Is Lana Turner GUILTY?

TAB HUNTER
the story I’m ashamed to tell

scoop photos:

ELVIS

In this issue!
Breck Hair Set Mist

A SOFT, FINE SPRAY THAT IS GOOD TO YOUR HAIR
HOLDS CURLS BEAUTIFULLY IN PLACE FOR HOURS

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STIFF
This fine, gentle spray leaves hair soft and
shining, never stiff or dry. Its delicate touch
holds curls softly, beautifully in place for
hours, even in damp or humid weather.
Breck Hair Set Mist is good to your hair.

IT DOES NOT MAKE HAIR STICKY
Breck Hair Set Mist sprays on gently, evenly,
leaving the hair soft to the touch, never
sticky or dull. Always good to your hair,
this fragrant mist, with lanolin, brings out
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All through your active day...

new MUM® stops odor
without irritation

So gentle for any normal skin you can use it freely every day

If you've ever worried about your deodorant failing...or about under-arm stinging or burning from using a deodorant daily—now you can set your mind at ease.

New Mum Cream will stop odor right through the day and evening. And new Mum is so gentle for normal skin you can use it whenever you please. Even right after shaving, or a hot bath. Mum Cream gives you the kind of protection you can't possibly get from any other leading deodorant—because it works a completely different way.

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Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor...contains no astringent aluminum salts. It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum's wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys both odor and odor-causing bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn't it the deodorant for you?

MUM contains M-3 (bacteria-destroying hexachlorophene) ...stops odor 24 hours a day. Won't damage clothes.
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COVER: Color portrait of Natalie Wood by Tana Holom. Natalie stars in United Artists' "Kings Go Forth" and Warner Brothers' "Marjorie Morningstar."

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AN ARTHUR FREED PRODUCTION
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Screen Play and Lyrics by
Costumes, Scenery & Production Design by CECIL BEATON
In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR
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Hear the LERNER-LOEWE Score now available in the new MGM RECORDS Sound Track Album

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"The Parisians"

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So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

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Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER
The Fragrance Men Love

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. Full reviews this month are on page 18.

FRAULEIN—20th, CinemScope: Honestly told love story of wartime Berlin. Dana Wynter, gently reared German girl, aids Mel Ferrer, escaped American officer. Then maleic threatens her reputation. (A) June

FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th, CinemScope, De Luxe Color: Fast but thoughtful western teams exciting newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. As a cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes the quarry in a revenge-ridden chase. befriended by Diane. (F) June

GODDESS, THE—Columbia: Kim Stanley scores a triumph as a Southern girl who is plagued by instability through two marriages and a successful Hollywood career. As her mom, playgirl who turns to religion, Betty Lou Holland is a standout. With Lloyd Bridges. (A) June

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing patos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a cutie-pie daughter. (A) June

HOT SPELL—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a middle-aged woman who strives to hold straying husband Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR—WarnerColor, WarnerColor: Smoothly done, moving close-up of New York girl Natalie Wood's hesitation between domesticity and romance, personified by showman Gene Kelly. Fine work by Claire Trevor, as her mother; Ed Wynn, her uncle. (F) June

RUN SILENT, RUN DEEP—U.A.: Vigorous sea-action tale finds skipper Clark Gable and first officer Burt Lancaster on a U.S. sub in Jap-haunted waters. (F) June

SOUTH PACIFIC—20th, Technicolor: That unforgettable music expresses the love of nurse Mitzi Gaynor and French planter Rossano Brazzi, with John Kerr and France Nuyen also romancing. (F) June

STAGE STRUCK—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Susan Strasberg glows as an inexperienced girl intent on becoming a fine actress, who falls in love with producer Henry Fonda. (A) May

TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th, CinemScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family. Father Cary Cooper, would to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble with musician Stuart Whitman. (A) June

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON—Warner: Excellent work by Dorothy Malone and Errol Flynn, as Diana and John Barrymore, both fighting drink. Ray Danton's her worthless husband. (A) June

VIOLENT ROAD—Warner: Good, taut thriller. Truck-driver Brian Keith heads a convoy taking deadly explosives over rough roads. Each man has personal problems, too. (F) June
C. V. WHITNEY PRESENTS

A VIOLENT LAND ... TORN BETWEEN LAW AND OUTLAW!

For the young land...
for the young lovers...
this was the day of destiny!

THE YOUNG LAND

starring

PAT WAYNE

The girl who was too proud to be afraid... too smart to wear a gun!

YVONNE CRAIG

The trigger happy youth who killed for the sheer thrill of killing!

DENNIS HOPPER

DAN O'HERLIHY

From the Producers of that multiple award winner "The Searchers"

WITH

NORMAN SHANNON HALL

PATRICK FORD

DANIEL WINTER

C. H. HOCH, A.SC. and HENRY SHARP, A.SC.

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
Hey there—you with the time on your hands—how about getting out and doing a little dancing? Grab yourself a partner and swing into some mid-summer fun with the orchestras that are traveling the country, bringing live music back in a big way for the first time in years to you light-footed guys and gals.


Where are they playing? Mainly at big private parties and night clubs. But so far, these “gigs” are mostly on weekends. The dance band financial problem is—whaddaya do with the other nights? Which is a shame considering the fellas really enjoy going on the road. “It’s great,” Dick Maltby told me after a recent “Bandstand, U.S.A.” show, “being able to see the kids dance again and it’s helpful to musicians because when they yell their requests from the floor for your latest record—man, then’s when you get a picture of what an audience really likes!”

After a recent TV appearance, Tony Pastor and I got to talking about the road: “It’s got many advantages and opportunities for bandleaders,” Tony said. “There’s the chance to pick up fresh, new talent along the way. Then, too, there are fewer restrictions on programming, which gives the musician a better opportunity to show his talent. Also, new music trends are easier to pick up than if you were always playing the same town.”

Right now there are two Dorsey aggregations back on the road, despite the recent and untimely deaths of the two brothers.

Trumpeter Lee Castle, who heads Jimmy Dorsey’s old orchestra, has been linked with the Dorsey approach to music for over twenty years and is carrying on the tradition with enthusiastic encouragement from the Dorsey brothers’ eighty-four year old mother and from Jimmy’s daughter, Julie, who owns the band. The group uses Jimmy’s old arrangements and a lot of the material the Dorsey brothers used when they were a team.

The current Tommy Dorsey orchestra is under the leadership of trombonist Warren Covington and is owned by Tommy’s widow, Mrs. Jane Dorsey and his children. Warren feels that the band, which uses Tommy’s books of arrangements, keeps the Tommy Dorsey name and great dance music tradition alive. Warren, who used to lead the Commanders, has been an ardent Dorsey fan practically all his life and twenty-two years ago learned to play and sing by following the records of some of the very arrangements he is using now as leader of the T.D. group.

Dead for years, live bands are coming back in more ways than one. Have you noticed, for instance, that more and more pop singers are using jazz groups to back them up? One such is Tony Bennett. His recent Columbia LP, “The Beat of My Heart,” came out so well that Tony now declares he’s going to add jazz musicians on all future record dates, as well as use them on his live club and theater shows. “For me,” Tony says, “having jazzmen means I don’t go stale. No two shows are alike. And with each show, something good comes out. You never have a sameness.”

The last on-the-road item “On the Record” has to offer concerns a hip Yankee who’s promoting a twenty-five day “Le Jazz in Europe” excursion. It’s a tour of the top spots on the Continent where jazz can be found. The package price is $1,385 and it takes you to London, Brussels, Cannes, Paris, Rome and Berlin.

Let’s Preview

“The West Side Story” (Coral Records)—Manny Albam and the Jazz Greats play music from the Broadway smash about a modern Romeo and Juliet in a Dead End setting. Musically great, it captures the dramatic mood. Shows excellent choice of playing personnel.

“Gigi in Jazz” (RCA Victor Records)—Shorty Rogers and his Giants in Jazz re-style the liltin’ tunes of the movie. Très zingly!

“Oh, Captain!” (M-G-M Records)—Leonard Feather and Dick Hyman’s Allstars featuring Coleman Hawkins, Tony Scott and Harry Edison with vocalists Marilyn Moore and Jackie Paris. The Broadway show, starring Tony Randall, is all about bigamy on the high seas. The album’s all about the tunes from the show. Very good, too.

“Swingin’ Down Broadway” (Columbia Records)—A couple of smoothies, Jo Stafford and Paul Weston go swingily sophisticated.
"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today— with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
Clark Gable, a great actor, proves it in "Teacher's Pet." He gives an excellent performance, even though he did have to play scenes with me.

has the name Bessie Mae Mucho ready to give to an exotic actress... I've learned that the best way to entertain most actors is to listen to them.

I wonder if Marlene Dietrich lies about her age, claiming to be older than she is, so people will say how young she looks for her age... If Monty Clift wasn't doing Marlon Brando in "The Young Lions," you tell me who he was doing. I loved it... Remember when singers used to close their eyes while singing? Now they snap their fingers... No girl on TV can allow the camera to come as close to her as Polly Bergen does, and still look gorgeous... Hollywood is a nobody standing in the footprints of a somebody in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater while the somebody is behaving in such a manner that he stands a chance of becoming a nobody. It's tourists mistaking other tourists for movie stars... I wonder what would happen if Jim Arness gave Clint Walker a day to get out of Dodge City... I think Julie Harris is sexy across the footlights but not on the screen... The difference between an actress and a model, claims Suzy Parker, who has been a model and is trying to be an actress, is that an actress is given her lines while a model has to develop her own.

Tab Hunter isn't going to take singing lessons. It might improve his voice and ruin him... To quote the person, starlet Googie Schwab said: "It's nothing when I have to look unhappy in a scene. I simply wear a pair of shoes that are too tight." This is her method, Mr. Strasberg... Jerry Lewis walks onstage as if he were a messenger boy running to deliver a telegram... I know a fellow who wouldn't walk across the street to see John Wayne in a movie. He stays at home and sees John Wayne movies on his TV set for free... I believe one of the troubles with the movies is too many new faces. Audiences (include me in) aren't given the necessary time to become acquainted with most of the new faces before another parade of new faces is marched before them... Suggested to Henry Willson for his names file: Gia Lollobrigida on the River Kwai... When questioned if love interest might be added to TV's "Wyatt Earp," Hugh O'Brian answered: "I sure hope so. I'm getting mighty tired of that horse."

I know Natalie Wood doesn't like to wear a nightgown because it's like wearing a sack. But why does Natalie wear a sack dress?... Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer look as if they belong together... William Holden has a face that someone said resembles a map of the United States: open, agreeable, forthright... Hollywood's the girl at the soda fountain at Schwab's waiting to be discovered for pictures. It's the welcome rain and the unwelcome floods on Sunset Blvd. It's a movie executive at home watching TV and bemoaning the fact that people aren't going to theaters to see his latest movie... Honestly, I saw Jayne Mansfield holding a copy of "The Hidden Persuaders" and wished I had a camera with me. No one would need persuading to look at that snapshot!... That's Hollywood For You.
Blossom out in
flattering flower Swim
Caps by Kleinert's

Cap your curls in these beauties
and never worry your head about
waves! Hair stays dry for sure
with Kleinert's Secret Magic
Sava-Wave Inner Rim. Pictured here:
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$2.50. Both available in white, black,
aqua, light blue, pink, and yellow.
Petal Beach Bag in pink, white, aqua
and yellow, $6.98. Also available in Canada.
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There is a sunlit time of youth and life when uncertainty vanishes. Head up, eyes sparkling—you face every challenge, delight in each new experience. This is the time when millions of young women graduate to Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Like you, they prize the freedom and confidence it brings. Like you, they love the difference Tampax makes in poise, in complete femininity. It's the modern way!

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INSIDE
STUFF

This month in Hollywood: Hair shades are growing darker, with brassy blondes on the wane. And skirts shorter, shorter, shorter . . . Even the strictest dieters now agree one avocado a week keeps the skin lubricated from within, and never mind the calories . . . Fashion note for Hollywood cowboys: Dale Robertson, of TV's "Wells Fargo," has his out-west hats made to order in Rome. When they get 'round to Sack Chaps by Dior, I'm headin' for the last round-up, pardner! . . . The girls have gone splashing print mad—the bigger and louder the print froom the better . . . The painting craze has returned with a vengeance—portraits, still life and sheer madness, with Dusty Anderson (wife of director Jean Negulesco) and Claudette Colbert the best of the amateurs . . . They're discussing Lars Turner's built-in heartache and her wisdom in consulting psychiatric specialists . . . They're drooling over the records with music taken directly from the tape of a star's various movies. The first out—Dot's "Bernstein: Background for Brando"; the second, "Background for Brynner" . . . They're having a fit over Gary Cooper's reputed face lift, murmuring, "But it was Coop's lines we loved." . . . The boys have taken to paisley print silk as linings for their daytime jackets and the girls are wearing print or bright colored shoes to match their dresses . . . They're chuckling over the way the French Academy passed over its own Brigitte Bardot to give the best acting award to the American Marilyn Monroe, who hasn't made a movie since "The Prince and the Showgirl." But if plans do go through for Marilyn Monroe to play "Catherine, the Great" to Rock Hudson's "Peter the Great," the cultural exchange between Russia and the U.S. will blow up like a sick Sputnik. Mark my words.

Home, Home Again: Like a fresh summer breeze, Sandra Dee blew into Hollywood from Paris after weeks of French flittings and fancy emoting in "The Reluctant Debutante," Sandra's mother, Mary Douvan, who accompanied her daughter abroad, tells me, "I had a hard time keeping up with Sandy in Paris. She thought nothing of popping into the kitchens of the most renowned cafes to explain to chefs how to charcoal broil a steak. They didn't understand a word of English, and Sandra's French was laughable." But everybody seems to have gotten the charcoal message.

The day Sandy trotted off to a Dior fashion showing (the day after she walked all the way up the 984-foot Eiffel Tower—"I just wanted to be different from all the rest of the American tourists") designer successor St. Laurent spotted Sandra in the front row and pressed her into service. Somewhat timid at first, Sandra modeled before the most knowing of Parisian style sophisticates. It was her hardest modeling job in many moons for Sandy.

Because she hasn't had a free day to herself in ten months, Sandra's mother ordered for her a pink mink and a matching pink Thunderbird, both waiting for her on her return. And you never heard such goings on in all your life. Such swooning and mooning.

Incidentally, Sandra has been loaned to Columbia for the star role in "The Gidget," a story of teenagers. And personally, I'm all for sending Sandra abroad every year as an example of what American youngsters are really like. Bright, gay, sweet. (continued)

On the M-G-M set of "The Badlanders" with Alan Ladd, I was constantly impressed with the energy of this man and by the warmth his co-workers feel for Al. I do, too
INSIDE STUFF (continued)

What better ambassadress could there be?

Set of the Month: If plaques were given for the busiest actor in Hollywood, Alan Ladd would win hands down. No actor in the business makes more pictures, more fans, more friends—and more money—than Alan. And a visit to the M-G-M set of “The Badlanders” explained why—at least in part. Here’s a film, both Alan and director Delmar Daves tells me, that’s a villian-ridden epic if ever there was one. And yet the atmosphere was one of light-hearted cooperation and a “glad-I’m-in-this-one” attitude among the cast. In fact, I found myself joining Alan, director Daves and the crew in a long round of applause for a group of varmints who finished their last scene and walked off to a “no salary” period with hearts full of good cheer. And that speaks well for Alan.

TV, Other Jottings

TV’s Thin Man, Pete Lawford and his wife trekked to Europe, but without Frank Sinatra, who had to cancel his world tour due to a bad throat. Have a hunch Frankie disappointed Ava Gardner in Rome (who, it was whispered, squelched her letdown with a Mario Bandini romance) and La Brigitte Bardot in Paris, who, it was rumored, stipulated in her contract for “Paris by Night,” that she would co-star with Frankie “Only if Lauren Bacall stays home.” “We should make some interesting chemistry,” Brigitte told a startled press! Hmmmm . . . And speaking of Lauren, some say her now-famous command, “Don’t mention me in the same breath with Frank Sinatra,” was an admission that Frankie prefers freedom to marriage. But others of us know it was only a flip, impulsive answer to a Hollywood reporter Lauren did not want to talk to. She may still feel deeply for Frankie, and his co-starring role with Brigitte doesn’t exactly add to her happiness. But then, that’s Frankie, “all the way.”

Since “Bonjour Tristesse,” David Niven, who springs from movies to TV with the greatest of ease, isn’t the least bit worried about over-exposure. Claims he’s really a sort of “misplaced Cary Grant” and people don’t actually notice him. I disagree. A pleasant ride over the hills of Beverly with David in his swanky new imported car, had me hoping people would notice me! And they did. Never mind about “over-exposure.” I felt like a misplaced Marilyn Monroe. And that feels good.

HOLLYWOOD’S

Remember when Photoplay predicted Molly Bee-Ty Hungerford twosome?  Handsome Pat Brown nabbed newcomer Diane Jergens for film preem  Susan Strasberg, chic in cloche hat, dates Jim MacArthur at Harwyn Club
One of the most gracious beauties in Hollywood is ever-young Loretta

**New Romances**

Kim Novak and Gen. Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic, were ablaze with romance during those late spring days while the General was in town. A youngish man with inexpressive features, and given to clam-like silences, Rafael seems the ideal heart throb for Kim, who is already heralding his return with the same date-by-date routine that marked Mario Bandini's long-awaited visit. But now, says Kim, it's all different. The generalissimo will arrive early in July—"or by Labor Day, for sure"—or maybe he'll just be comin' 'round the mountain when he comes, say I. Leave none of us hold our breath in the meantime! ... More romances: Newlyweds actress Frances Farmer and radio-TV management consultant Leland Mikesell and newly engaged Marlon Brando Sr. (Marlon's dad) and Anna Parramore and Jean Seberg and Francois Moreuil.

**Party of the Month**

Loretta Young's party for daughter Judy, with both Loretta and Judy's friends as guests, was the sort of party that's seldom written about in Hollywood, where parents and teen-agers mingle with the greatest of ease and enjoyment. From the sidelines of the patio of Loretta's beautiful Hollywood home, I watched the handsome young men, mostly non-professionals, dancing with mothers and daughters alike. But the one that caught and held my attention was handsome nineteen-year-old Pat Wayne. Pat danced first with his hostess, whirling Loretta around in a laughing, dancing frenzy. Judy was his next partner, and then, for the most marvelous of rhumbas, (continued)

**JUNIOR SET**

Is Terry Moore giving her old friend John Saxon some marriage tips?

Yvonne Lime and TV's Steve Stevens were dancingest couple at one party

Fay Spain caught Russ Tamblyn's eye sporting new knitted chemise
INSIDE STUFF (continued)

Pat chose his beautiful mother, Josie Wayne. What a handsome couple they made, so alike in their dark good looks and having such a ball!

Cal York Jottings

People—Places—Perhaps: Tab Hunter, who recently made up his spat with Venetia Stevenson, will be so glad when the handsome Jacques Bergerac returns to Europe for a movie. Jacques has a Gallie eye fastened on the lovely Venetia, and you know those Frenchmen. . . A reader from Ohio writes that everything she reads about Russ Tamblyn has to do with what he doesn’t like in a girl. Her clothes, her make-up, her voice. “What does he want?” she asks. And here’s the answer: All Russ wants is that you remember him, please. Keep him in mind during his two years in the army. Drop him a line now and then at Fort Ord in California. And never mind the clothes, the make-up, the voice. Just don’t forget him.

And to the fan who writes, “Is Nick Adams for real?” I can promise Nick is just about the realest person in town. And after his performance in “No Time for Sergeants,” he’s becoming one of the best actors, with a nibble or two from producers for his future services. And the girl on his arm most often these evenings is the sweet and lovely Margaret O’Brien. . . The Parisians looked askance at Vicki That’s snug toreador slacks. Wherever she and John Saxon roamed, eyes were riveted disapprovingly on Vicki’s form-fitting pants. In Paree they’re considered bad—pardon the expression—form.

. . . Jayne Mansfield is reaping a fortune from those Mansfield hot water bottles made with Jayne’s exact topography—all hills and valleys. Jayne claims the plastic bags are ideal for summer picnics. Make wonderful pink lemonade containers. I tell you the world’s gotta blow up. I can’t go on like this!!

Behind the Hollywood Curtain

Glimpses About Town: Leslie Nielsen and his Sandy strolling hand-in-hand in Beverly Hills, stopping to window-shop at Raf’s, the record shop. . . . Mothers-to-be Janet Leigh and Rosemary Clooney comparing notes and sporting the newest, chicest maternity chemises. . . . Tommy Sands and his mother disagreeing over career problems. . . . Joanne Woodward up and down ladders painting and decorating the new house while Paul finished chores on “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof.” Joanne claimed she was a tired cat with a hot hoof after all the exercise. . . . Eyebrows shooting higher than kites over those printed statements that Phyllis Hudson is now reading by candlelight, all the utilities having been shut off. And rumors have the Brandos helping to support Phyllis until the divorce hearing. In the meantime, Rock trekked off to Acapulco to supervise the building of his new home. A place to get away from it all. . . . Another marital breakup: Judith and Bill Campbell. Bill, Judy charged, insisted on taking “long leaves of absences” from matrimony. . . . See you next month!

Sporting smartest maternity ensembles in Hollywood these days: Rosemary C. and Janet L., who expect fall babies; Ferrers their fourth, Curtises a second
styling tricks you can do with Adorn

What's twice as nice? A twin pony-tail as only Adorn can do! Nothing trimmer than this twosome... when you've used some Adorn! Perfect for tricks... because it's never sticky.

Only self-styling Adorn lets you whip up a flip-up like this... Spray first... then set the style. Up goes your hair... and Adorn holds it there... twice as long as ordinary sprays.

look! more styling tricks in this book! It's FREE with Adorn

These are just two of the many hair-styling tricks you can do with ADORN. Get this big, new Styling Booklet filled with ADORN tricks... complete with step-by-step pictures and easy-to-follow instructions. It's FREE! Attached to every ADORN can. At all stores, now! $1.50
This Happy Feeling
CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR
★★★★ Smart and sassy, sometimes risqué but all in favor of virtue, this slender farce gives Debbie Reynolds a dreamy romantic choice to make: between sophisticated maturity (Curt Jurgens) and brash youth (John Saxon). Through wacky circumstances, she becomes an overnight guest in the country home to which matineé idol Curt has retired. Charmed by the naive girl, Curt takes her on as his secretary. Neighbor John, a pal of Curt's, scents no scandal. But Mary Astor, as John's mother, wonders about Debbie's position in the household. Another cynical observer is Alexis Smith, Curt's former leading lady (and sweetheart), who's trying to lure him back to the stage. Wistfully hoping for another "Tammy," the studio has tossed in a title tune for Debbie to sing. But Curt's deft comedy makes it his picture, though Estelle Winwood, as his happily alcoholic housekeeper, gets the loudest laughs.

Windjammer
DE ROHEMONT; CINEMIRACLE, EASTMAN COLOR
★★★★ Introducing a magnificent new vast-screen process, a present-day adventure epic takes you to faraway places—in the most delightful company. Here is the true story of a cruise aboard Norway's square-rigged school ship, the Christian Radich. As she sails to the West Indies, to New York and home again, one breath-taking shot follows another. But this is no stuffy travelogue. It's made warmly personal by the young cadets aboard—as handsome, husky and lively a lot of teenagers as you've ever met. And the score includes a pleasant variety of songs: cheerful ditties, love ballads, calypso. Grandest fun since "Around the World in 80 Days"! (Opening first in New York and Hollywood, then in Chicago, "Windjammer" will reach other major cities as more theaters are adapted to show Cinemiracle.)

Another Time, Another Place
PARAMOUNT, VISTAVISION
★★ After a leisurely start, Lana Turner's latest vehicle takes shape as an effective "woman's picture," its quality enhanced by sensitive performances. As a columnist reporting from England at the end of World War II, Lana is engaged to her boss (Barry Sullivan). But she falls in love with a young British radio commentator (Sean Connery) and discovers that he is married only during their last moments together. After his death in a plane crash, she is impelled to visit his home village in Cornwall. Falling ill there, she is taken in as a welcome guest by Sean's widow (Glynis Johns), who knows nothing of Lana's connection with her late husband. Here the movie hits its true pace, with a searching examination of feminine emotions.

The Sheepman
CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR
★★★★ Tired of those adult, off-beat westerns? Want some action and chuckles instead of talk and psychoanalysis? If the answer is "Yes," then Glenn Ford's breezy new film is for you. Glenn stages a ram-bunctious arrival in an old-time cattle town, because he knows everybody's going to hate him anyway. He's bringing in a herd of sheep to graze on lands heretofore sacred to steers. An interestingly unusual western heavy (no beard, no snarl), attractive Leslie Nielsen is the local cattle baron. But Leslie, Glenn knows, has a gaudy past and is likely to play rough. Leslie also has a fiancée—Shirley MacLaine, delectably different sort of Western heroine. And he has a menacing but inefficient head henchman—expert comic Mickey Shaughnessy. For all its light manner, the movie soon settles down to a deadly duel, against handsome scenery.

The Proud Rebel
BUESA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR
★★★★ While Alan and David Ladd make a most appealing onscreen father-and-son team, Olivia de Havilland also scores in one of her rare and welcome appearances. Set in Illinois, but obviously not filmed there, the picture still has a nice feeling of real farm life about it. As a Southerner, Alan wanders in search of a cure for young David, who lost the power of speech when his home was burned and his mother killed by Union bombardment. Olivia is a brusque spinster who saves Alan from local persecution and takes him in to help run her farm. It's a dangerous job, for ornery neighbor Dean Jagger and his brutish sons covet Olivia's land. David's commendably confident for a greenhorn in the acting business, and Olivia's portrayal neatly balances rough practicality with gentle femininity.

Cry Terror
★★★★ Striving relentlessly—and successfully, for unrelieved suspense (continued)
No food restrictions, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like. New Reducing Drug acts directly on cause of overweight!

After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE! If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slimmest self again without giving up your favorite foods! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or you don't pay a cent!

Why It Must Work for You
No Matter What You Have Tried!

Unless you have a Super Will Power, you can never reduce to your satisfaction with ordinary reducing methods. You probably know from your own experience how difficult, almost impossible it is to reduce with just fad diets, hunger strikes, laxatives, exercise, steam baths, massage...so-called reducing candies, cookies, powders and bulk-producing pills. Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is to reduce caloric intake...to eat less. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose—and now, at last, they've found a NO-DIET REDUCING DRUG FOR FAT PEOPLE, safe enough to be used without prescription!

3-Way Action Lets You Lose Pound After Pound After Pound!

Regimen Tablets are a combination of safe, proven reducing drugs—the only one of its kind available anywhere. Aspirin-like and easy to take. Regimen Tablets contain no bulk-producing ingredients, do not irritate your stomach, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, easy weight-loss.

1. They suppress your appetite; you eat what you like, but even tasty delicacies shouldn't tempt you to over-stuff yourself.

2. They force you to lose weight automatically by removing "fluid weight". You lose pound after pound fast!

3. They work quickly...start traveling thru your blood stream in less than a minute...and you lose the TERRIBLE URGE TO EAT! No Super Will Power! You eat what the family eats WHEN THEY EAT—the same delicious foods as always—BUT YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO EAT AS MUCH! You feel FULL, COMPLETELY SATISFIED on far less than your normal intake—yet you lose weight faster and easier than you dreamed possible!

Guaranteed*

There's never been anything like Regimen Tablets—so start reducing this safe, sure way today. Get rid of excess weight if you want to live longer. You may not lose as much weight as Mr. Morris but we guarantee you this: you must be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or your money back! Taken as directed, Regimen Tablets are absolutely safe, harmless to lungs, kidneys, other vital organs. Get Regimen Tablets for No-Diet Reducing today!

Clinical Test Proves "No-Diet Reducing"

A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted 1000 calorie-a-day diet while another group ate without food restrictions. Both groups took Regimen Tablets daily. In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost MORE weight than the 1000 calorie-a-day group!

This is documented clinical evidence that with Regimen Tablets you can actually eat what you want and still lose weight!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

Don't be confused by imitation products that contain only ONE of the three drugs found in REGIMEN TABLETS. Reducing experts say you need ALL THREE drugs to really lose weight without dieting. REGIMEN TABLETS is the first and only reducing product of its kind in the world that contains all three safe, completely effective wonder drugs to perform every known function for No-Diet reducing. Get REGIMEN TABLETS—and only REGIMEN TABLETS—and be sure of reducing quickly and safely—without dieting.

Regimen-Tablets

You eat what the family eats—when they eat!

No dieting—no starving—no unappetizing foods, when you take Regimen Tablets. You eat normally with the rest of the family—but you simply don't want to eat as much. Your weight comes down from the very first day! Pounds and inches disappear!

"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days* TAKING REGIMEN TABLETS WITHOUT ANY DIETING...and never felt better in my life!" says Lester Morris, TV Personality

A notarized doctor's report, filed with this publication, confirms Mr. Morris' weight loss.

Regimen-Tablets

10-day supply, only $3

20-day supply, only $5

(You save $1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores. If your druggist is sold out, he can supply you in 24 hours.

Regimen Tablets, another fine product of the Drug Research Corporation, sole distributors of Super Sustalin 2-12 for the relief of Arthritis-Rheumatism pains.
Discover the only deodorant in all the world that does everything a good deodorant should, gives dawn-to-dawn protection, and then imparts an irresistible glamour by surrounding you with the fabulous fragrance of Evening in Paris. Makes you so nice to be near! Try it tonight.

Easy-to-pack vacation size, 33¢ New price for reg. size, 69¢

EVENING IN PARIS • DEODORANT STICK
CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS • MADE IN U.S.A.

with no character emphasis, this chiller gives Inger Stevens a chance for gamut-running from fear to anger to hysteria to numbness. As her husband, James Mason is persuaded by wartime pal Rod Steiger to devise a pocket-size bomb, supposedly for the Army. Instead, Rod plants it on a transport plane, tips off the airline, then demands a staggering payoff to keep another plane from being blown up by a similar bomb. When the FBI traces the first bomb to its inventor, Rod kidnaps James, Inger and their small daughter, forcing the couple to collaborate in his scheme. Extra menace is contributed by Rod's accomplices: nervous Jack Klugman; sexy, heartless Angie Dickinson; dope-crazed, woman-crazy Neville Brand.

Let's Rock!

Julius La Rosa heads a troupe of pop-music names in a pleasant, unpretentious rhythm-fest. Extremely simple and reasonably convincing, the plot never interferes with the musical numbers. As a once-popular recording star, Julius refuses to abandon ballads, though manager Conrad Janis assures him that only rock 'n' roll is selling these days. (Perry Como might be interested in this information.) Both too stubborn and too scared to try the switch, Julius finds a confidante in part-time composer Phyllis Newman (a refreshing, casual-mannered newcomer). Songs by Paul Anka, the Royal Teens and other top disc stars liven up the sound track; but visually Julius sells his sweet music with more ease, compared to the stiffly formalized gestures of the r 'n' r people. Good-looking Wink Martindale, DJ and singer seen as himself, rates more footage than he gets.

Record star Paul Anka (see page 46) has movie chance with Julius in "Let's Rock!"
THE STIRRING SAGA OF A WHITE BOY RAISED AS AN INDIAN!

WALT DISNEY

presents
two
refreshing young stars...
who light the screen with new excitement!

THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST

TECHNICOLOR®

From the Novel by CONRAD RICHTER
Screenplay by LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN - Directed by HERSCHEL DAUGHERTY

and introducing

CAROL LYNLEY
America's Most Famous Teen-Age Model - In Her Exciting Screen Debut!

COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!
New U.S. AquaFoam

changes the look

and feel of swim caps

You never looked lovelier. No swim cap ever felt so divinely comfortable. Wonderful U.S. AquaFoam is an entirely new kind of swim cap that’s feather-light... butter-soft...gentle as a caress on your head. AquaFoam is never too tight or too binding. Top: Chantilly Lace, 1.98. Bottom: Flower-sprigged Flora Dora, 1.69.

MOVIES (continued)

This Angry Age Columbia; Technirama, Technicolor

Thailand and Tony Perkins in Technicolor are the chief attractions of this drama. Both stolidly American, Jo Van Fleet and Tony portray a tough French widow and her son, trying to keep the sea from invading their rice fields. Silvana Mangano (Italian accent unexplained) plays Tony’s sister, who loves to dance with him to rock or Oriental rhythms. Rebelling against hard work in the backwoods, Tony runs off to a nearby city, where he’s maintained in luxury by Alida Valli, an older woman. Meantime, Silvana copes with a creep who’s rich by local standards. In this role, Nehemiah Persoff gives the film’s best performance, making an apparent villain a figure of pathos. As Silvana’s beloved, Richard Conte drifts in and out of the story.

Uncle Vanya The “Uncle Vanya” Company

Students of the drama will be interested in the film version of Chekhov’s classic, with Franchot Tone and the rest of the brilliant cast seen in a recent New York stage production. In the countryside of 19th Century Russia, pompous ex-professor Clarence Derwent dominates a household of bored, despairing people. His lovely young second wife (Dolores Dorn-Heft) is loved by middle-aged George Voskovec, who believes his own life has been wasted, and by Tone, a sensitive doctor who sometimes takes to vodka to escape monotony. Peggy McCay, doing truly beautiful work, plays a youngish old maid who silently loves the doctor. Necessarily slow-paced, the picture draws deeper attention as its people are revealed in eloquent dialogue. But this isn’t really a movie; it’s a canned stage play; even the act divisions are clearly indicated.

Dangerous Youth Warners

Competing with American movie-makers on their own grounds, Britain tries the juvenile delinquency, rock ‘n’ roll bit. Frankie Vaughan, singer well-known on British records and TV, heads a Liverpool waterfront gang that doesn’t seem too deadly, though its young members are trouble-making idlers. Drafted along with best pal Ray Jackson, Frankie is at first a belligerent military mis-fit. Just as he starts to straighten up and fly right, a malicious frame-up gets him into a real jam. Both cute tricks, Carole Lesley and Jackie Lane are pretty glamorous-looking for working girls in a slum neighborhood. Featuring one ballad and two r ‘n’ r numbers, this modest melodrama shows what’s cooking in the rhythm line across the water.
New!

Only in

BOBBI...

3 kinds of curlers

for the 3 critical waving areas
in soft modern hairstyles!

The new modern hairstyles need
different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so easy. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting . . . you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!

Only new Bobbi gives you all 3:

1. 6 large sponge rollers give extra body where your hairstyle needs most support—add style flare at the sides, give a lift over the brow, curve a perky pony-tail.
2. 40 casual pin-curlers for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
3. 6 midget rods for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.

ONLY $2.00

the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way
Now... they had no time for shame—only time for love!

The great love story of World War II by the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front."

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

A Universal-International Picture starring

JOHN GAVIN • LILO PULVER

co-starring JOCK MAHONEY • DON DeFORE • KEENAN WYNN

Directed by DOUGLAS Sirk • Screenplay by ORIN JANNINGS • Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE—Paramount. Directed by Lewis Allen. Sara Scott, Mike Miller, Larry Tucker, Carter Reynolds, Barry Sullivan; Kay Treada, Glynnis Johns; Mark Treada, Sean Connery; John Kent, Sidney James; Aun Thompson; Terrence Longdon; Mrs. Busker, Doris Hare; Brian Trevor, Martin Stephenson.

CRY TERROR—M.G.M. Directed by Andrew L. Stone. Joan Barks, James Mason; Paul Henreid, Rod Steiger; John Macaulay, Inger Stevens; Pat McHale, Terry Ann Rosso; Dave Neville Brand, Kelly, Angie Dickinson; Frank Cole, Kenneth Tobey; Victor, Jack Klugman; Charles Payce, Jack Kruschen; Robert Adams, Carleton Young, Prinze, Barney Phillips; Operative #1, Harlan Ward; Operative #2, P. Ed Hinton; Chef Andre, Himself; Ray Neal, Himself; Executive, Jonathan Hole; Henderson, William Behrle; Pat's School Friend, Portland Mason; Woman in Elevator, Mae Marsh.

DANGEROUS YOUTH—Warner Bros. Directed by Herbert Wilcoxon; The Father, George Balder; Dave Wynn, Frankie Vaughan; Dona Brown, Carole Lesley; Maleene, Jackie Lane; Mrs. Wynn, Katherine Kath; Mrs. Larkin, Thora Hird; dresses, Eddie Byrne; Juniper, Kenneth O'Keefe; Cream, O'Cauly, Robert Desmond; Smiler Larkin, Ray Jackson; Captain Breaster, Richard Leech; Commanding Officer, John Le Mesurier; Spt. Lach. Woodcock, David Lodge; Pvt. Simpson, Michael Ripper; Camp Barber, Reginald Beckwith.

LET'S ROCK—Columbia. Directed by Harry Foster. Tommy Adame, Julius La Rosa; Kathy Abbott; Phyllis Newman; Charles, Conrad Jants; Pick-up Girl, Joy Hartman; Monk, Frank Karranen; Gordon, Pete Faull; Oliver, Charles Shelden; Win Martindale; Himself, Harold Gary; Floor Manager, Jerry Hackaday; Emanciser, Ron McEwen; Studio Manager, Ted Worthing; Bartender, Tony Brandle, Guest Stars, Danny and the Juniors, Paul Anka, Della Reese, Ray Hamilton, The Tyrones, The Royal Teens, The Cues.

PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista. Directed by Michael Curtiz. John Chandler, Alan Ladd; Lauren Moore, Olivia de Havilland; David Chandler, David Ladd; Pop Borden, Dean Jagger; Ethel Borden, Dean Stanton; Tom Borden, Thomas Pittman; Doctor, Cecil Kelly; Judge, Ralph Fields; Bate, James Westerfield; Germain, Ely Muir; Peddler, John Carradine; Photographer, Percy Helton; Lance, King.

THE SHEEPMAN—M.G.M. Directed by George Marshall; Jason Steele, Glenn Ford; Dell Pyfrom, Shirley MacLaine; Johnny Bedloe (alias Col. Stephen Bedford), Leslie Nielsen; Jumbo McCall, Mickey Shannon; Dinah Masters, Edgar Buchanan; Mr. Fryton, Willis Bouchey; Chodo, Percell Roberts; Marshal, Slim Pickens; Red, Buzz Henrey; Angela, Pedro Gonzalez Gonzales.

THIS ANGRY AGE—Columbia. Directed by René Clement: Madame Dupresse, Jo Van Fleet; Joseph, Anthony Perkins; Suzanne, Silvana Mangano; Michael, Jean Gregoire; möde, Sydney Taft; Albert Legros, Nehemiah Persoff; Roland, Lawrence Williams.

THIS HAPPY FEELING—U-I. Directed by Blake Edwards; Janet Blair, Debbie Reynolds; Preston Mitchell, Curt Jurgen; Bill Truman, John Saxon; Nita Hohn, Alec Smith; Miss Truman, Mary Astor; Mrs. Early, Essette Winwood; Tony Marce, Troy Donahue; Phil Sampson, Hayden Rorke; Mr. Dove, Alex Gerry; Mrs. Dove, Gloria Heflin; Mr. McLaughlin, Joe Flynn.

UNCLE VANYA—Vanyz. Directed by John Guzzi and Francesca Toni. Maria March, Mary Perry; Michael Gluskin, Teresa Toni; Ivan Vankovsky (Uncle Vanya), George Voskovec; Alexander Scriabinov; Cheremis Dargen; Anna, Peggy Stewart; Elena, Dolores Dorn-Heft; Telea, Gerald Hiken; Maria Vankhshaya, Shirley Gale.

BOURJOIS BRINGS YOU THE TALL VALUE IN COLOGNES

ON THE WIND • FROSTY MIST • SPICE 'N' ICE...three refreshing moods in fragrance...crisp, spicy or tangy. Each in the towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. And for the first time in these summer cool fragrances; matching cologne stick and new cloud-soft, dreamy dusting powder. $2.00 values, each 1.00.
Your hair has hidden highlights only egg can reach

Sense something healthy happen as your fingertips feel this protein-fresh lather—that's the first luxury of egg.

Only SHAMPOO PLUS EGG can give lather like this—lather that rinses instantly, completely, leaves hair radiant.

Feel first day control—no more "fly-away" hair! A touch of egg restores natural oils other shampoos strip away.

Know an inner glow of beauty—a radiance less luxurious shampoos can't match! It takes the magic touch of egg.

Hidden highlights come to life—a thousand thousand natural highlights yours only with the protein-fresh lather of Helene Curtis SHAMPOO PLUS EGG.

Cheer for Monty

After seeing "Red River" nearly nine years ago, Montgomery Clift has been my favorite actor. Mr. Clift has come a long way since then and has had his share of success and disappointment. Many things have been written about him, some good, but mostly bad. They say he is uncooperative, moody and down-right rude.

A short time ago I saw Mr. Clift in New York while I was attending the premiere of his new movie, "The Young Lions," and I want you to know that the criticisms I've heard about him are, in my opinion, far from true. Yes, he has changed—both spiritually and physically since his tragic accident, but I think that with a little effort, patience and understanding on all our parts, Mr. Clift will again be the healthy and energetic person he was.

EILEEN GEIGER
Montclair, N. J.

Movie Masterpiece

Three cheers for the finest movie in years, "Sayonara." Next to "Gone With the Wind" this is the most beautiful love story I've ever seen: in every way it is a masterpiece of film production. It has given me a clear and generous understanding of the ways of the East, and has torn down any barriers of prejudice and misconception I might have previously possessed. If every American could see "Sayonara," I believe we might reach a new peak in our understanding of other peoples.

LINDA SOFER
East Meadow, N. Y.

Funnier Than Dody?

After reading "I'm for Real, I Think" in your June issue, I'm wondering if Dody Goodman's family isn't even crazier than Dody. Anyway, thanks for some funny reading.

S. TUBBELL
Bayonne, N. J.

On Behalf of Debra

I'm writing this letter to ask a favor of Photoplay for me and all of Debra Paget's fans. The favor is to have a story about Debra's marriage to David Street. And better yet, please let Maxine Arnold write it. Last year in your May issue, I think, you had a story by her that was just wonderful. It was about Debra, and I still have it in my scrapbook. All of us fans would really appreciate it.

DIANNE WATTERTON
Norman, Okla.

Request answered. See page 31—En.
Women of all ages have faced the same problem, but, thanks to a Boston
doctor, today's daughters have a modern solution their mothers never knew.

Few people in the twenties would have called the girls who danced the
Charleston "old-fashioned." Nor, for that matter, the women who dared wear the
first form-fitting swim suits. They were the models of their "modern" age—and
now are the mothers and grandmothers of girls today.

But as up-to-date as these women may have been then, they were (through no
choice of their own) old-fashioned, in one particular way. The way in which they
coped with that age-old problem of monthly sanitary protection. And why?
Because, until now, few advances have been made in this particular field of
feminine hygiene.

Of course, there was the introduction of the first commercial sanitary
naps after World War I. But aside from the advantage of being disposable, these actually
were only a slight improvement over the homemade pads that women had used
for generations. The problems of twisting, binding and slipping, along with chafing
and odor, were ever present.

And as for tampons (which came along a decade later)—these had so many
apparent shortcomings, like bulky cardboard applicators, that the majority of
women were reluctant to use them.

Pondering this problem some years ago, the late Arthur B. Donovan, a prominent
Boston doctor and obstetrician, decided it was time to do something about it. He
saw the obvious need for a better, more comfortable method of sanitary
protection.

Like many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed "tamponage"
in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound.
Here, it seemed, was the best starting point.

Internal absorption, he reasoned, would eliminate odor—do away with chafing and
irritation. It would be completely invisible, eliminating ridges and bulges beneath
clothing. What's more, it would be a cleaner and, above all, far more comfortable
method of protection. In other words, it would offer the ultimate answer to all
women—provided, of course, the ideal tampon could be designed; one that would
be small, compact and easy to use—one that would assure women of napkin
absorbency. But this, as Dr. Donovan knew, was not as simple as it sounded.

In the years of research and experiment that followed, Dr. Donovan, a stern
perfectionist, resolved not to "give up" or consider his work completed until he had
answered every objection there had been to other types of internal sanitary
protection.

One of the biggest problems was that of insertion. Other tampons the doctor
knew, were encased in those bulky cardboard applicators in an attempt to solve
this particular problem. But this, according to reports from women, made the
tampons awkward and uncomfortable to use.

What's more, women complained that there was always the problem of disposing
of the applicator—especially difficult when away from home. Dr. Donovan
rejected this approach. He was determined to find a better solution.

One day, while analyzing the problem for the millionth time, simple logic sud-
denly gave him the answer. If forcing the insertion of a blunt-end tampon of dry
cotton caused discomfort and irritation of sensitive tissues—why not, he reasoned,
develop a tampon with a tapered tip.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made still another discovery. A unique
scientific development enabled him to coat the tip of the tampon with a newly
discovered material—an absolutely safe, clear substance that acted as a pre-lubri-
cant and assured gentle, medically-correct insertion. This coating on the tapered tip
dissolved harmlessly and eliminated the need for a bulky applicator. At last, Dr.
Donovan had found the solution.

Dr. Donovan achieved a small compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed
to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with mois-
ture, it gradually expanded sideways, adapting its shape to the individual. In
this way, the rate of absorbency was governed by each woman's needs. Signifi-
cantly, the tampon was designed to be stable in length—expansion being side-
ways only—the secret of why it fits without being felt.

Rigid, applicator-type tampons had to be made in three absorbencies. Dr. Dono-
van's discovery simplified this problem with one size—the world's tiniest tampon
—proved 25% more absorbent than ordinary tampons.

Tests with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that
exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Said one college girl, "These will now take the
place of the larger, bulky applicator-type tampons as those took the place of san-
itary pads." And a psychologist reported, "The complete comfort and utter confi-
dence women find in this new kind of tampon should change their outlook on
life—during those difficult days of the month."

The Campana Company was chosen to market this new product and today it is
sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of "Pursettes." A whole box of
"Pursettes"—smaller than a package of regular-size cigarettes—can be carried in
the tiniest purse. If you’d like to try "Pursettes," just send 15c to me, Mary
Morgan, Box F, Batavia, Illinois, and a generous sample will be sent to you.

As one woman who had never been able to use a tampon before said, "Dr. Dono-
van has made it possible for all women to use 'Pursettes.' What a blessing they are!"

And so it is that a doctor's invention gives today's women—married or single
—a far better method of coping with monthly sanitary protection. It does, in
fact, give today's daughters a modern solution their mothers never knew.
Something Very Exciting

Something very exciting happened to me . . . A radio program called "The Make Believe Ballroom" had a contest. The prize was a date with Frank Sinatra. To win it, you first had to become a Platter Picker Club member and get a card with a number on it. Then you had to name the song you thought was Frank Sinatra's best record. It had to be the same one Frank picked. The right one was a secret and not even Martin Block (who runs the program) knew the name of the song. Well, I had the right song and the judges picked my letter so I won.

When Mr. Block called me, I was out shoveling snow for a neighbor. So he had to call again. When I came in my mother said, "Nancy, I love you." I had to feel her head, I thought she was mad because I was late coming home. Then the phone rang and Mr. Block told me I won the contest. I got scared because I heard my voice on the radio, too. I screamed and couldn't say another word for awhile. Mr. Block said my mother was invited, too. She was thrilled. She's a Sinatra fan.

In case you're wondering what my entry said, it went like this . . .

"April in Paris" is the greatest Frank Sinatra recording because it is "The Voice" at his best and hearing it I can understand why my mother played hookey to see him at the Paramount ages ago. P.S. My mother only did it once, she says.

My mother wasn't so anxious to send it in. She said it wasn't saying much for her. I guess it did sound like she was real old. Or maybe she didn't want her mother to know she played hookey once.

My date with Frank Sinatra was on a Wednesday night and now I'll tell you all about it.

We were called for in a long, black limousine at about seven o'clock and were driven to the Waldorf-Astoria. We were both (mother and me) wearing the beautiful white orchids Mr. Sinatra sent us.

Mr. Sinatra came out in the rain to help us out of the car—me first. He said he was happy I could come. I'm glad he helped me out; my knees were shaking.

We met Mr. Block, his wife and Mr. Martin Wolfe. I think he was my mother's date. Anyway, I'm glad he was there. My mother didn't bother me much. We went into the lobby and my date told me not to be nervous, there wasn't anything to worry about. I never had a date before or had so many people watching me. Photographers were snapping our pictures all the time. Mr. Sinatra showed me the big Easter Egg display in the lobby of the hotel and told me the names of the lovely flowers around it.

We ordered dinner together but first I had a Shirley Temple cocktail. It's red. I felt better after that. Mr. Block and Mr. Sinatra both held my hands. I really felt important. I had shrimp, steak, corn and carrots. I ate most of it. Mr. Sinatra let me take a little taste of his wine. I liked the Shirley Temple cocktail better. He muttered little, tiny pieces of toast and fed them to me. We talked about school and I told him my teacher would like him to sing with the glee club some time. He laughed. I told him about my father and brother. Then he and Mr. Block and Mr. Wolfe talked about golf, "Bing," and "Hope" and it was very interesting, so I listened.

The entertainment was Varel and Bailly and the Chanteurs de Paris. They sang in French and I didn't understand it, but the music was very pretty. I asked Mr. Sinatra if he knew what they were saying. He said he understood some of it. Lots of people did. They all laughed at the same time.

Mr. Sinatra signed loads of autographs and before he did he would always ask who they were for and would write something extra. My mother got one too. She wanted one for my brother but he's a Perry Como fan and she didn't want to ask him to sign Mr. Como's name. Mr. Sinatra had his arm about me and was acting like a real date. After dinner, they all ordered coffee and I asked for some, too. I always have milk, but just this time, I wanted to be a real young lady. My date fixed it with lots of cream and sugar, so it wasn't too bad. A man in a fancy uniform (he had a big key on a gold chain around his neck) brought us a Pepsi and Mr. Sinatra and I drank it with straws from the same glass. Then Emil Coleman, the leader of the orchestra, serenaded us on his violin.

We left after 11:00 p.m. and Mr. Sinatra helped me with my coat and I was sorry the evening was almost over. We stopped in the lobby for pink peppermints. Mr. Sinatra walked me out to the car after we all said goodbye to Mr. Block and his wife and Mr. Wolfe. When we got to the car, I got in and Mr. Sinatra said "Are you going to kiss me goodnight or are you going to run away?" So I kissed him. Then he said, "Well, please kiss me on the cheek." So I did, while my mother stood out in the rain.

He said goodbye to my mother and that he enjoyed the evening very much. He did not kiss my mother; he shook her hand. Then we drove off. I told my mother he was a real gentleman.

I had a wonderful time and I'll never forget it.

Nancy Klapper, Age 11
Bayside, N. Y.

Recipe for a perfect evening: A pretty girl, white orchids and Frank Sinatra
Don’t risk “razor shadow” on legs and underarms. It’s so easy to avoid “razor shadow”, that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet. New baby-pink Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach... leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there’s never a hint of “razor shadow” because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet: either lotion or cream—you’ll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
That Ivory Look
so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Baby is delighted with the loveliness of That Ivory Look—a look your complexion can have with a simple change to regular Ivory care. Ivory Soap is so white and pure, smells so fresh and clean—gentleness itself to give your complexion that clear, pure look...That Ivory Look!

More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap

Wash your face regularly with pure, mild Ivory Soap. Gentle enough for a baby's skin—the beauty soap you want for yours.
Marriage to Debra was David Street's fifth, her first. On and off, ten weeks later, it was ended.

Sad-voiced but without bitterness, David Street told me, "Debbie felt she got married too soon. All of a sudden, she said she wasn't in love with me. There's no enmity between us, no anger. This is a wonderful girl, an honest girl. Debbie just believed she'd made a mistake. When you feel that you aren't in love and you still try to go on, every little thing aggravates you. Then the other person tries a little more, a little harder, but it just gets worse and worse."

So a beautiful, blond girl waited in the gaudy Mexican town. Around her were chattering tourists who'd thronged across the bridge from El Paso, but she couldn't share the excitement of the neon's glare, the crowd's gaiety, the brassy music. Debra Paget waited in Juarez for the piece of paper that would dissolve a marriage—and a dream.

In Hollywood at the same moment, David Street was telling me their story for the first time: when they fell in love; why they made such a sudden decision to marry; why, in his eyes, the song—their song—was ending so soon. (Continued on page 90)
Dear Elvis, Here's the only complete record of your first day in the Army, taken by our photographer. Thought you'd like it for your scrapbook. All the best from the EDITORS

"Falling out" at 6:00 A.M., instead of going to bed--Ow!

A far cry from Romanoff's, but chow was okay--remember?

Here's the prize—we called six states to get this first color portrait in first Army outfit--fatigues!
'Ten-shun! Who said you can't stand so still? Here's proof

Now you know why the Army's slogan is "hurry up and wait"

The fine art of bedmaking—watch those wrinkles, son!

Look who got clipped. Feeling a bit light-headed, soldier?

Leaving scene of the crime. Oh, girls, the pity of it!

If the shoe doesn't fit—wear it! No more blue suades

A uniform makes a man—sharp. But ties are pain in the neck

Just one in a crowd—hoist that barracks bag and march!

Off to begin a new career as Pvt. Presley, ASN 53310761
All the men in my life
have been important to me,
in some way.
But I've never been so happy
as I was long ago when...

I USED TO
BE IN LOVE

Yes, I meant it,” Kim Novak said as she sat sipping minted ice tea in the living room of her Malibu beach house. “I used to be in love. Am I now?” she sighed wistfully. “No, not now—and it makes life emptier. Each love brings happiness—as well as hurt, and sadness, when it ends. But, I think... I feel each has brought me a greater knowledge of love and myself. I'm slow to learn what it really means, I know. I've stumbled—often. Others haven't always been kind in what they've said about my failures, but perhaps—even despite this—it's been worth it.” She gazed for a moment through a window at the sea, reflected blue from the bright summer sky. Was she thinking perhaps of her loves? Mercurial Frank Sinatra, whose elusiveness has dashed many a girl's romantic hopes. Mario Bandini, gallant and faithful, but asking that she give up so much for his (Continued on page 88)

by DON ALLEN
I feel like a jerk even now when I think about it...
by TAB HUNTER

I was boiling inside, and I blew my lid.
That was the beginning of my...

BLACKOUT

I'm the first person to agree with people that Tab Hunter is mixed-up. After all, if you're a person who's going to develop, a person who's going to grow and change—for the better, that is—you have to go through different phases. Some of them are black and unpleasant. I'm referring now to those dark periods of despondency and questioning, periods when everything seems oppressive and dim and somehow unreal. When they hit, you have to face up to them, come to your own decisions, and then let the world decide if you've done right or wrong. I guess I'm leading up to talking about my own black period. I might as well face it—blackout is a better word. I went way out on a limb, jumped off in the dark, and sat there holding my breath, scared like a rabbit who huddles nervously behind a bush, waiting for a hunter to make up his mind about which direction to take. Naturally I don't like to talk about it. But I've got to get over the feeling of wanting to hide from it. Norman Vincent Peale says every negative thing can be turned into a positive action. He calls it "growth living"—living, in other (Continued on page 85)

If something's troubling you, you forget about shame and disgrace
Caught in the tempest of Vic’s inner torment, is love enough to protect the Damones from perils that threaten their marriage?

Vic Damone said wistfully, “A wife’s place is in the home. I would like it if Anna could always be there.” He was thinking as he spoke that his words were futile, because “Anna” is Anna Maria Pierangeli, his beautiful and talented actress wife. At the moment Pier was back home, in the lovely house Vic bought, situated at the end of a dead-end street, nestled under a protecting mountain. But Vic was thousands of miles away, filling a night-club engagement at the Copacabana in New York. And Pier, who had been with him, had returned to Hollywood the day before “for business reasons.”

The storm that has surrounded the Damones is no secret. Vic has talked about it at length in print, and the gossip columnists have not failed to take advantage of the slightest gale, often blowing it up into a full-sized Nor’wester.

Actually, Vic’s nature is of such a texture that it is not one to blow with the wind, but to stand against it and fight it, even when just going indoors and taking shelter would be so much easier for all concerned. Because he is fashioned the way he is, he seeds the clouds. He creates some of his own troubles. Were he able to ignore small things which he considers slights or interference or willful attempts to hurt, he might forestall some of the stress which has dogged him.

Much of this stems from his extremely sensitive nature, and from an innate sense of insecurity.

If people can be too much in love for their own good, the Vic Damones are those people. Anna (Pier) can see no flaw in her mate. He is perfection. Vic worships her and their two-and-a-half-year-old son Perry (named for you-know-who). Neither courts outside companionship. They give their all to each other.

This might be fine on (Continued on page 77)

by DOROTHY SCHUYLER
I'm looking for the girl you are looking for?

It all happened this way: One day I was having lunch in a small Italian restaurant on New York's East Side with the editors of Photoplay. We'd polished off the movies with the main course (I'd gotten a few of my gripes about CinemaScope off my chest) and by the time the dessert—zabaglioni—came along, we'd gotten around to love. (I have a few pet ideas on that subject, too.) From love to this article was as easy as getting from the last spoonful of zabaglioni to the first sip of demi-tasse. It was a natural. For when I said I'd like to write an article about what we'd been discussing—all the things that are important to me and, I hope, to the girl I'll someday marry—the editor asked if I would put my thoughts on paper, exactly the way I'd spoken them, without "editing" myself or restraining myself at all.

Would I? Does a bird like to fly? Does a fish like to swim? Does an actor like to talk? In other words, I would! For one thing, I'm tired of "staying in my own department" and letting someone else do the writing. I'm also tired of being polite—saying the right, right thing and never really getting a chance to say, honestly, what I feel and think.

I think love—unlike what you learn in geometry—is more than the sum of all its parts. For if it's a good relationship, then each of the two people involved is a better person because of it. Being in love with someone helps bring out the better you. In little ways you find yourself becoming the person you've always wanted to be.

To me, love is something outgoing and giving. It helps us to grow into better human beings. (Continued)

by GEORGE NADER

Does a bird like to fly? Does a fish like to swim? Does an actor like to sound off? Yes! When Photoplay gave me a chance to write what I really think, I jumped at it! And since love is what most of us want, why not discuss it?
I think the first stage of love, like the first stage of friendship, consists of two people getting to know all about each other. I don't know what you're like, but I've been living with myself for umpteen years, so I should have a pretty fair idea of what makes me tick. What am I like? For one thing, I'm a California boy. I was born in Pasadena, just a stone's throw from Hollywood. If you like easy living, a swim in the
Pacific in the morning (as above, with Ingrid Goude), sending down to Barone's afterward for a plate of spaghetti when you're ravenously hungry—or settling for hot dogs on paper plates when you aren't—then you'd like my way, the California way, of living.

What else? Well, as you may gather, I love swimming and do lots of it (and it's good for me) . . . I hate nightclubs and won't go into them unless the entertainment is exceptional. (It hardly ever is.) I . . . I like (Continued on page 74)
the untold story of
LANA TURNER'S SHAME

I am to blame for it all!” a sobbing Lana Turner cried over and over, after her fourteen-year-old daughter, Cheryl Crane, who confessed to stabbing Lana’s love, John Stompanato, to death with a sharp, ten-inch butcher knife, had been taken away from her to Juvenile Hall to await a hearing. “I am to blame!”

... Was she?

On April 11th, a week after the Good Friday tragedy, an inquest was held to establish the facts.

Cheryl Crane was excused, on the ground that she had already given a complete statement to the authorities.

Mickey Cohen, ex-racketeer pal of Johnny Stompanato, who had claimed the body and become a prominent performer in the proceedings, being the source who released Lana’s torrid love letters to Johnny to the press, promised fireworks which fizzled when he refused to identify the body, “for the reason that I may be accused (Continued on page 81)

by JEAN LEWIS
clues to: IS LANA GUILTY?

Like Judy Garland, she was pampered and overprotected, grew up much too fast. At fifteen—snatch from a soda fountain to stardom as sexy “sweater girl” left scars.

Divorce, bitter custody battle marred the joy of Cheryl's birth.

She didn’t bother to find out Steve Crane’s divorce wasn’t final, rewed after annulment for baby’s sake.

She said, “This is forever” when she married Bob Topping. Forever lasted about four years.

She asked husband Lex Barker to move.

A broken Lana nearly collapses after inquest, comforted by lawyer.

Daughter Cheryl turned to Steve Crane first after the Stompanato stabbing.
getting personal with Paul
6:20 came a sleepy voice from behind the door of the St. Moritz' plush suite 16A. “Even the milkman isn’t up yet!” A shuffling of feet, a minute’s wait and a sleepy-eyed Paul Anka in blue and white striped robe and pj’s opened the door for Photoplay. “Hi,” he yawned at the assorted staffers in the hall. “Come on in.” Paul limped back to bed, sitting on the edge until he woke up a bit. As photographer Gene Cook began popping flash-bulbs, writer Ernie Stone started popping questions at the sixteen-year-old singer-

(Continued)
songwriter whose hit record, “Diana,” skyrocketed him to fame. “About not being up and dressed . . .” Paul began, and we said we understood. The coffee he’d ordered for everyone arrived, along with his breakfast of orange juice, double order of bacon, eggs and toast. “Boy! Am I going to sleep when I get on that plane back home to sweet little Ottawa,” he said as he gulped some orange juice. “We started recording two o’clock yesterday afternoon, worked until near five. Then we came back at nine and cut until two this morning. This is my first album—I want it to be good. Sure is hard work, but I think it’s coming out fine.” He was beginning to come awake and as he spoke in sudden rushes of words, it was obvious that Paul, for all his tender years, catches on to things quickly. (Continued on page 80)
“Great!” exclaims Paul, surprised as idea works. He’s modest, despite his solid music training.

“Whoopee!” shouts Paul in boyish burst of enthusiasm. Record session over, he ran for hotel to meet fans. Supper gives Paul rare chance to be alone. After call to family in Ottawa, he flopped in bed, at 9:30, beat.
She lived in a teenage dream. Now the realities of life and love are calling...

wake up, little

The girl was hunched down in a seat in the projection room. Her lips were drawn in a thin, tight line. Her brown eyes were frightened, and she was tugging nervously at a strand of her long, dark hair.

“Hey, Susie!” Henry Fonda called out. “You’ll love the picture. You were great!”

Susan Strasberg stopped pulling at her hair and forced a smile. “Sure. Great like Donald Duck!”

The lights went out in the projection room and the people who had assembled to watch the first studio preview of “Stage Struck” quickly settled themselves. Susan Strasberg sank back still further, looking tinier than ever. When the picture started, Susie shifted positions and curled up in a little knot. Each time one of her scenes came on, she squirmed, twisted her hair and seemed almost to try to crawl right into the upholstery.

When the preview was over and the lights were turned on, Fonda called to her. “Well, how’d you like yourself, Susie?”

Susie was dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief. “I didn’t,” she said in a choked sort of way. Then the tears gushed forth in earnest. “They cut some of my best scenes!” she cried.

Co-star of “Stage Struck,” Henry Fonda ambled over and sat beside her. “But that’s picture business,” he said consolingly.

“I guess so,” Susie nodded, mopping her eyes again. “But my voice! Did you hear my voice? You can accept the fact that you may look terrible, but you expect your voice, at least, to sound lovely.”

“You’re too conscientious,” Fonda smiled. “But you’ll get over it.”

That was last year, and Susie hasn’t gotten over it, yet. She’s one of the biggest worriers in the movie industry. And she knows it. “I’ve been that way all my life,” she says. (All her life means exactly 20 years.) “When I was little,” she goes on, “I used to worry about whether my dolls liked the names I’d given them—they were chosen from the Bible or Shakespeare. When I was thirteen, I had a terrible time trying to decide whether to become (Continued on page 92)

by PATTY DE ROULF

“They kid me a lot on the set. It helps, because I’m a terrible worrier”
“I hope I make it through this adolescent-to-woman stage. There’s a romantic part I’d like, but I know I must be ready for it”
The rumor was going around that Sergeant Bilko had come up with a real dilly of a scheme for the platoon welfare fund—which, of course, is just another way of saying that the proceeds land in Bilko’s pockets. It wasn’t too clear what this scheme was all about, except that somehow Polly Bergen was involved. Now this made sense because Polly and Bilko’s friend Phil Silvers are old buddies from way back. Except another thing, though, which was that Polly just didn’t seem the type to get involved in a Bilkoan enterprise.

So we hopped over to Polly’s and started to explain the scheme, which was very difficult since it involved a parakeet, a calliope and a cigar box. Polly listened very intently, not changing from the real serious expression that had come across her face as soon as the name of Bilko had come into the conversation; not blinking or even smiling when the explanation of the scheme got tangled up in the lonely stretch of highway that leads from Roseville, Kansas, to Fort Baxter—Bilko’s estate, you know.

She merely took her glasses off and started talking.

“Did you know that at the age of eleven Phil Silvers sang in a movie house in Brooklyn whenever the projector broke down?” she said. “The house lights would come up and Phil would have to jump up on the stage,
Phil: “Ha—she tried to sing a hillbilly number at the wedding, but she’ll bust Sgt. Bilko in clay only!”

take his glasses off, spread his arms wide and sing something soothing. On the face of it, there wouldn’t seem to be much future in something like that, not only because it didn’t pay much, but also because it depended on the film-breaking or a projector popping a gasket. But even then, at the age of eleven, the Bilko technique was well developed. Yes, sir, those lights came on quite often in that Brooklyn movie house. I understand that the projectionist retired at an early age.

“Excuse me,” she said. She rose and did a dainty pirouette. The NBC rehearsal hall, where Polly was working on her Saturday night “The Polly Bergen Show,” was just the right place for this sudden little touch of show business. She was dressed in tights and had been sitting, in the traditional behind-the-scenes show-business way, on a chair turned around. Finishing the pirouette, she came to a sudden halt, flung her arms out and started to sing—except that she was just mouthing it. Then, just as suddenly as she had started, she stopped.

“I feel so good!” said the ex-Pepsi-Cola Girl. “Now that may seem odd since this is (Continued on page 94)

by DAVID PAUL
Natalie Wood—whatever happened to the girl I knew? . . . Bob Wagner muses. . . . She’s gone now, like a butterfly that flutters from flower to flower in a short, gay, giddy life in the summer sun. Gone with the toy tigers, the ragged haircut, the pink bedroom, the giggles and the mink stole with the toreador pants. And in her place is a very different Natalie—you, my wife, my love. How can I put into words the never-ending wonder of you? You are like the summer day itself—your smile its warmth, your laughter its brightness, your eyes its cool, quiet shadows.

At one moment, you’re lively as a trout in a sparkling stream; the next, deep and calm as a still pool. I see you on our boat, the ninety-five pounds of you swallowed by one of my old sweaters, with a smudge on your nose, swabbing the decks, singing sea chanties. Again, I see you in the evenings, listening to records with me, your hair a dark frame for your face, grave and sweet as a Madonna’s.

Restaurants are strange places to learn about your wife, but every time we go into one, I discover something new. The way you parry questions at a luncheon interview, with a dignity and ease that makes me marvel. The way you look—as if you’d just stepped out of a bandbox. The way the waiters like you, because you’re friendly and considerate. And I remember the pixie who loved boisterous pranks in drive-ins, and I think, “My girl’s grown up!”

Give me a whole day to write the reasons why I love you, and I couldn’t do it. There’s your serious look when you scramble eggs—as if your life depended on it. And your mournful, helpless expression when they turn out wrong. Your frown, as you sit at the kitchen table, struggling valiantly to check a pile of grocery bills and laundry lists. Your spluttering and splashing in
in a swimming pool, like a carefree kid. The wonderful performances you put on just for me, prancing around our living room in bare feet, playing every part.

Dear girl, I’m so glad I married an actress. How else could I see all of “Marjorie Morningstar” and “Kings Go Forth” without even going to the movies? But seriously, I wouldn’t care if you were just Little Mrs. Homebody. Because I’ve learned one very important thing: Through the eyes of love, any woman is beautiful. For it is love that makes a woman glow and grow. And the sight of it is lovelier than anything else on earth. To you, I make this silent vow: To keep that loveliness in your life, always. To cherish you, and walk hand in hand with you, and grow with you through the years. So that, when autumn comes for us, we will keep the warmth and glory of this summertime.
PHOTOPLAY'S YEARBOOK—CLASS OF '58!

"most likely to succeed"

Comes the joyful month of June and things suddenly burst into a happy frenzy of activity. Graduation, parties, dances, new jobs, vacations, showers, weddings—enough to leave you breathless for the whole summer! If you're in school, one of the most pleasant events before vacation is the appearance of your yearbook.

This year, we decided to publish a yearbook, too, to bring back for you the new faces and personalities of the past year. They've made a big impression in movies, TV and on records and are now ready to graduate to the next niche of their careers. Here are the faces we (and you, by your letters) have chosen "Most Likely to Succeed."

What do you think it takes to succeed? Have fun, and fill in our Senior Poll after (Continued on page 84)

THE SENIOR POLL

Who wins your vote for the star senior poll? Fill in your choices!

GIRL

BOY

BEST LOOKING

BEST DRESSED

BEST DANCERS

WITTIEST

BEST ATHLETES

LONE WOLVES

BEST MIXERS

MOST POPULAR

PEPPIEST

BEST ACTORS/SINGERS

BRAINIEST

SHIEST
MOLLY BEE
Born Aug. 18, Oklahoma City, Okla. Cute gal who loves casual life—riding, Levis, hay rides, guitars—most of all, singing. Admits other interests flighty.

YVONNE CRAIG
Born May 16, Taylorville, Ill. Shy-impulsive; graceful; loves strenuous exercise, lots of food; prefers casual clothes, sewing; aspiring ballerina.

ROBERT EVANS
Born June 29, New York City. Boyish charm with a provocative grin; ex-DJ; likes home-cooked steaks, "feminine," shy girls, soft music, hard tennis.

DOLORES HART
Born Oct. 20, Chicago, Ill. Sweet; ready to please; thoughtful; grownup; neat dresser; quiet-extrovert; promising actress; religious.

DENNIS HOPPER
Born May 17, Dodge City, Kans. Often moody, shuts himself up days painting, reading; opinionated; likes New York, quiet girls; big popcorn eater.

ROBERT IVERS
Born Dec. 11, Seattle, Wash. Confesses once moody and lonely, now friendlier, lacks inhibitions; good athlete; teased for being "hand-talker."

BARRY COE
Born Nov. 26, Los Angeles, Calif. Lives alone but doesn't like it. Hi-fi-bug, gadgeteer, sports and health-food addict, camera fiend and philosopher.

SANDRA DEE
Born April 23, Bayonne, N. J. Chatter-box with brains; smart dresser; self-critical, worry wart; loner; shy with boys; witty with girls; cuddly.

CONNIE FRANCIS
Born Dec. 12, Newark, N. J. Tiny and bright; NYU scholarship winner; likes cha cha, salami sandwiches in a.m., hit disc, "Who's Sorry Now?"

EARL HOLLIMAN
Born Sept. 11, Delhi, La. Known for comic antics, tall, long-legged Earl's always good for a laugh. Roles from killers to cowboys. Good mixer, date.

WILL HUTCHINS
Born May 5, Los Angeles, Calif. Stranger-shy but chatty about acting, boxing, Dixieland; droll humorist; plays dating field, dislikes sophisticated "dames."

YVONNE LIME
Born April 14, Glendale, Calif. Bubbly as champagne; open, honest. Collects records, stray animals. Church worker, riding-singing-dance lesson-taker.
### CAROL LYNLEY
Born Feb. 13, New York, N. Y.
Model-turned-star; natural goldilocks; weight worrier; flip date bait; home sewer; likes straw hats, blue anything.

### RICK NELSON
Born May 8, Teaneck, N. J.
Teens’ delight; quiet, poised; loves his guitar, sneakers, cars, hamburgers, rock ‘n’ roll, but not vegetables, word teenager.

### SUSAN OLIVER
Born Feb. 13, New York, N. Y.
Outgoing green-eyed blond, socially at-ease anywhere; likes parties, people, poetry, talking; dislikes nightclubs.

### TONY PERKINS
Born April 4, New York, N. Y.
Sensitive, shy-dynamic; boyish intellectual; music, book, dog, outdoor lover; prefers sneakers, casual dress, living alone.

### VENETIA STEVENSON
Quiet with men, chatty with girls, popular with both. Heart belongs to Battlin’ Bim, her horse. Digs psych, sewing.

### NATALIE TRUNDY
Born Aug. 5, Boston, Mass.
Freckle-faced beauty, bubbling personality; outdoor girl (swimming, boating, riding, tennis); record and book worm.

### JAMES MACARTHUR
Born Dec. 7, Los Angeles, Calif.
To know Jim is to like him. Unspoiled, with a terrific sense of humor, he’s on cloud eight when acting and/or traveling.

### LESLIE NIELSEN
Born Feb. 11, Regina, Canada.
Six-feet-two with eyes of blue; strong, silent type; athletic, artistic, music lover; expert chef and avid reader on art.

### LUANA PATTEN
Born July 6, Long Beach, Calif.
Wary of strangers but warm with friends. Digs water and snow skiing, cooking, sewing, listening to be-bop the most.

### INGER STEVENS
Born Oct. 18, Stockholm, Sweden.
Great talker, from philosophy to flying saucers; subtle humorist; prefers older men, “brains,” independence.

### DEAN STOCKWELL
Born March 5, N. Hollywood, Calif.
Serious worker, actor, thinker; dark, quiet type; loner; music and book lover; prefers to dress casually.

### PAT WAYNE
Born July 15, Los Angeles, Calif.
A great chess player, the family calls him “The Brain.” Quiet, soft-spoken; football, baseball, swimming whiz.
the
honeymoon
is over

"Who am I to talk about marriage?" Paul Newman bristled. "No, I'm not your man. Anyway, I refuse to talk about my marriage for what I consider a very good reason. I have hurt my first wife enough already. I don't want to hurt her any more!" And with this resounding blast, Paul brought down his own iron curtain around the Woodward-Newman merger. Nobody could blame him. At the former Newman home in Long Island, his ex-wife, Jackie, is tackling the double task of rebuilding her own life and raising the three Newman children—Scott, seven, Susan, five, and Stephanie, three. Paul's stand was the right thing, the gentlemanly thing to do.

Unfortunately for Mr. Newman's good intentions, his present wife, Joanne Woodward, walked off with an Academy Award for her performance in "Three Faces of Eve." And on top of that, he and Joanne scored a joint triumph in 20th's "The Long, Hot Summer." All of which has created a public consumed with curiosity about the couple, whether they like it or not. And fortunately for that public, a number of peepholes have developed in the Newman iron curtain—a good many of them made, unwittingly, by Joanne and Paul themselves. Enough of them to form a fascinating picture of what happens when two handsome newlyweds, showered with fame and fortune, come down off Cloud Nine with a thud when they realize the honeymoon is over.

When Joanne was a little girl in Georgia, she says, "I was a great, fat hulk of a thing. I was so self-conscious about it, I couldn't even speak to boys. So I'd sit in my room, gorging with fudge, and taking refuge in two dreams. (Continued)"
In one, I was a beautiful actress in a dazzling gown, sweeping up to the stage with applause ringing in my ears, to be presented with the Academy Award. In the other, I met a handsome man who fell madly in love with me, and we were married.”

The odds against either of those dreams, let alone both, coming true were so overwhelming that when it actually happened, Joanne still couldn’t quite believe it.

Almost up to the day when, trembling in her new beige chiffon with matching gloves, she sped to Las Vegas to meet and marry Paul Newman, it was a dream that she had fought against, and never dared to hope would become reality. (Continued on page 71)
have fun, be mad,
Wear your favorite star’s autograph, hand and footprints on your beach clothes! Make your own Grauman’s Chinese Theatre Collection with our Free patterns!

join Hollywood’s newest fad!

It’s the latest around Hollywood,” Carol Lynley explained to us and Sal Mineo. Carol had just returned from making her first picture, Walt Disney’s “The Light in the Forest.” “All the kids are doing it . . . sewing their favorite star’s autograph on summer beach togs.” Pencil autographs blur and ink smears—but stitches stay put after laundring.”

“Madness,” teased Sal.

“Then some of the kids got the idea of copying the hand and footprints out at Grauman’s. Some of us who knew some stars went one step further. We started to collect our own—Tab Hunter’s, Nick Adams’, Dean Stockwell’s, Jimmie Rodgers’ . . .”

“Not mine,” laughed Sal, pretending to run. “I’m off to Columbia—for ‘Tubie’s Monument.’”

(Continued)
Sewing

Hollywood's newest fad!

(continued)

“What girl’s collection would be complete without your big feet?” flipped Carol. Sal laughingly agreed to give her outlines and autograph. She showed him how she stitched on his own John Hancock!

“How about sharing your collection with our readers?” we asked. And, surprisingly, Carol said, “Sure.” They’re all yours for the asking. For Free!

Tab said: “Make a poncho with punch!” Carol did by decorating one with Tab’s own hand and autograph. “It’s my favorite mad-fad fashion,” Tab said, proud of his fashion idea.

Dean Stockwell says: “She’ll never walk alone.” Neither will you with his footsteps following behind. Carol’s beach chemise is made from two towels. It’s so easy to make and wear!

FOR FREE PATTERNS AND INSTRUCTIONS

Which star’s feet, hand and autograph patterns do you want? Want directions for making the terry toppper, beach poncho, beach chemise? And how ’bout instructions for making your own boyfriend’s hand, foot and signature outlines? Just state your choice of star and other free directions, and send them plus a long, business envelope (stamped with at least 6¢), self-addressed to: Photoplay, Dept. NE, 205 East 42nd St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.

SEE TAB IN WARNERS’ “DAMN YANKEES”
don’t be difficult

or 7 wonderful ways to mess-up a romance

by Carolyn Jones

with an assist from Nick Adams
You think Nick and I are kidding in the pictures on these pages? Well, we were—but if you’ve never been caught in similar poses yourself, you’re a rare female,” said Carolyn Jones between picture takes. “If you’ve got time, I’ve lots of opinions on how to and how not to treat the man in your life. Okay?

“I believe in basics and, thank heavens, so does my husband Aaron Spelling. We feel you have to strip all the long-winded jazz off living and come right back to basics. But please,” she added with a wave of her hand, “don’t get the idea we hit on a ‘philosophy of love’ right at the start. We hated each other immediately (possibly because when I met him, I couldn’t believe he was the grand and glamorous drama teacher and director I’d been hearing about and promptly introduced myself to the wrong man!). Anyway, as you can see, it wasn’t love at first sight—which was lucky, in a way, because we discovered one an- (Continued on page 76)
HE: I mean, I don't want to burden you with my problems, but do you think my agent's right—a location trip to Outer Mongolia might be dangerous?

SHE: I must have been out of my mind to buy this shade of lipstick! Makes me look like a corpse.

HE: If it was August, I wouldn't mind—but January!

SHE: It looks pink but the label says “Vampire Red.”

MORAL: Never listen to his troubles, just concentrate on your own—they're more important anyway!

SHE: What did Em do when Sy hit the cop?

HE: Come on, we're an hour late already.

MORAL: Don't hang up! Give him the idea he's going to spend his life with your friends.

HE: Wait'll you hear the joke Bob Wagner told me yesterday! It all started when . . .

SHE: If you think that's good, wait till you hear what Nat told me today! It seems . . .

MORAL: Always top his jokes and stomp on his witty remarks. Remember—anything he can do, you can do better—much better.

HE: But honey, everybody says the “My Fair Lady” album is the greatest. I'm not the only one, really!

SHE: Once and for all—I don't like rock 'n' roll!!

MORAL: Stay dumb! Avoid all his interests.
That was what Alan Ladd called his son, David, in fun—until he was faced with a big decision.

Alan Ladd winked at his wife sitting on the sofa beside him and looked poker-faced out through the wide-opened glass doors to the patio. A smile flickered at the corners of Sue’s mouth but she suppressed it and looked directly ahead, too. Outside in the bright sunlight the shrubbery to their right quivered and occasionally they could see a bare foot moving behind it. The family boxer, Brindy, and three brown dachshunds frisked at the bare feet, stopping occasionally to strike head-cocking poses, deeply interested in what went on behind the greenery.

Presently a tow-headed boy, wearing one of his father’s coats which swallowed his arms and legs, stepped from behind the bushes, walked gravely to the middle of the “stage” and bowed. Behind him the family swimming pool shimmered in (Continued on page 97)
This is good acting! David, in reality, hasn't a qualm about horses, having been thoroughly schooled in riding for years at the Ladd ranch by an expert—Alan. Role as mute boy calls for difficult, sensitive work.

Like father, like son. David idolizes Alan, often amuses him by taking off his acting roles to a T. He won his part in "The Proud Rebel" without any assistance from his dad, who didn't agree to star in the film until he became interested in the role of the father while helping David rehearse his lines!
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THE HONEYMOON IS OVER  
Continued from page 61

Ever since they met in 1963, when both were struggling hopefully on Broadway, getting their first breaks as underudies in “Picnic,” she and Paul had been running away from each other. Subconsciously, from their first long talks that filled the long hours of the long night, they were aware of the backstage. They knew that there was a strong attraction between them. But Paul had a wife and children, and being nice, decent people, they could not take that fact lightly.

When the play closed, there was one mad cross-country chase after another to escape the children, so the feared might become too strong to handle. Joanne rushed to Hollywood, to work in TV shows. But no sooner was Paul signed by Warners for “The Silver Chalice” than he rushed back to New York. But the inevitable happened. Joanne’s performance in a TV show so impressed 20th Century-Fox executives that they signed her to a contract. From then on, with both working very hard, Joanne wanted to be absolutely sure. When the picture was finished, they parted once more, Joanne returning to her apartment in New York, Paul going to Mexico.

The second time they met, they were gray, deep in their hearts, they had known all along—that they were in love, they would always be in love, and they might as well accept the inevitable. So, on January 29th in Las Vegas, one of Joanne’s dreams came true. But no wonder, that even as Paul slipped the platinum-and-diamond wedding—and engagement—rings around Joanne’s finger, she still couldn’t quite believe it.

And the fulfillment of her second dream seemed just as unreal. She hadn’t even wanted to make “Three Faces of Eve.” She had been agreeable to it, without reading the script, out of desperation, after seeing her career languish through many months when the studio was unable to come up with anything suitable for her. She didn’t look at it until she was on her way to Hollywood—and then, she says, “My first reaction was to jump right off that train and go back to New York. It’s hard enough to play one leading role well—but three! It was too much. Then I decided that I’d just go out there and just tell them I refuse to do it.”

Reluctantly, she took the part after much persuasion on the part of the studio, and in spite of—or perhaps because of—this discouraging fact. “I wondered why they asked an unknown like me to play it,” Joanne says dryly, “I found out it was because they couldn’t get anybody else they wanted.”

Even after she was nominated for the Oscar, Joanne couldn’t believe she would get it, and stoutly declared, “I don’t care, it will go one way or another.” A thrifty girl who remembers the days of struggle in New York, when she lived on $60 a month (“It can be done, but I don’t recommend it”), she wasn’t about to invest a lot of money in a gown for the occasion. She made her own, fashioning yards of green satin into a dress as pretty as any “store bought” creation.

Then, there she was on the night of sitting beside the man she calls “my beautiful husband,” watching them open the white envelope, hearing her name, walking to the stage with applause ringing in her ears to receive the Oscar. That she really had won—for the girl who had tried so hard to run away from both her dreams.

“What’s next, Joanne?” asked a good friend jokingly, at the party after the awards ceremony.

Looking lewelly with her big green eyes, at the man who had questioned her, Joanne didn’t hesitate a moment in giving her answer: “A baby.”

The newlywed actress who gushes, “I want lots of babies” has become a Hollywood cliché. But coming from Joanne, it’s a different story. In the first place, she doesn’t want them all at once. She’s a nonconformist who says exactly what she thinks, let the sacred cows fall where they may. “I know it gets me into a lot of hot water,” she admits, “but how can I have any integrity if I can’t be honest?”

In the second place, a close friend, actress Gaby Rodgers, confides, “Joanne always talked about wanting children.”

Actress pictures that Paul and Joanna Roberts, says, “Joanne has a very maternal nature—to children, to her friends. To Paul! Extremely so.”

And because, Joanne’s desire to put motherhood first in her future is unquestionably genuine. It also effectively squelches the dire predictions some people made. “Of course, Paul’s happy that she wants to have children,” says Joanna. “But don’t be surprised if it causes some friction later. After all, he’s a good actor, too, and he could feel resentful at Joanne’s winning before he did.”

Paul, the Silent One, is undoubtedly laughing up his sleeve at this. When he knows the only role Joanna really wants to play is that of mother, family competition is the last thing he’s worrying about.

But the Newmans do realize that the problem of two careers is one they have to face, now that the honeymoon is over. Joanne is on her first marriage, the firm decision: “We will make more pictures together,” they say.

Their friend, Meade Roberts, explains, “I’m quite sure Joanne and Paul feel that they’re going to have to work together, no matter what. They’ve said they will, with each other, and this isn’t good for a successful marriage. Even in a picture or play, where both were shown to equal advantage, they know that one performance always comes off better than another, and they don’t want that.”

Would Joanna give up acting if Paul wanted her to?

“I doubt if Paul would ever ask her to give him up, but if he really jeopardizing their marriage, she wouldn’t hesitate a minute. Marriage to Paul means more to her than a career. She’s madly in love with him. She absolutely adores him.”

But what about Joanne, who a short time ago confided in an exclusive interview to Photoplay that she really didn’t want to be an actress, because acting had only been a minor part of solving childhood problems, and what she really wanted was to become a child psychologist?

“I don’t doubt that Joanne was sincere,” says Meade thoughtfully. “She’s no scatter-brain, but she’s interested in the most intelligent people I know. Not because she’s my friend and I like her, but because she really is. But I can’t see her giving up the business entirely, because she has an artistic impulse that must be expressed.”

Paul undoubtedly goes along with this. He’s a great one for free artistic expression, and both he and Joanne have made it very clear that they will continue to act in the future. They’ve made it no secret that they are chasing under the bonds of their studio contracts, and want out, regardless of the financial dangers. The studio, however, has provided, and still provide, “I realize things like money and fame have their place,” Paul maintains, “but there are other things more important.”

“I think we’ll be a Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” at M-G-M, they plan to shoot the dust of Hollywood from their feet and return to their true love, New York. They hope to find suitable plays—separate plays to star in this fall.

They’ve kept an apartment in New York, but, Joanne says, “We’re going to look for a nice, big apartment, with lots of bedrooms—a house, even. We’ve got plans to buy a park, because we want four children!”

Anyone who has seen Paul with the children of his former marriage realizes that his feeling for little ones is just as strong as Joanne’s. He lavishes attention and tenderness on Stephanie, Susan and Scotty—named for his idol, F. Scott Fitzgerald—and he and Joanne can hardly wait until the children come to Hollywood to join them.

With the two big questions of children and careers hurdlesed, any other problems they have in adjusting to married life will be very minor. As is the incident of Joanne and the hats.

“I don’t think Paul had ever seen me in a hat,” Joanne says, “but when we were going on our honeymoon trip to London, I had so many hats I couldn’t find one, and bought three. Well, when I got home and put on the first one for Paul, he howled. So I put on the second one—and he went into hysterics. By the time I got to the third one, he was rolling on the floor! But,” she adds with a wicked grin, “I wore them anyway!”

Actually, they have so much in common that it would be hard to see how this marriage could go wrong. Says Meade Roberts, “They’re basically homebodies. They’re both terribly interested in the things they have in common—books and music. Paul loves horses, and Joanne now does, too. But, like any two people in love, it’s an emotional thing. Joanne is very emotional. Paul isn’t. He has a lot on something. On the other hand, Paul has a rare magnetic quality that draws people to him. Not that Joanne hasn’t, but she loves this quality.

It’s a strong, emotional, outgoing quality in Joanne that may prove to be the marriage’s strongest bond. The same way she brings home small, helpless puppies, the same way she has always been theundoing link that brings me close with her own divorced parents, or, though, she can step in to ease the hurts of Paul’s broken marriage and heal his wounds.

Both she and Paul have turned to analysis to help them, and they both admit that it has. They feel that they have gained a maturity and an insight into themselves they didn’t have before.

“I know now,” Joanne says, “that all my big headaches were of my making. The wonderful things just happened.”

She confesses that she’s made a lot of high-sounding statements about marriage, which, in the light of experience, have been sub- jected to revision. “There’s one point, however, on which she and Paul stand firm: They believe that when the honeymoon is over, that’s good. Because for them, it isn’t an end, but a beginning.”

Joanne’s in 20th Century’s “The Best of Everything.”
Bonjour, mesdames and messieurs!

This is just a quick note to tell you about Shirl's and my European adventure that's nearly over and almost didn't happen! It began one short week ago in our living room.

"But Pat," moaned Shirley, "what will happen to the girls if I leave?"

"It's not like you're being deported from the country forever," I kept reassuring her. "It's just a little old weekend in London and Paris." I mentioned the two appearances I had to make—at the Trocadero and the Palladium TV show in London—and how it would be a terrific time for us, a real second honeymoon. She was very sweet about it, but no dice.

Well, we argued back and forth Tuesday and Wednesday, and things really came to a head with the stubborn Boones Thursday when I hit home wearing the natty houndstooth Inverness cape I'd just bought at Saks Fifth Avenue.

"Where's Doctor Watson?" Shirl giggled.

That riled me. (Continued on page 87)
“Follow me, proud beauty—er off with your head!”

Souvenir-hunting!!

Real hicks—we gape out at Montmartre

On stage at London's Trocadero

Oops! Cherry tore this one! BOAC brought us home—

The girls loved their Parisian scarfs
people who are honest and I can't stand phonies... I like fried pork chops and creamed corn and ice cream sundaes at Wil Wright's... and I hate turnips. I don't like light-lifting, but I do it (it's good for me).

There are a few things I could improve on, like learning to temper my words with tact, but there'd be no point in foiling you. After all, I'm likely to wind up being the same person I was before we'd met. I don't think I'm likely to change much. I don't change my mind quickly. I kind of think things through and sleep on them. It takes me a long time to make up my mind, but when I do, it stays made up.

Even way back in high school I had the feeling I wanted to be a producer-director. It's something a corner of my mind still wants, but right now 99.9 per cent of my attention is devoted to acting, and I'm not even going to try to understand what chance to branch out. But the point is: It's all still there, way back in a corner of my mind. I got my first chance to act at Occidental College, when I got to play Tarsus, and I was really (pardon the pun!) I was pledging for a fraternity, and one of my duties, in order to be fraterized, was to act as a murderer in a play written by one of the other pledges. I didn't do very well, but said that "in the play, I murdered two actors, and every line I had to speak." Nevertheless, from there on in, I knew I had to be an actor. Before I was graduated, I was elected President of the Dramatic Society.

I like people and like to have them around. People like Bob Stack and Rory Calhoun and Hart Thiess, who is now Robert Taylor's leading lady in real life. I did "Memory of Love," in Sweden, and then "Carnival Story," with Anne Baxter, which was filmed in Hollywood and we shot our copies. That's a lot of mileage before I ever got my first real Hollywood movie break. But after that offers came fast and furiously.

Doing all that location-hopping taught me to appreciate travel, and I enjoy making pictures abroad. When Universal-International and I came to the parting of the ways last winter, I took assignments in London and Italy to make two pictures. I'm in Italy now, and (after hours) I'm pecking out this story on a typewriter.

Being a star has brought me lots of good things. For one, it's given me a better class of people to rub shoulders with. The hilltop place that you have to be a corkscrew-turn driver to be able to get to and do my own cooking and cleaning—but not because I like it best that way. It would be a different story if someone was waiting there for me, with a fire going in the fireplace and dinner waiting on the table. I could get used to that.

I think you would like my house. It's a place where we can have the garden open and cool off with a swim in my pool whenever we've a mind to. It also has (I'm sorry) a bedroom that's the messiest place in the house. That's where I have a desk set up where I answer my fan mail personally and set aside those letters which are sent out by my secretary. That room always looks as though it's in the process of being papered with postage stamps.

But the house has a lovely kitchen, all neat and efficient. I recognize that all it needs is a cheerful you in it, wearing a flowered apron and an apron. (I'm partial to frilly aprons, no matter how impractical they are.) Very often I'll take a couple of peanut butter sandwiches from home, so I can run through my paces at rehearsal and be eating a peanut butter sandwich, and never make a single one. You see, I like my work and I get keyed-up when I'm working. At a TV rehearsal, for instance, if I see Carol Lytle, I'll be able to make my costume changes on time; whether I'll be at the spot marked "X" when the camera shifts to there; whether I'll be there for the longshots when the longshots are in order, and for the closeups when the closeups are needed. When I come home at night, maybe I'd like to spend an hour talking with you about the pictures I've been interested in, and I'd love you for being interested.

I'll have to be honest. Stardom hasn't given me a sense of financial security by any means. Right now I'm free-lancing, and I've got a good picture in Sweden. I'd like to stay there, and when the picture appeals to me. It gives me a lot of personal freedom, and a sense of being my own man, but it isn't exactly the most secure life in the world. My steady work, which is what I'd like to be able to offer my wife—if I had one. All of which brings me back to the subject of love.

A while back, the jockey explained to the simulation people about acting together like a horse and carriage. They do? Does that mean like two objects, one living and the other inanimate, harnessed together? It seems to me picture love can't be right. And is it really true that you can't have one without the other? I doubt it, judging from the way so many people act in real life.

Now, before you don't get me wrong, I'm not making fun of marriage. And I'm not making fun of religion or of anyone's church. But I am making fun of the jocks (a word, by the way, one can't use on film unless it's too descriptive! Live) who are phony enough to say they believe in a set of values and then every day prove by their actions that they don't.

What I mean is that a lot of people use the word "love" when they're only talking about "sex," and that's what I object to. Love should imply a lot more than just sex drive.

You're just "fall in love with" or "fall for" someone and then start talking about getting married—not unless you're merely thinking of what is only one part of the relationship. For sex is about as much as a real love affair is worth... beavers are horerish. It's part of it, all right, but it takes on a completely different character.

To me, the main component of love is giving. No, I don't mean "giving up" or "being deprived of" or "sacrificing" anything. I mean that two people are giving, understanding each other, sharing knowledge, interest, humor and sadness, all the qualities that are alive in the—well, the qualities which set them apart from that dumb animal hitched to the cart we were talking about.

I don't claim these thoughts to be original. People far wiser and more experienced than I have written books about it. Dr. Mead, for instance, and "Art of Living," and I think it can clarify the subject for all of us. It costs only three dollars but to me was worth a million—for it put into words all the things I'd been thinking about for years.

I do think about things, and you'd have to put up with some very definite views, if you were my girl. Because I love to argue, as you'd soon find out. If you'd hear some loud grumblings from the end of a dinner table, chances are it'd be your shrink. It might be about CinemaScope or misconceptions about love or about the fact that I hate people who sit around moaning, or else I'd be talking to another Jimmy Dean.

If you ever hear anybody talking to me, you might as well know my answer will be a rather heated, "That's right, there will never be another Jimmy Dean—other than Jimmy Dean."

Lambert, another Jean Harlow, a Clark Gable, a Marlon Brando or a Marilyn Monroe—but why weep? There are still plenty of fresh faces with real talent—newcomers who aren't trying to be romantic copies. I know they exist." I might not convince anyone, but I do believe in having my say... and I'd like you to put up with it.

I'm a movie fan myself, and I hope you'll like the movies, too. It'd be fun to go together. But maybe, I hope, once in a while, you wouldn't mind leaving before the end of a CinemaScope picture because I can't stand CinemaScope—or at least, pictures which have nothing to offer aside from a wide screen. I think I'm fed up with being sold a bunch of mechanical wonderfulness and then being fed a flat line from ear to ear, and wide across the screen. I think I'd rather be sold a batch of good pictures. For what makes a picture good isn't CinemaScope—just sound or Vista Vision or Todd AO. A good picture starts with good writers, a good producer, a talented director, and competent actors. If you have that, then CinemaScope can do anything. But if it is thought you ought to be asked to stand on CinemaScope alone. (I told you I'd be opinionated!)

Another thing: I don't think pictures should be made "for everybody," for I think we've learned the lesson that when pictures try to please everyone, they wind up not pleasing anyone. Different people have to have different kinds of appeal. The only thing they need have in common is the striving for quality. And you get "quality" from the talent that goes into the making of a picture.

Speaking of talent, I was recently one of the judges in a nation-wide talent contest. All the people who were eighteen or under, were excellent: full of natural talent, original in their approach to acting, each one a distinct personality and no one pretending to be somebody else. It was obvious that they hadn't wasted their time perfecting another actor's mannerisms or patterns of speech. They'd spent their energies on something worthwhile and important, developing themselves individually.

That's something I'm a "bug" on. I don't think that many of us take the chance to develop as individuals. TV, movies and all of the other occupations seem intent on getting us to dress a certain way, live a certain way and act a certain way. We're developing into a country where "conforming" is the thing to do. At least for the moment.

To make a point, (people call me a "quote"), I'd like to quote Cameron Hawley on what his grandmother said in describing how the world had changed. I think it will bring home what I mean to say:

"I'll tell you the one (change) I most regret. There used to be so many men
who stood out as individuals. Now there are so few. More and more, all the time, it seems, men are yielding to some terrible compulsion to conform, to think alike and talk alike—yes, even to look alike. "In those (older) days you could recognize any man who was worth knowing as far away as you could see him or hear the sound of his voice. Believe me, no one ever mistook your grandfather for someone else. He was always his own man, thinking with his own mind, standing on his own feet. He knew that a man finds happiness only by walking his own path across the earth."

This makes sense to me—except, perhaps, that last sentence. It would be nice, I think, to have a pleasant companion while you were "walking your own path across the earth."

When I find the right girl, I hope she'll respect the fact that I have my own ideas on a good many subjects, and that I like to express them. I hope she'll have them too, and that she'll want to share them with me.

For instance, if you were my girl, I'd like you to read some of the authors I've read: Philip Wylie, Erich Fromm, Vance Packard. And to be able to think things through, and decide whether you agree with what you read, or whether you don't. What fun it would be to have someone to share and argue a book through with. My girl, I cross my fingers, would be that kind of person.

My ideal girl would like to think things through and decide what, in her opinion, makes sense. And if she happened to agree with me—why so much the better. I'd get a kick out of that. But whether we agreed or not, I'd know that she'd come to her own conclusion, just as I had, and that she wasn't just trying to say "Me-too" just to please me. We'd both be individuals.

If you were my dream girl, you'd have a sense of humor. You'd have the ability to look at the bright side of things, and when something went wrong, you'd be able to laugh your way out of trouble. I don't mean you'd have to be a joke-teller or life-of-the-party. No—because I'm not. I'd just like to know you're getting fun out of life.

I'm no great shakes, no Apollo, so if you were my girl, you wouldn't have to be a beauty to look at (you'd be sweet and neat and good to look at: something like Ingrid Goude), but I would know that if you were all these things, you'd be beautiful within.

If you were my girl, you'd be an individual, and what I'd love about you would be the very things which set you apart from every other girl. And you'd like those things about me which make me different from every other man: those things which make me George Nader.

It wouldn't matter to me whether you were older than I am, or a lot, lot younger than I. What would matter to me is that you'd want to understand things, and would want to know what is going on in the world around you. My girl will be interesting because she is interested.

We'll have things we'll want to share: like walking in the rain, and Irish stew, and building a fire in the fireplace and sitting around it and talking till the shadows lengthen and the firelight flickers. We'll like books and music, and ideas and art. But most of all, we'll like each other. For when you like the person you respect and love—well, then you've got something that dreams are made of. That's true love, and if you feel as I do about some of the things I've talked about, you'd be more than just my girl—you'd be my wife.

The End
other’s faults at the beginning—before we saw the virtues. But one thing I think I always knew—if the male isn’t the stronger, it’s the female’s fault!”

She tucked her feet under her, “Sitting Bull” fashion and went on. “You know, we females have mixed up the right to vote with the demand for equality, if I were a man, I’d be glad to do the dishes and clean the birdcage while she flops in the living room and watches TV. This kind of attitude does not lead to keeping the family together.”

“What brings me to one of the ways women strip that male ego. Working. When I was at Amarillo High, I had a disc-jockey show on radio, it was so funny, but I learned some money. Most girls today, in the summer, or after school earn money. To me, that taste of money gave me a feeling of independence and security within myself. But I’m sure we’re in one of two boats. Either we want to quit working or we have made a career and want to keep on working for economic reasons and to fulfill ourselves. Now, the question is, what attitude do we take toward our mates because of it? When Aaron and I married in April of ’53, we woke up to the fact that we believed in ourselves and each other. We had to go to Dallas. Aaron’s father was very ill and I was supposed to be there on a personal appearance for ‘House of Wax.’ The whole thing was morose and apologizing for not being a success. And I told him what I think any girl who plans to work after marriage should tell her mate. ‘I didn’t marry you for a meal ticket, I didn’t marry you for money or so I could quit work.’

‘Working doesn’t have to wreck a marriage by destroying a man’s ego. Working wives can make better companions, if their attitude is right. After all, companionship is the basis for marriage. A working wife can be interesting if she lets herself be, instead of trying to mold herself to suit her man. Don’t try to change your man. Women are notorious for choosing the wrong man and trying to change him. It hardly ever works out that way so, decide before you marry—either you like him the way he is or you change. Particularly, in early dating stages, we seem to reach out to the wrong male, mostly because of our background, I guess. I know,” Carolyn said, because this is my second marriage. He was very young. Nothing is as blind as an adolescent’s need for love. Other teenage girls needn’t have a broken marriage if they will. If you stop and think, you’re sure this is it, ask yourself these questions: Will we have a fuller life together than separately? Do we have mutual respect for our individual personalities? Do this is my second marriage. He was very young. Nothing is as blind as an adolescent’s need for love. Other teenage girls needn’t have a broken marriage if they will. If you stop and think, you’re sure this is it, ask yourself these questions: Will we have a fuller life together than separately? Do we have mutual respect for our individual personalities? Do we have this is my second marriage. He was very young. Nothing is as blind as an adolescent’s need for love. Other teenage girls needn’t have a broken marriage if they will. If you stop and think, you’re sure this is it, ask yourself these questions: Will we have a fuller life together than separately? Do we have mutual respect for our individual personalities? Do we have this is my second marriage. He was very young. Nothing is as blind as an adolescent’s need for love. Other teenage girls needn’t have a broken marriage if they will. If you stop and think, you’re sure this is it, ask yourself these questions: Will we have a fuller life together than separately? Do we have mutual respect for our individual personalities? Do we have
a desert island, but in the world of show business, where separations are necessary and one or the other is left, it is another story. They both discovered at an early age that being in the public eye invites adulation which is not always sincere, and it has made them wary. Rather than separate the wheat from the chaff, weed out the people who want to know them for who they are rather than for what they are, and select carefully some good friends to enlarge their horizons, they live solely for each other, their baby and their careers.

Were the Damones farmers instead of famous, their chances for happiness might be greater. Then Vic would not have the demon fears about the possibility of losing his Anna. He would not anticipate the probability of having her wooed away by some outside force, such as a movie studio or some unknown bugaboo—at least, a bugaboo in his mind. But even on a farm it wouldn’t be surprising if some smart scout discovered Pier Angeli. Beauty such as hers would not be left to blithely unseen, except by Vic. He would like to be the sole observer.

The reason he wants her all to himself is that he loves her so much. But such an all-consuming love can become stifling. Not that Pier Angeli thinks so. Vic is everything she wants in a man. She told me so.

"Vic is a gentleman, to begin with," she has said. "He is thoughtful, generous, handsome. He is generous in thought as well as with the money. For example, we have a housekeeper, Mrs. Agres, who is with the baby when I have to be away. Vic takes her in like part of the family. If we have some occasion to celebrate and we open a bottle of champagne, he calls her in, asks her to bring an extra glass and sit down to join us. He noticed the gardener was smoking a pipe. Right away he went and bought him a beautiful lighter ... Little things like that Vic does. He is a good man. ... The best."

The Damones do not have friends. They do not entertain. Theirs is a self-contained home, a paradise for three, if you like. With this they are content, even happy, except for the specters which Vic cannot dispel, the real and sometimes imaginary spooks that haunt him and often make him miserable.

What are these worries? A man endowed with such a wife, a fine baby and a six-digit annual income has little to worry about. But Vic thinks differently.

When I called about this interview, he seemed skeptical, although he knew I had talked at length with Anna earlier in the week. I realized he was busy, and probably unhappy because Anna had left.

Also, there had been some discussion in the columns about a recent article in a magazine in which he felt he had bared his soul. Maybe he didn’t want to be misunderstood again.

"What is the story to be called?" he asked. Rather reluctantly he agreed to see me, and when he actually got into the spirit of the interview he talked at considerable length.

When I arrived, there were two callers in the room and the TV was on. Presently the phone rang, and it was Vic’s manager, Milt Ebbins. Vic asked him to join us. I had the sneaking suspicion Vic wanted him there in case I asked embarrassing questions concerning some of the things he had said in the article. Mr. Ebbins didn’t look forbidding. Vic sensed the difficulty. He turned off the TV set and had the telephone cut off. It had been ringing almost constantly.

I asked him what the baby calls him, and, as might be expected he calls him Daddy. Sometimes he calls his mother Anna. I also was told that one of the big moments for Vic was the time when he arrived home after an extended tour and the baby announced: "I love you, Daddy." And once, probably because a tooth was coming in, little Perry only cried over the telephone when Vic called him and wouldn’t say a word. Perhaps he has inherited some of his father’s mercurial disposition.

Vic attributes many of his own traits to the fact that he was born in June, the twelfth to be exact. Astrologers do say that people born under the sign of Gemini have dual personalities. Gemini means The Twins.

I asked Vic why he was so wary of people. His answer was revealing. "In show business you meet so many people who want to use you—phony's, hangers-on. They are the people who love you—until you need them. They don’t love you. They love the spotlight."

One time I asked some so-called friends to lend me money. They found various excuses for not coming through. I think I did it just to test them. I thought I would be disappointed, but I wanted to be sure. But—and here’s a refreshing twist—there was another man I knew, who heard about this and was furious that I hadn’t asked him. One friend among the lot! Not very encouraging.
"I think a test of friendship is this: You wouldn’t ask a friend to do anything for you that you wouldn’t be willing to do for him. But how many people can you feel that way about? Giving, either materially or of yourself, is a two-way thing. Oh, I have acquaintances—many of them. But friends? I could count them on the fingers of one hand and still have a plenty of fingers left over. Sooner or later people let you down.”

Granted that Vic was pretty successful before he was mature enough to judge people well, and did get taken in by the “phonies” he mentions. There are many youngsters these days who gain success who don’t go about feeling disillusioned about people. But because Vic perhaps is too sensitive for his own good, he quickly gets off base. He recalls a relative who used to belittle him in his childhood. Many boys have an uncle or an aunt like that. They may bridle under the teasing at the time, but they don’t retain the resentment when they mature. Vic still cringes at the memory, and he’s easy prey to worry and fear.

Pier rationalizes this in his own withy and protective way. I asked her why Vic had said in an interview that when he left home he was always afraid that the house would burn down or that he would be killed in a plane crash.

“But the house nearly did burn down,” she championed. “There was this big fire in the neighborhood. Why shouldn’t he worry about a thing like that?”

Vic’s fears extend even further. He fears he might lose his Anna. “Suppose,” he said, “she goes abroad to make a picture for six months. There are many handsome and charming men abroad.”

I interrupted. Certainly this was unjustified fear. “Anna has talked to me many starry-eyed times about her great love for you,” I said. “Such a possibility certainly seems out of the question.”

“It isn’t that I distrust her love,” he hurried to explain. “But those men. One could take her away from me. It has happened before. Look at Ingrid Bergman.”

The ringing of the phone interrupted, because Vic had put in a call to his wife in California. When he had completed the call he smiled.

“I think I am getting better, because I am letting Anna go to the premiere of her picture, ‘Men Who Walk Through Fields,’ tonight by herself. Six months ago, I wouldn’t have allowed it.”

“Now who is going to gobble her up going from her home to the theater?” I chided him. Vic shrugged, twisted his hands behind his back. Then he added, “We watch the television or go to the movies. We are both mad for the movies. We will go to the neighborhood double feature of the week. When we come out, maybe it is one o’clock. If we see another movie somewhere, we will go to that, too—still eating popcorn. We come home full of film and popcorn. We are content; we need, we don’t need other people. We don’t need to go socializing.”

She wasn’t merely parroting her husband’s words. Anna’s experiences have duplicated Vic’s. When she and Marisa and their mother first came to Hollywood, the girls preferred to have their meals at home. Mama cooked and loved to see science or other three-act plays people, their home became a happy haven for many. But slowly it dawned on them that no one reciprocated. They were too busy and the house was too crowded. Finally, they were forced to acknowledge—just as Vic was—that many of their “friends” were the phonies and hangers-on of Hollywood.

Pier never forgot that lesson. Today, when someone runs up to her gushing about her appearance she’s given, she is polite but noticeably withdrawn. And, talking as a friend, she warns the photographer, “Don’t call the turn on a phony. Starlite, the friend will protest. Pier’s quiet “Wait and see” is invariably justified. “People disappoint us,” she told me wistfully, “I feel sorry for them. A little while ago, I was very sick in the hospital, and Vic was on tour, and the only person who offered to make me home was a friend from M-G-M. I had a few stitches in my head, Vic was away playing in a play, and she said, ‘I have found a friend. She is Anna Kashfi. We talk. We confide. We are like sisters. I like this very much.’ She prizes such an association all the more because of the end she has had.”

Slow to form friendships, she can’t depend on constant company to fill her spare time or keep her from being lonely when she is. Last Christmas she said, “I have found a friend. She is Anna Kashfi. We talk. We confide. We are like sisters. I like this very much.” She prizes such an association all the more because of the end she has had.

Seeing only one solution—to spend more time with Vic—Pier recently asked to be released from her M-G-M contract. She is not giving up her Gate but has to, if only for the sake of her friend. She said, “I have found a friend. She is Anna Kashfi. We talk. We confide. We are like sisters. I like this very much.” She prizes such an association all the more because of the end she has had.

Even so, the Domanes won’t always be able to live in an era created by columnists’ hunger for hot items. There was the time Vic was playing Las Vegas. It was reported that he was gambling like a fiend and that Pier had flown in to give him the slap in the face. Here’s what actually happened. At the moment when Pier was supposed to be telling Vic off, she was in a doctor’s office. The doctor had taken her to Las Vegas with Vic, taking Perry. But she had two impacted wisdom teeth, so she promised to make the trip as soon as the painful dentist chore was finished. Then Perry and on the patient hit his head on a rock. As Pier stood by in the office the doctor was taking eight stitches in the baby’s face. When she returned home, she learned of the gossip item. She called Vic, and they commiserated with each other. Then Pier and stitched-up Perry boarded a plane for Las Vegas. There the Domanes gave the lie to the rumor by simply being themselves.

True, when Vic is alone in Vegas, he spends part of his time on the phone to Pier, part wandering miserably around

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**WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?**

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

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Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1571, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
the hotel. Being alone, he gambles, but certainly never for amounts that would hit the headlines or cause his wife to scream at him. The insidious effectiveness of that rumor lay in the fact that it was based on a grain of truth.

Realizing that such confusion may threaten her again, Pier still clung to a decision about her own travels. "I will stay home more now," she said. "It is good for a marriage."

"My mother was always at home," Vic explained—indicating Anna's decision must have been influenced by him. "She was the first woman in my life always. When I met and fell in love with Anna, my mother said: 'When you marry, then I must no longer be first. Your wife becomes that. It is the way it should be.'"

A good deal has been written about mother-in-law trouble as far as Anna's mother and her son-in-law are concerned. Enough has been said. But since it is a part of the whole picture and Vic has gone into detail about his lack of rapport with his mother-in-law, and has told things in print about his feelings, it cannot be completely ignored.

It is a wonder Anna has not been emotionally torn apart, being in the middle, wanting to please her husband, wanting to be thoughtful of her mother.

Pier's twin sister, Marisa Pavan, and her husband, Jean Pierre Aumont, spend considerable time abroad, so there is only Pier to shoulder the responsibility of her widowed mother's now lonely life.

It has been reported that Vic has come to many an impasse with his mother-in-law. He wrote that at one time he had requested her to leave his house. Anna has never said how she felt about this. Nor did I ask her. I felt it was a personal matter and in the past. From Mrs. Pianegeli's point of view, she had brought her girls up, hovered over them in the very strict and close manner only a devoted European mother would think proper. She was a zealous chaperone. She called the curfew hour. She held the keys.

I recall meeting Pier Angeli one time for lunch in London when she was in her late teens. I went to the Savoy Hotel, where she and her mother were staying. She emerged from the elevator triumphantly dangling the apartment-door key around her fingers.

"See this?" she said jubilantly. "This is the first time my mother lets me have the key. I can come and go when I like. I am a big girl, eh?"

I imagine even this small privilege was a considerable concession for Mrs. Pianegeli. With two beautiful young daughters to guard and guide, perhaps she was overly cautious. Maybe the mental scissors with which she was trying to cut the apron strings were not sharp enough.

Then when both girls left home to marry, a large slice of her interest in life was cut off.

It has been said that Mrs. Pianegeli wanted to be a great actress and transferred this ambition to her daughters. If this is true, it is sad. One cannot successfully mold another's life to the requirements of a lost cause. It is doubtful if Mrs. Pianegeli wanted to do this. But there are others who believe this is true and feel Mrs. Pianegeli resented Anna's marriage and from the beginning was a dominant force.

It is understandable that Vic, wanting to be head of his house, did not welcome ideas from his mother-in-law about Anna. Maybe if he and his mother-in-law had learned to compromise, they would have saved Anna, whom they both love so much, many a heartache.

Vic said, "I want the challenge to take care of my wife and my baby."

"Why not say 'our baby'?" I suggested.

He gave me a startled look.

"Our baby," he consented, after an uncomfortable pause.

"You are a lucky man to have Anna for a wife," I said finally.

"She is lucky to have me for a husband." His eyes were black and stormy for a moment.

I dared to ask why. He replied immediately, the words hurting from his lips. "Because I am able to understand her. Because I am able to give her the love she deserves. Because I would never hurt her."

He went on: "I enjoy being able to give her a beautiful house, beautiful clothes—anything she wants. I want to work for one reason, so I can do everything for her. I think of her so much when we are separated. I am a good husband." He was sincere.

Anna told me that sometimes when they have a problem, they pray together. "Only last night," she said, "something happened which disturbed Vic, and when he came back from the Club, he told me. We went to bed and prayed together. The next morning the trouble seemed to have disappeared. When we got up, we pulled the drapes and found the sun pouring in. We danced around the floor."

"Now, do we have an answer here?" I hope so. Vic told me that once he had consulted a psychiatrist. "My life was involved, mixed up. I hated myself," he said. "So I went to that doctor. But only once. I did not think I could be helped that way."

Perhaps they have found the answer. Perhaps Vic will find that Somebody Up There does like him.
As he started on the first section of his bacon and eggs he talked about himself. The fact is that he’s the eldest of three children, and that his interest in music started “when back was a kid. Lots of people think I only sing. But I can play a little piano and love to fool around with the ukulele.” Paul wrote his first song about eight years ago when he was attending Fisher Park High School in Ottawa. It was about this same time that he and two friends formed a trio and began playing weekend dances in and around the town. All fun at first, the boys began taking themselves and their jobs a little more seriously when engagements began coming in. They started rehearsing together frequently and were soon looking for a style that would make them stand out in front of their audiences.

Paul felt that the material they were using wasn’t showing them off to best advantage, and being unable to pay an established writer to do songs for the group, Paul started writing the material for the act himself. His efforts were rewarded with a certain amount of local success.

About this time opportunity knocked in the form of an invitation, and Paul was there to open the door. He talked his parents into letting him take a vacation trip to Hollywood, and while in Hollywood, persuaded his uncle, who is an actor, to talk to some recording people he knew to get Paul an audition in the music business. After the trip, he recorded his first two sides for a small label in California.

“The record sold about twenty-five copies in the United States,” Paul says, “but it did much better in Canada—about 25,000.

“I was not sixteen yet. I talked my parents—after many weeks of coaxing—into allowing me to make a trip to New York along with the Rover Boys, who were at that time recording for ABC-Paramount, he learned of the name Don Costa.

He had his first job in New York on a Tuesday in March of last year and went to the offices of ABC-Paramount. When I asked the receptionist for Mr. Costa, she said he was out but she told me to come back the next day. She seemed kind of surprised when I turned up bright and early the next day. I wasn’t thinking so much of talking to Mr. Costa about singing as I was about songwriting. But when I got to him he was away somewhere to demoistrate the songs, so I had to sing them myself. The next thing I knew Mr. Costa called Sam Clarke (president of ABC-Paramount) and I started chanting my name. I had been feeling kind of lonely—being so far from home—but when I heard them calling my name it really made me feel great. You know, I think it was one of the greatest things ever happened to me.

After England and Scotland came tours of Australia and Hawaii and back to the United States for more recordings and more appearances.

Paul spoke with a great deal of pleasure in describing the reactions of the audiences Down Under.

“Audiences are among the best in the world,” Paul said, “especially the young people.”

Back in the United States, Paul’s next release turned out to be another big favorite. “You Are My Destiny” has been collecting coins in all the jukeboxes and sales across the record counters all over the country are so good that it looks like this one, too, could pass that million mark. And Paul wrote it! (More royalties check, please.)

Just recently Paul chucked up another first for himself. He finished making his first movie with Julius La Rosa and such other outstanding recording artists as Daniel Melnick and the great Kaye Leth and Roy Hamilton. “The movie was shot in New York,” Paul explained. “It’s called ‘Let’s Rock.’” The song Paul sings is a little ditty titled “Waiting Here—Just for You” and, of course, this will be his next release for ABC-Paramount.

What does Paul do when he isn’t performing or writing songs?

“Well, I love to swim, for one thing. That’s my favorite form of exercise and relaxation. I used to play hockey back home in Ottawa. But the other kids always wanted me to go. But after getting hit a couple of times in the face by the puck, I decided to give that up. I’m a good ice skater and enjoy that very much. I think it’s the nearest thing to being a pretty good skater. I just bought a new car, but I guess I won’t get to drive it for a while—not till I get back from my next tour.

“It’s not a sports car. A Plymouth. I didn’t want to get a sports car. I don’t think I’m the sports-car type.

How about the folk backs home—his family?

“About their reaction to the whole thing, I don’t know how they feel about his quick success.

“My father owns a restaurant in Ottawa (It is, incidentally, in case you’re ever in Ottawa, called ‘The Lookout’ and does business very well, but I don’t think he’s interested in my going so good lately.” Paul said.

“When people ask me about this, please my father very much. But one of my uncles, who is a lawyer, was very funny about this thing. He said that when he was home he said he didn’t mind people stopping him on the street to ask about me and he didn’t mind his clients discussing my records with him, but he did resist the idea of other people calling and wanting to buy records. So he bought me this record and so much extra time that he was getting home every night to dinner later and later.

Paul has a younger sister who is just fourteen “but she doesn’t care much for this kind of thing.” However, his younger brother, age eight, “is a real ham” and “he’ll perform at the drop of a hat,” Paul laughed.

Paul was asked if he had a special girl back home or if he’s met anyone he’s particularly interested in. He smiled, “There’s plenty of time before I start thinking about getting married. Not that I’m saying I am, although I do have some favorites, like Natalie Wood and Debbie Reynolds. And that French girl—what’s her name? Brigitte Bardot?”

(Well, he’s got good taste, anyway.)

Is there anything he wants to do? Any special goal he’s aiming for? Any particular ambition he hopes to realize?

“I never can continue to make records that will please them. I think I’m going to be a part of this new and wonderful business I’m learning, I think that will make me happy for a while. Don’t think I don’t know what a lucky guy I am. I’ve had all of this happening fast—to be able to see and do what I’ve done in just one year—so I don’t believe that rumor about my wanting to retire by the time I’m eighteen—I just want to keep going for a long time to come!”

The END

ERNIE STONE, WHO WROTE THIS ARTICLE FOR PHOTOLAPY, IS DISC JOCKEY OF WMCA’S DAILY SHOW, “HIT TUNE TIME.”
...LANA TURNER'S SHAME

Continued from page 44

of this murder." He was quickly dismissed.

Clinton H. Anderson, Chief of Police of Los Angeles County, testified: "The first person I talked to after a briefing with officers was Miss Turner. She was quite hysterical and weeping and she said, 'Can't I take the blame for the horrible thing?' I said, 'No, unless you have committed the act and we will find out all of the facts, so you might as well start off with the premise that we are to learn all of the facts.' " He went on to recount how Lana had told him that Cheryl had rushed in to defend her when Stompanato had threatened her with bodily harm, and threatened to kill her.

That left Lana. The star witness, in a courtroom scene that for sheer tragic drama far surpassed any of the many she had played in her twenty years as a top star of the screen. Even as she played this, her greatest scene, with her daughter's future and freedom at stake, she was being seen all over the country as the mother of a teenage daughter in "Peyton Place," playing another courtroom scene in a role that had marked the highest peak of her career—a nomination for the Academy Award.

She faced a battery of radio and TV microphones, cameras and newsmen—and, directly opposite, sober and pale, Cheryl's father, her second husband, Stephen Crane. She began to speak in a clear, though halting voice. But as the sixty-two minute ordeal went on, tears coursed down her grief-stricken face unrestrained. Her dainty white handkerchief was soon soaked, and she sat, twisting it helplessly in her hands. When she came to the moment of the fatal stabbing she almost collapsed, then rallied.

The next day, newspapers from coast to coast carried full accounts of her testimony under screaming headlines. They did not tell the real story—the story hidden behind Lana's words.

"There was a court session when she and Johnny returned to her house where two friends were waiting for her. "My friends asked me if I would be able to perhaps have dinner with them, and I said no, I didn't think so, because it was very late notice and my maid does not live in, and if I was going to go out I would have to arrange with my mother so that she could either come to the house or my daughter could go to her, because she's never been left alone... So Mr. Stompanato was upset that I had even considered the idea..."

"She's never been left alone..." No. Cheryl had not been left alone. She had been turned over to grandmother, or a nurse, or a governess, or an exclusive girls' school whenever her mother was working, or getting married, or engaged with some current romance, or merely living it up at some pleasure resort. Could Lana honestly believe that her daughter had never been left alone? Could she think—had she ever thought—that the mere physical presence of someone to watch over Cheryl was enough to prevent the psychological ravages of loneliness in a young girl's life?

And all the more appalling is the thought of a girl who, at fourteen, is kept under constant vigilance. What other normal teenage girl at that age could not be left to spend an evening alone at home? But then, what normal teenage girl would be subject to the threats and dangers of a wealthy movie star's child?

Poor Cheryl. Poor little rich girl, spending her Easter vacation, dressed in a robe and slippers that cost any other girl a year's clothing allowance, curled up in an expensive chair in an expensively furnished room in an expensive mansion (rented last Tuesday), watching her own TV set. Poor, lonely Cheryl.

How did she come there? To understand that, you have to go back—far back—many years ago, to a little girl named Julia Jean Mildred Frances Turner.

She was born in Wallace, Idaho, on February 8, 1920. Her family history is vague, and lowly. Her mother, Mildred, was an ex-hairdresser. Her father, Virgil, was reputed—at least in the minds of fanciful press agents—to be a smalltime vaudeville. Be that as it may, he was a man of wit and gaiety and his small daughter loved him dearly. And she, his only child, was the apple of his eye.

When Virgil Turner's meager-do-well existence as an itinerant miner took him and his family to San Francisco, he prospered briefly. Then one pay day he stopped off, as was his wont, to increase his family fortunes in a hot crap game. The next morning, his body, with his coat pulled over the face, was found propped against a wall in an alley. His left shoe was missing. That was the shoe where he kept his pay.

Since the age of ten, his daughter has lived with that terrible memory of the one man she loved torn away from her forever in cruel violence. And the searing memories of the years that followed.

The day when her mother, struggling to make a living for them on a pittance as a hairdresser, took her to a family in Modesto who promised to give her a good

fashion takes

Wings

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home. The days of horror that followed when she was forced to become a slave to the household, scrubbing floors, preparing meals and washing clothes until she was ready to drop, beaten until she bled and starved until she was almost dead.” She loved "Cinderella,” she said years later, but without any hope of a magic pumpkin.

Then, at last, her mother came. took one at the wells on her body, and back to the farm. She realized it was only the beginning of another kind of hardship—spending long hours alone while her mother worked, for ten dollars a week. The food was meagre, but her mother avoided that knitted garment like the plague. In later years, she always stoutly maintained, "I don't dress to please men, or women, either. I dress to please myself.

Lana was plunged into the headlines of stardom, at an age when she was hardly more than a child. Greedily, heedlessly, as one might dress a child playing in the sand, ground would, she grasped eagerly at all the things that had been denied her, like a child let loose in a candy shop—a swank apartment for her and her mother, a car, fire-engine red, fur, jewels, clothes, perfumes. She went nightclubbing every night with a different escort—dancing, laughing, clapping her hands in glee at the stage door.

And all her life, these pleasures were to become for her the one real thing, the welcome escape from the confusion of being a sex symbol that she did not understand, and the loneliness that haunted her ever since her father was killed. And, in later years, she ran away from the ugliness of the scene with Stompanato with a foolish, feeble attempt to be a mother figure.

"I went downstairs, and back upstairs to her bedroom while he followed, quarrelling violently all the while. 'All I kept telling her was to not use discussing it any further,' that I can't go on like this, and I want you to leave me alone.'"

"Men, so many men, had come and gone in her life. Sometimes they left her, sometimes they clung to her, as if they knew they left. 'Men are playthings to Lana Turner,' a critic once said. 'Each man is like a new doll, to be tired of and discarded just as quickly. He wasn't true. It wasn't true when, as a giggly starlet, she fell in love with mature, sophisticated lawyer Greg Bautzer. It was no secret that Lana wanted him, but she was wrong. The same "Something" that was to plague her through all her men and all her marriages.

Pampered by a living studio, she had always been a star who got whatever she wanted, did whatever she wanted. Her mother soon lost what little discipline she had been able to wield over her reckless, headstrong child. Finally, it had seemed that, no matter what hot water her escapades got her into, the studio would always rush to cover up and defend her. It was a matter of simple arithmetic—she was the studio’s money and they had to protect their investment.

Nobody thought about protecting Lana from a power as dangerous as putting matches into the hands of a six-year-old. Nobody thought about the terrible price it would certainly cost her. When Bautzer suggested certain concessions, such as giving up her career in favor of marriage, she turned a deaf ear. She clung to her mother—she could not bear it, too. But she was badly hurt when Bautzer backed out.

On the rebound, she eloped to Las Vegas with Artie Shaw, the only man who had ever expressed an interest in her until that time. Bautzer followed, with Lana emerging the winner.

"Welcome back," said the judge in Las Vegas, when, out of the blue, she appeared to marry a young broker, Stephen Crane. She had known him for some time. But after the wedding was a complete surprise.

Probably, in Crane, far less wealthy and famous than her other suitors, she saw security. What she got was anything but. Crane, the tenant in Lana's apartment, announced jubilantly that she was expecting. Shortly after that, it developed that she was not the child of the future, but had miscarried, was still married to her former wife, Lana got an annulment. When Crane's divorce became final, he begged her to remarry him. She refused. But then, in the face of a financial cliff, then took an overdose of sleeping tablets. A weeping Lana collapsed at his bedside and was hospitalized. Such was the end of that first marriage.

For the sake of the coming child, and Steve remarried, but Lana divorced him four months after she was born, asking custody. Crane countered with a suit of his own. Lana won, but she was not followed, with Lana emerging the winner.

Turhan Bey (with whom Crane had a slughfest at a party over a ring he had given Lana) was next. Followed by many others. She had a magnificent farewell party for Ty when he went to Europe—and into the arms of Linda Christian. It was a blow that hurt Lana much more than she ever pretended. Between location trips, she smothered little Cheryl with attention and affection. She was conscientious about being a "good" mother—at least, as much as she was able. "I'll never marry again," she could not stifle the hunger in her heart. The need, all-consuming, for the love she never had. And didn't know how to give. She had been surrounded with expensive gifts—gold cigarette lighters with embroidered inscriptions, gold cuff links. But she never knew how to give of herself, because the appalling fact is that women learn to learn what that kind of giving meant.

When she wed millionaire Henry J. (Bob) Topping in 1948, it was with a pathetically meager ceremony for a "real" marriage. But the fabulous ceremony, complete with a cake and gallons of champagne and Cheryl as flower girl, his frustrations, and his longing for a home and the love of a good woman. Said nineteen-year-old Lana, "Let's go."

Artie gave her lectures on wisely department, thick books to improve her management skills. For months, then, she went without a care—reminding to call him back to tell him about the suits at the cleaner's and fixing the lock on the bathroom door. She had avoided her friends and doctors believes that it is a strength that has saved her from any crackup—and may save her now.
girl, was turned into a carnival, with crowds trampling the lawns.

She made two heart-breaking attempts to have a baby, although she has an RH blood factor that makes bearing children difficult and dangerous. A miscarriage of the first child almost cost her life. When the second was tragically lost after a fall down a flight of steps, her hopes were dashed. In 1952, she was divorced from Topping, left with only a mortgaged mansion.

In a feverish romance with fiery Fernando Lamas, she tried to forget, but it ended in a brawl at a Hollywood party—Fernando walking out on her and turning to Arlene Dahl; Lana turning to Arlene's ex, Lex Barker.

They were married in Italy in 1953. Again, Lana tried to save the marriage by having a baby, but suffered a third miscarriage.

Through it all, little Cheryl was growing up fast. She had to. "My little Mommy," she called Lana, protectively. But inside, she was hurt and disturbed. "My mother and father fight all the time," she confessed to Miguel Acosta, the kindly man who found her wandering in Skid Row a year ago because she "hated school and turned her over to the police. Lana's solution was another school for Cheryl—and a divorce from Lex.

"I think men are exciting," Lana said recently. "The gal who denies that men are exciting is either a lady with no red corpuscles, or a saint." Johnny Stompanato called her up. She found him exciting.

Friends warned her, but how could she listen? The men she loved had always left her; those she didn't, she had left. Why would this be different?

It was horribly different... "I was walking toward the bedroom door and he was right behind me, and I opened it, and my daughter came in, and I swear it was so fast I truthfully thought she had hit him in the stomach..."

For Johnny Stompanato, it ended near her bed, on a pink carpet.

For Cheryl, it ended with a verdict of justifiable homicide, and the protection of the court, which placed her in two months' temporary custody of her grandmother, Mildred Turner.

For Lana, it has not ended. Her career was not damaged, apparently. Her first independent production for her own company, "Another Time, Another Place," was immediately booked into 800 theaters, and will net her a fortune. Producers have stated they would not hesitate to use her, and Jerry Wald is seeking her for "The Sound and the Fury."

But—she, Cheryl and Steve crane have been stopped with a $575,000 suit on behalf of Stompanato's son. Johnny's relatives charge that the whole story has not been told, and ask why, if Stompanato was struck in the stomach, he landed on his back?

She and her lawyer, Jerry Giesler, have received mysterious phone threats, alarming enough to call for twenty-four-hour police protection.

Worst of all is the fear that she will lose her daughter. Cheryl was reported to have told a psychiatrist, "I love both my parents, but I would prefer to live with my father," as lawyers on both sides prepared for battle. Mrs. Karp, well, wrote the County Probation Dept. said, "She thought perhaps she should not be allowed to go back to her mother," and that being in the middle had "upset her completely."

No, Lana Turner's troubles haven't ended. They have just begun.

But is she guilty? Or is she the victim of a life she never sought? Here are the facts. Judge for yourself. The End
you’ve finished reading our graduates’ thumbs-up testimonials of your course, if you’re curious to know what they think it takes to be the most likely to succeed, read on and find out what they had to say when we asked them.

BEST ATHLETE: Being the best-looking doesn’t necessarily mean being the most beautiful,” said Earl Holliman. “To me, beauty is a lot more than facial perfection. It’s whether a girl’s hair is brushed until it’s a mirror and she looks as neat as the girl in the fashion magazine. I couldn’t care less if she has freckles, or if one or two features aren’t quite ideal. There’s imperfection that makes her all the more interesting to me.”

To Dennis Hopper, best-looking has a very different meaning: “I like a girl to be attractive, but then what is attractive, except in the eyes of the beholder? I want a girl to have a participating interest in life, such as acting or writing—something other than just being female.” And vitality in life is certainly reflected in one’s looks. But in terms of athletic ability, there was agreement: Being best-looking—or just good-looking—comes as a result of health, with an emphasis on good diet and a de-emphasis on non-nutritive calories. Good-looking is being neat, pleasant and fun—and wearing a smile. Don’t forget that.

BEST-DRESSED: Must a girl or boy dress prohibitively to be considered well-dressed? When we asked our most-likely-to-succeeders, their answers were emphatically no. First and most important qualification, all agreed, was simplicity and neatness, a de-emphasis on jewelry for girls and sharp accessories for boys. But every rule has exceptions, and sometimes a sharp fashion fad can catch a boy’s eye—or so we’re told, at least, despite lack of clothes that she rarely wears.

Is it necessary to be in high fashion to be well dressed? Some panelists said yes; others felt a simple, separates look more appropriate. But in general, they all agreed. To be well-dressed, one must watch the basic grooming musts: shoes in good repair and stockings straight and neat, clothes crisp and laundered, and—since a hasty, overdone makeup job can ruin the whole effect—makeup soft and natural-looking.

BEST DANCER: Our panel agreed that to have fun and be popular, it’s not absolutely necessary to be the best dancer in your group, but it’s certainly important to know how, and to be willing to try new steps.

“Before a big dance, invite your date over and have a practice session, if either of you is not sure of the latest steps,” suggests Molly Bee. “You’ll be surprised how much you will improve your sense of rhythm.”

“And boost your confidence,” added Barry Coe.

WITIEST: Unfortunately, we weren’t all along with a keen sense of humor, and although everyone would like to have that enviable knack of cracking just the apropos comeback at the opportune moment, we were too often left looking for it hours later—if at all. So, warns story-stress Connie Francis, and the others agreed, “Don’t try to be the live wire of the crowd if it just isn’t your nature. You’ll probably make everyone else feel uncomfortable, because the jokes just won’t come out right. You’ll put people at ease much more readily if you’re just yourself.”

“Our course, sense of humor also means being a good listener and appreciative audience for others,” added Dean Stockwell, “and this we can all be.” No one is “best” as Dean pointed out, but we can all improve our sense of humor.

BEST ATHLETE: You don’t have to be the best athlete, but it’s pretty much agreed that concentrating on one or two sports and, becoming adept at them, is a good way to spend your time on this other part of life. If you have an eye on a boy who’s buggy over tennis like Bob Evans, or skiing like Barry Coe, learn, too. Take some classes with them. There is something in common with your man of the hour. The next time he stops to chat with you, casually mention your tennis lessons. Two to one, within a few weeks he’ll invite you. Of course, you’ll have to take it from there. The good mixer plays herself down and the other person up,” says Leslie Nielsen. And we think Leslie hit the nail right on the head, for this is the very method that sparks the other person’s interest in her.

BRANIEST: You can be the brainiest in the class (with books), the brainiest of the gregarious (with interests) or the brainiest with people. It’s easy to be a brain, and a brain has lots more fun than a non-brain. He gets a great kick out of life. A brain like Tony Richardson never wears out his welcome at parties. He takes good care of his body on a spring day “a big important trip, because he is so curious about—well, almost everything. And as a result, he sees more of the world. Being the brainiest doesn’t only mean pulling straight A’s for the honor roll or dean’s list. It means imagination, it means sharing your date’s new-found interest in art or music or religion or history. And then there’s Venetia or Dennis Hopper, who are bugs on it. It means being interested. And it means being interesting to others.

“Judged by the degree to which you’re bouncing with untold reserves of energy—physical or verbal—or feel a bit more timid and retiring was determined many years before you were born,” advises Buck. “It depends whether we’re innately the gregarious, outgoing type (like Susan Oliver, Yvonne Lime and Molly Bee) or the quieter one (like Leslie Nielsen, Will Hutchins, Sandra Dee, Dolores Hart). But, of course, we’re pretty much out of our control. But what isn’t out of our control is what we make of these qualities.”

You can, with practically no inhibitions, can be delightful—if not carried too far. “I don’t like to be bowled over by a peppy girl,” says Barry Coe. “Too many girls are out to impress with an image of themselves. But I do admire a girl who knows whether we’re innately the gregarious, outgoing type (like Susan Oliver, Yvonne Lime and Molly Bee) or the quieter one (like Leslie Nielsen, Will Hutchins, Sandra Dee, Dolores Hart). But, of course, we’re pretty much out of our control. But what isn’t out of our control is what we make of these qualities.”

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If like Sandra, Yvonne Craig and Luana Patlun, your shyness means you’re naturally quiet but really have something worthwhile and interesting to say when you do say it—if it means you’re retiring but still pleasant and good company—hold on, girl, you’re just what most boys are looking for!

**BEST ACTOR/SINGER:** We’ve picked the twenty-four young personalities pictured on pages 57 and 58 because as a result of what they have achieved in their roles during the past year, plus your letters and interest, we feel they are among the most promising actors in Hollywood. So watch them. We think they’re the stars most likely to succeed.

“But everyone can be a good actor,” grins handsome Will Hutchins. “Take it on the chin if your date shows up a little bit late, or a good subject even if you feel slightly ruffled, instead of making with the snide comments.” If you’re wearing a dress you’ve had for ages on a date, and you receive a compliment, smile and say, “Thank you” in a friendly way, even though you may feel more like saying, “This old thing? It’s five years old!” A polite and warm “thank you,” incidentally is worn in more gold than a five-minute explanation. The End


**BLACKOUT**

Continued from page 37

words, that has development. I realize that’s what I must try to do. Hard as it is, it’s the only way.

There’s a poster in my bedroom from the play that got on a Hot Time Roof,” by Tennessee Williams. The illustration of the girl in the poster vividly depicts this black mood I’m talking about. From the way she’s dressed it seems as though she’s leaning against the bed in the picture, you can sense the trouble and torment she’s suffering. She’s lost and disturbed, in the depths of despair. I keep that poster as a reminder that when you’re on the bottom, the only way you can go is up. Remember that. Because that’s one important thing I learned from all my miserable months of anguish.

How did I get into such a state? Looking back, I realize that it must have been building up for a long time, and the roots went deep. But when the big blowup came, it was set off by a simple thing, the way a fuse, harmless in itself, can set off a keg of dynamite. In my case, it was the ordinary, routine matter of choosing the movie roles I was to play.

Now I’m not saying every actor should have the right to choose his scripts. Lots of times actors might not be as good as they think they are, but when they miss, as I did, that’s a sign that something is wrong. This is not a criticism, but based on the fact that to see yourself as an actor, you must keep an eye on the quality of your work. And if you’re doing bad, it’s your fault. You must improve or you’ll be left behind. The industry is a hard road, and a man who doesn’t know what he’s doing will be left behind. But if you’re doing good, you’ll be happy, and if you’re doing bad, you’ll be unhappy, and that’s a fact.

PERMANENT DARKER FOR LASHES AND BROWS

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**DISCOURAGE**

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NOW! Get the facts! Stop torturing curls with old-fashioned bobby-pins that pinch, crimp, and split. Lady Ellen Klippies hug your curls gently, protect them from hair-killing pinch; keep curls lovely—longer. Lady Ellen Klippies at your variety, food, drug, or department store and beauty shop—8 Klippies for 25c. Write for 16-page illustrated booklet “How to Set a Pin Curl.” Send 10c to:

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**Shrinks Hemorrhoids**

New Way Without Surgery

Science Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain—Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—with no surgery! In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

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

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

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment forms under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
I had gotten script after script that called for the same, easy—does—it kind of character, a nice and simple good-time Charlie with an occasional dramatic moment thrown in.

I went along with it. I figured it was good training. I tried to learn all I could about cameras and film technique for actors. But it’s different. Publimix! all day long for months, and it was nauseating.

Then, one day, it happened. I had enough. I was having an upset stomach and feeling pain all over you, and you realize you’ve been unfair to yourself, that you have been on the wrong diet for a long time.

But there were good ways and bad ways of treating an upset stomach. Maybe I took the bad way I don’t know. I haven’t been able to decide that yet. At any rate, I rebelled. I began to figure it out, and I can’t pin down exactly what it was that made me yell out like that.

Being a child of divorce, I wonder if this is a reaction to a rebellious outburst. It’s possible. As a child, I felt that life had short—changed me. My father deserted us when I was two, and my mother had to work very hard to support us. And I needed to do some things. I felt that we moved around a lot and never had any steady friends. Mother had to put us in a military school part of the time, to be sure we were looked after properly. Lots of times we had to wait in a lonely apartment for Mother to come home—when the other kids were going off to baseball games with their dads. Maybe, when I was making a bad career, I felt that life was giving me a raw deal again, and this was my way of lashing out at fate.

There was another aspect of it, too. I don’t if anybody remembers me in a picture called “Island of Desire”—I was that bad—but I’ll never forget it! By a fluke of luck, I got the leading role in that picture—they were looking for an unknown, and brother, was I unknown! I was nineteen, and green as they come. The inevitable happened—instead of being my big break, it was a colossal flop. What really hurt me was my child’s right to my name. I’m embarrassed now, to think of it, and the wrong part can finish you, but good.

When I was right out of school, I was burning. My temper’s a pretty hot one when I let go, and brother, I gave it free rein. I told my studio executives I was in agony playing those goody—goody roles. But I was told if I didn’t take a break, I’d have a chance, something that would give me a chance to act. Wouldn’t they give me a break?

When I was offered “Darby’s Rangers” which, for my money, after all the rah—rah roles I played, was as challenging as jumping off a one—foot ledge.

So, I took the stopper off again. I read the script, and I was ashamed to admit it, but I was boiling inside and I blew my lid. I said if that was the kind of stuff I was going to play in the movies for the rest of my life, there’d be no me. I’m burned out and I raised now just thinking about it, but when something’s been troubling you for a long while, you forget about shame and discomfort eventually if you have a temper that’s a future.

But that was wrong. I’ve learned that much, at least. It was completely wrong to blast out like that emotionally, to let myself feel the kind of things which I now regret. That’s why we have minds to control our feelings. Otherwise, this would be one wild, wild world.

While I was rehearsing for the TV production of “Hans Brinker,” I went to the theater one night to see Ralph Bellamy act in “Sunrise at Campobello,” the Frederick Frey drama. My part was Roosevelt’s/crippling attack of infantile paralysis, which could have been the sunset of his career. Instead, being the great man he was, F. D. R. turned the crisis into a triumph.

Now, those people, the Roosevelts, had a times when they could have sounded off and let their tempers fly. But each time, through tremendous control and understanding.

I’m not saying we’re all able to do that. But we can certainly learn from these people. I hope I can.

When I lost control with my big studio executives, I thought I was a pretty smart guy. I was going to run off and make records. Hah! The laugh was on me. The studio executives had a make—taking recording contract, and although there was nothing in this world which prevented me from making records, they couldn’t be released without the studio’s permission.

Of course, I wouldn’t be losing the studio bigwigs, so they wouldn’t give Dot Records the okay to release an album I recorded. I had had such a big hit with “Young Man at the Fair” (over two million discs), and the Dot people were anxious to follow it up with an album right away. But Warner Brothers said no dice.

Tough? You bet! But it was a punishment which I knew in my heart was wrong, you expect to pay for it. And I was paying.

Brother, I sat around for a long time. They were on loanout in the studio. There was no money coming in for almost a year, and I always, I believed, that’s depressing.

I composed a song during that lean period with an assist from Gwen Davis. When Photoplay printed it, it made me feel better. After that sales picked up, and Gwen and I were happy with the results.

Finally I filled in as a guest on Dinah Shore’s TV show. Matter of fact, Dinah gave me confidence in myself during those dog days. She insisted I sing harmony with her on her Sunday night program. I didn’t want to sing anything but I was adamant. I told her most of my singing belonged in the bathroom, but she wasn’t one to be put off. She said if I got nervous and forgot the harmony, she’d sing my own part, and I was. I was singing louder, and no one would know I was off.

What a gall! She practiced with me and kept giving me the encouragement I needed during our rehearsals.

And color? You need when you’re down and out. Someone who believes in you, someone who won’t allow you to stop believing in yourself. Dinah gave me that strength. She was telling us and another and me telling and me telling what a lot I had on the ball. And she made me feel so ease at myself.

But, besides a human being who can give you a lesson, every human being has a belief in the workings of God. You have to believe that God is testing you, trying you out so that you’ll become stronger as a spiritual person.

But I’m still a film, that frantic and frantic business filmmaking. Everything has to be done in a hurry; otherwise the expenses keep mounting. I’ve always found, though, that if you are patient, inside, I’ll even go twice a day—once during lunch, once in the evening) to visit a

church, I’m all the more content because of the peace that comes through me.

And during the preparations for “Hans Brinker,” I took an apartment off Fifth Avenue in New York and there was a certain place on the corner (there always is—all you have to do is look for it). We had plenty of trials and tribulations on that show. The costumes weren’t ready until the last minute, and we were checking them. There was enormous trouble getting the freezing apparatus to freeze the water for the ice-skating scenes.

But I think of all that hubbub and confusion, I went to church—even if it was only for fifteen minutes. I entered a world of calm, of quiet, and I could communicate on a spiritual level—which is the main thing.

And my faith was rewarded. I got my answer from God—not in some sudden revelation or dazzling miracle—but in the inner peace they gave me, and helped me, for the first time, to see my problems calmly and objectively.

First, I considered my suspension. Dinah was a help, yes, but, let’s face it, she wasn’t my best friend. I’m the kind who presses a magic button that made everything hinky—dory.

How was I going to start the ball rolling with them, with the studio executives? A friend of mine told me he had heard a stoolie tell a stoolie about a bitter story about me. The executive said I was the most ungrateful person they had ever worked with.

This upset me. Since the studio wouldn’t budge an inch, I wouldn’t budge. But you can’t let things stay at a standstill forever. I weighed everything in my mind a hundred times—a look—at—you—now—foot.

I looked at what I had done to myself, and I didn’t like it. I was unemployed, unable to work because of my contract. I told myself I had been a jerk. I feel like a jerk even now when I think about it.

So I swallowed that mad thing we call pride. I wrote a letter to my studio bosses, apologizing for my past behavior and asking if I could see them for a few minutes.

We arranged an appointment.

Only this time I didn’t sound off like a blast furnace. I had learned that didn’t panic. I thought long and low about why I had been unhappy in the kind of roles I’d been playing, and I wished they’d give me some consideration for different parts.

They listened. They, too, were very polite. We behaved like gentlemen. And not long afterward they asked me to play in “Gunman’s Walk” for Columbia Picture. I was happy, and I didn’t even think of asking for costumes and a loanout and a great part. They gave me permission to “Portrait of a Murderer” on “Playhouse 90.” Then, the biggest news of all came when they offered me the part of Dinah Shore in the Hollywood musical hit.

So what did I learn from all that? I learned to keep my mouth when you want to shoot it off. Write a letter if you’re good and mad, and put it away for a day or two; then read it and you’ll see what a jackass you could have made.

You know, if we all learned to control our lousy tempers we’d be happier people. I’m convinced of this. Certainly there are times when a person has to sound off or else he’s going to bust. But let it go when you get inside your house or to the open countryside. Don’t sound off to the people that matter to you because you’re bound to regret it. And the best thing to do is to keep it in your body until it leaves you without any decent perception.

The End
Now! In just one step you can creme rinse and set silkier, springier curls!

Here's your chance to stop using those sticky, dulling hair sprays forever!

If you're dissatisfied with sprays that make your hair seem dry and straw-like... if you're disgusted with the way they leave it sticky or dull or coated with ugly flakes—then here's wonderful news for you! It's Richard Hudnut's latest discovery, a creme rinse and set, all in one.

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Just think of it! Now in one easy step, you can rinse in glorious new highlights, caressional new softness—and set curls that stay lively day after day! Even fine, fly-away hair has a silky new manageability, actually springs into place under your comb!

Yet Richard Hudnut's exciting new Creme Rinse 'n Set never leaves hair dry and dull-looking as most sprays do.

No trace of flakiness! No stickiness!

Easiest creme rinse ever
Richard Hudnut's Creme Rinse 'n Set is the easiest creme rinse you've ever used! There's no mixing with water, no rinsing out as with all other creme rinses. After shampooing, just shake on Creme Rinse 'n Set, comb it through and set your hair the usual way. That's all you have to do for silky, shining curls! Curls that last and last, right up to your very next shampoo!

You'll love Creme Rinse 'n Set by Richard Hudnut. Try it right away! $1.90, $1.00 and $1.75 plus federal tax at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Mary Richardson, Richard Hudnut Beauty Consultant

PAT BOONE
Continued from page 72
"I'll tell you one thing," I answered in a loud, clear voice. "Your Sherlock Holmes is going to pass up both his club dates and cause an awful ruckus if you don't go to Europe with him!"

Twenty-four hours later, Shirl, and my friend Don Henley (who took the pictures) were on a BOAC plane touching down at London airport. What happened next is just one great big unbelievable blur. Before we registered at the dignified Dorchester Hotel, we "moted" (very English) out to Windsor Castle, a place set in acres and acres of well-manicured lawns and hedges. It put us in the perfect mood for dinner at the Society, the Royal box at the Palladium; a midnight ride through all the most famous Squares in London—and to bed.

Five hours later we were up with the chirping wrens and off through a downpour to some shopping—mostly for woolens and scarfs and raincoats. Very wise as the spending sprees of the afternoon outside looking London Bridge, Buckingham Palace, Downing Street and Scotland Yard. ("Good thing you didn't wear your Inverness cloak," said Don as we were going through the Yard. "They might put you on a case. Very funny.

