers, wasn’t clear. But soon the games were over. With a plea from me, Doug Sr., who’d left the box first, helped me down. Then suddenly I discovered I was to be left behind, very much on my own.

Miles from anywhere with no way of getting home, I begged him for a lift. With a wave of the hand, I was seated up front with the chauffeur, while from the depth of their luxurious limousine Mary and Doug nodded to cheering fans. Feeling like a cross between a female footman and a very poor relation, indeed, I rode home in silence.

In those days, Mr. Cecil B. De Mille was by far the most colorful personality in the entire industry—actors included. His penchant for wearing puttees and riding breeches on sets, his cap on backwards, his megaphone in hand and his imperial presence as he parted Red Seas or destroyed Babylon with a wave of the hand—what a story. It almost wrote itself.

Too, tales of the cantankerous producer Sam Goldwyn made amusing dinner party conversation in those days. (Continued on page 78)
"Movies won't last—
I give them only a few years..."

D. W. GRIFFITH

Pictures that moved were a nickelodeon novelty in 1896, but movies really began with "The Birth of a Nation." We were too young to read the subtitles then, so we've made up our own. What were these Hollywood history-makers? Guess — don't peek at page 56.

1. We're ruined. They've stopped giving Green Stamps!
2. Tell me where you hid your Diners' Club Card or I'll...
3. You two go find your own spot!
4. ...And we only had three lessons.
5. Look kid, the other fellows' mothers aren't coming.

6. When did you first think you were different?

7. The least you could've done was take out the pits!

8. M-m-m, I could go for a pizza.

9. Tennis anyone?

10. But all we need is a little push!
11. Would you believe it, I've got a cold!

12. Hah! You missed!!

13. I didn’t believe them—that you wore contact lenses...

14. People used to take advantage of me.

15. Damn it! She knows I hate sugar in my coffee!

16. Why didn’t someone tell me it’s a dead-end street???
"We shall have SEX— as long as we have men and women."

LOUIS B. MAYER

"I can't stand those long, wet drippy kisses," John Wayne said recently. But whatever the heroes of the screen think, "these passionate lovers brought new and improved standards of kissing to the farmer's daughter." And through the years things haven't changed much. Not since the Twenties when Ramon Novarro, Valentino and John Gilbert introduced the sultry, black-haired Latin lover and convinced moviegoers love was here to stay and Elvis sure to come!

Robert Taylor’s dark good looks were in the great lover tradition, although perhaps more subdued. Here with Janet Gaynor, his brooding eyes drew feminine raptures, the likes of which hadn’t been so fully provoked until Elvis came on the scene.
Rudolph Valentino brought sex to the screen and started the vogue for the fiery Latin lover. A vogue which sent nearly half the American women home wishing for a mounted sheik and a quiet little desert. Above, with Gloria Swanson. Valentino’s sideburns (as Elvis’ today) were irresistible.

John Barrymore in his heyday had been called the handsomest man in the world and was tagged throughout life as the great profile. In his early films like “Don Juan” he was accused of just having to put his best profile forward to melt female hearts. Later, here with Louise Campbell, he was able to overcome his profile, go on to be known as a great actor, just as Elvis is trying to do today.
"...no woman is a mystery unless she dresses the part."

ALFRED HITCHCOCK

the stars set the fashions

"Could you imagine a more romantic gown?" We quote ourselves, 1930, and were talking about Bette Davis' halter gown (next page). By the thirties PHOTOPLAY readers were taking all their fashion cues from the stars who were setting the styles. Mae Murray had already boosted knickers to a rage; Garbo's hats slouched and so did everyone else's. Katie Hepburn and Dietrich wore slacks and made them proper, while office girls went about copying Bette Davis' and Carole Lombard's youthful elegance which ushered in what is known and popular today as the "American Look."

"Daring little Mae Murray," we reported, "went motoring around the countryside this weekend..." and even we gasped—"in knickers!" You can thank your stars—like Mae—for the latest 1960 fashions (left).
"Garbo's a mystery," we concluded, and if anyone dressed the part, it was Greta, who took a hat—the slouch—and a fur coat and gave them, even in 1960, mystery.

"The gal is nerts," Hollywood insisted as Katharine Hepburn "flew about in the oddest clothes." Today her boyish look—turtle-necks, slacks, boots—is natural.

"There's no back, no sleeves—it's a halter top." That's how we described Bette's evening gown. "It's a lovely way to look," we said—28 years later, feel the same way.

The End
“When I was a kid, I went to the movies to see glamorous stars...”

ROSS HUNTER

* Test your memory on page 56
After playing Presley's mom in "Flaming Star," Dolores del Rio's gone home to Mexico and new husband Lewis A. Riley.

Harold Lloyd still has his specs—and money!—but Mildred Davis' gold curls are gone. They're with grandchild Suzanne.

TV dramas often feature the ex-Dr. Kildare; ex-husband of Lola Lane, Ginger Rogers; ex-medic of World War II. Fifty-two, Lew Ayres dates Joanne Dru.

Good wife (to Dr. Francis Griffin) and model citizen, Irene Dunne has been a U.N. delegate and a Nixon campaigner.

L.A. society: ski expert Martin Arrouge and wife Norma Shearer, who is mother of Katharine and Irving Thalberg Jr.
Sedate residents of Southampton, Long Island, the Richard Barthelmesses make the social columns. She’s the former Jessica Stewart.

Prominent Beverly Hills citizens: Mary Pickford (whose fortune was made before taxes rose) and Charles “Buddy” Rogers.

Cooing over grandchild Eric, Pat and Eloise O’Brien are also happy over Pat’s new series on TV, “Harrigan and Son.”

Palm Springs is home base for Alice Faye, comedian-bandleader Phil Harris and their teenaged daughters. Alice (above) with Phyllis.

Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald take it easy in Los Angeles between his TV and theater stints and her occasional concert dates.

After two careers, as a De Mille hero in silents and Hopalong Cassidy on TV, Bill Boyd relaxes with wife Grace Bradley.

No longer the fat “bad boy,” Jack Oakie’s married to Victoria Horne; made a comeback as bar-keeper in “The Rat Race.”

Please turn the page
It's a secluded life in Neauphle-le-Chateau, near Paris, for Deanna Durbin, French director Charles David, their son Peter and her daughter Jessica.

Old friends Cesar Romero and Reginald Gardiner squire Mrs. Niels Onstad. Yes, she is Sonja Henie, producer-star of profitable ice frolics.

Paulette Goddard may be seen doing the Paris salons or the shops along New York's Third Avenue. She's wife of Erich Maria Remarque, "All Quiet on the Western Front" author.

Joan Bennett (with stage co-star Donald Cook above) is the mother of Melinda Markey, Stephanie and Shelley Wanger—and a grandma, thanks to Diana Fox (first husband's child).
“There were giants in those days...”

GEORGE ARLIS: Wise, wry old fellows were the specialty of the London-born stage veteran. The character star hit the climax of his long life (1868-1946) in the early-talkie era, winning an Oscar for "Divorce," opposite his own wife Florence Arliss. Polished and deliberate, his acting ("Old English," "House of Rothschild") was in a style that’s nearly vanished now. Along with the Barrymores, Arliss was a master of the grand manner.

JEAN ARTHUR: Her husky, sweet, funny voice charmed everybody in great comedies like "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town." But movies were silent when this New Yorker (born October 17, 1908) first came to Hollywood. Frank and friendly in her best-loved roles, Jean has always been quiet and withdrawn as a person. Youthful marriage to Julian Ancker ended in annulment; divorced from Frank Ross, she now lives in quiet retirement.

MARY ASTOR: Fragile ingenue of old Hollywood, she survived the scandal of a custody battle with her second husband, Dr. Franklin Thorpe, over daughter Marylyn. (Other husbands: Kenneth Hawks, Manuel del Campo, Thomas Wheelock.) In fact, Mary reached her pinnacle later as a mature sophisticate in "The Maltese Falcon." Born in Quincy, Illinois, May 3, 1906, she told All in her autobiography, also wrote a novel.

THEDA BARA: The gaudiest of old-time publicity campaigns turned a Cincinnati girl into the voluptuous, hypnotic-eyed "French-Arab" vamp who drove men mad in "A Fool There Was." With changing styles in feminine appeal, she was outdated by the early Twenties, retired and reverted to her natural type as the happily domestic wife of Charles Brabin. But when she died in 1955, at sixty-five, the femme fatale was remembered.

JOHN BARRYMORE: What a range "The Great Profile" covered from 1882 to 1942! Born (in Philadelphia) to a theatrical family, he was a great Hamlet onstage. His acting seemed flamboyant in silents like "Don Juan," took on strength and humor in talkies. John had four wives: Katherine Harris, Michael Strange (the late Diana's mother), Dolores Costello (John Drew Barrymore's mother) and Elaine Barrie.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS: The girls longed to mother the gentle hero of "Tol'able David" and "Broken Blossoms," thrilled when he took tough in "The Potenti Leather Kid." Competent as a talkie actor, Dick nevertheless faded as sound films flourished, and his marriage to Mary Hay just happened to go wrong at the same time. Buck home in New York, where he was born May 9, 1895, Dick is married to Jessica Stewart.

WARNER BAXTER: First man to win an Academy Award for a talkie ("In Old Arizona," 1929), he was already a Hollywood veteran. He’d arrived there from Columbus, Ohio, in 1916, when he was twenty-three. Good, solid sort onscreen and off, married to Winifred Bryson, Warner switched types as the dashing Cisco Kid. He’d been long inactive when he died, in 1951, but he’s remembered for that role and "Forty-Second Street."

WALLACE BEERY: His magnificently ugly mug beared through pioneer silents, but fans learned to love it when it began to give out with a boss Kansas drawl. Clowning with Marie Dressler or sparring with Clark Gable, Wally was "The Chump" (Oscar role) of character stars till death, 1949. As a leaner young fellow, he was briefly married to fellow Mack Sennett comic Gloria Swanson. Marriage to Ariea Gilman failed, too.


CLARA BOW: The redhead "Brooklyn Bombshell" turned a two-letter word into a synonym for sex appeal back in the rowdy Twenties. Loaded with gaiety and vitality, "The It Girl" danced through "Dancing Mothers" and "Wings," but when talkies came in, the party was over for a plump, unhappy ex-flapper. Now fifty-five, Mrs. Rex Bell lives a secluded life, a semi-invalid. There’s an F. Scott Fitzgerald finish.
CHARLES BOYER: Impersonators lowered sultry eyelids and put on a sexy accent to murmur, "Come with me to the Casbah." Boyer insists he didn't speak that line in "Aligiers," which made a Hollywood celebrity of France's already established "Mayerling" star. At sixty-one, contentedly married to Pat Paterson, Boyer is seen often on the stage, in hits like "Dan Juan in Hell" and "Marriage-Go-Round."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN: Will fans accept a family man as their movie heart-throbs? Every new male idol shudders over the famous Bushman disaster, 'way back in 1918, when it was found that Francis had been concealing a wife (Josephine Flauduene) and five children. His divorce and marriage to co-star Beverly Bayne ended the Bushman vogue, till the silent "Ben Hur." Now seventy-five, he does bit roles.

MADELEINE CARROLL: Fairhaired, clear-featured, a bit cool and aloof, she was everybody's idea of the patrician English beauty, even when playing "My Favorite Blonde" to Bob Hope. The variety of men she has attracted—ex-husbands Philip Astley, Sterling Hayden, Henri Lavorel, present husband Andrew Heiskell—indicates there's more to Madeleine than met the movielover's eye. Fifty-four, she's retired.

LON CHANEY: "The Man of a Thousand Faces" was more than a movie monster or a makeup magician. His "The Passion of the Christ," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" reflected the tragedy of misfits. A Colorado Springs childhood with deaf-mute parents taught Lon deep understanding. In 1930, he died, at forty-seven. His first wife was Cleo Crawford, mother of today's Lon; his second, Hazel Hastings.


RONALD COLMAN: In the 1920's, girls yearned over his darkly romantic good looks. But oh, that Colman voice—elegantly Anglo-American, faintly nasal, lightly humorous, making talkie history in "Tale of Two Cities," "Lost Horizon," "A Double Life" (Oscar role). Before he died in 1958, he turned radio-TV star in "Halls of Ivy," opposite second wife Benita Hume. His first, Thelma Roye, was pre-Hollywood.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND: Most sugary of ingenues in the 1930's, she exploded dramatically in the next decade as a three-time Oscar-winner. Academy Award actress: "To Each His Own" and "The Heiress." Offscreen, she was a meek Mrs. Marcus Goodrich; acquired independence and chic after 1953 as Mme. Pierre Galante, living in France. Olivia, born July 1, 1915, in Tokyo, has never been chummy with sister Joan Fontaine.

DOLORES DEL RIO: With a flawlessly oval face, a little figure, she was the Latin ideal and the cameraman's delight. Born in Durango, Mexico, August 3, 1905, Dolores was gently reared, but Hollywood figured all Latins had to be fiery, so on film she had to forget her lady-like manners—"What Price Glory?" Divorced from Jaime del Rio and Cedric Gibbons, she's married to Lewis A. Riley, who's a fellow movie producer.

MARILENE DIETRICH: Director Josef von Sternberg turned a buxom Berlin girl (born there December 27, 1904) into a hollow-cheeked Hollywood enchantress in 1931's "Morocco." Marlene herself created the durable Dietrich glamour image, fabulous but friendly, still on display in globe-trotting tours. Her separation from Rudolph Sieber holds the long-run championship; their daughter become a TV star as Maria Riva.

MARIE DRESSLER: She was a big woman, with a broad face weathered and lined by life, mollowed rather than beaten. Marie was born in Cobourg, Ontario, Canada, in 1869. "Tillie's Punctured Romance" hurled her into the slapstick whirl of 1914, but she was a nearly broke has-been in 1930—when her derelic role in "Anna Christie" made her a star till death in 1934. Her Oscar-winner: "Min and Bill."

IRENE DUNNE: The PTA's most popular chairman, the only women's-club president that all the girls liked—that was always Irene's type, when she played it. Irene was straight in "Gone with the Wind," was a real "The Awful Truth" extra-funny with her indestructible dignity. Born in Louisville, December 20, 1904, she has been the genuine lady off-screen, too, making Hollywood proud of her in her long, happy marriage to Dr. Francis Griffin.

DEANNA DURBIN: The dreary middle of the 1930's brightened when her fresh, rounded face flashed on the screen and her clear soprano soared. Canadian by birth (Winnipeg, December 4, 1921), Deanna became a star at fourteen with "Three Smart Girls," but her career didn't last much beyond her teens. Neither did her marriage to Vaughn Paul. Also divorced from Felix Jackson, she's now Mrs. Charles David.

NELSON EDDY: No matter how lustily his big baritone sounded the call to romance, Nelson always seemed the reliable type, respectable dream-man for good housewives. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, June 29, 1901, he teamed with Jeanette MacDonald in operettas: "Naughty Marietta," "Maytime," etc. The co-stars' duets never produced offscreen echo; in 1939, he married Anne Franklin.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS SR.: From Denver, Colorado, came the king of movie swashbucklers, with bounding athletic vitality and an indomitable grin. A musical comedy star in early silent years, Doug won real fame with adventure classics like "The Thief of Bagdad." Divorced from Beth Sully (mother of Doug Jr.), he reigned with Mary Pickford as Hollywood royalty till an era ended; died 1939, fifty-five, widow Sylvia Ashley.

CHARLES FARRELL: The upstanding Yankee lad (born in Walpole, Massachusetts, August 9, 1902) learned to accept life with Janet Gaynor in "Seventh Heaven," made the talkie transition with her in "Sunny Side Up." But his voice was called too light; his film career declined. Married to Virginia Valli, Farrell turned to boxing the Palm Springs Racquet Club, setting for his TV series. He's also dad to "My Little Margie."

