"Eddie's love cured me!"
Free to do as you please... now that you're protected so much longer

Whatever your favorite fun, you enjoy it even more when you're comfortably protected by new Kotex napkins. These softer, more gentle napkins with the Kimlon center protect better, protect longer—even on your most active days. So, when confidence is really important, count on new Kotex napkins—most girls do.

New Kotex napkins—choice of most girls
Every time you brush your teeth, finish the job...reach for Listerine

Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does...on contact, by millions, on every mouth and throat surface. That's why...

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!
NOW—TOTAL RELIEF FROM PERIODIC DISTRESS

NEW FEMICIN TABLETS

Hospital-tested, prescription-type formula provides total treatment in a single tablet!

ACiTS INSTANTLY TO

• STOP CRAMPS
• OVERCOME DEPRESSION
• CALM JUMPY NERVES
• ELIMINATE ACHES & PAINS
• COMBAT PUFFINESS

So effective—yet no prescription needed!

Worked even when others failed!

New, through a revolutionary discovery of medical science, a new, prescription-type tablet provides total relief from periodic complaints. When cramps and pains strike, FEMICIN'S exclusive ingredients act instantly to end your suffering and give you back a sense of well-being. If taken before pain starts—at those first signs of heaviness and distress—further discomforts may never develop. No simple aspirin compound can give you this complete relief. Get FEMICIN at your drugstore today! It must give you greater relief than you have ever experienced or your purchase price will be refunded.

For samples and informative booklet, "What You Should Know About Yourself As a Woman!", send 10¢ for postage and handling, Box 225, Dept. DI, Church St. Sta., N.Y. 8, N.Y.

FEMICIN

modern screen

JANUARY, 1960

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No.</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>By</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>An Ave Mario for Mario</td>
<td>Ed DeBlasio</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>&quot;Errol Flynn Died In My Arms&quot;</td>
<td>George Carpozi, Jr.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Cool It, Debbie!</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>The Thrill Of First Love</td>
<td>Steve Kahn</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Troy</td>
<td>Deborah Marshall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>&quot;We Were Afraid We Couldn't Have A Baby&quot;</td>
<td>Colleen Rodgers as told to Helen Weller</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Eddie's Love Cured Me!</td>
<td>Doug Brewer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Home For Christmas</td>
<td>Hugh Burrell</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Introducing The Kingston Trio Sextette</td>
<td>Kirtley Baskette</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

A SPECIAL 16-PAGE REPORT

35 The Fabulous Fifties

FEATURETTE

55 Meet Greta Chi

DEPARTMENTS

Louelle Parsons

9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 The Inside Story
4 January Birthdays
6 New Movies
53 Disk Jockeys' Quiz
73 $150 For You

Cover Photograph from Wide World
Other Photographers' Credits on Page 72

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSELM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant
GENE HOIT, research director

MICHAELE LECOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SAW, asst. art editor
MARIO GUILLIANO, photo research
LUPITA RODRIGUEZ, photo research
SHELDON BUCHANAN, reader service
EUGENE WITAI, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover

FERNANDO TEOGORD, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN. Vol. 54, No. 1, January, 1960. Published Monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication, at Washington and South Aves., Donellen, N. Y. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Second-class postage paid at Donellen, N. Y. and Chicago, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacroix, Publisher; Helen Meyers, President; Paul R. Lilly, Managing Director of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the laws of the U. S. and Possessions and Canada. 2nd class postage paid at Donellen, N. Y. for mailing in the United States. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. Second-class postage paid at Donellen, N. J. and New York, N. Y. Subscriptions outside U. S. A. 25¢ per year, $2.50 per year, in Canada and foreign countries. Advertising rates: $30 per year, $2.50 for 10 issues. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $5.00 a year. $6.00 two years. $9.00 three years. Second-class postage paid at Donellen, New Jersey. Printed in the United States. The Publishers reserve the right to refuse return of unsold material. Trademark No. 052800.
When that lady walks in... all restraint flies out!

Enjoy love among the adults as it's never been loved before...with even the FBI unable to find a law to stop it!
JANUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in January, your birthstone is the garnet and your flower is the carnation. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

January 1—Dana Andrews
   Charles Bickford
January 3—Ray Milland
January 4—Barbara Rush
   Jane Wyman
January 5—Jean-Pierre Aumont
January 6—Loretta Young
January 7—Terry Moore
January 8—Jose Ferrer
   Elvis Presley
January 9—Fernando Lamas
January 10—Judy Garland
   Paul Henreid
   Sal Mineo
January 13—Judy Busch
   Jeff Morrow
   Robert Stack
January 14—William Bendix
January 15—Margaret O'Brien
January 16—Ethel Merman
January 17—Sheree North
January 18—Cary Grant
   Danny Kaye
January 19—Guy Madison
January 20—Patricia Neal
   Alex Nicol
January 21—John Agar
   J. Carrol Naish
January 22—Ann Sothern
January 23—Dan Duryea
January 24—Ernest Borgnine
January 25—Dean Jones
January 26—Mary Murphy
   Paul Newman
January 27—Kay Jurado
   Donna Reed
January 29—John Forsythe
   Victor Mature
January 30—Dorothy Malone
   Dolores Michaels
   John Ireland
   Hugh Marlowe
January 31—Jean Simmons

May Wynn
January 8

Randolph Scott
January 23

David Wayne
January 30

Joanne Dru
January 31

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 57.

Q. What made Jennifer Jones consider studying with Lee Strasberg when she's been in pictures over fifteen years and already has an Oscar?
   —R.H., Hewlett, L.I.
   A. The reviews of her last movie.

Q. Is it true that John Wayne has gone on the wagon because his doctor warned him his health would be seriously impaired if he continued drinking?
   —P.W., Pittsburgh, Pa.
   A. Wayne was advised to cut down—not out. He has a martini before dinner now, a couple of drinks afterwards.

Q. I have heard our darling Elvis will give up rock 'n' roll singing when he returns to his career and concentrate only on straight ballads. What about this?
   —T.W., Butte, Mont.
   A. Elvis won't give up rock 'n' roll as his bread 'n' butter. He'll try out a few extra ballads however, to insure his future when the fad fizzes.

Q. Now that Eva Gabor has married for the "Xth" time, exactly how many husbands have the Gabor gals chalked up amongst themselves?
   —C.H., Orlando, Fla.
   A. Including mama—thirteen.

Q. Whatever happened to the reconciliation so dramatically staged between Cara Williams and John Barrymore Jr. for the sake of their son?
   —P.A., Litchfield, Conn.
   A. John went off to France. Cara went off to the out-of-town tryout of her new play, the reconciliation went out the window.

Q. Although Leo Durocher and Laraine Day have denied that there is trouble in their marriage, in your opinion is there a rift?
   —W.R., Washington, D.C.
   A. Where there's smoke there's fire and we think this marriage has burned itself out.

Q. Now that Bing Crosby has reconciled with his sons, and all is well between him and Gary again, do you think this will change Gary's less-than-friendly attitude toward his step-mother Kathy?
   —L.D., Portland, Ore.
   A. No.

Q. What happened to cause the John Bromfield's (of TV's U.S. Marshal) split?
   —E.D., Trenton, N.J.
   A. The marriage allegedly struck out when John suspected foul play between his wife and a famed baseball figure. Their friends, however, feel that Larri (his wife) made an error by leaving home base.

Q. I read conflicting reports about Ice Palace newcomer Diane McBain's big heart-interest. One paper says Richard Burton, the other Troy Donohue. Which fellow is it?
   —R.Y., Madison, Wis.
   A. Since Burton is married, it is obviously Troy.

Q. I saw the Jeff Chandlers together at a sports event here in Los Angeles. Does this mean a possibility of a reconciliation?
   —S.F., Los Angeles, Calif.
   A. No—merely the fact that Jeff had an extra ticket and his ex-wife wanted to see the game.

Q. Exactly what were Liz Taylor's demands for appearing in Buttermilk—and why, after all the hassles, did MGM finally agree to them?
   —R.D., Staten Island, N.Y.
   A. Clean up the plot, re-write the script, shoot in New York. The grosses of Cat On A Hot Tin Roof caused the studio to give Liz what she wanted. She's a big draw, and MGM knows it.

Q. How much money is Bobby Darin getting for his first movie? How much did Fabian get? How does Ricky Nelson rate?
   —Q.W., Dallas, Texas
   A. Bobby's getting $45,000, Fabian got $35,000, Ricky wants $100,000.

Q. Is it true that Dick Clark is annoyed at his teen-age following after the riot that was caused when he made a personal appearance in Kansas City recently, and that he secretly referred to the rioters as a bunch of juvenile delinquents?
   —K.C., Reno, Nev.
   A. Dick referred to the rioters as "adult delinquents." Most of them were over forty years old.
'OPERATION PETTICOAT' in Eastman COLOR

Co-starring JOAN O'BRIEN - DINA MERRILL - GENE EVANS with DICK SARGENT and ARTHUR O'CONNELL

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS - Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN - Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR - A GRANART PRODUCTION - A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

CARY GRANT * TONY CURTIS

submerged with 5 Girls...no wonder the S.S. SEA TIGER was called "The PINK VIRGIN!"
none of the pretty girls at the Fabian Publishing Company want to live up to. What do these pretty girls do? One of them (Diane Baker) dreams of playboy Robert Evans as the father of her child. But that's no minister he's driving her to (in his foreign sportscar): that's an abortionist. Suzy Parker throws herself at theatrical director Louis Jourdan; he ducks—and she goes out the window. Martha Hyer has nervous hysterics over art editor Donald Harron (he won't divorce his wife). Hope Lange loses her fiancé to an oil-well heiress—so she starts wearing hats to the office, and gets a promotion. The hats discourage editor Brian Aherne from pinching her fanny, but they worry editor Stephen Boyd. Boyd's afraid that if the wind stops blowing through Hope's hair she'll turn cold like Crawford. Tired but true, Stephen is available for love. If these girls get the worst of everything it's no wonder. Considering their emotional capacities the wonder is they can hold on to a job.—CINEMASCOPe, 20th-Fox.