The Trocadero show was Saturday night and I whipped into the theater just a couple of minutes before curtain time. Wow! Those British fans are great.

Yesterday, after church services at Westminster Abbey and the Palladium's TV show, we flew to Paris at 4 a.m. What a city! The night life goes on till dawn when the lights wink out and the markets open again for business. At 4 a.m. We were too excited to sleep, so we went over to the Left Bank where teenagers were still whooping it up.

Today, we went shopping, managed to pick up some paintings, some fancy chocolate eggs and egg cups for the girls and some scarfs with Paris scenes on them. Shirley thinks Paris is artistic, romantic—in a word—the greatest. When we were leaning against the railing at the top of the Eiffel Tower, Paris spread out before us, she suddenly said, "This trip is the most wonderfully exciting thing we've ever done together. To think I almost missed it!"

After catching at the crown, La Fayette somebody urged, "You've got to see Versailles." So we said "sure," not realizing it meant a drive into the country. We both fell asleep on the way and they had to shake us awake when we got there as well as when we drove around to see Luxembourg Castle. Unforgettable sights—but we were just too bushed.

A little while ago we finished dinner at Maxim's—and it says in "The Merry Widow" "... the restaurant of my dreams..." and now we're back at the George V. Shirl's in the other room putting a card through to home to tell the kids their folks are starting back and between throwing things into suitcases and writing this, I'm making plans for our next trip. We're going to Italy and Germany to see two very special people—Giuseppe, six, and Franz, nine, whom we've adopted through the Foster Parents Plan. It can't come too soon.

Somebody's at the door now—must be the porter for the bags. Goodbye Paris! Goodbye, Photoplay!

Best, Pat

SEE PAT in 20th's "MARDI GRAS."
I USED TO BE . . .

Continued from page 34

way of life. Multimillionaire Aly Khan, who is noted for his charm but not his dependability, and Mac Krim, her ever-present help in time of need, her best friend.

“Specifically, what about the men in your life?”

“Have they helped, as well as hurt?” she was asked.

“Yes, in many ways,” she answered hesitantly, drawing her gaze back from the sea. “Like helping me to grow up and lending me all about, like teaching me some of the male virtues of courage and forthrightness and being competitive in an all-competitive world.

“My father was one of them,” she said. “He didn’t believe in personal convictions and beliefs. He taught me the immense importance of strong family ties and family unity. When we were living in the desert, he used to tell me and me the Aesop fables, each with its particular moral. One of his favorites was ‘The Four Oxen and the Lion,’ and I like it, too. It’s about courage in the face of danger. He always told me the moral here, which was United we stand, Divided we fall. ‘That’s the way it is with us,’ Father said. ‘Whenever you have trouble, remember to never give up.”

We will help you. Together we can meet any problem, big or small. Always remember that.”

“A thing I learned from my father was to love nature and animals. He used to take me for long walks in the woods and tell me wonderful stories about all the creatures there and how they grew up and lived and died. One day we were walking together and I kicked at a clove of earth and there was a big, fat earthworm wriggling indignantly because I had broken its back. He handed me a gardenia, and there was a florist nearby and he had walked over there and bought it.

“What’s this for?” I asked him in surprise.

“No special reason,” he said, grinning at me. ‘I just wanted you to have it.”

Kim sipped her tea drink. ‘I met lots of people like that. People who were kind and helpful. Just good human beings.

“Like my agent, Louis Shurr, for example. You’ve heard that long and untrue story about how he was supposed to pluck me off my bicycle on a Beverly Hills riding path, and I don’t bore you with any more of that. So I take this opportunity to mention one piece of good advice he gave me. One time I asked him about a gown I was planning to wear to a premiere, whether it would suit me.

“‘Kim,’ he said, ‘in this town only one thing is important. That’s talent. When you have it, you can wear a burlap sack and get away with it. But when you don’t have it and you try to hide it, like Godiva on a white horse wouldn’t help you to get a job. So just concentrate on improving your acting talent, and don’t worry about the rest.”

“And since I learned that lesson, I’ve been able to save a lot of energy by not fretting over unimportant trifles.

“But of course that’s only part of the story,” she went on. ‘It’s one thing to discover a cover that talent is the main ingredient, but it’s something else to be sure that you have it. I needed lots of self-confidence, but I think I learned to feel complete inadequacy. Then Max Arrow at the studio helped me with this. Here was a man who had handled some of the greatest star talents in Hollywood, and he gave me that extra bit of confidence.

“Max Novak from Chicago! He believed in me implicitly! ‘Take my word for it,’ Max told me, ‘you’ve got the spark. It’s there! Now just get yourself together and have something to offer. It didn’t produce an immediate miracle, but it certainly did a lot for my morale.

“Benno Schneider taught me the funda-mental of dramatic action and reaction. ‘Acting is not putting on an act,’ he drilled into me. ‘It is bringing out, on cue, the emotions that lie within you.’ That was a revelation.

“From Dick Quine, who directed my first picture, ‘Pusover,’ I had my early lessons in theatrical timing. Dick also convinced me that an actress must not become too precious, that she can accept help from others when they are capable of giving it.

“On this same picture,” Kim said, “Fred MacMurray was an object lesson in how to avoid stress. He was so carefree and relaxed. This had a definite influence on me. I think he did it deliberately. Fred is such a kind, considerate, thoughtful, intelligent—how one can relax! I was very tense. And I believe he set the same example in a deliberate effort to give me a helping hand. He was wonderful.”

She gave a short laugh. “I was petrified making these first pictures! The whole thing was just too fantastic. It was like waking up in a dream and then suddenly waking up and stop dreaming. I kept looking over my shoulder for that man who would tap me on the arm and say, ‘The joke’s over, girl—now you can pack up your bags and go home.’”

She brought one foot up, clasping her knee. “Everything was pretty complex at first,” she said musings. “Hollywood isn’t a simple, straightforward proposition. It’s a big mixed-up jungle of a place, and sometimes the sweetest thing in the world is pushed aside by the dog-eat-dog policy.

“On every movie set there are maybe a hundred people, and from them you constantly get a dozen different reactions. Some of them like you, and root for you and help you. And some of them resent you, and you know they’re hoping you’ll fall on your face. There are the blass who have the most adoring eyes and the cynics who don’t believe in anything. And there are quite a few who just have jobs and don’t give much of a hoot one way or the other. Every time I did a scene I was scared right down to my toes. I could feel tugging at the nerve ends across my shoulders. It was right there, in the pit of my stomach, and I thought I’d have to be sick. And was on some occasions.

“I never got over being scared, I learned. I just lived with it as a part of life and began to know my trade. I found out that acting is a craft as well as an art. And I had some help especially from my directors and other actors.

“Otto Preminger was an example. Before I went to work in ‘The Man with the Golden Arm,’ I had been warned about him. ‘Otto’s very impatient man, they say,’ my agent was careful of him. ‘He’ll be tough to work with. And I was even more scared.

“But I needn’t have been. Otto was just the opposite of what had been said. He was one of the few people who got me up, yes, but he was good for me. I came to admire his daring and his sense of adventure. He was willing to experiment, too, with a scene here and there, and the courage of my own convictions. When our picture was finished I knew that I had moved a step ahead through my association with Otto. And after that I tried to learn something from everyone I worked with.

“But I never got over being scared,” she went on. “For a long while I worried about that. I talked to some of our top actors and read about others. I learned that they all got that feeling at the pit of their stomachs before a performance, every last one of them. And I recalled the remark of James Cagney as he watched a couple of newcomers on the set: They don’t have sense enough to be scared. Because they just don’t care what the audience thinks.”

Kim shrugged. “So now I know I’ll always be scared. But it doesn’t bother me any more. Because I have learned that being scared is just part of being a good actor.”

“My personal life—and the men in my personal life . . . Mac Krim, Frank Sinatra
and Mario Bandini?" she had learned from them too.

Her eyes grew thoughtful. "When I speak of Mac, I am inclined to paraphrase Elizabeth Barrett Browning. "How hard it is to lose a love? Let me count the ways. Then where do I begin? He has been like the Rock of Gibraltar. I don't know what I would have done without him. He has given me love, sympathy and understanding. I have been able to take my troubles to him at any hour of the day or night, and he has given me patience. 'How do you learn this?' I have asked him many times. 'Help me. Teach it to me, please.'

And he has said, 'The only way to learn patience is to get some. So relax. Take it easy. Forget your troubles and let them drift away from you. Don't worry about anything.'

She smiled. "Which of course is easier said than done. But I try. And since Mac is a very patient man, the type who will never have an ulcer, perhaps someday I shall learn.

She sat motionless, concentrating her thoughts. "I admire Frank Sinatra very much," she went on. "And I learned many things from him, and I wish I could watch him work in 'The Man with the Golden Arm.' He was so quick, so intense. On the set they used to call him One-Take Frank. And every single day he learned something that made the director want to find every single person who did this. Then I had some dates with him and I saw his other side—the gay, fun-loving Frankie. And he urged me to let down a little and enjoy life. He was firmly believe that you enjoy life, and he loves to see others have a good time too. And after a while I think of this—not much, but a little—rubbed off on me.

"One night Frank took me to a premiere. I was scared of all the noise and the crowds. I wanted to turn back. Frankie took my arm and said, 'Relax, honey. All people are just people, regardless of whatever they do in public. They're beautiful and they'll love you. So hold up your head and go in like a pillar of fire.'

"And that's when I began to learn that stardom carries with it some obligations as well as privileges. The obligation to live up to what people expect of you. To act like a star always, offscreen as well as on.

And to do some other things too.

She grinned wryly, tilting her head back. "Do you know about being a star?" she asked. And then answered her own question. "A star must be gay, quick-witted, tireless, even-tempered, adaptable, charming and well-groomed at all times. She must never have a cold or a stomach ache. She must never get tired or lose her sense of humor. She must be able to fall into a fit regularly and out of it reluctantly. I fell in love with dark-haired men, and some with light hair, too. Usually it was music that turned the magic key. I'd hear 'Vertigo' by Hitchcock or 'The Maltese Falcon' and the night would be just about over. And there'd be up to my elbows in love.

She brushed a hand through her short, blonde hair. "And there was always a special tune that was our song. With a boy named Pete it was 'Make Believe' and with Tim it was 'I Kiss Your Hand, Madame.' And there were several others. But the not-so-nice things in life—of which there are many—and the time in love with. But it was wonderful just the same. My grandmother used to worry that I was overdoing it. And I was only so young, and I'd say to me. 'Don't use them up too fast, honey.' Again she turned to the window and the view of the sea, deep green in the late afternoon sun. 'Can love ever be that simple again? I wish I knew.'"
...DEBRA'S RUSHED MARRIAGE...

Continued from page 31

Only a few weeks ago, "All the Way" was their song. Their paths had crossed and recrossed in the glittering bistro of Las Vegas where she was a singer. As an audience listener when David Street caressed the microphone in the El Cortez Hotel with "When somebody loves you, "It's no good unless she loves you for the way you are." And at the Flamingo Hotel David was an appreciative audience for the beautiful girl in the white gown, singing the same song.

But they'd only come a few weeks of the way together when Debra called David from the Hotel Bamer in Mexico City when she was in the midst of a four-year divorce trial, and told him she wanted a divorce. "I realize I rushed into it, and I shouldn't have, and I'm sorry," she said.

"According to the papers, David was saying, "They're giving us a break—they're giving us a break."

Then: "We didn't have anywhere near ten weeks! Not together. It would be nearer on and off for two years. Then I had to leave for New York for a TV show and Debbie had to come back to Hollywood to do a TV film for 'Wagon Train.' I was gone ten days. When I came back we were together a few days—and she went to Mexico."

"But Debbie felt she couldn't go on. She told me, 'I feel like I'm tired. I can't move and I can't stand this. I can't even get to know you this way! Little things that shouldn't bother me at all. I know something is affecting my thinking."

"Perhaps. The sad post-mortem of a marriage. Perhaps, if they should meet all over again brand-new. Perhaps, if they'd known one another better. Perhaps, if they had thought much in their marriage and weren't married so hastily. Perhaps, if there had not been so much publicity. Perhaps..."

One thing sure, nobody who knows Debra Paget could imagine her repeating solemn wedding vows without believing in her own heart she was in love with her bridegroom.

"There were tears in her eyes when she was saying," David Street was saying slowly now. "After the ceremony we walked back into another room. Debbie still had tears in her eyes, and she stayed very close to me. I guess the reason Debbie married me. She was in love."

"It had happened much the way Debra had always dreamed it would, but it wasn't love at first sight."

"I met Debra when she was about twelve years old. Her mother was doing 'Rain' at the Biltmore Theater here, and I went backstage. I was married to Mary Beth and then met Maggie and Debbie, who was with her. Debbie later joined 20th Century-Fox, about the time I left the studio, but I saw her there, too. Over a period of years I'd run into her at parties and she was always friendly. If I ever had a chance to really know her until we met again in Las Vegas, in December of last year."

"Debra was playing the Flamingo Hotel, and the next year I saw her at the end of a twenty-week engagement at El Cortez. When he performed at a benefit for the Variety Club in Vegas, one of the owners of the Flamingo was there and later that evening suggested to Debra and her mother that they catch the singer at El Cortez—David Street. David Street?" Maggie said. "We know him."

"As she'd told me, "We took the dancers—the two boys who were working in the act with Debbie—and went over to the hotel where David sang. He did the whole show, and included the first rendition of "All the Way," and Debbie and her mother were very impressed with his phrasing and his voice."

"Debbie wasn't satisfied with the way she was performing the songs in her show. "I caught your opening," David told her. "There are a few things you do when you sing that can help you correct them, if you'd like me to."

"As he recalled this, he added quickly, "I didn't go much into it. She's a tour of a fine actress, and actually she's a good singer. She just didn't know how to eliminate these few little flaws. It was mainly a matter of working on one simple exercise."

It was natural for David to go back to the Flamingo and watch Debra perform, and she was going to sing the next night. A group of people went to the Flamingo, and David Street and Debra had to come to tap Michael, the next night. She was beginning to care for him," he remembered. "When I stood there watching her plane leave, I felt a tremendous longing."

"I had an aura about Debbie. I don't know quite how to put it into words. She's a nice person, and she has a great deal of charm. She has a way when she talks with someone—she listens to the person. She's a way of walking—with so much grace."

"But David was then waiting for the announcement of his marriage to actress Sharon Tate. He was together for about three years, and we'd planned to get married," David says, talking the story the headlines didn't tell. "We had been delayed because of a settlement with Miriam Leslie that dragged on. At the last Sharon and I weren't getting along at all, but we figured, after going together that long, we owed it to each other to try, to walk away. So I walked away. We got married, right after the ceremony, we had a big argument, and Sharon left for L.A. The marriage was never consummated."

"We both realized it was a mistake. There was an argument, and we knew it would have been, except that it would have involved more paper work than the divorce that was finally gotten, in short order."

"Debra and her mother returned from Las Vegas ten days ahead of him. Her mother has said, "I could tell there was something there—with Debra—but I don't think every one knows all about this."

"I called on David, and he said, "David Street stepped by the house on Crescent Drive, and when he left he and Debbie were engaged. "It wasn't a date with Debbie really. I just went out to see the family," David said. "Debbie and I watched television and we talked. When I got up to leave, she walked to the door with me. I touched her hand—and we both knew. It happened that fast!"

"Debra and I watched television and I was much in love with you. There are several things I must accomplish before I can actually ask you to marry me, but I'm close to accomplishing them. When I have, will you consider it?"

""Yes," she said, Debra wasn't surprised. She had always known it would happen just this way."

"David and Debra had a long talk then."

"There's something I want to tell you," he said. "There are people I've been married to..." He talked and Debra listened. Her expression? That was history—yesterday," David Street said to me, summing up her thought.

"This happened on Friday. I was with Debra on Saturday, and again on Sunday. But then she called me and said she was pulled away from me, that she was hurt about something, and I didn't know what it was. I didn't know her well enough to push her right back."

For Debra the practical aspects of marriage, the business aspects, were not as important. Perhaps if they had to wait and worry.

"I told Debbi, 'I think we ought to wait.' I explained I was in the middle of a deal with Neale Sowers, a friend of mine, in- involving me in the production of a TV show in reference to foreign countries, but until I knew where we stood, I felt Debbi and I should wait."

"I'm not interested in remaining a singer. I've been moving towards production for a while. I produced the Arthur Murray TV show, and I'd produced my own. But in order to get there, you have to show a certain amount of performing and income. So I felt we should wait."

Perhaps Debra Paget feared complications that could delay or prevent their marriage, or she was afraid of the publicity sensitive to them because of her earlier experience. Perhaps, knowing her own emotional makeup, she felt it would be better to marry then—or she might not marry at all. A friend of Debra's asked later why he didn't advise her to wait, said, "A woman driven by her emotions is a woman who can't be stopped."

"Debbie's dream was announced, complications compounded. Life with a capital "L" closed in on Debra Paget's dreams of love and marriage. "All that was going to happen with Debra was saying warily now, "A few things nobody knows—few things the papers didn't print. All that publicity hit us very hard, but what nobody knows is that it was the result of a well-planned and executed campaign, engineered with the help of a public-relations expert."

"The headlines descended, nightmare happened. The marriage was something of a sensational nature, whether it's true or not, it gets front-page space," David said tensely. "Among other things, the TV show was charged with a hundred dollars less deal money. Actually, it's the other way around—and I have the cancelled checks to show for it. But this I didn't want to go into."

On the wedding day David was served with "non-support" papers from his first wife (Debra was his fifth). As he was served the papers in this case had all been worked out. That was another part of the 'saturation campaign.' I found out later my first wife had been called and fed a wire story. "I have any things I can't go into here, but the only time I ever had any kind of marriage was with Mary Beth. We were married seven years, we owned a lot of furniture, put in lawns and gardens, and meant to settle there. I tried a thousand percent. Mary Beth finally divorced me for the reason of her own that had nothing to do with me."

In spite of all the harsh words and barred items, a beautiful wedding took place in the living room of Debra's home, then at the Flamingo in Las Vegas—no ceremony of ivory, solemnly repeating her vows.

There was time for only a brief honey- moon, two days in the honeymoon cottage at the Flamingo, but the two days together seemed happy. David put
his love for her into a melody he called "Debra." There are still no lyrics. He told me softly, "My feelings come out in music, not in words. Debbie loved to hear it."

And David is sure Debra was in love with him—in her way.

"Love is an indefinable word, really," David said. "What one person means by love is often quite different from another's. It was like that with Debra. There's knowing each other. And—very important—if a little thing bothers you about me, you must tell me just like I must you if you are doing little things that aggravate each other. They may seem small, but they can grow big. Marriage is complete understanding and complete friendship—more than even love, almost."

"But it's hard for Debbie to say such things. She can't tell you. And sometimes I felt there was an invisible wall between us." One day after their marriage, Debra seemed withdrawn and far away from him, and David was concerned. "I felt there was something wrong, and I asked her what it was."

"Her mother said, 'She's very quiet and unto herself, and she always has been. Give her time to loosen up.' I wish I had known what was bothering her. Perhaps I could have ..."

But there was so little time together, during the important first weeks when two people are adjusting to living one. While Debra was shooting the "Wagon Train" film, David flew to New York to keep his TV date. "An unfortunate thing happened there. I moved from the hotel to a friend's place, and I left address and phone number—but they misplaced the note or threw it away. For two days Debbie couldn't reach me at all. She was hurt, and very disappointed."

On the other hand David hesitated to call her because "I was working on some other things in New York I wanted to accomplish before we talked. I wanted to have something happy to tell before I called her."

But that didn't matter. I was supposed to have done "Today" and we were working on my doing The Jack Paar Show. But I noticed something in Debbie's voice. I found out she was planning to go to Mexico City for five weeks—and I came straight home.

Debra Paget had no sooner gotten to Mexico City to star in Benedict Bogue's space epic "From the Earth to the Moon," than a column appeared that for Debra and David it was the other way around—they'd come from the moon down to earth again.

Torn emotionally, Debbie seemed to welcome being back before the cameras. And one night she called David in Hollywood saying she wanted a divorce. "I couldn't understand it, just couldn't understand it," David Street was saying.

"Debbie, we've been together a total of nine or ten days," he remitted her. "To make a decision of this sort based on being together ten days. We ought to know each other. We ought to try before we make this decision. It can't be based on you independently. It has to be based on us."

But during the weeks that followed, Debra decided, "I want to go through with it."

David said he was coming to Mexico to see her. "We've got to have some time together," he said.

There was little opportunity even there. Debra was working from early morning until late at night at the studio, outside Mexico City. Her sisters and the children were visiting her. And Debra was making plans to go to Europe for one and possibly two pictures that would keep her abroad from one to six months.

She still wanted a divorce, and she seemed anxious for David to sign the papers there. "Debbie, if this is the thing that worries you," he said, "if you feel pressure about this—if you feel I'm keeping you from getting a divorce down here—I'll sign the papers now." And he did. "Now you're free," he said. "There's nothing holding you to me—except an honest try." And he asked her to give them a little more time together, before taking this final step.

"When I left Mexico City, Debra said she'd wait, that we would have a little more time together after she got back. And we did have a little, but the pressure from publicity was great, and otherwise, she might have been able to look at it differently," David Street told me.

Sadness and tension filled the big Mediterranean-style house on Crescent Drive, where they'd promised to take each other from that day forward. "They're trying to make a go of it," Maggie said. "I don't know whether they will or not. I don't know from one moment to the next what's happening. I don't think it's either of their faults—they're both nice people. David's a fine person," Debra's mother said, "and he has a lot of talent. One of these days David's going to be 'way up on top, because he really has what it takes. That's one thing I am sure of."

But for the success of the marriage, Debra's mother was just standing by, concerned for both of them and for their happiness. She, too, blamed much of the difficulty on publicity and rumors.

"The phone rang and we had to leave it off the hook," David was saying now. "Debbie wouldn't go out anywhere because she didn't want to bump into anyone. She can't tell a lie—she just can't. If I'd just been left alone, so we didn't have people on our backs all the time. Not just columnists, but our friends, too, constantly calling, curious to find out what was happening, even offering "help" where none was needed. Just talking us farther and farther apart.

Then one columnists came out and printed fluff that we were thinking of getting a divorce. And then the phone really rang. If he hadn't printed this, we would have had more time to try. But Debbie said, 'I won't go through it. I won't go through it any more. I won't have all this happening!'

And Debra took a plane for Mexico. This was the end. "At least for now," David said.

Who knows why a marriage really ends? Or when? Especially one that never really began.

"It's just that everything happened that could possibly happen—and there was no time. Debbie says she just fell out of love with me. She doesn't know why. She just did."

"But she said something else—and this is a girl who speaks her mind. 'If we were divorced and I saw you afterward and we saw each other more and more and I wouldn't feel responsibility to you as a wife—I can't feel that maybe I would feel the same way I did before. Or maybe there would never be anything there. But if there's ever going to be anything, it would have to happen that way'."

"I'm still in love with her," David Street said slowly. "And I still have hope of our being back together. It won't work right now. But it may."

THE END

The song "ALL THE WAY" is published by Barton Music Corporation.
an artist or an actress. Today, I’m constantly worried about my performances.

And yet, Susie Strasberg needn’t be such a worry wart. She now has her third film hit, “Stage Struck,” showing across the country, plus her second smash Broadway play, “Time Remembered,” selling to standing-room-only houses. But somehow, Susie still isn’t convinced that talent and success are really hers to have and to keep. There’s a line in “Time Remembered,” she tells you, “which I’m always repeating to myself. It’s ‘Frick me with a pin to make sure I’m not dreaming.’ Well, that’s just the way I feel. Everything that’s happening seems unreal.

To understand what Susie means you have to remember that she’s the daughter of famous theatrical parents. Her father is Lee Strasberg, director of the famed Actors Studio; and her mother, a former actress, coaches stars like Marilyn Monroe. Theater greats were constantly guests in the Strasberg home, and Susie’s ambition to act was kindled early. But she didn’t dare dream that she ever could perform on a par with her parents and their celebrated cronies. When Susie, at thirteen, finally announced she’d like to try the acting game herself, the Strasbergs threw up their hands in horror. “They didn’t want an actress in the family,” Susie recalls, “particularly a child prodigy.”

So it took nerve and plenty of it for tiny Miss Susie Strasberg to strike out on her own and prove her mettle by landing her first role in an off-Broadway play—and at the age most girls are entering high school. She followed up the stage role with television appearances, was satisfied with her moderate success and never once thought of becoming a movie actress.

Then when Susie was sixteen, she accompanied her mother out to California and happened to tag along the day Mrs. Strasberg had a luncheon with M-G-M producer. In the middle of the meal, the producer took a long look at Susie and exclaimed, “Say, you’d be just right for the girl in ‘Cobweb’!” A real Commedia dell’arte fancy affair. Susie’s sensitive performance in “Cobweb” won her wide acclaim and a bigger role in “Picnic.”

It happened almost the same miraculous way in the theater, too. Susie had auditioned, along with at least 100 other aspiring young actresses, for the name part in “The Diary of Anne Frank.” She didn’t hear a word from the producers for months after auditions and consequently decided she wasn’t experienced enough for the role. Then, out of the blue, she suddenly was summoned to go into rehearsals. “Anne Frank” opened on Broadway October, 1955. Susan Strasberg was such a huge success that her name soon was put up in lights on the marquee beside the great Joseph Schildkraut.

However, “Stage Struck” had a different beginning. A year or so ago, Susie was asked if she’d like the part of the young actress in the picture, and she said yes. With the heard Henry Fonda and Herbert Marshall were going to be in the cast, she grew more excited, and when it was decided “Stage Struck” would be filmed entirely in New York, her hometown, Susie was ecstatic.

“We started shooting right in the middle of winter with ice on the streets and snow flying all around,” she recalls. “Often we started to work at four or five in the morning. Times Square was deserted. It was beautiful! One scene was shot right on the same street where ‘Time Remembered’ opened later. But,” adds Susie with a smile, “the stage struck girl in the picture is not me! The only thing we have in common is that we both love to act.”

No, the real Susan Strasberg is very different—in a dozen unexpected ways.

“Oh, I do a lot of terrible things!” Susie gaily admits. “Last summer, I decided to put a rinse on my hair so I’d look glamorous. The rinse worked out fine, but I started getting itchy bumps all over me. I went to the doctor and he said I had an allergy, and every day I had to cut out something new from my diet. Still, I kept having the bumps. One morning, I washed out the rinse and the bumps went away!”

And then there was the case of the Dior hat Susie bought to wear in “Time Remembered.” It was an elegant thing, a mass of soft, white feathers. But the first night she wore it on stage, the feathers were so much in the air, the director told her the hat was definitely out. “So I kept it for myself,” says Susie. “And when we were trying out the play in Washington, Helen Hayes invited me to accompany her to the White House to watch Queen Elizabeth’s arrival. I wanted desperately to wear my lovely hat, but it was raining. So I bought a white umbrella. I can still remember standing on the steps of the White House in the crowd, with my umbrella over the hat, wondering if the hat was going to ‘pop’ like a soufflé when the queen walked by.”

Susie declares she has always loved hats, but was never ambitious “except to cover up pin curls.” However, when people complimented her on the Dior creation, she went right out and bought the whole Dior line of jewels. “Then,” she grins, “I was sorry I was so extravagant and I’ve begun a practice of wearing anything I’ve ever bought, whatever I like or not.”

But it was that way, “I used to go on wild spending sprees, not even looking at the price tags,” she confesses. “But now I’m very good. I have my own little budget and charge accounts. And I keep precise records of at least, records!” she adds with a smirk. “Today, there’s only one thing I do have to buy—shoes. My feet have grown a half-size. But that’s all of me that’s grown. I still wear a size five dress—taken in! Somebody should start making size threes for small girls like me.” (For the statistics, Susie is five feet one, weighs 112 pounds.)

“I don’t diet,” says Susie, “and my eating habits are dreadful! When we were on tour in Washington, I gained four pounds. I was in a hotel, and the very first thing I did when I got there was order anything you wanted was entirely too tempting. I used to order four or five complete meals a day just so they’d be there waiting for me when I went up, a tray, so elegant in all the silver dishes.”

Susie eats breakfast late—and we do mean late. Recently, a reporter made a date to interview the phenomenal Miss Susie, and at 10 a.m. he showed up. “I think the man got sick,” Susie laughs. “It was breakfast time for me and I ate three pieces of toast with butter and margarine. Then I scrambled three eggs and finished it all off with cherry pie and gobs of whipped cream. It was the pie, I suspect, that finished the reporter, too!”

Another time, Susie accompanied friends after the theater for a midnight snack. It was a swanky place and Susie ordered caviar and tea. Then halfway through the meal, she checked her companions by asking for a double portion of ice cream. “But I adore ice cream,” she explains. “Any flavor.”

There are, however, two sides to Susie that are exclusive sides and her serious subjective side. “I think I’ve changed a lot in the last two years since I made Picnic,” she reflects soberly. “I’m not so impulsive now. I feel I’m still just as shy. I know I’ve always had a bad habit of saying the wrong thing at the wrong time, then talking fast to cover up. But that’s the old Susan Strasberg. Today, I see I’m only try to accept myself as I am. If I feel shy and really have nothing to say, I just say nothing at all. Covering up isn’t good. The best thing is to accept yourself as you really are.”

Like many timid girls, Susie constantly feels ill-at-ease when she walks into a large gathering. “When you meet people you don’t know,” she remarks, “I’ve a certain behavior from you just because you look like you should act and talk a certain way. My advice to timid girls is: Be yourself! If everybody tried to be the right part, it’d be the most monotonous crowd.”

Near-sightedness is another of Susie’s problems. “Often, when I’m not wearing my glasses,” she remarks, “I fail to recognize friends on the street and they think I’m snubbing them. I’m always getting into hot water that way! And then there’s the predicament of getting into drives’ license. I’ve tried to get one, but I can’t get a license. I’ve tried twice, but I couldn’t
pass the eye test—even with my glasses. Somehow, I get very nervous with eye tests. I've had a block about them since I was twelve. But I have stronger glasses now and I'm getting on. I think I'll make it this time. You see, I want a car of my own in the worst way!

Failure is one thing Susie simply can't stand. When she didn't receive her high-school diploma from Professional School in New York, she was distressed for months. Actually, it wasn't her fault. Susie had been going that semester and by the time she was well enough to go back to classes, she was busy with Hollywood and the theater. "I used to worry a lot about a fact, I still do. I wonder if some day my children will say, 'Well, you didn't get a diploma, why should we?'"

But Susie is also a great one for rationalizing. "I've got a young brother, John, who's studying to be a doctor. He really needs a diploma. Maybe I should have gotten one, too. It's important for young people to follow through, to this family a feeling of irresponsibility. My only excuse is that I've found life is an education. I've learned so much from books, museums, people. And besides, I've never had a feeling I should have studied drama. And where can you learn drama better than in making movies and acting on the stage?"

Her opening night in "Time Remembered," the unforgettable nightmare for Susie. Nervous over the big event, she consequently got herself locked in the bathroom five minutes before show time. When the manager came running to try to open the door, the play's star, Helen Hayes, kept asking, "Where's Susie, where's Susie?" Susie shouted back timidly: "Oh, I'll be out in time to take the final curtain call!" She couldn't make it. "Susie's key is right down the hall," the door obliged and Susie dashed breathlessly out on the stage, just in the nick of time.

"A funny thing happened to me that opening night," she recalls. "All of my emotions were like an automobile with bolts too tight. My voice and my face were tense. Nothing came out right. There was a party after the show, but I was so ashamed of my performance, I took two hours to get there."

Says Helen Hayes, who adores her, "I do wish Susie weren't quite so earnest so soon. As a mother, I'd like to urge her not to get down on the wonderful experiences that come only when you're young."

Miss Hayes remembers attending a performance of "Anne Frank" when Susie determinedly went on in spite of severe laryngitis and a 102 temperature. "I was backstage," says the immortal Helen Hayes, "and saw Susie with a rosy, feverish face, hardly able to talk. I was so touched, I sent her a little note from the stands. 'Please, please don't be so dedicated. The show does not always have to go on.'"

"Susie lives, breathes, eats the theater," said her mother. "Every wall of her living room is covered with photographs of great actors and actresses." Susie now has her very own apartment, consisting of two rooms and a bathroom, within her parents' spacious townhouse on New York's Central Park West. The living room is decorated daintily in period furniture. The bedroom has white, wall-to-wall carpeting. The bathroom sports a large purple rug and a surprising potentiometer crystal chandelier—a splurge, Susie admits.

And she has her own private telephone, which she shly admits is used quite frequently to talk to her boyfriends. "I have a lot of dates," she says, "I love going out. What girl twenty doesn't? I have more variety now than I had a year or two ago. Variety in ages, I mean. When you're eight, a man thirty seems too old. But when you're twenty, it's different. I don't have any favorite places. I can go almost anywhere with good company and enjoy myself, or I can go some place I love with some boy I don't like so much and be miserable."

Dancing is Susie's favorite pastime and she really gets herself decked out for the occasions. Sometimes, she wears a long train on her dress and it gets stepped on. "But I don't care," she laughs. "I'm going to dance, anyway. Except the other night. I wanted to do the Charleston, but the floor was so crowded, there was no room to kick!"

Wolves? "I don't try to handle them," she contends, "I ignore them. Trying to handle people means trying not to hurt their feelings, and if they're wolves you only get more involved. My method is just to expect every man to be a gentleman. Sounds like I really know! But honestly, I haven't met that many wolves!"

Like any other young girl, thoughts of marriage have entered Susie's mind. She's already had a healthy share of proposals, but claims she thought more about a wedding ring when she was seventeen than she does now. "Some of my boyfriends are married and having babies already. It makes me wonder if she means 'I'll get married eventually, but there's no rush.'"

In the meantime, Susie is trying to organize a coming out party for a friend. There's a lot of work and there's so much to do. She had to fly out to Hollywood to make publicity pictures for "Stage Struck," then hurt back east for the play. Now, at last, she has time to fill in and she made up her mind to be a 'watcher' at Actors Studio. She'd like to become a regular student, but explains one can't be enrolled without passing an audition. "And, I havn't the nerve to talk an audition!" Then there's lots and lots of reading to catch up with. Particularly poetry. "I hunger for the words," says Susie, "as I always do."

Summers, if possible, are spent at her parents' cottage on Fire Island, where Susie wears big, floppy hats and dark glasses to protect her face from becoming freckled. She took up chess last summer and found it fascinating, but quit because it robbed her of precious time for reading. Susie's looking ahead, too. She's very much aware of the fact that she has changed considerably, since the magazine public saw her last. "But if I didn't change," she contends, "people would say, 'What's Susan Strasberg trying to do—still look like a kid?' Susie says she's no longer a teenager. She has her first fur coat, wears high heels and make-up and dresses like any other smart, young career woman. Through the "adolescent-into-womanhood" stage, she remarks. "And I hope I've made it. There's another movie I want to do soon. It's a romantic part. I want to be ready for it."

And after that? "More of everything!" says Susie. "I'm in love with the world at large, so anything that comes my way will be perfect, right with me. I'm ready!" This little Susie is in the wake-up next month's cover girl—DEBBIE REYNOLDS

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the Thursday before the show and we have been working awfully hard and there's nothing but more work ahead for the next two days. But I feel good! May-be it's because you mentioned Phil. He always pep me up. Gee, I'll never forget the recent silly thing he said. I feel good!"

And the blue-eyed, brown-haired, pert Polly went into a soft-shoe routine that was anything but routine. She strutted a little too, toched-up—Why? What did some of that stroll that is the big craze these days, threw in a quiet little mambo step, went back to the soft shoe and wound it up in a statuesque and shrewd, we were talking about (she still claims she can't dance) with an imaginary partner throwing her out into the final turn so that she ended against a pillar, limp yet oh so glamorous. Yes, even in those working clothes, glamorous!

"Bravo, Helen, " called a stagehand from the other side of the room. "Bravissima, Helen, want a cracker?"

Polly wrinkled her nose at him in mock disdain and sat down in the chair still turned around, with her arms crossed over the back. She smiled and said, "Ever since I played on that platen former on the WB in TV, I've been kidded when I do something the least bit dramatic or torchy. The joke about the cracker comes from the Led Zeppelin, you know. So of course, you're sure she became a star, once worked at NBC—only this was the National Biscuit Company and not the broadcasting company. Of course, what is supposed to be the look of a cracker? Polly and the usual line is 'Fanny wanna cracker?' Well, I suppose it isn't really funny, but that life, around here at least."

She shook her head and gave a rueful laugh. It was just a month or so before that Polly had stood up on a stage in New York and received a coveted Emmy for her moving portrayal of the famous torch singer on "Playhouse 90."

She had shed a few tears in accepting the award, saying it didn't suit her to be the top voted TV actress of the year. And here, backstage, it was treated irreverently—but it was an irrelevance that was required respect and affection.

"Well, about Phil. He was a master of ceremonies for the Emmys, you know and it really was wonderful to hug him when I got to the stage! And I was certainly taken aback, of course, by the writers of the Phil Silvers Show also received Emmys, but to them it was nothing new. That show of Phil's just keeps on winning!"

"But we were in that Brooklyn movie house, says to me, Polly went on. "Say, let me tell you a story about Mr. Bilko's buddy Phil Silvers. When Phil and I got married, in the fall of 1956 (the same year Freddie and I were married,) it was a sudden decision. Not that they hadn't planned to get married. They knew they were going to get married, but no date had been set. Phil was busy with Phil-you'll never get rich, and Evelyn was busy doing stock on stage at the $64,000 Question. But they decided there was no sense in waiting any longer and, since it was a sudden decision...."

"Shut up, Phil, I--and I had breakfast in the Fields apartment. Freddie is Freddie Fields. But I guess you've never heard of him, and I do mean happily. You know they have a child now? Tracey, her name is. Well, naturally Phil was going to buy Evelyn a wedding band and I forgot all about it. But, well, this is a week after the wedding, I received a phone call. It was a man, and I felt that I had heard the voice somewhere, but I couldn't be sure. So I simply listened to this story."

"I am Sam Shanks, he said. At least I think that's the name he gave. 'I direct an investment establishment on the corner of Eighteenth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street.' Well, I immediately started thinking that it sounded awfully strange. It seemed to me that Eighth Avenue and Twenty-fifth Street was an odd location for an investment establishment. Immediately it came to me. He was a pawnbroker! And what in the world did he want from me?"

"But let me continue. We have received a request for an appraisal of a wedding band--platinum, I do believe it is, he went on. A chap draped in a uniform of some sort has called it to our attention. We have been apprised of the fact that this band was yours, Madam. Is it yours now or does this chap in uniform wish to purchase it? Does he have the money, will, of course, notify the authorities. If the latter, would you give us an estimate of its worth?"

"Well, to tell you the truth—say, that's the name of the program I've heard of, isn't it?" Polly made a little girl smile and tilted her head slightly in a put-on pleased-with-herself attitude. On another note, Polly was a panel member of 'To Tell the Truth.'"

"Well, as I was saying, she continued, 'I was genuinely disturbed. I know that Sergeant Ernie Bilko might in some clever way, be able to prove that anything legal in the end do such a thing, but certainly not Phil Silvers. I hung up on Sam Shanks or whatever his name was and shaded my eyes in the sunlight. Then a limousine with a number plate 'Polly R.' pulled up, a panel member of 'To Tell the Truth.'"

"How do you do, madam," he said with a suave smile, that Private Doberman never has. 'I do believe that you are the rightful winner of a grand prize. Madam, with the compliments of the entire establishment, you know. Then we drove up to the department store..."

She laughed. 'That darned platoon of his! Remember when the Emmy ceremony started? Phil was the first one to appear. He came marching up in a red army uniform—seemed to me it was a cross between the French Foreign Legion and something out of the Roxy
A half hour later, off on the other side of town in another hall, this one a CBS spot, Phil Silvers put out his hand to be shaken, nodded and said, "It was like this. Joe Morris and Flo Campbell had a call-out date. Who had a voice cracked ... oh, my, how it did crack! Like a bamboo reed split with a fine knife, it crinkled. So I became a brat in Joe and Flo's sketches. My, but I loved it, loved it.

Obviously Polly had not been deceived into thinking that her listener was still over at NBC, listening. Pert Polly had rededicated the next person on the itinerary was Phil (how the deuce did she deduce it, anyway?) and had called Phil to fill him in.

"Now I understand that you are interested in Polly the sculptor," Phil said.

Since this was the first time that "sculptor" or anything like it had come into the conversation—either conversation—it was hard to agree. Yet it was also hard not to agree, not only because to do so would be impolite, but also because there was a very definite feeling that all this would make sense.

"Well, it was like this," Phil said. "Polly sculpted. Is there such a word? Sculpt? To sculpt? Let me see." He put his hand to his chin and stared at it. It was a kind of deep-thought expression that looked like Polly's. Not that they resembled each other, of course, except for the inevitable glasses. Phil was wearing his glasses now and Polly had been wearing her glasses much of the time. Yet despite this, and the fact that they certainly do not look alike, their expressions while they were thinking (or at least something like serious) were certainly remarkably alike.

"Sculpt? Ah, well, what's the difference? She's pretty good at it, too. I don't know how long she's been doing it, but I do know she was doing it as a youngster. At least I think that's what I told you about the time she did my bust? Boy, that was a riot! I sat and sat and sat—never thought I could get off the chair. Every time I tried to get up, she'd move me, as they do from those blue eyes, and down I'd go again. I was like clay in her hands. Say, that's a good one! Have to tell that to Bilko's writers, if I ever meet them. Amazing! Amazing!

"Boy, was I ever in clay hands. Six weeks later I looked like one of those love shaped some more and looked some more and I would get up and then would come those soulful blue eyes and down I'd go, clay again. Funny thing, she was working with those glasses, I ask you! When she was through her glasses on the bust and I guess it looked like me. Only don't tell Polly I said anything about it. And another thing, I was only kidding about writers. We're always kidding about the writers. You know, here a guy stands up here and says he can write. And anyone, he was just a writer, wasn't he? Eight or ten times over until the director and the sound technicians and the cameraman and who knows else say it's okay. And do you know what? It took the bastards longer than that line from some other place, and me it takes forty times to get a simple, two-act, two-line scene on that film. Sometimes I feel like I'm in that Brooklyn movie again, waiting for the film to break. Did you know that I got my start singing in a Brooklyn movie? Oh—yes, you?

Phil slapped his khaki-clad leg and chuckled. "Well, if you've been to see Polly I guess you have the story. Maybe not the exact, precise story, because she's inclined to elaborate a little when it comes to me. Probably even told you the..."
one about the wedding band." Phil looked up sharply, putting out all that stern Bilko militarism to ferret out the truth.

When he saw that the truth was out, he relaxed and nodded.

"Thought so," he said. "Well, never mind. From me you will get facts about Polly, not of her legs again, as you repeated this. "You know, our girl Polly leads her family life with as much pep as she conducts her career. Her husband, Fields, who's vice-president of a big talent agency, has his own share of mine, and so the four of us have some real games when we get together. Even our bridge games are full of wise-cracking.

And eleven-year-old Kathy Fields, Polly's stepdaughter, is her biggest fan—next to Freddie and Evelyn and me, match! You know, Polly was married once before to Jerome Courtland, an actor, but it didn't work out. Polly was too young.

"The interesting thing about her is that her musical upbringing was a genuine family thing. Her father, whose name was Bill Burgin (maybe you saw him on her show a few times), was a hillbilly singer and Polly learned all the songs her father loved. Why do you know, she even started singing "When My Mammy Cried to the Hound Dog That Little Ole Hound Dog Cried Right Back to Her" at my wedding! Yes—but here are Facts! The facts, man, are that it is true at all.

"But it could have been. That's an interesting thing about people in show business. You may hear a lot of stories about how cold or tough or this that they are, but I can tell you they aren't much different off the stage than they are on it. It's just plain impossible to be one way in front of the camera or the footlights and a completely different way behind the scenes. I wouldn't have to show you what she would show up and then what chance does the entertainer have to hold his audience?

"So what I'm getting at is that when you watch a Polly with Bud Collyer or Henry Morgan on a TV panel show, just kidding back and forth, that's the same Polly who could have sung a classic about the hound dog. And she could save it made it up, right on the spot, too."

There was a lot of activity suddenly blowing up. As Polly's rehearsal hall had been at the start, this CBS spot was a well-organized center of disorganization. Sets were suddenly put into motion, cameras came careening around on one wheel, men shouted odd phrases and

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OUR LITTLE HAM
Continued from page 68

the sun, backlighting him. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the old David Ladd, "we now present David Ladd imitating his father in scenes from 'Shane.'"

T

he performance moved Alan more than he would let on. He knew why David had chosen the picture's fight scene in the country store and his heart swelled with love for the boy. David had been performing it daily, and the scene was shot and, seeing his father, his hero, fighting, had stirred his gleeful encouragement. "Come on, Daddy; hit him, Dad-dy," he had shrieked, climbing over other visitors in the room.

"David, come here," Alan got up and took a fighting stance, left arm out, right fist at his face, chin tucked in. "Like this," he said, fighting with his left. "Now grab your right. And keep your chin in or it'll get clipped." He dropped an arm to his son's shoulder, feeling a terrible responsibility.

Should he encourage the boy? He remembered too well the heartaches he had suffered before making good as an actor. He knew, too, that his own poverty and suffering, including his own hunger—had given him a good sense of values and he did not want easy money to spoil David.

Likewise, he knew what people would say—that David had become an actor because he had a drag as a son's son.

That evening Alan and Sue Ladd did a lot of soul searching in deciding whether David should act.

The Ladds satisfied themselves that acting would not harm David. But would it do him any good?

Alan and Sue laughed as they remembered some of David's agile imaginations and were both proud and amused. There was the time when he locked himself in the kitchen and didn't come out until called. Not meaning to frighten him, the puzzled parents had heard the sink disposal turned on and off, and they listened. After this had gone on for fifteen or twenty minutes, Alan went to the door and demanded that David open up.

"Shh, Dad," David said, admitting him. "I'm having a funeral. Then he resumed his kneeling position by the stove, and Alan saw him off after he called. Gravely, one by one, he was dropping his tropical fish which had died, into the disposal—and saying a prayer for each.

Alan and Sue were convinced that acting would not hurt him; would help him. But was David, for all his childish play acting, serious? Alan has his own film company, Jaguar Productions, and there was a bit part for a boy in "The Big Land," which he was preparing to make. But he was reluctant to make the first move.

About that time David ran breathlessly into the house one day waving the news that Jack Wrather had asked him and Jack Jr., his playmate, if they would like to take parts in the filming of "The Lone Ranger as a lark. "Would you like that, David?"

Alan asked. "Do you really want it?"

"Gee, Dad, it would be fun."

The director confirmed the Ladds' opinion of "the little ham." This boy," said the director, "will end up as an actor whether you encourage him or not. Acting is virtually an instinct with him."

David did well in the part and Alan decided to give him the hit in his own picture. David scored—and proved himself.

Now Alan was embarrassed by David's fine work in the picture. Wouldn't people say David had become an actor only because his father had given him part? I have two other scripts "but I am reluctant to use David," he told Sue. "Let's wait and see if other producers want David—if the boy can make good away from home."

One day Samuel Goldwyn Jr. sent Alan a script of "The Proud Rebel." Alan liked it, but turned it down because he was trying to make a film for his own company. Goldwyn Jr. then sent a copy of "The Proud Rebel" to Sue, seeking David to play a big emotional role in the dramatic western.

Alan and Sue were both pleased—and alarmed! This was the kind of part which, played properly, could make a star of their boy. Did they want their boy to be a star? Should they give him the chance?

David, accustomed to confiding in, and being a pal to, Alan, asked his father to watch him rehearse. So Alan soon was holding a script of "The Proud Rebel" on his lap, reading aloud the role of the boy, his father, helping David learn his part. "The more I read the better I liked it," Alan said. "Then it hit me. Here were father and son roles just right for me and David."

Meantime, Goldwyn Jr. was planning to establish a rapport with David to gain the boy's confidence before shooting started. "David didn't talk much," the producer recalls. "I'd ask him what he liked—baseball, football, swimming, etc.—but he'd never open up. He gave me only a polite yes or no. Until I asked him about his father! His eyes lit up and he started talking a streak. Plainly he was his hero, on and off screen. I sent a script to Alan and got him too!"

When Alan Ladd signed for "The Proud Rebel" he said, "They say an actor doesn't have a chance, a do-or-a-die, but after all, it's my kid." Those who heard him knew there was more pride than humor in the remark.

Alas, Alida de Havilland (after a too long absence away from Hollywood) and Dean Jagger. "The Proud Rebel" began to shape up as one of the year's biggest pictures. How did David take it? He didn't think acting a bit special or glamorous. Alan laughed. "His earnings didn't warp his sense of values, either."

During shooting, David's allowance went up to fifty cents a week ("After all, there's inflation," said Alan) and his daily wage raised from twenty-five to thirty-five cents whenever he works. David knows he's not rich. "Let's see," he said one day. "Thirty-five cents a day for six days—that's $2.10 a week—that's about ten cents after taxes, isn't it, Dad?"

But the bets are high in Hollywood that after David's performance is seen this month (the studied sign language—the youngest student at UCLA—in order to portray a boy who has lost his voice from a ailment is worth a bet) he'll have to raise his allowance, when working, to seventy-five cents. THE END

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DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 9B, Chicago, Illinois
THEY’RE IN THE NEWS

This season for the young to fall in love... Not that the old don’t, but we’ve been solely clued in on the goings-on of our young pals from coast-to-coast. So, what’s cookin’ with them is now food for you... Jeanie Seberg is a clever little trick. Remember last month when we said La Seberg doesn’t believe in “blind dates”? It puzzled us, It doesn’t any more. The puzzle was solved. By whom? Francois Moreuil. He’s a handy French lawyer for whom J. S. will give up her Miss-hood for Mrs.-hood.

Love Flight: Would you call it love when a guy makes a 3000-mile trip cross-country for just a few hours to see a gal close in a flop play? I would. The guy: Mark Damon. The gal: Susan Kohner. And that’s exactly what Mark did—flew in from California a few hours before Susie’s last performance in “Love Me Little.” When I saw him closing night I said, “How come you’re here? Pythias?” (My nickname for M.D. Every time I think of Damon I think of Pythias.) He gave me that “knowing” Damon grin and replied, “Well, it’s cheaper than long-distancing it!” By the way, look for Mark this summer in Columbia’s “Life Begins at 17.”

Whenever you feel like cooling it into outer space, do you find yourself playing the hi-fi to a 33 1/3 spin with Johnny Mathis messaging it to the land of oblivion? I do. Just dig his sound. Seems a lot of other people do, too. In particular, the movie moguls. That Mathis Moaner, at 22, will be biog-ed for the celluloid screen, I wonder what will happen to him at 23?... Dot moaner. Nick Todd, Pat Boone’s brother, went and enlisted, just when his career was going so great.

Natasha Gurdin, better known to you as Natalie Wood or Mrs. Robert Wagner, is reportedly on layoff at Warner Bros. How come? Your guess is as good as mine. Our California chums say they hear the Wagners practicing their lullaby ditties. I wonder if they’re singing it to rock ’n’ roll. Nat digs the stuff. ... Lili Gentle feeling better after miscarriage disappointment from stork, hubby Dick Zanuck tells us.

Wondering Time: What’s been bothering Jamie MacArthur? He’s such a sweet guy. We saw him recently at one of those jazzy wendings, socializing it beach style. The handsome MacArthur seemed unhappy. Sure hope his trip to Switzerland this summer for Disney’s “Banner In The Sky” will help solve all... Three cheers, Lady Liz! You’re a trouper to beat all troupers. Welcome back to the world of lights, camera and action! I’m hunching it, L. Taylor, that your “Cat On A Hot Tin Roof” will make you “hotter” than ever!... “Vergo”—weird title, weird Hitchcock picture. But if anyone tells me again that Kim Novak and James Stewart had a weird and feudin’ time making this flick, I’ll never believe it, nor will you. The love scenes; Si-zz-z-z-l-e! Si-zz-z-z-l-e! ... Will it be swimming time or wedding time for Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams? I say swimsuits will be the vogue all the way for this twosome. The theme from “Lohengrin” will only be a memory from the past.

We’re thrilled to tell you that the blonde beauty who’s simply ecstatic being Mrs. Arthur Miller, the breathless Marilyn Monroe, is returning to flickersville. The fabulous Monroe signed a new deal with 20th—three pics for the next seven years. Her first thought, will be U.A.’s “Some Like It Hot,” with Frank Sinatra. Wow, what a combo! That will be followed by 20th’s “Can-Can.” Welcome back M. M. You’ve been away too long!

They’ve all made the news this month. Wonder who will next? See us then and ‘bye for now—RONA B.
NEW!

New Lustre-Creme Shampoo

for shinier, easier-to-manage hair

now at a special introductory price!


Debbie Reynolds knows there's a new reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo! It leaves your hair shinier than ever before and any hair-style is easy to set now after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Try it right away, while this special offer lasts!
DISCOVERED BY PROCTOR & GAMBLE

First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength

PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN.
"Top hair" needs this softer wave... and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES, back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas... now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
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It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for... yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair... then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year

Pin-it

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle
ARBO VISITS LIZ TAYLOR

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so clear...so fresh...so easily yours

Soft, smooth, radiant with That Ivory Look—her complexion shows what Ivory Soap can do for your skin. Ivory is so white and pure, smells so fresh and clean. A change to regular care with the magic of Ivory gentleness and soon your face lights up with that clear, pure look—That Ivory Look!

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All through your active day...

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Contains no aluminum salts

Mum Cream is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor...contains no astringent aluminum salts. It keeps on working actively to stop odor 24 hours a day with M-3—Mum’s wonderful hexachlorophene that destroys both odor and odor-causing bacteria!

When Mum is so effective—yet so gentle—isn’t it the deodorant for you?
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Your September issue will be on sale at your newsstand on August 5th.
The wonderful story of a Sergeant who "promoted" himself to General... in the wildest SNAFU the Army ever knew!

M·G·M Presents

GLENN FORD

(that "Don't Go Near The Water" guy)

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IMITATION GENERAL

Co-Starring

RED BUTTONS · TAINA ELG

with Screen Play by 
Based On the Story by 
in 
Directed by 
Produced by 

DEAN JONES · WILLIAM BOWERS · WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN · CinemaScope · GEORGE MARSHALL · WILLIAM HAWKS · An M-G-M Picture
You cannot brush bad breath away... reach for Listerine!

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Almost everybody uses tooth paste, but almost everybody has bad breath now and then! Germs in the mouth cause most bad breath, and no tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions.

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So, reach for Listerine every time you brush your teeth.

Reach for Listerine
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A. New way to be light-headed: Bright Future hair lightener by DuBarry can lighten a little or a lot, depending on how long it's left on the hair. $2.00*

B. To help keep young skin smooth and clear: Dorothy Gray's Medicated Skin Care Kit with scrub soap, refining lotion and Velveteen night cream. $2.50*

C. New Bobbi pin curl home wave comes with three different types of curlers, plus directions on how to use each for the hair style of your choice. $2.00*

D. P-s-s-s-t—bath powder that sprays like cologne! Poudre Glacée by Millot, is scented with Crepe de Chine perfume, comes in handy metal container. $3.50*

E. For the barefoot season: Pretty Feet, greaseless lotion to soften rough, dry skin, remove calluses on feet (or hands or elbows). 4 oz., $1.50*
He wanted money! He wanted power! And he knew only one law—to take what he wanted! A great performer, Elvis Presley, delivers a great dramatic performance in a story based on that sensational best-seller—"A Stone for Danny Fisher."
I had never seen or heard anything like it before. The camera crew, the technicians, the director—all the spectators on set of 20th’s “Quick Draw”—stood, rushed forward, cheered, clapped and stamped their feet. These veterans, these pros, had just watched the climactic scene of the picture in which Bob Evans, the vicious, ruthless killer, had been beaten and battered by Hugh O’Brian, the hero. In the final scenes—the moment of Bob’s downfall, the script called for him not to defend himself. So he just stood there, taking blow after blow. This was no fake, no pulling of punches. It was all brutally realistic and Bob was magnificent. When the cameras stopped rolling, I found myself—the only member of the press present—standing up, joining with the others in ten minutes of spontaneous, overwhelming applause.

Two days later I tried to get in touch with Bob to tell him how impressed we all were, and was told that he was in the hospital. I knew he’d taken a bad beating onscreen, but not that bad—not bad enough to put him in the hospital, I said to myself. “What’s wrong with him?” I asked.

“He has a temperature of 106.2°,” I was informed. “He is very, very ill. The next few days are crucial.”

When I called the hospital for information, I was always told that Bob was still in danger. I remembered that other time, that earlier time, when illness had almost wrecked his budding career. Few people know that Bob was discovered for pictures a few years back when he was only seventeen. He was a disk jockey at the time, and a major studio was about to sign him to a contract. Suddenly, without warning, one of his lungs collapsed. He was rushed to the hospital and for days was at death’s door. Finally, the crisis passed; he was released from the hospital and the long months of recuperation began. But by the time he was completely well once more, that movie job was no longer waiting for him.

Somehow I would remember all this each time I phoned for news of Bob. I have to admit I prayed for the life of the boy who, in “Quick Draw,” had much of Hollywood predicting—as Photoplay had predicted—that he was destined to be one of the year’s biggest stars. I prayed that his career wouldn’t be smashed again.

On the fifth day when I called the hospital, Bob answered the phone himself. “Hi-ya,” he said. “How have you been? What’s new out there?”

“Wait a minute,” I interrupted. “You’re the news. You’re the one who has all of us worried. How are you?”

And I explained the grave concern of the studio bosses and his friends for Bob’s health. And how, while he was hospitalized, executives at 20th Century-Fox were describing the rushes of his scenes from the picture as “one of the most singularly individual portrayals of a heavy ever filmed.”

“Fine,” he said, “just fine. Never felt better. I’m anxious to get back on the picture soon. I have a few more takes to make. Only hope we won’t have to do that fight scene over.”

As I listened, I realized sometimes the real dramas in life lie behind the scenes. And the villain can be the hero.
They met...
They knew they shouldn't have...
They couldn't stop.
Hi, guys and gals! All set for another session of platter chatter and a little of this and that about the wonderful world of music? . . . Let's spin!

A new vocal group you’ll be hearing is “The Passions.” (Dig that name!) Five lads from Fremont High School in Los Angeles, their first disk is a real rockin’ ditty called “Jackie Brown,” penned by one of the boys themselves, Sam Handy. Danceable is the word for “Dottie,” vocalized by Danny and the Juniors. We’re picking it as a third Big One in a row by this popular vocal group. The other two, of course, were “At The Hop” and “Rock and Roll is Here to Stay.”

If you liked “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands,” you’ll also be happy with “I Gotta Robe,” an exciting, finger-snappin’ follow-up by Little Laurie London, that youngster from Britain . . . Another by Jerry Lee Lewis that we think is a cinch to rock on up to the top is “High School Confidential!” which Jerry sings in the current M-G-M movie of the same name . . . Have you heard the Threeteens’ love-letter song to Elvis Presley called “Dear 53310751”? Yup, that’s E.P.’s Army serial number! . . . And treat your ears to Roger Williams’ “Young and Warm and Wonderful.” A very beautiful follow-up to Roger’s “Arrivederci Roma.”

Notes from Hollywood: Producer Phil Waxman who will do “The Gene Krupa” story tells us he selected Sal Mineo to play drummer Gene because “Sal looks like Gene; he’s a pretty good drummer; and he’s crazy about jazz. Besides, he can act!” . . . Johnny Mathis is set to star in his very own biofilm, “The Johnny Mathis Story.” It’ll roll in August and most of the scenes will be shot on location in Johnny’s hometown, San Francisco . . . Batoneer Ray Anthony will play another dramatic role in the movie “One Wife Is Enough.” (Y’mean it, Ray?)

If you dig modern sounds but can’t afford nightspot tabs, here’s a tip: More and more of the jazzclubs, particularly in the New York area, start swingin’ on Sundays in the afternoon, with no minimum prices or cover charges or such—just an admission charge of about one dollar at the door. One of my favorite dens is Cafe Bohemia in Greenwich Village, which you hear regularly on my Mutual network program, “Bandstand, U.S.A.”

Looks like one way to become a record star is to have a famous movie personality as a parent. Newest example is Harold (“Duke”) Lloyd, Jr., who just signed a contract and will tee off with the tune he did in his latest movie “Frankenstein’s Daughter” . . . Denise Lor, singing star of the Garry Moore Show, is also freshly inked to a long-term record contract . . . Do you know that since 1948 sales of records have increased 20-25% each and every year?!!

Let’s Preview

“Put Your Dreams Away”—(Frank Sinatra, Columbia 1136). This is a re-issue of some of Frankie’s all-time great hits that were cut for Columbia some time back. The tunes are all ballads with lush Axel Stordahl backgrounds. Included in this album are “Dream,” “The Things We Did Last Summer” and, of course, the LP title song. A great moo1 album for the Sinatra fans. Who isn’t? “Elvis’ Golden Records”—(Elvis Presley, RCA Victor LPM 1707). This LP includes fourteen consecutive golden records. By golden, we mean each has sold over a million copies. ‘Nuff said!

“Who’s Sorry Now”—(Connie Francis, MGM E3686). A choice collection of “oldies” styled in the inimitable “Who’s Sorry Now?” fashion. Connie’s in good voice, turning in some of her best performances on this one, which make for some pleasurable listening.

“Gems Forever”—(Mantovani, London LL 3032). For the lovers of the lush sound, some great tunes superbly performed by the Master. Strings at their gorgeous best, in a relaxed mood.

“Exciting!” says Tommy of Laurie London’s latest record, “I Gotta Robe” Jerry Lee Lewis rocks to the top in M-G-M’s “High School Confidential!”
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

ANITA EKBERG, glamorous Hollywood star, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme! Shouldn't you use it, 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!
I told Kim S. she's high on actresses' "best actress" list

There's nothing wrong with the movie business that Brigitte Bardot can't fix... Somehow I get the impression that Liberace isn't happy, although he's smiling... The thing that bothers Jayne Mansfield most about her acting career is that it seems to involve so little acting... Kim Stanley is high on most actresses' list of the best actresses in America... Barbara Nichols often gives the impression that she's holding back a scream... I wonder how many people decided not to read "The Brothers Karamazov" after seeing the movie. The same goes for "War and Peace." If they continue to make bad pictures of the classics, the movies can wash up literature...

Typed: Frank Sinatra is the type of fellow who tips a doorman not to open the door for him... According to Marlene Dietrich, mirrors aren't what they used to be when she was young... Keely Smith is so great that when Betty Hutton mimics her, Betty is great... I get a kick standing on the Sunset Strip at dusk watching the lights go on in the big town spread out beneath me... I also get a kick watching these lights go off at dawn, making the big town below look as if it had forgotten to put on its makeup... After seeing it again, I think that "12 Angry Men" should have received a special award for being the most underrated movie of the year... Shelley Winters said a mouthful when she said, "I get carried away with the sound of my own mouth."... I was told Sinatra plays his own records when he's romancing a doll... Children enjoy adult westerns more than adults do... Hollywood is movies and glamour. If it weren't for movies, television (broadcasting) wouldn't be in Hollywood... I wish someone would explain to me how good the movie was... By the way, M-G-M just signed an actress, Carmen Phillips, because she'd be great for Gloria Grahame roles...

If Kim Novak had her way, all dollar bills would be lavender... I'd like to introduce you to Mike Nichols and Elaine May. They're the best of the new comedians on TV. Tune them in when they're guesting. Next season they'll have their own program... Alec Guinness looks more like Oscar than any actor who won an Oscar... I receive many letters asking, "How can I become a movie star?" My honest answer is, "I don't know." There are no set rules, there is no textbook on the subject. Natalie Wood's story is different than Bob Wagner's, whose story is different than Dick Powell's, and his story is different than June Allyson's, whose story is nothing like Audrey Hepburn's, any more than hers is similar to Katharine Hepburn's... There are no two stories alike. How to become a movie star differs as much as fingerprints...

Typed: Sheree North is the type of girl who sends an air mail letter and writes "Fly me" on the envelope... I believe it's safe to give Ella Fitzgerald the award for being the favorite singer of the singers... Those people who insisted that Jean Seberg would marry her director, Otto Preminger, are mighty quiet these days... Joan Collins told me "Those men who marry an actress and expect her to behave like a school teacher should marry a school teacher."... I believe Lana Turner's box office appeal depends on how good her movies are... Everyone on "Dragnet" talks like a telegram... I get no message from Maria Schell... White-haired Jeff Chandler told me that his hair is turning brown from worry. Such problems... At a recent party I was chatting with David Niven when a man interrupted and said, "Pardon me, Mr. Niven, I hope you won't object to my telling you how much I enjoy your performances, how great you are." "Not at all," replied Dave, "I'm a glutton for praise." That's Hollywood For You.
That's lovely Taina Elg's description of Lux. Miss Elg came to Hollywood from Finland—and brought Lux with her. Like so many other beautiful women all over the world, she's always used it.

Lux is famous everywhere as the mild, gentle soap that's so good to a girl's complexion. And Lux, with its natural gentleness, its rich, creamy lather, can do as much for you as it does for any movie star.

You'll like the fragrance, too—a blend of many fine perfumes. And both the complexion and bath size come in four soft colors and white. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back. Make this proven beauty care your own.

Bopolina

I thought your readers might be interested in the following:

“Wow, he’s ‘Neat!’” you exclaim. But still you wish he’d go “Twenty-Six-Miles” away sometimes. Don’t tell me “Maybe—” I know you had a “Blue Monday.” “In That Still Of The Night” you said, “I’m Walking” (on a Clark’s Expedition). Then “Teenager’s Romance” arrived and you felt like “The Joker.” “Those Blue Violins” began “Soft” and warm, was that ever “Tricky!” You were “All Shook Up,” “A Sweet Little Sixteen Teenage Queen,” You choked down a “Cool Shake,” “Tenderly.” You modeled those “Short Shorts” and he commented, “Man, Dig that Crazy Chick!” Then you took “One Step At A Time” and he was “Breathless.”

“Great Balls of Fire!” he exclaimed. “This would Roll over Beethoven!” “Are you my ‘Personal Possession’?” he demanded. “Are You Sincere?” she asked this “Little Blue Man.”

“Kid, don’t make ‘Broken Promises’!” he answered. “‘Hey Little Girl,’ ‘Come A Little Closer,’ ‘Gimme A Little Kiss’.”

“No, the ‘Man Upstairs’ might see us. Oh well, if he does I’ll just whip out my little water gun and go Zip Zip.”

“Oh honey, ‘Walk Hand In Hand with Me.’ Let’s go ‘To The Aisle’ and get married. We’ll begin our honeymoon at Heartbreak Hotel; then go to that ‘Island in the Sun,’ maybe we’ll even make the ‘Valley of Tears.’” “Bopolina,” won’t this be a “Crazy Love?”

CAROLE SHREVE
Prairie Village, Kans.

Has Anyone Noticed? . . .

Has anyone noticed that Vic Damone is a young David Niven? Paul Richards a young Claude Rains? Jeff Hunter a young Henry Fonda? Dean Martin a young Cary Grant? Adam Kennedy a young Wayne Morris? Berry Kroeger a young Charles Laughton?

MURIEL BURTON
CLOIFSIDE, N. J.

Problems in Common

I enjoyed very much your story on Sandra Dee, “It Can Be Lonely,” in Photoplay. It helped me just to learn that someone else was lonely like me. I’m only fifteen and although I have friends, they’re not really what you’d call life-long friends. In a way, Sandra Dee and I are alike but I don’t feel comfortable enough with my friends to reveal my feelings. They go out riding and have what they call a good time chasing other people in cars. I don’t enjoy riding around at night with a car full of teenagers and I don’t think Sandra would, either. I guess I’m like Sandra because I’m ac-

quainted more with older people than the younger ones. She, being an actress, would naturally be with older people and get along with them. Older people like me more than teenagers do. I think Sandra and I have similar problems and I hope we will have them worked out in the not-too-distant future. I want you to know there are many people like Sandra who are lonely and afraid sometimes. 

SANDRA WATKINS
QUITMAN, TEXAS

Fan’s Eye View

Dr. Mr. Skolsky:

I wish I knew all the stars as well as you do but since I don’t and probably never will I hope you’ll read the following—a fan’s eye view of Hollywood and its people:

Cary Grant really sends me when he does a love scene. . . . Kim Novak always looks so sad. . . . Why doesn’t Hollywood leave Debbie and Eddie alone to settle their differences? . . . Those Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies on TV are terrific. . . . Richard Egan and Pat Hardy are bound to be one of Hollywood’s happiest married couples. . . . Jeff Chandler is super keen in Technicolor. . . . I adore Deborah Kerr in green. . . . Why hasn’t Tab Hunter been given an ice-skating role in movies? . . . Sal Mineo rates tops with my sister who met him when they both appeared on a local TV show here in Detroit. . . . I can’t think of anyone more versatile than Donald O’Connor. . . . Hope Lange and Don Murray deserve the world’s biggest medal for their wonderful charity work—ditto Rory Calhoun!

BEVERLY J. EKERY
ALLEN PARK, MICH.

Visiting with Bob Wagner

Imagine how delighted we were when our movie idol Robert Wagner paid a visit to Baltimore and we were invited to interview him, representing the small fan club we had formed for him. It was with high spirits that we sat in the elegant Blue Room of the Sheraton Belvedere Hotel, waiting for one of Hollywood’s newest stars to arrive. We asked him about everything from Natalie Wood to Actors Studio to Japan, his location on a recent movie. Everyone that left the interview, felt very warmed by his charm and, really, as if he were a personal friend, whom they had known for a long while.

Again we would like to say many thank yous to everyone who made the interview possible.

KAREN WALSH AND JANET MILLER
BALTIMORE, MD.

“Who’s Who, What’s New . . .”

I have just finished reading the article “Who’s Who, What’s New in Hollywood?” and enjoyed it very much. It was a most interesting story. I think something like that should have a permanent place in your magazine. I never realized before that there are so many different groups and how they get together and entertain. For instance, I never knew that the Gary Coopers entertained so much and that Mrs. Cooper was one of the most fashionable women along that line. And another thing I found interesting—where the stars bought their clothes and from whom; also the different designers of women’s clothes. Also, the types of homes the stars live in. It was mentioned that some live in highly fashionable places with swimming pools and others in more modest “dwellings.” Just thought I would give my opinion of a fine article.

AULA OSE
ROCKFORD, ILL.

Party-giving Coopers here party-going . . . And They’re Still Great

I am a steady movie fan who is nearing the end of my teens. Most of my favorite movie personalities—up until recently—ranged in age from Pat Boone and Tab Hunter to Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. I thoroughly resented the fact that so many meaty roles meant for thirty-year-old men were falling to a solid group of doddering old men. Their fortes and fifties—even sixties! These characters, I mused—among them Gable, Wayne, Grant, Cooper, Milard, Astaire and Randolph Scott—will be making love to young girls till they’re held together with Scotch tape. Put them out to pasture, I said, and make room for the younger, ailer stars.

Then, begorra! I began to watch old movies on television. They started some of the folks mentioned above. Interesting, I thought, and went to see some of their latest movies for comparison—for these boys were great fifteen years ago. And surprisingly enough, most of them are still great today. I still hold my former stand in the case of several whom I do consider “old men.” But others like Gable are still terrific, despite an occasional wrinkle and gray temples.

L. S.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

continued
New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
Hugh’s Friends

Hugh O’Brian is just the greatest! After his recent appearance on “The Big Record” on which he sang “Don’t Move” and “I’m Walkin’ Away” from his album, he saw a group from his Friend Club backstage and shook hands with everyone and posed for pictures. This is not unusual for Hugh. During his cross-country personal appearances, he has met many of his Friends and everyone gets the same friendly reception from him. He thinks as much of his friends as we do of him.

J. A. Rice
Middletown, N. J.

Errol and The Time Machine

Watching Errol Flynn in his old movies on television and on the current movie screen in “Too Much, Too Soon,” we see the great romantic adventure star of the past developing into a great character actor of the future.

In his career, he has visited many periods of history. I believe that a fine role for him could be found in a mystic story of the future.

He should be starred as The Time Traveler in a film version of “The Time Machine” by H. G. Wells. I believe that such a movie would be highly enjoyable.

Arthur Stockman
Longmont, Colo.

Setting a Good Example

I’m sick and tired of reading all this junk and I mean junk, about Elvis Presley. How could anybody make someone else bad, as a few people try to say.

If Elvis has any influence on teenagers it’s good and I can prove it. I hate to have to admit this, but someone has to show how good he is.

One night recently my mother and father had gone to bingo, and my brother and I were taking care of our little sisters. My mother happened to leave an open package of cigarettes on the coffee table. I don’t usually do any smoking at all but I was angry at my mother and I thought I could get even with her by smoking, which I realize now was very silly.

I was just about to have a smoking good time when my brother put a record on and it was one of Elvis’ where I think is the greatest, and then I thought about the way people try to hurt him and say things about him all the time. They say he makes kids bad.

Elvis doesn’t drink or smoke. What I have heard about him he is quite religious and as I sat there listening to him sing, I could no more take that cigarette any more than I could cut my head off.

Who, may I ask, could set a better example than our own Private Elvis Presley?

A Sixteen-Year-Old Elvis Fan

New York, N. Y.

I’d Like to See . . .

I’d like to see: A Technicolor movie of “Anna Karenina” with Liz Taylor and Rock Hudson—or Greg Peck . . . Diana Lynn as Helen Hayes in the latter’s life story . . . Eddie Fisher or John Saxon in “The John Garfield Story.”

Reader
La Jolla, Calif.

A Little Late!

My suggestion for a name for the Talkie Picture is: SOUNDERAMA.

My reasons are as follows: What with all the new “ama’s” in existence at this time such as Cinarama, etc., SOUNDERAMA is a very dramatic sounding name. The article attached which I clipped out of your magazine reads “concentrate hard on a smart new name for the vocal tintypes;” also, the contest ends May 15th, but it didn’t say what year. Wouldn’t you say I have been concentrating very hard for the past twenty-nine years to come up with such a wonderful idea? I’m sure you will extend me credit for that!

Mrs. Nancy I Drew
Seattle, Wash.

The 1929 contest rules read, in part:
“The picture world is on a frenzied hunt for a new title for the talkies. There must be one that will be dignified and yet with popular appeal. We’ll give a check for $500 to the man, woman or child who hits upon it. After all, no one can sniff down $500, what with income tax, full clothes, the new car and all.” Sorry, Mrs. Drew, but somebody else won!—Ed.
"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo’s modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He’ll love the satiny shine Halo’s rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today— with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
Discover the only deodorant in all the world that does everything a good deodorant should, gives dawn-to-dawn protection, and then imparts an irresistible glamour by surrounding you with the fabulous fragrance of Evening in Paris. Makes you so nice to be near! Try it tonight.

Easy-to-pack vacation size, 33¢ New price for reg. size, 69¢

EVENING IN PARIS • DEODORANT STICK
CREATED IN PARIS BY BOURJOIS...MADE IN U.S.A.

Readers: Can You Help?

I have a problem and would like the opinion of you and your readers.
I have been an avid movie fan ever since I can remember and have collected pictures of the stars ever since I was eight.
Now I am in my very late teens and a recent bride. I do not want to discontinue my hobby, but my husband and sister belittle it.
Should I stop? It hurts no one as I do it in my spare time only!

M.M.M.
Orlando, Fla.

Well, readers, what do you think?—Ed.

He's The Greatest

Ricky you're the greatest,
Your singing is the most,
You're wonderful and sincere,
You're liked from coast to coast.
Ricky you're a dreamboat,
Your clothes are very keen,
And you're the cutest living doll,
At the age of seventeen.
Your dancing is the coolest,
Your acting is beyond compare,
You're a very talented person,
And your voice is very rare.
Ricky, you're so cute and dreamy-eyed,
Your singing style's the latest,
And all the girls agree that,
Ricky you're the greatest.

NANCY WILBORN
Dallas, Texas

P.S. This poem is dedicated to Ricky Nelson. I think he's the most.

"Coolest" and "the most"—that's Ricky to a Texas reader turned poet
So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder does such lovely things for you!

Mickey's old movies on TV inspired a big-league, bonafide, authentic crush.

The Real Thing

I am a girl from the northern Georgia hills who has just discovered the movie star on whom I could have a big-league, bonafide, authentic and well-developed crush. This paragon of my heart is named Mickey Rooney, and believe it or not, I had heard but little of him till recently when my family acquired a TV set and I was able to see some of his old movies. It's my opinion that the Rooney now is better than the Rooney then, for, after all, the main prop a child star has is his protruding lower lip—as Jackie Cooper once said. Sometimes I think Mickey has God-given talents that entitle him to belong to the company of theater immortals.

Willa Mae Shaw
Shannon, Ga.

Tribute to a Friend

In the 1930's when I was still in college, Ronald Colman was my "passion," as we used to call it then. When I met my husband-to-be, all my friends remarked how much he looked like the star. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if I fell in love and finally married my husband because of the resemblance he bore to Mr. Colman in appearance, voice and gestures. Like Mr. Colman he, too, was interested in the theater.

Is it any wonder that I was deeply moved and profoundly saddened when I read about Ronald Colman's death?

A Reader
Larchmont, N.Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios—Etc.
Hollywood is Chattering About: “Indiscreet,” the sophisticated comedy with Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman. Reminiscent of those wonderful romantic comedies Cary made with Irene Dunne and Katharine Hepburn, this one is sheer heaven after the gloom theme of current movie fare. The accidental meeting in Hollywood of Mrs. Tyrone Power (the former Debbie Smith Minardos) with her former husband (actor George Minardos), who is now courting Kathy Gallant. And their pleasant, civilized exchange of greetings. The shaken complacency of Gregory Peck upon the arrival of a new daughter to keep his four sons company. That so-in-law's look of newly-engaged Peter Brown and Diane Jergens, of newlywed Marjorie Lord and producer Randolph Hale and the all-aglow look of Bob and Rosemary Stack, proud new parents of son Charles, and of Nancy and Ronald Reagan, who also have a new son. The razor blade sharpness of the offbeat Oscar Levant TV show, about to go national, with Oscar slashing at himself more often than his famous guests. The steady improvement in Eddie Fisher as a performer, and the bets around town that Clint Walker, who walked out on his TV show, “Cheyenne,” will get everything he wants: $3,000 a week plus reruns. Wow!! The happy tribe of mothers-to-be around town: Doris Day, Hope Lange, Rosey Clooney, Janet Leigh, Lita Baron, et al. The feeling Sinatra and Bardot will make neither beautiful music nor light brilliant bonfires together during their movie-making stint in Paris. At least not for long. The town’s verdict: “Those two are too much alike.” The chorus-boy lineup at the “Share” benefit party. Only in Hollywood could such lads as Dean Martin, Gene Kelly, Eddie Fisher, Tony Curtis, Harry Belafonte, James Garner, Paul Newman, Guy Madison and other gentlemen of the “ensemble” line up for a song and dance number. All for a worthy cause...

Jerry Lewis’ new $350,000 Bel-Air home, his six-room suite of offices at Paramount and his plans for a whole new Jerry Lewis building in Hollywood. Such opulence hasn’t been seen since the old pearl-melting-in-the-champagne days. The way Tommy Sands and Piper Laurie, both short-termers at the Actors’ Studio, kinda hang around together in Hollywood discussing The Method while their former chums look on in wonder. Rick Nelson’s blasting of a whole new Northwest Passage during his personals in the states of Washington and Oregon. Fans nearly trampled poor Ricky to death in their enthusiasm. The sadness of Liz Taylor during the dismantling of the Palm Springs home Liz and the late Mike Todd shared together, Liz’ plans to co-produce movies with Mike Todd Jr., and the hopes Liz is still in town when Monty Clift arrives for his new movie, “Lonelyhearts.” Despite talk, the friendship between Liz and Monty is still close and comforting—to both of them. That “silly” straw hat fed that has swept the town. Hats that look for all the world like those worn by donkeys, even to ear-slits. The gals wear scarfs through the slits that tie under the chin and completely hide the hair. With dark glasses they provide the perfect disguise. The happiness of James Garner, who copped a co-starring role with Tab Hunter in “Up Periscope,” and was given a raise on his “Maverick” TV show. Without any petition on his part. The busy life of Sal Mineo, who practices half a day on the drums for his Gene Krupa role and the other half learning to ride horseback for his role in Disney’s “Tonka.” “I’m too tired to date in the evenings,” Sal says. At 18???

Our “Comers”: Hollywood’s eager-to-go places group of young people gathered around Duke Lloyd’s swimming pool for a recent afternoon of fun. And I thought, watching these handsome youngsters at play, swimming, dancing on (continued)
IT'S THE YEAR'S BIG TRIPLE TREAT LAUGH HIT!

Paramount Presents

JERRY LEWIS

in a Singing, Dancing, Romancing Joy Show in

"DORMI-DORMI-DORMI"
"THE LAND OF LA-LA-LA"
"LOVE IS A LONELY THING"
"ROCK-A-BYE BABY"
"THE WHITE VIRGIN OF THE NILE"
"WHY CAN'T HE CARE FOR ME"

SINGING, DANCING, ROMANCING JOY SHOW

ROCK-A-BYE BABY

MARILYN MAXWELL • REGINALD GARDINER • BACCALONI • CONNIE STEVENS

Produced by JERRY LEWIS • Directed by FRANK TASHLIN • Screen Story and Screen Play by FRANK TASHLIN • Based on a Story by PRESTON STURGES

Associate Producer - Ernest D. Glucksman • Musical Numbers Staged by Nick Castle • Songs by HARRY WARREN and SAMMY CAHN
the pavilion, and having snacks on the veranda, there could be no finer group of young people anywhere. And in their hands, Hollywood would be secure in the years to come. For this, I loved them. Mark Damon, limping slightly from a fall he took while making “Party Crashers,” brought blonde starlet Connie Stevens, who scored solidly with Jerry Lewis in “Rockabye Baby.” Duke and Robert Dix had a million chuckles over their latest together, “Frankenstein’s Daughter,” and Edward Byrnes (a look-alike for Gordon MacRae), whom you saw in “Darby’s Rangers” and “Girl on the Run,” charmed me completely—and his date, Dorothy Jordan. Mark and Ed, by the way, co-star in Columbia’s “Life Begins at 17.” To me, the prettiest girl of the afternoon was Duke’s date, Marcia Henderson, with Cathy Crosby the “vamp” of the party, and playing up that role for dear life. Grand entrance of the afternoon was made by Harold Lloyd Sr., and I made a modest speech: “Young people, let me introduce one of Hollywood’s immortals, and one of the great stars in film history—Mr. Harold Lloyd.” And would you believe it—each and every one of the young people made a mental genuflection. one Mr. Lloyd sensed in gratitude. I can assure you.

Cal York Jottings: The announcement of Gen. Trujillo, before leaving Hollywood, of his intentions to (continued)

Cowgirl Joan Collins and caballero Stanley Donen (left) could have danced all night at Share party. Glittery Barbara Nichols charmed columnist Mike Connolly.


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Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women.

CRISP

AND

COOL

marry Kim Novak after his Mexican divorce, brought only bored sighs from the Hollywood that has lived through too many of Kim’s flaming romances to grow agitated... His friends aren’t too pleased over Russ Tamblyn’s Fort Ord didos that have him on long-term guard duty. But why not make the best of it like Elvis, whose thousands of fan letters are daily forwarded to Private Presley—a modest soldier in the cause of Uncle Sam.

Whamies! Ernie Borgnine’s marriage, according to rumor, began to fall apart with Ernie’s first romantic role in “The Badlanders” with Katy Jurado. Friends feel Ernie kinda got too with romantic notions. But it’s still rumored and the town hoped Rhoda Borgnine would be back home again... A double ditto for the sudden Deborah Kerr-Anthony Bartley split-up after 12 years of marriage and two children... Gina Lollobrigida took one look at John Saxon roaming around Rome and said, “That’s for me in my next picture.” What Vicki Thai and John’s studio think about it isn’t known.

Papa Brando: “He’s a new man. He’s walking four feet off the ground. As a father, he’s a new Brando, take my word for it.” These were the words of a close family friend of Anna Brando, telling us of her visit to the hospital the evening Marlon’s son Christian was born. “Marlon stood in the hallway eating a pickle,” the friend said, “and the sight so amused one of the nurses, she went into fits of laughter. Marlon joined in and the tension of waiting was over. His face, when the arrival of his son was announced, was transfigured with happiness. His first act was to dash to the telephone and inform his father. His next was to see Anna the first moment he was permitted.” During the ensuing few days, I’m told, he’d stand hour after hour outside the nursery window gazing at the small pink and white bundle of a baby that was his. A real beauty. Once, a woman visitor, unaware the Great Brando was near, eagerly pointed out her new grandchild. “Here, take my place,” Marlon insisted, “you can see much better from here.” “We, who are Anna’s friends, hope and pray the baby will make a better adjusted family man of Marlon. We all have our fingers crossed,” the friend confided. And I added my own personal “Amen.”

Briefies: Kim Novak travels out to the Valley every day to a strong-armed masseuse who whacks her across the hips for a solid hour with wringing wet towels. Wonderful for reducing, Kim claims... Real estate folk in Beverly Hills and Bel Air went slightly berserk trying to find exactly the right house for Marilyn Monroe and husband Arthur Miller. While Marilyn toils on “Some Like It Hot,” Arthur will work on his play. It should be a goodie, Arthur’s been at it since before his wedding day... The town’s agog over “The Immortal” by Walter Ross. Jimmy Dean’s still loyal fans may resent it, however... The cancellation of Frank Sinatra’s TV show came as no surprise. Frankie, too sure of himself... (continued)
Complete new drug combination! Available without doctor's prescription for

**NO-DIET REDUCING**

with New Reducing Drug For Fat People!

Causes Your Body To Lose Weight The Fastest Acting Way!
It's Safe...Automatic!

You Pay Nothing If You're Not Satisfied With Your Weight Loss...As Much As 6 lbs. in 3 Days, 10 lbs. the First Week!

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**No food restrictions, no special eating, no giving up the kinds of food you like.** New Reducing Drug acts directly on cause of overweight!

After years of medical research, we can now release it for the first time—an amazing new, fast-acting *no-diet reducing drug for fat people!* If you're normally healthy, you can now lose as much as necessary to look your slim self again without constant hunger pangs...without cruel diets...even without giving up all your favorite foods! Yes! You must actually lose as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week— or you don't pay a cent!

**WHY IT MUST WORK FOR YOU
NO MATTER WHAT YOU HAVE TRIED!**

Unless you have a *Super Will Power,* you can never reduce to your satisfaction with ordinary reducing methods. You probably know from your own experience how difficult, almost impossible it is to reduce with just fad diets, hunger strikes, laxatives, exercise, steam baths, massage...so-called reducing candies, cookies, powders and bulk-producing pills. Doctors know that the one sure way to lose weight is to reduce caloric intake...to eat less. They often prescribe drugs for this purpose—and now, at last, they've found a *no-diet reducing drug for fat people,* safe enough to be used without prescription!

**3-WAY ACTION LETS YOU LOSE POUND AFTER POUND AFTER POUND!**

Regimen Tablets are a combination of safe, proven reducing drugs—the only one of its kind available anywhere. Aspirin-size and easy to take. *Regimen Tablets* contain no bulk-producing ingredients, do not irritate your stomach, and work 3 amazing ways for fast, easy weight-loss:

1. They suppress your appetite; you eat what you like, but even tasty delicacies shouldn't tempt you to overstuff yourself.
2. They force you to lose weight automatically by removing "fluid weight". You lose pound after pound fast!
3. They work quickly...start traveling thru your blood stream in less than a minute...and you lose the TREMENDOUS URGE TO EAT! No Super Will Power! You eat WHAT THE FAMILY EATS WHEN THEY EAT—THE SAME DELICIOUS FOODS AS ALWAYS—BUT YOU JUST DON'T WANT TO EAT AS MUCH! YOU FEEL FULL, COMPLETELY SATISFIED ON FAR LESS THAN YOUR NORMAL INTAKE—YET YOU loose WEIGHT FASTER AND EASIER THAN YOU DREAMED POSSIBLE!

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There's never been anything like *Regimen Tablets*—so start reducing this safe, sure way today. Get rid of excess weight if you want to live longer. You may not lose as much weight as Mr. Morris but we guarantee you this: you must be delighted with your weight-loss—as much as 6 lbs. in 3 days, 10 lbs. the first week—or your money back! Taken as directed, *Regimen Tablets* are absolutely safe, harmless to lungs, kidneys, other vital organs. Get *Regimen Tablets* for No-Diet Reducing today!

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A leading medical specialist put one group of people on a restricted 1000 calorie-a-day diet while another group ate without food restrictions. Both groups took *Regimen Tablets* daily. In just 6 weeks, the "No-Diet" group had actually lost more weight than the 1000 calorie-a-day group!

This is documented clinical evidence that with *Regimen Tablets* you can actually eat what you want and still lose weight!

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10-day supply, only $3
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(You save $1.00)

Available At All Drug Stores. If your druggist is sold out, he can supply you in 24 hours.

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"I lost 28 lbs. in 28 days* TAKING REGIMEN TABLETS WITHOUT ANY DIETING...and never felt better in my life!" says LESTER MORRIS, TV Personality

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A notarized doctor's report, filed with this publication, confirms Mr. Morris' weight loss.

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... and here is America’s outstanding Chlorophyll STICK Deodorant... loved by millions because it’s so reliable 29c ... and so thrifty!

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INSIDE STUFF

continued

self, gave it the Class B routine and only woke up too late to save it... Too bad Rhonda Fleming’s marriage to Lew Morrill ended on the rocks again... Caitest bit of plateter-making going the rounds this month is Jack Lemmon’s “A Twist of Lemmon”... James MacArthur had the blessing of his mother, Helen Hayes, when his engagement to lovely Joyce Bulifant was announced... Poor little Sandra Dee! She must consume three malted milks a day, in addition to three square meals. Sandra went from 95 to 85 pounds with all that gallivanting around Europe for “The Reluctant Debutante.”

Suzy’s Marriage Mix-up: Everyone sympathizes with Suzy Parker’s loss of her father and her own serious injuries in a Florida auto accident. But there is little sympathy for Suzy for her crazy, mixed-up private life that this brought to light. She registered as Mrs. Pierre de la Salle. Count Pierre de la Salle, a freelance writer, rushed to Suzy’s side, but stated, “I have never been married. She has never been married. I never intend to be married. She never intends to be married.” Said Suzy’s sister, Dorian, “I have no idea if their marriage was formalized. I don’t believe she ever discussed it with my family.” WELL! How mixed-up can you get? And what really riles everybody is the memory of Suzy’s interviews in which she gave a coy “marriage-is-not-for-me” line to the press. How could this girl be so heartless—and have so little sense of obligation to be on the level with the public that made her a success? Let’s hope the whole unfortunate affair will bring Suzy to her senses.

Ricky Nelson’s Engagement: No matter what stories come out about this, don’t you believe them.

Stars of Tomorrow: The fastest rising young star in Hollywood today, Brad Dillman and his cute French co-star of “A Certain Smile,” Christine Carere, invited me to lunch in the 20th Century-Fox dining room. “Brad, I want to go home to Paris to see my husband,” Christine moaned, while Brad insisted upon both of us inspecting pictures of his new baby. A handsome young man of social and financial background, of San Francisco brokers, of Hotchkiss and Yale, of the U.S. Marines, of the Pulitzer Prize winning play, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night,” of the Theater World’s Most Promising Personality—Brad is now Hollywood’s own. His eloquent voice, his aristocratic good looks, his Actors’ Studio training, all spell success for Dillman, who met and married lovely Frieda Harding during a summer theater stint and is now off with Bob Wagner in “In Love and War.” Perky Chris proves the perfect foil for Brad in their “Certain Smile” epic. (continued)
"...with this key I thee wed..."

The door opened into a haven from hell — and the girl came with the key.
FOR THESE DESPERATE LOVERS THIS WAS THE POINT-OF-NO-RETURN!...now they were trapped on a strange journey - their only companions outcasts ... their only horizon ... danger!

Universal International presents

ROCK HUDSON
CYD CHARISSE
in ERNEST K. GANN'S Mightiest Best Seller since "THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY"

"For once I want a man to look at me as if I were his first love... not his latest!"

INSIDE STUFF continued

But the day we lunched, Chris was blue. Married to a French actor whom she's seen but ten days in all, since their marriage, Christine wanted to go home. "I won't do the 'Madras Grass' with thee Pat Boone," she complained, "I want to see my husband. So I quest."

"Now look, cutie-pie," I cautioned, "you have the nicest bosses in town. Simply tell them you must go to Paris first to see your husband and then return for the Pat Boone picture. You'll like Pat."

The following day my telephone rang. It was fractured-English Christine. "Goodbye. My boss says to go for one whole month. Then I come back and make ze film with Mister Boonay." And she was off.

My Town: The charm of Hollywood lies in the unexpected—the surprises around the corner. Dropping into Wil Wright's ice cream parlor on Beverly Hills the other afternoon, whom should I behold but Gary Cooper, of all people, enjoying a soda by himself. All through my own banana split, I frankly stared at my favorite "yup" man and I'm happy to report that if Coop's had a face lift it doesn't show. The same old "line" and the same old lines that are so attractively "Cooperish" are still there. Thank heavens.

It amused me to watch two obvious tourists in Jack Tavelman's haberdashery, buying gifts for their husbands at home, ignoring the tall redhead trying on a terry cloth jacket. "Let's pick up the packages later," one said to the other.

"We don't want to miss one minute of Danny Kaye in 'Merry Andrew.'"

And Danny Kaye, who had been trying on the terry cloth jacket, looked across the shop at me and winked.

It's so good to have Marilyn back. Producer Harold Mirisch thinks so, too.
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The new modern hairstyles need different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so easy. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting...you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!

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2. 40 casual pin-curlers for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
3. 6 midget rods for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.

Only $2.00

the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way
Kings Go Forth

The combination of Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis and Natalie Wood may suggest romance, and both love and sex are important here. But this is a serious film, a startling drama presented with compassion rather than bravado. GI pals in France of 1944, Frank and Tony are an odd team: tough but kindly guy from the New York streets and spoiled rich kid. Natalie is an American girl living on the Riviera with her widowed mother (beautifully played by Leora Dana). Meeting Natalie first, Frank wins her friendship; but one look at Tony arouses her love (left). A test of sincerity for both men comes when, expressing pride in her father, she reveals that he was a Negro. Characters are further tried in stirring combat.

King Creole

This'll hold 'em! As a temporary-farewell gesture, Elvis Presley not only proves he's still top man in the r 'n' r field—he shows rapidly acquired extra poise as an actor. Full of rhythm and action, Elvis' best picture so far casts him as a boy with a grudge. Because his inept father (Dean Jagger) can't hold a job, Elvis has to work part-time in a lowdown New Orleans night club. A teenage gang tempts him toward petty crime; but, after he's flunked his senior high-school year, a singing career comes his way by chance. Even this involves him with the underworld, in the persons of racketeer Walter Matthau and Carolyn Jones, Matthau's mistreated girl. On the sunny side is Elvis' romance with Dolores Hart, his "Loving You" leading lady. A fuzzy moral outlook and an excess of plot twists hamper the film, but the music's the thing. With the opening number (left), Elvis hints at a big future beyond rock 'n' roll.

No Time for Sergeants

A no-good type in his first film appearance ("A Face in the Crowd"), Andy Griffith now blossoms out in the genial role that brought him success. As a husky backwoodsman, he cheerfully goes into uniform in the peacetime Air Force—and shatters the morale of his superiors. Military manners are a mystery to him; utterly good-natured and good-hearted, he thinks punishment duties are a special privilege. Cooperating in the steady barrage of laughs are Nick Adams, as an earnest weakling befriended by Andy; Myron McCormick, as a balled sergeant; Murray Hamilton, as a nasty noncom. It's a bubbling blend of fun and sense.

Vertigo

Under Alfred Hitchcock's coolly expert hand, an eerie atmosphere surrounds the strange love (lovest?) of James Stewart and Kim Novak. As a police detective, Jimmy resigns from the force because he's obsessed by a fear of high places. He forgets his own problem when he agrees to shadow Kim. Tom Helmore, as her husband, believes she is possessed and driven toward suicide by the spirit of an ill-fated ancestress. Though Jimmy and the haunted girl fall in love, he can't prevent a second tragedy from nearly wrecking his life. In his resulting breakdown, his sensible long-time girlfriend (Barbara Bel Geddes) loyally stands by. But he finds a double for his late love (this time a dark-haired, more flamboyant, less genteel-spoken Kim Novak). Chilling and madly mystifying!

(continued)
Now! 4 Sal Mineo Hits only 50¢
with the plaid tab from “SCOTCH” Cellophane Tape!

I made this album of four of my favorite songs—“Start Movin’”, “Too Young”, “Baby Face” and “Little Pigeon”—just so you could have it at a very low price. But remember, you can get it only in this special offer — and the time is limited. Better hurry and get yours now!

Yours, Sal

MAIL COUPON NOW or look for special displays at your favorite store!

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Enclosed find 50¢ (and the plaid tab from a roll of “SCOTCH” Cellophane Tape). Please rush my special Sal Mineo EP recording by return mail!

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**MOVIES continued**

**Naked Earth**

**20th, CINEMASCOPE**

Worldly it is, this vigorous romantic adventure, with a wry wit and an air of realism unusual in tales of darkest Africa. Doing a robust job as a footloose Irishman, Richard Todd journeys there around the end of the last century, to join a pal in a tobacco-farming scheme. But the friend has died, and Todd teams up instead with the supposed widow, a money-minded woman from the Marseilles waterfront. Seen only in brief roles earlier, Juliette Greco comes across splendidly as this voluptuous yet practical and likable dame. The couple's sparring rouses chuckles, and when the local padre (Finlay Currie) decides it's about time they got married, Juliette's best clothes make a hilariously unsuitable bridal outfit. For excitement along with the amusement, there are wicked white traders to mislead the natives; deadly crocodiles to be hunted for valued hides.

**A Time to Love and a Time to Die**

**U-A; CINEMASCOPE, EASTMAN COLOR**

A handsome young man showing firm screen presence, John Gavin makes his debut opposite another newcomer, pert-featured yet wistful Lilo Pulver. Theirs is a gentle love story, luminous against the dark background of a nation facing defeat. As a German soldier home on leave in 1944, John encounters Lilo while searching for his missing parents. She, too, is alone, for her father is being held by the Gestapo, which takes brutal means to shore up crumbling morale. This threat, along with initial misunderstanding, shadows the flowering romance. Jack Mahoney, Don DeFore and Keenan Wynn convincingly portray John's comrades-in-arms, and the story's author, Erich Maria Remarque (of "All Quiet on the Western Front" fame), turns actor for a sympathetic role.

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**Gunman's Walk**

**COLUMBUS; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR**

Strong character development and good suspense mark this hard-hitting western, though the roles taken by Van Heflin, Tab Hunter and James Darren aren't brand-new to the screen. As a prosperous rancher, Van can't forget his dangerous pioneering days. So he underates younger son Jim, who knows gunplay is passè. And he coddles the older Tab, who rewards him with rebellion and bitter jealousy. Set on beating Van's old-time prowess with a gun, Tab's spoiling for a fight—any fight. An Indian-hater, he treats half-Sioux Kathryn Grant with contempt and is responsible for her brother's death. This killing sparks the plot and makes the romance of Jim and Kathy a Romeo-Juliet affair, caught between warring family loyalties. Though Van winds up dominating the movie, Tab turns heavy with great gusto, pulling no punches.

---

**The Vikings**

**U-A; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR**

Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis and Ernest Borgnine have themselves a high old time in this roaring yarn of raiders who prowled the seas ten centuries ago. Even Janet Leigh is required to man (????) an oar in a chase sequence. As lusty king of the Vikings, Ernest plots a foray against one of the realms of a divided England. Only James Donald, spying for the Norsemen at the English court, knows that slave Tony is the rightful ruler of this realm, now in the grip of a wicked king. As for Janet, she's scheduled to become queen. But she's captured as a hostage by the Vikings, under the leadership of Kirk, arrogant oldest son of Borgnine. While high-proved ships, deep fjords, a noble castle please the eye, action moves fast and blood flows freely. Those old boys did play rough!
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet. New baby-pink Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach...leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
Will your hair set you in the picture?

You will be a model of loveliness with your glamorous Gayla-kept hair. Like millions of others, you will find lasting hair beauty with Gayla HOLD-BOB, the all purpose bobby pin ... the best for setting and securing any hairdo. Only Gayla HOLD-BOB with exclusive Flexi-Grip has the correct combination of springiness and holding power. To complete your perfect hairdo, use famous Lady Mervin Hair Rollers, Do-All Clips and Wave Clips.

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**Lady Mervin**

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The finest. Teeth do not interlock

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**MOVIES continued**

**The Young Land**

**BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR**

★★ You took to Pat Wayne in a big way when he was a fresh-faced kid in "Mister Roberts." But John’s boy is every inch the man now. In a forceful frontier drama, he’s sheriff of a California town where the law is still something new. Formal justice arrives with federal judge Dan O’Herlihy, to preside over the trial of Dennis Hopper. A sullenly hoodlum, Dennis doesn’t consider killing a Mexican any crime, and he’s backed in this opinion by the roughs of the community. If he’s convicted, they’ll storm the jail; if he’s freed, angry vaqueros from nearby ranches plan a lynching party. Already on a spot, Pat also has to look out for his sweet-heart (Yvonne Craig), daughter of a leading land-owner.

**Indiscreet**

**WARNERS, TECHNICOLOR**

★★ Teamed successfully twelve years ago in “Notorious,” Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant are together again in a gabby but funny romantic caper. A top actress in the London theater, Ingrid’s not so lucky with her private life. On the man hunt, she falls into a mad affair with finance expert Cary, though he tells her sadly he’s married and can’t get a divorce. Everything’s lovely until she discovers his real marital status, and then ironic complications break loose. Cary’s as adept a comedian as ever; Cecil Parker’s a delight as Ingrid’s respectable brother-in-law; and the Bergman charm is on display. Some of her costumes are eye-filling, but the Swedish goddess is again filling them out too amply.

**High School Confidential!**

**M-G-M, CINEMASCOPE**

★★ Judged as melodrama, this close-up of a school ravaged by drug addiction is shockingly effective. Russ Tamblyn, well-heelcd new kid in town, sneers at discipline and moves fast to tie in with the traffickers in marijuana and, eventually, even more deadly narcotics. Knowing nothing of this horrifying business deal, teacher Jan Sterling tries to straighten out her problem student. With his assured portrayal, Russ neatly suggests the true nature of his role, through his reactions to Jan and to Diane Jergens, pitiable young victim of reellers. But the ring of reality is missing. John Drew Barrymore is too elegantly sinister as a pusher, and Mamie Van Doren is frankly comical as Russ’s aunt. However, Jackie Coogan plays the local dope-trade boss in matter-of-fact style. Opening and closing the picture with a rock number, Jerry Lee Lewis has little else to do.

**The Light in the Forest**

**BUENA VISTA, TECHNICOLOR**

★★ Think teenagers have it tough these days? You should see what James MacArthur and Carol Lynley go through back in 1764. Returned to his white parents, Jim’s miserable at leaving the Indian tribe that stole him years before. He has been a chief’s son, a young brave; now he’s just another kid, forced to do farm chores, wear clumsy clothes and live in a village, instead of his beloved forest. As for Carol, she’s a bond slave working for roughneck Wendell Corey, who keeps cornering her—and baiting Jim about his Indian ways. Scout Fess Parker about his redskin ancestry (Joanne Dru) try to help the youngsters. That scalp-lock hairdo of Jim’s looks pretty weird, but Carol’s a doll-like little beauty, and their love scenes are sweet.

**The Parisienne**

**U.A., TECHNICOLO**

★★ BB. France’s answer to MM. has been drawing plenty of publicity, and in this sassy farce Brigitte Bardot generously shows what she’s got to rate it. A go-get-him kind of girl, sexy-mannered but virtuous, Brigitte traps wolf Henri Vidal into his destiny. But she’s sure he won’t stay trapped, and she decides to play around, too, to rouse his jealousy. Charles Boyer, bored consort of a dignified European queen, seems a likely partner for an escape. French dialogue. English titles—but bouncing Bardot talks an international language with every motion.
Sears Lady Kenmore® adds Sta-Puf® automatically for softer, fluffier washes!

Now—enjoy twice the convenience, twice the ease, in restoring softness to wash-hardened clothes, with this marvelous washday twosome. The Lady Kenmore features an exclusive, self-cleaning lint filter... all-porcelain finish inside and out... and, a dispenser that adds Sta-Puf automatically to the final rinse cycle. Just pour Sta-Puf Rinse into the dispenser, set the new “programmed” dials, and Lady Kenmore does the rest automatically... no lint filter to clean, no washing speeds or water temperatures to worry about, no wondering which rinse temperature is right.

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Rinses twice as clean...

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GOOD
FAIR
—ADULTS—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
—Paramount, VistaVision: Effective “woman’s picture.” In England of 1945, memories of a dead man link his sweetheart (Lana Turner) and widow (Glynis Johns). (A) July

FRAULEIN—20th, CinemaScope: Honestly told love story of wartime Berlin. Dana Wynter, gently reared German girl, aids Mel Ferrer, escaped American officer. Then adverse threatens her reputation. (A) June

FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast, thoughtful western teams newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. Cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes quarry in a revenge-ridden chase, is befriended by Diane. (F) June

GOD’S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a daughter. (A) June

HOT SPELL—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a wife who strives to hold straying Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

LET’S ROCK!—Columbia: Light but believable plot, lively music. Fading disc star Julius La Rosa won’t switch from ballads to rock ‘n’ roll. Top r ‘n’ r names. (F) July

PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing on-screen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

SHEELMAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Breezy, highly entertaining western finds Glenn Ford intent on raising sheep in cattle country. Shirley MacLaine is a delight. (F) July

TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th, CinemaScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family, Father Gary Cooper, wed to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble. (A) June

THIS HAPPY FEELING—U-I; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a smart, sassy farce, Debbie Reynolds wavers between sophisticated Curt Jurgens, her boss, and John Saxon, the boy next door. (A) July

VIOLENT ROAD—Warners: Taut thriller. Truck-driver Brian Keith heads a convoy hauling deadly explosives. (F) June

WINDJAMMER—De Rochemont; Cinemiracle, Eastman Color: Spectacular shots, grand fun! Teenagers sail from Norway to West Indies, New York. (F) July
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you've ever seen before!

White Rain is new, pure, that's why it rinses twice as clean as any other leading shampoo. No hard-to-rinse oils. No artificial color. Nothing but rich, crystal-clear, liquid White Rain to leave your hair gloriously clean...freshly laced with sunshine.

For Extra Conditioning
Famous White Rain Lotion shampoo, creamy-rich, extra-gentle.

THE FIRST AND ONLY CRYSTAL-CLEAR LIQUID SHAMPOO

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First and only permanent with pin curl ease, rod curl strength

PIN CURLS FOR THE CROWN.
"Top hair" needs this softer wave...and Lotion plus new Liquifix give longer lasting quality to these pin curls.

ROD CURLERS FOR SIDES,
back, top front give added curl-strength to harder-working areas...now doubly reinforced by Lotion and new Liquifix.

Wonderful new soft waves that last and last!
A wonderful new method, wonderful new Liquifix
It's here! The first, the only all-over permanent with the ease and the lasting quality you've asked for...yet it's so unbelievably soft and natural. That's because new PIN-IT gives the right kind of waves for the different areas of your hair...then locks in your permanent with special lotion and new Liquifix neutralizer. Best of all, this new Twice-a-Year PIN-IT keeps your hair just the way you like it, from the first day to months later.

new twice-a-year

Pin-it

Apply Lotion and Liquifix with New Target-Point Squeeze Bottle
HE LOVES good food in general, and his mother's Italian home cooking in particular. Tinkering around automobiles. Children (he's crazy about his two-year-old cousin, plays with him by the hour, says he wants "scads of my own—well, three or four, anyway"). Sports—swimming and water skiing preferred. Animals, especially his boxer, Bimbo, his pet since boyhood. Music—it stirs him emotionally—both symphony and jazz. Playing drums and making records are thrills. He loves his young fans and their letters, says, "I've never had bad advice from a teenager yet."

He dotes on jokes, tells them over and over, no matter how corny, and goes for practical jokes, too. (Once he left some pals alone in a room full of coffins at his father's casket-making firm, then spoke to them over a loud-speaker as a Voice from Beyond. They made a hasty exit.) Most of all, he loves people—and, naturally, is fascinated by girls!

HE DISLIKES being typed as a juvenile delinquent. Spinach. Thick ties. Bermuda shorts. Being all dressed up at home. He wears neat, conservative suits, usually dark, for business appointments, but puts on dungarees as soon as he gets in the house. He never slops around in a bathrobe—hates to see it. His family hopefully keeps gifting him with woolen pajamas, which he refuses to wear. He'd rather freeze—and does, because he sleeps in his undershorts with windows wide open, then kicks the covers off. He won't touch a drink, smokes only about a half pack of cigarettes a day. He's generous with money, but can't stand seeing it thrown around foolishly, wouldn't dream of buying a new car or a new boat every year. He takes a dim view of girls who telephone him, unless there's a very definite and good reason—he feels the boy should be the aggressor when it comes to courting. His pet peeve about people is putting on airs.

HE FEELS very protective toward his young sister, Sarina, who comes to him for advice about boys, dates, even clothes. He's highly sympathetic, is genuinely upset by the troubles of others. He has a warm, affectionate, emotional nature, but rarely shows his emotions, except to become very thoughtful and quiet when something bothers him. When he's angry, he never blows his top, but takes it out by banging away on his drums. But usually he's happy, enthusiastic, easy going. He has deep religious faith, is a devout Catholic, prays every night and goes to Mass every Sunday—at a different church, because the Mineos found that when Sal attended one church, it attracted unseemly attention. He's proud of his older brothers, Victor and Michael, is unusually mature for his nineteen years because they never treat him as a "kid brother." He's grateful to his parents, who have given him so much understanding.
He's Sal Mineo—and here's the lowdown on the real boy behind the big boom

HE THINKS teen-agers should be treated as individuals. "Each boy and girl has different problems and emotions. Some mature earlier than others." The whole business of "going steady," he believes, is taken too seriously, due to confusion between "going steady" and "going steadily." "Going steadily simply means that a boy and girl go together for a while, but are free to go out with others, or break off any time they choose. Going steady means they're pledged to each other, or think they are." He can see advantages and disadvantages to going steady. "I've never gone steady, so I'm in no position to judge. Maybe if I had the time, I would. Going steady gives you someone to confide in, a sense of security. On the other hand, you're tied to one date at an age when you should see more of the outside world." Of petting, he says, "I haven't the right to judge, I think it's a personal thing." He always treats girls with respect.

HE DATES girls who have a lot of personality, a good sense of humor, and enjoy sports—particularly water sports. He prefers a pretty girl, but will settle for a nice-looking, well-groomed girl because he realizes it's hard to find a pretty girl with all the other qualities he admires. He likes wholesome, natural girls who think along the same lines as he does, and who fall in easily with the plans for the evening, no matter what they are. He feels a girl likes it better if the boy makes the plans, but he keeps a girl's preferences in mind. He meets his dates through friends, in and out of show business. If they're not actresses, he loves to tell them about his work—they're always curious. He doesn't date the same girl more than three or four times. Not that he tires of her. But when he meets another girl, he wants to feel free to take her out. He likes to go out with different girls, because in that way he gets to know all types well.

HE WANTS to please his fans, because he feels he owes his success to them—"They've been wonderful." He'll continue in movies, TV and records—his latest disc, for Epic, called "Sal Sings," includes his biggest hits. He's thrilled about going back to Hollywood to star for Columbia in "The Gene Krupa Story"—Gene's his idol, and this is a long-cherished dream. He saw another big dream come true, when he bought a $200,000 mansion on Long Island for his family, to replace their old home in the Bronx. Now, he wants them to furnish the fifteen rooms in style, "but I'll have trouble getting my mother to really let herself go." His financial status is such that he can afford it, and he adds, "What I owe them I can never repay." Some day; he wants a home of his own. He'll wait "at least a few more years" to get married. He wants a wife who's loyal and faithful, and "most of all, someone who I can feel really understands me."
Inger Stevens was sure she'd be killed before the morning. Outside, her world was suddenly filled with terror. Inside, her heart choked with the pain she is still trying to escape.

Ola stood on the railing of the ship's deck, eyes wide with wonder at the sight of the freight being unloaded from the hold, at the fascinating big trunks and little trunks and huge paper-wrapped packages of all sizes and shapes that were deftly and swiftly put on little trucks and hauled out of sight by men in overalls. Stepping up a rung higher, he leaned over the railing to see the excited, laughing greetings exchanged between the passengers, as they descended the gangplank, and their friends and families. "Don't lean over so far!" his sister Inger cautioned.

It was World War II. The lonely seven-week trip through the submarine infested waters of the gray North Atlantic were behind Inger Stensland (now Inger Stevens) and her brother. At last they were in America, to be reunited with their father, to be a family again in America as they had been in Sweden before Mother and Father were divorced.

Slowly, the teeming New Orleans dock began to clear of passengers, visitors, workmen. Still, Inger's blue eyes searched the thinning crowd below for the one face that would make this new world seem like home.

"Is that Father?" piped Ola, pointing down to a young man in uniform staring in their general direction.

"No, silly!" Inger laughed with all the superior wisdom of an elder sister. But inside, she felt a childish, unreasoning fear growing. Only two people were still on the dock—an elderly woman and the man in the blue uniform. Her heart rebelled against what her head was telling her: "Father is not here." But he (Continued on page 92)

by MARGARET O'DONNELL
As I spoke, I turned my face away from Jimmie Rodgers.

I didn't want him—or anybody—to look at me again . . . ever

I heard a dull crunching sound, and I knew it was the sound of the bones breaking in my face. In the first few minutes of awful silence that follow an auto crash, I tried to feel my face—and there was no chin. Somehow I pulled myself up far enough to reach the rearview mirror, to see what had happened to me . . .

What I saw gave me a shock I'll never forget. My face seemed flattened and shoved upward. My nose was badly broken. My chin was broken and pushed backward. All my teeth were gone but three. My lip was split in two, and on one side there seemed to be no lip at all. I put my hand up and put my lips back together, and I held them that way.

Once I'd worked in the Veterans' Hospital. I remembered if you didn't put a wound together fast it would never heal. I knew the tissue could swell so much the doctors could never find my lipline. They'd never know how to fit my lips together again.

A girl is always concerned with how she looks, but I was doubly concerned. My face was important to me because I was an actress. I was under contract to Universal-International Studio, (Continued on page 77)
LENNON
you dared us to ask:
SISTERS

is their sweetness an act?
what kind of boys do they date?
is Janet conceited?
do they get along at home?
are they jealous of one another?
Do they look and sound too good to be true when they burst into your living room every Monday and Saturday nights? That's what a lot of people think. And from twelve-year-old cherub Janet to eighteen-year-old Diane, the Lennon Sisters, in real life, wear no wings around the house!

They're sugar (sometimes) and spice (most of the time) and all the rest of the things little girls are made of.

And except for telecasts, they hardly ever live on a cloud. Most of the other times, they can be found, amidst bedlam, (there are five other brothers and sisters), in a pretty two-story frame house with turquoise shutters and big backyard in Venice, Calif., a small town outside Los Angeles.

They spat, make up, hog the telephone and try putting things over on their mom and dad (like not helping with the dishes). But Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, who married early and (Continued on page 99)

But she's not so expert as a hairdresser, getting an "Ouch!" from Janet—who gets no sympathy from Kathy and Peggy!
Seven of the nine Lennon kids (Danny and Pat on field; Bill, Jr., on sidelines) turn out for touch football with Dad.

Janet stays neutral in the regular battle for the telephone. To pry Kathy off the line, they now use a special trick: setting plea to music!

What disc to spin next? That question can bring this result! But their musical tastes are in harmony: Keep it sweet—forget rock 'n' roll.
The nursery tale of the little Prince

A PHOTOPLAY SCOOP!

Exclusive first color! Come with us behind the royal Monaco screens for the first nursery peek of Princess Grace with little Prince Albert

Why do so many of them come?” thought The Little Prince as he finally succeeded in putting his big toe into his mouth. “They come peering over my bassinet, trying to talk my language, saying ‘Kootchy koo,’ and all sorts of ridiculous things like that. I don’t talk that way.” He substituted his thumb for his toe and listened to the sounds about him, his little ears feeling large as an elephant’s—they caught so much that was new. Outside his nursery window a bird was singing to him in a language he understood better than that of his people visitors. Some of these spoke French and some spoke English. The Prince, however, understood neither because he was brand new at languages. In fact, he was brand new at everything; he had been in the world only five months.

He listened for the footsteps of his favorite, and most frequent, visitors. There was the lovely lady who was as kind and gentle as she was beautiful, for whom his whole being always ached. There was the man with the brush on his upper lip that tickled when he kissed. This man sometimes looked as if he had the weight of the kingdom on his shoulders. And there was the creature not so very much bigger than himself who wore (continued)

He didn’t know that the little creature was called Caroline, the tall ones Rainier and Grace; he only knew they loved him
Sometimes she brought him a pretty thing called a flower. Sometimes she patted him making a sound, “Bay-bee”

When he pretended to be asleep, she’d tiptoe out to the lovely lady named Princess Grace, making a soft noise, “Sh, Mama, Sh!”

That tiny creature in the frilly dresses ran and laughed all the time. She laughed most when she stole in to see him when he was napping. But maybe that was because she’d escaped the lady in the white dress and cap who was always chasing her

dresses and shared the nursery with him. This other little being knew how to walk and even run, and kept a lady with a white dress and cap busy chasing her all day.

He noticed that his visitors did not seem like such giants to him now because he himself was bigger. He had grown many inches since he first found himself in his bassinet.

The girl child, whom sometimes the lady with the white cap called sister, slept in his room behind a movable wall. When this was pushed back the nursery became tremendous and the sister raced around from corner to corner, slowing down when she approached his bassinet to rock it, often waking him as early as 7:30, even before some birds he knew. Sometimes she had a living toy with her. It had four legs and was covered in a curly white blanket that grew on it. Around its neck was a pink ribbon, and out of its mouth, which opened from the bottom of its black nose, came a “Yipe, yip!” Pat, pat, this other baby did to his head. Pat, pat. Little love taps they were, and she gave them when he was least expecting. “Merci!” she would say, and was gone like the afternoon breeze that came through his window, gone to play in the garden. Or to rock on her horse. Would he ever ride on the horse, he wondered. Would he be that big? All the large people who came and leaned over him said, “What big shoulders he has!” and the lady with the cap on her head held a string up to him every week and went into raptures.

It was the lovely lady, Mother, he loved so much who brought all the people in to see him. She was always seeing visitors, some of whom caused great excitement among the others. Like the wide man from England with the cheeks like his sister’s whom people called “Sir Winston.” “So this is the little lad who’s carrying on our tradition,” many of the visitors said. He would have to find out more about this tradition. His birth was keeping Monaco (Continued on page 81)
the story
Debbie wanted told
Whatever happened to Mary Frances Reynolds? “I think she got lost in the shuffle,” moans Debbie Reynolds, “of newspaper and magazine stories about Debbie the movie star and Mrs. Fisher, wife of the famous singer. And since Mary Frances is the real me,” she concludes, “I wish somebody would talk about her!”

Why nobody has let the world in on Mary Frances before is a puzzlement for she’s a personality well worth finding out about. Typical of this green-eyed, light brown-haired girl, raised in a working man’s home, is the fact that one of her favorite dishes during her recent pregnancy was that old American standby, the hamburger sandwich. Her success in life, she says, and the consequent availability of luxury menus, has not won her away from her ingrained attachment to “family meals,” which in her case ran to such standard servings as meat loaf, stews, frankfurters and beans, chili concoctions, macaronis and, on state occasions, roasts. Her husband’s tastes do not match hers. He likes the better cuts of steak he can now afford. But, as she puts it, “my eating life just didn’t run away and I can’t change now.” This doesn’t mean that Eddie and Debbie eat separate dishes at their meals. Debbie, like all young wives, adapts. She eats the Chateaubriands and the New York cuts and the filet mignons that Eddie savor. But she sees to it that Eddie does some adapting, too. Chili and lentils and plain stews are placed at the Fisher table as well, and Mr. Fisher finds them familiar enough; it happens that these are closer to the kind of meals of his boyhood than the choice fare is of today.

Extrovert is probably the best one-word description of Debbie Reynolds. She likes to talk to people. She has always liked to be mixed up in activities and events; community, industry, charity, family, social or any multi-people venture that can be suggested.

She can launch herself into conversation from a standing start with anyone and practically under any circumstance. Once, getting out of her car at a parking lot, she almost tripped. The attendant noticed this and came over to tell her that for some time he had been working on an invention involving a heel for (Continued on page 90)
"You know, it's amazing, but no story ever printed has told the whole truth about me! Until now! How come? Well, what I mean is that nobody's ever told what I'm really like—I mean me, Debbie Reynolds. What I feel, what I think, the crazy things I do, what's important to me—all the things that show me as a real person. I'm tired of not being known as I really am. It's always Debbie, the cut-up, or Debbie, the actress, or Debbie, the wife-and-mother. So here I am—my high moods, my low moods, everything. Even I was surprised when I read it—it was that real! Bet you'll be surprised, too!"
GARBO VISITS LIZ!
What strange bond between these two fabulous beauties brought the Silent Swede out of seclusion?

by DOROTHY SCHUYLER

A shiny, black limousine, driven by a liveried chauffeur, sped through the winding streets of Beverly Hills, turned into a driveway, and stopped before the entrance of the house where, for many weeks, Elizabeth Taylor has lived with sorrow. It was only one of many, many cars that have arrived there since the tragic death of Mike Todd, for Liz has many friends.

A few reporters who have patrolled the outskirts of the property since the tragedy, hoping to glean further bits of news, hardly gave the car a second glance. And if they had, they would have seen no one, for, excepting the chauffeur, the car appeared to be empty.

What they missed, too, was one of the great news stories of the year.

For, when the car stopped, quickly but cautiously, a figure huddled low in the corner of the tonneau stepped out of the car and rushed towards the house. A tall, slender woman in a plain woolen dress, too long to be fashionable today, sturdy low-heeled oxfords and a cloche hat pulled down over long, straight hair to help hide her face.

She walked around to the back door and was admitted there. Her first words to Liz were: “I don’t know if you know me. I’m Greta Garbo.”

What prompted this fabulous star of yesterday to visit Liz at this time? Sympathy for the younger woman’s loss? Of course. But this gesture on the part of Garbo was totally unexpected. Although both she and Liz have been reigning queens at the same studio, M-G-M, they had never met.

Even more extraordinary is the fact that Garbo came to Liz’ house, which is far from isolated, and braved the reporters she must have known were still there. How could she suddenly bring herself to do it, this woman who for years had hidden herself from the world, dreading contact with strangers, fearing particularly members of the press? What strange bond could there have been between these two famous women that brought them together in this dramatic meeting?

A generation ago Garbo was called “the most beautiful woman in the world.” Elizabeth Taylor has fallen heir to that title. Yet, how different these two women are in both appearance and temperament. Garbo, the reticent, painfully shy introvert; Liz, the outgoing extrovert—funloving and gay. Garbo, the fabulous face of mystery, inscrutable as the Sphinx—pale, almost wan; Liz, vibrant and warm, fresh and glowing as a full-bloomed rose.

Yet, in two respects, they are very much alike: Both have had much more than their share of great beauty and talent, which, at an early age, brought success and made them legends in their time. And for both, the gods who had been overgenerous balanced the scales with heartbreaking tragedy. (Continued on page 97)
I just want the Army to know that it was Carolyn Jones, Nick Adams and me who gave Elvis Presley his first taste of open warfare. The fact that he won the gun battle ought to get him promoted to corporal right away!

In case any generals are listening, here's what happened: We had gone to New Orleans for location shots on "King Creole." Elvis was mobbed by his fans, as usual, so, to give him a little privacy, the hotel management put him on the ninth floor and threw a guard around the entrance. Still, (Continued on page 101)
El's whole combo could have fitted into the limousine

Poor Elvis!! Too bad he was so unpopular

"We came to bump off Presley," we screamed at the elevator man

The cake looked like a cornerstone—fine end to a heavy meal
let me tell you about the time when Janet

- scared Tony out of his wits
- turned into a Las Vegas gambler
- gave Tony a piece of her mind

Few people know Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis as well as Rosey—she and husband José Ferrer are their best pals.
Tony, José and I were lolling in the Curtis living room when Janet burst in, fresh as a sea breeze, windblown and glowing from posing on the beach for Photoplay's cover.

"Hi," she said. Then, in the same breath, "Tony, I told the Photoplay folks about the baby. I'm so happy, I couldn't keep it a secret!"

"Baby??" José and I chorused, exchanging a puzzled look. She couldn't mean our baby. We'd already shouted from the housetops that we're expecting another little Ferrer to join our Miguel, Maria and Gabriel in October.

"Yes!" Janet bubbled. "Me, too! I just found out. Isn't it wonderful?"

After the whoops, hugs, and kisses finally subsided, Tony scooped up Janet in his arms and sat her down, gently but firmly, in an easy chair.

"Now see here, Mrs. Curtis," he announced, towering over her. "In the presence of these witnesses, I want to make one thing clear. I am not going to go through what happened the last time. Never again! This time, you're going to listen to me and behave yourself!"

All of us—except Tony—burst out laughing. Poor Tony! He'll never forget that night when we went to the prizefights.

Janet had never cared for prizefights—until television changed her mind. One night when Tony asked José and me to go to Legion Stadium with him, Janet wanted to be taken along.

Ordinarily Tony would have been delighted, but she was expecting Kelly at the time and he was afraid the excitement might be harmful. "We'll tell you all about it when we get back," he promised.

"But I don't want to stay home alone," Janet pleaded.

"All right, we'll all stay home," Tony agreed. He would rather have given up a night at the stadium than take a chance on Janet's condition. But he underestimated (Continued on page 88)
There we stood, in the middle of Times Square on a Saturday night, Francois’ arm linked through mine. I looked up at him, his hair tumbling in his eyes, and it was hard to believe he was here in America with me at last; that our romance had started just nine short months ago on the warm, sun-drenched French Riviera—on another Saturday night.

What made me fall in love? I think it was the turtle that got me, I really do. Who else but Francois would give his girl a turtle for luck? Especially one named Adrian Fernand; complete with collar and leash and instructions to walk him on the beach on Sundays!

But that’s the way Francois is. He likes to laugh and he likes to tease. He enjoys telling people that the first time we went walking together I took his hand and he pulled it away, drew himself up to his full six feet, and said stiffly, “I am not that kind!”

I ask myself, still smiling, what kind is he? But when you feel as deeply about someone as I do about Francois it’s difficult to analyze. You just have to sum it up in one word—wonderful!

I try to remember what I first noticed about Francois that day at lunch when we first met. His hair, I think. It’s brown and thick and has a way of tumbling onto his forehead like a little boy’s. He was so handsome! Tall and lean and bronzed from the sun—a sort of French Tony Perkins in a bikini. We’d never had anything like him in Daddy’s drugstore in Marshalltown, Iowa, even if our motto is, “The Suburban Store with the Uptown Service.”

(continued)
Francois and I are alike in many ways. We laugh, we fight, we kiss and make up. Mostly, I love him for what we share.
We fell in love on a Saturday night

continued

Now we're here in New York, the most exciting city anywhere—when there's someone to share it with. Yet it's strange how lonely New York used to seem to me—how lonely my whole life was before I met Francois. How small and lost I felt inside. I was always shy, even as a child. The other girls went right after boys they liked but I was too scared. I used to think how nice it would be to be in love, and not be so alone any more, but I didn't know what to do about it. Mother says all through high school I lived in a sort of dream world. How lucky I was to find Francois when I needed him most.

It happened in the South of France. We were shooting "Bonjour Tristesse" at La Lavandau, a tiny village above Cannes, and the ghost of Saint Joan seemed to haunt me. There is no point in trying to gloss over it, the picture was a flop and I had cried until it seemed there were no tears left. My self-confidence (Continued on page 82)

After wandering along Times Square, our idea of a wonderful evening is a leisurely snack, some good talk and listening to records at my apartment. Francois is my best fan
It was midnight, the whole of Hollywood was fast asleep—or seemed to be—and no one, including me, needed a jarring midnight phone call from a mad Russian who sounded like a poor man’s Gregory Ratoff!

“Hello, this is Boris, Boris Bulgusky (who can duplicate an accent on paper?). Where have you been all evening? I’ve been calling. For you, I have good news.”

“Look, Boris Beaverpussky, or whatever your name is,” I finally got a word in, “if this is supposed to be some kind of joke—go fly a sputnik,” and inwardly I smiled—pretty quick thinking at twelve o’clock midnight—I thought—and started to put the receiver down when a voice suddenly bellowed...

“Hey, wait a minute. You don’t understand. I’m the realty agent. I found you an apartment. It belongs to Tony Perkins; he’s going to sublet it while he’s in New York. You’re not interested? Why hundreds of people would pay twice the price just to live in Tony’s apartment.”

Now a little angry, I shouted: “I’m not looking for an apartment—besides, even if I were, I wouldn’t care if Tony Perkins, Greta Garbo or King Farouk all lived in it. Now, please, hang up and let me get some sleep!”

“Wheew! And actors are supposed to be temperamental!” came the voice, suddenly quieter. It was, of course, our jocular friend, Tony Perkins himself. (Don’t fall for that studious look of Tony’s—it’s only the sedate wire-rimmed specs he wears—for Tony’s really quite a clown on occasions. And this was such an occasion.)

“I’m sorry I awakened you. I’d been reading—didn’t realize what time it was.” Now he was his serious self again. “I really did try to reach you earlier, honest. I’m trying to rent the apartment. I’ve only a week in town before going to New York,” and then almost in one breath, he added, “besides, my new maid just quit. You know, sometimes I wish I had a wife.”

“Then why not get one?” I suggested, reaching out for a Winston and suddenly knocking the telephone off the table, which blew my temper higher.

“Where?” came his bewildered reply.

“Oh, put an ad in the paper,” I shouted. “It’s midnight and I’m tired.” I hung up.

Five minutes later the phone rang again. “You know, that’s not a bad idea about the ad in the paper,” a voice said meekly, then added, “but who’d have (continued)
WANTED: A WIFE
Must be good at finding shoe horns in midst of chaos; good cook; good-looking.

APPLY:
Desperate TONY PERKINS
me?" He sounded a little sad.

"Let's talk about it tomorrow," I suggested. And we did—at seven-thirty.

Tony's new-day greeting was:
"About the ad . . . for the maid. Who'll act as my screening agent. All those girl applicants!"

"What about the wife?"

"Let's try the maid first," said Tony.

Who can say no to Perkins, so we said yes.

"How about something like: 'Itinerant actor with multiple residences needs maid. Should be interesting talker, passable at tennis, a whiz with dogs, cats and jazz.'"

"A maid? You want all this?"

I questioned.

Tony nodded.

"What about shy girls, lazy girls or ones (Continued on page 80)

"I'd love to hear from a girl who likes shopping. I've been a refrigerator cleaner-outer since I was in knickers, but shopping, nope"

"My last maid said: 'If you live in chaos, it's the sign of a chaotic mind.' You know, she just might be right about that"

"I have no objection to a wife neatening up the mess in the apartment, just so she doesn't throw me out by accident!"
"Hey there, Molly Bee! You with the daydream in your eyes!" called the counter boy at Wil Wright's the other afternoon. "Dreaming again?"

And he caught me with my daydreams showing—or almost. Was my face red! There I was, at least a million miles away—in outer space somewhere—dreaming I was Dinah Shore.

I was so embarrassed I blushed right to the tips of my ears.

If you were to ask me my biggest fault, I guess I’d have to admit it’s daydreaming. Mother says most teenage girls do it. I wonder, do you think boys ever do? What do I daydream about? Oh, about Rock Hudson or Doris Day... But mostly about myself, and what I’d like to do and be and have and look like and where I’d like to go and just how I’d like to live—you know, that sort (Continued on page 94)
EMILY ANN: I think, Lewis,
you ought to just turn this car around and
take me home . . . Leave me alone!

THE BOY: You do it for all the other boys.
What's the matter with me?

EMILY ANN: . . . I'm afraid not to let them, that's all.
I wouldn't get no dates at all if I didn't let them.
Please take me home, Lewis. I just as soon be dead,
and that's the truth.

(The boy starts the motor and shifts into gear.)

EMILY ANN (mumbling): I would love to see you again, Lewis.
I don't suppose you would care to . . . Oh, I don't care.
If you still want to, it's all right with me.

(Kim Stanley and Burt Brinckerhoff in a scene from Columbia's "The Goddess.")

How much does a boy
expect on a date?

READ 6 TOP MALE STARS’ FRANK ANSWERS
Is a goodnight kiss enough for two people in love?

Burt Brinckerhoff: Yes. Love doesn’t have to be anything other than what you make it. Love is a word for a lot of feelings, desires and mutual understandings. It has no pushbuttons, springs or inner workings like a clock. And to each person, these feelings are highly individual. I think that to some young people—probably to most—a goodnight kiss is quite sufficient to express their feelings. For others, there is a danger of losing control; then it is up to the person to recognize this and guard against it.

The matter of kissing, what’s right for someone else may not be right for you. A fellow and a girl should guard against anything that can destroy the beauty of love. Going “too far” can have painful consequences. Remember—society makes rules. If we disregard them and are caught, we pay in damaged emotions.

SEE BURT IN COLUMBIA’S “THE GODDESS”

As in the scene from “The Goddess,” does a girl have to pet to be popular?

James MacArthur: A girl can be popular without necking or petting. But girls shouldn’t be teasers. It’s true, petting sometimes leads to a superficial popularity—like the scene from “The Goddess.” But I think a guy loses a certain respect for a girl if there’s petting between them without love. Do boys have more freedom than girls? Sure! Society places fewer taboos on them. For a girl, if she lowers her moral standards, she always sacrifices more. There’s her reputation to consider. Is she going to get labeled by the guys in town as an “easy date?” If so, then they’re all going to take advantage of her and probably never think of her in any other way except in terms of petting. And that’s pretty sad for any girl. The worst thing about it is that she loses the fellows’ respect—and once that is lost, she’ll find it’s very hard to win it again.

SEE IN “THE LIGHT IN THE FOREST” FOR BUENA VISTA

Does a boy respect a girl who says “yes”?

Peter Brown: No. He’ll wait for the girl he likes because she said “no!” Most fellows are looking for a girl they can respect. They may try to make advances but all the while they’re hoping of this tactic. It’s playing games with love and it is very unfair. On the other hand, will a boy respect a girl who person he is. And any girl who finds herself involved with a demanding boy should find herself another, rather than fool herself into thinking she can win his love by “giving in.” A boy who really cares for a girl doesn’t want to be disappointed by her actions. Don’t forget, he puts such a girl on a pedestal.

PETER CAN BE SEEN IN WARNER’S “VIOLENT ROAD”
What do men want in a wife?

Mark Damon: Each man has his own individual needs in selecting a mate. For example, I would want my wife to be a healthy, outgoing, well-adjusted person; someone I could communicate with. I think there should be that "you are the only one for me" spark. The idea of "when I am bald and she is heavy" must enter into it. Will you still want to be together? Earlier experiences with the opposite sex shouldn't. I think, but unfortunately do destroy a man's idea of a true wife. Men generally expect their wives to be virtuous, but not their dates. If they say they don't, they're philosophizing and excluding the emotional element. But although there may be forgiveness for a misguided venture, promiscuity is excluded. I think girls should be aware that there are qualities a man seeks in his wife-to-be besides physical attraction.

*Continued on page 84*

Why do teenagers spend so much time thinking about love?

Dennis Hopper: The world wouldn't be in such a lousy state if people didn't worry about love. Teenagers need love, just as adults do. I think this is one reason why we have so many knifings and killings from the juvenile delinquents. The kids are suppressed, not allowed to express themselves. They have no outlet for the love within them, and they receive none. Too, when you grow up, you look outside your family for love. An interest in the opposite sex is natural. I wanted love—and looked for it. I believe every human being does the same. This is a basic human need and to deny that it exists leads to unhappiness.

*Continued on page 84*

Should a boy or girl feel guilty about an interest in sex?

Nick Adams: I feel that the knowledge of sex, its function, and under what circumstances it is natural and beautiful, should be known by boys and girls by the time they are 15 or 16. Remember, I said knowledge, not participation. Often parents scare their children on this subject. They make it sound like a sin. They don't explain it is a natural relationship in true love. I think there should be an advisor on sex in the schools where youngsters can talk it out, if their parents are not equipped to discuss it completely and honestly with them. A scoutmaster or football coach might serve this need.

*Continued on page 84*
Is the report of Monty Clift's new breakdown true, or is this Hollywood's most shocking rumor?
Monty Clift has—in spite of the direst predictions ever made about any actor I know of—refused to collapse, to become an alcoholic or to get himself carried off by men in little white jackets. This is putting it on the line. This is what has been said in and out of print for a long time.

A thoughtful and compassionate man who knows Clift intimately said this: “In two years Monty will either crack up, have a nervous breakdown, go to a mental institution—or die.”

From that stark interview I went south, immediately, to see Monty himself. He was working in “Raintree County,” a picture which brought him an uncomfortable spate of publicity. At that time, I confirmed, after observation, precisely the same symptoms the wise Hollywood man had noted. Obviously, something was happening to Monty.

A lift held up the picture a number of days in Natchez, Miss., with unidentified ailments. The story filtered out that a doctor who called on him at his hotel room missed some rather strong pills from his kit and that later investigations revealed that Monty had pilfered them. At the same time, it became known that Clift was a hypochondriac with a knowledgeable habit of popping medications into his mouth and numerous connections for obtaining palliatives without going through channels. I know this part because Monty told me so himself. He told me as candidly as a kid might inform you that he knows how to get into the ball park free. You have to believe him.

Was there anything wicked about the pill-swallowing? He didn’t think so. Nevertheless, a dark tide of gossip washed around him, and this was abundantly backed up by the way Monty looked and the way he behaved.

In Natchez, he fell giggling out of a carriage during a scene and had to be escorted from the set. The story went that he was loaded with Scotch.

In Danville, Ky., Clift arrived at the airport for a civic celebration put on by the delighted Kentuckians, who cut loose with brass bands and the best bourbon, looking as gray as if he had had a bad night’s sleep in an ash heap. Kentucky’s first lady, Governor Chandler’s wife, known to everybody as “Mother,” greeted the stars warmly. Monty stumbled, paled, and barely muttered a sideways “Thank you.”

A few evenings later, Henry V. Pennington, a prominent city judge, made one of his frequent motor inspection tours of Danville. After a long day in court, he looked forward to these relaxing—and usually uneventful—cruises. Suddenly (Continued on page 86)

by CAMERON SHIPP

Says writer Shipp, “I am now convinced after ten years of writing about Monty: He’s as unconcerned about being a problem as a boy with a toad in his pocket.”—Ed.
You saw them there... waltzing to the music of a cab radio. Or maybe it was a dream... their dream. But for a moment you shared it on WHISPERING STREETS. For this new radio drama takes you wherever life leads, makes you part of the people you meet on the way. Each day, as on she can, BETTE DAVIS brings you to a new scene... an unforgettable story on Whispering Streets. Join her. Monday through Friday on the CBS RADIO NETWORK.
I LOVE YOU...
Continued from page 43

with a promising motion picture career beginning for me. And now I had to stay home to visit my family in Camas, Washington. Some kids had invited me to be guest of honor at a dance at Washington University, and I'd driven to Seattle with an old school friend. It was a Saturday, perhaps five in the morning, and we were just out of Longview, Washington, forty-five miles from home, when a car came from nowhere out of the fog and hit me.

I kept struggling to move. Finally somebody came and picked me up out of the car and carried me through the fog across the highway and leaned me against a telephone pole to wait for the ambulance. I would always remember the telephone pole and the cold and mist of the morning, the feel of the gravel beneath me, and the fact that I knew everything but would not blot it away.

I could feel the presence of people gathering around me, looking at me, giving me the handkerchiefs and covering me with blankets. In my mind I could see my picture in the Washington papers a few nights before. Somebody was praying. Somebody else just stood there shaking his head and saying, over and over, he didn't know "why these things happen to me" but that I would be "all right."

When the shock passed, I asked myself that same question. Country people do when bad things happen to them. Asking over and over, "Why did this happen to me? Why—why—why?" But you can't ask God why things happen. They happen for reasons you would be there—and I would know why.

People would look at me then and wonder. Some of them might have said, "What miracle men in modern plastic surgery. But there would be another "miracle" unknown to them. That of a boy's faith and love—faith strong enough and love enough to warm another. And it would make me want to live—make me fight to live—if only for him.

For just two nights before the accident, Jimmie Rodgers had come back into my life again.

Jimmie and I had grown up together in Camas. We'd played "Cowboy and Indian" together when he was twelve and I was nine years old. I lived five miles out in the country and Jimmie to the west would come out to the farm to ride horses. I was always trailing along, never willing to be left behind.

We went to the same schools too, but Jimmie was always several grades ahead, and growing older—and he grew away from me. I had a heavy crush on him when I was in the eighth grade, but he was a junior in high school. I was still a little kid with braces on my teeth, and he didn't see me at all.

Jimmie was always singing, since I can remember—whether on horseback, or tying me to a stake, or swimming out in the lake near the farm. Music meant everything to him. After he graduated from high school he entered Clark Junior College to major in music, then suddenly he quit school and joined the Air Force. Later I found out why. Right in front of the choir, his music had brought him, telling him to forget music, that he would never sing!

During his four years in the service, I kept track of him through friends who corresponded him. When I tried to write to him he went to Korea I wrote him several letters too. I sent him cookies at Christmas and copies of the "Camas Post."

I started modeling part-time, and I thought Jimmie and wonder what he would do when he came back home. Wonder if he would ever break out of Camas, Washington and carry our heritage in a way. My daddy's worked there for sixteen years. Jimmie's father's worked there thirty-five. His mother works in the school. He's there working there, and during summer vacations from school Jimmie had worked there. In Camas this was the accepted thing to do. You grew up, you graduated from high school and you went to work in the paper-mill.

But I was unexpectedly routed to Hollywood! I was doing part-time modeling in Portland, working as a dental hygienist in a drug store. I was spending my days and week helping at the Veterans' Hospital.

And one day I met Audie Murphy in the hospital corridor. He was there doing some kind of a "hospital art and hand back."

We were introduced, and somebody took a picture of us for the paper.

I was surprised the next day when the studio publicity man who was with Audie called me and asked me to meet him at his office and take some photographs. I thought it was just some kind of joke, but a photographer was working with made up some pictures and sent it to Hollywood. Later I got a call from him wanting to know if I would like to come to Hollywood for a screen test at Universal-International Studio.

The idea had me 'gone to Hollywood, but I found out later that he'd sat right through forty minutes of the Eddie Arnold musical short I appeared in and enjoyed it immensely and hadn't even recognized me.

When we met again he couldn't believe I was the same girl he'd tied to the stake playing "Cowboy and Indian." I was out on tour and I was in Camas visiting my family when I ran into the service, walked into my mother's dry-cleaning shop one day and found me there.

Our first date started out very casual. We were going out for a cup of coffee and coming right back. When we got home at six o'clock the next morning— we'd had dozens of cups of coffee and Jimmie had sung in every night club in Portland. He'd been home from the service about three weeks then, and in that time he'd been going in and out of the clubs and singing at any given opportunity. I think in fact the first evening was that I didn't mind sitting at tables by myself while he sang.

Jimmie didn't know what to do about his future. He wanted to sing, but he didn't know where to go or what to do anywhere. And his friends and family thought he should go back to work in the mill. Furthermore, while he was in the service his father had grown. He would have six years more seniority at the mill now. What did I think?

I told him I thought he should do what he wanted to do. "If you have to go without, so what? You'll have it sooner or later," I said. It was going to be later—as we both discovered.

We found that first evening that it was so easy to talk to one another. It was as though we'd been going together for years. We were enjoying one another so much. And I had a feeling as if we belonged to each other.

Later Jimmie told me he'd felt the same way—and it scared him a little. He reminded himself they were in the service, and had to be in the Air Force. Surely he was not going to come home and fall in love with a girl in one evening. I had my own plans, and I guess I was a little scared too. When I first pulled it I just said "Goodnight, thanks a lot," jumped out of the car and ran into the house.

Not before we made a date for two nights from then. Sunday evening we went to a party and danced. Then on Monday I was going back to Hollywood and—well—who knew what would happen?

Then, at five o'clock on Sunday morning in one split-second in a screech of metal and breaking glass—my future stopped.

I was in the Longview Hospital with sirens screaming—I kept holding my lips together, and trying to keep my nose in place. There was no feeling at all in my mouth, and I didn't see how they could do anything for me but just sew it all back together again.

When we got to the hospital I made motions for someone to give me a piece of paper, and a pen. It was a request to talk. "Save my teeth," I wrote. I didn't know anybody there—and this meant my future—what they were going to do to my mouth.

Call all my effort, they had to re-do my lips several times. They'd sew it up and then take the stitches out and sew it again—to be sure and make a correct lips. They would get emotional to the dental surgeon, Doctor Ray, and to all the people who worked with him.

Jimmie didn't ask to come see me during those first days in the hospital. He seemed to think that I would. But he couldn't come. But he would call and leave messages that he was thinking of me. And every day a funny little card or note would come from him. "How's my partner in crime getting along?" he'd write. I knew because we'd stayed out all night on our first date. Another would say, "Just keep your chin up." Or he'd just write, "I'm thinking of you."

They'd taken all the mirrors out of the hospital room, but there was a little stainless steel pan beside the bed, and one day I happened to roll over and see my reflection in the little pan. For the first time—I cried.

It's something that's very hard to accept, and if Jimmie hadn't been there to help me through the long months that followed—I don't know what would have happened to me inside. And I don't even want to imagine.

I'd worried for fear he would pity me—and I didn't want pity. I knew I had to help him get through a long time, and I just wanted to be accepted.

When I came home from the hospital I was wearing a surgical mask that covered my whole face. All Jimmie could see were my eyes. I had plastic surgery on my face for fifteen years. I came home from the hospital with the scars healed, and I wouldn't let anybody see that face.

"Gee I'm glad to see you home," Jimmie said, and he didn't even look at the mask. Then it was back to the hospital, just about where we'd left it—talking the way we'd talked that first evening.

He came day and night, if need be. When the headaches were so bad I couldn't sleep at night, after 2:00 a.m. when he finished work at the little club where he was singing, Jimmie would come over
and read aloud to me until I could sleep. He’d go home and sleep a few hours, and come back and read to me in the ear and take me out into the sunshine.

He’d take me for long rides up the Columbia River on a pretty day, and we’d take in some of the sights—fish. I could only sip through a straw.

Jimmie would always plan our day and whether it was a ride or eating mashed potatoes, we’d plan it for the first time—it was an event.

We’d go to drive-in movies, and he’d bring sponge rubber cushions so I could sit. He took me to a lake and taught me how to hike, swim, and fish. He just taught me how to live again. And made me want to go on living.

Then gradually, Jimmie made me go out to the lake with him. There was a crowd of people. One of the hardest things to do was to go back to the lake near our house where I’d water-skied all the years—and watch others doing it now. Jimmie held the edge of my swimsuit down over my face, and we relaxed it down, and we watched the all summer people—and he talked about the new water-skis I’d have when we go out there. Mask on my face, and brace on my back, he wanted me to go with him to the wedding of a couple we knew—

It was tough going—but Jimmie thought I came through very well. During these months, I felt as if I was all just part of “growing up.” He made me feel that this was just like when I used to feel down and see my skin and how I used to go through this—“Get out of here—and get going.” This was just something else—and I would outgrow it in time.

I had to go through many deep ditches, we started the seven months of plastic surgery. This was such a depressing period, and there was so much pain.

Jimmie took me to Portland to see the doctor, and was there with me while the doctor removed the mask and examined me. I gave him a portrait Universal-International had taken of me to show him what I looked like. He said he looked like him and put me to bed and was “all right,” but he couldn’t promise I would look exactly as I did before. Nobody could know.

Jimmie drove me back and forth to Portland for the surgery, and it was very painful. Sanding deep into the nerve tissue and digging the scars away—again, and again, and again.

And it was all a pretty torturing ordeal. And I would get so depressed. Sometimes I’d think, “Is it worth it? Maybe I’m supposed to have the scars.” My career was gone anyway, and nobody could tell me to get over it. I just put it out—and why go through so much pain?

In the beginning I would ask myself why he was always there when I needed him. He was always doing so much to be just for the accident. Jimmie’s answer was very simple when it came. “Because I love you,” he said. “And when you are in the corner, darling, but I can never marry you . . .

How could I subject Jimmie to spending the rest of his life with a partially disfigured woman?

Only one thing pulled me out of that depression—Jimmie loving me and convincing me that it wouldn’t matter to him how I looked after the plastic surgery. “No man ever—woman—would do such a thing,” he would say. “No matter what happens with this—no matter if I never really sing the way I want to sing—we’ll still have each other.”

At times I just had to say this. He told me, “He just doesn’t want you to feel bad.” But during the long weeks, he convinced me it didn’t really matter to him. He had faith it would turn out all right, if it didn’t—he wasn’t in love with my face—he was in love with me.

But there was still a dread for the day when I didn’t have to see my face for the first time . . .

He drove me to Longview the day the dentist was to put in my denture. When I came out of the doctor’s office, Jimmie let me sit on his lap, as he gently said: “You’re beautiful.”

I mumbled “Yes.” It felt like I had a house in that injured mouth. “All right,” he said—and reached up gently and unfolded the mask and put it in his pocket.