ALICE FAYE: Bland and buoyant, with a plainspoken voice, she queued it over big musicals like "Old Chicago." From an underprivileged start in New York (May 5, 1912), she'd sung her way to the top bands, notably Rudy Vallee's. Marriage to Tony Martin didn't work out, but she settled down contentedly as Mrs. Phil Harris and mother of two girls. The last regular show-business chase for Alice was on radio with Phil.
ERROL FLYNN: "Errl was never brooder," jeered the critics, when the ruddy adventurer decried himself as "Captain Blood." But his life, from its start in Tasmania in 1909 to its finish in 1959, was as gaudy as his film dering-do, and his last performances had a true poignancy. He married three women (Uli Domic, Nora Eddington, Pat Wymore), liked the gals. Yet friends hailed his honesty; said he himself was the easy mark.

JOAN FONTAINE: You'd think a girl who looked as sensitive and shy as Joan would arouse any male's protective instincts. Instead, her heroes gave her a rough time (and a boost to stardom) in "Rebecca" and "Suspicion." The latter movie also gave her a head start over sister Olivia in the Oscar race. Joan was born de Havilland, October 22, 1917, in Tokyo. Ex-wife of Brian Aherne, Bill Dzier; parted from Collier Young.

GREGA GARBO: When 1926's "The Torrent" introduced a Swedish girl of twenty to Hollywood, a legend was born. Garland loved dramas of the silent with John Gilbert, she went on to make bigger news: "Garbo Talks in 'Anna Christie!'...Garbo Laughs in 'Ninotchka'!' There are no more "I want to be alone" jokes now; her privacy is respected as, still unmarried, she's seen around New York. Films' greatest beauty!

JOHN GARFIELD: His 1913 birth date made this New Yorker one of the Depression generation, reaching manhood in the early Thirties. And that was his movie fortethe hard-luck kid who figured the world was against him. A smash in his first film, 1938's "Four Daughters," John contributed realistic performances to hardboiled dramas like "Body and Soul." He died in 1952, survived by wife Roberta Mann, two children.

JUDY GARLAND: "The Wizard of Oz," becoming a holiday classic on TV, recalls the jolly-wistful young Judy who won everybody's heart in the late Thirties. To reach adult triumphs like "A Star Is Born," the "Born in a Trunk" kid (Grand Rapids, January 10, 1922) had to battle the personal tragedy of illness and emotional upsets. Divorced from David Rose and Vincente Minnelli, she has husband Sid Luft as manager.

JANET GAYNOR: In 1928, a demure Philadelphiagirl became Oscar's first lady. The Academy statuette was too new to be nicknamed then, and the auburn-haired "Seventh Heaven" star looked too young to be a woman of twenty-two. Briefly married to Lydell Peck, Janet found with designer Adrian a happiness that lasted till his death in 1959. Moviemgoers saw her last in "Bernardine," as petite and appealing as ever.

JOHN GILBERT: His burning dark eyes melted every gal who gazed into them in passionate silent-film closeups: Mae Murray in "The Merry Widow," Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade," Garbo in "Flesh and the Devil." And Oreti herself was among the romantic interests between John's four marriages, to Olivia Burwell, Leatrice Joy, Ina Claire and Virginia Bruce. He died in 1936, only thirty-nine, career killed by talkies.

BETTY GRABLE: In any World War II barracks, she was—the blonde in a white swimsuit, smiling coyly over her shoulder. Before this St. Louis woman (born there December 18, 1916) became the Pin-Up Girl, she was lost in campus comedies. But a Broadway hit made Hollywood appreciate her flair for big musicals—as well as her celebrated legs. An unsuccessful marriage to Jackie Coogan preceded match with Harry James.

CORINNE GRIBBAGH: Ah, the Orchid Lady! Gone forever is the de lune brand of glamor that Corinne dispensed in "Lady in Ermine." "Classified." Actually, this regaining beauty of the 1920's was a little gal from Texarkana, Texas. While active in movies, she was married to George Campbell, then Walter Miller. As Mrs. George Marshall, she relaxed into retirement, and Corinne's now a gracious sixty-one.

JEAN HARLOW: "Would you excuse me while I slip into something more comfortable?" murmured the platinum siren "Hell's Angels"—already quite skimpily dressed. That meant fume. She became a delightful comedienne (remember "Red Dust") before her death in 1937, at twenty-six. Divorces from Charles McGraw and Hal Roach and Paul Breen's suicide shadowed her life, didn't quell her spirit.

HELEN HAYES: With her tiny frame and towering talent, she won an Oscar in her debut, "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Born in Washington, D. C., October 10, 1900, she had had a brilliant stage career before such memorable 1930's films as "A Farewell to Arms" and "A Wreath of Lavender." Helen and the late Charles MacArthur tragically lost their daughter, Mary; but adopted son James keeps up family tradition.

RITA HAYWORTH: The gorgeous redhead who set the screen on fire in "Gilda" didn't look much like the shy, rack-haired dancer who first arrived in Hollywood. Maybe that startling switch in personality left inner confusion to account for Rita's rocky marital history: Ed Judson, Orson Welles, the up-and-coming Aly Khan, Dick Haymes. Mrs. James Hill, forty-two, has two daughters: Rebecca Welles and Princess Yasmin (Aly's).

SONJA HENIE: Dimpled smile twinkling as brightly as her skates, cuddy look that you'd never expect of a lady athlete—these made Sonja "One in a Million" at the boxoffice. The 1937 film of that name launched a profitable new career for Norway's Olympic champ, born in Oslo on January 18, 1913. Since bowing out of movies, she has done ice shows. Husbands: Dan Topping, Winthrop Gardiner, Niels Onstad.

KATHARINE HEPBURN: The redheaded Yankee rebel has lived down the kidding her high-toned voice used to draw. At fifty-one, Katie is rally the great actress—rally, she is. It's a long way from her Oscar-winning "Morning Glory" to The African Queen" to the Philadelphia Story" to "Summertime""—"Little Women" to "Suddenly, Last Summer!" She looks the spirited spinster, but is a divorcée (from Ogden Ludlow).
Robert Montgomery: Who'd ever have dreamed that the debonair 1930's playboy would wind up coaching the President of the United States! As a newcomer (born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904), Bob was typed in comedies, except for a fine thriller job in "Night Must Fall." TV-drama pioneer, lent Ike TV know-how. Divorced from one Elizabeth (Allen), Bob is married to another (Harkness).

Paul Muni: Acting powerhouse of the sound era, he often hid his expressive features under remarkable makeup; was bearded for "The Life of Emile Zola" and Oscar-winning for "The Story of Louis Pasteur." But a naked-faced Muni was just as great in "Scarface" and "I Am a Fugitive." Born in Austria in 1897, married to Bella Fink in 1921, he's kept his private life private. Recent Muni hit: "The Lost Angry Man."

Pola Negri: Wild dark hair, a white face and a fiery acting style startled Hollywood when she played tragic Madame DuBarry in the German import "Passion." That was in the 1920's, heyday of the foreign star, and the Polish actress got a royal welcome. Her marital career brought her two real titles, thanks to Count Eugene Dabki, Prince Sergei Mdivani, Pola's sixty-one, lost film fortune in the war.

Mabel Normand: Big-eyed wolf or hilarious hoyden, she began in small slapstick roles, won 1914 PHOTOPLAY popularity poll. Mack Sennett married her in 1918 to star "Mickey." But hers was among Hollywood reputations tainted by the mystery murder of director William Desmond Taylor, though investigation cleared her. Long ill, out of films, she died in 1930, thirty-two, soon after her marriage to Lew Cody, silent-era villain.

Ramón Novarro: He's Mexican-born (Durango, 1905). In the 1920's, that did it, because Valentino had kicked off a Latin-lover craze. But Ramon was more the spiritual type, almost beautiful in classic style, well-suitied to stardom in the silent "Ben-Hur," a Polynesian role in "The Pagan." Talking films weren't kind to him; passing years haven't been, either; he does small character roles. Novarro is a bachelor.

Mary Pickford: She was the original movie star! Before the sixteen-year-old Toronto girl faced cameras in 1909, players weren't even identified. Then the rage for America's Sweetheart set up the star system, began the big-salary boom. "Coquette," her first talkie, won her an Oscar in 1929. A 1914 PHOTOPLAY cover showed Mary with Owen Moore, her husband before Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Buddy Rogers.

Dick Powell: Here's a bad case of split personality. First, the bouncy blond crooner who smiled through musicals like "Firirtion Walk," just too cute for words. Then, the tough private eye of "Murder, My Sweet" and radio-series thrillers. Now, the TV producer-director. They're all one guy from Arkansas (born in 1904), with as many wives as careers: Mildred Hound, Joan Blondell and (since 1943) June Allyson.

William Powell: No, he did not play the title role in "The Thin Man!" (Edward Ellis did.) But the comedy-mystery and its sequels set up debonair Bill and co-star Myrna Loy as tap attractions. Born in Pittsburgh, July 29, 1892, he was already a movie veteran, but in the 1920's he'd usually been a sneaky villain (as in "Beau Geste"). Divorced from Eileen Wilson, Carole Lombard; wed to Diana Lewis.
TYRONE POWER: In 1939, when Ty made his movie debut, he was twenty-six and almost too handsome to be real. No complaints from the boxofficees, though! But wartime service in the Marine Corps toughened him up and returned him to Hollywood in shape for lusty smashhitters like "The Black Swan." Power died in 1958, leaving ex-wives Annabella and Linda Christian and widow Debbie Minardos.

LUISE RAINER: Oscar was no friend to this temperamental Viennese, who won the 1936 and 1937 Academy Awards for "The Great Ziegfeld" and "The Good Earth"—and promptly went into eclipse! A few sort of girl, who wore a raggedy hairdo years before it became very fashionable, Luise was at one time married to playwright Clifford Odets; lives quietly in retirement as Mrs. Robert Knittel.

GINGER ROGERS: Something magic happened when she stepped out with Astaire, from their secondary spot in "Flying Down to Rio" to co-star in "The Gay Divorcee." Ginger won an Oscar for the drama "Kitty Foyle." (Anybody remember that 1940 epic?) Sleeker now and seemingly ageless (born July 16, 1911, in Missouri), she's shed husbands Jack Culpepper, Lew Ayres, Jack Briggs, Jacques Bergerac.

WILL ROGERS: Twirling a rope in the old "Ziegfeld Follies," the part-Cherokee Oklahoman drowled irreverences about the national scene. But as an early-talkie star Will mellowed; moviegoers loved his old-shoe unpretentiousness in hits like "Steamboat Round the Bend." An aviation buff, he ironically died in a 1935 crash, fifty-six. Betty Rogers later saw Will Jr., go into politics and show biz, play his dad on film.

GILBERT ROLAND: A sure-enough Latin, born in Chihuahua, Mexico, December 11, 1905, he can thank that vague for bringing him to Hollywood in Norma Talmadge's silent "Camille." But in old glamorville Gil was better known as charming escort to the reigning ladies. (He married only one of them, Constance Bennett; five years ago, he took Guillermina Contu as second wife.) He's a rugged action star now.

ROSALIND RUSSELL: Just say "career woman," and everybody sees Roz in square-shoehed suits and slouch hats of the late 1930's, bossing her world until some brave mate (Cary Grant in "His Girl Friday," for instance) subdues her. The bright Connecticut girl (born June 4, 1907) scores in the top feminine career, as Mrs. Fred Brisson. Broadway brought her back: "Wonderful Town," "Auntie Mame" (also a film hit).

NORMA SHEARER: Her splendid profile, well-groomed look, well-bred air fitted her for the First Lady role of the early 1930's. Though she went slightly disruptible to win an Oscar for "The Divorcee," it was back to respectability in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "Smin' Through." Montreal-born (in 1905), Norma was a silent-movie ingenue when Irving Thalberg married her. She's now Mrs. Martin Arrouge.

ANN SHERIDAN: Good-natured, outspoken Annie went along cheerfully with the campaign that made her "The Oomph Girl" of World War II fame. In "The Daughters" and other comedies, she was mostly the decorative redhead, but she has some good performances to her credit, like "Come Next Spring." A native of Denton, Texas (February 21, 1915), she has divorced twice: Edward Norris, George Brent.

SYLVIA SIDNEY: When her heart-shaped face crumpled into the talkie era's most realistic tears, strong men wept with her. Movies gave this New Yorker (born August 8, 1910) plenty to cry about, in "An American Tragedy," "Street Scene," "You Only Live Once," "Divorced" from Bennett Cerf, Luther Adler, Carlton Alsop. Sylvia has recently been more active on TV than in movies, in forceful character roles.

BARBARA STANWYCK: When some 1920's movie heel needed denouncing, nobody could rip off the big speech with more gusto than Barbara, the gallant gal from Brooklyn. Later movie hits, like "Double Indemnity," proved her expert at playing the hard type. Personally she had general sympathy in her divorces from Frank Fay and Robert Taylor. She's refused to dye her hair, hide her age (fifty-three); has a TV show.

MARGARET SULLAVAN: Her haunting, throaty voice still sounds in the memories of moviegoers who chuckled with her in "The Shop Around the Corner," cried for her in "No Sad Songs for Me." A Virginia girl (Norfolk, May 16, 1911), she was young Mrs. Henry Fonda. Marriages to William Wyler and Leland Hayward came with stardom, and she was Mrs. Kenneth Wagg when she died, early in 1959.

GLORIA SWANSON: Saucily uplifted nose, flashing smile, special style—that's our Gloria, from her Mack Sennett debut to the present day. Born in Chicago, March 27, 1898, the 1920's star was often kidded as a "clothes-horse," but kept her sense of humor in comedies like "Men on Her Mind," "Sunset Boulevard" was a comeback. Husbands: Wally Beery, Herb Sbornon, Marquis de la Coudraye, Michael Farmer, William Daven.

NORMA TALMADGE: Before namesake Shearer, this Norma graciously wore the First Lady title; even played the "Smiling Through" role in the silent version. Sister Coexistence was a blonde comedienne; this Talmadge was dark-haired, softly feminine. Born in Niagara Falls May 26, 1897, she entered movies in 1911; died in 1957, leaving Dr. Carvel James as her widower. She had divorced Joseph Schenck, George Jessel.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE: In the hungry year of 1933, everybody needed cheering up, and this five-year-old angel with a hint of deviltry in her smile was just the kid to do it. Top-dancing with Bill Robinson in "The Little Colonel" or caroling "On the Good Ship Lollipop," she was a box-office phenomenon. Like her first marriage, to John Agar, her adult movie career didn't click. TV's a happier story for Mrs. Charles Black.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO: He made "sheik" the Jazz Age synonym for an irresistible male. With the old glamor days gone, there will never be another great lover like the brutally handsome, insolent-godfather like the Italian from Castellonato, Italy, who's also remembered for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Divorced from Jean Acker and Natasha Rambova, he died in 1926, aged only thirty-one.

MAE WEST: "C'mup 'n see me some time," she said in 1933's "She Done Him Wrong." Her Gay Nineties ways were enough to draw general censorial wrath on Hollywood's head. Ten years later, War II airmen were calling their bulky life-jackets "mae wests," in tribute to her buxom shape. Brooklyn's her birthplace; the date, probably 1893. She also tried to hide marriage to Frank Wallace, divorced in 1941.
Vote today for your favorites! Your Golden Anniversary ballot is on page 80.

Was there one face on the preceding pages that made you sigh a little deeper than all the others? Then vote ... and see if you can outguess the experts. We've asked Hollywood's producers and directors to name the all-time favorite actor, actress and movie of the past 50 years. See if you can tell who the winner will be. And remember, it's true—only you can make a star. So vote, too, for your Gold Medal Favorites of 1960. Only you can pick the stars who'll be remembered in the next 50 years.

Identification of pictures ... how well did you remember?