- 30 -

life in the city room

- You may think that things are happening outside—that is, out in the world where people are. Well, that may be where some things happen, but the most important things happen inside. Inside a newspaper office where Jack Webb is. Where he is the editor. Tell you what happens there. Nothing. Never. Have so many reporters and copyboys and city editors and lady editors done so much talking about so little. (Mention the weather in there and you'll get a discourse on the nature of reality—with a two column head.) I'll tell...
you some of the things that are happening outside, this which newspaper notes in passing: a three-year-old girl wanders into a sewer without her glasses; an ace pilot (relative of a lady editor) makes a test flight: it's raining. But inside! Inside, Jack Webb strolls from desk to desk, curling his mounting tur-moil. He has mounting tur-moil because his wife (Whitney Blake) wants to adopt a child—and he doesn't want to. Inside, city editor William Conrad drinks forty cups of coffee, writhes in agony at the sight of David Nelson (he's a copyboy), reels off witticisms as though he were auditioning for the part of a city editor and Elia Kazan were hiding under his desk. Inside, heiress Nancy Valen-tine indulges in nasalized tirades trying to prove she can be a girl reporter even though she went to Smith (the college, not the cough-drop company). Inside, all is drama of the sort that never gets into a newspaper—and never should.—WARNERS.

BELIEVED INFIDEL

Deborah Kerr
Gregory Peck
Eddie Albert
Karin Booth
John Sutton

Last year, Hollywood columnist Sheilah Graham wrote a book about her life. In it was the story of her romance with F. Scott Fitzgerald, one of the outstanding novelists of our time. The book was a natural for a movie—and here it is. With Deborah Kerr as Sheilah and Gregory Peck as F. Scott Fitz-gerald. It opens on an ocean liner with Deborah sailing for New York from London, her home. Lord John Sutton doesn't want her to go. He wants her to stay and marry him—even if his mother cuts him off without a cent. Deborah's too practical to accept this sort of proposal. Shortly after her arrival in the States she becomes a reporter. She's sent to Hollywood where she attracts attention by sniping at movie stars, notably at the glamour girl of the hour—Karin Booth. Eddie Albert (as the late Robert Benchley) befriends Deborah and, at one of his parties, she meets Gregory Peck. Peck's once-beloved wife has been in a sanitarium for years, his reputation as a novelist is at a low ebb, he drinks too much, He and Deborah fall in love. Their romance is gay, tender, touching. During this period he begins, but never finishes, what critics later consider his most mature novel. But for him happiness comes too late to save him; for Deborah it comes in time to make a real woman of her.—20th-Fox.

LI'L ABNER

Dogpatch, U.S.A.

Peter Palmer
Leslie Parrish
Stubby Kaye
Howard St. John
Julie Newmar

Just imagine all those beautiful girls from Dogpatch in Technicolor. Imagine Sadie Hawkins' day when the girls chase the fellows and Assaulta (Stella Stevens) puts the 'shammy' on Li'l Abner (Peter Palmer) thus clearing the field of Daisy Mae (Leslie Parrish). Daisy is loved by Earthquake McGoon (Bern Hoffman)—the world's 'champeen dirty wrassler' who is dirty enough to want to steal her away from Abner. But the folks have even bigger problems brought on by the government's decision to use Dogpatch as an atomic testing ground. Dogpatch, according to the government, is the 'most useless town in America.' Useless! When can produce a tonic that turns apes into matinee idols? When, under the statue of Jubilation T. Cornpoe, is found a tablet signed Abraham Lincoln? Abner takes the town's fight to Wash-ington and before he's through, Dogpatch be-
comes a national shrine. Lots of songs and lively dancing.—VISITATION. PARAMOUNT.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE

Gary Cooper
Charlton Heston
Michael Redgrave
Emlyn Williams
Virginia McKenna

There's a gale blowing in the English Chan-nel when two ships don't pass each other in the night: they collide. Aboard the Sea Witch, a salvage boat, are Charlton Heston and Ben Wright. Aboard the Mary Deare is no one—or so it seems when Heston boards her. Only one lifeboat is left, a fire is raging and the ship is heading toward a rocky grave-yard. Suddenly Heston is seized from behind by Gary Cooper, the captain himself, a man who looks and acts as if he's been having violent nightmares. The question is: how did the Mary Deare deteriorate into practically a ghost ship? The answer is: sabotage, mutiny—even murder. Cooper begins the story which ends in a London Court of Inquiry where he must defend himself against wild accusations. It's an adventure story in the salty old sense—full of blood, thunder and a heavy air of mystery.—MGM.

THE WONDERFUL COUNTRY

Robert Mitchum
Julie London
Gary Merrill
Pedro Armendariz
Albert Dekker

Robert Mitchum fled to Mexico as a boy—after killing a man who murdered his father. In Mexico he works for Pedro Armendariz who, with his brother, is rich and ambitious for power. This makes Mitchum a hired killer.

(Continued on page 8)

...and never so few were the moments left for love!

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA

she gave the kind of love that no man forgets!

In a Canterbury Production

"NEVER SO FEW"

Paul Henreid
Brian Donlevy
Dean Jones

Screen Play by
Millard Kaufman
Based On the Novel by
Tom T. Charnley
Directed by
John Sturges
Produced by
Edmund Grainger
Why be only Half Safe? use *Arrid* to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic *Arrid* with Persstop®, actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get *Arrid* Cream Deodorant today.

---

**new movies**

(Continued from page 7)

—unloved in any country. One day he crosses the Rio Grande with an oxcart full of smuggled pesos. Pedro sent him to buy guns. Unfortunately, Mitchum breaks his leg when his horse falls. There he lies, north of the border, wanted for an old murder. Albert Dekker, Captain of the Texas Rangers, is willing to forget Mitchum's past if he joins the Rangers. Julie London thinks only of their future. The present is what's bothering her: she's married to dedicated Army Major Gary Merrill. Because of Julie, Mitchum has to shoot a man. Back to Mexico he runs. Unfortunately, Pedro never got the guns he sent pesos for and he blames Mitchum (actually, the Apaches stole them). Pedro's willing to forget the guns if Mitchum agrees to assassinate his— Pedro's—brother. Nothing doing, says Mitchum. Back to the Rio Grande he callops, trailed by a would-be executioner.

En route Mitchum comes upon a patrol led by a dying Merrill and his chief officer LeRoy "Satchel" Paige; they're fighting Apaches. There is no end to the action around Mitchum who, underneath everything, is looking for a little peace of mind—Technicolor, United Artists.

**RECOMMENDED MOVIES:**

**A SUMMER PLACE** (Warner): This is the place where old passions are rekindled, and new ones burst into flames. Among those with old memories are Richard Egan and Dorothy McGuire, who knew each other long ago on this summer island; he now has a frigid wife (Constance Ford) and she, a drunken husband (Arthur Kennedy). The victims of all these triangles, who build a new life and love together, are Troy Donahue and Sandra Dee, Sandra's unfortunate and unmarried pregnant state brings troubles crashing down on "the summer place."

**THE LAST ANGRY MAN** (Columbia): Scantily dressed Muriel Mattey gets involved with TV executive David Wayne, who is a not-very-good husband to Betsy Palmer and presently stumped over an idea for a new show. Muriel's nephew Joly Baker has written an account of Uncle's treatment of a badly beaten girl, left at his door by hoods. The way the story builds into an inspiring TV show and the way all are changed by Muriel's noble character make a compelling drama.

**CAREER** (Paramount): Anthony Franciosa is an acknowledged actor after fourteen years of hellish struggle. All begins in New York: Tony acts in a company (on the Lower East Side) organized by Dean Martin. He runs into uninterested producers—like Robert Middleton, married middle-class Joan Blackman (it doesn't last). Then Martin forgets old friends as a big-shot in Hollywood and Franciosa marries Middleton's daughter Shirley MacLaine (a lark in love with Martin). Carolyn Jones, Franciosa's agent, is the last member of this complicated clan. It's good therapy for would-be actors.

**ON THE BEACH** (United Artists): The end of the world is near after an Atomic War. Gregory Peck, Anthony Perkins and Fred Astaire are part of the crew of an American Atomic submarine headed for Australia, the only safe place left. Perlins' wife, Donna Anderson, is pregnant. Ava Gardner is in love with Peck (who remembers only his dead wife and child); Astaire finds nothing left to him but suicide and drinking. The banner in Melbourne's square says "There's still time, brother." Find out how much.

**THE MOUSE THAT ROARED** (Columbia): The Grand Duchess of Fenwick is full of people who look like Peter Sellers (plays the role of Duchess, Prime Minister and Field Marshal). When a California firm comes out with a cheap wine that imitates the product that keeps Fenwick going, the Duchess declares war on the U. S., and wins! Sellers takes Professor David Kossoff (inventor of the terrible Q-Bomb), his daughter, Jean Seberg, and four policemen as prisoners of war. A funny clever satire.
MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA
PARSONS

in this issue:
The big Thalian wingding
Louella's first meeting with Liz
Debbie explains her TV antics

Bob Neal was Debbie's escort for the lavish Thalian benefit. $55,000 was raised that night for the Thalian children's clinic.
The Thalian Wingding

This is an annual wingding, with Debbie Reynolds, and the others active in this charity for the mentally retarded children’s clinic, always working very hard to think of original skits and to put it over with a flourish.

This year the theme for the show was those lost twenty minutes out of the Academy Award Show. As emcee Dick Powell stated, “This show is being presented without the cooperation of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences” (which took an awful drubbing about being twenty minutes short on the last televised awards program). Jimmy McHugh and I sat at the table with Dick Powell and June Allyson, Dinah Shore, and George Montgomery, Frances and Edgar Bergen and Kitty and Mervyn Le Roy. Dinah is certainly becoming one of the world’s best dressed women—her new gown was of rose silk—and really fabulous.

The party was held in the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel and immediately following dinner the show went on. Believe me, the ‘awards’ were plenty crazy—here are some of them:

June Allyson and Rory Calhoun presenting the award to “The Outstanding New Personality of the Year” in Hollywood. The winnah—The Fly!

Debbie Reynolds and Hugh O’Brian made the award to “The Outstanding Contribution by an Outside Industry” (the nominees were Abbey Rents, Home Savings and Loan, and Instant Sweat—Sweat winning).

Groucho Marx awarded the “Best Prop” to the bed in Cat On A Hot Tin Roof.

This was followed by a skit based on Cat with Shirley MacLaine Ernie Kovacs and Louis Nye playing the parts created by Liz Taylor, Paul Newman and Burl Ives. (A bit risque if you ask me.)

But everyone seemed to have a good time and applauded long and loud when Debbie announced $55,000 had been raised.
Everything’s Going for Eddie

Elizabeth Taylor, looking trim and her glamorous self again after losing all that unbecoming weight, sat with us during Eddie Fisher’s show at the Desert Inn. As usual, when Eddie is performing, Liz didn’t take her eyes off him. And, he still directs all his love songs straight to “Mrs. Fisher,” as Eddie always introduces her.