Then he leaned over and kissed me the first kiss he’d ever given me. “You’re beautiful,” he said.

I looked at him—and the tears began to come. I didn’t want to cry. I knew what I looked like. I looked awful. I looked like a woman thirty years old. And so white—with big dark circles—and great red matter.

The next night Jimmie made me go to the club where he was working and stay with him all evening. I had to meet the people who came in, and it was rough. They were all very much.

None of Jimmie’s friends—or as he says, “the people who used to be my friends” —could understand why he spent so much time with me. “How do you know what to look like afterward—” they’d say.

Jimmie had his own answer for that. On my birthday he called saying, “Let’s go for a drive.” We decided to drive to Vancouver and back and our sunglasses on and we were drinking the day in. At a stop sign at an intersection he suddenly reached underneath the seat and pulled out a ring. He put it on my finger and said, “There!” Then he leaned over to kiss me. But his sun glasses were broken, and the paper clip I’d put on to hold them together stuck to his face, and he couldn’t get it off his face. And that’s the way we got engaged—in the bright sun on a busy street paper-cliped together!

What others thought about us didn’t trouble me. But sometimes I’d get a little frightened when I thought of marrying Jimmie. I was always so sure he would be a star, and I’d worry whether I would be a wife to a single, but this would also mean leaving a steady income, and he’d stayed on.

One night, however, Jimmie was talking to the group about getting married and having a child. He didn’t want to quit, because he was really responsible for packing the customers in. They told him he’d never make it as a solo. But this would also mean leaving a steady income, and he’d stayed on.

Within a week, Jimmie got a looking through the window. Washington, as a single, we thought, and we were so thrilled. When we left Cama I gave him a St. Genesius medal for luck and as it turned out, he needed it. Through a mis-sighted man breaking the whole band. The manager told Jimmie he’d have to fire him, and he called me long distance, very depressed. We decided to elope in honey—some way, all by himself, he must make them dance—and get busy at it very soon.

I went up to Wenatchee on the bus to take Jimmie more music and to see what was happening there. The Elks were used to an eight-piece band, and there was just Jimmie and his guitar and piano. He was breaking his hands very—b-but he was making them dance. This was where Jimmie got the rhythm for “Honeycomb” and “Kisses Sweeter Than Wine.” Then, on top of it, dance, he had to put a beat to his folk-songs.

We were married when Jimmie was working at the Front Cafe in Vancouver later on.

We’d planned a church wedding for April, but so many people kept advising us against getting married that in January we eloped to Portland. However we promised our families we’d still have the church ceremony later on, and we headed for Hollywood to start living our life—and fighting for Jimmie to be heard.

Nobody would listen to Jimmie at all. He just had three dates in six months, and there were times when we were about to quit.

Then I had to go back into a hospital for major surgery. Infection had set into the old internal injuries from the accident, and for two days they didn’t know whether Jimmie would live. My surgery, they operated to have help pay the hospital bills. But just when you feel you can’t struggle any more, something happens. God lets you see things and hears your prayers, and if you’re strong enough to go through many, many things the good things will finally come.

Roulette Records wanted to sign Jimmie and they advanced money for him to come to New York, one club was “Honeymoon.” The finally, we were inside a recording studio and my Jimmie was on his way. And all I could do was sit in a corner on a stool and remember how many times I’d heard him singing “Home on the Range” to the twang of a guitar in many how joints and bistros—before getting there.

For all the good things that are happening, I need to bring Jimmie’s motion picture contract at M-G-M, his co-starring role with Debbie Reynolds in “Snob Hill,” his guesting on the biggest TV shows, his singing at the Hollywood Bowl and his show in the room of the house we rent just off the Sunset Strip . . . and my face. Every time I look in a mirror, I thank God for the face I have and the singing voice. I only thanks to Jimmie, was always there to give me a hand with me. I can go without makeup now, and gradually the feeling is all coming back. My face is a little bit much like the girl’s in the photograph—the girl who was going to be a movie star, and would ask agonizingly, “Why did this happen to me?”

I know now you don’t ask God why things happen to you. They happen for reasons, and the accident happened for a reason.

And this hadn’t happened, perhaps Jimmie would have gone back to work in the mill and millions of people wouldn’t be sharing his music today.

And if this hadn’t happened to me, maybe I would never have married Jimmie. And I would never have known real happiness.

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keen on sack dresses?" I chided.

"I'm a modern man," confided Tony. "But ladies are not necessarily disqualified!"

"Well, that certainly leaves the field wide open," I commented. Tony placed the ad. I phoned the first applicant called. I scheduled her for three o'clock in the afternoon. She arrived five minutes early.

"A good sign," I thought. "Tony has a bug for promptness." He arrived at three.

The woman who appeared seemed strong, enthusiastic and sympathetic in the beginning. Tony and I looked at each other and suddenly didn't know what to say. She saved the day. "And what is the place like?" she asked.

I blurted out my mouth and began at the beginning—the very beginning.

"It's kind of Early Chinese Chaos," Tony began. "You see, I'm not a very good housekeeper and I'm always working. It was a long time, I felt sure my last picture was my last. So, you see, I left most of my prized possessions in storage in my New York apartment. I've collected some stuff out here in Hollywood, but somehow it only looks good in the center of the living-room floor.

"After buying a record player and a supply of canned goods, I settled down to the quiet uneventful life of a Hollywood bachelor. The first thing I did was rehang my favorite pictures that travel with me wherever I go—but no Rembrandt—just Charles Addams. The first Charles Addams cartoon shows two gaunt, bearded prisoners wearing ragged uniforms. They're spread-eagled six feet apart on the floor by iron chains bound to their wrists and ankles. One prisoner says to the other: 'Now here's my plan.' In the second Addams cartoon, a Hudson snake charmer sits crosseyed in front of a huge open basket. He plays a flute as two hooded cobras protrude from the basket and sway with the music. One coiled copter to the other. 'Let's sit this one out!'

"Then, there's the crazy postcard-size photograph of me that's hanging unframed on the wall. I'm wearing the sheriff's outfit I had on for 'The Tin Star' and am posed with my right hand extended palm-up, straight into the camera lens. The result, camera-wise, is that my hand reflects on the studio wall each time it naturally produces a kind of Frankenstein's-monster effect.

"I have a three-legged coffee table. Tony's photographs are stored behind his appli-ant. "It's a great conversation opener, if nothing else. I first saw it in a novelty store window—it came in kind of do-it-yourself kit—so I picked it up on the way home from the studio one evening. I came with instructions. In fact, it came complete with everything—except one leg! I was always working late, so I used my hand in the leg hole to take it apart. By day I can boast of having the only three-legged coffee table in Hollywood—and you can hardly get that kind no more!"

The girl nodded. "A good sign," Tony continued. "I was bent on adding all the latest modern improvements to my dream palace. Someone sent me an anonymous donation—a canoe with an attached card reading, "For the lady with the boat," and that was nice. No one sent me draperies so I still have the His and Hers bath towels over the windows in the bedroom—but I got some real gone glass curtains for the living room windows. The only trouble is that I can't see out but everyone can see in. A fan sent me a well cocktail shaker. I don't drink, though, so I put flowers in it. Two Rembrandts came from another fan, Japanese Tony Perkins. I laughed. The woman didn't.

"You a jazz enthusiast?" Tony asked her. "I have everything by Errol Garner, whose hands are magic. Anything by Eila Cope (Porter songs) because her throat is magic, albums by Andre Previn, the 'Shelley Mann and his Friends,' discs which include hit tunes from 'My Fair Lady' and 'Lili.' Right?"

Frank Sinatra's records are great of course. I have a few of my own which I listen to with a critical ear.

I couldn't tell whether Tony was making an impression on the woman.

"To my surprise," Tony reminisced, "maid service came with the apartment and I inherited a cheery character who sang rock 'n' roll. She was also my number one fan. I found notes everywhere asking for photographs and she wrote an original script for Mrs. Perkins' Maud. Tony was supposed to play a banana peddler who was working secretly for the FBI.

Before I got this place, I lived in my studio dressing room. The days were fine, I was busy before the camera and didn't have time to think about—me. But the nights—those dismal, lonely and deserted studio nights at night, and I got to the point where the sound stages were talking back to me. One late afternoon the skies turned black, and I knew if I spent another night there I would have to have a throw over me in the morning.

The maid-to-be nodded in sympathy. She believed in me, and I gave my agent at MCA, who are good about such things, and told them I had to have a place to live that night. It didn't matter where it was and I didn't care what it was like, but I needed an apartment, and I wanted to feel like I belonged there. Not exactly an enchanted cottage, but it was mine—all mine!" Tony gestured wildly, the woman shrank back in alarm. "Oly first visit was the man with the new fuses for the switchbox. That evening Venetia Stevenson, Dick Clayton, Susan Oliver and Tab Hunter surprised me with a gift of half a dozen song books, and coffee and tea. I switched off the lights that's when I discovered there were pink bulbs throughout. They gave me a nice rosy glow—and made me feel like a Sioux Indian!"

The woman stood up, slowly fumbling in her bag for what seemed to be a cigarette but turned out to be a Kleenex. She patted her brow—the day was unusually sultry, and Tab Hunter had left a bag and closed the catch. Then, looking at both of us, with hardly a change of expression, except a little tightening around the eyes, she spoke.

"What you want, young man, is no maid but a full-time wife"

After she left, neither of us spoke for a while.

"Is not a bad suggestion," I cautiously said.

"Nope," replied Tony in all his eloquence.

"It is a thought," I pushed a little. "It is," Tony replied.

We didn't say much for a while.

"Okay," Tony announced loudly. He took the yellow paper out of his pocket, the small ad that had been on with a flourish scratched out MAID. "Maybe I'll change MAID to WIFE.

"Maybe that's what I really meant—what I really need," he corrected.

I didn't argue.

Any of you girls, by chance, looking for a change of jobs?

The End
THE LITTLE PRINCE
Continued from page 50

tax-free, they said. He didn’t know what taxes were, but they must be dreadful things since lack of them made so many people happy! These people and others from all over the world were letters to the lovely lady about him and his playmate in the nursery. He heard the lady say so. Sometimes she read them aloud to the man with the brush on his lip. “Isn’t it wonderful,” she would say, “that people care about us? I’ve never been so happy.”

He was happy, too. There were so many things for him to do. He could lie in his bassinet and listen to the little girl bang on her toy piano or watch when she came over and lifted his blankets to see if he had grown overnight. He could listen to his tree rustle outside or to his bird. He could cry when he didn’t feel like sleeping, in order to get some attention. This would bring the lady in white with the cap on her head scuttling over to put some new clothes on him and bring him to the lovely lady who would feed him. Or he could lie and watch the stars. He liked these. In fact, he wished he had one to play with. People said the lovely lady was his mama and that she had been a star. She must have come from heaven, he thought. He would play with her. And he would bring her a golden star with points out of the sky.

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...SATURDAY NIGHT

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took a beating and, when we started the new film, I was terribly depressed.

Everyone was very kind, Otto Preminger, our producer, and Deborah Kerr and Peter Lawford. David would pat me on the shoulder and say, "Come now, it's only a movie!" How sad I must have seemed. Then one Saturday a friend of Otto's gave a party on his estate. I remember that evening was pleasant to many other famous people, but I had eyes only for one Francois Moreuil, a young French lawyer. "Age twenty-three," I soon learned.

After dinner Francois and I slipped away and went for a walk along the beautiful white beach. I was amazed how easy he was to talk to. We discussed every- thing: Art, music, and literature. Francois teased me because at the time my record collection consisted almost exclusively of Frank Sinatra and Ella Fitzgerald. He looked at me, smiling a little, and said, "You must learn to sing "opera," my dear. Don't be ashamed of Haydn, too, but you mustn't force it. Just let it seep in."

Suddenly life seemed gay! I never knew what it was like to have a word of warning. Francois would drop in on the "Bonjour" set. I remember one day someone got annoyed and said, "You shouldn't disturb Miss Seberg while she's working!"

On Sundays we drove to Nice in Francois' Austin convertible to see the week's film rushes. Sometimes we would drop in on our life's affairs. Sometimes we would see a picture in a theater, or drive in a swim, and during the week, we tried to have an occasional quiet dinner together.

We had known one another, I think, about a month when we began discussing marriage. Purely on an impersonal basis, of course! What we thought it should be like and what each of us hoped to bring to the other. When we met, that was in our hearts, we knew we were talking about us.

One night we went by speed boat to a little island just off the coast where we had dinner at a quaint restaurant called the "Fishing Boat." We rowed a raft to the island, rowed down by the water, settled on the steps of a little church to talk, and it was then that we both realized we were deeply, seriously in love. Suddenly, out of a clear blue sky it came to me, "I want to cook!" I was a little taken back, but I confessed I was very big with avocados and French dressing. With me, he replied, "It's the supreme of veal, with creamed mushroom and olive sauce," and then with a grin, "cherries sometimes, but only on Sundays!" No one really proposed, I guess.

We contemplated the "Bonjour" company went to London to film some interior shots, Francois called me every day and flew over from Paris for the weekend. What a wonder! The silvery moon from the Strand saw Sir Laurence Olivier in "The Entertainer." We celebrated with a champagne and caviar supper afterwards—on the expense account.

The following weekend I flew from London to Paris to meet Francois' family. His father is in government in Paris and I learned that Francois was educated at the Sorbonne, except for brief periods at Oxford and Harvard, where he studied law. We had dinner at his family's home and I was delighted with his eleven-year-old brother Didou. After dinner we retired to the drawing room for coffee.

The French are warm but very frank and to the point. Mrs. Moreuil gazed at me quizzically for a moment and said, "We understand that you and Francois are in love and we think that's fine. He may go to America to meet you and your family but he should be back in his office in three weeks."

There was a note of finality in the tone, and, after the heavy door closed on the room. It was Didou who broke the ice by rushing in to present me with one of his paintings, which he had signed four times! I hugged him close and managed to reach Francois before he flushed and had a chance to object! He reminded me of my little brother David. He was so kind to me, so interested in me. I forgot that I'd never expected to marry a European. "Well," exclaimed my "gallant" fiancé in self-defense, "the girl I thought I'd marry is opposite of what I got!"

When the filming was finished, I went immediately home. Back in Iowa I found things hadn't changed very much. Mother still saw to it that my room and to still lighted one and room to have a dish towel before my face to remind me it was my turn to wipe. Suddenly, it was as though I had never been abroad at all, and those charmingly quaint Riviera were something dreamed up by Noel Coward! Only the image of Francois remained unchanged—dark, funny, sweet Francois.

His arrival in America a week later was dramatic to say the least. Of all the planes that fly the Atlantic his had to lose an engine over the water! Which is why it was so much easier for me to shuffle my feet and work hard! He landed in Minneapolis four hours late, looking for all the world like a little boy who had a long hard day.

We took turns at the wheel driving back to Iowa and all Francois could think about was a cold shower and a thick steak. Instead, he got ten of my relatives! At lunch, Francois and I were living in men's company, and the set of a C. B. DeMille spectacular. Francois leaned over and whispered, "I must shake all the hands, no!"

It was to Francois, Mother, Deborah, Granny and my sister Mary first, and then fifteen-year-old Kurt. He mumbled something that sounded suspiciously like "How do you do," and then stepped aside for David, aged seven, who was more of a blackguard than me. "I'm on the alert for any suspicious bulge that might prove to be a water pistol or a dart gun, but as they say in "Dragonet" he was "dressed down.""

Daddy had apparently been boning up on the ways and customs of the French, and that night at dinner he suddenly produced a bottle of wine. Granny was obviously shocked but Daddy just smiled and reminded her that in her youth she had wanted to be a bareback rider with the circus, and if she could bounce around in a short bathing suit on the back of some circus horse, she couldn't see what was so shocking about a little glass of wine at the table. But wine in our house was as rare as snow in winter and Francois made Didou uncork the bottle and poured.

David was so fascinated he sat frozen, like a kid in a game of statues, with a forkful of roast beef halfway to his open mouth. Francois lifted the glass to his lips, seven pairs of eyes rolled in his directions.

Francois sipped, swallowed, and was strangely silent.

"Well, come on," urged Daddy. "Don't be shy, son."

Francois shook his head. "Is not wine," he said immediately. "Paris, maybe. I want to crawl under this rug and die!"

The next night at dinner it was Mother's turn. Francois had had just about two helpings of everything—chicken, vegetables, and an ear of corn left on the platter and Mother, wanting to please him, urged him to "put it out of its misery." Francois raised a hand in protest. "No, no! Please! I'm fed up!"

Mother got up and told us she had to explain afterwards that Francois hadn't meant it the way it sounded at all. He just has difficulty sometimes expressing himself.

And I'll never forget how embarrassed I was the time Mother, thinking back to her own courting days, I guess, asked us who spoke about love first. "Jean," Francois whispered into my ear.

"The very first day, in fact—and every day after that, but I said, 'Let's wait awhile.' My mother looked at him oddly. "I didn't mean you, boy. I kissed at him. "Imagine a Frenchman saying a thing like that!"

Then he got serious and said, "Actually, it was mutual agreement. A week was enough. Let us just say it was a thunder-stroke."

Mother patted my dainty Frenchman and smiled her blessing at us both.

My birthday came during Francois' visit and I went to the première at Boston I had seen before and knew ever well. I was nineteen and in love and life was an exciting adventure! Francois had brought me a beautiful Dior scarf and two bottles of champagne from Paris, and the day we spent with us in Iowa were sheer heaven. We didn't ride in any chauffeur-driven, air-conditioned Cadillac as we had in France, and we didn't live in a palatial flat or a forty-acre estate, but we went to see a class play at Marshalltown High, and then over to my former drama teacher's house who was teaching a college weekend at the University of Iowa, too.

We flew to New York the last of November where I sublet an apartment and Francois started to work with an international film company on the East Side. He has decided to stay in the United States for the present. We thought it best to announce our engagement at this point, partly to quell the untrue rumors about the so-called "romance" between Otto Preminger and me. Mother made the announcement in Iowa and then the wire service got it.

We hope to be married in Marshalltown in late September or early October—probably in the Lutheran Church. When Francois, Mother and I first talked it over, we decided that we are more like a family and friends are in Iowa and all Francois' are in Paris. My husband-to-be gave us his opinion: "I think we ought to be married in New York," he suggested, a wicked glint in his eye.

"Even better," my mother chimed in, "somewhere at the bottom of the North Atlantic—about midday, then everyone can say they were the first to marry in rather glad we are living in the air age!"

Francois claims he won't mind being married to a movie star at all. As a matter of fact, he's of tremendous help to me with the various protests for his opinion. And he has such definite opinions on everything. Take interviews. I'm always a little scared and serious. Francois doesn't see why they have to be dull or
boring. To prove a point I offer you some excerpts taken from the tape recorded interview we did for Photoplay.

The day we made it I was in the process of apartment moving (to a larger, more comfortable one), and everything was in a mess. I looked like something out of second-rate Carmen in my red-print cotton shirt over red tuxedo pants, but Francois was mighty fetching in a blue T-shirt and faded blue denim. The interviewer, Francois and I were all in the bedroom at the time and I was sitting cross-legged in the center of the bed. The small radio atop the console TV was blasting merrily and Bippy, the tiny black-and-white kitten Francois had gotten for me at the A.S.P.C.A., "Because it needs a happy home," was curled up at the foot of the bed sound asleep. It looked so sweet and helpless, like a blob of ink on the Black Watch tartan spread. The interview proceeded thus:

**Question:** Why don't you think you're too young to marry?

**Francois:** Because she found the man of her life and that was that.

**Jean:** Because I don't believe you can force love to wait too long. Besides, I don't think I could find anyone who means as much to me more than once in a lifetime. Francois and I may be young in years, but we've been married early. Francois during the war, under the Occupation, and me with my career and the singular nature of it.

**Question:** What do you have in common?

**Francois:** We walk, talk, shout, scream, fight, eat, kiss, dance—everything we like to do together.

**Jean:** We're both pretty high-strung but we only scream at each other about fifteen minutes a day.

**Francois:** We only broke five glasses in Jean's last apartment!

**Jean:** We've never had an argument that lasted more than—three and a half months!

**Francois:** Two hours!

**Jean:** Actually, we both come to a quick boil then it's all over. Usually when I'm nervous Francois is calm and vice versa.

**Francois:** That's what we call our automatic switch.

**Question:** What do you want for your marriage—goals, plans, etc.?

**Jean:** Money, fast cars, minks! No, seriously—a quiet, creatively alive life with friends.

**Francois:** No.

**Jean:** Okay, a quiet, creatively alive life without friends.

**Francois:** A quiet noisy life with interesting dull friends, with fast and slow cars and large small houses!

**Question:** How will you manage marriage as a team?

**Jean:** There shouldn't be any conflict. There are plenty of people who make it work. Deborah Kerr for one.

**Francois:** If marriage and career conflict, one of them will have to go. Change that. One or both of them will have to go.

Come to think of it I'm not so sure what happens to me by that last remark. But like it or not I'll be opening soon in "The Moon Is Blue," somewhere in New England, where I am touring this summer. I play a girl in love and this is one role I am approaching with perfect confidence. For many good reasons. Isn't love great? It makes all the difference in the world and to think it all began that very special Saturday night! The End
The questions asked here were collected for Photoplay by a woman doctor who daily finds herself talking to young girls about problems relating to their emotional lives—boys, sex, dating and marriage. Some of the questions you may have written. Some are questions raised by movies like "The Careless Years" and "The Goddess." On pages 70-71 we've shown you a scene from Paddy Chayefsky's newest movie, "The Goddess," in which one of the most disturbing teenagers confronted the problems we'll discuss here. We are doing this story in an effort to give you honest and informed answers about some of the most important—and most wholesome—problems a young girl faces in growing up. We hope you will find the ideas expressed here—which are the opinions of each individual quoted and not of the magazine—of some help.

On pages 72-73 you met some of our panel of seven young stars who will discuss the various questions. Here they are:

Burt Brinckerhoff, "The Goddess;" James MacArthur, Peter Brown; Mark Damon, Dennis Hopper; and Nick Adams. Tony Perkins, a latecomer to the discussion, did not have time to do the whole interview. You'll have to feel there is something shameful about sex?

"People only feel sex is shameful when they don't really understand it," began Peter Brown. "If I look at Stanley to whom people try to cover it up, when they pretend it doesn't exist. After all, sex, according to the dictionary, is 'being male or female.' You can't shut your eyes and hide from that. Children will soon get into everybody's life and you must try to understand it.""But in order to understand it, you must define it," interrupted Mark Damon. "What is sex? To me it's one of the most basic emotions and feelings. A boy or girl attraction that makes you want to hold hands on a beautiful spring day. It can grow into a strong physical bond between a boy and girl who are deeply in love, and whose friendship is based on many common interests and ideas. It's an emotion that deepens and becomes more demanding as you grow older and approach marriage. It's a natural, necessary and healthy part of any relationship—provided both people are honest and sincere about their love."

Then," said the moderator, "you think a girl shouldn't feel guilty about an interest in sex? Or a boy, for that matter. We've already heard from Nick Adams and Mark Damon on this.

"She certainly should not," said Tony Perkins firmly. "It's the healthiest thing in the world to want to know about. Anybody who is made to feel guilty about sex may be making a mistake in life. And this is terrible. I believe if sex is explained to people in a simple, honest way, they'll be able to judge what's right or wrong. And that's what will make them mature men and women when it comes time for marriage."

"But no girl should force herself to be interested in sex just because she feels her friends are more mature than she is"—and there interrupted Dennis Hopper. "If you're naturally interested, it's the healthiest thing in the world to inquire about, to try to understand. If you're not, just wait."

"What a girl must realize is that these are decisive years in life—years of preparation for marriage," said Mark Damon, chewing his lip thoughtfully. "She shouldn't do anything to jeopardize these later years, but she should learn as much as she can from a reliable source—a respected teacher or therapist. She must learn who she is, what she wants and what her place in society is. Friendship with boys, easy relationships with them, understanding—but not necessarily experiencing—emotion will help her understand the important issues in marriage."

"Do you all agree with Burt Brinckerhoff that a good night kiss can be enough for 16 or 17-year-olds in love?" asked the moderator.

"I don't see why not," said Nick Adams. "When I was a teenager, I knew a lot of girls I considered my buddies. We dated, we had a good time, and had a good time. Holding hands and a kiss goodnight is the basis of many happy relationships."

"I think so," drawled Tony Perkins, tugging at his sneaker. "I think there are many good, honest and loyal friendships among teenagers today, and I think this gives them a much needed sense of security, if you'll call it that. Is it enough? It is unless they're kids who have grown up too quickly. Then I feel very sorry for them because I don't think they'll have much to look forward to in life."

"You can't help boys and girls together and generalize as to whether or not a good night kiss is enough," said serious Peter Brown. "We're all individuals and names for individual matters. A young girl who dates a boy may have a night kiss, and this should realize this is a casual thing that isn't worth more than an occasional kiss. A pair of teenagers going steady—and maybe thinking of marriage—has to learn to control emotional feelings which they should be able to discuss together to find out how to handle it. An engaged couple may have more serious emotions to cope with and may want the advice of a doctor or minister."

The most frequently asked question of the girls in 'The Goddess'—is: Does a girl have to pet to be popular?

"If a girl relies on petting for popularity," said Tony Perkins, "she's going to get her popularity in a way that isn't good. Petting is not a form of love, unless it is a girl that you really care for, then she's a shallow girl. Petting has its place, yes, depending upon the seriousness of one's affection. But a girl shouldn't count on petting to get along with a guy, whether it is a guy who has emotional that always counts in my datebook."

"When I was in high school," remembered Mark Damon, "the most popular girls I knew had a sense of humor, pleasant disposition and genuine kindness. And those are the things the boys used to talk about—not whether she'd pet on a date."

"I think that scene between Kim Stanley and Burt in 'The Goddess' is the most important one in the movie," said Burt Brinckerhoff thoughtfully. "There are some girls a guy automatically expects will pet on a date. But let me say this from my own experience, when I was a young man who didn't want to pet on a date."

"That's the point," broke in Peter Brown. "I don't believe a girl should feel she must pet if she doesn't want to. It's necessary to pet to be popular with certain boys, but a girl shouldn't have to pet boys be- cause all boys don't demand it. This may be one way of showing love, but it should never even be considered unless two people together understand it."

"Here's another question raised by 'The Goddess' and our readers: Does a boy feel a girl owes him something for a date?"

"Most boys I know might, but they don't expect it," emphasized Mark Damon. "If they get it too easily and not as a sign of real affection, the girl is laughed at and talked about. When I was growing up, although we thought we wanted a girl to neck or pet, it was never our reason for dating a girl. In fact, when a boy really likes a girl he will be inexperienced in sex. It makes their relationship something more special."

"To be perfectly honest," said Nick Adams, "the best girl I can find, was all Tony Perkins asked today. I'll enjoy sharing myself and my entire life.
I want a wife who not only commands my respect but makes me happy, glad to be alive."

But Dr. Brinckerhoff replied cautiously, "I'm not really sure. I want love, yes—but I want love with respect. Someone who respects my decisions and desires, someone who will help me to contribute to society rather than just greedily taking from it. I want someone who wants to be a good mother, who can meet the challenge of bringing up children. Also, I want my wife to have a sense of humor."

"Love, understanding, kindness," summed up Jim MacArthur who recently announced he'd found the girl with these qualities.

"What do I want in a wife?" repeated Dennis Hopper leaning forward with a smile. "A lot of things. I want intelligence, a love for beauty, someone who loves truth, someone who loves me! I'd like my wife to be attractive, but physical beauty is only skin deep, so she must be spiritually beautiful. I don't want a wife that's perfect. I want people to be what they are. Their flaws make them real. If you're perfect, you're a statue—not a human being. And statues can be awfully dull!"

We limited our "round-table" panel to seven males but we did ask one of Hollywood's most popular young actresses, Dorothy Malone, for her opinions on two questions which we felt only a girl could answer and asked Kim Stanley, of "The Goddess" her views.

"Is 'saving your feelings for the right man' an old-fashioned idea?"

"It may be generally," Dot said, "but to me particularly and to my friends, this is a matter of ideals. I have never lacked for dates, even before I was in motion pictures, and I have never found that the boys went out with expected necking as a requisite for a date. I have a great respect for men because nobody has ever disappointed me. I think most men, consciously or subconsciously, are looking for a girl who has the same qualities they respect and admire in their mothers."

"Second, How can a girl avoid giving in on a date, and keep the boy as a date?"

"I don't think this is a problem," Dorothy remarked. "I definitely believe it is the girl who sets the pace in these relationships. The boy-girl attraction is automatically there but I also believe people are yearning for companionship, a good mind and similar interests. I believe a man should know something about a girl before he takes her out. If he doesn't, it doesn't take him long to find out. If he knows she has certain principles regarding sex expression and they don't match his, he won't date her. A boy who knows a girl has definite principles, then dates her to see if he can break them, isn't worth dating. A girl doesn't have to compromise with her principles to be popular. Ask yourself this question: 'The girl who did give in to 'Joe' didn't get him, so why will I if I give in against my wishes?' The men who insist on a girl giving in are just as insecure as the girl who does, because both believe they must to be popular."

"When a girl's growing up," added Kim Stanley, "she's uncertain of herself and this sometimes makes her too eager for love. And like Emily Ann in 'The Goddess,' it's easy for her, in this situation, to fall into the trap of reaching out for love indiscriminately as a kind of reassurance of her worth. But when she puts a low price on herself, she doesn't attract the kind of man who is capable of real love—only the kind who sees her as a symbol of sex."

Summary:

We've talked about many different problems and our panel has agreed on all the major issues. To review some points, sex is a basic and natural part of our lives. It accounts for the mutual attraction that separates one boy and one girl from all others. It becomes most important and most satisfying in marriage. But every voice raised this warning: to misuse sex is to risk your future happiness. Every man, even when he's prone not to admit it, places his potential bride on a high pedestal. Don't jeopardize your lofty position by compromising on matters of necking and petting. Popularity—being able to count up in large numbers the different boys you've been out with—is unimportant. The importance of dating is meeting the right boys—boys with whom you can share mutual interests and respect. Dating is a means of getting-acquainted with many types of people. Its value is as preparation for going steady, for courtship and engagement, for marriage. Just remember that your whole life can be determined by a casual date. And notice that all of our panel enthusiastically said they would date a girl who said "no," but not all said they would second-date a girl who said "yes."

Since curiosity about sex is natural and healthy, don't hesitate to discuss your questions with your parents, clergy, doctor, and the understanding and trusted leader of teenage events, a trusted teacher. Perhaps "Facts of Life and Love for Teenagers" (a Popular Library paper back, 5$) might be of some help. Write and let us know your reactions.

And finally, why place so much emphasis on sexual attraction when most boys are looking for someone they can respect and love? Instead of concentrating on sex, concentrate on being a more interesting person.

The End
he stopped short as his attention was riveted to three police cars in front of him—a large congregation of law enforcement officers. Stopping his car, he got out and walked over to the police car. "It's that movie star," one explained. "He's over there in Monty's Elizabeth Taylor's house, and he's afraid to cross the street to his own house, on account of the crowd.

Judge Pennington looked around him. Five small boys played on the sidewalk. But there was no crowd.

That's the crowd, Judge," said the cop. All told, Monty's appearances in Danville, a town where he could write or talk, have been dramatic affairs with Miss Taylor (who seemed to thrive on a lover who seemed somewhat less vigorous than a man about to gasp his last) and with Miss Lohan (who was fifty-five and a senior of a woman of considerable bounce). Libby flew down from New York to see him.

At the time, I confess, as one who was the mouth who reported, this was an impossibility.

Plainly, Clift couldn't have been carrying on with both Miss Taylor and Miss Lohan at the same time. Neither proud girl would have allowed it. And no girl who could write or talk, has been able to carry on with either, let alone both, if he'd been as close to the last gasp as Clift appeared to be.

It has not been a full twenty-four months since Monty's friend made the statement that Monty would collapse, get put away, or die in two years and Mr. Clift has bemosed us all by doing none of these things—anything like or even of these things. The record is a useful place to look now and then. Let's look:

Monty finished "Raintree County," in which he performed a number of athletic scenes. But, he says, Clift had only one tail wagging trains and foot races, and this was a good picture, one of his best. He may have looked like a refugee from a concentration camp (he did), but he did not collapse. Then he made "The Young Lions," went to Paris for that one, and more stories began to trickle back. The picture was held up for twenty-one days and this was, of course, it was stated, evidence of a talent.

Well, I wasn't in Paris but I checked with Edward Dmytryk, who directed both "Raintree" and "Lions," and learned what anyone might have learned by consulting the trade papers. But who missed Paris twenty-one days. The picture was twenty-one days overdue.

During production of "The Young Lions," according to Dmytryk and to Lynn Uniker, the reliable press agent, Monty behaved.

John Maynard, able reporter, who was there, notes that he saw Monty loaded with gin and tonic, a splash that debutantes take in their stride. Nevertheless, Mr. Maynard reports, this modest libation woozled Clift and spurred his syllabes into a gurgle. The suggestion is plain that Monty has a low tolerance for alcohol. My experience is that theory.

Once Clift poured three successive drinks for me which I enjoyed absent-mindedly while he giggled on half of a pale glassful for himself.

Back to "The Young Lions": Lynn Uniker says that he had never met Clift before this picture, approached him with no firmly conceived notions, and had no prejudices.

"While we were waiting out the rain," Uniker told me, "the boys horsed around, especially Dean Martin, tooted each other on the shoulders, threw balls, things like that. Clift would sit around like the small kid on the block who doesn't get invited to play with the older boys. Finally, they invited him to horse around, and he boarded instead in an unusual way. He tried to punch. Tried hard. But the man has no co-ordination, so the unit manager finally stopped that to keep Monty from getting hurt.

Another observer reported, about that location, that there was a scene in a river, that Dean Martin, the brawny man, caught a severe cold from immersion, that Monty was in the water longer and didn't contract a sniffle.

As for playing his part in "Lions," Clift was as intense in that as he always is in every part he has ever been or will be, to a surprising extent. Usually it is Clift who pencils in queries on the script, such as "Is this reality?", demanding rewrites, revisions, all sorts of changes, that he has been and will be one of the real artist. This time, before he could flow into full critical comment, young Hope Lange came to him perturbed and threatened to quit the picture unless her part was changed.

"He calmed me down," Hope told me. "He examined his part in relation to mine, explained what we meant to each other and why, and in the end we understood who was right and who was wrong, and, and, well, it was a wonderful, professional experience and Monty was an exciting person to work with."

As for himself, Clift used wax to make his ears stand out. He snubbed his nostrils, made other elaborate facial changes in order to look his part as he saw it.

As everybody knows by now, both of Clift's latest pictures were completed out. A couple of long delays, immediately after "Lions," Monty fled for New York, where he hid in an apartment in the East Sixties, refusing to make a picture. Suddenly, he is back, and, he has been a star again, and, and, well, it was a wonderful, professional experience and Monty was an exciting person to work with.

"He's got no problems," he said. "At least, he doesn't recognize any. He doesn't face up to all these problems that we think are threatening.

"Then what is he?"

"Why, he's a man without any skin. He's sensitive, everything on the surface, everything affects him. But he doesn't consider that a problem. Inside he's fine."

"Take him in another picture? You bet, the minute I can get him. I'm planning now one and I hope to get Clift. But I don't know. He always has to play a character. He just doesn't like to 'challenges.' He has to believe in his own part and in every other part in the show."

That's the record, surely. After "Lions," Monty has examined a hundred scripts and rejected all of them. He has done that from the beginning, consistently—he has rejected the first script he didn't like it. He turned down Howard Hawks' "Red River," the film that established him, and consented to do it only when Hawks induced him, by telephone, to come to Hollywood, talk it over, to say yes or no, no pressure

I shall always be grateful to my parents. Whether they had any real confidence in my talents or not, whether they felt acting was something I'd have to get out of my system in my own way, well, I'll never know. But their fine attitude did help."
Hollywood's "Beloved Infidel," his newest for 20th Century-Fox, may fall in the same esteemed category.

His name gets linked with the names of various ladies. Some say he prefers older women and married women with whom it is not likely that he'll have a romance, that he has never had a "sweetheart." But there has not yet been a scandal, a divorce or an escape.

He is susceptible to alcohol, apparently, but he is plainly not an alcoholic. He smokes only cheap cigarettes, but only one. (Clift has almost no physical coordination. He moves forgetfully, like the renowned absentminded professor, is baffled by everything else. There are respectable painters, engineers, and kindergarten teachers who sometimes do that.)

Everybody dreams up problems for Clift but he himself has never mentioned having a problem. He has never complained.

Sum that all up, and I imagine you get a man who concentrates on acting so hard that he has no time for the rest of his life. There is nothing else. There are respectable painters, engineers, and kindergarten teachers who sometimes do that. I imagine you can find one of us, a man with a very tough core of integrity—so obvious to see that it doesn't occur to him to try to explain it.

All of this, I am aware, adds to rather than detracts from his legend. But I think we must let it go at that; too: most artists are mysterious because art itself is mysterious.

And one more thing. In the past few weeks, I have had an odd little black mark against Clift. When he had his celebrated automobile smash-up on May 12, 1956, Elizabeth Taylor rushed to his side, tried to stanch his wounds, even pulled teeth out of his mouth. But, Hollywood noted, where was Clift when Elizabeth's husband, Mike Todd, died? There were no stories and no pictures of Clift at the funeral in Chicago.

But he was there. This I can attest. How did he do it, escaping newsmen and reporters covering this most-celebrated tragedy, is another mystery about Clift. But he was there.
the power of a woman.

"I won't get excited at the fights, I promise," she came back.

He wavered. "All right. But I warn you—should the moment you do, I'll take you home!"

Janet agreed, and to everybody's surprise seemed calm throughout the fights, in spite of the fact that one of the boxers almost hit her up. She didn't scream, jump or shout—just sat there as if she was watching "Disneyland" on TV. When we left the stadium and got into the car, she said to Tony proudly, "You see, I didn't name it!"

"You sure were," he admitted.

"But did you see that guy in the third round of the last bout?"

Janet began—and then, going through the fights round by round, she got more excited than all of us together had been during the whole evening!

Tony got paler by the minute. Cold perspiration broke out on his forehead. When Janet finally ended her blow-by-blow description, she was fine. But Tony was a wreck! Needless to say, he wouldn't take her to another prizefight until after KP.

We all should have known better. Janet is one of the most easily excited girls you could meet, whether from joy, anger, or the other end of the scale. I think this is one of her best qualities. It makes her a wonderfully stimulating person to be with.

And is it good for my morale! I couldn't help being a bit more enthusiastic audience member than Janet when I was on "The Lux Show" for NBC-TV, or for the songs I've done on the "Ford Road Show" on CBS. When I appeared at the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, there Janet at a ringside table, reacting with all the delight of a kid seeing her first Christmas tree. What a friend!

Talking about Las Vegas and excitement, I've seldom watched a more enthusiastic gambler than Janet, who, when she arrived at the desert resort, was bitterly optimistic about general premises. Janet is one of the most financially conservative women I've ever met—just the opposite of Tony.

This attitude caused a little humorous battle between Janet and Tony when she refused to take a chance on any of the dozen gambling devices. Tony, José, and I finally talked her into buying $2.50 worth of chips—the ten-cent kind—and trying her luck at the roulette wheel. She put one chip on black.

"Sorry, the minimum is a quarter," the croupier informed her.

"I'll give you ten cent chips," Janet said defensively.

"Why, in that case you'll just have to invest thirty cents," he said sarcastically.

Janet did—and lost.

"He's a crook," said Janet after she tried to hand him the rest of the chips. "You take them. I've had it."

"Try it once more. Just once. . . ."

Reluctantly, she gave in and put three more chips in. This time she won. She let out such a yell of joy that people from all over the casino crowded around her. I could hear them ask "How much?"

"What did she win?"

"She must have hit a VIP!"

When I turned around and told one woman that all she'd made was thirty cents she wouldn't believe me!

We still chuckle about that. In fact, we have a lot of laughs when we're together, because that's the kind of people we are. All four of us. It's one of the reasons we enjoy each other's company so much.

Much of it is the direct result of a terrific competition between Tony and José. Not in the usual attitude towards wives or anything like that. About clothes! They make more fuss about it than Janet and I combined. The first thing they notice about one another is what they wear. and it's not just about materials, tailors and styles makes them sound more like two fashion experts just back from the Paris openings, than actors.

Before we met the Curtises, José will take half an hour to decide what to wear to "make Tony break up." I understand from Janet that Tony goes through the same procedure. The results are often hilarious.

I remember one evening when we came downstairs. Thanks to Janet the Curtises are always on time, thanks to the Pfeffermans and José and Tony had already settled down on the living room couch. José took one look at Tony and cried out "Why do you do this to me?"—then raced back upstairs.

Tony was dressed in a bullfighter outfit he was using for his TV show—tight pants, toreador jacket, sash, buckled shoes and all. But his victory was short-lived. When my husband came down, he'd changed from his conservative dark suit into a British hunting outfit—complete with bright red coat, tan trousers, high black polished boots, visor cap and all.

Another time José was working in "Accuse" in England, he came home from the studio carrying the Inverness—a black cape coat which he wore in the picture. "Bought it from wardrobe for three pounds," he announced proudly.

"What on earth for?" I cried out.

"I didn't have time to wait for an answer. Suddenly I knew.

An hour later we were at the Dorchester to pick up Tony and Janet for supper. As you might have guessed, José was wearing his turn-down-collared boot.

Tony came out of the elevator, took one look, shouted "Holy Cow! " made an about face and disappeared. He was back a few moments later dressed in Scotch kilts! As we were eating it was very uncomfortable. But we kept a good fifteen feet behind our husbands.

This friendly competition between the "boys" extends to their automobiles and horses.

One of the funniest sights I ever witnessed happened the afternoon he brought over his new Messerschmitt three-wheel-er—which he has since sold again—and the Great Darcy was careening all over the back lawn like a couple of boys with new tricycles they got for Christmas. Another day he brought over his model airplane on a summer evening when working in "Kings Go Forth," and the two men spent as much time and energy assembling the plane as on the preparation for a new picture.

Well, we stay on the sidelines and giggle! But seriously, we couldn't be more approving, because we know all these hardships and worries are working for our dear husbands. And they need this because they work harder than any two men I know.

Tony had no sooner finished working with José on the new "D.D. Productions" and "The Perfect Furlough" for Universal-International, than he plunged into three more films to be released by United Artists following "The Vikings"—"Kings Go Forth," "The Defiant Ones," and "Some Like It Hot" (in which one, his co-star is Marilyn Monroe). As for my José, with directing the Broadway musical, "Oh Captain!" and starring in "The High Cost of Loving" and "I Accuse" for M-FM, he's been as busy as the proverbial one-armed paperhanger.

So who's to blame them for having some fun?

For instance, one night I phoned Janet at about three o'clock. "José and I decided we want to get out of the house for a while. How about coming over to your place for a drink?"

"Forget it," said Janet. "We're tired. Let's make it tomorrow night."

"Fine."

Oh! But I can't think of another hostess I could call in the evening and suggest we all go out on the same day. José is one of the few young enough to turn us down without some farfetched excuse. This kind of honesty, I think, is the mark of real friendship.

Janet's frankness is apparent in anything we do or discuss, including our attitudes towards one another's eating habits. It boils down simply to this: I think she eats too little and she insists I eat too much. Unfortunately, both of us are right.

Janet and I met for lunch at the Scandinia the other day when I ordered a meal that would have filled up a prizefighter, and I mean in the heavyweight class.

"That's too many calories for you, Rosey," Janet cut in as I finished my order. "How about a piece of my favorite Danish apple cake . . ."

"But I've hardly gained an ounce," I protested. "The doctor said I'm doing beautifully."

"And you'll never keep it there with this kind of lunch." She turned to the waiter. "Cut out the Matjes herring and dessert. The rest is all right."

Oh, it was wonderful, but I had a point in my favor, too. "Don't cut it out," I insisted. "Serve it to Miss Leigh. She needs it!"
After I had tossed and turned till the early hours of the morning without being able to get any sleep, I decided to call Janet. "I'd like to see you for a little while," I told her. "Let's go for a ride. If it's all right with you I'll be over in fifteen minutes..."

"I'll be in front of the house," she promised.

There were no complaints about being awakened in the middle of the night, no questions about what was troubling me.

After I picked her up, we drove around aimlessly for about an hour. I didn't know how to explain what was on my mind, and I didn't have to. We talked about other things, or just rode quietly through the deserted streets of Beverly Hills. When I brought her back, I felt relaxed, sleepy. "Thanks for coming along Janet," I told her as I left her.

"That's all right, Rosey. We'll see you and Jose tomorrow night..." and she walked back into the house. To this day she hasn't asked me for an explanation and I haven't offered to give one. The wonderful part of our friendship.

Janet feels just as free about coming to me for advice, particularly when it comes to problems of motherhood. One that bothered her most finally came to a head a few weeks after Kelly was born, when she was torn between a desire to stay home for good and forget all about her work, and continue with her career—a conflict experienced by many mothers-to-be.

I don't doubt that if there ever is any real conflict, Janet will handle it. But I believe, and I told her so, that she could accomplish both tasks without neglecting either.

"But what will Kelly do when I'm at the studio?" she asked.

"Sleep," I grinned.

"I know. That holds true for now. But what about when she grows older...?"

"It gets easier as they grow older, believe me."

I was convinced that if I could work it out with my lack of organization, Janet should have no problems at all. And she doesn't. And she won't with the new baby, though she isn't convinced of that and is giving it a lot of thought. If she should decide to make her temporary retirement permanent, it wouldn't surprise me.

When we get together, more than half our time is spent talking about our children. But our discussions are nothing compared to the bragging that goes on between José and Tony. It doesn't stop with pulling out the latest baby pictures. Whatever tale one father brings up, the other can top it—easily.

But they aren't engaged in baby-talk one night. José was mixing Tony an after-dinner drink, and Janet and I were sitting in another corner, busy comparing layoffs. Suddenly, Janet stopped talking and glared at my husband.

"Rosey's become awfully temperamental lately," she overheard him tell Tony.

"I'm sure she's just going through a stage," Tony defended me.

José wasn't convinced. "Some stage? She's become impossible to live with."

"Well, now that you mention it," Tony agreed, "you're right. I just didn't want to say anything..."

With that, Janet jumped up and dashed across the room, facing them, her face red. "This is ridiculous!" she shouted. "Rosey has no temper and you should be ashamed of yourselves to..."

When she saw their broad grins, she realized the joke was on her, and we all had a good laugh.

But it wasn't a joke to me. In fact, my eyes were a little misty for a long time afterward.

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Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only $1.50 plus tax for Light and Bright at cosmetic counters.
DEBBIE'S STORY
Continued from page 32

women's shoes which took all the jar out of walking and was less liable to turn over or be snagged on rough surfaces. For the next ten minutes Debbie and the attendant went into the subject of the difficulties of walking in the rain without wearing high heels. That was four years ago. Periodically, whenever she went to the same parking lot, she would inquire about the attendant's heels—she had to satisfy herself that they were the same.

Last November, she was practically bursting with pride one night over dinner as she explained a shoe company agreed to add satin rubber soles to female high heels.

Debbie is bursting with pride about many things—including being Mrs. Eddie Fisher. Married three years, they have had three homes. The first, a rented cottage, could not talk to me in that bouncy fashion. It was up on the hilltops and stable in Pacific Palisades (oceanside from Hollywood) they found too sprawling for their taste. The next they bought was a three-level, stone-estate type place up in the hills and surrounded with iron gates, in the Bel Air area. But it was found to be too large and they sold it within four months after moving in.

Their next home is a big rambling stone Dick Herriott house with cement hall in an average residential section in West Los Angeles—average, that is, for that section of West Los Angeles which has few small homes.

The servant staff consists of three—a general handyman and a maid who takes care of everything from cooking to cleaning under the close supervision of Debbie and Debbie's first-year-old daughter Carrie Frances. Since the maid is a recent arrival from Rumania, there is some difficulty in communication and Debbie has to do a lot of pointing and a great deal of smiling to illustrate what she wants. These demonstrations take place about six o'clock in the morning since Debbie usually has to be in a studio makeup man's chair by seven.

Having designated what sort of dinner she wants she usually keeps in touch with its progress by telephone, at the same time getting reports about Carrie Frances from the handyman. No matter how much time she has to prepare for her hour until she learns from her husband what time he can get home, and usually it is 7:30 when they sit down. Carrie has already had her meal by this time but gets a cookie to drizzle over. Occasionally, Debbie gets lonely for Carrie during the day and has the nurse bring her to the studio for an afternoon where she can have the fun of feeding her, putting her in her nap, and attending to her personally.

Debbie can usually accept little setbacks in the day rather calmly, and she and her husband are at a stage in their relationship to where they can laugh at what they call "calamities." When they moved into their present house Debbie tried to explain to the new gardener where she wanted a few rose bushes planted. The gardener, with gestures which practically involved acting out the whole operation because the gardener, an elderly Japanese, understood little English. That evening Debbie returned. At the whole bed of roses gone and also half of a little hedge. A few minutes later Eddie drove up. "Hey! What happened here?" he yelled while still chewing his gum.

"Where's the hedge? Who took the roses?"

Debbie bowed low, gushy style, and answered in pidgin-English. "Me smart girl. No speekee Japanese. Gardener no speekee English. Conclusion, no people worried them. Before they would permit her to sign them accompanied her, as was customary, was the studio. "They didn't expect to see any sinful sights but felt that if evil was present they would be able to feel or detect it," Debbie says. "Instead my father said it was like any other business, except that it had to do with acting, and my mother agreed. I have yet to feel anything evil going on. If there is anything wrong it is different, but she didn't like it, and in the open, so much of what you say or do is carried millions of people and often twisted around so that it has a wrong significance to it. I have to keep telling myself that it is human nature to speculate on the private lives of public figures, but just the same, sharing your private life means you haven't got any. And after all, if you get to thinking that you're not somebody, no individual with her own personal thoughts and feelings anymore, but just somebody popped up in a window.

There is no tinge of pique in Debbie's tone. Her words. It is a fact that the only instance she lost emotional control of herself can be traced back to her engagement to Eddie Fisher, when he was removed from her mind than usually inquisitive about her affairs.

She can, when things go wrong, and when she feels an unequal burden is being placed on her, become quiet and a bit short with her words. "At such times I am not really a pleasant person," she admits.

Returning to her early days in Hollywood, when she was at Warners, Debbie continues, "I never saw anyone my own age, just grown-ups, and when they insisted that there are other grown-up, I felt completely lost. I would try to say something but nothing would work itself up in my mind that didn't belong strictly back with my own neighborhood. I was silly enough to accept an invitation to a home dinner from a woman in the studio who set a formal table and had the meal served by a butler. After this experience, I was completely confused by all the silver in front of me. I didn't know which side the maid would next serve from or what to do with what she gave me. I was very nervous and I could not pick anything up from my plate more than two inches before it would drop or slide back. I juggled, fumbled and was flushed. And spilled the table linen."

She reported for her first day at the studio wearing pedal pushers and riding her bicycle. After a week of this, during which she hoped to "happen back," that she chewed gum and loved to crack it as she talked, she was called into a meeting with the head of the talent department and his assistant. It was pointed out to her that she was "too pushy," and that jeans (another favorite item of her daily apparel) were not suitable clothes for a young actress.

"Do you mean I can't ride my bike if I don't wear jeans?" she asked. She asked it innocently.

The talent head went on with a few more of the new decisions they had made. It has helped him. He's lighter, they thought, and worn differently, and perhaps a bit more combed part. The name of Mary Frances Reynolds wasn't suitable for a movie actress. The gum, of course, would have to go for all, she had certain standards to uphold.

Following this interview Debbie went home and hunted up her mother in the kitchen of their house where she plopped herself down and asked, "But so tender and vulnerable? They want me to make my hair different and walk differently and talk differently and lose the 'me' that I am, altogether?"

Eddie another diplomatically assured her that she looked lovely as she was but that, of course, a girl must always seek to improve herself.

Debbie accepted her Detailed Stunt of having to study her dramatic roles conscientiously. She was shocked at having her name changed to Debbie. "I happen not to like Deborah as a name," she protested to the studio heads. When they tried to explain the reason for it and the need for her to ignore anyone who called her by her new name, and kept this up for several years.

Eating the gum chewing was a lost cause altogether as far as Warners was concerned. Even as long as a year later and now at M-G-M, she had secret place to hide the huge wads she chewed while she was at work. She couldn't do it, not when she was in the scene. One such place, when she was making "Singin' in the Rain" with Gene Kelly, was a ladder which was used in a dance sequence. Unfortunately, Gene kicked back and the ladder fell and got the whole wad stuck in his hair. He was quite terse about it and filming had to be called off for several hours while the gum mess was removed with the aid of solvents.

Right after "The Daughter of Rosio O'Grady," her first picture at Warner Brothers, Debbie was dropped. Had it not been for the determination of the talent scout who originally discovered her, Sally Baimo, Debbie, public-wise, might have disappeared forever. But Mr. Baimo decided that she was still a good bet, and
he brought her to the attention of M-G-M, which signed her and started coaching. That's all she got for a while. She came to the studio to get her lessons and went home immediately afterwards. She had no dressing room of her own and she often brought her lunch because she wasn't getting enough money to afford more than a now-and-then commissary meal. Once in a while she would be required to make a test for another director. Occasionally the publicity department would have her pose for some photographs which were usually never sent to any of the newspapers or magazines.

"Those lonely days," Debbie recalls, "when someone in the studio would smile at me I would grin back from ear to ear . . . and all by myself. I'd grin every time I remembered their smile. Just to have one person acknowledge my presence was like having a friend in the wilderness. I remember that I looked around one noon, for the studio on my way to lunch, and saw Clark Gable coming up behind me and greeting me. I turned back and we cried not to do anything silly like gagging and哥 closer and closer, and I knew I began to tremble. Then he was next to me and put his hand out to touch me! I stared up at him, stupefied."

"Say, I saw a couple of shots of that picture you're making," her kind of gawled at me. You know how he talks. 'Very good. Keep it going.'"

Then he was gone and I leaned against the building, panting. I didn't know how I got to the commissary, I didn't know what I was ordering, and when it came I didn't eat it. I just sat there half in a daze and half wondering if I could ever live with myself again—a girl Clark Gable talked to!"

Typical of her stick-to-itiveness and affection as far as old friends, old possessions, and old ways are concerned, is the fact that the Miss Virginia Jones, has been with her since her first picture at M-G-M nearly eight years ago. It was while sitting in Mrs. Jones's chair that Debbie first realized that it takes longer to get ready for a film than to actually make it. "I've actually spent more time having my hair done than before the camera," she says good-naturedly.

One of her dearest possessions in the bathing suit she wore as "Miss Burbank" when she was discovered. It is a blue (Jantzen) elasticized cotton, with a moth hole in the back "just where it shouldn't be." That hole was present when she won the Miss Burbank contest; her mother had done a quick stitch-up but the threads had pulled out when Debbie started a cavorting imitation of Betty Hutton. The moment I realized what had happened I really put some pep into my song," Debbie recalled. "I didn't want to be caught standing still for a second."

She keeps other things, too. She still has her Girl Scout uniform, her merit badges, some old parade batons (she was a champion twirler in school) some baseballs (she played) and her school citations. She bears the loss, in the fire which struck the Fisher home last year, of some old dolls given to her by her great-grandmother, who, Debbie swears, got them from her great-grandmother. And, of course, she still has the French horn which she played in the high school band.

Debbie is able to mark the change in her life from small community home girl to counter—width movie star by the number of activities she has planned for the day aside from appearing before the camera. These used to amount to four or five, between waking and sleeping, and she would scribble memos about them on

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were probably out of town, away on location, or perhaps staying in some temporarily rented apartment while their house was being renovated. Debbie just kept dialing. On the evening of the fifth day Rory answered. What she wanted was to have Rory take part in a show for The Thailans (an organization to help mentally retarded children) and she incidentally pointed out that she'd like to reach him. The least he could do under the circumstances was agree. And he did.

She has never been known to be temperamental.

A story which has a most familiar false ring to it around the Hollywood studios is an actor's explanation of his failure to make a contract with a friend or member of her family which just refuses to run smoothly. Oh, again, it can be as consequential as just trying to reach someone at a party in a corner of the room. The would-be producer wouldn't make certain changes, et cetera. Nobody, as far as can be ascertained, has heard this sort of evasive alibi from Debbie Reynolds. Partly because of an inbuilt honesty, but certainly, as far as her close friends are concerned, because she is too impatient to be devious and has a curious disposition to be blunt, she has another reason and always the same one. "They didn't want me," she'll say.

When and if she will consent to discuss her very private affairs, which isn't often of late, her disposition to be frank makes for rewarding answers. She seems so sincere that perhaps we are sometimes moved to compliment her on how well her marriage is going.

"If one has to work at it like all young couples," she'll say, "I have a certain confidence but it's not complete, of course. I don't know about other young wives but I find myself adjusting every day."

Does she think she has to do more adjusting than her husband, as most wives complain is the case in marriages? "I don't think so," she replies. "I think it depends on days when I feel sorry for myself."

This, then, is Debbie Reynolds and the story she wanted told. High moods, low moods and all the ones in between—she hopes you know her a little better now.

The End

THE NIGHTINGALE

Continued from page 41

had to be here. "He promised" the words escaped her unawares.

"Where's Daddy?" Ola asked fretfully, impatient to be finished with the old ad

"Where's Daddy?" Ola repeated, tugging hard on her father's sleeve, but she seemed not to hear him.

"He isn't coming," she finally answered in a flat, expressionless voice—a way she'd learned long before to cover her unhappiness and disappointment with adults.

The New Orleans to New York train trundled gently with a rhythm all its own as it tore through the southern flatslands. Inger and Ola sat like graven images, staring straight before them.

A boy and two little girls toward the front of the car held a hushed, whispered conversation, hopped out of their seats and rattled down the aisle toward Inger and Ola at whom they stopped and stared.

A boy and two little girls, snobbery, Inger's eyes turned toward her only island of security, the tall young man sitting next to her, the man in the blue uniform from the dock—a Salvation Army officer. He had failed three years ago the moment he had put his strong hands around their shoulders and said he had been sent by their father to take them to New York. He smiled down at her now, encouragingly.

"Hello," the little boy standing in the aisle said. Neither Inger nor Ola answered. "Want to play with my toy truck," he asked. Squashed in Inger's little purse were twenty-five cards bearing the English and Swedish words to cover their needs: "Hello," "Goodbye," "Thank you," etc. "But to take them out and read them would be to show that she and Ola were "different" and if the little boy and his friends found out, they might not want to play with them. Yet Inger yearned to play, to ask what their names were, to tell them hers and Ola's. But her courage faltered and failed and she tapped her forehead in indignation that she and her brother were dealt mates.
The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the bigger offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by special glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this kind of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

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WAS MY FACE RED!

Continued from page 69

of stuff. Maybe you've felt the same way.

If I could be anyone in the world, you know, I think I'd be Dinah Shore, because she was younger, and even though I'm not of the same generation as her, I admire her. She was my idol. When I was younger, I used to want to be Doris Day. She was my idol, after I saw her in 'Calamity Jane.' I remember how she grew up and sang and danced and... just like Doris. But lately, I want to be Dinah Shore mostly. She's a doll.

I think the most important traits in a person are: being sincere, natural, and friendly, and Dinah is all three. (So's Rock Hudson.) She gets such a kick out of everything and thoroughly enjoys life. I don't know how she does it. I worked down the half from her for two or three years, but never really talked to her. But I kind of hero-worship her from afar, just to be sure.

Of the men, the one who most fills the top bill on my list is Tennessee Ernie Ford, and if I could be any man, I'd pick Ernie. The minute some people walk into a room you can tell that they've got to be friendly and nice. They don't put on any airs, and they're genuinely interested in others. That's Ernie all over. Gisele MacKenzie, too. I'm not sure why, but there's a new boy named Gene Vincent who is one of the sweetest people I know. He lives in Texas and has made a hit record. He's so shy. I love shy people. I like Sal Mineo because he's pretty shy, too.

Sometimes I daydream about who I'd most like to look like in the world if I could. If I could it would be Liz Taylor. You can't find an impenetrable wall on her, can you?

As far as looks in men, I don't really like handsome men too much. But, I've always felt I should stick to one I think is best looking, I'd pick Rock Hudson. One day, a week ago, I was being interviewed by two teenage reporters in the L.I. Herald. They dressed him in a navy blue T-shirt and slacks. He looked like a doll—a big doll. I don't think those reporters found out much about me, but it did seem to amuse the lunch hour talking about Rock, while I was a little taken aback. The most beautiful eyes and coloring—blue eyes with dark hair—I'd pick Tony Curtis, and I think Mark Damon has the most beautiful teeth I've ever seen.

Marlon Brando, to me, is the greatest actor. I saw him in 'Sayonara' and just loved his style. He's so big around. His accent was tremendous. If I could act like anyone, I'd pick Marlon or Deborah Kerr.

I could meet anyone in the world, I guess who I'd pick? Gene Autry. My full name is Molly Gene, and I'd tell him I was named after him. I cried through his 'Til You Wipe Away the Tears,' and I was a kid. Mother loved him so much, too, and, poor thing, she always had to leave to take me home right in the middle of the picture because I cried so much.

As part of the chorus line my costume had been getting more and more abbreviated. I was embarrassed.) She met married, separated from and finally divorced agent Tony Soglio. ("I've had a lot of things for me.") And all the time... she was chasing and closer to her goal. TV commercials led to summer stock, to radio, to the 20th Century Fox, to Hollywood and Paramount signed her up. Her first starring... part was in "Man on Fire" opposite Bing Crosby. 

"My first day I felt the set petrified me; I've always had a deep fear of being fired by a director.") But she wasn't—and the rest is history. Since then she appeared in MGM's "Cry Terror" and her dream became a reality in the epic, "The Buccaneer." She will also be seen in soon in MGM's "End of the World."

Professionally, Inger Stevens is well on her way. She's smart, resourceful... as Swedes are supposed to be. She has just bought a Swiss chalet-type house on Mullfolland hill; yet she says, "I only want to live in a mobile home if it goes up anytime and live anywhere in the world. The world is exciting to me," she says, and in the next breath, "Being around too many people frightens me. I can't go out—just meet a few people, to talk to many people." The past seems not to touch her, yet she is easily touched-compliments redden her, praise is embarrassing. She feels there is sympathy brings anger un-

wanted tears.

Right now she honestly believes it is a fallacy to trust completely in one thing. Even at the height of her success, she says, "I'm pleased; but always knowing that it can be lost. Wounds from torn roots heal slowly and for Inger yesterday's nightmares cannot be for-

getting.

And she is thinking: "If the world blew up and all the parasites were killed, the self-sufficient would manage. They'd go back to the mountains, eat berries and stars of flowers, but you never knew that it can be lost. Wounds from torn roots heal slowly and for Inger yesterday's nightmares cannot be for-

getting.

But if I ever have to settle down to... place to live, I hope it's by the ocean. I love the ocean. I love the sound of the waves and to look at water at night. I completely flip and—I can't swim. My dream house is either simple or ornate. My first floor, I love the warmth of the provincial home—the place to live. I'd rather do things on the spur of the moment. I much more fun that way. One time Mor and I decided on a whim to go to Palt.
rings and, when we got there, we
remembered we didn't bring a stitch
of clothes with us. We'd left in such a hur-
y rush we forgot our bags! We had to call
my other to come down with a friend of
ours and bring us some clothes.
When I was little, my biggest dream
of place to live was Hollywood. Finally, we
were here on vacation and liked it so
much we went back to Arizona to get our
divorce and settle here.
When I was a little girl my ambition
was to be a dancer. I studied for five
years but it was just too much work. I
was very discouraged and that's when
things really happened. I was 16 years old
and was singing in a school
as. And who should hear but a Tucson
radio announcer, who was
sing a song called "Love Sick Blues,"
Mr. Allen came over to me afterwards and
told me how I'd like to sing the song
as a show a few days later. How would
like it? Was he kidding?
It was very exciting to be on the radio
radio that's when I first decided to study
career in a big way. Nothing else ever
happened to me, though, until
we moved to Hollywood. But again
people heard me singing "Love Sick Blues." I
was offered to "do" my lucky
time! This time I was on a recording show, a
radio artist and TV star.
Mr. Allen told me that he asked me
to do the "Little girl with the big voice and
kids." She liked me and I became one
of the regulars on Mr. Allen's local TV show.
I was at my first job—my father had just
died and my earnings helped out at home
more than a bit. And later on, all because of
it, I was lucky enough to get my own
tv show and record contract.
'
I'm glad I became a singer, but now I'd
want to go back to studying dancing.
I'd like to dance to modern jazz. I'm sorry
I didn't keep up my dancing lessons, but
there are still things you don't lose, e
how to move.

Have urges to buy things I don't
even up buying. That's the story of my
life. I have suddenly whines—like the time
I decided I wanted to see a drive-in movie
the rain, through the windshield wiper.
other went with me. It was crazy.
but if I could pick out what I'd most
like to have in life, the ideal thing for me
would be to combine marriage with work.
think after you've worked as long as I've
eight years—it would be hard to be
completely happy not working. I realize
marriage and career are not too easily
combined, but I think the best way to do it
is to have a television program of
my own. I don't want to give up singing. I
don't say it too much,
like being in movies, but they're so
much harder than TV. The hours are
good, the pictures are only out for a few
months, you have to get to the studio at
five or six in the morning, working all
time, and then going to bed so early so
you can get up at five or six again—not
TV. It's so simple in comparison.

I like to be a good actress but I want
equality as a singer. And if
had to choose between acting and
singing, I'd definitely take singing, because
it's more relaxing and it is more
enjoyable to myself here. It's
really not work for me. It's
all fun. Once when I was sick with
cold for two months, I had so much
free time I just kind of went crazy.

Other things I like to do is
I have been playing the piano and gita-
ger, and singing, even in my spare
time. I would love to do more horseback riding,
when I lived on a ranch when I was very
young and learned to ride then. Then we
came out here and I didn't ride for five
six years. Sometimes Tommy Sands
and I ride together, but I hardly get a

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chance at this sport because it takes a whole day. I like my hair to blow in the wind so I'm a mess when I get through!

Do you like stuffed animals? I collect them. I have a whole shelf in my bedroom that looks like a nursery. People are always bringing them to me because they know I love them so much. If my collection gets any larger, I'll have to put it out of my room.

Sometimes I daydream about the kind of roles I'd most like to play. I'd like to work in a real musical. I do singing numbers in pictures, like in "Summer Love," but what I'd really like to do is the kind of musicals that Debbie Reynolds and Jane Powell have done.

I've been lucky, I guess, that a lot of kids, because ever since I can remember, I've had nice things, even when we couldn't afford them. My mother's always been great. I'm so grateful to her.

You know what I mean? Like I got a mink stole for Christmas—gray. That was the only thing I'd been wanting. Mother waited until this year because she didn't think I was old enough until now. It's a very simple stole, nothing big and elaborate—and just right for my age. It was the biggest thrill. I wore it around the house all the time.

Mom's had to put up with a lot bringing us up. I get sudden impulses for things. And I have to have the whole thing once I get it. One time, I ran out of my room, got on an ice skating kick. I decided I was going to be a great ice skater. Mother wouldn't let me buy skates right away, though. She said, 'Wait three weeks and see how you feel.' But she knows me very well—most things don't last three weeks with me. And sure enough, by the day I was supposed to get the skates, I'd lost interest. I wouldn't even go out to pick them up. Mom had said I'd lose interest, and I'd said never would. But mother's usually know—especially with me.

Another thing Mom knows about me (because she brought me up this way) is that no matter what you achieve professionally, if you're not happy with yourself as a person, you're not going to be happy with material things. I just hope that some day I'll be really sure of myself. Sometimes I get self-conscious when people are watching me. It happens if I'm with someone who is not used to being in the public eye and it bothers him.

One of my favorite daydreams—the one I was having in Wil Wright's before I got to dreaming about being Dinah Shore—is one in which I would live exactly as I pleased. The first thing I know I'd do is to change my mind every day. And I'd get up every day about eleven o'clock and go horseback riding. I'd ride with someone I enjoy being with, and after we'd ride far enough, we'd stop and sit on the grass and talk for hours about things—whatever popped into my mind at the time. Then I'd come home and have a very casual dinner with some friends, maybe playing with whose band and who's at the Crescendo, local night club. I'd like to learn a lot more and be able to talk about something else besides show business, although it's my whole life at the moment. If I had time, I think I'd take a course in psychology. That interests me more than anything else.

Although I want to get married some day, till then, being single is just great. Until I get married, I won't live any place that's not a house. For instance, I think my brothers. I can bring anyone home I want and Mon makes sure there are Cokes and things to eat. When I have parties, she does all the work, and yet, she seems to enjoy them just as much as I do.

My brothers are a ball. Bobby, who is twenty, works for an insurance company and Joe, who's fifteen, goes to school. I think he knows what he's doing to get him to do anything. Right now, I don't admit, though, he's pretty interested in girls—period.

Being in the public eye has its good and bad sides. Sometimes you have to be seen with people you'd rather not be with, and once in a while, you're not confident enough at all. When I was seeing quite a lot of Tommy Sands, sometimes we'd have to date other people, or if we wanted to just be by ourselves we'd have to go to quiet, out of the way places. Otherwise, people would always be watching us—like at a movie, where more people would look at us than at the show. Tommy and I are still close friends, even though we don't date as much as we used to.

One thing I know. I'll never let show business become too important to me. I like and I'm very happy, but it's not the biggest thing in my life. I think home and children and knowing yourself and being happy is more important. If there's anything my family wants, I hope always to be able to give to them. But no matter what my brother and Mother and Morm. I'll never be able to repay her. I don't think a kid can, do you?

Right now my main goal in life is to continue going to school. If I ever become a Catholic, I'd like to really understand the church and beliefs as well as I can. Once I accomplish that, I think whatever else I do, I'll feel content. Or guess if you don't understand your religion, you'll never achieve personal satisfaction.

Father Michael, who is head of St. Gabriel Mission, the oldest mission in California, helped me a lot, and I took instructions from him, and he came to see me frequently. He's the only one who plays our piano besides me.

Sometimes I've been moved, while I was growing up, our next door neighbors were Catholics. I got in the habit of going church with them. Finally, I said to my sister, 'I think I want to be a Catholic Church. I'd like to know what it's about.' I started taking instructions at have become a Catholic. It's been a wonderful experience for me, because I think anyone in show business could lose the sense of values very easily.

Father Michael understands people. He shows business and realizes that we have more than just profiles. He keeps pretty close tabs on us. He takes a lot of time out of his busy day to talk to us, visit rehearsals and have dinners with us, and when he and I were talking about the problem of getting up Sunday mornings for church, he showed me how it isn't so really difficult to do, after a while. After all, growing up, now, when I don't go to church on Sundays, I'm usually happy all day.

Oh, I have lots of weaknesses and fault. I've become aware of some people—another friend is always doing things for other people, not just for myself. It's so of hit me all of a sudden when I was sixteen.

Lots of my friends are very religious and suddenly I noticed how they were very happy and the reason must be that they were always doing things for other people. I would sit and talk with some of my friends who are priests and they would never lecture me. But I started to experiment and it was a thrilling experience. That's when I actually began to realize there are other people in the world, who came to me like a ray of sunshine.

I used to judge people so fast. Like someone, I supposed to call me at certain time and didn't, I'd get furious. I judged them before I knew what the reason was. But now, if something like that happens, I wait out there usually a good reason. I'm so much happier because I don't make myself miserable and bad. There's nothing hard on you than being mad at someone. I've never had the habit of fighting and not before. My religion has taught me patience.

Next to being brought up as a kind, good person, I guess the next thing any one can ever pay me would be to say that I'm a good wife and a good mother. I guess that's what every girl wants to hear more than anything. Anyway, seems this is what I dream about most. Often, don't you?
In 1935, the great Garbo was a thin, regular, rather awkward unknown who lived in America accompanied by Maude Stiller, who had directed her in a picture in Sweden. It has been said that the only reason she got here was because Stiller, who had been engaged by M-G-M, insisted she be given a contract. He had faith in her but he seemed to be one in that opinion at the time. Garbo was given a contract for $250 a week, but picture, and only at Stiller's insistence did she finally give a test. The test was a dud and the tall, silent girl was forgotten.

But Stiller, his belief in her still unshakable, listed on another test and she reluctantly was cast in her first American film, "The Torrent."

Overnight, the girl nobody wanted became a sensation. And just as quickly, the famous catch-phrase, "I want to be alone," Garbo rang down a heavy curtain to shroud her private life. That curtain has never lifted since. In a time when stars vie for publicity, Garbo never used a leopard on leashes, gold-plated Cadillacs and garish mansions. Garbo's "woman of mystery" was balanced as a brilliant stunt of an inspired press agent.

This is far from the truth. Garbo is actually a terribly shy and complex woman. Remember how, for years, she was hounded by the press, you cannot help evading reporters. But her licence went far beyond newspaper people. She rarely met any of the actors who appeared in her pictures until it was time to shoot the film. She lived in a cloistered corner of Beverly Hills in anannonce house. Her friends were fellow-actuaries who gathered at her house in the evenings to play games, read Ibsen and listen to distinguished music. She is particularly fond of word games like Scrabble. She was once seen playing in a ten-year-old car, which at the time she got rid of it was reported to be worth eighty dollars.

Studio people who remember her and her daily arrival in her treasured car, say she was always prompt, ate her noon-lunch and in her entire career attended only one premiere. She disliked night clubs, but enjoyed sun-bathing, being her small pool on the grounds of her house.

To cover her, the press tried all sorts of stunts. One reporter, finding his way to a rear of the secluded grounds, spied her through the heavy wall of shrubs with which she had tried to fortify the privacy. He paid her eating a cookie and writing a book. It made the afternoon's headlines. Even such an innocent pastime, as it concerned Garbo, made news.

Another time a zealous writer waited outside her house for days, hoping to play her for an interview. Regularly, she would peer timidly through the tins watching him to see if he had come away, and when finally she thought he had, she came out, got into her car and started out of the driveway. The man, who had been hiding in a bush, jumped the car, startling her so that she gave the car a lurch, sending him rolling in the dust. All she said was "Damn!" This became famous as the "one word interview." Stories of her extreme reticence and also those that seem to contradict this, are told by Harriet Brown, badly reports that she has never seen Miss Garbo, even though regularly took food trays to her suite.
"She would open the door, then disappear quickly into another room, while asking me to please leave the tray," he explained.

Once when he called for it after she had gone out, as she often requested, he noticed that a spoon and knife had been removed to the little pantry in the suite, where Garbo frequently prepared vitamin dishes for herself. The spoon was in the medicinal molasses, and the knife had been used to clean a bunch of carrots.

It was not a sharp knife, so he removed it, and hopefully thought of a way he could present himself to the star so that he might see her. He got a small sharp kitchen knife, just the thing for carrots, and made a special trip to the suite at a time he knew she was there.

Tapping gently on the door, he heard her asking, "Who's there?" He identified himself, and said he had a small present.

"How sweet," said the voice, approaching the other side of the door. Then opening it slightly, she reached out for the gift. "What a lovely knife," came the voice from the other side as she unwrapped it. "I thank you for your thoughtfulness." And she very gently closed the door.

How unlike Liz, who, when she quickly rose to the top heights of stardom while still in her teens, rushed eagerly to life, not away from it! Night clubs, pretty clothes, dates, music, dancing, Liz loved it all.

Liz' encounters with the press were open, frank and candid—sometimes, unfortunately so. When, in a burst of pure girlish delight, she bubbled that she knew she and Nicky Hilton would be happy "because we are both very tall, and Nicky has the same temperament, and we wear the same clothes," the remark was quoted for years to brand her as shallow and thoughtless, when it was simply an innocent eighteen-year-old's joyous belief that everything in life was good and simple.

Who is to say which has been hurt more—Garbo, who suffers in silence, or the people to whom honesty has been boomeranged? But one thing is certain: the fact that both have had their full share of hounding and abuse by the press surely created one strong cord of sympathy between them.

And there is another. Few people realize that Garbo is extremely fond of children. The thought of Liz, left with three young children to raise, must have had a great deal to do with her decision to come out of seclusion.

Looking at Liz' beautiful sons—little Michael and little Angela Wilding—and tiny baby Liz Todd, Garbo may well have recalled the time in 1938 when she arrived back in New York after a holiday in Sweden. A baby had been born on the ship, and it is said that Garbo visited the little newcomer every day in the ship's hospital. The liner carried over a thousand people, but the baby was the only one Garbo knew.

Cornered by a flock of reporters when the ship berthed, she said: "I am always very interested in babies. The birth of a baby is always a miracle." But when asked if she would care to have children of her own, she replied: "No. The world is too difficult. I would not want to raise children to go to war.

A reporter asked her why she preferred not to talk for publication and the surprising reply was: "I have nothing to contribute by talking. I don't think I have anything important to say in my acting—at least I haven't seen it yet. I wish I had." And in answer to the question: "Do you believe in single blessedness for a professional woman?" her reply was classic: "If you are blessed, you are blessed whether you are married or single."

Nobody can deny that Greta Garbo was certainly blessed with a great talent, to say nothing of her great beauty. Women today still emulate her famous page-boy hairdo.

And as for money, it is said she has spent $50,000—lower-tax dollars! But with love the gods were not so kind.

At one time, there were rumors that she had married Mauritz Stiller, but these were never confirmed. Stiller and she were inseparable most of the time he was in Hollywood. And when he died, reports shot around the world that Garbo was heartbroken beyond the point of great love of her life was gone. Garbo never commented.

"When she met John Gilbert, to play opposite him in 'Flesh and the Devil,' no sparks flew," explained a crew member then. "At least not at first. But they must have kindled, because reports said it was her growing interest in Gilbert that had Stiller seeking California and returning to his native Sweden, where he died."

John Gilbert, in the twenties, was top man on the Hollywood totem pole, and the silent pictures they did together shot Garbo to the female top of the pole and the couple into the news.

And on the heels of the tragedy of Stiller's death came more rumors that Garbo was going to marry John Gilbert. But this never came off.

The next bit of sensational news concerned John only. He married Ina Claire in New York; shortly, "Stalwart heart of Garbo reportedly in splinters!" rang the headlines. Garbo never committed herself.

What followed was a series of reported marriages, elopements and desperate affairs of the heart with other Hollywood notables. They remained rumor. Until one piece of information leaked out during the winter of 1942 that was more than gossip: "Garbo leaves Hollywood and her career forever."

Why? If Garbo knew fully herself, it would be a surprise. Was her self-confidence shattered by her disappointing past picture, "Two-Faced Woman,"? Were the gazings, unfrowning mobs that might have been so painful to face? Were fast-rising taxes biding into the handsome profits too rapidly? Might it have been a general disinterest for the glamorous “Swedish Wood life?"

Perhaps, like all of us, she left to search for some happiness with a man she could love. There is nothing so unusual in that. But why she couldn't combine it all with her career?

John Barrymore, one of her many leading men, may have given an interesting clue: "Garbo doesn't need people around her for entertainment. She has the gift of self-sufficiency." Her long seclusion may have had nothing to do with love.

But no man or woman is an island. During the war, Garbo found some friends. One later romance and impediment to marriage was heavily reported—with conductor Leopold Stokowski. Another with director Rouben Mamoulian. Neither ever materialized.

Gaylord Hauser, the food expert, was another constant escort. On frequent trips to Europe, Garbo is seen with business manager Carter Collins. New Yorkers occasionally report seeing her quietly wandering along the East Side shopping. But to the best of available information, Garbo is still alone.

And Liz Todd, of course, five, has seen her marriages to Nicky Hilton and Michael Wilding shattered by divorce, and now Mike Todd, who seemed to be the great love of her life, has been taken from her.

Out of the memories of her own heartbreak, her own loves that were forever lost, Garbo must have felt drawn to Liz Todd. Whether there may be another reason why Garbo came courageously out of hiding.

At the height of her career, Garbo turned down a brilliant future and an enormous fortune. It is said she was heartbroken and wanted to get away from it all.

Now, after many years of wandering through life, it is altogether conceivable that she may have wanted to warn Liz about the futility of giving up. Perhaps she knows that running away does not bring success from unhappiness; that having tried it and failed, she felt impelled to give the benefit of her experience to this confused, heartbroken young woman.

Significantly, it was shortly after Garbo visited that Liz returned to the studio to complete work on "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof and announced her intention of continuing to make pictures. And more happy news came when Liz and Michael Todd, Jr., announced that they would carry on Todd company with a picture in the fall, which Liz will star.

No, Liz Todd will not run away. Liz is staying and facing the music, going on in the wake of her heartbreak. Perhaps she should have done so without Garbo's visit. Perhaps not. But we can't help wondering how different Garbo's life might have been if she had someone come to her seventeen years ago as she came to Liz.

Maybe, Greta Garbo was thinking this, too, as she entered the back door of Liz' house.

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have been married over nineteen years, are still happy and spirited enough to
themselves to have a few tricks of their own.

"Everybody's got her role," says Mrs. Lennon. "As the oldest sister, Diane has
had to do the teaching of the younger sisters and brothers. She's second mother
to the group, plays 'boss' when their parents are away from home—and gets no
bother back.

Born on December 1, 1939, DeeDee is 5' 4" tall, weighs a slim 112, has blue eyes,
usually wears her light brown hair in a pony tail. She was graduated from high
school when she was eight and has gone on to college. During the week, while
the other children are at school, Diane stays home and helps her mother as much as
possible. One afternoon a week she teaches a class in religion to a group of fourth-
graders nearby.

DeeDee dates quite a bit, but said, "I don't believe in being a slave to a boy.
For her she would be one who loved sports, strictly adhered to the teaching of his
religion and wanted to have a big family. DeeDee's own future dream can be stated
simply: may she and her family be happy.

At the moment, she is seeing one boy more than any other. His name is Dick,
and they've known each other since Diane was seven. When she was fifteen she
shortly be leaving for two years in the Army. So, even if he is number one on
DeeDee's list, she'll have to postpone the orange and tasseled wedding ceremony she
dreams of.

Her taste in clothes plays down the frills and plays up gentle colors like baby
blue, soft pastel shades of salmon and brown. Since she has never had a weight problem
she can enjoy spaghetti and her mother's homemade marble cake without a qualm.
The house Peggy is simply furnished with a double bed, a dresser and a few knick-
knack shelves loaded with unopened perfume bottles. It's a farm style feminine room, though:
white chintz brocade walls with salmon blue to match the
blue of the walls.

Diane candidly admits her taste in music to be that of the rock and roll
school. She leans toward pretty ballads, songs by Perry Como, Nat Cole or Harry
Belafonte and, of course, instrumental by Wexler. She's become an adventu-
ing on "special occasions," football games and,
for a casual date, miniature golf ("I\'ll
always let my date win, even if I can
beat him"). She likes hamburgers at the
local drive-in, or else stop off at a
neighborhood pizza parlor. She also
loves going to movies and admits to just one crush, way back in the sixth grade: Ezio
Pinza!

Asking point-blank what's her biggest
problem to date, DeeDee thought a moment:
"How to get a boy to realize you
don't want him to be serious. When you go
out with a boy, you can like him a lot,
even like him better than anyone else—but
that doesn't necessarily mean getting serious. When he gets that (at least, it has been for me) to tell a boy
this without hurting his feelings."

Peggy, who was born on April 8, 1941,
finished her junior year at St. Monica's
High School in June. The family nick-
name for Peggy is "the brain." "That's
because she is one of the most intellectual of the four girls," explained Mr. Lennon. "People
meeting the girls for the first time often think
Peg is the extrovert of the group. Actually, she's quite shy, though not as
much so as the others."

"Peg's always full of pep, never seems
to sit still," Mrs. Lennon joined in. "She
goes through moods rapidly, while Diane
is more placid. Peg's in the clouds one
minute, down in the dumps the next. I
guess she has a flair for the dramatic.
She's a help to me," her mother continued,
"but in a different way from Diane. She
can't do many things as efficiently as Dee-
Dee. It isn't that she doesn't try—it's just
that she can't, particularly when it comes
to little jobs around the house."

Peg will never say, "I don't want to do
the dishes. She can manage to think of a
thousand and one reasons why she
shouldn't. "I'm taking care of the baby,"
she'll call when the dishes are being
cleared away. For the next few hours she
disappears, to rejoin the family when
the dishes are safely back in the cabinet.

Very often, she has a "legitimate" rea-
son: She invariably sprains a wrist or
finger while the family is playing tough
touch football or baseball. "Well, I guess
I won't be able to do the dishes for a
while," she'll sigh mournfully, while she
concentrates on her bandage and the rest
of the family sympathizes.

Any family friction that comes up cer-
tainly doesn't involve DeeDee and Peg,
who always handled it remarkably and
confidently and said that she'd rather
be like DeeDee than anyone else she knows.
Peggy is 5' 2" tall, weighs 106 and wears
her shoulder-length brown hair in a page
doesn't "unlike me I'm a bit on the short set; then I just pin it up in a pony
tail)."

If she had the power to change herself, she'd like to be more adept. "Of
all the things I've been accused of, the
most frequent is lack of coordination.
Even baby Joey can throw a ball better
than I can. As much as I love sports, I
just can't seem to play!

Boys? Lively Peggy emphasizes "living up
to his religion. And he must have a good
sense of humor. That's absolutely es-
sential. I'd like to date a boy that can
be able to get along with my family. Too.
At least when he came over to our house
he'd have to say 'Hello' to the kids and
be nice to them, because we certainly
do have a housefull.

While Peg's Catholic high school is
co-ed, she's pleased that the boys and girls attend separate classes. "There's
plenty of love in our school, during lunch and afterwards," Peg commented.

"Besides, they'd only be a
distraction. Without them in class it's
casier to concentrate."

When it comes to family rules about
dating, Peg said, "We discuss everything
with our folks, everything from football
to dates. Daddy and Mommy are young and modern and they expect us to
all have a good time. And they really

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the same coloring as Peg: brown hair and brown eyes. Most of the time she wears her hair in a pony tail. When asked what she would change about herself if she could, she’d reply, “just a few inches—half-inches shorter and to have pretty hair like Dee Dee’s.”

Queried about Kathy, Mrs. Lennon said, “No, Kathy can’t sing! Oh, except that she’s fourteen! And that is an age unto itself! It’s a most difficult age and poor Kathy is a most typical fourteen. At that stage you’re high, but she’s so long away from being an adult. Kathy reminds me a great deal of myself at fourteen. She’s a little awkward, always stumble.

“She has dozens of friends and gets more phone calls than all the other girls. I can’t imagine what she can find to talk about so much, particularly since most of them have only just been through school for the whole day together in school. Nevertheless, it’s a real battle for her sisters to sandwich their calls in between Kathy’s.”

Occasionally, Kathy slips into a telephone by singing, “Kathy dear, get off the phone. Kathy dear, please, please get off the phone”—to the tune of their latest hit “Hair.” This usually breaks her up so that she can’t continue the conversation—or else it drowns out the party on the other end. So Kathy will say “Goodbye” and a few moments later call her sailor on the wire. “I guess she’s going through a phase,” says Dee Dee.

Kathy also has the disinconverting habit of disappearing into the bathroom and staying for hours. “She’s always taking baths at the funniest times, day and night,” Janet exclaims. “She always disappears—washes her hair or bathes her face.” In self-defense, the girls now use the bathroom in shifts, and Peg and Diane have installed a larger mirror in their bedroom so they can comb their hair and do their makeup without waiting for Kathy to emerge from the bath. “She’s fourteen,” sighs Mrs. Lennon. “What more can I say?”

Aside from minor conflicts, the girls don’t often disagree. When there is an argument, nine times out of ten it’s between Kathy and Peggy. Somehow, ages seventeen and fourteen just naturally conflict.

For a long time Peg and Kathy debated who would win if they ever had a really big fight. Peg said she would be champ; Kathy insisted she would be the one to grab her ears and pull. One morning, when they were in Spokane on a personal-appearance tour, the girls started the same old discussion. “Okay, okay,” said Mr. Lennon, “Stop talking about it so much, let’s see really.”

Before the girls could say “Lawrence Welk,” their father had moved all the furniture to one side. Peg and Dee Dee and Janet, acting as seconds, declared that “the main event” was ready to start. Kathy and Peg came out swinging, dressed in their pajamas, and soon had each other’s hair in rags. As rules were disregarded as the girls staged a real hairpulling match, with the “seconds” laughing so hard that even the “fighters” had to laugh. After fifteen minutes, the fight was called a draw.

Kathy, who still doesn’t date too much, has definitely made up her mind to enter college when she reaches the legal drinking age. She’d like to teach the first grade because “I just love little children.” And she looked over at Janet, kiddingly.

Janet, who is just entering the junior year of high school and nobody lets her forget it. But she has no difficulty standing out on her own. She weighs seventy-three pounds and wishes she could get a faster tan, have her brown hair curlier and grow more eyebrows. (“I don’t have any—I mean they’re so light that for the show they have to smear me with brown pencil, which is awful cause I forget to take it off and the next morning it’s all over my pillow and my face!”

Ask Janet about her ideal man, and you’ll get aiggie. “Eddie Fisher,” she confesses. “I’ve never actually been on his show, he kissed me here. (She tenderly stroked her cheek.)”

“Yes,” teased Peg, “and on her bedtable that was a big autographed picture of Eddie.”

Janet, used to the butting in, simply ran out of the room.

There were shown any signs of awareness of the fuss of being in the public eye, explained Mrs. Lennon. “She’s all around good, Janet is—considerate, too. She never thinks of herself first. You know, the public’s reaction is usually, ‘We like all the girls—but that Janet, she’s absolutely precious.’

The other girls don’t mind. None of them are made ‘Baby’ girls. Because, I think it’s because she lives in her own private little world, blithely letting the praise roll off. If anything, she actually runs away from it. That’s why Mrs. Lennon, in the spring, a national publication wanted to do a pictorial story on all the girls, with a special page devoted to photographing Janet at school, in the sixth grade at St. Monica. When she heard, she was horrified: ‘I’d just die if any of the kids at school thought I was something different.’ The pictures were never taken.”

Indeed, Janet just slipped into the act, which started very casually. The older girls used to sing simply because it made the audience die faster. The whole piece went faster and faster.

One evening, Peg and Dee Dee were in the kitchen singing “Good Night Ladies” as they stacked the dishes. Kathy came running in to her mother. “I can sing, too, Mommy,” she cried. “Listen, Mommy, I can sing, too.”

That’s very good,” Mrs. Lennon told her, “but try it in a lower key, dear—like this.”

Kathy sang a few bars, then ran back into the kitchen and began singing with her sisters. Mrs. Lennon was so excited by their beautiful harmonizing that she called her husband, and that’s how the Lennon Sisters, as a trio, was born. They’d put on shows wherever their parents’ friends came visiting in the evening. Kathy was the driver, she would pick out tunes on the piano and the girls would sing along.

Then, in 1954, when St. Mark’s Church was having its annual charity benefit, some people proposed they be on the program, and they auditioned. They were accepted. Janet, who was only eight at the time, begged to be allowed to at least stand on the platform. In the family got to the show, Janet wandered out on stage while the girls were doing their number. She joined in, tore down the back of her dress, and fell asleep. The finale was the Lennon Brothers and the four Lennon Sisters (Janet woke up again) doing an arrangement of “Dry Bones.” Everyone said they were sensational.

From that time on, the little Lennon girls were asked to make local appearances at the Lions and Kiwanis Clubs, and eventually singing at a dance sponsored by the Elks. They were scheduled to appear on the program at ten o’clock at night. That same year, the “<5” who were twins and then a sophomore at high school, had a date with a fellow student, Lawrence Welk, Jr. We told her it was all right for her to keep the date, provided Larry brought her over to the Elks dance in time for the performance. Although Larry knew that Dee Dee and her sisters sang, that night was the first time he had heard them. I guess he was impressed. Larry liked the girls, and said he’d get his father to listen to them.

Mr. Welk didn’t pay any particular attention to his new girls, sent out the girls, but Larry was persistent.” Mrs. Lennon remembered. “One Sunday he frantically called our house and told us to come right over. He said his dad couldn’t avoid hearing the girls because he was at home, nursing a cold. I’ll never forget that Sunday. It was raining hard when we arrived, Larry ushered us into the front room, where Mr. Welk was really a capital sight. He had a big musical accompaniment, and they were at their best. When they were finished, Mr. Welk complimented them and reached for the card. He had already turned out to be the producer of his show and Mr. Welk asked the girls to sing again over the phone.

This gave us the chance that when he heard the girls for the first time he couldn’t believe his ears. He thought they were wonderful, but wanted another opinion. Soon afterwards, he asked the girls if they would like to appear on his show. He said he and his orchestra were doing the sisters at a local concert. The girls certainly would! They made a big hit, and they were going to Hollywood.

Then Mr. Welk asked them to sing at another private show. Again the girls were well received, and so, finally, they were invited to sing at the Christmas show, in December, 1955. After that appearance, Mr. Welk occasionally called them to be on the show. By the following summer they were appearing almost every other week. When ABC-TV gave Mr. Welk the Monday night show in addition to his Saturday night program, he signed the girls as regulars. They’ve been ever since,” Mrs. Lennon finished proudly.

It seems strange that of four girls seen until now only two are really applauded and praised, not one wants to continue in show business. “We like what we’re doing, but it could never become a life-long career. We’d just like to keep on singing together. For over the year, we would like to do more, or until we’ve earned enough money so we can be sure our four brothers will be able to get a college education.”

Mr. Welk asked the girls tomorrow to give up what they’re doing, they could and would—and they’d never miss the fuss, the publicity, all the excitement, show business offers. What they would miss is being with Mr. Welk and the people in his organization that they love and consider ‘family.’ But the prospect of no longer being professionals would keep the foursome away. They could adjust to it very easily. I think my girls feel that way because, since they’ve been old enough to understand, they’ve read the newspapers and magazines, and at the same time provided them with the free will to choose the way they use them.

“Are the Lennon Sisters for real?” we asked Lawrence Welk.

“They’re not really perfect, but if they do have any faults, they must leave them at home,” he laughed. “They’ve been very wonderful, and I can’t do without them. I’ve never found a big one yet.”

So there you have it: the Lennon Sisters. Sugar and spice and all things nice, nearly everything that’s nice. The End
he'd even remember me after all those months, and, frankly, I also wondered if he'd changed since I last saw him.

When I got to Paramount, the whole set was buzzing with activity. The director, Michael Curtiz, spent part of the morning getting things lined up, which gave me an opportunity to wander around the sound stage. On one side of the stage there was a whole fandango of dressing rooms that seemed to be standing at attention in a long even row. Excitedly, I found one with my name on the door and went inside to look around. Honestly, the room smelled like a funeral parlor. Every kind of flower, of every size and color, each with a card full of good luck wishes from my friends was there, plus four huge boxes of peanuts with the message "Nuts to you." It was one of the happiest moments of my life, interrupted too soon though, by the assistant director calling me on set.

I was still on a pink cloud as I listened to the director explaining the first scene, between Elvis and me. A very dramatic scene. I was supposed to wind up crying my eyes out. After some preliminaries, Mr. Curtiz called for quiet on the set but I was sure that everyone could hear the noise of my heart made, pounding away at the excitement and tensions of the first day on a new picture. Mr. Curtiz went over with me again the part about my crying and I kept thinking, How can I cry when I'm so excited and happy about everything? He talked to me about the scene for fifteen minutes. Then we tried it, but my tears wouldn't come.

We kept doing it over and over until I wanted the floor to open up and swallow me. It got so I could feel the impatient shuffle of feet as the crew waited and I'll never forget the disappointed look on Mr. Curtiz' face. Elvis graciously kept avoiding looking at me so he wouldn't add to my embarrassment. After a while Mr. Curtiz called a break. He came over to me and said, point blank, "If you can't act then why are you here?" He looked at me coldly, turned and walked away. I ran to my dressing room, heart-broken and in tears. There was no cameras grinding, I started to sob until I felt like the River Nile was overflowing inside of me. I don't know how long I sat there, until I heard a soft knock on the door. Instantly I grabbed for my Kleenex. I don't know why but when I opened the door and saw Elvis standing there I didn't want to hide or run away. I'll never forget the way he

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spoke to me in a comforting whisper. "Don't worry, honey, that's only his way of getting you in the mood; he doesn't mean what he said."

"I know," I answered him between sobs, but then Elvis said, "We will be great friends," and I thought to myself, I know that, too. So with the tears still streaming down my face, we walked back to the dressing room, and as we entered, a smile came on Elvis' face. Mr. Curtiz took one look at me, winked at Elvis, grinned, too; and we tried that first scene again. Everything was all right. Time was so precious. Every day we worked like racehorses thundering down to the finish line a whisker ahead of Uncle Sam. The whole company took on a sort of frantic pace, so we all had to relax and enjoy the scenes relaxation that we'd had during "Loving You," this time not a minute was wasted. The moment Elvis finished a scene he was whisked away to the photo gallery or wardrobe. I nearly spent almost every minute sitting in his dressing room alone, studying his lines and thinking about the next scene. I'm sure he wasn't conscious of anything or anybody around him. During "Loving You," the set had been flooded with reporters, photographers and lots of people; the whole atmosphere had had a Madison Square Gardenish feeling. There were all kinds of people and spectacles for all tidings. That's when I decided to be sneaky and do the pencil sketches on pages 56-57 while those of us inside working on the film didn't seem to get things done as quickly as possible.

There was a piano on set all the time, but I never played it. I have seen in the time and every once in a while when we had to wait for a change in lighting or reloading of cameras, Elvis would sit down at the piano and play for us. Even during filming. At those moments, the music Elvis and the boys played was marked by a strange, soothing note, unexpected from the king of rock 'n' roll. And when Elvis did sing he sang softly, few ballads and Negro spirituals stood.

As I said before, I had been curious as to whether or not Elvis might have changed between the time of our first picture and "King Creole." I was curious to see an aloofness in his attitude toward his co-workers. Because even though he'd been famous a year before, his popularity had kept mounting until it now reached dangerous heights. When there was a change, a big one, in Elvis, not toward others but rather a change within himself.

Music with Elvis won't admit it but I saw him every day for a week and I realized, as each day passed, how very much this picture meant to him. How deeply he hoped that "Creole" would be good enough so that he'd be able to change from his fading star, truly a person with dramatic ability, an actor who belonged up there on screen.

I stood in back of the set many hours when we were filming on camera together and I watched Elvis work. I think all of us in the company were aware of how hard he was trying. With each scene he gave everything of himself that he knew how to give and he played each one as if it were, for those few moments, an experience happening to him for the very first time. He had a genuine desire to make his mark in pictures.

Elvis takes none of his success for granted. He constantly worries about his future and is never content to rest on his laurels. But I did notice in the year between pictures, that Elvis had grown more accustomed to his success and had learned to handle things that came up with more ease. I found the biggest change in his attitudes toward acting and his actions during the actual filming of the picture. Between scenes on "Loving You," Elvis would hop on to a bike and ride all over the lot. He seemed to always be jumping around and was well-known for playing practical jokes. Then when he'd be called into a scene he'd go into it, always prepared but, except for the few very dramatic scenes in "Loving You," the others were seen as phonies and much. He had a lighthearted attitude then. The set was usually filled with lots of his friends and it was party-time every day. Things were certainly different. Although he still joked with the crew and never neglected his friends, he constantly excused himself to go into his dressing room alone and work on his lines. He was really nervous for lunch, preferring to have food sent to his room.

When shooting was finished in Hollywood, all of us looked forward to flying to New Orleans for a week of location. Elvis and his boys left by train two days before the rest of the company so they were spared the "touching-off" scene at the airport the day we took off. Elvis missed seeing all those "little women" tucking in shirts and straightening their panties so that the men would think they were still men as if they were leaving for two years overseas, rather than seven days of location."

Another sight Elvis missed by not flying was Carolyn Jones, who had us all in stitches. She wore pedal pushers and a sweater so she'd be comfortable on the plane ride, but over this outfit she wore a big hat which fouled the plane. To Warm up as it was, she kept snuggling in the mink and then calmly advised us that she was never going to take it off—even if she had to take it off in the air! I knew our trip to Louisiana would be a tremendous one. I wasn't disappointed. A long black limousine met us at the airport and drove us to the Hotel Roosevelt. Again, I was amazed at the size of it, the size of the city. And we were greeted by a crowd of New Orleans teenagers of every size and shape—with only one single purpose: TO SEE ELVIS!! I!! With the hot breath of the July air blowing to fight our way to the desk and finally to the sanctuary of our own rooms. As soon as I was settled, I went up to see Elvis was getting ready for bed. He was as quiet as ever since he'd been there before. I took the elevator to the ninth floor and found myself in the little, private world of Mr. Presley. The informed policemen were standing by the elevator, and a few others outside his room.

I finally got through the "border patrol" and was allowed to knock on the door. As I was standing there with my breath starting out the window—a soft-eyed, soft-spoken figure of a king sitting quietly in a sort of solitary confinement. It was raining outside and the drops were beating against my hair, but no sound could drown out the screams and shouts that were hurled up into the air from the pavement below. His kingdom; a wet, sultry display of rain drenched subjects willing to brave even a hurricane just for a glimpse of him.

That first night, Hal Wallis, our producer, took us to a famous restaurant, and I was surprised at how much delicacies like Oysters Rockefeller and Pompano Papaya (fish in a bag!). That dinner was only a sample of the way we were to live for the rest of the week. And even though we never stayed out late because of early morning calls, I personally was so stuffed from all the food that I couldn't have gone out at night even if
I'd been able to. All of us in the company had a ball in New Orleans—eating, sight-seeing.

But all the time we were having a ball Elvis was cooped up in his hotel room, unable to even show his face on the street. I felt so sorry for him, especially since he was due for a two-year Army hitch and I'm sure he would like to have had some fun those last few evenings. The crowds just made it impossible. Every-where we went, there was the slightest chance he would be appearing, crowds gathered and stood waiting even for a glimpse of the top of his head. Anything just so they could say they'd seen him. One day we were standing on one of the local streets, it took dozens of police to keep the crowds back. Suddenly a little girl stumbled beside me with tears streaming down her face and I turned to help her, thinking she'd been hurt in the crowd. But when I reached her she had kept repeating over and over was "I saw him—I saw Elvis!".

Elvis never talked much about going into the service. The only time he did mention it to me, he said that he realized that going into the Army was his duty and that because he was a singer there was no reason to feel he should be exempted from serving like anyone else. The only regret he had, he said, was that the timing was a little off as far as his career was concerned. He felt that "King Creole" was a new plateau for him; that if this picture was received favorably he might attain an even higher stature as a straight dramatic actor. Then it would have been nice to be able to follow it up immediately with another dramatic role. But other than that, he had no qualms about his ability to do his service along with everyone else. As a matter of fact, he was completely normal reaction to the prospect of Army life. On one hand, he was excited but he was no more nervous. Just like any kid facing "the unknown," a new experience, is apprehensive. He did come in for his share of ribbing from some of the guys in the crew. In mock seriousness, they kept warning him that before induction he'd better have his hair cut or else the Army barbers would really scalp him. His answer to that was always a smile and a: "I'm not worried, it'll always grow back!"

We've been asked many times why Elvis and I never dated socially, either during "Loving You" or "King Creole." During the first picture I was going out with someone rather steadily and if I had dated Elvis, it would have been fair to the other boy. Besides so many girls wanted to date him just so they could say that they'd been out with the country's No. 1 idol, and I didn't want Elvis to feel that if I went out with him, I would be using him for publicity purposes to advance my own career. Both of us knew that we could never be anything more than just good friends and I wanted ours to be a truly sincere and lasting friendship. This would probably not have been possible had we dated. The way it worked out we do have a wonderfully strong friendship.

When we returned from New Orleans there were just a few more days of work on the picture. Elvis wanted to go to Memphis for a weekend with his folk friends before being inducted. That last morning, Paul Nathan, the associate producer, and I put our heads together and decided to throw a surprise going-away luncheon for Elvis.

We got a few of the girls in the office to phone all around the lot inviting Elvis' friends to the commissary to order the food. Since Elvis' lunch always, but always, consists of sauerkraut, bacon, grilled cheese sandwiches, potato chips and mashed potatoes and gravy, I had to be sure to order this "menu" for everyone. At the last minute, Mr. Nathan and I "chickened out" and ordered prime ribs for all except the guest of honor, who was served his "usual." For dessert, the chef made a beautiful cake, which was decorated with a figure of Elvis in uniform sitting on top of a sack of unpeeled potatoes. In place of a guitar, he held a paring knife and the guitar sat resting at his feet. Elvis got a big kick out of our surprise and of the "gag gifts" we gave him: a powder horn and blunderbuss, both weapons dating back to the Revolutionary War. Attached to the gift was a note reminding him to use both when and if he was called upon to defend our country.

On the last day in New Orleans when all the cameras were tucked away and ready to be transported, when all of us were ready to check out of the hotel, I went up to Elvis' room for a few minutes. We sat quietly and talked about his upcoming adventure. It was raining and frankly I think Elvis was glad we were going back to Hollywood. He had a lot on his mind. It's a lonely life for a young boy whose only friends are those he takes with him from place to place.

We sat there talking for a few minutes. What about? I don't even remember now. Occassionaly I'd catch a glimpse of the crowds that battled down Canal Street, nine stories below us. A slow-moving truck stole through the street cautiously, vainly trying to avoid bumping into the people crowding the streets waiting to see Presley. I saw Elvis look down at the truck. I saw a wistful expression steal over his face. I watched him sitting there, his face turned down and splashing on the window pane, sitting in a hotel room thinking about the days when he drove a truck through the streets of Memphis.

And as he thought, in his mind's eye he became again one of those kids below in the street, or the guy behind the wheel of the truck. Just someone with a bug in his ear, trying to sing and hold a desire in his heart to make people smile and clap their hands. He turned to me and said softly, "I'm lucky, awfully lucky."

And he is, too. Because although Elvis Presley is presently Private Elvis Presley and wears a khaki uniform that looks in color, drape and shape like that worn by millions of other American boys—albeit a job of soldiering as quietly as one can, he has left behind him thousands of loyal fans who will be waiting his return and the next Presley picture. I know how the fans feel because I'm leaving for want of his coming back just as eagerly.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS
Sol Mineo color, Al Weiss Associates; Inger Stevens color, M-G-M; Lennan Sisters series and Jimmie and Colleen Rodgers, Roger Murshutz; Rainier family series, Molly Bee color, and Debbie Reynolds, Gene Triandl, Toppix; Tony Perkins color, Otto Mayo; Perkins black and white; Globe, Jean Seberg series, Henri Bouman; Grete Garbo, Phil Burcham.
They're in the News

Ronald Colman made thirty years of news and millions of friends

The most important news item this month, we feel, is the death of Ronald Colman, a warmly remembered friend, close to the heart of Hollywood, to Photoplay and the moviegoing audience for more than thirty years. We first met newcomer Ronald Colman back in 1924. ("We" in this case means Photoplay—your present editors weren't around at the time!) "Young, handsome and accomplished," we wrote then. "A formidable bidder for supremacy. All the girls in Hollywood are mad about him, yet men like him."

As for Ronald himself, in the face of all this sudden admiration he had nothing to say. It was difficult to get to know him. But isn't that usually true of the people who become your best friends? They aren't easy to know; with them, friendship grows gradually—and lasts long. "So far," we remarked, "no one dares call him Ronnie."

Onscreen, the dark Englishman was a figure of romance, from his American debut, "The White Sister," to "The Dark Angel," which started his famous partnership with golden-haired Vilma Banky. About the time he joined the movie Foreign Legion in "Beau Geste," Photoplay finally broke through his reserve. "I made Ronald Colman talk!" our reporter crowed. "Life will never be the same again."

He talked about his childhood, his days of obscurity, his views on acting—and Hollywood. "I love California," he said, "its beauty, its warmth, its color." Ronald Colman was at home, here to stay. Talking pictures killed many careers, but his voice was made for the microphone. When we reviewed his first sound film, "Bulldog Drummond," we said, "Best talkie performance to date."

Meantime, we were getting to know him better as a person. Cronies like William Powell and Richard Barthelmess were calling him Ronnie. In a few years, actress Benita Hume slipped quietly into his life. "I hope they will marry," Bill Powell confided to us. "Benita is good for Ronnie." Married in 1934, the Colmans became the parents of Juliette in 1944. His career went steadily on, through such classics as "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Lost Horizon." And ten years ago we said of his work in "A Double Life": "Colman holds you spellbound throughout. Unforgettable performance." At Academy Award time, it wasn't forgotten. A happy audience heard his name.

More friends joined the circle when Ronnie and Benita went on the air—first radio, then TV—in "Halls of Ivy" and as frequent guests on good neighbor Jack Benny's show. Before the onset of the lung infection that caused his death this year, Ronnie made one last movie appearance, representing civilized humanity in "The Story of Mankind."

Speaking of his private life, Ronnie once told Photoplay, "I do not do anything that brands me as being different from the average citizen." If the average citizen were like Ronald Colman, what an outstanding world this would be!
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PHOTOPLAY

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SEPTMEBER, 1958

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COVER: Color portrait of Debbie (Reynolds), Eddie, Carrie and Todd Emanuel Fisher by Globe. Debbie stars in "This Happy Feeling" for Universal-International and M-G-M's "Shhh!" Eddie's latest recording is "I Don't Hurt Any More" for RCA Victor. Watch him this fall on NBC-TV's "The Eddie Fisher Show."

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and his high-brow lady (THAT "LES GIRLS" CHICK!)

who try to tame a teen-ager (SHE'S THE MOST!)

and her bongo beating boy-friend (VERY SOLID!)

(MAN ... everybody ... but EVERYBODY HAS A BALL!)

M-G-M presents in brilliant COLOR

Rex Harrison · Kay Kendall
The Reluctant Debutante
co-starring
John Saxon · Sandra Dee
Angela Lansbury

Screen Play by William Douglas Home · Based on a Play by William Douglas Home
In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR · An Avon Production
Directed by Vincente Minnelli · Produced by Pandro S. Berman
I have difficulty recognizing Pier Angeli without Vic Damone. The same goes for her twin, Marisa Pavan, and Jean Pierre Aumont. But when Pier and Marisa are together, I recognize them... Is Princess Grace Kelly getting that matronly look?... Is Maria Schell ever going to stop laughing?... I have the impression that Zsa Zsa and Eva Gabor are hip to each other... My two favorite girl singers are Eydie Gormé and Keely Smith... You could have gotten big odds a year ago betting that the so-so play "Gigi" would turn out to be a better musical picture than the great musical "South Pacific." And you'd have collected... I suspect that Tennessee Ernie Ford would love to be sophisticated... I back away from starlets who are said to be "a good kid" or "the life of the party."... People keep telling me that Pat Boone is improving as an actor... I never expected to see Sherree North in a sack dress... Barbara Nichols told me: "I really want to get married and have a family... but meanwhile, being a movie star is a lovely way to wait."... Remember way back when a movie heroine would take off her eyeglasses and become beautiful?...

Liberace is a name dropper. He never uses his first name... I like the song "When the Boys Talk About the Girls" and Valerie Carr sings it real good on the Roulette label... Jayne Mansfield told me: "I'm really shy. Really. But I got this fantastic build-up, and now I can't let anyone see how shy I am." Really?... My favorite comedian, Mort Sahl, says that Marlon Brando made you like a Nazi in "The Young Lions" and got the Japs off the hook in "Sayonara."

I haven't liked Rossano Brazzi since he appeared in "Summertime" with Katharine Hepburn... Joan Collins hates to be alone, I wonder how she found out... Singer Dorothy Dandridge was in the musical "Carmen Jones" and is in the musical "Porgy and Bess," and both times her singing is dubbed in for her... I know why they call it "Playhouse 90." Because you get 90 commercials during the show... Brigitte Bardot's popularity will continue until men go out of style... Jimmie Rodgers never looks married, even when he's with his wife... It's hard to convince me that Joan Crawford is a poor girl who comes from the wrong side of the railroad tracks. Even in her old movies on TV... Elvis Presley appears to be in motion even when he's standing at attention... Are you surprised when I tell you Monty Clift is six feet tall? I was, Monty doesn't appear this tall because he carries himself slouchily... Tony Martin says his wife objects to his gambling, unless he wins.

Joanne Dru's West Virginia twang comes back after two glasses of champagne... Remember when other programs did parodies of "Dragnet"? Now it's its own!... Ava Gardner said it: "I always love too well, but unwisely."... They have yet to make a screen as big as an actor's opinion of himself... At a party, Carmen Phillips whispered: "I don't like to repeat gossip, honey, but what else can you do with it?"

I wonder if Ricky Nelson will long for a boyhood years from now... Rock Hudson would have been a movie star even if he hadn't been discovered by Henry Willson. The same as America would have been discovered if Columbus hadn't done the job... Kim Novak buys powder, bleaches it herself into the faintest lavender hue, then puts it on herself... It seems to me that Zsa Zsa's framed motto reads: "Never have a friend who's poorer than you are."... During a heated discussion, Shelley Winters said to Tony Franciosa, "I'll admit I'm wrong, if you'll admit I'm right." That's Hollywood For You.
Only in

BOBBI...

3 kinds of curlers

for the 3 critical waving areas in soft modern hairstyles!

The new modern hairstyles need different kinds of curls in different areas—and only new Bobbi gives them to you. Three different kinds of curlers come right in the Bobbi package—nothing more to buy! And only new Bobbi is so easy. It's self-neutralizing.

No resetting ... you brush out waves that are soft and natural looking from the first, yet really last. New Bobbi instructions for a variety of modern hairstyles show where each curler goes to give a style while you wave. Try new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent!

Only new Bobbi gives you all 3:
1 6 large sponge rollers give extra body where your hairstyle needs most support—add style flare at the sides, give a lift over the brow, curve a perky pony-tail.
2 40 casual pin-curlers for easy-to-make pin-curls that give overall softness throughout most of your hairstyle.
3 6 midget rods for curling the wispy neckline stragglers.

the easy way to lasting waves—the Bobbi way
Tommy Reynolds is producer of MBS' “Bandstand, U.S.A.” Hear him Sat. nights, 8:05 till 10 p.m., New York time

ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Say, whaddaya think of those Elvis Presley dog tags? Silver or gold plated yet! Each with his Army serial number (53310761, as in the song of the same title!), blood type (it's "O"), signature and etched-out picture. And wouldn't you just know that one of the brains behind this idea is a deejay—Norm Prescott of Boston's WBX. Well, one thing's for sure—Elvis will make more out of this than Davy Crockett ever made out of those hats!

Dear Rosemarie: Because Connie Francis is of interest, I'm sure, to many "On The Record" readers, I'll answer your questions here in the column.

Connie's real name is Constance Francenore and she was born twenty-one years ago in Newark, N. J. She went to Bellville High School where she won varied honors ranging from debating and psychology to a typing championship. She was also assistant editor of her school paper, and won a scholarship to New York University. "But my interests," says Connie, "have always been in show business—ever since I was four and appeared on the 'Startime' TV show." . . . The musical instrument Connie plays is the accordion.

Notes from Hollywood: There'll be more music in the upcoming "Porgy and Bess" than in any movie ever made. . . . Gene Krupa will be technical adviser on the movie of his life. (Well, that's a wise choice!) . . . Julie London is the only actress in screen history to play leading roles in four consecutive pictures and to sing and record the title and theme songs for these same pix. . . . David Seville, composer-singer-ork leader of "Witch Doctor," also wrote that hit of some years back, "Come-On-A-My House"—under his real name, Ross Bagdasarian.

Notes from Abroad: One of the hottest things on wax in France is the Platters. . . . Connie Francis' "Who's Sorry Now" made the No. 1 spot in England. . . . The English, by the way, are preparing for an invasion by "The Purple People Eater." . . . Billy Vaughn's "Sail Along Silvery Moon" is a big hit in Germany. . . . Following Pat Boone's appearance on a Perry Como TV show that was re-broadcast in Rome, Pat's platter sales zoomed in the Eternal City.

Notes from Home: Did you know that the vocal group most programmed by deejays, according to a recent survey, is the Four Lads? . . . But breathing hotly on the collective neck of this group are those relative newcomers, the Everly Brothers. . . . Frank Sinatra is the most programmed male vocalist . . . but hard on his heels is that new champ Pat Boone.

"On The Record" is pretty happy these days with the way things are shaping up musically around the nation. Because just about everything is way up there on the best-selling charts. Rock and Roll is there with "Johnny B. Goode" and "Book of Love." On the other hand, such ballads as "Chanson D'Amour" and "Return to Me" are also among the top sellers. . . . Do you like novelties? Well, there's "Witch Doctor," "The Purple People Eater," and others . . . Do You Like Blues? Then you have "Talk to Me, Talk to Me" and "What Am I Living For?" . . . As for the artists, you have your hits with first-timers like The Aquatones, Dion and the Belmonts, Gino and Gina, and others. But you also have the "old" names riding high—Nat Cole, Dean Martin, Perry Como.

Any well-recorded tune of any kind, it seems (if I dig this trend correctly) can now become a hit—no matter who sings or plays it, who writes it, or what record company, big or small, cuts it.

Let's Preview

"Saturday Night with Mr. C." (RCA Victor LOP-1004)—Perry Como with Mitchell Ayers' Orchestra and the Ray Charles Singers—Just great. Perry sings a variety of tunes, some old and some new but all in his impeccable style, backed up by the great Mitchell Ayers and the Ray Charles singers.

"A Touch of the Blues" (RCA Victor LPM-1566)—Lee Wiley with Billy Butterfield and his orchestra—Today as in the past, one of our most underrated singers. If you like the blues (and who doesn't?) you'll love this LP. Lee is the only gal we know that can make a ballad sound like the blues. With Billy Butterfield's sparkling trumpet and inspired orchestral backgrounds added.

"Lady in Satin" (Columbia CL 1157)—Billie Holiday with Ray Ellis and his orch. Billie Holiday is back on records and we're glad. Her voice seems to have mellowed with the years and the lush string backgrounds with voices and jazz solos here and there are definitely a new setting for this great jazz singer. We remember her in the early days of her career with the Basie band . . . how about following up "Lady in Satin" with "Lady Meets Basie"?
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don’t risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It’s so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you cream hair away the beautiful way with Neet. New baby-pink Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach ... leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there’s never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair finally does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet: either lotion or cream—you’ll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way Neet
Tops in Any Language

The writer, a teacher of English, has a pupil who loves to read your magazine in order to practice her English and translation to Spanish (for we are Mexicans) and also because it brings pleasure to her teacher, her mother, and herself.

The three of us simply can't keep silence any longer in regards to the great Rock Hudson. We just saw three of his pictures on the same program and we are still in ecstasy over him. Oh! Such exquisite tenderness, such an enchanting, bewitching Rock! He is just wonderful—out of reach, like an Olympic god who makes young and old tremble within, when he is on the screen.

We only ask of you to please let us know about him as much as possible—the poor darling, perhaps a little heartbroken now but he can be sure that for every pain he has a thousand adoring fans who would try to prevent anything that would hurt him.

Mrs. Felisa R. Oveira
Gomez Palacio, Mexico

Glad Eddie’s Eddie

Dear Sidney Skolsky:

Read your column in Photoplay regularly. Couldn't overlook one item, though: "I'm of the opinion that Eddie Fisher would like to be Frank Sinatra." There are many, many of us Fisher fans who are mighty, mighty happy that Eddie isn't Frank Sinatra.

Eddie is a wonderful, sincere person and entertainer. We wouldn't have him change a bit.

La Juan Green
Hobbs, New Mexico

Hottest with Schoolers

Last week the female students at our high school took a poll and thought our favorite magazine, Photoplay, would be interested in the results:

Nicest Eyes—Leo Genn
Nicest Hair—Ray Danton and James Garner (tie)
Most Classic Nose—Edmund Purdom
Best Height and Build—Rock Hudson
Nicest Smile—Marlon Brando
Nicest Mouth—Harry Belafonte
Nicest Voice—Ray Danton
Most Amiable Manner—Jeff Hunter
Most Sex Appeal—Anthony Franciosa
Best Actor—Marlon Brando and William Holden (tie)

Rose Milano
(Representative for the girls of East View High, White Plains, N. Y.)

Proud of Johnny

I was so impressed by your recent article on Johnny Mathis that I just had to write and compliment you.

I speak not only for myself but also for my family and close friends who are always glad to see one of our race break through that "invisible wall."

Mr. Mathis is a great future ahead of him. We're very proud because he is using his talents to the best of his ability.

If everyone of all races and religions would use their God-given talents to the best of their ability, life would be much better for us all and the world a better place to live in.

Alma Presley
Cleveland, Ohio

The Most Beautiful Girl in the World?

Could you please tell me who the most beautiful woman in the world is? Does she come from Hollywood? I have heard that Liz Taylor was but there are other candidates also, such as Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak. I think that Marilyn Monroe is better near a perfectly beautiful woman than Liz Taylor. We are all getting tired of seeing Liz Taylor's picture in the magazines. Also, who is the most handsome man in the world? Is he from Hollywood? I would either nominate Rock Hudson or Marlon Brando for that part. All the boys in my school want to really see something beautiful inside as well as outside. We want a beautiful blonde, this time—the heck with the brunettes. Also, please tell me what qualities a girl must have. Must her face measurements be perfect or what?

Please answer us boys.

Boys of America
Springfield, Mass.

Dear Dale Robertson:

You were a wonderful guest at our Winston-Salem, North Carolina rodeo recently and never have I met a nicer person. I guess you were pretty tired by the end of the week but I never would have known it by the way you stood there every night giving autographs and saying "hello."

I'm writing this so all my Photoplay friends can know that here is one wonderful movie star!

Come back and visit our town again. We all loved you!

Juanita Johnson
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Private Presley

I would like to give my thanks to you for the wonderful photos of Elvis in the army—especially the handsome color photo. By looking at him, we can imagine his first day in the Army. Please have some more on Elvis real soon, especially a big color photo. Thanks again!

Nancy Ann Swinney
Lee, Florida

Tragic Glamor Girls

When I read your recent story, "Is Lana Guilty?", I couldn't help but wonder—do all Hollywood glamor girls have to make such tragic headlines time after time? I wasn't thinking only of Lana but of them all—Harlow, Monroe, Mansfield, Hayworth, Taylor, Eckberg, Bergman—and on and on.

If these and other glamor girls were to take a lesson in behaving themselves, I could nominate as a teacher, that number-one glamor girl of a few years ago: Betty Grable.

She began life in films even earlier than Lana. She trudged the country with hands and worked in night clubs before she was out of her teens, yet, she's never once made "bad" copy.

She was the all-time box-office star until the early fifties, yet, when the time came that movie roles were scarce, she graciously stepped down. Still, she wisely appears on television now and then to let us know she's around and just as beautiful as ever.

And through all this, she's managed to keep a husband and two lovely daughters happy for fifteen years!

Betty Grable is a glamor girl and a lady in every sense of the word. How tragic that more of Hollywood's lovely women can't be labeled the same.

Mrs. R. Chaney
Massillon, Ohio

Stars to Remember

I wish to show Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood my appreciation for telephoning me when I was in the hospital.

I wrote to Natalie while I was in the hospital, then, when she and Bob came to New York on their honeymoon they called me up while I was in a convalescing home. I was so happy. I don't know how to show my thanks to my favorite actress and her husband.

Thank you again, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, God Bless you both!

Mary Ann Rizzuto
Brooklyn, N. Y.

P.S. I think they're wonderful people! Don't you?

Sure do!—Ed.

continued
NEW **LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!**

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

**SANDRA DEE,** lovely star of "THE WONDERFUL YEARS," a Universal-International Picture in CinemaScope, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her shining curls! Why don't you try Liquid 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!**
Birthday Treat from Paul

I am writing this letter to tell Photoplay and its readers what a very nice person I think Paul Anka is.

On my daughter's thirteenth birthday I took her to a rock 'n' roll show at one of our local theaters but first we stopped to have dinner at a restaurant close to the theater. While we were eating, we walked the performers in the show, one of whom was Paul Anka. My daughter asked for his autograph and told him she was her birthday day. He gave it to her and got the rest of the performers to sign theirs, too.

When our meal was finished, a cake was brought in for my daughter. When Paul saw it coming, he had all the boys get up and sing "Happy Birthday" to my girl. She was thrilled.

I don't think there are many performers who would take the time or trouble to do this for a complete stranger.

MRS. PAT GRAY
Seattle, Wash.

Great Man

I really liked your story on Dick Clark. He's a really great man. He is a busy man, too. He helps everyone he can. He answers most of his mail himself and gives time to his family that some people wouldn't who are no more busy than he is. And in spite of being so busy, he still has time to help kids with their problems—problems that some people don't think are really problems, just something to waste their time. It's no wonder that kids and grownups, too, all over the world, admire him.

JEANETTE KIRK
Midway, Tenn.

Good for George!

Dear George Nader:

When I read your article in Photoplay I was shocked. I was so pleasantly surprised I decided to write this letter. (And it takes a really great surprise to get me to do any letter-writing!)

Here was an article that was written in frankness and with refreshing intelligence by a star who hadn't been married four times, knew what he was looking for and expressed it with humor and warmth.

I agree with you in thinking that quality is the most important ingredient in a film, that swimming is a wonderful sport (especially when you look good in a bathing suit!) and that a person doesn't "fall" but rather "grows" in love. It also think the world needs individuality to keep it advancing. . . .

BARBARA GOLDBERG
Massapequa Park, N. Y.

Oscar Material Gone Wrong

I'm writing because I believe this column is for readers to express their likes and dislikes of movies, stars, etc.

I have just seen "Marjorie Morningstar" and I would like to know why, why did Herman Wouk ever let them change the ending of his book!

The original ending was Oscar material but what they put on the screen was half! Anyone who has read the book will know what I mean. They also left out some of the most dramatic scenes and one of the most colorful characters—the mysterious fellow who is involved in espionage whom Marjorie meets on the ship.

Natalie Wood never looked prettier but she was just playing Natalie.

This could have been a very outstanding picture if they had only kept some of the humor and drama—especially the ending. As is, I found it mediocre and disappointing.

L. M. C.
Long Beach, Calif.

On the Other Hand...

I just saw "Marjorie Morningstar" and thought it the most magnificent film I ever saw. The acting was superb. Natalie Wood was so right in trying hard to get the role. Gene Kelly was so good as Noel.

I don't mind telling you that I must have cried a bucketful. The picture was marvelous. I wish I could congratulate everyone on the staff of the picture.

MICHELE STITT
Kansas City, Mo.

A Wonderful Tonic

I've been reading Photoplay since I was in the ninth grade. I had Debbie Reynolds' hair-do for my Senior Prom and bought a bracelet like Natalie Wood's and a bathing suit like Molly Bee's for this summer. Yes, I've enjoyed seeing the up-to-date fashions and bought the ones I liked.

Your magazine is the next thing to the evening paper. I'm nineteen years old, graduated from high school in '56 and am married a year this summer. I still and always will have Photoplay in every room—old issues and new. Your magazine is the "quickest" on news, fashions and Hollywood stars.

May you have the best of luck and success for giving me this wonderful "tonic," your wonderful Photoplay!

A PHOTOPLOYER
Washington, D. C.
New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo’s modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He’ll love the satiny shine Halo’s rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
Personal Spoutings: Diane Varsi's pixie-like getting away from everyone, by way of cabin-in-the-ravine bit, sans telephone or address, seems rather ridiculous in this day and age. It's fine to seek peace and quiet, but to take off to yon and faraway canyons where neither her studio nor friends can penetrate is a bit much, isn't it? . . . Jeff Morrow is one of the most understanding actors in town. With the variety of "Jiffs" in the business—Jeff Chandler, Jeff Richards, Jeff Hunter and Jeff Hayden—Mr. Morrow neither pouts nor shouts when mistaken for one of the others. I know. He forgave me . . . I'm weary of Hollywood's Angry Young Men yapping at Hollywood, at studios, at producers, at salaries, at loan-outs. These so-called intellectuals who a short time before in New York were making from $250 to $350 on TV and now reap movie salaries right purty to behold are becoming a bore. To veterans who have endured exactly the same trials and tribulations throughout their long, hard climb upward—Clark Gable, Gary Grant, John Wayne, Bill Holden and today, Rock Hudson—the yappings of these comparative newcomers must seem like the bleating of so many puppies after something they haven't as yet earned. At least, that's my opinion.

Talk of the town: George Sanders gaily riding the boulevards in the Mercedes-Benz given his ex-wife Zsa Zsa Gabor by General Trujillo. Obviously, Zsa Zsa believes in passing along a good thing to make room for more goodies.

Overseas Tidbits: Rossellini is quietly seeing Anna Magnani again. Roberto and Anna were quite an item before Bergman moved in . . . And very much on the QT, one hears that Ava Gardner cooked up a batch of spaghetti for Frank Sinatra during his European trek. These two should have one theme song: "I Saw You Last Night and Got That Old Feeling." . . . French charmer Noelle Adams has penned her signature on a Gene Kelly contract and etched her name even deeper on the Kelly heart. Watch these two! . . . Stork rumors linger around Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti. Friends who know how Sophia cares for home, family and peace, and how badly she craves a rest from movie-making, hope it's true . . .

Bill Holden's insatiable longing to be "a part of the world and its peoples" has carried him over 55,000 miles in the last few months. Home again, Bill is restless to be off, to be on the go, to explore new places and meet new people. Hollywood just can't understand a man like Bill Holden, who has a charming wife, family, home and wealth. And still can't stand still. It's the Holden nature, I guess.

Apple of Adams' Eyec: That "always the best man but never a groom" tag may no longer apply to Nick Adams in the near future. The reason: cute Kathy Nolan, of ABC-TV's "The Real McCoys." Kathy claims engagement items about her and Nick were premature, but she admits that on a short visit to New York, she talked to Nick on the phone four times a day. So—how serious can you get?

continued
Love’s Last Gasp: It’s the newest, the latest, the last gasp in true love’s devotion—Bob Wagner and Natalie Wood’s new “his” and “hers” haircuts. When Bob submitted to a crew cut for his role in “In Love and War,” Natalie instantly had her abundant tresses trimmed short in the chic bubble cut. Two heads with but a single thought: to be closely allied in every way possible. Even haircuts... And the new butler in the Wagner-Wood abode loves his job so well he shows up at nine every morning instead of the specified noon hour, just to cook the kids’ breakfast, which is served the happy couple in bed.

Romances-On and Off

Tommy Sands took his steady date, Pat Mitchell, to the opening night gala of his former sweetie, Molly Bee, at the Largo. All cozy and happy-like. Previously I’d glimpsed Tommy and Pat at Wil Wright’s ice cream parlor, consuming caramel sundaes and tall glasses of iced tea. And holding hands between bites... Jeff Richards and his wife called off their divorce after a Court of Conciliation meeting. They feel more divorce-bound couples should take advantage of this Court and learn the meaning of marriage. “It’s made me realize my obligations to myself, my marriage, and my wife,” Jeff says... Seems Bing Crosby’s marriage to Kathy Grant touched off a chain reaction in the Crosby clan. Now it’s son Gary who is smitten with Joan Crawford’s niece, Joan Lowe. Joan and Gary met on Pat Boone’s TV show... George Nader returned from months of movie-making in Europe still restless, still seeking and still heart-free. At a recent party I watched George going from table to table as if on a feverish search for something or someone. Any suggestions, readers?

Party of the Month

The Japanese lanterns cast silvery paths across the coral-laden pool of producer Ross Hunter’s hilltop home as guests, in their summer finery, gathered to honor Jerry Zipkin of New York and Paris. Center of attraction was Sandra Dee, a dream in embroidered organdy and white fox capelet, her hair piled atop her head. “I asked Sandra to wear her hair that way,” Ross explained, “to emphasize the resemblance between her and Lana Turner. What do you think?” I thought it remarkable, and can’t imagine a lovelier mother-and-daughter pair than Sandra and Lana in the Ross Hunter production, “Imitation of Life.”
I longed to ask Inger Stevens why the sudden lack of makeup. With nary a trace of powder or lipstick, Inger was scarcely recognizable. Perhaps a recent unhappy love affair may have had something to do with it. Shortly after, Inger fled Hollywood on a trip to Europe. At one point in the evening, I suddenly realized that, like a small island, I stood alone in a sea of fashion experts—Edith Head of Paramount, Jean Louis of Columbia, Helen Rose of M-G-M—names known all over the fashion world, Paris included. At my request, Helen passed on a fashion hint for you: Place a two-inch band of elastic in the hem of a very full-skirted frock, pull into a soft fullness, and sew at the hem to a straight underskirt. “And there you have a brand new harem dress,” Helen explained, “so flattering to lovely legs.” And so clever in transforming last year’s dress into today’s fashion, I might add. Incidentally, it was Helen Rose, you’ll remember, who was with Elizabeth Taylor all through the ordeal of Mike Todd’s death. She assures me that Elizabeth is losing herself in work, fortunately. She and Mike Jr. plan film-making soon.

Cal York Jottings

Hollywood, and the entire theatrical world, mourns the passing of Robert Donat after a long siege of illness. He had just finished a role in “Inn of the Sixth Happiness” when he was fatally stricken with an attack of asthma. He was one of the finest of actors and gentlemen. Hugh O’Brian wants out of his “Wyatt Earp” series. His new four-picture deal with 20th Century-Fox has made him restless, I suppose. But don’t fret—knowing Hugh, he’ll finish out his...
Your hair has hidden highlights only egg can reach.

In the protein-fresh lather of Shampoo Plus Egg is Nature's secret: a magic touch of fresh egg makes something healthy happen!

Here's lather that rinses instantly, completely... leaves hair with an inner glow of beauty less luxurious shampoos can't equal.

Feel first-day control—no more "fly-away" hair. Shampoo Plus Egg restores natural beauty oils, lights a thousand natural highlights!

INSIDE STUFF continued

two-year TV contract before devoting himself exclusively to "moom pitchers." By the way, Hugh's "Friends Party" at New York's Scribe's Restaurant was a big success... Say goodbye to movie actor Ty Hungerford, and greet the same lad with his brand new TV name, Ty Hardin. Young Hardin is slated for Clint Walker's role in "Cheyenne" unless rebel Walker has a last-minute change of mind and returns to the series... Realtors finally placed Pat Boone and his family in a Hollywood home in which they'll live while Pat makes "Mardi Gras." The realtor telephoned Mrs. Boone about the house before they arrived, lauding the patios, the garden and swimming pool. "Never mind that," said Shirley Boone. "Has it got a washer, a dryer and a vacuum cleaner?" It had... Elvis Presley, on a recent Army pass, cut a new album which should bombard us before the snow flies... Jim Arness bought the ranch of his dreams down Malibu way and plans to stock it with Black Angus cattle... And Dick Powell, on his fifty-acre Mandeville Canyon estate, also has Black Angus cattle roaming the place—and scaring wife June Allyson out of her wits!... Good-looking Bob Horton of "Wagon Train" has a yen to spout Shakespeare, and does it very well. Alas, poor Horton, I knew him well, dear Wagon-Trainers... Ty Power and his pretty new wife, Debbie, are eagerly awaiting the arrival of a baby in February... And the Kirk Douglasses are jubilant about the stork bundle delivered to their house—a second son, named Eric Anthony... Despite previous marital misfortunes, Jack Webb and Jackie Loughery blissfully took their vows—he for the third time, she for the second... See you next month!

Anne and Kirk Douglas are bursting with pride over their new son, Eric.
So silky, so smooth, so freshly fragrant!

Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder does such lovely things for you!

A. Top news: Breck Hair Set Mist now has new valve to diffuse spray over wider area, produce a finer mist and be held closer to the head.

B. Avon’s Flow On deodorant-antiperspirant with ball applicator is lightly fragrant, non-irritating to sensitive skin, harmless to fabrics. 98¢*

C. For silky, perfumed skin, Ewyen’s “White Shoulders” Splash bath essence to use in tub or after. On hair, too, for sheen, fragrance. 4 oz., $3.00*

D. For new, tousled bubble hairdos: Lady Ellen King Size Klippies. Long and curved to fit head, they set waves, hold rollers in place. Four, 29¢

E. Midol for relief of menstrual discomfort now comes in new large economy-size bottle, 30 tablets, 69¢, as well as purse-size tin of 12, 34¢ * plus tax

Cashmere Bouquet TALCUM POWDER

The Fragrance Men Love
The Key (Columbia, Cinemascope) 

Much more than just another Italian beauty, Sophia Loren shows here she can hold her own even against William Holden's fine acting skill. They're teamed in a war story told with strength and tenderness. Bill arrives at an English port to take command of a seagoing tug, one of a brave fleet on 'round-the-clock rescue service for freighters crippled by Nazi subs or planes. These are almost suicide missions, but Bill's friend Trevor Howard finds off-duty comfort in a top-floor walk-up apartment shared with Sophia. Womanly and loving as this girl is, Bill realizes slowly that Trevor is merely the latest in a series of tugboat captains who have had the key to her attic haven. Even when Trevor is killed at sea—as her other men were—and Bill in his turn uses the fateful key, he still suspects at times that Sophia hasn't a moral to her name. Her real character unfolds in scenes of sharp emotional impact, with full frankness but without leers. And you'll find the combat sequences powerful and convincing.

The Matchmaker (Paramount, VistaVision) 

Love can be a laughing matter! Shirley Booth, Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine prove it in this warm and winning comedy. The fun begins near New York of the 1880's, 'way out in the sticks—Yonkers. As an optimistic, comfortably built widow, Shirley B. pretends to promote altar-bound romances for others. But she really wants to snare pompous Paul Ford for herself. so she tries to steer him away from pert Shirley M., a milliner who hates hats. Tony and Robert Morse, his equally youthful pal, duck out on their miserable jobs in Paul's store for a fling in New York, where they find the milliner—and Tony loses his heart (top left). Then he's in and out of one scrape after another. Farce makes a cheerful change of pace for both Tony and Shirley B., and Shirley M. is a charmer in bustles and bows.

The Big Country (U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor) 

Yup, it's big! Easterner Gregory Peck gets pretty tired of being told that. As a former seaman, he has seen considerably wider open spaces than the old-time West. The movie's big, too—lavish with star names, rugged action, wild scenery and lusty laughs. Greg's come to marry ranch heiress Carroll Baker, daughter of tough Charles Bickford. But she's Daddy's girl, and she expects Greg to show off his manhood with gunfighting, bronco-busting and fistfoul—all of which strike our hero as childishly unreasonable behavior. His viewpoint is neatly put across in his surprisingly comic slugging match with foreman Charlton Heston, who wants Carroll for himself. In likable contrast to the bloodthirsty and not very bright Carroll, Jean Simmons (below left) is the local schoolteacher, owner of land coveted by Bickford and by his hated neighbor, Burl Ives. For all his peaceable intentions, Greg gets caught smack in the middle of this feud as it explodes.

The Old Man and the Sea (Warner, Warnercolor) 

Spencer Tracy's strongest performance, far beyond his Academy Award winners, gives body to a respectful translation of Ernest Hemingway's brief novel. Much of its action takes place in Tracy's mind, as his ancient Cuban fisherman puts every resource into the fight to land a giant sailfish. The movie makes his lonely ordeal understandable and urgent, but the meaning is carried mostly by Tracy's voice on the sound track, expressing the old man's thoughts. His shrewd underplaying suits Hemingway's apparently simple writing. As the fisherman's devoted friend, little Felipe Pazos is appealing. Camerawork of virile beauty reflects the poetic elements in the struggle, with scenes you'll never forget.

The Hunters (20th; Cinemascope, De Luxe color) 

In a fast, smashing air-action yarn, Robert Mitchum and Wagner fight the Korean War, with striking shots of swooping jets and the shifting patterns of vapor trails. As commander of the base, Richard Egan welcomes Mitchum, fellow World War
YOU RIDE THE
JET FLAMING SKIES
WITH THE MEN WHO LIVE AND LOVE
FASTER THAN SOUND.

THE
HUNTERS

Produced and Directed by
Dick Powell - Wendell Mayes

Screenplay by

Cinemascope
Color by De Luxe
Based on the Novel by James Salter in the wonder of Stereophonic Sound
MOVIES continued

II hero, who—Egan thinks—is an "ice- man," with no emotions. But Mitchum's feelings get the upper hand when he meets alluring May Britt, wife of neurotic flyer Lee Philips. Turning in a smart humorously-serious portrayal, Wagner's a fresh, bop-talking kid—who turns out to be a hot pilot and a good man to have around in a dangerous spot.

Imitation General

After kidding the Navy in "Don't Go Near the Water," Glenn Ford lets the Army have it with this consistently funny tale of a mad masquerade. Oscar-winner Red Buttons plays it for laughs all the way this time, quietly getting the most out of the bright dialogue. In Normandy soon after D-Day, Glenn and Red are on a reconnaissance mission with Kent Smith, their beloved general. The officer's death leaves the two noncoms on their own. To Red's horror, sergeant Glenn decides to impersonate the general, in order to save the morale of cut-off troops. He sets up headquarters in the farmhouse where spirited Taina Elg lives. Glenn can't talk French; Taina can't talk English—but both get the message.

Rock-a-Bye Baby

If there's anything cuter than Jerry Lewis it's a baby. Jerry generously shares the spotlight with three infants in this lively, tuneful farce, as well as with two pretty babes, Marilyn Maxwell and Connie Stevens. The triplets belong to Marilyn, movie star widowed after a secret marriage. She's a hometown girl and Jerry's long-time passion, so he agrees to take care of the embarrassing, lovable trio for a while. As Marilyn's sister, Connie (who looks like a comer) suspects the truth about the "foundlings." It's a good-hearted movie, but some of the gags are pretty obtuse for the family trade.

A Certain Smile

More likable than the young girl in "Bonjour Tristesse," the heroine of Françoise Sagan's second novel also is given to dramatizing herself, with deadly effect on older people. Christine Carere, wisful yet pert, is just right for this role of a French girl who is engaged to fellow college student Bradford Dillman. But she becomes infatuated with his uncle, Rossano Brazzi, and goes off for a Riviera holiday with the older man—even though his wife (Joan Fontaine) has befriended her. In spite of the lush backgrounds, it's a straightforward closeup of human weakness.

Voice in the Mirror

Usually a competent but not very emotional hero of melodrama, Richard Egan springs a surprise in a realistic study of a commercial artist ruined by alcoholism. He makes you understand the man's terrible plight fully. When neither his wife (Julie London) nor doctor (Walter Matthau) can help him, Egan gropes for his own way out. Deciding finally that one drunk is helped by another, he works with middle-aged Arthur O'Connell, teenaged Troy Donahue and other victims to form a group like Alcoholics Anonymous. The picture tackles its frighteningly widespread problem without dramatizing but with sympathy.

The Law and Jake Wade

Dedicated to action, vigorous and uncomplicated, this effective western casts its heavy on a par with its hero, matching Richard Widmark against Robert Taylor. Desperado Dick pops up out of marshal Bob's past, in search of buried loot from a bank job they both pulled. With his gunmen, Dick kidnaps Bob and fiancée Patricia Owens. From then on, it's a duel of wits and weapons, in brooding, strange scenery.

The Bravados

More pretentious but less interesting, this western sends rancher Gregory Peck in vengeful search of outlaws who attacked and killed his wife. He expects to relish seeing Stephen Boyd and three other bandits hanged, but this gang breaks out of the small-town jail and flees, with Greg riding ahead of the posse in pursuit. Joan Collins, merely decorative as an old sweetheart of Greg's, is certainly not vital to the plot. The picture is so baldly an old-fashioned chase that you know there's got to be a gimmick. It's a long time a'coming.

Wild Heritage

So you think a teenager's life in the Old West looked a lot more golden than today's? You should see this pioneer story of teenagers who are forced by frontier life to take on grown-up responsibilities in a big hurry. Even in their old-time outfits, you'll recognize spunky friends in Rod McKuen, Gary Gray and Gigi Perreau, children of widowed Maureen O'Sullivan. Between them and the young folks on the next farm (Judy Meredith, Troy Donahue) come up fights, brave cooperation—and romance.

Twilight for the Gods

On Rock Hudson's strong shoulders falls the burden of a weak sea story—although there's irresistible suspense in the classic theme: an oddly assorted group of people trapped in dangerous circumstances. How will each meet the next test? Rock (who is eaten by a secret of his own) is the owner-skipper of a leaky sailing ship heading eastward across the Pacific. His passengers include a shady lady (Cyd Charisse), a preacher and a beachcomber (Ernest Truex and Richard Haydn), a showman and a singer (Leif Erickson and Judith Evelyn).
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CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES


CERTAIN SMILE, A—20th. Directed by Jean Negulesco. Luc, Rossano Brazzi, Francaz, Jean Fontaine; Bertrand, Bradford Dillman, Dominique, Christine Carere; M. Vallon, Eduard Franz; Mme. Vallon, Katherine Locke; Mme. Grid, Kathryn Givney, Denis, Steven Geray; Mme. Denis, Trude Wyler; Catherine, Sandy Livingston.


KEY, THE—Columbia. Directed by Carol Reed: David Ross, William Holden, Stella, Sophia Loren, Chris Ford, Trevor Howard; Captain Pan Dam, Oscar Homolka, Ian Burgher, Carl Mohrney, Kate, Kieron Moore, Wadlow, Bernard Lee; Housekeeper, Beatrix Lehmann; Hotel Porter, Noel Purcell.

LAW AND JAKE WADE, THE—M-G-M. Directed by John Sturges. Jake Wade, Robert Taylor; Chief Halkizer, Richard Widmark; Peggy, Patricia Owens; Orrato, Robert Middleton; Rennie, Henry Silva; Wexler, De Forest Kelley.


ROCK-A-BYE BABY—Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin. Clayton Boone, Jerry Lewis; Carla Napier, Marilyn Maxwell; Sandy Napier, Connie Stevens; Sailors, Napier, Baccaloni; Henry Herman, Reginald Gardiner, Mr. Wright, Hans Conried, Bessie Love, Ida Moore; Young Clayton, Gary Lewis; Young Carla, Judy Fraker; Mrs. Van Cleve, Isobel Elsom; Judge Jenkins, Alex Garity.


VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U-I. Directed by Harry Keller: Jim Burton, Richard Egan; Ellen Burton, Julie London, William Tabis, Arthur O'Connell; Dr. Leon Karres, Walter Matthau; Paul Cunningham, Troy Donahue; Harry Graham, Harry Bartell; Paul's Mother, Peggy Converse; Mrs. Detlin, Ann Doran; Mrs. Robbins, Mae Clarke; Don Martin, Casey Adams; Mr. Hornby, Hugh Sanders.

WILD HERITAGE—U-I. Directed by Charles Haas: Judge Copeland, Will Rogers, Jr.; Emma Breslin, Maureen O'Sullivan; Dirk Breslin, Rod McGuire; Rusty, Casey Tibbs; Betty Breslin, Judy Meredith; Talbot Breslin, George Winslow; Hugh Breslin, Gary Gray; Missouri Breslin, Gigi Perreau; Jesse Breslin, Troy Donahue; Jake Breslin, Paul Birch; Arl, John Barradany; Jago, Phil Harvey; Breakfast Breslin, Stephen Ellsworth; Mrs. Breslin, Jeannette Nolan, Hilda Johnson, Ingrid Goude.
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

### ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE—Paramount, VistaVision: Effective "woman's picture." In England of 1945, memories of a dead man link his sweetheart (Lana Turner) and widow (Glynis Johns). (A) July

### FROM HELL TO TEXAS—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast, thoughtful western teams newcomers Don Murray and Diane Varsi. Cowhand who hates killing, Don becomes quarry in a revenge-ridden chase, is befriended by Diane. (F) June

### GIGI—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Lots of charm and gorgeous Parisian settings distinguish a fine musical. Demure teenager of 1900, Leslie Caron is groomed to be some rich man's pet. Louis Jourdan wins her heart, but Maurice Chevalier steals the show. (A) June

### GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing patois and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold. Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Fay Spain, a daughter. (A) June

### GUNMAN'S WALK—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Strong character development, good suspense. Tough rancher Van Heflin is baffled by his sons: fun-happy Tab Hunter, gentle James Darren. (F) August

### HOT SPELL—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth heads a topnotch cast, playing a wife who strives to hold straying Anthony Quinn. Earl Holliman, Shirley MacLaine are restless offspring. (A) June

### INDECENT—Warners, Technicolor: Gabby but funny romantic caper pairs: Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman as partners in a mad London affair. Cary tells actress Ingrid he's married, but his secret comes out. Her reaction is hilarious. (A) August

### KING CREOLE—Paramount, VistaVision: Presley's best so far, full of rhythm and action, cuts him as a New Orleans boy whose night-club job entangles him with gangland girl Carolyn Jones, though he loves Dolores Hart. (A) August

### LIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Refreshing story of youth in America of 1764. James MacArthur's loyalties waver between his white parents and the Indian tribe that stole and raised him. Carol Lynley is a pretty bond slave; Fess Parker, a friend. (F) August

### NAKED EARTH—20th, CinemaScope: Hairy, witty adventure tale, set deep in Africa, Richard Todd, footloose Irishman, teams with volupuous yet practical Juliette Greco in tobacco-farming, crocodile-hunting—and love. (A) August

### NO TIME FOR SERGENTS—Warners: Bubbling blend of fun and scene. Backwoodsman Andy Griffith slaters the morale of Air Force superiors with his cheerful innocence. Nick Adams is an earnest pal protected by Andy. (F) August


### PROUD REBEL—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing onscreen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

### SHEEPMAN, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Breezy, highly entertaining western finds Glenn Ford intent on raising sheep in cattle country. Shirley MacLaine is a delight. (F) July

### TEN NORTH FREDERICK—20th, CinemaScope: Touching moments mark the saga of a rich New England family. Father Gary Cooper, wed to shrewish Geraldine Fitzgerald, seeks love with Suzy Parker. Daughter Diane Varsi finds trouble. (A) June

### THIS HAPPY FEELING—U.A.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a smart, sassy farce, Debbie Reynolds waves between sophisticated Curt Jurgens, her boss, and John Savon, the boy next door. (A) July

### TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE, A—U.A.; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Attractive newcomers John Gavin and Lilo Pulver are appealing lovers in the Gestapo-haunted Germany of 1944. (A) August


### YOUNG LAND, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: In a forceful western, sheriff Pat Wayne romances Yvonne Craig and tries to keep killer Dennis Hopper from escaping—or being lynched. (F) August

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summer
love

a 19 page bonus section
the flowering of summer love

MEETING that certain someone . . .