MEMORIES . . .
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1. Gloria Swanson
2. Theda Bara
3. Mary Pickford with her staff
4. Greta Garbo
5. Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell and director Frank Borzage
6. Laurel and Hardy with director James Parrott

THE THIRTIES
7. Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore
8. Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Cooper, Paulette Goddard
9. Clara Bow, with Don Anderson and Fred Hall
10. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Douglas Fairbanks Sr., Mary Pickford
11. Lionel, Ethel and John Barrymore
12. William Powell and Jean Harlow
13. The Marx Brothers—Harpo, Groucho, Chico
15. Marlene Dietrich
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THE FORTIES
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18. Mary Grable, George Raft
20. Frances Langford, Judy Garland, Dorothy Lamour, Ginny Simms, Dinah Shore
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26. Margaret O'Brien, Bessie Hope
27. Bette Davis, John Garfield
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THE FIFTIES
32. Doris Day, Mario Lanza
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36. Jeanne and Gloria Stewart
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39. Mike Todd, Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie Reynolds, Eddie Fisher

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1. "Birth of a Nation," 1915, with, at left, Henry B. Walthall and Mae Marsh.—Movies go colossal.
3. "Flaming Youth," 1923, with Colleen Moore.—Flappers flip.
4. "Lights of New York," 1928, with Helen Costello.—First 100% talkie.
5. "All Quiet on the Western Front," 1930, with, left to right: Lew Ayres, Russell Gleason, Louis Wolheim, William Bache...—War is hell.
9. "She Done Him Wrong," 1933, with Marlene Dietrich.—*(Censored.)
10. "Lost Horizon," 1937, with Ronald Colman.—Getting away from it all.
11. "Gone With the Wind," 1939, with Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh.—Box-office champ.
14. "Marty," 1955, with Ernest Borgnine.—Every dog has his day.
16. "Ben-Hur," 1959, with Charlton Heston.—How big can movies get?

STARS . . .
Pages 46-47
1. Esther Williams
2. Gene Autry
3. Jean Parker
4. Lupe Velez
5. Frances Farmer
6. Marion Davies
7. Rock Hudson
8. Toby Wing
9. Audie Murphy
10. Henry Fonda
11. Kay Francis
12. Tony Curtis
13. Veronica Lake
14. Alexis Smith
15. Edward G. Robinson
16. George Brent
17. Walter Pidgeon
18. Ann Harding
19. Linda Darnell
20. Joan Blondell
21. Constance Bennett
22. Susan Hayward
23. John Wayne
24. Peter Lawford
25. Kim Novak
26. Greer Garson
27. John Hodiak
28. Deborah Kerr
29. Jane Wyman
30. Ann Sothern
31. Joan Caulfield
32. Jeanne Crain
33. Sonny Tufts
34. Ann Blyth
35. Vera-Ellen
36. Betty Hutton
37. Marlon Brando
38. Teresa Wright
39. Montgomery Clift
40. Fred MacMurray
41. Ronald Reagan
42. Jane Powell
43. Claire Trevor
44. Wallace Reed
45. Donald O'Connor
46. Johnny Weissmuller
47. Simone Simon
48. Allain Jones
49. Carole Landis
50. Bonita Granville
51. Fredric March
52. Herbert Marshall
53. Glenda Farrell
54. Una Merkel
55. James Dunn
56. Claudette Colbert
57. Robert Cummings
58. Maureen O'Hara
59. Marilyn Monroe
60. Guy Madison
61. Joel McCrea
62. Gene Tierney
63. Lucille Ball
64. Bob Mitchum
65. Roy Rogers
66. Kirk Douglas
WHEN TUESDAY THOUGHT NOBODY WAS LOOKING...

She'd been doing it regularly. Slipping away from the studio early in her big Mercedes convertible—to whom? To Elvis? Was that romance really dead? Tuesday wasn't talking... and no wonder...
The boat was ready to leave dock. Tuesday, wearing sweater and slacks, snuggled inside the boy's open jacket. She looked up adoringly into his eyes. He bent, whispered a few words, and with a happy smile she put her head against his chest and left it there. Then the boat pulled away.
But the secret was out. Was this "poor Tuesday," alone by the phone waiting for Elvis? Now there's an inside whisper that El's the one carrying the torch for her. And as this candid camera sees it—when it comes to romancing Tuesday Weld, Dick Beymer's still out in the lead.
Merle Johnson couldn’t sleep. It was 2 A.M. and he sat wearily with a half-eaten sandwich before him on the kitchen table. “Who wants food?” he asked himself and pushed the plate away. He wanted something . . . only he didn’t know what. Maybe if he could give somebody a phone call? But who do you call at two in the morning?

Keyed up, restless, he shoved back his chair and walked to the window . . . again. It looked like it, did ten minutes ago . . . and twenty . . . and a half hour . . . and an hour. Dark sky, empty streets. But at least there was air out there. Here in the house he felt hideously cramped. Imprisoned. As if someone had locked him in and thrown away the key. Restless, he got up from the chair and for the fourteenth time walked the short length of the room to stare out the window. He had moved to this house only a few months before, but tonight it seemed stuffy, shutting him (Continued on page 85)
Here's the bride—late!

What! The wedding dress isn't here yet?

Anybody'd think it was "life" for Tommy.

To Frank Jr., even a small wedding was a big fuss.
"The wedding album," Nancy shouted to Tommy. "It's here!" And engraved in gold on the white cover was: Nancy and Tommy Sands, Sept. 12, 1960. Nancy had wanted a small, quiet wedding and Tommy agreed. So they rushed the date by two months, and it was hectic... the white lace bridal gown came late... she came late. "But aren't we lucky?" Nancy smiled. "We're celebrating our second anniversary when it might've been just our wedding day."

Tina thought, someday it'll be me! Tommy looked as though he'd faint.

A happy ending... and it's only the beginning.
will they ever accept us anywhere... or

must we always live among strangers?

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
Gina sat in the sunny kitchen, watching her mother shape the cookies. She'd done this ever since she was a little girl. The ones with anise, she liked best. Her mother picked up a cookie from the batch she'd baked earlier and handed it to her grandson, Gina's little boy, playing near them. He took it  

(Continued on page 76)
Which kind of bewitchment is yours? Flirt? Angel? Siren?

Only by trying these three Anjou scents can you be sure which one suits you best.

For flirts: **SIDE GLANCE**
Coquettish, inviting, promising.

For angels: **CELESTIAL**
A bit of heaven on earth.

For sirens: **DEVASTATING**
Daring, wonderfully dangerous.

Something wonderful happens to you as you envelop yourself in each of these delightful fragrances. Even your personality seems to change. Blended of precious imported and domestic essences, each famous Anjou fragrance is an original creation, unique and long lasting.

Now you can try all three in your home; suit each fragrance to your mood and the occasion. Wear them different days, see which gets the most compliments. There will be plenty! Choose the one that is made just for you, assured in your confidence that there is nothing finer, nothing that does more for you. You’ll be remembered for your scent.

Anjou makes all this possible with this unusual offer. You get all three Eau de Parfums as shown above—not sample sizes—for only $1.00 postpaid. (Anjou even pays the U. S. tax). What an exciting value! What fun! What glamorous gift ideas! You will find these Anjou fragrances and others at better drug and department stores throughout the country.

**Special Fragrance Offer**

Send only $1.00 for all three

**Enclosed is $______** ($1.00 for each set of 3 Eau de Parfums, limit of 5 sets). Wonderful for gifts. Send____sets, postpaid:

**PARFUMS ANJOU, Dept. PP-13, Batavia, Illinois:**

(Please allow several weeks for delivery. Each set mailed separately.)

Offer good in U. S. only—expires Jan. 31, 1961. Please allow several weeks for delivery. Where more than one set is ordered, each is mailed separately.

Name ___________________________ (PLEASE PRINT)
Address ___________________________
City __________________________ State ________
can BOBBY DARIN and JO-ANN CAMPBELL make-up their break-up?

what should a girl do when she’s in love, but knows deep down---

HE’S ALL WRONG FOR ME

If you want to fall in love, you’ve got to know that some sunny day you can wake up and find it’s all over. And that’s when you begin to remember every little thing—painfully. And think: Where did I fail? Why did it go wrong? Is there anything we could have done to keep our love from ending like this? Is there anything we can do now to make it up? That’s the way it is today for Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell. They’ve broken up, but love doesn’t end that easily. There’s too much to remember... Jo-Ann had gotten so used to the uneasy, prickling feeling she had when she was with Bobby, that it was almost a friend. And when it warned her that this was bad, she tried to ignore it. Because more than anything, she wanted to be happy. Or try to be. That’s why, on their last day together, she (Continued on page 73)
A touch of smoke
a hint of fire...

Vintage hues by Cutex

From Mediterranean hillsides, the warm, mellow tones of ripening grapes... the flash and fire of a fair Italian contessa. Cutex captures both the colors and the mood in its thrilling new "Vintage Hues" for your lips and nails. Wear Cutex "Tawny Port" for a smoldering bronzy look. Wear "Ruby Grape" when you need a red that's rich and luscious. It's a vintage year for color... and Cutex brings you the choicest reds of all!

Tawny Port and Ruby Grape...
"Are these men bothering you?" he asked. For once in my life, I was speechless. He introduced himself. "My name's Adam. Adam Faith."

I heard the name of England's number one young recording artist, but in the noise and commotion it registered wrong in my brain.

"Oh, of course, Adam Wade," I said and put out my hand. Adam Wade is an American singer. "I know your records, they're great."

"Thank you so much, Miss Stevens," he said. And then I knew what I'd done. But he hadn't paid me back in my own coin. So we stood looking at each other till neither could hold out, and we burst into laughter together. I flipped! I tried to think of something clever to say to him, but before I could open my mouth I was whisked off to the luncheon table and seated where the card said "Connie Francis."

From the corner of my eye I saw Adam Faith stroll casually down the table. About ten seats away from mine he picked up his place card, walked to the place next to mine and picked up that card. He smiled at the man to whom it belonged.

"You wouldn't mind changing seats, old boy, would you?" The other gentleman hadn't much choice. He got up and went to the place originally set for Adam.

Oh, he's bold and dashing, I thought to myself. How marvelous! I saw him as a combination of Jimmy Dean, Marlon Brando and every other fabulous idol rolled into one. Only now that we were sitting next to each other he didn't say a word. And I couldn't think of one. We sat like that till the waiters served lunch.

I had just put a forkful of roast beef in my mouth when he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "You're very pretty." I almost choked on the roast beef. I managed to set my fork down and I turned a bright beet red. He'd come on unexpectedly strong. I was gone, really gone.

By the time the luncheon was over I knew I wanted to see Adam again. I kept thinking, "Please let him ask me out... please... please..."

He never had a chance. Suddenly I was surrounded. Before I even had time to say goodbye to him I was in a cab heading clear across town to a recording studio. And my heart was down to the bottom of my shoes.

The same old story
"Here it is again, Connie, my girl," I told myself. "The same old story every time. Meet a boy, get interested, get him interested—and it starts. No, Connie, you can't go dancing, you know you have an early appointment tomorrow. 'Go for a drive in this rain? Risk a sore throat when you've got a recording session tonight?'

"No, you can't... 'Connie, I'm sorry but you know you can't...'" It was like having ten different mothers, each one stricter than the next.

How many boys had all these "You can't" scared out of my life? How many near romances never even got off the ground, let alone sail off to Cloud 9? When was I going to meet the man who'd get a chance to want to love me? And marry me?

In my hotel room that night, when I turned in after a long tough day I was tired but sleep would not come. In the other twin bed, Sandy, my secretary-traveling companion, was already asleep. I shut off the lamp. The room was dark, except for a sliver of light which managed to sneak in under the door. I tried to relax, but my mind was a jumble of schedules, itineraries, names, places, faces, and time.

When I was a little girl, I used to shoot myself in my room and tell my troubles to my stuffed animals, who sat in a row on my bed. I'd pour out my heart to a fuzzy panda with amber-glass eyes and a pooh, with a red felt tongue. Now I was sitting up in a hotel bed, and there were no amber-glass eyes to comfort me. Only the emptiness of a hotel room.

At times like this, I was sorely tempted to ask for help, but I could never quite bring myself to do it. I had been so amply blessed, I didn't have the courage to ask for more. How could I say: "Please, dear God, make me a woman... let me be loved... send me someone who needs me, who makes me feel wanted... someone who is patient and kind... who'll understand this crazy life I lead... and love me enough to realize I'm just like any other girl." I wouldn't ask, but maybe it would come in time, anyway. Other things I'd secretly yearned for had come—why not love?

But right now all I was asking was a chance to know this fascinating boy. And it wasn't going to happen. He wasn't the type to run after any girl. I'd never know if his eyes and smile, his laughter and fun, were as I remembered.

What could I do?
Three days later I got to my hotel at ten one night to find a message—he'd called. I flew to my room and called back. Perhaps I should have been more restrained—but I wasn't. And when he said, "Get up and come down to my room and show you London," I said, "I'd like that."

I hadn't rested five minutes since we got to London. I was exhausted, but the minute I'd heard his voice I wasn't. I changed into a satin robe and slung it around in a formal type. I came out in the living room that was empty when I came in, and now it looked like a convention. Record dealers, distributors, juke box owners, my manager George, my secretary, and Sandy.

There was a knock on the door and I hurried to answer, hoping it would be Adam. It was—not dressed in a suit, shirt, tie. He'd made the supreme effort—and in slacks! Couldn't I ever do anything right?

"Are we ready to go?" he asked, and I whispered, "Soon. I have to talk to these people, it's only polite." He sat on the floor, an arm—"I think I'll be leaving," he said—and left.

I was miserable. I'd been so torn between him and doing my duty—and he didn't give me a chance! That night I spent sleepless hours wondering how I could have handled it.

The next morning I hoped for a call at least. It didn't come. All day passed with no word from him. In the evening I glumly managed to get a recording contract, where I was to cut a record. Just as I finished I looked up—and there was Adam. Waiting in the doorway. Just as if we'd planned it! And just as casually he asked over and said, "Connie, I'd like to take you for a drive. I still want to show you London."

"Oh yes, Adam," I said. "I'd love to."

"Night, everybody."

Went to the door when Sandy called.

"What about that party for Sammy Davis Jr.? You accepted, Connie," she was right. But I knew what to do. Cheerfully, I invited Adam to come along.

"No way," he said, "I just don't go for big crowds and noisy rooms. But you go, and we'll have our drive when the party is over. I'll pick you up at your hotel later."

"For sure, Adam?"

"For sure, Connie."

But it was 1:30 A.M. when I walked into my lobby. And there sat Adam. My heart skipped a beat, I was so glad to see him. But I asked timidly, "Is it too late, Adam?"

He smiled and put his arm around my shoulder. "This is the most perfect time of day to go sightseeing."

Off we went, Adam drove through London by night. Through London by fog. He'd tell me, "Now this is the House of Lords, Connie," and I had to take his word for it, I couldn't see a thing. And then, "Here's Westminster Abbey—you know, where Princess Margaret got married," and I'd say brightly, "Oh, yes, indeed, Adam," but I couldn't see any of the famous sights I'd longed to, with him as a guide. I was getting frustrated enough to want to cry! Finally Adam admitted it was "a bit thick for sightseeing."

"But I've got a capital idea," he said. He headed the car around and wouldn't tell me where we were going—only that it was well outside the city. I said a cheerful "Okay." We might be taking a fiscal risk, but I didn't care. I breathed deeply, and sighed, everything was so perfect. We

Continued on page 72

Look for THE LENNON SISTERS on the December Cover of TV RADIO MIRROR

Plus special stories about ART LINKLETTER

BOB HOPE • STEVE MCQUEEN • MERV GRIFFIN

DIANE MCBAIN • TROY DONAHUE

RICK NELSON • DOROTHY PROVINE • GENE BARRY

All in the December TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newstands

WILL I MESS UP EVERYTHING AGAIN?