Liz was wearing a black lace cocktail gown and even after the lights were lowered for Eddie’s act, a lot of people kept watching Elizabeth—particularly the women.

It was the first time I had spent an evening with Elizabeth since the start of all the Liz-Eddie-Debbie fuss. It’s typical of Liz that she made no reference to this interim. Pleased and sure of herself as always, she sort of ‘picked up’ as it were, where we left off.

At this time, she was terribly upset that MGM was going to suspend her for refusing to do Butterfield 8 which would kill her chances of doing Cleopatra and picking up a cool million dollars offered her by 20th.

(Later, Elizabeth won every point she had demanded in this battle. The script of Butterfield 8 was rewritten to suit her, with much of the salaciousness taken out. And she was given permission to do Cleopatra as well! If you think Elizabeth Taylor isn’t a pretty smart business woman you’ve under-estimated this belle.)

But at this time, she didn’t know she was going to get her way. “If I can only accept Cleopatra I’ll take the money I receive and establish a trust fund for my children which will insure their security for life,” she told me.

“I suppose MGM thought if I got the million for Cleopatra I would retire without doing the movie I owe them on my old contract,” she went on. “I offered to put up the million as collateral to prove my good faith and that I would keep my word to MGM. I never go back on my word,” she said firmly.

After Eddie’s show, we went with Liz to his dressing room where we had champagne and toasted old times—and new. Eddie was in a wonderful humor and I meant it when I told him he was singing better than I had ever heard him. I’ve always liked him, and we were so close he used to call me “Mom.”

“I’m singing better because I am so happy,” he said, putting his arm around “Mrs. Fisher.”

He drew Liz close and kissed her on the cheek. “I’ve got everything going for me, Mom,” he whispered.

Diane Baker:

I don’t know when I’ve been more impressed with a newcomer than I am with Diane in The Best of Everything. What a sassy performance she gives as the pretty little secretary whose love is betrayed by a rich young cad. With her heart-shaped face, wide hazel eyes, a completely natural beauty, she is unlike any other star personality.

At first meeting, she strikes you as a demure, rather strait-laced little person with a formal manner. One of the 20th press agents told me he was in daily contact with Diane for eight weeks making Best and it wasn’t until the last day of the picture that he called him by his first name.

Also, she stated quite firmly in her polite way that she didn’t think she would like to pose for cheesecake art. Nor would she attend movie premieres or parties with young actors she didn’t know, just to be seen at the right places.

A native of Los Angeles, her parents live there, but Diane doesn’t live with them. She has a small apartment at the Chateau Marmont where she lives alone—and likes it.

“I’m so single-minded about my career and I study drama so many long hours a day, it’s best that I have my own place so I don’t upset the routine of my family,” she says.

Diane was born in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital during a terrific flood. Her mother is Dorothy Harrington Baker who used to play in Marx Brothers movies; her father is Clyde Baker, former USC star athlete. Diane attended local grade schools until her family moved to Laguna and it was in the little beach resort town that she became interested in school plays. Later, at Van Nuys High school, Diane was the star of the drama class. The rest of her way to a studio contract is almost routine—modeling, beauty contests, TV commercials in New York and then the proverbial talent scout for 20th.
George's Royal Rolls

A handsome young man who asked me to go riding offered and produced a conveyance much to my taste. George Hamilton, the new white hope at MGM, invited me to dine with him and called for me in a Rolls-Royce.

Such style! When I asked George, who has made only one or two films, how he came by such a swanky car he said:

"The Rolls originally belonged to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth," this tall, dark and handsome twenty-six-year-old charmer said. (He hails from a wealthy and social family of Florida and had money before he entered pictures.)

He continued. "The Royal family couldn't use the car during the war so it was shipped to America. It's the first car I've bought for myself—and I love it."

Unlike many of the new young bachelors on their way up the movie ladder, George didn't mind discussing his dates. When he was in Mississippi on location making Home From The Hill he had met Lynda Lee Meade. He escorted her to a couple of parties.

"When she later won the 'Miss America' contest, I called her to congratulate her," George told me. "She's really a very nice girl and I hope to meet her again when I go East again—or South." He doesn't know exactly when that will be as he is soon starting Cimarron and it has a long shooting schedule. But George likes Lynda Lee and doesn't mind admitting it.

They had been taping Frank's TV show on which Bing and Dean made guest appearances. But like all the rest of us they headed straight for Mr. O'Malley to get the 'inside' on how the Cinderella team of all time won the World Series.

I overheard Mrs. Kirk Douglas telling Mrs. O'Malley that she is such a Dodger fan she is going to become an American citizen.

Next to baseball, the Stork was the important topic and a pretty group of mothers-to-be compared nursery notes. Among them was Dana Wynter (Mrs. Greg Bautzer) who looked so beautiful in a maternity gown; also Mrs. Dick Shawn (her husband has a top role in Mervyn's new movie Wake Me When It's Over) who is expecting their second, even though their first child is not yet a year old, and Los Angeles' Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman.

Gloria and Jimmy Stewart sat at our table and Gloria and I told Mary (Mrs. Jack) Benny we'd like to take that beautiful dress of hers right off her back. It was a flowered satin with two shades of red roses—a knockout.
Debbie on the Paar Show:

Debbie Reynolds telephoned to ask me and Jimmy McHugh to be her guests at the Thalian party and while I had her ear I asked, "What got into you to go on such a rampage on Jack Paar's TV show—tearing off his shirt and all that nonsense?"

Debbie's antics had stirred up a lot of comment, not all of it complimentary.

She said, "Jack told me not to be serious—to live it up and act like I was having fun," Debbie sounded really chastened as she added, "I'm sorry if some people got the wrong impression."

Changing the subject, I said, "At least six people have called me this morning saying that Harry Karl has just paid $400,000 for an estate next to Dinah Shore's and that he bought the house for a honeymoon home for you. True or false?"

This time, Debbie really laughed. "You know it isn't true. I like Harry. He's a nice man and a thoughtful one. But there's absolutely no thought of marriage between us and never has been."

"How are those wonderful babies?" I asked, meaning adorable little Carrie Frances and Todd.

"I sent them up to be with Eddie in Las Vegas over the week end," Debbie said, "and I never knew how much I could miss them! But it is only right that Eddie should have some time with Carrie Frances and Todd. Believe me, though, I was the happiest mother in town when they got home this evening."

France Nuyen hasn't apologized for her inexcusable behavior when photographers tried to snap her and Marlon Brando.

... to say I think the conduct of France Nuyen (who may be the next Mrs. Marlon Brando) at the Miami airport when she and Marlon flew back from a little vacation in Haiti, was inexcusable. Miss Nuyen saw fit to strike out at reporters and photographers who report her conversation equally torrid.

Surprisingly, Marlon stood by more or less calmly—maybe he was so taken with the behavior of his companion he decided to let her handle affairs for the two of them.

France kept yelling something about her privacy—which is a laugh. When a young lady who is the star of a hit New York show, The World of Susie Wong, decides to take a trip with a young man who is probably one of the most famous actors in the world, she may expect many things—but privacy isn't one of them!

True, Marlon and France assumed fake names even to changing initials on their luggage—but where in the world did they think they could go, except on a rocket to the moon, and not be recognized?

One of the prices of rather unorthodox behavior is some completely orthodox publicity. You can't have your fame—and be nobodies too.

As France intends to resume her film career (she debuted in South Pacific) at 20th Century-Fox after the run of her play, it might behoove her to improve her relations with the press. Her boyfriend is a big star—but she isn't, yet.
The great crowd of three hundred fans who waited outside the chapel at Errol Flynn's funeral behaved with decorum and respectful tribute.

The Crosby Rift Is Healed

Had quite a nice talk with Bing Crosby who, the very next night, patched up his long standing feud with son Gary by dropping by the Moulin Rouge to catch the act of the Crosby Boys. I'm so glad this rift has been healed. It was so distressing and disillusioning to all the Crosby fans and friends.

Bing was happy, too, about his first little daughter, Mary Frances. He was every inch the proud father, bustin' his buttons with pride, when he told me, "She's the daintiest little doll you ever saw—such a little beauty and with the loveliest hands."

I have a feeling that not only will her famous dad spoil Missy Crosby, but so will those big brothers of hers, Lindsay, the youngest, stood up as godfather when Mary Frances was baptized and he presented her with a tiny cross of diamonds.

The Funeral

Wiser men than I have puzzled over the workings of the mass mind. In other words, who knows what the public is going to do? When six hundred people showed up for the funeral of Errol Flynn—only three hundred of them friends (inside the Chapel at Forest Lawn) and the others, fans and curious mourners—they behaved with such decorum and respectful tribute to the late great swashbuckling star, I couldn't help but recall another recent funeral.

At the funeral of Tyrone Power, who lived, breathed and died like a gentleman— a boisterous crowd beheld like hoodlums. They screamed and yelled, and tore flowers off the wreaths to stick in their hair and brought box lunches to munch beside his grave. Hysteria marked the whole shocking proceedings.

Yet, the general deportment at the last rites for Errol—that gay scalawag—was as dignified as though a statesman was being laid to rest.

I'm not going into all the angles of Errol's death. The less said about the Aadland girl, the better.

I prefer to remember Errol as the gay charming, devilishly handsome man he was at the height of his stardom. He was a delightful friend, witty, well read, a fine conversationalist. He was also his own worst enemy.

The last time he came to town, he called me, as he always did, and we talked over the telephone. The papers were full of his arrival here with his "protege."

I remember I said to him, "Errol, I don't approve of you. But I like you—and I always will."

And I always will.
Predictions for 1960

If you'll go along with me I think I'll have a little fun at this season of the year and look into my private crystal ball to predict what I think is coming up in Hollywood news during 1960. I think—

**Kim Novak** will become the bride of director Richard Quine.

**Marlon Brando** will marry France Nuyen (see SOAPBOX).

**Hope Lange** will be the bright new star of 20th pictures. In The Best of Everything Hope gives promise of being a new Grace Kelly.

The **David Niven**'s reconciliation will stick...

**Elvis Presley** will return to his career—and even greater popularity than he enjoyed before serving his stint in the Army in Germany (and believe me that's plenty popular!). Producers are already battling to get first call on Elvis after his Hcl Wallis movie, partially completed.

**Shirley MacLaine** will get quite temperamental until she comes to her senses, and the level-headed girl she really is, and realizes being "a feminine Frank Sinatra" doesn't pay.