6 WAYS TO ROPE IN A SUMMER ROMANCE
(Dolores Hart, George Nader, Cary Grant, Hugh O'Brian, Tony Curtis, Rock Hudson, Mark Damon). Pages 27-30

DISCOVERING one another . . .

MY FIRST REAL DATE
(Sandra Dee) ............................................ Pages 31-35

FALLING head over heels . . .

“HEY! WE’RE ENGAGED”
(Peter Brown and Diane Jergens) ............... Pages 36-37

PROMISING to love forever . . .

“... WITH THIS RING I THEE WED”
(Dick Egan and Pat Hardy) ...................... Pages 38-41

SHARING all that life holds . . .

THE FIRST YEAR IS THE WACKIEST!
(Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence) ............ Pages 42-43
Romance, this season, has busted out all over, and is in full blossom. In Hollywood, love is in the air, and we have a hunch it might have bitten you. We hope your summer romance is progressing like a dream. But whether August finds it blooming or bursting at the seams, this article is for you. Whether you want to revive it, repair it or let it remain as is, read on... Summertime's the time for change, and the tips of the stars can help you make one, and soon.

First, we asked Dolores Hart if she could help. "I'll try," she answered, "although my current romances are leftovers from spring. Haven't had much time this summer for vacationing. But," and her brow furrowed slightly while she tried to think up a solution for us, "I have an idea," she brightened. "Let's call on the experts... the men themselves."

A good idea, we agreed, and together we made our list of six stars—each an entirely different male type. "If their ideas don't help guide a girl figuring out the best approach to her young man," Dolores added, "there's no future for any of us, I'm afraid." (continued)
GEORGE NADER: “Just be yourself—that’s what I like.”

CARY GRANT: “Don’t chatter—
listen to what he has to say, too.”

HUGH O’BRIAN: “Be cool—
make the boy think he’s chasing you.”

TONY CURTIS: “Keep him guessin’—
like Janet did to me.”

ROCK HUDSON: “Gals who
play hard to get are not for me.”

continued
6 WAYS TO ROPE IN THAT SUMMER ROMANCE

continued

Wake Up to Reality

“As for my ideas,” Dolores continued, “reality is the biggest hurdle a summer romance must survive. You know, summer’s a magic wand, tomorrow doesn’t exist, love is in the air and who can resist the lazy charm of soft winds and a full moon—all that stuff. But,” she laughed, “as sure as summer fades into September, so often does that rosy glow that made HIM the most attractive man on the shore fade when you see him in city tie and jacket. I’ll never forget my lifeguard hero of one summer, and my big shock when I saw him in the city—in a suit and conventional tie! Whee! One romantic illusion gone.”

So now’s the time, taking a cue from Dolores, for you to take a hard, clear look at your summer romance. Disillusioned at what you now see? If so, read no further. But if you’ve discovered new things that make him even more terrific, go on. And in any event, all it takes is September to bring you and your summer romance back to earth and everyday life.

“And surprisingly,” concluded Dolores, “once you’re down to earth again, a summer romance isn’t much different from any other, I’ve discovered. A girl follows through in much the same way as in any other season.”

Prepare for Competition

Yes, the rules for roping in a summer romance are good for any time. Take competition. Every romance faces it in one form or another. Like competition from other girls.

“Winning a campaign requires careful study of the opposition,” laughed Mark Damon, when we asked him about this. “Taking a guy for granted is a girl’s biggest (Continued on page 95)
Sandra Dee felt like singing out loud:
His name is Johnny Wilder.
Blond hair, green eyes—real great.
He’s cute and smooth, but best of all he’s

MY FIRST REAL DATE
For Sandra Dee, who became sweet sixteen April 23rd, this past June was indeed a memorable one. On Sunday, June 2nd, to be exact, Sandy had her very first date! Let's go back to a Friday, nine days before, because that's when this story really starts.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Sandy left Universal-International, where she'd been all morning, going to school on the lot. Arriving home, she headed straight for her bedroom and dropped her textbooks on the nearest chair. She was thinking of going to the kitchen for a tall glass of iced orange juice when the telephone rang. Some girl-talk coming up, she thought.

To cover my shyness, I asked, "Want to hear my records?" What a relief when he says, "These are my favorites, too!"

Guess I'm not too young to know the way to a man's heart—when I offer a snack, John's all smiles.

How awful it would have been if we couldn't find a movie neither of us had seen. But here's one, luckily.
Having dinner in swank Paris restaurants with Mom wasn't half so exciting as being in Hamburger Hamlet with my very first date! Let's see now, I mustn't be extravagant . . .

MY FIRST REAL DATE  continued

on Sunday, then. Thanks for calling... 'Bye.' That was a surprise!
Sandy pulled herself up off the bed and ran through the house out the kitchen door to her mother, who was in the sunny backyard, clearing a few weeds out of the rose bed.
"Mommy, guess who just called me. Johnny Wilder. He asked me to go out with him a week from Sunday and I... I said yes!"
Sandy's mother, Mary Douvain, looking like a teenager herself in a plaid cotton dress and a perky Italian haircut, smiled (Continued on page 93)
I'm so glad I asked John to leave the top down. The moonlight's so romantic! Talking like this, you feel . . . close

"It was so dreamy, I'll never forget it," I tell Mom. She just smiles and says, "No, dear, you never will"
"Hey! We're engaged"

Talk about Peter?" Diane Jergens said. "About our engagement? My favorite subjects." She settled into a comfortable big chair and rested her left hand on the arm very casually, so that a shaft of sunlight caught the diamond on the ring finger. Just turned twenty-one, she looked as fresh-faced and eager as a fourteen-year-old. "Ask me whatever . . . You mean Peter's going to answer my answers? But where is he?"

Two hours later, Peter Brown warily poised his rangy frame on the same chair. "You mean I get to talk back at her while she's not here? . . . Fine!" He leaned back and stretched out. "Now what did you ask her? What did she say about me? About us? Fire away!"

"How long have you known Peter?"

"We've gone together nine months and two weeks, steady. I've (Continued on page 78)"
Richard Egan will you take Pat Hardy here present, for your lawful wife according to the rite of our holy Mother, the Church? (I will)

I join you in matrimony in the name of the Father and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit. Amen...

Take and wear this ring as a pledge of my fidelity.

continued
May cares never cause you distress, nor the desire for earthly possessions lead you astray; may your hearts concern be for the treasures laid up for you in the life of heaven.

May almighty God bless you by the Word of His mouth, and unite your hearts in the bond of pure love.
May the Lord grant you fullness of years, so that you may reap the harvest of a good life...Amen

May you have true friends to stand by you, both in joy and in sorrow

May you be blessed in your children, and may the love that you lavish on them be returned
Ways to Be Happy Though Married —

Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence

C ouldn’t we just put it on a table someplace?” Steve Lawrence asked hopefully, looking down at the clown-decorated tray reposing on the floor.

“Nope,” his bride Eydie Gorme said firmly. “The dining room wall is where it’s supposed to go on and the dining room wall is where it’s going to go!”

“Oke, General,” sighed Steve, “but let’s have some teamwork this time. Just as I attach my stickum tape to the wall, you put yours on the back of the tray. Then when I yell ‘now’ you hoist the tray to me and I’ll plaster it to the wall.”

“That’s what I call strategy!” mused Eydie as she got to work.

“Now!!” yelled Steve, whereupon Eydie tossed the tray and with a quick movement he attached it to the wall. It stuck. “Victory!” he yelled and jumped off the chair. The tray suddenly went “zoomph” and with a bang crashed to the floor.

Eydie began to giggle, tried to repress the giggle, couldn’t. With a glassy look in his eyes, Steve gently picked the tray up and struck his wife neatly on top of the head. At (Continued on page 87)

by DOROTHY DAY

1  Why not let him have the last word—after you’ve won your point

2  Be firm—sometimes. After all, every marriage needs a change of pace

3  Learn to cook—but not too well. (Remember, the only way to get a day off is to eat out)
Do things together—then there’s no one to blame

If separated by distance keep the heart close

If he hits you with a tray—hit him back

Laugh at his jokes—even if you remember distinctly that you told them to him first

Let him be master of his home—but don’t ever let him know you’re afraid (even if you are) of him
What does a woman do when, to keep her children, she must lose her husband?

It was one of those incredibly lovely English days, when the sun comes out to banish the last wisps of fog with its brightness. On the deserted beach, it shimmered on the gently rolling waves, and turned the wide stretch of sand to a dazzling white.

Deborah Kerr sighed, and smiled. Oh, it was so good to be away from everything, from everyone. Away from the hounding reporters with their endless questions. Are you going to divorce Tony Bartley, Miss Kerr? Is it true that you are in love with Peter Viertel? What about your children, Miss Kerr?

Her smile faded, and the pain that lay heavily in her heart welled up to choke her throat and flood her eyes. Why couldn't they leave her alone? Couldn't they see that this was tearing her apart?

She had to come here, to be alone for just a little while. To think. To weigh. To decide. Away from Tony. Away from Peter.

Away from the hubbub of picture-making on the M-G-M set in Vienna. Ready, Miss Kerr? Just one more take, Miss Kerr! "The Journey!" she thought. "What a sardonic title! What a dreadful journey it has been for me!"

She thought of another journey... and tears coursed down her cheeks, to fall unheeded and mingle with the waves that lapped at her bare feet. It was to have been such a happy trip. Just a few short weeks ago—it seemed like years now—she (Continued on page 91)

by JEAN LEWIS
"HELP"

Dick Clark says

"I'm being invaded by (blushing) PURPLE PEOPLE EATERS!"
Wow! What a great birthday present I’ve just received! Just on the first birthday anniversary of ABC-TV’s “American Bandstand”—as if all of us weren’t already jumpin’ with joy over the memorable milestone—Photoplay ups and asks us to write a monthly column for you, because of your great response to the “Bandstand” and to the Photoplay story on me a few months back.

During the coming months, I’ll try to be a sort of Big Brother-Father Confessor-Listening Post all in one. We’ll sound off on lots of things: dating, dancing, party ideas, popularity, dress, and natch, lots about music. The kids with whom I come in contact daily on the “Bandstand” will, of course, let me know what they want me to gab about in Photoplay, and I’m hoping you, too, will write and offer some suggestions.

And speaking of suggestions, first request in the suggestion box this month, to kick off the column with, is for a pinpoint of the big events lately in the world of pop music. Well, it’s been quite a year for us. Twelve singing, swinging months on the “Bandstand” . . . Sal Mineo’s birthday party (what a shindig that was—Sal says he hasn’t recovered yet!), Sheb Wooley’s “Purple People Eater” (yipes!—did you know that on a popularity poll it jumped from twenty-third to first place in two weeks? And out in Hollywood, an ice cream parlor is even featuring plum nut ice cream for little Purple People Eaters). Then, there were the visits from Hugh O’Brian of “Wyatt Earp” fame, and “Maverick’s” Jim Garner; the dance contests—so very, very much in this, the year one on the “Bandstand.” Hope you’ve enjoyed it. I really have. It’s all been fun. Including the mail. That mail brings us some mighty strange trophies to go up on our walls. Stuffed alligators, life preservers, giant postcards with thousands of names on them. Our postman really gets a workout. You know, I can’t get over the things our fans can dream up for some of the songs we play. When the “Purple People Eater” was a regular feature, we received hundreds of drawings showing what you thought a “Purple People Eater” must look like. I’m sure that one of them must be right. They come in all shades—including red. Very appropriate—they should blush at eating people!

Did I say “fun?” Well, if you don’t believe me ask our neighbors, The Four Aces. Did you know they’re from the Philadelphia area, our home base? What a (continued)
story they can spin—on me! You might remember that they were on our show not too long ago. There they were, singing up a real tornado when—just like that—suddenly the set disappeared behind them. Consternation in the studio? The audience went wild. Was my face red! But the boys didn’t lose a note when the scenery fell down.

If you think I’m throwing you a curve, then listen to this. A few days later one of our guest stars (I couldn’t reveal his name) told us he had caught that show and liked the tricky background we had used for The Four Aces. His request? Would we use the same bit for him? We flipped, naturally, and then with straight faces we assured him that “due to technical difficulties” we couldn’t. Who can make the same mistake twice? We bowed out gracefully by promising we’d do it the next time he came back. Question, Mr. Guest Star: Are we forgiven for this fast shuffle?

Speaking of red faces, our doorman sure was left with one recently. Laurie London was due to hit town for a personal appearance on “American Bandstand.” “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hands” was the number one song across the country, but our doorman had never heard of it or Laurie. He found out that day. In fact, he admitted nine fellows claiming to be Laurie before the real one came along with his parents and guides. You can imagine the predicament when all the so-called Laurie’s were left facing the real one—and each other—inside the studio.

Ever think for a minute the gals get ahead of them? Never! Tony Perkins will be amazed to know that the time he visited us, three charming young misses were scattered throughout the stands after impressing the guards at the doors with the news that they were “Mrs. Tony Perkins.” You have to give them credit for fast-thinking.

Things can work in reverse, too. The Four Lads can tell you that. They almost didn’t make the show one day because when they were coming in through the performer’s entrance one zealous doorman thought they were just using the name to get in and do some dancing. After much-to-do, the Lads managed to get our producer, Tony Mammarella, on the scene, and lead them to the studio. The Lads really got a charge out of this one, although it did shake up our doorman for a few days. Those poor doormen!

Things like this don’t always happen to others. As you can guess, they also happen to me. There was one night when I was on my way back to Philadelphia from New York, and I noticed some fellow train-riders glancing my way and whispering. Thinking they had seen our show, I was a bit flattered when one came over with some scraps of paper and asked for my autograph. Putting on my best smile (I have them in various degrees) I signed “Best wishes, Dick Clark” on the first paper and handed it back. Leaning down to write the next one I almost fell to the floor of the train when the fellow said, “Dick Clark? We were sure you were Pat Boone.” So help me. That’s life, I guess.

One of my other moments came at a record dance I was holding not too far from Philadelphia. A goodly crowd was on hand, and after introducing some records and our guest stars I walked over to get a soda at a nearby stand. Leaning against a post, I was looking over the dance floor when I heard one girl say to another, “I dare you to ask Dick Clark to dance.” The answer—I’ll never forget it—was, “Oh, I wouldn’t ask him. He’s too old. Why, I’ll bet he’s twenty-five.” Without wasting a minute I shuffled my twenty-eight-year-old toes out of earshot. After all, what’s a guy going to do when he’s reaching old age?

That’s one thing I can vouch for. The younger generation can really keep you stepping around. They move pretty fast themselves, and I get a kick out of trying to stay in the swing.

When it comes to fast stepping on the dance floor you’ve got to stay with them every day, or—you’re liable to find yourself but lost. Tried the “Chalypso” lately? That’s what I mean. Calypso records were real big. Then the Cha Cha Cha came along. Did it stop our valiant heroes and heroines? You know it didn’t. Kenny Rossi, Pat Molitierra, Anne Malone, and the gang just went to work, and the next thing you know we had the “Chalypso” on “American Bandstand.”

Same with some of the fast steps. Just a few days ago I asked Frank Lobis how he had come by the new step he was using. “New step?” he questioned.

“Yes, where you do that dip before you come together.”

“Oh that,” was Frank’s rejoinder. “I hurt my knee in the softball game last week and just do that so I don’t twist it again.” As I retreated to the shelter of the podium, shaking my head, he called, “Dick, do you like that step? I guess I’ll keep it after my knee gets better.” Within three days—and this fractures me—all the fellows were doing the step. I ask you now, what’s a guy going to do? Me? I guess I’ll just watch from now on. But I’ll still ask questions.

One I wish I’d not asked, was to good friend Tony Bennett: Tony was introducing his newest release on the show, and while we were talking on the air Tony mentioned that he was then appearing in Brooklyn. Just then I got the cue to stand by for a station break along the network and with several things coming my way at once I was on Cloud 93. Real high. You can see that because my next question was: “Oh yes, and where is that?” Mercifully, the station break clipped off the uproar that followed. Tony was really broken up, too.

Everything hasn’t been as crazy as that. We do have our sane moments. Indeed we do. One that made us happy was the note from the mother in Dallas, Tex. Enclosed was a copy of her daughter’s final report card. All A’s and B’s. The explanation: Her daughter wanted to watch our show in the afternoons and do her home work at night. So Mom made a treaty with her. The deal would be fine if all of the girl’s grades improved from B’s and C’s. They did, so we kept our fan. Good work, Joan. Believe me, we’re honored.

It’s that kind of notes spinning into our mail box that makes our show, your show... I’m always amazed how many of you people are kind enough to sit down and just write telling us about your towns and your friends. You’d be amazed, too, at how much this helps. I’ll bet a lot of our record stars today got their first push by someone like you—a friend or neighbor—passing the good word along to someone in the business. We’re grateful for your letters. From them, we get an idea about the records you like—and the stars you want to hear. So write me at Photoplay. I’ll be on hand every month from now on.
The Four Aces... Tony Perkins... Laurie London... The Four Lads...

Tony Perkins probably wouldn't have been so much at ease, if he'd known three "Mrs. Tony Perkinses" were present!

The Four Lads almost didn't make the show when our vigilant doorman had them pegged as The Four Gate-Crashers.

This guy rocked the studio rafters. None other than Jerry Lee Lewis. I'll bet the beams are still vibrating.

One of the year's most touching high spots—Sal Mineo was really "shook up" by his birthday party tributes.
It is late afternoon and while the Palm Desert sun struggles to keep a path across the large living room floor, a young woman sits on the sofa, her legs tucked up beneath her, her manner calm except for the few times she twists the slim golden wedding band on her finger.

The young woman is Kathryn Grant Crosby. Her husband is Bing Crosby. "He is away fishing," she explains. "I expect the baby in two months . . ."

". . . The recent kidnap scare. I hope it doesn't upset Bing. I'm all right now. I prefer staying down here."

The Palm Desert home is one of five owned by her husband but she feels more comfortable here than in the main house in Holmby (Continued on page 90)
Why Debbie and Eddie are leaving Hollywood

The exclusive Photoplay pictures you see opposite and on the following pages—the very first photos ever snapped of all four Fishers at home—are probably the last ones that will be taken of them in Hollywood for a long, long time. For if their plans work out according to schedule (that is, if Eddie recovers quickly from his appendicitis) it will be many, many months before Debbie, Eddie, little Carrie and baby Todd do anything more than pay a fast, hello-goodbye visit to their home in California.

Debbie and Eddie's reasons for leaving the Coast at this time are many and sensible. But, say their friends, these sensible reasons are not the only ones. The heart, too, has its reasons.

What are the heart’s reasons? People who are very near to the Fishers, and who have seen great changes in them during the past few months, are convinced that their desire to get away from Hollywood is the direct result of the shock and grief they feel because of the death of their best friend, Mike Todd.

Debbie and Eddie have refused to speak about Mike’s death and Liz Taylor's deep sorrow. When someone you love dies and someone else you love is shattered by the loss, you don’t try to put your feelings into words. You mourn. You suffer. You re-examine your own life. You look deep into your own heart. You change. But always, you remember.

And Eddie and Debbie have changed. Out of tragedy their understanding of each other’s problems has deepened, (Continued on page 84)

On the next page, a special gift from Debbie and Eddie
we love these pictures and want to share them with you

Debbie & Eddie
Dear Editors of Photoplay

My friends and I were so upset by Ingrid's breakup with Rossellini. We all sympathized with her until we saw this picture in the newspapers. Now we feel let down!

How could Ingrid even consider rushing into another marriage so quickly?

Bonnie Roller

INGRID'S ANSWER

"I'm not afraid of marriage — despite everything!"

Ingrid's romantic situation today, just as involved as it was nine years ago at the time of the original Rossellini scandal, utterly confuses the public in general and her still loyal fans in particular. (See above letter.)

A great wave of sympathy went out to her when fiery Roberto Rossellini, in a magnificent display of bad taste, took up with Indian script-writer Sonali Das Gupta, melodramatically declared his devotion to his new love and left Ingrid saddled with several years' accumulation of bad debts. In many people's minds, this evened the score. Ingrid was paying — much too heavily — for her poor judgment at the time of the Rossellini scandal.

Then, just when the goddess seemed restored to her pedestal, came the news that Ingrid and Lars Schmidt were buying an island off the Swedish coast. Well-wishers cringed. Critics remembered her early idyl with Rossellini and asked, "Another Stromboli?" And most everyone wondered how, in the face of so much public discussion and criticism, Ingrid could still pursue romance with such faith and enthusiasm.

The answer lies in this exclusive Photoplay interview with Ingrid, in which she (Continued on page 82)
Crazy and a real gone gal.

But right at you,

Ice and calm as can be.

Except don’t you believe it, ‘cause he’s really cra—zy!

By AARON SPELLING
(Carolyn’s loving husband)
JAMES ARNESS Asks:

gunnin’ for

Jim Arness, his strong arm wrapped protectively around Amanda Blake, stretched himself out to his full six-feet-six, rolled his head back in a long, hearty laugh at the letter he was reading.

“There’s a man in Dallas, Texas,” he said, “who’s threatened to travel a thousand miles to Hollywood to show me how to kiss a girl like Kitty Russell!” Jim, the Matt Dillon of CBS’s “Gunsmoke,” looked down at Amanda, who plays Kitty, and pointed to the paragraph in the letter he’d just received, which read:

“. . . Now there’s a real man’s woman. So why don’t you haul off and kiss her, you big galoot? If you don’t sidle up to that girl pretty soon, brother, you’re all washed up, believe me! . . .”

To some 40,000,000 fans, the characters of U.S. Marshal Matt Dillon and Kitty Russell (Amanda Blake) are involved in one of the most intriguing, puzzling, tantalizing bits of gossip on the air. “You see,” says Jim candidly, “although we’ve appeared together in every episode of ‘Gunsmoke’ for more than two years, Matt never kisses Kitty. For a gag, Amanda and I kissed once in a commercial, but not really in character.”

Girls, especially, are consumed with wild curiosity as to what goes on between these two. Is it mere friendship, mutual respect, or love, maybe? They write letters by the thousands, demanding to be told what Matt’s intentions are. They display more interest in this 19th Century twosome than in the latest 20th Century doings between Frankie and Lauren.

“All of which tends to rile Miss Amanda Blake’s blood,” adds Jim.

“Can’t they see Matt and Kitty have a certain understanding?” Amanda hints slyly with a wink. “Kitty is a woman quite capable of bringing this 225-pound giant to the kissing stage if she wanted to.

“She’s been around, you know. And she knows men, and how to trap them. There’s always that extra dab of perfume or, in Matt’s case, a couple of dabs, to reach that height.

Yes, I know all about the little-woman-is-so-alone-and-helpless (Continued on page 98)
a shy guy?
How Dorothy decorates her home:

Our car, loaded with Photoplay staffers, turned through a white iron gate on a street in one of the loveliest sections of Beverly Hills, past the gate house just inside, up a winding driveway to a large, white two-story Spanish house. Two Afghan hounds rolled contentedly on the smooth green lawn. The quiet hush of afternoon was broken only by a faint rustling of leaves in the summer breeze, so the sound of our car alerted the lady of the house. Before we had tumbled out, the door was flung open, and there was Dorothy Malone, in a white shirt, Bermuda shorts and white wool socks—no shoes—greeting us with a big smile and a warm “Come in! Come in!”

At the sight of her the dogs rushed up for an affectionate pat. “Meet Samson and Delilah,” Dorothy laughed, stroking each of them gently for a moment. Then she shooed them back to the lawn and led us inside.

“You know, I finished the decorating just last week,” she said. Yes, we knew. That was why, though a visit (Story continued page 76. See more photos next page)
Dorothy’s DECORATING TIPS for you continued

You’ll be happier if your home reflects your personality. My tea cart is typically feminine.

Browsing in antique shops can result in real finds—like a dusty chandelier my brother and I cleaned.

Mistakes needn’t be disastrous—when pink flowers on my wallpaper didn’t look right, I simply painted them white.

Unrelated pieces (I found mine at auctions) can be blended by refinishing. I chose cream-white paint with a gilt trim.

I picked up this Old English chair in London. Not comfortable, but it adds charm to my functional modern furniture.
THE BIG FAMILY DREAM HOUSE
that grows into an all-year-'round paradise at a price the average American family can afford today!
Five exciting models, all with same basic floor plan

O BUY YOURSELF a part of America—a piece of this blessed land—and build yourself a paradise for you and yours.

There is no safer, sounder, or saner thing to do. It will help insure your family's future and increase Father's earning power. It will help raise happier, healthier children... keep your family growing together through the years. And it will help preserve the love and romance that every normal man and woman needs for real happiness.

It is little wonder that America has changed, in less than a single generation, from a nation of renters or tenants to a nation of home-owners. More than half the readers of this magazine now own their own homes.

This fabulous Story-Book Home was designed by and for our readers, most of whom have large families with more babies still to come. To the ideas of our readers were added the new wonders of science, to give you a home where you can live in comfort and pride and privacy, and bask in "sunny" climate all-year-'round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight"—lush, warm, and lazy—every single night of your life, summer and winter.

Loll around in privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big indoor pool before you go to bed. And then—the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.

This is the Story-Book Home, now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back.

Read the thrilling story of this new young working man's paradise—that you can afford today—or build in three easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story.
FOUR BEDROOMS
Separate children’s wing · 28-foot living room

$1,100 Owner finished
$2,500 Custom built

All this, and a kitchen, too, in the center of this “DREAM HOUSE.”
Owner-finished, only
$18,700;
Custom-built, $24,800 complete with INDOOR POOL!

BIG FAMILY-TV ROOM . . . .
with adjoining 3 bedrooms and extra bath form separate children’s wing that parents asked for. Children enter from covered carport, leaving mud and wet clothes behind. Floor is easy-to-clean vinyl-asbestos Tile-Tex, made by the Flintkote Company.

HUGE 28-FT. LIVING ROOM . . . .
(with special dining area) is really just for Mother, Dad, and their friends. Looks through window wells, across water of indoor pool, into the garden. Walls in rich cherry Weldwood and washable Kalistron (optional) promise to last a lifetime with no upkeep.

THREE BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN . . . .
In daytime, Kalistron-covered folding wall opens two bedrooms into one large room for choo-choo trains, games, and fun. At night, wall separates rooms again (with double-deckers sleeping four). Third bedroom can be used as a guest room when needed.

MASTER BEDROOM . . . .
—panelled in Korina Weldwood—is just where mothers wanted it—close to the kitchen, and close to the children, too. You can come and go to your kitchen without being seen when the doorbell rings . . . also you can step from bedroom to outdoor terrace through jalousied French doors.
TWO BATHS!

Family room with fireplace · 28-foot rumpus room

$14,000 Owner finished

$16,900 Custom built (You do no work)

$3,600 Owner finished

$5,400 Custom built

And . . . your huge

INDOOR heated

SWIMMING POOL

The indoor pool requires little or no work . . .
the filtering and cleaning are almost entirely automatic. Filtered water requires changing
less than once a year. Then you can use the
water on your lawn or garden during a dry
spell, and you don't waste a single penny!
Here's the story of how it builds family love, children's popularity, better discipline. The kids are pals, but not underfoot. . . . Here too are marvelous new ways it makes family living easier for Mother. . . . And how the fabulous, heated indoor swimming pool can help pay for itself.

ANY WOMAN WOULD ENVY THE

The Story-Book Home is not just a shelter, like so many houses. It's a family kingdom where all members of the family can work and play—together when they want to be, or quietly alone, if they prefer. The parents' portion can always be ready for guests. Teenagers can take over in their own wing of the house. Children can build their friendships at home, instead of roaming to find their fun. Mother and Dad can have a social life without spending hard-earned cash in town. Any day—every day—can hold the glamour of a summer resort.

The soft "tropical" climate of the indoor pool is for all to revel in day or night. Most families spend more money in just two weeks' vacation each year than the entire cost of financing their swimming pool at 6% interest! And swimming, as exercise, is worth a fortune to family health. Some mothers and fathers give neighborhood swimming lessons and make the pool pay for itself many times over. Some organize swimming clubs, and everybody else chips in with the refreshments.

The house has no waste space, no waste motion for Mother. And only the finest materials! American-Standard bathrooms, in lovely colors; folding walls made of wonderful, washable Kalistraton, that looks like leather and lasts longer; panelled walls of beautiful V-Plank Weldwood, that will stay beautiful for the life of your home; floors covered with extra durable, easy-to-clean Tile-Tex vinyl, and in the living room with soft, quiet Tile-Tex rubber-tile, that needs no waxing or polishing.

Husbands will recognize the value of Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles by Flintkote; fireproof Van Packer chimney with round, prefabricated flue, saving time and money; the pool walls and ceilings moisture-proofed with a scientific plastic (polyethylene sheet). No humidity problems in this swimming pool home. You make your own climate. When you want moisture added to dry, heated winter air, crack open the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, just keep the door closed. Furniture never "dries out" one minute, "swells up" the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale," and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life—now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family!
Extra children’s bath with American-Standard tub that saves hot water. “Coronation” Micarta walls, with their smooth, gleaming surface, Kalliston wall covering, and vinyl Tile-Tex floor make clean-ups quick and easy.

In this big 28-ft. rumpus room, bright and cheery with (optional) V-Plank Weldwood panelling and asphalt Tile-Tex floors, you could also set up a work bench for Dad. Fun for all, gives kids extra play space, keeps living rooms clean.

MOTHER IN THIS

Story-Book Home

In this luxurious combination bathroom, with its American-Standard plumbing fixtures and marble-like Micarta vanity and walls, hubby can shave as wife applies make-up.

Now it’s a powder room—simply by closing the folding divider! Guests enter from living room panelled in rich cherry Weldwood.

No stoop, no stretch, no step-ladder! Mother can reach every towel and blanket in this linen closet, as she stands on stairs to children’s wing.

Here is living room in Colonial model, with pool area converted to indoor garden. Soft rubber Tile-Tex floor is comfortable underfoot, requires no waxing, and helps to deaden rumpus-room noise. If you prefer to add your indoor pool or garden later, you can put a flagstone terrace just outside the sliding glass doors.
IF YOU'RE TOO OLD TO SWIM and the children have gone, pool area converts into a handsome dining room and garden where you can entertain with your Community silver and best china. There is plenty of room for all your guests.

THIS SHIMMERING "TROPICAL PARADISE"—your 32-foot pool—lets you swim and sun-bathe even in coldest January. Helps Dad relax after work. . . . Makes home a teenagers' center. . . . Keeps Mom in all the family fun.

THIS BEAUTIFUL INDOOR GARDEN, and the dining room shown above, can be built instead of the pool—or converted later by simply filling pool with earth and adding a flagstone floor yourself. Keeps outdoor beauty indoors all year.

Four other models
(All have same)

THIS FABULOUS Story-Book Home was designed to satisfy almost every taste in architecture. The five versions have the same basic floor plan—and can all be built for approximately the same price. Also, all can be built in three stages, except the 20th Century model. This model has an extra
SHOWED YOU A BETTER Home

MOTHER WATCHES children swim as she gets lunch. Westinghouse electronic oven, range, dishwasher (optional) are only a step away.

IN THIS EFFICIENT KITCHEN all Westinghouse deluxe appliances are within reach. Micarta walls, lunch bar and work counters, Tile-Tex floor, make clean-ups easy.

MAGIC "ONE-WAY" window lets Mother look in on sick child without leaving her bed! Panelled door over window for sound-proofing.

CHILDREN GO from pool through Weldwood panelled, Tile-Tex floored rumpus room. Living area stays dry.

COOK-OUT ENTERTAINING is easy, and weather-proof, with this barbecue in the carport-terrace. Wonderful for kids’ parties and picnics, too! It adjoins TV-game room.

UNDER A SUN-LAMP, you relax on the “chaise lounge” that covers the basement entrance to the pool—and keep your tan all year! Even Dad will enjoy “sunning” himself here.

to choose from...

basic floor plan)

dining room, and costs slightly more than the others.
The double garages shown, and the over-size swimming pool, if desired, are extra, of course, and require large plots.
Complete plans and specifications for each model are available. Houses will fit on even 75x100 ft. lots.

CAPE COD COLONIAL—Gray shingles, mullioned windows, and shutters capture the enduring warmth of this popular style... Yet it’s modern as tomorrow—a real dream house.

20TH CENTURY—Here’s beautiful, modern styling that will stay “new” for years. Note how living room and pool area blend brick, glass, and redwood into a magnificent exterior.
HOW YOUR FAMILY CAN OWN A Story-Book Home

See your local Savings and Loan Association:

Every one of these mortgage-lending associations knows about these wonderful Story-Book Homes. A number of them have already financed construction of models in various areas of the country, and will gladly discuss how you can arrange to buy one for your family.

John R. Gallaudet, of the United Savings and Loan Association of Trenton, N.J., says: "We should like to compliment you on the many new ways these homes will serve family living. We consider them a fine investment, with their excellent planning and convertibility."

If you have some cash savings, if you own a piece of land, or if you now own a house and would like to change to a Story-Book Home—go to your local Savings and Loan Association. They will explain how a mortgage can be arranged for you—whether you plan to buy a home, have it built, or finish it yourself.

Elsewhere in this magazine you will find a list giving the names of builders of the Story-Book Homes... and the address where you can visit their completed model houses. Of course, you can see one of the original models in Princeton Manor, at Princeton, N.J. If there are none close to you, the bank will know and recommend reputable builders who will construct your home according to the plans and specifications you select. Even if you are thinking of moving to Florida, you'll find a Story-Book model home on Sabal Island, post office Boynton Beach, Fla. (Builder: A. Paul Young)

You will also be able to get help from your savings bank if you want a builder to erect the "shell" and finish much of the interior yourself. Many builders now offer to do this.

"Owner-finished" cuts costs way down:

The plans and specifications tell "what" and "where" materials go. Then you do all the painting, lay your Tile-Tex floors with a do-it-yourself kit, and panel your walls with floor-to-ceiling sheets of prefinished Welswood by U. S. Plywood. Clever "do-it-yourself" men can easily finish the home, swimming pool and all, for less than $19,000. Or they can finish the main house for only about $14,000, and add the pool, carport, and garage later. (Note: All house prices quoted are estimates, and vary by locality. Costs of land and kitchen appliances are extra.)

A Big Swimming Pool, Complete Kit only $795.

You can also build a swimming pool, out of doors, close to your house, and cover it later. Or, do this for your present home.

Story-Book Homes (a non-profit, cooperative organization to aid in home building) will procure for you a complete swimming pool kit for a big 16 x 32-ft. pool, for only $795, plus freight charges. This includes everything for a complete pool (the same as one named after a famous TV star and champion swimmer). This includes the plastic pool, the filter, the knock-down forms that bolt together, all the fittings, pipe, vacuum lines, etc. Everything you need for a pool that would cost thousands of dollars! Write Story-Book Home Editor, State Rd., Princeton, N.J.

Story-Book Home Editor • Research Center, State Road • Princeton, N.J.

Please send me complete plans and specifications for the Story-Book Home models checked below. I am enclosing herewith $1.00 for each set of plans ordered.

( ) COTTAGE COLONIAL ( ) CONTEMPORARY ( ) 20TH CENTURY
( ) REGENCY ( ) Send information that tells how to get 32-ft. swimming pool kit for only $795, F.O.B., Trenton, N.J.

NAME..................................................

ADDRESS........................................................................

CITY.................................................. ZONE...STATE........................

( ) I now rent. ( ) I own a home. ( ) I own land.

Send for complete plans

Only $1.00!

For only $1.00 you can get a complete set of plans and specifications that give you, your bank, and your builder the full details necessary to finance and build your Story-Book Home. Simply fill out the coupon at left... enclose $1.00 for each set of plans you select... and mail to the Story-Book Home Editor, Princeton, N.J.
WIN...FREE! a fabulous $24,800 Story-Book Home complete with
INDOOR SWIMMING POOL PLUS:
Full-Size JUKE BOX for your game room
Colonial HUTCH for the living-dining room
FULL SET OF CHINA for entertaining
BABY GRAND PIANO for your living room
BEARSKIN RUG for the rumpus room
SUNBURST WALL CLOCK for the game room

House built for the lucky winner by
Macfadden Publications, Inc. and The Flinthotlo Co., in cooperation with

"THE PRICE IS RIGHT"
Starring BILL CULLEN

Tune in—Thursday nights—
August 14—21—and 28
NBC-TV Network—10 p.m., E.D.T.
(Check local newspapers for time changes)

Here's all you need do to win: Simply guess the total, combined price of all these handsome prizes. The person who guesses closest to the correct total price of the Story-Book Home plus the other prizes (without over-pricing) will win them all! House built for the winner anywhere in the United States.

Note: You do not have to see the program to enter. All our readers have a chance to win! But you'll see more, know more, if you watch the show. So tune in!

Write your guess—just the total dollars-and-cents price—on a postcard, together with your name and address. Mail it to the address below. You may send as many guesses as you like; but each entry must be on a separate postcard with your name and address. (Do not send entries in envelopes!) In case of a tie, there will be a bidding run-off. The decision of the judges will be final.

Entries must be postmarked before midnight, August 29th, and must be in the hands of "The Price Is Right" judges before midnight on Monday, August 31st. The winner will be announced on a later show.

Mail all entries to:
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See for yourself—in any of these model houses—how many wonderful new ways the Story-Book Home can make living happier for your family.
"Russ, What’s Your Side of the Story?"

by RUSS TAMBLYN as told to MARCIA BORIE

A columnist says: "Private Tamblyn has a private war with the Army. A co-worker: "He's a screwball kid." An acquaintance: "He didn't even try to make his marriage work—he has no sense of responsibility!"

Some of the rumors about me are true—some definitely are not. I'm not making excuses, but I want the record straight! I realize that some have needled me into a corner that I didn't think I liked Army life. Anybody that can enjoy what it represents is nuts. I mean, I hate war and killing and shooting; so I know, it was some words and say that being in the Army is my ideal way of life. Yet I have a duty, an obligation to defend my country, and I've made up my mind to do the best job I possibly can. As long as I'm in the Army, I will accept it as being necessary for the survival of our country.

Some people who've known me for a while, feel that I can't believe the stuff that has been written about how I'm a rebel in khaki. But I'm not like I used to be any more. I'm a different person. I've found myself—or at least I'm on the right road now.

Eight months ago, when I got my 1-A draft status and with it the initial shock of realizing that I would be called up, I decided then to accept whatever faced me. I adjusted myself, geared myself mentally to winding up things and getting ready to go in. I'd finished "Peyton Place" and signed to do "Tom Thumb" in Europe, and from then on I didn't make any plans. The Army didn't call me right away, and as soon as I got back from Europe I-M-G-M cast me in "High School Confidential!" I finished that just under the wire before I was ordered to report.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? Only, eight months ago a lot of other things happened to me—more than I could take. An awful lot of people thought I was acting like a jerk after that, and I suppose I was. But haven't you ever gotten to a point in your life where you just don't care any more? I did. I got to that point where I didn't care about anything—how I acted in public, what I did, what I said. I just didn't give a darn.

It was funny how I got that way. Funny! Strange, I mean. I've been in show business for twelve years and for a few of those years things went along smoothly; everything went my way. Finally, I had a beautiful wife, a home of my own; my career was progressing; what guy could want more?

Then all of a sudden my world began to collapse around me. My marriage started to go on the rocks first, and during those last months with Venetia I realized that I hadn't worked in almost a year. You know, I never dated much before I met Venetia. She was the first girl I ever fell in love with. She and I were both very young, too immature. Yes, I admit it. We just couldn't handle things; couldn't cope with what it was that was pulling us farther and farther apart. Marriage was a sacred thing to me, something of tremendous importance. Besides, by nature I'm full of drive, consumed with a passion to do everything I undertake successfully. I hate to fail—at anything!

Believe me, Venetia tried, I tried hard but somewhere along the line we goofed. One night I came home and found the living room empty. I got a little sound and I turned the lamp on. Venetia was sitting there, crying, sort of huddled. She looked up at me and said, "Isn't it a shame that we weren't meant for each other?"

My heart broke. I guess we'd both known for a while that we weren't going to make it. Now we had to admit it, and I decided we had to get a divorce. That's how the two weeks started, the most awful two weeks in my life. Everything happened to me in fourteen days' time. I got my draft notice, got a letter from my grandmother, Venetia had a heart attack. We discovered that my father had cancer of the brain, and we were going to lose him. (He died soon after that.)

All in just two weeks.

That's when I got to the point where I didn't care any more. I reached a stage in life that I've read about in books—a point in the road where some people commit suicide, some become alcoholics and some find a way out by being converted to a very orthodox religion. I was a walking zombie. Nothing lied in my life that touched me. I was already dead inside. Only my body kept functioning; it didn't seem to want to admit that there was nothing inside, no feelings, no plans, no nothing. I indulged in self-pity. Sure I did, why deny it? I gave everyone a rough time, but I wasn't going out of my way to act rude, although it naturally seemed that way. It's just that I didn't care, and this attitude made me seem sullen, resentful, aloof, rebellious.

One night, when I really couldn't take things any more, I got into my car and drove down along the road to Santa Monica until I came to that little cafe, The Point. I went in and sat at a rear table by myself, having a drink and looking out the window at the road and the sky and the miles of nothingness. The sea looked like I felt: dark, angry, endlessly going on and on without any apparent aim or purpose. I just sat there for what seemed like hours. I was oblivious to anything until I heard laughter. I turned around and at the next table were two couples. Two nice looking gentle guys with a couple of beautiful chicks, laughing and talking and having a ball. I took one look at them and they all seemed to have—just being alive and happy—and I walked out of that place.

I got back in my car and drove straight home. I got undressed and stretched out across my bed and started thinking: And then it came over me—I had nothing left. I knew the faith was broken; my marriage was over. My father was—my career was at a standstill. But as I kept thinking it dawned on me that maybe I was at a point in my life that was good for me. I had nothing. Now was the time when I could prove to myself if I really had what it took. I was at a crossroads: I could go ahead, along a new path; or I could stay where I was, which was nowhere; or I could sink further into bitterness and oblivion.

I locked myself in my apartment for two weeks. For two weeks I sat and thought and wrote down every thought that came into my head. I wrote and wrote until I had a book-length sheaf of papers with every innermost thought, feeling, desire all there in words before me. I read it over and over again. I learned that I had been doing a lot of things not the wrong way perhaps—but indifferently. I had so much to think things through. I had great fear of being weak, of accepting things people said at face value, not questioning, not trying to find out for myself whether they were right or wrong. I spent those two weeks alone and I came out of my "exile" with a whole new set of values, a whole new scheme for living. The heck with the past! From that moment on, I figured, I was going to start fresh. There and then I determined to find things out for myself. The writing was, I guess, a form of self-analysis. Now that I knew what I had been wrong, it would be easy to change. I built up a whole new set of convictions, a new faith, new beliefs. I discovered among other things that I didn't know an awful lot about women. While I'd considered myself a great Don Juan, I really had a lot to learn. First and foremost, I had to find myself!

Often, you can find yourself by forgetting yourself and your own private problems for a time. While I'd been shut away in my apartment, my mother had been at home, a lonely place with my father. She didn't want to go anywhere, she said, but now I persuaded her that new surroundings were just what she needed. So I took her to Europe. We rented a car in Paris and had a ball doing the continent together: France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy.

After our tour, I had to go to England to make "Tom Thumb." Later, I heard that I struck some of the people in that company as pretty much of a screwball, pulling practical jokes, doing crazy stunts, acting like a kid. Well, I guess I was a waste type when I really was a kid—tearing around in a souped-up jalopy, beating up-bop joints, stopping at a drive-in and ordering hotcakes with catsup on top just to see the waitress turn green.

But I've gotten past that stage. While I was working on "Tom Thumb," I just felt in good spirits. After all I'd gone through
When I first got to Ord, one of the officers called me "Smiley." I've always got a smile on my face. Imagine Tamblyn called "Smiley"! It's a lot of my friends in Hollywood won't believe it!

When I first got to Ord, one of the officers used to call me Russ. I guess it bothered a few of the boys in the platoon, because, as I said, the name is supposed to be pretty anonymous. I'm sure the officer didn't think anything about it; he knew who I was and hadn't yet learned to call me by the first name. Then one day he got a letter from one of the boys, saying that a lot of the guys resented him calling me by my first name. He no longer calls me anything—be a Private—perhaps a few things less plausible.

I'm proud of two distinct honors that have come my way since I've been a GI. One week, the commander picks what is called the "trainee of the week." He picks one man from each platoon, which means there are five of us picked each week. The man picked represents his platoon and his barracks. He is called upon by the commander to answer a variety of questions pertaining to all the work our platoon has been assigned to learn that week.

Then there's my trophy. We had an intensive series of tests in all phases of physical fitness. I scored the highest mark in marksmanship. I had the honor of being awarded the trophy at Open House Week. I was publicly awarded the trophy. The only other GI to be singled out was the company's outstanding "trainee." I felt it was pretty fair, huh? See, I've had my share of both honors and latrine-cleaning, and all in all I'd say that Private Tamblyn is holding his own.

When I first got to Fort Ord, I was assigned to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, as a radio operator. I may get to do a few local desert-type chores, too, but that isn't definite—and I have not requested duty in such offices. I figure that they have my background on file and that if they want me in the entertainment division they'd ask me. But I'll level with you. Before I got in, some of my friends had been going for me to pull strings; that, since there was no wartime emergency, it would be possible for me to make a few requests and get good jobs. I wasn't a GI at all, but a worthy martyr. I don't enjoy crawling around in mud and marching with a heavy pack any more than any other guy in his right mind. But I know one thing: I'll be darned if I'm going to help any significant other body! I don't know and I don't want to know if it's even possible to make a request for any such favors. Even if other guys did have the ability, I'd say it's just saying it's right or wrong—even if they do, nobody hears about it.

Right now, I don't want to make any sort of front-page item. I just want to do ajob and live the way I possibly can. But I'll have to be honest and say this: I hope the fans don't forget me; I want to keep in touch with them. I'm not any different from the average American. When he finishes his hitch in the Army, he hopes he'll be able to get his civilian job back—if he liked it. I liked my job. The End
with Dorothy is always a pleasure, this one was especially exciting. What better person could find us the latest decorating tips?

She led us through the spacious entrance hall, a favorite spot of hers from its brown and white inlaid floor to its imposing crystal chandelier. There she came upon a chandelier in an antique shop, she announced gaily. "My brother Bob and I disassembled it entirely, washed each piece of crystal and put it back together again. The 18th century Bavarian, and was one of a group used in the Huntington library in Pasadenia."

We entered the large, gracious living room, where Dorothy settled herself comfortably, one foot tucked beneath her. The room is most impressive and shows thoughtful planning as well as imagination and taste. The beamered ceiling is pecky cypress painted in grey, and while the main decorating theme is 18th Century French, Dorothy did not confine herself to this style in any part of the room.

The draperies at the French windows— which open onto the cool green lawn—are pleated white bouclou, touched with gold. The walls are chocolate brown (an idea not bad for a dining room). The thick shag rug was dyed to match. She broke all the rules by using dark carpeting with dark walls. "It could have been disastrous," she admits, "but fortunately I was right."

"I love autumn colors and rich warm tones, so I decided to use greens, golds, browns and white in the living room, with decorations coordinated to the colors."

"The draperies are velvet, the most expensive I could get, and I made the curtains in an orange. I managed to get touches of yellow, too, in those lamp shades and the prints of those two chairs."

She sprang energetically and boudoired over the sofa, with a slender arm in its direction. "I built the front myself," she announced proudly. "I decided to leave the mortar spilling from between the bricks and paint the whole thing white. It gives a most interesting textural effect, don’t you think?"

Her fingers caressed an antique wooden tray, which she had converted into an end table by mounting it on matching wooden legs. The tray is second-hand, but the bottom is a treasure. It belonged to Charlotte Brontë, and it’s the only registered antique I have. I keep two Brontë books and this English silver tray on it.

A long sofa in antique gold fabric, facing the fireplace, is fronted by a long white marble coffee table and flanked by two low, wide wing chairs. Cherrywood tables, black lacquer side tables, and the fireplace camouflage hi-fi and television sets. While two green velvet slipper chairs offer a stunning contrast to the cream-colored piano.

"Now the place is finished," Dorothy laughed. "I wonder how I ever did it! I’m sure if I were asked to decorate a two-story house for someone else I’d feel overwhelmed. But somehow when it’s your own it’s different."

When I got the house it was Spanish inside. Now it’s Provincial. I used a lot of dark and white combinations. Each group of rooms has its own color scheme.

Actually, the major part of Dorothy’s formidable task was done in four months. She began around Thanksgiving, but was slowed down considerably by the fact that she was making two pictures at one time, only on evenings, weekends and holidays.

"Fortunately, decorating and remodeling are my hobby," she said, running her fingers through her long silvery hair. "It’s something I’ve always been interested in. My mother has a real flair for this sort of thing, and I’ve learned mostly through observation. It would have been fun if we could have done the house together. But since you don’t own it, Mother and Dad came to visit when the job was almost finished, and when they told me how much they liked it, I felt rewarded."

She frowned thoughtfully. "But, of course, everyone isn’t so lucky as to have a mother like mine. I suppose the biggest question in every would-be decorator’s mind is How do I start?"

"The big pitfall to be avoided here, I think, is plunging in, instead of planning. She smiled. "I know for an enthusiast with a home or apartment to decorate, that’s hard."

"Decorating is like any other task. The better you’re prepared, the better the results will be. Especially if you’ve had no previous experience. I think the thing to do is read good books on the subject. Then, the current magazines. Even an old hand will find many new tips in them, because they keep up with the latest ideas."

She laughed. "The next step is just plain leg-work! Browse around the shops. Find out what fabrics and furniture are to be had, at what prices. Then you’ll have an idea of what you can afford. Then you can adjust your decorating plans in with your budget."

"At this point," Dorothy went on, "you have to stop and consider just what overall effect you want to achieve. It may sound like a soft subject, but self-analysis is in order. What kind of person are you, really? What do you like and dislike? The reason for this is simply that if a home doesn’t suit you, you won’t feel at home in it, or comfortable in it. Naturally, if other people share the home, their personalities have to be considered, too, so that everyone reaches a happy compromise."

"I’m not married, I suspect it would be a good idea to share all the planning with your husband, right from the beginning, so that the home is everything you both want. And," she added with a smile, "don’t forget to take the children with you."

Look at the way my brother came to the rescue with the work on my chandelier! Dorothy is fairly certain that her home reflects her own personality. "At least, that’s the way I’ve given the house a feminine touch, but not just a dainty one. It has many moods, which is typical of me."

Though too many bright tones would be overwhelming, she feels that having one room especially cheery is a great aid in changing the blues. "Mine is the pink guest room," she says. "I did it entirely in harmonizing shades. The walls are yellow, the curtains are yellow, the table is yellow, the table lamp is yellow, and so on."

But what of the problems? Did she have any? "There are always some special problems," Dorothy admits. "Such as decorating a new house."

"When I bought this place it had an electric elevator, which I promptly eliminated. Stairs are good for the hips! I had the hole filled in with sand and the whole room planted. I think it’s effective. Don’t you?"

For interested young homemakers in the search of decorating tips, who have nary an elevator or even an escalator to their names, Dorothy has lots more practical suggestions. She believes the living room sets the keynote for the entire house and therefore should be furnished first.

"But one word of warning: In decorating, if you ever expect to get the job done, you have to be able to make split-second decisions. It’s terribly important to choose, and it’s nearly impossible to change."

"When I first bought the place it was going to be a gradual blend from one room to another. It’s also very important to give more than a passing thought to your floors. Wall-to-wall carpeting is no longer a must in every room. If you don’t want carpets downed, try having carpeting cut and laid to the size of each room. It’s not only less expensive but enables you to allow a little of the wood to show."

Did Dorothy make any mistakes? "Yes, but fortunately no major ones. When I went wrong it was usually on small details. For instance, in the living room I chose a gray pattern with pink flowers, but once it was up I realized the pink flowers would have to go. The paper was too expensive to discard so I solved that problem by handpainting each flower white."

The bedroom now is the very essence of what every young movie fan must imagine a star’s bedroom to be. The color is almost all white. You get there in steps of simplicity, from the white shag rug to the plain gray spread. The high valance board over the head of the bed is scalloped and trimmed with shag sashings in drapes from the side to the floor, forming a modified canopy. A gold crucifix is the only decoration on the white headboard, but there is a white bolster with scattered diamonds, red and white flowers, to touch it.

A powder room with mirrored walls opens directly off the bedroom. ‘I’ve always loved mirror-topped dressing tables,’ Dorothy confessed, ‘and this was the perfect opportunity to use them as well as antiques. As you may have noticed, all my chairs and divans are oversize. Because the rooms are so large, it was necessary to have something bulky. The seating of the furniture at auctions and then had most of it refinished in antique white."

"Speaking of auctions, for months I spent more evenings at them than I did in my own living room. I could find nothing that pleased me. I just bought what I found. I had just purchased a pair of lamps and was making out my check when I noticed a friend and her aunt waving at me and pointing to a French Provincial bed. They sold it for a song, but it was smaller than what I’d had in mind but I needed one, so I put in a bid and continued making out my check. The bidding went on for a while, but she was determined to get it. I put in another bid for the doggone thing and got it. Later, when I asked my friends what was so special about the coffee table they said, “What coffee table?” They had merely being motioning to me that they would meet me out at the car!"

"Fortunately, I’ve developed a special fondness for that table, so the story has, as they say, a happy ending. You know, buyers who have seen the house they’ll ask in that come-on-now-tell-the-truth tone if I didn’t employ the services of an interior decorator, who recommended it to me. I’m happier doing things my way, and I prefer living with my own ideas."

Just off the living room, Dorothy has a bar that she calls her “ice-cream parlor.” It is painted white, and glass-topped tables sit comfortably on a white shag carpet, set off by flamingo-pink walls.

But her other favorite retreat is the small den, which she uses to sip her morning coffee. It is lined with built-in bookcases: an oval braided rug covers the rich wood floor; and beyond the collection of rag dolls and stuffed animals, in a niche that
Dorothy is considered by many in Hollywood to be something of an enigma. Friends find her a sweet, wholesome girl, considerate and kind—the sort children run to. They claim she is consistently happy and cheerful, loyal, generous to a fault.

On the other hand, she is reportedly introverted and shy, with a great reluctance to appear at social functions. She has a way of ignoring important messages, and she is consistently late for everything, including concerts, although she loves music and has what she calls a "varied library." Her tastes aren't limited.

Dorothy enjoys playing chess and is extremely proud of the white and cocoa alabaster chess set purchased at Romanoff's, which she keeps set up on the marble coffee table in her living room. "Let your hobbies show," Dorothy says. "They're interesting to others, and decorative, too." She adores horseback riding, tennis and swimming, yet her home is completely feminine. She feels she expresses these two aspects of her personality in a balanced way by bringing the outdoors into the house. "I have two dogs and a parrot and until recently I had some kittens."

She confesses she was inclined to be overly neat when she was growing up, but she no longer keeps an ash tray at the first sign of cigarette stubs. "I guess I've been tempered by my brothers and my pets."

Principles in a man are apparently a very important factor to Dorothy, who is still searching for the ideal mate—someone to spend "the rest of my life with." Several of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors have applied and been found wanting.

"Perhaps I'm what psychiatrists call a marital coward," Dorothy said solemnly. "Yet I truly believe there is someone for everyone, and some day I will meet the man who is right for me."

Did she feel that this man would like her home? "I hope so," Dorothy laughed. "But he'll probably find that I still haven't completely finished it!"

"I suppose one is never finished decorating," Dorothy said with a smile. "And really, there are too many things you'd like to do."

At the moment, I'm changing the winding driveway in front of the house to a circular drive built around a heart-shaped bed of red geraniums. I'm also turning one room into a series of large walk-in closets. There are so many wonderful things you can do."

Dorothy didn't realize it, but in showing us her lovely home and giving us her decorating tips, she had really laid out a fine guide for others to follow. Step by step, here it is:

1. Think and plan before you plunge.
2. Read all you can in books and magazines.
3. Browse around shops and auctions to get the best possible knowledge of work- ing materials.
4. Plan harmonizing units, rather than separate, unrelated rooms.
5. Don't be afraid to use your own ideas and skill.
6. Make your home a reflection of your own personality, and those around you.
7. Take your time in getting exactly the pieces of furniture and fabrics that you want—don't decide in a rush.
8. Plan your colors for a restful, pleasing effect.
9. Choose furnishings that are functional, as well as beautiful.
10. Above all, remember that a home is to be lived in—and enjoyed."

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"Hey! We're Engaged!"

Continued from page 36

known him about ten and a half months," answered Diane.

"About ten and a half months?" exclaimed Peter. "We met September 26th, 1957.

"We met on a double date," Diane added. He was with Connie Stevens and I was with Diane McCleery. He'd wanted to meet me, but I didn't like him at all. We fought. And now I'm glad! If it starts out with a bang it can only go down. We started with a big bang and built up until it was a really big fight," Peter chuckled.

"We fought like cats and dogs." "Did we have any romantic obstacles? Obstacles—smokey tales!" Diane grins. "Peter's cloud nine. He's so serious, he wanted to explore the 'inner me.' He dreamed up big problems. You see, I'm the happy, frivolous type, and Peter hurt my pride. He crapped my act and I reamed it. I finally decided: All right, as long as you're going to poke you'll get to know me—the bad as well as the good. Then things got awfully confusing. I felt like I was changing, and I kept changing. For about three months I didn't know exactly who was going to show up for a date. Finally I got through to him. "She sure did," Peter agreed, "and I liked it. I've been in overbearing, so overpowering, because I was one big glob of love. I didn't give her a chance to say or do anything. Thank God, finally she saw me for who I was: a jerk, this is wrong. When she yanked me out of myself with her frankness, I learned to love life—not pick it to pieces."

"Maybe," Diane pondered, "it took time because we came from different backgrounds. Peter was born in Manhattan, but he's lived all over the place. His mother is a former Broadway actress. She has no interest in the touring company as a singer, dancer and actress."

Peter went along with her, nodding after her words had been repeated to him. 'That way, I guess we are different. All of my background with Mother was theater. I was in plays she directed. She taught me stage knowledge. When I was in the infantry in Alaska, we five fellows and two girls put on plays for the personnel. I was doing little-theater work in Hollywood when Albert McCleery gave me the first of four 'NBC Matinee Theater' roles, which started me on TV. But I can't say Diane and I worried much about backgrounds. We got together, didn't we? It's the present that matters—and the future." Even after we'd been going together awhile," Diane continued, "I didn't know it was love. To tell you why, I'll have to explain to me about. I've always thought I was doomed to be caught in the trap of marriage. While I was doing 'Island of Lost Women,' Peter hung around all the time, and people would nudge me and say, 'Hey, you're real gone on you.' I'd look at him and think, 'No!' Then I read it in a column, so I looked for the signs. Sure enough—he was gone. Little by little, when I didn't see him I missed him. I started looking forward to our dates. If something goes right, I might want to talk to him. I started depending on him and my independence flew out the window. It was harder to tell me I was in love than it was to tell him, but when I finally admitted it myself it was all right.

"It took her long enough!" said the 'gong' guy. "Me, I didn't want to mess around. I knew she was what I wanted. I made sure before I tried my heart out, then I just told her she'd have a heck of a time getting rid of me.

"So you got your parents' permission to marry her?"

"He had to," Diane said. "You see, I confessed to a columnist that we were getting married, and then I was scared to death they'd hear of it. I was scared to death, Peter, that my dad, I expected a big explosion. I thought wildly, 'He'll kill me!' But when Peter and Dad finally had a man-to-man talk, Peter explained how much he loved her on his face. Seems Dad was tickled pink. He had left his room-to-be with this comforting thought: 'Her mother is beautiful. Diane can't hold a candle to her.'"

The recollection amused Peter. "Diane's dad was so happy to give her away that I thought something must be wrong with her. All kidding aside, I wasn't as worried about that talk as she was. Maybe I shouldn't say this, but I'd been groomed to have agreed to anything. I suppose I had it in the back of my head to suggest a big beautiful house—our only wedding, and I want it right for both of us."

"At least," Diane said, "we've agreed to look for a home—not for a while anyway, I hope. Actually it's a little house, the lower end of a hillside duplex. There are two big rooms in knotty pine, with a huge wall of windows. Former owner's former husband was a seaman—everything is nautical. We even have a ship-to-shore radio. And Peter built a beautiful table with the lines of a ship and put it in copper and then put a Japanese willow tree in it, then surrounded it with white pebbles that look like moth balls. It's just gorgeous!"

"I don't think so," Peter grinned, "whenever you are. The place is convenient, too. I drive right down the hill to Warner Brothers. In about a year, we'll probably have bought it to be the house. We want to make our home-decorating mistakes early, so when we finally build we'll know exactly what we want.

"How many children do you plan on having?"

That question the question Diane, "probably two, but, of course, right off the bat I could have triplets and spoil everything."

"Nonsense!" Peter laughed. "I love kids, too. Diane's gone for it, with her five nieces and three nephews. But I'm a pretty good uncle, even with only two nieces and one nephew."

"Careers," Diane stated firmly, "will be no barrier to love, or to the house. I might be the star to my parents, but not to any one else. I think it's going to be fun with both of us working in the same field, being together."

"When I was in New York I was asked to do a Broadway show starting August 22nd, and I wouldn't do it. A quick marriage and separation immediately if the play has a flop."

"Amen! No wireless marriage for me!"

"Anyhow," Diane continued, "now I think of Peter's career as being partly mine. I loved the first thing I saw him do, "Darby's Rangers." Then he took acting lessons and I hated it. When he stopped he was great again. His pilot film of 'Lawman' was sold in one day. When they were to be seen over ABC-TV, right after 'Maverick,' at 8:30 on Sundays. When viewers got a load of Peter Brown, Lawman, it'll be all over but the shouting!"

"I'm going to keep on for publicity. Peter has impact, personally and professionally."

"As for me," she said, "I love comedy. In fact, 20th signed me after my comedy role in 'Teen Age Rebel.' Peter says when I try to look sad I look like Cleo, the basket hound. Still, I haven't had a chance to do comedy since."

"In 'High School Confidential,'" Diane said, "I played a kitten, a drug addict, which, believe me, is not funny. So I feel like a klump. I feel so inadequate. I wish the producers that signed me would remember I'm a comedian."

"All they have to do," Peter suggested, "is look at 'Teen Age Rebel' again. They show that to new kids as a perfect example of how to get everything possible out of it."

"The 'Lawman' series starts on October 5th, my birthday—six days before my wedding day. New life, new love, new show, new world."

"Along with acting," Diane said, "we have lots of things in common. We both like to go to the movies, and we love the same kind of music: background music, classical, some progressive jazz.
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CAROLYN JONES

Continued from page 59

There I was, Aaron Spelling, director of a Hollywood little-theater group, sitting in the middle of a bare stage surrounded by empty coffee containers, old cigarette butts and a feeling of impending disaster. Jane, my leading lady, had gotten sick and left the show and I had to have a replacement for the next performance. The big problem was—what could the role on such short notice?

Just as I was seriously thinking of going downstairs to the Greyhound Bus Terminal beneath the theater and skipping to, say, Boise, Idaho, a young man and a girl came tripping down the aisle of the empty theater toward me.

"I'm Carolyn Jones," said the girl—a blonde with the wildest blue eyes I'd ever seen, "and this is my agent. I'm a friend of Jane's and I'm going to do her part."

"Oh, hush!" I said and bristled, "So you're sure you can do the part, are you?"

"Blindfolded," she replied in an acid tone.

"I just bet!" I thought to myself and handed her the script for an audition reading. With a grand gesture she tossed the script onto a prop table and began reciting the part I'd indicated—from memory. Amazed and grateful, I asked her how she happened to know the lines. "I learned them last night. I really wanted the part."

With these words she won both the part and me.

A lot of people think we got married right after that, but the truth is we went steady for over a year before we decided to get married. One night we were sitting in a drive-in movie. "Say," I remember telling her, "we've been going together lots—how about going steady?"

She never blinked an eye. "We've been going steady. Let's get married!"

We did. One week later. That was four years ago. Carolyn was nineteen, and I was twenty-four. She was under contract to Paramount at the time, and they begged her not to—warned her of the two Hollywood baggages. (1) It would hurt her career. (2) We were too young—our marriage wouldn't last. Every anniversary, Carolyn sends them a telegram.

Our first home was a "bachelor" apartment in the Hollywood Hills. Rent was sixty dollars a month, which Carolyn paid cheerfully. I was a director at the time, but I couldn't get a job directing traffic! We wrote in the apartment just four months, when we had to leave. We paid the rent all right, but the manager objected to Carolyn's pets—a Doberman named Libby, a cocker spaniel named Nick, a chimp named Melvin, and a parrot named Meyer! Carolyn never could understand why they asked us to leave, and to this day, she holds a grudge against that unhappy apartment manager.

The manager had told her she'd found a house for us. It was in a good location and the rent was reasonable. I told her to grab it, so it wasn't until we moved in that I saw it. Well, it looked like Frankenstein's monster. It was on a hill far away from everything. The trees around it were so thick that you couldn't even see the house. Walking through that dark yard was like going through a graveyard at midnight.

Worse, the house had glass walls, glass ceilings and glass floors! That was the year of the earthquakes, and every time we felt a tremor, the house would almost break in two. We stayed there for about six months, until one night a friend of ours had a few drinks and walked in—right through the living-room wall! We moved the next day. Even the landlord didn't come. We had to leave, and the house was almost empty. We barely knew why we were leaving, Carolyn said, "It's weird and eerie. Last night Aaron turned into a bat." He thought she was nuts and tore up our lease!

Just when everything was going along swell, Carolyn caught pneumonia. The morning she was to test at Columbia for "From Here to Eternity" (Donna Reed got the role and won the Academy Award), we were in the hospital. For two weeks, I ran the hardest work of my life. Richards and Richard Newton, took turns bringing me coffee and sandwiches. One night, about eleven o'clock, the doctor rushed into the room. I tore down the hall like a madman, more frightened than I had ever been in my whole life. When I got into the room, Carolyn had her eyes open. The crisis had passed. I knew the hardest word to me. "Darling, you look terrible!" I sat on the bed beside her, and we both cried like babies. Maybe we were, too. We had no family in California, had very few friends. Carolyn was my whole world. Today, our folks live here. We have lots of friends. But Carolyn's still my whole world.

When Carolyn got out of the hospital, the doctors told her she couldn't work for about three months. Two weeks later, she was doing "Off Limits" with Bob Hope and Mickey Rooney. Everyone told her she was silly. What they didn't know was that the hospital bills had eaten away our savings, and we were short of boloney and sandwiches. Carolyn said, "I'd rather drop dead than starve to death," and she went to work!

With Carolyn onscreen in a hit like Paramount's and Presley's "King Creole," those days seem far away. Not so long ago, we bought a beautiful home in Sherman Oaks. For the first time in our lives, we don't have to worry about the rent, now that my career's heading up, too! I remember when we first decided to buy our home. Carolyn insisted that it have a swimming pool, and we looked for months, before we found a house that we thought was just right for us, high up in the hills, away from everyone. For weeks after we moved in, Carolyn never went near the pool. Finally one day I couldn't take it any more. "You yelled about the pool for months, now why don't you get in it?"

She looked at me with those crazy eyes and said innocently, "I can't swim." That's my girl.

Well, she swims now, right through mid-December!

Strangely enough, Carolyn's sudden zoom to stardom seemed to have given her a mysterious effect on me. Where she was making "The Bachelor Pad," I sold my first TV script, and since that time I have written about twenty-five TV shows, and a movie script. And you know something—I think Carolyn has been better than she's been on her own. At least, she makes me feel that way—and what greater thing can a wife do for her husband?

Carolyn not only loves me, she loves people. She's always been in and out of our house, and sometimes the dinner table looks like Sunday night at the boarding house.

Mickey Rooney, with whom Carolyn starred in "Babyface Nelson," loves to dash in for laughs and a couple of sets of table tennis; Jackie Cooper and his wife, Barbara, go for Carolyn's homemade pastrami and TV talk, since we've all been in the business. Peggy Ryan and Carolyn never seem to stop discussing clothes and who's marrying who; and then there are Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner. Carolyn fell in love with both of them. One man is named "Marjorie Morningstar." With those two, it's always a "ball!"

I don't know who will be the next addition. Carolyn's on the Paramount lot today, worrying on "One Angels Day," and I'm sure she'll bring someone interesting home to dinner. As you can see, it's an extremely mixed group, all having two things in common—talent and the knock for Carolyn. I love it, and I'm glad we get together, even if we've seen each other during the week and it's the wildest. The gang named our house "The Snake Pit," and I think they've got something there. We're always having a party. Sometimes, like the other night, when Nick and Adams was my "roomie." One night we called Carolyn, and Nat and R.J. got on extension phones, and we held a five-way conversation for an hour and a half! I never get bored of Carolyn. Two minutes after we hung up, the phone rang. It was Carolyn calling back. "Darling, I didn't get a chance to tell you goodbye. I forgot your name."

The phone went dead—Carolyn didn't want to talk past the three-minute limit!

There is nothing she won't do for a friend.

When Nick was up for the role of Tom in "Tom Jones," my friend Sydney Sklar called. Carolyn called him every day from New York. They discussed the role, worked on the script over the phone, etc. This went on every night for two weeks. When Nick finally landed the part, Carolyn called up everyone she knew in New York to tell them the news.

Recently, Carolyn had an interview with a top New York columnist to discuss her role in "Tom Jones." During the interview, she spent the whole hour raving about Natalie's performance in the picture. The stunned columnist printed every word of it and ended up by signing Carolyn's name to the article.

Next to helping her friends, I guess what she loves most is yoga. In fact, she's nuts about yoga! She's not interested in the religious side of the exercise, but that she feels the exercises are relaxing and physically helpful. Naturally, she insists on me...
and her friends of it. It’s funny
sight on Sunday to a batch of ten of us
cramped into fantasy yoga positions! One
night about two weeks ago, Jimmie Kos-
neck frantically phoned Carolyn. “Caro-
lyn, I’m in position. Can you come right
now?” His knees were locked and Carolyn
did rush over and untie
her!

But there’s also a very serious side
of Carolyn’s life. When she talks about it, she says firmly
and emphatically that it has changed her life.
It relaxed her, took the rush-rush-rush
off her mind, relieved her of the curse
of severe asthmatic attacks which had plagued
her since her early childhood. It gave her
a clear, fresh skin for the first time in a
long while.

And most important, I think, it helped give
her peace of mind and objectivity about
her life and career. These have made it
possible for Carolyn to shoot ahead in a
fashion she hardly dreamed of when she first came to
New York.

“B.Y.—before yoga,” my honest wife will
tell you now, “I was not always the pleasa-
Nest girl to be around. Sometimes Aaron,
whom I dearly love, would do something I
didn’t like. Maybe he’d forget to clean the
swimming pool or pick up a box of free
breakfast food at the supermarket down
the hill or ask an innocent question like:
‘How come you don’t wear your suntan on
the side today?’ Nothing—yet I’d be upset
and bite my lip and clam up or cry, sometimes.
Now, thank heaven, my hus-
band doesn’t have to put up with Jones’s
nuancements. I’m far too much relaxed
and happier viewpoint.

And now that she is happier, it’s easier
to get her to indulge herself once in a
while in the things she enjoys. ‘Do you know
shopping spree, for instance. She loves
clothes and dresses—like anything—what
she always did. ‘I remember the first time I
bought a suit with my own money. ‘I’d
never bought one before. ‘And I will,
never let you do without anything I think
you need. The dress that nice, that new
pair of blue jeans is nothing to get
excited about."

During her nation-wide tour with “The
Bachelor Party,” Hecht-Hill-Lancaster
provided her with a beautiful wardrobe
created by none other than St. Leon. She
mentioned to me how much she enjoyed
the new things that have ever been seen. The
minute she returned from the tour, she put
them in the closet and hasn’t touched them
since. When I asked her why she wasn’t
wearing them, she said, ‘Do you know
what these dresses cost? I’m saving them!’
Oh, well, we’ve got the best-dressed
in Shermans Oaks.

Carolyn feels that Hollywood is really
different from any other town, and
she rushes to its defense when it’s criti-
cized. I love her remark to Mike Wallace
when he did an interview with her on his
show in Chicago. ‘I just can’t seem to
despair for about ten minutes to get
her to give him some “dirt” but had failed.
Finally, he said, ‘Now come on, Carolyn,
you know that morals in Hollywood are
as old-fashioned as in Shermans Oaks.

Without blinking an eye, she replied,
‘I haven’t you heard, Mike? Sideburns are
coming back."

Sounds tough, doesn’t she? But she isn’t.
She’s as sweet and lovely as a kid. The
way Miss Jones first walked up to me and said,
‘I’m a friend of Jane’s and I’m going to
do her part’ that was the luckiest day of
my life!

And the End
talked for several hours about love, life and children.

"People often tell me they're bored to death reading about my problems," Ingrid said. "But is it my fault? I'd be delighted if they'd leave me alone. One of the reasons that marriage between professional people so rarely succeeds is this merciless spotlight on your personal life. Your troubles are aired to all the world and your case is tried by the public and the press to the point that everyone, including the principals, is sick to death of it.

"You never have the right to quarrel or disagree, as other couples do, without risking a divorce rumor. You must have a continual smile on your face. Of course, there are a few professional marriages which are successful, but it's rare.

After a few minutes of silence, Ingrid smiled—that dazzling, warm smile—and the disturbing shadow which had clouded her clear blue eyes disappeared. Despite the tumultuous nine years since she left Hollywood, Ingrid has not changed in appearance. She seems not to have aged—except for a few added pounds. Her hair seems brighter, her eyes more sparkling, her skin more glowing.

"What qualities do I prize in a husband?" she repeated, thinking hard for a few seconds before answering.

"I have no set rules about it. You like different people for different reasons, and you like them sometimes because of their faults. Naturally, a great love is the crystallization of everything a woman seeks in a man, but it is something that cannot be defined with a generalization."

Her smile was a trifle poignant now.

"Oh, I know, many women marry for many reasons other than a great love. They often live out the whole lives without experiencing anything different. But then, what happens to them if by chance they meet the great love?"

She stopped suddenly and looked away,

...I don't regret one moment of it...

She said no more, but her unspoken words reverberated throughout the room.

"I could never enter into a frivolous relationship with a man," she added eventually. "I am often shocked when I see women flirting outrageously and treating love as a capricious game.

"To me love is such a sacred feeling that it should not be regarded lightly. It would have no meaning for me unless I threw myself into it with every chord of my being.

"Of course, a woman can have male friends without love being involved. I believe pure friendship between men and women not only possible but desirable. I have many male friends. Of course, it goes without saying that friendship can never be as important as love, but it should be cultivated in the same cause. It means giving of yourself, being tolerant of others' faults, showing forgiveness and understanding, just as in love.

Do people ever really change?" she shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't changed, except perhaps superficially. Deep down, I'm the same girl who left Sweden so many years ago, with the same basic ideas and principles, and my actions are governed by these. When I returned to Sweden for the first time after going to Hollywood, all my friends were astonished. They said to me, 'Why, you haven't changed a bit.' They thought Hollywood would have influenced me. It may have—in showing me the value of courage.

"Without courage you have nothing," she said. "You are afraid to be tolerant, and how I hate intolerance! You are afraid to live; you are afraid to love."

"Look around you," she said with spirit. "Have you ever realized how many people miss out on life itself because of a lack of courage; because of fears? Fear of what other people may think. Fear of taking a chance. Fear of failure. And so their yearnings and hopes are frustrated, and their lives run out. They become embittered and feel robbed of life's gifts, and it all comes down to a lack of courage.

"I want my children to be good human beings," Ingrid said earnestly, "self-reliant and thoughtful for others. That's why it's so important for them to feel loved when they are small, so when they grow older they will show love and respect towards others.

"I don't believe in protecting children too much. They must learn by their own mistakes, although parents can soften many of life's blows by preparation. For one thing, they should answer children's questions. No one answered mine when I was a child, and I grew up ignorant about many things.

"Understanding is another quality I want my children to cultivate. If you've been hurt for no apparent reason, you must ask yourself, 'Why have they done this?' If you try hard and find an answer, then perhaps you can forgive. And a sense of humor. How very important that is! Thank God I have one.

Otherwise I don't know how I could have continued. I was all too sorry for people who take themselves seriously and haven't learned to laugh at life's little antics.

"Naturally, parents cannot instill these characteristics in their children by a magic formula. But I believe if you spend a great deal of time with your children, they will end up by absorbing your teachings and perhaps even never have the impression that my work is more important than they are."

Ingrid agreed to leave her children temporarily in Rome with Marcella Mario. Until she had finished her location work on 20th's "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." Not only were they able to finish their schooling without interruption, but had more opportunities to see their father.

"Of course, the twins are too young to be aware of the separation," Ingrid said sadly. "I realize how unfortunate it is that they are deprived of a permanent paternal influence, but what can I do? Still, if they know that their parents have remained good friends and they never hear a word of criticism from either about the other, at least that's something saved," Ingrid sighed.

Then she lit another cigarette, and the smile came back, a brave defiance to the world. I'm going to try to give my children the best possible assets in the choice of their future vocations," she confided. "That's something they must decide for themselves.

"Little Ingrid, I'm certain, will be an actress. She is used to dress up in costume and play-act in front of a mirror. She reminds me so much of myself when I was a child. I lived in a dream world, people with the characters from my books and poems. I held long conversations with my imaginary friends, laughing and joking with them. I changed my voice to adapt to their personalities, but despite all the make-believe they were real people to me.

"Little Ingrid is like that, quiet and thoughtful and fervently wrapped up in a world of her own. Her husband's brother, Renzo, has composed a new operetta and has put in a few lines for her. She was so thrilled about it when I told her. She jumped up and down with joy and cried, 'I want to sing!' She was a little disappointed to learn she just had a walk-on part." Ingrid's smile, so aptly described by one of her coworkers, "two rights down to her toes.

"Jenni, never have any inclination to走向 acting," Ingrid was looking tenderly at the portrait of her oldest daughter. "She once said to me with a tear in her eye, 'Daddy, am I an actress?' I assured her that she didn't have to at all.

"Isabelle is the exact opposite of her twin sister," Ingrid continued. "She is as wild as Jenni is precise and timid. Nothing frightens Isabelle. She wants to try everything. She resembles the Bohemian side of my nature, the side that likes excitement and adventure."

Ingrid's smile was a trifle ironic.

"Roberto has inherited my father's artistic talents. He'll probably be a painter or a photographer. He's fascinated by photography. But I'll never thrust advice on him."

"Only in unimportant matters," Ingrid said, "do I seek advice from others. When I go out in the evening, I let

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?
I want to read stories about (list movie, TV or recording stars):

ACTOR                                  ACTRESS
(1).                                   (5).      
(2).                                   (6).      
(3).                                   (7).      
(4).                                   (8).      

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1).                                   (3).      
(2).                                   (4).      

Name:                                 Age:

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others decide where we're going to eat or what movie we'll see. I hate arguments. When I buy a new dress, I like to have a girlfriend with me to help me decide, because I never know what I want. But big decisions about my personal life or my work are mine, and mine alone. When I wanted to go to Italy nine years ago, everyone in Hollywood was against it. (I was amused by the naïve candor with which Ingrid spoke of that momentous episode.) "They all said I was crazy," she said, "but I knew I had to go. I had the same opposition for the French stage production of 'Tea and Sympathy.' Everyone, including my husband, was against it. They said I was out of my mind to want to play in French in front of a sophisticated, hard Paris audience. I was obstinate, and I was determined nothing would change my mind. Well, it was a success. As you know, we played there for a year."

"I dislike asking others as well," Ingrid continued. "After all, how can we put ourselves in another's shoes? We can't really know another's true feelings. People still offer me advice these days, and I suppose they mean well. But now..." Her smile grew into a soft laugh. "I'm a happy woman."

For all the complications surrounding her, it's easy to understand why. Even during its most dazzling Hollywood period, her career has never looked so brilliant, with the success of Warners' current "Indiscreet" and the completion of "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." On agreement with M-G-M, the start of "I Thank a Fool" has been delayed until the beginning of next year, so she may devote the months between to her very full personal life.

There's the summer visit from daughter Jenny, on vacation from Mills College. And, importantly, there is Lars Schmidt. Almost unknown in theatrical circles until a year ago, Schmidt now has to use a pseudonym when he travels. He has been constantly followed by photographers and press people since his name was first linked with Ingrid's.

Schmidt was born in Gothenburg, Sweden, forty-four years ago, son of parents so wealthy that townspeople say, "Lars' father owns a whole street here." Personally, Schmidt seems the opposite of Rosellini: calm, efficient, punctual, easy-going, precise, clear in dress and manner. "A well-bred gentleman," say acquaintances. He drives a Mercedes sports car, speaks French, English and German fluently and has a large and choice collection of antique furniture.

Rich not by inheritance but as a result of his own theatrical ventures, he spends his money generously. Those close to Ingrid notice that he particularly enjoys lavishing it on her children. Though she hasn't displayed toward Lars the mad, sudden passion she did toward Rosellini, she has always said frankly, "I enjoy his company." Friends believe that at this stage in her life this is what she wants most.

Questioned on the subject of marriage, Ingrid laughed away all pessimistic doubts. "I like being married—and I'm not afraid of it, despite everything." Sad memories intervened, leaving only the hint of a smile around her eyes, and she said gravely, "A woman's life is empty without love. Love is what gives life its meaning. Love and children and one's work."

—MARGARET GARDNER

"I'M NOT JERRY LEE LEWIS!" says Jerry Lewis in October PHOTOLPLAY
DEBBIE AND EDDIE

Continued from page 53

increased. It is as if Mike had left Eddie, Debbie, Carrie, and little Todd a special legacy: Life is short; love is everything; life is everything.

So the Fishers have decided to leave Hollywood for a while, to alter the pace, vary the pattern, and broaden the horizons of their lives. California is their home, their place in the place of the heart, the place where they spent the most time with Liz and Mike, the place where everything seems to remind them of her.

These days, especially in the evenings, Eddie and Debbie spend many hours making plans and preparations for going away. New York is as far away as they're heading. So naturally, Debbie thinks about the housing problem in New York, and like every devoted mother, her main concern is for the welfare of her children. "If for some reason we only stay in New York a month," she says, "we'll leave the kids with their grandparents here in California. But if we stay in the East two months or more, we'll take Carrie and Todd with us. Then Eddie and I will rent a house in the suburbs and we'll commute to Manhattan. Gosh! Commuting. I haven't done that since before I was married when I used to commute from my home in Burbank to the M-G-M studios in Culver City. It'll be exciting. And I know Carrie will find it exciting, too. She'll see snow, real snow, for the first time in her life. We'll give her a sled and . . ."

Suddenly, unexpectedly, Debbie remembered the crazy, lovely things that Mike Todd had given Carrie: two tickets to "Around the World in 80 Days," to be presented to her on her tenth birthday (he was confident the picture would run forever, and he was probably right), some shares of Todd-AO stock, and little toys that Carrie always adored. Mike just seemed to have a way with kids. He'd won the love and respect of Liz's two boys, Michael Howard and Christopher Edward, and was nuts about his own six-month-old daughter, Elizabeth Frances. Debbie recalls the time Mike tried to describe just how beautiful he thought little Liza was. With a big grin he had said, "Compared to Liza, Liz looks like Frankenstein's monster!" And, Debbie thinks, "Mike would have loved his namesake; he would have loved little Todd."

And suddenly she recalls another time when she and Eddie were getting ready to go to New York.

Memory . . .
They had really been having a ball, getting ready to fly to New York. Mike Todd didn't know they were coming—that would make their act all the better. The Fishers were giving this big testimonial dinner for Mike at the Waldorf. He was to be joshed and joked at, ribbed and ridiculed, by all the big names in show business. But wouldn't he be joshed when his two best friends, Eddie and Debbie, popped out on the stage to help in roasting and toasting him. So for the tenth time the Fishers rehearsed their songs and comic routine that would make Mike write, wince, and roar with laughter.

But these were songs and jokes Mike was never to hear . . .

Debbie's thoughts return to little Todd, whom she rocks to sleep in her arms. Above, she hears Eddie in the attic, searching for galoshes. It gets mighty cold in New York—lots of slush and sleet. Eddie hums a tune—one of the songs he's going to record when he and Debbie go East. And far away, in one of the rooms on the first floor, a telephone rings. And because it is so far away, the phone has a peculiar high-pitched b-r-r-r-ing . . . something like . . . something like . . . like the day he received the news.

Memory . . .
It was the day he was about to go to Chicago to see the Roy Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight. Should be a good one, he thought. That Basilio is tough but Sugar Ray knows all the tricks. Nice of Mike to say that he could fly back to California after the fight in The Liz. What a guy!

The phone rang. Eddie picked it up and said "Hello." Slowly his face drained of color. He said one word, "No." Then he sank down in a chair.

The doctor found him there, staring at the telephone, repeating over and over again, "Mike is dead. Mike is dead." The doctor gave him a shot and the color gradually returned to his face. Finally, Eddie struggled to his feet, went to tell Debbie the heart-breaking news.

The ballots are in
The judges have voted!

PHOTOPLAY
and
UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL
are proud
to announce

BARBARA JEAN BURNS
of Denver, Colorado
as the winner of the
"A Time to Love
and a Time to Die"
Premiere Contest

And on the way he seemed to hear Mike's voice.

Hardly a day had gone by when they hadn't talked to each other by phone. It didn't matter where Mike was—Paris, Moscow, or Hollywood. He'd call Mike or Mike would call him. And always Mike would sign off the same way, "I love you!" and Eddie would answer, "Me, too!" Now, as he moved towards Debbie, he heard the words, "I love you!"

And Eddie realized, as if Mike were standing next to him and spelling out the words: Love, the kind of love that Mike had for Liz and the kids. Yes, the kind of love that Mike felt for him, and Debbie and Carrie. For that matter, the kind of love that he, Eddie, felt at this moment, more strongly than ever, for Debbie and for Carrie and for little Todd . . .

Debbie packs some of the things that Carrey and Eddie will probably need in the East, things they'd never need in California. Snowsuits and mittens and warm sweaters and wool hats. As she folds the things she remembers the time when Liz's children, Michael and Christopher and Liza, spent three days at the Fisher house, just after they had lost their father . . .

Memory
As Debbie walked with Eddie up to the entrance of Liz's Coldwater Canyon home, she thought, "I wonder if Mike had acted towards Liz: always making a fuss over her, always telling her what a wonderful mother she was, and how beautiful she was; always giving her gowns and jewels, always treating her like one; always making her feel more beautiful than she was—if that was possible . . ."

Inside the house, Debbie was shocked when she saw Liz. Unbearable grief had distorted her beautiful face into a mask of suffering. She sat staring straight ahead as if she were in the world. As Debbie approached her, a flicker of expression crossed Liz's face. She spoke, and her voice sounded as if it came up from a deep well of tears. "What about the children?"

"We'll take care of them. Eddie and I'll take care of them," Debbie answered. And soon the Fishers' maid had bundled the three youngsters into Eddie's own and Debbie's house. And Debbie and Eddie had remained at their friend's side, trying to comfort and console her.

For three days, Michael and Christopher and Liza remained snug and protected in the Fisher household. Michael and Christopher wanted to play with Carrie, but all of Liz's youngsters had bad colds so this made it good. The visitors enjoyed themselves anyhow. For them it was a sort of holiday; they were completely unaware of the tragedy that had occurred. At bedtime, Debbie would return home from her vigil at Liz's house and tuck them in. And as she looked down at them, she'd think, "The family—kids and husband—is all that counts." . . . But in her heart she pictured a picture about how life will be for the Fisher clan in New York. It'll be the fall, he thinks, and the Yankees'll still be playing baseball. Maybe he can take Todd to a ball game. Sure, he'll be only six months, but so what? He's twenty-five inches long now and weighs fifteen pounds, and he's only three months old. By then he'll be at least double his present weight and size. Perhaps he won't understand what's going on. But he'd sit with Eddie in his box at the Stadium—that's a real ball-park, no championship ball-park in Los Angeles—and Eddie'll buy him a hot dog. When Mickey Mantle hits one into the bleachers, Todd will cheer . . .

Memory . . .
Todd will cheer. That did it. Todd was Mike's namesake, and, Eddie remembered, Mike always cheered. Nothing halfway for him. He was enthusiastic about everything: sports, travel, Liz, the kids, life itself. That's why it had been so difficult to comfort Liz on the plane trip back. She had said, "You yourself can't believe that a guy who was so alive is no longer alive, can you find words to make things easier for another?" Nevertheless, he had sat on the arm of that chair and held her in his arms and tried his best. But his words faded into the deep void of their mutual sorrow.
And then there had been that night weeks after the funeral was over. Liz had phoned "way after midnight. She'd had a terrible nightmare. She needed help. Eddie had slipped on a shirt, slacks and shoes and rushed over to her house. Liz was trembling and white. She had been working hard, "I know. A Hot Tin Roof." Throwing herself into work had helped. But sometimes, especially at night, the absence of Mike, the loss of Mike, was unbearable.

Liz talked and Eddie listened. She was talking; that was the main thing. All the pain that had been bottled up was pouring out. For hours, it seemed, she talked and she wept. All of their life together. Their love for each other. How Mike had dashed around buying baby clothes for Liza in Paris. How he had bought rails, or so it seemed when package after package after package addressed to Miss Liza Todd began to arrive at the hotel where they were staying. How their love ever before had seemed a dream. When she outgrew it, Mike—sentimental fool—had it framed and hung it on their bedroom wall.

Gradually, Liz had run out of things to say. Slowly, she said good night to Eddie and went up to her room, he hoped for his first night’s rest in weeks. On his way home Eddie Fisher said a silent prayer: "Keep our family safe and sound. Keep us together."

And Debbie and Eddie were living that prayer every day. They didn’t plan to settle immediately in New York. No, in midsummer, Eddie’s appendix permitting, they’re going to Europe as kind of unofficial American ambassadors to the several International Fair. So on an evening they pore over maps, figuring out where they’ll go and what they’ll see after their visit to the Fair is completed. They plan to visit friends in Italy and France and England.

But Europe, too, is a place they associate fondly with Mike and Liz. For it was just last summer and Debbie stayed a week at the Todd’s luxurious estate, the Villa Fiorentina, on the French Riviera. It had been a swell being together and in one place for even whole days. For Eddie had been moving all over Europe, signing up acts for his TV show, and Debbie had seen little of him. What they learned from Liza Todd at the Villa was that it was possible to say No to work, No to pressure, No to other people’s demands on your time and energy, and just drift for a time...

Memory...

For the Fishers the impressive feature of the Villa wasn’t the private dock on the Mediterranean Sea, or the huge swimming pool, or the fabulous grounds, or the breathtaking view, or the magnificent building itself, or the luxurious Rolls Royce, in which Liz and Mike explored the surrounding countryside. Or even the large sun-room filled with Liz’s canaries, which knocked them for a loop. ("A room full of song," Mike called it. And he was right.)

The most important feature of the stay was the wonderful closeness the four of them had felt for each other.

For a week Eddie and Debbie swam and water-skied; cried and laughed over one of Mike’s fast boats, sunned, loafed, and had had a grand time. Liz took it easy—her pregnancy was well along—but Mike frolicked and frisked his heart’s content. Motherhood seemed to be catching, however, for it was at the Villa Fiorentina that Debbie first suspected that she, too, was going to have another child.

The Todds and the Fishers went to the races in Paris together (they won), and Eddie and Debbie were among the 2,500 "intimate" friends that Mike and Liz in-
vited to a post-premiere party after the initial London showing of “Around the World in 80 Days.” The crowds cheered Debbie and Eddie as they made their way through the streets to the Thames River, where riverboats and barges were waiting to transport them and the other guests to Battersea Gardens, London’s Coney Island, for the celebration.

As they crossed the river, everyone had drunk champagne. Liz looked magnificent in a new Dior dress of ruby red chiffon, with a new necklace of diamonds and earrings to match. “Mike bought these for me for his birthday,” Liz said to Eddie and Debbie. And Mike joined in the laughter.

When they’d reached the farther shore it had started to rain. But nobody cared. Mike had even thought of that and supplied 2,500 raincoats for everyone. So they ate and drank and partied until dawn. Sure, it had cost Mike more than $200,000. But, as Mike had said, what’s a few bucks when friends are really enjoying themselves?

How different things were now, Eddie thought sadly, as he gathered his things together.

Something about the Fishers’ desire to leave Hollywood for a while can be learned from items that have been appearing in newspaper columns. What they say, in effect, is that Liz is looking for a new home. She wants to rent a place, not buy, because she isn’t sure where she wants to have a permanent home. And, they sad add, Liz Taylor has had the sorrowful chore of packing Mike Todd’s personal belongings before the dismantling of the Palm Springs home she and her late husband shared.

When they read items like these, it is any wonder that Debbie and Eddie think back to happier days, to their wonderful times together on the Riviera, or to Mike and Liz’s wedding, at which Eddie was the best man and Debbie was the matron of honor . . .

Memory . . .

The party after the ceremony at Acapulco, Mexico, had been a real Mike Todd production. The night was perfect, balmy and beautiful. No need for raincoats this time. But Mike provided something else: Tarascan Indian sport shirts with the initials ET and MT on every one. That, and the refreshments, of course. Twenty-two cases of icced champagne and buffet supper of giant crabs, baby lobsters, baked oysters, caviar, smoked turkey, and every conceivable Mexican dish. There had been dancing, singing (Eddie had sung several songs), entertainment. At the end of the evening, the sky was suddenly lit up by a brilliant display of fireworks, climaxing with the appearance of two blazing hearts in the heavens, intertwined, in which were the initials MT and ETT.

Liz had been pretty shaky before the ceremony. It had only been fourteen days before that she had been released from a New York hospital after an eight-and-one-half-week confinement. She had undergone an emergency operation for a crushed spinal disc. Too weary to acquire her complete trousseau, she had retired to bed. So Debbie, Eddie and Mike had finished the shopping for her. And at the party after the ceremony, Liz—under Mike’s solicitous care—had sipped champagne, danced a little and really had a good time. It had been a memorable evening.

It was during this period that Liz had done something for which Debbie and Eddie are eternally grateful. A Mexican reporter, spotting the Fishers at Acapulco (famous as a place where quick divorces may be secured), didn’t know they were there for the wedding, and guessed they were there for a divorce. The next day some of the Mexican papers carried the story on their front pages: Liz and Eddie were splitting up. And some columnists back in the United States picked up the item.

Shortly after this, Liz made a statement to the press about Debbie and Eddie, which reveals the lie in this rumor, and others like it. Demonstrating her real affection for and understanding of her friends, Liz said: “The real trouble exists not between Debbie and Eddie, but between the Fishers and a lot of people who don’t understand them. Hollywood is a town that oozes pessimism, but most of it comes from those who have never quite learned the meaning of self-confidence and hope. There are two careers in the Fisher family. That, according to the pessimists, should create every possible kind of marital complication. It hasn’t for the Fishers. They are both sensitive individuals. But instead of their sensitivity causing disagreements, Eddie and Debbie fool their critics by understanding each other.”

With a friend like this, it is any wonder that Eddie and Debbie have gone all out to try to comfort Liz, to help her take an interest again in things around her. And slowly, she is coming back to life.

One day Debbie appeared in the set of “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” wearing a huge Mexican sombrero and Capri pants. Over her shoulder was slung a rainbow-colored bandanna. “Look,” Demi said, “I just came out of a charity party, and Liz was intrigued by her costume. Soon the two women were chatting away about clothes, and clothes, and clothes, and clothes.

And one evening Debbie luned Liz out of her house and took her to the U-I projection room. There they both watched a screening of Debbie’s comedy, “This Happy Feelin’,” and there they played her hands at a number of scenes. Again it was like old times. Debbie didn’t hear Liz laugh so hard since the time they’d gotten lost in the sky . . .

Memory . . .

On New Year’s Eve, December 31, 1957, the Todds and the Fishers had decided they would go to Las Vegas to see the Judy Garland and Harry Belafonte shows. So they all boarded The Liz and took off for Vegas. Because Debbie was expecting a baby, the doctor came along for the ride, just in case.

Well, they landed—not in Las Vegas but in Palm Springs. No one had bothered to tell the pilot their destination so he had taken it for granted that they were heading for the Todd home in Palm Springs.

Back into the air they had climbed and headed for Nevada. Midnight came while they were still in the air. Everyone, except the doctor and the pilot, celebrated with champagne and caviar. Then they landed at Las Vegas.

Unexpected visitors had shown up at the Todd house, so there was no room for the pilot, the doctor and the Fishers to stay overnight. Luckily, the Fishers have their own house in Palm Springs so they decided to stay there. But their home was locked and they had forgotten the key— which Eddie and Mike got and they did it: broke into their own house . . .

Yes, Debbie and Eddie are leaving Hollywood for a while. Europe, New York, and then who knows? They are not selling their house in California—yet. But they are taking a long vacation in Europe and will then go to New York. Eddie will have his radio show and his B. I. V. show: Debbie will take dancing lessons and will spend some time observing the dramatic workshops at the Actors Studio. Chances are they’ll bring the children East once they get settled.

Mike’s death and Liz’s sorrow have taught Debbie and Eddie that love is everything, that the family is all. No marriage, no friendship, is permanent. They have problems and disagreements. There are always forces and tensions that put a strain on married life. But they are determined to solve their problems, prove the gossips wrong, work out their disagreements. Their time for mourning is coming to an end; now is the time for them to begin to forget.

As for Liz, she knows she has something to go on for—her children. Recently she said, “Part of Mike still lives in our little girl, Liza. He would want me to give her his name.” The Fishers have both would have lavished on her. And the two boys, too. Mike loved the boys.”
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what are they waiting for?” was the question.

From watching and listening to Steve and Eydie you guess the answer: their good common sense, their sensible rearing, with family life a dominating force in their formative years. They just knew that marriage is a serious step, not to be rushed. Besides, they were separated a good deal of the time, and individual night club engagements all over the country.

“Those phone bills!” Steve holds his head. “Absence makes the heart grow fonder—and the phone bills larger.”

“It’s because you talked too much,” Eydie puts in. “I used to say, ‘How about hanging up?’—but no, you always had something more to tell me.”

Steve looks appropriately squealed. “I only wanted to tell her I loved her. Is that bad?”

Eddie cocks her pert little head: “No, it’s just repetitious—and expensive. I always heard him the first time.” Then as an aside she whispers: “But it was always darn nice to hear it again and again. But now we figure there is no sense for people who want to be together to be separated. So I’m booked when Steve will be free so he can go with me, and he’s arranged his bookings when I’m free so I can go with him. We won’t make as much money that way, as if we both took continuous engagements, but we need to be together. We want the happiness of sharing our lives.

“We complement each other,” says Eydie. “Steve is very cunning, relaxed. I’m inclined to be more tense. I’ve learned the joy of relaxation since I married Steve.”

“I rub off on people,” Steve comments.

“He dominates, of course,” says Eydie. “No, she does,” says Steve.

Eydie considers seriously for a moment. “I guess maybe he’s right. He asks me what I’d like to do—with his mind already made up!”

“Not so, not so!” cries Steve, grinning. “She means like if I ask her would she like me to make breakfast and bring it to her in bed. She would, and I do.”

And he makes a neat ham and egg dish,” smiles Eydie. “And he’s very good for me. I’m stronger now—more able to make decisions. I used to be wishy-washy. Now, faced with a problem, I face it, and I’m able to size up a situation more quickly. I used to be shy with strangers. I felt inferior. So many silly little things that I’m so much better about since I have Steve.

“Your turn,” Eydie addresses Steve. He looks quite serious. Then slowly he says: “Eydie gives me a confidence I never had before. It’s a feeling of security that comes when somebody loves you. It’s great. Then almost as if he were shy of being so sentimentally honest, he reaches down and picks up a slip cover. “Fardon me, lady,” he says, addressing the couch. “I don’t mean to be fresh, but I want to show what’s under you.” The couch-material under the slip cover is of beautiful buff velvet, and the huge accompanying chair is in soft pearl gray. “Eydie decorated the whole place,” Steve says. “Look at the drapes.” They are indeed unusual—off-white silk, with small black tassels ornamenting the tops like a valance.

“She does the shopping too,” Steve adds proudly.

Suddenly Eydie jumps up, goes into the bedroom, and returns with her wedding dress. She’s very proud of it, and she keeps it wrapped in layers of protective materials: first a wrapping of Saran, over which drapes a cellophane bag. The dress is an off-white peau de soie, cocktail length, with a sweep of back panel and a short lace jacket.

Eydie starts to put the dress back in its mummy-like wrappings. Wistfully she says, “I thought at the time how practical it might prove to be—to wear to parties, for instance. But—I sort of just want to keep it, always.” If there is a little catch in her voice, she brushes it away quickly by adding, “It’s well made. It wouldn’t wear out.”

“It was a wonderful wedding,” Steve fills the gap while Eydie goes to put her dress away. “To start a wonderful year.”

“Would you like to see the wedding pictures?” Steve produces an enormous white leather album. “This is the best album either of us will ever make,” he says. There are a dozen with their respective families, with the rabbi who performed the ceremony, with each other. “And here’s the best pose of all.”

Steve takes a picture showing Eydie over an imaginary threshold. “Like grooms are supposed to do,” he says.

The threshold of matrimony is indeed the most important portal of a lifetime. The Steve Lawrencees have just begun to discover the magic on the other side of the door.

In fact, for Eydie—as well as for Steve—the glow looks like it’s never going to wear off. At the last Academy Award presentations, Eydie rushed up to Red Buttons to compliment him on his supporting-actress prize. “Isn’t it wonderful!” she said, “the most wonderful year ever for both of us. You won an Oscar and I won a Steve!”

As Eydie retires to put the precious bouquet back in its proper place, Steve produces a lovely crystal cigarette box and tray, Steve Allen’s wedding present.

“Eydie loves glass,” he says.

“Ooh! I love glass,” Eydie exclaims. “And I can see right through you, boy.”

“This is another one of our treasures,” she says. She shows us a color photo of Judy Garland. It is inscribed: “To darling Steve, with love and respect from Judy. Love, Eydie.”

Eydie explains the inscription. “She came to see me when I played the Coconut Grove in California and I visited at her house while I was there. We became close pals. She’s the greatest!”

“She certainly is a great entertainer,” Steve says. “And speaking of entertainers, my mother and father should be in show biz—sort of like a Jewish version of Lucie and Desi—only my mother’s father. But smart! She recently passed her driver’s license test. My father has a great sense of humor. For instance, take a look at this clock.” He indicates a fine old French piece, delicately encrusted with etched bronze designs. Its face is fragile crystal and it is edged in a narrow band of gold. It is not a clock anybody would mistake for an everyday timepiece. “Well, my father took one look at it and said: ‘It’s okay. But it’s five minutes slow. Does it have an alarm?’

Recently Steve’s folks moved from Brooklyn to a New York suburb. Then his mother reveals in a new kitchen, quite different from the old-fashioned one she had for so many years in Brooklyn. “But she still makes the same wonderful dishes,” Steve says.

“I’m drooling,” Interrupts Eydie. “We had stuffed cabbage last time we were out there. Did we eat well that day? On holidays we like to visit both sets of parents. So, we go to one for lunch and the other for dinner. We have big family parties. My sister and her children, Steve’s and their kids. Twenty people . . . a small party. Fun!”

“Eydie’s mom’s got some reputation as a cook, too,” says Steve. “She’s known from one end of the Bronx to another as a chef at making roast chicken with liver stuffing. Of course, and he puts his stomach, ‘Eydie is a good cook, too. She cooked a wonderful lunch today. We split a steak, figs and that pink rice she makes.
It's the end! You'd really love it. "Could be," puts in Eydie slyly, "you could burst." Then more seriously, "But we're both on a diet. When you're happy it's so easy to take on weight."

"You're thinner," says Steve. "You unhung?"

"You're thinner, too," she replies, poking him in the tummy. "Nothing but skin and bones. How you must hate me! I can't stand it any longer!" she suddenly says and jumps to her feet.

"What, my hating you?" Steve calls after her as she runs into the dining room.

"No," comes a faraway voice, "the tray."

There is a moment's hanging and scrap- ing and a sad-faced Eydie pokes her head around the door jamb.

"Is it sticking to the wall?" asks Steve eagerly. "Yes," says Eydie, "but now it's upside down!"

Eydie and Steve's chief aim seems to be to please each other. Eydie readily admits it, please Steve. He likes blue and white, and soft pastel shades. Occasionally, she likes to wear a flaming red sweater. Steve bows to this feminine departure.

"And she goes to the tailor with me," Steve says. "She knows fabrics. Her father was a custom tailor. I don't know how I managed to order a suit before Eydie helped me out.

"Actually he lived in a nudist colony," laughed Eydie.

For a moment, they talk about their career plans. "We don't want to be a team exactly," says Eydie. "We want to have individual professional lives, to stand on our own feet. It's great fun working together like on the Steve Allen replacement show now. Steve is so good at comedy. He writes a good deal of his own material."

"Eydie writes some of it too," puts in Steve.

"You look pretty cute when you do a soft shoe," comments Steve.

"You look like a singing dancer," Eydie retorts.

There are so many unusual pieces in the apartment. One is a huge metal stork, which peeks out from enormous metal leaves, and they've painted it chartreuse.

Steve is quick to give its history. "We weren't expecting the stork, but one day this one flew in. We think it is a fugitive from the Bronx Zoo."

All of these unusual treasures in their current home will surely be retained when they get their dream house. This they plan on for the not too distant future, a spacious spot where they can raise their children.

"We want," says Eydie, "a rambling type of house that looks like it's growing right out of the ground. And an old-fashioned garden—very romantic!"

"Just promise something," Steve says to Eydie. "We won't have to hang the clown tray in the dining room of our dream house."

"Oh, but we have to," she cries. "You know how I love clowns."

"That's why she married me," Steve says in mock despair. "She adores clowns."

"But next time, Buster," she says, grabbing the lapels of his coat and staring him straight in the eye, "we don't go lazy and leave it hanging upside down the way it is now!"

"Gotcha!" he answers, enveloping her in a big bear-hug.

Just then there is a crashing sound from the direction of the dining room. "Scoo," says Steve between shouts of laughter, "the first year is the wackiest!"
WHY BING & KATHY NEED THIS BABY

Continued from page 51

hills—the one in which Bing's four sons had been born and raised; the one about which a few weeks earlier, she had said, "It feels like the star boarder, roaming in and out. I have nothing to do with the housekeeping. There's a woman named Georgia—a wonderful person—who does that. She's been with the family ever since the boys were small, when she was their governess." Georgia—a wonderful woman—part of the Crosby family. And the past.

From the beginning—ever since their quiet marriage on October 24—and recently, more than ever before, the Crosbys had been battered by the past. In the opinion of skeptics—many of them Bing's own good friends—the marriage could never last and love and romance were ruled out as its basis.

"Wait 'til she starts to change Der Bingle," they warned. "You can't change the past. . . . You can't change the past. Kathryn knew even as she spoke to the surrounding reporters, that people were asking, "Why didn't Bing fly down to be with his bride? See? You can never change a bachelor." And their life, once again, was a headline.

I seemed it had always been a headline.

BING TAKES BRIDE YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE HIS DAUGHTER IN SURPRISE CEREMONY" the headlines had screamed when they were married quietly in Nevada.

Bing's friends weren't even there. The feeling is they didn't approve. Bing, obviously, needed a wife, they felt. Not an unusual requirement. After all, Dixie, the mother of his four boys, had died in 1952 and for five years he had roamed around lost. When Dixie was alive, he'd had the anchor he needed. But could twenty-four-year-old Kathryn be that anchor now? Bing's too set in his ways," the well-meaning worried.

Kathy knew what they said. And so she had devoted all of herself to her husband's interests. She'd studied golf with him. "We don't play together, though. I can't keep up with his game."

fished with him, traveled with him when he was restless, helped decorate the Palm Desert house with him, done benefits with him—lived for him.

"Marriage agrees with me," said Bing some months after the wedding, and Kathy was pleased. "It's great," he continued. "I'm not on the go all the time, always restless the way I was. When you don't have a wife, you know how it is—how you eat out all the time and run around. That can be pretty sad. Now I stay home with Kathy and we have a wonderful time—reading or watching TV or just talking."

Bing had even said he'd retire. When he'd changed his mind, a few weeks later, and asked Kathy to come a year's vacation, she'd laughed. "If it makes Bing happy, it makes me happy." And when he went away on a fishing trip for a few months with friends, again she said, "If it makes him happy, I am happy."

And then more headlines, and more skeptics and more talk.

"She's a lucky girl," they wagged, "Bing's worth at least ten million dollars. "Ten million"? corrected others. "Fifteen million!"

But even with her amazing maturity and good sense, Kathryn Grant could never have been prepared for the barrage of startling headlines that have faced them across the breakfast table the past few months. She could never have imagined that obligations of the name Crosby included these. True, she would have been the first to acknowledge that her marriage was not going to be an easy one. She knew, too, from the years that she had gone with Bing, that in marrying him she was marrying an American institution. Those who know her—and there are few—also maintain that she knew she would have to contend with the past. To understand Kathryn and Bing, one must understand the past, too.

To the skeptical who did not understand, Kathy had said bluntly, "Our life as Mr. and Mrs. Bing Crosby will be strictly our personal and private affair." And she—and Bing—had obviously meant it.

But whether Bing's fortune was ten million or fifteen; whether they had four homes or five; whether swimming pools were kidney-shaped or oval—no matter how gracious and luxurious her life with Bing, Kathryn knew one thing was missing—something that she could call her own.

And so she sits alone in her seventh month of pregnancy in the Crosby living room and tells herself that the one thing to be desired and theirs alone is the baby that will be born this fall.

That thought, and the life she feels within her, make it easier to contend with the headlines.

Perhaps the four sons that were Dixie's could have helped make this different. As long as her steadying influence had been present, it had made itself felt on Gary, Philip, Dennis and Lindsay—as well as Bing. But when Dixie died, the family just didn't have that same thing to fall back on. . . .

Dennis, twenty-three, had managed to create enough headlines to make the hair on any father's head grow gray—and to make him feel very, very old. He is a twenty-year-old, shrink within herself. He had gone and married a divorced showgirl three years older than himself, a shapely blonde that Bing himself was supposed to have dated—just before his other divorcee, or her, older than Dennis, claimed him as the father of her illegitimate child who just happened to be named Denise—no doubt, a boy would have been named Dennis Jr.

What probably hurt the most was that Dennis was supposed to be the apple of his father's eye—yet when Dennis and his bride showed up at one of the five Crosby dwellings, his father wasn't around. Nothing material was missing—there was food, lodging, clothing, money—but no father. ("I'm a showgirl, gone on a fishing trip in Alaska," Dennis said.)

And no mother. It wasn't Kathryn's fault. How could she, one year his senior, become a mother to him? Shortly after the birth of the new Dennis, a bewildered press man asked Dennis to a more bewildered press man.

"Right now we're just looking around, sort of. We haven't found a place of our own, but we need all of this. We've got our own? With Bing's five homes available? Dennis' particular difficulties happened to be the worst, but there was a sameness to all four boys' activities that tells a story.

As Gary went, Philip went, too. The boys, each of them, felt the same—got into more than one scrap at college, with a highway crash that killed a passenger in another car. Philip had his share of news coverage, too. He'd had an auto accident, landing in a hospital with cracked vertebrae to show for it; and more recently he made headlines squiring a Las Vegas showgirl, Sandra Drummond, to the races.

Dennis, too, was once arrested for drunken driving, but a lenient judge dismissed the case because he was in the Army. Gary was in the Army, too. . . . The youngest, Lindsay, had been on the way to becoming a priest when his mother died—in fact, it was probably his influence that was chiefly responsible for Dixie's conversion to Catholicism. Now he, too, seems more attracted to show business and show people, including a lovely lady, June Blair.

It wasn't only the headlines. The gossip columnists snatched at opportunities to catch Bing up on his every move—or lack of it—in small, unobtrusive items. When Gary flew home to the States on leave from Army duty in Germany, to get his 20th birthday present, "Mardi Gras," they crowed, "Where was Bing when his oldest son arrived in New York after a two-year absence?"

Then, "There was no Bingle around when Gary went on location in Virginia." Then, months later asked a columnist, "Was Bing in the audience at Gary's night club debut at New York's Cafe de Paris?" And even answered to her question: "He was not."

Any differences between Bing and the boys were, of course, unfortunate. But they weren't really the fault of any of them. They were the result of creating themselves. Father and sons aren't the uncomplicated kind of men they appear to be and, like any human beings, they can act in strange ways. It was the new Mrs. Crosby's ill luck to get thrown into the
midst of problems over which no one—especially not my own control.

And so Kathryn Crosby, alone in a large house people only by servants and memories, dreamed of the marriage that would soon become complete. She and Bing would have something at last theirs alone—a baby girl. Baby girl? She caught herself up quickly. Friends and family had warned repeatedly that she mustn't make up her mind too early. "No queen ever beat five of a kind," one friend teased Bing. Still, she didn't think it would be anything else, and had counted on one so much she had even chosen a name—Mary Frances, after a dear family friend, Mrs. Guil (Mary) Banks, the "Aunt Mary" with whom she'd made her home away from home. But she'd been married. And, to the teasing friends, Kathryn had answered, "If we have a boy that's what we'll want most, too."

But girl or boy, in Kathryn's heart was an unseen prayer for the baby: "I want it to know love—the sort of love I've had from my parents as long as I can remember. I want our child to know need, too—not need for money and position, but for learning, accomplishment and the joy in achieving respect of and for others. And I know it'll need the love and companionship of its father as much as I do."

She looked forward eagerly to tomorrow when, after a voice recording rehearsal with Jim Backus for a cartoon to be released next year (Kathryn plays an Oriental princess), the painters would be coming to begin work on the nursery. She would supervise the decorating, switching of furniture and preparation of quarters for "Mary Frances." The room itself was the one that was once Lindsay's "rawhide" room. The all-boy hideaway with its rawhide lamps and nubby brown bedspreads would be transformed to a dainty pastel boudoir.

By Kathryn's own wish the nursery would be decorated around Dixie Crosby's beloved collection of imported Chinese cherub figurines. For years on her birthday, Mother's Day or other special occasions, Bing and the boys would present her with a rare figurine for her collection, each with its own meaning, its own special reason. And Kathryn wanted to decorate the nursery in blue, the color of the dainty figures.

Blue for the wee one who had caused the rawhide décor to be replaced with nursery rhymes and little people. Blue for the arrival of the new life, the new music, the true and precious beginning of their marriage.

THE END

WHAT DOES A WOMAN DO . . . ?

Continued from page 45

and Tony had sailed together on the Queen Elizabeth. She had to begin work on the picture. Tony had to return to his post with CBS-TV in London. It would be wrong, they decided, not to let ten-year-old Melanie and six-year-old Francesca finish the school year. So it was arranged that they would come later on one of the Cunard "Queens" with Nan Patterson, the trusted nurse of seven years. And the girls were so thrilled at the prospect of traveling "like real grown-ups."

Nobody in the household had suspected anything unusual when Tony called one night and told them to take the Pan American Polar Flight to London, instead of the boat. "We'll have more time together that way," he said. A twinge of pain crossed Deborah's face. She knew exactly
how it must have been—the youngsters jumping with joy, driving poor Nan to near tears with their packing. Melanie, whose great current ambition was to be an expert horsewoman, trying to decide which of her beloved books on horses to take. Frankie collecting tear jerker pictures. Both picking out some new jigsaw puzzles “to work with Mummy.” And so happy at the prospect of seeing their Grandmother and Grandfather, they persuaded Nan to fly back and see her mother and aunt. The household staff going along to Los Angeles International Airport to give them a big send-off. And what a thrill it must have been for them, flying over the North Pole to London in seventeen-hours and forty minute's And then... their own world, that tight, secure little world of the four of them knowing each other.

She met Peter Viertel as a writer on the film. A tall American of Austrian parentage, he had been called in to help doctor the still-dead body of Ava Gardner at the Communist revolt in 1956. At thirty-seven (a year older than she), he had a brilliant reputation as writer of a best-seller, ‘White Hunter, Black Heart,’ and ‘African Venus:’ “Fever” and “The Sun Also Rises.” He also had a reputation as a ladies man. Long separated from his wife, he had been famed model Bettina's constant escort for several years before he met Aly Khan. Joan Fontaine had been a guest at his thirty-room mansion in Killcock, County Kildare, Ireland. He had squired Rita Hayworth around, and escorted Gardner in Hollywood. He was a man of great sophistication and persuasive charm.

That they should become friendly was inevitable. Both of them staying at the Imperial Hotel, Vienna’s finest, Deborah in a cozy apartment on the second floor, Viertel on the third. And perhaps the events that developed from that chance circumstance were also inevitable.

Every morning, promptly at 8:00 a.m., she was picked up by the studio limousine, to be taken to the Rosenheugel movie grounds, where she worked until late in the evening. She loved her work; the picture was an exciting challenge. But often, she was very weary. “I’ve made four pictures in a row,” she would say, “I thought I was going to die of forced gaiety. That’s much too many. It leaves no time for rest.”

At first, when she had a day off, she rushed about on happy sight-seeing sprees. To the Auerberg Winter Gardens, to the Kunsthistorisches Museum, to the Museum of Fine Arts, where she was a painter and art lover herself, she gaped in wonder at half the Brueghels in the world. To the Hofburg, where the Austrian Emperor is crowned. But it is not to be. “You will see it will be to show Frankie and Melanie all this,” she thought, “Just a few weeks... then they’ll be here!”

But then, there were no more sights to see, no more feeling set in feeling she knew well. Loneliness. Emptiness. Boredom. In the past few weeks, when she had been picture-making all over the world, she had discovered the value of being familiar. Usually, it had been possible to bring the children with her, at least part of the time. It was the rest of the time that was so hard.

She began to talk to him. Back to Vienna. She and Tony had talked about their plans for the future. “My Old Man” she called Tony, using her favorite pet name. “He often says he wants me to work hard until they were sure that the children would never have any financial worries. “Yes, Mouse,” he had agreed, smiling. “These separations won’t last for ever.”

Now, she wondered wistfully whether she was doing the right thing... and wondered again, when she saw Peter Viertel, with his witty conversation and his enthusiasm for intellectual chat—an enthusiasm she had recently acquired, but which Tony did not share—helped to fill the void and brighten her lonely hours. And to have dinner with someone, to talk a while—what harm was there in that?

“It must have been some so-called ‘friend’ who got to Tony and gave him an earful,” she thought bitterly. Oh, she knew them well, these myriad hangovers—on who make the lives of movie stars miserable, gleaning bits of gossip, passing them on with the pride of being “in the know.”

But the damage was done. Tony’s retaliation was swift—and devastating. Through his lawyers, Nordon and Company, he had the children made temporary wards of the court. It meant that a judge would decide their destiny. It meant that she could not take them out of England. To quiet the rising clamor, she had made a brief statement, announcing the separation, without expressing the hope that she and Tony could resolve their problems.

Outwardly, she was calm, dignified, the perfect lady everyone always expected Deborah Kerr to be. Inwardly, she was baffled, brokenhearted, enraged, like a tiger whose cubs have been taken from her. At the first break in shooting, on Whitsun tide weekend, she flew to London. She knew that the divorce was a sacrifice of position on her part. But if she had to eat humble pie, she would eat it. “Not to have my children with me,” she thought. “I can’t bear it. No matter what I can’t bear it!”

Friends reported that Tony said, “I cannot understand it for a minute. I see no reason—it’s all a great puzzle and torment to me. But if it has to be a break, I want the children.”

He had whisked them away to a secret place—probably the home of his parents, Sir Charles and Lady Bartley, in Sussex. But it made me my own way. Deborah Kerr's place was in Vienna. Tony remained unmoved.

And now, on the lonely shore, in desperation she tried to find the answer to the question that plagued through her brain like the surf beating against the sand: “What shall I do? What shall I do?”

Troubled, she wandered along the deserted beach, thinking. All times, the waves rose around her ankles, then receded, and she watched the grains being carried to the sea. “Maybe that's the way it has been,” she thought doubtfully. “Through the twelve years of my marriage. Little by little, bit by bit, wearing and crumbling away.” And she remembered something she had said once, when she was questioned about her role in “Tea and Sympathy.” Always, she had been able to express herself better, emotionally, when she was acting, or talking about a part. Perhaps it was her English reticence, perhaps the shyness that had haunted her ever since she was a small, thin child, taunted with her American accent. But it was so. She had said, “I believe that when one is young, one thinks of love as something tender. And somehow, when one grows older, one realizes that tenderness is lost. I hope this picture will touch people, will make them remember a way of loving that has gone out of their lives.”

How had it gone out of hers? She remembered how it was, when she and Tony had met in 1944. She was a fledgling actress, just getting a start in films, he was a director, married to the star of the War on the Big Screen, with a fortune, a Paris home, and a family in New York. She was sixteen, lovely, full of promise. He was thirty-four, successful, but somewhat wearied.

He had wired a proposal when he was away on a flying jaunt. And, all decorum forgotten, she had answered with all the straightforward warmth that had so often been kept under wraps, before and since: “Yes, When?”

When she was offered a Hollywood contract, it was a chance too good to turn down. In 1945, there was nothing farther together, with high spirits and high hopes. But for both of them, those hopes were soon dashed. She had found herself in a straitjacket, a “loveless, 半空, a gentlewoman after another. And for Tony, it had been worse. Poor Tony! For three years, he was unable to take a job, because his immigration status was not cleared.

When at last he got his papers, and found a happy niche in TV production, their troubles were not over. With “From Here to Eternity,” he became a Big Screen Swiss bank for her. And an Academy Award nomination. “Nobody knew I could act,” she often said, “until I put on a bathing suit.”

If Tony felt uncomfortable at her emergence as an actress with a figure and sex appeal, he didn’t show it. Even the ridiculous rumors of a romance between her and Frank Sinatra on the “Eternity” location failed to make her sensitive—“Oh,” he laughed, “now you have arrived!”

But without their realizing it, their success was pulling them further and further apart. Tony’s TV job took him to London. He was always there, where she was never.

Now, it was too late, perhaps, to recover what they had lost. And here, with the fresh salt air whipping her face, her mind was made up. “If only I had been there when it must do,” she thought. “There is no other choice. If my marriage is to be sacrificed, it is a risk I must take. But I cannot live without my children.”

She booked a plane. Back to Vienna. Back to Peter Viertel. And a few days later, more bad news. Tony had filed a writ charging Viertel with “enticement”—the bigamy act.

Peter reacted violently, calling the charge “malarkey.” But his plans to divorce his wife at long last added more fuel to the fire. She could delay no longer. Then, she had waited, hoping against hope that there might be some way it could be avoided. She picked up the phone, and called her lawyer. He said, “Yes. But—” Her plans to begin a suit for divorce. It would force a decision on the children’s custody. It was the only way to get them back.

When she hung up the phone, she burst into tears. “A woman cannot be both wife and mother. But if she cannot be both, there is only one answer possible.”
MY FIRST REAL DATE

Continued from page 34

I don't think it's right to say a girl should never kiss a boy on a first date—but it only means something if he's a boy you respect and who you know respects you. And now, young lady," Mary said as she leaned over to kiss her daughter's cheek, "the only warnings I want to give you are: Don't talk John's head off the way you do mine sometimes and don't giggle too much! Except for that, I want you to concentrate on having a good time!"

That night Sandy couldn't sleep, and when she woke next morning it was noon. She went into the kitchen for Sunday breakfast. Always a light eater, she had only liked that morning. As usual, her mother insisted she must have something. Sandy shook her head.

"Well, Sandy, isn't it very polite if you go out so hungry that when John asks if you want to eat you wind up ordering everything on the menu!" That did the trick—Sandy ate breakfast.

She spent the next hour putting on a third coat of nail polish—frosted Pink Lightning, to match the pink roses in her dress—and trying to calmly while away the hours. She watched TV, played with her dogs, checked her appointment book for the coming week and then at 3:30 she disappeared into the bathroom and prepared a bubble bath of her favorite gardenia fragrance.

An hour later, Mary stuck her head in.

"It's almost five, dear, time to get going!" "Five o'clock," Sandy shrieked, jumping out of the tub. "Mo-oother," she wailed, "I won't even call me at quarter to. I'll never be ready!"

"You've plenty of time. Just relax!"

Sandy spent the next hour and fifteen minutes nervous. But 1:15 she was ready. Her mother came in, took a sweeping glance, smiled approvingly and said, "Sandy, you look lovely. Do you have your key? Do you remember to put a hanky in your purse?"

Sandy dashed across the room, opened her purse and double-checked. "Thanks for everything, Mommy. You've really been a big help. Ooh! It's six-thirty already." She'd no sooner gotten the words out of her mouth than the doorbell rang, its br-r-r-r sending a shiver up from the base of her spine.

"He's here! When you open the door don't tell him I'm ready. It's fashionable for a lady to keep her escort waiting. I wouldn't want Johnny to think I've been red-faced for fifteen minutes! Please talk to him for a while, Mommy; then I'll make my 'entrance.'"

"All right, but Sandy, don't be too fashionably late."

"Come on in, Johnny. Sandy's not quite ready. My, it's good seeing you again," Mary said with genuine enthusiasm as she opened the front door.

Sandy could see the rest of the conversation. Back in her bedroom, she paced up and down, ran a comb through her hair, put on a fresh dab of perfume. She kept trying the clock until its steady tick seemed to say, "Get going, girl—it's time!" She held her head high, crossed her fingers and walked to the living room.

John stood and smiled a hello; then he and Sandy and her mom sat and chatted for a while. Sandy mostly listened, silently thankful that for the moment Mom was carrying the conversational ball—she'd have her chance to talk soon enough!

Then came a break in the conversation and Sandy said to John, "Want to hear some of my records? I got four new albums yesterday— The King and I, Eydie Gorme, Perry Como and Harry Belafonte, Which would you like?"

"All of them," Johnny grinned. "They just happen to be my favorite's favorite."

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Sandy spread the albums on the floor and put the records from their jackets. She put on "The King and I" first. They sat on the floor looking at each other shyly, then they both started singing along with the record:

"Getting to know you, getting to know all about you—
Getting to know you, getting to know that you care . . ."

An hour just flew by. Reluctantly, John looked at his watch. "It's about eight. Think we better get going?"

"All right," Sandy answered. "But let's have a quick glass of milk before we go."

As they headed for the kitchen, Mary called after them, "There are apples in the refrigerator, too, if you want them!"

After their quick snack, Sandy got her coat and as John helped her put it on, Sandy leaned over, kissed her mom good night and then, for one brief moment, clasped her mother's hand—tightly. The gesture said more than a thousand words. It said, "Thanks for everything, Mother."

As they walked off the front porch, Sandy felt deliciously fragile, for John was protectively holding her hand going down the steps. She was holding hands! After spending an entire week worrying about whether it would happen and how she would react, it had happened—and so naturally! Her mother was right. "Take things in stride; take things as they come."

John led the way to his new white Ford convertible parked at the curb. The top was down, and it looked very sporty. "Want me to put the top up? It might be too cold for you," Johnny said as he opened the door. Before closing it, he waited until Sandy had tucked the last folds of her coat under her.

"No, Johnny, please leave it down; I like it this way." How nice of him to ask. They were off. The breeze gently played tag with her hair. It was a balmy evening, and the sun had yet to sink into the sea. Sandy looked up at the sky and saw the faint outline of a full moon overhead. Nature certainly was wonderful—providing a full moon!

"What show would you like to see?" John asked, heading the car toward Beverly Hills.

"It doesn't matter as long as it's a picture I haven't seen more than once!"

"I brought a newspaper. Let's pull over and decide then and there."

They scanned the listings and found a picture at a neighborhood theater that neither of them had seen even once. As they left Wilshire Boulevard and turned into Beverly Drive, Sandy spotted a supermarket window. Without thinking she said, "Look at those delicious cantaloupes! I'll have to remember to ask Mommy to stop by and get some."

"We can stop right now," John said, pulling to the curb.

"Oh, no, John, please . . . But it was too late. Sandy blushed and thought to herself, well, here's mistake number one! What a time to go shopping for cantaloupes! Then the blush deepened. She'd forgotten to put "mad money" in her purse—not that she needed one. She was sure it must be wrong for a date to pay for her date's breakfast food! While these thoughts were spinning around in her brain, John, the oh-so-obliging escort, had come around to her side of the car and opened the door. Sandy looked up at him and smiled. He'd opened the door for her—automatically. She hadn't had to sit waiting, feeling like a helpless female.

Shopping in the market was fun. Almost like an old married couple doing the weekly shopping. Sandy politely offered to pay for the cantaloupes, knowing John would refuse her money. He did.

They got to the movie just as the lights were dimming. They found seats in the middle of the house, ate two boxes of popcorn—and held hands, oblivious to the fact that their hands were slightly greasy from the popcorn and melted butter. When the show was over they headed for John's car. It was just ten o'clock.

"Let's stop off some place and eat, shall we?" John asked as they got into the car in the parking lot.

"Love to," Sandy agreed, "but where shall we go?"

"Hamburger Hamlet's usually fun," John said. "Besides, it's such a terrific night, we can drive side by side on the patio."

John was right. The patio was the perfect place to eat and after the waiter seated them, they ordered hamburgers, French fries, and drinks. As they waited to be served, they talked about lots of things. Sandy was in heaven. So far there hadn't been even one unfilled pause in the conversation. They laughed about how they'd met at M-G-M; how columnists had described their first screen embrace as the most important kiss since Bob Stack had bussed Deanna Durbin fifteen years before. They laughed about the gag gifts the crew had rigged up to surprise Sandy when she'd celebrated her fifteenth birthday on the set of "Until They Sail." And then talked seriously about their careers and what they expected of each other.

"The Reluctant Deb" for M-G-M and "Stranger in My Arms" for U-I.

Arriving home, Sandy was amazed to realize how relaxed and at ease she was. She couldn't help mentally patting herself on the back. She'd managed to get through nearly a whole evening without giggling or making any major mistakes she could think of—for the cantaloupes—and that she'd never live down! The car radio was playing softly. Sandy flopped back, listened to her favorite Johnny drive and listening to him talk. She had a warm glow inside. Without putting it into words she knew she was having a good time and instinctively felt that Johnny was enjoying himself, too. At least she hoped so.

"Would you like to come inside for a while?" Sandy asked as Johnny parked in front of Sandy's house. Instinctively, she knew he would say yes.

And as she was unlocking the front door, it was an intuitive flash that made her ask, "Shall we raid the icebox when we're in? I bet you're still a little hungry."

"Boy, you must be psychic!" John said.

"I'm always hungry!"

As Sandy poured out the cantaloupes, John took a peek in the icebox. He selected milk and a juicy red apple from the bottom shelf. Sandy got glasses and a plateful of chocolate cookies and they sat down to the Sandy spread.

"I sure had a nice time tonight, Sandy," John said softly. "By the way, I forgot to tell you, you look mighty sharp this evening."

Sandy felt the color rising in her cheeks. She'd wondered earlier in the evening if he'd notice how she looked. But the more she thought about it, the more she understood that Johnny's few words—"You look mighty sharp tonight!"—were about as grand a compliment as any girl could get. Those were men's words—not too gushy or feminine that she should be enough to let her know he liked the way she looked.

They finished their snack and John said it was late, he'd better be going. Again the directness of his words surprised her, for he had then, just before he opened the door, he leaned over and gently kissed Sandy on the cheek.

"Bye. I'll call you this week. Maybe if you're free we could go out again next weekend."

Sandy smiled and nodded. In a moment he was off. She could hear him whistling "Getting to Know You" as he bounded down the steps.

Sandy tiptoed to her room, took off her dress, hung it back in the closet, put on her pajamas and robe and scrubbed her hair. She had to look tingly, just then Mary came in. "Hi, honey!" she said. "Have a good time?"

"Oh, Mom—it was just . . . just . . ."

"Perfect?" Mary supplied the right word as she sat down on the edge of Sandy's bed.

"Better than perfect—super-perfect," Sandy giggled. "Oh, I have so much to tell you—all about the cantaloupes and . . ." Sandy flopped on the floor next to her mother and yawned, " . . . stopping at Hamburger Hamlet and . . ."

"Want to sleep on it and save it for tomorrow, Mary suggested."

"Okay, Mom!" said Sandy as she got up and into bed. Her mother blew her a kiss and turned out the light.

Sandy snuggled under the blankets. A breeze swept through the window and a stream of thoughts, phrases, images raced through her mind: first date . . . dreams . . . hamburgers . . . he held my hand . . . he kissed me good night . . . raiding the icebox . . . getting to know all about you . . . Johnny drive . . . cantaloupes . . . popcorn. The words and images rolled into each other, creating a montage of wonderful memories. Just before she closed her eyes, Sandy had one special thought. "Next day, I'll call you, sweet sixteen. I've had my first date, my first good-night kiss. Mommy was right—as long as I live I'll never forget tonight, no matter how many other dates I have."
Another fact accepted by people, "Zone sweeping," is a term used by parents, competition must be effective against co-workers. Very often, more love and understanding are needed. "The secret to happiness is the art of sharing," warns: "Girls, don't be jealous of your lover, but remember if she's not jealous of you, she'll hand you to her once again."

Competition from Other Interests

Other competition comes with the rush of old activities and hobbies that threaten to sweep him away from you. Hugh O'Brian warns: "Girls, be not too demanding. You may have had first call on his time all summer but remember summer has more free moments. Now you'll have to share him with many more interests and people. But don't begrudge him this time," said O'Brian. "It would not be the versatile guy you fell in love with. Let him know you believe in leading separate lives for these are the differences that make your relationship more fun. You may have shared deep-sea diving all summer long, but come fall, you might not have poetry, boxing or opera in common. In other words, your 'togetherness' could be strictly seasonal."

"Understanding is terribly important in any relationship between a man and woman," George Nader added, "and I think people who work in motion pictures are even more sensitive to this. There's little time to spare—co-workers. There's little time to spare even to think—about anyone else. A girl must be sensitive and mature enough to realize this. It also helps if she's an active person with interests of her own. If you help fulfill those empty weeks. If she is, her understanding will win the gratitude and heart of any guy."

Competition from Parents

You have to guard against competition from within your own home territory. Parents, as you probably already well know, can play havoc with romance sometimes to your good advantage, though. But your romance stands a better chance when all four parents approve. If his parents think you're both too young to go steady and yours think a college senior is too old for you, or if his parents urge him to date girls from his own hometown and yours argue that you do better with the wonderful boy next door (whose popularity quotient is high only with Mom and your seven-year-old sister) you may be in for trouble. Since parents are the ones who ring curfew or can restrict him to home base, it's important to try to make yours like him, and to make it look like you. You may try to win your parents over to your side. Do some research on his parents' special hobbies; then surprise them with your knowledge.

Plants a certain weakness in the opposition's bleachers is an old football trick," said Tony Curtis, "that has helped win many matches. It could be the deciding point in your game, too. Why not try it?

Keep Summer and Your Memory Alive

Recapture summer's mood by keeping alive its memories and the experiences you shared together. Then build for the future upon these common interests. The most flattering way of telling a boy you like him, suggested Mark Damon, "is to remember the times you've been together and the things you've talked about. Instead of waiting around for what you no longer have now that summer's over, gather together all your memories. Make a note of the wonderful things you did together; days he singled you out for special praise, and the funniest experiences, romantic places and incidents. Since men are less emotionally dependent than women and more eager to move on to new things, don't take for granted that he'll work as hard as you to preserve those memories."

A guy may not show it, "added Tony Curtis, "he's certainly glad when a girl takes the trouble to find out what his hobbies are and to learn a little about them, too. 'Show an interest in him and his activities. In the things he does,'" added Dolores. "If he has a sports interest that interested in him, he'll usually return the feeling. This is as important in attracting a man as in holding on to him," she noted. "Boys have fun on his hobbies. The most effective ammunition a girl can fire is the season's scores for his favorite football team, the latest book written by his favorite author or the newest jazz release for his collection. Or maintain contact by sending him a magazine clipping, a cartoon or photograph that might interest him. In fact, the perfect gifts are very romantic," said Dolores, "but there's as much method as romantic madness in this game of love."

"The best way of capturing a boy," she added, "is to think he's pursuing you. It takes away a lot of the fun for a boy if the girl is chasing him and there's no suspense about whether he can get a date with her—or if he has to feel obliged or trapped. So be subtle in your approach. Keep your relationship or reminders of summer light, but sincere. If there's any spark left, you rekindle the fire."

"People used to think a boy and girl had to be engaged before they could exchange gifts," Dolores, said, "but it's accepted practice today."

"If a girl really likes a boy," Mark added, "I think it's very nice for her to buy him an inexpensive gift—even a little dime store animal to say thanks for his thoughtfulness to her all summer long." The weary hours you spend tracking down a rare jazz classic he once mentioned will
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Make Absence Disappear . . . with a letter

"Separation is the deadliest threat to summer romance," in Mark Damon's opinion, and Dolores agreed, saying: "Absence makes the heart grow fonder—for someone else." If the end of vacation puts miles between you and your special guy, you might consider a convict who Rock Hudson can sympathize with. Rock, as you remember, spent five months last year in location in Italy and knows what it's like to be at the other end of a separation—and that the results can be unhappy. But the right word can make distances disappear and a letter can be almost as effective as a visit—to a young man you love. The secret of good letter-writing is to be an interesting person yourself and to refer to his activities. The more interests you have the more things you will find to talk about. "Every so often," says Rock, "you receive a fan letter from a complete stranger and something he or she says makes you feel you've known the person for a long time. When you begin writing about yourself you'll probably never meet, you feel you've found a good friend."

"It's the girl's place to write the first letter," advised Mark Damon, "just as she's supposed to call "hello" first when you meet on the street."

"But take a hint," warns Hugh O'Brian, "don't pursue him if you don't get a response to your letter."

. . . a weekend invitation—from you

After you've been home awhile, it's proper to invite your summer guy for a special weekend. "This can be a wonderful experience for both of you," said Mark Damon, "but plan the weekend carefully."

Hugh O'Brian advised: "Play it cool. Say it would be fun to see him again but that this is also an invitation from your family, who would love him, too."

If your guy is gregarious and energetic like Tony Curtis, pick a weekend that will be filled with activity. A major school football game is a good excuse with its bonfire rally the evening before, the big game, a supper party at your home followed by the victory dance. (Even if your team doesn't win, who cares?) Or build the weekend around a special event, a new play or the annual formal dance.

But if your guy is the shy type, like Rock Hudson, you'll have to work extra hard to make him feel at home. Remember the simple things—his life. He can overcome the initial shyness and recapture the fun and closeness of summer by showing them. Asking him to bring along his pictures is a good idea. And if, like Rock, he'd rather be alone than with a crowd of people, save some time for a long walk in the country or for records.

. . . a weekend invitation—from him

An exchange of invitations is in order and you may soon be asked to spend a weekend at his home or to attend a college dance. "The first thing to check," warns Dolores, "is that the weekend will be properly chaperoned." If it's a week end at home, send an acceptance note to his parents. Flowers or candy are always appreciated as a hostess gift, but try to find something more personalized. "And since the man of the house is rarely remem bered—especially around the holidays—by bringing Dad his favorite brand of tobacco or cigars," said Tony Curtis, thinking ahead to the days when Kelly Lee will be bringing her dates home.

"This is for you and your parents," re membered Mark Damon, "is often an awkward and strained experience because it indicates that this is someone very special. Most parents tend to sit back with a jaundiced eye and the girl gets nervous knowing she's under observation." Mark's advice to girls is: "Try and get the focus off yourself. Concentrate on the parents. Compliment them on their home. Comment on their hobbies. If nothing else," Mark offered, "it starts the conversation going and shows a flattering interest in them."

"A good giveaway of what a boy is really like," confided Dolores, "is the way he treats his mother. You get an idea of how he'd act toward you if you were to spend a lot of time together."

Appearance and manners convey the strongest impression when meeting parents, so take extra care with them. Mark Damon advises: "Dress nicely—not too casual or extreme; be soft-spoken—responsive but not forward—and show a certain respect for his or her parents."

That impression you create on his parents begins from the second of your arrival. "No girl makes an attractive entrance if she staggered off the train loaded down with luggage," said Hugh O'Brian. "She looks silly. Besides, it's kind of embarrassing to her date."

"It's also embarrassing to the girl," laughed Dolores, "to arrive for a weekend with all the wrong clothes. Men seldom realize that a girl can't wear the same dress to a basketball game, the theater and a dance. So check in advance to see what's on for the weekend," she advised. The right dress will add to your confidence in yourself. It will also make him proud of your good taste in knowing how to dress for each occasion—especially if he's only known you in sneakers and jeans all summer.

"Whatever the plans are for the weekend, be enthusiastic," pleaded Hugh. May be you've been dreaming of the impressive dinner to be held in your honor—in your new black dress. Instead, you find yourself sitting on the floor eating hamburgers and French fries. Don't act peeved. For he says: "A girl has to be adaptable to be a good dating—or marriage—companion," said George Nader. "One of the greatest enjoymen ts in life is doing the unexpected. Other's views, to look at life in the same way to a premiere. Halfway there, we decided it would be much more fun to go for a swim and a walk along the beach. We turned around, changed from evening clothes into swimsuits and had a wonderful time."

Remember that your weekend visit could be a test of how well you fit in with his family. "And remember, too," added Hugh, "that a boy spends a lot of time—and money—planning how to entertain a date. The least you can do is to enter into the swing of things and let him know she's enjoying herself." And if you haven't enjoyed the weekend, reconsider whether he's the right guy for you.

Know Your Man

"Just falling in love isn't enough," said George Nader. "A lasting relationship needs a more solid foundation. It's important to share and understand each other's views, to look at life in the same way, to enjoy the same things, to dream the same dreams." If you're seriously considering your summer romance as a can-
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GUNNIN’ FOR A SHY GUY?

Continued from page 60

routine, only with Kitty it would seem kinda silly. And, of course," she continues, "there’s that never-failing line of Goodbye, dear, I’m leaving forever, but the next stagecoach.' And all of a sudden the big gun would be overcome with a sense of loss and aloneness. (And Dodge City, Kansas, in 1870 can be mighty loney.) But with a line like that, Kitty would have him hag-tied to Sunday in two minutes flat. Adult viewers would be happy for a while and then probably lose interest.

"You see, Kitty knows she could hook Matt by the small, helpless, I’m-going-away-forever routine. But there’s too much honesty in her character for such selfish connivance for one Matt Dillon to get away with.

Amanda stopped for breath, brushing a lock of red hair from her forehead.

"But there’s no way a woman could make," Kitty confides, "and especially with a man like Matt, would be to press. To become the aggressor. To be obvious in the chase.

What does Matt, the U.S. marshal himself, have to say to all this?

"Right."

If a woman loves a man as surely as Kitty loves Matt, and she says "I won’t let him be free. She won’t try to bind him with a chain of promises. Even marriage promises. She’ll refuse to nag or accuse or pout. Or worse yet, to turn cute, to play games with all affections and resort to trickery. Softness, yes, even for a hard-headed Hannah like Kitty, and a willingness to go along with him, and a trickery, though it might snap the man, are not for Kitty. Not with a man like Matt Dillon.

"You see, Kitty’s through looking. She’s found her man and she knows it. In Dodge City, Kansas, she could have ‘most any man of her choice. Ranchers, cow-pokes, dudes all go for her. Nothing doing. Matt’s her man. Exactly as he is, stub-born, and I reckon if she wouldn’t change him for the world.

"If I were out to snag a man like Matt in real life, as Amanda Blake, I’d follow Kitty Russell’s tactics to a T. I’d give the writer plenty of credit and I’d occasionally let my eagerness get away from me as Kitty does, I wouldn’t be too much ashamed of it. That’s only being a woman. But on the whole, I’d let him take the lead. And follow, not meekly, but devotedly. And maybe such a course wouldn’t lead to the altar in a hurry. But once I got him there, I’d have him for life. This I’m sure of.

Amanda’s real good at following her own advice and getting what she wants as far as her career’s concerned, too. As an aspiring actress a few years ago in New York, fresh out of a Claremont, Calif., high school, the five-foot-seven inch redhead decided that television was the best showcase for her talents. And so, while doing little-theater work, she managed to land a few roles on the "Schlitz Playhouse of Stars," "General Electric Theatre," "Four Star Playhouse," and the "Back Stage Jack." She did.

While "Gunsmoke" was still in the talking stages, a TV director suggested her as a possible Kitty. So a casting director for the show decided to check her on. Without warming, he suddenly turned up to look me over while I was rehearsing one day for a ‘Climax’ show," Amanda remembers. "And there I was, a scarf over my hair curlers, wearing no makeup and all got up in an old wrapper type outfit. Naturally, he took one look and fled to the hills. He wanted no part of Amanda Blake!"

But Amanda wanted that part—and badly. For two weeks she hounded her agent to get an appointment with the casting director. Still no luck. "He just didn’t want to know that hag-in-the-bag that he thought was me," she says.

On the advice or knowledge of her agent, Amanda decided to take action. "I dressed myself up like an ever-livin’ doll and marched off to the ‘Gunsmoke’ offices to wait. And wait and waiting wait."

When the casting director finally blew in several hours later, there sat Amanda looking as chic as a high-fashion model. The director melted and Amanda walked out of that office a new woman—one called Kitty Russell.

That Kitty Russell, pride of the entire Dodge City population, sometimes lets her eagerness, her will, her determination, her quickness, her spunk, her character, her beauty, her honesty, her courage, shine through with a faint blush from her, despite her good intentions to "play it cool," Kitty is the first to admit.

"Such as when, in the dialogue, she hints of having children such as other women have," she says.

"But Matt, always the staunch believer in women being on the retiring side where affairs of the heart are concerned, comes to her defense by putting himself as a figure in dialogue that rocks her into line. On the surface it may seem a jibe crude. But both know, along with their adult viewers, that the conviction of both — no matter how he feels within."

"Matt’s job is a dangerous one," says Jim. "Tomorrow he could be cut down by an outlaw’s bullet. Kitty could become a widow and in the end, he might find his mind might sway him in the performance of his duty."

So there they are and there are the families. And the onlooker and when and worrying and worrying and worrying. And an eagerness to get Kitty and Matt together no matter what.

"How does a girl gun for a shy guy?" I asked Jim point blank.

"Stretching out his long legs in my office one evening, Jim thought that one over a moment. "We’ve got an adult western that’s unique among westerns," he says. "The modi-wests series today that has the same girl in each episode as a definite part of the story. The relationship between Matt and Kitty is a perfect illustration of how a girl gun for a shy guy."

"But the public isn’t quite sure just what that relationship is," I suggested.

"What does go on with those two?"

"It’s simple," Jim says. "Kitty’s grinned, and lowered his voice to a confidential tone. "Matt’s crazy about her. She’s his kind of woman."

DOES he kiss her offscreen? I probed.

Jim threw back his head and roared.

"He sure does. That’s the normal all-man, all-woman relationship, isn’t it? Why should any two people who oversee the show—what, they’re not normalized, too?"

But the way we play it, the viewers can read into it anything they please. The blue-noses can interpret it as a platonic friendship, the redheads can say, "That’s their preference. And, of course, with the kids it goes by completely unnoticed.

"But we’re the ones who direct the cast—that’s there’s a tillitling something between these two people that intrigues the public. Let them read into it what they choose.

In a dozen different ways Matt reveals himself and his love for Kitty. It comes out in the most subtle lines of dialogue: "Are you all right, Kitty?" after a free-for-all brawl. Or an off-hand remark de-
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LADY ELLEN, Dept. PH-950, Los Angeles 51, Calif.
MEN! Men! Men! What would us women folk do without them? I
took a trip around the 48 states and here's the lowdown from
the home towns of those new talented guys who are making the news.

Berkeley, Calif. . . . He's 6'2", 180 pounds, with brown eyes and
brown hair. A pole vaulting enthusiast in his Berkeley High days, he
was aspiring to a berth on the U.S. Olympics team when his interest
in dramatics deepened and propelled him to the University of Wash-
ington. He's one of the "Method" boys from the Actors Studio, the
star of CBS-TV's "Trackdown" and unfortunately, for us single
females, he's married to talented NANCY ASCH. Oh, I almost forgot
—our Berkeley friends know him as ROBERT CULP.

Waterloo, Iowa, is so proud of its rugged-looking, blonde, six-foot
DICK GARDNER, who's causing rumbles out Hollywood way since
his appearance as Pvt. Cowley in 20th's "The Young Lions," and so
are you, judging by your letters. Our friends from Iowa were the
first to give out with the news that DADDY GARDNER has finally
approved of Dick's new career. There have been stormy sessions at
the Gardner domicile—not just career-wise, but marriage-wise, too.
The handsome Dick's young wife, who was his childhood sweetheart,
would rather have hubby in his dad's real estate and construction
business. How dull! They've had a parting of the ways.

Forest Hills, N. Y. . . . The gorgeous hunk of man who appeared
in "High School Confidential!" is a Scorpio, according to the stars.
MICHAEL LANDON is his name and he was born on October 31st.
He's quiet, intense and intelligent. His friends just dig his hilarious
mimicry. He's a party-hater—loves to hunt, bowl and—ah me—stay
home with his pretty wife, DODIE. An avid do-it-yourself man, too.