Continued from page 30
Rumors buzzed around Hollywood that Marilyn had left Arthur Miller because of Yves Montand. She made a mysterious weekend trip by plane from the location of her picture, “Misfits,” in Reno back to town reportedly just to see Montand, but even though they headquartered at the same hotel, she was unsuccessful. . . Then the headlines broke across the country: “Marilyn Monroe Enters Hospital.” Word spread that she was at the West Side Hospital. Further word circulated that she was in love with Yves Montand. Some of the hospital employees couldn’t help but note that she was constantly trying to get Montand on the telephone. One of them even told this writer that she refused to even see her husband at first. Pressured and embarrassed by these reports, Montand let a blast fly at Marilyn the day he left for Paris. . . . He was fed up—and let it be known. “I refused to see Miss Monroe,” he said frankly, “because there would be talk, talk and more talk—and none of it to any point. Actually, she is an enchanting child—a simple girl without any guile. I enjoyed working with her very much and I have never known anyone quite like (Continued on page 87)
The small beachside restaurant was crowded but, still, not one person entering failed to glance over at the small, pouting girl, sitting alone at one of the side tables, tucked away in the corner. She stared sulkily at the menu, occasionally pushed back her disheveled hair impatiently. She was tired. On Tuesday, she had announced she and Jacques were finished. "I will leave him free to decide on the divorce," she told her lawyer. But she was depressed. "Perhaps a few days away from Paris?" her mother suggested. Today was her birthday. She hated being twenty-six. "I'm afraid of getting old," she told Mercedes Simon, her girlfriend who joined her later to help her celebrate. Then, they visited director Clouzot. "BB was gay," he said, "but her moods change by the moment." It was difficult to predict what was to happen. "She was gay; she talked of going to New York." Three hours later, in the garden, her body was found, her wrists slashed. "It was terrible, terrible," the nurse reported. "She kept crying, 'I want to die, I'm tired of it all, leave me.' And her baby? She said, 'My mother can take care of him. I want to die.'" For the little girl who had everything, there seemed no happy ending. Just those she finds in her movies. THE END
Vittorio slipped around to the back of the car, where he could see Elizabeth. The pair was tight, and he knew they were nearly done. After a few moments, she looked back at him, and he wondered if she was going to say anything. He wanted to say something, but he didn’t know what to say. Finally, Adam said we had arrived, but all I could see through the mist was what appeared to be an enormous barn. He took my hand, and suddenly someone flashed a light into our faces. Adam looked up. "Ah, there you are, Harry. Can you let us into the studio?"

So that was the surprise. We were there at the studio when the pictures were made. At 3 o’clock in the morning, Harry, the night watchman, swung open the gates and in we went, still hand in hand. We walked down streets and on to station wagons where we were met by the studio staff of smart ones. Adam and I talked at that moment, with just the two of us, it was more reality than I’d ever known. I held his hand tight and said a silent prayer. “Please God, don’t let anything come of all this or how bad was the beauty of tonight. Don’t let me do anything to lose him… please make him like me—for always.”

When I’d seen the whole studio end we drove from one end to the other, reciting softly of our hopes and dreams, and what we wanted out of life. We got to the hotel and walked into the lobby, still on a cloud, still holding hands, still in a dream.

I asked Adam something charging at me like a panicky father! "Connie!" he shouted so loud that people turned and stared at us. "Connie, that’s my Eve!"

I’m fine, I said dreamily. But poor Adam stood looking terribly guilty.

“T’m afraid it was my fault,” he said. “I didn’t realize it was so late.”

We then sat down and ordered some tea. While Adam was speaking, he sounded more like a panicky mother. "I was just going to call the police.” He said to me reproachfully. “I had visions of you lying in a ditch somewhere, robbed of your beauty and my heart.”

I began to laugh, “George, you know the only jewelry I own is this little charm bracelet.”

George admitted, “I was so worried I didn’t want to let her out of my sight.” He looked sheepish. “It was nothing about how uncomfortable Adam looked, standing there with this debate over. We went on talking after a very public good night in the lobby. Stopping people along the way to ask if they knew anything. And tomorrow—no, it was today already—Adam had an unavoidable business luncheon, just when I had a few free hours for the first time! And by the next day I’d be off on another trip. How may I be expected to find your whereabouts?

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HE'S ALL WRONG
FOR ME

Continued from page 61

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated, they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it's here...a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion...during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It's wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop®, the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop® penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor...stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in...you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in...rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating...completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So...to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop® stops perspiration stains...stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49¢ plus tax.
7253—Antique cars in cross-stitch make new “conversation pictures.” Transfer of two 3 x 21 inch panels, color chart.

7489—Do an afghan in 4 colors or wool scraps. You use a large hook, mainly single crochet for these 7½” flowers. Directions.

917—Give your towels, pillowcases or scarf ends a touch of elegance with embroidery. Transfer of six 4 x 12” motifs.

Send 35c in coins for each pattern to: Photoplay Needlecraft Service, P.O. Box 125, Old Chelsea Sta., New York 11, N.Y. Add 5c for 1st-class mailing. For full-color Catalog of Printed Patterns, send 35c.

WE both needed each other

"But it was more than that. The truth is that all along the way I've never once really felt we could stay together—even when we were married. When you come right down to it, we didn't have too much in common.

"It's sad. We both needed each other so much, but we didn't know how to help each other. I know Bobby felt it, too. In that last year it wasn't like it used to be, and he was getting fed up.

"Can they hope to get together again?

"Today she thinks back to those plans and says, "That was the big difference between us. I counted the minutes till I could see him, but he didn't care as much about me. Even if we'd been separated for three months, I still think nothing of breaking a date when something came up about business. That's how it is with Bobby. Twenty-four hours a day of his life is devoted to his work. He puts business before love. I couldn't live that way. I don't want to give my whole life to my career the way he does. So it was a hectic time whenever we were together. Something always got in our way."

And she remembers how her friends were a bone of contention between them. "He didn't flip over the people I liked. My friends were mine and he'd have no part of them, but his friends were ours and we were always with them. That didn't bother me a lot. Finally, I forced myself to realize that I'd have to become a part of his group if I was going to make him happy."

"I was lonely. I had no one to talk to. I could never go to his friends for help if any trouble came up between us. They were always on his side."

"I loved him"

She couldn't always talk to Bobby either. "If we were together and things went wrong for him, he'd expect all kinds of sympathy from me. I gave, because I loved him. But if things went wrong with me, I couldn't expect the same from Bobby. He never thought my problems were big or important enough.

"He sort of put them on the back burner. You know what I mean—There, there, little girl, it can't be all that bad."

"Maybe I was wrong, but I stopped feeling that I could go to him with my troubles. I stopped expecting he'd have the time to listen to me."

"And he never understood that I was unhappy. But I knew the score between us—I gave and he received."

One thing that Bobby wanted that Jo-Ann couldn't give was her career. Time
The next show started and she went back to her ringside table, and he started his act. Then in the middle of everything, he stopped singing. One of my friends was going to have a birthday in a couple of weeks, he told the audience, and I won’t be here to celebrate with her. So let’s make tonight one great big birthday party. Happy birthday, Harriet honey. We love you.

That was all. He never apologized, and she didn’t expect him to. But that was one night she’ll never forget. That’s why I say, Bobby Darin’s far from perfect, but with all his faults he does try very hard.

“Couldn’t take Jo-Ann’s career, that’s true—not for after they were married. He wanted a girl who’d be a wife to him, to have his kids and go wherever he went. He wanted his wife to be completely devoted to him, and to nobody or nothing else. Maybe he was selfish or she was foolish, who knows? That’s just the way they were.”

What went wrong?

Jo-Ann remembers the things that bothered Bobby. “He always used to tell me that I didn’t let him know enough how much I loved him. But I felt the same way about him. I wish I could have showed him how much I really cared for him. I always wanted to, but something about the way he held back made me hold back, too.”

“I remember one time, it was a few days after he finished at the Copa. He’d gone to Syracuse, and when he got to New York he came straight to my house. It was early in the morning and my parents, his manager and I were still having breakfast, waiting for him. When he came in, his arms were full of packages for me. I wanted to run to the door and kiss him—I wanted to very much—but I couldn’t let myself. I just sat there, eating breakfast, and said, ‘Hi, Honey.’ That’s all I did. And he didn’t even walk over to me. He stood in the hall and unwrapped the packages. He’d bought me three more stuffed animals for my collection, he’d thought of me on his trip, and what did I do? I sat and ate breakfast! It seems crazy when you love somebody like I loved Bobby to be afraid to show it. But there it was—like a wall between us. And that last year the wall just got too high for both of us.

He felt bad

“The next day he took me aside and said, ‘Jo-Jo, why do you act the way you do?’ He told me he felt very bad about the way I acted. I wanted to tell him that I felt the same way, that I thought he didn’t give his all to me, either. But I couldn’t.

“I guess I never did come on as strong with Bobby as he needed. I wanted to—but I had this feeling he wouldn’t like it. Maybe I was wrong—just as I never realized, either, how much he did care for me. It’s sad to think that neither of us knew how to show a beautiful thing like love.”

Would marriage have eased matters?

Jo-Ann doesn’t seem to think it would.

“I think most of the trouble between us was that he wasn’t any more ready for marriage than I was. He says he wants to get married, but at the same time I can see that he really doesn’t.”

One of Bobby’s closest friends agrees with Jo-Ann: “I don’t think he’s met the girl he’s going to marry yet. He’s too wrapped up in his career right now. I know he’d like to get married—he wants to have children very badly—but he doesn’t act like a man ready for marriage.

Do you know how he defines love? He told me, ‘Love is a con job. There’s no ding, ding, ding electricity like they tell you. This is love: A guy sees a girl with a good body and he goes after her. Then he’s got to call it something, so he rationalizes and names it love.’

“Does that sound like a man who knows what love is? He may have changed his mind since he said that, but I’m ready to bet that once he stops running so hard he’ll really learn about love. And I don’t think he’s going to let up on that drive until he proves himself an all-round entertainer. When he says he wants to knock over every field he enters, he means it. That I can tell you.”

What about the next time? How much of a chance can Bobby and Jo-Ann take on another love?

Jo-Ann says, “We both feel there’s too much in life to spend time grieving. We’ll each fall in love again—but not with each other. I’ll marry a man who’ll understand me better than Bobby did. He’ll help me when I need help. Maybe I won’t love him as much as I loved Bobby, but I’ll be happier because I’ll be more relaxed.

“And Bobby will find a girl who won’t have any career that would distract her from him. She’ll be intelligent and independent and pretty. She’ll know how to give him lots of love and affection and she’ll be able to devote herself to him completely, yet keep his respect. He couldn’t stand any girl he could just walk all over.

“There must be a girl around who can give him that.

“I only wish I could have...”

—MICKI SHEEL

See Bobby in U.L.’s “Come September” and in “Pepe” for Col. He sings on the Atco label. Jo-Ann records for ABC-Paramount.

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Washery Rhymes

When baby starts to scream,
And Junior wants a drink,
The kettle’s boiling over,
Dirty dishes in the sink,
You’ve yet to do the laundry,
And your washer’s on the blink...

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THINGS TO THINK ABOUT...

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and answered his grandmother's tender look with a big smile. As she watched them, Gina thought for the hun-
dredth time that day, "This I will remem-
ber when I am living far away."
She said to her mother, "I will make 
these for my boy exactly as you do it, 
Mama. And..." she choked a little over 
the words, "... and I will think of you 
every time I make them."
But this was not good talk for today. 
They were both in tears. It was too 
early goodbye. Everything had been packed 
since last night and now there was nothing 
left for her to do. Tomorrow they would 
leave Italy—Gina and her husband Milko 
and little Milko Jr. Because her husband 
could not stay here. And a wife goes where 
his husband goes. This you give up for 
love... your parents... your home... 
and yes, she thought a little bitterly, the 
homeland that refused a place to your 
husband and child. If you love a man 
well enough, you give up everything.

Her mother was crying as she held the 
little boy. "He doesn't understand 
and he squeemed to be set down so 
he could chase after the kitten. If 
he wouldn't comfort his grandmother, Gina 
must. She put her arms around her 
mother and sobbed. "Mommy, it isn't 
going to be forever. I'll be back... 
her work will bring me back to Italy, 
Mama—soon."
The two women clung to each other. 
"You'll come back—but you'll be a 
visitor," her mother wept. "You will not live 
here."

She is right, Gina thought sadly. I 
will be back, I'll be never again will I live in 
my beautiful country... my country with its 
old, old hills and sun-drenched valleys, 
its crowded cities with their narrow, 
exciting streets—and my lifelong friends, 
and my close family—and all my mem-
ories. . . .

So much to remember

She was sixteen when she'd gone to that 
party. With a body like a woman's, she 
was still a child to the ways of romance 
when she met the good-looking young man 
with the clear track star and the fine 
hand of a physician.
The war had been long and hard 
and had ended only recently. Much of her 
adolescence had been spent in hunger, 
dirt and discomfort. Playmates had died 
violetr. Favorite landmarks had disinteg-
ated under bombs and shells. But Gina 
had survived hardship and shock without 
permanent scars. And so at sixteen she 
retained a happy, innocent quality and a 
goodness that made others want to be good 
and happy when they were with her. 
She took unashamed pleasure in small, 
unsophisticated things—a pretty hillside 
to sketch, a song to sing, or a gathering of 
friends.

But though she usually enjoyed parties, 
this one had begun unhappily. Her date, 
like many other young men, was still 
edged from Korea. He tried to laugh 
difile easily, but it made her edgy, too, 
looking at everything she said. They 
had hardly spoken all the way to the 
party and now, on the dance, he began to 
quarrel with her.

"Don't..." she pleaded with him. "It's 
such a nice party. Let's try to have fun."

But he wouldn't listen. He snapped back 
an angry answer at her. Finally, with a

singing lessons. But I'll never do anything 
so interesting as your work."

"Perhaps," he suggested, "I could go with 
you to sketch some architecture."

They danced together many times dur-
ing the evening, and when she went home 
his last thought, before dropping off to 
sleep, was of the attractive doctor who 
was helping so many people at the refugee 
camp.

They saw each other often after that 
night. He confided his dream—practise 
medicine in the United States.

"As a political refugee, I'm a stateless 
person," he explained. "I have no citi-
zenship. I belong nowhere. I've asked for 
Italian citizenship but so far it's been 
denied. But I'm sure America may grant this 
to me—if doctors are needed. This is my 
hope."

Gina had been aware that many political 
refugees were stateless persons, but she'd 
never really thought about what that 
would mean.

"Everyone should belong somewhere," 
she said. "She told him how much her home 
and Italy meant to her. "When I look at 
the map, I feel a little homesick," she said. 
"Let's remember our history." And then she 
encouraged him to go after Italian citizen-
ship instead of looking to America.

"The law says that a person who has 
lived in Italy for 15 years automatically 
granted citizenship," she told him earnest-
ly. "Wait a little more and you'll be a 
citizen. You'll belong here."

Milko smiled at her innocence.

You're like a little girl," he said fond-
ly, "so sure of the happy ending."

"You mustn't give up"

It was three years after they met be-
fore they were married. He was waiting 
for her to grow up a little. And both of 
them wanted to be sure their love would 
last.

"Because," Gina explained, "in Italy, 
when you marry, you marry just once. 
Not over and over. So you have to be sure 
the first time."

When they finally exchanged vows, they 
were ARD sure... of each other. But not 
of the coveted citizenship. On that he had 
almost given up hope. Yet Gina, still op-
timistic, believed her country would 
well to the boy.

From time to time Milko asked the 
officials for papers.

"Not now," he'd been told. "Come later."

And Gina would insist, "You mustn't 
give up hope."

She was ARD sure it must give you 
citizenship, because you have been here 
seven years.

One day, when he inquired again, an 
official was unusually blunt.

"Doctor," he said, "you might as well give 
up, you are wasting your time."

This Milko did not tell Gina. He didn't 
want to discourage her, especially when 
she'd finally finding herself in work she 
could do. And at that moment, when he'd 
seen her on the street and offered her a 
role. At first neither she nor Milko took 
this seriously, but gradually her success 
as a performer was growing. Finally it 
created a crisis.

Gina was at home when she heard Milko 
at the front door, whistling. That was the 
first sign and she knew, even before she 
saw him walking across the room to her 
with long, eager strides that he had good 
news—at last.