---

No Motor Scooter for Louella

This has been my month for invitations from good-looking young men to go riding with them in an assortment of vehicles.

**Edd "Kookie" Byrnes** and I hit it off great when we met at Dino's at dinner one night. A few afternoons later he came o'calling at my home and didn't once comb his hair.

"Kookie," who has sent the teenagers into their loudest squeals since the advent of **Elvis Presley**, flattered me by saying he had been dying to meet me. Now girls, don't get too jealous but he invited me to take a ride on his motor scooter.

"You must be kidding," I gasped.

"Oh, no—it's safe," he laughed. "It has a side car which is very comfortable. The studio (Warners) won't let me drive it except around the lot—so there's no danger."

I told "Kookie" I would take this into consideration, but you can bet your last dollar I'm taking no rides in that contraption—"Kookie" or no "Kookie."
The Tuesday Weld controversy rages and rages! Emid DeVore, Atlanta, represents one school: Hurrah for Tuesday who dares to be herself in convention-tidden Hollywood! She has courage and guts to defy those who would mold every young girl on the screen into another Sandra Dee. So Tuesday goes barefoot! So her hair looks like a mop? So she sounds like a beatnik? She's different—she's original, she's herself!

Now comes Mrs. Bob Beers, Los Angeles: Never have I seen anything on TV as disgusting as Tuesday Weld on Paul Coates' TV show. Looking like nothing ever seen before (wasn't she wearing a negligee?), her answers to intelligent questions were as fuzzy as her eyes. Can't someone stop this What's-Her-Name before silly young girls start acting like her?

Blinky Champagne, Covington, La., (is that a real name, Blinky?), writes: Shame on you, Louella. You have let Tab Hunter down as much as his fickle fans. Two or three years ago your Modern Screen news was filled with Tab and his doings. Now—

 silence where he is concerned. Isn't he as talented as ever? Yes, although Tab's TV appearances have been better than his recent movies. Tab was lost in That Kind of Woman. Hollywood need look no more for next year's Oscar winner among the women stars, opines Clarissa Burnside, East Detroit, Mich. Audrey Hepburn will get it hands down for her superb performance in The Nun's Story. Audrey thanks you, I'm sure, Clarissa.

Kay Elizabeth Dietz, Mt. Prospect, Ill., writes a beautiful letter about Kay Kendall. How terrible the loss of her gaiety, her beauty and her talent. But what a wonderful legacy she left us with—her magnificent courage.

Hans J. Ring, New Haven, Conn., writes a most intelligent letter in excellent English. I have been in this country for only two months, having come over from Germany to make my permanent home here. My first impression on movies and movie magazines is there is too much emphasis on teenagers and their preferences. Write please about June Allyson (where is she hiding?). Jessie Royce Landis and Thelma Ritter. June has her own TV show. Hans, Jessie Royce Landis is very good in North By Northwest and Thelma is all over the screen and TV.

Will Pearl Johnston, Arlee, Montana, who wrote the lovely poem in memory of Ritchie Valens (I printed a part of it in this department) please send copies of the entire poem to Mary Anne Manff, 3807 Vermont Rd., Atlanta 10, Ga., (she is president of the Ritchie Valens Memorial Club) and to Lois Teller, 630 Pasadena Ave., St. Petersburg, Fla.?

Did William Holden leave this country to live in Switzerland to deliberately avoid paying income taxes in the U.S.A.? indignantly inquires Lilian V. McMasters, New York, N.Y. He says not, Mrs. McV.—Bill says he can keep his eye on his business interests (Japan and Africa) better if he locates in Europe. At least, that's what the man says.

Maureen Cassidy, Ft. Worth, Texas, says she is just sixteen years old, but pretty smart, in her own words: I can tell producers they won't start making big money again until they again start making love stories like Love Is A Many Splendored Thing or The Best of Everything which I have just seen. Men's stories, Westerns, war yarns, etc., do not draw in the women. Hurrah for The Best of Everything and wonderful Diane Baker and Hope Lange. That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada.
Genevieve says "GIVE THE FABULOUS FRAGRANCE WE FRENCH WOMEN LOVE"

Evening in Paris

Gifts, $1 to $25

- 5 Evening in Paris treasures in a gleaming satin boudoir box: $5.00
- Vanity Set, 6 glamour accessories in a fabulous jewel case: $7.50
- Music Box, a love song with a symphony of 6 Evening in Paris favorites: $10.00
- 3 for the Money, cologne, talcum and perfume: $2.50
- The hard-to-find "little" gift, cologne and purse perfume: $1.00

Created in Paris by Maurice
Made in U.S.A.
this season we celebrate
the birth of our Lord.
we celebrate the
birth of a new year,
a new decade.
and we celebrate all this
in joy and hope.
but this season,
we’re also forced to mourn.
two men have died
who meant much to us.
one man could sing
like an angel.
the other...well, he was
sometimes thought of
as a devil...
except by his friends.
much of Hollywood’s glory
and excitement died with

MARIO
AND
ERROL
PHILADELPHIA—1921: The midwife wrapped the baby in a soft white blanket and placed it in its weary mother's arms. Then she turned to the dark, good-looking man who sat in the wheelchair alongside the bed—the new baby's father, wounded badly, permanently, in the Great War that had ended only a couple of years before—and she asked, "Now it is the time for the three of you to be alone—
you and your wife and your new one, eh?"

The man nodded.

"And for me," the midwife continued, "it is time to go and make myself a nice big cup of coffee."

She left the bedroom of the apartment and went to the kitchen. It wasn't long after, as she sat at the table, sipping from her cup, that she heard a knock on the door.

"Yes?" she called out.

A neighbor woman poked her head in.

"I heard the screaming, from upstairs . . . Is it born yet?" she asked, excitedly.

"Yes," the midwife said, "it is born."

"A boy, like they wanted?" (Continued on page 70)
Errol Flynn died the way he lived, surrounded by the things he liked best—good liquor and a beautiful young girl.

He died in the arms of that girl, a shapely, sexy blonde who professed her love openly and unabashedly, more so than any other woman who shared the moments and years with the erratic playboy-actor during his stormy life.

Moments before death took Errol Flynn at the age of fifty in Vancouver, B. C., last October 15, he looked up into the eyes of his seventeen-year-old sweetheart, Beverly Aadland. He saw tears streaking down her cheeks. A wan smile broke on his lips as he studied the anxiety and grief on her face.

Errol’s lips trembled. He seemed to be trying to speak. He looked as if he wanted to reassure Beverly—

“I have no complaints about my life. I’ve enjoyed every minute of it.”

But Beverly, her hair wildly tangled and with (Continued on page 58)
DEAR DEBBIE:

We watched you on the Jack Paar Show.
We stayed up past midnight just to see you.
There is a running gag on the show about what Jack Paar is really like.
And we felt the candidness of this late-hour program would give us an idea of what Debbie Reynolds is really like these days.
You see, Debbie, reports have been coming into our office about the way you have changed. Reports on (Continued on page 66)
Annette Funicello and Paul Anka discover...
Running across the meadow hand in hand with Paul Anka, Annette Funicello is living one of the most delicious moments of her romance with Paul. But anguish as well as beauty has marked their tender affair. And when night falls, Annette's mind will be clouded with those special doubts and torments known to every girl who has fallen in love for the first time. And then, in the midst of her doubting, she will remember, poignantly, that day she first knew the sweetness of love.

(Continued on page 73)
On a day when he was fourteen, he put his childhood behind him. He walked out of the bare, white-tiled hospital that smelled of carbolic acid and fear into a fall afternoon, grey sky, and a brightness in the leaves, and children screaming on roller skates, but the life of the street washed around him blurrily. The only reality he knew was back in that high white bed where his father lay. He's going to die, the boy thought, he's going to die, and he pressed a round gold watch to his cheek in a queer, half-hunching gesture.

He had been eleven years old, when the sickness hit his father. Eleven years old, and a junior high school kid. He and the other guys were crazy about sports, they hung around the drugstore drinking cokes and teasing girls, and they dreamed of racing hot rods, diving for treasure in the south seas, playing big-league baseball, flying jet planes. Merle Johnson, Jr., had one other dream, though. The big one. To be an actor.

At home on Long Island he was exposed to plenty of theater. His mother, Edith Johnson, had been an actress; his father was head of the motion picture division of General Motors. Maybe they knew too much about the pain, the phoniness, the struggle. Anyhow, they didn't want it for their boy. He'd mentioned the stage, the movies, and they'd sigh. "No, dear," they'd say. Sometimes, in bed at night, plotting his secret future, he'd wonder why, and he'd fall asleep thinking of his name in lights, and Elizabeth Taylor kissing him as she handed him his Oscar or Helen Hayes making a little speech in which she declared that she hadn't enjoyed a young man's performance so much since the last time she'd caught her very own son.

His father's sickness changed everything. There wasn't any cure. He remembered that terrifying day when his mother told him "Darling," she said, "you have a right to know. But the doctor agrees that we shouldn't say anything to Daddy. It wouldn't do any good, and there's no need—"

At eleven, then, the boy shared a secret which would have weighed heavily on a much (Continued on page 64)
We were afraid we couldn't have a baby. We had been hoping for a little son or daughter of our own to bless our home ever since we were married in January of 1957. But as the
To those of us who know Liz Taylor—who’ve seen her recently, been with her these past few weeks—one fact is extraordinary:

Never in her life has she been happier, healthier, more content, more calm, than since her marriage to Eddie Fisher.

This includes the short, supposedly-fabulous period of time she was married to Mike Todd.

Certainly this includes the years she spent as the wife of Michael Wilding.

And Nicky Hilton.

The years of her childhood, when she was the most beautiful and the most spoiled young girl in all of Hollywood. . .

Most of you have been reading about Liz for years. You’ve read about some of the downs in her life. But mostly you’ve read about the ups, the good times, the gay times, the marvelous times that have been bestowed on this loveliest of all movie princesses.

Let us say, right here and now, that those accounts of the good, gay, marvelous times were very much exaggerated.

For here is a girl who, until now, has not been very happy.

Who has, indeed, suffered.

Who has suffered physical pain.

Heartbreak.

And an emotional instability so terrible that, more than once, she has been on the verge of a serious nervous breakdown. . .

Those of us who know Liz Taylor see the bright look in her eyes today, and we remember the times when those eyes were filled with tears.

The tears, for instance, brought on by the awful pain her back condition would cause her.