And while out Long Island way here's the news that poured forth
from Astoria. JACK KELLY's home town. Better known to you
video viewers as Bart Maverick, the Irish born Kelly was a real old-
timer when he began his professional career—2 weeks old, when he
posed for baby soap ads. He's been busy ever since, but not too busy
to fall in love and marry pretty MAY WYNN—and in just six weeks.

San Francisco, Calif. . . . Another native Californian making his
way up the Hollywood ladder of success is a bushy-browed, husky
six-footer, with black hair and divine hazel eyes. STUART WHIT-
MAN's the name and he's about the only actor, extant, who literally
bulldozed his way into show business (he owns a bulldozer) and
seems to be staying there. He's making seeds of noise since his ap-
ppearance in "Ten North Frederick," but that's not the only noise
being made by a Whitman; there's plenty coming from the Whitman
domicile where TONY, MIKE and LINDA (ages 4, 3, 2) help daddy
Stu and redheaded momma PAT in the build-it-yourself department.
SW will soon be seen in "These Thousand Hills."

Beverly Hills, Calif. . . . Yipes! An eligible male! And, he's
sexy, too! He's Clay Hollister, I mean PAT CONWAY of TV's
"Tombstone Territory." He's 6', a neat 175-pounder with hazel
eyes and he's having trouble looking for a wife. Says Pat: "The only
girls I meet are actresses and career girls. I just want a plain,
everyday, simple woman." But we'd like to know, how hard are
you really looking, PC? Pat's the son of the late famed director
JACK CONWAY, his mother, daughter of FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN.
Pat digs skin diving, sailing, his new NBC show for fall.

Philadelphia, Pa. . . . Newest, hottest singing rage here is 19-year-
old FRANKIE AVALON, whose dark good looks have the rock 'n'
roll set ga-ga. Variety's still the theme of his dating life ("The
more girls, the merrier."); he likes spaghetti, golf, his red Chevy;
is proud of his new album, "Frankie Avalon," . . . You asked about
them—and we're happy to oblige. Keep the letters rolling. RONA B.
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**P 190-10**

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COVER: Color portrait of Elvis Presley by Frank Gillohn Agency. Elvis stars in “King Creole” for Paramount. His latest album, “King Creole,” was recorded by RCA-Victor.

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Your November issue will be on sale at your newsstand on October 2nd


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ON THE RECORD

by TOMMY REYNOLDS

Tommy is surprised by a fan letter from singer Connie Francis . . . News of other singers . . . Perry's latest disc

Hi, gang! Here we are back again with what would've been a full column of up-to-date chatter about our wonderful world of music. But ooh-gee! (as the guy said when he spotted that Purple People Eater) In flew a very interesting letter that I'm sure you'll enjoy. It's from a fan. After I read it, I decided I'm a fan of hers as well. And I'll bet you are, too!

"Dear Tommy," writes Connie Francis. "I'd like to thank you most warmly for telling your many readers about me. How do I know you've been doing this? Well, I'm a Photoplay reader and I always make sure—well, naturally!—to dig 'On the Record.'

"As I've discovered, Photoplay is read not only by teenagers, who are so instrumental in forming a singer's career, but also by adults, who are equally important.

"For example, did you know it was an adult—my own wonderful dad—who actually suggested that I record the ballad, 'Who's Sorry Now?' in face of the obvious rock 'n' roll trend. To my amazement, teenagers weren't the only ones who purchased discs. Adults started buying, too. I certainly don't have to tell you, Tommy Reynolds, that this tune is an 'oldie' and brought back a flavor of an earlier era. Dad was right when he said, 'The world is composed of sentimentalists.' But what nobody seemed to notice was that although 'Who's Sorry Now?' is an old ballad and that I sang it as a ballad (very straight) the musical background that I used was actually a modified rock 'n' roll!

"So you see, I combined both the new and the old. And everything happened so fast after that that I'm still spinning—and I can't even tell whether it's 78 or 33⅓ rpm!

"I feel chatty, Tommy. May I go on for a few more bars?

"One of the most important events in my career was being invited to sing on Dick Clark's premiere TV show. It proved to me that music hasn't slid all the way downhill. There are loads of youngsters (look who's talking—me!) who appreciate good lyrics.

"May I say that teenagers are forever being berated for liking rock 'n' roll, but never praised when showing feelings for other kinds of music also. As far as 'n' r goes, there's a good bit of it that's wholesome, a lot of fun, and in keeping with youthful energies. And it seems to me that the word 'teenager' has taken on a connotation other than its true meaning of simply people between the ages of thirteen and nineteen. It's really silly to disregard their similarities on the one hand, and their dissimilarities on the other. Furthermore, this age group is always, and quite normally so, in a process of change. I oughta know!

"But enough of that. For the past few months I've been on a whirlwind nightclub tour covering most of the country. Often adults have come backstage to tell me how they enjoyed the show. I guess parents, too, enjoy some of the same entertainment as their offspring. If sons and daughters follow in the footsteps of mom and dad, I sure have my future nitery audiences predetermined, which is something I am looking forward to eagerly.

"Just recently I recorded 'Carolina Moon.' I hope I'm not pushing the standards too hard, but it's the type of music I've always wanted to sing. This is not to say that I don't enjoy the contemporary tunes. I do, and will continue to record them. As a matter of fact, the other side of 'Carolina Moon' is a novelty number called 'Stupid Cupid.' With this single recording I may be able to please both sides of the music-loving family. At any rate, I'm trying!"

Connie Francis

Thanks, Connie, for your wonderful letter. But let me add one thing you didn't say. Since you exploded the world of music about six months ago with "Who's Sorry Now?" (continued)
NOW! Exciting New Protein Waving Discovery

Waves and curls your hair as you shampoo!

Wonderful, Wonderful wash 'n curl
WAVING SHAMPOO
by Lanolin Plus

The secret of wash 'n curl magic

PROTEINS—So necessary to life itself! Beautify and benefit hair as no other ingredient can. Proteins add body, more softness and sheen to hair, protect natural oils during shampoo.

LANOLIN—Miraculous conditioning agent stems from the very heart of water-soluble lanolin! Scientifically balanced in exclusive formula to provide the first perfect all-in-one shampoo!

Curls and waves—the wash 'n curl way

So easy! Shampoo it in. Let billowy lather remain on hair for 5 minutes, then rinse and set in the style of your choice. Guaranteed for all types of hair: oily, dry, normal, bleached, damaged, dyed, permanent waved—even children's soft fine hair!

You have to wash your hair anyway—why not shampoo in curls and waves with

wash 'n curl
WAVING SHAMPOO

Conditions and curls while it cleans! Long lasting! Guarantees 'natural' waves from shampoo to shampoo!

NO MORE EXPENSIVE PERMANENTS! ENDS NIGHTLY PIN-UPS FOREVER!

Women everywhere are going wild over Wash 'N Curl! And no wonder. There has never been anything quite like it before! Now you can actually shampoo in lustrous, lovely, natural-looking curls and waves as you shampoo out dirt and dulling film! No extra lotions, sprays, neutralizers, end papers, or wave sets. Nothing else to buy. And no more nightly pin-ups. Wonderful new Wash 'N Curl does it all!

So good for your hair, too! This gentle golden liquid is a scientific blend of precious proteins and heart-of-lanolin that conditions and curls as it cleans. Pampers hair into silken-soft texture. Tames it into a whirl of obedient curls or casual waves that last from shampoo to shampoo!

$1.50 + TAX

On sale at cosmetic counters everywhere

Another beauty ‘plus’ by LANOLIN PLUS, INCORPORATED
ON THE RECORD
continued

the femmes are once again popping up on the charts. Until several months ago it was indeed rare to see the name of a girl who had a disc in the top twenty. Now you can find The Chordettes, Eydie Gormé, The Fontaine Sisters, Toni Arden, Kathy Linden and others.

Talking about "oldies," none other than Perry (that is, Como) and Peggy (who else but Lee?) have a couple of big ones in the making. "Beats There A Heart So True" is one of the most beautiful ballads Perry has warbled in a long time. Make sure to have your hanky handy (or better still, your BF's shoulder) when you listen. On the flip is "Moon Talk," which is delightfully breezy and light. Peggy takes an old rhythm and blues ditty called "Fever" for a ride, and we predict it'll be big.

And dig "Don't Nobody Move" by Bill Haley and His Comets. A swinging hot-jump pace. And loads of fun on the dance floor—because when that drum beats and the gang says "Don't Nobody Move!" that's just what the dancers do—or should I say don't do? Anyway, you get the idea... So long for now.

LET'S PREVIEW

"Rockin' with Kay" (RCA Victor LPM—1720). Kay Starr, the gal with a beat, has come a long way since her big band days (with Charlie Barnet and Joe Venuti), and deservedly so. In our books, Kay always rocked. "Rockin' With Kay" is no exception.

"Welcome to my Heart" (Gogi Grant, RCA Victor LPM-1717). Gogi, who has had several hits, including her recent LP of the Helen Morgan Story (RCA Victor LCC-1030), gets a warm sound and has the talent to phrase with emotion. The lush backgrounds arranged and conducted by Dennis Farnon fit Gogi like a glove.

"A Guy in Love" (Guy Mitchell, Columbia, CL1155). This LP demonstrates a somewhat new Guy Mitchell who seems to be phrasing with a more intimate approach than on previous releases. Some fine old songs are offered here—love songs of the outdoors. Glenn Osser's fine arrangements.

"Put Your Dreams Away" (Frank Sinatra, Columbia CL1135). This collection of all time greats makes available some of Frank Sinatra's finest ballad performances. Frank's instinctively casual phrasing, as usual, is superb. Great singer, great songs.
The Choice of a Lifetime

Magic moment beyond compare... a diamond ring for this love you share. In making this important lifetime purchase, you'll be wise to choose a diamond of finest quality... a perfect diamond.

There is no more expressive symbol, no greater assurance of value than a Keepsake—the engagement ring with the perfect center diamond. Only a gem of this flawless quality, fine color and expert cut can reflect full diamond fire and brilliance. To help you choose with confidence, the Keepsake Certificate presented with your ring guarantees perfect quality (or replacement assured). Keepsake also registers your ring permanently, assuring lifetime trade-in privilege and protection against loss of the diamonds for one year.

Why risk an unwise choice when the Keepsake Guarantee gives you all the facts. Look in the ring and on the tag for the name "Keepsake," the diamond ring you will wear with pride forever. Many beautiful styles from $100 to $10,000—at authorized Keepsake Jewelers only.

______

Dating is really fun... when you know

THE ART OF DATING
by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall

An expert guide to happy, successful dating to make your teens the best years of your life. This fact-filled book is written by Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall, famous author and counselor. REGULARLY $2.50 in hard cover, this book is yours in the exclusive Keepsake edition for ONLY 50¢ and this coupon at any Keepsake Jeweler's Store. If dealer is not listed in yellow pages, write to Keepsake Diamond Rings, Syracuse 2, N.Y., for his name. DO NOT SEND MONEY, PLEASE.
I wonder what MM really thinks of BB. And vice versa . . .
Rossano Brazzi should take lessons on how to unbend . . . According to past performances, Deborah Kerr's off-screen publicity should help her in the Oscar Derby . . . I'd like to have a dollar for every person who stands in the footprints of the stars in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater . . . Natalie Wood tells me it's nice to be married to her favorite actor. And R.J. says it's just as nice to be married to his favorite actress . . . I prefer lavender to purple because it's Kim Novak's favorite color; and also because of that old song favorite, "The Purple People Eater" . . . Because of the many good old movies on TV, there's big interest in former movie stars who are no longer acting. "What's Luise Rainer doing these days?" I've been asked. Well, Luise, who's been playing the channels in "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Dramatic School", is the wife of book publisher Robert Knittel, and has a daughter, Francesca, age 14 . . .

I don't know a comic who'd welcome an honest ad-lib bout with Pearl Bailey . . . Sophia Loren looks, acts and is now regarded as a Hollywood star. The foreign flavor and appeal are gone . . . Eddie Fisher should make the next best-dressed list . . . I wonder if Elvis Presley ever read "On the Road" by Jack Kerouac. I wonder if Elvis reads novels. (Don't hit me, I really want to know.) . . . Stan Freberg on Pay-TV: "It won't succeed. People won't pay to hate something they can hate for nothing." . . . They say Marlon Brando can't seem to get "Guns Up," his planned Pennebaker Production, off the ground. Maybe genius shouldn't mix with business?

I've the impression Zsa Zsa Gabor and General Trujillo are wise to each other . . . Joan Collins not only locks every door in her apartment, but has special bolts on every door . . . It's nice watching those old movies ("Forty-Second Street" and "Goldiggers") in which Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler sing to each other. Powell is now a movie producer-director (latest is "The Hunters"). But I bet you didn't know Ruby Keeler (Mrs. Lowe) now resides in the San Fernando Valley, and until recently had a dancing school . . . Believe it or not, but I did see Jayne Mansfield carrying a copy of "The Hidden Persuaders." . . . Eydie Gorme never had any formal stage training. "I made my mistakes in public," she told me, "and I corrected them in public." . . . Ricky Nelson looks like a youngster who's surprised to learn that he's supposed to be a member of the Beat Generation . . . I think one of the most underrated movies of the current season is "Hot Spell." Shirley Booth, Shirley Mac Laine, Tony Quinn and company set down some truths of middle-class marriage without efforts to perfume it. If this movie had been made in Italy, it would be regarded as a classic.

Barbara Nichols refers to herself as a young character actress instead of the dumb-blond type . . . To me, Peggy Lee doesn't act at being sexy when she sings "Fever." She is! . . . The youngsters in the movie colony use the attractive album covers to decorate their bedroom walls . . . Did you get a look at Princess Grace Kelly in the newsreels and her latest photos? She's put on so much weight that she's wide and matronly. She'll have to go into training to make a comeback . . . Any Keely Smith fans in the house? I was surprised to learn that Keely Smith was President of the Louis Prima Fan Club in Norfolk, Va. That's how she got to meet Prima, become his singer, and then Mrs. Prima . . . Cora Sue Collins, who plays Queen Christina as a baby in the old movie on TV, now lives in Mexico City, has several children of her own, may remarry, and is so wealthy she could make her own movies if she wanted to return to acting. That's Hollywood For You.
SHAMPOO
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

MYRNA HANSEN, one of Hollywood's loveliest new stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo—and look at her beautiful, shiny curls! Why don't you try Liquid 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.

MYRNA HANSEN
featured in
"PARTY GIRL"
Euterpe Production.
M-G-M Release.
In CinemaScope and Metrocolor.

LUSTRE-CREME • NEVER DRIES • IT BEAUTIFIES!
Even then you cannot stop.
Some have written awful stories
And they deserve a knock.
For I know there is no one greater
Than my favorite Rock.

PATRICIA ANN GUIGNARD
Copenhagen, Denmark

Many thanks, Nat and Pat.
For your kind dissertations.
We know Tab and Rock.
Will be touched with elation—Ed.

Apply: Lynda Page

Wanted: A Husband. Must be Good at hiding shoe horns in midst of chaos: good eater; good looking.
Apply: Desperately to Lynda Page.
Honestly, I can't remember when I've enjoyed an article so much as yours on Tony Perkins. It had that popular off-beat humor.
I'd like to apply to the ad in August's PLAYBOY and supply one of my own. As for my own qualifications—here goes (I'll try to be objective):
1. Dark brown hair—green eyes.
2. Love for discussing or debating anything.
3. Love for cats, horses, etc.
4. Some experience in playing tennis (actually very little but I've been trying to learn).
5. Interest in all types of music, especially with a good beat.
7. Some neatness (let's say I know how to either live in or clean up utter chaos).
8. Adoration of Charles Addams' Home bodies and Drawn and Quartered contained some of the most original and humorous cartoons I've seen—he seems to capture the hidden, sometimes grotesque, ideas one has.
And anyway, I have a passion for tall, dark guitar players with untrained Harold voice.
Thanks for the article.
LYNDA PAGE
Mystic, Conn.

Paying attention, Tony?—Ed.

Tony's "A Great Guy"

I have always enjoyed your wonderful magazine and have been delighted with all the pictures and stories on my favorite stars.
Now I would like to take the opportunity to thank you for the great stories and pictures on my favorite actor, Tony Perkins. He is a great guy, very talented, and the best looking guy around. My friends and I think he is absolutely the most.

Is Cathy Crosby (top) taking back seat to "Aunt" Kathy (Grant) Crosby?

Thank you again for a great magazine. Please keep up those stories on Tony Perkins.
LYNDA SMITH
Little Rock, Ark.

Sound-off Corner

I just have to sound off. I think it's a real crime that Bing's wife, Kathryn Grant Crosby, is hitting headlines as Kathy Crosby. Now what about Bob's daughter Cathy? Doesn't she have something to protect her name? She has worked so hard and carefully made her moves into show business, just to take the back seat to Bing's wife who has just acquired the name.
I think it is really very unjust and very selfish too. As Bing always held Bob in the background, now his wife is going to crowd Bob's daughter to the background. All I can say is I hope she doesn't succeed.
Mrs. E. E. Rogers
Liberal, Kans.

I've got a bone to pick with whoever does the casting for movies. Why is John Drew Barrymore almost always cast as a villain? Although he is very good in those parts it just burns me up that he should be typecast in that way all the time. He's a great ac-
Teen-agers! Look Sensational! Real medicated help for troubled skin...

**SCRUB SET**

1. **CLEAN**! Medicated Scrub Soap goes deep to rout out grime, hardened oil and make-up. Special oatmeal ingredient stimulates surface circulation, helps rid skin of deep-seated impurities.

2. **CLEAR**! Medicated Refining Lotion keeps troublesome skin bacteria in check.

3. **MEDICATE**! Medicated Blemish Cream promotes healing of blemishes all night long.

**IMPORTANT**: Use your Scrub Set faithfully, every day, following each step... for a clearer, more attractive complexion. $2.85.

For beauty the modern way

Dorothy Gray

In Canada, too.
Horror Fan

I have just recently seen a movie called "The Return of Dracula," starring Francis Lederer. I must say it is the best horror movie I have seen in years. Just watching Mr. Lederer portray Count Dracula, made my blood run cold.

Although the old Bela Lugosi and John Carradine vampire movies were very good, I feel Mr. Lederer's acting abilities and looks out-match the former's by leaps and bounds.

I know thousands of children enjoy these kind of movies each year and I also know that many grown ups like my family and me, enjoy them even more.

I do sincerely hope they keep up the good work and bring us more excellent Dracula movies starring Francis Lederer.

SARAH R. EDMAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Pattie Picks Rick

Rick Nelson is, in my opinion, a handsome and talented young man. Do you think they'll ever star him in a movie?

I think he is very capable of handling this hard task due to his experience on "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet." I would like to see him in a picture with his whole family. This would arouse the interests of a lot of movie goers, especially the younger set.

How about more colored photos of Rick in your great magazine?

PATTIE FLORENO
Lackawanna, N. Y.


Five-timer

Say "Vertigo" five times. It was the best movie that my sister and I have seen in a long time. We are sorry that Kim Novak got killed. Jimmy Stewart should not have let go of her. It was very sad.

MARY LYNN AND MAGARET TAMAH
Carno, Mich.

Wellwisher

I want to tell you how much I enjoyed your story "I Love You Darling—But I Can Never Marry You," by Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers. I was recently in a car accident myself and I kept asking God why it had to happen to me. Well, thanks to Mrs. Rodgers, I have found my answer. Just as she said, "You don't ask God why things happen to you. They happen for a reason.

I want to thank Photoplay again for publishing such a wonderful story and most of all, I want to wish Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Rodgers many years of happy married life.

JANET WAGNER
Benton Harbor, Mich.

Tribute to Jean's Mother

The death on July 11, 1958 of Mrs. Jean H. Bello, I am sure, was noted by legions of former fans of her daughter, the late Jean Harlow.

The relationship between Miss Harlow and her mother was an inspiring mother-daughter bond that went into deep friendship. The twenty-one years since her daughter's death on June 7, 1937 were long ones for Mrs. Bello.

The last letter I received from her noted failing health. She said something in that letter that I think is worthwhile passing on...

"...my beloved child was indeed worthy of all friendship and love in her life. Strange, I so often think of her great compassion for her fellow man. Not once have I ever heard her say or think of other people. How I wish I could through my life have had that great understanding. Yes, I have been blessed and few mothers have been..."

My deep regret is that she did not live to see 20th Century-Fox's film "The Jean Harlow Story."

JACK E. ATZINGER
Cleveland, Ohio

Advice to a Reader

I have just read the article in August Photoplay magazine about the young girl...
New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
whenever you do... be ahead in beauty

Just run a comb through your hair and you're ready for anything from a bargain hunt to a "special" date or a last-minute invitation. That's the beauty of a Noreen Rinse; you know your hair always looks lovely. Yet only you know it's the color magic of Noreen... color-toning each hairstrand evenly... giving your hair a sparkly, youthful look all over. Even unwanted gray is discreetly blended in! Noreen takes only minutes to apply, but stays color-right until next shampoo. Today, choose from Noreen's 14 colors the shades best suited to your natural hair beauty. Send for literature and free sample offer.

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39c and 69c (Plus Tax)
at cosmetic counters everywhere

continued

who doesn't want to give up her hobby of collecting pictures and stars, but feels she should because her new hobby and sister belittle it. This is what I have to say on the subject:

No, you should not discontinue something that you have been doing for so many years. If you enjoy doing this in your spare time, your husband should understand this and he should not belittle it, as it is a good clean hobby.

I myself have been reading Photoplay magazine for years and I keep most of them long after they have been read, as a hobby. Maybe your new husband should find himself a hobby to work on in his spare time and then he will understand how much your means to you.

MAFRE HAZELWOOD
Dayton, Ohio

Seeing as you have collected pictures of stars since you were eight, you must have quite a collection. I most certainly think it would not hurt to continue your hobby for a while—why start trouble in the beginning of a good marriage? Get off to a good start and quit! Maybe later your husband will feel better about it and won't look at it so severely seeing you stopped in agreement with him.

Later on he may even encourage a hobby for you to get your mind off housework. But for now—give your attention to him. Never mind his sister—if he later agrees with the hobby, he will stand up for you.

B. B. B.
Larchmont, N. Y.

It was so nice to read that your Orlando, Fla. reader has come up with a problem I once had.

Since I was ten I have saved movie star pictures. I buy four or five movie magazines a month and cut out the pictures and paste them in scrap-books. I have over forty books filled.

Some people look at me like I had two heads, as I'm thirty-one years old, married and with a baby girl of two. Most people thought when I married I'd give it up and then when the baby was born they knew I'd give it up.

But I enjoy doing this, consider it my own business and shall continue until my interest wanes.

My advice to the Orlando reader is to stand on your right as an individual to do what you please. I'll bet your husband had an idiosyncrasy too (mine collects science fiction books and has shelves of them). So you see, we all do things that other folks find odd.

LYNN HUNTER
Scarboro, Ontario, Canada

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 263 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed.
MITZI GAYNOR stars in Rodgers & Hammerstein's "SOUTH PACIFIC"
PRODUCED BY BUDDY ADLER AND DIRECTED BY JOSHUA LOGAN IN TODD A-O TECHNICOLOR

"I've used Lux for years," says Mitzi Gaynor

...the pretty colors, all four of them and white, too

...the lather, so creamy...

the gentleness, the mildness...

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF LUX

Mitzi Gaynor's lovely complexion is the nicest kind of proof that Lux care is wonderful.

But if you use Lux, you know. If not, you have a pleasant discovery ahead. You'll be delighted with the natural gentleness of Lux. And the rich Cosmetic lather is so good to your skin. The fragrance is a blend of many fine perfumes. And all four pastels and white come in the complexion and bath sizes.

Lux is the proven beauty care...used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

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“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl.
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible... the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
Once Over Lightly: Tab Hunter can now stop feeling sorry for himself and cease grouding over his career in print. His “That Kind of Woman,” with Sophia Loren is a top-of-the-ladder role. It’s up to Tab now to stay up there. Yul Brynner is the only man I know who suffers from five o’clock shadow on the top of his head. Kathy Nolan and Nick Adams have called off their romance. They discovered they gave each other ulcers. Flowered wigs are the latest rage in Cinemaville. And think of the money it saves at the hairdressers. Pink champagne popped all over the place when Jayne Mansfield announced impending motherhood to her Hollywood friends. In her eight-bedroom, eight-bath mansion, Jayne will have plenty of room for a nursery—all pink, of course, boy or girl. John Kerr still receives mail addressed simply, “That Saxy Man. South Pacific, Hollywood.” Ava Gardner and Tony Franciosa now buddy-buddies on “The Naked Maja” set in Rome, and after all that pre-shooting feuding. Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh seem more or less to have taken over the “Beverly Hills Rat Pack” group with Janet the “den mother.” What Tony is in that brown foulard jacket and tight, tight trousers, I wouldn’t know.

Strictly Inside: Those feud rumors between Sal Mineo and Rafael Campos carried on all through the making of “Tonka” for Walt Disney. Seems the lads didn’t like each other and that was that. Friends wish Lana Turner and actor Ken Dibbs would confine their dates to the living room. This having to slip out back doors of local bistros when Mickey Cohen enters the front, isn’t too good, especially at this crucial period in Lana’s personal life. Since he’s been made disc jockey at his Army post, Private Russ Tamblyn couldn’t be happier. Did you know that Joanne Woodward will enroll at Columbia University for psychology courses while husband Paul Newman Broadways in “Sweet Bird of Youth.” Those friendly meetings between Ingrid Bergman and Rossellini in Paris, despite the annulment snags, have even the sophisticates raising eyebrows. Before Tony Perkins returned to Hollywood from his role in “Green Mansions,” M-G-M studios wired his Cape Cod retreat. “Come at once for lessons in guitar playing, horseback riding and swimming. You must be proficient in all three.” Tony wired back. “Am already proficient in all three. See you later.” When Tony finally showed up in Hollywood, the studio discovered he was right. Tony could ride, twang and (continued)
swim with the best of them . . . The town is holding its breath over Kim Novak's announcement to the effect that her studio (Columbia) spoiled her romance with Rafael Trujillo, the Dominican General divorcing his wife and six children. Kim further announced to the press that she was now running her personal life and invited reporters to telephone her for news instead of the studio. "The studio publicity department has been messing up my life," Kim stormed . . . People for tables around thought it a little much when Col. Parker summoned Pat Boone over to his table in the 20th Century-Fox dining room and handed over four Elvis Presley balloons for his girls. But not Pat! Elvis is his girls' favorite actor, he claims.

Marilyn Cuts a Figure: Marilyn Monroe slithered into a party in honor of songwriter Jimmy McHugh and almost stole the show. In a form-fitting black dress, cut 'way down to there, Marilyn smiled and shied and "little girlied" her way around. "Your hair is platinum now," I said by way of greeting. "Oh no," she breathed. (Marilyn breathes her words from the depth of her unfettered bosom) "It's white hot!" For my picture, 'Some Like It Hot.'"

Young Hollywood, USA
What is it? The place where the "beat generation" is the topic of discussion at places like the Seawitch. Unicorn and a hundred and one other coffee mills that have become as voguish along the Sunset as the sack dress, chemise haircut, leather jacket, blue jeans and foreign car. A changing Hollywood it is . . . as changing as its loves, heartbreaks, big deals, zooming careers and falling stars.

No falling star is Jimmie Rodgers. He and his beautiful Colleen bought themselves a new home in Beverly Hills. It'll be a $250,000 year for JR. Thanks to his records, p.a.'s and MGM's "Good Girls Get Married."

Wedding Brigade: James Garner and Ed Byrnes will be ushers when Peter Brown and Diane Jergens say their vows this month. Peter's "Lawman" series, also starring John Russell, is Warners' final strike against Allen and Sullivan. It'll follow Garner's "Maverick" on the 8:30 slot . . . It was wedding time on the "Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker" set with Jill St. John tying the "movie" knot with Ron Ely, another new 20th face; while steady date, Lance Reventlow laughingly eyed the whole scene from the sidelines. Comment: With Jill now divorced, I
It's a boy! Happy Diana Lynn and Mortimer Hall named him Matthew

Wonder who'll have the last laugh here! Wondering... if Will Hutchins' judo lessons will add that necessary confidence to make him less scared of girls. Hutch's new hilltop house, painted all blue, could use a little pink and a Mrs. "Sugarfoot"... if Earl Holliman whose latest is "The Trap" will get pleasantly "trapped" into a gold ring ceremony before Dolores Hart treks cross-country to Broadway and a play.

Party of the Month
It was the party of the year at Mike Romanoff's famous restaurant the other night, thrown to celebrate Mike's recent citizenship. In the bar Frank Sinatra and the Peter Lawfords held forth, with merry songs by Ethel Merman, Judy Garland and Dean Martin upstairs.

Nor did Frankie glance her way when Lauren Bacall made an early departure. Lauren's sulkiness these days leads friends to believe she's toting a tall thin torch for the short thin singer who, at the moment, couldn't care less.

By the way, Frank claims it's Brigitte Bardot, not he, who will lose weight while making their picture in Paris.

Hollywood's fallen for Millie Perkins, "Dairy of Anne Frank" newcomer-star

Seems the minx has a way of worrying her costars into walking shadows.

I had supper in the Crown Room with Tony Martin and his beautiful wife, Cyd Charisse, whose successful marriage is a gold star achievement.

Louis Jourdan, the current rage after his triumph in "Gigi," looks younger now, with his clipped haircut, than in years... New empire and trapeze styles seemed created solely for attractive expectant mother and Janet Leigh, with her new dark hair and rather heavy makeup, was the epitome of chic in her black smock-like gown. (continued)
Clearasil Personality of the Month

Sandy McNeal, High School Junior, Bay Village, Ohio, says:

"When blemishes appeared I was embarrassed and broken-hearted. Nothing seemed to help until I found Clearasil. I thank Clearasil for the wonderful relief it gave, and the nice, clear complexion I have now."

INSIDE STUFF continued

As Janet flitted among the guests the years fell away as I recalled the naive, unsophisticated girl who once told me, "I am so anxious to be able to talk with Hollywood stars about the things they know and talk about. I've never seen a play. I don't know about famous people or anything." Today, a self-assured, assertive Janet seems to be in the know.

Bing Crosby, without his toupee and not giving a damn, seemed to enjoy himself with his lovely Kathy. Marriage and her motherhood have given Kathy Crosby a new radiance. In her white faille coat, cut full all around, and a white ribbon band encircling her chignon, she was simply a vision. "She grows prettier all the time," I told Bing. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, his eyes lighting up with pleasure. Is he ever happy in this marriage!

There was no exchange of greeting. I noticed, between Joan Collins and her former boyfriend, Arthur Loew Jr., who arrived quite late with Liz Taylor. In her flame chiffon, Liz looked beautiful, but her eyes spoke of "other times and other places" unforgotten.

Jacques Bergerac and Dorothy Malone danced only with each other. And handsome Greg Peek followed his sophisticated French wife, Veronique, everywhere with his eyes. Bill Holden, making one of his rare party appearances, came stag and caused a female traffic jam!

Cal York Jottings

Tommy Sands grows handsomer, what with his hair much shorter, his face leaner and tanned and a new self-assurance... Pat Boone told me about his three-year-old, Lindy, who had only that day come down with measles. The news gave studio execs quite a turn. Three of their biggest singers—Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands, and Pat—had been bouncing Lindy on their knees on a plane trip to Hollywood the day before. But so far, all's well. "We took the other three girls to the doctor for a measles-catching session," Pat said. Shirley Boone, so pretty in a black sheath and bright yellow headband over her dark hair, was busy greeting Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Sue and Alan Ladd, who had just arrived from an eastern location, and pert little Nancy Sinatra, a doll in full white organdy and red slippers. "I've had this dress four years," Nancy confided, "and I expect to wear it another four... Nobody's displaying surprise over the marital breakup of Marnie Van Doren and her band leader husband, Ray Anthony.

Bravo, Ricky

Ricky Nelson bought a horse on the Tucson location of "Rico Bravo" and John Wayne helped him pick it out. "Its name is 'Tinker Toy,'" Ricky told us, "but I didn't choose the name. It was called that when I bought it." During our talk Ricky confided he and brother David are buying a ranch together. Instead of college, Ricky will spend his free time overseeing the livestock. Incidentally, Rick's real unhappy about those engagement rumors. "I'm only eighteen," he says, "What do they mean engaged? They're not true—never were!"

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SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

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At all drug counters.

Photoplay publisher Irving S. Manheimer, Mrs. Manheimer, son Raymond (right) enjoy N.Y. reunion with Lauds—Alana, Carol (Mrs. John Veitch), David
Behind the Hollywood Curtain

Debbie Reynolds is unhappy with her studio, M-G-M—she hasn’t made a film there for over a year... Bing Crosby’s youngest, Lindsay, is starting drama lessons with best girl June Blair’s coach, now that his Army hitch is over. June says Lindsay is definitely interested in acting... Another ring has been given—a wedding ring. This time to Kim Stanley, from Broadway actor Alfred Ryder... John Lupton has moved out of the home shared with wife Anne Tyson and is living with his agent... Errol Flynn’s decision to fly back to New York for a visit with Pat Wymore and his daughters stilled the rumor that he and Pat were phffit. However, Pat then takes off for Europe and Errol stays in the States. Seems absence makes their hearts grow fonder... Natalie Wood, not worried at all about the studio suspension, due to her refusal of a role. Says Natalie, “I’m only interested in Bob’s career and being a housewife”... Pat Wayne joins the ranks of the record-makers with four Dot releases due shortly. Dad John Wayne heard Pat sing and said, “Son, I don’t know whether you’re good, bad or indifferent.” However, he did say he thought the “words” were great. Incidentally, I love Pat’s story of the time he asked his dad whether he had any advice for him about acting. “Only four words, son,” John said, “Listen to the director”... Tony Curtis, who, ten years ago, spent his last eleven dollars for a night’s lodging, stands to make two million this year and next... Sandra Dee’s mother has given John Wilder the only okay for dating Sandy. Remember their first date in September Photoplay?... Jane Wyman will soon be recording a vocal album... George Nader is planning a vacation in Argentina. Must be one of the few places George hasn’t already visited... Earl Holliman, whose records are hot, has never taken a singing lesson... Eva Marie Saint and Jeff Hayden became parents for the second time when daughter Laurette arrived. The little girl is the sister of Darrell... Cliff and Cynthia Robertson are expecting in March... Susan Hayward went and did it—cut her hair short... Miyoshi Umeki radiant as the bride of TV’s Frederick William Opie... Cary Grant still refuses to do television shows... Deborah Kerr’s husband will bring divorce action in British courts. Deborah will fight for her daughters in California... See you next month!
Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

Tennessee Williams’ prize-winning tale of the day a Southern family finally faced the truth about each other makes an engrossing film, which packs a tremendous wallop, due largely to expert acting. As “Maggie the Cat,” Elizabeth Taylor takes the final step to complete maturity, delivering a stirring portrayal of a wife reeling under physical and verbal abuse but desperately fighting to hold her man (see picture, below left). Paul Newman (also pictured), as the alcoholic husband who professes to loathe her, is superb, making every moment count. Burl Ives fills the screen with rumbling authority as “Big Daddy” Pollitt, patriarch of this strange clan, and Judith Anderson as his wife has power to spare. Excellent too are Jack Carson and Madeleine Sherwood, relatives whose chief interest lies in the terms of “Big Daddy’s” will.

White Wilderness

Master craftsman Walt Disney now presents his crowning achievement in the True-Life Adventure series. Three years in the making, this one takes us to the Arctic for seventy-two of the most fascinating minutes you’ll spend in a theater this year. Here you’ll see walruses battling for siesta space; baby polar bears heaving snow at each other; huge whales engaged in a delicate underwater ballet; and the golden-eye duck, who raises her brood high up in a hollow tree. She boats them out without parachute, they bounce on the ground like little rubber balls and the whole crew then waddles hilariously off to the nearest pond for the first swim. Weirdest sight of all is the “mass suicide” of the lemmings, nervous Arctic rodents who engage in a frenzied rush to destruction by leaping off the cliffs into the ocean. Wolves and the deadly wolverine also star.

The Fly

In a factory on the outskirts of Montreal, the grinding of a huge steel press shatters the night stillness. Inside, a body lies horribly mangled as Patricia Owens flees in terror. Police chief Herbert Marshall is sure she’s a murderess. She seems calm when questioned until the buzzing of a fly sends her into hysteria. Brother-in-law Vincent Price is aghast. Pat, hubby Al Hedison and son Charles Herbert seemed so happy… Al was a brilliant young scientist with a daring new experiment on the verge of success. Until the fateful night Pat found a note outside the locked laboratory door. “Counting on you to keep your nerve,” read the ragged scrawl. “I’ve had a serious accident…” To divulge any more of this plot would be unforgivable. Not since “The Thing” has a film combined science fiction and horror so skillfully, with steadily mounting tension.

Smiley Gets a Gun

An Australian-made film about a boy and a bicycle that’s a rare delight. As the small son of poverty-stricken Australian bush country parents, Smiley’s “one fierce desire” is to own a bike. Having sneaked a ride on the constable’s bicycle, and damaged it in the process, Smiley must chop wood to pay the repair bill. He’s such a willing worker that the constable gives him a shilling to start a bike fund. Then he gets a job ringing churchbells on Sunday. But the town bully provokes him into a fight, a church window gets smashed and Smiley’s savings are wiped out. He now must start from scratch, and so it goes in a series of adventures that include a drunken father who steals and—if all things—a session of opium smuggling. Colin Petersen keeps the tears and chuckles coming in about equal parts, and the supporting cast back him handsomely.

Andy Hardy Comes Home

Things haven’t changed much around old Carvel since the time Andy Hardy was a young squirt romancing the likes of Judy Garland, Lana Turner and Esther Williams (all of whom put in brief appearances here in old film clips from the original series). As grown-up Andy, Mickey Rooney returns to buy some real estate for an airplane factory and runs smack into trouble from a crooked rental agent. Before you know it the whole town is up in arms and the old pals Andy grew up with aren’t
so chummy any more. The plot doesn't bear very close scrutiny but then "Andy Hardy" plots never did. Their strength lay in the things they had to say about families, the love and understanding parents and children can have for each other, the right thing to do in a crisis. For that reason they were ideal for youngsters and so is this one.

WINDOM'S WAY

In a timely drama about colonial relations between white and native, Peter Finch plays a doctor on a Far Eastern British isle. He loves its people, and earnestly tries to mediate between the underground rebels, who would rush them into independence, and arrogant whites who would suppress them indefinitely. But events move against him. A workers' meeting is violently dispersed, and when a village elder is murdered, a mob sacks and burns a plantation, killing the police chief. Finch persuades them to lay down their arms and rebuild the plantation, only to have a government plane mistake a group for looters and machine-gun them.

THE WHOLE TRUTH

For those who like their mysteries tricky, this one is hard to beat. It all began when film producer Stewart Granger got lonely for vacationing wife Donna Reed (see picture, bottom left) and had a brief fling with actress Gianna Maria Canale. Now he's using her in a film, and working conditions are a living nightmare. Seems Gianna is still pitching the curves but Granger's ducking; hence the temperament. In a bitter squabble, he convinces her all is over and she threatens trouble. Late to a party he arrives with blood on his shirt, explains he cut his hand. Then Scotland Yard man George Sanders enters, informs him Gianna has been murdered. Sneaking over to her rooms, Granger removes all evidence of their past relationship. Upon reentering the party, who should be there but Gianna! Interested? Then by all means see the picture; we'll never tell.

The Naked and the Dead

A curious combination of slambang war action and puzzling characters makes this film uneven entertainment. On one hand are vivid scenes of marines storming Pacific Islands during World War II; of agonizing death in the jungle from snake-bite; of marine and Jap patrols grimly struggling to outmaneuver each other for a hill, command of which will decide the battle. Then there is the sergeant who turned sadist because his wife cheated; the general who treats his men like dirt; the young lieutenant who volunteers to lead a suicide mission; a private who brews joy juice on a homemade still between battles. Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson, Raymond Massey and Barbara Nichols head the large cast.

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Long famed in movies, Robert Young, Jane Wyatt and Ed Wynn are winning new laurels on TV. Ed's also made surprise movie hit in dramatic roles

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond recently celebrated 21st anniversary with party at Las Vegas
THEY DOING NOW?

Ginger Rogers is mulling lush TV offers—and stepping out with Arthur Cameron.

Well, if it isn't Farley Granger, now a New Yorker on a daily radio show with Vera Bacal (Lauren's aunt). Jan Sterling was one of many who welcomed Hedy Lamarr back to Hollywood. Hedy's resuming her career.

Lively as ever, Greer Garson recently scored hit as Broadway's "Auntie Mame". "Not for me!" says Janet Gaynor of TV. But Loretta Young, with her own show going strong, loves it. Eric Johnson's neutral. Janet's happy on Brazil ranch.
Rinse twice as clean.
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month see contents page.

BIG COUNTRY, THE—U.A., Technicolor: Gentle Gregory Peck, an Easterner out to claim the hand of a tough rancher's daughter (Carroll Baker), finds some fun among the fixtures. (F) September

CERTAIN SMILE, A—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Another poison-portrait of a young French minx from the pen of Francois Sagat, made more palatable by Christine Carere; her unfortunate elders, Joan Fontaine, Rossano Brazzi. (A) June

GOD'S LITTLE ACRE—U.A.: Interesting study of a Deep South family, mixing pathos and rowdy humor, stars Robert Ryan as the father, neglecting his farm to seek buried gold, Aldo Ray is his unemployed son-in-law; Ray Spain, a daughter. (A) June

HUNTERS, THE—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Fast action over Korea, as old-pro Robert Mitchum shows his softness (with lovely May Britt) and greenhorn Robert Wagner shows his hardness under fire. (F) September

IMITATION GENERAL—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Glenn Ford and Red Buttons share the laughs in this hilarious poke at the Army set in post-war Normandy. Without a word of English, Taina Elg adds to the fun. (F) September

INDISCREET—Warner, Technicolor: Gabby but funny romantic pair pairs Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman as partners in a mad London affair, Cary tells actress Ingrid she's married, but his secret comes out. Her reaction is hilarious. (A) August

KEY, THE—Columbia, CinemaScope: Sultry Sophia Loren has William Holden, as a wartime rescue captain who inherits the key to her flat, later wonders if it was good or bad. The answer's far from simple in this thoughtful, provocative tale. (A) September

LIGHT IN THE FOREST, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Another poison-portrait of a young French minx from the pen of Francois Sagat, made more palatable by Christine Carere; her unfortunate elders, Joan Fontaine, Rossano Brazzi. (A) June

MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount, VistaVision: Shirley Booth, Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine prove that love can be a laughing matter in this bright farce about the adventures of a widow-turned-Count in the Tonys of the Gay Eighties. (F) August

NAKED EARTH—20th, CinemaScope: Heartily witty adventure tale, set deep in Africa, Richard Todd, footloose Irishman, teams with voluptuous yet practical Juliette Greco in tobacco-farming, crocodile-hunting—and love. (A) August

OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—Warners, Warnercolor: A super-Academy-Award job by Spencer Tracy and poetic camerawork combine to bring Hemingway's prize novel of loneliness and manliness to rich fulfillment on the screen. (F) September

PARISIENNE, LA—U.A., Technicolor: Flip French farce gives a generous view of sexy Brigitte Bardot. Suspecting bridegroom Henri Vidal of infidelity, she plays around with Charles Boyer, bored consort of a European queen. (A) August

PROUD REBEL, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Alan and David Ladd make an appealing onscreen father-son team, fighting hatred in post-Civil War Illinois. (F) July

ROCK-A-BYE BABY—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Three bowling buddies and two lascivious lasses (Marilyn Maxwell, Connie Stevens) tangle with Jerry Lewis, as a glorified babysitter, to do a good turn to his childhood crush. Results, irresistible; gags, sophisticated. (A) August

VERTIGO—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Hitchcock's master hand sends chills down your spine again with a new worthy, check-full of phobias, mysticism and reincarnation. James Stewart is fine as a neurotic dick with a case on two-fisted Kim Novak. (F) August


VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U.A., CinemaScope: Richard Egan makes the most of his first crack at a dynamic role, as an alcoholic artist who forges his own salvation, despite misguided efforts by his wife (Julie London) and doctor (Walter Matthau). A sobering case study in a low key. (A) September

YOUNG LAND, THE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: In a forceful western, sheriff Pat Wayne romances Yvonne Craig and tries to keep killer Dennis Hopper from escaping—or being lynched. (F) August

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Leslie Caron has fun making needlework gifts for friends

7092—Embroidered pinafore with whirl skirt; bow-tied sash. Use remnants to make it. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions. Child sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. State size.

7019—Quick crochet. Each little doily is done in lacy pineapple pattern. Directions for 9-inch round doily, 9-inch sq., 91/2 x 14-inch oval in Number 50 cotton.


7136—Happy little bluebirds to embroider on your kitchen towels—a different motif for each day of the week. Transfer of 7 motifs 31/2 x 6 inches. Directions.

7034—Attractive wall planter for artificial flowers. Spider-web pattern in shape of parasol. Directions for 12-17-inch planter in heavy jiffy cotton. Fun to make.

A. Soft touch: New Tempo hair spray by Helene Curtis comes in three types for dry, normal or oily hair. Leaves hair shining clean and soft. $1.50*

B. Thing of beauty: Jergens lotion in pastel-color, gold star-spattered dispenser bottle. Pink, blue, green or yellow. Refillable. 8 oz., $1.25*

C. Eye-opener: Revlon’s Roll-On mascara with self-applicator to color and curl lashes. Waterproof; no eye-smarting turpentine. Six shades. $2.00*

D. Good enough to eat: Apple-on-a-Stick, Dorothy Gray’s shiny bright fall lipstick color. Two formulas, Satura and Sheer Velvet Creamy, each, $1.35*

E. Turn Blonde, mild new cream hair lightener by Helena Rubinstein, can lighten a little or a lot. You decide. Won’t fade or wash out. Kit, $2.50*
"I'm not Jerry Lee Lewis," says Jerry Lewis and I'm gonna prove it.
Witnesses? Clues? Plenty!

Enough to convince all of you I didn’t give up Patti

for my thirteen-year-old cousin

Now get this straight,” Jerry sputtered into the phone. “The only thirteen-year-old girls I know are the ones my son Gary brings home on dates. My name is Jerry Lewis; I have no middle name; I’m married to an adult.”

For a moment Jerry stopped talking and listened, finally managing to say quietly, “I’m sorry you disbanded your Brooklyn Jerry Lewis Fan Club, Miss Reich. Now that you know I’m not Jerry Lee Lewis, I hope you’ll organize it again. Sure. . . . Of course. . . . Any time. Goodbye.” And Jerry hung up.

“At least I had a chance to straighten her out,” Jerry said to us, “but what about all the others who are confusing me with Jerry Lee Lewis? The ones who never call, never write, but just go on believing what they believe? How can I get through to them? I . . . Wait! Not a word!” He put his finger to his lips. With a wildly haunted expression, he glanced back over his shoulder. Getting stealthily to his feet, he went across the room and peered under the rug. He opened a desk drawer and looked inside it. He came over to me and examined (Continued on page 71)
Gotta keep an eye on everybody. That guy could be Jerry Lee Lewis in disguise. Or that one. Or I could—no, no! I'm me! But here's the bit: Here I am in plain sight at Fifth Avenue and 57th Street in New York, and is anybody asking me to sing "Crazy Arms" or "High School Rock"? More witnesses to testify I can't possibly be what's-his-name.

Now take a close look, everybody, please. Please! Is that Patti? Is that me? Even s'posing I'd swapped my dark crew-cut for a long blond job, is that your old pal Jer? That, friends, is Jerry Lee Lewis, with Cousin Myra. His cousin, I mean—not mine. Anyhow, good luck, kids. Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rest my case.
ONCE ROCK AND BETTY
WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER
AND THEN THEY DRIFTED APART.
CAN THEY RECAPTURE THE PAST
AND THIS TIME MAKE IT LAST?
IS THERE A SECOND CHANCE
FOR ROCK'S HEART?

Rock was coming back to the fire carrying an orchid in his hand. The expression on his face was like a kid's—as if he were bringing a good report card home for the very first time. He walked towards the pretty blonde girl who chatted with his mother while they cleaned up after the barbecue. And although his guests all watched him as he approached, it was as if they and his mother weren't there. He saw only the girl.

"Happy July 3, 1958," he said formally, bowing as he gave her the orchid.

"Why Rock," she said, "it's lovely. But what's the occasion?"

"Nothing," he answered quietly, then added, "and everything. But if I have to have a reason, let's say it's because I love this crazy Mexican hat you bought me."

I always wanted a hat with donkeys and peons sleeping on the brim. I just wanted to give you something in return."

"Remember the first time you gave me an orchid, at the premiere of 'Magnificent Obsession'?" she asked.

He gazed at her for a moment and then said softly, "I remember." And suddenly, as if embarrassed by his feelings, he looked away—at the sky, and pointed upwards.

"I see it," she said, "the moon."

"No, over there," he pointed at a single star. "Star light, star bright, first star I see tonight...

"I wish I may," she continued, "I wish I might, have the wish I wish tonight."

They both laughed. (Continued on page 80)

by JAE LYLE
NOW
July 3, 1958
Together again—
Rock and Betty
shop in
Hollywood
supermarket

THEN
July 18, 1954
In love—
right before
they broke up
"SHALL WE TELL THEM ALL
I threw three pebbles into the lake. Plink, plank, plunk! I watched the widening circles in the water, and I tried to take my mind off things by counting the ripples before they disappeared.

I wanted to keep calm and collected, but I was beginning to feel pent-up. The day was hot and sticky, and I pushed my hair away from my neck.

When I turned around, I saw Jim coming toward me. He smiled and took my hand and we walked toward the little green valley in the cool woods, where butterflies danced and sunbeams spangled the trees with gold. I was nervous inside, and I hoped it wasn’t showing.

Then we stopped and looked at each other. He held both my hands. We were standing so close together, Jim and I, I could hear his heart going thump-thump-thump. And all the leaves in the green woods around us whispered and sh-shshd.

Gee, how vividly it all comes back to me. The sun in the treetops and the happy twitter of birds. I remember I saw a pair of animal eyes looking at us through the trees.

Then Jim smiled and said my name and he took me gently in his arms. My stomach flip-flopped. I put my arms around him. He looked at me, and my heart was pounding, and I turned away for a minute. I sighed, got up my courage and looked into his eyes. They were blue and misty. They tried to tell me something. (continued)

When Jim took me in his arms, my heart started to beat like a bongo drum. I, Carol Lynley, the fifteen-year-old kid, was going to be kissed! Then it happened
He's such a tease—especially about my age. “Ready, child?” he'd say. “Yes, Jimmy,” I'd answer, knowing how he hates “Jimmy.” I wound up on the floor!

"SHALL WE TELL THEM ALL ABOUT US?"

continued

Out of the shadows a bobolink called. Somewhere in the tall grass, a lark trilled. So softly I could barely hear him, Jim whispered, “I love you.”

I closed my eyes, and in a minute his cheek was against mine, warm and fuzzy, and before I knew it I felt his lips touch mine lightly—ever so lightly. I trembled all over, and there was such stillness in the forest it scared me. I looked up and there we were, in the shadows of the big trees.

I took a breath, and suddenly I heard the choir of birds, the bobolinks and the meadowlarks, beginning to serenade us again in the middle of that lazy August afternoon.

Out of the blue a voice yelled, “Cut!” It was Herschel Daugherty, the director of our movie, “The Light in the Forest.” Jim and I had finished our love scene. Hersch’s assistant bellowed, “Wrap it up, and let’s go home.”

“But can I take her home with me?” Jim said. I blushed all over and ran off, and the social worker attending me on the set came tramping behind my footsteps like a soldier. Jim called them “those spooky (Continued on page 82)
Gosh, I don't know what I'd have done without Jim—Hollywood was so new. He explained everything.

I'll never forget the fun we had together that summer. Jim will always be somebody very special to me.
DORIS laughs:

don't believe everything they're saying about me
RUMOR: Columnists say, "The stork is going to pay a visit to the new Beverly Hills home of Doris Day and Marty Melcher. Doris is busy getting a nursery ready for the new baby. A friend reports that the Melchers are looking forward to the arrival of their bundle of joy in November."

RUMOR: Studio workers say, "Since the death of her brother, Paul, last year, Doris has become despondent. She has crying spells on the set, and doesn't seem to be feeling well. We're afraid this has sent her into a tailspin mentally and physically, that will be very hard to pull out of."

RUMOR: Acquaintances say, "Doris has been moping because son Terry went to school in the east. She didn't want it, but Marty and Terry overruled. Now she worries constantly about him, to such an extent that it has become an obsession, and it's affecting her home life very badly."

Continued on page 90
"Please don't forget me while I'm gone!"

In a few weeks I'll be going away..." As he spoke to the crowd of about seventy-five faithful fans who had waited for hours outside his Whitehaven mansion for a glimpse of him, Elvis Presley's voice trailed off in a note of wistful sadness.

Teenagers clambered around his tomato-red Lincoln Continental, holding out photos, scraps of paper, sketches of him for his autograph. Silently, he signed them. The fans, too, were strangely quiet now. It was as if they, as well as Elvis, sensed that this was their last meeting for a long, long time...

"How's the Army treatin' you, Elvis?" a boy called loudly, in a boisterous attempt to break up the gloom.

"No complaints," Elvis reported with a grin. "Have tank, will travel!"
He started the motor. "Gotta go now," he said, reluctantly. "Goodbye... Goodbye, all..."

Slowly, he drove through the gates. Then, abruptly, he stopped and turned for a last, long look at the faces behind him. "Thanks," he called. "Thanks for everything. And please... don't forget me while I'm gone."

With a final wave of farewell, he drove on.

"Goodbye, Elvis, goodbye..." The shouts echoed through the quiet of the warm southern afternoon. And long after he no longer heard them, they echoed in Elvis Presley's heart.

He pulled up in front of the magnificent Colonial house, and got out of the car. For a few moments, he stood, looking affectionately at the lovely sight of the lush green rolling lawns; (Continued on page 74)
First person Cheryl turned to after tragedy was dad, Steve Crane. “I’ll devote all my life to her,” he says

The Santa Monica courtroom was silent. Occasionally, one of the lawyers scattered around the palm-lined room would get up from a straight-back wooden chair and go over to the water cooler for a drink, breaking the silence for a few moments. Cheryl Crane sat quietly, hardly aware of what was going on around her, conscious only of the two people seated beside her—her father and her mother—each of them holding tight to one of her hands.

She didn’t look at either of them—even when her Dad, feeling her tension, and wanting to reassure her, squeezed her hand. Even then she couldn’t turn around and face him.

It seems, she thought, the only time we’re ever all together is times like this—when there is trouble. A fly buzzed by, interrupting her thoughts and breaking the silence, before flying out the open window once again.

Outside the close-door session of the juvenile courtroom, the mood was different. Hundreds of people had already gathered—some had been there since early morning, even before Cheryl had arrived, shy and alone, in the big black private car with the probation officers.

She remembered how they pushed towards the car and she tried shrinking back into the corner, hiding behind her large black sunglasses, trying to escape their stares.

It wasn’t that they were unfriendly. Some people had even called out “Good luck, Cheryl” as the deputy sheriffs helped her into the building, and the probation officers led her upstairs to the private chambers of Superior Judge Allen Lynch.

She was brought two hours early, to avoid the crowds, she was told. She knew that Judge Lynch was going to decide this morning who was to take care of her. Someone, she couldn’t remember who, had said that she was going to be placed in a foster home or a state institution. She didn’t believe them.

Suddenly, she stared down at her white shoes. She always wore flats; she was so tall, too tall for heels. Her mother had brought them with her dress, especially for today’s session, when she had visited her at Juvenile Hall. All the other girls’ mothers came on Sunday, but the officials said if her mother came with all the other parents she would cause too much confusion, so Mummy came on Saturdays.

Mummy looked pretty, even though her eyes were puffy and red from crying. I can never cry, she thought. I wish I could. Instead, she prayed her rosary—the one her father had brought her during last visiting hours.

It helped to pray. She still had her first Bible, the one mother bought her when she was a baby. I wonder where it is, she suddenly thought. I don’t remember unpacking it when we moved to the new house. (continued)
CHERYL CRANE pleads:

Mummy, how can I choose between you and Daddy?
Sometimes she took the Bible with her when she went to Mass with Dad on Sunday. One time, when she was young and going to St. Paul's School, she even thought she'd like to be a nun—or a Catholic, anyway.

"I say my prayers regularly," she had explained to Mother, when she visited last Saturday. They didn't have much time together that day. The forty-five minutes went by so quickly. She explained to Mother that she couldn't open the presents she'd bought—a gift box of shampoo and soap—until Sunday when all the other girls could open their presents. They talked about the classes she was attending and she'd asked if Grandma could have a blue ribbon for her hair sent in so that it would match her blue cotton shirt-waist dress—the one she was wearing today, for the session. She knew—and Mother did too—that the session was important, but they didn't talk about it then.

Even this morning, when Mother and Dad came into the courtroom, they didn't mention why they were there. But she could tell they both were upset. She could always tell... even when they tried to hide it. Daddy can pretend better than Mummy, she thought. He can always look calm.

Even the evening—that Good Friday evening—when the terrible thing happened to Johnny and she had called Daddy at his restaurant. He was having dinner, and at first, she had difficulty making the man on the other end understand who she was.

"I don't want to interrupt him at dinner," he kept saying, but finally, after she had repeated who she was, he did. She couldn't remember much, except crying, "Daddy, (Continued on page 88)
Whenever a star is born, you can be sure that training deserves a share of credit for the twinkle. It takes more than natural good looks, more even than personality and talent to look and act like a star. Let alone, walk, stand and move like one. In fact, poise and grace are so important a part of an actress’s equipment that no small part of her training is devoted to it.

Because Photoplay believes that every girl deserves to shine for her own particular audience, we arranged to bring our cameras to the body control classes at Estelle Harman’s Actor’s Workshop. “Being attractive is a serious bread-and-butter business for an actress, of course,” Estelle agreed. “But what girl doesn’t long for similar admiration?”

Former head of the Talent Department at Universal-International Studios and top Hollywood coach, Estelle has worked with male stars including Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, John Saxon and Ronnie Burns, as well as actresses Anita Ekberg, Marisa Pavan, Terry Moore and Mamie Van Doren among many others. “Any girl can develop a vital, expressive body,” she says, “if she’s willing to work for it.”

If this sounds like you, join the class on the following pages. You’ll share Estelle’s coaching with some of Hollywood’s most promising young actresses. Like them, you’ll find that it takes more than just looking, thanks, to learn to move like a star. Like them, you’ll have to practice, daily, to make grace and poise a natural, unaffected part of your own glamour equipment. (continued)

YOU HAVE AN AUDIENCE, TOO...

Join classes in poise and grace along with promising young actresses at Estelle Harman’s famous Hollywood Actor’s Workshop
"Every girl, regardless of acting ambitions, loves to make a glamorous entrance down a staircase," says Mrs. Harman. "More often than not, we create a poor impression with head down, eyes on feet." Above, Yvonne Craig demonstrates how not to descend "book" learning

Slipping and sliding at first, books soon remain firmly on heads as girls learn secret of smooth stride: Step forward with one foot, keeping weight of body over back foot. Next, come up on balls of both feet, keeping knees straight, and shift weight to advanced foot. Now throw weight to heel of advanced foot, relaxing rear leg, bending knee and letting foot rest easily on the ball. If you think this takes lots of practice—you're right! But the result is the kind of walk you admire on the screen. After group practice, each girl steps out solo while rest of class look, listen and learn. Below, Jana Lund does her stuff for onlookers Joyce Beatty, Colleen Drake, Estelle Harman, Yvonne Craig, Heather Ames and Fran Bennett. All pay careful heed to Mrs. Harman's watchful comments: "Keep toes pointed straight ahead! Swing arms easily! Be sure movement springs from balls of feet! Don't look down! Keep top of head and chin parallel to ground! No short, mincing steps, please! Or long, awkward strides, either!" Check these points yourself. Soon, you too will be walking with new poise and assurance —right in step with the stars

Yvonne makes perfect entrance, chin up body gracefully erect
Caught in awkward sitting positions by Patricia Lavin, assistant to Mrs. Harman, girls promptly assume more graceful positions. Patricia reminds them that knowing how is not enough. "Grace must be practiced all of the time, until it becomes natural," she says. Above, Fran Bennett, who was asked to "freeze" in her original pose, demonstrates how entire appearance can be spoiled by clumsy position of legs. Seated behind her: Joyce Beatty, Colleen Drake, Jana Lund, Heather Ames and Erica Kulewitz. Standing: Patricia Lavin and Estelle Harman. Below, Fran plays role of awkward girl, Jana puts best foot forward.

Fran Bennett (left) shows how not to get comfortable, as she lets knees fall open ungracefully while crossing her ankles. Jana Lund, portraying attractive girl, crosses ankles neatly, keeping legs close together. In picture at right, right and wrong way to cross knees: Fran's legs are pressed together, making calf spread and thicken, while Jana swings leg all the way across other knee so that shape of calf is not distorted. Note, too, different impressions created by posture and arm positions of girls.

Continued on page 70

HOW WOULD HE RATE YOU?

His first impression of you:
a) She slouches; is untidy looking
b) She's a fashion plate
c) I didn't notice

What he thinks of your walk:
a) Drowsy Dot—Shoulders hunched; hips, head ahead of feet; tummy out; eyes down
b) Graceful Grace—Makes perfect entrance: head high, tummy in, back straight
c) Athletic Ann—Takes long, awkward strides as on a golf course

Sitting pretty:
a) Her legs cross high; skirt tight
b) Legs cross easily or are straight; skirt over knees; back straight
c) Legs wrap around chair; slumps
d) Ouch! Knees apart; ankles cross

When you meet people:
a) She's embarrassed; introvertish
b) She's composed; thinks first
c) She gets flustered; flounders
d) She chatters constantly

Your telephone manners:
a) Her talk is long and small
b) She's pleasant, polite—and brief

Your restaurant know-how:
a) When I ask what she'd like to order, she answers, "Anything."

Your social savoir-faire:
a) While on a date, she spots best friend Judy, on the street, squeals, "Hi there, Judy!"
b) Catches up with Judy and introduces us
c) Ignores Judy; it's easier

Your dress:
a) She's a sporty, outdoorsy dresser
b) She dresses to suit the occasion
c) She's a frilly type, come-what-may

Your makeup:
a) Makeup is fine, but not if I can't see the girl underneath
b) I know she wears makeup, but all I can see is how pretty she looks
c) Could be pretty if she cared enough to use a little makeup

For how he'd rate you, see page 70.
A drizzly summer afternoon, and Kim waited eagerly for palm-reader Stephanos in her New York vacation headquarters, the penthouse suite of the elegant Sherry Netherlands Hotel.

When Photoplay first invited Kim to a Stephanos palm-reading session, she refused. She didn’t want her palm revealed, she told us, for a number of very personal reasons.

And then, via the Broadway grapevine, she heard of Stephanos’ success with cinema stars and the jazzy international set. He’d pinned their characters right down to a T, Kim was told. And so, finally, she couldn’t turn down our dare!

“You don’t mind, do you—letting me read your palm?” asked Stephanos, once he was seated comfortably next to Kim in the luxurious living room of her suite.

“I’m doing it on a dare from Photoplay—for fun!” Kim answered.

And so Stephanos took Kim’s left palm in his, since she writes with it, he explained, and began to (Continued on page 69)
Palmist: There are many men in your life.

Kim: No marriage signs?

Palmist: Your career will skyrocket.

Kim: But all I want is to be a housewife!
1. Are you a materialist? Thick, chubby hands or fingers show a tendency toward materialism and self-indulgence. Thin fingers reveal refinement, love of beauty.

2. If your palm has lots of little lines, no doubt you’re sensitive and impressionable. If there’s an overabundance of thin, thin lines, you’re terribly temperamental, too.

3. Is there a Star sign (like an asterisk) on your Fate line (the Fate line runs parallel to the Life line)? Watch out. You could be involved in some kind of scandal.

4. Your thumb is the steering wheel of your palm. It guides your personality. Long, strong thumbs reveal dynamic personalities—people who’ll go places in the world. Very short, weak thumbs indicate highly emotional people who are overly concerned with the petty in family, business deals.

5. Directly below your thumb is a mount of hard flesh. This is called Venus, the mount of love. Venus is the thermometer of your affections. Feel it and if it’s well-padded, and fleshy, you’re a generous, loving person; if hard and bony, you’re selfish and stingy.

6. If the mount of Venus bulges, you appreciate art, music, writing and acting. You revel in the dramatic, and you have a warm personality, making you fun to be with.

7. Opposite Venus mount, on the pinky side of your palm, is Luna. If it’s springy, it means you have a very active imagination. If it’s too springy, you belong in the fantasy world. If it’s flat and hard, you’re much too practical!

8. Look at the ends of your fingers, where your fingerprint is. If it peaks in the center—you’re inclined to be quite stubborn.

Your life is in your hand.

Compare your palm with Kim’s...

Here Stephanos gives you

a few tips for your party fun
JOHNNY SAXON'S FIRST INTERVIEW
SINCE HIS ROMANCE CRACKUP

by HILDEGARDE JOHNSON

Secretly married couple? Estranged lovers? Or just strangers? How does Vicki fit into John's life?

Johnny levels with us about:

• His feelings for Vicki Thal
• Those “untrue” marriage stories
• What he's looking for in a girl

I met John Saxon in the lobby of a New York theater, on Forty-Sixth Street west of Broadway. This interview was the first since his return from Europe, where—the press had predicted cheerily—Vicki Thal was supposed to become Mrs. John Saxon, with an idyllic honeymoon on the Continent to follow. Instead, the romance had crumbled into nothing, and John had come home alone. A disappointing ending, it seemed.

I was early; John was late. He had been absorbed in the play—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in “The Visit”—and he was one of the last to leave the theater. He came through the doorway looking for me, lighting a cigarette. He wore a gray suit with a fine black pencil stripe, one of those new four-button (continued)
Johnny levels with us:
about the girls who broke his heart in Brooklyn—about moments when he's afraid

jobs with hand-rolled seams and turned-up cuffs. The flap of the jacket pocket was lined with a red paisley print; so were the cuffs. From above the doorway, hidden lighting picked up auburn glints in his dark hair, and his eyes shone as intensely as burning coals in an outdoor grill. People stopped to look at this young man.

Two well-dressed middle-aged women stared and whispered together—“John Saxon”—and stared again. Feeling their eyes on him, John seemed uneasy—strange reaction for a successful young movie actor.

But his face brightened as I introduced myself. “Hi!” he said, stubbing out his cigarette in the sand container. “Let’s get out of here. The studio has a car waiting.”

He had no sooner left the theater than a chorus of shrieks rose above the taxi hoots. “It is! It is! Johnny! Johnnee!” From across the (Continued on page 85)
Suddenly the rain fell on the windowpane and I turned from my typewriter to look at the extras and technicians hurrying through the studio street outside, making for the shelter of the huge M-G-M soundstages. It was four o'clock. I sighed and watched the cloudburst and wondered if it would stop before five because I'd forgotten my umbrella.

I was about to put my feet on the waste paper basket and relax for a few minutes when the door swung open and a tall, blond young man burst into the office, dripping wet, coat sagging, his hair hanging down over his face.

"You look like a drowned puppy!" I started to laugh, when Leslie—for it was Leslie Nielsen—silenced me with a stony stare.

"Miss Ullman," he said oddly, running his fingers back through his wet hair, "will you please take a letter?"

His manner was so distant, so formal, my chin dropped a little from surprise. I was just a studio secretary and my job did include helping players, but Leslie and I had dated—yet suddenly, I was just plain (Continued on page 76)
Dear Lita and Rory Calhoun—

I loved the surprise party you gave me, Bridget Madison.

P.S. Same goes for us. We had more fun than the kids.

A real ball! Our daughter thanks you; we thank you.

Sheila & Guy Madison

Dear Sheila, Guy and you too, Bridget, We Calhouns—Rory and I, and Cindy, too—thank you! Since you're the folks we love the most, we're glad you had such a good time at our birthday party for Bridget. But we bet you didn't have half so much fun as we had. Or our Cindy! Rory says to tell Guy he still aches from parking cars and carrying kids piggyback. How's Guy's bruised shin? Better, we hope.

Yvonne (De Carlo) called this morning to tell me about the blooming romance between her little Bruce and our Cindy. Sheila, you and I missed the whole thing—we never did get out of the kitchen! (I'll never look at another plate of (Continued on page 95)
LOVE
HAS SHIRLEY
UP A TREE
BUT
SHE'S COMING
DOWN
TO EARTH AGAIN

Another last breakfast. Steve's famous scrambled eggs. Just like the last time, before he went away, Shirley MacLaine thought as she watched her husband put the final touches of fresh mint to his favorite breakfast concoction. She wanted to shout out—all the thoughts and feelings that seemed to be swirling around her head. Instead, she simply sat quietly, silently watching Steve turn the eggs in the pan, as if she were seeing it for the first time.

She looked up at the big kitchen clock, and wished she could stop its ticking.

In less than an hour Steve would pick up his (Continued on page 78)
Dick Clark says: don't sit on the sidelines
I think if I ever decided to sit down and write a book, I'd call it "Notes from a Professional Wallflower." It'd be as good a title as any, don't you agree? I'm the guy who, on "American Bandstand" and at my record hops, has to sit and watch all the other guys have fun on the dance floor. But no tears now. I get a charge out of it. Honestly. And you want to know something? I'm beginning to believe there aren't many of us wallflowers left. That makes me very happy—yes indeed.

But just to set the record straight, and so you don't get the wrong idea—I wasn't always a wallflower. Fact is, I—Richard Wagstaff Clark (my family was always big for middle names)—made my first real hit with my own wife, Barbara, at a dance.

We were both in high school (continued)
then—in Mount Vernon, N. Y. Barbara—her name was Barbara Mallery—had a date with a good buddy of mine and I didn’t have a date, but we were all invited to the same party, so we made it a three-way date. At the party my friend threw a few hints my way that he thought Barbara would like to date me. Since he didn’t want to stand in the way for either of us, he said, in the spirit of may-the-best-man-win: “Why don’t you ask her out?” And so I did. I invited Barbara to the annual Snowball Hop, the big winter high school dance of the season. And she accepted. I’d brushed up on a few of the latest steps, and we hit it off right away. It was really a great evening.

My second date with Barbara wasn’t quite so successful, though, I have to admit. It was an informal hop a few weeks later. After one or two trips to the refreshment stand, I suddenly realized I’d miscalculated and was fresh out of money. I checked all the guys I knew to see if there were any house parties or get-togethers going on after the dance that were free—the idea of taking your date home immediately afterward was strictly for squares. But nope, just my luck, there were no gatherings planned. Most of the gang was just going out for hamburgers and sodas afterwards. And there I was with no money to join them. Just out on a second date and wanting to clinch the impression, too. Great impression I’d make, I sulked. Well, she was a swell (Continued on page 92)
get hep with these real-gone steps

(PLUS SOME DANCING DON'TS)

ROCK 'N ROLL IN ACTION

Using the basic step shown on opposite page, the boy leads his partner to open position on last step. With his right hand, he pushes the girl to his left and out, then takes her right hand with his left and holds it as they do another
basic step, in open position. On the last step, they return to closed position, and then begin the double under-arm turn, like this: After both parts of the basic throw-out, the boy raises his left arm. He swings it up and out to his left, leading the girl to turn to her right, under his arm. Then he lowers and raises his arm as they do the next basic step, leading the girl to a second under-arm turn—now to her left. If you’ve got that, you’re rockin’ in the Dick Clark style.
Now! A moist, glowing lipstick that gets more brilliant as you wear it!

If your lipsticks lose their life and fade away, Max Factor has developed your perfect lipstick! Hi-Fi glides on... clearer, truer, sparkling... and stays sparkling! Even gets more brilliant as you wear it. Because Hi-Fi refreshes its excitement! You'll love it in exciting new Sparkling Scarlet and 12 other fabulous shades by Max Factor. 1.25 plus tax.

Max Factor hi-fi Lipstick
August 27, 1958—it was a day Tommy Sands would never forget. The day he turned twenty-one. And Judi Meredith gave him a lovely new script-holder. And he kissed her for it. And they talked . . .

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, TOMMY

with love—Judi

Tommy Sands unwrapped the large, flat package, and stood for a moment, dumbstruck and blushing. He didn't know what to say.

"Aw, Judi, you shouldn't have!" he finally blurted.

"Happy twenty-first birthday, Tommy," Judi Meredith laughed.

He bent quickly and kissed her. "How'd you know? You're wonderful. And it's wonderful. How'd you know I needed a script-holder? And red leather—how'd you guess that was my favorite color? And my name on it—in gold, yet!"

"A little bird on the 'Mardi Gras' set over at 20th told me," she grinned.

Suddenly he reached (Continued on page 96)
So right for you

Modess® ... with Feminine Fabric. Sheerest luxury ... perfected protection. Regular, Junior, Super. Box of 12, 45¢; 2 for 89¢.
Teen-Age by Modess. Slim, extra-absorbent. Dainty pastel cover. Box of 12, 45¢; 2 for 89¢.
Serena® ... softly pink luxury napkin with a deodorant. Box of 12, 59¢.
Modess Belts ... tailored for perfect comfort with any napkin. 50¢.

Modess® Tampons ... new flexible tampons you can trust even on “first” days. Regular, Junior, Super. Box of 10, 45¢; 2 for 89¢.
Meds® Tampons ... so soft, so comfortable, so safe. Regular, Junior, Super. Box of 10, 45¢; 2 for 89¢.
Coets® ... quilted cotton squares ... perfect for cosmetic use. Box of 40, 25¢; box of 80, 45¢; box of 180, 95¢.

GET THESE FABULOUS NECESSITIES AT YOUR LOCAL
BEN FRANKLIN STORES
AND SCOTT STORES
PHOTOPLAY DARED
KIM

Continued from page 48

study it. He looked at it long and intently.

"Your left hand is the hand of action," Stephano's began. "In it, the very soul of the calm character, and according to the way your character changes and develope...

"But let's have one understanding," Kim insisted. "At least in this reading it's for fun," you must promise to tell me everything. I don't want a sugar-coated reading.

When we only reveal the good things, we call them upbeat readings," Stephano's laughed.

"Well, I want you to give me all the downbeat items, too," Kim answered, smiling.

"Understood. Now then, let's begin with your Heart—Or Love line," said Stephano, settling down to business.

"That's the one I'm most interested in," Kim said.

"Isn't everyone?" Stephano's smiled une...

"But first, before I go into your specific loves, I want to tell you your Heart line is terrifically overshadowed with doubt.

"What?" Kim asked, surprised.

"Yes, it's full of uncertainty. I'd say, without qualm, Kim, that you don't trust love. You wouldn't have a love for it. You don't believe it can happen to you. Every time you fall in love, you have a miserable time because you're busy doubting, doubting, doubting all the time."

"How can you tell that?" Kim asked curiously.

"By a series of damaging lines that are cutting into the body of your Heart line. This doubting of love, this never accepting, this failure love relationship if you don't get it into control. I'm trying to think of a word to describe it. Maybe I'd call it love-testing. Yes, that's it—you're a love-tester.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, before I explain it, let me say there's no shortage of love in your palm. You want love, demand love, and get love. But, deep down inside, who are your defenses are bare, love frightens you. It scares you because you won't believe it is for real. "How can anybody love me?" you ask. So you start testing like a mad dog to prove the love is true. And invariably, this tremendous testing destroys whatever love you have."

Kim interrupted. "Can you give me an example of what you mean?"

"Sure. Let's say someone you're fond of tells you at the beginning of a telephone conversation, 'Hello dear. How are you? Are you going to tell me how much you love me today?' You're pleased for the moment, delighted. Soon the conversation changes to—let's say, food. He tells you about a terrific dinner party he went to last night. Mrs. Smith's, the client's wife served a fabulous shrimp casserole. You begin to say to yourself, 'Why is he raving over it? Is he telling me I'm a poor cook? Is he trying to tell me I'll never be a good wife—that I can't entertain?"

"Actually, he couldn't care less about whether or not you can make a shrimp casserole, but you continued, seriously. "But you've started twisting this thought in your mind. You don't feel confident as a cook, so you mistrust any comment he makes about cooking. Ultimately, you put yourself through the worry wringer—you don't believe in yourself.

"It's my inferiority complex," Kim con...

"I never think I can measure up to what's expected of me to what I expect of myself. Did you know I was born on February 13, 1933—at 3:14 a.m., in Room 313 at St. Anthony's Hospital in Chicago? Twenty-seven years ago, it was an unlucky number. I've been afraid of myself ever since. Soon as I began to go to school, I wanted so much to belong to a gang, a group of kids to have fun with. I thought I didn't fit in. I. I didn't think I was good enough. I figured I was an ugly duckling—someone who's born unlucky."

"Then," said Stephano's, "if the man we are discussing doesn't say 'I love you' at the finish of the telephone conversation, you'll get yourself sick over it, isn't that right? Maybe he was called away quickly—maybe he was in the office while he was using the phone and he was embarrassed to continue a personal conversation in front of someone else. Maybe, like many men, he's not very interesting to his love with words. But, no, you don't think of any of these things. All you think of is, 'He doesn't love me,' and you put him through a terrible trial the next time you talk to him.

"Remember, Kim, you mustn't be afraid to trust love, once you've accepted someone's love. In fact, do you realize your palm is double-tracked? Your line of trust prevents you from giving completely of your love, and, before you know it, you've ruined something which may have been very beautiful by doubting and brooding.

"You're absolutely right," Kim sighed. "I'm shocked that you've found this out about me. It's really a disturbing part of my character. Tell me, what can I do about...

Another line promises marriage.

"Your palm can't always give your solutions. He's primarily interested in revealing your character to you—and in order that he can reveal that, he'll have to be completely frank. All I can say is you must trust love if you want to enjoy the deep love relationship you so desperately crave."

"What about my loves?" she asked quickly, and then cut her own question short.

"There seems to have been a series of them, many of them shallow. You're looking for deep, involving, uplifting love—this kind of love just won't exist for you. And you're lucky. There's a long line of affection here that's going to surprise you so suddenly one day. There'll be this success in your life, and you'll be aware of it. It's going to happen with a bang—and, wow, are you going to have a ball!"

"Any marriage signs?" Kim asked, leaning forward a little.

"This new line that could see could very well be your marriage love—Stephano's spoke slowly. "However, there's another love hiding behind it. If this other love taunts you, you may have the whole overheads love I just told you about. There's another small love that may woo you, distract you from this big love—and then, look out.

"Your Heart line scatters, dissipates. If it spreads itself too thin, you'll never achieve the love you want and need. So, be careful; don't let your love go off into too many directions. This can harm you—and love you.

"Kim looked into her palm with great fascination. "Can you see all that here?"

"All of what you are is here," the palm reader answered, reassuringly. "Now, for your sensitivities."

"Are they good or bad?"

"Nothing to do with good or bad. They are simply too many of them. They prevent you from developing. They clutter your life. Trifling, petty details that take up hours of your time—for ridiculous reasons, meaningless ones."

"Such as?"

"Suppose someone from the studio gave you a couple of hundred photographs to autograph for your fans. Instead of sitting down and spending ten or fifteen minutes of your time counting them. If, by chance, one's missing, you'll think you've misspelled, then count them all over again. This time you could have put on a party on the whole rigamarole again, and before you know it, you've spent an hour counting pictures when you should have been signing them. It's petty matters like this, Kim, that take up all the minutes of your time."

"Yes, it's true. I admit it."

"You mustn't. You have a few controls over your sensitivities, but not many. Another thing, when you're hurt, the whole world knows it. You can't disguise it. In order that you may control this, you need sensitivity. But to the extreme these sensitivities dominate your palm."

"Take your reviews, for instance. If a big reviewer gives you a thumbs-down review, it doesn't bother you as much as maybe the notice from a small town that you once visited on a personal appearance tour. "If people like you made a few friends. You'll think your new friends'll hate you because of what the reviewer said about your acting. And you torture yourself over this."

"Kim nodded. "I asked for a downbeat reading, and I'm getting it."

"Now, about your career," Stephano's continued, "You are blessed with one of the most beautiful Stars of Success I've ever seen. It's overpowering."

"What does that mean?"

"Your career will skyrocket and blaze in the heavens. The whole world will be at your command."

"But all I want to be's a housewife."

"Really? A housewife?"

"Can you believe that? Most people don't," Kim said.

"You're destined for success. Worldly success."

"But I can get married, too?" Kim persis...

"Well, you'll never be able to run away from success. Look here, your success is protected in your Fate line with a dazzling shower of stars later on. Success follows you wherever you go, whatever you do."

"What do you mean?"

"No, it doesn't have to, necessarily. Oh, here's something interesting. I see you had a short career before the Star of Success flashed into your life. But it was important—and in another field altogether."

"I modeled for a while," said Kim.

"That's how I got to Hollywood from Chicago."

"You're out there on a temporary assignment."

"And after this brief career, your mount of Apollo called you. Apollo is known in palmistry as the mount of the Sun. It is the sign of the inner faith, of the inner, silent voices, and people who have a magnetic brilliance. You have a strong love for gaiety, color, beauty and travel. Apollo tells us you're often the center of attraction. People turn their heads to see you."

"Would you say I was a good friend?"

"Yes, I say you are a better friend than you ever were. And with success you aren't afraid. You give yourself fear of yourself. But, back to Apollo. You have a crying need for self-expression. Apollo offers you the opportunity to fulfill yourself with your art."

"Good!"

"But here's the trouble," Stephano's said, waving her hand.
SITTING PRETTY

"There is no one correct leg position for sitting," explains Estelle Harman, leading coach and director of Hollywood's famous Actor's Workshop. "But some patterns are more attractive than others." Here, Fran Bennett (left) shows what not to do by wrapping legs around chair, while Jana Lund rests feet evenly."It's perfectly all right to relax—as long as it's done gracefully," says Mrs. Harman. Fran, portraying awkward girl, extends legs out in front of her, knees apart in ungainly position. Jana shows how legs may be stretched out just as comfortably but far more gracefully, with knees together, ankles neatly crossed.

score yourself for

"HOW WOULD HE RATE YOU?"

quiz on page 47

Score five points for every "b" answer. 45 is perfect score. If he'd rate you with all "b's": You've made a wonderful impression. If you scored 30: With just a little attention to the questions you flunked, you too can dazzle your audience. If less than 30: Helpful steps should be taken. But don't brood; you're not hopeless or you wouldn't be reading this article. Just remember that audience!

NEXT MONTH: WHAT EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT GRACE AND GOOD MANNERS

"An actress before the cameras must seem to be unaware of how she enters a room, acknowledges introductions, holds her purse and gloves, balances a teacup," Mrs. Harman points out. "Yet she must do these things beautifully." These and other situations calling for social poise will be acted out in rehearsal scenes at Actor's Workshop. Your copy of Photoplay is your ticket of admission. Don't miss the November issue! We'll see you then.

Yvonne Craig stars in Disney's "The Young Land," You saw Fran Bennett in Warners' "Giant," and Jana Lund in Paramount's "Loving You."

NEXT PAGE
"I'M NOT JERRY LEE LEWIS"

Continued from page 30

the inside of my jacket pocket. "Just checking," he whispered hoarsely. "Jerry Lee Lewis might be hiding here. I can't get away from him!"

Returning to his chair, Jerry (no middle name) Lewis dropped the clown act and said to us seriously, "Look at this letter. Read the third paragraph."

It said, "We thought you were the greatest. We saw your movies and TV shows and bought all your records. We even did our bit to support the muscular dystrophy drive because you headed it. Why didn't you let us down? Why did you leave Patti and four boys? Why did you run off and marry your thirteen-year-old cousin? We've lost faith in you and everything you have to do with."

"Okay," Jerry said, "one letter like that would be funny. Somebody joking—and I'd go along with the gag. But hundreds of them, that's something else. Sure, I answer each letter. Patti's helped, too. She adds a personal postscript to each one, saying: 'I love Jerry; he loves me. We've been married fourteen years and expect to be together forever.' You're confusing him with another guy. And I give the facts to fans like Miss Reich who call me on the phone. But I repeat: How can I get through to the people who don't phone, who don't write, who just believe that I'm somebody else and are judging me by what that somebody else does?"

Jerry reached into his wallet with one finger, wriggled it around and said, "Jerry Lee, are you there?" Then he pulled out a press clipping. "It's not just the marriage story that's causing the mix-up," he said. "It's things like this, too."

The headline, in big black type, said: "LEWIS BOOED IN LONDON!" The sub-head read: "Singer Asked to Leave Country; $100,000 in Bookings Canceled."

"Now, that appeared in the Los Angeles Times, practically my hometown paper," Jerry explained. "The day the story came out, my phone never stopped ringing. 'Friends' called me up to give sympathy, offer advice, get more dirt. Some of them actually sounded disappointed when they learned that Jerry Lee hadn't moved out of England, that the story was about Jerry Lee."

From a briefcase he took another bunch of clippings. "This one has the lead: 'Jerry Lewis (and he has a new wife)—before he got around to divorcing the old one.' You can imagine how Patti felt when she read that."

"This one had direct quotes from me. Listen to what I'm supposed to have said: 'My wife is cute. She might look young and be young, but she's grown. I was fifteen when I married the first time—too young. My wife was seventeen. That lasted a year. The second wife was seventeen, too. Lasted four years. This time I've found the right girl.'"

Jerry snatched out another clipping. "Listen to this one: 'Jerry Lewis, self-styled bigamist. He's also a child bride left London by plane yesterday after the British virtually gave them the jolly old heave-ho.' At Lewis' last London theater appearance, Movieland magazine, a member of the audience yelled: 'Go home, you baby-snatcher!' And he went."

Shuffling the clippings together, Jerry started to stuff them back into his briefcase, then changed his mind and threw them into a wastebasket, with a flourish. "The time for sitting and thinking..."
Jerry Lee. So they're playing it cool. Keep your eyes open, Babe, and report everything to me. And if they give you the third degree, don't talk. Dummy up.

Across the aisle, he addressed a male dummy. "Hello, Bruce, what's new? Look, keep an eye on Babe. I don't trust her. Think she's onto something. Jerry Lee. And that manager. Watch him. He's destroyed all the Sherlock Holmes hats in the city. He's part of the plot. They're all part of the plot."

Back in the car, Jerry slumped in the seat and was quiet. Cross-town traffic was heavy. Suddenly Jerry started talking, "If he's still skimping down in his seat and it was as if he were speaking to himself. "You know I really have nothing against this guy, this Jerry Lee. All I know about him is what I've read in the papers. He's married to a woman who confuses him with me. I've never heard his records, never seen him perform, never met him. It's just that my life's so different. I don't fit in any better—I'd never say that, just different."

"Take the way Jerry Lee proposed to his cousin. According to the papers, he was driving Myra to Memphis to see a picture he'd just bought. 'I got you married,' and she answered, 'Let's go.' Quick. Just like that."

"Well, that goes to thinking about how I courted Patti. She was a singer in Jernigan's Dorse's band and I was a young comic. In Detroit we played on the same bill and that's where we met. We met again after that in New Haven, Boston and New York. We got together and had fun. I was crazy in love with her, but she wouldn't have me. I didn't have the nerve to ask her to marry me. Onstage, nothing bothered me. Offstage, I was loud and brash—except when I was with Patti, who was my only thing."

"So one day I went to a kids' store and bought a tiny pair of baby shoes. While Patti was onstage, I sneaked into her dressing room, hung the shoes on the mirror behind her with the note, 'WHAT DO YOU SAY WE GET MARRIED AND FILL THESE?'" And then it was time for me to do my number.

"In the middle of my routine I suddenly realized I had to sign my name to the message I had written on her mirror. What: if she didn't know I wrote it? I'd never have the nerve to ask her again, either."

"In the dressing room I stumbled through my act and snuck back to my dressing room. I just sat there a while in the dark, feeling the world had come to an end."

"Finally I got up to take off my costume. I switched on the light and turned to the mirror. There, in big letters, was written, 'WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, PATTI?'

"Now we've been married for fourteen years and we've filled four pairs of baby shoes!"

Jerry sat up straight and crowed at the driver, "Listen to me—the comedian trying to play Hamlet. Or worse, Richard III."

"Joe," he said. "I want to stop at Tiffany's."

Inside New York's swankiest jewelry store, Jerry decided to have a showcase filled with religious medallions. He selected two golden St. Anthony medals and asked the salesman to wrap them in separate boxes. "St. Anthony is Patti's patron saint. I'm going to give one to my wife. I want them put in different boxes so we'll have the fun of opening our individual packages together."

"What's the occasion, Jerry?" we asked. "Our fourteenth wedding anniversary," he answered quietly. "I just love her."

Just then someone who looked like a store manager was supposed to look come rushing over, with two assistants. "You can't do that, Mr. Lewis."

"Part of the Jerry Lee mob," Jerry whispered. Then, to the manager, "What can't I do?"

"Take pictures in Tiffany's," he replied, pointing Photoplay's photographer, who had his camera aimed at Jerry. "Okay," said Jerry, "so Jerry Lee wants to play rough, huh? Tell him I'll get him for this."

"What?" asked the manager.

"What?" echoed his assistants.

But Jerry Lewis was on his way out the door.

Outside the bank on the opposite corner, Jerry loitered, watched the crowd hurrying past. "Any one of those people may be Jerry Lee in disguise. Maybe the manager at Tiffany's is really Jerry Lee. Maybe Joe's Jerry Lee. Jerry I'm just Jerry I'm just."

He rapped on the night-deposit box and snarled, "I know you're in there. Come on out or I'll come in after you. Or if the two of you don't come out, I'll hold up the bank to smoke you out."

He walked across the street to the car. "Step on it. I'm going it alone—to the club."

He went to the way to the Café de Paris, where he was to do two special shows that night. Jerry dropped into a Western Union office to send a wire. He signed it "The original Jerry Lewis (not doing business under any other name).

Then he came to a record store. "Let's go in," he said. "What's your latest record by Jerry Lee Lewis?" he asked the clerk. "'Dormi, Dormi' was the answer. And out came the record. Swing music from the show "Rock-a-Bye Baby," Jerry Lewis' latest movie.

"Ah-hah!" Jerry chortled. The tide is beginning to turn. Now they're blaming Jerry Lee for the things I've done. I can see it now, Jerry Lewis being bombarded with letters from his fans, all asking: 'How could you jilt your thirteen-year-old cousin? How could you do this to four children?' Let him try to explain!"

"Here's another one, sir." The clerk gave Jerry a copy of Jerry Lee Lewis' recording of the theme song of "High School Confidential."

"Well, this isn't mine. Now we're getting somewhere." Jerry took the record into one of the little booths, put it on the player, and sat down. "Well, Gary, I guess I could be seen listening. Abruptly, he came bursting out. 'I've heard that before! At home. Hundreds of times until I thought I was going out of my mind. Gary plays it. He's the one who played Jerry Lewis. Gary knew who was singing it. But now I know. Gary, my own son, he's gone over to the enemy! He's a Jerry Lee Lewis fan!"

"Who did I sound like before when I was talking in my car? Hamlet? Romeo? Well, call me King Lear! My own child, Gary, my firstborn, has betrayed me. Curses!"

"How did you like the record?" the clerk asked.

"The guy's good," Jerry said. "Sings loud, good beat, really belts it out. What? What am I saving? Don't listen to me. I'm not myself. Who am I?"

Jerry took a look at his watch and hailed a cab. "Café de Paris," he said to the driver, "and fast. I'm late."

"Going to pick up your money, Jerry?" the cab driver asked.

"What?" Jerry asked. "What?" Jerry found the man's name on the identification card that faces the passengers. "What did you say, Sam?"

"Just inquired whether you're on your way to pick up your money, the driver replied. "What money, Sam?"
That night we met Jerry in the hall of his club and went with him to his dressing room. "Haven't had time to get my stuff in here before this," he said, turning on the lights. "I've been busy... Yow! He's here. He's here!"

There, against the wall, was a life-size cardboard cut-out figure of Jerry Lee Lewis. "Get him out of here. I'm surrounded by assassins."

Jerry Lee, left over from two weeks before, was removed. Then Jerry went out to face the audience of more than a thousand who had crowded into the first show. His opening line was: "My name is Jerry Lewis; I have no middle name; I'm married to an adult." It was the same thing he had said that morning to the president of the Brooklyn Jerry Lewis Fan Club. But this time the line got a laugh.

After the show, a girl approached our table with her father. She was obviously out later than she should be; her dad apologetically muttered something about "celebrating her graduation from junior high school." But she was focusing all her attention on Jerry.

"Oh, Mr. Lewis," she said. "Would you sign an autograph for me? Here. On the menu. Just say, 'With love to Claire Williams.' Gee! Thanks. I'm crazy about your records—"Crazy Arms!"—High School Rock' and all the rest. You're the most..."

"Wait!" yelled Jerry. But she was gone.

With a despairing look, he drummed his fingers on the back of the chair. "Well," he finally said, "I hope she reads the October issue of Photoplay."

"I hope so, too," I answered, and got up to leave, telling him we'd keep after it.

Here then, Jerry Lewis, is my report.

Here's the ending to our story:

In Ferriday, Louisiana, I talked to Jerry Lee's mother, Mary Ethel Herron Lewis, who told me that Jerry Lee had been born in Ferriday on September 30, 1935. "Jerry Lee Lewis is the name we gave him on his birth certificate," she answered me. "I gave him the name Jerry, and his pa, Elmo, gave him the name Lee. I named him Jerry after a silent-picture movie star—I can't remember his last name now—who I was crazy about before I married Elmo. Elmo named him Lee after Jerry's uncle, Lee Calhoun, the richest man in Ferriday."

That was that, or was it? You had wanted to see Jerry Lee in person. That was the next step. I had got Jerry himself. In Memphis, I tracked him down. Jer, you would have been proud of me. But you wouldn't have liked what Jerry Lee had to say. "I went by the name Jerry Lewis until I started making records," he said. "Then, to avoid confusion with that other Jerry Lewis, I started using my middle name, Lee. Man, I certainly don't want people to mix me up with that cat."

Where now? To New Orleans, of course, where all Louisiana births are on file. And there I've found it—the answer for Photoplay and you. Jerry Lee Lewis is Jerry Lee Lewis. There's no fooling the government, Jer. There in black and white! "Name... JERRY LEE LEWIS."

—JIM HOFFMAN.

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“PLEASE DON’T FORGET ME...”

Continued from page 41

the tall, gently swaying willow trees, shimmering in the gold of the late afternoon setting sun.

Goldeen

For him, there had been many partings, many goodbyes. Goodbyes to his family, when he went away on business. Goodbyes to the fans and friends he met on tour. Goodbyes to his movie co-workers.

But this was different...

I’ve got to snap out of it,” he told himself. I’m not going to let it get me down. Quick as a flash, he turned and walked into the house. Just time for a snack and a little rest. The folks at Paramount had kindly arranged to have a print of “King Creole” sent to Memphis for a private showing that evening, for him and his family and friends. He mustn’t keep anybody waiting.

He went to the kitchen and fixed a sandwich—his favorite peanut butter and banana. But after one bite, he put it down. Funny, but he just didn’t feel like eating.

He went to his room. Carefully, he hung up his garrison cap, his sharply-tailored Army suit, his desk shirt. He didn’t say a word to anyone. He was looking for a handout. He just wanted to see how he’d sound on a record, and maybe give it to his mother for a present. But Sam didn’t laugh at him. He listened. And then he turned on the radio to get just the right sound.

Dewey Phillips, the disc jockey at WHER, who played his first record, “That’s All Right,” clapped a few times and told the audience to turn up their volume. He told the audience that he was going to do a big program at Overton Park. That was in August, 1954, and it was plenty hot, but he got out there on the stage and sang his heart out. He stumbled off afterwards, drenched in sweat. He was the favorite, the shout of the fans, the applause. When his head cleared, he saw Bob there, beaming, and Bob’s wife Helen, telling him, “This isn’t just another singer. This boy’s different! He’s a jockey!”

He looked over as his manager when Bob and Helen decided that, with their family of five boys, they didn’t want a life that would take them away from Memphis. Colonel Tom, who had been his manager, had kept a shrewd eye and a firm hand at the helm of his career, and now, when the Army had whisked him off to another career, still looked after his affairs, explaining, “It’s the least I can do...”

And now, in a few more days, he’d be leaving Memphis. Leaving his friends and his home and everything he knew. He’d go back to Fort Hood for advanced armor training, then, no doubt, be shipped right out to Germany in a packet replacement for the Third Armored Division of the army. To be a live one.

He looked at the blank sheet of paper before him, then scribbled a few doodles on the blotter beneath it. If only he could put it into words... his idea. He thought about it. “I guess,” he thought, “unless you’ve been in the Army, it’s hard to understand.”

Sure, he hated to leave Memphis. Sure, he hated to give up the wonderful life he was living. But it wasn’t the way they thought.

It was a different life, a whole new world. Not worse. Just different. Sure, basic training had been tough. He grinned at the thought. How many nights had he lain awake in his bunk thinking about the thirty-six hours of weapon study, fifty-two hours of work in the field, studying close combat and day and night problems. Guard duty, how to call for help, how to defend himself, courtesy, intelligence, landmine warfare, and more.

He’d dropped twelve pounds—he was down to 172—but that didn’t faze him. The only thing that really got him was the loneliness. The nights, the difference. Men, they were swarming all over.

One night, one of his buddies found one in his tent. The next night—Elvis laughed out loud when he remembered it—he’d screamed into the tent, “There’s a snake in my tent!” He screamed in his sleep—and woke up the whole company!

“But I can’t write about snakes. Who’d care if Elvis was thinking about a mean snake?”

—and Sam yelled, “You’re thinking about——plenty of snakes!”

And that was when he first came to Fort Hood. He knew that some of the fellows thought he’d try to be a privileged character.

The first day his name came up on the KP, he got called up when he was reading. He didn’t even know what he read. Waiting to see what he’d do.

“Ow!” he groaned—as the others had before him. But the fellows didn’t laugh. Nobody said a word. They didn’t say anything either. He went on KP, washing pots and pans, swabbing dining room floors with the rest. He went on guard duty. He dug ditches. And as soon as he was through with working for one, he was told to go for any special favors, everything went okay. They couldn’t have been nicer. They didn’t make one smart remark, or throw an insult all during training.

But, the kick was, they didn’t have to. They had to expect it. Especially when he got in the pay line—everybody howled. But that money meant the same thing to him as it did along home—hey, he was working on it. He didn’t have much use for money anyway—it was a long time between leaves, and what could you spend it on?

Suddenly, he gripped his pen firmly. There was one thing he’d like to get straightened out. “That story about me having my Cadillacs on the post,” he thought, his mouth set in a grim line.

What bunk! That was only one of the forty-six cars that were Lincoln Continental—why, I keep it off the post—I don’t get any privileges with it the others don’t have!

And then he sighed, helplessly. He could explain, but he couldn’t get it out of his head, and it wouldn’t do any good. It would be like always— if he tried to squelch every unfair story circulated about him, he thought wearily, I’d have to write an encyclopaedia!

Slowly, he put his pen down. Trying to tell how it really was in the Army—it was tough. Maybe impossible. There was so much of it, anyway.

Tumbling out of bed at five in the morning, when the soldier on duty came to turn on the lights and yell, “Everybody up!” Hustling around, still sleepy and dazed, trying to get in time to stand at attention, washed and dressed, have his bed made and his bunk area neat in time to fall out for roll call. That had been rough at first, but he soon got used to it. Just another day in the Army. Now, he got drowsy at midnight, when he used to be able to go all night.

Then, the mad rush to the mess hall. He’d have to be up in time to eat breakfast before the table at Romanoff’s! Sure, he’d eaten things he never liked before, and some things he didn’t even know what they were—but it was good, healthy food—a lot better than a soldier’s chow. After a hard day’s basic training, you could eat a rattlesnake!
Rushing back to the barracks, along with the others, to stuff some candy bars inside his shirt. Regulations in basic said “no snick breaks,” but they soon found out the way to get around it.

First practice on the firing range—feeling jumpy, and so afraid he wouldn’t pass. The feeling of relief when Sergeant Coley told him he’d made it.

Crawling under wire, with live ammunition flying overhead. That was the one time he was really scared stuff!
The day, after six weeks, when they were told they could sew the famous “Hell on Wheels” insignia on their uniforms. That was the one given to the outfit for its heroic deeds under General George Patton in World War II. “Elvis, you look like you’d just been handed a million bucks,” one of his buddies kidded. And he knew what he meant. He really did feel that way.

The rare time off, when they could go to the snack bar, or the movie near their barracks. To them it seemed better than an opening night at a Broadway musical.

Driving an M-48 tank—what a thrill! It wasn’t too different from his Caddies—they were made by the same company, General Motors. But put one of those babies in low gear, and it would plow right through his house!

Playing football. Back in high school, he’d given it up because his mother worried too much that he’d get hurt. Later, he’d never had time. It was such a kick—and when one of the boys, after a particularly rough scrimmage, yelled, “Hey! This guy’s no softie,” he felt like he’d been decorated.

The nights in the barracks, sitting around on foot lockers, cleaning shoes and rifles and chewing the fat. They’d talked about the big topic in any basic training center—where they’d be sent, and what they’d do.

“They oughta pull you out of tank training and put you in Special Services,” one buddy said.

“Sure, I’d like to sing,” he admitted. But I’m not going to ask for it. I’m not going to ask for any favors.

“You gonna make the Army your career?” one fellow kidded.

“Well,” he’d answered, “it’s gonna be my career as long as I’m in it!”

At ten, the lights went out, and the talk died down. Then, always, somebody would ask him to sing. And he did—whatever they asked for.

Sometimes, it was a rock ‘n roll number. When you were far away from home, it cheered you up.

Lots of times, it was a love song . . .

Guess that was what any soldier missed the most. Girls. When he finally got passes, he’d dated Texas girls—a few—and they were really something. Real pretty. But then, you could find pretty girls anywhere.

There were plenty right here in Memphis.

Girls. Yeah, they dreamed a lot about girls. Talked a lot about them, too.

“What about Anita Wood?” they’d ask.

“You stuck on her, El? You really gonna marry her?”

“Aw, come off it,” he’d say. “Sure, I like her a lot. But I got no plans for engagement or marriage. I don’t think she has either. I got too much at stake and she has, too. I know the newspapers had us engaged, married, and everything else, but honestly, it just looked that way!”

“That’s right,” one of his buddies chimed in. “Anita only came down to spend three days with El. But she got to be friends with my wife, and when we went on field training, my wife invited Anita to stay with her. And that’s all.”

“What about when we get to Germany?

You gonna date those frauleins, El?” a young recruit asked.

“Myself,” he said. “They tell me that’s the first thing a soldier does—scout around and see what the local girls are like.

The barracks were quiet, then, until the voice piped up again: ‘D’you think we’re gonna like it, El?’

“How can you tell?” he answered.

Soon, they were quiet, dreaming their separate dreams.

Elvis had one dream they couldn’t share. They couldn’t know how it was. The faces he’d left behind. All the wonderful faces he’d seen those past few years that told him, a $35-a-week truck driver—he’d been a lonely child who’d never had many close friends: We like you. We won’t you.

Would that dream last? His RCA contract, at $1000 a week, would go right on. He’d be allowed to make records on leave.

The advance reviews on “King Creole” had surpassed his wildest hopes—they said he was an actor! This was important—he didn’t want to go being just an oddity. His career wasn’t suffering.

No, it wasn’t that. It was not seeing those faces for such a long time. That was what hurt. His fans never knew what they really meant to him.

Ready, Elvis?” His mother’s voice suddenly broke his thoughts.

“Coming, Mom,” he called back. He took one more look at the blank sheet of paper on the desk. Then, quickly, he wrote one sentence across it. “It’s all I really want to say,” he thought.

He dressed quickly, and for once didn’t bound out of the room. He turned around and gave it a last long look. On his desk he left behind this last message to his fans, which we publish here: “Please don’t forget me while I’m gone.”

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Sandy Ullman, secretary to him. I picked up my shorthand book and pencil and tried to hide my disappointment. But I didn’t have to bother. Leslie wasn’t watching me.

He had gone over to the window where he hesitated for a moment. And then he began, “Dear Miss Ullman:” Automatically, I took his words down on the pad. “Will you marry me?” he dictated and as I was scribbling this sentence, I did the biggest double-take ever. The pencil and pad dropped from my fingers and I stared up at him. He was trying to keep a straight face but he couldn’t hide the happiness in his eyes—any more than I could keep the answer to his question out of mine.

But just to make it official, I sat down at the typewriter and wrote, “Dear Mr. Nielsen: Your generous offer of June 29th is accepted with gratitude. Yours sincerely, Sandy Ullman.” I handed it to Leslie. We both started to laugh and suddenly the rain stopped, the sun came out and everything seemed bright, shining and wonderful. No fortune teller predicted that we would fall in love but I do think there was something a little fateful about our romance—Kismet, as they say in Turkey. If it hadn’t been for a question and answer game with my boss, producer Richard Brooks and my MG suddenly developing lung trouble, well, I hesitate to think what I would have missed. But maybe I should begin at the beginning.

Leslie says he saw me in the studio commissary the very first day he was at M-G-M. Being new to Hollywood (he had come from dozens of starring roles in New York TV), he took it for granted I was a starlet! But it was to be eight months before we met.

One day I received a memo about the signing of a Leslie Nielsen. I decided she was probably a new foreign import. This was fairly sensible guessing since I knew the studio already had another foreign-born Leslie under contract—Leslie Caron. That I couldn’t have been wronger is an understatement!

So, things went on normally until one day late in 1955 Mr. Brooks came in rummaging about a young contract player he’d seen in a privately-screened movie the night before. “Very good looking,” he said. “Very fine actor.” Only the name had slipped his mind.

We played “twenty questions” trying to figure it out:

“He’s six feet two,” Mr. Brooks said.

“Marshall Thompson?” I suggested.

“No, he has light brownish hair and blue eyes.”

“Dean Jones?”

“No.”

And so it went, with neither of us getting anywhere. Finally Mr. Brooks had to leave to direct a test for “Ben Hur.”

I dug into a pile of work only to be interrupted by a phone call about fifteen minutes later from Mr. Brooks.

“Sandy,” he said excitedly, “that actor I was talking about this morning. He’s here now on the set. He’s the one who’s been picked to do the test with Bill Travers. Name’s Nielsen—Leslie Nielsen. Come on down. I’d like you to meet him.”

I came, I saw and I was kind of impressed. Not bad looking, I thought, maybe even attractive. As for his performance—it was very good. Afterward, he, Mr. Brooks and I had a cup of coffee together.

On the way back to the office, Mr. Brooks was chuckling to himself.

“What’s funny?” I asked.

“I don’t know if you noticed it but it was certainly obvious to me.”

“What?”

“That Nielsen boy. He likes you.”

“Oh, how can you tell so quickly?”

“I’ll show you and see,” he answered, still chuckling.

Leslie came into the office a few days later to see Mr. Brooks. “He’s gone for the day,” I said and I’m going to the garage to pick up my car. It’s a chronically sick MG and yesterday it really came down with an ailment.” One word led to the other and before I quite realized what was happening, we were talking away like old friends.

Then Leslie looked at his watch. “Think I’d better drive you to the garage before it closes?” he asked. I accepted gratefully and we left.

On the way, Leslie asked if I would like to have dinner with him sometime. I said “Yes.”

“Will then,” he smiled. “How about tonight?”

My heart did a small flip-flop. But all I said was “Fine.”

We ate in a little gypsy restaurant. There was candlelight and soft violins and Leslie and I talked about everything but movies. Somehow, it was so easy to talk.

“I was born in Saskatchewan, Canada.” Leslie began, “I was eight before I could pronounce it.”

“I come from Philadelphia,” I said. “Almost as long but not quite as hard to pronounce. I bet you grew up on stories about the mounted police.”

Leslie laughed. “I’ll have you know my father was a mounted policeman.”

How wonderful, I thought and asked him, “Is it true they always get their man?”

“Not always,” he said, “I’ve seen a few red with their blue on that job. But almost. How about your family?”

“Oh, Dad was in the book publishing business. He was always tracking down authors. But I was never too conscious to know what, what made you decide to become an actor—instead of being a Mountie, like your father?”

He drank his wine and looked thoughtful. “I went through a dozen girls before I got to that one. As a kid I didn’t want to be a Mountie but then in high school I got interested in math and science and decided engineering was for me.” He put his glass down and rubbed his chin with his hand. “I guess it was a summer job at a radio station that decided me on acting. I just had to see what I could do with it.”

“You’re a very good actor,” I said and meant it. “Mr. Brooks thinks you have a great future.”

“Thanks,” he said and then grew thoughtful. “I don’t mind telling you, though, Leslie and I didn’t doubt I’d ever make it. I tried Hollywood once before and got nowhere. But I didn’t want to give it up, so I went to New York and tried TV. That’s where I was discovered, and it looks like this time it may work out.”

The candle on our table flickered, soft music was playing in the background, and then it seemed the entire district came to our table.

“I guess that’s my cue,” laughed Leslie. “Want to dance?”

Leslie was so light on his feet that I forgot about everything and felt as if we were dancing on ice. “Believe me in hypnotism?” he whispered into my ear. I don’t remember what I answered then but I know he must have hypnotized me because from that moment on I never wanted to dance with anyone else or date anyone else.

There was no particular moment when we knew we were in love. With love you fall in love a little bit at a time. And that’s what’s so wonderful about it—there’s no beginning, no end. Of course Leslie says he had no choice in the matter, that our love was written in the stars. And he’s not just romanticizing—he’s telling the truth.

Three days after our first date I met a friend on the way to the commissary at lunch time.

“How’s everything, Sandy?”

“Fine right now,” I laughed.

“Say, when are you going to let me do your horoscope? He opened the commissary door for me. “Don’t you think it’s about time I find out what the stars have in store?”

Then it came to me that I was very interested in what the future held. It would be fun to have it foretold. “How about now?” I said.

“Give me your exact birthday and I’ll give it to you tomorrow, OK?”

The next morning just as I was pouring myself a quick cup of black coffee before leaving the dressing room rang. It was my horoscope friend. He sounded excited. “Sandy, you won’t believe this but I did two horoscopes last night—yours and that of another friend of mine. It’s amazing, he says there’s this sign, it just fits perfectly with yours. There’s
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Whether you are married or are getting married, you will find this book an indispensable guide for years to come.

LOVE HAS SHIRLEY...

Continued from page 58

packed bags, kissed her and the baby goodbye gently and leave for the International Airport and Japan. This time, she wasn’t going to have to take him to a good friend’s house. In the air, she was pleased. But all she’d answered was, “And not the angel food cake?”

Angel food cake... This was one of hers and Steve’s pet jokes. Once she had written to him: “All I want to eat is angel food cake!” What she didn’t know then was that she was going to be a mother.

“It was all so sudden,” she remembered telling a friend, “I just didn’t have time. I’d been devouring angel food cake at a ferocious rate for two months. It suddenly dawned that my diet was definitely unusual. I had a suspicion I was pregnant, but didn’t want to confirm it. I was kind of mixed up. Steve and I wanted a family, but after we were both established in our careers. I loved the idea of a baby, yet, you know, I kind of resented being denied some of them very important to her career and herself. She’d started getting the feel of saying yes or no—for herself. She remem-
bered the first big one. She'd nearly stut-
tered when forced to decide, but she'd
done it...

Right after Steve left the second time
she was offered a role in the stage pro-
duction of “The Sleeping Prince.” Steve
wrote that he thought she shouldn't do the
show at all. But she figured it out care-
fully for herself. She needed to work and
so she decided to take the part. It was the
month after Stephanie was born and she
was nursing her. Poor Stephanie. She went
to all the rehearsals, but she really had a
ball. And Shirley, after opening night, had
a hit on her hands.

By the next time Steve came home, he
had won top awards at the Southeast
Asia Film Festival for his document-
aries, yet his enthusiastic chatter about his
work and the awards hurt her a little, and
he noticed this change in her. She began
flaunting her ability to make decisions
under his nose and waving her new in-
dependence. Luckily, Steve had under-
stood. Perhaps it was good he could not
be home longer than two weeks that time.
For by the time he'd returned home for
another two weeks, she had gotten over
her anger and had become an individual.
And for the first real time in their mar-
rriage they were together as two people
wanting to merge, not just one leaning
heavily on the other. It was wonderful...
except they still seemed no nearer to a
decision of how to stay together.

“You're still a practical idealist,” she
suddenly said to him across the table.
“Is that what you were thinking, honey?” he laughed.

It was true. His ideas for a world film
company, working for international un-
derstanding, meant he would be constantly
somewhere other than home. Where does
that leave me—and Stephanie? she had so
often asked. There was no answer.

After Steve had left on one trip, she'd
sat looking out the lanai window, listening
to the surf. All of a sudden she made the
decision. Stuffing Stephanie into the MG,
she headed for Hollywood, found a rector
and told him she wanted a house to rent—
close to town. And they'd found one, high
on a hill, just off the Freeway. And she
took it. She would make a really won-
derful new home for Steve to return to.

Then, how she'd thrown herself into
the project of the new house! Painting,
varnishing, waxing, rearranging.

She looked through the kitchen door, at
the black chairs in the living room corner.
She hadn't been able to sleep one night,
so had gotten up at four a.m. and gone to
work on them. They still looked pretty
good, she thought. She'd hung up Japanese
parchment lanterns, a final touch to the
Japanese modern decor. She wanted Steve
to feel at home, she had kept telling herself.

“Are you going anywhere tonight, honey? Why don't you?” The sound of
Steve's voice once again prodded her out
of the past. He knew how hard the first
few nights alone always were for her...

She'd been invited out to the Valley
tonight for dinner with some friends, a
married couple. She wasn't too keen on
going—last time they had sat and bick-
ered much of the evening about whether
to play the hi-fi, talk or watch TV. She
had wanted to scream at them, “It doesn't
matter what you do. You're together.”
But she hadn't. She didn't have many
friends. She wanted to keep them.

“I don't know,” she answered quietly,
stirring her coffee. “Maybe I will. It's
time living near enough to town to see
people in the evenings if I want to. I'm
not afraid of the talk anymore.”

“You know I love you, darling, and
want you to enjoy yourself. Remember
what I once told you about being
like a tree and rooting down and
booo and bending with the circumstances?”

“I could give Stephanie a late nap
and take her with me... All right, I'll go.”

Steve smiled gently. “I'll go kiss her
goodbye now. And then I'll get my bag-
gage together. Thanks for my last Amer-
ican breakfast, honey. Delicious. Back
to raw fish and green tea.”

He bent over to kiss her, and held her
for a long moment. And, as he walked
out of the kitchen, she felt the familiar
tears and the hurt well up inside. There
was so much she wanted to say, so little
time to say it in. She felt like a child,
helpless, wanting to hold him back.

“Shirl... Shirley,” she heard him call
her from the driveway. But she sat,
rigid. She couldn't go out there. She
walked to the kitchen window and watched
him as he turned to throw her a last,
lingering kiss, then drove away. The
morning sunlight streamed in from the
window but this morning it didn't warm her.
Upstairs, she heard Stephanie. But she
couldn't go to her, not yet.

“Be a bamboo; bend with the circum-
stances.” Steve's words haunted her.

Only time would tell how they would
work out their separations. And the only
answer in the now quiet house was a sud-
den gust of wind touching at her hair.

The End

SHIRLEY'S IN PARAMOUNT'S "THE MATCH-
MAKER" AND MGM'S "SOME CAME RUNNING."

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Rock and Betty...

Continued from page 32

"Let's go and see the star," he said softly. "Yes," she answered, "let's." Back at the fire, a friend of Rock's mother watched Rock and his girl strolling hand-in-hand along the beach. "I've never seen Rock so happy since the first few days of touring with Phyllis. Who's the girl?" she asked. "Somebody new?"

"Somebody old in Rock's life," answered another friend. Betty had known her for years. In fact, until Rock met Phyllis, everybody thought Betty was going to be Mrs. Rock Hudson.

Rock Hudson first met Betty Abbott when he was making a picture. "Making" is undoubtedly much too strong a word to describe Rock's activity in the film. He had one line, and dozens of hours riding with the sheriff's posse. The name of the epic? Well, it's one that Rock would just as soon forget, one of thirty-five pictures in which he briefly appeared during his two years of Hollywood hell.

Rock would just as soon forget his first big scene, too. It wasn't too demanding... He was just supposed to climb on his horse, kick the spurs into its side, and do a wild ride to the street corner, the Red Dog Saloon. On cue, he pulled his horse up short and hollered out, "We've spotted the outlaws at Thunder Pass." But as the horse reared into the air, Rock's tension was thrown hat fell off. "Cut!" the director hollered. "Let's do it over."

Rock rode back and once again gained the mount, one a blonde and a pretty horse reared up, again he delivered his memorable line, and again his hat fell off. "The horse is fine," the director said, "but the hat can't take direction."

Betty had taken her time down on his head, tightened the chin strap and went through the action for the third time. At the climax, the hat—on schedule—toppled off. Perspiration broke out on Rock's forehead. He felt nauseated and felt off the set and out of Hollywood—forever.

Suddenly, someone giggled, an infectious giggle, and before long everyone, including Rock, was laughing. The giggler, he soon found, was Magda Akvarell, a pretty blonde script girl. She walked over to Rock and opened her purse. He bent down from his horse and they talked for a few minutes. Then it was time to shoot the line again. He across his hat string, pasting it to the side of his face that wasn't on-camera. He went through the scene again and this time his hat remained perched on his head. After the camera had stopped grinding, Rock went over to thank the script girl. They started talking. Afterwards Rock had said: "She was pretty, of course, but what really impressed me was her mind and how she could make anyone feel gentle. Lots of times you meet a girl who's one or the other. If she's the knowing kind, there's usually a tendency to be a little domineering. Not with Betty. I noticed that right away."

"Later on I noticed how much at home she was everywhere. She's an adaptable girl. Everyone is at ease talking to her. And she's got a wonderful sense of humor."

What were their dates like? Well, to use Betty's own words, they were "crazy." This is how she described them at the time: "I never knew where I'd land. It gives me no information whatsoever, and I'm just as likely to end up on a merry-go-round fifty miles away as I am on the dance floor at the Mocambo. As a result, I try to dress in what might be called casual clothes that can take anything from a tango to flying a trapeze."

"Once in a while we take in a movie, and if Rock happens to be in it he agonizes through the whole thing. He squirms so much, too, that I might as well see it alone. Half of them I have to see by myself again, thanks to Rock Hudson. Recently, we bought a 16 mm. home movie projector. Now if he fidgets even, I can knit or cook while he's suffering."

"Rock, himself chimed in with information that backed up Betty's "wackiness" charged by the director. "And I suppose sometimes I go beyond the limits. Betty gets dump bumps if anybody closes one eye and leaves the other wide open. So I spend five minutes on each of our dates like a one-eyed owl while she shrieks for help."

Betty emphasized that "he isn't only the greatest little kidder in the world," but has his serious side, too. "Some things are very serious to him," Betty said, "like his career, his beliefs, music, his friends. He enjoys most simple things—picnics at the beach or informal at-home parties. And he's the kindest person I know, as he's one who wouldn't Lectures: the people he's talking to."

"With all his wackiness, Rock has beautiful manners. Even if I'm wearing blue jeans and have just whirped up a sensational borax score, Rock sits right there to hold open the car door for me. A lot of people around town could take lessons from him."

With Betty, Rock could really open up. They did the things he liked, talked about things he was interested in. She was the niece of comedian Bud Abbott and knew movie-making and an actor's problems well. So, too, had she been Hull for the Rock Hudson pictures, she not only helped him on the set, but in the evenings, together, they would rehash what had happened during the day. More than once, Rock had said, "Betty's criticism was everything to me."

But more important, Betty brought gaiety and security into Rock's life. His wife had a smile in her voice and a warm in her eyes. She was his own personal nurse. She'd bring him a cup of coffee and he'd be back on his horse in five minutes. She'd call Rock in the middle of a scene and say, "You're shining, hon.

In June of 1953, right after he had returned from shooting in Sedona, Arizona, where he had made "Gun Fury," Rock was rushed to St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica for an emergency appendectomy. When he was released, the other Betty, Betty was boding over him."

"I must be in heaven," he said, "and you're a beautiful angel."

You're not in heaven," she answered, "you're at a hospital and you've had me worried sick."

"You are an angel," he said, "my guardian angel. And I hereby name you Magda Upshich or Hezekiah Orimoto or Fortuna Divine. Take your choice."

Betty laughed. These were the names he often called her. "Oh, Rock," she said, "now I know you're all right."

"Please, Nurse Upshich," he said, "it's against the rules to cry in heaven. And kissing is strictly taboo. Stop now, or I'll have to turn in your wings."

But for Nurse Magda Upshuch, this was only the beginning of her career as Rock's "guardian angel." Although she didn't know it at the time. When Rock felt strong again, he urged Betty to go to England for a vacation she had planned for years. He assured her he was all right and Betty was happy. Betty finally went. In mid-Atlantic, she received a shore-to-ship call from Rock. "How are you feeling?"

"Fine," she answered, "but the important thing is are you feeling?"

"Fine," he said, "couldn't be better. I miss you, but have fun."

When she arrived at the Savoy Hotel in London she was met by her film-fill with red roses. One flower had a card attached to it on which was written, "Have fun, Fortunata. Love, Rock."

While Betty tried to have fun without him, Rock tried to have fun without her in California.

One day he went out alone to Laguna Beach to do some surf-boat riding. The surfer who he met was fellows as he sat and rode the big waves into shore. Once, when he pushed the surf-board out towards the breakers, he saw a boat on the horizon. And for a crazy second he thought, 'Betty—my Betty."

But then he laughed at the wacky notion and headed into shore.

The beach was practically deserted when he headed out into the water one more time. Very soon he could see that the waves were higher and the water rougher. But the crazy fusion of sun and sand and memories of Betty made everything a bit unusual.

Suddenly, a gigantic wave, more than ten feet high, picked him up and hurled him towards the shore. Rock felt as if he were on a runaway roller-coaster. The surfer disappeared and he was catapulted into a jutting boulder. He heard a bone crack, and from the pain he thought he had broken his neck. A lifeguard fashioned a make-shift tourniquet to stanch the blood. He was carried to a red truck, an emergency ambulances of the Laguna Fire and Rescue Department, and taken to an aid station, where he was X-rayed and given first aid. Through a telephone, he dictated a cable to be sent to London. "Address it to Fortunata Divine," he said. "Say: Sorry can't drive you home. Just broke my shoulder. Love, Rock."

Betty Abbott to the address, just in case she didn't register under her right name. And sign it: "Love, Rock." Then he passed out. He was put on a stretcher, placed in the back of the truck and rushed fifty miles to St. Joseph's Hospital.

A bone surgeon there told Rock it would take eight weeks for his shoulder fracture to heal. Rock's heart sank. "Magnificent Obsession," he thought, "is in the cameras shortly. This was his big chance. No small breaks in his shoulder were going to stop him from getting his big career break."

He began to dream about and praying for all these years. But the doctor was insistent: "Eight weeks."

Rock sank back in desperation. "Eight weeks," he repeated quietly. An attendant brought him a telegram. It read: "Zounds, Igor. Nurse Fortunata Arrives Next Week." Rock smiled. Betty was coming back. "I'll fool all of them," he thought, "the doctors, Betty, the producers of 'Magnificent Obsession.' I'll be on my feet by the time Betty comes home. And I'll make that picture. Being hospitalized might even help. After all, I'm to play
Rock, Betty and Rock's mother had a great time at the premiere. But as he signed autographs, fought his way through milling fans to get into the theatre, and then ducked out of a side door with his "honey—"—his mother in tow—Rock was well aware that his life was changing, that fame had come. And Betty knew it, too.

She learned to spot photographers and columnists and to fade into the background and give Rock the spotlight. What she and Rock shared together was precious, was their own. The only way she could preserve their relationship was to protect their privacy—at all costs.

But the columnists were insistent and the photographers were persistent and newspapers and magazines combined to invade the private lives of the young couple to make their relationship a public spectacle. Most of Rock's close friends were convinced that he wanted to marry Betty—and would if the press would only give them time to be alone.

One day, in the spring of 1954, Rock made a reservation in the names of Mr. and Mrs. Rock Hudson for the wedding suite at the Tower Isle Hotel at Ocho Rios, on the island of Jamaica, in the British West Indies. He requested the reservation for May 15th.

Rock's mother, Mrs. Kay Olson, gave Betty and Rock her blessings. "I surely hope that Rock marries Betty . . . I would love to have that girl as my daughter-in-law," she said.

But Rock never picked up the honeymooning couple from the New York travel agent who made it. It may have been that he changed his mind because a magazine printed the story with the columnists and columnists further substantiated the rumors that Rock and Betty Abbott are preparing an elopement.

Anyway, the wedding never came off.

The following June, Rock left for Ireland to make "Captain Lightfoot." Again, Betty was working with the crew as script girl. She and Rock decided to take a quick tour of Europe ahead of time, with Barbara Rush as chaperone. And again the papers printed story after story about the couple's impending marriage.

"It's my opinion that one of these days Betty Abbott will be Mrs. Rock Hudson," called one of Hollywood's columnists. And the columnists were right.

And wherever they went in Europe, newsmen plagued them with the same questions: "When are you going to get married? When are you going to take the big step, Rock?" In Rome, Rock went off by himself for a few days to hide from prying reporters.

Back in the United States, Walter Winchell was on the lookout. "Wonder if Rock Hudson and Betty Abbott were sealed in Eire?" and Dorothy Kilgallen, "Rock Hudson has fallen in love with Betty Abbott and is reported to have received her "yes.""

But in Ireland, the romance exploded. It happened suddenly, and no one knows just why. After the day's shooting was done on "Captain Lightfoot," the members of the company would move to a local tavern. Rock and Betty would always be there, sitting at a little table over on the side, talking and holding hands.

One night they came in as usual. A photographer had been haunting them all day and they had finally given him the slip. They sat in the usual place, talked quietly, held hands. Suddenly, without warning, Betty suddenly went white—and ran out. Rock started to rise, then sank back in his chair and stared across the table at the place where Betty had been. A large cameraman behind the whole incident quipped, "I guess those rumors about Rock and that Italian con- tessas got back to Betty, and for once she wasn't going to take it."

For the next day, Betty flew back to the United States. When the picture was finished, Rock returned to Rome—alone.

In the fall, Betty and Rock saw each other occasionally, but now they were just friends. A year later, when Rock married Phyllis Gates, the Associated Press carried the following sentence in the seventh paragraph of their news story covering the marriage: "For a time he was an escort of actress Betty Abbott, niece of co- comedian Bud Abbott." Just that, nothing more.

As Rock and Betty returned to join the others at the now dying camp fire, one of the guests said to her husband, "Gossips broke them up before. I just hope it doesn't happen again. Already they've surprised their personas."

"So you think they're in love?" the man asked.

"Right now Rock's too involved with working out the details of his divorce from Phyllis to be serious about anyone else," the husband returned, "and if he is, he's never going to tell."

"I'm watching you, Nurse Fortunata," he said with a sly smile. "You think I'm asleep but I'm watching you all the time."

She chuckled and said, "I've pushed my hat down far enough."

But even this couldn't ruffle Rock's laughter.

The End

ROCK STARS IN U-I'S "TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS" AND "THIS EARTH IS MINE"

CAROL LYNLEY AND JIM MacARTHUR

Continued from page 36

social workers." He warned me, "They're right behind you all the time." Then his eyes would light up and he'd laugh, but that's because you're a child—and there's nothing you can do to get rid of them."

I asked the social worker to explain "wrap it up," and she said it meant beat it, go off on your own for good. "But that's not anywhere you can do to get rid of them."

The lady then explained that any child under the age of 16 couldn't stay over for the night. I began to itch and I slapped at the ants on my legs. Ants followed us everywhere that summer. They were in the food, in the clothes, even between the pages of our script.

Jim came over to me and said, "Listen, antislapper, don't you think they deserve the right to live?" He laughed, then slapped me on my arm. Jim was always full of advice—he's four years older.

And there you have it—the story behind my one (and only) "romance" with handsome Jim MacArthur. (Don't ever call him Jimmy; he bristles.) One kissing scene for the camera was enough.

Jim and I met that summer in Hollywood, my first time there, and I was so green I was scared. I didn't know anything about the famous world and I got so nervous, I'd run into the bushes and pick up my paperback book of poems to read so I could forget about what a nitwit I was, and if Jim wasn't on camera, he'd come over and tell me, "Couch, if they're giving you any trouble, holler back. And if you lose your voice, give me a high sign, and I'll give them a piece of your mind."

I'd laugh and forget about the mess-up. Jim was a teenager, too—nineteen (now he's twenty). I was fifteen and scared, like I say.

You know, if you've never been to Hollywood before, it's hard to take it all in—the publicity people and the photographers and the secretaries and the hundreds of jack-in-the-box assistants (not to forget my mom) who tag along. Business hours in Hollywood are full of tag-alongers. There are so many of them you don't know who to talk to.

But after working hours, it's a different story. Suddenly you're all alone and you feel lonely. I don't know where all the people go. My girlfriend, Janice Brueck (she was making a break), and I used to ride up and down the elevators at the Chateau Marmont where we lived every time we could think of nothing else to do. We were ashamed to admit this to anyone but we were secretly looking for celebs.

We'd ask the lady at the main desk if any stars had checked in, and she'd rattle off a list of names that made our heads whirl: Ann Magnani, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Paul Newman, Sal Mineo, Tony Perkins. Janice and I would walk away staggering.

I must wonder, where did they all go? We looked high and low for them, but few of them were about. That's why I say the nights are lonely in Hollywood. I guess everybody's busy studying lines, and it's early-to-bed because that five o'clock morning call comes mighty early. Sure, there are a few parties here and there, and some razzle-dazzle all-out nights if there's a fancy premiere. But Hollywood, from what I saw of it, is a community of hard-working people dedicated to its work like any other town.

Oh yes, one night I ran into Johnny Saxon in a Health Food store, and the proprietor of the place introduced us and, out of politeness, I guess, all we said was hello.

Another night Janice and I had plenty of time on our hands so we compos a telegram to Jim—a long string of corny come-ons in hope he'd call. He didn't, as naturally! His birthday's in December. We ran to the Western Union office, splurged with our allowances and signed the W.S. to Louisa Dora Louisa Dora Louise. Janice and I laughed for days about it.

But Jim never mentioned it once. Probably, he figured, a couple of spooks had flipped their lids.

I think that Jim can't handle himself in ticklish situations. All summer long girls would ask him for autographs and you should have seen him. Unbelievable! Smooth as butter and a first class operator, to boot.

But back to Hollywood. I was floored with the tight clothes everyone wears and in such knock-your-eyes-out colors, and I was fed up with the type. This way I don't have any getting-out or taking-in problems if I gain or lose weight. But in Hollywood, wow! The human body is revealed in bursting detail, if you know what I mean. I'd go shopping with my
Mom in the supermarket, and I felt like a freak wearing my brother's shirts and old slacks with plenty of room you know where.

(Jim's a neat Ivy League dresser. He loves tweeds and herringbone stripes in jackets and suits, prefers striped rep ties—or knotted ones—white button-down shirts.)

Jim used to kid me and say, "Red and blue, red and blue! That's all you wear, red and blue!" They're my favorite colors. My unfavorite color is black. I hate it with a passion, especially on young girls. It makes me look ridiculously old.

So many people ask me if I'm not old and overly-sophisticated for my age, and it Gripes me because I've never worn slinky dresses or spike-heeled shoes, smoked cigarettes or traveled in a fast crowd. If they meant sophisticated in terms of being wise (the word sophisticated comes from a Latin or Greek phrase meaning wisdom), I'd be flattered, but naturally everyone refers to the las-de-dah kind of sophistication. Anyone who gets to know me realizes I'm pretty much a teenager who loves pajama parties with girlfriends and lots of talk about boys.

My grandmother in Winthrop, Massachusetts—where I was born—calls me "a nice, healthy girl," and once when I played a neurotic murderess on an Alfred Hitchcock TV program, she had convulsions and was fit to be tied! My modeling for the fashion magazines didn't upset her, but playing a killer—uh-oh! All that Scotch, Irish, Welsh, English, German and Maine Mohawk Indian blood in her boiled.

"But that's the fun of acting," I told her. It's the thrill of having an opportunity to try to be someone other than yourself. Grandmother nodded her head and told me to clip the hedges in the front yard. She said they needed neatening-up.

Once my Mom and I had a to-do about the way I should have played a role. We argued for three days about it. Every time we sat down to eat, before I'd even get a bite of food into my mouth, she'd get on me about the way I was playing the role. I couldn't stand it, so I decided one morning to do it her way. Was it ever terrible! That's when I said, "Look, Mom, you're the mother in the family, so, if you don't mind, you do the mothering, and if I'm going to be the actress let me try doing the acting." We've gotten along on acting like two peas in a pod ever since.

Jim told me he never had any trouble with his mother about acting—even though she's one of the greatest! "She's never primed me on acting," Jim said. "She's kind of let me develop by myself."

Did you know television is where Jim and I got our feet wet in this acting business? "I was the most popular back on TV," I used to boast to Jim—"although I bet you don't even remember me. I was the young girl whose parents or uncle always plunked her down with her back directly in front of the camera and lectured her."

TV's more comfortable for me—probably because I'm used to it. Hollywood had cameras used to frighten me. "They come up so close on you, and you can't blink your eyes or turn your head," I used to moan to Jim.

"You'll get over it," he'd tell me in his relaxed way. But I didn't. You have to keep absolutely still and say your lines without any breathing and hope all the time that all's going well.

It didn't always. One day when the director told me to move a little to the left, I took a step—only one step, mind you—and I was completely out of camera range.
All the time I worked in "The Light in the Forest" I was so unsure of myself. I was about the third person to take the part. Believe it or not, when I did (after my third invitation) I absolutely cringed all the way through it.

I feel so embarrassed. My face looked fat and awful and I hated the way I walked.

"You walk like you walk," Jim teased me.

"Oh," I wailed, "Don't say that!"

Working the way I have since I was ten and a half—when I started modeling—I haven't had time to date as much as other girls my age. One reason is that I wonder about the future. Sunday doesn't really bother me—although I'll be honest and say I'm looking forward to all the good times ahead.

Not that I haven't had a few dates! You could say that from the time you're thirteen, I've been in love. It's probably why I'm still kind of inexperienced and some of them have been duds. Once I was on a date where someone came over to me for autographs. We were eating in a restaurant and I was looking at all the summer people bicycling, rowing boats, playing baseball. After I signed some autographs, the boy froze and didn't say anything to me. I sent back the afternoon, and I didn't know what to do about it.

I like boys who take the lead about what to do and where to go. If they haven't even boys can't do this at thirteen, others can be thirty and not know how to handle themselves. I guess maybe this is the same with girls—it's a little true of me.

I was sort of interested in the movies on a date. But then I love the movies! When I used to model I'd run to a movie between assignments. Usually I only got to see an hour of the film. I had to rush off to my next job.

I'd go to any movie starring Marilyn Monroe. She's—would I quote a phrase—the most beautiful symbol of womanhood I know.

I adore Carroll Baker. Lots of people who stop me on the street for my autobiography walk away disappointed when they see me. I adore Carroll. I blame them. I'd be disappointed, too. Sometimes I'm mistaken for Grace Kelly's younger sister or Eva Marie Saint. Sometimes in New York when people stare I feel I have leukemia. But in my heart of hearts like Winthrop people are courteous and friendly. They let you go your own way.

Other actresses I like are Audrey Hepburn and Dama Sybil Thorndike. Dama Sybil came to Broadway for "The Potting Shed" last year. It was my first Broadway show, and I had a tiny role, but I loved it. My dressing room was five flights up since I was low on the totem pole, but I was high in heart. In a small town like Winthrop people are courteous and friendly. They let you go your own way.

I have been in love with many movie stars. His favorite actors are Paul Muni, Sir Laurence Olivier and Michael Redgrave. Jim's comic is on cream. "They have that great ability to lose themselves in the part. I like Marlon Brando but he's only a personality. I never feel I'm in love with him."


Jim's actress friends are Deborah Kerr, Bette Davis and Joanne Woodward.

This year I played in another Broadway play, "Blue Denim." I was a teenager who got into terrifying sex trouble because of a lack of understanding between parents and kids. Joshua Logan was our director. Jim's comment on our show was: "They learn by watching older people. I listen to everything, then try things out, experiment until I come up with what I think you'd like."

Jim's coming to Broadway this fall in a play with a tricky title, "Faraway the Train Birds Cry." Jim just finished a mountain-climbing movie in Switzerland, "The Storm Over the Mountain." He had a ball. Jim's seen most of the world (I haven't left the U.S.).

But Jim and I are very much alike when it comes to friends. We both believe in a few good friends, but good ones, are better. My best girl friend is Gail O'Leary who lives in Winthrop. Jim says people today don't have time for too many close friends. To get a man to talk, you'll have to take a lot of time and understanding. And it does.

In fact, it takes a lot of time to understand yourself and your weaknesses. My biggest weakness? Food! I eat if I'm happy, I eat if I'm thinking, I eat if I'm dreaming about outer space. And always one day I wake up to find I've eaten too much, and it's diet, diet, diet like crazy. Dieting's the story of my life. Carol The Calorie Counter is in constant demand. So are her shows and call out all the different foods and I'm yelling back the calories. One baked potato—100 calories! A slice of white bread—20 calories. A slice of ham—250 calories! See what I mean?

I love baking hermits, cakes and butter cookies, but I suffer if I eat them. Pounds, pounds, pounds. Sometimes I have to do work at them and I gain weight, honestly.

Starchy foods? I'm nuts about them. Give me spaghetti and French fried potatoes and slabs of buttered bread and I'm happy. In Seventh Heaven, If I had it here I'd look at it. I'd have it for lunch and I'd look at it. You couldn't make me eat it. It's hard to look at and there are lemonade waterfalls and sugar flowers and eat to my heart's delight.

Jim used to bend over me every time I got ready to go to the theater. I'm a klutz, and he'd kid, "Look out, Carol, those camera angles are going to be rough on you."

"You're worse than I am," I'd tell him, but he did the trick. He made me lose my appetite.

Count Jim in as a food fiend, too. He loves starchy foods, too (I wonder who doesn't?), and he flips for Italian dishes: veal parmigiana and pizza pie.

Give Jim a slice of pizza with an Elvis rock record and he's happy. He digs rock music, too. He'd enjoy a Beethoven violin concerto.

Me, I'm not so hot for rock and roll. It gives me a headache after a while. But then opera does, too. I saw Mario Lanza in a terrible Italian film, and then I sang so many operatic selections I had to run home and take two aspirins. My favorite music is soft ballad music, the Frankie Avalon-Dan Dare kind. I love the Hi-Lo's singing anything. My favorite album? "Threepenny Opera." Dancing? I love it, ballroom style, a simple two step. I've never waltzed and I can't stand the Cha-Cha-either.

I like to listen to the radio. At night if I want to read and listen to music and my fourteen-year-old brother, Danny, has a date and wants the living room all to himself, I end up in the bedroom. When you live in a small apartment the way we do, you have to figure out something. So I take my dachshund, Frankie, and lock us in the bathroom. We have our own little world with all my clothes on (no water, of course) and read all my magazines.

Getting back to the bathroom. Jim set the best place for a hideaway. I love to have my hair done, but I can take it in my hair for hours. That's when I do my best thinking, with my eyes closed, while I'm scrubbing my hair.

I get lost in a world all my own. And if I see anything—like my favorite song, "Mae the Knife," playing on the radio, I'm on cloud nine.

My religion is very important to me. Florence Nightingale was Catholic and Jim is, too. I am a Catholic convert. You know, I think Jim's favorite conversation topic is religion. And school.

I'll graduate from the School for Young Professionals next January (I love all my teachers, they're all so fussy), and brother, will I be happy! School's a necessary evil in my book—but I plan to take college courses at night and study hard. It's important.

Jim went to Harvard, quit in the middle of last year to see the world and explore it on his own. He couldn't concentrate on his studies.

"I could take a seat and not let somebody else get into college?" was Jim's comment. "I couldn't concentrate on my studies. I was having trouble passing some of my courses, so I decided to get out of school. But James, he left school with the door open because he plans to return.

We both read like crazy. Jim goes for the heavier stuff, the classics, and his favorite author is Nobel prize winner Albert Camus.

Thomas Wolfe's for me. This year I read his first novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," and I walked around in a daze for days. Tony read the Broadway adaptation of it, and he walked away with all the drama critics reviews. "Look Homeward, Angel" is so rich, so full of real life! It makes you want to cry and laugh all at once.

One thing I learned about Jim when we'd talk about books. He doesn't like you to agree with him for the sake of agreement. He wants you to have your own ideas. There was an interviewer on the set once who was going to write a story about Jim, and he kept agreeing with everything Jim was saying, and afterward Jim said over me a dodo! Doesn't have a mind of his own."

By now I guess you've learned Jim and I are friends, good ones. There's not a smidge of romance between us, and by the time you read this Jim and Joyce Bullock will be married. My high schoolgirl sweetheart from Solebury School may be Mr. and Mrs. They're both twenty and seriously considering knotting the tie."

What else is there to tell? I don't know. What's ahead? Who can tell? I hope a boy—Don't love them yourself?"

Marriage is something I'm beginning to wonder about. Like most girls in our age group, I want to have a flock of children—so many I won't know what to do. I want to live in an old, old house—they're so much more dignified—with libraries, mahogany rocking chairs and four poster beds and a spinning wheel in the front parlor.

Till then, I figure there's plenty of time ahead for daydreaming, eating sweets and being silly."

What do you think?

By CAROL LYNNE

AS TOLD TO GEORGE CHRISTY
street, a group of girls darted through the crawling after-theater traffic and blocked his way to the U-I limousine. Utter panic flashed across John's face.

The girls lined up, dancing eagerly. One of them got his autograph, then ran back to the end of the line, giggling and fumbling in her purse for another scrap of paper. When she reached the head of the line again and handed it to him, he looked at her and asked, "Didn't I give you one before?"

"What difference does that make?" she said blandly. "Don't you know it's people like myself who make you a star?"

Genuinely upset, he signed the paper. "Now if you'll excuse me," he said, "I have to get to a radio show." Through the car window, he waved at the fans as we inched away. When the car began moving faster, he settled back with a sigh of relief. "She's right, I know. And I am grateful. It's just the screaming that bothers me, that's all ..."

The car had turned east, and New York became a ghost city as it went through the deserted night-time streets of the garment district. "I'm glad we decided to talk in the car," John said quietly, "just lost himself in thought."

"Do you mind stopping by my house in Brooklyn?" he suddenly asked. "I don't think it's out of the way."

As we drove, I asked him, "How did it feel the first time you returned to Brooklyn as John Saxon?"

John laughed quietly. "That seems like a long time ago. I was Carmen Orrico then. But I'd changed my name already. I was christened Carmine, and I guess I was thinking that Carmen Lombardo had done pretty well in show business. But John Saxon? Sometimes he seems like a stranger to me. He was born ready-made in Hollywood, something out of somebody else's imagination, without any background or tradition. To myself, I'm still Carmen Orrico, and he has a real, definite, solid background, all right. There it is, on the other side of the bridge."

Brooklyn lay ahead. For a long while after crossing the river, John was silent—not moodyly, but rather alert to his surroundings at all times. We saw a deserted school building and pointed. "St. Catherine's of Alexandria," he said.

"I guess the first day of school is a big day in everybody's life. I certainly remember I was five years old, and I'd been looking forward to it—something new and exciting. My mother brought me. I was holding on to her hand, and she said, 'Sister, this is my boy Carmine,' when she went away and left me."

"The sister must have smiled, but I don't remember. I wasn't looking at her face. I was just seeing those strange, long, black clothes, and the white head dress. 'Has she got any hair?' I asked one of the other kids. And they all laughed at me. I didn't know any of them."

"Of course, it was their first day, too, and they must have been as scared as I was. Later on, we got along all right. And the sister was a nice, kind woman, a good teacher. But from that day on, I never really liked school. I didn't frighten me afterwards—just bored me, mostly. In high school, there was an English teacher who was a favorite of mine, though. He opened up a new world for me—me—me other things to read, like The New Yorker."

"But math—did I hate that! The old woman who taught it had a special thing about me, it seemed in those days. She
was sure to ask me questions she knew I couldn't answer. So do you know what I did? I went to New York away from her, suddenly, "I cheated! If there was a quiz coming up, I'd look in the book and write the answers between my fingers."

"Would I do it today? I'd find better ways of cheating and defend them."

Seriously, I'd use that same time for studying, so I wouldn't have to cheat. We do some pretty foolish things when we're very young, and it's good to get it all off your chest.

That night, I lay in bed, staring fixedly across his face, misted with thought and memory. "Like the time I had a crush on a girl for a whole year."

John Saxon chuckled at the young Carmen Ortiz. "I said one word to her. I just looked and looked. She had red hair and a cute, turned-up nose, I remember. Once, when we were going through the hall, she caught me looking at her. She smiled, but what did I do? Nothing, except turn the color of a fire engine." "And you aren't shy with girls—no more than average, I mean. In fact, just before I finished high school, there was one girl I dated pretty steadily. I remember one Saturday night..."

Two were supposed to go home. But when I got there, I was supposed to pick her up, her mother told me she'd already gone out—with another boy. I couldn't even pretend I'd just stopped by, because I was standing by a door with a cellophane corsage box in my hand. "Carmen," I said to myself, 'you've been jilted, boy.' She broke my heart, I guess you could say."

His eyes contradicted his light tone. "I can laugh about it now, but it wasn't very funny at the time. Anyhow, it didn't make me bitter toward women. They're just like us and sometimes we should understand them, too."

Another time, I was johnny-come-lately to a gymnasium dance. I was going home, and suddenly, one evening I was walking her home after the movies. It was a quiet street like this—we're getting close to my old neighborhood now. I slipped my arm around her, and she gave me a kiss—very gentle, not much more than just friendly. And she slapped me!"

He put his hand to his face as if he could feel the mark and the bewilderment. "But I still wasn't bitter."

He had said twice, I realized, and I wondered whether he was thinking of the girls that he knew in Brooklyn days. A few moments later, I said softly, "Penny for your thoughts."

"...What? Oh—I was just thinking about the girls."

It was funny how many people you meet today, the places you go. Yet, when tomorrow comes, some of the people are gone, some of the places you've seen before, and you catch in the middle of it all."

Some of the people are gone... "Like Vicki Thal?" I wondered silently; didn't want to ask tomorrow, you know."

He finally spoke, half to himself, as if genuinely trying to straighten out his thoughts by putting them into words. "Girls have to pretend so much..."

"When a girl is trying to put some polish forward for observation, I can usually tell. During my high school days, I used to look at a very two-dimensional external thing from Marilyn Monroe or Elizabeth Taylor and try very hard to look and behave like them. Why do people always want to be somebody else? Why do people copy others?"

Suddenly, he laughed. "I'm a fine one to talk about pretending! See that church?"

He had his finger on the dome against the New York sky that is never truly dark. "That's where I did my first acting—only I didn't know it. I was about eight or nine, and I was crazy about Phantom of the Opera. You slow down, please?" He was peering out of the door at a house halfway along the block. "I want to see if my aunt's looking out the window again."

"At this time of night?"

"What difference does time make? If she's there, she's there."

"Put a light shade on the sleeping block."

"Turned this corner, and left again at the next one... Here's my house. Be out in a minute."

It was one of a row of two-family brick houses, with a little garden containing the small front yards. John opened the gate, ran up a short flight of steps and went around to the back door, where the lights in the kitchen were shining through the neatly clipped grass. As he had promised, he was back a moment later, with a yellow Western Union envelope in his hand. "They said I'd gotten a wire."

"Nothing very exciting, just reading the wire, and a special sort of smile curved his lips, "Just personal," he thought. I'd better not ask any more questions, I'd probably write a letter or stick a note in it."

He turned the corner, and suddenly I was thinking of a beautiful and smartly dressed girl who'd been looking at me from the window. "That's one of the most beautiful places in the world, I'd like my house to be very simply furnished—just enough for one person."

"That's why Vicki Thal, I thought. He sounded defiant, reckless, eager. Okay... let's see what happens next! That sort of attitude."

He breathed out sharply and slapped his hands briskly on his knees. "It's named for my grandfather. He was a remarkable old man, but I never really understood or appreciated him until he died."

"Grandpa must have loved me very much. I know that now. But when I was a kid I didn't really like him. Maybe he was a bit of a cool, temperament, but he was a hot-tempered old man as an individualist, with a lot of strong opinions. He made his living doing odd jobs around the block."

"Let's see, where are we? John glanced at a corner street signs. "I think we're going to the church."

"But I don't think he'd have been impressed by me, who was a movie actor. He went to the movies just once, stayed in the theater five minutes and then stomped out. When we asked him what he thought of the movies, he said, 'Nobody does anything interesting any more. He wouldn't look at television. Silly black box,' he called it.

"At the time, that made me mad. I thought he was just being stubborn. But everything he said stayed with me—some-
John sighed. 'I'm still thinking. And learning, I hope. I don't believe, but I don't disbelieve, either. I should have known from that talk that Grandpa wasn't just a bullheaded old man. His 'stubbornness' was really his opinions, he had, no matter how unusual or unpopular they might have been, was his own, and he'd stand by them. All this came to me the first months in Hollywood.

"There were times when I felt overwhelmed and unimportant. Then I'd picture Grandpa, and that would stiffen my backbone. I'd think, 'I can be an individual, too. I can stand up for my own opinions.' That's how I wound up talking back at the president of U-I.'