"Darling," he said, hugging her, "a mar-
velous thing has happened. We can go to 
America. We can get her around the room, 
laughing at her surprise. "... yes, a hospital in Philadelphia has offered 
me a staff position. What do you say to that?"

Gina was so excited she forgot her own 
big news. And Milko was full of the joys 
of living in America.

"When I'm a doctor in Philadelphia," 
she said, "I'll have a nice house in the 
subsurbs with plenty of yard, and you will 
shop in an American supermarket. Would 
you like that?"

She nodded, proud of her remarkable 
husband. "Don't you dare say nothing 
of her own big offer this day...

Ah, a part in a picture that was such a prize she 
could hardly believe it. A once-in-a-lifetime 
part, the kind that creates a star. She still 
could understand it, the comparatively 
unknown, had been chosen for the 
role, but that very day she had learned it 
was hers.

As but Milko's future was the im-
portant thing. In America he could work in 
a great hospital, and most important of all, 
he would no longer be a man who belonged 
nowhere. He'd get his chance to become 
an American. So Gina didn't mention what 
she was giving up, somehow Milo heard and 
put his foot down against his own 
opportunity.

"We'll stay in Italy," he said. "I can be a 
good doctor. And I am needed at the 
refugee camp, but you couldn't be an 
arrest in Philadelphia."
person, travel was almost impossible because of passport difficulties. And there was worse to fear. She read the newspaper stories of international crises and knew that they held even more of a threat for her than for most people.

"If we were at war," Gina said fearfully, "you'd be interned and you wouldn't be able to fight for the things you believe in. And we'd be separated."

Milko nodded solemnly and went again to ask about citizenship. Again it was denied.

By the time Milko Jr. was born, his father had almost given up hope. But admiring his new son, he said to Gina: "Now I am outnumbered. We have two Italians in the family and one stateless person. To join the majority, I shall have to work twice as hard to get my citizenship."

Gina, warm with joy, squeezed his hand. "Two Italians instead of one can use twice as much influence to help you," she said.

She was in Paris making a picture when the baby had his first birthday, and she wanted to have him with her. She asked that he be brought to France. That was when she learned the shocking fact: that her baby was as "stateless" as his father. And so "permission to leave the country" was denied!

A stateless person! A baby without a home. How could anybody, even something so impersonal as a state, refuse to welcome and love a harmless little baby? She wept, asking herself this in Paris. Then she decided there must be a mistake. Under Italian law her child was twice a citizen. First because his mother was Italian, and second because he was born in Italy.

Some official misunderstood the case, she assured herself. She would explain and everything would be all right. She picked up the phone and began to call government agencies from Paris to Italy.

"To be sure, Miss Lollobrigida," one bureaucrat replied, "your son is a citizen. I shall see that the mistake is rectified at once and he'll have his passport."

Gina waited to hear that the error was corrected, but no word came. Impatiently she called again.

"Oh, but he is not a citizen," she was told on the second call. "There is no question about it, he is stateless."

You have to belong somewhere

She was furious, and very frightened. What should she do next? It wasn't bad enough that her baby was stateless, but now he was in dangerous company with his father. "Everyone needs to belong somewhere," she begged disinterested officials, using the same words she'd spoken to Milko so long ago. "My child must have a country. It's something to hold onto . . . something in which to believe."

"Possibly," someone suggested, "you don't know how to apply for citizenship properly. You are rich. Italy's second largest taxpayer. If you gave a million lira to the right person, there should be no more trouble."

"I'd give a million lira to the church," Gina told him, "but never to a corrupt official. I won't buy that kind of citizenship."

She sent her own passport to Italy, and the baby was allowed to come to her on it.

Yet a spiteful press attack even her son. She held him tight, protecting him from evils he didn't even know existed! She realized for the first time how very much her husband must have suffered.

"He won't suffer like this any more," she vowed. "I love my homeland and my parents, but I love my husband and my son more than anything in the world. We will go where they are welcome."

So now she stood in the hallway of her house in Rome. Suitcases were closed, trunks had already been sent ahead to Toronto. She looked about her at the small, dear possessions she must leave.

"Well, are we ready?" Milko asked, picking up a suitcase. He leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

Her cheek felt damp. Tears? He put the suitcase down.

"Gina," he said, putting a hand on each shoulder so that she must face him squarely. "Is it too late to change our plans?"

Canada was very far away. She thought of a huge cold country with millions of people—all strangers. Would aliens like her and her two Milkos be made welcome and accepted? Would they find new friends, and new neighbors—and warmth in a new home? She didn't know.

Her husband said, "We can still stay here . . ."

She smiled up into his eyes. After all, she was a great actress. "What an idea!" she said indignant. "When I'm looking forward so much to the trip—a new country—new sights!"

He kissed her again, took the suitcase and gathered up the small boy in his other arm. He walked out, and she followed.

But at the last minute she came back from the door to water the fern that stood in the hallway. It was a habit. She had always watered it, every day. Otherwise it might die.

—NANCY ANDERSON

See Gina in M-G-M's "Where The Hot Wind Blows" and "Go Naked In The World."

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77
Who could ever really forget? Everybody was quoting his latest phrase, "Include me out," and according to reports, he died strong, namely, there was no decline. But, with Mr. Goldwyn, the charm and kindliness itself, never too rushed to say, "And how's your charming daughter?" I loved Mr. Goldwyn. I still do.

It was exciting to sit in with the dynamic Darryl Zanuck, head of the jumping Twentieth-Century-Fox studios who was preparing throughout a three minute interview slicing the air with a polo mallet and describing future movies to be made as like masterpieces. "Glamor is something housewives don't get at home," he'd say. He was a shrewd showman with many a discovery to his credit—Tyrone Power among them.

I remember the exact moment I came to know Tyrone as a friend. With Lana Turner, I had gone to a party given by Junior Little at Romanoff's and when Dick and I turned the comer, the dark handsome Tyrone and the beautiful blond Lana, the romance was on.

Tyrone had been separated from his wife, Annabella, for a long time, and at the time, was heart free. They met quite often at my apartment or I dined many times with Tyrone and his mother at his home or with Lana and Tyrone at her house.

Tyrone dropped in at my apartment quite often to talk about the woman he loved and who loved him so dearly. I remember the day he said, "I'm going to marry Little Miss Europe." To tell the story of some time Tyrone and Lana and me, which was when I get back from South America." I was overjoyed at the news.

Their engagement was announced at a large party at Mocambo before Tyrone or, and Lana, and me.

When he returned I, among others, noticed a new restlessness about Ty that I think Lana felt, too. I know that on his return, one of the first things we did was to go to my dressing room to read the cards for himself, for me, and as a member of the cast he adored, Joan Blondell. I can't remember a word of mine and very little of Joan's. It was more of a place of trouble between her and the man she married, Mike Todd—but I'll never forget the words of this seeress to Tyrone. "You're going abroad and there meet the woman you will marry. A woman of many languages and fame, she moves from country to country as a foreigner. You will not wed the one you know now." How right she was. Tyrone soon took off for Europe, met and fell for Linda Christian and Lana was forgotten. And it was all too unfortunate as no kinder, more tender person ever lived than Tyrone. I truly loved him.

Soon after, Lana met the wealthy Bob Topping and, hungry for security in home and marriage, she consented to marry him. At the quiet wedding in the home of his father, the tycoon, Bob, with me as matron of honor, and her little daughter Cheryl, then five or six, as flower girl.

How unfair, now, to condemn Lana for a better fitted, erring child that can happen in families everywhere. I know firsthand that Lana was a devoted and adoring mother to Cheryl.

Lana had a small part of the teenagers on the M-G-M lot who attended the studio schoolroom along with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney. I always felt Judy's
Errol Flynn came into my life during those days and never was there a more legendary figure, a scamp, a rascal, and underneath a man of learning and even culture. Errol slowly and tragically deteriorated into a pitiful figure of the man he was. Like his friend John Barrymore, he gave way to the weakness—alcohol—that destroyed him.

Jean Harlow's death was another tragedy. It happened with lightning speed and the news reached my desk at Photoplay when photographer telephoned from the hospital. I immediately called the publicity department at M-G-M to ask for details and to my horror, I realized I was giving them the news. "It isn't true," they insisted. In a matter of minutes, however, the truth reached them. It was hard to believe.

The shock of Jean's death, from uremic poisoning, literally drove debonair Bill Powell into semi-retirement. Jean loved Bill so much—this blond, vital, straightforward girl whose life was one long unhappy involvement. The scandal over the suicide of a former husband, producer Paul Bern, still echoed through the corridors of Hollywood at the time of her death.

Light operetta became the rage with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald giving out with the "Merry Widow" and Jeanette and Nelson Eddy riding high on a wave of popularity that hadn't been felt since the Valentino days.

One day I received a call from a studio publicist with a plea to please, please see their new boy. "He's going to be hot, I promise," he said. So to oblige my Paramount friend, I duly trotted over, forgetting to ask their prodigy's name. "It's Hope," I was told. "Bob Hope. I know you'll like him."

I loved him. All through luncheon he enthused over a great song that had been written for his movie; a song that since echoes from every outpost where our boys in service gather.

"It goes like this," Bob said and sang, "Thanks for the memory. Of rainy afternoons . . ."

My first glimpse of Bing Crosby took place at the first studio party I ever attended. The toastmaster had just introduced a new studio starlet, Miss Dixie Lee, and then added as an afterthought, "And Miss Lee's escort tonight is Mr. Bing Crosby at the Rhino Boys now singing at the Cocoanut Grove." Miss Lee's "escort" went on to become Photoplay's special champ and won more Gold Medals than anyone else in the business—five, to be exact.

Dixie and Bing were married some time after that party and began raising their family of boys who began raising all sorts of rumors a few years later.

It was on the set of "City Lights," at the old Chaplin studio in La Brea, that I first heard the voice of the screen's mute little tramp. Mr. Chaplin was very much against visitors and I felt quite privileged to be there. Paulette Goddard, his wife and leading lady, was being rehearsed for a scene by director Chaplin when I arrived. The innocent cultured accent emanating from that pitiful little shabby tramp, was something I never forgot to this day.

In 1941, the destruction of Pearl Harbor hit the town with a blast that carried off the top male stars. And, at war's conclusion, a whole new era began for Hollywood. Some of our heroes never regained their former popolar groove and bitterness ensued. Victor Mature returned to find the girl he loved, Rita Hayworth, had married genius Orson Welles. Orson couldn't hold her, though. Rita was later to marry Prince Aly Khan, then mother of Anthony Newley and now producer Jim Hill. And

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You saw your favorite stars on pages 33-55. Now here’s a list of nominations for the favorite movie of the past 50 years

PASTE ON A POSTCARD
AND MAIL TODAY TO:
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P.O. Box 2819, Grand Central Sta., New York, N. Y.

| All Quiet on the Western Front | High Noon |
| Around the World in 80 Days | Informer, The |
| Ben-Hur (1925) | Intolerance |
| Best Years of Our Lives, The | It Happened One Night |
| Big Parade, The | Life of Emile Zola, The |
| Birth of a Nation, The | Lost Horizon |
| Citizen Kane | Mr. Deeds Goes to Town |
| East of Eden | Modern Times |
| From Here to Eternity | Mutiny on the Bounty |
| Girl Going My Way | Ninochka |
| Gold Rush, The | Of Human Bondage |
| Gone With the Wind | On the Waterfront |
| Grapes of Wrath, The | Ox-Box Incident, The |
| Greatest Show on Earth, The | Plage in the Sun, A |
| Greed | Quiet Man, The |

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
Seven Heaven (1927)
Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs
Stagecoach
Star Is Born, A (1937 or 1945)
Streetcar Named Desire, A
Sunset Boulevard
Tabu
Ten Commandments, The
(Treasure of Sierra Madre
What Price Glory? (1927)
Other

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| Gone With the Wind | On the Waterfront |
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Other

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My choices for the favorites of the past 50 years are:

Actors

Actresses

My choices for the Gold Medal Winners of 1960 are:

Best Actor

Best Actress

Best Movie

Best Female Newcomer

Best Male Newcomer

Thanks for the memories, indeed. I realize now how Photoplay and I have come full circle and so it’s thanks again and again for the memories. It’s been a fabulous, privileged ride on a merry-go-round called Hollywood. And I wouldn’t have missed it—would you? The END
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secret which everyone but John Kelly knew: He was dying from cancer. But among themselves they constantly whispered: Why wasn’t Prince Rainier with Princess Grace? Why wasn’t he at his wife’s side when she needed him most? During the next couple of weeks Princess Grace played a more difficult and demanding role than she’d ever had in the movies. To newspapermen she said, “My father is looking very well,” and she even managed to smile. The journalists, who knew the worst about her father, almost believed her. And because she was lovely and brave, they kept out of their papers all hints that her father’s condition was fatal.

But while all of them became her protectors and accomplices in the tragic game she was playing for his benefit, some of them were not so considerate and gallant about the other role they thought she was playing—the role of the unhappy wife. They speculated, in print, about why Prince Rainier wasn’t there. They said it in many different ways, but it all added up to the same thing: He wasn’t at his wife’s side because he didn’t want to be: the Prince and the Princess had quarreled bitterly and weren’t speaking to each other; there’d be no contact between Philadelphia and Monaco since she had arrived to be with her father.

The rumor quieted down when Princess Grace left her dad’s bedside and returned to Monaco and to her husband. But when her father died at the end of June it erupted again. One columnist wrote: “Princess Grace is extremely hurt and angry at her husband, Prince Rainier, because he forced her to return to Monte Carlo from Philadelphia June 13 when her father was still a very sick man. One week later, millionaire contractor John B. Kelly died and Grace and Rainier could only return to the U.S. in time for the funeral. All her life, Grace had been devoted to her father. This absence from John Kelly’s bedside during his last moments on earth is something she can never forgive herself and neither can she forgive her husband. She believes Rainier should have let her stay on in the U.S. until she saw what turn her father’s very serious illness would take.”

When it’s too late

When Princess Grace stepped off the Pan American jet airliner at Idlewild Airport, on the way to her father’s funeral, Prince Rainier was with her. The Princess was dressed in a black sleeveless dress, black hat and black shoes. As the Prince walked by her side, supporting her with his arm, one reporter murmured to another, “Now he’s here . . . when it’s too late.”

At the funeral in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery in Cheltenham Township, just outside of Philadelphia, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier stood side by side under a canopy in a heavy rain, as the body of her father was lowered into his grave. The Princess did not look at or speak to her husband. From behind dark glasses, she kept her gaze fixed on the bronze casket and occasionally dabbed her cheeks with a handkerchief. When her turn came, along with the rest of the family, to sprinkle Holy Water on the coffin from a gold hyssop, she almost slumped over the casket. The Prince reached out his hand to help her, but she said, “I’m not a spiritualist” as his fingers neared her arm, and he let his hand drop limply by his side.

The second ugly rumor wasn’t confined to newspapermen and those close to the couple, but was played up in the financial pages of the newspapers. It was about a newspaper headline and story that sparked it.

The headline was harsh and to the point: Grace’s Father Cuts Off Rainier, Leaves All To Widow And “Kids.” The story stated that not only had John Kelly cut off his son-in-law, but that his will further stipulated that Grace would be to go directly to her husband. If there were no children, it was to revert to her brother and sisters.

The rumor-mongers said that Grace’s father had reached out from beyond the grave to slay his son-in-law’s face. He gave a clue in something wrong between the royal couple, they said.

But the gossips didn’t stop at this. They dredged up old charges and old accusations against the Princess, accusations that had been forgotten as long as Grace and Rainier seemed to be happy and deeply in love.