“An imagined condition, purely psychosomatic,” some people have shrugged.

“A very real condition,” others have said, “a slipped disc that has required operation after operation.”

Real or (Continued on page 69)
Bette Davis's little girl
lives very far away...
in a world no normal person
has ever entered.
She comes home only once a year...

Home For Christmas

- The beautiful blue-eyed girl, nine years old, will sit at the table in the big Hollywood house this Christmas afternoon to come.
  She will talk a little, as well as she can talk.
  She will eat a little.
  But she will, mostly, just sit there at her place at the large table, looking at the others.
  And the others will smile at her.
  And they will say nice things to her.
  And they will pretend that nothing is wrong, that she does not have to leave them, soon, that the place from which she came—to which she must return—is far away. They will pretend for the few hours they are together.
  These short and very precious hours.
  These blessed hours of Christmas Day...
  It all began at another Christmastime, a night in December of 1951, as Bette Davis opened the door of her daughter Barbara's bedroom, to see if the child was still asleep.
  She wasn't, and Bette turned on a lamp and smiled.
  "Beedee," she said, "your daddy and I have a surprise for you."
  The five-year-old sat up in bed. "Is Santa Claus here already?" she asked, rubbing her eyes.

(Continued on page 67)
THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

A SPECIAL REPORT FROM THE END OF THE DECADE

EDITOR

16 PAGE
In the fabulous fifties
we learned that
fairy tales could come true...

April 19, 1956, Grace Kelly and her parents kneel beside Prince Rainier at royal wedding.
This afternoon, while our two small children were napping, my wife and I went down to the basement to see if we could ferret out the three (or was it four?) boxes of Christmas tree ornaments we had stored away last January. If your basement is anything like ours, then you can probably imagine what happened to us—at least the beginning of it. We hadn’t been there five minutes when the only light in the place blew its brains out, plunging us into total darkness. While I fumbled about in vain for a flashlight, my wife (the practical member of our family) made her way cautiously towards the steps, intent on getting a new bulb upstairs. Fate, however, had a detour planned, and instead of guiding her foot onto the first step, it guided it onto a collapsed old baby-stroller. From where I stood at the far end of the cellar all I heard was a dull thump and then a long relentless moaning. Somehow, despite the pitch blackness, I was suddenly able to make things out quite clearly. Maybe my eyes had adjusted to the dark, or maybe there is, after all, some extra candle-power within us which, in times of extreme necessity, casts its own ray of light. Whatever the explanation, I reached my wife in a flash to find her lying motionless, flat on her face. I bent down.

“Can you get up?” I whispered.

“Of course I can!” she said, leaping to her feet and dusting herself off.

“You mean you aren’t hurt? From the way you were moaning I thought....”

“I wasn’t moaning,” she said, looking at me sheepishly. “I was cursing. You know I never curse out loud. Now let’s get a —— light down here so we can see what we’re doing. If it hadn’t been for that pile of old magazines I might really have conked myself.”

That pile of old magazines that had broken her fall against the hard concrete floor, those wonderful soft old paper magazines (which I had been too lazy to burn) were, we discovered when we came back with a light bulb five minutes later, movie magazines—a bunch of old Hollywood Yearbooks, Hollywood Romances, Screen Albums, and a complete collection of Modern Screens going back to 1950. All of which proves what I’ve been saying ever since I became an editor: If you want to stay healthy, happy and safe in this dark cruel world buy lots and lots of Modern Screens! They saved my wife, and they might save you.

But seriously, when we’d pulled ourselves together, Astrid insisted we put the baby-stroller in a safe place (the garbage), and straighten out the magazines, which were scattered around like cards in a game of 52-Pick-Up. I got a cardboard carton and we started piling them in when suddenly she turned to me out of the blue and said, “Guess when Eddie walked out on Debbie?”

“In the morning?” I said.

“C’mon, really, when?” she insisted.
It was an age when teenagers with guitars could become kings...
Let me explain at this point that my wife, who is otherwise normal, does have one special form of madness—a tendency at certain times to believe she's a quizmaster and I'm a contestant. After years of marriage I've found that if I play along seriously for five or ten minutes the madness passes and she resumes her role as a housewife again. So, I furrowed my brow, wiped some imaginary sweat off it with a handkerchief, and tried to come up with the answer. This quiz was definitely not fixed and I was in deep trouble. I tried to visualize the hundreds of photos I'd seen of Liz and Eddie in New York when they spent their first notorious week end at Grossingers. Was it last year, or the year before? Were they wearing overcoats? Was it March or September? Lives and loves change so quickly in Hollywood it's almost impossible to keep track, and yesterday usually seems like a million years ago. For the life of me I couldn't remember.

"Your time is up," she said, handing me a dusty copy of Modern Screen which had a picture of Debbie and Eddie on the cover and, in large black type, the historic words WHY EDDIE WALKED OUT ON DEBBIE. The date on the magazine was July, 1955.

"Seems like walking out on Debbie was an old established custom with Mr. Fisher," said my wife. "Even before they were married. Look."

She opened to the article and there it was—all the postponed wedding plans, the hassles with business managers, the problems, the uncountable problems that Debbie and Eddie, not yet married, were already facing—or perhaps I should say running away from. "The seeds of future tragedy," I intoned in my most philosophical voice, "were planted from the very beginning."

"Well, I don't know about seeds," said Astrid, "but I do know we've got to find those Christmas decorations. Now hurry up and start looking. I hear the kids." And off she ran to the children's room, leaving me sitting there alone marveling at the supernatural ability mothers have to hear the cries of their children no matter how far away they are or how many doors and walls are shut between them. The ability to listen with their hearts. I found myself wondering whether trained baby nurses (we'd never had one) could also listen with their hearts, and I decided that probably they couldn't, and then I found myself thinking of all those mothers in Hollywood who, like Debbie, had to hire nurses to bring up their children, competent efficient nurses who could do everything for the children except, perhaps, listen with their hearts.

Suddenly the top of my head began to itch. Now when the top of my head begins to itch, it always means (except in mosquito season) that I've got what the Italians call "a bad thought." I tried to figure it out. I'd been thinking about Debbie, or, more specifically, about her children Carrie Frances and
Todd Emanuel. I had probably been feeling a little sorry for them, feeling that my own kids, David and Erika, who are just about the same age as Debbie’s, were more fortunate because at that moment they were being diapered and dressed by their own mom. I guess, to be perfectly honest, I was congratulating myself that, though Debbie was rich and famous and talented, somehow our house was better than their house. And the more I kept thinking of this the harder my head kept itching away, obviously trying to tell me something.

“Okay, Head,” I said finally, “what’s bothering you—I mean me?”

To which my Head calmly replied, “That thought we just had about being better off than someone else is just what causes so much tragedy for so many people in Hollywood. If I may quote from the Bible, Pride goeth before a fall. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased. Now you see those old magazines, well, they’re not exactly Bibles but they make the same point. They’re filled with pictures of the most beautiful, rich, exalted, proud people in the world, and what happens to these people? Pull over an orange-crate, make yourself comfortable, and take a look…”

For more than an hour I sat there in the chilly cellar turning through hundreds of dusty pages in Hollywood in the decade that is almost over now—the decade of the Fifties. I heard again Ingrid Bergman’s anguished cry, “I’m not a saint, I’m human!” as she carried the baby of Roberto Rossellini safe in her womb against the outrage of a shocked world. I looked again at the joyous faces of “perfect couples” like Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton uniting in “ideal marriages” doomed to wither and die overnight. I read again all the sad sordid details in the lives of Rita, Lana, and Ava, the triple goddesses of the post-war years, the most envied women in the world, setting their feet on paths leading to heartbreak, murder, and lonely exile. I shuddered again as Judy Garland in her twenty-seventh year, the girl I had fallen in love with when she was Dorothy in The Wizard of Oz, put a knife to her throat and slashed herself in an agony of unknown despair. And again and again I paused at pictures of a girl who really had everything, not only fame, fortune, beauty and a distinguished husband but the rarer advantage of having been born into a home of taste, culture and refinement, a girl named Gene Tierney who in 1950 was acknowledged by Modern Screen as the best-dressed star in Hollywood and who this past October was discovered (at the age of 37) working as a sales clerk in a clothing shop in Topeka, Kansas. I looked and nodded, beginning to understand, when suddenly my head began to itch again.

“Here we go, with that same old bad thought,” said my Head, “congratulating ourselves that, though we’ve had our little problems, we’ve never
In 1955, Hollywood worried about Susan Hayward's sleeping-pill suicide try.

But it was an age when our luckiest and most glamorous people got into the worst troubles.

In 1958, the world worried about a murder by Lana Turner's daughter Cheryl.
really hit bottom. It's almost Christmas and we're forgetting one of the profound truths He left us—that suffering is ennobling, that He who would save his life must first lose it. Do you see that picture of Frank Sinatra on page 45?"

I turned to page 45. The year was 1951. The picture was a pitiful one, of a shell of a man walking along a desolate beach in autumn, his trousers rolled up, his head hanging down wearily as a flower at the end of autumn hangs its head on a thin dry stem.

"How does he look?" asked my Head.

"Awful," I had to admit.


"Absolutely, positively brilliant," I answered. "But if you're trying to tell me that Frank Sinatra suddenly became a great actor and a great singer because he had fallen so low, well..."

"What's the matter with you?" said a strangely familiar, high-pitched voice, and I looked up to see my wife standing on the cellar stairs, staring at me incredulously and scratching her head.

"Do you know why your head itches?" I said.

"Now I know you're crazy. Do you realize I've been standing here for ten minutes and all you've been doing is mumbling to yourself? As a matter of fact, what have you been doing?"

"It so happens," I smiled, "that I've been making a study of life in Hollywood in the 1950's, so that the next time you start in with one of your ridiculous quizzes you won't be dealing with any lunkhead—at least in that category. Go on," I said, "ask me a question. Anything."

I knew I had her then. Her frown disappeared, that well-known madness lit up her eyes gaily, she came down the steps and, using an old broom for a microphone, said, "Your first question is state the important events in Hollywood by years, beginning with the year 1950. You have exactly six minutes."

Well, with an unorganized bean like mine that couldn't even remember when Debbie married Eddie, I knew she'd stumped me again. Then suddenly I realized that in the inside pocket of my jacket was a carbon copy of an excellent, informed article Louella Parsons had just written for Modern Screen's Hollywood Yearbook, in which Louella had, among the many interesting things she had to say, listed the important events of the Fifties year by year. A wild thought came upon me. "It just so happens," I lied, that I knew you were going to ask that question and so, for the sake of time, I've written down my answers." At which point I took out the article, moved back away so she could not see that it was a typed carbon, and coolly began to shoot the answers to her.
We were constantly being shocked, constantly being asked to forgive, and constantly forgiving.