Shaking his head ironically, John asked, 'Can you imagine a green kid doing a thing like that? Well, I'm not sorry. All I'd done in pictures was 'Running Wild'-not much more than a bit-when they told me I was pretty well set for the part in The Unguarded Moment, the psychopathic school boy. I'd have to do a test first, they said. That made me happy, because the part sounded good and I began studying and planning. Then I heard that the director was testing six big-name actors for the same part. And I hadn't heard a word about my test.

'I blew my top! I barged over to the president's office and demanded to see him. Of course, I was in no position to dictate terms to anybody. The secretary made me wait for an hour and an half. Believe me, by the time she said the president would see me I was hopping mad! I marched in and said, 'I was given to understand that I'd at least be tested for Unguarded Moment. If you won't do that much, then there's no future for me here. I may as well go back to New York.'

"The minute the words were out, the sound of them frightened me. But the president didn't blow his stack. He just sat there looking at me quizzically. 'All right, Johnny,' he said. 'Cool off. You'll get your test.' And I got it. Even if Grandpa thought the movie business was nonsense, I don't think he'd have been ashamed of me that day.

"He'd have been proud," I said. "Well, I don't know. ... Sometimes I don't feel so sure of myself, even now.'

Around us, the houses had thinned out: across the open lots between them a wind blew gently off the bay. As the car turned in toward the big structure of the Town and Country Club, from which the Barry Gray show is broadcast, John said, 'Here we are. Oh, I'll be all right when I'm on the air. That's part of my work. But sometimes when I wake up in the morning, I have the most awful, helpless feeling. Soon as I step under the shower, it goes away. The water's bouncing off me, and I think, 'Okay—bring on another day!' Make it something new. A new job, a new challenge. I'm set for it!' But for those first few moments after I open my eyes—" he hunched up his shoulders. "I wish I was off on a desert island.'

"By yourself?" I asked.

And then I regretted my attempt at humor, for John said slowly, "No. With my ex-girlfriend."

However jauntily he carried it, John's torch was showing. The end.
Daddy, come quick, something terrible has happened. Don't ask any questions, Daddy, just hurry please.

And then, right after hanging up, she suddenly thought: "But how does he know our house number? We just moved in Tuesday.

She went outside and waited on the front steps, watching for his car. And it was lucky she had, because it turned out Dad didn't know the number.

And with that, the prospect of the car, he didn't seem the least bit upset. All he said was, "Cherie, I'm coming," and as she turned to run into the house to tell Mother—she hadn't told Mother the word—she said, "Wait a minute, Baby," and he caught up with her and they went up the stairs together to mother's bedroom.

She remembered seeing Johnny on his back on the door. All she could say was, "I did it Daddy, I did it, but I didn't mean to. I meant to frighten him. He was going to hurt Mummy." And then Mother started to cry.

Afterward Dad put his arm around her and said quietly, "Cherie, I would have done the same thing. Everything's going to be all right. Let's go into your room and you sit on your head on my shoulder and have a good, long cry. Then, let's have a real talk together. You'll see, we'll work it out together.

And she knew, with Daddy there, she and Mother could . . .

She wondered now, as she sat, watching Judge Lynch flip through some typewritten papers, whether, if Mummy, Daddy, and she were always together, they would have these problems. Once a lady had told her: "If your mother goes to remarry your father, Cherie?"

"Until then, she had never thought about it. As long back as she could think, the three of them had never been together.

She never knew either Mother or Dad about the lady. There was one time when Mother took her and Lynn and Zan Barker to Daddy's restaurant for a treat, and she remained always to watch them, and when Mother looked up and smiled he came right over and sat down with them. That's what gave her the idea to ask Dad about the lady's question. She had it all planned, once, one Saturday morning, when she was going downtown to meet Dad for lunch at his restaurant. They were going to celebrate over her report card. Dad met her, pretending to be casual like usual, but she knew he was pleased by the way he grinned.

They sat down at their favorite booth, the one in the far-off corner—just the two of them and talk.

She never did ask Dad about what the columnist had said. She couldn't remember why. Maybe she had just forgotten, and then, later on, Dad might maybe Daddy wouldn't want to be asked.

Thinking back, she smiled. Horses or school, that's what she and Dad usually talked about last Sunday when he visited her at Juvenile Hall: "I'd like to get on a horse and ride far away," she had told him. And he had understood what she meant. He most always did.

But why he guessed and knew, that sometimes she felt lonely. And one time when she had said, "I don't think Mummy loves me," he had been very firm. "You're not being fair, Cherie," he had told her. "You know what your mother once told me? She said, 'Every hour I spend with Cheryl is more precious.'

"Now, you're a big girl and—even now—whoever has never left you alone, has she?"

And it was true. Thinking back, she could never remember being left by herself—now that she thought about it, school, the kids didn't know she knew, but she knew they talked about her mother and when she came in they'd be quiet—awfully quiet—right away and she knew they didn't want her to hear.

Not until the past weeks did she tell Mother that's why she didn't want to go back to Sacred Heart. And Mother had said, "Tell her about it, honey, and tell me how you feel. I could have arranged earlier to have you go to a local school and come home nights. I never want you to be hurt."

And after that, since Europe and their Christmas holiday, she and mother had been closer than they had ever been. She had written Johnny to tell him: "Mother and I really had a wonderful time in Europe. I don't remember when we've been that close."

She wanted him to know because she had once told him she didn't think Mother really wanted to be with her and he had suggested that maybe she'd like to live with his stepmother in Woodstock, Illinois. It was after some girl at school had shown her a newspaper clipping saying her Mother didn't live in Europe. She had written them, some girl, when she was making "Another Time, Another Place," for the holidays. But she had and they were together.

When Mother returned from abroad, from making the picture, they were just as close. Mother had even taken her to the Academy Awards Dinner.

She remembered Johnny came over one afternoon while she was sick and she heard him shouting. Mother kept saying, "Will you please keep your voice down? Cheryl's door is open." And when she called, she noticed Mother was trying very hard not to cry as she fixed the solution for her throat.

Mother had asked: "Mother, I overheard some of those things today. Why does Johnny say such things to you? Why don't you just tell him that you're finished? Are you afraid of him?"

"I'm definitely afraid of him," Mother had answered.

And she had found out then what happened in London . . . all about Johnny's threats and what he said about crippling her.

She couldn't understand why her Mother couldn't stop seeing him, but Mummy just kept saying, "Cheryl, it isn't that easy."

And Zan Barker, the nurse, was, "Don't worry, Mother. I won't be far away."

She wasn't ashamed to tell the lawyers later, "I feel so sorry for Mummy but I did it to protect her. I love her more than anything."

But everything.

The clerk called Mother's name and signalled for her to step forward.iff. She got up from her chair, Mr. Giesler, Mommy's lawyer, was so happy during the past weeks, leaned over and patted her shoulder as though to say: "I'll be all right."

All she could think of was that last visit at Juvenile Hall with Mr. Morris had said so gayly: "Just wait until after the hearing, Cheryl. First thing we'll do is go to a drive-in for supper and then see "South Pacific." You'll love it." That was a funny thing to think of now, she said to herself.
The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman

Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by special glands that are bigger, more powerful, pour out more perspiration. And this kind of perspiration causes the most offensive odor.

Science has discovered that a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this offensive "emotional perspiration" odor. And now it's here... the remarkable ingredient Perstop®—the most effective, yet the gentlest odor-stopping ingredient ever discovered—and available only in the new cream deodorant ARRID.

Use ARRID daily and you'll be amazed how quickly this new ARRID with Perstop® penetrates deep into the pores and stops this "emotional perspiration" odor. Stops it as no roll-on, spray-on, or stick could ever do.

You rub ARRID in—rub perspiration out!... rub ARRID in—rub odor out.

When the cream vanishes, you know you are safe, even when you are nervous or stimulated by emotional excitement. Doctors have proved that this new ARRID with Perstop® is actually 1/2 times as effective as all leading deodorants tested.

Remember—nothing protects you like a cream... and no cream protects you like ARRID with Perstop®. So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID with Perstop® to be sure. Only 43¢ plus tax.

*Curser Products trademark for unsubstituted pyroxylin surfactants.
THE MINUTE HAND ON THE BIG WALL CLOCK moved, shattering the quiet with its mechanical click. She looked up . . . almost 1:30 . . . Could it be that time again?

Then the Judge began to speak: . . . This Court grants temporary custody of Cheryl Crane to Mrs. Mildred Turner. There is a second reason. The number of visits Mr. Crane and Miss Turner can have with their daughter each week. We will decide at a later time who will be granted permanent custody. The Court wishes to place on the record the testimony of Probation Officers who have conducted an intensive investigation of her home life and by Cheryl's own admission.

Then the Judge rose and everyone stood up as he walked out of the room. Suddenly the Courtroom was filled with the sound of voices and chairs scraping as people moved forward to say congratulations.

Grandma rushed to Mommy and put her arms around her. They both tried hard to smile, then broke into tears. Mr. Giesler and Mommy's other lawyers stood silently at her side.

She looked up and saw Daddy, white-faced and his lips pressed tight together, walk alone to the far corner of the courtroom. She tried to catch his attention across the room, to smile and try to make him feel better by letting him know that, no matter what he thought, he was right. "Cherie, baby, we have a theatre date the very first night you're free."

Grandma, who was to take care of her now, stood by her side but they didn't talk for fear they might cry. Then Mrs. Jeanette Muhlhab, the probation officer who was more like a friend after this morning's drive from Los Angeles, took her hand and the three of them left the room.

As she went downstairs from the second floor courtroom, the reporters and photographers surrounded her. The deputy sheriff cleared a path for them. She hardly noticed the brief flashes from the camera lightbulbs as they walked through. She turned around for a last look back at the smoke-filled circle around Daddy and his lawyers. Pop just shrugged and said to them: 'I'm too upset to talk.' But Arthur Crowley, her attorney, interrupted, saying: 'Of course. Mr. Crane is very happy with the decision. It's a great relief to both parents to have their daughter out of Juvenile Hall.'

Outside they walked through the crowds toward one of the cars waiting at the curb. The reporters caught up with Mommy just as she was about to step into a green limousine and she could hear them asking: 'Would you like the girl returned to you?' Trying to smile cheerfully, Mommy answered: 'Wouldn't any mother? . . . Their limousine started and she leaned back against the window and closed her eyes, letting the noise of the traffic, the hum of the car, startling out at the people, the buildings, and the cool Pacific Water. How can I choose between Mummy and Daddy? she asked herself. I wonder what the court will decide."

In three weeks from now, Cheryl Crane will know.

DORIS LAUGHS

Continued from page 39

Doris Day clambered down from the cab of a locomotive and collapsed, laughing, against the strong shoulder of her husband, Marty Melcher. "Whoa! What's the time that was!" she said. "Bet you didn't know you married a locomotive-hopper!"

"Nope," he grinned, putting his arm around her. A mean tennis player—yes. A sensible fellow—yes! A locomotive-hopper—never!"

Marty wasn't half so surprised as we were, standing nearby, invited by Columbia to the location shoot at Chester, Conn., on "Miss Casey Jones." We just stood there with our mouths open, gaping, for once at a total loss for words.

We were so stunned we couldn't come out with the question that's been in everybody's mind: Are those newspaper reports that Doris is expecting a baby in November true? If so, how in the world can she stay with us on a moving train in that delicate condition? And so we asked a studio representative who was standing nearby.

The representative spoke bluntly: "Don't ask Doris about the baby story. It might upset her.

Well, there was one person we could ask: Marty Melcher—big, stalwart, efficient head of the studio's two unhappy marriages. Marty—always eager to act as a protective buffer between his wife and any unpleasantness. He was a smart business man and a straight—no one to hand out a lot of double talk. And so, cornered by us, when Doris went back before the cameras, Marty met the question head-on. 'The story is not true,' he declared flatly.

"Then how did it ever get started?"

Marty shrugged helplessly. "Who knows? But Doris was pretty upset by it."

Was it the truth?

Considering Doris' whole situation, it was easy to see why the question would affect her deeply. By the first of her youthful marriages, she has a fine son, Terry, who is now sixteen. The birth of a second child after so many years would be a great event in any woman's life. For Doris and Marty, the prospect would be so overwhelming that she might well be too sensitive to discuss it at all.

So the reasonable—and decided—was the indirect one, through people who had worked closely with Doris during this crucial period of rumors.

The kindly wardrobe woman working on "Miss Casey Jones," a motherly-looking lady with a mouthful of pins, was fitting a costume on a form labeled "Doris Day." As she pinned the fabric to this figure, most exactly modeled to Doris' current measurements, she said, "Well, yes. Doris has put on a little weight. And it's a good thing. When she started this movie she'd just done two others in a row, with no rest in between. That's enough to take weight off anybody, I can tell you.

"But she's smart, Doris is. She crammed in calories like crazy, to build up her strength. She never did have a diet problem, and she loves to eat. I've sure have a ball with that soda fountain we just had down the street, the newspapers never told me about. She's always had a sweet tooth, and she's crazy about choce-
late malts and fancy sundaes. Good thing, I’d say.”

If anyone should know about changes in a star’s figure—how much and where— it’s a wardrobe gal who took care of the extra-heavyweight angle.

Now how about some familiar problems as an occasional feeling of queasiness? we wonder? Well, it’s a fact that during filming of a movie, script girls must keep constant check on each detail of a star’s appearance, to make sure that shots match, even when one scene takes several days of production time. Who do you think is this script girl on “Miss Casey Jones” she laughed, “I’ll never forget Doris and those lobsters!

You know, she plays a woman who owns a lobster house so she had to face up to craters of those big, fishy-smelling things—live and crawling. And in the picture she’s even supposed to have a pet lobster which she follows her around. And she picks him up!

There had been no mention of pregnancy rumors, the script girl herself hinted at the subject. “Well, I read the gossip columns, of course. So I admit I wondered how Doris would react to this scene. There was a man in the lobster business, who had supplied these things for the picture. We had to handle them. Miss Day’ he said, ‘you pick him up like this.’ Then he hesitated and said, ‘It’s too much for you. ma’am, maybe 1 studio people could rig up a fake one.’

Giggling herself at the recollection, the script girl continued, “Doris just burst out laughing and reached for that big, wiggling thing. Sam, she said. ‘Let’s get acquainted.’

The script girl shook her head admiringly and said, ‘She’s a real pro—a pleasure to work with. You know that. it got cold and clear and we did the lobster scene on the beach. And she worked all through one chilly night, there on the shore, and said not a word. Just laughed as we noticed. She’s a very strong, very real. That is such a comfort in time of loss.’

And we remembered something Doris had said that, ‘You who can’t cry over the loss of a close brother? But I’ve worked with her before, and I knew that she’s a very emotional girl. When she’s happy about something, she cries. And when she’s not, she cries too. There’s no more than any other movie star. I think this whole thing’s been exaggerated.’

About not giving any interviews? Sure, the only two so far was so completely pooped at the end of a full day’s shooting that none of us could blame her. It was all she could do to keep her energy up for the part. And she couldn’t talk to her co-workers through it all.

An extra standing nearby added, “Doris had something else to see her through. Her husband, he said, ‘She was too weak. She had been sick and so was her fine family. And she didn’t want to go to the hospital. She didn’t want to go to the doctors. She didn’t want to take any medicine. She wanted to stay with her family. And she did.’

The script girl added, “Yes, we saw the answer with our own eyes, too. There, on location in Connecticut, we had a big fire. And there she was, right to the hilt, clambering around on the cab of a locomotive.”

And so we drew CONCLUSION NUMBER 1: There is no baby in the Marty Melchers’ near future.

That settled, we decided to look into Rumor Number 2, the stories that have been circulating around that her brother’s death has pushed Doris close to a nervous breakdown. A studio man who had worked with her on many pictures was our first tapper.

“Yes,” he said, “Paul’s death hit Doris very hard. He was her only brother, you know, and as kids they were very close. It was the first break in her family, too—her mom and sister both have passed away. You know, Doris isn’t the snooty type, who sashays off to her dressing room the minute the cameras stop turning. No, she’s real family-minded. She stays home and helps her mom and dad and there are a lot of company bars and yacking it up with the crew.

“But this time it was different,” he confided. “She’d just sit. Her thoughts seemed to be miles away. She wouldn’t see the press. And sometimes she’d go out in the yard and kind of scared. We thought, maybe she’s making herself sick. Like that time back in 1954—remember? When she was afraid she had cancer? Then it turned out that all she needed was a very minor operation, and right away, she was her old self again.”

Nearby was a woman friend of Doris’, from Beverly Hills. We introduced ourselves and asked about the rumor. “Nonsense!” she exploded. “Of course, Paul’s death affected her very much. He was much more than just a brother to her. She often told me how, when she was little, she idolized Paul. She always wanted to be wherever he was, and do whatever he did.

“She used to pester him to let her play football with his gang. And when he finally said, ‘Okay, Doke. Come on,’ that was the biggest thrill of her life. For the first time she felt accepted. She knocked herself out, and collected any number of bruises and bloody noses, and the important thing was that Paul never tried to put her down about it. He understood how much it meant to her.

“And Paul was only three years older than Doris,” the woman added. “Isn’t it always an extra special blow when death comes to someone so young?”

We located a grip on the set and cornered him with the same question.

Sure Doris cries. Who wouldn’t cry over the loss of a close brother? But I’ve worked with her before, and I knew that she’s a very emotional girl. When she’s happy about something, she cries. And when she’s not, she cries too. There’s no more than any other movie star. I think this whole thing’s been exaggerated.

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The script girl added, “Yes, we saw the answer with our own eyes, too. There, on location in Connecticut, we had a big fire. And there she was, right to the hilt, clambering around on the cab of a locomotive.”

And so we drew CONCLUSION NUMBER 2: Doris is a fighter. Never count her out. Photoplay girls are rare.”

Doris is healthy and she is happy. She has three things very dear to her: her family, her career and her faith.

Doris found that faith the hard way, it is true. In a strange way, too. A way that, perhaps, has made it all the stronger. And curiously, it came as a result of the breakup of her second marriage to George Weidler, a Hollywood saxophonist. Theirs was a young, romantic dream that faded fast, jinxed by separations. The last parting came when they were broke. Doris made their little trailer in Hollywood to take a job in New York. George wrote her that he didn’t want to go on with the marriage.

She was heartbroken. She had a way of easing the hurt and Doris was able to pick up the pieces of her life and continue alone.

It wasn’t until a long time later, their first meeting after the divorce had become final, that a strange thing happened. Purely by chance, she met George one day in Hollywood. Over a cup of coffee, they looked like old friends.

“You’ve changed,” she told him. “You seem so different.”

Then he told her why. How he had found religious faith, and it had given him a new outlook on life, new hope for the future.

Outwardly, her own future at the time looked glorious. ’I’ve made a few successes—
Dick Clark says...

Continued from page 63

girl while she lasted. I’d have to make up some excuse for walking her home right away, I decided, or she’d continue to carry Doris through - and another danger that, according to Hollywood buzzing, was threatening her? The third and perhaps unkindest rumor of all - that she was a favorite of Marty’s - to going to school in the East that it had left her shattered with worry, and was affecting her home life?

We asked a family friend who has been close to the Melchers for years. “Nothing to it,” he was prompt reply. “When Terry left, true, she was fussing around like a moth. A little too much. Everybody. Well, here I am, acting like a worried mother.” She was, too - but wouldn’t any woman act that way when her son’s leaving home for the first time? She probably had other children, too, because they’re especially close family.

“Doris isn’t an overprotective mother and recognizes the fact that kids need an amount of independence. She is very intelligent about facing this sort of thing, and has never let her attachment for Terry stand in the way of what she knows is best for him.”

“About his going East to school,” he continued, “I happen to know how Doris and Marty both felt about it. Marty said, ‘Out here, every kid of sixteen has to have a date. Either a girl or a boy. That wasn’t like it. Doris agreed completely. They don’t want Terry to grow up dissatisfied by having too much."

Still, was Doris trying to quell her real feelings by trying to be sensible? “Doris hasn’t had time to worry,” the first woman friend laughed when we asked her. “Sure, she sits and thinks, but she never finds anything to make a difference."

And, from that meeting with George, came faith: If George had found such peace, couldn’t religion do the same for her?

Doris began to search for it, eventually, found the answer for herself in Chris- tian. I can’t imagine anyone who shared Doris’s worship wasn’t of primary importance. It was the big thing, shared by all religions—a firm faith and trust in God and His goodness."

And so she found the underdog-man who shared it, too—Marty Melcher. She met Marty when he became her business manager. She liked him from the first day and he had given her a wonderful sense of relief by straightening out her muddled checkbooks. Soon, she learned that he was more than her solid rock in a sea of troubles. He was good, clear thinking and went to a good type of person, Doris puts it. "I know now that I never fell in love with him. I loved him all along, right from the beginning.”

But was Marty’s love, and their strong faith, the dance? Doris believed that, and any other danger that, according to Holly- wood buzzing, was threatening her? The third and perhaps unkindest rumor of all - that she was a favorite of Marty’s - to going to school in the East that it had left her shattered with worry, and was affecting her home life?

...
Besides, off the floor he may be a real hip guy, so why jump to conclusions?

And speaking of boys and girls, in my book, you kids are more mature than any preceding generation at your age. Don’t let anyone try to sell you otherwise. On the whole, you’re certain to look, what’s—well—more hip. (Hip, incidentally, means hep, but only people who aren’t hep say hep.)

But natch, all of us can slip once in a while, and a dandy who wants to put his best foot forward, is no place to slip. Therefore, at mine, I’ve enforced a few simple rules of discipline and conduct: zwinkz for a girl, boy, coats and ties. No smoking, no gum-chewing, no toothpicks and, no dancing with hats and coats on. Dancing with hats and coats on seems to be a big craze with you kids. So, they don’t ask me why. But with me, it’s taboo.

Another thing. If the fellow you are dancing with is someone new to you, don’t be afraid to continue him comfortably just as nervous as you are. If he’s the type who is quiet while dancing, go along with him. If he talks to you, then take your cue and reply. In other words, let the fellow take the lead here also.

After the record has finished and you’ve thanked him for the dance, if he can’t be induced to continue him, just mention you lead the way off the dance floor. If you don’t want to have the next dance with him, then thanking him you simply say, "Thank you very much. That way no feelings are hurt, and you needn’t say anything that might embarrass yourself or the fellow. And you needn’t get stuck with one guy all night."

There’s another case when you might find yourself in a ticklish situation. That’s in a dance where “cut-ins” are permitted. When your first partner has stepped aside, and you have no more friends, and find that the first step was the hardest.

Once out on that dance floor—relax! How? Catch the tempo of the music and the crowd, concentrate on that, and your hands are perspiring from nervousness. Everything won’t go smoothly all of the time, you can be sure. You’ll tread on his toes, and he’ll tread on yours. That’s expected. When it happens, a simple “Excuse me” or “I beg your pardon” is all that is needed. (And don’t be afraid to laugh at yourself. You’ll both feel more relaxed.) If you should be snubbed, it may be shortened to “Sorry” (just for variety on the fifth or sixth time), but “Excuse me” is much better.

But whatever you do, don’t follow the recent example of one boy at a record hop I was presiding at. Before the disc was put on, I heard him make this announcement to his partner, “Remember, start a little girl. That’s why I’ve been thinking.”

During the record, I made sure to watch him, and sure enough, he did step on the poor girl quite a few times. But not a word did he say. He just stood there, as if he had his apologies in advance, by gum, and he wasn’t going to utter another word!

If things really get out of hand—say, for instance, your partner who has never seen or done—then it’s time to politely call a halt, explain the situation, and start all over again. One way to do this would be, “I’m sorry I can’t follow your suggestions, but I’m afraid we’re not here to have fun. Would you teach it to me?”—Presto—you’ve saved yourself, and also may I add, flattered his manly heart.

If you find yourself stepping on the better dancer, whatever you do don’t—no never—let him know it. A girl must try to follow the fellow no matter how bad he is. I’m sorry, girls, but that’s the rule, and if you’re a good dancer, it isn’t too tough to follow.
At most informal dances or record hops, I've noticed, girls do dance with girls from time to time. Sometimes there aren't enough fellows to go around. But from my personal observation, I would say that only in jitterbug numbers should a girl do this. I suppose, thinking about it, the reason there seems to be more girls than fellows at your dance is that girls can go unescorted to these informal get-togethers, and let's face it, girls seem to be interested in dancing before boys are.

For dancing at a formal dance right away, the name of spades report—"flatties" or flat shoes are the best for moving around smoothly. When dress-up occasions arise most of the girls find shoes with small heels. You have to feel comfortable when you're dancing. And personally, I like girls in full skirts. And comfort holds true even in how you hold your partner. He'll hold you right if you are most comfortable for him. Your left hand is your problem, and I'd suggest you hold it high, up near his shoulders—and not too tight.

If you might be charged her expense him, and just use enough pressure to help you follow his movements. That is a big help in improving your dancing.

During breaks in the dance, if you find yourself by a music stand and you are both willing to continue being together, there are many conversational ideas you can use. For one thing you might start with the last song; I have with him alone, a recording artist you like best, then to schools or your own school friends, and even friends you might have in common, or the dance itself. Look around for a mutual interest.


If you are invited by him to have some refreshments, then of course he pays. If, however, you happen to meet him while you are buying some refreshments, then you will have to pay. If you are excited, the fellows have the change, he'll invite you. If not, never suggest it. Wait until you are by yourself and get your own.

While you are chatting with the boy and he should pay you a compliment, all you need to do is smile and reply with a polite "Thank you." You don't know how it pleases the tender heart. There can be a problem when the music's stopped, the band's packing up to go home and you're getting ready to leave, can't it? For instance, some fellow wants to take you over, but you've been dancing with him for a good part of the evening. If you know the fellow very well, and if you have come with a crowd of girls, then it's his job to call. If you've just come with one girl friend, and she hasn't been so lucky, then you should go home with her. That's best even if you do know the boy very well. If you don't, you haven't a choice. If you've made a pact with your girl friends and you feel you should stick to it and go home with them. He'll understand (honest) and may even want to join the party. If he doesn't, be shy. Invite him. If not suggest he call you at home. If he's really in a fix of bashfulness, give him a hand: suggest that you'll see him at the dance the following week.

(One other note: Even though you girls do outnumber the fellows at many dances, it's always a good plan to cheer up the boys. They may only do the honors if it's a "lady's choice" or if he is a verrrrry good pal).

Sometimes at dances some girls don't get asked to dance. And the "wallflower" is often used for them, and believe me, most of them aren't "wallflowers" long. It just seems that when you're with your own class, while the others are on the dance floor. Remember not to worry; boys are people.

As a kid, I thought I was peculiar looking and generally odd. I had been president of my class and when I entered high school, I was awed by the mammoth surroundings. So Mom and I had several long talks about my inferiority complexes. I was puzzled and I explained that it didn't matter what you looked like on the outside. It was what you were on the inside that mattered. Now I'm in a good school at home, throughout life. And, looking back, I learned that a personality is more than a skin-deep affair. This is one lesson I'll never forget.

When I'm getting back to my very first tip, have fun. Don't look bored, nervous or unhappy. Glumm just keeps everybody away. A smile comes in handy. Put it on your face, bring it to the dance, and other girls around you. Then too, you could move to different sections of the dance floor from time to time. You'll see more people, more fellows will notice you, and before you know it, you're on the dance floor, too. Another thing to remember—don't travel in crowds or giggle too loud. It scares us guys. We also don't like girls lose things. So . . .

When it's time to leave the dance, look around to make sure you have all your belongings. We at the "Bandstand" have accumulated some lost 'n' found pile. My wife's the one girl I know who doesn't have to worry when she goes through her pockets and finds no, pins, safety pins, glasses, rubber bands, combs, barrettes, bonnets, rubbers? Two good reasons. One, these are some of the things I find after the kids have gone home from dances. Two, these are the items I've learned to bring with me to bananas and because girls forever dash up to me with this type of comment: "Dick, would you, by any chance, have a hobby pin? My hair's flying all over the place!"

Gloom, that smooched me in the" ladies' room." One girl came over to me and frantically clutching at her waist, whispered, "Would you have a safety pin? My dress line has come loose." Moral: Take along—don't borrow—your extra artillery, girls. I won't always be handy to provide it.

But I can provide this advice. I know most girls can dress themselves, either jitterbug or straight. I think if you practice listening to the music, pay attention to the tempo, you'll have half the battle of the dance floor won. The other half is in stepping themselves. Where do you learn them? A lot of girls I've met learned the basic steps at home, from an older sister, brother or along with playmates. (And I've given you diagrams on page 63 for some fun steps.) Dance studios can supply the polish, if you need it. In no time at all your answer to "May I have this dance?" will be a happy, confident "I'd love to."

Meanwhile, just put a record on—and start doing what comes naturally! That's all for this month.
I came outside, and did we laugh when Rory pointed to a high-up branch of our favorite hickory tree. There, sitting calmly, big as life, was one of Cindy's toy stuffed animals—a monkey! One of the guests must have had the strong arm of a circus strongman or been some climber to get it up there. I loved Rory's blase comment: “Let's leave it there for the next shinigd.

The ponies haven't recovered yet, either. So we're sure you agree that us "old" fogies with our "square" games would have been strictly for the birds—at this occasion, at least.

Guy, has Sheila had time to tell you about all the fun you missed while you and Rory were off loading the movie cameras? As you know, your little Dolly's only used to sitting in high chairs; but since this was such an important party, she had to let sit her at the regular table with all the other kids. So Dolly was seated next to our Cindy and everyone was eating nicely—Dolly, content at first with her bottle of milk. Then Sheila and I made the big mistake of leaving the room for a minute and when one of us returned, we discovered Dolly had snitched ice cream from four other children's plates!

Then, when peace was restored, and everyone was eating ice cream and birthday cake, all of a sudden I noticed three or four of the swan fans were missing. Sheila and I had set the tables and we knew we had put down enough of everything.

Then, I happened to look under table! There, on the floor, right at the spot where Dolly was sitting with Cindy and Bruce Morgan, were all the missing favors! While no one was looking, it seems Dolly had been taking the swans and one by one, hiding them under the table. Some sleight-of-hand artist, your youngest!

And Guy, thanks for being so wonderful about rounding up the fathers, and for taking movies of everything that happened—Rory tells me you devoted camera operator while he lined up the shots. You know, I can vividly remember Rory shouting, "Okay there, buddy, make sure you get plenty of light there. Don't forget, I'm buying half the prints!" That's our boy, always giving directions, I thought to myself, but was too busy to push him. (Rory has just yelled at me, quote, "Ask that so-and-so where are my prints!")

Well, you nice people, I guess this is a rather long thank you note to answer your very kind offer. But before you want to know what fun we all had! I'll phone Saturday, Sheila. Maybe the four of us can get together for a grown-up party—we still have a few unusual cocktails and slightly used steaks laying around.

Love from all.

Lita

P.S. Next time, Sheila, let's not have paper table cloths. Let's have them, and while the children can't tear to shreds. A nice sturdy linen, or better still, maybe Sears and Roebuck has such iron ones!

RORY'S IN U-I'S "THE SAGA OF HEMP BROWN."

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

Carol Lynley and James MacArthur by Gene Cook; Doris Day, Shirley MacLaine, Gene Trindl, Elvis Presley, Frank Gillaon Agency; Lita (Baron) and Rory Calhoun family and Sheila and Guy Madison family by Roger Marutz.
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO TOMMY

Continued from page 67

out and pulled her close. "Oh, Judy," he said. "Don't you believe it? I'm really twenty-one!"

She nodded. "This is the day—August 27th. How's it feel?"

"It feels like I'm getting old!" he laughed. Then his face clouded. "It feels ... Judi, do you realize how good it is to know you?—you're the only girl now I can really feel how it feels. Really talk to.

"Then this is Tommy," she said softly.

"That is, if you want to.

"I do," he said. "It's been a big year. Here I am, twenty-one, and I'm so mixed-up. Not mixed-up really, I guess, but everything's changed so much in the last year-and-a-half.

"For me, too," she said. "I know. Remember that first time we met?"

"Would I forget? It was that time we posed for some pictures together—way back when. I thought you were a nice girl—nice-looking, too. And by the time we finished, I thought you were terrific!"

"You didn't show it. But I liked you too," she said. "You were kind of humble. It was right after you'd made that big hit in The Singin' Idol on TV, and I—well, I didn't think so much of it.

He shook his head reproachfully. "If I had known—Hey! How come I didn't ask you for a date then, anyway?"

"Because you met Molly B."

Tommy laughed. "Oh! That's why you kind of faded out of the picture. Molly's a pal of yours, isn't she?"

"She certainly is—I see her at church every Sunday. And I wouldn't have dreamed of butting in."

"Gosh, that's funny," Tommy chuckled. "Because after Molly and I broke off, I would have liked to ask you for a date. But then you were going with that fellow who worked with me on the road, and I didn't want to butt in!"

Judi looked up at him and smiled. "Guess we have to thank Studio One for finally getting us together again."

H e drew her down beside him on a couch and took her hands in his. "That's something I've always wanted to tell you," he said. "How wonderful it

was, working with you on that show. You know, that was the first time I ever worked with somebody that I had known real well. I've always liked to work with people I don't know, because that way you can be anonymous and not feel as self-conscious. I'd admit I was skeptical about working with you. But it worked out real great. I felt you understood me—I could talk to you.

"You know," he went on quietly, "I kind of lost myself with you at times. For a little while, it was easy to love you and easy to think about you in terms of the show . . . but you were just as easy to turn it off again and be ourselves, afterward. And that's something really rare. For me it is, anyway."

She looked down at her hands, still held in his, and when she looked at him again, her eyes were like two deep, dark pools, fathomless with feeling. "That's the same way, Tommy," she confessed shyly. "At first, I thought how much older you seemed than you really were—you had so much understanding, and sympathy, and—I think the right word for it is compassion. I thought it must be because you had so many hard knocks—I knew you'd had a rough life. Then, when we began working, we weren't just tossing lines back and forth. We actually did see the scene.

"What I liked most was that you were so honest about it. You really meant what you did, you believed in it.

"Your brow lowered Tommy's brow. "Judi, do you really think that?" he asked anxiously. "I do try so hard. But here I am, twenty-one, and I'm—well—confused. That's what it is that I want to talk to you about."

"How do you mean, Tommy?"

"Well, what bothers me is that I keep changing. It seems like I've been changing back and forth every two months. I change my ideas in clothes, and my taste in girls, and what I like to do for a pastime, hobbies—just everything. I never seem to like the same thing too long."

"Is that bad?" she asked gently.

"That's it. I don't know. For instance, last year I felt I wanted to get married and needed somebody desperately. The year before that, I didn't. The year before that, I did! Right now, I don't feel I need anything enough to get married. Frankly, I'm beginning to worry about myself because I don't think I will ever get married."

"Why?" she asked.

"You see, it's like this," he explained seriously. "When you get to a point where you don't need anybody, it isn't a question that you are getting well, or set in your ways—it's that you don't need any one but you need everybody. Do you know what I mean?"

"Ye-es," she said slowly. "I think so. I feel the same way, lots of times. I guess it's part of growing up. You discover that needing people is much more complicated than a childish, romantic crush.

"Take us, for instance. We both want the same thing very—much to make good in acting. Right now, that's the most important thing to me. Sure, I'd like to get married. You know what I dream about? Having five kids—all boys! But I know it's not for me now. I'm like you, and I feel I want to prove to myself I can be good at it—"

"Wait a minute!" he interrupted, chucking her under the chin. "You are good. Golly, you've got so much work—all those TV shows and all those pictures you made for Universal—Summer Love was real good. Look how much you improved in Money, Women and Dreams and Wild Heritage—you're really going places!"

S he gave him a quick hug. "Thanks, you're real kind. But you see—that's why marriage scares me. I know that's a big thing for you. But do both—well—I think it's too much to tackle. At least, right now.

"But, Tommy, the important thing is that we discuss this about ourselves. And because of that, we can come to each other, and talk out our problems, and it's not a boy-girl type of thing. I can explain it to you. And I'm afraid that's what I can talk without being nervous or trying to impress. I don't have to say to myself, 'Be careful what you say, because he won't ask you out any more if you say what you think is going to make him think that way.'"

Tommy leaned back against the couch, with a happy sigh of relief. "Whew!" he breathed. "That's exactly what I mean! Remember, when we were working on that Studio One show, when I told you how worried I was, because lots of girls I went out with seemed to be interested only in getting married."

"What I meant to tell you then was how great it was to know someone like you, who likes to dance and read and be serious and have a good time and never press a guy. You can't press a thing like romance. But I didn't tell you."

"Yes," she giggled, "and I told you, Tommy Sands, there's one thing you have to learn. When we come on the set, we forget ourselves. You're not Tommy Sands, Boy, you're Tommy Sands, Actor—"

she broke off in a gale of laughter. "Oh, wasn't I the tough one!"

Tommy laughed too. "But you gave me some more good advice. You said, 'Just tell the girl that you don't want to get married. That hurts a lot less than trying to be nice and letting her find out the hard way.'"

Judi put her hand on his arm. "I guess that's the big thing, no matter what age you are. Being honest about your own feelings. Sure, we're young, and maybe for that reason our feelings aren't so clear yet. But if we're honest about them, the future will take care of itself, and we don't have to worry. Don't you think so?"

He took her hand in both of his, tightly. "Right!" he said. Then, jumping up and pulling her to her feet, "C'mon, we've got to celebrate my birthday. How 'bout a peach soda at Wil Wright's?"

"Fine!" she said. "Today you are a man!" And off they walked together—still holding hands. —ALEX JOYCE

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?

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

ACTOR  ACTRESS

(1).  (5).

(2).  (6).

(3).  (7).

(4).  (8).

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(3).

(4).

Name.  Age.  

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IN CINEMASCOPE
AND METROCOLOR

The sensational new favorite, Dean Jones, in a fighting role that wins him stardom.
Anita Ekberg should be more famous than she is. Okay, so Kirk Douglas is a Viking! Venetia Stevenson loves her horse as much as that boy loves “Lassie.” I'll bet movie execs wish they could buy back those old movies they sold to TV. Joan Collins kisses with her eyes open if she doesn't like you. Jim Garner's hobby is sleeping. How about that neatly formed bundle tagged Christine Carere! She told me, “I've been told I smile a lot in my sleep.” The actress who attracts the most attention on a nightclub dance floor is Mari Blanchard. Garbo: An inextinguishable star. A sign in Kim Novak's den: “I learn more and more and realize I know less and less.” Marilyn Maxwell always seems good-natured to me. “Indiscreet.” With Cary Grant and Ingrid Bergman, proves just how good a movie can be when grownups are sent to do the jobs usually assigned to youngsters like Molly Bee and Rocky Dee. I'd like to see a Jerry Lewis show in which he'd limit himself to mugging, say ten times. Get yourself Patti Page's new album, backed up by Pete Rugolo. It's as good as any out. Ditto Polly Bergen's latest, “My Heart Sings.” Best known number in the rock 'n' roll set is 53310761. It's the serial number of Pvt. Elvis Presley.

I get the impression Rossano Brazzi is keeping his distance from an actress even when he's holding her in his arms. Brigitte Bardot, who should know, insists that in love nothing is as eloquent as mutual silence. And I have a confession to make: I watched B.B. in “La Parisienne” for about a reel before I realized the movie had subtitles. 20th Century-Fox should give May Britt better roles. Eddie Fisher is one of the best-dressed fellows on TV, but did you notice the sleeves of his tux are too short? Whenever Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner play gin rummy for more than an hour, Natalie wins. I know. I took half of Bob's game. As of going to press, I'd say the Oscar-winning movie would be “Gigi,” with “The Big Country,” “The Defiant Ones,” “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” and “The Old Man and the Sea” completing the list of the nominated five. Wonder if Dean Martin will ever get a role in a movie in which he sings? Diane Varsi is a tough interview. Mamie Van Doren isn't. Her talk flows. If you're in town and Frank Sinatra is in town, the Villa Capri is a good place to find him. I miss live TV from New York. It gave us such fine actors as Rod Steiger, E. G. Marshall, Jack Warden and Eva Marie Saint. Montgomery Clift told me: “When I started in the theater, I believed faith could move mountains. Now I know only stagehands can move mountains.”

Sophia Loren doesn't seem like a foreign actress any more. I'd like to see someone do a fast-moving musical with Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme playing the leads and Keely Smith and Louis Prima doing the romantic comedy leads. Like it? Polly Bergen likes to have her feet tickled, by her husband, Freddie Fields. Julie London can whisper a song to me any time she wants.

I saw Jean Simmons and got that old feeling. Tony Perkins sometimes refers to himself as Gary Cooper without wrinkles. Carol (“The Light in the Forest”) Lynley tells me, “I'm going to work like a demon until I'm twenty-one. And then when I'm that old I'm going to retire.” Perfect casting: Nick Adams for the role in “What Makes Sammy Run?” “It's all right to be 100% for something,” Jayne Mansfield told me, “but I'm learning not to be too 100% for something.” That's Hollywood For You.
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But those
heart-warming,
heart-stopping
kids of his
make for
complications—
when it’s time
for the grown-ups
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A Big Splash—Bobby Darin

"Splish Splash," a Bronx matron said.
"Okay," said Bobby Darin. He was used to the friendly dares of his friend's mother. "I'll write a song around that. Why not?"

It took him twelve minutes.

Bobby clears his throat, straightens his shoulders and then, taking off on an old-time songwriter, says, "And then I wrote . . . ." What he wrote is:

Splish splash, I jumped back into the bath,
Long about a Saturday night
Splish splash, I jumped back into the bath,
How was I to know there was a party going on?

We were having lunch, catered by a nearby drugstore, at the offices of Csida-Grean Associates, the firm that acts as Bobby's managers. Bobby, age twenty-one, was on the office couch, an elbow propping up one hand and his chin cupped in it. The rest of him was spread out full-length —five nine and a half, to be exact. From time to time he'd twist around just enough to take another bite out of his ham and fried-egg sandwich. "My mother sang in vaudeville," he said, "although she never talked much about it. I never had any lessons in music. When I write something like 'Splish Splash' or 'Early in the Morning,' somebody else has to actually write it down.

"I'm very excited about what's happened with these songs. But I've been here before. That's where I started, at the top. My very first 'pro' job was with Tommy Dorsey. Nothing happened. I wasn't ready. Nothing ever happens if you're not ready."

Bobby swung around to a sitting position and ran a hand through his hair. "You know, it's kind of wonderful, the way people reacted to 'Splish Splash.' I loved the way the teenagers reacted to it. In fact, I love teenagers, maybe because I feel I never was one. But the fact is, I love everybody." He stood up, did a little dance step and then went into a four-bar take-off on Perry Como singing "I Love Everybody."

"Well, it's true, I really do love people. And I'm very happy they liked the song. But that's only one of my voices. People tell me they can listen to any song I might sing and spot something that marks it as me. I can't. I try to sing every song differently, 'cause every song is different. I've got lots of voices, kind of like a multiple personality. Maybe I'm a boy in search of a voice. In fact, I used to do voices of other singers. If a songwriter had something he thought Como would be good on, I'd sing like Perry on a demonstration record so that Como could hear how he'd sound if he ever decided to make a recording of the song.

"It got sort of confusing," he admitted, "because a singer has to worry about almost unconsciously copying other singers. You have to stick to your own style. I'm lucky enough to have what's called a natural ear. That's why I've shied away from music lessons. I'm afraid they might spoil it. And that's why I hardly ever go to see other singers. Without knowing it, you can pick up little things that other singers do and you hurt your own style. Professionally, I'm a doer. I learn singing by singing; I learn to play different instruments by playing them; I learn songwriting by writing songs. Privately, though, I'm an observer and not a doer."

Bobby was back on the couch now, perched on its edge and leaning forwards. "It's not that I don't go out and do things. I like golf and fishing and sitting around with friends talking about just everything —everything, that is, but shop. But on the big things, I'm an observer and not a doer. It's not my time yet to 'do.' When it is, I want, for example, to be a good parent. Now I just watch other guys who are fathers. I figure we can learn so much from other people, just (Continued)
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From WARNER BROS.
by watching them. We can learn from their mistakes. Maybe I can't learn what to do, but I sure can learn what not to do.

"When it's my time to 'do,' I want to do it well. I like to do everything best. Like high school, I came from a poor neighborhood, so I decided to go to the Bronx High School of Science. That was the best school. I guess I wanted to balance things, a good school against a bad neighborhood.

"That's really my philosophy, to keep a balance. Somehow, I've never felt that I belonged anywhere, so I guess I've tried to make up for it by doing things best. My sister was so much older than me that I grew up almost like an only child. I wasn't lonely, but I just didn't belong. I guess that's where I got what the psychologists—and I believe in those men—might call a complex, a confidence complex.

"When did it start? Well, I couldn't have explained it then, but I think that what you are at twenty or so, you were at seven. It's all there, just depending on which way it's going to be developed. Even at that age, I knew I was going to make a career in music and that I was different. I didn't belong. You start with a feeling that you're inferior and you come out with a confidence complex to make up for it. You start thinking, I'm not good enough for this world. And that leads to, I'm too good for this world."

Bobby stood up and started to pace slowly, up and down the small office. "I know I'm inferior. I tell myself that eighty or ninety times a day. But the one time a day that I tell myself I'm a genius makes up for it, balances it. I think, What am I doing here? Then tell myself, Who cares, make the most of it. But then I can't help thinking, Where did I come from, where am I going?

"It's the sort of confusion that happens to people who ask questions. A scientist can solve it for himself by making the world less unhappy, perhaps by inventing a cure for some terrible disease. A religious person can find the answers in his religion. Well, I have no answers. I believe in God, but that's it. I have no other formal beliefs. If He put me here, why did He put me here? That's what I'm here to find out."

Bobby brooded a moment over his paper container of Coke, then gulped down the last of it. "Till I find out," he said, "I guess I'll keep my shell on.

That's the coward's way out and I know it. But I'm afraid of being hurt. I was hurt real bad when I was eighteen. It wasn't her fault. She was older and it was a mixed-up relationship all the way. Still, I got hurt and I'm keeping out of emotion's way right now.

"Maybe that means that if I don't drop the shell, I'll never be happy. Well, I'm having a lot of fun and I don't really ever want to be happy. Not, at least, happy in a contented, self-satisfied way that keeps you from growing. I always want to want things."

Bobby was grinning again and half-dancing on the walk through the busy music-promotion offices. At the door, he winked. "Don't forget I'm a genius." Then, in a whisper, cupping his hand over his mouth in mock secrecy, "But don't tell anyone."

---

"Let's Preview"

"Closer Than a Kiss" (Columbia CL 1174) Vic Damone with Frank De Vol conducting the orchestra. The song does a good job of setting the mood for some great ballads by Richard Rodgers, Arthur Schwartz, Irving Berlin and Sigmund Romberg. Vic Damone's phrasing, assisted by Frank De Vol's orchestrations, creates an atmosphere of intimacy and romance. This is one of Vic's best ballad LP's.

"The New James" (Capitol T1037) Harry James and the Music Makers are at their best here, with some swingers and some ballads, all originals by some of today's top arrangers. It's great dance music. Harry's inspired and exciting trumpeting is backed by a clean, hard-hitting band. This is one of the finest dance LP's we've had the pleasure of reviewing to date.

"I Remember Russ" (Columbia CL 1164) Jerry Vale with Glenn Osser conducting. Modern arrangements of the great Russ Columbo standards. Jerry Vale pays tribute to one of yesteryear's great singers. Jerry's big voice and natural warmth prove again his own standing as a star of today. A lush LP.

Burnished Brass (Capitol T1038) George Shearing Quintet with Brass Choir Orchestra conducted by Billy May. A background of brass lends a new and exciting contrast to the famous "Shearing Sound."
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Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.

HALO glorifies as it cleans
Congratulations, Dick, on a wonderful column! I just finished reading it for the second time and thought it was great.

L. LANG
Cedar Falls, la.

These Older Men, Teh, Teh!

Just a note to give you the view of one reader. I'm not a teenager, but I'm very tired of the pictures that have young girls in love with older men. I want to see young women in love with young men. That's the way it usually is, in my opinion. Maybe not in Hollywood, where the man may be very famous and rich, but certainly for Mr. and Mrs. "Average America," Otherwise, no male would be married until he was fifty or sixty.

MRS. JEAN MURRAY
Hackensack, N. J.

Wonderful Support

I am a member of the Hugh O'Brian Friend Club and, as such, want to thank you for the wonderful support you have given Hugh. I read everything available about him and have come to the conclusion that, though he has his faults, he is one of the nicest guys around.

Please continue to feature him in future issues of Photoplay. I will be most grateful, as, I am sure, will Hugh.

MISSY MOLLICAN
Coshocton, Ohio

It was a pleasure to see Hugh O'Brian in Photoplay again.

I know Hugh to be a wonderful person and a very generous man in his work with the mentally retarded.

We were very lucky to be able to visit with Hugh on the "Wyatt Earp" set this summer. He was very nice to us.

Thanks again for including Hugh in your September issue.

JUDY ROBERTS
Tulsa, Okla.

Love the Thing!

I've never read such a truly moving, sincere story as "Why Debbie and Eddie Are Leaving Hollywood." It makes a person realize that so many of the disagreements between people could be avoided if they'd just remember that love is everything!

Marilyn Darling
La Crescent, Minn.

Love Those Fishers!

I have never in my life seen such a beautiful cover on your magazine as I did last month. The Fishers not only photographed beautifully but, for once, I think a true and factual story about them has been told.

Please have them on your cover again.

Mrs. Adele Ross
Los Angeles, Calif.

Adorable Two some

I used to get rather "green" (jealous) every time Nick Adams was teamed up with a girl. I'd get mad, too, because I didn't think they were good enough for him. Since his recent engagement to Kathy Nolan, though, he and Kathy have gone up in my estimation. I think they're both absolutely adorable people and I really hope they can make their romance last—and also, if the Lord is willing, their marriage.

C. PALMER
Wichita, Kan.

Dear Dick Clark:

I watch your show every day and enjoy it very much. I am on crutches and have a broken hip. But I am looking forward to the day when I can dance to the music on your show again.

Most of my friends are about twelve years old and we belong to a Camp Fire Group. We have our meetings after school every day and each time we can hardly wait for them to be over so we can watch your show.

Last week I went to a slumber party. We were still awake and lively as ever at five o'clock a.m. About three o'clock somebody had brought up your name and we talked about you and your show for hours.

KATHY MENTEN
River Grove, III.

Congratulations on a fine column. Your writing is as warm and sincere (with that fine casual touch) as is your personality on "Bandstand" and the Saturday night show. I'm sure my feeling is shared by adults of all ages and kids, too.

Keep up the wonderful work!

LEA FARAGAY
Garfield Heights, Ohio

Love's The Thing!

"Give Tony and other stars a chance to defend themselves," a fan scolds Sidney

That Makes a Ball Game

Why do you allow Sidney Skolsky to make derogatory remarks about Princess Grace, Audrey Hepburn and Tony Perkins? The fact that Mr. Skolsky writes a kind of "gossip column" does not give him the right to air his hostile feelings about people who are not given the chance to answer him. This is a fault in an otherwise fine magazine.

M. ALEXANDER

Readers Answer "The Boys"

To the "Boys of America" from Spring-field, Mass., who want to know who is the most beautiful girl and the most handsome man in the world—there is no such thing, in my opinion. One might think of someone being one of the most but not the most. Beauty, after all, is seen in many different ways. As it's been said, "Beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

MANY EMANUELLE REISBERGER,
N. Y.

In their letter, the "Boys of America" asked if the most beautiful woman came from Hollywood. I don't think a woman necessarily has to hail from there to be considered beautiful—after all, "beauty is only skin deep."

My opinion is that to consider a person beautiful you must look beyond their facial features or body build. There are some who might think a person beautiful because of certain inner qualities this person possesses. I, too, think a person should have these to be considered really beautiful—a wonderful personality, charm, kindness, sympathy.

PATRICIA SMOOGAN
Shamokin, Pa.

Because of Rock

I'm writing this letter because I'd like all the readers of Photoplay to know that not only is Rock Hudson a great actor but a very fine person with a sincere personal regard for his fellow beings.

My young sister was a leukemia victim. She passed away just two months ago. Though she was very sick and a complete invalid the last three years of her life, she was a most devoted fan of Mr. Hudson's. A nurse who attended my sister and knew this, wrote a letter to Mr. Hudson telling him of my sister's plight and how much it would mean to her if she could receive a personal phone call from him.

Rock Hudson not only called personally but sent her a lovely gift of perfume, too.

Needless to say that it was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to her.
this could be what you're missing...

"accent" bra... with fantastic Jantzenaire pad*

*one-third the weight of foam rubber

there never was a padded bra like "accent" because there never was a pad like Jantzenaire, the just-out-of-the-laboratory filling that's even three times airier than foam rubber...
with much lower resilience and a yielding effect that makes it fit itself to the body
with the most fantastic feel, fantastically natural. It washes like a dream, retains its shape, comes in all sizes 32 to 38 (A and B cups)
... in nylon taffeta (829) red, pink, blue, black and white 3.95... strapless (849)
with three-way detachable straps 5.95

write for exciting figuremaking booklet "A" • Jantzen Inc • Foundations and Brassieres • 261 Madison Ave • New York
Favorite in San Francisco

If one were to take a poll in the San Francisco bay area on who is the most liked and respected star of the entertainment world, he would discover that it would be Burt Maverick—otherwise known as Jim Garner, that wonderful actor. Why is he so popular with us? In April of this year, he took time from his busy schedule to support the Boy Scouts in our area, and he did a wonderful job. Then, in a few weeks, he came to help out with a charity horse show for needy persons.

While here, Jim untiringly signed countless autographs to the delight of everyone. Everyone loved his grin and the jokes which were spontaneous. He charmed us with his warmth and generosity.

By setting attendance records with his appearances, Jim helped raise quite a bit of money for the two worthy organizations—for which we are all grateful. Is it any wonder that we admire the personable Jim Garner?

MARK YOKOBO
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Elvis:

I know how much you loved your mother and how much she loved you. Her death must be a great loss to you but you should not feel that God has left you or that your mother has, either. God is always with us and the people we love never really die; they stay in our hearts forever.

Your mother has gone to her real home in heaven where she will be happy with God, always. There she can watch over you and guide you. You will be able to pray to her any time you wish. I know this because five years ago when I was ten, I lost my father but I never lost faith in God. So remember you’ll never be alone; God is with you and so is your mother.

PATRICIA KHALLING
Chicago, Ill.

I just can’t tell you how deeply sorry I am for your great loss. Your mother was liked and loved by everyone. Although there is little consolation in a note from a fan, I do want you to know that my thoughts are with you at this sad time.

Be brave and take comfort in the knowledge that you were a devoted son and that your mother lived to share in the good fortune of your great and successful career.

My family and my friends come in to send you and your father our deepest sympathy.

God bless and love you both.

MARY R. DE NUNZIO
Plainville, Conn.

Readers may remember the beautiful portrait of Elvis painted by Miss DeNunzio for February Photoplay. We think she and all those who share Elvis’ loss will want to read “Why Did My Mother Have to Die Now?” this issue.— Ed.

A Poem for Us

Last month I read practically every movie magazine and found yours was the best. This is why I sent Hurrah for Photoplay, the very best. Read in the east and west.

The stories are written about facts that are true.

The pictures are colorful and good-sized, too.

Superb are the movie tips, gossip—but wait! The little things help to make it great.

The paper in the pages is of good quality.

The print is clear and easy to see.

The covers are good and sturdy—

Protecting the pages from getting dirty.

Even the ads are good (found in the back). These are the little things other magazines lack.

A Reader
Fullerton, Calif.

Beauty from Yankeeland

Recently Bob Keith, the host of Channel Nine’s “Bandstand” show (of which I am hostess) emceed a big rock ‘n’ roll show which came to our town.

Headlining the all-star cast was Miss Connie Francis. When she stepped out on the stage, everyone there fell in love with the 5’2” beauty from Yankeeland.

When I met her I was really impressed. She is one of the nicest girls I have ever met. She is poised, well-mannered, well-dressed and “neat!”

PATTIE ANN SWEENEY
Orlando, Fl.

Deborah doesn’t deserve bad breaks.

She Deserves the Best

I have just read your story concerning Deborah Kerr and the breakup of her marriage. I’m with Deborah all the way.

Deborah has always been my special favorite and always will be. I know that whatever happens, Deborah will come out of this tragedy on the winning side, as sweet and lovely as ever. She deserves all the happiness in the world.

SANDY PETERSON
Minneapolis, Minn.

Cupid’s Weather Report

I hope you will be interested in the following couples’ weather report:


A DEVOTED FAN
Mobile, Ala.

continued
Give your complexion the glow of candlelight...the elegant look!

For women who don't want that over-made-up look...
this liquid make-up enhances your own skin tone

You can smooth it on in seconds...like a lotion. You can blend it so perfectly that no one sees where make-up ends and you begin. 'Touch-and-Glow' never streaks...never looks obvious. And only the color genius of Revlon can give you such natural skin tone shades...nine of them in all...each one with a 'Touch-and-Glow' Pressed Powder that matches it exactly.

Revlon 'Touch-and-Glow'
Old Reliable

I've been reading Photoplay since high school days—that's almost fifteen years now—and I've always enjoyed it.

Your choice of subjects keeps me up on newcomers and old friends. And I like the way you include people who aren't always the glittering type. Good acting can come from all kinds of people and those in the supporting cast of a picture are just as important as anyone else. There are some fine actors in the profession who, perhaps, will never reach star status but who can always be relied on for entertainment even if the stars flop.

GRACE HOWE
Wallingford, Conn.

Special from Frankie

Frankie Laine who's kept Juke boxes jumping for lo, these many years has turned poet long enough to give us a few ideas on what makes a singer and a song.

Like pal Perry—we get letters
Wonderful letters . . .

Serious ones, boy ones, fun, and then some.

Like the man who wanted to know
Now, about this rock 'n' roll—
Do you think it's slated to wreck
The morals of our teenage kids?
Oh, man, I said, now this is phooey.
They said the same thing about boogie woogie
And way back before that, son
They said it about the demoralizin' Charles-ton.

Let's trace it—from the start
There was Ragtime, Dixie, then came jazz—
The Charleston—Swing—that razzmatazz—
Boogie came in '42—stayed till 1950 too—
Then came Bop—a crazy round
Music way out there, cool cool sound.
So where do you go when that far avant?
Back to the beat—and fast.
Everyone wants to dance.

That's when rock 'n' roll was born
A lot of people called it corn—
But dance they did, to rhythm and blues.
So what's the next trend, writes a friend.
Wish I knew how to answer that
For a great big jackpot, nice and fat.
Some say it's classic—can't be avoided
Everything else has been exploited.
All that we know is just to test
When something old goes, we keep the best
Little bits of all good trends
Then launch a brand new thing that sends.

Through the years a lot of mail
Asks the question—never fails
A brand new talent, young and certain
How do you crash the gate—raise the cur-

Well, there's only one formula

On this I'm set—
It's keep on trying, no matter what,
Be better than good, if you hope for first
Be ready for heartaches and hurts that are worse.
But if you're solid, it can really happen
Elvis, Boone, Mathis have 'em stampin'—
But should you make it, that's only the start
You've got to keep pitching, with every part.
Be a philosopher, never a cynic
How can you miss if your heart is in it?
A million letters come along
Old boy, now tell me
How to sell my song?
Well there are hit songs never uncovered
So you keep on writing—you'll be discovered.
I've a brother named Sam, another named Joe
Here are a couple of boys who know
Give them a buzz at their place on the Strip
It's possible, falla, they'll dig out a hit.

And we get these letters...
Frank, turnarounds—what imagination
Makes 'em call you a big sensation.
We answer, well dad—could be delusion
I'm still laborin' to keep the illusion.
Now dear friends, 'bout staking this stand
Don't ever think it hasn't been grand.
Oops—it's been LeGrand all the way
After weeks of work, we've a new Long Play
You said FOREIGN AFFAIR couldn't be better?
Well now we'll see—if we get letters.

Hope your year's a great big gasser
Drop me a note, I'm your boy for an answer.

FRANKIE LAINE

Just for Jerry

Jerry Lewis is my favorite star, so I have composed this little poem for him:

Some people think you're zany,
You're funny, it's very true.
But I'll tell you something odd,
I see a different you.
I see the deep and warm brown eyes,
I see such handsome looks,
The things you've done for others,
Could fill a hundred books.
I love to sit and look at you,
You don't have to utter a sound.
If everyone could see you that way,
A new idea in hair coloring! It's fun, fast and foolproof...washes right out with your next shampoo!

Color Glo is for you. It's new! Not a rinse, not a dye, not a color shampoo. It's a fabulous foam. Just pour it on, foam it in and that's it. Natural-looking, silken color that won't rub off—will wash out when you shampoo!

Six sensational shades, 1.50 plus tax.
AT 20TH CENTURY-FOX, GEORGE STEVENS HAS COMPLETED

**the diary of anne frank**

**IN WHICH A GIRL WHO HAS NEVER APPEARED ON THE SCREEN IS ALREADY WORLD FAMOUS**
The Legend

I know Maurice Chevalier has been in the theater, movies and night clubs for years. I enjoyed him so much in "Gigi" (it was the first time I'd ever seen the legend "in person"). Just how long has Mr. Chevalier been around and what's the secret of his success?

MARY SMALL
New Brunswick, N. J.

We ask the same question ourselves, for, at seventy, Maurice Chevalier is just as much the devil-may-care boulèvardier as he was thirty years ago, when he was singing love songs to Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade."

In show business for fifty-nine years, he claims "Anybody can sing better than I." Yet songs he made famous, like "Louise," "Mimi" and "Valentine," are so closely identified with him that hardly anyone can imagine their lilting lyrics being sung by any other but Maurice Chevalier.

Perhaps the secret of his success is that, at seventy, eighty or ninety, he still always spell "Romance" Parisian style. With a straw hat tilted jauntily over one eye and a nonchalant attitude toward wine, women and song ("I lose them all," he says), his bubbling zest for life is infectious.

At first, though, Maurice was set on being an acrobat—nothing else would do. But after several serious accidents, he decided that the stage might be safer. His first big success came when the legendary Mistinguette chose him as her dancing partner. Later came a starring role opposite Elsie Janis, and from then on there was no stopping young Maurice. American movies called and he made a series of musicals for Paramount, but his heart was always with "live" audiences. He felt that his intimate approach to a song was best appreciated by them.

"Love in the Afternoon" and "Gigi" ("I loved everything about that picture," he says) have, he feels, "opened up a whole new world of possibilities" for him. Yet his one-man club show is still closest to his heart for it makes it possible for him to visit his favorite cities—London, New York and Los Angeles.

Home for him will always be his house at Marne-la-Croquette, a half-hour drive from Paris. Here he lives surrounded by the gardens which are his pride and joy. Amid a variety of flowers, and surrounded by plane trees, is a statue of his mother, who stands there smiling at the lovely scene. "I plan the garden so that something new is always ready to come into bloom," he says. "Each year my gardener and I plant annuals to bloom at varied times during the growing season. We also try to have the colors harmonize. It adds much interest to a garden to have something coming to life all the time."

"This, I think, would be a good way to plan one's life—like a garden—to have many varied and colorful interests all through life. I think, you Americans say 'Never a dull moment.' That's what I mean. To take up new interests as one grows, to have a variety of friends, to be able to enjoy all types of literature. Oh lo! I sound so wise," he laughed.

Then he goes on, "When one is young, I suppose that is when the roots really set inside. The better the roots, the more lovely the color and fragrance of life, as in flowers. If one is fortunate enough to be given a good and varied education, that would help. But it is not essential. Anyway, too much sun or too much rain is not good for flowers or people. People. I think, need varied nourishment to develop to their best level. Myself, I like to write, to look at paintings, to enjoy many different types of friends—the only thing in common is that they are good friends."—Ed.

Spotlight on Character

Could you please tell me something about Mildred Dunnock? I think she's one of the finest character actresses I've seen ("Peyton Place," "Baby Doll") and I'm sure some of her other fans would like to read something about her.

AUGIE FROMAN
St. Louis, Mo.

Though Mildred Dunnock started her film life as a teacher (in "The Corn Is Green") and is currently moving sympathetic and sometimes shrewd manner (Miss Thornton in "Peyton Place"), her celluloid career really got off to a flying start when Richard Widmark flung her down a flight of stairs in "Kiss of Death." Most people are aware that Dick was an overnight sensation as the giggling menace who gave some poor old lady a free ride to eternity. Few realize that Mildred was "it."

"There I was, all strapped into this wheelchair, and Dick Widmark was to wheel me off this plank they had set up and then four men were supposed to be there to catch me. And Dick kept cackling fiendishly, 'I'm really going to throw you down the stairs, Millie.' Well, we did it and everything came off fine—we thought. But somewhere a light jiggled that wasn't supposed to and they ordered another take. And at that, Dick turned white and kept mumbling, 'I can't do it—I just (continued)
Elsa Maxwell, the famous hostess to world celebrities, is being showered with praise by Hollywood stars for her splendid etiquette book. In Hollywood they are calling it the most useful and entertaining book on the subject ever written.

A Gay, Entertaining Book

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

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

A Social Education

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

Only $1.00

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

Send me postpaid a copy of ELSA MAXWELL'S ETIQUETTE BOOK. I enclose $1.00.

NAME______________

ADDRESS______________

EARTHAMOWE HOUSE, INC., Dept. PP-1158--
205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

(Continue)

I'm not a legal partner or anything like that, but I do have an investment in it. And we cater mostly to people of middle-class income and sell things for the dining room and parlor—household adornments, things like that. It's no big business or anything like that—then it wouldn't be any fun.

Acting and the shop aside, Mildred is also partial to something she vaguely refers to as "making new things out of old things," embroidering, painting around the house, young people, exploring old houses, the writings of Tennessee Williams, director Elia Kazan and the work of close friend Arthur Kennedy ("a real artist"). And watching her talk about acting is perhaps the most interesting of all these many things.

She will start with a basic premise or opinion, unravel it until it somehow gets out of control, and then search vainly for exactly the right phrase to cap it. All of which lends substance to a recent remark by an old friend: "Millie is one of a vanishing breed in the entertainment world of today—she'd much rather act than talk about it."

—EB
I DREAMED
I MADE SWEET MUSIC IN MY NEW MAIDENFORM* BRA!

The bra that was born to be worn with the new "Empire Look"!

Sweetest bra this side of heaven... new Sweet Music by Maidenform! Specially stitched cups with figure-shaping under-cups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups... an elastic band under the cups makes this bra fit like a custom-made. You try it! 2.50

Price slightly higher in Canada

And ask for a maidenform* girdle, too!

Look for this package everywhere
WHAT DO DOCTORS DO TO RELIEVE TENSE NERVOUS HEADACHES?

3 out of 4 recommend the ingredients of ANACIN® for headache pain.

DOCTORS KNOW ASPIRIN HAS ONLY ONE PAIN RELIEVER...

Add buffering and you still have only one.

ANACIN relieves pain, calms nerves, fights depression.

Anacin gives you more complete relief than aspirin, even with buffering added. Here’s why. Anacin is like a doctor’s prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven ingredients. Anacin (1) promptly relieves pain of headache, neuritis, neuralgia. (2) Calms jittery nerves — leaves you relaxed. (3) Fights depression. And Anacin Tablets are safe, do not upset your stomach. Buy Anacin today!

FOR FAST FAST FAST RELIEF

YOUR NEEDLECRAFT

7199—Cheerful doll to place over electric mixer. Her full skirt covers it, keeps it spotless. Use colorful remnants to make doll. Pattern, transfer, directions.


7277—Stunning doily for table or TV, or you can join four 24-inch doily squares to make a handsome tablecloth. Crochet directions for 24-inch square.

7353—Delight a youngster with a quilt appliqued with horses and cowboys, each a single patch. Patch patterns, directions and yardages for youth and single beds.

736—Bright Eyes and Sleepy Head are fun to make from a pair of man’s size 12 cotton socks. Pattern for 12-inch sock dolls, pajamas, and face transfer.

Send twenty-five cents (in coins) for each pattern to: Photoplay, Needlecraft Service, P. O. Box 123, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Add five cents for each pattern for first-class mailing. Send an additional 25¢ for Needlecraft Catalogue.
NOW! Another beauty “plus” from LANOLIN PLUS!

New Kind of Shampoo Waves and Curls Hair!

ACTUALLY CONDITIONS, CURLS AND CLEANS...AT THE SAME TIME!

New protein waving shampoo washes in long-lasting curls and waves as it washes out dirt and dulling film!

Yes! You can have lovely, lustrous, lasting curls and waves today! Forget about extra lotions, neutralizers, end papers, hair spray sets, nightly pin-curl drudgery. Don’t bother with expensive permanents. All you need ever do is shampoo with amazing new Wash 'n Curl!

The magic of this gentle, golden liquid shampoo is its exclusive formula of precious, health-giving proteins and heart-of-lanolin that actually conditions and curls as it cleans!

And wonderful Wash 'n Curl is so very easy to use. Simply wash your hair as with any ordinary shampoo. Let the billowy lather remain 5 minutes, then rinse and set.

Instantly, your hair takes on a new, glorious, silken-soft luster, full of exciting, dancing highlights! At last you enjoy the springy, natural-looking curls and waves you've longed for! Obedient curls and waves that last from shampoo to shampoo, thanks to Wash 'n Curl!

Guaranteed Long-Lasting Results...

even with children's soft, fine hair

...or your money back

Safe for all ages, all hair types. Dry, oily, normal, bleached, dyed, damaged, permanent-waved—even children's hard-to-manage hair—or money back!

on sale at cosmetic counters everywhere

No wonder the ladies (bless 'em) are going wild over NEW wash 'n curl WAVING SHAMPOO

TRADEMARK
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. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is 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 "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here... Perspop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.

Why be only Half Safe? use Arrid to be sure!

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, Arrid with Perspop® actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BADLANDERS--THE--M.G.M.-Directed by Delmer Daves; Peter Van Eyke, Alan Ladd; John McIntire, Ernest Borgnine, Julie, Katy Jurado, Ada Wistar, Claire Kelly; Cyril Leasure, Kent Smith; Vincente, Nehemiah Persoff, Vanty, Robert Emhardt, Lomechen, Anthony Caruso; Leslie, Adam Williams; Warden, Fred Rainey; Lee, John Daly.

CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE--Trans-Lux. Directed by Jean-Paul Le Chanois; Dr. Laurent, Jean Gabour, Françoise, Nicole Courcelle, Catherine Loubet, Sylvie Vontier; with Arius, Daxey, Michael Barbe, Serge Daves, Georges Lannes. Orane Demaig, Mag Avril, Balpetre, Joussel.

DEFIANT, ONES, THE--U.A.-Directed by Stanley Kramer; John Jackson, Tony Curtis; Yvonne De Carlo, Sydne Todd, Sheriff Max Muller, Theodore Bikel; Captain Franz Gibbons, Charles McLendon, Pleas, Lou Cheaney, Sally, King Donovan; Mac, Claude Akins; Editor, Lawrence Dobkin; Lee, White Bissell; Anne, Carl Switzer; The Kid, Kevin Coughlin; The Woman, Cara Williams.

FRIEND WHO WALKED THE WEST, THE--20th. Directed by Gordon Douglas; Hardy, Hugh O'Brian; Felix Griffin, Robert Evans; McVay, Dolores Michaels, Helen Hargreaves, Linda Cristal; Emmett, Stephen McNally; Judge Parker, Edward Andrews; Dyer, Rom Ely; Finney, Ken Scott; Ams, Emile Meyer; Mage, Gregory Mor- ton; Janie, Shari Lee Bernath.

HOUSEBOAT--Paramount. Directed by Mel Shavelson; Tom Watson, Cary Grant; Claudia Fara, Sophia Louise, Martha Hye: Robert Watson, Charles Herbert; Elizabeth Watson, Milly Gibson; David Winston, Paul Petersen; Astuto Zaccardi, Eduardo Can- nelli; Angelo Donsello, Harry Guarino; Alan Wilson, Murray Hamilton.

ME AND THE COLONEL--Columbia. Directed by Peter Glenville; S. L. Jacobsonky, Danny Kaye; Colonel Prokoway, Curt Jurgens; Suzanne Rowan, Nicole Maurey, Madame Bouffier, Franc- ois Rossey; Scobbasee, Akin Tamaridze; Mother Superior, Martita Hunt; Major Van Bergen, Alexander Scourby; Cosette, Lllane Montevechi; Dr. Satch, Ludwig Stouel; Ger- man Captain, Gerald Bühr.

RELLUCTANT DEBUTANTE, THE--M.G.M.-Directed by Vincente Minelli; Jimmy Broderick, Rex Harrison; Sheila Broadbent, Kay Kendall; David Parkson, John Savon; Jane Broadbent, Sandra Dee; Mabel Claremont, Angela Lansbury; David Fennor, Peter Myers; Christina Claremont, Diane Clare.

TALE OF TWO CITIES, A--Rank. Directed by Ralph Thomas; Sydney Carter, Dirk Bogarde, Emile Mouette, Dorothy Tutin; Jersa Larry, Cecil Parker; Dr. Mouette, Stephen Murray; Mike Pratt, Athene Seyler; Charles Darnay, Paul Quers; Marie Gabelle, Marie Versini; Gabelle, Ian Bannen; Jerry Ross, Alfie Bass; Styr- er, Ernest Clark; Madame Defarge, Rosalie Crutchley; Veuve, Freda Jackson; Ernest Defarge, Dunstan Lamont; Markute St. Ever- monde, Christopher Lee; Attache General-Old Bailey, Leo McKern; Mrs. Borrad, Donald Pleasence; Sanver, Eric Pohlmann.

TRUTH ABOUT WOMEN, THE--Continental. Directed by Muriel Horn; Humphrey DeForest, Lawrence Harvey; Helen Cooper, Julie Harris; Imbattier, Fanny, Cluent, Julie, Mai Zetterling; Louie, Eva Gabor; Rollo, Michael Drasinon; Anthony, Derek Farr; Court, Esie Labourdette, Charles Taussatte, Roland Culver; Sir George Taussatte, Wilfred Hyde White; Satola, Jackie Lane; Lady Taussatte, Ambrosine Philpott; Sultana, Robert Riety, Marcella, Bal- binii, Francois, Christo Carugo, Otto Kretzov, Marius Goring; Treyor, Thorley Walters; Judge, Ernest Tesigoni; Sir Jeremy, Griffith Jones; Baker, Hal Osmond, Raree, John Glynn-Jones.

WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES--Way- ners. Directed by Nicholas Ray; Cottommouth, Burt Young, Burt Talbot, Christopher Plummer; Alex, Bradford, Gypsy Rose Lee, Aaron Nathan, Gurney, Van Doren, Berry, Terry, Gallego; George, Howard Smith, Bigamy Bob, Emmett Kelly; Sawdust, Pat Henning, Noam, China Eden, Professor, Curt Conway; Writer, Peter Falk; Sleepy, Fred Grossinger; Lazer, Sammy Renick; One-Note, Toch Brown; Howard Ross Morgan, Frank Rothe; Judge Harris, MacKinlay Kantor.
Here's the answer to your ever-recurring question:

What shall I serve for dinner tonight?

Just think of it—no more dinner-time worries! With the help of Demetria Taylor's new meat cook book you can add excitement and glamor to all your dinners.

Now there is no need to serve your family the same old humdrum dinners night after night. Now there are new and better ways to prepare meat. Now there are endless ways to add variety and excitement to all your meat dishes. Don't you be satisfied with old-fashioned methods of preparing beef, lamb, pork and veal. Today's new methods open up a whole new world of taste-tantalizing dishes that will amaze your family and friends.

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B. Eyes right: new Maybelline Brush 'n Comb to groom eyebrows, remove surplus mascara and separate lashes. Clear plastic with nylon bristles. 39¢.

C. Bonne Bell Ten-O-Six lotion, medicated liquid cleanser to keep skin radiantly clean, help normalize both lazy and over-active oil glands. 4 oz., $1.75.*

D. Golden Autumn, Prince Matchabelli's new cologne, is a woody Indian summer fragrance with leafy, mossy accents. $2.00.* Spray mist, $2.50.*

E. Eye cues: new DuBarry eye shadow stick in four shades—turquoise, royal blue, emerald green, star silver—to use alone or in combination. Each, $1.35.*

*plus tax
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* T.M. © Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.
Houseboat

Sophia Loren's problem is very simple—her romantic life is a big nothing. A wealthy girl seeking adventure, her quest leads to Cary Grant (bottom left), diplomat, widowed father of three and in desperate need of a housekeeper. One reel later, they are all parked on a houseboat out on the Potomac—and hating it. The woodwork is afflicted with leprosy and the roof resembles a Swiss cheese. Lightning frightens little Elizabeth, and David and Bobby are not sure they like their old man at all. Sophia is a domestic washout and is further addicted to late snoring. Actually, Sophia has solved two problems in this picture. Fans of her Italian comedies have long wondered when their girl would be allowed to cut loose and have some fun. It happens here, and the gal is tremendous. And anyone who has previously watched the elegant Mr. Grant do battle with unruly children knows what fun that is. In brief, Paramount has produced the most completely charming picture of the year—a delight from start to finish.

The Defiant Ones

This intense and compelling saga of a jailbreak ranks high among the few films to combine message and drama at the same time. Two convicts—Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier, top left—one white, one negro, are shackled together on a chain gang. To make their break, each must take the other along. Harried and hounded by a posse, their mutual hatred turns into respect and eventually into a solid bond of comradeship. The finale is a moving testament to simple humanity. Anyone who has been watching Tony Curtis since "Trapeze" shouldn't be surprised at his current acting. Poitier has long been one of America's major actors. And Cara Williams as the film's lone femme is, as always, first rate.

The Reluctant Debutante

The unwilling damsel of the title is Sandra Dee, American-born daughter of Rex Harrison. Visiting her dad in the middle of what fashionable Londoners call "the season," she soon finds herself maneuvered by stepmother Kay Kendall through all the strange ritual of a "coming out." Just as our girl is ready to die of boredom, up pops John Saxon. But he plays the drums. Furthermore, he's half Italian. Tsk, tsk! So much for the "what" of this film. As to the "how"—director Vincente Minnelli has decked it out with every trick known to farce—some of them pay off handsomely. Sandra Dee is attractive and Saxon, placidly pleasant, but the main focus is on Rex Harrison and wife Kay Kendall, with actress Kendall cavorting like a piece of highly animated celery. Harrison sparks his scenes with a master's touch, gets a laugh practically every time he opens his mouth.

Me and The Colonel

Jacobowsky and the colonel are as mismated a pair as you could find. Both are fleeing the onrushing Nazis across the France of 1940—the one a gentle and resourceful Jew, the other an anti-Semitic Polish officer bound for London. Further complications ensue when the colonel's girl friend finds herself drawn to Jacobowsky. Initially antagonistic, the two men gradually learn to know and respect each other. There is sometimes an indecision as to when to play for laughs, with the film taking a bit long to get going. But if the tone is uncertain, the performances are not. In the title roles, Danny Kaye and Curt Jurgens (continued)
For the first time... you're free as the wind—lithe as a tiger's leap. Firmolastic™ control stripes are actually woven into the stretch fabric! No overlapping seams, no bulky panels, no sewed-in tapes. Sheer power!

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Only Lady Sunbeam has the "compact" shape and the new Micro-Twin shaving head with two sides for two feminine grooming problems. One side shaves legs—the other side shaves tender underarms close, clean and smooth. Enjoy this gentle, quick, safe way to keep neat, fresh and dainty with the New Lady Sunbeam Shavemaster Shaver. For a limited time, most Sunbeam dealers are including the famous Stork Club’s very own Sortilege Cologne with the purchase of a Lady Sunbeam alone.

MOVIES continued

switch off—buffoon for straight man and vice versa. Kaye extracts a full measure of pathos and humanity from Jacobowsky, and Jurgen plays with a broadly comic dash few actors would dare or bring off as well. Nicole Maurey is properly decorative as the colonel’s "lady," and Akim Tamiroff is hilarious as his orderly.

FAMILY

The Badlanders

Amazing what a few twists here and there will do for some tired old situations. For one thing, ex-cons Alan Ladd and Ernest Borgnine not only rob a gold mine, they take the loot and ride happily off into the sunset. It’s carefully explained that they are merely getting even for being tossed unjustly into the jug in the first place. Then there’s Katy Jurado, a dame who has been a bit too liberal with her favors. But she has a "good heart"; she gets Borgnine. Finally there is beautiful Claire Kelly, clearly being "supported" by wealthy Kent Smith and loving it. Her heart clinks like a cash register and she gets Ladd. None of these people is particularly admirable but they are great fun to watch. There’s a couple of lively brawls, a rousing combination gunfight-and-fireworks finale, and the mine robbery itself is a skillful exercise in excruciating tension.

FAMILY

The Case of Dr. Laurent

Dr. Laurent of Paris (Jean Gabin) has some peculiar ideas, one of them being that age-old methods of childbirth are tragically unnecessary and dangerous. To the suspicious residents of the little town to which he has come to...
That's how Claire Bloom describes Lux. As one of Hollywood's prettiest young stars, Miss Bloom knows how important it is to have a complexion that looks lovely at all times. So she uses Lux.

Naturally gentle Lux, with its creamy cosmetic lather, can do as much for you. All four pastels and White Lux come in complexion and bath sizes. The Lux fragrance is a blend of many fine perfumes used by more beautiful women all over the world than any other soap . . . Lux is the proven beauty care. Lever Brothers unconditionally guarantees complete satisfaction with Lux—or money back.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Stars depend on Lux
practice, this does not sit well at all. His lectures on natural childbirth are treated with scorn, though Francine (Nicole Courcel), an unwed pregnant servant girl, volunteers to learn his methods. Francine is also the butt of local ridicule and the two make an apt pair. But gradually interest intensifies as Francine goes about the prescribed exercises. Women wonder about just why childbirth should be a thing to fear, and the town splits right down the middle in furious debate. Not the least of this film's many virtues is its triumphant good taste. It treats with enormous skill through the sensitive areas of pregnancy, marital relations and maternity. English language dubbed in.

**Wind Across the Everglades**

**WARNERS, TECHNIRAMA**

This saga of the struggle to preserve Everglades bird life was filmed by Warners in its natural Florida setting, and the results unfold in scene after scene of stunning visual magnificence. Unfortunately actors keep getting in front of it. Furthermore there is a script. No matter—the glory of the Everglades overpowers all. Against this superb backdrop is enacted the battle to banish marauding hunters and preserve it as a wild life sanctuary. Burt Ives, Christopher Plummer and Gypsy Rose Lee are among those involved.

**The Fiend Who Walked the West**

**20TH, CINEMASCOPE**

The maniacal menace of the title is a vacant-eyed creature named Felix, played to shocking perfection by Robert Evans. When a sadistic prison guard tries to gouge his eyes, Felix feeds him ground glass. After Felix leaves prison, and as this gruesome film unreeles, he shoots an old lady with a bow and arrow, coolly blasts her son with a shotgun, frightens a pregnant woman into miscarriage, cruelly ambushes two sheriffs, and tortures and kills his mistress. Eventually he is tracked down and exterminated by Hugh O'Brian, Stephen McNally and several other actors, all playing their roles quite effectively. Actually, as an exercise in sheer horror, this film is hard to beat. But it is definitely not recommended for children. As for adults—those with strong stomachs may find it to their taste. The squeamish are advised to look elsewhere.

**The Truth About Women**

**Continental, Eastmancolor**

This little grab-bag of five separate excursions into the ways of love would be altogether forgettable were it not for some delightful non-sense along the way. The reminiscences of Sir Humphrey Tavistock (Laurence Harvey) match him against a suffragette, a hareem girl and true love—all easily dismissed. But when he gets to Paris—ah! All the rules are topsy-turvy in a manner only the French could manage, and some decent work by Eva Gabor and an enchanting French pastry named Elina Labourdette make this section sparkle. In the fifth episode, Humphrey is sued for 5000 pounds by an aggrieved husband. "Is your wife worth 5000 pounds?" scream the London tabloids as the judge and lawyers merrily turn the trial into a circus. The entire film is lavishly set and the color is gorgeous. And despite the presence of such stellar names as Harvey, Miss Gabor, Julie Harris and several others, La Labourdette is far and away the best thing in the picture.

**A Tale of Two Cities**

**J. ARTHUR RANK**

This film marks an abrupt departure for the British. Their previous adaptations of the works of Charles Dickens have been both excellent and memorable. This current effort has seen. All the well-remembered elements are here. Crow-faced Madame Defarge knits ominously while her fellow Parisians swill wine from the gutters like half-crazed animals. Over in London, Charles Darney zealously guards the secret of his aristocratic French birth, weds pretty Lucie Manette, secretly loved by disolute Sidney Carton. Coaches clatter excitedly through pea-soup fogs, the Bastille is stormed, the guillotine lops off heads. And all of it emerges as singularly unconvincing. The production is uniformly mediocre.

**TV's Wyatt Earp, Hugh O'Brian's both good and bad; Bob Evans, all bad.**

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**NOW PLAYING**

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

**ANDY HARDY COMES HOME—MGM:** Andy returns to Carvel and Mickey Rooney returns to the role that made him famous. A crooked rental agent tries to ruin Andy's real estate deal, is thwarted with loyal help of Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker. (F) October

**BIG COUNTRY—THE—U.A.; Technicolor:** The greatest parlor trick, western-wise, since "Shane." Its director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker, Charleton Heston, Burt Ives, Chuck Connors, emerging with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—MGM:** Technicolor: Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) Oct.

**GIGI—MGM:** CinemaScope, Technicolor: Lots of charm and gorgeous Parisian settings distinguish this fine musical. Demure princess of France, Leslie Caron is groomed to be some rich man's pet. Louis Jouvet wins her heart but Maurice Chevalier steals the show. (A) June

**HUNTERS, THE—20TH:** CineamaScope, De Luxe Color: Thunderjets and Mig's fight it out over Korea, May Britt and Robert Mitchum struggle with their emotions, and Robert Wagner does his finest acting to date. (F) Sept.

**MATCHMAKER, THE—PARAMOUNT:** VistaVision: Ably aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) September

**OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—WARNERS:** Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pittorial splendor, Spencer Tracy gives a powerfully low-keyed man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F)

**PARISIENNE, LA—U.A.; Technicolor:** Flip farce that glibly treats of infidelity and extramarital affairs—with Bardot and Boyer in the boudoir, in French and English. (A) August

**TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS—U.I.: Eastman Color:** Rock Hudson, Cyd Charisse and Arthur Kennedy in a low-voltage drama that has a distressing habit of spelling out its emotions in block capitals. (F) September

**VOICE IN THE MIRROR—U.I.: CINE-**

**MASSCOPE:** Richard Egan falls off the wagon and into his juiciest role to date. Wife Julie London and doctor Walter Matthau can't help, but formation of A-type group with pal Arthur O'Connell does the trick. (A) September

**WHITE WILDERNESS—Buena Vista:** Technicolor: Walt Disney's finest True-Life Adventure takes you on a guided tour through the wonders of the Arctic—with seals, polar bears, wolves, whales, ermine and a host of magnificent sights and sounds. (F) October

**WHOLE TRUTH, THE—Columbia:** Stewart Granger, Donna Reed and George Sanders unravel a tricky little puzzle in which a "corps" comes back and the wages of sin almost get paid to the wrong man. (A) October
New Kotex napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer. Now Kotex adds the Kimlon center to increase absorbency, to keep stains from going through. With this inner fabric, the Kotex napkin stays even softer, holds its shape for perfect fit. Choose Kotex—the name you know best—in this smart new package.
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Wonderfully effective ENDEN now in clear golden liquid, too! No alcohol in ENDEN!

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Available at cosmetics counters and beauty salons everywhere.
DICK CLARK cheers:

WHO DO WE APPRECIATE...

2-4-6-8

EVERLY BROTHERS
Boy,” said Tony Mammarella, “that Princeton team is red hot.”

“Correction,” said I—and I had to really speak up to be heard above the blare of the football game over the car radio. “Teams are red hot—or haven’t you been following the record charts?”

Tony nodded, but that was all. It was fourth down for the Tigers and Tony wasn’t about to be diverted by shop talk. But a few days later, just as if all those hours hadn’t passed between, Tony picked up the conversation. He’s producer on my “American Bandstand” and we work together closely. So if one of us starts a thought, the other will pick it up—even if it sometimes isn’t till days later.

The second time we talked about teams was just a few weeks ago. We were driving home after a record hop and we were just a wee bit tired. The “we” included myself, Tony and two of the representatives from record companies who had joined us for the outing. After rehearsing for the television show and then going on the air with “Bandstand,” we had had only just enough time to grab a quick snack before heading for the hop.

Now it was just around eleven at night and there wasn’t too much traffic on the road. One of the fellows began to hum some of the song hits of the (Continued on page 91)

by
DICK CLARK
Connie Coderini, Bernie Toorish, Frank Busseri and Jim Arnold.

Tedd Kowalski, Mike Douglas, Bill Reed and Dave Somerville (front).

Fred Milano, Dion Di Mucci, Carlo Mastrangelo, Angelo D'Alco.

From left: Danny Rapp, Joe Terranova, Dave White, Frank Maffei.

DANNY and the JUNIORS
You can't tell your favorites without a scorecard!

TEAM: The Everly Brothers
HIGH SCORER: "Bye, Bye Love"
THREAT: "Bird Dog"
PLAY FOR: Cadence Records
LINEUP:
Don Everly: Age 21, 5'10", 150, brown hair, gray-blue eyes, digs painting, sketching, records
Phil Everly: Age 19, 5'10", 150, blond hair, gray-blue eyes, digs foreign sports-cars, fencing

TEAM: The Diamonds
HIGH SCORER: "The Stroll"
THREAT: "Eternal Love"
PLAY FOR: Mercury Records
LINEUP:
Dave Somerville: Age 25, 6', 165, dark brown hair, brown eyes, loves tinkering with radios, classical music, collecting records
Bill Reed: Age 22, 6'2", 180, light brown hair, blue eyes, likes studying music (Bach to bop)
Tedd Kowalski: Age 26, 5'10", 175, sandy hair, blue eyes, studies electrical engineering
Mike Douglas: Age 22, 6'2", 180, black hair, brown eyes, digs all sports, the theater

TEAM: Danny and the Juniors
HIGH SCORER: "At the Hop"
THREAT: "Dottie"
PLAY FOR: Am-Par Records
LINEUP:
Danny Rapp: Age 18, 5'4", 110, brown hair, brown eyes, likes cars, cars, cars and racing meets
Dave White: Age 19, 5'8", 145, brown hair, blue eyes, digs golf, swimming—outdoor fun
Joe Terranova: Age 18, 5'8", 135, brown hair, brown eyes, loves records and swimming
Frank Maffei: Age 18, 5'7", 130, black hair, brown eyes, likes boating and swimming

TEAM: Dion and the Belmonts
HIGH SCORER: "I Wonder Why"
THREAT: "No One Knows"
PLAY FOR: Laurie Records
LINEUP:
Dion Di Mucca: Age 18, 5'9", 165, brown hair, blue eyes, likes New York and baseball
Angelo D'Aleo: Age 18, 5'7½", 135, black hair, brown eyes, collects classical albums
Fred Milano: Age 18, 5'10", 145, black hair, brown eyes, classical pianist, Yankee fan
Carlo Mastrangelo: Age 20, 6', 180, black hair, brown eyes, likes jazz drums, Dodgers
what's right with this picture?

HOPE and DON
As I hung up the phone, Mother came into the room and I gave her the happy news.

"Hopie's in town and wants me to meet her at six. Says she has lots of plans."

Mother didn't answer.

"I said Hopie's in town."

"I heard you the first time, dear."

"And she's got a million plans for while she's here."

"Naturally!"

"Naturally what?" I said, almost in self-defense. For some reason I was beginning to feel guilty for no reason at all.

"If Hopie is in town, naturally she will call you, naturally she will have a million plans, and naturally you will fall all over yourself to become involved."

"Well, after all, she is my best friend."

"Of course she is and I'm very fond of the child but really, darling, you have to admit to yourself that Hopie has a strange effect on you, even after all these years. I'd hoped it would change as you two grew up, but I've yet to see any promising signs."

"I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," I said somewhat huffily.

"You know just what I mean," Mother said, looking me straight in the eye. "That girl is as—she's just downright—well, I'm sure she hasn't changed one bit since the last time you saw her or, for that matter, since she was a little girl. I said it then and I still say it. She's Hopeless!"

I had to smile and I had to agree, and as I dressed to meet Hopie at her hotel I thought back to our first meeting long ago in Greenwich Village and then—I had to laugh . . .

As I skidded around the corner on Waverly Place I knew I was going too fast, and to make matters worse, one skate had come loose. So I did the only sensible thing, I stopped—or to be perfectly honest—I fell flat on my face. Luckily, I just missed a large mud puddle not more than a foot (Continued on page 77)
From the first day I met Donald Patric Murray I knew he was a guy who was going places. Everyone knew it and none of us was wrong. We were in high school and, unfortunately, he had a one track mind; he kept going to the same place week in and week out—the principal's office! Don spent more time on detention in the principal's office than anyone else in our class at East Rockaway High School, New York.

It wasn't that he got involved in incidents—incidents just naturally got involved with Don. Some people are accident prone. Don was incident prone.

Like the time he showed up for gym class. He was late, per usual—no sense of time was a disease in the Murray house—and we were all waiting around in the gym, the instructor tapping his foot and giving us all sour looks like we were to blame. Next thing you know, in prances Murray, dribbling a ball around the court, whistling and as happy as a lark. The instructor let out a bellow and, in a tone I must say I felt unfitting for a member of the teaching profession, hissed: "Murray, report to the prin—"

But he needn't have bothered because Don had already circled the gym and was exiting out the door on his way to the principal's office himself.

Being fifteen minutes late wasn't really that serious, but somehow I think the long red underwear and feather duster dangling from his drop seat was the last straw as far as the instructor was concerned. But then, he was new on the staff and that was his first introduction to Donald Murray.

Don was never one for formality.

I guess before I go any further it would be only fair to say something about Don's background so you won't get the impression he was a complete nut.

I think from the minute he was born Don wanted to be an (Continued on page 76)
In July's PHOTOPLAY George Nader asked—

now—

George personally answers the

4,688 girls who said "yes"

Wow! How lucky can a guy get? When Photoplay asked me to write the article, "Are You the Girl I'm Looking For?", of course I was happy for the opportunity to sound off on the subject. But never, in my wildest dreams, did I imagine anything like the response I got. Bushel baskets of letters pouring in to me, and to Photoplay's offices in New York and Hollywood. And 4,688 of them—that's right, 4,688—offering to become the future Mrs. Nader!

To say this has amazed—and dazed—me is putting it mildly. With 4,688 candidates, all doubtless desirable, to choose from, what's a guy to do?

Well, there was one immediate problem: answering all those letters. Let me say right here that it wasn't the number of them that floored me. Every one was so thoughtful, and kind and sincere. Of course, I'd have liked to answer each one personally. But when I had to report to U-I every morning at 6:30, ready for action (or I hope you'll call it acting) in "Appointment With a Shadow" and didn't wend my weary way homeward until 8:00 in the evening, this was impossible. Come to think of it, even if I hadn't (Continued on page 94)
Why? For the thousandth time since that terrible August day when it had happened, Elvis Presley asked himself that question. "Why did Mom have to die now?" He straddled a chair, his arms folded on its wooden back, his head buried in his arms. She was only forty-two, he thought, that's too young to die. He stared at the plain barracks wall. Outside was Frankfurt, Germany. That had been one of the things they'd planned together—their first trip to Europe.

When the Army had told his platoon they were being sent over, Elvis had rushed for the phone.

"Mom," he'd shouted. "How'd you like to go to Europe? Yes, the Army's sending me. Mom, you'd go first-class. Staterooms on a big liner, the best hotels . . ."

"Oh, Elvis," she'd protested. "You know Dad and I aren't used to that sort of thing . . ."

They'd planned the trip and he'd even made arrangements to take a little house for her and Dad near the camp. "On leaves, we'll drive through Europe. We'll fly to Rome and visit Zurich and . . ." he'd promised. After years of working so hard . . . years when they couldn't even afford (Continued on page 90)
The air crackled with excitement. Traffic outside the fabulous Cocoanut Grove was jammed, honking cars tangled three-deep, and a string of cops tried vainly to keep back the crowds, lined up thick for blocks. Teenagers, in line since afternoon, had even brought suppers in brown paper bags. The occasion? Judy Garland’s opening in Hollywood, her own back yard. The glitter abounded out front, all right, but backstage, Judy’s old panic had returned, and the odds were high she’d never go on. Photographers, reporters, well-wishers, her family—all closed in on her. She fought to regain her confidence. And then, too soon, it was time to go on. The yammering crowd
stilled. The spotlight flooded on, picking up Judy—standing in a stark wool and satin suit, slit skirt and black stockings—at the top of the huge stairway. She grabbed the mike abruptly and started tensely down the steps. Suddenly, as she reached the stage, she tripped against a table jammed into the aisle. A woman nearby gasped. Tony Curtis, sitting at ringside, tried to help. “Well, the act’s broken in now!” Judy laughed, and the tension was broken. The audience went wild, and from that moment on, Judy held them in the palm of her hand. After the third duet encore of “Swanee,” with daughter Liza, a radiant Judy asked the crowd, “What’ll I do for a fast get-off now?”

Then a squeaky voice from the last row piped, “Why don’t you sing ‘Swanee,’ lady?” It was Jerry Lewis!

When it was all over, Frank Sinatra wept, Tony Curtis was flabbergasted and Judy called it the happiest night of her life. She and Hollywood had fallen in love again.

**How Many Stars** can you count in this picture?

Joan Crawford, Jean Simmons, Rock Hudson, Lauren Bacall, Jane Russell, Judy Garland, Marilyn were just a few of the names on the guest list.
WHO WAS WITH WHOM?

ROCK, LAUREN ARE ITEM

If there were any dying sparks left of the once flaming Bacall-Sinatra romance, none were evident at the Grove's gala Regency Room party following Judy's opening. Between Lauren, who dated Leonard Gershe, and Frankie, who came with nightclub impresario Jack Entratter, cool, cool drafts wafted. But to others, Lauren was gay, making the round of greetings to her many friends, including a tête-à-tête with Rock Hudson, right—and some even whispered of a possible new Hudson-Bacall duo a-brewing. Sinatra, his usual casual self, got into a gag tussle with Jerry Lewis, at three a.m.—wound up at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel drugstore, with buddy Entratter, having bagels and lox—but no Bacall.
DEAN AND JERRY:
JUST LIKE OLD TIMES?

JERRY: Gosh, this Cocoanut Grove's a classy joint.
DEAN: Is that right, Jer?
JERRY: Yeah, right after the show I saw a waiter roll in one of those fancy tables on wheels and on it was one of those juicy roast suckling pigs—with an apple in its mouth! Y'know, Dino, they really know how to serve baked apple around here!
(And Jerry and Dean slapped each other on the back heartily.)
"Just like old times," wagged a guest.
Had Martin and Lewis buried something? A hatchet?

LANA STEPS OUT

Lana Turner, making her first public appearance in months, looked slim, more beautiful, got strong applause. She came with Del Armstrong, her makeup man, ten of Cheryl's pals.

Exclusive photographs by Photoplay's Roger Marshutz
I never dreamed I, Judy Plumb, schoolgirl from Iowa, could find such love from strangers . . .

I baby-sat for the PAT BOONES

Mommy, why is Judy crying?” Lindy asked her mother. “Why is she packing her clothes?” Lindy was perched on the edge of the satin-quilted bed in the master bedroom of the big California villa that the Pat Boones had rented since coming to Hollywood, “because it was the only house with four bedrooms.”

“Is she crying because I hurt myself?” Lindy went on.

Shirley pressed a gay, polka-dotted band-aid against her daughter's scraped knee. “Judy's crying because she’s (Continued on page 86)
If anyone had told Judy she'd be spending her summer with Pat Boone, she'd have blamed it on the Iowa sun.

Cherry and Lindy got their first look at Judy at an airport. Now, at another airport, they were saying goodbye to the baby-sitter they'd come to love.
"Mike, these tender things remind me of you"

One gray day, three months after Mike Todd's death, Elizabeth Taylor Todd faced the hardest task of her life: packing away, sorting out, disposing of the remnants of her marriage—Mike's old belongings, the things that had been precious to him and now would never be used again. And on that day—despite the pleadings of friends—when she locked herself in the Palm Springs house she had shared with Mike and went, alone, through the dresser drawers, the always-packed suitcases, the closets, the empty rooms, she allowed herself for one last time to indulge in her memories. Allowing them to become, for eight hours, the present, even though she knew by then that if she were to build a new life for herself, she must begin living in the present and future. Not in the past. She had to forget what had been, and come to terms with what was left for her: life, her children, her work, her empty heart. Still, there were some things too precious to give up, some things that she did not.

(Continued on page 84)
“Mike, these tender things remind me of you” continued

LIZA’S DRESS
pink fluff
in a hospital room . . .
a picture-frame . . .
and a father’s love
for his daughter . . .

THE STATUE
memories of Hong-Kong,
the city they loved . . .
and of the house
that was never built . . .
THE MANUSCRIPT

wonderful anecdotes
by the man
who died with Mike...
words that make
Mike live again...

MIKE'S WEDDING
RING

pain and laughter...
marrige in Mexico...
and a premonition
of death...
GIA SCALA
TRIES TO TAKE
HER OWN LIFE

the tragic story
behind a headline
When Gia put the phone down, she was still crying. She couldn’t say why. People were kind to her, here in London. But the last time she’d been here, Gia couldn’t help thinking, Mother had been here with her.

The cool mist rolled gently across London, covering its streets and buildings with a gray, wet veil. It was late at night and very few lights shone through the thick darkness—but the town was alive . . . you could almost hear its muffled breathing.

High above the streets, in one of the post-war apartments, Gia Scala lay across her bed, her face buried in her arms, one cheek resting against the soft chenille bedspread. Suddenly the phone rang. Gia reached out immediately, before it could ring a second time. She had been crying.


“Yes, honey. It’s me. Anything wrong?”

“Nothing’s wrong,” Gia answered, suddenly making her voice seem gay. “I’m fine . . . just fine.”

“That’s good,” came Dore’s voice. “How’s London? And how’s the picture?”

“Foggy and pretty good,” Gia said. “And Hollywood?”

“Sunny and what can happen at (Continued on page 79)

by JAE LYLE
“Tony, honey, I’m so happy,”

Janet said, laughing through her tears—

I’ve never had a birthday party

Janet Leigh shifted a little uneasily before settling back into the black leather seat of their convertible. “Kelly’s mother is getting slower and slower these days,” she laughed gaily, smoothing out her blue trapeze maternity dress as she waited for her husband to start the car. She looked at Tony, and noticing his nervous fumblings with the ignition key, she realized he hadn’t even heard her.

“You seem to be lost . . .” she started to say, but something made her hold back. I mustn’t criticize, she thought. He’s been working so hard these past weeks. Instead she waited patiently for him to adjust the seat, start the engine and back the car out of their winding driveway.

“You know,” she said, finally breaking the silence, “I’m a little surprised at Debbie . . . I mean, I don’t understand (continued)

by G. DIVAS

“A house, trees...the stork!”

Janet: You knew all about it!
Dean: Who? Me?
Think I'd forget your birthday?" scolds Debbie. "Shame!"

Husband Tony found out his Miss Leigh

Had never had a par-ty

So unknown to Jan

He invited the clan

For a birthday ball lasting 'til three!

Too pretty to cut!"

“What fun!”

Laughing or crying?

Between sobs, all that came out was "Oh Tony!"

“Hello?...Mother!”
why she couldn’t leave Carrie for a few minutes. Did I tell you? She called up this afternoon to wish me a happy birthday. I asked her over, but she said Eddie’s still in Las Vegas and Carrie had a cold. Do you think we could stop by now, for a second, on our way to dinner?” she asked.

“I don’t think we’ll have time, Jan,” Tony answered, checking his watch against the car clock. “But after all, it was up to Debbie to get over . . . .”

“Oh, that’s not fair, Tony,” Janet interrupted defensively. “You know Debbie would have if she could.” And then (Continued on page 88)

“There on the curbstone, in the wee hours, was the gang, pitching pennies against the wall.

“After two? Oh, what a wonderful night!”
Sandra Dee pushed her foot down on the accelerator. Her T-Bird glided smoothly over the winding road leading to Universal-International Studios. It was eleven forty-five. In fifteen minutes she had a luncheon date with Johnny Saxon. And later that afternoon they were scheduled to give a joint interview on the subject of the real Saxon and the real Dee.

As she stopped for a traffic light, she realized her teeth were chattering. Absurd! It was so hot. Yet she couldn't keep them quiet. Then little butterflies began to dance in her stomach. Oh, no! she thought. Not that, too.

But it had been worse, she remembered, (continued)
WHY JOHNNY DOESN'T GO FOR SANDRA

continued

about two years ago, just before she first met Johnny. Then, everything seemed to depend on how they'd get along. If her test was successful she'd get the lead opposite John Saxon in "The Restless Years."

The light changed and Sandra drove on. Again, she remembered the day when she first met Johnny. That morning she'd read a fan magazine story about him. Even now, two years later, she could almost remember the first paragraph word for word:

"John Saxon, one of Hollywood's handsomest leading men, is certainly a puzzlement. He's quiet, aloof, unfriendly, doesn't mix with his co-workers and turns down invitations to everything . . ."

And she remembered how scared the words had made her.

In the hours before her test she'd had convulsions. Of all the men in Hollywood to make a test with! He sounded awful—John Saxon—monster. But maybe the letter in her handbag would help matters. It was a letter addressed to John, written by a drama coach she had been studying with. The woman, who had formerly taught John, had written the note for Sandy to take with her.

"He's a very nice person when you get to know him," she'd told Sandy. "This letter will help you two get acquainted faster."

Sandy had gratefully accepted the letter. Maybe it would help, she'd thought—it had to. This screen test was very important to her. She needed all the help she could get. John just had to be nice to her; he had to—or she'd up and die of fright!... (Continued on page 82)
Three years ago, James Dean smashed up his Porsche and died. A few months ago, Dean Stockwell smashed up his Renault—and walked away alive!

In those hours after he climbed out of the twisted wreckage of his car and left it behind . . . in those hours Dean Stockwell started taking his first steps in the long walk away from a shadow . . .

The shadow of Jimmy Dean . . .

The shadow that has followed him and haunted him since that day of September 30, 1955, when Jimmy died . . .

Now what made me think of that? Dean thought, cruising in his Renault that bright summer day. He felt the hot Hollywood sun warm the side of his face and neck. Traffic was light; the road ahead was clear. From his radio, he could hear the beginning of a Bach cantata. The music's like acting, Dean thought. Like working with Connie Stevens, Mark Damon or Millie Perkins; in the theater group. Building together. Finding the elusive themes of a great play and slowly fusing them until the play really lives—and you live because it does.

Aw, come off it, he thought. Stop sounding (Continued on page 81)

by JIM HOFFMAN
Jimmy Dean had so much to live for, but it all ended in the wreckage of his Porsche Spider, on the road to Salinas. Dean Stockwell was driving a foreign car, too, but he was luckier. He walked away from the crash, though he still had to prove that Jimmy was Jimmy—and that Dean Stockwell was himself.
Who is the girl in these pictures? She could be you! Read about Tab’s search for the ideal girl, enter our fashion contest, and you may be Tab’s date-for-a-day!

Ask Tab Hunter what he’s looking for in a girl, and with a flicker of sadness in his eyes, he says longingly, “Someone to share things with!

“I’ve had this bit of I-like-blondes or I-like-brunettes. I don’t care if a girl’s blue-eyed or black-eyed. Matter of fact, one girl I liked suffered continually (poor thing!) from pink eye! My girl can be dark, fair, short, tall, wear glasses. All that’s water over the dam. Why? Well, I’ll tell you . . .”

Tab explained how, during his teen years, he had it all figured. His girl had to be a blonde with long hair, an all-year-round suntan, outdoorsy as all (continued)
get-out, a great horse lover and a real belle-of-the ball.

“But life doesn’t work out that way, doesn’t always give you every little image in your dreams.”

Now, he says, after a bunch of busted-up romances, he’s decided to bank on mutual understanding. “That’s what counts—two people who are willing to give to each other, willing to adjust and compromise to make the best of a relationship. And if it’s true love,” he adds, “it’ll never stop growing.” That’s the kind worth waiting for.

What impresses him? The fact that a girl’s smart enough to be herself, not a carbon copy of someone she thinks she should be like. “Carbon copy people are always dull,” he says. “They never get off the ground.”

Tab wants his girl to be neat and attractive, to find her own point of view in fashion. (Continued on page 75)
"Wow! Dig that crazy paisley," said Tab when he saw Gill on the Sutton Place set in her flounced chemise of Heller jersey (Simplicity 2692). Ahrens headbands, Deb shoes, Coro jewelry, Coats and Clark zippers.

FOR CONTEST RULES, SEE PAGE 75. FOR WHERE TO BUY, SEE PAGE 92.

CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

1. I would like to meet Tab Hunter. I am: __________________________
   __________________________

2. I'd like to wear Simplicity Pattern Number ________________

3. I like to sew. ___Yes ___ No  If yes, why?______________
   __________________________

NAME _______________________ AGE __________
STREET ___________________ CITY ________ STATE __________
The first word and...

Cutex shocked you with the first

"Ziegfeld Follies girls wear colored nails!" shouted the headlines. "Shocking!" breathed America. "Scandalous!" cooed women—and rushed right out to get the new nail colors. That was 1919—and Cutex had really started something by taking the Follies into the first colored polish. Soon, every flapper had put away her old fashioned nail buffers to wear the new colors.

The Twenties applied Cutex polish with a quill brush. It worked—but not well enough for Cutex—so they invented the brush-top bottle, a smooth all-in-one affair. But the big challenge was the chipping. Cutex worked night and day—and weekends—to find a real, chip-proof polish. Today, it's the one polish in the world that can fearlessly lead a dishpan life.
the last word in nail polish

story behind what your nails are today... and may be, tomorrow!

Newest miracles: the Cutex Spillproof® Bottle (you can take off the top and play tennis with this bottle and probably not spill a drop); Cutex Nylon Brushes (free of little loose hairs); Cutex Pearl Polish (an extra-long-wearing glamour polish with so much essence of pearl, it turns your nails into jewels); and Cutex Orange-Gold (the world’s most exciting new shade).

Coming up: miracles you never dreamed of. Keep your eye on Cutex for you may wear permanent polish, soon, or rainbows on your nails. You may even be “shocked” but you can always be sure that the smartest polish is by Cutex.
Artcarved

Fashioned for a lifetime . . .
and guaranteed for permanent value

Because it's your most precious possession, you want to be sure of its value. And now, thanks to Artcarved's unusual, nationwide Permanent Value Plan, you can be! For, if you ever wish to, you can apply your Artcarved ring's full current retail price toward a larger Artcarved at any time, as specified in the guarantee. You can do this anywhere . . . at any of the thousands of Artcarved jewelers throughout the U. S. A. This guarantee is backed by one of the world's oldest and largest ringmakers, famous for 108 years. Even if you never exchange your Artcarved ring, you'll be so proud having this proof of lasting value. Artcarved diamond rings are guaranteed and registered for color, cut, clarity, carat weight. Prices, nationally established—$75 to $10,000.

Artcarved wedding rings, made of specially hardened gold, are guaranteed for a lifetime. Look for the name Artcarved® stamped inside the ring, on the tag and on your Artcarved diamond ring guarantee.

FREE! "WEDDING GUIDE FOR BRIDE AND GROOM" gives timetable for preparing the wedding; tells what bride's family pays for, the groom's responsibility; what to look for in diamonds and so much more. Write J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. P-28, 216 E. 45th St., New York 17.

Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1958)

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Beloved by brides for more than a hundred years (1850-1958)
"Both on screen and off," says coach Estelle Harman, "the way you hold your head creates a definite impression of character and personality." Above, she shows Yvonne Craig how to use her head to portray snobbery and conceit. As Yvonne tilts head too high and at an arrogant angle, rest of class watches intently. Seated, left to right: Joyce Beatty, Jana Lund, Erica Kulewitz and Fran Bennett. At right, Yvonne portrays shy girl. "Head bent timidly communicates a fearful personality," comments Mrs. Harman. "Fine for a screen role, but not for real life." Right, below, Yvonne holds head in correct position, comfortably erect, with chin parallel to floor. "This is a girl who is natural and at ease," Mrs. Harman points out. "Any girl can learn to carry herself with an assurance she may, at first, not feel. A confident manner has a dynamic effect, not only on others, but on herself, helping her to develop true, inner poise — and sooner than she may think!"

Réhearsal of entertaining-at-home scene provides class with opportunity to practice entering a room. Top, Yvonne, playing self-conscious role, hesitates at door, head bent, coat and purse clutched in crumpled heap. "Fine portrayal," Mrs. Harman applauds. "But only for characterization. Equally unattractive," she adds, "is an uncontrolled, too boisterous appearance." Bottom picture, Yvonne starts scene again, making an unhurried, poised, friendly entrance.

continued
It's Simplicity itself—when you make the children's clothes (and your own!). It's so easy to get an "expensive" look—and a perfect fit—when you choose Simplicity Printed Patterns. Every piece of every pattern is marked with such clear directions, it's like having an expert advise you at every step. Even if you've never sewed, you'll be surprised how successful you'll be with these (or any other) Simplicity Patterns!

Big sister, Simplicity Pattern 2634. Little sister, 2632. Mother, 2617.
As rehearsal proceeds, coach Estelle Harman stops scene and selects Heather Ames to show right and wrong way to carry purse and gloves. Top: Heather clutches large bag awkwardly under arm and holds gloves so that fingers wobble. Above: Mrs. Harman approves as Heather carries purse easily on arm, gloves in hand, cuff exposed.

"Cut!" calls Estelle Harman during rehearsal, as Jana Lund bends stiffly from hips, legs straight, to pick up a flower. Right: Jana heeds coach’s reminder to bend knees and stoop down, both for better balance and more attractive appearance. Interested onlookers are, front row: Heather Ames, Erica Kulewitz, Joyce Beatty and Colleen Drake. Back row: Mrs. Harman, her teaching assistant Patricia Lavin, actor Boyd Zontelli.

Later in rehearsal, Heather is again tapped to show how and how not to make an impression when refreshments are served. Left: She clutches teacup with saucer held under chin.

Right: Sitting gracefully erect, Heather now balances saucer on knee, and holding cup by handle only, brings it to her lips instead of crouching over it. No curled pinky!
Just as rehearsals draw to a close and class is about to be dismissed, actor Boyd Zontelli arrived for private voice and speech coaching with Estelle Harman. Boyd, appearing in Paramount’s soon-to-be-released “The Hot Angel,” agreed to step in and help the girls act out social situations. In top picture, Mrs. Harman frowns as Joyce Beatty offers lifeless handshake. “No man would be impressed with that weak, limp grasp,” she says. Above: Joyce acknowledges introduction charmingly with firm handclasp, friendly smile.

“Now let’s see you climb out again,” laughs Estelle. She immediately called “Halt!” as Fran (left) began to push herself heavily up and out. Right: Again with help, Fran steps out sideways.

After each girl had entered her car to Estelle’s satisfaction and driven away, she turned to us. “When you see these girls on the screen,” she said, “they will move with the natural ease and poise people take for granted and envy in young movie stars. But it’s not magic and it’s not inherited. Any girl can achieve the same results with a little practice.”
SEW UP A DATE

Continued from page 66

"Too many girls are afraid to have fun with clothes. They think that by wearing the same thing as everyone else, they'll get by. I like a girl who surprises me. Maybe she tries out a great new color combination or an offbeat paisley print. Don't let me wrong—you don't have to spend a lot of money. All you need is a little imagination."

Tab pointed out how Gill, Photoplay's teen model, got such a bang out of trying on the new dresses for our fashion layout. "A guy gets excited if a girl gets excited. The excitement's contagious!"

What else impresses Tab? The girl who sees beauty in simple things, doesn't have to go dancing at a jazzy night club every night, can go for a walk and get a kick out of the colors of autumn leaves.

"Maybe she likes Beethoven and I like Bach," Tab remarked. "Maybe she digs Ricky while I dig Elvis. That doesn't matter. Isn't it more important for us to understand each other as people?"

"She's bound to be somewhere. The question is where? And I've been loneliness long enough," he smiled wistfully.

So where is she, the girl for Tab? Are you the one? He's looking! The End

CONTEST RULES:

1. All questions must be answered on the entry blank and all information supplied as directed.


3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and their families.

4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow her trip to be covered photographically for Photoplay. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.

5. The editors of Photoplay will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as it sees fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.

7. Tips on answering first question: Tab has told you what he likes. Now he'd like to know you. Tell him anything about yourself that you think he would find interesting and appealing, describing yourself—your likes and dislikes, your hobbies, etc., as fully as possible on the entry blank.

P.S. Last Minute Flash! For the lucky runner-up there's a brand new Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine.

NOTHING does so much
for a woman...

Beautiful eyes are your most important feature, so bring out all their hidden loveliness with Maybelline, the safe, natural-looking eye make-up preferred by women of good taste the world over. Maybelline makes every woman's eyes beautiful. How very beautiful, you'll never know until you try

Maybelline Self-Sharpener Eyebrow Pencil, $1, Twin Refills 43c
Maybelline Mascara, Solid or Cream Form... $1.25
Maybelline Iridescent Eye Shadow Stick, $1

For complete eye beauty, see Maybelline Professional Eyelash Curler, $1.00, and Precision Tweezers, 25c

Maybelline

Nothing Does So Much To Make Eyes Beautiful

I T'S FUN to look romantic! Bring dazzling blondeness back to hair that's darkened...or lighten it just a shade. Burnish dark hair with golden highlights, or add a dramatic blonde streak. Beautiful blondes have preferred Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, the complete-in-one-package home hair lightener, for over 50 years. Ideal for lightening arm and leg hair, too.

You're bewitching
when you go BLONDE

Brighten time-darkened hair—today!

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

At drugstores everywhere 75c and $1 plus tax

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH
actor. It wasn't that he just wanted to be one, he knew he was going to be one—and everyone else knew it, too. He didn't brag about it or think it was anything particularly special, and he never mentioned the subject when the right time was brought up. While we were all making plans to go to college or work, Don had decided on dramatic school. It was as simple as that and I never understood. I was being brought up in a home where his father was a stage manager and his mother an ex-Follies beauty had something to do with it, but neither of them ever pushed him into it.

Mrs. Dennis Murray was a real character, but don't get me wrong when I say 'character.' There wasn't a person in town who didn't love her, although she sure wasn't the typical American mother you see pictured on baking powder biscuit ads. She was always on the go and she still is involved in just about every community project you can imagine. She instilled the idea in all of her kids that they could be whatever they made up their minds to be.

The Murrys' was the most informal house in town and I use the word informal loosely. You'd walk in the house on a Saturday, say around noon, and everyone would be sitting around in pajamas discussing some other thing or another. Everyone that is, except Don. He'd have to drag out of bed and wait while he tried to find his clothes in the mess that was his room. Socks that never matched and clean shirts that never existed were all part of it.

Don came by his zany habits naturally. He didn't affect them.

Like many boys, he got to school on time—or anywhere on time, for that matter. He was a good student—in the top quarter of his class—and he could have been an honor student without any trouble if he wanted to be. He refused to exert himself. The one time he did exert himself proved somewhat disastrous.

He had a ninety-five percent average in trigonometry (without even trying) and then I had to go and open my big mouth and bet him he couldn't get 100 on a test that was coming up. Don couldn't resist a bet. He sat up all night going over what he already knew and making sure he had everything down pat. He was aiming for 100 and he had it in the palm of his hand. The next morning he arrived in the class, without having been to the night before, sat down in the six-page test in front of him—and promptly went to sleep. Needless to say he flunked with a big fat zero.

The only comment he had to make on the entire test was the attitude towards life. "John, I've set you a perfect example, so follow it. People who knock themselves out doing something they're not interested in just for the sake of it are fools or at least a bunch of Dead Ends. I'm going to be an actor, not a scientist. Trig just bores me. I could stay up for two nights without sleep and not blink an eye if I were trying to make a hero of myself. Destiny, my friend—destiny." No wonder he was voted the most likely to succeed.

Yes, Don could be serious if he wanted to, but his true nature was that of the biggest-cut-up and craziest nut in school and he'd go to any lengths to get a laugh. There was nothing mean about his sense of humor and he'd never do anything at anyone else's expense as some clowns will. Just the opposite. He'd inflict more punishment on himself than was really necessary, all for the sake of laughter.

There was the night a bunch of us stopped at one of those all-night diners to get hamburgers after a movie. Don had parked near the curb (he had had thirty-two flats in one day) and we were all seated inside as he walked up to the big plate glass window and went into a fit. Standing outside, looking in, he suddenly cried, "Oh, it's a fine mimic bit of an old hobo à la the famous clown, Emmet Kelly. He held everyone in the diner spellbound. It was really beautiful. The expressions were the same out of character and the light was side-splittingly hilarious.

The only time I can remember when Don got the better part of fate and didn't have to pay the piper was one summer when we were about sixteen. His unusual run of good luck was due more to his physique than anything else. Don was six-foot-one and never weighed more than 138. To say he was skinny would be polite. He was a walking corpse. This particular summer a gang of us decided to go down to and spend the summer on the beach every day. Now this was a very nice beach—nothing in the world wrong with it except that they had a very silly custom of charging an admittance fee. We thought it was a perfect time to make the move to the unanimous conclusion that the system was undemocratic and looked for another means of getting in.

One day a fellow—slat one in one of the fences had come loose and with a little groaning and grunting you could wiggle through onto the beach with no one the wiser: This is what we thought until we met the man who the natives said you could get through without any trouble. He'd always go first to show us how easy it was. Then just as the rest of us would start to follow—with a lot more effort, naturally—Don who we'd refer to as Jimmy, would come out the front entrance and pay just like all the rest of the honest citizens.

He never mentioned the beach incidents after that summer but the next spring he bought eight copies of a newspaper that carried an article on "How to Slim Down for the Coming Summer" and mailed them to us.

A real pal! When Don wasn't getting kicked out of classes, falling asleep through tests and lectures or sneaking into beaches, he was busy being very social. He was one of the most popular guys in town but not really the party-boy type. He leaned more towards school activities and he was always organizing something. He was a good athlete and crazy about sports but his weight (rather his lack of it) kept him off the football team, so he organized a second team. He was on first-string, of course, but he was always trying to practice. Girls were strictly for weekends and then half the time he'd forget to make a date and find that everyone was dated for a big dance or get-together. The other half of the time he'd make a date and then get involved in some discussion at home and forget all about it. Any other guy in our crowd would have gotten the freezing treatment from girls but Don never did. From him they seemed to take it.

One night we were returning home from basketball practice—there were six of us in that old wreck of a car of his—and it was late and the party was breaking up. In spite of our "charming" appearance, tardiness and the size of the group, Betty Matthews was actually glad to see us and spent the next hour devoting every leftover minute to us.

I think I was a little disappointed Betty Matthews hadn't lit into Don but I felt better when I saw he had been cornered. I was sure she was going to give him a piece of her mind and it serves him right, I told myself happily.

When we left I asked him what the old lady had been going on about and he looked at me or at least me and said, "Oh, we were just discussing the merits of progressive education as opposed to the old-fashioned method. I told her I was a firm believer that if you knew the rod and spoil the child theory..."

"I suppose you're having tea with her next Wednesday to continue the subject?" I asked.

"That's right, next Thursday," he replied, solemnly. "We're going to get fancy."

And I know for a fact that Don went over to see that old lady every week for months. He never said what they talked about but I think he was probably trying to figure out his wife's business. And it wasn't.

One thing I do know. He never went in basketball shorts again.

It wasn't that he set out to break the rules. He was just one of the type who never had a lot of them existed. And he would have died rather than offend anyone.

There's just one more thing I want to say before I finish this, and to me it's the most important thing of all, for I think in some way it shows up Don for what he really is—if anyone can honestly believe that Don is really what he really is. It was the class yearbook incident.

Every year the students had dedicated the yearbook to the principal or a beloved teacher. This particular year, Don, who was on the yearbook committee, suggested dedicating the book to the old janitor who had been with the school practically since it had been built. That was just the beginning of his troubles.

Some of us agreed with Don because we liked the old guy, and Don must have called a half-dozen meetings to get the old janitor elected. However, some of the advisory faculty and staff, along with the idea, saying it would be "undignified," and Don was outvoted.

He got up and walked out and later sent in his resignation letter.

It wasn't that he cared about giving in to someone else's ideas. He was just seething at the idea that some of the faculty and students didn't deem the janitor good enough.

Well, I guess that's about all I can tell you about Donald Patric Murray, known for his "thoughtful introspection," "intellectual incumbrance" and "shy reluctance." This particular year, Don, to his friends—to me—he was just "Nutz" or sometimes "Sticky Fingers," a name we gave him one night in the East Rock-away movie house. The movie we were watching was the old, unhappy war picture and when someone passed Don the popcorn, he dropped the bag in the dark. When I looked at him closely, I saw he was crying. He was only an average-sized house. I kidded him about his sentimentality and, typical of the guy I knew, he said, "You're right, John. Cheap sentimentality never did anyone any good. What the world needs is three..."

And I know I can always depend on my friend Don for that.—JOHN BROWN.
people "in distress" were becoming more scarce every day—she stood and stared until the women began to feel a little self-conscious. Finally, one woman turned to her and said:

"Is there something you want, dear?"

To which Hopie replied in a somewhat exasperated tone, "Well, if you want to be helped across I'd certainly appreciate it if you'd finish your conversation on the other side of the street. I have my life to lead, too."

She neglected to tell me how it turned out, but now that I think of it I'm willing to bet the two old ladies finished whatever it was they were saying on the park side. As I said before, Hopie was very determined once she made up her mind.

It was around this time that her favor- ite line was, "All worthwhile that we strive for in life will always meet a certain amount of opposition. We must persevere."

Of course, I didn't for a minute think she knew what she was talking about—she was always picking up things like that from older people. But she loved words—she loved "persevere" at that stage.
the first ones out—even before the bride and groom. It was when we put out our sketches that we overhead some woman refer to “the littleurchin on the tail end.” That was when Hopie spoke up, but I think her pride was hurt just a shade. She said “In the same house to get something to eat and as we were gulping our milk in the kitchen she said: ‘ If you think I’m going anywhere and more, when people are so impolite, you’re crazy. You don’t have something for some- one and they walk all over you. That’s the last wedding I’ll go to this spring.’ 

And she was true to her word. We must have passed weddings long and long but she never wavered. Thinking back I guess it was all for the best.

The next few years passed quickly, but if it hadn’t been for Hopie I have a feeling they might have dragged along. She always had a “plan of action” or “something we can sink our teeth into.” She started a dozen or more “projects,” and I think she spent all winter planning what her next summer project would be.

After the death of her father, Hopie and her mother moved to Greenwich Village and Hopie’s mother had opened a restaurant called Minette’s of Washington Square. One particular summer, Hopie decided she was going to “help out” and wait on tables. I don’t think her mother was very crazy about the idea but Hopie pleaded until her mother gave in. She was hired.

The night she made her debut at Minette’s was probably the busiest night they ever had in their history, although it started out at its usual pace. One of the first couples to come in was an actor and in the days of the old, old actor, but actor nevertheless. Hopie knew them and, after an exchange of hello’s and such, they ordered. When it came time to ask for the check, Hopie grandly informed them it was “on the house to anyone in the theatre.”

Well, I don’t have to tell you how long it took that one actor to spread the happy word. By 9:30 the place was packed to the doors. Hopie had OK’d about six check-s and was happily working on the seventh when her mother stopped by the cashier to see how things were going.

I learned on that night as Hopie lay in the twin bed next to me in my room. She had decided to stay with me until things blew over. It wasn’t that she was afraid of her mother after they closed up the restaurant for the night or afraid of the bawling out she’d get. It was just that her pride had been wounded and she wanted somewhere where she could lay her head in privacy. It was the first time she’d ever been fired.

Being temporarily out of the restaurant business, Hopie decided she would become successful on her own, in spite of her family, her friends, and all the dog-walkers. The dogs belonged to people who went to business and she contracted with five different people to walk their dogs once a day. Five more dogs for twenty-five if I’d take half the dogs—which came to two- and-a-half dogs apiece and which we never did quite figure out how to even up and work.

Every day we’d pick up the dogs around the neighborhood, go to the park, buy Good Humors and walk the dogs around for an hour. It certainly wasn’t very hard work and they didn’t have to keep us out of the apartment. But it didn’t take me long to figure out something was wrong.

Every day when we got to the park we’d buy ice cream for the dogs and then Hopie would buy one for each of the dogs. They were ten cents each in those days but that still came to fifty cents a day for the dogs. The way I figure it for twenty dogs it make $1.25 at the end of the week, our overhead was $2.50 and I just couldn’t afford it. When I submitted my resignation I told Hopie I guessed I just wasn’t ready for big business yet.

By the end of the week she decided she couldn’t afford the dog walking service, either. When I asked her why she just didn’t go to the park, she said the ice cream instead of giving up the business, she looked at me as if she could see I would never understand her. She was right.

“You know I can’t resist a Good Humor, and when I ate one those animals stared at me with their tongues hanging out and I felt guilty. You know, through—I bet they have a better week in their whole lives.”

Then there was the time we took a flik at politics—though it was really more of a war. We were offered the fantastic sum of fifty cents each to distribute politi- cal pamphlets around the Village. They were those standard forms telling you why you should vote for so-and-so, what he stands for, what he promises, etc.

For months she didn’t smile. Old friends couldn’t help her. Nothing seemed to matter. Then, in a new place . . . with new people . . . she began to live again.

In December’s PHOTOPLAY you’ll want to read how

A small-town takes Liz and her kids to its heart

We stayed up one side of Eighth Street and the other side but no one seemed the least bit interested in the state of New York City politics—or they were all in too much of a hurry to stop and take a pamphlet. Then, before I knew what was happening, Hopie was handing out loud a voice I didn’t even recognize and our job was over in a matter of minutes. I think the exact words and phrasing she used was little like this: “Let’s get the truth about the dishonesty and corruption of your present legislation.” And then she went on to add the climax line which, really, I didn’t think was at all necessary: “Poverty and disease have followed in the wake of this man, and my friend and I are living examples of what bad government can do to the under-privileged, underfed and weak in spirit.”

Of course I didn’t think anyone knew what it was she was getting at or saying and I don’t think she knew either. But those pamphlets went like hotcakes.

Then there was the spring. I’ll never forget. Hopie became interested in ART. She didn’t exactly become interested in it but the Annual Art Show was about to go on, and Hal and the park and Hopie felt she should be represented. The fact that she’d never painted a picture in her life didn’t seem to enter her mind. Throwing together (and I use the words loosely) trees with leaves, vines with falling leaves and trees without leaves—we set up a stall near the corner of Washington Square and University Place. It wasn’t really legal or anything better than representing who you’re supposed to do, but no one paid any attention to us anyway so it didn’t really matter.

We had a couple of days getting nowhere—everyone would give us a quick glance and smile and walk away—and then Hopie said she was going to make the rounds of the other exhibitions and see what they had. She was back within an hour—all smiles.

“We’ve just been on the wrong track,” she said breathlessly, as she started to re-arrange our canvases. “There’s a new trend I didn’t know anything about.”

“What on earth are you doing?” I exclaimed.

And then it was obvious what she was doing. She was doing several or turning all your paintings upside down.”

She stood back and appraised them with that old familiar light in her eyes. “Ab- stract,” she said. After that the public’s interest picked up considerably and even a few of the other artists began coming around to see those “crazy kids are up to now.”

We even sold one to a man who, if you ask me, was chose then. I think if he was willing to pay perfectly good money for one of those things. He said he liked to encourage youth and with that handed Hopie a five dollars. (which one knows who knows Hopie it’s that a little encouragement goes a long way with her. Before I could shut her up she had to go turn the painting right side up and tell her canvases. This as an after thought, she added brightly: “But you’re really getting two pictures for the price of one.

And the man nodded solemnly and then—you know what he did? Naturally! He handed her another five dollars.

It could only have happened to Hopie.

There are a lot of other little sidelong things that show our whole life while we were growing up. Like the pigeon cem- etery we had going in one corner of Wash- ington Square before the Commissioner of Parks took them down. And the shows we used to get in the Lafayette Hotel where Hopie lived. We’d partition off a part of the third floor hallway and do one-act plays for the other guests— for the Fire Department, Board of Health and Child Labor Board became involved in this one.) I think my mother sums it up as well as anyone.

“I don’t know if Kerry is ever really going to grow up. And if you want to know the truth I think was influenced.

She’s been a little odd ever since the days we used to go around there’s anything you can’t tell me Hopie Lange wasn’t at the bottom of it. She was a darling child, bright as they come but—well, to be perfectly frank she was just HOPELESS!”

When then the three years of following Hopie wherever she led—where- ever she led usually being one “situation” after another—I realize that a good fairy must have been watching over us all the time. I think she was smiling because she knew Hopie loved life and people so much, and because I loved Hopie.

KERRY SMITH

HOPE STARS in 20TH’s “IN LOVE AND WAR” and “THE BEST OF EVERYTHING.”
M-G-M's still department that would make news! He was silent for a moment, then asked, "What you miss?"

"Dore, I called to ask a favor. How are my birds? How do they like their new home in your apartment? Would you mind...?"

"Now, Dore, you mind your phone next to the canary cage?" Gia raced on, "I want to hear my birds sing."

"Sure," Dore replied. "Sure." He pulled the phone extension-cord out full length and turned it upside down, mouthpiece towards Gia's four canaries.

"Can you hear them, Gia?"

"Yes."

For a full minute Dore Freeman held the phone next to the cage. When Gia's mother had died, she'd asked him to take care of Gia. Ever since, he'd tried to make Gia feel a part of his own family. Dore held the phone in his ear.

"Gia, I want you to know that you're the only girl who could make me stand here like an idiot and play sound man for four hours straight at the Studio. I didn't hear sobbing. "Gia, what's the matter?"

"Nothing. The bird's singing. It's just so beautiful, Dore. Are the flowers fresh on Mamma's grave?"

"Yes."

"Gia, you're worrying me. You know who? Is someone with you? Don't want you to be alone."

"I had a house-warming party tonight," she said. "There are still a few people here, Gia."

"Yes, Dore."

"Don't cry. Please."

"I'm crying because I heard the bird's singing. Dore, Goodbye."

"Gia? Gia?"

Dore called. But there was silence.

Dore replaced the phone on its hook—carefully, as if she had made a decision. The tears began again. She'd started to cry again. Then she stood up and walked across the room to a bureau. She'd gone there to get a tissue, but as she looked down at the bureau, there was that letter, postmarked Hollywood. "I thought you and Buddy Bregman were a blab-- Did you know he became engaged recently?"

The letter hurt, she didn't know why quite.

Gia had moved heavily through the tent. It was as though a dark cloud had covered her world and she couldn't lift it. She found herself thinking more and more of her mother. Perhaps it was seeing her there in the mirror in London. Perhaps it was because the last time she had been in London, her mother had been with her...

Gia's hands hung lifelessly at her side. She walked back to the bed, the tears coming more quickly now. In the other room, a few stragglers were keeping the party going with jazz records.

"I should join them," Gia thought. She took a half-step towards the door. "No," she whispered. "I can't." She sank down on the bed, burying her face in the pillow and sobbing, "Mamma mia, Mamma mia."

Somehow, she had drifted off into a troubled half-sleep. Suddenly—she didn't know how much later—she woke up with a start. She brushed the strands of hair from her tear-streaked face and listened. Something was wrong. She rose and walked to the bathroom. She put cold water on her face and, then her face, holding the washcloth to her eyes to bring

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**MOTHER'S DAY**

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“Papa,” Gia interrupted. “Tonight… I just wasn’t prepared to have fun. You shouldn’t stop me. Mamma wouldn’t have.” She was silent a long moment. Then she said quietly, “I must take a walk.”

“Why? But it is so late. A girl must not walk the street alone.”

“I must get away… Someone is waiting. I do not approve.” His voice was slightly raised.

“Papa, you never did.” Then she dashed out without saying goodbye, leaving her father behind. But he rose and followed her.

Leaving the apartment lobby, they stepped into the night. The darkness—the damp coolness that surrounded Gia frightened her suddenly. That feeling was with her, a shadow, until she was dancing at the center of it. She couldn’t push back thoughts of her mother. … At the burial she had wanted to cry out, “You are covering up all the goodness and warmth you are, you are covering up my soul. I am dead now.”

Suddenly Gia broke away from her father. She had to get away from him, run far away from him. He’d been far away, in Italy, when Mamma had died. It’s too late now, she thought bitterly, for Papa and me to be together.

Gia hailed a taxi and, entering, fell back against the cushion behind her.

“Take me home, driver. I mean, Chesham Street.” The taxi started to move down the street. She leaned further back against the cushions. She was so tired. She was fighting for self-control and called to the driver, “Take me to Waterloo Bridge first. I want to look at the water.”

“Miss, yes,” the driver said, and headed for the bridge. Gia leaned back against the little identification card pasted to the window dividing the car in half. “Mr. Moss? Mr. Moss, are you married?”

Morris Moss adjusted his rear vision mirror. “No.”

“Wouldn’t it be better to get some sleep, Miss?”

“No, Mr. Moss.”

The taxi approached the bridge. “Stop here, please,” Gia said. The taxi stopped about one-third of the way across. Moss got out and opened the door for her.

“That will be six shillings, Miss,” he said.

“Six shillings,” she said, “Six shillings. I have no money. I left it home.”

“Home. Let’s go there and you’ll pay me then.”

“No,” Gia said. “Here’s my ring. It’s worth much more than six shillings.”

“I wouldn’t take your wedding ring, Miss.”

“But it’s not my wedding ring. The studio gave it to me when I played the part. But I’m sorry for fear it’s good. Honest it is.” She dropped it in his hand, ran to the stone parapet and started to climb up.

The cab driver ran after her and grabbed her arm, just as she was slipping over. He held her as he called for help. Two other cab drivers drove up and helped him in dragging her to safety.

All this time Gia and Moss called the police. They arrived in a few minutes. While two policemen stood on either side of Gia, Moss told the story. When he was done, Gia told her side of the story. Yes, it was a good place for you to go, Miss. It’s Bridge but she hadn’t tried to commit sui-

Gia looked at her father. “You miss Mamma, too. You miss her very much. I never knew. All the time Mamma and I were in Hollywood and you were here in Italy I thought… I don’t know what I thought.”

“You’re like your mother, Gia. And I—I don’t know; I need you. I want to help you. I’m no good with words.”

After a while Gia said, “Take me home, Papa.”

Mr. Scofield talked to the policemen for a while. They said Gia would be released in her custody. As they were about to leave, Gia asked her father for some money.

“Here,” she said to the man at the desk, “please say that Mr. Moss gets this. And thank him for it. I’m sorry for fear it’s good. Honest it is.”

Gia stood in the street without a face. She looked directly at him, said, “But now, at last, I’m free.”

He put his coat over her shoulders and they walked into the night. The gray mist didn’t frighten Gia anymore. She shielded her face from the cold air and leaned closer to her father. Together, perhaps, they could face the future.
like a hammy philosopher. Or worse yet, like that off-track of one of his movies.

Twenty-three movies, he thought. And all of them before he was fifteen. Dean laughed to himself. And then he concentrated on the road ahead.

A sudden blurring squal was on his right, made him glance out the window. He had been hit in a collision, he had been injured, he had walked away. And in walking away, he hadn’t just walked away from an accident; he had also walked away from a jinx. He had a six jinx on him. A jinx that had been haunting him for three years, ever since the tragic death of Jimmy Dean.

A jinx… it didn’t matter that Dean Stockwell had never met Jimmy Dean, had only seen him in pictures. After Jimmy’s death, people began to accuse him of being Jimmy, of copying his acting style and personal habits. It was silly. Sure, there were some likenesses; but there were more differences than similarities.

But this didn’t stop magazine writers from trying to get Stockwell to be the Jimmy Dean mold. And if it hurt, Stockwell had the highest respect for Jimmy Dean, the actor—the only Jimmy he had ever known—but he wanted to be accepted for his own self as an independent, unique human being.

But the magazines wouldn’t let him. They harped on the similarities between the two, manufactured others where they didn’t exist.

There was the business of their physical appearance. Articles were published stating that they looked very much alike. But anyone who tried to tell these people that his height was the only thing he could compare was that they just weren’t true. A faint resemblance, yes; but “twins” (as one magazine put it), no.

And their height: A magazine claimed they were both five-foot, ten-inches tall. Stockwell was five feet tall, but Jimmy—although the studio biographies claimed he was that height, too—was actually only five seven. And Jimmy weighed a good deal less than Dean.

True, they both wore horn-rimmed spectacles, and for the same reason. Neither could see very well without them. In fact, Jimmy’s eyes were often “incredibly misty” to see. Although he didn’t wear them onstage. And once, because of this, in the middle of a play he almost stumbled into the audience. Stockwell, on the other hand, doesn’t wear glasses at all anywhere, except when he’s driving or reading. He needs them all the time. But he doesn’t wear them in public because he doesn’t want to meet people who say he’s copying Jimmy.

A jinx… Copying Jimmy… Once a critic, in reviewing Stockwell’s performance in the picture “Gun for a Coward,” accused him of “incredibly misty mimick of Jimmy Dean.” Kind of a funny accusation, a friend of his pointed it out, when you realize that Stockwell had been an actor long before Jimmy dreamed of being one.

A jinx… One writer pounced upon the fact that both boys had been unhappy at college, that both had left before graduation. The writer was right, but he neglected to point out that they had both left college for exactly the opposite reasons. Jimmy left after two years because he wanted to be an actor, not a lawyer. Dean left too, after one year, because he had been an actor. It was because his fellow students remembered him as a famous child actor, and treated him like a celebrity instead of just another fellow, that he gave up college. Quite a difference.

A jinx… Some people claimed that Jimmy Dean and Dean Stockwell were both rebellious, sloppy and offbeat. But these people never bothered to say exactly what they meant by these words.

“Rebellious,” for instance. When they used this word in describing the two boys, what they should have been saying was “honest.” If you ask Dean Stockwell a straight question, he’ll give you a straight answer. If he has a strong feeling, he’ll express it—directly. He’s bluntly honest.

And Jimmy was the same way. When Pier Angeli married Vic Damone, Jimmy was still head-over-heels in love with Pier. So he stood outside the church while the wedding was taking place. Exposed and painful as an aching tooth. No attempt to hide. Hurt. Suffering for all to see. What mattered wasn’t what others thought. He had to be there. He had to be true to his own feelings, to himself.

Sloppy? That’s a funny word to apply to Jimmy Dean… The word was first used about him when someone didn’t bother to find out why he was doing what he was doing. And what was he doing? Wearing light, seersucker pants in New York in the middle of winter. And why? He had come to New York to rehearse for a play. In California he wore the usual summer suits. But in New York he was so busy rehearsing during the day and studying his lines at night that he hadn’t found time to buy warm winter clothes. So somebody wrote that he was sloppy and compared him to Jimmy Dean. To Jimmy—who also threw himself so fully into what he was doing that some-
times he just couldn’t be bothered to worry about such things as suits and ties.

Offbeat? Well, maybe. In their taste for music, at least. Unusual stuff. Stockwell digs Charlie Parker and Miles Davis the most. But also he’s seriously studying the piano and is crazy about Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. A columnist said that the night his picture “The Careless Years” premiered he went to a concert.

Jimmy also seriously studied the piano, with the composer, Leonard Rosenman, in the winter of 1953. Like Stockwell, he was crazy about Arturo. But his first love, as everyone knows, were the bongo drums.

Jinx… The one thing that Jimmy and Dean Stockwell had most in common, according to the magazine writers, was speed. True, Stockwell was once crazy about fast cars and drove a flame-red racer with the throttle wide open. Off he’d go, alone, not caring where he was heading, passing everyone on the road. Fast. But today, all that is over. He’s outgrown his need for high speed.

If Jimmy had lived, he would have outgrown it too…

Yes, one day three years ago on the road to Salinas, Jimmy Dean ran out of luck, smashed up his Porsche and died. And after his death, another Dean—Dean Stockwell—seemed jinxed, jinxed to always walk in the shadow of Jimmy Dean. But a few months ago, when Stockwell was in a minor accident, he was lucky. He walked away from a collision—and from a jinx. A jinx that will never haunt him again.

The End
JOHNNY AND SANDRA

Continued from page 60

The studio gates just ahead brought Sandra back to the present. "Okay, Sandy," she said to herself, "you were petrified two years ago. But why be scared about this afternoon? It's just another interview...."

John Saxon parked his black Morgan sports car in front of the studio commissary. It was five minutes before he was scheduled to go to the soundstage. He stretched out on the lawn and soaked up some sun. He closed his eyes and thought about what he'd say at the interview. He had to be able to put into words his feelings for Sandra. If he didn't, he wouldn't be ready....

But John, he thought, when he walked through the gates of the studio, headed for the commissary and parked in front. As he got out of the car she saw him lying there on the grass, eyes closed. She nudged gently. "Mr. Saxon, I presume? Luncheon is being served?"

Johnny got up from the lawn, shaking the blades of grass from his sweater. He put his arm around her and they walked toward the dining room. He thought to himself that it was hard to tell the truth about the real Sandy, the kind doll, sophisticated on the surface, who was an unsophisticated, unpretentious, underworld teenager underneath. It had been a long time since he had shared his life and loved one with her. A long time since he'd first discovered how unsophisticated she was; almost two years since that first kiss. She was easy to love, and there was something precious; someone to protect.

They found an empty table in the commissary, gave the waitress their order and settled back to chat.

"It would be easier if we just told the writer that we're Hollywood's two biggest anti-socialites," Johnny said in mock seriousness.

"Well, it would be easier; but honestly Johnny, I'm tired of reading stories about how you go around reading books on Buddhism all day and how you never talk to anybody."

"Is that what they're saying about me these days?"

"You know darn well it is. I don't think it's wrong for the stories to say that you have your intellectual side, but they shouldn't say it about the other side, too!"

"You mean you've noticed I have more than one side."

"No, Johnny, I'm serious. I want everyone to know you like me. Hey, I just want you to be yourself. Maybe you like being called aloof. Then if you do meet someone you don't like you just avoid them and they think you act that way toward everybody so they aren't insulted."

He was being ridiculous, she thought. He was a psychiatrist. Miss Witch Doctor. Have you got a license to practice?"

"Very funny. I don't care what you say, I'm going to tell the truth about you, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

"Okay, Sandy, you win. We'll tell the reporter all! But I want to hear what you're going to say in advance; so start talking...."

Sandy took a bite of her minute steak, sipped some tomato juice and then began.

"Well, for one thing, I think we should tell her about the screen test and how you showed me how to do it and how when we started working on the picture you were a regular galadood, particularly at lunchtime. Remember? One day we'd eat together, the next day you'd be off eating alone. Then one day you were eating from a lunch bag, and the day after that you'd be with some people in publicity. That certainly proves you mix with your co-workers. And I can tell her how after you had broken up with Betty and some of the other guys played touch football or practiced Judo on the backdrop, that sounds more like you than spending lunchtime alone with your nose in a book, doesn't it?"

"True."

"I can also tell her how you have a real keen sense of humor, and how you get a kick out of making people laugh and sometimes even do them out of their wits—only in fun, though."

"Who did I ever scare?"

"You mean you've forgotten the day that nice woman in publicity admired your car and you volunteered to give her a ride on the lot? I'll never forget it. The way you raced your motor until it sounded like a jet plane and then took off. But you got caught; a few minutes later, the little lady stumbled out of your car. Her permanent was standing on end.
and her eyes were as big and round as saucers. And you just stood there calmly and said, 'Let's do it again sometime.' And she looked at you and said, 'Never!' And then her eyes went to the practical John Saxon, practical joker, too, Sandy said.

'Give me one example of a practical joke I've pulled. Go ahead, I dare you. Name your own price.'

'Okay,' Sandy said, 'you asked for it. Remember the night the studio invited us to see a preview of 'Escapade in Japan'? Well, afterwards when we all went to the Japanese restaurant, there turned out to be no shoes on the floor, so you remembered what you did and before anyone took off their shoes and sat on the floor, don't you remember swiping the shoes of that man across from us? We were hysterical all through the sukiyaki, making private jokes on everyone at the table. Then that man got up to leave and couldn't find his shoes. You sat there so innocently, asking him what he'd lost.'

'Yes, I do vaguely remember, now that you mention it. He wasn't too happy when he found his shoes on MY feet, was he? Speaking of shoes, I'll just have to tell the reporter about you and your funny ideas about my shoes when we were in Paris.'

"Paris? Shoes? Why whatever do you mean?" asked Sandy with a straight face.

"You're a real trouper, a hard-working one. Remember how you bribed the hall porter to shine one of my shoes with black polish and the other with brown. You told him I was an eccentric young American who always wore different shoes!"

"I confess. Now let's drop the shoes, shall we? I just thought of another Saxon myth to explode. I know I read somewhere that all you eat is wheat germ and molasses."

"That's not exactly a myth. I am a health food addict, you know that. What makes you think I'm not a wheat germ man?"

"What? I'll tell you what. Think back to that day in Paris when we hired a car and went sightseeing. You remember asking the driver to stop the car in Montmartre so you could stop shopping?"

"I can't seem to think of that day," Johnny said, knowing perfectly well what Sandy had in mind.

"You mean you forgot about going into that little grocery shop and coming back to the car with a sausage three feet long just reeking with garlic; and that hunk of cheese and that huge loaf of French bread. Surely, you can't forget your picnic lunch in the back of a taxi cab with everyone honking at us to move on."

"All right, now it's my turn to explode a few wrong notions about quiet, but extremely extraordinaire Sandra Deen. Let me see," John said, scratching his brow as if in deep thought. "Oh, yes, we could start with the incident in France at the Lido when you insisted you were going to tell about the other members of the cast. He went to dinner at that very chic night club. Remember? You insisted on sitting at the ringside table so you could have a good view of the floor show."