The Princess had gone fortune-hunting and wife-hunting they asserted, armed with a long list of eligible, beautiful and rich women. Grace Kelly’s name was high on the list. She was certainly beautiful. The rumor was that she would bear him children, the heir that would inherit his throne and carry on his name. This part of the bargain (and the gossips openly labeled it a “bargain”) was extremely important, for the terms of a 1918 treaty with France, Monaco’s independence was guaranteed only as long as the throne was not vacant. If there were no male heir, the little kingdom would revert to the adjacent dukedom of Savoy, and the 23,000 citizens of the country would no longer enjoy freedom from income taxes and exemption from military service. But most important of all, according to the gossips, if the King were forced to marry, the Kellys would settle a handsome dowry on her and guarantee financial aid to both the Prince’s empty personal pocketbook and to the shaky economy of his almost bankrupt country.

As for Grace’s part of the bargain, the rumor spreaders pointed out that she had realized every girl’s dreams. By marrying the Prince, she was a princess and she was from Philadelphia had become a Princess. And what’s more, she’d really fallen in love.

Shrewd John Kelly had seen through the Prince at once, gossip said. But as long as his daughter seemed happy with Rainier, he’d given his blessings to the marriage. But once he learned that Grace and Rainier were on the outs, he’d made a move to show up at the Prince’s way from under his son-in-law’s feet.

Separation!

Hardly had the ink dried on the headlines announcing that Rainier had been completely left out of John Kelly’s will, when new headlines appeared that seemed to indicate that all would goclaim Grace Flies Off—Alone, one of them read: Grace, Rainier Riff? Fly Home Separately, another one blared.

The scene at International Airport was quite a sight to see—especially since the Prince arrived at the airport first, without Grace, and tried to evade reporters and photographers by running to the TWA jet that was waiting for him. But the newsmen soon caught up with him and gave chase around the boarding steps when Rainier, juggled his attaché case in one hand and his topcoat in the other, pushed up to the plane.

A reporter popped the question to which everyone wanted the answer. “Your Excellency,” he asked, “is it true that the Princess is angry because you made her return home when her father was seriously ill?”

“Well, you read the columns,” the Prince snapped back, “I don’t.”

“What about the will? What do you think about her father’s will?” the reporter persisted.

But the Prince’s short, angry answer was lost in the noise of the plane’s engines revving up and the clatter of Rainier’s heels as he hurried up the steps. The reporters and photographers turned expectantly back toward the entrance gate of the field, expecting to see Princess Grace making a last-minute dash for the plane, but she didn’t.

Exactly at 10:44 P.M., the jet took to the sky. Prince Rainier sat alone, in a double seat, without his wife.

Most of the newsmen had called it a night and gone home when Princess Grace finally boarded the plane. She had time to pose for pictures. She had time to smile at the camera. But when questioned about her domestic problem with her husband, she suddenly reverted to a
The rumor-mongers remembered something else: the time that the Prince's love of sports-car racing and fondness for beautiful women made him a target for publicity. The woman was Giselle Pascal, a French movie actress whom he wanted to marry. Once, the gossip columns revealed, she left him to fall in love with Violetta, another famous divorcée. The Prince, a man of action, jumped into his red Jaguar and raced from Monaco to Paris to get her back. On the way, he smashed up his car. Undismayed, he turned up on the Paris streets and snatched Giselle away from the party where her engagement to Montand was being celebrated. She returned with him to his home on the Riviera, not far from Monaco.

The Prince's enemies took this occasion to repeat also the old piece of gossip, which everyone had long since forgotten, that Rainier had been an actor in 1924 for six-year romance, when doctors warned him she could not have a child.

Now, the gossipcolumns said, the Prince was wrestling under the wheel of another sports car—a Saab. This new sports car was a symbol of his desire and need for freedom. One magazine even went so far as to declare that Prince Grace and Prince Rainier were considering leaving Monaco for Aachen.

The story is always the same: a Prince gets tired of his Engineers and Engineers, and drives off in a Saab for a weekend in France. The Saab is Sceptre. The Prince is Prince Rainier; the Engineers is a Saab. The Prince is an Engineer; the Engineers is a Saab. The Saab is a Saab; the Prince is a Prince. It's always the same story. It's the Saab story.

The truth behind the rumors

The telephone call from Grace's mother in Philadelphia to Monaco, telling her daughter of John Kelly's serious illness, came as a shock to Rainier and Rainier's birthday. The Princess was reluctant to leave her husband on that special day, but he insisted she go immediately to her father. It was impossible for him to accompany her, as he was in his his own country, but he was also the head of a State, with official duties and problems that he could not put aside at a moment's notice, no matter how much he wanted to.

There was contact between Grace and Rainier during the tragic days she spent at her father's bedside. In fact, the Princess talked to her husband by telephone several times a day, and to do so she had to try. In a sense, by reaching Monaco, Prince Rainier was also playing a helpful role. John Kelly was aware of how busy his son-in-law was, and how many responsibilities and problems that he could not put aside at a moment's notice, no matter how much he wanted to.

There never had been a dowry or talk of a dowry. There never had been a promise of marriage, or of the Prince personally. Far from being the impoverished monarch in search of a fortune that the gossip columns revealed, Rainier according to reliable sources very close to the situation, is "several times a millionaire." The State of Monaco gives him $300,000 annually, as well as paying the expenses for the court and

Tired of marriage?

Was the Prince fed up with a slow domestic pace? the gossip columns asked. Was he trying to get away from the trouble with his wife and return to the world of speed and danger? Was he tired of being husband, father, and monarch, and did he want once again to be the daredevil Playboy Prince?

Friends close to the royal family revealed his skin-diving exploits in the shark-infested Red Sea, just after World War II. One day, four of five men shot at a fish, The Prince suddenly dived to the bottom of the ocean, and one by one the divers went down for it. But the water was too deep and the pressure too intense for them to dive far down. They were about to give up, when the Prince insisted on diving once again. Down he plunged to the bottom. He stayed submerged so long that the rest were worried. They knew that the type of man who, once he decides to do something, will do it or kill himself in the attempt.

After a frighteningly long time, Rainier came up to the surface. He was gasping for air. His eyes were glazed and bloodshot. But his face was tight and he clutched the arrow.

It was as a sports-car driver, however, that he'd taken the wildest chances and almost been killed; during the Auto Tour of France in 1952, 5,000 spectators, this day race rally—his DB racer shot off the road and hit a tree. Rainier's knee was driven into the dashboard by the impact, and his wrist was fractured. Miraculously, he and his mechanic walked away from the wreckage.

So serious was the Prince about his racing that he took special driving lessons from Les Francis and garage owner John McGovern, who was a former world champion race driver. "He drove very well," said Chiron about his pupil. "A shade too fast perhaps, but quite skillfully."
DEBBIE'S GIFT

Contd. from page 15

an unscrupulous wolf... a man who buys wives like other men buy the groceries for their families on Saturday afternoon. We don't swallow those stories because we know from bitter experience that people who spread the most vicious rumors. They may know that he's been married four times. But who—outside of the husband and wife involved—ever really knows a marriage goes wrong? Or what a man does to try and save it when he sees it heading for the rocks?

"He's a rich playboy, they say. We've never met him. Even if we had, we wouldn't see how a man who works at running a big business can be classed as a playboy. And I remember reading in the papers, at the time he was picked for Mr. Philanthropy of Los Angeles, that he'd given more than two million to charity. When is a playboy's job to give his money away to charity? And one of his good causes, we've been told by friends, goes completely unnoticed. Let's see how the world abroad responds to him in this day and age of ballyhoo, for a man to quietly slip off to a run-down, out-of-the- way section of town and play Santa Claus to a bunch of forgotten children at the Franciscan Settlement. We've heard it, but it's what your Harry does every Christmas—gives out toys and turkeys and clothes—does the clothes and everything to every child there.

"Debbie, the most important thing I have to say is the hardest to put into words. You know how much I miss Carrie and Todd, and how much their happiness and well-being meant to me in those days, but now it's love that I feel for them and their father. So naturally, whenever I see a

THE END

TRAPPED

Continued from page 61

away from everything he wanted. He thought of getting dressed and going out for a walk. Then he changed his mind. Abruptly he turned away from the window.

"What am I looking for..." he said aloud, and then added, "I'm looking for—looking for—"

"For myself."

The words made no sound; his voice had died away. But they hung in the air, unfading.

"I'm looking for myself." It sounded stupid, yet he knew there comes a time when every person must try to understand himself.

But, he thought, how? He went toward the kitchen for something to eat. But he wasn't hungry. Slowly, he crossed the hall to the spare bedroom, switched on the light and stood for another moment, staring down at a black machine on a roll-away table. His typewriter. He pulled off the cover, sat down, and inserted a sheet of yellow paper between the rollers. Peeking with two fingers at the keys, he began to type:

TROY DONAHUE—A PORTRAIT BY MERLE JOHNSON.

He sat back and looked at the words. Then he shook his head. No, if you're trying to understand somebody, you look at what he's grown into. He was born Merle Donahue, now he was Troy Donahue—probably a blend of both. He nently xxx'ed out the title and typed:

TROY DONAHUE—A PORTRAIT BY TROY DONAHUE.

That was more like it. From then on he typed steadily. And this is what he wrote:

Personality

Troy Donahue likes to think that he's more than a guy with even features and a California bronze. He hopes that if you talk to him you'll find him more mature than he looks on screen. He hopes this because, in his book, wisdom and understanding rate high. He also gives a more sophisticated impression. He's that kind of guy who, sitting at a table, sits quiet and relaxed, doesn't fool with the silver or make pleats in the napkin. And he believes in keeping up appearances—asking his date what she would like and passing the order to the waiter for her.

Money

He likes it. "Let people say what they like, money buys a lot of happiness; it can buy you the things you want, the time to enjoy them. It gives you extra opportunities to share things with the people you love." This is what he believes. Earning more money is one of the things he likes about his success. (Though not necessarily the most important.)

He admits, he is a soft touch. "Not often—but too often!" He sometimes hands out more than he can afford. Just before coming to New York, he took his sister to Jax to buy her some new fall clothes. "I meant to spend about a hundred dollars. I ended up spending five hundred. I couldn't help it. My sister is very beautiful—how could I not buy her the things she looked so lovely in?" he told his business manager who shouted the roof down when he found out. But Troy shouted louder.

His greatest personal extravagance is his clothes. He loves them. He spends more on sport clothes than dress-wear, but that's because he lives in Hollywood where he needs casual things. He's one guy who admits he loves to get dressed up, that he owns a tux and a full dress suit and enjoys wearing them and spending money on them.

On the other hand, he's managed without money, too. During his starving-younger-scorer days in New York, he had almost nothing.

But it wasn't tough, not really. "You see, you set your standards by what you think you can have—not just what you want," he'd told his sister once. "If you do that, you get by without being unhappy at all. I did. But (with a grin) it's a lot better now!"

His fans

He thinks his fans are terrific. "I love them. I love it when they recognize me on the street," he has often said. He likes to give autographs and usually asks the fan's first name, so he can sign, "To Susie, Best Wishes Always, Troy Donahue." "It's funny though," he said, "the younger ones just want me to sign, 'Always—Troy.' So I do.

Most embarrassing experience

The time he took a girl to a party where there was another girl he was dating. About the middle of the evening, he forgot which girl he'd brought! It was horrible. And who had to get him straight out? He still winces when he thinks about it. The girl he brought. She—er—mentioned it to the other girl. But the story had a happy ending. He was forgiven and later dated both girls.

Fondest memory

Or, at least, among the fondest was the day he realized dreams could come true. The funny thing was, it was a day on which he was given some great part, or fell in love, or anything like that. It happened two-and-a-half years ago when his career was beginning to show some progress. He was spending a day in Ensenada with a friend, and at sunset he found himself alone, sitting by the swimming pool. "There was Mexican music being played a little away, and I'd have a nice day in the sun and now—it was very still. Suddenly I felt as if I were six feet away, looking at myself—and I knew then that things were going to work out. I felt a very deep content," he tried to explain to his mother later.

Politics

He takes the state of the world seriously, but doesn't see what he can do about anything. He votes, but with the knowledge that most people—including himself—don't know enough to cast their votes intelligently. "But I try," he said. "I read the newspapers every day and as many books as I can."

Sleep

He loves it. On vacation he's likely to sleep all night in bed, and most of the day in the sun. When working, he usually gets up at 6 A.M. to make a 7 A.M. call. He goes to sleep at 11 or 11:30 P.M. He doesn't feel that the hours when one is asleep are hours lost from living.

Food

He cooks breakfast, skips it or eats it out, depending on how he feels and how much time he has. He'll eat cooked cereal

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It's hardly fair to call his hobbies "hobbies." They're very much a part of his life, not just something he does to pass the time. He hopes that writing, the most important of them, will occupy more and more of his time. "But that doesn't mean I want to give up acting. Why give up something you love? You just do more. You don't take away, you add."

He's been writing for years, and has sold a number of short stories—he'd rather not say to whom. But one story was sold a long time ago to a publisher who hasn't yet used it; he expects it to be printed sooner or later. It will appear under his real name, Merle Johnson, so make sure you watch for it.

Most of his stories are impressionistic—some are even fantasy, but fantasy firmly rooted in this world. He doesn't plan them out too thoroughly before sitting down to write—but he revises extensively. "I have to. I can't read my own handwriting, so I have to do a lot of it over!" Lately, he's tried a couple of screenplays, too, and found them rough going. He hasn't tried to sell anything lately because he doesn't have sufficient time to write or push his works. "You can't ride two horses at the same time!"

For money, he puts in a good four-hour writing stint. Mostly, he thinks by day and writes by night. He doesn't know why, but he does. And he doesn't question it.

**What he believes**

Basically, it comes to this: Things and happenings are not in themselves good or bad; it's what you do with them that makes them right or wrong, good or evil. That's what Troy believes.

**Moods**

Once he was asked, "Are you moody?"

He considered. Finally he said: "I don't think so. But I'll admit that other people might!"

The explanation is simple. He does have moods, strong ones, but usually he knows why. If, for some reason, I'm down and can't figure out the reason—then I really get depressed! But it hardly ever happens. Thank goodness."

**What makes him happy**

What triggers it? "Girls, girls, girls! Or career progress—that includes writing, you know. Or a pat on the back from someone I admire."

When he's happy, he's a living Keystone Comedy, he says. Liable to sing while driving, talk a blue streak, beam at the world.

**Hobbies**

Boating was a hobby since his Long Island boyhood. He has no boat of his own now; since he's too old to take up seriously on the Coast, and loves, along with tennis, swimming and horseback riding. He wishes he had more time for all of these.

His oddest hobby is the occult. It fascinates him. He reads books on mythology, numerology, astrology, and believes in the existence of poltergeists, werewolves and vampires. Astrology interests him, and numerology even more. He checked the numerology of the name "Troy Donahue" carefully before deciding to use it. And he thinks it really turned out to be lucky.

**Temper**

When he has been hurt by someone, he finds it impossible to conceal the hurt or the anger—out it comes, boiling. Sometimes it boils so hard that he finds he has gone considerably too far in expressing it. He gets as a brake, stops him dead. The next words are likely to be a very open, unashamed apology. "It isn't enough just to say, 'I'm sorry,' though. You owe an explanation. When, and why? When asked if he didn't feel it a little embarrassing and unmanly to be so ready to say, "I was wrong," he has said, "No, it would be embarrassing and unmanly not to!" But recently he's started changing his mind. He's becoming increasingly overwhelmed with a feeling of guilt: "Maybe I was wrong, after all!" That's what he always says to himself.

"I'm a gregarious Aquarius!" (His astrological birth-sign.) Despite the number of things he can and does do alone, he is very much involved with relationships with other people, with friendships, romances, family. He can't do without people. I need them very much," he recently told a friend.

**Religion**

He feels he is religious even though he doesn't attend church regularly and religion does seem to be a very important side of his character, perhaps the dominant one, perhaps more important than he himself knows. Probably the only place in which he isn't actively looking for God is in church—his reachings out into the spirit
world seem as if they’re part of it, and his strict ethic of “another thing to do right” applies to just about every phase of activity in his life.