1950. The world ostracized Ingrid Bergman when she fell in love with Roberto Rossellini.

But when she came to claim her Oscar in 1956, a forgiving public welcomed her back.
1950: The Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rossellini love story set the world on fire—particularly after the birth of their love child, Robertino.

No. 2 Passion was Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra, so explosive in their romance that Nancy Sinatra was forced to file for divorce.

Whispers were strong that Rita Hayworth and Aly Khan were tired of marriage and—each other.

Shirley Temple admits she is in love with San Francisco business man Charles Black and will marry him following her disillusioning divorce from John Agar.

Elizabeth Taylor says “I Do” to hotel scion, Nicky Hilton Jr., in what the newspapers hail as “a story book” wedding in Beverly Hills.

Clark Gable elopes with Lady Sylvia Ashley.

Cary Grant and Betsy Drake marry.

The Oscars were won by Judy Holliday in *Born Yesterday* and Jose Ferrer for *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

1951: Dawns sadly with the death of Dixie Lee Crosby from lingering malignancy.

Elizabeth Taylor and Nicky Hilton end five months of marriage.

Lana Turner and Bob Topping divorce.

Frank Sinatra marries Ava Gardner.

Carlton Carpenter is the “teenagers’ delight.”

Anne Baxter and John Hodiak welcome daughter, Katrina.

Errol Flynn marries Patrice Wymore.

Marlon Brando, little known actor from Broadway, arrives to start his film career.

Oscars are won by Vivien Leigh in *Streetcar Named Desire* and by Humphrey Bogart in *African Queen*.

1952: Pia Lindstrom breaks heart of mother Ingrid Bergman with headline statement: “I do not want to go to my mother. I do not love her. I love my father.”

Battles between Ava Gardner and Frank Sinatra hit all gossip columns.

Shirley Temple nearly dies in birth of son at Bethesda Naval Hospital, Maryland, where Lt. Charles Black is stationed.

*Asphalt Jungle* in general release has made a new star of a blonde, pouty girl who plays just a bit—Marilyn Monroe.

Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine continue unsisterly feud.

Oscars are won by Shirley Booth in *Come Back, Little Sheba* and by Gary Cooper in *High Noon*.
Liberace was dear to the hearts of a million middle-aged ladies.

Fortunately, every year brought a new fad...a new character...a new laugh.

1955's hottest fad, Davy Crockett.

Some snickered, but Jayne Mansfield and her muscleman, Mickey Hargitay, were made for each other.
1953: Rita Hayworth marries Dick Haymes in Las Vegas. Says, “This marriage will stick.”
Rumors out of Africa are that Clark Gable (divorced from Lady Ashley) and pretty newcomer Grace Kelly are “in love” on location on Mogambo. Olivia de Havilland marries Paris magazine journalist Pierre Galante. Beautiful Suzan Ball saddens hearts of fans by having a leg amputated because of cancer. Elizabeth Taylor and new husband Michael Wilding on Stork’s list. The Gregory Pecks end their marriage. Rumors that Greg will marry Veronique Passani. Bing Crosby’s dates with Mona Freeman stir up much talk. But everyone convinced Bing will never marry again. Big news of the Oscars this year is that “best support” is won by Frank Sinatra, launching him on brilliant acting career.


1955: Liberace, the rage of the TV screen, makes his screen debut in the financially disastrous Sincerely Yours, proving that the public won’t pay to see what it can get free on TV. Mario Lanza starts a series of explosive headlines having nervous-breakdown tantrums at the New Frontier Hotel in Las Vegas. His entire career is imperiled.
1952: Brando is first beat.

1955: Jimmy Dean, the loneliest beat, dies in a race car crash.

1959: Sixteen-year-old Tuesday’s Queen of beats.

No one seemed to know whether to take the beat generation seriously or not. In time everyone did.
Joan Crawford elopes with soft drink tycoon Al Steele to Las Vegas.
Clark Gable marries Kay Williams Spreckles.
John Hodiak dies suddenly of heart attack in home. His divorced wife Anne Baxter and their child, griefstricken.
Warner Bros. and Columbia Studios start own TV productions. Warners producing such top Westerns as **Maverick** with sensationaly popular James Garner and Columbia sets up successful Screen Gems productions.
Rock Hudson marries Phyllis Gates in Santa Barbara.
Mike Todd, brash young producer, signs up such top stars as Ronald Colman, Marlene Dietrich for his **Around The World In 80 Days** which he's filming in his new Todd-AO process.
James Dean tragically killed in race-car accident setting off a mass hysteria of juvenile mourning. And the influence of this moody, introspective young idol is to live on after him. He was perhaps the first of 'the angry young men' and the 'beatnik' type.
Oscars won by Ernest Borgnine in **Marty** and Anna Magnani in **Rose Tattoo**.

### 1956:
The year Elvis Presley arrives in Hollywood to make his first picture **Love Me Tender** for 20th Century-Fox.
Business world startled when major companies begin to sell backlogs of old films to arch rival TV. Most spectacular deal—Warner Bros. sale of 750 motion pictures to TV for $21,000,000. Later, Paramount and MGM follow this lead—which I feel was one of the big mistakes of film history. **Old** movies on TV became the greatest rival of **new** movies in theaters!
Biggest romantic news of years: Grace Kelly announces engagement to Prince Rainier of Monaco.
Pregnant Debbie Reynolds (now Mrs. Eddie Fisher) sings **Tammy** and sets off the biggest record sale in years.
Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis explode as a comedy team and part in bitterness.
Debbie and Eddie welcome a daughter, Carrie Frances.
Elizabeth Taylor tells world she's passionately in love with Mike Todd and will marry him when free of Mike Wilding!
But the biggest story of the fifties was the eternal triangle to beat all eternal triangles.
THE FABULOUS FIFTIES

Continued

1957: Howard Hughes, all-time bachelor prize, marries Jean Peters so secretly (I have the world scoop on this) that no one yet has been able to find out where or when it even occurred.

Humphrey Bogart dies early in year—and his likes won’t be seen again soon.

A Princess born to former Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier. The arrival of Princess Caroline the most publicized birth of any baby next to Prince Charles, son of Queen Elizabeth.

Liz Taylor and Mike Todd marry in Acapulco, Mexico, with Eddie Fisher serving as best man and “Liz’s best friend, Debbie Reynolds,” also present.

Lana Turner and Lex Barker divorce.

Frank Sinatra and Lauren Bacall rumored “engaged.”

Roberto Rossellini, Ingrid Bergman’s husband, in scandal with East Indian charmer, Sonali das Gupta.

Marlon Brando marries Anna Kashfi.

The Gene Kellys part after 17 years of marriage.

Marie MacDonald kidnapped! (?)

Surprise of Surprises: Bing Crosby marries Kathy Grant in Las Vegas! Film tycoon L. B. Mayer dies.

1958: Knife stabbing of underworld figure Johnny Stompanato by Lana Turner’s 14-year-old daughter, Cheryl, shocks world.

Mike Todd’s plane crashes in fiery blaze over New Mexico widowing Elizabeth Taylor.

Son born to Kathy Grant and Bing Crosby. Also to Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi.

Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman wed in Las Vegas.

Rita Hayworth marries Jim Hill in Las Vegas.

French Brigitte Bardot’s films rock American box offices.

Debbie and Eddie welcome a son.

Tycoon (Columbia) Harry Cohn dies.

Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates separate.

Tyrone Power marries Debbie Minardos, dies 6 months later in Spain.

Marlon Brando–Anna Kashfi separate.

Deborah Kerr and Tony Bartley end marriage of many years sensationally with Bartley charging his wife’s affections “pirated” by scripter Peter Viertel.

Ingrid Bergman scorns Rossellini—tells world she will marry Lars Schmidt.

(Continued on page 72)
Friday, the thirteenth of last March, tailed off with a storm over the town of Goshen, Indiana. Late season blasts from Lake Michigan whipped a murky sky and battered a chartered Beechcraft plane around like a badminton bird. Inside, while the pilot fought the controls, three fairly beat rah-rah types, named Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane, rattled around, among a jumble of guitars, banjos and bongo drums like beans in an over-sized maraca.

The Kingston Trio was fresh from a swing-ding at Notre Dame University, headed for their next one-nighter, and the situation was normal—which is to say—desperate.

In this clutch, two of the striped-shirted troubadours relaxed: Stubby, needle-nosed Nick ("the Runt of the Litter") closed his baby-blue eyes, curled up and snored peacefully. Brain-busy, stringbean Dave ("Our Acknowledged Leader") fended off flying missiles with one hand and thoughtfully polished a new routine with the other. Only the usually jolly boy, curly mopped Bob ("Our Sex-Symbol") sweated it out.

Every minute or so he leaned over the pilot, breathing hard down his neck. "How we doin'?"

"In this weather?" Bob got a glance almost as dirty as the clouds. "Just great—gas low, generator out, visibility zero—and South Bend says we can't come back in!"

"I got to get down," said Bob. "Doesn't everyone? You took the words right out of my mouth!"

They got down—blind. They ticked power lines, skidded roofs and clipped trees, finally skidded to a stop in a farmer's pasture, scattering a flock of frozen (Continued on page 52)
turkeys like ten-pins. "Now, Buster," sighed the flyboy, "Tell me—what's your big sweat?"

Bobby Shane smiled. "Well, tomorrow, they're going to Their watch—yeah, tomorrow, I'm getting married in Washington, D.C." The pilot grunted congratulations, the fact that Washington was almost across the continent didn't seem to worry him away and he sincerely hoped Bob made it.

If he'd known the hi-ballimg Kingston Trio better that skeptical crack was hardly wise. Nothing more could have roused the boys to their feet than Bobby Shane made it to the altar on time, of course, and with him Dave Guard and Nick Reynolds, who wouldn't have missed the wedding if they'd climbed in common was an education, good looks, plenty of pizzazz and obvious talents for making music. Now and then they did, and as they packed their stuff and gave the lot of beer to drink they were happy—or so they pretended. But underneath each nursed a private puzzler that you'd never suspect. And all were putting off the answers.