"Oh, Johnny, you wouldn't tell her that," Sandy said, turning beet red.

"Why not? I think your fans would like to know that when those chorus girls came in there, you almost lost your coolness that you started blushing and wound up looking the other way during the whole show!"

"Oh, please, Johnny, did no such thing!"

"Confess. You aren't the least bit sophisticated; in fact, you're just a child when it comes to worldly things."

"I'm a child! Well, what about the day those British girls almost called a gendarme because they thought you planned to steal their marbles?"

"I was just trying to teach them the fine points of the game. I used to be aggie champion of my block when I was a kid."

"Wait, I'm not finished. I just happened to think of that other 'sweet' trick you performed in Paris; you know, playing your bongo drums in your hotel room every night so that nobody could get any sleep."

"Why I'm surprised at you accusing me of such a thing. After all, you know I play a drummer in the picture and Mr. Minnelli told me to practice. It isn't my fault if the neighbors didn't think it was nice."

"Speaking of Mr. Minnelli, I'll never forgive you for getting me into trouble that morning we were shooting the dancing sequence."

"I got you into trouble?" John looked innocent again.

"You're darn right you did. Poor Mr. Minnelli got everyone in place and the cameras all lined up and he kept laughing and saying, 'Sandra come now, what's so funny?' I could have killed you. Of course he didn't see you because your back was to him. He didn't know you were whispering crazy things into my ear every time he called 'Action.' So I took all the blame."

The waitress came over to their table and told them the reporter they were expecting had arrived. Johnny and Sandy got up and walked hand in hand out to the front of the dining room. It was time to report all the facts about the real John Saxon and the real Sandra Dee. They looked at each other and Johnny gave Sandra a hug and a kiss on the cheek. Then they walked out the door and made their way over to the publicity department.

No, it wouldn't be hard to talk about each other. It would be very easy for Sandra to tell how Mr. Saxon was, how gentle and kind and considerate. Sure, he was smart and liked good books and classical music but he liked to have a good time. He thought of his quiet moments and maybe he didn't exactly come on like Jerry Lewis but he was fun to be with and understanding and he knew when it was time for being serious and time for being funny. Sandy thought, it wouldn't be as difficult as she thought. Knowing John Saxon was a real experience in friendship, and although it was hard for her sometimes to express her innermost thoughts she knew that today she'd be able to talk loud and clear about Johnny Saxon.

John Saxon, with his arm around the petite girl, told her about his life, and the beautiful face, was thinking similar thoughts. That it would be easy to talk about Sandy. To tell everyone how truly amazing she is; a beauty at sixteen, a real-thing-working actress. Yes, and a zany character when it comes to playing along with his jokes. A sometimes shy, sometimes quiet girl. Amazingly down-to-earth in spite of the fuss she's had made about her since the age of fifteen when most girls are in pigtales and blue jeans. Yes, Sandy is a remarkable girl, he thought. True she's just a kid; just like a sister—but, every sister. A buddy, a girl he can talk to and not worry about romancing and impressing. A sweet someone who you can be yourself with. Thank heavens for little girls, he thought. And he knew one that soon would be a grown-up lady and then, boy, watch that stag-line form. But he'd be around to see that no one got out of line because . . . well, Sandy's something special, someone to help and protect."

The End
MIKE's WEDDING RING

She never knew who brought the ring back to her. It happened some time in those first terrible days after the tragedy—the days when she was doped and drugged against the black mist of pain, someone had brought in the plain gold band and said to her: "They found Mike's ring, Liz. We thought you would want it."  

Half unconscious, she had opened her hand for it. Without knowing what she did, she slipped it onto her third finger, left hand. Then she drifted off into nightmares again.

But when she awakened finally, there it was, still on her finger, a dozen sizes too large, covering her own narrow wedding ring. She had started at it uncomprehendingly, then said, with a wish, hesitantly, "We wanted to take it away from you, while—while you were out. We thought—it might fall off and get lost. But every time anyone tried, you closed your fist . . ."

She nodded. She didn't remember, but she approved. That ring, once so shiny, now covered with a thousand dull scrells, meant something to her.

Suddenly, the woman's face changed. She reached to her hand, and she had tears in her eyes. "Oh, Mike, that's ridiculous—her own wedding, hundreds of friends, a beautiful home in Aca-pulco for the party and she with her hand acting up again, scarcely able to move. Mike talked of postponing it till she felt better, but she wouldn't hear of that. "Remember the time you asked my girlfriend what she would like in the Rolls-Royce and the mint coin and the diamond tiara? She said, 'A plain gold band.' And she was right. I'm not waiting a single day more . . ." So they carried her in a chair from the house to the garden where the ceremony took place and there she took from Mike her wedding ring and slid his gently onto the third finger of his left hand.

Then, an hour later, while everyone was eating and drinking champagne and the sound of laughter echoed through the clear night air—the first flash had come. Suddenly, there was a flare—brilliant reds and golds shot across the heavens, latching at the stars.

"Oh!" Liz had screamed. "Mike!" Involuntarily, her hand had not to cover up her face. "What—what?—"

Mike had turned to her, delighted. "Can-tinflas arranged it. It's a surprise for you—your wedding present. Fireworks!"

But in Liz's room, the first of her keep-sakes. A memory of the day she had given Mike a daughter, a memory of the side of Mike Todd nobody knew but her—sentimental, loving, generous. A memory of her voice, whispering into her hair, "My girl, Liz. If anything had happened to you . . ."

A reminder always that whatever hap-pened, she was his, and she would do her best to keep herself safe. For Mike. For his daughter. For his memory.

MIKE's FIRST DRESS

Liza hadn't been even twenty-four hours old when Mike bought it. "Look," he had boomed, in that big voice that could never stay quiet enough for a hospital room. He had flipped into the chair by Liz's bed, his fingers had fumbled with the silver ribbon and the gold wrapping paper of one of New York's most exclusive stores.

He held it up. Dangling from his big hand it had seemed incredibly small, incredibly lovely. Pink organy, softened for a baby's delicate skin, edged in lace, smocked at the yoke and the sleeves. "You like the dress, Liza?"

Liz, still weak and exhausted from her third Caesarean—and this one the hardest, most dangerous of them all, performed when she was only six months pregnant—had smiled. "Of course I do. It's beautiful, Mike."

Mike's face relaxed. "That's good. Because I bought six more in different colors."

Despite herself, Liz laughed. "Oh, Mike, that's ridiculous. A baby—a newborn baby changes so fast. I mean, she grows every day. A month from now she won't be able to wear it, let alone the six more. You send them back, hear?"

"Then I'll buy her new ones. Don't tell me about women and clothes. I know they like to change off. I've got a wife who buys to the dozen at a time. Maybe you hear?"

Liz hitched herself up in bed a little. "Well, for your information, a new baby doesn't even like dresses at all. She likes a diaper. That's what she likes. Now, a full-grown woman . . ."

She got no further. Mike had reached over suddenly, buried his face in her neck. "You're a nice woman, Liza. You're my girl. My girl, Liz. Aw, Liz, if anything had gone wrong, I'd have killed myself. I swear I would. I was so scared, baby. I was so scared . . ."

Over his head, Liz had closed her eyes against the sudden tears. One hand rested gently on her husband's head. "Nothing happened, sweetheart," she had soothed. "I'm fine, we're fine. In a few weeks we'll take the baby out of the incubator; we'll take her home with us. We'll dress her in her pretty pink dress and we'll . . ."

Instantly Mike's head had raised. His eyes were large. He didn't care if her dress was hung, huh? And tomorrow I'll get some the next size, since she's planning to grow so fast. All right?"

It was all right.

In the hospital, Liz outgrew the pink organdy. Liza had wanted to send it, along with some of her other things, to the baby hospital in Hollywood. But Mike had stopped her. "I want her to wear it. Frame it? You're out of your . . ."

"To remember Liza by," he had insisted. "We'll hang it on the nursery wall in a nice gold frame . . ."

But in the end she let him have his way. And now the dress hung not in the nursery
thrown away in any event. It cost a fortune—the way everything Mike and Liz bought on their trip around the world had cost a fortune. Mike had bought not because of its beauty or value—but because it symbolized Hong Kong to them.

"We're taking it home," Mike had told people in Hong Kong. "to remind us that we're coming back."

They were both in love with the International City. "It's like you described it to me," Liz told her husband, "it's like meeting you turned into streets and houses and millions of people.

He knew what she meant. Hong Kong was like Mike's a city—a city of millionaires —and notables poverty. Modern steel trestles—communities were very small in them. In the house where they stayed with old friends of Mike's, they sat and ate and slept on the floor—but on cushions of the softest, finest material brought in by quiet, smiling servants.

They had grinned at each other happily.

The next day they weren't smiling any more. In the middle of the night Liz was awakened with violent cramps in her abdomen. A deeply in love, remained, had diagnosed appendicitis.

"We can take her to the hospital," he offered.

Liz shook her head. Suddenly she was a child again. Suddenly Hong Kong wasn't a dream city any longer, but foreign, alien soil. "No. I want to go home." She began to cry, to twist on the pallet.

Washing, she was on the way to the hospital—hospitals on the islands. "Sure, Baby. Sure, I'll take you home...

He did, too. He cut short their trip and flew her home to be operated on in California. Any black Could have taken you with me to the President dinner. How would you like that, huh?

And Liz, patting her hair with long thin fingers, had teased, "Oh you couldn't go without me. Remember—you're just one of us.

Mike had finished it for her. "—a pair of scissors. Nonetheless, if the doctor says no, you aren't gonna go..."

The doctor had said no, and Mike had gone to his death alone. But that wasn't true. There was a lie in that sentence, a lie that Liz Taylor is determined to forget. Mike Todd was not alone on that plane. Two pilots perished with him.

So did Art Cohen, the book's author. Both pilots left wives behind. One left one child, the other the book. Art Cohen left a wife and two sons.

So the book lies beside her bed. Not to tell her about Mike Todd—there is nothing between it—covers that she does not know herself. But helping her on the worst days, on the days when her control slips and her sick, weary heart cries out as it did in the first days of grief: "I wish I had it; I wish I had it; I wish I had it, too..."—to remind her then what other women, too, are grieving for shattered lives and lost loves—and that they are rebuilding their lives for the future. That what they are doing, she must do too.

It is the hardest memory of all.

It is almost—but not quite—the most precious.

For there is one keepsake, one thing that belongs to Mike that outweighs all the rest. It is a year old, and it changes every day. It has its mother's huge, wondering eyes. It has its father's eyes. It has a high, small voice, and a very small vocabulary. It has its father's smile. Its name is Liza Todd.

The most precious keepsake of them all.

—IRENE REICH

ELIZABETH STARS IN M-G-M’S ‘CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF’.
BABY-SAT
FOR THE BOONES

Continued from page 48

going to miss us," she said. "And we'll miss her, too, won't we?"

Lindy persisted. "Why does she have to go, Mommy? Can't Judy stay with us always and always?"

"No, dear," Shirley answered. She patted Lindy's ponytail and helped her slip off the edge of the bed. "Daddy and I want her to stay just as much as you and Debby and Cherry do."

"... and Laury, too..." Lindy said.

"Yes, baby Laury, too. But Judy's going to go to college. Like Daddy used to, remember? And she wants to see her Mommy and Daddy before she starts." Lindy stood up on the thick, pink-carpeted floor. "I love my Mommy," she said.

"And Judy loves hers," said Shirley. "Now, why don't you go and give Judy a kiss and Mommy'll finish dressing so she'll be ready when Daddy comes home to take Judy to the airport."

Lindy ran down the long second-floor marble hallway to Judy's room at the end. Her sisters, Cherry and Debby, were already there, sitting on Judy's bed and watching with sad, wide eyes as Judy packed.

"Hi, Lindy," Judy said. "Come on in."

"Hi, Judy," Lindy answered, watching her fold a blouse into the open, plaid suitcase.

Judy stopped, suddenly remembering the first time she'd worn the blouse, one of her favorites. It was an Iowa spring night, just before her high school graduation. Judy and her mother had been sitting on the front porch of the Plumb farm-house, talking about summer jobs.

"What about baby-sitting?" her mother suggested.

"Oh, I guess I can baby-sit on weekends," Judy told her. "But that's not enough to help me through college too."

"I'll bet I know someone who needs a steady, all-around baby-sitter," Mrs. Plumb finally said.

"Who?" Judy asked eagerly.

"Now, don't show your mother cau-
tioned. The Boones!"

"What?" Judy said incredulously. "You mean Pat Boone?"

"What's wrong with the idea?" Mrs. Plumb asked. "You're an old-hand at baby-sitting, aren't you? You helped me look after most of your sisters and brothers.

...The Boones just might be tickled pink to have someone with your kind of experience around."

"Oh, Mom," Judy said. "They'd think we're crazy. I'll bet the Boones never heard of Irwin, Iowa. Do you know what the population was by last count? A big 381!"

"Well," her mother said, "let's let them know Irwin, Iowa's on the map. I'll write them myself."

A

nd, in answer to Judy's prayers, the Boones replied. "We have a baby-sitter," their letter said, "Eva Jones, who's been with us since Cherry's birth. But we will be needing someone to help her when we go to California this summer. Naturally, the letter went on, 'we couldn't pick a baby-sitter out of thin air. Could we have references...?'

A little over a week went by. Then one evening, the telephone rang in the Plum living room and Mr. Plumb answered it. It was Pat Boone and he asked to speak to Mrs. Plumb.

"We weren't really thinking of anyone as special as Judy," he said, "but when your letter came, Shirley just had a hunch about it. Judy seems experienced enough to give Eva a strong helping hand and, both Shirley and I like the idea that Judy wants to work to raise money for college. Besides, she's interested in the church, and can help teach the girls their Sunday school lessons and tell them Bible stories. We'd like to have Judy come and try the baby-sitting job with us for a week. We'll pay all her expenses, Mrs. Plumb. Do you think she'd be willing?"

"A couple of days after that, Judy was saying goodbye to the green fields of her native Iowa, and she was flying east to baby-sit for Pat Boone and his family in New Jersey."

Then, when the plane landed at New-
akirk airport, there at the bottom of the ramp, was a mob of reporters and photographers. "I didn't recognize anybody famous on the plane," Judy thought. It never occurred to her that they were there to meet her. But when Judy got to the bot-
tom of the landing ramp, they were all hurrying over to her.

"How does it feel to be a Cinderella baby-sitter?" asked a reporter.

"Smile, Judy," a photographer shouted. They popped flashbulbs and shot ques-
tions. Judy stood there calmly, quietly, but deep inside she was shaking. Then, suddenly, her mind went blank as she was asked a question, she felt a tug at her skirt. "Hi, Judy," piped a little voice, "I'm Cherry."

The four-year-old girl opened her arms for a hug. Then she took Judy's hand in her own and led her to a car where all the other Boones were waiting.

"Look," Debby had shouted, "She's got bangs just like mine!"

Judy quickly brought herself back to the present. There was Debby all right, and she had the same Buster Brown hair-cut that Judy had herself.

"Judy, Judy," she was saying, "Sing us a story."

"Yes, Judy," Cherry echoed. "Sing us a story.

Judy looked at the scrubby, smiling faces. Her eyes welled up, as she thought of how much she would miss them."

"Don't cry," Lindy said. "I saw you crying before, but, please, Judy, don't cry. Sing us a story."

"All right," Judy said, trying to make her voice sound gay and happy. "I know what. Let's all sing the story about gran-
pa getting his long beard caught in the soup."

H

ow many times they had sung this song together, Judy thought. Next to Elvis' rock 'n roll records, this was the only one of the girls that Judy, too, loved singing and laughing with them about the old granpa who messed up his beard everyday he went to slurp a spoonful of soup.

It had taken about one week for Judy to know that she loved these Boones and for the Boones, from Papa Pat to baby Laury, to give their approval to Judy. "You know we were going to the idea of having Judy to baby-sit for Pat one night. It was just after he'd lullabied the girls to sleep. "You aren't afraid to work. After we met you at the airport and brought you home, you saw a stack of coffee in the sink. And before everybody got a chance to say a little more than a how-do-you-do, you hauled off and started washing the dirty dishes. Your initiative impressed us a lot."

Judy didn't admit it, but she'd been so nervous that first day she hadn't known what to do. As soon as she saw the cups and saucers, she ran to them with relief. She washed them, too, and she didn't even think she wouldn't have to talk, because frankly she didn't know what to say.

From then on, too many things had happened. She had been too involved to worry about what to say. It had just come naturally, in the course of helping look after four very lively little girls. Before she knew it, the Boones asked her to stay all summer long. Then it was time to leave the house in Leonia and head for California. That was to be their home, while Pat worked on "Mardi Gras."

She remembered how Pat wiped up noses aboard the plane and said, "Wow! Eight women!" counting Shirley, the four girls. Eva Jones, Judy, and Lynn Carlton, a teenaged neighbor of the Boones in Leo-
nia who was coming along for a visit. Titch, the Boones' dog, half-boxer and half-Weimeraner, was there, too. "We're all on a Tom Sawyer adven-
ture," Shirley had laughed.

Gary Crosby was going to be in the picture with Pat, came along for Pat's support. "Wow," he said, "what a harem!"

He'd been up late the night before and planned to catch up on his nap. He didn't! From New York to California, Lindy and Cherry took half-hour turns seeing that Gary didn't waste any of the trip by sleeping.

Somehow they crossed the country and there was Pat, standing in the aisle help-
ing gather lost sweaters and pocketbooks.

WHO ARE YOUR FAVORITES?
I want to read stories about [list movie, TV or recording stars]

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The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1)      (3)      (4)      (5)      (6)      (7)      (8)

Name...     Age...

Address...     11-58

* Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
"Don't see anybody I know," Gary said as they left the plane. Then, he laughed. "Why, there's my old man!"

Judy looked up and there, right before her eyes, was that famous, familiar face. It was casually pulling a case and waiting behind the rail, just like anybody else who'd come to meet a plane.

When Cherry saw him, she screamed: "Look, Eva, look, there's your boy friend!"

After Pat stopped laughing, he told Judy that the year before Bing had autographed a picture which he kept in her room. Cherry insists that this means that Bing is Eva's boy friend.

"Kathy Crosby doesn't know about the romance," Pat laughed, "nor does Bing."

Pat and Shirley had been as thrilled as Judy to find Bing waiting at the airport. But even the sight of Hollywood's most famous of citizens didn't prepare either of them for what was to come!

"Golly," said Judy when the great semicircle of a building came into view, "it looks as big as a hotel."

Pat looked at the way the front was all paved and then looked at his four roaming little girls. "Where's our yard?" he wanted to know.

"Go inside and you'll see," said Norman Greer, who is Pat's press agent.

There, on the other side of the house, through marble porches and loggias, was the "yard." In size, it was more like a football field.

The group just stood there, still holding their suitcases. They just stood and looked. There were miles and miles of marble hallway room trimmed with magnificent period furniture. There were life-sized statues and there was a fabulous crystal chandelier hanging from the high hallway ceiling. There were gold railings and a stairway that overlooked the rotunda.

"Oh, it's too big," Shirley said. "Let's go to a motel."

But then they all saw it together. At the steps and railings and bannisters, around the Taj Mahal of a pool, everywhere that a little Boone might tumble through, the studio had installed chicken wire. Not a bird was found among all those exotic surroundings, set Pat, Shirley and Judy to giggling.

Shirley put her suitcase down. The girls, leaping from the grownings, had already begun to run through the rooms and test their echoes. Well, this is one place the children can't damage," Shirley laughed. "After all, everything's made of marble."

When they'd finished counting, they found there were twenty-four rooms. They told me at the studio," said Pat, "that the Prince Rainier lived when he was courting Grace Kelly." Amid these settings, Judy, too, began to feel like a princess, like the day she went to her first big Hollywood party.

She had no idea of going or partying when she said "yes" to being the Boones' baby-sitter. Her mother had cautioned her that this was a job for a job and that she mustn't let anyone at the Hollywood Stardust blind her.

But one day Shirley came to Judy's room. "Pat and I want you to come to a party we've been invited to after the children. The studio's having a celebration for the Mardi Gras' cast, and I think you'd enjoy it. If you like," Shirley hinted, "I'll help you pick out what to wear."

They decided on a navy blue Sunday dress and Shirley lent Judy a pair of tiny pearl earrings. In less than an hour, they were in a waiting limousine. Once inside, Judy wanted to pinch herself to make certain all of it was really true.

Talking to her, asking about her, were so many people Judy'd seen on TV and in the movies and the magazines. The McGee and Frank article sprang to life from the newspaper stories about Pat Boone's Iowa baby-sitter. Tommy Sands, whom she'd met at the Boone house one night when Pat had brought him home for dinner after the day's filming, asked her for a dance.

It had been a wonderful summer and now, it was almost over, Judy sighed. She had won a second-day giving-away dress. The musical had ended. Granpa had gotten his heard out of the soup. Judy looked into the framed mirror above her dresser. She combed her bangs flat and added a victory roll. "I think of happy things, endings like the one in the song. Or else I'll start crying all over again."

A loud lungen "Hi everybody!" came from downstairs. Pat was home from the studio to drive them all to the airport.

In a minute he was upstairs. "Everybody ready?" he asked. The girls scurried downstairs after him. Judy stayed behind for one last, lingering look at her yellow room. "Goodbye, California room," she said. Then she picked up the small traveling bag and walked down the hallway to the big circular staircase.

"Okay, everybody," Pat said. "Pile in."

"Know what popped into my head, Judy, while I was dressing Laury?"

"What?"

"Shirley turned around on the front seat, and smiled at Judy. "I kept thinking of the day Pat couldn't open a charge account at Sears Roebuck. Remember, that was when we wanted to get all that playground equipment for the kids. The clerk figured actor was too unstable a profession and they wanted to check Pat's financial references. So Pat ended up paying cash."

"It was funny," Judy answered. "We all laughed. Nobody there seemed ever to have heard of Pat Boone!"

"Can you hear the planes?" Shirley asked. "We're almost there. I don't know what else I've been thinking, Judy. Who's going to go through the fashion magazines with me and help me make up my mind what to wear?"

"I guess I'll have to save the magazines till next year, and we'll have a big dress confab then, you and me."

Pat checked Judy's luggage, then bought everybody drinks of orange juice. The airlines announcer was calling out the number of Judy's flight, and Judy put down her paper cup.

She took the little girls and hugged them. "See you real soon, huh?" she said. "I know it. You just wait and see."

Pat thanked her and Shirley, holding little Laury in her arms, leaned over and kissed them both. She got a few girls asked for another round of hugs and kisses before Judy went through the gate to the four-engine plane waiting for her.

The September sky darkened. Judy walked up the circular stairway to the plane's entrance, turned around and waved to all the little hands waving goodbye at her.

The plane's hostess directed her to a seat by the window. She looked out at the Boone girls, at Pat and Shirley, all waving goodbye to her, and her heart felt like it was bursting. In a moment, the red rays of the rising sun rose slowly into the twilight sky. She looked out the window at the little specs below. Judy could still make out the station wagon and the Boones standing near it. Suddenly everything was a blur and Judy couldn't see them anymore.

See "THE PAT BOONE CHEVY SHOW," THURSDAYS AT 8 P.M. ON ABC.
a car pulled out in front of them and she shouted: "Watch out, Tony!"

"I see him," Tony assured her and with a sharp twist of the steering wheel, he turned the car into Santa Monica Boulevard.

"Mind if we stop at Martinale's Bookstore?" he asked. "I promised to pick up a new golf book for Dino.

"Not at all," she replied, "and a little incredible. "Could we do it when we go shopping tomorrow morning?"

"It'll only take a minute." Tony was gone ten minutes before she saw him at the car-view mirror, coming out of the bookstore.

"Had trouble finding a copy," he called out, half-running toward the car and waving the book in his hand. "And the used books were in there at least twenty minutes?"

"Ten," he flipped back, smiling, "Next stop, La Scala. Dino said they were going to have a dinner there. It's just the three of us. He's going to stop in for a few minutes and dropping the book off?"

"I'll wait here, Tony," she answered, "or we'll really be late."

"Yes, my lady," Tony replied, just to say hello. You haven't seen Dino and Jeanne for a while. We won't stay long," hebegged, and she could never refuse him when he looked at her that way. He added, "Or so she said finally, but added: "It's 7:30—we're already late for dinner."

Then Tony did something she'd never seen him do before. He opened the door and motioned on ahead, leaving her to get out and find her way among the parked automobiles.

What's wrong with today? she asked herself, somewhat annoyed, and gave a nudge to the doorman who greeted her. "Good evening, Mrs. Curtis," he said, opening the restaurant door.

"Mr. Curtis just went in." a knowing, comforting voice answered, telling herself: Now, Janet, keep calm. As she entered, Tony popped out of a side door, motioned for her to join him and playfully knocked two hanging Chianti bottles together before disappearing back into the room.

"Tony, what's the matter with you today?" she asked sharply as she caught up with him. "All this fuss about seeing Dino?" she thought. With warnings, even though Tony's smile should have told her, she heard Dino singing, "Happy birthday to you" and Joan Collins and Lauren Bacall called out "Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!"

That's when Tony began planning tonight's party. I've never had so much fun planning anything else, he thought, watching Janet.

"Oh, it's lovely, just lovely," Dino said. "And Dino explained that Tony was forced to delay her because they were ten minutes early, and Janet collapsed again into laughter. "That's why . . ." she gasped. "I apologize, but I regret that to have been at Tony," she threatened Dino, and Tony escaped into the kitchen to get Janet's surprise birthday cake.

"Why do they make matches so short?" she observed. Then she noticed how he lighted the candles on the twenty-pound birthday cake he had designed himself. It was pink and blue with a border of sixteen white candles. "You'd better light the matches near the cake," she quipped, and he said handing over his pack of matches, "before we even take the cake in.

Here comes the cake, here comes the cake," sang Judy Garland as Tony wheeled it in, and Dino and Sammy Davis, Jr., joined in and for an encore: "Happy birthday, dear Janet, Happy birthday to you.

"Do you realize, Hon, how much it would have cost to get that trio to sing for us? I thought it would be cheaper to feed them," Tony kidded.

"That's better," shouted Sammy. "Wait til you see us eat!"

Tony watched Janet, her every move, as she looked at the cake and her eyes filled with tears. She's lonely, he thought, lighting her whole face, told everyone more than words how she felt. She always talks with her hands, he noticed, when she's excited. His ex-wife, Rosie, had told her, We've been married seven years . . . seven years goes fast when a marriage is good . . . when two people try hard to make it work. That's the wonderful thing about Janet. She doesn't keep trying to make ours better . . . She's reaching for something, just as I am. He smiled as he watched her bend over the cake and clasp her hands together. She looks like a light in the dark. Cake had told her that yesterday and she had thought he was teasing her, but he wasn't. He had never thought of giving Janet a birthday party before. In fact not until a month before Valentine's Day, when she'd never had one—when they were talking about giving a big party for Kelly's second birthday and had flown back from New York earlier in order to get things ready for it. "Well, you know what the guy must be thinking, " everything must be just right, Janet insisted, as they planned the games and prizes and party favors and guest list. "How you'd get to be such an authority on the subject?" he teased.

She was silent for a minute. "I don't know," she said finally. "I—never had a real birthday party with other kids and games.

That's when Tony began planning tonight's party. I've never had so much fun planning anything else, he thought, watching Janet.

"Oh, it's lovely, just lovely," Dino said. "I thought you were going to say it was a purple-people eater, " quipped Sammy, truly, but Janet was so preoccupied that she answered seriously: "No, it's a baby."

"Boy or girl?" Tony asked with a laugh. And turning, her eyes meeting his, she smiled, "It's your design. You tell me.

Janet started counting the candles, pointing with her finger, missed one and began laughing, and suddenly she wasn't smiling anymore and Tony thought she was going to cry.

"Blow hard," Jerry Gershwin called. "You have to blow all the candles out to get your wish." Janet took a deep breath.

Then in an excited voice, with all the magical belief of a child, she announced happily: "I get my wish! I get my wish! I blew them all out! And throwing her arms around Tony and kissing his cheek, she kissed on the cheek while Tony, almost bashfully, answered with: 'C'mon, honey, let's eat.'"

Oh, look, Tony," Janet pointed as they sat down at one of the five large round tables that Tony had especially decorated for the party. "There's a telegram under my plate. Ripping it open, she said, "Frank Sinatra, "Oh, honey, from Rosie and Jose Ferrer" and with Tony leaning over her shoulder she read their regrets that Rosie's engagement at the Sands Hotel prevented them from attending.

"But it wasn't you who would've wanted them anyway, wasn't it?" she said and tucked the telegram safely into her pocketbook so she wouldn't forget it.

"I'm sure you should see this act," Tony laughed and pointed.

"Where?" she asked, then laughed, too, as her eye wandered past the waiters carrying huge trays of antipasto, to Dean, wearing a light pink sports coat and a white shirt and black trousers, strumming an imaginary guitar and suddenly bursting forth into a lusty Italian folk song.

"Hmmm, that singing waiter has possibilities. Joe, what do you say?" Janet kidded, as Dino ended his song with a deep bow in her direction and began another.

Finally when Gregory Peck put on a recording of Frank Sinatra's "Wee Hours," he thought better and started to pursue a Marriott-like hotel room in a Marriott-like motel and retreated to his table.

"Don't feel bad, Dino," Jeanne Martin teased. "Look at the menu."

"Main course: Choice of Chicken, Sausage or Sausage and Sausage à la Tony Curtis," he read aloud. "What'd you order, Janet?"

"Sausage and peppers, of course," she answered.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Curtis," said the head-waiter over her left shoulder, "there's a phone call for you in the lobby."

"Saved by the bell," she purred as she followed down the hall.

"Who is it?" she repeated. "I can't hear you . . ." and then gave a loud shout of recognition. "Mother! How are you? Yes, it's wonderful. You mean you knew . . . all along?"

I've never tell you how touching it is to me? I wish you and Pops could have come. Know what Tony gave me? A beautiful silver toilet tray that I can hook on the side of the bathtub . . . with dozens of little cups of soap and I store all those little things I keep losing. Luxurious, huh? Who's going to polish it? Why, Tony, of course . . . at least on my birthdays, he said. "Kelly? . . . just fine. My list isn't so long as yours but I'll have to take care of it, and I will, both to Tony and Kelly. Right. "Bye—and thanks for calling. "Bye."

She stood for a moment in the quiet lobby, her hand still resting on the phone. She always felt a little lonesome after talking to the folks. But a loud burst of applause from outside brought her back and she went out to see what was happening.

"Did you miss Tony's magic tricks?" Joan Collins said.

"One advantage of being married to the
magician is that you can always catch the act at home," she laughed and went over to where Tony was sitting quietly at one of the side tables. "Why so serious?" she asked, placing her hand on his.

"Oh, just thinking ... remember where we were on your birthday last year?"

"Yes, in Europe, shooting The Vikings." Seemed as if they didn't. "Why?" she answered, then brightening. "Guess who that was on the phone? Mother. She said you're to be congratulated on being able to keep a secret from her. She never could. And, secrets?" she said, looking happily around the room and kissed him on the forehead.

Tony looked up anxiously, "Feeling all right?"

"Oh, Tony, a baby! Maybe we should think about going home. It's after two."

Suddenly the quiet was shattered as the ladies' team began to argue.

"Wasn't that mine?"

"No, I think it belonged to me."

"I'm sure it belonged to me," Tony heard Janet's voice above the others.

"Hey, girl! What's happening over there?" Tony called.

"We don't love it," the umpire, laughed Joan Collins. "Everybody's claiming the winning penny." And then Janet's gay voice rang out again: "After all, whose party do you think this is anyway?"

"Birthday or no birthday," Veronique said, trying to stifle her laughter, "that doesn't make you the winner. We'll just have to play that game over again, and the winner gets the penny."

The men suspended their game to watch as each girl, serious and determined to win, stepped up to the edge of the sidewalk, gauntled the distance, then shut her eyes and threw.

"You'd think a movie contract was at stake," laughed Stanley Donen to Jerry Gershwin, but he was the first to call out: "Who won?" as the last penny was thrown.

"Me!" Janet cried. "I'm vindicated—that must have been my penny before because I've been exactly ..., and all fair and square," she added, emphasizing each word with a nod of her head, then bent down and scooped up her winnings. "I'm ahead," she called to Tony and ran over to him. "Look, six cents," she said proudly, "how'd you make out?"

"Never mind about that," he answered. "A loser has talks. Besides, it's almost three in the morning. I've got to get you and the baby home," and he hustled her over to the car.

"Goodnight, everyone," she called back as Tony opened the car door for her. "And thanks for everything."

Let's drive with the top down," she suggested and with a long, contented sigh, leaned her head against the back of the seat and smiled up at the stars. "What a wonderful, wonderful night," and she looked tenderly at Tony. He leaned over, put his arm around her shoulders and kissed the tip of her nose. "I'm glad you had such a good time," he said, "I planed it that way," and started the car as Janet turned to wave a final goodbye.

"Wasn't it nice of Norma Shearer to stop by?" she said as they drove along the quiet, tree-lined streets. "Just think, Tony, if it hadn't been for her where I would be now ... I'd never have met you ... wouldn't have Kelly or all those wonderful friends ... never made a movie like this."


They drove in silence for a while before Janet said in a low voice, "You know what made me feel proudest tonight? That all those people—Oscar, Veronique, Judy and Debbie and Sammie and Dino and Jeanne and everyone else—wanted to share my birthday with me. Sammy couldn't make it but wonder if there ever was a Jeanette Helen Morrison from Stockton, California ... shy and lonely and so unhappy because she wasn't pretty or popular. How I used to envy other girls their friends and homes and pretty clothes. I never, never dreamed then that my life could be this happy," she said with a catch in her voice. "We've come a long way together, haven't we, Tony?"

And putting her head on his shoulder, she said softly: "Let's take our favorite ride home."
"WHY DID MY MOTHER DIE?"

Continued from page 43

the bus fare for a simple trip from Tupelo to a big city like Memphis ... after all those bad times, "I want to give you everything I've got," he told her. "Mom had loved life, yet, not once, when she had sacrificed so much of her life to working hard to give him everything she could, not once had she had her come to him."

"Never mind," she'd say, "I know some day, son, you'll repay me. I know you'll make good."

And he had. Being famous and rich meant only one thing to Elvis. He could give her the things he wanted, to repay her for all those bad years.

Yet he'd had just a little while to give her all that she had given him. He'd give her the things he wanted, to repay her for all those bad years.

He stared out through the barracks window, looking at the German countryside. The hills had been green with life and beauty when he first arrived. "How she had kept it for him. All those years."

Then the country side was bare and windswept—somehow it matched the way he felt inside.

He turned from the window. "Things happen so quickly," he thought. "And yet there is so much to remember... so much..."

It had been a scorching day at Fort Hood, Texas, that day when his mother stepped out of the dusty taxi. She didn't look a bit tired. Perhaps it was the excitement of spending a week with him at camp that made her look so wonderful. But towards the end of her visit, he was beginning to feel that she was not seeing what he had been seeing. Now, the countryside was bare and windswept—somehow it matched the way he felt inside.

"Mom, are you sure you're feeling okay?" he kept asking her. But she would only answer his question with a soft laugh. When the time came for him to put her on the train for home, he'd had to fight to hide his fear and anxiety—he knew she wasn't well.

He'd hardly begun to repay Mother, Elvis thought. But could love ever be repaid?

It wasn't until he saw his mother at the hospital that his anxiety left him. He opened the door to her room and saw her. She stood there—just looking. She saw him and cried out, "My son, my son," and ran to her side. "I'll never leave you, Mom," he said, "never."

How much better she had looked, sitting up in bed for the first time the next day. Dad had teared her about pretending she was sick, "when all you really want is a little rest and attention," he had said. And he had joined in the teasing when he realized how much their joking and his stories about camp made her laugh. He stood there holding her hand and smiling but he didn't feel like it. He knew she was sick: "Acute hepatitis is no fun, El," the family doctor had said. "Gladys seems to be much better today but she's still very sick."

And to the reporters who descended upon him and Dad, he had to admit: "Mom's not doing too well right now... not well at all."

He and Dad spent almost all the next day with her. She would look at them and say, "I don't know what I'm doing in here. I feel so much better." And then, with a smile for both of them, "Maybe it's just having my two favorite menfolk here that's cheering me up so."

That day was a quiet one. When he left the hospital, his brain had approached him after such a kindred, a little more gentle in their questions, as if, at last, they realized that he was going through a pretty bad time. "My family is all I've got in the world," they told him quietly, half thinking aloud. "I love them and I love them and I always want to have them around. They can't be replaced." Elvis knew Mom felt the same way. His twin brother had died at birth.

"Can't I spend the night at the hospital," he had asked. But there was no room and his father insisted he go home to get a few hours of sleep.

The thought that he should not have left his mother that night will never be erased. "If only I'd stayed, maybe things would have been different, if only I had been there," he thought. Instead, there had been the ringing of the telephone. He wasn't fully awake when he went to pick up the receiver, but he knew... he knew something had happened at the hospital. He didn't want to answer it, but he did, picking up the receiver very slowly.

"Elvis? El? That you?" "Don't. What's wrong?" "It's over, El."

His mother had passed away in her sleep. She died of a heart attack.

Visitors to the funeral home the day of the burial filled up more than thirty guest books—ninety names to the book. Reverend Hamill, pastor of the First Assembly of God Church, stood up. His voice was solemn, and Elvis remembered that he, too, had called her a "young mother."

"A eulogy to Mrs. Presley would be unworthy," he said, "for the whole nation knows she was a lady of extreme modesty and simple tastes. She certainly would not want it."

"I would like to recall, instead, how devoted she was to her husband and son. The whole world has taken notice of this. The strength of her character is revealed in the influence she has had on her family."

He told them about the days of the early years of the Presley family, just as Elvis had done at the hospital when he had visited his mother. "We were a poor family—nothing for nothing, but a hard way to go," he'd said to her. These things Reverend Hamill spoke of and then he said, "When fame and fortune came, she did not change Mrs. Presley's perspective of life."

He turned and spoke directly to Elvis: "You can take great comfort that thousands upon thousands around the world are praying for your spiritual guidance."

He turned from Elvis and closed the burial service with a benediction. He'd struggled from his seat, limp and torn with emotion, and walked slowly to his mother's bier.

"Goodbye, darling. Goodbye, baby. I love you... I love you..."

His voice trailed off as funeral attendants gently led him to a waiting limousine.

He sat in the large funeral car, slumped down with grief. Everything was hushed and still and he could hear the voice of an elderly lady behind the roped-off sections of his mother's casket. "No one of the boys loved their mothers like he did. Why did she have to be taken from him?"

And when Elvis returned to Graceland, he sat out on the porch steps, and he thought of the same question... Why did I have to lose her? Why?... And he looked around the grounds of Graceland and felt the warm sun on him. He heard the birds off in the churchyard and thought of his mom. She always loved a day like this. He thought of the houses he'd bought for his parents and then he thought of the day he'd bought Graceland for them. "Oh, Elvis," he thought, "if only I saw it for the first time. "It's so big, Elvis, so grand..."

Fleeting moments of his life with his mother and father echoed in his mind. He thought of Mrs. Foote, their Memphis neighbor who was so good to them when they were poor. He remembered what Mrs. Foote had said about his Mama. "El, I just can't imagine a more famous person that ever went to your head nor your Mama's either. Gladys knew that sometimes I just get tired livin' cooped up here. She called me one day and asked me if I wanted to go to Graceland and see all the things afterward. And she said, knowing how excited I was, 'I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll bring you out in the pink Cadillac, and bring you back in the yellow limo. 'Your Mama's a wonderful woman, El.'"
TEAM!

Continued from page 34

past. I guess he was trying to keep us all awake. Anyway, we all began chiming in with our favorites and, before you knew it, we had a real big quartet going for us. "Hey, I've Been Working on the Railroad," "Blue Moon"—you catch the picture. We weren't always on key, and sometimes we'd sort of have to kranerfrantz the words, but it sure was fun. (And at that time of night, what can you expect?)

"We ought to form our own team," said Tony, "and start cutting discs." "He's mad," I thought. "The witch doctor's put a hex on him." But then it struck me that more than one vocal group probably got started in a setting not much different from ours.

Maybe the idea has even struck you and your friends when you're sitting around at a party or a picnic, singing or keeping time to the record player. Sound exciting? Well, it's not as fantastic as it sounds.

Take the Four Lads. You probably have their record of "Enchanted Island" in your own personal collection. But if you could have seen the four choir boys at St. Michael's Cathedral School in Toronto, when they decided to form a quartet. Sound easy? The Lads stopped by my office in Philadelphia and told me there's more to it than that. "Getting together and singing is one thing," they said, "and getting those hit records is another." It took years of experience and hard work for Frank Gerson, Bill Toorish, James Arnold and Comrie Coderini to hit the top. And believe me, they work even harder to stay there.

At school in Toronto, the boys studied music for several years. Believe it or not—working on classics and sacred music—on hymns and anthems. And in their spare time, they stashed their cassettes and got together to warble some of the pop standards and new hits. It didn't take Frank, Bernie, Jimmy and Connie long to find that they had real musical talents. It sort of hit them all together—and all at once—that maybe they ought to join up and give show business a try.

They were young, and there were four of them. So one of them piped up with, "Why not call ourselves the Four Lads?"

"Why not?" was the answer. They took the name, and their next step was to get the show on the road.

Soon, local stations in the Toronto area picked up the Four Lads' program. They were quickly at the top of the charts. Here and abroad, their records sold in droves, and they soon were making hit records for RCA Victor, Columbia, Decca and Capitol.

But nobody had to tell him that. She'd always been there when he needed her. When he'd fall down and skin his knee, or when he'd have a fight with one of the boys, she'd always be there, always be such a comfort. And she would always see that he had toys and clothes like the other kids, even when it had meant she'd have to work as a nurses' aid, and for just twenty-eight dollars a week. No, when the time came for growing up, it was never his friends he wanted to rebel against, but the poverty that kept them down. Because years before, it was poverty that kept them so close to one another. "I'll be someone someday," he had promised her.

How strange it thought, that it was Mama who guided him, unknowingly in a way, along the right path... "Why, Mrs. Presley, your Elvis has a fine, strong voice." That's what folks at church in Tupelo used to say. And even then, he wanted to do something about it. But it hadn't been performing exactly; it was just having fun. He'd sung hymns and things with his Mom and Dad as far back as he could remember. They enjoyed singing together—they enjoyed everything they did together.

And it was Mom who was responsible for one of the biggest turning points in his life. She'd always wanted him to be an artist. And when the cyclone came, she had hustled into the cyclone cellar, a covered excavation, near their house.

But they were singing together for a while, because Gladys knew he was scared and she'd always said singing was good for the spirits. Then they got to talking and he had asked her about the bicycle she'd promised him for his birthday. He always had a longing for the store window.

He remembered how she asked him, her eyes so big—and so sad. "Now look, honey," she said softly, taking his hand in hers, "it costs fifty-five, dollars, and that's a lot of money for us, especially since your Daddy's been sick. Besides, you'd feel a lot better if you'd wait till next year for a two-wheeler."

Even though he really understood, he felt awfully let down. But then she said, "I'll make a bargain with you. If you'll work a year for the bike, your Daddy and I will get you that guitar in the window next to the bike. How would that be?" He wasn't so sure. He never even thought of learning to play a guitar. But she would help, and he went on, "and everyone does enjoy hearing you sing, honey."

Dad had been right when he told some- one. Gladys had never wanted for anything, even when we were troubled. And then, as he looked out over the spacious lawns of Graceland that Gladys had loved so well, he remember- ed Tupelo used to say. And Elvis understood a little. The new house, the cars, the trips, the life, he'd been taken by love. Love couldn't be repaid, except with love. And Elvis knew in his heart that he had given his mother love. And he was comforted. The End

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they were ready to break the door, if anyone would just shout the word. Finally, at about fifteen minutes to eleven, they were called into the studio and a microphone was set before them.

‘Lipman’s one bet’ Bill’s few sure. ‘Then, gone J. Dey 92 P other plag.’

Minutes, new real category group. was after minutes.”

Dey, men, they’re off the chart. a few who were on the chart when the studio door opened. A fellow in shirt-sleeves came in, tapped the microphone and then called it, ‘Can you hear me now?’ No answer. Down on his hands, but the crowd crawled around looking for outlets while the Lads stood by, growing more bewildered by the minute. Finally, the man looked up with a big grin of satisfaction. ‘Oh, there it is,’ he said. ‘Sorry, boys, but we didn’t have the mike on before.’

He left and the same quiet voice as before repeated, ‘Sing! Four shaky voices stood in the studio. This time, they had gotten through the first few bars when the studio door opened again and a horde of women came through, laughing and pushing at each other. Following them was an impresario wearing an out-of-character loud bow tie. ‘Sorry,’ he informed our heroes, ‘but we need this studio. We go on the air here in three minutes.’

That did it! The Lads sprinted out of there like track stars, not even waiting to hear if they’d got the job. Guess they were scared they might be hired to work there, after all. They didn’t go very far, however, for they soon began picking up others. They sang on other stations and in local clubs. They were earning money but, even shiner, and more important than those coins was the polish they were gaining as a group.

‘The really big break,’ says Connie, ‘was our tryout engagement at the Ruban Blau in New York. We were hired for just a few days, and we stayed for thirty weeks.’ That was time enough for the word to get around about this red-hot new singing team. They began getting offers from the big hotels and from other lush night clubs.

Next rung on the ladder were guest spots on television and a contract with Columbia. You may not know but in the beginning the Lads pitched in to provide backing for such popular ‘single’ artists as Johnnie Ray, Doris Day and Frankie Laine. Then one of their own distributed. That moved, labeled and distributed. It went. Since then, albums by the Lads have been up there in the best-selling category for years, and the boys have a real long list of singles, too. Way at the top of it is one of my all-time favorites, “Enchanted Island.”

Now, I don’t think I’ll ever forget the day they introduced that on “Bandstand.” When the Lads had finished, there wasn’t a sound, and for a few minutes, the boys just stood there and looked puzzled. They’d felt sure they had a big hit. There was a sudden, the studio audience let loose. They gave the Lads one of the loudest and longest hands I’ve ever heard.

He brought us his office, Frank Bussieri was talking about it. ‘I broke out in a cold sweat when we didn’t get that immediate reaction,’ he said, ‘but, boy, when it came it made sure we feel good.’ It was apparent to the Lads, that this quartet could that easily call themselves the Four Nice Guys. They are not, but definitely not square.

The Diamonds, that other foursome whose record of “The Stroll” brought a whole new dance to

“American Bandstand.” I guess it’s a funny thing, but the Four Lads send me—send me thinking, that is, of his other quartet that’s from north of the border, too. Not so funny,” Bernie Toorish of the Lads wrote. “As a matter of fact, I went to high school with Tedd Kowalski, tenor for the Diamonds.”

If you ask me—and if you won’t, I bet Tony Mammarella will—all the Diamonds fit easily into the musical circles. Dave Somerville, for instance, was born in Guelph, Ontario, and studied classical music (it never hurts) for two years at the Royal Conservatory in Toronto. Dave’s been around for a while too. They were on a “Bandstand” and know exactly what goes with the trillions of dials in the control booth. You see, he’s a whiz at that sort of thing, and he worked as a radio engineer for the CBC after he’d been graduated from Central Technical High in

A third member of the group, twenty-two-year-old Mike Douglas, is the proud owner of a door at which opportunity knocked twice. Mike was one of the original members of the Diamonds when they were just singing for kicks at parties, benefits and local fairs. When the decision was made to turn fun into fortune, Mike couldn’t go along—he was too tied up at school. Then, after Mike had come off the last page of the textbook opening curve of the group, the fellows got in touch with Mike immediately.

‘Interested in rejoining us?’ they queued. ‘You bet,’ was the quick answer, and soon Mike was back on the wave, doing vocalizing and also panicking the audience with his great impressions of celebrities.

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Fourth member, Bill Reed, another former star at Central Technical High School. Before joining the Diamonds Bill worked as a telephone-installation man. But even before that, he’d caught the yen for the musical end of show business. “It was his own quartet for many years. ‘Matter of fact,’ Bill told me, ‘my dad and his quartet were the first vocal group to sing on radio in Columbus, Ohio, two years ago. Is probably has as many imitators as those of the great stars Mike Douglas does impressions of. Bill’s the bass of the group and it’s him on the talking solo parts of ‘Little Darling’—he’s a whiz. He’s the Diamonds’ biggest one. For weeks after they came out, I can remember the gang at ‘Bandstand’ imitating that ‘Little Darling’ stuff. ‘Who are you?’—Have to admit I did it myself, but, honest, fellas, it was only in fun.

Getting back to Tedd Kowalski, here’s a fellow who had a rather unusual occupation—just selling than professionally. A grad of the University of Toronto, Tedd got a real great sense of humor and boy, if you ever caught him when the group does ‘Little Darling,’ you’ll agree he could make the top as a comic, too.

The Diamonds are all in their early or mid-twenties. And, gals and guys, let ol’ Dick here tell you that youthful vigor comes in real handy when you’re dashing from stage to plane to hotel to stage. And, for instance, this was the way Bill Reed described these boys just thrice on it. I remember the last time they were down to see us. We were all in my office and, with four Diamonds, I was told that it was going to be a full house. ‘Gosh, Dick,’ said Tedd, ‘just the thrill of each personal appearance is the besticker-upper around for when you get the weary blues on a road tour. With ‘Bandstand,’ you’re hoping you Diamonds are in one place long enough to unwrap a few more hits like “Little Darling” for Christmas.

If you’re like me, Christmas makes you think of snow. And that takes us back to Canada. But not for long. Don’t get the idea that a singing combo has to be born in Canada to get to the top. (No, I hear the Diamonds and saying, but it sure helps.)

One of the year’s fastest-rising groups hails from nowhere else but Belmont Avenue in The Bronx. For sure that’s Dick Di Mucci, and then there’s a Del Di Mucci, the eighteen-year-old leader of this band of four, already has more years in show business than many stars who have been shooting up for local fairs for years.

When Dion was about three years old, he got into the act with his father, Pat Hill, a well-known puppeteer who had performed all over the world before his retirement. It seems to be one of those lucky guys who are just born with a natural ear for music. He started playing the guitar as soon as he was big enough to hold it. Dick says that’s the way he’s “doing what comes naturally”—to crib a phrase from Irving Berlin.

When Dion was on “Bandstand,” he got into a huddle, over Cokes, with some of the other stars in the group, and they told him. “But those three guys who make up the Belmonts and who back me up on songs, they’ve got a lot of talent for me,” said Dion. ‘He said. ‘He’s nineteen and he’s as great as classi-

cal music on the piano as he is on rock ‘n roll vocals. Angelo D’Aleo, why he’s only eighteen, just like me. And Carlo Marra, you’re lucky he’s only two years older than me. And you know that extra year over me. Anyway, he’s a mighty fine jazz drummer.”
The boys are all recent grads of Roosevelt High in the Bronx. Want to try guessing how they decided to team up? Did you say "Yeah, they’re buds"? Well, you might be right.

Dion and his pals would put their heads together and make with the pop harmony. Parties were a good chance, all right. At one of them, a friend of Dion’s listened to the boys and told Dion that he would—lend a helping hand. He took a demonstration record of Dion singing alone down to Gene Schwartz at Laurie Records, the next thing that Dion knew he was closeted in a recording studio and running through a number called “Chosen Few.”

No, “Chosen Few” didn’t sell a million. After all, how do you get? But the record did move out of the record stores sufficiently fast in New York, Boston, and enough other cities to convince Schwartz that Dion could make it and be realistic in that million-selling neighborhood.

Dion and his three buddies had been close as the Dion-Jones boys in high school. Now that Dion had had his first break, he didn’t forget his pals. Before they could finish counting the profits on “Chosen Few,” the officials at Laurie Records forced them to remind the Belmonts backing up Dion. This, too, they liked, and, in March of 1958, they teamed the boys for a little number called “I Wonder Who’s Kissing Her Now.”

Last summer, Dion and the Belmonts, all bachelors, kept hopping. They toured the country with the Summer Dance Party circuit, playing one-night stands in cities and towns all over the three thousand mile neighborhood. They loved it. Incidentally, there may be an opening in the group this month. Angelo is due for a date with the U.S. Navy real soon. But he’ll be back and Archbishoping the group in a few years—or Dion and the other Belmonts will “wonder why.”

Dion, by the way, isn’t the only young musical star to get his love of the entertainment world from his parents. Two young men who go by the name of Phil and Don Very also take the cue from their mother and father. Margaret and Ike Very sang and danced. They found that their style of music had ‘em rockin’ in the aisles. Or hasn’t anybody told you that country music is granddaddy to rock ’n’ roll? Icke Very taught Phil and Don how to play the guitar when they were still wee ones. The boys joined the family act and, after their father and mother retired, they decided to stay in the business. Neither had any “school music” lessons, but they figured they could still find room at the top.

They worked everywhere they could, any time they could. “We’d just keep imagining,” Phil told me, “what a thrill it would be to see those words, ‘The Very Brothers,’ up in lights over a theater. Eighteen months is a lot of imagination. You were singing—what anybody listening? “We sure got discouraged at times,” Don said, “and we were kind of tempted, now and then, to give up the whole idea.”

There’s a lesson in there somewhere. When you’re tempted to give up, don’t. You never know when the Very Brothers have, you sure will be listening. In their case, it was Wes Rees, the music publisher. Wes listened and decided to become the boys’ manager. On June 5, 1958, Don Blevier, who’s top man at Cadence Records. (He’s also husband to one of the Chordettes.) Wes sounded so high on the boys that Archie decided to take a flyer. He auditioned them, then put them to work with “The Four Lads.”

Once that was on the record racks, there was nothing but cash registers ringing in music stores around the U.S.A. The first record was a gold one, selling more than a million copies for Cadence. Next up was “Wake Up Little Susie,” and that didn’t sell a million—it sold two million! Albums have followed, too, so that now, no matter where the turn of the dial, you’re sure to hear one by the Everly Brothers.

You’re liable to see them anywhere, too, for they travel more than an airline pilot. When the boys and I were talking, the last time they were on “Bandstand,” Don told me that he figured they’d made more than 300 personal appearances in the last year. Danny and Don, “teases” much about it. She pretends that she’s jealous because I seem to get such a kick out of being away. Poor Phil, he isn’t married and so he’s got a flock of girls to complain about his traveling.”

The Everly Brothers are the only kin in the teams we’ve talked about. But one thing that they all and the others have in common is that they’re all working to improve their styles and their voices. That goes double for Danny and the Juniors, winners of our annual poll on “American Bandstand” as the year’s most promising team.

Those boys got their start as a vocal team harmonizing during lunch hours at John Bartram High School in Philadelphia. Can’t you just hear the jokes flying about “hams on rye”? It didn’t discourage Danny Rapp, though. With Joe Terranova, Dave White and Frank Maffei, he’d just move from the school lunchroom to the neighborhood drugstore. It was just a continuation of the noon show, with the boys entertaining their classmates by singing the top hits.

That was back in January 1956. That year, just something that every time the boys sang, it was before, after or during meetins. After dinner, they’d rehearse some more, rotating homes “so no parents got too much of a bad deal,” Danny grinned. They’d sing at any banquet, wedding or party that would let them. Eventually, this showcasing paid off. A guest at one party told Artie Singer, a Philadelphia opera coach, and he had a hit on his hands. The boys sang and Artie listened. Artie talked and then the boys did the listening. Danny and the Juniors had been working on a number they wanted to record. “At the Bop.” Artie began tinkering with the number and helping to write it. Soon, the title was “At the Hop” and it was going ‘round and ‘round on the Singular record label. It broke wild and the people who pays their money at the record counters were taking this as their choice. The record was transmitted to the ABC network for a nationwide broadcast. It became the theme for disc-ophiles everywhere.

And the Juniors followed. “At the Hop” with “Rock ’n Roll Is Here To Stay” and also with a long string of personal appearances in England and points south and west. Wherever they go, the practice sessions go with them. In planes, trains and busses ... in hotel rooms and in the wings waiting to go on ... Danny and the Juniors are the same as the Four Lads, the Diamonds, the Everly Brothers, and Dion and the Belmonts. They work hard to get to the top and they all work just as hard to stay there. They work as teams—and, come on, gang, who do we appreciate? Two, four, six, eight! That’s right! Teams, folks.

As for me, I’m rooting for you. See you next month.

—DICK

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Continued from page 40

been working, it would have been impossible.

"What shall I do?" I asked the folks at Photoplay when I stopped in to pick up the latest bushel basket of mail. And bless their hearts, they came to the rescue. "Why not write another article, George," they suggested, "answering the questions most asked, and those you feel call for special attention?"

"Great!" I agreed. So, on my first free day, we got together in Photoplay's offices—Photoplay's efficient gal Friday, Shirley Haut, the letters, and I.

To begin, I can't tell you how impressed I've been with one fact and one, oh, call it "emotion" if you want, that has run through all your letters. That is, the need to talk to someone, the need to express what you feel in your innermost mind. I think I'm wise enough to know that it certainly isn't me that you are writing to. I think it's mostly because some of the things that I said in that article, some of the individual and learned people I quoted that touched many readers very deeply.

It made me wonder why people can't communicate with those around them. Why do all of us in our everyday lives seem to be ashamed of expressing thoughts and emotions that are obviously very true and very real? What's happening to all of us that we can't be sincere without feeling either that we will be misunderstood or made fun of or just plain "tuned out"? Probably this question would never have entered my mind except for your letters. I wish I knew the answer, but since I don't, I picked out of the questions that perhaps I can answer.

Pat in Cleveland writes in part: "From what I've seen of this sorry old world, not too many people think the way you seem to. That's why I'm writing this. Too bad you can't bottle the understanding you have written; you'd make a million the first week. While I'm at it I would like to ask if that article was written by you?"

First of all, Pat, I wish I could reassure you as I have been reassured by all these letters that maybe this isn't as "sorry an old world" as we sometimes think. Perhaps there are many, many people who feel the way we do. We have no way of knowing because most of the time they never speak up. But they do exist, Pat. And, yes, I did write the article. I must confess that some very nice people along the way were good enough to correct my spelling and punctuation, both of which leave much to be desired, but the thoughts were mine and the words were mine.

Barbara, in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, says: "While I enjoyed your ideas very much and think you are very wise in what you say, don't you think there are a little too much of the 'woman'—whoever she might be?"

Well, Barbara, as I'm sure you know, the thoughts given in the article were certainly not original with me. Most of them have been babbling around for well on to two thousand years now. And as for "asking a little too much" of the girl I must say that the article was in a good part day-dreaming out loud and I certainly wasn't trying to set down a list of things that had to be nor was I putting myself up on a pedestal from which I could "dictate."

In capsule form the qualities I look for in a wife are these: a) She'd be sweet and neat and good to look at, b) have a sense of humor toward life and everything in it, and c) be an individual, having her own ideas on a good many subjects, able to think things through and decide what, in her own opinion, makes sense.

How did I come to these conclusions? Since so many other guys feel as I do and would like the girl they marry to have these qualities, I guess I've reached these general conclusions like most others have: by looking around me, by contrasting, by comparing.

For instance, in high school, like the rest of the adolescent male population, I was "sent" by the local blonde with the 36-24-36. And, like the rest of the crowd, I dated her when she was "available"—but after a while I began to realize that she, like so many beautiful people, was only interested in herself and a very narrow portion of the life around her. The rest of the world and the people in it were of no importance to her unless they could be used to her advantage. She was cold, calculating and selfish—and heaven help the guy she finally married. Blondes certainly have improved. I compared a picture in the old yearbook of this high-school doll with what I saw while watching the "Miss America" contest a while back. Wow, have the standards been raised.

By contrast, I still remember another girl, perhaps not as glamorous and flashy, but with a warmth and an interest and a liking for people that made you feel good just to be around her. No, she wasn't as "popular" then (in a certain specialized sense) as the other girl was but, let's face it, at that time most of us had what you might call sort of one-track minds. We were mainly interested in girls who were obvious and attractive and available; we didn't have any long-range ideas on the subject at all. Well, fine. It's a stage most people go through when they're starting to grow up—but where the rubber meets the road that stage is set and the condition is made permanent by something as binding as marriage... Well, look at the divorce rate these days.

Patricia in New York sends a real stopper: "I have read so much about men who are looking for 'the girl.' Well, how about we girls who are looking for 'you'? How both are looking. How do they meet?"

Anyone who has the answer in a couple of sentences to as old a problem as that really has it made. The only thing I can say is that I'm not going to settle for second or third best and this, of course, does not make for happiness.

Betty in Massachusetts has a very serious question: "Suppose you met a girl, and something inside told you that she might just be the right one for you, but she told you that she had been previously married and had, oh, say, two children. Know you there would it be a difference in the way you might feel about the girl?"

Since I'm being completely honest answering these questions, Betty, all I can say is that from my own point of view, when I meet the right girl, it's not going to make any difference to me what she has been through or what has happened in the past. Don't you think too many of us dwell on the past and give it too much importance?

Shirley in Michigan is a little upset with me and asks: "Why do you write all that unfavorable of people try to imitate the Joneses, that doesn't mean that everyone in this concerned nation does. There are plenty of radicals in the world. You just haven't come across any of them. Look around you, Mr. Nader."

Then Shirley goes on for three more sizzling pages and ends with the P.S.: "Don't write more things like this. Write more things like this and get things going with us common folks. It will do you a lot of good."

Shirley, I'm glad at least that you signed "your friend and fan" because you real name is Jane, and I can't quite honestly understand why. I wasn't trying in my article to point the finger at everybody in our nation. I was and hope I always will be one of those who are either too lazy or too weak to assert themselves as individuals and thinking human beings.

Every player I know gets letters asking for advice on problems of many kinds. I think offering advice on personal and intimate problems is one of the most foolish and most misleading things most people can do. The only suggestion I would have is to say that in matters such as these one should seek the intelligent and wise advice of a family physician, priest, pastor or rabbi, depending upon your religious convictions, or some other older and wiser counselor. Above all, you should not expect to receive competent advice on pictures. Many of them have trouble enough memorizing their lines.

Ann asks a very reasonable question: "Is this a publicity stunt, gimmick, or real?"

Ann, it's of course impossible for you to really know me completely as a person and, therefore, it's understandable that you wouldn't realize certain things about the way I am put together. As an actor
there are many things that I do as part of my profession that I certainly wouldn't do as a private individual. But writing an article and having it published merely as a "publicity stunt or gimmick" is something that I would not do. I don't think I could face the mirror in the morning thinking that my article playfully plates upon the emotions of even one other human being. That's why you will find, if you keep track, that there are many types of articles that do not appear in and many types of articles I won't write because I don't believe in them.

A girl in Petaluma, California, writes: "I am not by any stretch of the imagination you will find that my article was very good and at least it shows you have a thinking mind, which is rare these days." (Ouch!) . . . . "Just being signed to a studio is like being in a deadlock. Besides, it's ruinous to good talent. It seems to build actors and actress into mere shadows of what they could be. I resent being ambushed by messy-looking Indians via the wide screen, getting eyestrain from Cinema-Scope, shot at by Stereophonic sound and bored to the teeth with super, poor acting. I think the industry's disregard for the intelligence of the viewer. It would be wonderful to see a picture full of everything that is masterful, beautiful, tiful, directed with a sure and just hand. I have always thought that, to any artist of value, money is the thing least thought of, or is it? Now you may think differently, but I may be very important to you. If it is, then you are not an actor. Acting is like being a painter. I think, we both paint pictures for others to enjoy and think about."

Well, while there aren't actually a lot of questions in the parts of the letter I have quoted, the writer certainly makes me want to do a lot of answering. While I agree with her in the main, I am a bit at a disadvantage toward some of our present-day screen products, people still are trying in this industry to create something to be proud of and are occasionally succeeding. And I think there are many pictures in the past made by Hollywood that fulfill her requirements of "everything that is masterful, beautiful, directed with a powerful and astute hand." I can't agree with her when she says "acting is like being a painter—we both paint pictures for others to enjoy and think about." In the first place, a painter has full control over the finished product. An actor is merely one part of the many talents that it takes to make up the complex product known as a motion picture. And I don't quite understand that, if it is important to a person, then it must follow that they're not an artist. Money in many cases is power and power can be extremely important in the artistic venture as costly as movie-making.

Here's a letter from Patricia in Holly- wood, Florida, who, as you will see, has very definite opinions of her own. She says: "I just read your article in the July issue of Photoplay and are you asking for it! You're going to get a lot of phonies running around in frilly aprons trying to build fires, cook and learn to clean up a messy bedroom. Why, as far as that goes, I could fill the bill if I really wanted to, but I wouldn't change for anyone, even you!"

Patricia goes on to list quite a few most interesting qualifications she has. Then she says: "You won't get somebody with all the qualities you mention, the best way to make marriage work is to think before saying something you will regret. You can't change habits overnight which have been there for many years in your marriage partner. Think advertising for what you want and don't make the mistake of advertising what you have after you've fallen in love with you by all means, but I would hate to see you be miserable from a wrong choice."

Now look, Patricia, while I appreciate your willing to help, I'd like to point something out. First of all, I can spot phonies by this time whether they're "running around in frilly aprons and trying to build fires, cook and learn to clean up a messy bedroom."

From Strasbourg, France, came a very kind letter from a girl named Marilyn: "I honestly believe I have never read a more beautiful (and honest, may I hope sincerely) article. I don't think you would want and expect out of a life with a woman of one's choice . . . it seems very strange to have, such remarks said by an American man."

My thanks for your thoughtful letter, Marilyn, but I must say I'm a little sorry you feel such remarks as I made to be "strange" when said by an American man. I am, and always have been, an average or exceptional in my feelings. I know many men who feel as I do toward love and marriage in relationship with life. That they don't have the opportunity to speak up as I did is no reflection on them.

Susan from San Francisco says: "You left out the other dark side of being in love which is: Assuming it's not a high moral relationship (just physical), it brings out those qualities in a person which may be pretty foreign and degrading. This may happen in any settings attracting the men of shoulder an unstable, unethical person can become too much for the stronger to bear, causing a decapitation in him or her until neither has a respect.

Here I think, Susan, you've fallen into a trap that many of us fall into, that of thinking the ability to be able to love is the same thing as "being in love" is a term like "falling in love with" or "falling for" and can easily be used to talk about or explain what's only quite similar. "Being in love" refers more to giving and sharing and understanding and helping. I don't think the "other dark side" you mention could exist under those conditions.

One other point Susan makes: "Nobody likes to be different or ridiculed. A stigma may be attached to someone who did what you did. "Rape" doesn't go well with the majority of the. That stigma may cause mental deterioration. We want to be liked and well thought of by all. This is true, we're all part of ourselves—a necessity for self-preservation."

I'm sorry, Susan, but I think you're absolutely wrong. Sure, nobody likes to be ridiculed, but if somebody does what he thinks is right and if that action doesn't hurt any of his fellow human beings, then I

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Hope Lange and Don Murray color by Sanford Roth; color of Sandra Dee and John Saxon, Gene Trindl; Tab Hunter color, Henri Janson.

hope Lange and Don Murray color by Sanford Roth; color of Sandra Dee and John Saxon, Gene Trindl; Tab Hunter color, Henri Janson.

That is concerned with motion pictures.
Penny asks: "How many young impressions of our lives are built on our own strengths and weaknesses or developing ourselves as individuals when you set up an idealistic Utopia to fill?"

Look, honey, I think you had better read that again, because if you think I was setting up an "idealistic Utopia," you're all wet. I was talking about things which I think are of great value; I was quoting people whose knowledge and intelligence I respect; I was saying things which I believe to be worthwhile. None of this fits into the definitions I remember of Utopia.

Then, Penny, you really pull a boner because you ask: "Do you think the type of girl who reads these magazines is an avid Wylie reader? Perhaps these girls are so engrossed with the moral values of freezer, you'll find your Wylie and Vance Packard readers in or graduated from college and universities. These girls don't read "fan" magazines.

Penny, I'm sorry, but you're completely confused. I can send you at least one hundred letters from girls in or graduated from colleges and universities who found the article not only interesting, but pro-vocative. Maybe these girls don't read "fan" magazines, but I have proof they read Photoplay. And finally you ask the question: "But I am not prudish teacher, but do these stories build character, or do they create a glittering storyland of Sherman Oaks, or any other residence mentioned in the other stories?"

Well, Penny, your term "prudish teacher" has little or no meaning to me, so I don't know whether you're that or not. I do know that you're not only confused, but so far behind in your thinking and understanding of what Photoplay is trying to do that, honey, you're just plain old-fashioned. I'm certainly not trying to make this sound like an ad for Photoplay or any other magazine associated with motion pictures and the personalities in them, so I'll just close by saying, Penny, you'd better wake up and live a little. Oh yes, before we leave Penny, I think I should tell her that, if she likes, I can furnish her with the address of a very charming lady in Hutchinson, Kansas, who, being a little wiser and a little older, might be able to help her. I have written to tell me that she is thirty years old, with two children, has a degree from a university, is widowed now and, because she has had to make her own way and provide a living for her children, has been an excellent parent for some time, knows and understands the values I was talking about.

Among other things this lady says: "You have made us realize to our lives, avoiding being our own unique individuals—in fact, escaping, running, joining, marrying—anything to overcome the un-beautiful world existing around us. But we stop and realize what all the racing is for, then perhaps we have a real chance to grow toward maturity, to be a loving person and part of the whole wonderful world and each other.

Then she says three very kind things:

"First, it's always wonderful to find someone who cares enough to think things through and decide for himself. Second, it's nice to know that in your profession there are individuals who are truly at last on the way to being 'complete' people. Third, so many teenagers read "fan" magazines and believe in your position have inspired even one to read, learn and think before they leap, then will you please rewrite your article again in such a way that children are the word when my children will be teenagers!!!"

Don't you think it might help Penny if she talked a little with this lady? Well, I think, of the letters above, from this small sampling of the mail that has come in, what a rewarding experience this has been for me. And by that I mean as an individual. Because almost everyone who has written has said they weren't writing to a "movie star," but rather to a person. And I'm sure you can understand what a wonderful feeling it is to know that many others share your views and ideals.

Above all, in a world where our daily newspapers tell us that everyone and everyone is negative and downbeat and wrong, it's a very heartwarming experience to realize that this is completely untrue—that the world actually is full of worthwhile and wonderful people who are only now getting a chance to be heard.

In the San Francisco Chronicle, for instance, Stan Delaplane gave his daughter, age fourteen, a chance to be heard—in his McNabb's column. He'd read the story in Photoplay and Stan reports the following conversation:

"Imagine," she said. "Imagine having a date with George Marks." "What would you do, my dear?"

"Well, I wouldn't want to do anything fancy. Just something very simple. Like maybe a picnic. With peanut butter sandwiches. That's why I think we could sit down so perfectly. Because he likes peanut butter sandwiches. And do so!"

"What kind of peanut butter sandwiches?" Cruelly.

"I would make a variety," she said. "He could have whichever one he wanted. I like crunchy.

"With lettuce? And mayonnaise?"

"Just mayonnaise. No lettuce."

"I suppose that is the way George likes them. Is that what Photoplay says?"

"They do not say exactly. But I would make them just the way we like them. I must confess," she said, "that we may have a picnic, we could go to a movie, and take peanut butter sandwiches along to eat."

Well, I like the crunchy kind of peanut butter, too. No mayonnaise, no lettuce. Do you think I should call Miss Delaplane and tell her? The End

see no reason for giving a moment's thought to what other people may say or think. You seem to feel that other people's impressions of us are what enable us to think well of ourselves. This is a basic error. We must first believe in ourselves as worthwhile human beings and approve of ourselves because we are conscious that we are deserving of love and approval. And most important, we must love ourselves first. If you misinterpret that I suppose you will think that love of self is the same as selfishness or self-indulgence. This, of course, is not true. One must love one's self and know one's self to be a worthwhile human being before one can truly love the world or the people in the world. Love comes from within and radiates outward. Love does not come from outside and work its way in.

Penny in New York writes: "Recently I had occasion to purchase Photoplay for a course in 'Adolescent Psychology' at the teachers' college where I am a junior. We were discussing the effects of film and love magazines on children—a standard for every darn education course we have here." She goes on to say she read the article we are talking about, noted I answered my own mail and brings up quite a few points. First of all, she asks, are my comments sincere?

Yes, Penny, of course they are.

Then she says: "I realize how difficult it is to present the same people in different lights so that the reader will be entertained and therefore retain his interest. Yet don't you feel these magazines really reach around for their topics?"

Well, Penny, it's a little difficult to know exactly what you mean by "reach around for their topics," but I think the basic difficulty you are having is trying to lump together many different publications under a catch-all phrase like "film and love magazines." If you are far along in your education you should certainly know that you can't approach the problem of analyzing anything if you make such vague generalizations. For instance, Photoplay can be compared with or contrasted to other publications, but you can't say it's the same as any other publication. It's unique and distinct and has, if you will, a personality and a life of its own. And, going back to your question about "reaching around for their topics," I think Photoplay has for some time been doing an excellent job of presenting players in an interesting and absorbing, yet very truthful, light. This, of course, can't be said for all publications.
Flying Sparks: Kim Novak’s announcement that she’ll marry director Richard Quine, who guided her through “Bell Book and Candle” and gave Kim her start, is taken with a noncommittal grin by Quine, who only recently separated from his wife. The feeling is Kim talks a good marriage. And that’s where it ends. In talk . . . There really may be something cooking between Hugh O’Brian and Nancy Sinatra, I conclude after spending an evening with them. . . . Believe it or not, Dorothy Malone, a “no-kiss” bachelor girl, blushes when the name Jacques Bergerac is mentioned. Just when everybody thought blushing had gone out with crocheted hat pin holders! . . .

Phyllis Hudson acquired a home, the former Rock Hudson abode, a $250 a week alimony and a brand new beau, all in one short, hot summer. Rock’s divorce settlement accounts for the house and income, but Phyllis acquired the beau on her own. He’s a professor of philosophy she met while taking his course at UCLA. And speaking of Rock, we’re all curious over the recordings he’s made and locked away, pending future release.

The Gossip Concerns: The disintegration of the Jim Arness marriage, and the regret of friends who admire both Big (“Gunsmoke”) Jim and his Virginia . . . Shelley Winters’ heart-to-hearts with husband Tony Franciosa in Europe, and the hopes their problems can be ironed out . . . That Hollywood Cosmo Alley hideout where The Beat Generation and some of our best-known young actors hide out for an evening of “crazy, man, crazy.” . . . The disapproval of socialite Barbara Hutton over the seemingly serious romance between son Lance Reventlow and starlet Jill St. John. The divorce scorecard: Jill one; Barbara, five; Lance, none . . . That new $300 wig Betty Furness brought back from Paris which, if the fad catches on, will have us all looking like Marie Antoinette in search of a guillotine . . . The wonder if the arrival of Peter and Pat Lawford’s third child will curb Pete’s boyishness to a settling-down-to-business attitude . . . Little David Ladd patiently doing his homework, unaware papa Alan Ladd turned down a $50,000 contract which would have kept the boy from attending school. David’s only financial concern is that he gets that twenty-fifty cents a week allowance . . . Tony Perkins’ album, “From My Heart,” which won him the privilege of singing in his upcoming Audrey Hepburn movie, “Green Mansions” . . . The heartache in store for Deborah Kerr if Tony Bartley succeeds in taking her two children from her. In Hollywood, where his harshness has won him no friends, they refer to Tony as “the Dr. Lindstrom (Ingrid Bergman’s ex) of the British set.” Fortunately, Ingrid got her daughter Jenny back.

I PREDICT . . .

Paul Newman will be the new femme fatale now that “Cat on a Hot Tin Roof” is out. With the bluest eyes in captivity, the profile of a Greek god and the Brando-like talents, Paul is sure to be the toast of the both coasts . . . I predict Bing Crosby will employ different tactics in rearing his new son, “Tex” Crosby. Tex’s four older brothers, whom Bing reared to the best of his ability, have somehow stayed from their father’s hopes and plans . . . The twins, Dennis and Phillip have given up their veterinary studies, young Lindsay renounced college and Gary seems definitely estranged. So little Harry Lillis Crosby III, named for his father and grandfather, may find a closer relationship with Papa Bing . . . I predict the new trends in prolonged and careful divorce settlements and “marriage first” plans will change the whole course of Hollywood and its people. And the stand taken by younger wives in following their husbands and being with them at all costs, is another indication Hollywood is awakening to a new maturity and a new set of values.

Joanne Woodward, who is now at the peak of her career, will give it up for the duration of husband Paul’s play on Broadway, just to be near him. Joanne will take a psychology course at Columbia. Natalie Wood refuses all offers that take her away from husband Bob Wagner in Hollywood, even a flattering film to be made in England.

Hope Lange followed husband Don Murray to Ireland for his six months’ tour on his movie, “Shake Hands With the Devil,” their second child being born on Irish soil. Shirley Jones, at the cost of her own career, refuses to leave husband Jack Cassidy behind in Hollywood. It’s a new day and a new hope for Hollywood. (Continued)
We Give a Party

George Nader and Jolie Gabor, mother of Eva and Zsa (what’s her middle name again?), walked off with all the fortune cookies at Photoplay's gala brunch party, held at Trader Vic's restaurant. The cookies were first prizes awarded for the best sayings to be put inside fortune cookies. Jolie’s winning phrase was “Confucious say. It is never too late.” (And with her handsome bridegroom by her side, the message was obvious.) George’s “Never mistake asthma for passion.” gave everyone a good laugh.

“ Aren’t you a bit cynical with that suggestion?” I asked him Kiddingly.

“Yes, I am,” he admitted, winking at lovely Martha Hyer, who sat next to him at our table.

Nick Adams, master of ceremonies, opened the party at noon in the Hawaiian Lounge, sporting a black eye achieved during a TV rehearsal. Then we all moved into the main dining room for luscious brunch. Traders’ style . . .

Kim Novak arrived late and was joined at brunch by Hugh O’Brian, who came alone. Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac were at a table with Terry Moore, Dolores Hart, Earl Holliman, Edd Byrnes, Dorothy Johnson and that happy couple, Diane Jergens and Peter Brown . . . Mama-to-be Jayne Mansfield looked for all the world like a semi-stout matron, in her black print dress and subdued hairdo. She and husband Mickey Hargitay (who may be the next Tarzan) brunched with Jean Wallace, Barry Coe and Judi Meredith, and across the table, the couple that had people buzzing, Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow, chatting with the Stuart Whitmans . . . Taina Elg sat next to the John Gavins, and the three had a gay time with the Cliff Robert-

sons. Cynthia Robertson proved again what a lucky man her Cliff really is. Cynthia’s a sweet, natural, charming girl, and she and Cliff are so happy over their expected baby in March. Cynthia already has a son by her former marriage to Jack Lemmon . . . Al Hedison with Joan Collins sat with producer Jerry Wald, who howled over Dick Sargent’s cookie-slogan suggestion: “Help, help, I’m a prisoner of

Nearly everyone came in pairs, like happy Diane Jergens and Peter Brown.

Mark Damon was hand-in-hand with Connie Stevens and stayed that way.

Newlyweds Dick Egan and Pat Hardy asked for one bowl and two straws!
breakfast yet! Well, not for us dieters. What bows Photoplay took! And may I say deservedly so, with all thanks to the gracious host, Norman Siegel, Photoplay's West Coast Editor. Norman tells me he's received a batch of notes from the guests expressing just that—thanks. We both got a kick out of Mark Damon's: "It was a great party. And, well . . . when's the next one gonna be?"

Panorama of Stars

The Cafe de Paris on the 20th Century-Fox lot is an exciting panorama of stars, writers, directors, producers, extras and bit players, coming and going, some in colorful, fantastic costumes. At the table next to mine, for instance, a group of up and coming stars are lunching together. Tommy Sands, with his nose in a script while his lunch grows cold, Dwayne Hickman, Ray Stricklyn and Carol Lynley, who's in "Blue Denim" with Ray. Suddenly a little by-play attracts attention as a tiny miss of three wanders over to poke a small finger in Tommy's back. Tommy's head appears from his script, he looks up, then down into the face of none other than little Cheryl Boone, who has wandered over from her father's table. At the Boone table are Pat and his wife Shirley, the three oldest Boone children, two baby sitters, and six visitors. Thirteen at the table, if you're superstitious. And how old-time cozy it seems to see Pat lunching in his shirt sleeves—with suspenders yet, a part of his cadet uniform for 'Mardi Gras' . . . Across the room Christine Carere blows us a kiss, and nearby Paul Newman in his "Rally Round the Flag" uniform is talking with a New York friend about his new Broadway show, "Sweet Bird of Youth" . . . Handsome Al Hedison, "The Fly," wanders in with Joan Collins for her usual luncheon dish of sliced banana and cottage cheese. "Tastes just like caviar," she assures me. Hedison is much younger looking than the husband he portrays in "The Fly." Young, single and most attractive, Al looks like a coming star to me. . . . Nat and Bob Wagner, with Bob's parents from La Jolla, take a table for four, Bob and Nat attracting attention in their matching terry-cloth coveralls. Natalie later confided she had hers made by tailor Sy Devore to match Bob's. ("We have them in all colors and wear them on our boat.") . . . Producer Jerry Wald drops by our table for a chat. "I've found a new star," he says. "She was complaint girl (the usual 'why didn't my paper come' etc.) at the Los Angeles Herald Express and she kept telephoning me for an appointment. Finally I gave in and gave her a reading and

FORTUNES

Earl Holliman dated Dolores Hart—
I barely knew her under that hat!

"4,688 Girls Said Yes"—to George Nader. Is Martha Hyer one of them?

Next Tarzan may be Mickey Hargitay.

"Me Jayne," quipped Miss Mansfield.
Records, TV News

The Randy Sparks party brought out young recording stars, singing actors, TV folk and disk jockies galore. Randy’s the young man with the guitar, who bowed on the Bob Crosby show and later appeared with Gisele MacKenzie. And he’s taken a bride, Jackie Miller, a personable young lady. Randy, whose Kansas City success in “Tom Sawyer” gave him a good boost, has signed for several Bob Hope TV shows and plans to sprinkle more video appearances among his night club dates. . . . Incidentally Pat Wayne and Dennis Hopper are crazy over Randy Sparks’ version of the title song of their new film, “The Young Land.” Watch for this platter. . . . The Four Preps were so popular on the Ozzie and Harriet show that their friend Rick Nelson has asked them back. The Preps have accepted. Their “Big Man” and “26 Miles to Santa Catalina” have really put these lads over in a big way. . . . Earl Holliman’s recording of “Don’t Get Around Much Anymore” has a special meaning since his best girl, Dolores Hart, took off for the Broadway stage. . . . George Nader, who should be seen in more movies, is planning a TV series based on a domestic comedy angle. . . . Lindsay Crosby’s recording of “One Chocolate Soda with Two Straws” is brother Gary’s favorite.

Sara’s Ramblings

John Saxon’s weekend treks to San Francisco involve Sue Counter, a model who greatly intrigues the actor. . . . Elvis Presley was really put to it when four high-school girls, who were threatened with expulsion for wearing Elvis’ dog tag jewelry to school, wrote to Pvt. Presley for advice. “Wear the dog tags after school and think of me,” El advised. Kid Solomon, no less. . . . If M-G-M studios expected Marlon Brando to visit wife Anna Kashfi on the set of “Night of the Quarter Moon,” her first picture in a long time, they were disappointed. (Wonder if Anna was, too.) . . . And kids, ask mother about Ramon Navarro in “The Pagan,” back in her original swooning days. And then picture your favorite, Sal Mineo, in the same role. Can’t you just envision Sal in his “Pagan” outfit? Crazy! . . . Pat Wayne is Saturday-night dating Sherry Jackson at the new Pacific Ocean Park. Hot dogs and cold pop on a roller-coaster spin. . . . Those luscious gowns whipped up by designer Orry-Kelly for Tony Curtis and Jack Lemmon to wear as phony members of an all-girl orchestra in “Some Like It Hot” have Tony’s wife, Janet Leigh, and Jack’s girl, Felicia Farr, green with envy. The girls declare they’re having the gowns copied. And Tony claims he’s a delightful fellow.

Cal York’s Jottings

Peggy Lee, recuperating from a seige of mononucleosis, took a typewriter and easel to bed with her. She “rested” by turning out a batch of short stories, devising new song lyrics and filling in the rest of the time painting miniatures. . . . Nick Vanoff is the talented guy who produced the lively Eydie Gorme and Steve Lawrence TV shows over the summer. . . . Susan Hayward’s step-daughter, June, has a bit part in Susan’s new film, but just for fun. She says she doesn’t want to be an actress. . . . After the premiere of “The Big Country,” Jean Simmons, Carroll Baker and Greg Peek invited a very specially chosen group to a midnight supper dance at Romanoff’s. Photoplay was the only fan magazine asked. . . . Susan Harrison hasn’t been seen on the screen since “Sweet Smell of Success” and a brand new baby is the reason why. . . . TV’s “Richard Diamond,” David Janssen, married Ellie Graham. . . . Tony Perkins turned up at the M-G-M gate wearing dungarees and a guitar. The guards wouldn’t let him in till a studio official vouched for him. . . . Dennis Hopper’s dating Tuesday Weld almost every day of the week. . . . Tony Martin and Cyd Charisse bought ten acres next door to a pineapple plantation in the Hawaiian Islands, which should make a great place to get away from it all, even if they don’t like pineapples. . . . Debbie Reynolds and M-G-M have signed a peace pact, and it gives Debbie just what she wanted—the right to do outside pictures and to go on TV with Eddie. That puts Nat Wood next in line to kiss and make-up with Warners. . . . Socialite Natalie Trundy is retiring from movies—temporarily at least—until she makes her début at Christmas. . . . Esther Williams emerged from the swimming pool long enough to spout: “You don’t need more than one woman friend; you can’t cope with more than one. Men are different. I prefer the company of men.” Then she ducked back in again before anyone could mention Jeff Chandler’s name. . . . When she went on location for “Some Came Running,” Martha Hyer dated an old college beau, Cincinnati executive James Nelson. . . . Betty Abbott’s been doing quite a bit of visiting at Malibu with Rock Hudson. How solid are these two, anyway? . . . “The Fly,” with Al Hedison, has been making more loot for 20th than any picture since “Peyton Place.” . . . John Wayne’s eldest son, Michael, twenty-two, married his childhood sweetheart, Gretchen Deibel. . . . Rumors have Joan Crawford returning to acting. If they’re true, this veteran star will stop off first at Actor’s Studio to learn the “method.” . . . Gene Tierney may also try for a comeback. . . . Jean Seberg wed her French lawyer in Marshalltown, Iowa. . . . Ann Miller said yes to Bill Moss, Jane Withers’ ex. . . . Pat Boone’s brother, Nick Todd, also a singer, reported to the Army. . . . It’s so nice to have a psychologist around the house, was Sheree North’s feeling, and so she became engaged to Dr. Gerhardt Sommer, a psychologist friend of her own analyst. . . . See you next month!
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by Dr. Evelyn Mills Duvall

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DECEMBER, 1958
VOL. 54, NO. 6

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DORIS DAY • RICHARD WIDMARK
The bride who wanted a little one!
The husband who wanted a little fun!

The Tunnel of Love

GIG YOUNG • GIA SCALA

From the Stage Play by Joseph Fields and Peter O'Toole • Based on the Novel by Peter O'Toole • Directed by GENE KELLY • Produced by JOSEPH FIELDS and MARTIN MELCHER

Songs available on Columbia Records
Kim Novak is now keeping a diary! ... Hollywood hasn’t a Times Square. It doesn’t dig anything square, man. ... I avoid seeing movies with such titles as “I Was a Teen-age Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” ... Ingrid Bergman always looks like a governess to me. ... It’s the same old song and dance with Rick Nelson and Laurie Collins. ... Jerry Lewis is a sure bet to like a Jerry Lewis movie and TV show. ... Curt Jurgens admits that he has taken out Zsa Zsa Gabor and likes her. “Going out with Zsa Zsa you don’t have to worry about conversation.” ... The most spectacular thing about Fred Astaire’s TV spectacular is Barrie Chase. She has a body that never ends. Barrie also plays Tommy Sands’ girlfriend in “Mardi Gras.” ... I thought I’d tip you. ... Description of Dinah Shore’s TV show: She’s an airline hostess and all the performers are the passengers. ... Which Barrymore never won an Oscar? ... “The only thing I know about The Method,” Charles Coburn told me, “is that my motivation is the salary check.” ... Brigitte Bardot uses The Method, too, and hers needs no explanation. ... Private Elvis Presley said it: “Sergeant, what do you do when you feel too well in the morning.” ... Sandra Dee sings TV commercials to you while dancing ... I’m often confused if it is Bing’s or Bob’s Cathy who spells it with a “K” or a “C.” ... And just when I was getting adjusted to the Martin and Lewis separation, along came Jerry Lee Lewis and Rowan and Martin. ... I guess if I forget them all it won’t matter. ... But I mustn’t forget to tell you that it was John Barrymore, greatest of the clan who missed an Oscar. ... Julie London talks to herself from time to time. And I’d like to get close enough to listen. ... Sophia Loren used to look as if she was going to explode. ... I think the applause signs in the TV studios, instructing the audience to applaud a song, dance, or gag, are as dishonest as slipping the contestant the correct answer on a quiz program. ... France Nuyen’s success pleases me. It couldn’t have happened to a finer girl. ... Have patience with John Saxon. Remember Tony Curtis? ... Edie Adams is quite a girl in my book. Despite Ernie Kovacs’ mustache and long cigars, she adores him. ... I’m informed by Charles Boyer that in France Brigitte Bardot isn’t considered a particularly nude actress. That Martine Carol is considered much nude. ... Frank Sinatra to starlet: “Your face and your name escapes me, but your manners are familiar.” ... Gene Tierney has the appearance of a lady without needing the white gloves props. ... Why is it considered typically American to shout “You’re a bum” and worse at a ballplayer—but it’s bad manners to hiss an actor? ... Whenever I see a girl playing the harp, I look to see if she’s bow-legged. Mamie Van Doren, who played the harp, is. ... After Keely Smith married Louis Prima, she cut her black hair into the severe lines so familiar today. “I can’t stand for my ears to show,” is Keely’s explanation. ... Shelley Winters is outspoken. But not by many, I’ll bet. ... I’d say Piper Laurie has a passion for acting, working, knowledge, fame and fortune; but no passion for passion. ... Debra Paget appears taller than she is when she dances. ... Discussing his television program, Milton Berle told me: “I’m not going to sing, dance or tell jokes. I’m just going to stand there and be a smash like Dick Clark.” ... Jeff Chandler must be worrying. His nice gray hair is beginning to turn brown. ... Interview: “For this story we got a different angle,” said the director. “We’re calling it ‘Son of Robin Hood.’” “So?” asked the interviewer, “who plays the son?” “Well,” said the director, “it isn’t as simple as that. You see, the son of Robin Hood turns out to be his daughter.” That’s Hollywood for you.
No. 1 fun boy goes Oriental!

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in Japan—oh, man! It's his funniest ever... strictly "sayonara" to sanity!

Jerry Lewis

in

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Associate Producer ERNEST D. GLUCKSMAN
Van Cliburn's coming your way. And if, between concerts, you find him in your local ice-cream parlor, just remember this—he likes vanilla. Van told me so in a recent interview, but I'd never have met him at all if it hadn't been for a teenager in Minneapolis. She didn't know Van's address and so she wrote to columnist Cedric Adams. "I've heard Van Cliburn is giving a concert here sometime in February. I'm aware of the price of the tickets... But if he'd agree to a popular-priced concert, we'd fill Northrup Auditorium, I assure you. I've talked to dozens of my teenage friends..."

Cedric Adams printed this letter from Lolita Ehle in his column in the Minneapolis Star. A copy of it was brought to Van Cliburn and he read it in his New York apartment, surrounded by the gifts of other teenagers—the tokens from the Russian youngsters who had called him "Vanyusha." It was so like the many letters he himself had received. Van was planning fifty-five or sixty personal appearances that season, but he knew the prices couldn't be lowered. The orchestras barely supported themselves even on the prices that were keeping the teenagers away.

Then the lanky, bushy-haired pianist had an idea. He wrote to the orchestra societies and to the school boards in the cities where he'd be playing. Could the high school and college students come to his rehearsals, at an admission price of, say, only twenty-five or fifty cents?

I'd heard about Van's plan and I scooted over to Steinway Hall in New York to find out more about it. When I got there, Van was waving the first letter, from the New Haven orchestra, accepting his open-rehearsal idea. "The Steinway people let me practice here," he explained. "I try for six to eight hours of practicing each day and I like the after-midnight hours best. But I can't practice in my apartment because it faces onto a court—and the neighbors complain."

Van grinned, pulled at his earlobe and went on. "You know, the last thing in the world I want to do is cram the sort of music I play down the throats of the teenagers. But after all, they're my contemporaries, my generation. I'm twenty-three, just a few years older than they are. That's why I'm so very pleased when they seem to be with me, too. Sometimes, they even stop me on the street to talk to me. It gives me the strongest desire to run over here and practice some more."

I'm so excited about the open-rehearsal idea," he said, "It's almost better than meeting the younger people at a concert. This is the informal, personal way and they'll be sharing the sheer enjoyment of music and seeing how you make music."

Van looked around the high-ceilinged room lined with paintings of the greats of music. "I have a bad habit of tending to procrastinate," he admitted. "And then I'm late for wherever I have to be next. I find myself living for the moment. If something comes up that captivates me, like an audience, I'll stay all night and play for them. (Continued)
Now the performance and the story that have made this the most discussed motion picture this year!

JEAN SIMMONS

"IT'S BEEN A YEAR SINCE YOU'VE TOUCHED ME"

A young girl and the stunning shock that marriage brings her.

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DAN O'HERLIHY - RHONDA FLEMING - EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR. - MERVYN LE ROY

Screenplay by EILEEN and ROBERT BASSING
Directed by MERVYN LE ROY
I can guess now that, the way it'll work out, I'll probably end up playing a few extra things that aren't in the program at these rehearsals.”

He'd been leaning across the grand piano. Now Van straightened up and then he caught me trying to measure with my eyes how tall he really was. “Six-feet-four,” he volunteered. “In Russia, Khruschev said they must have a lot of yeast in Texas, because I was so tall.”

Just that week, Van had given $1,250, which was all of the $6,250 prize money he’d been allowed to take out of Russia, to New York City, to further their cultural program and help other artists. “After all, it was the United States that sent me over there,” he said, “with all the contributions individuals and music groups gave to pay my way. And all the things that have happened to me, the ticker-tape parade and all, they weren’t happening to Van Cliburn, but to me as a representative of American music. They were happening to music. I've been terribly lucky.

“People think that, after all that's happened to me, I must be different from other people, even different from what I myself was before. Well, I'm not. You know what I'd like to do most? If I had the time, that is. I’d like to call up some girl and take her out on an ice-cream parlor date. Or maybe to the theater. I love really intense, moody plays. I might even just go walking with her.” Van thought a moment. “I like to just walk for hours—I hope she wouldn't get tired.

“If my record.” Van continued, “is the first classical one that somebody has ever bought, then it's a first step. What's number two?” Van echoed my question. He sat down at the piano again and thought a moment before he answered. “Well, we can't be snobbish about anything that anyone likes. From that first step, people can grow. Right now, I'm trying to grow in an awareness of art. This comes through not being ashamed to say what you like and don't like. If you like a two-dollar painting better than a Rembrandt, then don't be afraid to say so. I'll always remember, too, that when I was in school, if a subject was taught just as something to be thrown back at the teacher in a quiz, then I never did too well in it. I always got below eighty. But if it was presented as a part of knowledge that was interesting, I did much better.”

Van and I walked out through the long hallway and showrooms of Steinway Hall, past the burnished wood of the pianos and the busts and original manuscripts of the great composers. There was a buzz about the place and our footsteps echoed loudly. I asked about the Russians and Van grinned—after just a few weeks there people now took him as an expert in all things Slavic.

“You can't take people on appearances,” he answered. “Take my father—he’s a purchasing agent for the Magnolia Petroleum Company. He can look so sourfaced, so doleful, and he gets a big wrinkle right here between the eyes. When I was a young boy, I brought a friend home and he saw Daddy looking like that. The next day at school, he whispered to me, ‘Your Daddy doesn't like me.’ Well, it wasn’t true. It's the same with the Russians. They’re outgoing by nature, if you give them the feeling you yourself have nothing to hide. The Russian youngsters don't wear the bright colors our teenagers do. But those sombre uniforms they wear to school shouldn't fool us. As far as that goes, I remember wearing corduroy knickers to school. Nobody wears those any more. But it doesn't mean I had less fun than a kid who wears blue jeans today.

“What I'd like to say is we mustn't criticize people just because they're different. I don't think I can ever forget what my Grandmother once told me, when I'd just been going to school a couple of years. ‘Son,' she said, ‘when you go visiting Mary or Johnny, you just forget what you have in your own home. Remember, you're in their home, not yours.’”
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Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys

Readers still holding their aching sides from an encounter with Max Shulman's best-seller had better be warned—the film version is every bit as funny. No one has ever definitely proved there are bats in Shulman's belfry, but he writes that way and Fox has happily not changed a thing. The place is Putnam's Landing, Long Island, and Harry Bannerman (Paul Newman) is fighting a dual battle—trying to persuade wife Grace (Joanne Woodward) that a woman's place is in the home, and trying to convince the Pentagon's Captain Hoxie (Jack Carson) that Putnam's Landing is no place for a guided missile base. Harry's woes are increased by fire-breathing Angela (Joan Collins)—a sizzling mantrap all set to pursue him to Afghanistan if necessary. On comes the Army, resulting in a pitched battle between the locals and the doughboys for the favors of a local belle named, of all things, Comfort Goodpasture. The hilarious results are ample proof that everyone connected with this gem must have had a high old time making it. Joan Collins provides her siren with a nice comic flair, and as for Paul and Joanne Newman (see picture, top left)—after battling each other in "Long Hot Summer," they've now turned out more of the same, this time for laughs.

Mardi Gras

Seems French movie queen Michelle Marton (Christine Carere) is the idol of millions, including four eager-beaver Virginia Military Institute cadets—Pat Boone, Gary Crosby, Tommy Sands and Richard Sargent. (Gary, Pat and Tommy are pictured, below left.) Taking due note of the fact that Michelle is to be New Orleans Mardi Gras Queen, our boys hatch a scheme to raffle her off as a date for the graduation prom. And off they go to New Orleans to get her. But, easier said than done. Along the way there are any number of plot complications, lovers' spat and some amusing confusion involving Michelle's standin, Sheree North, and publicity man Fred Clark. Location photography both in New Orleans and at VMI is colorful, and the music is bright and gay. Pat Boone's third outing as the all-American Boy is his best to date, and Crosby's way with a wisecrack promises well for his film future. Pert Sheree North should by now be on the verge of something big.

The Tunnel of Love

"The Tunnel of Love" admittedly revolves around one question: Will Doris Day and Richard Widmark get a baby? More to the point—how? Weary of waiting, the Poolees (Doris and Dick) decide to adopt an infant. Add a sexy adoption agent (Gia Scala), two screwball neighbors (Gig Young and Elisabeth Fraser) plus assorted complications—and there you have it. With such basically meager material, director Gene Kelly has done wonders. Every situation is carefully contrived, every laugh milked bone dry, most expertly by Young and Miss Fraser, champion milkers from way back. Widmark joyously throws himself into this bit of switch-casting. Doris Day skillfully rounds out the quartet of funmakers. Gia Scala is somewhat stiff, particularly in the face, but she appears only briefly. Better send the kiddies elsewhere, though. The entire film is convincing proof that babies come neither from storks nor cabbages, and the opening scenes contain the kind of dialogue that used to send Mae West to the workhouse.

In Love and War

Three marines—at home and at the front—are here given an expensive, generally interesting examination. Frankie (Robert Wagner) is just a big boy dying to learn what makes his big girl (Sheree North) tick. Nico (Jeffrey Hunter) has already learned and is marrying his girl (Hope Lange) just in time. Alan (Bradford Dillman) is disgusted by his loose-living fiancée (Dana Wynter), prefers the company of modest, unspoiled France Nuyen. Watching these characters thrash out their problems makes entertaining viewing but, more importantly, allows several members of Fox's "young stock company" to trot out their stuff. Wagner plays a smart aleck as well (Continued)
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MOVIES continued

as ever, but Hunter, an inexpressive type, could borrow some of Dillman’s excess intensity, and both would profit greatly. Hope Lange is, as always, radiantly sincere, and Sheree North adds another to a whole string of excellent performances. The most remarkable thing about the film, however, is Dana Wynter. Rushed to stardom too soon, Miss Wynter has steadily improved, here scores a direct bullseye as a girl who broke all the rules and sadly realizes it’s too late to put them back together again.  

Premier May  
CONTINENTAL  

You might infer that politics was the dominant theme here, but the title is merely French for May First—in Europe, the traditional worker’s holiday when everyone can stay home and relax. On this particular May Day in Paris, nobody gets any rest. First there is Therese (Bernadette Lange), who has decided to have second baby, due today, at home—no more hospitals for her! Accordingly, she bundles husband Jean (Yves Montand) and son Francois (Yves Noel) off to a soccer game. Jean gets sidetracked into a gambling casino and is winning a fat fistful when the vice squad bursts in. Therese’s young sister Annie (Nicole Berger) is at the fair grounds trying to get boyfriend Gilbert (Walter Chiari) to propose. And back home, the midwife has run into serious trouble with Therese. The only one free to bring order out of this chaos is eight-year-old Francois—and he does just that in a series of scenes that are pure delight. All the players work in the lighthearted spirit of this romp, but the chief asset is Yves Noel—clearly the cutest, most competent child actor to come down the pike since Butch Jenkins. In French; English subtitles.  

Tom Thumb  
M-8-M; WIDE SCREEN, COLOR  

Russ Tamblyn’s dancing skill and lively personality have an effective frame in this gentle musical fantasy from England. Clever sets create the illusion that Russ as Tom is only a couple of inches tall. Thanks to June Thorough, golden-haired Queen of the Forest, Russ is joyfully adopted by a childless couple (Bernard Miles and Jesse Matthews). Tiny as he may be, he had the adventurous spirit of a teenager, and two rascally robbers get him into a man-sized jam. His pal, Alan Young, a slaphappy musician, offers some pretty inefficient help. With song and dance numbers that are full of fun, this should be a treat for the youngsters—if the bloodthirsty little darlings don’t demand gunplay in all their entertainment.  

The Barbarian and the Geisha  
20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR  

In 1854, Commodore Perry and the American Navy sailed into Tokyo Bay, opened a new era for the previously “Forbidden Empire of Japan.” Two years later Townsend Harris, first American Consul, was struggling amid a series of privations, provocative incidents and open insults. To film this story, director John Huston took his cast and crew to Japan, and visually the film is a knockout. There are colorful parades and pageants, Buddhist ceremonies, a village in flames, stunning court sequences and dazzling hues in both scenery and costumes. This is fortunate since Huston never brings the film into tight dramatic focus. John Wayne, as Harris, plows through in usual stolid fashion, and the rest of the acting is strictly unremarkable, save for some intense bravura by So Yamamura, the samurai secretly sworn to destroy the Yankee diplomat. As a spectacle, “Barbarian” is frequently thrilling; as history, it’s interesting if not fascinating; but as drama, it’s a pretty well-watered cup of tea.

Man of the West  
U. A.; CINEMASCOPE, DELUXE COLOR  

After smoothing with Audrey Hepburn in Paris (“Love In The Afternoon”) and Suzy Parker in New York (“Ten North Frederick”), Gary Cooper is back to his first loves—a horse and the wide-open spaces. In this one, he’s a reformed gunslinger out to hire a teacher for his children. During a train robbery, he’s taken by the bandaids and brought face to face with Lee J. Cobb, his murderous uncle with whom he broke twenty years before to go straight. And so the duel begins—will Cooper get free or will Cobb entice him back to the old ways? Also in custody are dance-hall queen Julie London and gambler Arthur O’Connell. Between keeping the gang’s collective paws off Julie and trying to make a break for it, Gary has his hands full. It’s nothing you haven’t seen before, but it’s given crisp direction by old oater hand Anthony Mann.

Onionhead  
WARNERS  

Andy “No Time for Sergeants” Griffith is still bumbling his way through life—but, this time, the Coast Guard is on the receiving end. A washout with girl friend Erin O’Brien, Andy joins the Maritime Service, soon finds himself assigned to a ship in Boston harbor as a cook, a post about which, typically, he knows nothing. But lo and behold! Our comes a meal fit for the Waldorf. This is only the beginning of a curious combination of featherweight farce and serious dramas that features flashy Felicia Farr, an exec officer who chisels off the commissary (Ray Danton), a head cook (Walter Matthau) who drinks most of his meals, and some final-hour heroes with a U-boat. Though it occasionally gives the effect of having been put together with tissue paper, “Onionhead” has its fair share of laughs. Griffith is an accomplished clown, and the supporting cast is generally first-rate.
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with JODY McCREA · ALAN BAXTER and TERESA WRIGHT · JAMES WHITMORE

as "Elizabeth Grant" as "Ed Henderson"

Directed by HELMUT KAUTNER · Screenplay by EDWARD ANHALT
Produced by ROSS HUNTER · A Universal International Picture

CASTS

OF CURRENT PICTURES

BARBARA AND THE GEISHA, THE—20th. Directed by John Huston; Tatsouji Hashi, John Wayne; Oschi, Eiko ando; Henri Houthauen, Sam Jaffe; Tamura, So Yamamura; Ship Captain, Norman Thomas; Lt. Fisher, James Robbins; Prime Minister, Maruta; Daikyo, Ko- koda; Ishikawa; Shogun, Hiroshi Yamato; Hayashi, Tokujiro Hatanachichi; Lord Hatto, Fujikashi; Chamberlain, Takeshi Kamagai.

IN LOVE AND WAR—20th. Directed by Philip Dunne. Frankie O'Neill, Robert Wagner; Sue Trentwell, Dana Wynter; Nizo Kanto, Jeffery Hunter; Andrea Lavenzie, Hope Lange; Allan Newcome, Bradford Dillman; Larvins, Sheree North; Kahu Onoyama, France Nuyen; Dr. Ferrer, Stylles; Sebastian Casset; Danny Krieger, Mort Sahl; Bebe Keco, Steven Gant; Sidney Lennane, James Bell; Terrence, Frank Murphy; Grace Neville, Mary Patton; Charlie Scandal, Murrey Vye; Aliee O'Neill, Veronica Cartwright; Baby O'Neill, Brian Corcoran.

MAN OF THE WEST—U.A. Directed by Anthony Mann. Linda Evans, Gary Cooper; Billie Blau, Julie London; Jack Tahan, Lee J. Cobb; Sam Beasley, Arthur O'Connell; Conley, Jack Lord; Claude, John Dehner; Trent, Royal Dano; Poonch, Robert Wilke; Alton, Jack Williams; Conductor, Gary Wilkerson; Rifleman, Chuck Robertson; Marshal, Frank Ferguson; Gribble, Emory Parnell; Mexican Woman, Tina Menard; Mexican Man, Joe Dominguez.

MARID GRAS—20th. Directed by Edmund Gwaltney. Paul Newell, Pat Boone; Tony Collas, Gary Crosby; Barry Denton, Tommy Sands; Dick Stigler, Richard Sargent; Michelle Morton, Christine Carey; Emile West, Sheree North; Hal Curtis, Fred Clark; Toryky Lane, Barrie Chase.

NIGHT TO REMEMBER—Rank. Directed by Roy Baker. Lightoller, Kenneth More; Mr. Clarke, Ronald Allen; Penwh, Robert Ayres; Mrs. Lucas, Honor Blackman; Captain Roatson, Anthony Batehill; Murray, John Carrney; Mr. Clarke, Jill Dixon; Mrs. Lightoller, Joan Dews; Col. Gracie, James Dyrenforth; Andrew, Michael Goodliffe; Phillips, Kenneth Griffith; Lady Richard, Harriette Johns; Chairman, Frank Lawton; Murdoch, Richard Leech.

ONIONHEAD—Warners. Directed by Norman Taurog. Al Woods, Andy Griffith; Stella, Felicia Farr; "Red" Willoe, Walter Mathison; Jo Hill, Erin O'Brien; "Doc" O'Neal, Joe Mantell; Eugene Huggins, Ray Danton; Mrs. Griggs, Margaret Hayes; Chief Andy, Miller, Annalie Pryor; Yama Keithamp, Sean Garrison.

PREMIER MAY—Continental. Directed by Luis Saslavsky. Jean, Yves Montand; Francois, Yves Noel; Antz, Nicole Berger; Terence, Bernadette Lange; Max, Chapota, Gabrielle Fontan; Gilbert, Walter Chiari, Truck Driver, Aldo Fuhr; Bonseng, Georges Chamara; Mme. Tertel, Georgette Anys; Blanchot, Maurice Brando; Red, Robert Pirzani; Saint Bertrian, Paul Demange.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS—20th. Directed by Leo McCarey. Harry Bannerman, Paul Newell; Grace Bannerman, Joanna Woodward; Anotia Hofs, Joan Collins; Capt. Howse, Jack Carson; Oscar Hofs, Murrey Vye; Peter Bannerman, Stanley Livingston; Danny Bannerman, Richard Osborne; Daniel Thorwald, Case Gordon; Grady Mccaff, Dwuyane Hickman; Comfort, Goodnature, Tuesday Weld, Louise Goodnature, O. Z. Whitehead, Opa Darby, Tom Gibson.

SEPARATE TABLES—U.A. Directed by Delbert Mann. Ann Shunkland, Rita Hayworth; Sybil Kulin, Betty Field; Deborah Lacey, Joan Tetley; Major Blake, David Niven; Misa Cooper, Wendy Hiller; John Maloney, Lancaster; Mrs. Whitman, Gladys Cooper; Lady Matheson, Cathleen Nesbitt; Mr. Fender, Felix Amsler; Charles, Roland Taylor; Jack, Audrey Dalton; Miss Matheson, May Hallatt; Dorcas, Priscilla Morgan; Mabel, Hilda Plowright.

THOM'S THUMB—MGM. Directed by George P. Wilborn. Tommy Tommy, Russ Taubl; Wendy, Anna Young; Ivan, Terry Thomas; Tony, Peter Sellers; Opal of the Forest, Annie Gbewde; Tom's Father, Bernard Miles; Tom's mother, Jessica Matthews; the shoemaker, Ian Wallace; Kumpelety, Peter Brimworth.

FUNNEL OF LOVE, THE—MGM. Directed by Gene Kelly. Todd Poole, Doris Day; Annie Poole, Richard Widmark; Dick Pepper, Gigi Young; Isabelle Neri, Joanne Seabury; Alice Pepper, Elizabeth Fraser; Miss MacCracken, Elizabeth Wilson.
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews, see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see contents page.

★★★★ BIG COUNTRY, THE—U.A.; Technicolor; The greatest parlor trick, western-wise, since "Shane," as director William Wyler takes a very old story, adds Gregory Peck, Joan Simon, Carroll Baker, Charlton Heston, Burl Ives, Chuck Connors, acres of breathtaking scenery, technicolor—and emerges with a highly entertaining film. (F) September

★★★★ CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—M.G.M.; Metrocolor; Tennessee Williams' explosive tale of a squabbling Southern family makes an absorbing session as Elizabeth Taylor takes her final step to full film maturity, with an invaluable assist from Paul Newman. (A) October

★★★★ CASE OF DR. LAURENT, THE—Trans-Lux; The case for natural childbirth—stated simply, movingly and in exceptional good taste. Jean Gabin, Nicole Courcel. English language dubbed in. (A) November

★★★★ DEFIANT ONES, THE—U.A.; Tense and compelling saga of white and negro escaped convicts, shackled together, who grow from mutual hatred to respect and admiration for each other. Fine acting by Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier. (F) November

★★★★ HOUSEBOAT—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Cary Grant, Sophia Loren, three children and some friendly termites set up housekeeping on the Potomac in the year's most charmingly unlikely story. (F) November

★★★★ MATCHMAKER, THE—Paramount; VistaVision: Abby aided by Tony Perkins and Shirley MacLaine, Shirley Booth takes expert aim on another Oscar in the year's funniest film: a fast and furious game of romantic musical chairs. (F) November

★★★★ ME AND THE COLONEL—Columbia: In the France of 1940, Danny Kaye and Curt Jurgens play an offbeat but entertaining game of hide-and-seek with the Nazis—and with each other. Nicole Maurey and Akim Tamiroff lend sturdy support. (F) November

★★★★ OLD MAN AND THE SEA, THE—Warners; Warnercolor: Amid scenes of magnificent pictorial splendor, Spencer Tracy gives a powerfully low-keyed one man show in the year's most unusual film experience. (F) September

★★★★ STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, A—Feldman-20th: Return of the classic battle of Stanley Kowalski vs. Blanche du Bois. By turns humorous, sorrowing, grimly moving and tragic. For Brando, starism; for Vivien Leigh, Kim Hunter and Karl Malden—Oscars; for the moviegoer, an unforgettable, screen experience. (A) 1951

★★★★ VIKINGS, THE—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor; Glory and gore in days of yore—expertly brewed, ably dispensed by Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine, Janet Leigh, cast of thousands. (F) August

★★★★ WIND ACROSS THE EVERGLADES—Warners; Technicolor: In the item about mamrading feather hunters in turn-of-the-century Florida—proving that fine feathers make fine birds but not necessarily fine films. The color photography, however, is first class. With Burl Ives, Christopher Plummer, Gypsy Rose Lee. (F) November

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(matching pantie 864)
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S.M.L.XL. $10.00

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Presley Pin-Up

This is to let you know how much we liked the fine cover picture of our top star Pvt. Elvis on the October Photoplay. Thanks a million; it's a beautiful pin-up.

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EVEN WITH BUFFERING ADDED

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Doctors know aspirin has only one pain reliever . . .

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Welsh Godzilla

On her golden head the sunshine lies. A smiling face, a winning grin, plus sparkling charm and heart within. Doris sure has earned her fame, To be like Dodo is my aim!

RITA BERDICK
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Oscar Time’s Aconing

March and Academy Award time may be a long time off but here are my Oscar nominations for all they are worth:

Best Actor—Montgomery Clift in “Young Lions”

Best Actress—Kim Stanley in “The Goddess”

Best Supporting Actor—Trevor Howard in “The Key”

Best Supporting Actress—Claire Trevor in “Marjorie Morningstar”

Best Direction—Carol Reed for “The Key”

Best Song—”A Certain Smile” from the picture, “A Certain Smile”

Best Picture—”Young Lions”

It would be interesting to see what ideas Photoplay's readers have concerning the above categories.

THE BLACK KNIGHT
Victoria, Tex.

What’s With Sal?

Could you tell me what’s been happening to my favorite, Sal Mineo? Is he making any new movies? Please tell me the latest on one of the finest young actors in Hollywood!

JOYCE ROCKLAND
Portland, Wash.

Mush?

I’m awfully tired of reading those silly letters written to Rick and Elvis from their fans. I'm a fan of both Rick and Elvis but not crazy enough to write a bunch of mush to someone I only know through his records or pictures. What’s the matter with just writing them a nice friendly letter to let them know we're behind them—rather than moon over them day and night.

SHARON BERSLEY
Charlotte, Mich.

A Treasure

Two of the darlingsest people on TV are Jim Arness and Amanda Blake. Your September Photoplay fulfilled a long-felt wish of mine — a full-page picture of them together as Matt and Kitty. Its being in color was more than I could have hoped for. It was just like picking up an issue from the old days when actors and actresses were pictured together in the roles they were playing. Please do continue this and, again, thanks for the picture. I shall treasure it for years and years.

BERNICE DEAL
Roseville, Calif.

Surprise! It’s Sal Mineo in a new role that really proves he’s versatile.

What with vacuuming some of Hollywood’s loveliest about town and completing his new picture, “Tonga!” Sal’s been a busy young man recently. The story of a horse who helps bring friendship between the Army and the fierce Sioux Indians during pioneer days, “Tonga!” is quite a change of pace for Sal, who is cast as a young Indian brave. We think you’ll agree that his performance helps prove your contention that he’s one of the finest young actors around.—En.
One sure way to find out is to be a blonde... a beautiful, silky-haired Lady Clairol blonde! You'll love the life in it... the sheer blondeness of it! The soft touch and tone of it. It's all there for you in Lady Clairol, the fabulous new whipped creme conditioning hair lightener. So if your hair is humdrum brown or dullish blonde, don't waste your days wishing, dreaming! Do something! Today! Make it silky, irresistible blonde in minutes with Lady Clairol! Such a happy way to brighten your looks, your looks, your whole life! Try Lady Clairol—Whipped Creme or new Instant Whip®.

Is it true... blondes have more fun?
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Complexion Control is so good for your skin, you can leave it on indefinitely without the inevitable drying, coarsening effects of ordinary make-up. Smooths and softens, every minute. Goes on evenly. Never streaks, fades, or changes color. Gives you the moist look that's the young look. Comes in six flattering complexion tones. Get yours today! $1 plus tax wherever cosmetics are sold. (Also available in Canada)

**READERS INC.**

continued

Debbie, Eddie and Liz

Elizabeth Taylor, we're disappointed in you. We were all out front cheering for you after Mr. Todd died and you went back to work and started to live again. We were glad when you started to date, too, but very shocked when we learned you were going out with Eddie Fisher. It isn't my place to say if you broke up Eddie's marriage or not. If so, I'm sure you didn't do it on purpose but you lost some of your fans in the shuffle and it wasn't your place to say Eddie didn't love Debbie.

JANET
Tucson, Ariz.

"Disappointed in Liz," a fan says.
"Don't blame her," writes another.

Dear Debbie: 
...I only hope you follow your heart instead of your head. Remember, all is fair in love and war. You can beat out any woman in Hollywood, including Liz Taylor.

God bless and guide you and your sweet children.

MRS. FLORENCE MUSCATELL
Youngstown, Ohio

...The ones I really blame are Eddie and Debbie—Eddie for being so wishy-washy about the whole situation and letting Debbie and Liz both look foolish in the news stories; Debbie for taking the "romance" between her husband and best friend too seriously. Liz' behavior may be erratic but Debbie and Eddie didn't help by losing their heads.

ALMA LEWIS
West Point, N.Y.

Address your letters to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 265 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y.
We regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters not published in this column. If you want to start a fan club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.—Ed
Surprise!

SAMSONITE TRAIN CASE SALE

from Nov. 1 to Nov. 29 only... save $3 on this pre-Christmas Special

Here's your chance to get a Samsonite Train Case at a big saving. It's perfect as a gift; ideal as a special treat to yourself. Roomy inside holds 52 of M'lady's travel needs. The removable tray has sections for cosmetics and toiletries. The lid opens to reveal a full width mirror. "Travel-tested" finish is sturdy vinyl—washes clean. There are full length pockets inside, too. Get a Samsonite Train Case at this low price now! Sale is for a limited time only!

$14.95
Regularly $17.95

Samsonite Streamlite

In Crystal Green, Rawhide Finish (shown), London Grey, Saddle Tan, Hawaiian Blue.

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Div., Denver, Makers of Samsonite Folding and Classroom Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada through Samsonite of Canada, Ltd. Prices slightly higher.
Even hours later—no coarse-pored look...

Still no shiny nose...

And—no trace of oily darkening...

Instantly your skin takes on a luscious new perfection...smooth as velvet, beautifully natural!

Hours later your complexion still looks radiantly fresh. This amazing new liquid make-up never turns greasy!

DISCOVERED

a really long-lasting liquid make-up!

Its radiant glow never turns shiny...

stays velvety-fresh all day long!

Glow that lasts. Now—you'll never look faded again. Just think of it—a beautifully flattering "cover-up" that stays so freshly-tinted all day long. New Angel Touch won't fade or streak. Its radiance lasts.

Luscious finish that clings! Now you'll never look shiny again. Softly-tinted Angel Touch is creamy-smoothing. Moisturizes your skin without leaving any oily film. This is why Angel Touch stays velvety-fresh—with powder or without!

Squeeze out one drop at a time! Now—no waste, no spilly mess. Heavenly squeeze bottle gives just the amount you want. Won't leak in your purse!

Stunning new squeeze bottle

6 "Love-Light" shades
59¢ or $1.00 plus tax

POND'S

Angel Touch
ROCK'S PERSONAL LETTER TO YOU:

"Sometimes I feel hurt and kind of helpless..."
November 1, 1958
Hollywood, California

To All of You:

It's almost dark now, but not quite. It's twilight time, a halfway time between night and day that's always held a kind of magic for me. It's a time for catching your breath . . . for daydreaming . . . for writing letters to very special friends.

I'm living in an apartment now, just a living room, one bedroom, bath and kitchen. Instead of a view of lawn and trees, my windows look out upon other buildings. As I sit here at my typewriter, there aren't the looming, lit-up shapes of New York. But still I guess just apartment living reminds me of New York.

Two years ago, on Broadway, there was a play running called "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" Later it was made into a movie. I took a lot of kidding from my friends when it became a hit, because it didn't take much of an imagination to know that any connection between the title and someone you know was strictly intentional.

It was a good joke then, but now I find that some of the humor has gone out of it for me. Lately I find that a good many of the people I used to consider my friends—my fans—have been hearing several unflattering (to say the least) things about me. I've been taken to task for going "arty." I've been criticized for my divorce from Phyllis. And it's been whispered—often behind my back—that I'm moody and difficult to work with.

Sometimes when I hear the charges I feel hurt and kind of helpless. What can I do about it? What can I say?

(Continued on page 79)
No two people tried harder than Phyllis and I.

Acting was a dream till after the Navy.

Well, yes, you could say I've changed.

But, honest, I haven't gone "arty."

Good parts, that's all I ask.
I heard the familiar, soft, breathy voice on the phone: "Tomorrow afternoon will be fine, Radie. It'll be nice to see you again."

As I hung up, my thoughts went backward in time—when had I talked with Marilyn last? Oh yes. There was the day I called her, because I'd expected to see her at a Broadway opening night, and she hadn't been there. "Arthur doesn't like opening nights," she had explained. "And since he's my husband, I do as he does." There was always a special note in her voice when she said "my husband," I remembered—a possessive pride that seemed to caress the two words.

And when had I seen her last? Well, it was at an opening night, an off-Broadway production that featured Arthur Miller's sister. I'd watched Marilyn hold hands with her husband all through the play and afterwards join the rest of the Miller family group. Before she went off with them, she told me that she and Arthur were planning to build a modern ranch house in Connecticut. She seemed bright and gay, and in those surroundings I said nothing about the baby she had lost just a few months before.

Time had gone by, and here we were (Continued on page 90)
HALLOWEEN IN HOLLYWOOD

the **FLY** will get you if you don't watch out!

"Don't make a sound!" Barry Coe warns Judi Meredith as they spy dreaded Fly.
When witches fly and cauldrons seethe
Fourteen friends meet on All-Hallows Eve.
Together to brew a night of fun,
They decide to party at Ray Stricklyn's.

At eight of a dark and stormy night
They knock at his door and oh!—what a fright!
There in the middle of the cavernous hall
Stands a bony skeleton almost six-feet tall.

"Try a cannibal canape," Mark Damon urges lovely (but scared) Susan Kohner.
Play it real ghoul, cats, and let's not flip.

A face pokes out from behind the bones,  
“Hi!” cries Ray. “Call this home.”  
Then he proceeds to show the gang the place.  
The hidden trapdoors, and the winding staircase . . .  
By flickering candlelight their ways they wend  
And in the living room their journeys end.  
There they sit telling stories of ghosts  
While food is served by their “haunted” host.  
Leaves rustle outside and an owl goes, “Hoot!”  
A hush falls over the happy group.  
“Ah, it’s only Halloween,” they laugh it away,  
“Nothing to fear,” is what they say.  
“Ghosts and witches and goblins tall—  
They don’t exist—no, not at all.”  
Yet, when the games and fun are through  
Someone whispers, “Nearly midnight—two minutes to.”  
Then out of the shadowy darkness leaps  
A hideous shape—everyone shrieks.  
With hairy face and bulging eye—  
The body of a man, the head of a fly—  
The creature stalks our frightened friends.  
Oh when, oh where will this horror end?  
Then with a gesture fierce and rash,  
The monster tears off his terrible mask.  
And underneath is revealed to them—  
The smiling face of Al Hedison!  
The moral of this tale, here’s what it’s about—  
The Fly will get you, if you don’t watch out!
'Cause the Fly's a big phony and Mr. Bones just ain't hip!

Loads of fun for all—but the victim! Guests wonder if dunker Mark Damon will ever let dunkee Ray Stricklyn up for air.

"HORROR" GAMES

GHOST STORIES—a person begins a story and at an exciting moment the person next to him must pick it up and go on...

FIND YOUR DATE—while a girl is blindfolded, other players shift positions to confuse her. She must find date from among group within five minute deadline...

CAN YOU TOP THIS—each player has to think up gruesome parody on a popular song, like: "Have You Ever Seen a Vampire Walking," "The Ghoul Next Door."

"Have sheet, will haunt," chants host Ray Stricklyn. There were no takers, guests were busy singing "My Ghoul Sal."
The reporters and photographers pressed forward as they glimpsed the face they had been waiting for. Liz Taylor came down the ramp of the TWA plane arriving from New York at Los Angeles International Airport. Her face, an expressionless mask, seemed a little thickened, perhaps because she held her chin lowered as she watched her footing on the steps. Hot afternoon sun glistened on a jeweled clip that trimmed her high blue turban and on the diamond-studded collar that circled the neck of her Yorkshire terrier, Theresa, which she held in her left arm.

The same California sun burned hot on the tired newsmen, who had been waiting there for hours. "Miss Taylor!" they called out. "This way, Miss Taylor." She ignored the voices.

Publicity agent Dick Hanley, her companion on the cross-country flight, ushered her rapidly, with a protective hand on her arm, to a special airline station wagon. It sped off; the newsmen ran in pursuit. By the time they caught up, thirty yards away, Liz had left the station wagon and gotten into a waiting limousine brought by her agent, Kurt Frings.

Through the car window, she looked blankly toward the raised cameras. Out of breath, the reporters clamored questions: "Do you know that Debbie and Eddie are breaking up? . . . Do you expect to see them? . . . Why did you come back to the Coast?"

Liz remained silent, until one of the reporters pleaded, "Miss Taylor, won't you please say something?"

Her lips parted, and out came one cool word: "Hello." (Continued on page 71)
Debbie Reynolds sat alone in the big chair. A few months ago, she had sat there with Eddie and both their babies—it was a family-size chair, built to hold all four of them. They had turned off the lamps to let the firelight glow on the bright prints and warm colors of the room. She and Eddie had designed the room for family living; they had talked and planned and compared all the swatches of fabric and pictures of furnishings she’d collected on enthusiastic shopping trips. And they’d seen the room grow out of plans into reality around them.

Across the room that evening had been Debbie’s mother and father, on the sofa they favored each time they came for a visit. No matter how often that was, their proud smiles showed that they couldn’t get over the wonder of Debbie as wife and mother. They had watched her in the big chair, cuddling little Todd on her lap, her other arm around Eddie, who had one arm around her and the other around Carrie, who reached out her arms to baby brother.

"Look at you kids," Mrs. Reynolds had chuckled fondly, "all tangled up! How are you going to get out of there?"

Debbie had laughed, "There’s no other way to sit in this chair. That’s why we bought it."

Now, on this cold night, she was learning another way to sit in the chair—alone. It wasn’t comfortable. It felt big and empty—the way the whole house felt without Eddie. Empty and lonely. The room they had done so carefully in white and rose, for warmth, for gaiety, was suddenly cold and quiet. So quiet she could almost hear Liz Taylor’s voice out of the more distant past, the first time Debbie and Eddie had asked the Mike Todds to their new home for dinner. After the guests had been led all over the house on an inspection tour, Liz had stood by this hearthside, and she had said, "So cheerful, Debbie—it’s such a happy room. It looks like you."

And Debbie’s voice had answered: "I am happy."

That had been true, Debbie thought, as the remembered voices echoed and faded. True then—even more true in the months that followed their move into the new house. The months had brought their second baby, brought evenings so serene that Debbie could say even now, with all her heart, to all who would listen: "We’d never been happier than we were last year."

Could enough have happened in so short a time to turn happiness into nothing but a memory? What had happened?

Sitting alone in the big empty chair, Debbie Reynolds began to remember. There had been little else for her to do since the awful (Continued on page 81)
"I now realize that when you are deeply in love how blind one can be. Obviously I was . . . It seems unbelievable to say that you can live happily with a man and not know he doesn’t love you, but that, as God is my witness, is the truth."
This interview was begun last August. It was never completed. At Hollywood’s Television City the NBC studios were the usual madhouse, but the set where I was to meet and interview Eddie Fisher was bedlam. It was a bedlam because everyone was waiting for Eddie. He was late.

Eddie’s head writer, Mac Benoff, was tearing his hair out and rushing in and out of doors.

“Where is he? Someone find him. How (Continued on page 63)
Dick Clark asks:
what does it mean when her socks don't match?

I was sitting in the control booth of “American Bandstand” the other day, looking through the plate-glass window at the kids when I saw something that really rocked me. There was a pretty little blonde thing dancing with a tall, good-looking young man—and what did she have on her feet? One white sock and a striped one—that’s what. “What’s what?” I asked myself and during a break in the show wandered outside, casual like, to get hold of the situation.

Spotting the boy first, I introduced myself. “Pardon me,” I said, “but what does it mean when her socks don’t match?”

“That,” Roger Hoit said, after introducing himself, “shows Valerie and I are dating each other—exclusively. Val,” (Continued on page 38)
he tapped her on the shoulder and she turned to us. “I’d like you to meet Dick Clark. He wants to know about your unmatched socks.”

Her blue eyes lit up and she smiled at Roger proudly. “It’s for anyone who really has to be convinced that Rog and I aren’t a bit interested in other dates,” she said. “Their being striped? That means it’s an informal date. We wear matching vests, too. See?” she said pointing to his and hers. And sure enough, both Roger’s and Valerie Armstrong’s were fire-engine red. “Ah, young love!” I sighed to myself and began to feel very grandfatherly.

Boy, you’ve really got to stay on your toes in this world if you’re going to try to keep up with that gang at the soda fountain. Ask me, I ought to know. They’re always coming into view with some gadgets, trinkets, style, or what-have-you. I keep asking myself, “Now why didn’t you think of that when you were in your teens?” ’Course, that was in the dim, dark days of 1950. And, come on gang, put those pencils away and quit trying to figure my age.

I’m a natural fall-guy for anything new. When white bucks were introduced, guess who was first in line down at the nearest shoe store? You are sooo right. That’s one fad that’s managed to stay around for a couple of years. Another one I managed to get in on the ground floor with was the quick switch to levis or blue jeans. You’ve got to admit we were in good company with that one, since Marlon Brando, Elvis have all put their impressive OK’s on them.

While we guys had our share of fads, we weren’t far ahead of the gals. Their big deal was the “dog collar,” and the words mean just what they say. The glamor girls around home really outdid “Lassie” with their dog collars. Only thing was, though, these went around the ankles instead of near the vocal chords. Around Mount Vernon, where I grew up, you could tell if a girl was going steady by checking up on that collar. If it was on the left ankle, man, she was all tied up! But on the right, well, (Continued on page 84)

**PINS SPEAK YOUR LANGUAGE**

That is—if your language is the language of love. There are scads of fads around but this is the one that best shows your dating status. Wear pins on your sweater, blouse or—for fun—your skirt. Gold safety pins by Coro. Two for $1.00. Gimbels, New York and May Co., Los Angeles. Girl’s shirt and vest on preceding page by Ship ’n’ Shore. About $3.00 and $4.00. At Hochschild, Kohn, Baltimore. For stores nearest you, write direct to manufacturers listed on page 84.
"Ooh! I want everyone to know—I got my wish!"

It was to the sound of the rain, the gentle tap-tap-tap on the window-pane, that she awoke. "Oh no!"

Jean Seberg said, suddenly opening her eyes wide. "It can't rain. Not on my wedding day." She jumped out of bed and ran to the window. It was pouring. Long, thin needles of rain lashed against the panes. She looked at the clock on her dresser. Six-thirty! Glancing around the bedroom she'd grown (Continued on page 42)
"We escaped... from all the things we had to do before the ceremony to the thing we really wanted to do—be all alone in a world of beauty."
up in, the room that had been hers again for the past month, her eyes stopped at the closet. There, on the door, hung her oyster-white silk moiré wedding dress. On the chair where she'd carefully draped it the night before was her veil.

She thought, “Happy the bride the sun shines on—tears for the bride the rain falls on . . .”

But no, she said. This isn’t true. Rain is lucky. It is for me.

This was the kind of steady shower through which she always loved to walk, all by herself. Her mother’d say, “Jean, you’ll catch your death of cold.” But Marshalltown (Continued on page 66)
Shhh!
Don’t tell anyone...
we eloped!

DIANE J. and PETER BROWN

The registrar at the Las Vegas marriage license bureau looked annoyed. Standing before her, anxiously pleading, were a tall brown-haired boy and a freckle-faced girl, dressed casually in frontier pants and cotton shirts. They were fingering the application they had just filled out for the third time. It was a routine form, one the registrar handled hundreds of times each week.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Brown," she said, frowning. "But frankly you don't look twenty-three. If you're underage, you know you have to have your parents' consent."

"But I am twenty-three," Peter Brown protested. "Honestly I am. Look, that's what it says on my driver's license." He turned to the girl beside him, as if she could help him.

The registrar, too, turned her attention to Diane Jergens. "Why you don't look more than sixteen," she said, but a motherly note had crept into her voice, "even if your driver’s license does say twenty-one. But I guess you might be eighteen and that's all a girl has to be. But, you young man," she eyed Peter, "you'll (Continued)"

by MARCIA BORIE and ROGER MARSHUTZ
Hurrah, we're off. It was a glorious, sunny day and Diane, happily helping Peter load the car, forgot the invitations that would never be sent.

DIANE J. and PETER BROWN
Continued

need further proof. Don't you have your birth certificate or anything like that?"

"No ma'am, I... we... that is, we... but really I am twenty-three. Look, I'll get my folks on the phone and they'll vouch for me"

"I'm afraid we need more tangible proof..." the clerk's voice was firm and efficient again. Already, she was motioning to the next couple. "Until we have further proof, we won't be able to issue your license."

Diane and Peter turned away from the registrar's window and walked to one of the plain wooden benches in the office. They sat down, both feeling numb. "Oh, Peter," Diane moaned, "What are we ever going to do?"

"Don't worry," he comforted her. "We'll think of something." Peter was putting up a good, brave front. Inside, he was thinking, What a way for an elopement to begin!

It had really begun when Peter was informed that he was to be sent on a personal appearance tour late in September. It would take him across country and this meant he would be thousands of miles away from the All Saints Episcopal Church on the date they'd picked for their wedding.

(Continued on page 75)
gaily. Now both bride waiting at the church.

Too young? "Oh, no," Diane moaned. "Honest, ma'am, I'm not underage," said Peter. But the registrar was firm. All they could do was to wait for the proof to arrive.

At last, the waiting's over. Now Diane and Peter are just one step away from marriage.

"Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Peter Brown..." Diane kept whispering to herself. Then, laughing, "Hey, that's me!"

They leave the church, man and wife now. "Oh, what a time," said Peter. "We can laugh at it now," said Diane.
Pat Boone's 4-year-old daughter Cherry tells us—

"Hmmm, we had a wedding at our house"

I was flower-girl when Auntie Jenny Foley and Uncle Les got married. Daddy took pictures. Early Saturday morning Momma woke me up. Everybody was still sleeping. She showed me how to go down the stairs with the flowers. There were twenty-eight steps. I counted as I went down to Momma.

Some men brought a big cake into our house and put it on the table. It had pink icing and looked very pretty.
Before the wedding started, Aunt Jenny kissed me. Daddy sang “Because” and the “Lord’s Prayer” from our balcony. Mommy had on the same color dress as mine. She was beautiful. When Uncle Les put the ring on Aunt Jenny’s finger, Momma cried. And soon Grandpa Foley was crying too.

People stood in line and shook hands with Auntie Jenny and Uncle Les. They drove away in a car with tin cans on the back. I asked Daddy if I could be a bride. He said “Someday” and then my Daddy kissed me.
Robert Evans:

The young man stepped out of the red Ferrari convertible, leaned over the side of the car and lifted out a tan pigskin suitcase. In his left hand, he balanced a tennis racket. “Thanks a lot,” he said in a deep, resonant voice to the man driving the car and nodded goodbye. He then turned and walked up the canopied concrete entrance towards the hotel.

He was in his midtwenties, tall and deeply sun-tanned, and walked with the easy spring of a boxer. He would have looked much younger, perhaps seventeen or eighteen, if it were not for his eyes, which were black and set deeply, giving a moody disturbance to his face.

As he passed, two teenage girls, who were sitting on the veranda of the Beverly Hills Hotel, obviously waiting to see film celebrities, turned around and watched him stop at the desk and ask if his room were ready.

“Who’s that?” asked one girl, (Continued on page 68)
COULDN'T CRY
CONTEST

HOW TO SEW--UP
A DATE WITH--TAB HUNTER
Who is the girl in these pictures?

She could be YOU! Read Tab's comments on these holiday party clothes, enter our fashion contest, and you may be Tab's date-for-a-day!

by PAM LAW
Which date dress on these pages do you like best? Tab has promised to tell you his favorite as soon as Photoplay finds him a date. Are you the type for Tab?

1. Admiring the dress or the pose, Tab? He's not telling, but the dress tells you that *if you're the type*, there's a natural, fun-loving quality about you; your best dates are casual, not too dressy; you can be gay but serious too; you love simplicity. This movie-date afternoon dress (Simplicity 2736) is easy-to-make in Cohama's blue and green rayon and wool print. Richelieu jewelry. Coats & Clark zippers.

2. "That gold's a real dazzler in the sunlight" (quote from Tab). It will shine just as much by moonlight on winter nights *if you're the type* who loves a sparkle - and - glamour evening, who doesn't mind heads turning your way. Here's a costume of gold and white rayon brocade by Harvey Mills in a New Year's Eve dress (Simplicity 2783) and slightly flared coat (Simplicity 2694) lined in Skinner satin.

3. "Get that wind-blown back," jokes Tab, who agrees that every guy likes a dress when it's red. *You're the type* if you're in love with bouffant petticoats, the softness of chiffon, the rustle of a breeze—with just enough gaiety thrown in to prove that variety is the proverbial spice. A real Christmas party dress (Simplicity 2762) in Skinner's flame red nylon georgette. All shoes on these pages are by Capezio.

4. Tab can't keep a poker face with this one. His comment: "Sure keeps the cold out of winter!" *You're the type* if you're an adventure lover, the pace-setter of your crowd, if you can take a friendly ribbing on your conversation-piece clothes. These off-beat party-at-home separates have fringed skirt (Simplicity 2700) in wool plaid by Fabrex, top (Simplicity 2773) in Lebanon's versatile wool jersey.

**CONTEST ENTRY BLANK**

1. I would like to meet Tab Hunter. I am: ____________________

2. I'd like to wear Simplicity Pattern Number ____________________

3. I like to sew. ___Yes ___No If yes, why? ____________________

4. ____________________

NAME ____________________ AGE ____________________

STREET ____________________ CITY ______ STATE ________

For contest rules see page 78.
who will be the favorites for 1958?

All year Photoplay has told you about the stars. Here's your chance to tell us...

Got a pen or pencil handy? You'll need it. At the end of this story you'll find a ballot on which you can vote for the Photoplay Gold Medal winners of 1958. We'll award Gold Medals, on your behalf, to your favorite male and female stars and to your favorite picture of the year, with special awards to your favorite newcomers.

The stars need no introduction. If they did, they could hardly be called stars. Throughout the year, you've read about them in our pages. You've seen their movies and you've followed their lives. Now it's your turn to tell us which stars have first claim on your applause.

It's your turn, too, to tell us which new personalities—male and female—made the strongest impact on you through this year's pictures. You can vote for them on the same ballot, but here you might like an introduction first. Hollywood's newcomers are a truly new crop, with a new look about them. They're as different from yesterday's up-and-coming stars as you are from your parents. To understand what they are really like, you should know how they live.

(Continued on page 87)

Last year, Deborah Kerr and Rock Hudson were your favorite female and male stars. Now it's your turn again to fill in the ballot and tell us who will be this year's Gold Medal winners.

turn the page

53
Dolores Hart (one of your winning newcomers last year) toots her horn and says—

vote today for your stars of tomorrow
NEWCOMERS

1. Adams, Nick
2. Bee, Molly
3. Brits, May
4. Brown, Peter
5. Byrnes, Edward
6. Carere, Christine
7. Coe, Barry
8. Crosby, Gary
9. Damon, Mark
10. Dee, Sandra
11. Gardner, Richard
12. Hudson, Al
13. Horne, Geoffrey
14. Jergens, Diane
15. Jones, Dano
16. Ladd, David
17. Landon, Michael
18. Lange, Hope
19. Louise, Tina
20. Lynley, Carol
21. Meredith, Judi
22. Michaels, Dolores
23. Mitchum, Jim
24. Moore, Joanna
25. Nelson, David
26. Nuyen, France
27. O'Brien, Erin
28. Philips, Lee
29. Plummer, Christopher
30. Reed, Alan Jr.
31. St. John, Jill
32. Sands, Tommy
33. Stevens, Connie
34. Stricklyn, Ray
35. Varsi, Diane
36. Whitman, Stuart

turn to page 61 for your ballot
Dick Gardner wants desperately to keep his family together, yet he says—

I'M HELPlessly WATCHING MY MARRIAGE DIE

Deeply hurt and puzzled, Dick Gardner wonders, “How can my wife ask me to leave Hollywood, to quit a job that's so much a part of me?”

“But our marriage wouldn't last six months if I stayed here!” Joan Gardner says, close to tears. “What marriage does have a chance in Hollywood? Just name me one!” She collects herself and begins her side of the story, with her husband’s silent consent. (Continued, on page 85)
EDITOR’S NOTE:
You loved Dick Gardner as Private Cowley in “The Young Lions” and swamped us with fan letters which we forwarded to him. He was most grateful for your interest. Now Dick’s in trouble. He asks you to read his story and then write a letter to him and his wife Joan. The address is:
c/o Twentieth Century-Fox
10201 West Pico Boulevard
Los Angeles 64, California.
How to dress as if money were no object

It's Simplicity itself to have the smart lines, the beautiful fabric, the "expensive" look you love. Just make your clothes (and the children's) with Simplicity Printed Patterns!

Simplicity Patterns give you the newest look in the simplest way. Even if you haven't sewed much lately, you can make clothes that look perfect. Each piece of a Simplicity Pattern is printed with such easy-to-follow directions, it's like having an expert advise you at every step!

Mother's dress, Simplicity Pattern No. 2723
Daughter's dress, Simplicity Pattern No. 2631

Fashion is Simplicity itself

SIMPPLICITY PATTERN CO. INC.
MARGARET O'BRIEN:

When I was scared or feeling real blue, I'd go to her and she'd put her arms around me and in a few minutes everything was all right. Then, without warning, my mother was gone

who can I turn to now
that I'm all alone...

The hospital corridor was dark and very still. A single light shone in the middle of the hall, casting a wide circle of light on the floor. At the far end of the hall, a nurse lit the desk lamp and glanced at her watch. It was time for her to make her early-morning rounds. She picked up her searchlight and started to walk along the corridor, the searchlight's small beam dancing jerkily up and down as she walked. She checked the first two rooms, but walked past the third door knowingly. As she passed, the door opened and the nurse stopped and turned to see a girl about twenty step hesitantly through the doorway—her young body shaking as she tried to stifle the sobs that managed to escape her lips. She swayed for a moment, but the doctor who followed her grabbed her arm and she leaned weakly against him. The nurse shook her head and walked slowly toward the fourth door—there was nothing she could (Continued on page 91)

by LOUELLA CONDON
One of the most exciting women in the world...NEW YORK

Fern Tailer Gimbel

From Paris to Rome to New York, busy, exciting women deep-cleanse, deep-moisturize and beautify their skin with Pond's

SHE'S BUSY...YET SHE'S BEAUTIFUL...SHE USES POND'S

Pond's Cold Cream replaces the inner moisture modern living drains away

FERN TAILER GIMBEL, a tall striking flame-haired beauty, is a dedicated actress, hard-working fashion model and the mother of two young children. She scorns elaborate beauty ritual..."I haven't the patience or the time." Instead, she uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse—and to moisturize and beautify. "My skin is never dry—it stays soft and smooth!"

Goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off! Pond's is the fabulous deep cleanser that beautifies as it cleanses—actually moisturizes below the surface. From deep within your skin, it keeps sending freshets of moisture upward to give your complexion a lovely dewy softness hour after hour. No other cream or liquid does for your skin just what Pond's does.

Use Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse at night—to moisturize and beautify under make-up all day.

WITH THIS ONE CREAM YOU NEED NEVER BE TOO BUSY TO BE BEAUTIFUL!
who will be the favorites for 1958?

FILMS

Andy Hardy Comes Home
Another Time, Another Place
Auntie Mame
Badlands, The
Barbarian and the Geisha, The
Bell, Book and Candle
Big Beat, The
Big Country, The
Bloody, The
Bonjour Tristesse
Bravados, The
Bridge on the River Kwai, The
Brothers Karamazov, The
Carnival in Flanders, The
Certain Smile, A
Chase a Crooked Shadow
Cowboy
Cry Terror
Daffy Citizen!
Darby's Rangers
Decks Ran Red, The
Deep Six, The
Defiant Ones, The
Desire Under the Elms
Dunkirk
Enemy Below, The
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STARS

Angeli, Pier
Barzial, Lauren
Baker, Carroll
Bardot, Brigitte
Baxter, Anne
Bergman, Ingrid
Bagarde, Dick
Booth, Shirley
Borgnine, Ernest
Bower, Charles
Brandla, Marlon
Brazzi, Rosano
Brenner, Yul
Calhoun, Rory
Caron, Leslie
Chandler, Jeff
Charitce, Cy
Chevalier, Maurice
Clift, Montgomery
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Conte, Richard
Cooper, Cary
Curtis, Tony
Day, Doris
de Havilland, Olivia
Derek, John
Dietrich, Marlene
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Douglas, Kirk
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Ekberg, Anita
Evans, Robert
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Hepburn, Audrey
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Holden, William
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Hunter, Jeffrey
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Ivy, Martha
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Kaye, Danny
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Magnani, Anna
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Mayer, Virginia
Milland, Ray
Mitchell, Cameron
Mitchum, Robert
Murphy, Audie
Murray, Don
Nader, George
Newman, Paul
Niven, Leslie
Niven, David

North, Sheeere
Novak, Kim
O’Brien, Hugh
Owens, Patricia
Palmer, Jack
Parker, Fees
Peck, Gregory
Perkins, Anthony
Powell, Jane
Powell, Tyrone
Presley, Elvis
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Rain, Don
Rec, Donna
Reynolds, Debbie
Richards, Jeff
Robertson, Cliff
Roosevelt, Mickey
Russell, Barbara
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Saxon, John
Simmons, Jean
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Stewart, James
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Strasberg, Susan
Tamblyn, John
Taylor, Elizabeth
Taylor, Robert
Tod, Richard
Tracy, Spencer
Turner, Lana
Wagner, Robert
Wagner, John
Widmark, Richard
Wilde, Cornel
Williams, Esther
Wood, Natalie
Woodward, Joanne
Wynter, Dana

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GOLD MEDAL BALLOT

MY CHOICE FOR THE GOLD MEDAL WINNERS OF 1958

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BEST FEMALE STAR

BEST MOVIE PICTURE

NEW PERSONALITIES WHO MADE THE GREATEST IMPRESSION ON ME IN 1958 MOVIES

MALE

FEMALE

For your list of new personalities and their pictures, see pages 54 and 55. For their film credits, turn to page 89
I still can't believe it happened to me, my interview with Diane Varsi, that is. Sitting and talking to her in Hamburger Hamlet, with all the kids in nearby booths craning their necks to see her, was the most exciting experience of my life, but I guess I'd better start at the beginning so you'll know how this wonderful thing came about.

After seeing "Peyton Place," I couldn't get over Diane Varsi. I may as well admit I saw the picture five times and, as I hope to be a writer, I decided to send her a fan letter and ask for an interview.

"I will gladly let you do an interview on me," she wrote. "If you send me your phone number, I will call you as to when and where it will be. Sincerely, Diane Varsi."

A few moments after I'd arrived, I saw her walk in the door. Even though she had no make-up on at all, not even lipstick, she was more beautiful than I had imagined. She wore a black scarf, black blouse and black capris. She ordered coffee and apple pie.

As we started to talk, she removed her scarf and I noticed her hair was rather long. She wore it straight with bangs. When I told her I loved her hair, she remarked, "It's about the same color as yours—sort of ash blonde."

She seemed to be interested in me. For a moment I wondered if she was going to interview me or if I was going to interview her. She asked me if I thought my parents were good parents. "Do they tell you what to do?" she wanted to know. I said, "Yes." I asked her if she minded when people told her what to do. She sat quietly and answered, "It depends on what it is." She spoke very quietly.

Miss Varsi thought it was fine that I wanted to be a writer. She said she loved poetry and reeled off names of about a dozen poets, half of whom I'd never heard of. She told me she'd written some poetry herself. She said she'd quit school at fifteen and since then has had "my own little school."

She hasn't any close girl friends and keeps an hour of each day for herself, during which time she is completely alone. She loves the beach and likes to go there to think.

As we walked out of the coffee shop, she asked, "How are you getting home?" I said, "I have a ride, thanks." I almost wished I hadn't—she might even have driven me home.