Friends
As a boy in high school, he had one particularly close friend, Pete Rogerson. They shared almost everything. Both were school track stars, both liked to write, they shared the same tastes in girls. They could talk to each other about anything. The friendship was strong enough to survive by mail when Troy went away to Military School.

Today, he has four or five really close friends, all on the Coast. Among them, he includes his mother and sister. With these friends he is completely comfortable, completely at home. He can even write when they’re around.

Needs and needs not
These, then, are the things he needs—friends, success, time, books, writing. Among the things he doesn’t need are the two which everyone supposes he wants most: lots of girls, and then an early marriage. Frankly, he finds it degrading to date a lot of women just for the sake of dating. He doesn’t find many that he likes, and what makes for a lot of wasted evenings. But he is not ready for marriage, either, not even to Sally Todd, with whom he’s been going steady for some six months or so. He finds her physically unattractive, interesting, companionable—a girl whom he respects. She might make a perfect wife, but he doesn’t feel ready to be a husband until he is a little older, a little richer, and a great deal surer of a great many things.

So, there you are—that’s him. Troy Donahue, as Troy Donahue sees him.

As he typed “The End,” he looked up and saw that the room was filled with thin, center-front mementoes, and witched off the lamp, he didn’t need it any more to read through what he had just written.

Here, on half a dozen or so yellow pages, was the essence of himself, as nearly as he perceived himself to be. But he pulped the pages together with a paper clip and placed them carefully in a drawer of the writing table. He was tired—dog-tired from no sleep and all that thinking and writing. But he felt good anyway. “It never hurts anybody to take a good look at himself,” he thought. “There’s nothing like knowing who you are, and what you are—and if you’re heading for your goal or making too many detours.”

I’ll do this again sometime, he decided. Maybe once a year I’ll sit down and take stock, the way big business firms do around January first. But I won’t do it about money—only about me.

He yawned wearily and stretched his arms to get the kinks out of them. Now, he felt, he could crawl into bed and feel like a baby. So he did just that—Charlotte Dinter.

See Troy Donahue in “Parriah” for Warner Brothers, and in “Surfside 6” on ABC-TV, every Tuesday at 8:30-9:30 P.M. EST.

DIVORCE
Continued from page 70
her. Yet, though she’s known throughout the world as his child.

“Perhaps she developed a schoolgirl crush. If she thinks she’s in love with me, I’m sorry. Nothing will break up my marriage. I love my wife very much, and I believe Marilyn is a very lucky husband but is just a little mixed-up now.”

“I was too tender with Marilyn and thought that maybe she was as sophisticated as some other ladies I have known. Had she been educated, none of this would have ever happened.

“Our love scenes in the picture maybe were a little too realistic. She should have known it wasn’t for real.”

Maybe Marilyn was angered and hurt by Montand’s remarks, because that same day he tried to retract some of his statements:

“If I were not married to such a wonderful woman as Simone, I would be very happy to fall in love with Marilyn,” Montand now claimed. “But I’m a happily married man and love no other woman.

“I would be happy to make another picture with her. I didn’t say all these things about her. The whole thing makes her look pretty stupid. She’s not that way at all. She’s very intelligent.”

This re-kindled the rumors.

Marilyn seemed to improve at the West Side Hospital. She started eating her meals regularly, and sleeping nights. She became talkative with the hospital nurses, even joked with them.

“I think she feels that Yves Montand still cares for her,” one person, who has been very close to her, told me. “Yet, I think she’s still in love with her husband. I don’t believe she’ll leave him.”

But others do.

“Marilyn is waiting to see if Yves will get a divorce,” I overheard a top director tell an associate at a studio. “If he does, she’ll divorce Arthur Miller.”

And what of Arthur Miller during all of the talk about his wife and Montand? What has he done about it? Miller has been the most reserved of all. He never gave an interview on the subject, but let it be known through his friends:

“Completely trust my wife.”

“I think Montand was right,” one of Marilyn’s associates explained, “Marilyn was just a child. But she isn’t any longer. She has matured as a result of the experience.”

Is Marilyn really in love with Montand? Will she leave Arthur Miller for him? Will Montand ever marry Marilyn? Marilyn, according to those close to the situation, really believed she was in love with Montand. Her heart palpitated in his presence and she had to be near him. She even missed him once so much that she drove out to Idlewild airport in New York because she knew he was scheduled to arrive from Los Angeles and change planes for Paris. She anxiously awaited his arrival, and, like a schoolgirl, dashed out to meet him as he got off the plane.

They walked hand-in-hand to her Cadillac. Inside, they were spotted holding hands and drinking champagne. Marilyn brought along the champagne apparently to celebrate their reunion. It didn’t take long for the press and photographers to spot them. To avoid publicity, they drove off into the night. Montand missed his Paris plane, and flew back to Paris the next day, according to one press report. The sparkle in her eyes at that meeting spurred those around her to think Marilyn was in love with Yves.

Although Montand flew back to Simone Signoret, and Marilyn apparently has forgotten him, the question is—for how long? The END

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87
dropped considerably in the last . . ."

Those were the last words Fabricani really heard. Off the gold standard, he sort of echoed to himself. Boy, Miss Klampf, you can say that happened to B.A. and me both. And has my dollar value dropped!

I hope Katie doesn't expect another big event this evening. It's not the money. I feel like a kid. Should I tell her I only get $25 a week allowance—and I have to buy everything on that? Maybe I could ask Bob for an advance on next week's allowance now. I still hit her and won't. I will owe him some from last week.

Gee, it's lonely here. I wish Tuesday was still here. All these empty desks since she's aides picked in the Cheney should class. Can't get away with a thing. It's murder. I'm the only one the teacher has to pick on. I wish I was still back in the old school. Gosh, we had fun. We could buy how Bob and play some football with the guys. In fact, I'd settle just for the chance to hop in the car—period! I wish this day would turn out for me.

Last night I had money. It was great being able to take Katie somewhere real special. We went to the Cloisters. She looked so pretty—kind of shiny clean. She didn't even bother to put on her underwear, except she looked so nice and fresh.

So there we were, in a big Hollywood nightclub, with everybody hovering over us. We ordered Everyman's holes on the table and a drink of water, a waiter popped up to fill the glass up again. Boy, did she like all that attention. Let's face it, I did too. We were just winding up a fine dinner, with nice big wedges of apple pie and ice cream, when in walked Bob Marcucci, my manager. When he saw us he came over to the table and joined us for a cup of coffee. Katie was so friendly and cute that I could see she liked her lot. Just then, the waiter came by with the check, and when I reached for it, Bob put out his hand and said, "You've been lated, Fabe, so let's make this treat." When I tried to argue—you know, it was my date and my check—he said, "Well, I'll tell you what, you let me handle it. I'll let you leave the tips. Fair enough?"

Well, sure, it was more than fair enough. The only bug in the whole thing was that I'd have to give it up. But it was worth it. We'd have used my account card and charged the whole thing. But this way, I had to give out all those tips in cash instead of adding them onto the bill. By the time I finished with it, I'd almost d' and all the waiters and the busboy and everybody, I felt like Santa Claus, but I had no money left. What a way to go broke—because somebody else had money.

Maybe Katie'd like to go to a drive-in tonight. I could afford that—if she doesn't want too much popcorn. Besides, I really like that kind of a date better than going to a restaurant. No, I'd go to a drive-in, it's just her and me. There's a million cars around you, but you're all alone. You feel so close.

When I first met Katie, I'd have bet I was the last boy in the world she'd ever sit in the movies with and hold hands, Brother, did she ever give me the cold shoulder!

It was on the set of "High Time." Everything was happening all at once, everybody was running around being very important and noisy. And right in the middle this girl. Calm, unfettered, just sitting there. I asked Bob what was up. He laughed. "That's you all over; always got an eye on the girls." Then he told me who she was. Her name's Katie Kelly and she's in the penthouse floor.

If only I knew what to say to girls. My trouble is, as soon as I meet one I like, I get shy and clam up. Still, I'm not as bad as I used to be. That day, I walked right up to Katie and said, "Fabian, I hear we'll be working together." And then, in this very icy way she answered, "So I've heard," and walked off. I just stood there with my eyes bulging.

We'd never be dating even now, if it wasn't for Tuesday Weld. Tuesday saw how miserable I felt about all this and she fished a dollar out of her purse and gave it to me. Once I gave her a chance, I began to unwind. At least, I started making a little sense when I talked to her.

But when I think of the way we wasted—It's a terrible thing when you get a funny idea about a person before you even know them. That's what happened to me. Tuesday, I'd read all those crazy stories and heard that boy with what a surprise to find out the truth.

I really got to know her when we went to Stockton, for the location shots on "High Time." That there was a terrific vision set where Tuesday was staying, so she came over to my place lots of nights. We'd watch TV and eat pizza and she'd make waffles. I was her guide in every way, but it stopped her from eating what she wanted. By the time we got back to Hollywood, we were great friends. When she was in the same class with me, we really had a ball. If I'm ever in the Hollywood area, I'd slip Tuesday a little note. She always knew what to do. She'd ask the teacher some question to get her off the subject. Of course, I'd have to make sure she didn't do it, but it did give me a breather. Now that Tuesday's not here to help me, I'd better really buckle down and concentrate on my lessons or I'll be sitting up nights studying and trying to catch up.

But, gosh, there are some days when I just can't keep my mind on school. I wonder if I'll ever go to college. I used to think maybe the things I've ever wanted would be to go and study engineering. They say there's a terrific future for engineers nowadays.

I'm married, this is college, someday. But now I know that I never want to leave show business. What I want most of all, is to be a really good actor. Singing is something I can always fall back on. But acting, that's for me. And if I couldn't be an actor, I'd still stay in the business. Maybe I'd be a producer or a manager. I can sure do more things for the family now. And at least I haven't found me and got me started. Like when I bought Mom that mink stole. I'll never forget the look on her face.

It was about ten years old and I saved and saved until I had two dollars. I went straight to the dime store and bought her a bottle of "genuine" perfume. She'd never worn anything good before. I gave it to her Christmas in 1943, and the only thing I got was a sock. She was unflustered, didn't care a bit. You know, it's possible that ugly ugly patches were removed and the sitting fishing relieved, while the skin becomes pliable and soft again. The skin would be the non-staining Dermalin formula. Must give definite benefit or money back. Order from Dermalin Laboratories, 420 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

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your expenses." What a brother to have! Now we have the house all built, Dad and me together. That was a problem. I wanted too many extras that Dad couldn't afford—or, I've been dreaming of for a whole year, just sitting in the garage. I've had it for a whole month now and I haven't even seen it! By the time I get home, it'll be too cold to keep the top down. And next summer's so far off. I can't wait for it to come. Maybe if Joannie Wynn and I are still dating, I'll take her to the see. That's the best date in the world. Even better than drive-ins. I sure miss the beach at Wildwood, New Jersey, where we always went. I know everybody so well there, next summer I go every day. . . . if I can. I love the sun and the way you can run into the ocean and fool around in the waves. Joannie's fun on a beach date. She never cares if her hair gets wet. That's nice in a girl.

Mom liked Joannie when she met her. But she always looked to date with one girl so strong in New York and another girl in Hollywood? I guess I should really date lots of different girls. Then people would never get the idea I'm something when I'm really not. But I'm just the kind of guy who can date lots of girls at one time.

That's wonderful that way. She never says to me, "I hear you've been dating so-and-so on the Coast. Well, if you want to date her, you can't date me." She's too nice to say that and I'm glad she's not one of those phony engagement stories. Katie never does either. Boy, I'm a lucky guy. I think tonight I'll write Joannie and ask her to go swimming with me next summer. Maybe we'll go that way. I'll be sure of still dating her then. Of course, that's a long way off.

I wonder what I'd been doing right this minute if I was back in New Jersey. I'd probably be in school there, too! But at least I'd have my car. There's my camcorder. I've been dreaming of for a whole year, just sitting in the garage. I've had it for a whole month now and I haven't even seen it! By the time I get home, it'll be too cold to keep the top down. And next summer's so far off. I can't wait for it to come. Maybe if Joannie Wynn and I are still dating, I'll take her to the see. That's the best date in the world. Even better than drive-ins. I sure miss the beach at Wildwood, New Jersey, where we always went. I know everybody so well there, next summer I go every day. . . . if I can. I love the sun and the way you can run into the ocean and fool around in the waves. Joannie's fun on a beach date. She never cares if her hair gets wet. That's nice in a girl.

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I wonder if I'll ever get married. I'd sure like to . . . someday. I'd have a whole lot of kids. I really like kids. But now I've got a lot of girls I want to meet before I find the one girl. I want to meet Sandra Dee. Gee, she's pretty. I wonder if I'd say the right thing when I meet her. I wonder if she'll like me. She'll go on a date with me. Gee, that'd be great.

Lots to do

I've got a lot of things to do before I settle down, too. I want to accomplish things. Be a real good, serious actor. That's what I want. And I want to sing a lot, too, and get through with school and play lots of football and buy Mom a whole mink coat and

"Huh, Miss Klamp? Wh-what was that again?" Donahue asked out of curiosity. He then found his teacher standing over him with a good wad of his hair clutched in her hand.

"Fabian, were you daydreaming—again?" she asked. He nodded. "I asked you what effect going off the gold standard has on our nation's economy.

Fabian gulped. "Well . . . uh . . . our nation's economy has, and the gold standard— and . . . oh gosh, Miss Klamp. I'm sorry, I guess I must've missed that part.

"The end part!" she exclaimed. "Who Fabian, I spent today's entire current events period on that one topic. I don't believe you've heard one word I've been saying for the past half-hour! Well, Fabian," Miss Klamp said, "you can't win in class and daydream."

The End

See Fabian in 20th's "High Time" and also "North to Alaska." He sings for Chancellor.

IF I WERE

LANA TURNER

Continued from page 25

... down in the kitchen in order to get her out of bed. Saturday was the only day she tried to eat something. She just never seemed to have an appetite. It wasn't that she was dieting. She just never did care to eat. She thought back how her dad used to try to box her over and make her eat with Mother and me, and I'll give you anything you want." She used to sit and wonder what she'd ask for, but when she tried to eat, she couldn't. Smiling half to herself and to the fuzzy bear next to her bed, she thought, "Mom always thinks the smell of food will make me hungry, but it doesn't.

"Promise me you'll keep him always," the boy had said. She said she would and she said she'd never do anything without the boss of the bear, but after all, what could you do with a dog who thought he was a person and wanted all your attention? "Go down to Mother," she ordered Pom-Pom, who seemed pretending to kiss the bear and tried to snuggle closer to the bed. "Honestly," she laughed, and tickled his ear. "You're acting just like a mad dog." And, with that, Pom-Pom yelped and ran out of the room and she could hear him collide on the steps with Melinda—they're French poodles.

She stretched out on her bed. It felt good to sleep. She got tired to get so horribly tired after she finished a picture. In the beginning, she never got nervous. But now she seemed to get worse and flustered. She'd lost a lot of weight, and she was pawned off as a living wreck. Perhaps it was because now she knew all the things she could do wrong.

The first time, she wasn't a bit nervous and then she saw herself on the screen and she almost went through the floor. "I'm quitting right now," she cried to her mother who was waiting for her in the back of the studio. "I'm all right when I don't have to talk much, but when I open my mouth . . . it's awful!"

Troy Donahue always kidded her be-cause even now she wouldn't look at her rushes. But what was the sense? It made her feel just awful to watch herself. And people had a way of making her sicker . . . sitting there and watching her mistakes.

"Take time to be perfect!"

She wished she could be like Lana Turner. She was a pro. "Get your face in here," Lana would say and then show her what was wrong, and how to look best. Boy, was she a pro. "Never be rushed into a scene before you are perfectly groomed," she would say over and over for "it's a million in class and daydreaming."

The End

See Fabian in 20th's "High Time" and also "North to Alaska." He sings for Chancellor.
seemed to fill her bedroom with a warm soft glow. She loved this room. She'd decorated it herself. And what problems she and her mother had had in getting the special satin-tufted Venetian headboard. Just figuring to hire a man to help them, was sometimes difficult. Both she and her mother knew this. It was now four years last September 11, that her father had died.