Take big Dave Guard: Then, as now, dapper Dave seemed to have the world right in his hand. Some and smart as a whip, DaveGuard tired nothing but honors, accomplishments and popularity in his wake. Talents? You name them; Dave had them. Athlete, judo expert, honor student, top bank leader, money maker, top musician and dynamic with the girls, you'd say. And Dave was Stanford's one most likely to develop something important involving music. Of course, I'm prejudiced," sighs his pretty blonde wife, Gretchen, today, "but I think Dave's close to being a genius." She isn't the only one.

"Says Bobby Shane, who grew up with Dave in Hawaii and went to the same school, Punahou, 'Dave was always two or three steps ahead of everything. He was a natural brain. His grades were always terrific and so was everything else about him."

Bobby had a degree in Business Administration. "But what business? I didn't know," he admits. "Business is such a men's game. men come and go for their own cut folk-and-rhythm harmonies, witty cut-ups and quips. They've played over a hundred campuses, almost as many clubs, cabarets, and maybe only one date. To make it, they've scrambled by train, plane, boat, bus, truck, hitch, and—as Dave Guard puts it—'If they'll bring their tricks we'll bring our rickshaw.' Along the way, they've sweated and frozen, slept standing up and gulped vitamins like jelly beans to keep going.

One time, they've worked eighteen hours out of twenty-four and started all over again after a couple of shut-eye.

But they've also had packed houses wait three hours to hear them sing, after something broke down, as happened last year in Lawrence, Kansas. At Indiana U, just the other day, tickets vanished one hour after they went on sale for a date two months ahead. Right now they've backed ahead solid until May. What with albums, gold records, TV, clubs and one nighters, Nick, Bob and Dave will rack up a hundred a year for their own cut pipes and pitter and they'll top that in '60.

Yet, their really important payoff—which Dave Guard, Nick Reynolds and Bob Shane gratefully recognize—is something you can't write in tax brackets or fickle fame. A good sample is just what happened that March 15th in Washington when Bob made beautiful Louise Brandon his bride. "A perfect day," comments dayplayboy Bob, last bachelor of the bunch, snugged down meaning, at last, for his young life—and the Kingston Trio became a family. It was a perfect day to three wives named Gretchen Guard, Joan Reynolds and Louise Shane are helping build three purposeful lives with three onions—big and gypsy that wouldn't have happened if the boys hadn't teamed up first and gone for broke with a dream. And that's not all—"It was a real turmoil," states Bob Shane flatly. "We've all been good for each other. By getting together this Trio has solved the emotional problems of three fairly minded guys.

"For it," comments Dave Guard. "We were a bunch of wild hares pointing in all directions until we tied into this challenge.

"Yes, sir," argues Nick Reynolds. "How many fellows really know what they want 52 to do when they get out of school? None of us did. Mostly, you want to make a living doing what you like, and the big dream is to do it with your pals. Man, we got that dream! Whatever happens later, we've given me carte blanche with something we'll always prize, when we might have just goofed off, tumbling around alone."

If these collections, of course, refer to the days—only a brief spell ago—when Dave, Nick and Bob were fresh out of Stanford University and Menlo College, respectively, wondering what next. At that point, about all the trio needed was money. Today, they're backed up with a solid music career. Last year they sold 150,000 records. They've been turned on to the campus scene, and the reaction of college folk as they play is: "What's that music I've got in my dish. Travel's exciting to me."

Dave's deal with the folks

In his junior year at Punahou, Dave made a deal with his folks to earn his way through. If they'd send him States-side to Menlo Park prep. He piled up his books—$1000—geeseballing in a service station and diving for coral. But at Menlo, prep swimming, still the same story. Bored with work that came easy, Dave started messing around six months before graduation, got bored, missed his paycheck, and gave up—drank a bottle of vodka. But he stuck around Menlo Park with another service station job and they let him come back for his last year. He got a breeze, walked right into Stanford.

Now, Stanford University is no joy for anyone, not even a brain like Dave Guard. But to show you what a real deal he is, I'll tell you part of a sequel story window of his first house the 23-year-old had confused week end and broke his bed on the pavement below. They shipped it back to Honolulu and he lost his whole year. Even with that setback, he graduated in three years, taking sometimes four units and hitting A's and B's. He worked his way through, selling his brains at给dorms, gardening, janitoring in the library, moving furniture and pumping gas. But he still had time to staff on the hula music with good songs for the Stanford Gaieties, win the Sigma Award for "greatest contribution to house" and pin a collection of camp quarrelings together.

It's no wonder Dave Guard took on graduate School of Business with greatest confidence although he had only $3 to start. By that time, he had another $5000 on his hands from his oak tree. With Bobby Shane, only a mile away from Menlo Business College, he harmonized for $15 a night at parties and Stanford Opera House as they starred in The Cracked Pot. But Dave still packed on one big nagging question mark: Where were my real talents? I really had no idea," says Bob. "I knew they were playing cards right and something would take care of me. How vague could you be?"

Bob's a real Kahamehia

By then Bob Shane had an equal opaque view of his future but for different reasons. Bobby knew what he wanted to do and had been doing it long time. But it began to figure out with his wife. "I was a sort of rebel," says, "and I got mixed up, acted pretty bad for a while too.

Like Dave, Bobby's Hawaiian born and bred—only more so. His great-grandfather came over as a missionary back in 1870. Bob's four generations. They say they're a lot like there, a real Kahamehia. The Shanes are Irish: they're German and it started...
On Coronado Island, California, Nicholas Reynolds was in a rut, but nobody had called it to his attention, though he'd been cattled all over the world as a kid with his Navy captain dad, Coronado was always home port and it never occurred to Nick that his future lay anywhere else. Coronado's a cozy, sleepy resort, a ferry jump from San Diego's fleet base. Retired sea-dogs, like Nick's, lived a cool, easy routine: sports, home life, cocktails when the sun dips under the yardarm. The best business is hotels. After snagging his Business Administration B.S. at Menlo, Nick had found a hotel and took up where he'd left off after leaving Coronado. Nick liked it there—why not? He knew everybody. He was close to his parents. His married sisters, Barbara and Jane, had homes next door to each other in Coronado, and everybody in the family got along great. As for sports—he could beat all of the ones he loved right at home. Nick Reynolds was a whiz at most every sport. Small but mighty, he'd won tennis, basketball, and skeet champioships in Menlo's Administration. After he graduated, he bought a home near the ocean, and spent his time fishing and playing golf. But deep inside, Nick Reynolds still felt restless and unfulfilled. Was he just set to go down the drain in his cozy corner of the nation? What troubled Nick was an unexpressed thing—the fact that he was, by nature. His mother and his sisters all sang. His Aunt Ruth had been with the Metropolitan Opera. Even Captain Steward Reynolds had a voice that could turn heads. To top all this, worries about future security never wrinkled Nick's brow. A great uncle had willed him a fortune, which he'd come into and didn't have a care in the world. Richmond Reynolds still felt restless and unfulfilled. Was he just set to go down the drain in his cozy corner of the nation? What troubled Nick was an unexpressed thing—the fact that he was, by nature. His mother and his sisters all sang. His Aunt Ruth had been with the Metropolitan Opera. Even Captain Steward Reynolds had a voice that could turn heads. To top all this, worries about future security never wrinkled Nick's brow. A great uncle had willed him a fortune, which he'd come into and didn't have a care in the world.
who pulled the Trio together, whipped them into shape and shoe-horned their first breaks. Only, when Werber first spotted them they weren't a Trio, but a quartet, and their tag was "Dave Guard's Calypsonians."

Dave and Bob had started that combo with a bass fiddler and a girl singer, while Nick was still dragging a fiddle around. They put up party circuit again, still around Stanford, with a steady home at The Cracked Pot. Off nights they auditioned San Francisco at famous clubs like the Purple Onion, and Frank was learning something not for college—but too unprofessional—was the verdict they usually got.

But during one tryout at the Violet Onion, Frank was invited up to the two-by-four office where Frank Werber squeezed out a living as a night-club press agent. "Catch these kids downstairs," he advised. "They ain't bad."

Frank caught one song—but at first he didn't get the message at all. Used to professionals, he thought the "Calypsonians" were probably just a hankie-hankie. For his lunch, he gambled the gas to Palo Alto to hear them in their natural rah-rah setting. At the Cracked Pot, with the Stanford kids two-shottin', though, they had looked even more somnolent. "But a fiddler and a girl are drags," he told Dave. "Know anyone who might work into a trio?" Did they? That night Nick Reynolds got a job.

GET UP HERE FAST. DAVE AND BOB

Wake up and live, man

Nick got there fast enough, but the great things, he learned even faster, were mostly a lot of wild hopes as jazz. As he wobbled indecisively, Dave unleashed the hard sell. "When you get back from that trip, Nick," he said, "You want to shrivel up and go to seed in that sunny rat race down there? Come on, Man, let's get some beer and talk."

That night they tried to drink all the brews in the bar they had shrunk into and stood up climbing statues in Golden Gate Park. But by dawn Nick was persuaded. They rented a one-room San Francisco apartment, all slept in the one bed and re-hearsed night and day until the landlord threatened to call the cops. A week later they walked into Frank's attic office and said the name of their trio, the slick Kingston Trio via one easy stanza. It took work, seasoning and discipline to turn that trick. Says Frank Werber, "What the boys had was natural talent, enthusiasm and a fervent intelligent slant on songs. But to them it was still mostly a ball and they were plenty rough around the edges."

First there all three were singing themselves hoarse each night. Frank routed them to Judy Davis, a professional voice coach, who taught them how to relax and sold them on a sound of their own. Frank whirled them into downtown San Francisco and then the Dave Guard loose to write a crisp patter routine. He made them rehearse six days a week before the show and then every other day at any hour,फिर यदि आप चित्र खेलो दरांत गोल्डरेबर्ग के खिलाफ दोस्ती की गई तो अभी वह फिर हो सकता है।

That happened in September of '57 during their first paid engagement at the Purple Onion when the whole crew and half of Stanford University traveled to San Marino, California for a full dress wedding, with Nick best man and Bob his usher. They had to be there for the Triple's wedding party and pour them on trains and planes. Life afterwards wasn't so plush. They spent their bachelor apartment—a "alum, believe me," sighs Gretchen. "He went to work the next night and I stayed awake until 3:00 a.m., scared half to death." Mrs. Guard got used to it though and until she was pregnant, snored around wherever the boys went. But Dave bit his nails in. Bob 's father, "to the point of contact, Gretchen and Dave fell through the hero of the Purple Onion, too. Joan was just around the corner at Ann's 440, where she was giving out songs and satirical sketches.