Beth prizes these letters and an autographed photo which reads in part, "Dear Beth: . . . I really hope you keep writing...Thank you for your time. Diane."

She stood there as I started to cross the street. I was so excited that while crossing, I turned around and yelled, "Thank you!" She nodded and then yelled back, "Be careful." When I got to the other side of the street, we waved again.

I'll never forget my interview with Diane Varsi.
can we rehearse lines if he doesn’t okay them?”
“So start rehearsing,” said the production
man.
Benoff turned a charming green.
“They’re Eddie’s lines, so naturally it
would help if he were here to study them.”
“You still hanging around?” someone
grunted at me.
“I’d like to nose around as long as he’s
late and get a few quotes about Eddie
from some of the people who work with
him.”
“Yeah, lots of luck,” came the reply.
The “lots of luck” was tinged with sar-
casm.
A harassed young blonde woman
walked by with a pile of scripts in hand.
“What do you think of Eddie,” I shouted
above the din.
“Eddie who?”
“Eddie, who? Eddie Fisher.”
“Are you a reporter or a writer?” she
asked, eying me suspiciously.
“That’s right.”
“I think he’s great—just g-r-e-a-t!”
A prop man excused himself as he
hauled a large floral-covered trellis past
me.
“What’s Eddie Fisher like to work for?”
“Why?” he called, not even stopping.
“Well, I’m doing this story and—”
This by time I had gotten the feeling
people were pointing me out—and then
avoiding me like the plague, where people
had been bustling around me only a minute
before—I was now standing completely
alone in the middle of the stage. Even
though it was the middle of August I felt
a distinct chill.
Bernie Rich, one of Eddie’s oldest and
best friends from his Philadelphia days,
appeared from somewhere out of the
shadows and gently but firmly led me over
to a chair away from everyone and every-
thing that was going on.
“Why don’t you wait until Eddie gets
here to start your story. I doubt if you’ll
got any material from his staff,” he said,
nomewhat nervously.
I wondered.
“Is Eddie always late?”
“Well, Eddie has a tendency to moodi-
ness when things aren’t going well with
the show or his other enterprises. It’s'
to be expected. Then, too, Eddie can’t just
hop out of bed and race to the set. In the
mornings, he’s a slow starter.”
I turned my head just in time to see
the star of the show enter a side door. He
had to pass directly in front of me to get
to where he was heading but I had to do
everything but stick out my foot and trip
him to get his attention. He seemed to be
off in another world.
“Oh the interview—sure—I forgot. I’m
sorry,” he stammered as I tried to in vain
to get him into the chair next to mine.
“I really here to find out about the
rumors. Eddie. Are you and Debbie having
fights, not getting along or—well you
know what the gossip has been.”
He looked me straight in the eye.
“You can print it in headlines. I’ve never
been happier in my life.”
He walked over to the bandstand and
I watched him run through his lines for
the next hour.
I knew he had been telling me the truth.
I knew it was the truth and yet there
were a hundred and one things I wanted
to ask. There was something, something
I couldn’t put my finger on—something I
sensed. I don’t know if I got it from the

EDDIE FISHER
Continued from page 35

TV’s Top Stars

the exciting, absorbing stories
of television’s greats...the part they play
on your set...their home life

Here’s the greatest...TV’S TOP STARS 1959...the brand new
book produced by the editors of TV RADIO MIRROR.
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about his present role...and
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papers, the people around Eddie—or Eddie himself.

The answer was of course—in Eddie. That made it more difficult.

In spite of all the stories, releases and publicity on him—his kindness, his thoughtfulness, his lighthearted boyishness and everything else that's been printed, Eddie Fisher is a very complex person.

He doesn't care, he doesn't want and to the best of my knowledge he'd never pulled any of the usual prima donna stuff so many stars are rightly accused of. But he is difficult in one of the most offbeat ways that a star can be difficult. It might even be called a phenomenon in Hollywood.

When he was a poor boy in Philadelphia, Eddie's reaction was not to resent the seemingly endless battle into which he'd been born but, instead, to win it over. He began by making two friends, Joey Foreman and Bernie Rich, now both Hollywood actors and his closest friends today. Bernie, as a matter of fact, is also associate producer of Eddie's TV show.

The friendship between Eddie and Joey Foreman is a strong but also a rambling-ous one. They have alternately fought and made peace again ever since they have known each other. A battle is followed by an exchange of warm pledges which soon falls into battle again. But the friendship Eddie once got a sports coat with blue shadow-stripes from Joey. He still has that jacket. Their shoe sizes are the same now and Joey often finds himself in Eddie's shoes. Eddie has always been a bit larger of the two, aside from shoe size, but as a boy Eddie would never admit this meant he was also the stronger.

One afternoon when they were twelve, Eddie and Joey began a fist fight at the corner of Sixth and Shunk Streets in Philadelphia. It didn't end until they were rolling around on the sidewalk and passing-by pulled them apart. For a year, they didn't speak to each other; although they were exchanging lines daily on the same radio show for Skipper Dawes (another old friend who's now working with Eddie). Then Eddie fell ill and Joey decided that he just had to visit him. When Joey walked into his bedroom, Eddie was so deeply affected that he had to duck under the covers to hide his tears.

Both Eddie and Joey have been chess players since they were boys and there is nobody they'd rather beat than each other. Nobody, that is, but Debbie's dad, Ray Reynolds. But with Ray they admit there have been no chance. He is the old master of their chess circle.

Some months before Todd was born, Eddie had a week off, after a continuous grind of shows. Since Debbie was busy on a picture they decided that it would be wise for him to get a complete rest by spending the time at their Palm Springs house. The only mistake Eddie made was to take Joey along. Aside from their sleeping hours they never got away from the chess board, and during the week a fine altercation was generated when Eddie won ten straight games and jokingly refused to let Joey forget it.

"There was one thing in which Eddie was better than I, and that is this," Joey Foreman says. "Eddie was a charmer. It worked with all kinds of people but what burned me up of course was that it seemed to work on girls, I wanted to impress. He knew the right thing to say and had it said while I was still fumbling around for a word. It's like a challenge to him to win people over. I don't know anyone who has ever met him and talked long enough to get his views who hasn't fallen for him."

Eddie Fisher wants to be LIKED! Perhaps more than anything else in the world he wants to be liked. The trouble is—he wants to be liked by every-one.

He'll never turn down an interview, always show up for a benefit show, help his old friends, stand in awe of those who were stars before him and give them their due. And he's a man who continually charm the pants off every man, woman, child and animal he comes in contact with.

And what happens?

He wears himself thin.

He wears himself out.

And then he has to retreat into himself—friends call it "his moods"—to regain the strength to face the ordeal of being an all-time favorite.

It's enough to wear anyone out, let alone a person who's in the public eye, surrounded by a staff constantly and besieged by fans, writers, sponsors, song pluggers, agents and publicity people.

A good friend of his once said that Eddie had a tendency to listen to everyone who had access to his ear and base his judgment on what he was told. He was afraid if he turned his ear he might lose a friend.

Yet he can be as stubborn as they come once he has actually disagreed with someone and more often than not it takes a lot to change his mind. People have seen in some friendship that Eddie professes to value so highly.

When Eddie had a serious falling out with his wife, Rich, it was Debbie who brought them together. Not by trying to make Eddie see that he might possibly have been in the wrong but wisely—by maintaining her friendship with Rich's wife Margie. Eventually Eddie and Bernie drifted back together again.

Eddie has had a number of these alterations with Bernie, just as he does with Joeys Foreman and others. Each break, each misunderstanding seems to wear him down just a little bit more. He seems to be determined to be liked—but liked in his terms.

If Eddie and Debbie were having trouble—could this desire, or better, still this craving to be liked—have anything to do with it? Could Eddie be spreading himself—being on the run and have the energy left to cope with the problems the everyday problems that we must all face—in his personal life at home with Debbie?

"Life is more at home than anywhere else," Eddie had said. Yet, two people with different interests, outlooks and temperaments have to work pretty hard at a marriage, no matter how much in love they are.

"It takes a pair of youngsters more docile than show people could ever be to live the same pace over 20 or 30 years and not disappear at times," Bernys Rich had remarked. "Eddie and Debbie have been known to have domestic rows. Eddie has a tendency to moodiness when things are not going well with his show and related enterprises; he will worry about a word of criticism and then closet himself up as he tries to fathom the reason for it. And, indeed, after all, is a young mother whose days can go as well as any young mother's."

"When they are both out of sorts," Bernie went on, "the same thing can happen with them as happens to people. But the truth is that they are more bothered by the stories of their fighting than the fights themselves. And one thing they are adamant about—what happens between them stays in the family."

Debbie is a girl who much prefers her own home, her two infant babies, her small and close circle of friends, her home and family life to all the readings of novels and scripts nightly in front of a fire or in a corner of the nursery. Debbie loves all this very dearly but he must also get out with people, travel, shake hands, listen, talk, and make friends.

Debbie saves her energy for her work, her small and close circle of friends, her home and family life.

But Eddie expends more than he has. He wears himself out. He gives, gives, gives to everyone and anyone and being only human—he has to explode, he has to let go. Down to this point the strength that has made him the personality he is and he has to go into "his moods."

Home would seem the best place. At home there is comparative privacy. At home one doesn't have to work at being liked because one is loved. Home is safe and secure and home is—Debbie.

But a marriage must be worked at at all times and by two people. Strength has to come from both sides—maybe a different kind of strength—but both must give.

Thinking of all this I watched Eddie run through a scene and he put so much into it as if he were performing in front of a TV audience. When he finished he was obviously out of his mood and his old self again. He smiled and waved to the people who were watching him. Hoped they would wave back. I saw he was seeing me for the first time. I waved back somehow foolishly feeling as if I were involved in some sort of a game where I didn't know what the next rules were.

Perhaps that's what I'd sensed when I first came in. Maybe everyone was on edge until Eddie arrived. What would he be like? How would he feel today? This skinny young man who wanted to be liked by the world but who was very tired. Maybe the feeling I had gotten from the script girl, the prop man, the friend was
Eddie had said he realized this all over again when Mike had died. Big Mike Todd was a man Eddie had worshiped and he'd been flattered when Mike seemed to depend on him. Seeing Liz and her kids left alone, Eddie had made a silent prayer, "Keep our family safe and sound. Keep us together..."

Eddie had flown with Liz to the funeral in Chicago. Mike had been his best friend and he was helping his widow through this terrible time. Debbie had quickly agreed to take care of Liz' kids during the first terrible days after Mike's death.

"After all," Eddie said, "Liz is just about Debbie's best friend."

The four of them had had such good times together, wild, crazy, laughing times. Mike was always turning up with fabulous gifts for Liz and Eddie, not to be outdone, kept showering Debbie with gifts, too. He'd bought her a full-length mink and three mink stole, a diamond watch, diamond earrings, a diamond pendant and pin, a T-bird, a Continental, charms in pearls, gold, sapphire and jade by the dozen. Debbie had protested these extravagances, but Eddie kept following his impulses and buying her gifts.

When their son was born, Debbie and Eddie named him Todd after their friend. "Mike would have liked you," Eddie whispered to his infant boy. Then, delighted at having a son, Eddie went out to choose a diamond and pearl bracelet for Debbie.

The lights dimmed and Eddie walked towards me—hand extended. The big grin on his face made me feel good and I knew the story would be good.

"Had a lot on my mind before, rehearsals always get me," he explained as he sat down and sprawled his legs out in front of him.

"You want to know about Debbie and me? There's nothing to know. We couldn't be happier. Debbie's not only just happy as a wife and mother, she's busy and happy. If I happen to remind her she's also got a career as an actress she looks at me with blank eyes for a minute as if she'd forgotten about that altogether. Debbie's world is full of her babies, her new house and, if you'll pardon the expression—ME!"

"Is it true that when Debbie was pregnant you had a telephone installed in your car so you could be in touch with her all the time?"

Suddenly the smile faded and a peculiar expression appeared on his face.

"I got the idea from Mike—Mike Todd. He had one in his car. The day it was installed I made the first call to Debbie to see how she felt and then I called Mike. I knew he was out driving and I thought it would be a kick talking to him from one car to the other. Do you know what that guy said to me?"

Eddie's tight lipped expression relaxed into a smile.

"I said, 'Mike this is Eddie. I'm calling you from my car.' And do you know what Mike answered? He said—"

"Hold it a minute, Eddie—my other phone is ringing."

Then, after we'd talked, Mike said, the way he did if he was talking to me from Moscow or Paris or his car, 'I love ya.' 'Me, too.' I shouted back at him before he could hang up.

Eddie looked down at his hands and then up again.

"He was a great friend. I liked him and you know—he liked me."

I thanked Eddie and told him I had all the information I needed.

"I just wanted to see you and get the most of the story. I wanted to make sure there was no basis for the rumors going around."

He turned a violent pink and looked down at me as he pushed his chair back.

"I'm not the same thing to you I said to a certain columnist, who shall remain unnamed, when she printed I'd moved out on Debbie just before Todd was born. I asked her how she could dare run such an item like that when we were just about to have another baby. And you know what she said to me? She said she had a reliable source for her information. They always say that. Well, I'll tell you exactly what I told her. What more reliable source is there than ME?"

The production man appeared from the wings and told Eddie he had a long distance call waiting. We shook hands and as I watched him walk off I put my Debbie and Eddie love story into place in my mind.

I didn't really see Eddie stop and turning around called to me above the low din of the orchestra warming up.

"Don't forget what I said. When you want the truth—call me. What more reliable source can you have than me if you really want the truth? You can always get me."

That was two weeks before he flew to New York. I hadn't been able to reach him since.

—L. POLLOCK

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I GOT MY WISH'
Continued from page 42

never looked prettier than after a rainfall, when its streets shone like patent leather and the shop lights sparkled on the puddles of water. In her slicker and rain hat, she would walk through the rain-soaked streets and dream of the someday when she'd be a famous actress. She'd come home only when her sneakers were soaking wet. She had no idea then of marrying a tender, gay, impulsive man who could understand daydreaming. Then, he was a vague shape, a clouded vision.

Now, she knew he was tall and lean with thick brown hair that kept falling onto his forehead. Francois—with his funny English and thick French accent—made her swoon.


How Francois liked the rain, too! And he loved long walks and bowling and golf and food and dancing and tennis and swimming and water-skiing... and thank heavens, Jean'd say, for the water-skiing. This was how they met.

"How else?" Francois teased her in front of her friends.

Her friends, so anxious to meet her husband-to-be, had given them an old-fashioned party the very first day Francois arrived in Marshalltown—ten days before the wedding.

And all that following week the household was littered in gay tissue paper and silver ribbon. Presents, presents, presents—everywhere.

"Look, Coco," Jean pointed out. "Look at this beautiful silver platter from Otto Freminger."

But he looked at her and said, "But here's another toaster," and she made a face at him and he laughed.

Later that week they went to Lloyd's, Marshalltown's biggest restaurant, to check on the champagne Francois' father had sent all the way from the vineyards of France. Francois insisted on going over and over the arrangements for their reception with Lloyd Barlow, the owner. That impressed her mother, since her dad never took an interest in such things.

"Our goblet will go here," Francois said, "where Jean and I will be sitting. It's been in my family for years, and the bride and groom always drink a toast out of it at weddings."

Mr. Barlow asked him about the turkey.

"Ah, the turkey," Francois said excitedly, forgetting his English a little. "The turkey?... It should be almost the centerpiece for the table. Deboned and then put back together again."

"But that's impossible," Mr. Barlow announced.

"Why?" Francois wanted to know. "I've seen it done many times."

"Well," Mr. Barlow said, "maybe it's done in France, but I wouldn't think of doing such a thing to an American turkey."

Francois began explaining in minute detail how they would cut it around the eye, but Lloyd Barlow nodded his head and said, "Impossible."

Taking a deep breath, Francois prepared for battle. But Jean grabbed his arm and took hold of him, warning quietly that if he insisted, he would be cut out of French, and he agreed to what they called "the famous turkey compromise." One turkey would be used for eating, it was decided, and another turkey would serve as the centerpiece.

All through that week before the wedding, there never was time. They barely made the dress shop on Friday afternoon. Jean had to try on a new Empire dress she had bought, and she was standing in front of the three-way mirror.

"Damn," Francois said to his bride. "Tell him, it's not straight." And suddenly he lay flat, with his chin touching the floor, and stretched out to check her hemline.

"There," he said proudly, "on the right side, see? It's a little bit too long."

The salesgirl, stunned, looked at him as if he had descended from outer space. She got down on her knees and adjusted the hem. Francois dusted himself off.

Then, the Friday afternoon of the wedding rehearsal, Francois and Jean drove to the church, and Francois met Jean's Aunt Ella Mae, the florist, and they went over all the flower arrangements. Francois wanted a French setting. He even drew a plan in water colors for Aunt Ella Mae. He requested "Two large bouquets of yellow roses here, on either side of the altar, and behind them, we would like tiers of potted ferns."

Francois' best men, Arnold des Contades and Evaristo Burriello, flew in that day.

When Jean's mom and dad came by, Jean said, "But you don't need a rehearsal. You've been through all this only last month when Mary Ann got married!"

But it was in-thing, so Francois gave in. "Well, David, the ringbearer, who stole the show that afternoon. Walking solemnly down the aisle in front of Jean's maids of honor, Martha Glick and Lynda Scott, he stretched out his arms, pretending he was holding a make-believe pillow."

"But where's the pillow?" Jean said. "I know I bought it."

Her grandmother had sewn it for her, a white satin eiderdown pillow for David to carry the rings on.

"I don't want it dirty," David said.

"It's so pretty," Jean thought we'd let him have it, too, for the wedding!

Everyone laughed, including Reverend Christenson.

At the church, Jean looked up at Francois, he was weeping. Oh dear, she wondered, what are we going to be like tomorrow! After the wedding rehearsal ended, Jean whispered in his ear, and the two of them ran.

They drove to the outskirts of town and left the car by a fencepost, and they walked through the windblown Iowa fields, grinning happily, arms around each other, dancing and kitchen—feeling the glow of the late-afternoon sun.

What a luxury, Jean thought, an hour with Francois, the two of us together... and alone.

"Look," she said, pointing to a jumble of yellow wildflowers in the distance.

"Come," he offered, "and I'll pick you a bouquet for a bride."

"Just for me," she said. "Last one there—"

"Losses a kiss," Francois winked.

They ran. He gave her a head start, but he soon caught up with her and put his arm around her, and the two of them ran along together until they tumbled down in the thick of the yellow flowers.

"Here," Francois snapped a flower at its stem, "is a flower for the famous American actress."

"And here," Jean picked a flower between them, "is one for the famous French layer of the two of themiggled.

"But here's a whole handful," he said solemnly, "for my wonderful American wife."

They kissed and lay there looking at the vast sky and the deepening colors of the sun, and in a while they got up and filled their arms with flowers.

"Jean," Francois said, "I'm so happy."

She buried her face in the flowers. "I wish... I wish today, this moment... could last forever."

She smiled at him, and he put his arm around her, and she said, "But tomorrow will be wonderful, too. Oh Coco, these are the happiest days of my life."

They walked for a while. "Hey," he said cheerfully. "Will they throw rice at the wedding? Like this?"

He began tossing the yellow flowers in the air and at her. She tossed some back, and suddenly they were throwing their armfuls of flowers like they were everywhere, as high up as they would go, and the blossoms came raining down on them, raining in torrents...

The rain had stopped.

"Jean," her mother called. "Are you coming down for breakfast?"

Jean pulled on her tartan bathrobe and went downstairs. "I'm not very hungry, but she wanted to be with her family, to see them all eating quietly together on the last morning of her life as Jean Seberg."

"Jean," her mother Bert teased. "Tell us where you're going on your honeymoon!"

"Wouldn't you like to know," she teased back. But really they didn't know. Francois might be called any day for the French Army.

They sat around the kitchen table then, not saying very much. Jean read the stack of telegrams near her plate and...
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BOB EVANS

Continued from page 48

nudging her friend and discreetly pointing to the young man.

Her friend, obviously expert in such matters, said, "I don't know," she finally admitted, adding quickly "but whoever he is, he's got to be somebody!"

He was not: Bob Evans, at that time, two years ago, was not an actor. But there is a small difference between then and now. For today, even as a much-talked about new star, little is known about Bob Evans. His friends say he understands; his fans know him even less; and to his co-workers and Hollywood, he's a puzzle. Not since Brando has a new personality been surrounded by so many rumors, so little fact and so much mystery.

"Partly, this is because of the way he looks," says Gordon Douglas, who directed him in his first part, "The Man Who Walked the West," which should add to the growing legend. "When you have a personality as vital and intriguing as his, rumors just naturally spring up. Bob Evans is the kind of actor who is unannounced—even in a crowded room."

At a crowded studio function in Hollywood late last summer, Bob was standing at the far end of a room, alone with a well-known producer, who had seen Bob play the Spanish bullfighter, Romero, in "The Sun Also Rises," spied on him on the far side of the room, standing alone.

When the producer went over to him, introduced himself and, in careful, precise English, asked: "Would you like to be introduced to some of the players here?"

Noticing Bob's hesitation, he added quickly, "You do speak English?"

Bob said yes and they both laughed. "What are you doing in Los Angeles?" the producer asked. "Are you fighting in Tijuana this weekend?"

Thinking it was a joke, since they both were at the same studio, Bob said good-naturedly, "No, not this weekend, but I will be."

"Good, good," the producer replied. "I'd like to take my wife down to see you, and shack up Bob's hand, said he, said goodnight and walked away.

Realizing later that the producer had been serious, Bob looked for him to tell him he really was but he had already left. The producer probably would not have held him anyway.

Part of the reason for the mystery surrounding Bob is that, unlike most new young actors, he's embarrassed when he has to talk about himself. He dislikes posing for pictures and cringes when he finds his name in the columns. He has been known to hire a press agent to keep him out of print.

He is the colleague of the most romantic young actors on the screen today. Yet, when the studio checked with him to find out why he did not attend a Hollywood premiere, he said they would find anyone to go with me."

He lives in New York, in a two-and-a-half room furnished apartment that is not his own, simply because he likes the view. He can see a bit of the park, waving along Second Avenue late in the evening, guarding these walks as private and as a time to think.

It is almost as though Bob Evans were two people. One, a young sophisticated man-about-town, who looks as though he were born in a tuxedo and rides around in slinky black convertible. This seems to be a built-in excuse, one to overshadow the other—the boy who avoids crowds, dislikes parties, insists upon being left alone and is reserved to a point of moody shyness.

It seems the key to understand the mystery of the man today, one must go back to the boy of yesterday...

Bob Evans' world, as a child, was the City.

He was born in New York, just thirty blocks from the Riverside Drive apartment where he lived most of his childhood. His world was bound by the Morningside Heights, a park and a street. While, the bicycle path in Central Park on the north, and to the south, the sciences room at the Central Library on 42nd Street. The telephone, the music, the radio, and of lovely parks with swing sets and tennis courts and benches filled with young mothers and nurses and baby carriages, was a good place to grow up.

His memory is of his four-year-old brother Charles, when his mother was in the hospital, liked to tell him how his father, after hearing that he had a case of laryngitis and stay home for a few hours without stopping played Chopin on the piano. His father was a dentist, but when he was a young man, he was a concert pianist and music was always part of their tightly-knit family. Bob and Charles were supposed to be introduced to music, Sunday afternoons, after dinner, while his father cleared away the dishes, his father used to take down the brown leather music practice book and give him a lesson.

Some afternoons, after school, he used to knock on the door of the white-haired German man who lived on the floor below and sit on the stool placed by the man, who, as usual, looked up and sometimes said, "Someday, I will teach you, too," the famous composer and pianist said after listening to him play the piano. But you have to have a gift for music, she used to say.

But after a week he was on his way to a tour and died.

"He shouldn't spend too much time at the pictures anyway," his father would say. "He should get out in the fresh air. He's looking too much like his brother Charles."

And he would stand there, a bushy five-year-old, and bury his finger deeper into the hole in his trousers pocket.

He hated the festival notice and came to his aid to say, "Ah, let the boy be."

It was true, Charles never got sick, while he was always getting a cough and rumble in his chest that kept him home in bed at least once during winter with fever.

It was the winter when he was seven that the cough did not go away and the doctor came every day and the nurse stayed all night and his mother looked worried. And even when his father brought the radio close to his bed and said he could listen to it whenever he wanted to, he just slept.

They didn't tell him his father was sick, that the doctor didn't expect him to live, but he knew, somehow, even when he was getting better, that everyone, even Charles, tried to make him feel that he wasn't like other kids.

He can still remember that day...

From their thirteenth floor apartment, with the bed pushed close to the window, he could watch the kids rolling up a good-sized snow fort in the park across the street. It had been snowing all day and the kid had been bourbon ice. And suddenly rebelling at the thought to have it in bed another day, he pushed back the blankets with his feet and, gathering his courage to put on his slippers or robe and rushed to the window. Opening the window, not more than five inches so the snow wouldn't fly, he pushed his small fist outside, scooping up a handful of cold, icy snow. Then he rolled it into a snowball.

"Are you out of bed?" he heard his mother say from the hall, and dropping off the window seat, he ran back to bed, covered himself with the blankets and had both eyes shut tight by the time she came back.

"Oh, Bobby," she said, "How will your chest clear up . . . and you opened the window."

And she watched him, with one eye shut tight, close the window and put down the blanket. "Don't be able to go out and play," she was saying, but all he could think of was melting snowball, under the blankets.

When he goes, soon, he thought and kept his eyes closed.

"Come on, now. Stop fooling. I want to take your temperature."

"Right, now?" he asked, forgetting his sleep.

"Yes, right now."

And by the time his mother finished reading the thermometer, what he had already done, he was feeling well and disappeared, leaving only a big wet spot on his pajama shirt. No seven-year-old ever felt more deeply wounded. "Charles, in, yet?" he asked, belligerently.

"No, he's still sleighriding . . . " his mother started to say. And then he let his quick temper flare and shouted at her. "If you're going to cry all day, quit. And he started to cry. "I want to be like other boys . . . " and then, feeling guilty, he apologized and said he was sorry and didn't mean it and, yes, he would like the radio, just to have strong.

He turned over in his bed, turned the dial and listened to the voice—big, booming and suspense-filled—tell him: "Tonight is the adventure of Jack Armstrong, who, when we last saw him, was lost in the deep jungles of South America and leaving his mother behind. Drive and the kids outside in the snow, and I'm into a tough, double-fisted world, Jack the all-American boy, into the world of radio he was going to make his own. He's brave. He's quick and when his father came in and sat down beside him on the bed and turned on the light he didn't know, at first, where he was.

His father's face was blurred and he blinked his eyes to bring him into focus. He looked down at the package he was holding and watched him untangle a knot in the string on the boxes. He was always fascinated by the way his father used his hands, especially when, sometimes, he watched him work on Saturday mornings in the garage.

He wondered what was in the package. He knew it was not a toy. He didn't like toys and wondered why his father would bring him a surprise tonight. They had string on the boxes for only for little boys. "Remember, Bobby," he said, taking out a small bronze statue of a boy, "it's better to have a few fine things like this and time to grow to love them. And he talked to him that afternoon and how mother had told him he had cried and had said he did not feel like other boys. "You never should have come home," his father told him. "You must find out who you are and be yourself and do what you want. You should never cry, because crying means you've admitted defeat."

But, that night, after dinner, his moth-
er and father decided they would not take a vacation that summer, instead they would send Bobby away to camp. Maybe he needed more companionship.

He went to camp until he was nine.

From that time on, he and his mother finally agreed—not without effort on everybody's part—that he was just not camp material. "If it's possible," his mother used to say after his three months away in the country, "he'd get thinner and greener-looking than before."

"He's a brilliant boy, brilliant," the director, whom he'd never seen before, kept repeating to his father, "I don't think he likes to sit and read all day." But his father didn't seem to mind too much when the director told him what he went off for a week at the end of the season when most of the other boys had gone home for the summer and how, when he lost them on a hike, he sat by the waterfall, eating his peanut butter sandwiches until they returned and picked him up.

"I guess he's not a joiner," his dad laughed. "We'll have to let him hit tennis balls instead of baseballs," but the director, who was now perspiring and who kept insisting, even more than before, that there was not to be discouraged. On the following Wednesday, he announced: "Bob Evans you will have the lead in the camp play!"

Everybody's parents seemed to come up that night; it was the last big event of the camp season and everybody was excited. He had the opening scene.

The prop was two thick bunks sewed together for the curtain, and the kids who were Indians had to tie some feathers behind their ears with glued paper tape. They kept falling off so they used adhesive tape, which stuck to the skin like skin.

When the curtain went up, he was already standing in the middle of the stage, and found his parents immediately. He didn't have much trouble finding his mother. She was sitting in the second row, a little off to the side, waving her program. He had had a hard time of it, just to listen for his cue. After a sharp hiss from the director off-stage, he was on.

Throwing out his arms in a magnificent sweep, he began: "I have to go to New York and stop. It hasn't always happened, but as well as never having learned his lines, all he could concentrate on was a buzzing around his ear. Then he felt something buzzing his knee, but he couldn't look down, after all he was the Chief. But he wasn't noticed, he thought, if heiggled his knees a little, so he waited for a second until the insect alit, then, bending his legs slightly, he stood up straight and then let out a howl that brought down the curtain.

Two counselors carried him off behind the set while a third, taking out a match, struck it. He braved him down closer and closer to his knees. They're going to burn my wound out—like medicine men, he suddenly jerked his leg free and let out another howl. "Stop, don't torture me!"

The counselors later apologized and told him they had just wanted to see what was wrong, but by that time, the doctor already found out by a very sharp wound and the audience had left and the play never did go on.

He didn't feel bad, but for some reason everybody kept saying, "Don't feel bad."

One thing that everybody— including his mother and father— ever thought he'd have any future on the stage. That's why, three years later, when he was away and had made up his mind, he didn't tell them about it in the beginning.

He had seen the ad on the back page of Sunday's sport section, buried somewhere in between the want-ads and for-rent notices. He noticed it first because the school had the same name as his: Robert Evans School for Radio Acting. It promised to get you a job on radio if you took the course, so later that week, on Friday, he took a bus to the school.

The school lobby was filled with kids and he met a girl, about sixteen, who told him he'd finished the course and was going away to NBC for an audition.

"Why not to go to NBC direct?" he asked and went along with the boy.

They both filled out, in duplicate, application forms and left them with a lady at the reception desk. Ten days later, three days before the Christmas vacation, his father came to breakfast and handed him a long, white envelope from NBC with a letter asking him to come down for an audition. He thought it was a good idea then to tell his father he had decided to become an actor. But, from the way his father looked at him just looking over the top of his glasses and saying "good luck" before picking up the morning paper, he had a suspicion he didn't take him very seriously.

That same day during study period he made up an afternoon schedule for himself for the next eight hours—one hour for tennis practice, another for judo and two for acting classes. And in the following week he spent part of every afternoon in the 82nd Street & Amsterdam Avenue library, collecting Ibsen plays and copying down sections that he liked and wanted to rehearse.

He took the notes along with him when he went down for his audition, and when his turn came, he stood up and read from them as he noticed the other people did, even though he knew them by heart.

"I'm a funny-looking kid," he thought nervously waiting for the auditions to end. "I'd never hire me if I were them." And even when the lady behind the casting desk, Miss Eleanor Kilgallen, called him over and said: "I'm going to give you a job on radio, you'll probably regret it."

He had had a hard time of it, just to believe her. But she gave him a script and he knew she was serious.

His only problem now was getting the sixteen dollars to join the actors union.

He rode uptown, at first trying to concentrate on the script, but he was too excited, so instead he read the advertisements, thinking how they always picked girls who wanted to model to do something like that for Miss Subways. When he got out at the stop near his father's office, it was already dark and the office building was crowded and he had to stand in the outside elevator. The nurse wanted to tell his father he was there but he told her, no, it was a surprise, not to tell him. His father worked late at night, so he caught the nine o'clock cab instead of the bus home. He was glad, it turned out to be easier to talk.

"It sounds good," his father said, when he had finished and, although his father was used to be careful he was pleased.

"Just so long as you've thought it through carefully. If that's what you want, go right ahead. Make your own decisions, then you'll be happy. And let me give you the sixteen dollars— No, not as a loan," he insisted.

Even though he knew it would disappoint his parents who were so proud of the fact that the son got accepted into the Bronx School of Science, he decided he had to go to school near NBC. He chose the Haaren on 57th Street and Tenth Avenue, a finishing school, as the father said. It taught him how to be a social butterfly, for young delinquents to polish off such social arts as cocktail parties, truccy and needling a

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LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 31

Did Liz Taylor know then that headlines were naming her as the immediate cause of the trouble in the Eddie Fishers' household? If she knew, she did not show it. She did not look upset—merely annoyed, as if the voices and questions were coming from another world, which did not concern her.

They were coming from the real world. But that has never seemed quite real to Elizabeth Taylor, who has spent most of her life in a sheltered, unreal world all her own—a soft, comfortable, pretty world, with her beautiful self at the center. It became a fabulous kingdom while she was married to Mike Todd; yet Mike did not create it. It grew up around Liz when she was a little girl, a child with a shining, spiritual sort of beauty. Everyone she knew tried to keep her safe inside her world, and this protection she accepted serenely, as a matter of course. There was only a hazy dividing line between her own life and the make-believe life she lived on the screen, where everything always turned out happily.

On the screen, the twelve-year-old Elizabeth rode a splendid horse to victory. When the picture was finished, a studio representative told her, "We have a present for you, Elizabeth." She was led to a stable, and there was the horse, towering over her. She stood on tiptoe to put her arms around its glossy neck, and she felt a soft muzzle rubbing affectionately across her shoulder, as if to say, "Yes, Elizabeth, I'm real, I'm yours."

But all the events inside her special world didn't go on turning out as happily as a smoothly written script. A child can be given presents; a woman can't be given a successful marriage. On one of the first nights of the honeymoon, an eighteen-year-old bride shouldn't be alone in her stateroom. But Elizabeth was. She huddled in a large chariot in a luxury suite aboard the Queen Elizabeth and fingered the chiffon of her negligee and sniffled quietly, hearing the whisper of the sea outside the portholes and the music of the ship's orchestra, up on the deck where Nicky Hilton was gaily gambling.

The scene was very badly written, so these pages in the script were torn up and thrown away. After divorcing Nicky, Liz could again play the beauty pursued by dozens of adoring men. Or, when the time came, she could play the cherished wife of an older man, the mother of his sons—a delicious future. Life with Michael Wilding promised peace and stability. But the picture was spoiled by vulgar little details of real life—like money. Wilding was an actor of some standing, but even back in England and most particularly in Hollywood Liz far overshadowed him. When the hurt to his normal male ego canceled out Mike Wilding's usually good nature, arguments shook the stability of the marriage. And when he kept quiet and took the hurt, the peace of the household sagged into dullness. Not yet twenty-five, Liz refused to settle down in such a world.

A nd then she met Mike Todd. Life with this Mike promised everything except dullness. Yes, they quarreled. Later, Liz was to say that fights—and we had plenty—were a sort of love-making." Liz and Mike Todd quarreled even while they were courting. And, as always, Liz sought the comfort she had been brought up to expect.

One evening, a date with Todd broke up in a storm of angry words, and Liz fled packed with information and ideas that will let you work out a plan to fit your particular needs.

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If reality threatened to break in, Mike was always there to shield her. In the hospital, fearing that she might lose their baby, that her own life was in danger, she felt his big hand close around hers, and heard the reassuring words: "You’re my little girl. Nothing’s going to hurt you.” She believed him, and baby Liza entered their world.

But as reality did smash in, and Mike Todd was not there. It was on a night of rain; Liza had gone to bed after waiting for a phone call that never came, a call from Tulsa, which was to have been all right. Liza expected Mike, who is extra brave in the country in his private plane. She slept fitfully. In the morning, Dick Hanley and Dr. Rex Kennamer came to her door. Before they spoke, she knew what they had come to tell her.

For months, the moments after that kept recurring in nightmares. The pat-pat-pat of bare feet running frantically through a house suddenly filled with terror. A voice screaming wordlessly, senselessly—her own voice, but somehow apart from her. Fingers scrabbling at window-panes, at a closed door. She wanted to get out of this nightmare of tragic reality and go back to her own safe world, where the telephone was in reach and she would hear Mike’s voice.

The friends were still there to help and comfort her. Debbie Reynolds, saying: "What about the children? Liza, let them come too. We’ll all get together with Eddie Fisher, with her on the long flight to Chicago, with her at Mike’s graveside. Her brother, Howard, taking her out of the tangle. She’s in his San Diego home, with her children. When Liza finally went back to work, studio friends closed in around her to shelter her with kindness. Her dressing room was awash with the scent of red roses, gift from her director and fellow players, whose card read: “You are deep in our hearts.” And there was a small bunch of violets from the crew, man who had known her as a twelve-year-old.

On the set, Liz at first choked and stompered over lines that echoed reality too sharply: “You don’t know what it is to lose someone you love.” But soon she felt at home among the lights, microphones, cameras—familiar and reassuring to her.

When the picture was finished, she plunged into a search for the way back. In Palm Springs, she had been happy with Mike. So she went to Palm Springs, a lush green miracle among the bare sands and mountains. But the palm trees and the brilliant flowers now looked garish and dead; Mike wasn’t there. She had to be taken home in a state of nervousness.

Liza flew to New York, and again friends greeted her. There was Monty Clift, who’d been through troubles of his own. She sensed that her lover lived with the understanding born of hard knowledge, he told her, “Liza, there are some things you just have to learn to live with.”

They were having dinner at the Luau. In a town five miles from her home, and the colorful Hawaiian decorations are meant to create a holiday mood. But Liza suddenly saw herself there on an earlier evening, wandering about the place, been connected with the Luau, and exclaiming over a straight-cut, slit-skirted dress.

"Whaddya call that?" Mike had growled. "It’s muu muu. Oh, Mike, I’ve got to have it!"

“All right, honey. But you’ll scare the natives!”

Mike’s voice was all she could hear; Monty had indented into my e-brain. She couldn’t bear to stay in the Luau a moment longer. "Monty, I want to go home, please.” She fled from New York, back to California, with enough—without Mike, they were nothing.

One evening while she was having dinner with Debbie and Eddie at their house, they were talking eagerly about his coming trip to Hawaii. At the Tropicana Hotel, “Coming to Vegas for the big night?” Eddie asked Liza.

“You know I am. I wouldn’t miss it!” she said. She was there at a ringside table when the music blurred out an opening theme and Eddie came onstage. She applauded each number with real enthusiasm. At the lavish party that the Tropicana puts on, there and then, she found a moment to tell Eddie, “Mike would have been proud of his boy!” Now she could say the beloved name without tears.

Sympathy had gone out to Liza before this, but at the party her friends watched her and felt a load lift from their hearts. “Look at Liza, will you? She’s certainly her old self again.”

Liz had found the way back—not through places, but with people. She danced with Rock Hudson, smiling, at ease among the crowd. She heard, from her escort that evening. In Arthur’s company, she almost felt like a teenager again, because they’d been part of the same crowd in the days before her first marriage. They shared similar trivial memories: "Remember the time we were over at Janie’s and you dropped the hamburger into the fire? Remember . . ."

It was Arthur who introduced Liz to the sun-drenched, quiet town of Tuscon, Arizona, hidden away in the mountains. She had come there for the first time only two weeks after Mike’s death, so weak that she had to be helped, trifle plane. This town, roving memories of Mike, offered her a true refuge. The people and the press of Tuscon shielded her with an understanding they only can possess: no flash bulbs, no prying questions, never a word in the papers. She was simply accepted as a welcome visitor, and she kept coming back.

The town had had a deep meaning for Liza ever since she first entered the Tuscon home of Arthur’s sister, Jane Morse. Riding was Jane’s favorite pastime. One day to Jane’s, Liza out to the stables. As soon as the doors opened, the air was full of the strong, earthy smell of horses and hay and leather. To Liza, it was the odor of her childhood, and she suddenly felt safe, gain, "I saved my MARRIAGE A spade is called a spade on the radio program "My True Story”. It brings you frank stories about real people—about their hates and fears, their loves and passions. When you hear these dramatizations, you may easily recognize some of the problems that are keeping you from finding happiness. So listen to these emotion-packed stories. Each one is taken right from the files of True Story Magazine.

Tune in Every Morning to "MY TRUE STORY" Natural Broadcasting Company

What happens when a woman reaches the "dangerous age"? Read "Faithful? Don’t Be Too Sure" in December TRUE STORY Magazine, now at your newstand.
Anxious for her children to know such a friendly, outdoor life, Liz began bringing them on her visits. Eventually she decided to rent a house in Tucson. She was just about to settle into idyll when she was shat-tered by an unlucky mistake. The local paper, in an otherwise discreet and sociable article about the new neighbor, gave the three word clue: "Hey, Liz! Can I have an autograph?"

Reality had crept into her refuge, reminding Liz that she was a celebrity, sentenced to live in the spotlight. She couldn't go back to Tucson. All right, then—she would vacation like a celebrity. She was dawdled into a round-trip to Cap in Antibes, on the French Riviera. And perhaps that's where she should have gone. Perhaps three lives would have been happier if Liz had gone to Antibes...

On the Friday before the Labor Day weekend, Eddie Fisher called her at her hotel suite. She wasn't surprised to hear him. She knew he was in town for discussions about his TV shows for the coming season. "You won't believe this," he announced, "but Grossinger's is opening the indoor swimming pool—or at least talking about building one—for years. And they'd been displayed in the lobby for so long that all the regular guests joked about it. Now, Eddie went on, "it's really finished, and Jennie Grossinger's asked me up for the opening. I'm driving up Sunday afternoon with Danny Welks. Want to come along?"

"Well," Liz said. "I don't know whether..." "Come on, it's wonderful country, and the weather forecast sounds fine. You'll love Jennie—love the place. It'll do you good."

"All right," Liz laughed. "We'll pick you up about four or four-thirty, Okay?"

"Okay," Shaking her head in amuse-ment, Liz hung the cord and then to Grossinger's and couldn't really picture what it was like, though she knew it had strong associations for Eddie: He had gotten his first break as a singer there; he had Debbie...

Well, at least it would be something different for Liz. The French Riviera could wait; she had been there before—with Mike.

It was almost dark when they arrived. From the many buildings of the sprawling resort, lights glistened through the trees and the mist of a holiday crowd drifted out. The car kept going, to a secluded row of private homes. Among them was the Grossingers' own house, where Liz and Eddie and Danny were to stay.

When the three entered the living room—wide-windowed, furnished and carpeted in soft shades of green—Jennie Grossinger greeted Liz warmly, taking both her hands. "You're just as beautiful as your pictures. Now—you'll want to change for dinner. You'll be at our table." Her tone was cheerful and brisk, with only a hint of the soliciticateness that everyone showed toward the young widow.

Every head turned when Liz, in a black simple cocktail dress, walked into the spacious dining room in the main building, and already a few familiar, the Grossingers' son, Eddie, grinned. "We've had plenty of celebrities here, but not one who ever created the commotion that Liz did. Everybody just back a seat when she looked at them. There were a few glimpses of surprise, but mostly the other guests just stared and whispered among themselves.

With Eddie, Danny Welks and Milton Bloom, Eddie's manager, Liz was seated at the Grossingers' big table. She forgot about all the eyes focused on her; she had the illusion that she was just dining with a family, in their home. Eddie, too, seemed utterly relaxed, free of the moods that Liz knew (and Debbie knew much better). When Abe Freedman, the maître de, came over to say hel-lo, Eddie introduced him to Liz and remembers me when I worked here for thirty dollars a week."

"And he was glad to get it," Abe grinned.

For Eddie, these were home grounds. After dinner, the group went through the crowds milling around the lobby and talking, as they usually do at this hour, and strolled along the winding path under the trees to the rustic building that houses the theater. With Danny, Liz sat in the front row and applauded when Eddie was called up to the stage to take a bow. "Liber Day weekend at Grossinger's is lucky for me," he said. He didn't have to explain; almost everyone present remembered that a green kid had once gone up to this stage to sing at this holiday time, nine years before.

And it was in September, too—the 26th, 1955—that Eddie and Debbie were married, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Bless (his stepfather and stepmother). This evening, several people asked Eddie casually, "Where's Debbie?" And he answered each time, "Home in California with the kids."

The Blesses also live in the secluded row at the edge of the grounds, but it was too dark to see far when the group re-turned to the Grossingers' house. Getting ready, Liz heard the rustle of leaves outside, the fiddling of crickets, the rising and falling buzz-saw of locusts—all placid country noises. New York seemed very far away; so did the Riviera and Palm Springs and Tuscon—and California.

Liz slept peacefully through most of the morning, while Eddie and the other men rose early to get a start on the golf course before the weekend crush. There were 1,500 guests at Grossinger's, and a good many of them jammed in to cheer the ceremonies opening the indoor pool. But later on, the buzz of the day crowds at play all over the grounds began thinning out, and after dinner the roar of departing cars rose to a crescendo and then died away, and the country noises took over.

Starting to wave, the moon rose late. The green of the Catskill slopes looked black, with lighter flashes marking the trails they were winding through in a few months. There is a walk that honeymooners and sweethearts know, past the...
the attractions

A. It's a gift! Popular Marcel Rochas colognes, "Moustache" for him and "Femme" for her, in handsome aerosol spray flacons. Each, 4-oz., $6.00.*

B. Savon de Ciro, French milled soap in the colors and fragrances of the six famous Ciro perfumes. Three of a kind, $2.50. Six cakes, assorted, $1.50.

C. For a satiny complexion all over; Monico's fragrant, smoothing "SilBro" dry skin bath oil, 4-oz. bottle, $2.00* and generous new 8-oz. size, $3.50.*

D. Fancy you with Charles of the Ritz: new custom-blended pressed powder case: clockwise, basketcawee, $8.75*; tortoise-shell, $2.00*; enamel, $5.00*.

E. Note for Christmas: W. orth's "lr. Reviens" fragrance duo, Cologne in 2-oz., fluted Lalique flacon and golden 1- dram flask of perfume. Set, $5.00.*

* plus tax.

tennis courts (deserted now) to the lake. Bathers stopped going there after the outdoor pool was opened, Ciroergus grew a thin around the margin of the lake, so that there was not a sign of people. (Who wants people?) The still water caught the moon.

The sky was gray and rain threatened when Liz and Eddie left Grossinger's at quarter of four on Tuesday afternoon, for the fifteen-minute drive to the air field built especially for the resort. With a calm, Liza stepped into the private plane that Eddie, Welks and Blackstone had rented. There was even a sense of exhilaration at the lift, if its can feel only in a small plane when the wheels leave the runway. Airborne, it banked, and Liza could see below her the scattered buildings among the greenery, the glistening sheen of the lake, all tilted at a strange angle, as if they were about to spiral toward the horizon, off the edge of the earth.

The plane leveled onto a course for New York. Liz felt a stirring of anticipation. In New York City, fall isn't just the sad end of summer; it's the beginning of the season. A hint of excitement begins to crackle with the first hint of crispness in the air.

That week, at a show-business party in the Harwyn Club, Liz danced with Eddie all evening. (Queried about this later, she said, "I dance with a lot of men. Eddie happens to be a very good dancer, that's all.")

Friday evening, Liz and Eddie joined friends Eva Marie Saint and Rick Ingersoll at the Blue Angel for an hour's chat over champagne. This is a small and intimate night spot, usually crowded. As the party made ready to leave, the headwaiter came over to the table with a whispered word, Liz, Eva and Rick left by the front door; Eddie, by a side entrance. But all four got into the same limousine—and a flashbulb went off before it pulled away.

Front-pageged on the Saturday edition of a New York paper, the smiling picture set fire to a gunpowder trail already laid by gossip. Column items kept the sparks running along it toward the now inevitable explosion of headlines.

Liz took off for California at five minutes past midnight, just one week after Labor Day at Grossinger's. But there was a report of fire (false, it later proved) aboard the big plane, and it turned back to land at Idlewild. Liz had to stay there, at the International Hotel, to wait for a later flight. Phone calls from her suite were fended off, but when she went to breakfast, the reporters were waiting, to serve her questions along with her orange juice and coffee.

"Miss Taylor, why were you and Eddie in New York at the same time?"

"I've been here on a vacation. Things just happen. We made no plans."

"Why are you going to California?"

Through clenched teeth: "Because I've got three children there."

"Are you in love with Eddie?"

"That's a stupid question! I'm not going to dignify it with an answer."

"Are you going to see Debbie in California?"

"Of course I am. Why not?"

"All these stories about you and Eddie must—"

"You know I'm a friend of Eddie's! Everybody knows that. I can't help what people say. I think this is all pretty stupid!"

Even Liz could not mistake the picture of herself that was slowly being built up through these questions. It was not a pretty picture, and she refused to look at it. To her, it seemed utterly false and unreal.

Meantime, while Liz had been sleeping at the International Hotel, Eddie had reached California, on a flight arriving at 2:40 a.m. California time. Liz's plane finally took off at eleven minutes after noon, New York time. While it crossed the continent, Eddie and Debbie came face to face. And when Liz's plane touched down, at 5:30 p.m., California time, the afternoon papers were out with stories of the bitter quarrel in the Fisher household.

Chased to the limousine by the newsmen and finally argued into speaking, Liz said, "I haven't read the paper. I don't know what it says. But I don't know if I will see Eddie and Debbie tonight. I just don't know. . . . I only planned to be gone a couple of weeks, and I've already been away that long. I had to come back to discuss a film, and I miss my three kids."

But Liz didn't go directly to her children. With the reporters' cars in pursuit, the limousine went out to La Cienega Boulevard into Beverly Hills. It was believed that Liz had a reservation for one of the $150-a-day bungalows at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The limousine did take her to the hotel, and Liz hurried alone through the lobby. Suddenly, she turned into one of the banquet suites, where a party for Mexico City publisher Carmen Figueroa was in progress. Startled guests saw Elizabeth Taylor whip across the room, her brown wool dress floating out behind her, the little dog Theresa still held in one arm. Liz went out through a side door—and vanished. The press had been successfully thrown off the trail.

While headlines announced the Fishers' separation, Liz's whereabouts remained unknown. Actually, there had been a second car waiting to whisk her to agent Kurt Frings' home in Beverly Hills. If Debbie Reynolds discovered that she was staying at this mansion and called her there, Liz did not come to the phone. But after a day had gone by, Liz did consent to give one interview—and nearly everyone found her words shocking: "Eddie is not in love with Debbie and never has been."

Asked again whether she loved Eddie, Liz said: "I like him very much. I've felt happier and more like a human being for the past two weeks than I have since Mike died."

Her own world was bright again; she didn't want to think about going on in that vague world outside, where a picture of a very different Liz Taylor was taking shape. Indignantly she said, "You know I don't go about breaking up happy marriages."

"To Liz, this dream of being happy could be slim—she couldn't do such a thing—not the sweet twelve-year-old who had grown up to become Mike Todd's "little girl."

But Liz and Eddie were separated. Swiftly Liz added, "You can't break up a happy marriage. Debbie's and Eddie's never has been."

With these words, Liz may have protected the picture of herself enshrined in her own mind. But people outside were not convinced. Debbie's mother said bitterly of Liz: "Everybody knows what she is . . . What she's after."

In this sense, a may be true. Just once, Liz did take the full force of a terrible hurt. Others have spiritually survived such things. Liz had left her totally unprepared, and her feelings may have died with Mike.

In another sense, Mrs. Reynolds is mistaken. There is one person who can hurt Liz Taylor—and that person is Liz herself.

—JANET GRAVES

LIZ CAN BE SEEN IN M-G-M'S "CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF."
We Eloped!

Continued from page 44

With all the tensions leading up to a marriage, and the outside pressures and demands made on them, nerves soon got to the breaking point. Finally Diane and Peter came to one conclusion: Their love for each other was the important thing—they planned an elopement.

They picked Friday, September 5th. The days just before "D-Day," Diane had left her house an unusual number of times. "I've an errand to do," she'd say. But each time she left she carried another piece of clothing or some personal trinket away with her—things she would need those first few days away from home. The plan was that on Friday she and Peter and Pattie and Bill Coleman, who were to be their attendants, would drive to Las Vegas. No one would know they had gone until it was all over. Roger Marshutz, the Photoplay photographer who was also their good friend, was coming along to take pictures for their wedding album.

Walking to the shower that Friday morning, Diane had left her eyes stray to the stack of wedding invitations on her desk. They were for the big, formal wedding they had planned and now they would never be mailed. Turning on the water she relaxed momentarily under the cool spray. Then she stepped out of the shower, wrapped herself in an oversized Turkish towel and walked back into the bedroom. Looking in her dresser mirror, she frowned. Her eyes were -four, she thought to herself. Why must I look like a sixteen-year-old instead of a twenty-one-year-old woman? But then the frown gave way to a dipple. Freckles or no freckles, by that evening she'd be an old married lady—she'd be Peter's wife!

Diane put on a pair of plaid shorts and a freshly-ironed yellow cotton blouse. "Wear something cool," Pattie Coleman had told her. "It'll be hot driving across the desert from Los Angeles to Las Vegas."

She arrived at the Coleman's house in San Fernando Valley at 11:45. She was glad Pattie was going to be with her. Pattie was the first friend she'd met when she and her family came West after leaving Minnesota. It was only fitting Pattie should be her Matron of Honor and Pat-

tie's husband should be Peter's best man. When she got to their home they were ready and waiting, but the groom-to-be was nowhere in sight.

"He's gone to pick up your dress," they told Diane, and the three of them sat waiting until Pete arrived.

"The dress isn't ready yet. We can't have it for twenty minutes. Let's get the car all packed. We can stop by the dress shop on the way out of town.

Peter took their luggage out to the car. They were using the powder-blue Cadillac convertible that Peter had given Diane as a pre-wedding gift.

"Say, Bill," Peter called, "how do you get to Las Vegas? I've never been there.

Which highway do we take out of town?"

"You don't know?" Bill smiled. "Well, that makes two of us!"

Back they went inside the house. Peter and Diane were stretched out on the floor to map their trip when Pattie let out a shriek.

"Whoops, I almost forgot! We have to pick up the wedding cake!"

Pattie flew out the door, raced around the block to the bakery shop, and came back a few breathless minutes later. "Ooh, let me see," Diane pleaded. Pattie lifted the top of the box and there was the cake, with a little spun-sugar bride and groom on its top.

"Well, ma'am," Peter said in his very best "Lawman" drawl. "Well, ma'am, if you all have a banker to leave I'd say now's as good a time as any."

Peter opened the door of the car, bowed low, and Diane hopped into the front seat. A few blocks away they pulled up in front of Leopold's gift shop. Diane got out to get her dress. Peter started to follow, but got no further than the front door. "You can't see the dress," Diane shouted. "It's not traditional!"

Peter stayed out front while Mr. Leopold packed the dress in a protective bag and then, hand in hand, the couple strolled back to the car.

Bill suggested he drive the lead car, with Peter and Diane following. By 12:30, complete with wedding cake, dress, luggage and a roadmap, the two cars started off to Nevada.

Across the desert they went. The ride was uneventful, except for a freak storm which came and went before they realized what had hit them.

"Imagine it raining in the desert in..."

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Who Are Your Favorites?

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

ACTOR

ACTRESS

(1) ............................................... (5) .................................................................

(2) ............................................... (6) .................................................................

(3) ............................................... (7) .................................................................

(4) ............................................... (8) .................................................................

The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

(1) ............................................... (3) .................................................................

(2) ............................................... (4) .................................................................

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Loneliness

—the Killer

It comes in the night, with the persistence of a ticking clock. It comes in the morning 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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"Imagine it raining in the desert in..."
September." Diane said, "Jerry, I... I'll be superstitious I might take that as a bad omen. But I'm so glad we decided to elope and not just postpone things."

Peter leaned over, gave Diane a kiss on the top of her pretty head, and said, "I'm glad too...very glad."

They arrived in Las Vegas at exactly 7 p.m. As they entered the town, coming off the almost dark and lonely highway, Diane and Peter did a doubletake. Las Vegas looked like a carnival with the rides all going at once. Gigantic neon signs dotted the horizon like giant emeralds and rubies and diamonds on a necklace. Everywhere hotels loomed, one larger and more fabulous than the next.

Wow, they both agreed, what a setting for a wedding! It's not exactly orange blossoms and white tie—but wow! They arrived at the Sands Hotel and went to register. They were met by a representative of the hotel who greeted them and handed them wires which had already started piling up. It seems a Hollywood columnist had somehow been informed.

The bell boy took their luggage up to the bridal suite while Peter checked to find out where they had to go to get their wedding license and how long it would take. He was informed the whole process took forty-five minutes. Diane and Peter figured they'd get cleaned up fast, go over for the license and be back at the hotel and dressed in ten minutes. Peter went to a lobby phone, and called the chapel to make the final arrangements for 10:30 that evening. Then he and Diane, really excited by now, hopped into the car and headed for downtown Las Vegas and the Hall of Records.

In Las Vegas, the wedding chapels and license bureaus are open on a seven-day-a-week basis. It was nearly eight when the couple drove up to the Hall of Records. They'd left the hotel so impulsively they'd forgotten to tell the Colemans they were leaving to get the license. All alone they trooped up the steps, leaned at the registrar and began filling out the application.

A few minutes later, the faces that were flushed with happiness were pale and forlorn. Peter and Diane looked at each other—Diane was too stunned and unhappy even for tears. They both felt numb as though they could die? It was now 8:45, the ceremony was scheduled for 10:30. Then a door opened and the Colemans and Roger came into the marriage bureau office. Frog had his camera poised and loaded, ready to snap a picture of the happy couple with their license. Peter looked up. "Do you know what happened?" he asked glumly. "We can't get our license? They think I'm a minor. Can you beat that?"

The wedding party joined the bridal couple at the wooden bench. "I know what," Bill said finally, "Why not call Los Angeles for a friend to go to your apartment and get your birth certificate, and your Army discharge papers for good measure, and send them up."

Peter hopped into a phone booth and called his neighbor Chuck Courtney. Chuck said he'd be glad to help. It was almost nine. Planes left for Las Vegas nearly every hour. Chuck rushed the papers to the Los Angeles airport, they'd arrive in Las Vegas in a matter of two or three hours. "Don't worry," Chuck said. "By midnight the papers will be in your hands."

Peter and Diane drove back to town and passed the wedding chapel—The Little Church in the West—alongside the New Frontier Hotel. They got out of the car and entered the chapel just to look. From the rear they could see a flower-banded altar and gleaming candles. Diane shivered. They arranged for their ceremony to be postponed until one a.m. the following morning.

Back at the hotel, the management invited the bridal party to be guests at the floor show. Its star, Jerry Lewis, having been tipped off of their impending marriage by the management, had the spotlight focused on their table.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'd like to announce that Peter and Diane Jergens and Peter Brown will be married tomorrow."

After the show, Jerry Lewis stopped off at their table. He leaned over, pecked Diane on the cheek and then said solemnly, "Don't be upset. You have to wait a long time for the police to check your papers."

At midnight, Peter checked the desk. No mail. Everyone was on edge and it was decided that, rather than go through the anxiety of waiting, they'd postpone their wedding for a couple of hours. They flew to Miami. The Colemans went off to their room and Peter and Diane, too nervous to rest, went out to see the sights of Las Vegas. As long as they were together, it was easier to take the disappointment. At 3:30 that morning, after visiting the town's late spots, a tired couple came strolling back into the hotel lobby. The mail still hadn't brought anything except a few dozen more congratulatory telegrams.

Diane went up to the bridal suite alone, while Peter shared a bedroom with Roger. They rode up in the elevator and Peter tooled over to Diane to tell her of all the things that had been to have been their room. He kissed her tenderly, they held hands for a moment, then he said, "Please don't worry. By tomorrow we've forgotten all of this. Diane tried to smile, but she couldn't. She just kissed Peter good night and went into the room alone. She glanced at her suitcase and then at another sitting next to hers on the floor. Peter had left his luggage.

She smoothed an imaginary wrinkle out of her wedding dress, hanging securely in the closet, and then she climbed into bed. A fine wedding night, with Peter two floors above her, that was the worst case at the foot of the bed as a reminder. What a way to start a honeymoon. Honeymoon! They weren't even married yet!

At first sleep wouldn't come. Diane tossed and turned. Finally, she dozed off. The next thing she knew the sun was streaming in the venetian blinds—it was 10 a.m. Saturday, September 6th. The phone ringing had awoken her.

"Good morning, honey, how are you?" she heard Peter's voice.

"I'm fine but I'm glad you called."

"Relax, honey, Roger and I ordered breakfast from room service. I asked the boy to stop by your room and pick up my toothbrush and a clean pair of socks and shirt. Look through my suitcase and get the things for him, will you?"

"All right, darlin'—see you soon. Peter, did you call the desk? Did the papers arrive?"

"Not yet. I wanted to talk to you first. I'll call right now. Don't worry, Diane, nothing more can possibly happen."

The desk told Peter the regular mail had arrived but no special delivery. Peter got jumpy and went out to take a swim. Pat Coleman went down to see Diane. She was really beginning to fidget. The mail still hadn't arrived. At 12:15 Peter called the post office. They said a batch of special mail had come in and was on its way.
way over to the hotel. Peter went down to the dining room. He felt slightly ill—he ordered his usual bracer—orange juice with egg and said to Bill, "Our luck seems to be bad—everything's against us. We left Hollywood to escape to avoid complications, to get rid of all the obstacles. Now, I would give anything for a simple church wedding at home." Bill and Roger pacified Peter while Pat kept Diane too occupied chatting to get overly nervous. Suddenly Diane couldn't take any more small talk. Putting on jeans and a blouse she walked down to the lobby and joined Peter. Looking up at him she whispered, "Do you think we'll really get married today? Or will something else happen to stop us?" Peter put his arms around her, gave her a hug and answered, "Remember what Jerry Lewis said. The good things take a long time in coming. What's a few more hours when we have a whole lifetime together ahead of us? Here honey," Peter continued, handing Diane a roll of nickels. "Drop some money in a slot machine. That will help pass the time away.

Diane strolled into the casino to try her luck at the one armed bandits. She dropped a coin into the machine, pulled the lever and nothing came out. Her luck was still running bad. She was about to drop another coin into the box when a uniformed hotel policeman came over to her.

"Sorry, miss," he said, "minors aren't allowed in the gambling casino. I'll have to see some identification." Diane looked up at him, and said, "I left my wallet in my room but I'm twenty-one."

"Twenty-three or twenty-four," Diane and Peter couldn't restrain themselves and they started laughing. Peter said, "Say, you don't by any chance sell wedding licenses, do you?"

"Honestly, why don't I have wrinkles and why couldn't you have a few grey hairs," Diane sighed.

Glumly they returned to wait at the hotel desk. At exactly 12:45 Peter walked over to a room key clerk and handed him a chip on number twenty-three. It came in. The first time he'd won anything in his life. At the exact moment the clerk handed the key over to inform him the letter had arrived. The winning number and his papers had come within the same minute. With this stroke of good fortune, the bad omens seemed to disappear. It was certainly a good sign. Diane and Peter heaved sighs of relief. Now it was only a matter of hours before they'd be man and wife. They walked out the front of the hotel and headed for the car. They weren't dragging their steps any longer. All the tension of the past two months planning and the last twenty-four hours waiting seemed behind them.

They drove to the Hall of Records only to be greeted by a half-block long line of couples, all waiting to get licenses. In order to save time, Peter left Diane and Pat to wait in line while he and Bill and Roger went over to the chapel to make the third and final arrangement for the ceremony. They decided on 5:30. Peter went back to the Record Bureau and he and Diane were next in line. The clerk smiled at them, said hello, and looked at Peter's papers. A few minutes later, they were in front of the Record Bureau, waving their license for all the world to see. Finally, they were one step away from being married.

They went back to the hotel. Diane went up to rest while Peter strolled around the hotel lobby, too tense to stay in one place. At 4:45 he came up to the room
Tab Hunter Contest Rules:

1. All questions must be answered on the entry blank and all information supplied as directed.
2. Mail entry, pasted on back of a postcard, to: Tab Hunter Contest, Photoplay, 205 East 42 St, New York 17, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, December 1, 1958.
3. Anyone living in the continental United States or Canada is eligible, except employees of Macfadden Publications, their advertising agencies and their families.
4. The winner must be prepared to make a trip to Hollywood and must allow herself to be photographed for Photoplay. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations.
5. The editors of Photoplay will be the sole judges of the contest and each entrant agrees to accept their decision as final. All entries become the property of Macfadden Publications, to be used as it sees fit. No entries will be returned. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
6. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant and submitted in her name. Joint entries will not be accepted.
7. Tips on answering first question: Tab has told you what he likes . . . now he’d like to know you. Tell him about yourself, that you think he would find interesting and appealing, describing yourself—your likes and dislikes, your hobbies, etc. —as fully as possible on the entry blank.

P.S. Special bonus prize! For the lucky runner-up there’s a brand new Necchi Mirella portable sewing machine.

Photoplay Fashions

For those who buy the fabrics shown on pages 50-52, please write direct to the manufacturers listed below:

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He and Roger were sharing. Bill Coleman came in to help him get ready. Pattie helped Diane.

Diane put on her frilly lace slip and then they checked the traditional things. Something new, her tiny black bible, a Hungarian Bible her mother had brought from Europe. Something new; her eyes lit on the beautiful white dress, the simply cut jacket and the full ballerina length skirt. Something borrowed: Pattie’s lace handkerchief. Something blue: a satin garter.

By five-fifteen the bride and groom, their best man, matron of honor, and Roger, with his trusty camera, headed for the wedding chapel. Before Diane knew it, they were walking down the aisle. The car, it was of rustic wood with a tiny pointed roof. The wedding leading to it was made of planks of wood and Diane’s heels clicked as they trod over the boards on their way to the chapel. It was 5:27. . . .

Bill came over to Peter. The groom shifted nervously from foot to foot. "Say, Bill, you sure you have the rings?" It was to be a double-ring ceremony. Diane’s was a narrow diamond band to match her engagement ring. Peter’s was a rough textured, wide gold band. Both were inscribed with the words: ‘For better, for worse, Forever.’

Bill took the jeweled box from his pocket and handed Peter the rings. Peter turned the gold and diamond bands over in the palm of his hand and then . . . in one instant the gold band fell to the ground. Diane moaned. Down on his knees went Peter, silently uttering a prayer. From his position he could see the slits in between the wooden planks. By some miracle the tiny golden circle had landed on solid wood—only a fraction of an inch further and the ring would have disappeared through the planks and into the sand beneath them. Peter wiped his brow. Diane just sighed.

Finally it was time. It was really time. Peter took Diane’s arm and they walked slowly up to the chapel. When they were nearing the door, Peter leaned over and whispered, "Soon, Diane; . . . " and then suddenly his bride winced.

"My heel, Peter. My heel, it’s stuck in one of the boards."

Peter went down on his knees again and gently he reached his arm all the way from between the planks. He straightened up and said, "Diane there’s only about eight more feet left to go before the door. Nothing to worry about. Free your heel, now, Peter." They got to the door and it was opened for them. The tiny chapel was empty except for Bill and Pattie and Roger and a few local photographers. As they entered the room they saw thecredence table and the face of the minister, Reverend O. T. Phillips of Las Vegas Unity Church. They walked down the aisle. It was very quiet. Inside the temple the dazzling light played on the tiny panel of windows. A few of the desert sunlight streamed through a small stained glass window. The strains of "I Love You Truly" were playing on an organ. Down the aisle they walked. As they passed under the sparkling light of the desert moon they were looking at their beautiful bride. The day was 5:27.

As was the custom, the minister took their license to examine it. Only a mere formality to see that everything was in order. As Diane and Peter waited for Reverend Phillips to look over it, they whispered, "You know, the words that would join them, their hearts pounded. It seemed like an eternity until the minister looked at Diane and said, "What is your name, dear?"

She whispered, "Diane Jergerson." "Well," the minister said, shaking his head a little sadly, "The clerk at the license bureau made a slight mistake. Diane Jergerson and Peter Brown."

"What a mistake," Peter gulped. According to the license he was marrying himself. "Oh, Lord in Heaven not now," Diane prayed. "Please don’t let anything delay us anymore."

Peter and Diane waited for a few minutes. The minister said, "Don’t worry, it’s just a technicality. We can change the names here." And then . . .

"Do you Peter take Diane to have and to hold as your wife . . . ? . . . Do you Diane take Peter for better, for worse, in sickness and health, to have and to hold from this day forward till death do you part?"

They said their I Do’s. Peter took Diane in his arms. They kissed. The organ played "Here Comes the Bride." Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown walked back up the aisle. It was 5:52. Saturday, September 5.

They were, at last, man and wife. In a few minutes, back at the hotel, Bill and Pattie and Roger were toasting the happy couple with raised glasses of sparkling Burgundy and Peter and Diane were laughing and looking at each other and Diane was saying to herself, "Mrs. Peter Brown, Mrs. Peter Brown.

Mrs. Peter Brown was to offer congratulations. And Sammy Davis and Buddy Bregman stopped by, too. The telegram kept coming and the toasts kept being made.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown. Now it was official. Now the heartache and the aggravation was behind them. Suddenly everything seemed funny. The woman at the license bureau who thought Peter was too young . . . the hours of waiting for the papers to come from Los Angeles. The tensions, the inner questions, the problems, the lonely night that was to have been Diane’s and Peter’s night. Peter and Diane shared a room with the suitcases and Peter shared a suite with Roger. The ring falling on the ground and the mixup on the license . . . all this was behind them. It was 7:15. They were sleeping soundly and . . .

But everything was fine. . . .

The End.
After giving it a great deal of thought, however, I decided that there was something I could do... there was a good deal I could say.

I could take my pride in my hands, for instance, and sit down at my typewriter to tell you a little about things—perhaps, that have made me what I am today; the emotions that are part of me and the feeling after reading this, that you will decide that the title of this article could have been "Success Has Not Spoiled Rock Hudson" (which is popularized by the famous Gable, author of the famous play).

Maybe I don't look the type, but I'm as vulnerable as most people and perhaps more sensitive than many—and many of the things that happened to the divorce from Phyllis hurt a good deal.

No two people ever enter a marriage, I think, unless they firmly believe that "This is for Always." Phyllis and I did, too. We were in love for a long, long time before we considered marriage, and we thought long and seriously before we entered into it. We were in love and we were ready to face the world together. It was as simple as that.

I'd met Phyllis Gates in Henry Willson's office, where she was a secretary. It was a long time before we went together, and then we finally did, after we'd met casually in a five-and-dime store on a lunch hour, it seemed natural and right. We had such a wonderful time when we were going together. We shared the same private jokes, we liked to dance to the same kind of music, and we liked to do the same things. We had gone through that together for more than a year before I asked her to marry me and she accepted.

Things were fine at the beginning. We had a world of honey in Jamaica, and then we spent a memorable winter in New York before returning to Hollywood. The first few months of our marriage were the happiest of my entire life.

We both had set about finding and furnishing one. We both wanted children, and we would talk about them and plan for them hours at a time. And without any warning, things began to change.

I can't tell you how painful it is to be living with a person you used to be in love with, and then having both of you discover that your love is a幻 or reasons—you aren't in love with each other any more. The feeling must be something like stepping onto what you think is a solid floor, and then discovering that instead you've been trapped in quicksand. You sink and sink, and all of your struggles and efforts to maintain your balance and equilibrium serve only to make things worse. You have to get out if you're going to do anything at all with the rest of your life. And you have to get out fast!

It's been more than a year since the break-up of our marriage, and I still find it painful to think about it, and downright impossible to discuss it. Neither Phyllis nor I have ever been great "talkers," and neither one of us has been able to discuss our marriage or the reasons why it disintegrated into divorce. I think we both believe that the things which should remain part of the relationship between a man and a woman, and that it is something which the rest of the world neither helps nor hinders. Talking about it wouldn't help, and might even serve to destroy whatever was still left that was beautiful, a memory, perhaps, or a feeling about the way things were in the beginning.

I'm sorry that my marriage failed, sorrier than I am about anything that has happened to me. I'll never learn to write about it for me, it is to criticize a man for being ill, or for having been involved in a traffic accident. It's something I regret, and something I couldn't do. I know now that there is no way to undo the past.

I'm not against the institution of marriage. I'm all for it, and someday I hope to find what will be the right girl for me, and I'll be able to make a marriage, for as a way of living it has too much in its favor. Certainly in my own family I've had an example of a bad marriage, which by a good one. My own mother had two unfortunate experiences before she met and married Joseph Olson, to whom she's married now. And the experiences she had with Roy Scherer—enough—just like Roy Fitzgerald later, (she's father) seem only to serve to underlie her current happiness.

Some of my critics, and I hope you aren't among them, have said that I've gone "arty." Well, that means having a look at a book now and then, and I'm guilty. I've had lots of fun reading lately and am very happy with "The Anatomy of Murder" by Travers, "A History of the English Speaking Peoples" by Churchill, "Ice Palace" by Edna Ferber, "By Love Possessed" by Cozzens and "Book of the Severed Head" by John Cheever.

If going "arty" means that I'm learning to appreciate finer things in life—such as opera, for instance—which, and I should warn you, I'll have to admit I am. I've always had a feeling for music, and I've had a record collection that filled a couple of bookcases. My tastes ran from Bach to boogie woogie, from Jan Pierce to Bing Crosby. But I admit that opera left me cold.

And then, in the fall of '57, I went to Italy to make "Farwell to Arms." Vittorio DeSica, with whom I've worked as both an Italian actor and director, invited me to hear "Il Quattro Rusteghi," by Wolf-Ferrari. I went, and my first reaction was, "Why haven't I discovered this before?"

Italy may be an opera-loving country, but those Italians sure know what to like. I came away so thrilled and excited by my interest in the opera that I've never forgotten it.

Back in Hollywood one day, I was telling my friends about "Il Quattro Rusteghi" and I burst into song for the main aria. And I discovered that I'd covered that the University of Southern California School of Music was presenting a performance of it, and I decided to let my mind run. I bought four tickets and we made an evening of it.

Hearing the opera for a second time convinced me that I'd "discovered" a new world of enjoyment which had been waiting for me. It makes one wonder what world had I been to? I caught nuances of the music I'd missed the first time, the bits of action, the minor musical themes. Then I fell in love with it—until you've seen and heard one at least eight times. That's if the case, then I've a little ways to go—but I'm willing to go there, does anyone know where they're singing "Il Quattro Rusteghi" sometime soon?

All kidding aside, though does the fact that I'm learning about the opera mean that I've changed? I don't think so. To me, living means growing, and the ability to broaden your horizons. You grow. Your horizons widen. Your appreciation broadens. Your atti-
Eddie was a boy who lived on the Hill Road side of Winneta, but I never gave it much thought. Often, we'd walk home from school together, talking about what we were going to do when we grew up. We dreamed of becoming a doctor, a lawyer, and one—other things that seem so important to you when you're twelve years old. Sometimes Eddie would call his mother from my house and say, "Momma, I'm going to put green peas for dinner."

And then one day his mother sent a note to my mother asking whether she could come to the house for dinner. Mom said, "Yes," and off I went.

I wasn't at all prepared for what I saw. His "house" had more rooms in it than our living room, and there was a swimming pool right outside it. They had an acre of ground, and a tree-lined road outside the house, and inside it was a butler and a maid. When I sat down at the dinner table, there was a fancy cloth and napkins, and lots of highly polished silverware. We had artichokes for dinner that night, and steak and a salad, ice cream and milk—oh, what fun and a very late evening long was that the last time Eddie Jenner had been at our home we'd eaten on the plastic-topped table in the kitchen, and then Eddie and I had been served green peas and canned green peas. I'd never felt as much like an outsider before in my life—and I wanted to run. Eddie noticed that something was wrong, and after dinner he asked me whether I wanted to take a walk. I certainly did!

When we got outside, I turned and looked directly at Eddie. "You never told me you lived in a house like that!" I said accusingly.

"Like what?" Eddie asked, puzzled.

"The maid. And the butler. And all that polished silver on the table... and artichokes and swimming pool... and two kinds of ice cream for dessert. You've been to my house, so you know what I mean. We're just a bunch of fundamentalists all. We can't be friends any more!"

Eddie stepped back as though I had struck him, and for a minute I thought he was going to cry. But then he clenched his fists, and got so angry that his face turned red.

"You big lummox," he shouted. "It's people that count—not things! Don't you know that?" I said. "We've been friends for a long time. I've heard you say that your house has a swimming pool. I can't help it if my house has a swimming pool. I want you for a friend because I like you as a person."

Eddie Jenner and I were good friends until he went off to military school in Arizona and we lost track of each other—but I've never forgotten that evening, and what he said. "It's people that count, not things."

Sure, I could afford a house with a swimming pool now, if I wanted one, and I could afford a butler, and all the other things that Eddie has. I've recognized the values which are important in life, then certainly I ought to be able to as an adult. I've never forgotten that evening, and I hope I never do. I don't think I ever will."

And Eddie worked too hard and tried too long before the breaks started coming my way ever to forget it. And besides, too many other people have been involved with my getting there for me ever to forget them. Henry Willson for one. And George Stevens for another...

We are both on my special mailing list. After I've sat through a picture-taking session with the studio, I get a chance to inspect the results. Some of these results are pretty horrible. These are the pictures that I take home for my own use—pictures that have caught me with eyes closed or my mouth open. I send them to good pals like Henry and George. Who are these men? What do they mean to me? Well, perhaps I'd better explain.

I'd wanted to be an actor ever since I was a kid and went to the movies to see Jon Hall leap from a crown nest into the ocean. Seeing him do that did something to me, and I knew that I had to get into the movies or be unhappy for the rest of my life.

However, it took a good many years, and a hitch in the Navy before I could put that dream to work. I held onto the dream, though, and it was that dream at the back of my mind that carried me through the years. In 1946, intending to live with my father and study at the University of California. The University wouldn't accept me, and I couldn't live with my father. So, with my mind made up, I got a job driving a truck for the Budget Pack- ing Company, delivering dried beans to grocery stores.

But for me, I really believed those stories about how movie stars were "discovered," and every time I'd get within sight of a studio gate, I'd pull my truck up to the curb, and without being nonchalantly puffing a cigarette in my best about—be—discovered manner. Nothing happened, I chanced up about 250 hours of "sitting for Day Dream" in this case Day Dream (Discovery) before I gave up.

And then one day a friend of mine told me he knew a talent executive at Selznick Studios and suggested that I have some photographs taken. It cost me twenty-five dollars, which was three full days' pay in those days, but I got the pictures made. That week, I had to borrow a dollar for dinner or go hungry. But I kept my cool and voted myself the Photoplay Gold Medal winner for '57. But that kind of popularity carries its own responsibility: You have to live up to your notices. Your next picture has to
DEBBIE REYNOLDS

Continued from page 33

day when, suddenly, Eddie had left her. Was it only a year ago that she had shown Liz and Eddie through her new home? Only a year ago? What had been in their voices then? Was there something hidden in Liz' tone? Somewhat jealousy, perhaps, in the big, wheedly chair, tucking one leg under her. No, it wasn’t possible. How could there have been anything? When Eddie had left, Liz didn’t seem to know there was another side to him, especially not Eddie, not Mike’s best friend.

Why, she could remember when Liz had called Eddie to her house. She and Mike had had a fight and she needed someone to talk to, someone with a shoulder for her to weep on. Mike had stormed out in a fury but he phoned Liz while Eddie was still there. Eddie had sneaked out without his parents noticing. "Mike growled something about Liz being with another man," Eddie had told her, "but Liz explained that it was only me. The next second, she was crying and leaning into the phone. I guess neither of them needed me," Eddie had said, and there’d been a sheepish grin on his face. They’d laughed together over what wonderful, zany people the Mike Todds were...

Could Mike have guessed anything? Big wonderful Mike, so much in love with Liz that he wanted to shout it from every front page. Not that Eddie could have told her that she no longer had a husband. What hurt was that Eddie had taken Liz to Grossinger’s. There, where Eddie felt more at home than anywhere else in the world, they’d been married. There, just three years ago, they’d had their honeymoon and she’d fallen more and more in love, something she hadn’t thought possible until she was with him.

Even when Eddie took Liz to Grossinger’s, she told herself that there was nothing really wrong. Nothing between Eddie and Liz, that is. Eddie had worshiped Mike Todd and tried to be as worldly as he had been. It was another phase, she’d told herself, like buying the most expensive car he could find or like wearing all that makeup in his crazy crazy. Eddie, trying to be worldly, had put his foot in his mouth and she was simply impatient for him to take it out—fast.

"You should know better," she’d shouted at him when he finally came home at eight in the morning. "It doesn’t look good to behave that way. What’s the matter with a friend taking a friend out in the evening?"

She’d meant it, too. She’d meant it so much that even after Eddie had let her go ahead at thirty-six to meet the morning plane he wasn’t on—even then she didn’t dream what it really meant. He hadn’t bothered to let her know that he was staying in New York, and she’d been furious. She’d managed a smile for the reporters and for an old friend, Peter Lawford, who was on the plane. "Wish me luck," she’d told him. A few hours later, when Eddie had called, she’d accepted his explanation: He had asked a friend to call her and the friend had forgotten... or couldn’t reach her... whatever... in any case, it was her husband’s story and that made it all right. She’d scolded him for not calling himself, and then she tried to forget it. I’m being a good wife, an understanding wife, she congratulated herself.

Abruptly, Debbie stood up and walked a few steps away from the chair. She looked in it, then out to the picture in which she’d twisted her hair. Fretfully, impatiently, she searched the bright, cheerful room. Then she went over to sit on the sofa, the sofa from which her parents had always looked so fondly at the picture of the happy Fisher family. "Funny," she thought, "I don’t think I’ve ever sat here before. Eddie and I always sat in the big chair."

Thinking back, she just couldn’t believe it. No, it wasn’t believable that she could have gone on being a “good wife” when the thought of Eddie being unfaithful could have told her that she no longer had a husband. What hurt was that Eddie had taken Liz to Grossinger’s. There, where Eddie felt more at home than anywhere else in the world, they’d been married. There, just three years ago, they’d had their honeymoon and she’d fallen more and more in love, something she hadn’t thought possible until she was with him.

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you, anyway?” She was angry, furious, in fact. She didn’t like those newspaper stories, but she still didn’t think there was a word of truth in them.

The sun streamed in through the big picture window, and the lawn outside seemed to vibrate with its reflection. She could no longer see where the reporters had trampled the lawn that morning. The afternoon wind, however, she said aloud, the wind she’d shouted at Eddie. If she had any doubts about what she’d thought and said that morning, all she had to do was to check against a copy of any paper in the country that had come out that day. The newspapers were, she was, in pigtails and Capri pants, telling off her husband for being a dope. She hadn’t said a word, nor had a thought, about Eddie’s thinking he’d have a better chance next year than she; but the pictures in the paper, the two pictures next to her picture the papers had run one of Liz. Liz had known there’d be photographers and she had dressed for it, in a smart, panelled-back Paris dress, with the two-type “She’s prettier than I, am I,” she thought. “She’s prettier . . .

“You ought to dress up more,” Eddie had always told her. Would things have been different if she’d listened? She had had lots of time now to think about that. If she’d really been a “good wife,” she wondered now, would she have known better what kind of woman Eddie really wanted her to be?

Debbie began to pace. She went to the window to open it a bit, and the breeze that came warbled through and set the springs dangers on the candle holders to tinkling.

“Such a happy room,” she heard Liz say again. She perched on the brick win-
dow seat and turned her back on the room. She just couldn’t face being alone with her husband.” That’s what she’d told the reporters when Eddie had moved out. “I hope this separation will clear the air and everything. This is not the time to start to laugh together the way they had that afternoon when Eddie had to boost her over a wall, her pigtails flying, so that they could avoid the women’s clothing store on the corner. She’d driven to a doctor. All of a sudden, in the middle of their arguing, she’d felt her stomach begin to do somersaults. “This is no way to handle a nervous woman,” she’d gasped to Debbie. “Keep her hair out of the way.” She’d added. “Why you got no hair in your body.”

“For a moment, as they laughed together, she’d felt so good that she almost didn’t need the doctor or the pills after all . . .

But it had been only a moment. That evening, despite the laughter and des-
vantage of the two painters, Debbie met for supper, Eddie moved out. And the next day, she could no longer let herself go on thinking it would all blow over.

Because Eddie made his statement to the press:

“In answer to many questions,” it read, “I feel I should say this. Debbie and I tried very hard to make our marriage work. We were both our problems far too long. Debbie especially has done everything possible to make our marriage suc-
cede.

“I alone accept full responsibility for its failure.”

And what could it end but a blow to an end even if I had never known

Elizabeth Taylor. The breakup was in-

evitable.

Although I have moved out of the house, I hope to see my children as often as possible. I have confidence that Debbie understands that our friendly rela-
tions will continue.

“My personal plans for the future are to concentrate on my work and solve my personal problems with deepest consider-

ation for all concerned.”

She read it in the evening papers. It was the sort of statement remaining it could make her stomach contract painfully—the way it had that day. As if the words were fists, pounding against hard earth. She’d been struck, over and over again, there was no breath left, and no tears. “I don’t understand,” she’d said over and over again. “I don’t understand . . .

“She felt, the papers were all very sympathetic. They criticized Eddie for making a statement of any kind. “As I understand the ground rules,” one columnist, named Malcolm, had written, “there are always made by the lady, no matter who is leaving whom.” But when she was shown the article, she only shook her head numbly. “Eddie had to dress up. It was the only way to let me know . . .

She was surrounded by friends then. Her mother was there, taking over the house. Her girl friends were there, try-
ing to make her rest. For one ghastly moment, the fuss reminded her of nothing so much as Liz Taylor’s house after the tragedy of Mike’s death—the crowds of people, the kind of things she had to do to go to bed, take a pill, try to sleep. Only Liz wasn’t there, the way she had been at the Todd house. Liz wasn’t even an-

sor to her. And she wasn’t Liz.

“T am not staying in here,” she told her mother with sudden determination. “I’m taking Carrie out for the day.” She got up. “I’m going to change my hair into one hasty pigtail, put on Capri pants and a blouse. 

“Debbie, there are reporters out there!”

“I’m not scared of reporters.”

She thought back to the time when Eddie’s lawyer suggested that divorce talks might be as well begin, when the papers were full of quotes from Eddie’s friends about how he hoped to marry Liz, how he might even be thinking that he hadn’t told her the truth by then she was too ill to smile any more, too ill to appear on the charity show where she and Eddie had been scheduled to sing. “It was a good idea.”

But that was a long time ago.

That was in the first moments of shock, in the first agony of loss.

Now she was physically well again. Everyone was learning to sit in the chair alone.

And in those long, lonely hours with the empty house echoing around her, she did two things.

She read and re-read Eddie’s statement to the press.

And she thought.

“We tried very hard to make our marriage work,” Eddie had said. “I alone accept the fault.”

“Very generous of him,” the press had sneered, “to admit it. Obviously it was all his fault.”

And—

Was it possible that it had been gener-
ous of Eddie. Was it possible this was his way of trying to make up for the mess in the papers, for the childish, scandalous way he had gone about ending their marriage? Was it even vaguely possible that if things had been different, Eddie might have had something to say in his own defense? Troubled, she wondered.

“We’ve had problems for a long time,” Eddie had said.

If a wife is too happy to notice that there are problems, Debbie accused herself, she can’t be very good at solving them. If a wife is too happy, her husband isn’t in love, she thought bitterly, she can’t be doing a very good job of making him happy.

And especially if a marriage has come close to the rocks before—as their’s did a year before Eddie started dating Liz—

has a woman any right to be so happy that she’s blind to new danger spots?

When the hurt was brand new, those thoughts didn’t come. Only pain and loneliness and anger. But now that a little time had gone by—now there was no chance of their seeing each other. Sooner or later, she had to turn around and face the empty room—and the empty chair. She did it now, walking over hesitatingly, and then bitting.

She had been a good wife, she thought, but by whose standards? Eddie’s—or her own?

Take, for instance, the matter of money. Money to Debbie, was for spending. Money, to Debbie, was for saving. “I don’t see how you can throw it around like this,” she had protested, when Eddie came home one evening with a new pocket- book—and a game with Sinatra and Dean Martin and Tony Curtis. “Why, you could practically put Carrie through college on what you lost tonight.”

Eddie’s eyes had darkened. “Don’t exag-
erate; it wouldn’t pay for a semester. Besides, there’s plenty of money in the bank for Carrie’s education, even if she wants to go to a D.A.”

“Well, there won’t be if you go on like this!”

She had been mad as blazes—she couldn’t understand it. Neither she nor Eddie had ever thought of money. Why couldn’t he see, as she did, how important it was to have security? To know that no matter what happened, your children were taken care of. But Eddie had wanted trips and clothes, poker games and night-

clubs.

It was funny that now, that it no longer mattered, she could think of a dozen occasions why these things were so important to him.

Because the money enabled him to “buy” into those hours with the boys—hours of fishing and drinking, playing cards and telling stories. And because he was Eddie Fisher and the other men were stars, it cost a lot. If the kid had been a truck driver—fifteen bucks would have taken care of his losses, and it wouldn’t have mattered as he sat with a beer and a salami sandwich in somebody’s kitchen. It was just—well, there were no penny-ante games for Eddie Fisher to play.

Or maybe because his marriage hadn’t been doing so well since his marriage—and hers had been skyrocketing so. Maybe that was why he’d chosen to prove to himself and the world that he wasn’t worried about tomorrow—that next year he’d still be making a million. Maybe if he started to skimp, people would say: “Fish-
er’s on his way down, all right . . .

Or maybe just because he had been poor and now he was rich. Now he wanted to have all the things the rich people had as a kid. Lots of people who had been poor felt that way that when they came into money. You could call it silly if you wanted to—or even immature. But you couldn’t under-

stand it, could you?

Unless maybe you were a wife who worried about her family’s future and their security and their needs. And maybe
forgot to worry about what one member of the family, her husband, needed right now.

Was it—possible?

And the business of living, just living.

After they came so close to disaster a year ago, when she'd complained about Eddie's pals "cluttering up" the house all the time . . . walking along—being much a hit when Eddie hadn't had a top record in ages . . . when they weathered that, she was so positive she knew how to make sure, it never again would happen—agreed with her that two stars in one family made for an impossible situation—especially when they were both doing the same kind of work.

So she made a sacrifice, without a wrinkle, without a wrinkle, without a wrinkle—she would give up her career. She would have another baby, she would find them a house they could be happy in, instead of a place in which they wobbled around.

She would make a home like her parents' home, where the husband was the big man, and the wife lived for his success.

She would be the wife and mother—Eddie would be the actor! She was the only thing she cared about. He agreed.

To her, falling more and more in love with her role as a housewife, all those things were becoming very foreign indeed. She knew how it was to have a mother run up for her on the sewing machine. They looked real cute and pretty—and they helped save money.

But they weren't glamorous.

She wore the Pets Bebe detail during the day—in an old-fashioned upswing with bangs at night. It was very becoming—Eddie told her so.

But it made her look more like Tammy than like a woman who would turn heads in a crowd. No, she hadn't been glamorous.

Liz was glamorous. She drew her breath in sharply as the thought stabbed home.

Oh, even if she wore clothes right that her mother had worn years ago and she had been the world-famous beauty that Liz was!

She'd liked to stay home nights, curried up on the family's couch, watching Eddie taking his bottle on her lap, and Eddie sitting across the room, smiling at her.

Now she could remember what she never noticed then—that Eddie would get up from his chair to steal restlessly around half a dozen times in an evening. When he sat down again, the smile would be growing forced.

She knew she loved their children as much as she did. Yet why hadn't it occurred to her that while she took care of them, loving every minute, there was nothing for him to do but watch?

She knew she was the kind of wife every woman is expected to be, and she knew she was happy at it.

It never struck her that one man in the world, her man, might be the exception to the rule.

"Love," she said later, "can make you very blind."

Had she been blind to her own faults—well as well as to Eddie's?

Every paper that had printed Eddie's statement to the press had run a picture along with it—a picture printed for the sake of iron: a picture of Mike Todd and Liz with Debbie and Eddie. "In happier days" most of the papers had labeled it. At the beginning, Debbie hadn't let her eyes so much as rest on it for a second; it simply hurt too much. Now she stared at it for minutes at a time.

And saw in it what she had never seen before.

It had been taken months before Mike's death at England's most famous race track. There they were, the four of them, walking along—looking so very much like themselves.

There was Mike, racing form in hand, with that slight smile on his lips, the smile that meant he was perfectly at home in his own element, in the world he loved best—a world of loud noises, quick laughter, hearty men and beautiful women.

Beside him walked Liz. Her hair was pulled away from her face in a sleek, smooth chignon. Her white suit-jacket draped over her hips in the latest line; the collar stood away from her neck to frame the perfect face. She walked away like a little girl in mum's best outfit—a little girl, along the ride.

That night, she'd had another argument with Eddie. Liz and Mike were taking off for somewhere or other, on another of their unscheduled voyages, and Eddie wanted to go.

"But we have to get home to Carrie," she had protested. "We haven't seen her in days." She kicked her shoes off and lay back on the bed. "Besides, we can't keep up with Liz and Mike. They're too fast company for us."

Reminded of his daughter, Eddie had agreed to go home. But he had been wishing all the way—saying goodbye to Toddys. There goes romance. There goes The World.

Had she lost her husband, not to the world's most beautiful woman, but to a way of life, a dream? Had she, despite her love for him—or maybe just because of it—cheated Eddie somewhere?

Had the fault been just a little hers to share?

Huddled in a corner of the big chair, she could see the picture, memorized forever. Would it have ended differently, more happily, if she'd been less the wife she was, and more the woman Eddie needed?

Could she have been that glamorous glittering woman that Eddie seemed to want now? Should she have tried to be? I'm pretty, she assured herself. But was she pretty enough to compete with the violet eyes and sculptured beauty of Liz Taylor? She buried her face in the tweed of the chair and fought against tears...

It was gone, the picture, and empty. No matter whose fault it was, no matter who was right and who was wrong, it is a sad, silent home.

And in the big chair, bought to hold a family with their arms around each other, Debbie Reynolds sits alone—and wonders—and waits.

IRENE REICH

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P. 8.
you could go into your act, 'cause that meant your dream girl wasn't anybody's 'steady.'

You don't have to wander far off the beaten track to find out that some ideas never go out of style. For instance, last summer when I was at the Hollywood Bowl, we took a break in the rehearsal. Bobby Darin and I were munching a snack down in the seats, when we spotted three teenagers wearing seater pins. Both of us thought it was quite a "Steeplechase," he said. Being wise to the way of the game, I was able to tell all. "If the girls' wearing just one pin, like the girl wearing the one shaped like a pinwheel. That's what they're talking about," I told him. "The girls wearing the twin roller skates and salt and pepper shakers are both 'available' if and when the mood strikes them along. Then she'll hand him one of her twin pins and hope he'll stay stuck on her."

Speaking of the right guy strolling along reminds me that the other afternoon, right after the fellows came my way with a new gimmick that really had me guessing. I was sitting in the empty stands in the "American Bandstand" and just standing there and relaxing with some of the fellows on the TV crew. They were as bushed by the workout on the network as I was. We had nothing left to do but hang around for minutes when Tony came walking over with our "Mystery Box." That's the little carton we use to round up all of the leftover posters, programs, pinbacks and what-have-you that the kids are always leaving behind.

Well, you know me. I guess I'm just the nosy type. Anyway I started sorting idly through the box. Just picking my way. Suddenly I yelped, "Dickie, what have we here?" Down in the bottom of the box were about six aluminum "dog tags." You know, the kind they wear in the armed forces. There was no doubt about it. They sure looked like the real thing. "What happened here? I asked Tony. "Well, you see," he explained, "we invading the Army, Navy or Marines or all three." Before Tony could come up with the key, one of our kids, Kenny, ambled by and put our collective brains at rest. Seema Elvis is the one joining in on the Army." The fad is that the girls have the names of their current beaus or favorite disc artist stamped on the "dog tag," to proclaim that they are in the army of Joe So-and-So's friends or fans.

When we were down in Miami for our show, a few weeks ago, some of the kids were showing me pictures of some of their friends. One girl stopped me completely though, when she whipped out a well-padded wallet that was just jammed to the seams with photos. "Don't you know how many friends I have?" was my question. "Oh, they're not all friends," she grinned. "In fact some of them would die—just die—if they knew I had their picture." Curious to know why the "victims" would die, I took a closer look. Yep, she was right. You know what she was doing? Well, this tricky little miss would take a picture, then she'd cut out a phrase from a magazine or newspaper and paste it at the bottom of the photo. Guys she liked were labeled "Dream Boy," or "Ideal Guy," or "He's so cute," and she didn't get "The Monster From Outer Space," "The Fly" or just plain "corny" for a title. I was kind of scared to ask, but I did. "Got a picture of one Dick Clark?" Did I ever breathe a sigh of relief when she blushed and said no. S'help me, then I was afraid she was going to ask for one. Wonder what she would have pasted under mine. Later on, I found a lot of the girls with the same sad, and a lot of the kids who stop in at the studio tell me they have big collections of pictures dressed up this way.

But, I went for as a teenager that I see is making a comeback. Speaking from my own experience though, I wouldn't recommend it for anybody who doesn't have a very patient mother. If you don't, beware!

Young Dickie Clark used to have what we called a "beer jacket." It was just a plain white sports jacket, but oh the fun you could have with it. We'd stand around for hours after class thinking up hilarious things to write on them, with help from our friends. Things like "D T. Drop Dead Twice," or "Take Off," meaning "get lost." Then we'd add the names of friends, enemies, teachers, anybody at all. Pretty soon those jackets would be as filled with writing as any notebook. Then we'd start in on other things like shirts, sweaters and such stuff. Well, writing on the clothes isthe only thing that would stuck

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

If page 38 does not list the stores in your vicinity where Photoplay fashions are sold, please write to the manufacturers listed below:

Shirt and Vest
Ship 'n Shore, Inc.
1350 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Gold Safety Pin
Coro, Inc.
17 West 31 St., New York, N. Y.

much easier on the bankroll—and the mother.

Hey, here's a thought that might fit in here. How about those "slam books" or "slam books," if you like. They seem to be popular wherever I go. You've got the drift on them, haven't you? That's where one of the gang comes up, shows a notebook, and you read it. It's the page that says, "I think Jim Kranerfranz dances like a real swinging cat." Then it's up to you to write in anything you wish. "I think that doesn't agree? So perhaps you note, "But he looks like he ain't nothin' but a houn' dog." But if you really dig this man the most, you might add, "He can sing on my back fence.

I first ran into them when we were on a personal appearance up in Connecticut. I thought they were autograph books until one gangster threw me a "slam book." Only later on I've been checking those books pretty carefully and if you haven't tried it then you're missing a lot of fun. Many of the girls who stop by "American Bandstand" or the "Dick Clark Show" bring their books with them and if I can spare a minute from rehearsals I'll always go through them. I get as much fun out of their comments as the girls who make them up. They tell me though the real fun comes when you have a big crowd around. One guy or girl starts it off and then the book goes on and on, with each person putting in a sentence or two. Some of these really are a panic, especially when the lead-off line is a comic bit. I understand that they can tie you up on me, but the friendship ring idea is one that goes back to those B. E. (Before Elvis) days when I was in my teens. We had the rings, too. I guess my Mom and Pop didn't too, and took the rings and those identification bracelets go back a few years and they don't seem to lose any steam. There are some new wrinkles that I don't know about.

One new bit of teenager language that really stands out is the belt-buckle gambit. That works only with Ivy League types. You know, the ones with the bowler hat, who are trying to look like a regular girl. When it's closed it means he belongs to some girl and you other fellows had better watch out, 'cause she may be nearby.

The latest indication of the state of a young man's heart. An even surer way of telling if he's got himself an entangling alliance is when you see him with a girl and you see his belt buckle or shirts. In some spots I've visited the rule might be matching beannies or caps. Most of the time they are both made of the same colors, but the colors are upkeep different. With a girl with blue belt buckle and white trimmings, her beanie or cap would be white with red trim.

Some fads seem to stick around for years. One that I know about just last a few months. The craze for those big buttons with announcements like, "I Am a Purple People Eater," "I Like Elvis," or just the name of the wearer, probably will be popular as long as guys and gals can think up ways to keep them filled. Same with things like "bobble socks," "blue jeans," and the latest, the "Maiming tennis shoes." They fit in with all teenagers.

I guess though one of my favorites just fits in with them too. It's the way the girls put little Christmas bells in their hair. Hell, if I was a girl I hear that sound on "American Bandstand" while the gang's on the floor dancing, then I know who I like fads. Well, ding dong, they've got a company.

See you next month, DICK
"I didn't marry an actor," she tells you, pulling worryingly at a curl of her dark, short-cropped hair, "I married a boy who was going into his father's construction business and he had his own business of his own some day. We had a lovely home and a wonderful family life back in Waterloo, Iowa. Now, suddenly, he's an actor.

As she speaks, her bushy-haired, hazel eyes are on the handsome blond guy she's loved since they were both sixteen. In their rented cottage on a quiet street in North Hollywood, the brick fireplace and the fireplace wood give their living room a cozy, home-like atmosphere to your eyes, the visitor's eyes. But it isn't home to Joan. She's perched on the edge of her chair as she says, "We've been expecting for so long—just as long as I can remember, and I thought it would be better if I could only get Dick to go back with me now..."

She breaks off, and then recovers. "Dick has adjusted to Hollywood, but I can't. This just isn't the kind of living I'm used to."

For the past three years, Joan has been commuting periodically between Hollywood and Waterloo, Iowa; but for the past three months the children have been here with Dick, trying to solve the problem of how to make it work. Now the time of decision has come, and Joan is fighting in her own mind for a reason to stay home. "If I go back and stay, she says desperately, 'he will come, too—if he loves me.'

"We were such soulmates, and we eloped when we were eighteen. We were so happy together, we wanted to spend the rest of our lives together so we couldn't wait to begin. We're still in love now—we want our marriage to last."

"There are some wonderful reasons for making the effort. They're playing outside... Ruthie Mike!"

Eight-year-old Ruth Ann obediently comes in, a lovely little lady with her father's hair and her mother's eyes. Politely, she introduce you to her doll, Beth, who's also from Waterloo, and shows off the tiny wardrobe "My grandmother made it for her little sister," Ruth says, carefully smoothing a sleeve of rose taffeta. "Sometimes I take her and play with a doll over there and one over there," she says,motioning vaguely across the street. "Mommie, do you live there now?" and Ruth Ann's on her way.

Trailing along late is a bright-eyed, bushy-haired five-year-old, who enters with: "I'm Mike, and I have a Wire Loop." He wriggles around inside the red plastic circle, volunteering the added information that "Greg teaches me—he lives next door, you know, Daddie? You do it like this..."

Dick gives him a quick hug and an affectionate stroke. But his face saddens as he watches Mike run out into the sunshine again. "I wonder... How much do they notice?"

"Sometimes I think Ruth Ann senses," her mother worries. "Sometimes she doesn't act natural—and I wonder what she's thinking. I tell them Dick's job is in California, and because he's so busy we can't live here all the time just now. Ruth doesn't push me any other reason, she accepts that one. But when they get a little older..."

"I thought maybe if I brought the children out here and spent these months with Dick, we would come to some kind of understanding," says Joan. "It's just no good the way it has been."

But now, the months are over. And they've settled nothing. Joan's bags are half packed. And the closest Dick is to Waterloo, Iowa, is the maple tree in a front yard two streets away. "There's a maple just like it back home," Joan says wistfully. "I wish you could have seen our place there," she adds, looking around her at these green walls bare of pictures or family treasures of two kids— and the glances at the dining table with its piles of publicity pictures and fan mail and the typewriter on which Dick spends so many hours writing to a public Joan doesn't know. No, this isn't home for her.

Home for both of them used to be the house they bought and furnished back in Waterloo, a lovely, rambling house with steps leading up to a tall porch around it and big oak trees to shade it.

"In Waterloo," Joan says, "my husband finally did have his own real-estate and contracting business, and he averaged more than $1,000 a month. I had babies, and I sent all my washing and ironing out. Our friends were the people we grew up with in school and in Sunday school, at the Methodist church."

Joan comes from a family of schoolteachers and would have taught if she hadn't married so young. Security in the steady paycheck, security in her own home and in marriage—these to her are all-important. And these she had. She offered no objection when Dick began working with the community playhouse. As she says, "I felt everybody has to have a hobby—and this, I thought, the Dick's Hollywood was just a place you read about in a magazine."

Loving Dick, she is thrilled and proud whenever she sees him in a motion picture. But, there's always the dark thought that his success can mean their defeat. "If Dick is going to be a star some day—and I definitely think he will—he's going to be an awful lot," Joan says. "They're doing so many pictures overseas now! If I'd been in Hollywood when he was making 'The Young Lions,' I'd have been all over the city with the weight of the weeks. And," she continues, "there's no family life in Hollywood at all. We'd never be together. When Dick's working in Hollywood, he leaves early in the morning and gets home so late he wouldn't see Ruth and Mike even if they were here. And when he isn't working he's so restless and depressed—there's no family life then, either. Sunday, when the weight of the week's..."

And, "there's no family life in Hollywood at all. We'd never be together. When Dick's working in Hollywood, he leaves early in the morning and gets home so late he wouldn't see Ruth and Mike even if they were here. And when he isn't working he's so restless and depressed—there's no family life then, either. Sunday, when the weight of the week's..."

"Nowadays Dick's either on Cloud Nine or way down in the cellar. And when he's in the cellar—well, I've seen him a little moody back home, but never like this. So restless and restless, and depressed he takes off and goes to a movie—and you're just left home hanging there. Or he listens to records like the score from 'East of Eden' and 'Rebel Without a Cause'—the most morbid music I've ever heard in my life—and nobody can get through to him. It makes me sick inside to see him like this. Then I get upset and on edge with the children. And keep them from bothering him and... well, all this just doesn't make for good family life."

Unfortunately of all she herself has to offer, Joan is also afraid that "Dick will find somebody else. I don't see how any man could keep from becoming involved," she says, "when he's thrown day after day with the people—the most beautiful girls in the world."

Almost angry, Dick is about to speak. But he lets Joan finish: "I'm going to have to do something about this. We've never been here while Dick was working, and he's to start a picture right away. Maybe
We wait as Dick organizes his thoughts and finally he puts them into words, choosing each carefully. "When I began working with the community playhouse, I think Joan just hoped it was a hobby. She must have known that it was something going into the acting profession full-time. For me, the estate—real-estate and construction business was only a means to an end. I was building a stake for us, so we wouldn’t have to worry that others are trying to get a start in Hollywood.

"If I went back to Waterloo now, I’d really be unsettled," Dick says firmly. "This business is in my blood. The acting profession is what I’ve always put into words. You can’t explain it, but it’s there. And you can’t get it out. If I thought I had to build houses the rest of my life — then I wouldn’t be happy."

"Maybe I’m old-fashioned," Dick goes on, "but I think a man is the head of the house, he supports his home and family and I feel I should have the right to pick my own future. Two-thirty is my time in whatever I’m doing; and if I’m not doing something I’m happy in—then I’m just taking two-thirds of my life and putting it away."

"It would be different if nothing had happened to me here. But in the time I’ve been in Hollywood, I’ve done quite a bit in the motion picture business. I made $15,000 in the business last year. Why don’t you give it up now and go back home? Why shouldn’t Joan live here with me? I feel a woman should be with her husband—whatever he’s doing—even if he’s digging ditches in Africa."

The yearning to act grew inside Dick when he was in his early teens. He remembers watching the presentation of the Methodist Church for the young people on Sunday evenings. "I liked doing this because I seemed to be able to control the kids—their emotions—with the way I would phrase the words or my tone of voice. I meant to be a minister then—but I found with acting it was the same thing. I was in school plays and I got as far as to be the best son in 'The Rehearsal.'"

In many of these early audiences was a girl with long pigtails and big hazel eyes.

"The first time I really noticed Joan," remembers Dick fondly, "was when my cousin and I were going to a dance and having to go for some, to get in. I was going past Joan’s house when she came out on the front porch with a shirt and skirt on, as if she thought, ‘Well, she’d be a good girl for him to go with.’ Then I took a second look and decided she’d be a good girl for me to go with," he grins.

Sixteen years old, in love for the first time—John Gable, who is going to summer canoe rides on the Cedar River.

In the winter, she would wait for him after basketball games or stand outside the football stadium in the freezing cold, waiting with the usual bunch of girls.

They decided to elope the summer they were eighteen, in spite of the opposition of Joan’s parents, who felt that they should go to college. Dick also felt he was too young. But, Dick says, "Two young kids, you know, can’t be told anything."

And so, one August morning, Dick and Joan talked for two hours, told miles away. But in Kansas City, the judge wouldn’t marry them because Joan was under age. Dick recalls, "I told him that it was such a distance to our home it would take Dick seven days to get to Dick. For us have been out all night together—and not married—seemed to me to be infinitely worse than my marrying us even if Joan were under age. But he couldn’t see it that way."

They went to an attorney to see what he could suggest. "I told him my story—how I felt about us being out all night and not knowing what was going to happen. But, to judge he knew in Olathe, Kansas, and he married us," Dick grins. "After the ceremony, we went out and had an ice-cream sodas—and then went to see a movie, 'The Postman Always Rings Twice.' About halfway through it, we were so dead-tired we began falling asleep in the theater. Suddenly we said, ‘What are we doing here? We could have gone to a movie in Waterloo’!"

And so they went home, to start the happiest part of their lives together.

The year Dick Gable was twenty-one he was the youngest real-state and building contractor in the state of Iowa. But his future was in another field, he soon discovered. "I worked for five years in the motion picture business—and it was really great experience. We put in plays in Waterloo during the winter and during the summer we’d tour them all across the state."

I told Joan then I was getting background for a career in New York or Hollywood, but she just didn’t take me seriously."

Six years ago the Gardners came to California on a vacation. Walking Vine Street, Dick was stopped by a fellow who asked whether he was interested in television. "He gave me his card," Dick recalls, "and he said he read for them. They said they’d be very interested in using me if I was going to stay out here permanently. I was so excited about it that I wanted to go to Waterloo and set things and come back here to stay. But then we found Joan was pregnant, and she didn’t want to make the change."

Two years later, however, the Gardners came to California again, "more or less on a vacation—but really to check into the situation, too," says Dick. This time, he met a star who set the stage and decided to try his hand at television.

Dick and Joan were driving around San Fernando Valley one sunny Saturday afternoon, studying the architecture of various houses, when Dick was making mental notes on western ideas. "We were," he says, "especially interested in the structure of Clark Gable’s home in Encino, and I drove up to get a better look at the house while watching it standing in the yard. I got out of the car and went over to him. I couldn’t do anything else—I’d driven right up in his face!"

Then, I told him what I’d been doing back home in the theater and what I wanted to do. He told me how tough it was to get started out here. But then Gable asked me—"I’ve been thinking about you. I told him, naturally, ‘That would be wonderful,’ and he said, ‘Well, I don’t know what I can do, but I’ll at least line up with you my agents. I’ll make an appointment for you for next Monday.’"

Joan burst in: “Do you know where I was all that time? Just sitting in the car, scared stiff, wondering how we’d ever had the nerve.”

Smiling at her, Dick continues, “Next week my new agent took me to all the studios, where I read for studio heads. However, they weren’t hiring any contract players this time. But then Paul Gregory, who’s from Iowa, put me in two of his productions, ‘Caine Mutiny Court Martial’ and ‘The Day Lincoln Was Shot,’ ninety-minutes each, with many spectacles and two good credits for a ‘Frontier’ series and a couple of ‘Matinee Theaters.’"

“Meantime, Joan had gone back to Iowa. But she flew out twice and told me to forget her. I wrote Dick Powell a letter, and he invited me to his office, where we talked for an hour and a half. He said he was going to European pictures, and he’d be producing at 20th Century-Fox. He asked me to look him up when he got back from Europe.

‘What did it? I decided to go home and sell everything and come out here permanently. My dad bought the idea. But I knew this was the moment! I had the contacts, the experience, and a $16,000 nest egg."

If I could, I’d do another expression of our having to klump so little. We’ll just have to face the fact that we can’t have a second car like we do at home."

But, we couldn’t come with me. Instead, she mailed me some rocks. She said she’d bring the clothes and join me after I got things settled. So I rented this three-bedroom place, furnished in Early American, and we moved into her mind."

She said she was staying in Waterloo, and she wanted me to go back and join her there.


For the first time came the dreaded word—divorce.

Fighting for his personal happiness, Dick still forged ahead professionally. He contacted Dick Powell at 20th and he says, "They invited me to the talent program at the studio. I lost out on a part in ‘Fraulein’ but got one in ‘Desk Set,’ another in ‘Kiss Them For Me.’ Then came my best part, as Private Coulter in ‘The Young Lions.’ We located in Europe, but I can’t say I ever enjoyed Paris. I’d go out to buy clothes for Joan—and I didn’t know from one minute to the next whether she was going to file divorce papers.”

The situation was deadlocked, and it has stayed that way. In his Hollywood home, Dick says, "They’ve been worrying me in borrowing trouble at this point? She reminds me that we’d have had a lean year salary-wise if it hadn’t been for ‘The Young Lions’ That’s true, but the fact remains I did make the $10,000. And I’m sure that I can do it again.

‘Joan says I get depressed and moody. Well, maybe she’s partly right,” Dick agrees, looking for himself. But when I feel this way I do something about it. I go to a movie and study others’ performances. That’s morbid music? I always listen to the music, and I try to do a part; it creates a mood for me.”

And then Dick comes back reluctantly to the most delicate question of all. "As for Joan’s future—she’s going to marry some Hollywood glamour—girl—well, in my opinion these girls
aren't even beautiful. A beautiful girl, in my opinion, is one who can be good-looking without eyebrow pencil or pancake. A natural beauty is what I like—Joan. She has a shine to her hair, a sparkle to her eyes, her skin texture is good. Besides, actresses have too many artifices; they're always trying to be somebody else. I fell in love with Joan because she's a down-to-earth girl.

"I think she's being realistic," Dick admits, "when she says it's tough to make marriage work in Hollywood, with all the frustrations, the insecurity of not knowing what they're going to do. Yet, if love is strong enough—and I believe ours is—these problems can be overcome."

A cloud shadows his hopeful mood.

"But there's one side of it and maybe one of them can give us the word that will keep us together, where we belong. I hope—" Dick glances at his wife, sees her sad smile and gentle nod. He goes on. "Joan hopes, too, that they will write and help us."

GOLD MEDAL

Continued from page 53

Fifteen years ago—or ten, or even five—Hollywood's young set was organized, though casually: "Let's all get together some time at Debbie Reynolds' backyard, and you'll find her whole gang there, swimming, munching potato chips and enjoying a spot-luck burlesque. If they all act like Debbie's, then most likely they were at Janie Powell's. There was no doubt about who belonged.

Gradually, the group broke up. Debbie went to be with another husband. It looked for a while as if Natalie Wood was going to take over as natural leader of the new young set—until she and Bob married.

Then an actor, Dick Clayton, was the leader of the young set. Since turned talent agent, promoting such players as Tab Hunter. Dick sizes up the situation this way: "When today's new actors, inspired, I guess, by Dean and Brando, take this whole business much more seriously, they will be determined. They spend more of their time studying, and usually, if they do let up and go to a party, they end up acting out improvisations on the set. But with the recent casting news or the latest movie they saw."

The pace has quickened; the competition has sharpened. These days, no studio snap up and sign a name unless they can buy a pretty face or a husky physique. More is demanded, and fresh talent is being brought in from all over, giving the young-Hollywood scene its new jolting variety.

1958's newcomers don't necessarily have long experience in show business. You still hear the old-fashioned stories of the miracle discovery. College student Barry Coe ("Peyton Place") was up before making his debut in an Easter holiday in Palm Springs, and agent Dick Clayton happened to choose the same vacation spot. Luck, you think—until Barry goes and brings the happy fantasy down to earth with the facts: "Dick did discover me there and he did take me on. I quit college and headed for fame—I hoped. But two major studios turned me down. 20th, for a second picture, and I had to make good on a screen test before I got that contract."

Mark Damon ("Life Begins at 17") was discovered by Groucho Marx, who sent him to agent Gunmia Marx, who sent him to the Pasadena Playhouse, where he met Mark, "You have no talent." So he had to start all over again. Because Nuey, you may have noticed discovered while selling cookies in a New York bakery shop. "Oh, but that's not true," France explains. "I'd been a model in Paris, and I was sold to the famous Conley School. I guess the story started just because the call about 'South Pacific' came in while I was working at Le Gourmet, a bakery shop on Lexington Avenue."

Modeling careers for other actresses poised at an age. The porcelained-exquisite features of Carol Lynley ("The Light in the Forest") first pleased a producer and she was signed up. And she really blossomed out as a popular teenage model. . . At thirteen, Sandra Dee ("The Reluctant Debutante") wasn't just imagining a career before the cameras; she was commanding forty dollars an hour for her modeling services. "But really to be in the movies? That seemed far-fetched," Sandra says.

For another group of the 1958 comers, there's nothing at all far-fetched about the acting business. They were bred to it. Ask eleven-year-old David Ladd ("Proud Rebel") what experience he got him into the movies, and he'll say it was born into my family, I guess. Even so, his dad made him try out with a couple of minor roles before he'd trust him with a lead. . . Because Jim Mitchum ("Thunder on the Plain") grew up before he was acting as a business—something you work at. . . Alan Reed, Jr. ("Going Steady") was certainly influenced by his dad's career as comedian and stage manager and decided to major in Theater Arts at UCLA. But young Alan's movie debut didn't distract him from plunging ahead to win his degree last June. . .

David Nelson ("Peyton Place") grew up before he was making friends and with his family. . . There's no doubt that Gary Crosby ("Mardi Gras") got his first singing opportunities because of his father, Bing. Gary's at the same game as a career—a career in acting. Connections can get you in—but they can't keep you in or push you to the top. Just as Gary felt he was gaining a foothold on his own, the Army snatched him.

Unexpectedly, this "interruption" tossed Bing's eldest son into a new training ground for today's young stars. The Seven-Seven, the company who signed David Nelson, put Gary on a schedule like an old-time vaudevillian's one-night stand. "I spent almost a year on the road in Ger-

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(“Darby’s Rangers”) wasn’t in Special Services, he helped put on camp shows with his own Army company and learned the Rightigue routine by directing as well as acting.

If you could sing in 1958, this was a help. Recently, records and TV music shows have jumped to the fore as a prime source, Pans who yearn with young people already experienced and known to the public: Molly Bee (“Summer Love”), Tommy Sands (“Sing Boy Sing”), Connie Stevens (“Peace of Mind”), and Dean Jones (“Handle with Care”). "Guess that’s why I’d have trouble getting temperamentally in the Navy, I was with an entertainment unit, touring bases and so forth. Though Fred F. O’Brien (“Darby’s Rangers”),"...TV helped new faces get a break. Almost all the newcomers in the 1958 group faced the public on the smaller stage. This was a story of one, and many of them have kept up TV work between theater films. During last summer’s rash of re-runs, a “Gunsmoke” episode found Ray Strocklyn (Ten North Frederick) working as a hamburger shake-up. Typically there’s nothing——""a present-day good guy in the half-hour drama that followed."" The stage hasn’t proved to be a proving ground in this sense since the old-time stock companies folded. While Kim Stanley (“The Goddess”) was a Broadway sensation in “Bus Stop,” much bigger audiences knew her on TV before she made her film break. Stars such as Lee Phillips (“Peyton Place”) scored in “Middle of the Night” and Christopher Plummer (“Stage Struck”) scored in “The Robe.” It is rare that respectability and attention, but reached only a small sector of the general public (that’s you)... Compared to the big draw of Bettes and TV, that’s even true of hearty musical like “L’I Aubur,”...which focused on the spotlights of the chums of ex-showgirl Tina Louise (“God’s Little Acre”). Success in foreign movies used to mean a fair-sized slice of the Hollywood market, girl-next-door type moved into highest favor Now even the most charming of accents has become a drawback. But two beers at the old La Petite France; Christine Carere (“A Certain Smile”); Sweden’s May Britt (“The Young Lions”), starred in Italian films.

Obviously today’s newcomers don’t all fit into one social gang. But even though May Britt and Molly Bee don’t travel in the same crowd, you still might run into them. After spending time with the stars of the super deluxe hamburgers at Bob’s Drive-In, Molly says, “I love any place where I can pull in my sports car and grab a table next to the window with leav-

ing the driver’s seat.” If Molly’s in the mood for ice cream——after an evening date at the movies or any time of day——she has special choices. One of her favorite spots for a film screening of hers, Alan Reed Jr., The same urge takes Mark Damon to the Parasol, with Peter Brown and bride Diane Jergens (“High and Lonesome”). His favorite place for a luscious goey concoctions at Blum’s, where they may meet pal Edward Byrnes (“Darby’s Rangers”).

Fans who care for the old glamour can find a few young stars who have a taste for living it up——once in a while, when their budgets or their dates’ budgets permit. "I’d just as soon eat at home," Joanne Moore (“Appointment With a Shadow”) says. "But when I do go out it’s got to be in style—Romanoff’s or maybe the Coconut Grove. If there’s a performer I want to entertain he knows where to find me," she adds. When Geoffrey Horne (“The Bridge on the River Kwai”) and wife Nancy Berg are in town, they go for the exotic surroundings at the Four Season restaurant. For Jill St. John (“Summer Love”) doesn’t hesitate to tell such escorts as Lance Reventlow or Ronnie Burns that she’d just adore an evening at La Rue’s or perhaps a few cocktails at the World to Feel Scandia before she goes home to guard her beauty with sleep in preparation for an early-morning call on the set. When it’s a party for Jill, he went along happily with her whims. He explains, "If I feel extra-special——that is, when I have a few dollars left over and there’s a real special occasion. I try to prove to the girls that I’m real live. Man, what food! Their Cantoneese dishes are the most. When I’m not too well-heel’d, it’s Hamburger Hamlet for me and I try to go to a dance with Merry Meredith (‘Summer Love’), the lady in Barry’s life. But she, too, enjoys luxurious surroundings sometimes. "And when I’m not working, I love to find people to come up and, up and my terrace is set formally," None of this blue-jeans, BYOB (bring-your-own-bottle) stuff for Joyce. "And no coffee houses!" she adds. "Most of the people who go there, the beat genera-
tion types, are——well, I think they’re nuts. And you can get a fight brewing on this subject any time. Just ask Diane Varsi (‘Peyton Place’) or Tommy Sands or any other stars in the talk-filled shadows of the International House or the Unicorn with speciality of each house is coffee). The Unic-

Theier’s is all black; even the glass doors are painted black three-quarters of the way. There are tables and chairs, with chess and checker sets ready on a few of the tables up front for Hollywood’s new serious crop of actors. Tommy Sands says defiantly, "I’ve flipped over the espresso machine. Any time I’m in Hollywood, that’s where you’ll find me!" Maybe Tommy likes the talk; maybe he just goes for the drinks: carafe of coffee, hot chocolate, mocha, (same thing in Spanish) mocha (coffee mixed with hot chocolate) or hot chocolate plain but rich (Swiss or Vien-

I like to go to the coffee houses to listen to some interesting conversa-
tialists," Diane told us. "But actually, I don’t go out much. My favorite hangout is at home with myself." Young Hollywood 1958, in general, is made up of pretty domestic characters, and home entertaining still places first, with family and friends. Those on the present-day young set is deadly serious about its profession; late hours are o–u–t when there’s a working day ahead. It’s the writer’s job, and infor-

among the stars. Dino “Ten North Frederick”), just in and I can’t have that. I’m in love with Stan Whitman (‘Ten North Frederick’),...you can’t have a baseball. ‘Outdoors,’ Stu says. "The one I’m interested in the most. I’m just married — horseback-riding, fishing, hunting——"...Michael Landon (‘God’s Little Acre’) and his wife, on the other hand, are more interested in interiors, but while preparations are under way Mike is always in the kitchen, playing——master-chef alongside Dodie. ...Don’t look for big brawls when Joyce, as..."The Young Lions")...and Don Murray entertain. The Murrays never invite more than six close friends to their dinner parties; they prefer to keep the group small

intimate. ...So do Diane Jergens and Peter Brown. "We’re learning to play bridge," Mrs. Brown confides. "Naturally, Peter caught on immediately, but I’m still having trouble with anything that concerns numbers! So far, Peter is very patient when I trump his ace." ...Pett, pretty and twenty, Connie Stevens, didn’t settle down to a steady yet. When she did finally, she invites a few close girlfriends over for dinner and a pajama-party gabfest. Like Connie, most of the twenty-one single members of this career-centered group avoid the going–steady routine. "I’m playing the field; they come out in cash and I’m there to learn the ropes the second time;" two others (Diane Varsi, Jill St. John) are divorced; Dolores Michaels (‘Fraulein’) and Richard Gardner (‘The Young Lions’) are each separated. An estimate for a marriage and not everyone can be as lucky as Hope Lange, whose success followed after Don Murray’s, so that now there’s no question with whom they would marry. Murrays have stubbornly insisted on ar-

arranging their film schedules to avoid long separations.

The worst is the pathetic story of the Richard Gardners. His Joan feels: “There can be no family life in Hollywood.”...Christine Carere’s introduction to Hollywood was shadowed by the absence of her husband for a long time, steady demand on the French screen and stage. Christine said frankly, "I wouldn’t want him to come here unless he had a contract, because everything is around the house—that isn’t right. It wouldn’t make either of us happy."

Geography has been a menace for Erin O’Brien, too. First, her TV work took her to LA, where her husband Frank F. Paris worked at a Los Angeles night spot. Movies again made the pair and their two children a happy family unit—until Erin was offered a Spanish TV show and Michael for "John Paul Jones." Pushed into a similar fix, Lee Remick ("The Long, Hot Summer") had to keep the home fires burning while her director husband, Bill Colleran, was off globetrotting for "Windjammer," Back came Bill to his TV work in New York; off went Lee to a movie job in Hollywood and Louisiana; and the air-

life started all over again. And summertime back and forth to get together.

Like the Christopher Plummer, who have stayed rooted in Greenwich Village, Liza and Peter O’Brien are Hollywood film–woods, considering New York home base. During her last movie stint, she rented a house out here. Says Lee, “All this grass outside seemed so foreign!” With the film industry today is contented with modest housing arrangements. It has to be. Fan mail is lovely, but it won’t pay off the mortgage. Of course, what runs to the job. Living on such a scale calls for the big salaries that come with well-es-

The exceptions! Peter O’Brien, who has dug around in a fabulous old-style-Holly-

woodershowplace. In Beverly Hills near Benedict Canyon, it’s an Spanish stucco structure that was once a home for John and Alice Strocklyn ("Ten North Frederick") struck it lucky when he rented a sprawling, fifteen-room, two-

level house in the Hollywood Hills. But then again, trouble may start when he’s promoting a young producer. Cozy little parties aren’t Ray’s style; he loves plenty of people around him and keeps the place jammed. But what you do, he says, is that’s what you do. Molly Bee, with her mother and her two brothers, has a California-ranch-

style house in the Hollywood Hills, while the hi-fi junk that’s dear to Alan Reed.

The home pictured on this page of May Britt and actor Edward Gregson is a tiny house in the hills above Westwood, but it's "big enough for two newlyweds," May smiles. . . . Instead of house-hunting, Diane Jergens and Peter Brown promptly went housekeeping in his former bachelor apartment, the entire second floor of a house—but with only two rooms, one including a small kitchen and the other furnished more formally. "It's sort of different," Diane says. "Two living rooms and no bedroom!"

Not only on housing, but on money in general, the young set plays it smart. Business managers handle investments for Molly Bee, Michael Landon and many others. Tommy Sands' older brother, Eddie Dean, is a CPA who gave up his own accounting firm and bought into the increasingly complex financial affairs. . . . Gary Crosby relies mostly on the family lawyer. But many of the group take a strong personal hand in their outside-movies interests. Stu Whitman was in the real-estate and construction business before he clicked in movies; he's still associated with his father's firm, even buying property in subdividing 200 acres in the Benedict Canyon area; and in a pinch he could always go back to jockeying a bulldozer. . . . Connie Stevens also puts spare cash in real estate. . . . So does Mark Dana, who has a part interest in a drugstore as well. Mark's a businessman from way back. He began winning cash-prize contests in his teens; went on to write, publish and sell books on contest-winning; solved puzzles and sold the answers to contestants; enlisted fellow UCLA students in a sort of company that entered contests cooperatively and shared the winnings.

At twenty-five, Mark is all set to branch out into another field. He's talking a deal to star in and co-produce four movies! "The production's too much fun, too. "I have everything planned, down to the last cent, to start my own company," Barry says. "Now all I have to do is make the money to carry out the plans." Nick Adams ("The Time for Sergeants") is part of a group of young but already well-established players who dream of being the Hecht-Lancaster of tomorrow, running their own independent production company. Every Sunday (film schedules permitting), Nick, Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner, Vanessa Brown and others in their crowd gather at the home of Carolyn Jones and Allen St. John. Relaxing for an hour or so around the pool, swimming, sunning and lazily talking, they look pretty much like the easygoing young set of yesterday's Hollywood.

But once they've finished the buffet lunch, Nick and his pals get down to business. They talk over current roles, use each other as sounding boards to solve professional problems and in general get to know each other better. Older, more experienced showpeople who drop in. And they discuss ideas for future productions, choosing the right directors, rearranging the story lines, carefully casting each part in their own pictures. Today's young Hollywood is planning to be around for a good many successful years.

All the players in this group have the talent to hold a permanent place in movies. But which will take the top spots, as Natalie, Bob and Carolyn did in other years? That choice is up to you, and the newcomers of 1958 are waiting eagerly to hear your verdict. Your marks on the ballot will vitally affect their future careers and lives.
and I knew what I had seen on her face the moment before had been merely pleasure, not the full happiness that I saw now. "Just as fast as the airlines can take me!" She glanced around her at the handsome furnishings in the bungalow. "This is nice, but it isn't home. . . Do you know that I'm not planning to have a house—only a home of my own—I have two! There's the farmhouse in Connecticut. It was built in 1776, and it has two hundred acres of land and—Well, I'll tell you all about it later. First, I'll probably be going back to our apartment in the city."

I leaned back and let her talk. She wasn't right in the head, but she was in Manhattan, and her wide blue eyes were looking proudly directly up over her own home. "We're living in the East Fifties now, and our apartment is decorated in white, except for the bedroom. I know that works, especially when it's the case. Too chic and modern for husband and wife to have separate bedrooms," Marilyn said, "but I'm an old-fashioned girl who believes that a husband and wife should share the same bedroom and bed. Ours is a king-sized bed, and we also have a love seat in the room. The color scheme is beige and white. . . That's a happy combination, I think—feminine for me and masculine for my husband."

The well-remembered note was in her voice—"my husband. With a twinge of sadness she added, "I'll never say our "baby," on a note special in its own way. Apparently, her thoughts weren't tending in the same direction; I'd just have to wait for the subject to come up."

The New York apartment she was describing has no nursery.

"Arthur has his own study where he does his writing," Marilyn went on, "and I have my own dressing room. It's all set up and ready. . ."

"Would you like some coffee now, Radie?" I said. 

After she'd ordered it, she came back to the sofa. "Where is it? . . . Oh, yes, that's the first coffee I've had for my husband. Somehow, I never have to look at a clock. I seem to sense intuitively when he's ready for more coffee, and I tip toe in and leave it on his desk."

The picture she painted was very clear to me; I could see her tip toeing out again, leaving Arthur Miller in his own private world, with the people he was creating. Later, during lunch, I shall try to work out any organized schedule for yourself while Arthur is finishing his new play."

"No," she laughed, "As you may have suspected by now, I'm not a very organized person." I smiled with her, because I'm one of the many who know—and forgive—the incorrigibly "late" Miss Monroe. "In New York," she continued, "I never do the same thing two days in a row. Sometimes I go for a long ride along the East River with our dog, a basset hound. Or I'll bicycle up Second Avenue. Or window-shop in the antique shops along Third Avenue."

"Don't fans follow you?"

"Rarely." She almost whispered, confessing, "I usually wear a polo coat, put a scarf around my head and wear dark glasses. People don't expect to find me in that neck of the woods, so if I seem to look familiar, they think I'm someone trying to look like me! I also love to go to Bloomingdale's and putter around in the household-equipment department. I have no sales resistance when I'm buying for my husband especially when there's a sale. Then I buy as if I were storing in for an atomic shelter! I'm working on the theory that I'm very economical and saving money. But when I try to balance my budget, somehow I'm always overdrawn!"

She spread her hands out in appealing helplessness. The ease and charm that she brought in, and Marilyn poured a cup for each of us, tasted hers and pursed up her mouth. "Be careful, Radie—it's hot! I'll let you stand a moment."

She set the saucer and saucer, stretched lazily and then smoothed the fine white fabric of her shirt more neatly inside the waistband of her slacks. "You know, I think that when I was about four, I used to dream of the day when I'd be rich enough to go up to a shop, look at the window display of clothes, and go inside and say, I'll take this and this and this and this—in all different colors! Now, when I could afford to do it, not just dream it, clothes are unimportant to me—except for evening clothes, of course. I absolutely berseiky furniture, garden implements, seed for birds and clothes for Arthur."

"For Arthur?"

"For the right. I buy all his shirts, socks and ties. If I left it up to my husband, he'd wear the same two years in a row and never think of getting new ones. I also buy the right shape clothes. If he don't approve when a man has to go out and he has no clean shirts to wear because his wife has been out playing bridge."

"But you have some help, haven't you, Marilyn?"

"Yes. Jane, the maid, and Louise, the maid's helper. We have a maid, and then there's Mary Reese, who's more than a wonderful secretary for me—she's my friend. In the country, we just have a maid over one day, and I think Arthur's two children are with us every other weekend, but then they're not 'company.' Jane's fourteen now, and Robert And..."

"I adore Jane and Robert, and it's such fun for all of us to plan different things to do together. I really look forward to each visit..."

She was silent for a brief while, and I couldn't see her eyes as she reflectively drank coffee. Was she thinking of Arthur's third child—her baby—that she'd had so long ago? Would she be able to stay by now? Whether she felt a mother's be-reavement in those few seconds, I will never know, for when she looked up across the rim of the cup her eyes were sparkling, and she returned to the cheer- ful problems of housewifery as she set the cup down again.

"I don't believe I need full-time help at the farm. I have an expert dish-washer and floor-scrubber!—a throwback to my early days, I guess. And I'm learning to be a pretty good cook by following the recipes in 'Joy of Cooking.' My cook's only trouble is that she's not able to make bread. Then there's chicken with a special seasoning that my husband likes, so I've learned to fix that for him."

"Aren't there any little dishes that you like to make for yourself?"

Marilyn shrugged. "I'm what you might
WHO CAN I TURN TO...?

Continued from page 59

The doctor led the girl slowly down the hall, and, as they passed through the circle of light, the girl stopped for a brief moment. She felt the light surround her and felt as if her mouth were as warm as a fairy's. She was so close to the doctor's arm that she could feel his warmth. She felt as if she were in a fairy tale.

Marilyn O'Brien was again in a spotlight, but this time the drama was real—this time it was not make-believe—this time... it was true. Her hair had turned gray and she was as tall as a fairy. She was more than 180 years old.

Suddenly there were two small hands entered the circle of light and took her arm. She heard a soft voice whisper, “Let me take her into the lounge, Doctor. I will help her.”

“Thank you, Sister. I'll be back in a little while to take her home.”

The nun led Marilyn to the lounge and sat her down on the sofa. She smiled understandingly at her and began to speak in a very low voice—and as she spoke Margaret looked at her young face and started crying. She had never seen her before, but her words were right and good and Margaret listened.

“You cannot believe she is dead, can you?”

“No—no, I can't,” she cried.

“Death is final, Margaret, and yet, I have seen you with your mother and I am sure there are many lovely memories to keep her spirit alive.”

“Yes,” she managed to say, “Yes, but you don't understand. I need her so.”

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in Hollywood. What about Mother's things? Where will I find the strength to go through her belongings? I can't do it! I'll keep the medal His Holiness gave to Mother, and I'll save that with the evening cocktail that gave me today. I will keep them forever.

The car turned onto South Beverly Drive and came to a halt before the duplex where Margaret had bought only four years earlier. She stepped out of the car and looked about her. To the same as when she left. Only she was alone now...her mother would never come again. How do you survive when you're all alone?

The doctor opened the door to the apartment and reached for the light switch. Light flooded the room. Margaret was háring. She was looking at the living room and looked carefully about her, aimlessly touching vases and small knock-knacks.

"I don't have pain, Margaret." Dr. Ress had interrupted her thoughts. She turned to him and smiled shyly. "Remember, she would have been an invalid if she'd lived. She wouldn't have liked that.

"Do you have any other relatives besides your Aunt Marissa?" he asked.

"Only a cousin in New York."

They were both silent for a moment; apparently they both knew that people have heart trouble and live for years. Why did my mother have to die just now when my career suddenly has been going so well?

Margaret had been working so hard she had been almost too tired to make the hospital, but she had gone anyway.

"Thank God," she thought. The last time she saw her mother and her mother. Her mother never tried to hold on to her—those rumors hurt. When she went on dates, her mother merely suggested a reasonable hour to be home. "I chose my own friends, my own clothes," she thought. "She was helpful—paving the way for the day that has now come. It's just like the sister said."

"He was an aircraft designer and Mother had liked him very much. But they'd both agreed that it would be wrong to rush into marriage and a career will work for us," she'd told her mother after a date with Robert. Now, was she sure? She'd have to make that decision alone now.

The room was still. Margaret was startled when the doctor suddenly asked, "Shall I call your aunt for you?"

"Oh, thank you. She was jolted back to the future. "Yes, but get her number. It's over by the telephone."

"What are you thinking?" the doctor asked.

She turned, looking at him timidly. "I'm afraid I shall have to tell you. I was thinking of my future! Do you know, it's come to me just now, that my mother has taken care of my future. I'm going to think...I mean I have to do something. I don't know what I have to say to people. I don't know what is ahead of me. But maybe if I try hard, I can cope with it. My mother is with me. She's in the room. She's in the right mind so well—I should try to live up to her standards."

And she began to shake and cry again, very softly. The doctor came to her and held her gently against a chair, and cried for a little while longer. Then she stopped and looked up at him with a little smile. "Dr. Ress, can you make coffee?"

"What do you ask?" he said, with some surprise.

"I'd like to have some and, since I have time before we meet Aunt Marissa's plane, I'd appreciate your teaching me. You see, I realize I've an awful lot to learn."

The End
Around Town: Marilyn Monroe's frantic hand-wringing before each scene of "Some Like It Hot" left a trademark behind. The younger set now greet each other with a wild wringing of their own hands. Looks so Oriental somehow.... Loved Marilyn's return to the reporter who wondered why her playwright husband, Arthur Miller, never visited her set while the company worked in Hollywood. "Why should he?" asked Marilyn. "I don't look over his shoulder when he writes." Touché. Audio Murphy is delighted with the work of Joan Evans in his movie "No Name on the Bullet." When Audie makes the plunge into sophisticated comedy in "The Kissing Game," he hopes Joan will be with him. Bing Crosby's lament to a friend: "I wish my boys would get interested in some nice secretaries in town and stay out of Las Vegas." Gary Crosby calls Pat Boone "The Preacher." Pat couldn't care less. Lawrence Welk, who took over his new job of Honorary Mayor of Hollywood, claims polka lessons will not be mandatory. Private Ben Cooper, who accidentally shot himself in the leg at Fort Ord, took a lot of ribbing from his pals in Hollywood. They claimed he practically left our country defenseless. If Stuart Whitman doesn't get a haircut before Christmas, his wife threatens to string his locks with popcorn. Leslie Caron named the new arrival Jennifer. This is the second heir for Leslie and Peter Hall. No fanfare took place when John Wayne's oldest son Michael (22) wed Gretchen Deibel (21), his childhood sweetheart. But the lid blew off when John announced his separation from wife Pilar, who in a moment of anger said she was through with living alone whileubby picture-made around the world. But by nightfall they were back together again. Dart Ward's recording of "Misery" has put this teenager on top.

**I Predict...**

Tab Hunter will be the next rave star, rumors fly. His work in "Damn Yankees" and with Gary Cooper in "They Came to Cordura" is now the talk of the town. Tab has it made. If, that is, he relaxes and trusts the judgment of others. I predict a breach between Rick Nelson and his father, Ozzie. It almost happened when Ozzie registered Rick for the fall semester at U.S.C. against his son's wishes and without his knowledge. Rick may decide to move in with brother David, who has bachelor diggings of his own. It's not that sympathy isn't with Ozzie, it's just the way he goes about it. Even a young colt can't be dragged to water if he's a mind to go thirsty. I predict Kim Novak will forsake the fancy-pants home given her by Columbia and move back to a small apartment. The heavy upkeep, taxes and maintenance have Kim yipping the blues. And while Kim may be light-headed when it comes to romance, she's heavy-handed when it comes to finances. . . .

**Purely Personal**

My confusion over Bob Wagner's disguised voice on the telephone—"This is ze boy friend"—had Bob in hysteric. But the invitation to dinner that followed delighted me. Bob and Nat showed me some of the sneak preview audience-cards for "The Perfect Furlough," which they made for U.I. The audience wrote more raves for this comedy than any press agent could have dared. Watch for it in January. Brigitte Bardot says, of marrying short, stocky Sacha Distel, her guitar teacher: "I needed a man around the house." Incidentally, before B. B., Sacha's steady date was Juliette Greco, Darryl Zanuck's Gallic protege. She taught Sacha to sing, then said he was too young. Diana Lynn outshone all other stars at Jean Stein's engagement party. In a short, perky green satin frock, her short blond hair uncurled, Diana was a knockout and looked anything but the mother of a young son. Mortimer Hall, her husband, seems mighty proud of his "fair Diana," as well he should. I'd like to wager John Saxon emerges from his role of a toughie in "Cry Tough" with a whole new personality and a new evaluation from Hollywood. He couldn't go through all that wild fracas and remain the same. It's all over between Ava Gardner and Walter Chiari. Kay Kendall started a new fashion fad in London, wearing tailored silk slacks and a brocade jacket to a formal dinner party. The young individualists meet at Aware Inn, an un- (Continued)
pretentious Sunset Boulevard spot that features chemical-free, organically grown meat and vegetables. At a table by herself, (next to Mark Damon’s) you can often spot that individualist of long standing, Greta Garbo.

**TV Jottings**

Ty Hardin, happily wedded to actress Andra Martin, sent up a prolonged howl when a press agent’s advice delayed his marriage. The well-meaning agent feared marriage would interfere with Ty’s popularity as Clint Walker’s alternate on the “Cheyenne” series. Incidentally, those rumors of Clint winning “everything” in his sit-down strike against Warners studio are a mite exaggerated. Old “thunder voice” was just as glad to be back as Warners were to have him. . . . George Gobel moans he’ll never find another “Alice” like Jeff Donnell, who moved to New York with her new husband, John L. Brinker. He probably won’t, either . . . It was another boy, their second for Robert Sterling and Ann Jeffreys. But this one, they claim, is a real “Topper.” . . . Fans of Annette Funicello of Disney’s “Mickey Mouse Club” were startled to see her, in her first film “The Shaggy Dog,” with her straightened black curls, silk dresses and high heels. Annette looked all “growed up.” . . . Buddy Bregman, whom Anna Maria Alber.

Kim Novak, dating Mac Krim again, is yipping about household bills.

ghetti loves very much, is directing Eddie Fisher’s TV show . . . Jim Garner loved his homecoming day at Norma, Oklahoma—except that all those dozens of cousins are turning up on the “Maverick” set to visit a spell. . . . If Joanna Moore isn’t the most beautiful actress on TV, I’ll just sit here and wait until a lovelier one comes along. And what’s more, lovely Joanna can act, too.

**Strictly Inside**

Sympathy goes out to Deborah Kerr in the loneliness of her Pacific Palisades home. All around her are reminders of the two little girls she loved and to whom she gave endless care and devotion—as well as physical comforts from her own income. Close friends who see Deborah on occasion report her hopes are high in the suit to regain the daught-
“Ten,” announced that Ingrid Bergman is the only woman on the list. Bill Holden, Gary Cooper, Jimmy Stewart, John Wayne, Cary Grant, Gregory Peck, Clark Gable, Yul Brynner are on the list. How does this compare with your own list of favorites?

**Round-Up**

The Crosby boys hold the spotlight. Philip left school to marry Las Vegas showgirl Sandra Drummond. His twin, Dennis, adopting the son of wife Pat Sheehan by a former marriage, plans to make Bing a grandpa in late winter. Lindsay, after a hassle with the police, was gently brushed off by actress June Blair. Gary, who signed a five-year contract with Twentieth, continues to play the field. . . . The Joanne Woodward-Paul Newman heir has a name awaiting its arrival. Joshua if it's a boy. Quentin for a girl. . . . It was a City Hall wedding for Leslie Nielsen and bride Sandy Ullman, former M-G-M secretary. . . . Pier Angeli and Vic Damone have reached the end of their rope. Upon it will dangle the remains of their once happy marriage. . . . Barry Sullivan's "ten-minute" marriage to Gita Hall, before asking for divorce, marks a record even for Hollywood, where marriage and divorce can be lightning swift. . . . Curt Jurgens' marriage to French Simone Bicheron leaves a trail of broken dreams in movietown, where Curt was Mr. Eligible No. One. . . . Doris Day much happier with son Terry attending school at home. That separation, with Terry last year enrolled in an Eastern school, was too much for mamma Day, who can't bear separations. . . . Cheryl Crane, attending Beverly Hills High School, seems happily adjusted. Her schoolmates, used to celebrities, make no problems for their headlined classmate. . . . Gene Tierney, absent three years due to nervous disorders, heartily welcomed back to movies. Gene's first movie rumored to be "The Young Know Best." . . . Elvis Presley signed to make a movie for Twentieth upon his return from Germany and the Army. They're willing to give Elvis 50 percent of the profits and a salary of $200,000. And Elvis is willing to take it.

**News From the Sets**

Audrey Hepburn became so attached to "Ip," the tiny seven-inch-high baby fawn who played a part in "Green Mansions," she all but wept when the picture was over. . . . It was a happy day when Maria Tumbal, the real "Sister Luke" of "The Nun's Story," visited the "Green Mansions" set. Audrey had met Miss Tumbal while making the film in Italy. . . . Cara Williams' constant presence on "The Night of the Quarter Moon" set, to give advice to her

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**TOP TEN**

Clark Gable, here with wife Kay, is another of those sure-fire names.

So is Jimmy Stewart, our perpetual all-American boy, with wife to match.

Cary Grant, seen here with Lauren Bacall, is in the top-ten—natch!
on The Rocks

It's Hollywood's newest cocktail, this marriage-on-the-rocks, Manie Van Doren and band leader Ray Anthony, for instance, parted. But they'll play husband and wife in M-G-M's "The Beat Generation."... Gwen Dailey, the ex-Mrs. Don-O'Connor, flounced out of her husband Dan Dailey's life with threats of divorce. But then these two have been bickering and making up for years.... Annabella, Tyrone Power's ex, gave Debbie Power, his current wife, a leopard-skin raincoat.... Diane Varsh, I'm happy to say, joined the human race after her divorce from John Dickson. Diane came down from her hillside retreat with a more friendly attitude.... Mrs. Forrest Tucker called it a day while Forrest was touring the country with "The Music Man." Their marriage didn't make very good music, according to Marilyn Tucker.... Singer Peggy Lee, who had been ill for some time, decided to shed husband Dewey Martin and began recovering immediately.... Guy Madison and his wife Sheila had agreed on a trial separation. After four years of marriage and three children, Guy says, "I'm sure it won't be final. There is no thought of divorce. The problem is a personal one. I think perhaps when a girl has three babies in rapid succession, it leaves her a little tired and depressed.

Party of the Month

The huge tent, erected in the parking lot adjoining Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills, was something out of the Arabian Nights, with its glittering chandeliers, man-sized silver vases of white blooms, mirrored entranceway and beautifully laid tables. Gregory Peck, delighted with the success of his movie, "The Big Country," hosted the affair as a celebration of sorts. Unfortunately, Gregory was too busy at his own table to greet the guests, but pert Jean Simmons, with Stewart Granger, was on hand to greet Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh, recovering from her second auto accident within the month, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Esther Williams with Jeff Chandler, Dorothy Malone and Jacques Bergerac, Kay and Clark Gable, Cary and Betsy Grant,.... Paul Newman brought his mother, a visitor from the East. Paul explained that his wife, Joanne Woodward, who is expecting her first baby, was home feeling "woozy."... Audrey Hepburn stood out like a princess in her knee length bell-shaped cream satin frock, topped by a diamond tiara and set off with slippers made entirely of rhinestones. A dream Waltzing with her husband Mel Ferrer.

Cal York Jottings

Kim Novak has a singing coach and may soon record an album of ballads. Kim, who's dating Mac Krin again, confesses that to her, a shampoo is a marathon. "I always cut and wash my own hair and it takes about all day," she says. "I have to lighten it and then put the blue stuff on."... Wanda Hendrix's husband is suing for divorce.... Tony Perkins clips things from newspapers and magazines and pastes them on a board in his "Green Mansions" dressing room. "They're things I like," he says, and I keep changing them.... Dolores Hart, in New York to appear in the play, "The Pleasure of His Company," moans she hasn't a friend in the big city. She took her canary, Hankie, along for company.... Pier Angeli will baby-sit with the Marlon Brando heir while mama Anna Kashfi films "Night of the Quarter Moon." Wonder how come Marlon hasn't visited the set?.... It was James MacArthur's decision that his fiancee, Joyce Bulifant, return to the States with his mother, Helen Hayes. Jimmy's making "Third Man on the Mountain" in Switzerland, but he insists it wouldn't be "proper" for Joyce to remain without a chaperon.
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