She knew it wasn't good to think too much about the past, but she couldn't help thinking how her father had always wanted to live out in California. "I think he would have been awfully happy out here," said he to her mother recently, as they both remembered how Dad used to talk about the beautiful hills and the lovely climate of California. "Yes, I think he would have loved it," she said now aloud, as if almost talking to the bear.

She knew her dad would have been proud of her, too. He wanted her to go into show business if that was what she wanted, because he was a little concerned because he didn't want it to go to her head. That was just in the beginning. And it all started so unexpectedly.

She'd been walking through the NBC building in New York when a man stopped her and asked, "Have you ever done television work?" She was only twelve and she didn't know what to answer and she said, "Sure." Before she knew what was up she was booked on a Vaughn Monroe TV show. This was before she modeled; lots of people got this mixed up.

It's funny how you never know what's going to happen, she thought now. Who would have thought by bumping into a classmate at school, one day, and finding out that someone wanted a model for a Girl Scout show, she'd be chosen for the interview, would have ended her up in Hollywood. She didn't even have an agent, then, so she gave her father's name. When she got the job, she'd told her father and he'd laughed and said it was all a dream because it was a Girl Scout show. What a shame Daddy never lived long enough to know about her Hollywood contract.

That happened after he had died. In fact, her return home had filled a little time for her to read for a producer named Mr. Ross Hunter the Monday after Daddy had died. She didn't want to keep the appointment, she actually had said, "Daddy used to want you to." And off she went. She could still remember sitting there, waiting all day, feeling so miserable and lonely and angry. She was so upset, she kept crying. When she went to the store and bought what she thought, "This man's too young to know about movies. He can't possibly be a producer." After her reading was over and she met her mother, she said, "Oh, he's some dumb fellow who thinks he wants to be a producer." But he really was a producer from Universal-International and a couple of weeks later she found out that he wanted her to come to Hollywood.

She didn't know what to think. She went on a modeling job and someone asked her if she'd be around for the next couple of weeks. "Sure," she said. "Where would I be going?"

"We've got read in the newspaper that you are being signed to a contract.

And that's the way it happened. They flew out to Hollywood, and now Hollywood was her playground. She knew how lucky she is to make movies in Europe. But she worked so hard—who could ever believe it—sometimes six days a week from four o'clock in the morning till nine at night. She'd seen her mother that she slept all day Sunday. She never saw anything at all. Someday she was going to go over and do nothing but vacation. She really felt kind of stupid when people asked her about Paris or Rome. All she could do was describe the inside of her hotel room.

She liked Troy

She hoped she wasn't working so much that she was becoming dull. That can happen. That was just the thing her father was worried about. She'd been working so steadily that she really didn't have time for dates. She liked lonely because he always understood if she were tired or if she had to break a date because of an early call. But she didn't want to marry anybody, or anyone in the business. Not that she ever had time to think much about marriage. She knew she'd like a houseful of babies and time for doing maybe one picture a year, just one or two. She also kind of thought on the type of man she wanted to marry. All she knew was she liked a man to have strength—strong character and intelligence—not just muscular strength. She used to be mad at Tony and Daniel Leigh. They were her ideals. Every time they played in a picture, she'd see it a couple of times. Later on, she had a big crush on Robert Mitchum. "He was playing with him in "Reluctant Debutante,"" and she liked Raymond (Perry Mason) Burr for a while and Tony Perkins.

She'd actually had a date with Tony. She never went with him when he called and asked, "How would you like to go to a premiere with me?"

"He's probably the shy type or a deep intellectual," she fretted all week to her mother. "What'll I talk to him ...?" She always frets this before a date. "I'm a mess," that's the way she felt about her charm.

Luckily, Tony turned out to have a lot. "Why, he was a marvelous conversationalist," she rambled on to her mother later. "He can talk about so many things—books, theater, music. And he's so full of humor."

Sal Mineo was fun, too. And she liked working with John Saxon and Cliff Robertson. She'd worked with Cliff in "Gidget." That was her favorite picture. He was really a fine fellow and they had a little thing, like Gidget. She actually looked forward to going to Hawaii to make the sequel, "Gidget Goes Hawaiian."

She was still in Hawaii before she went. She should do more reading. She missed studying since she finished school. Maybe she could take some courses. She looked critically at herself in the mirror. "You look beautiful," she said, "like a beautiful woman doing an intellectual course or something," she said to herself, pointing her nose up, pulling her hair down over her forehead, before she decided that it was true: who ever liked the way she looked?

"Sandy," she heard her mother calling, and she jumped back in bed. After a few minutes, she heard her mother's footsteps come down the hall and stop outside. "Come on, get up and have some breakfast," her mother said, opening the door and letting Pom-Pom and Melinda dash in. "Don't fool me," she chided, "she clowned over the bed as Pom-Pom jumped on the bed and landed with a thud on Sandra's stomach. "Pom-Pom told me you were up."

Opening one eye, glaringly, Sandra said, "Are you going to look at that any more?"

"I see that you go again. Pom-Pom, acting like a person. Don't you know dogs don't talk?" And with the theatrical air she got up and put on her robe, but she couldn't resist saying, "Geey, Mom if there's one thing Lana Turner—I wouldn't have to... eat..."

THE END

See Sandra in U.I.'s "Romany & Juliet" and "Come September."
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full listings see page 6. [A—ABOUT F—FAMILY]

ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS—MGM; Cinemagcope, Metrocolor. The comic efforts of Bob Warner, Natalie Wood, George Hamilton, Susan Kohner hold your interest in a confused story of Southerners who take their sex problems to New York. (A) October

ALL THE YOUNG MEN—Columbia: Earnest but often familiar drama of youth at war. In Korea, Sidney Poitier leads a cut-off Marine platoon that includes Alan Ladd and greener James Darren, Glenn Corbett, Ingenia Johnson. (F) September

BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY—UA. Pathe Color; Old formula set in lovely Baleair Island backgrounds. Given only a short time to live, Lilli Palmer daiorses with handsome native Carlos Thompson. (A) November

CROWDED SKY. THE—Warners, Technicolor; Efrem Zimbalist Jr., pilots a Navy jet fated to clash with Dana Andrews' transport, which carries the usual quota of emotional passengers. Overplot but tense. (A) October

DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. THE—Warners, Technicolor; Robert Preston, Dorothy McGuire, teenager Shirley Knight portray warily the problems of an average family in Oklahoma of the 1920's. (A) November

ELMER GANTRY—UA. Memorable charac- ters fill a warm-blooded, courageous movie, with Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons as re- vivalists. Are theyphony or honest? Newspaperman Arthur Kennedy wonders. (A) October

ENTERTAINER. THE—Continental; Fine actors (playing dreamy people) can make us see why cheap vandallism Laurence Olivier holds the loyalty of wife Brenda de Buzle, daughter Joan Plowright. (A) November

HELL TO ETERNITY—AA.: A surprise hit tells a true and touching story of World War II. As a white boy raised by a Japanese-American family, Jeffrey Hunter faces a sad dilemma, finds a great mission. (A) October

HOUSE OF USHER—AA.; Cinemagcope, Color: Genuinely frightening, fascinatingly imaginative version of Poe's classic, with Mark Damon as guest in a doomed mansion where his sweetheart (Myrna Fahey) and her brother (Vincent Price) await death. (A) September

I AIM AT THE STARS—Columbia: Exciting科学-fact story, politically tricky, Curt Jurgens, as rocket wizard Wernher von Braun, рouses doubts in wife Virginia Shaw and Nati- vatingnewspaperman James Daly. (F) November

I'M ALL RIGHT, JACK—Columbia: Those sly British turn labor-management relations into a laugh-loaded shambles. As a shop stew- ard, Peter Sellers creates a deadpan masterpiece. Ian Carmichael, a bumbler whose hon- esty starts a riot. (A) July

IT STARTED IN NAPLES—Paramount; Vis- tuVision, Technicolor: A tough, lovable kid named Mariotto steals this sentimental frolic from Clark Gable, as his American uncle, and Sophia Loren, as the aunt who's raised the orphan—improperly, Clark says. (A) September

LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH—Columbia: James Darren sequel in a startling but sentimental drama, as Shelley Winters' son. Derelicts led by Burl Ives strive to save the boy from crime. (A) November

LET'S MAKE LOVE—20th.; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Big, bawdy musical with dazzling stars. Billionaire Yves Montand, hiding his identity, joins a little-theater troupe and falls for Marilyn Monroe. (A) November

OCEAN'S ELEVEN—Warner; Panavision, Technicolor; Frank Sinatra and gang (Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, etc.) stroll through a lavish suspense comedy, plotting to rob all the top Las Vegas casinos. (A) November

PSYCHO—Paramount, VistaVision: It's go, gruesome but all in fun, thanks to director Hitchcock, who sends Joan Fontaine, John Gavin and Vera Miles to a very peculiar motel run by Tony Perkins. (A) September

SAINT INNOCENTS. THE—Paramount; Technirama; Technicolor: Honest story of primitive people, in real Arctic locales, Eskiimo couple Anthony Quinn and Yoko Tani tragically clash with "civilization." (A) November

SEVEN WAYS FROM SUNDOWN—UA; East- man Color: In a mounting horse-mad new Texas Ranger Audie Murphy has trouble chasing outlaw Barry Sullivan--because Barry is too doggone lovable! (F) November

SONG WITHOUT END—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color; Dirk Bogarde's romantic good looks suit the role of composer-pianist Franz Liszt, whose life is seen as a piano conc- ert and costume pageant, with stormy personal drama on the side. (A) September

SONS AND LOVERS—20th.; CinemaScope: Sensitive story of growing-up, done with taste and vigor. Dean Stockwell is fine as an English miner's son; Wendy Hillier, Trevor Howard are even better as parents. (A) October

SURPRISE PACKAGE—Columbia: Yul Brynner and Mitzi Gaynor, an American gangster and girlfriend exiled to a Greek island, breeze through a talky, funny thriller. Noel Coward's a witty unemployed king. (A) November

TIME MACHINE, THE—MGM; Pioneer science-fiction by H. G. Wells has a nice at- mosphere of 1906. That is Rod Taylor's take-off point for his time trip through this war-ravaged century to the far future—uglier yet, except for Yvette Mimieux. (F) September

UNDER TEN FLAGS—Paramount; Brit, fact- based adventure casts Van Heflin as chivalrous captain of a War II German sea raider that takes on many disguises, baffling British ad- miral Charles Laughton. (F) November

WEDDINGS AND BABIES—Engel: The title names the specialty of John Myhers, as a photo- grapher in New York's Little Italy, eluding to bachelorhood in spite of Viven Leigh's efforts. Charmingly real. (A) November
Elvis Says He Wants A Change; Paul Takes A Tip From Bobby; Rod Lauren Makes A Confession

by PAUL DREW

STATION WGST, ATLANTA—America has a new dancing partner—he's Chubby Checker. Now he's got the Twisters doing "The Hucklebuck." ... The most exciting stereo album yet is Decca's "Brass Brass," with Henry Jerome's orchestra. Over one dozen phonograph manufacturers are using it to demonstrate their record players. ... And new showmanship is displayed by Paul Anka, who takes a note from the Bobby Darin songbook in his ABC-Par, "Anka at the Copa." ... Bobby hasn't forgotten those who made him the star he is today. Their reward is Ato's "For Teenagers Only," a deluxe set complete with color photos. ... It was Phil and Don Everly who prevented Bob Luman from giving up records and music after several unsuccessful outings. They supply the strong guitar background to his big (six-foot-two) voice in the Warner Brothers album, "Let's Think About Living." ... And thinking about brothers, how about those Clanton? Jimmy, of course, you know from hits like "Come Back." Now his younger brother, Ike, is beginning to make a noise in the record field, and back home in Louisiana the youngest brother, Tommy, is warming up. ... Most appropriate album title this year is "The Hit Makers," with Fabian and Frankie Avalon singing their big ones. ... The perfect companion for pizza is Vista's "Italianett," ... Did you know that Bob Crewe, one of the best-looking young singers to come along, recently had a one-man painting show in New York? ... Or that Rod Lauren, who's no slouch on looks either, confesses he was too shy to even ask a girl for a date until he was a high-school junior? ... Duane Eddy followers will easily part with a few dollars for "$1,000,000,00 Worth of Twang." The most critical fan the "Pres" has is

Triple threat: Tommy, Ike and Jimmy Clanton.

Elvis himself. He studio-recorded the songs for the RCA Victor album, "G. I. Blues," after listening to the soundtrack of the film. ... Dion, deserted by the Belmonts, solos on "Lonely Teenager." ... Bob Green, former top-ranked Miami deejay, now devotes full-time to managing his beautiful wife, Anita Bryant. Her latest is "One of the Lucky Ones." And I'll say he is. ... Narration, twelve original songs, and the magic voice of Nat King Cole string together the moods of romance on the unique album, "Wild Is Love." ... Jackie Wilson's manager busy preparing the singer to do a deluxe set of Jolson favorites. "Mr. Excitement" does it again with "Am I the Man." ... Floyd Cramer still not saying who the gal is that inspired him to write and record his smash "Last Date" for RCA Victor. ... Clyde McPhatter's first album for Mercury, "Ta Ta," marks his fifth year in singing. He started in his father's church in Durham, N. C. ... I can't understand why some of the labels read "Freddie Cannon" and others "Freddy Cannon." But I sure do comprehend why Swan Records is hot with his "Hum-dinger." It is. ... Surprise: Opera star Eileen Farrell's album, "I've Got a Right to Sing the Blues." It's the end!

What's in the Stars?

Were you born between October 23rd and November 21st? Then you belong to the eighth sign of the zodiac—Scorpio—like Diana Dors (Oct. 23), Anthony Franciosa (Oct. 25), Burt Lancaster (Nov. 2), Katharine Hepburn (Nov. 8), Ed Wynn (Nov. 9), Jean Seberg (Nov. 13), Rock Hudson (Nov. 17), Grace Kelly (Nov. 19), Gene Tierney (Nov. 20). You are a very determined person and know exactly what you want—and you usually get it. You are always willing to accept responsibility and no matter how hard a task is, once you have made up your mind to tackle it, you usually work hard enough toward this so you're sure to achieve your goal.

You enjoy money and all the luxuries and comforts it can buy. Who doesn't? You are a person who concentrates too much and, because of this, you sometimes forget the wants of others. Watch this, because people seem to think you are inconsiderate even though you aren't. Your lucky number is 2—Erial.

Bob's a surprise.

Rock's determined.

Jean is willing.

Burt: Forgetful?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

DEAN
ETTA
ED
GLAD
DOB
BIKINI
TY
RR
TI
I
MILES
SC
DO
AY
VA
AH
BRENDA
LEE
IB
HN
LV
TIDY
STEVE
SILO
DYER
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APOL
ON
NA
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P

November, 1960
Monthly Record
Vol. 2, No. 9
Busy hands stay beautiful with Jergens Lotion

Smooth on creamy Jergens Lotion after every job! Only Jergens gives you all this care: Stops detergent hands! You can actually feel dryness soothed into softness, as Jergens helps replace the natural oils and moisture that water and harsh detergents drain away. Protects! Absorbs in seconds . . . penetrates deep into the skin to combat red roughness. Beautifies! No other lotion is as lovely to use as Jergens. Rich beauty oils leave your hands lightly scented, soft, alluring.

Jergens beautifies your hands as nothing else can.
Soon your skin can have a clear, fresh, lovable look...

This radiant young mother shows that your skin never outgrows Ivory. Her face is fresh and smooth as her baby's... yours can be, too. The milder your beauty soap, the prettier your complexion, and Ivory is gentle enough for a baby's skin. 99\% pure... it floats. Today more doctors advise Ivory for skin care than any other soap. Use this pure white, fresh-scented soap daily to make sure you're washing your face in wondrous mildness. Very soon your skin will be radiant, too!