"Nick started it all by dropping in on Ann's after his show for a beer and peeking at me," relates Joan. "Now I spoke half my life waiting for a peek at him."

The Trio's future was very uncertain. They were a little long on New York, a little short on money. "It just kind of gradually, inevitably happened," says Joan. When the Trio went back to the Coast, I said 'Nuts to that thing, we'll book in Hawaii next—well, that seems awfully far away from Nick.'"

Half way through the Trio's last gig at the Triple's, things happened some. Nick booked right into the last Kingston hold-out began to break. Bob's dad was a real estate agent. When that had happened, the Triple called up the job. He was a real estate agent. So Bob's dad was a real estate agent. Miss Evelyn was already talking to him aboard a boat steaming to the Diamond Head.

Those Kingston brothers

They discovered a love for classic music in common (Louise plays the piano. "But when I left Atlanta," she remarks, "all you heard around there was a socalled Dixieland music, no piano music."") Miss Evelyn nodded understandingly. She'd heard it plenty herself. She allowed. Her nephew Bob was one of the Triple's brothers. "No, he's not a Triple. Bob's dad, Art, met his sister at a boat. So Bobby Shane had two family members telling him about the beauty.
MEET GRET A CHI

Greta Chi is a beautiful young girl who lived, not long ago, in Switzerland, very near to Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer. She had a wonderfully exotic face. Her father was Chinese (he was China's ambassador to Switzerland) and her mother German. When she was little she studied ballet and by the time she was nineteen, she had appeared in many operas, French and German plays.

When Audrey and Mel saw Greta, they suggested that she go to Hollywood. Greta decided their suggestion was an excellent one and came to the United States and enrolled in La Jolla Playhouse. She appeared in Skin of Our Teeth and she was very good—so good in fact that several studios were ready to give her start in the movies right then and there.

But her agent wanted her start to be the best possible beginning and he advised her to hold off, keep studying and wait for the right role, the role that would launch her career successfully.

Greta did just that—but nothing happened.

All those offers just seemed to disappear.

Greta's work visa would expire on June 18, and that day was getting terribly close—with no work in sight. Sadly, she began to pack to go home.

There was nothing else to do.

On the morning of June 18, Greta was ready. Not ready in her heart, but ready with her luggage and her passport. She was making a few last good-bye phone calls, when her phone rang.

It was her agent, not saying good-bye, but with the incredible news that 20th Century-Fox wanted her for a leading role in Five Gates to Hell.

What timing!

There was not a moment to lose. Negotiations had to be made quickly because if that contract weren't signed within the very next few hours, her work visa would still expire and she'd have to go back to Switzerland without even taking the job!

But the contract was signed in time, and the film was made.

And the outcome?

Greta proved to be a girl of unusual talent as well as beauty, and you can see for yourself soon in 20th's absorbing new drama, Five Gates to Hell.
months went by and there was no sign of the child we longed for, I began to be a little concerned. Jimmie would comfort me and say, "But honey, lots of couples don't have face-right-away babies, don't worry about it," and he'd suggest going to a doctor to reassure me that there was nothing wrong. But I did worry about it, and finally, against all good sense, I went to a gynecologist for "reassurance." I was crushed when he said there was a great possibility that I'd never be able to have a baby. I was devastated. Jimmie kept up my courage by insisting that this was just one doctor's opinion, and besides, he didn't actually say there never could be a baby, just maybe not. Thus began a series of visits to doctors, each one more discouraging than the last. I didn't want to go to another, didn't want to hear those words condemning us to an empty existence. I felt I had lost for all time my beloved Jimmie down. It was because of an injury to me, the doctors—all of them—had told me, that we couldn't have a baby. Then one day, we heard of a very fine gynecologist and obstetrician, a leading specialist in his field. There was still room for hope. With a prayer in our hearts, we went to this doctor, expecting a miracle...

We entered his office, smiling but nervous, to get the result of my examination, hoping...

And then: "You may never have a baby of your own..."

We had dreamed and hoped—and lost again.

That night, Jimmie tried to comfort me.

"Darling, we can adopt a baby, you know," he began. "Plenty of couples do.

Plenty of people had adopted babies and had been very happy. But it was a little different with Jimmie because I had given him so much. I wanted to give him something, too. I wanted to give him a baby that was his.

The effect of the terrible accident

I felt that it was my fault that I couldn't give him his baby. It all went back to that accident, I said to myself. The car I was riding in that night had rammed head-on into another, and I was taken, more dead than alive, to the hospital. The accident left me with internal injuries that were later to stand in my way if I wanted to have a baby. Most couples could have a baby. But I think that Jimmie and I wanted one more than most. Jimmie is the kind of man who was made for roots. Although he didn't have a big city, big-time, big-money career, he had two incomes, a job he didn't want to give up. It was a huge break with Honeymoon and we knew we could afford that home and family we both wanted so much.

Once our hearts and minds were made up, we naively assumed that we'd have our baby, so we weren't prepared for the enormous difficulties that lay ahead. Five months, six months, seven months had gone by—and no sign of a baby.

I was impatient to get started on our family, so when we were in New York on a personal appearance tour of Jimmie's, I looked up an obstetrician and asked him why I hadn't become pregnant yet. I wasn't prepared for the answer he gave me after he examined me.

As the doctor talked to me, his words struck like a blow.

"Mrs. Rodgers, you should know that due to your accident, you are not strong enough internally to conceive," he said. "Even if you were to conceive, I don't believe you would be able to carry a baby through to a complete term. Your back was broken, and the accident left it too weak to stand up under pregnancy."

When Jimmie came home he found me shaking.

"I can't carry on like that, darling," he said. "There are other doctors. Remember, there were some doctors who said you'd never walk again after your accident, and look at you now. New York is full of specialists. We'll find one who can help us."

But we didn't. I went to one doctor after another and finally Jimmie and I had to face it. My chances of giving birth were very dim.

Although Jimmie's heart, like mine, was broken, his first thought was to comfort me. "I'm sure we'll have our own baby one day. Just give the Lord time, he'll send us another."

What he really wants to do is find a doctor to save me," he said. "Someday we'll move to Big Sur (a remote beauty spot on the Pacific shore) and dig in."

Bob and Louise Shane are already dug in at a new modern-Oriental pad across the bay in Tiburon with their toy poodles, Trinket. No stork signs have shown yet, but there's a new and free spirit. The wheeling Bob has settled down to a contented domestic pattern with Louise. He sends money to Honolulu where he has a sickish dad. There's always a light in the window, too, at the Athletic Supply.

But right now, all things considered, just wheels would suit me, and I believe Jimmie and I would love to have our own baby. We've been loaded with love, but we want to learn the true meaning of being a family. We'd have kicked ourselves all our lives if we hadn't given it a try.

We were afraid we couldn't have a baby

(Continued from page 30)
release permitting the doctor to perform the surgery.

Although the doctor saved my chances of becoming a mother, as the months went on there was no sign of a baby on the way. We moved into a big, beautiful modern style home on top of a hill in a California valley. But I still didn't bring me the happiness I expected. I found myself going from room to room and crying. The love-garden, the open feeling of the house, the den with the practical cork floors and special, yellow room with built-in shelves cried out for the presence of a child. Jimmie had even consented to taking me to the adoption agency himself, but he couldn't prove what the reason was, he didn't bring me the happy I expected. I found myself going from room to room and crying.

Jimmie had been an arm. We became a family in the adoption agency. After several months, Jimmie came home and announced that we would be taking off for a tour in Australia as soon as his television show was finished for the season. I was so disappointed that our stay in New York had come to an unfruitful end that I blew my top. I tore up the chart, threw the thermometer against the wall and tossed the pills in a basket. "Nothing has helped me," I cried.

Jimmie laughed. "The heck with all this, honey. If the pills don't give us a baby, the good Lord will."

Thoroughly discouraged by this time, I decided to forget about having a baby for the time being. I would go to Australia with Jimmie, have fun and when we returned we would re-open our adoption proceedings. For the first time in a long time I felt relaxed and let go of my feelings of inadequacy and anxiety.

The typhoid and smallpox shots that I had been giving overseas made me very sick. I could hardly get up for breakfast and I was drained of all energy. When I complained to my doctor that the overseas shots were not agreeing with me, he gave me a blood test.

A little rabbit

I had just returned home when my phone rang.

"Guess what?" the doctor said cheerfully.

"I can't guess," I replied miserably.

"You can't go to Australia with Jimmie." I was out of it in a chair.

"You mean those overseas shots made me ill?"

"No," said the doctor firmly. "I mean a little rabbit just told me you can't traipse around the world. Not in your condition."

"In my condition? It took a minute. "Oh, my baby in my condition?"

"Exactly," said the doctor.

I was reeling.

"Can I tell Jimmie?"

"Well," replied the doctor, "it's customary for the wife to tell her husband first."

Jimmie was rehearsing his TV show at the theater on Broadway. I wanted him to save the full joy of the news. I called my TV agent, Weis, and blurted: "Send this wire to Jimmie Rodgers: YOU ARE GOING TO BE A FATHER. HOW ABOUT THAT? I LOVE YOU, COLLEEN. And please send it as quickly as possible."

"Ma'am," said the Western Union operator, "if I could leave my desk I would take it to him myself."

I found Jimmie, an hour later, stretched out on the dressing room couch, a cup of hot bouillon in one hand, the other in the other. He was staring up at the ceiling. I'd never seen such a look of bliss on his face.

The director tore in. "Your husband is in a daze. We haven't been able to get him to do a thing for the past hour. What's in that damned telegram anyway?"

It hadn't been clear sailing. Many times since then Jimmie and I have had to turn to God to save our baby. Only a short while ago, after we were settled back in our home in Granada Hills, I awoke in the middle of the night with a sharp abdominal pain. Jimmie's hand shook as he dialed for the doctor. As we waited for the doctor to arrive, we both prayed.

We became even more frightened when Dr. Kaplan ordered me into the hospital for immediate surgery. Again it was a throwback to my accident. A tumor had formed and was pressing against the uterus. All I could do was cry and held and hoped. "Dr. Kaplan, whatever you do, please don't touch the baby."

As I was about to be wheeled down to surgery, Jimmie leaned over to kiss me. He pressed something into my hand. It was our little St. Genesis medal. Guide Our Destinies is inscribed on it. In the past, any time anything very big has happened in my life I've kissed the medal. And then we would be relieved, knowing that we were in God's hands, our destinies guided by a Divine Force.

Jimmie held the medal to my lips. I kissed it. He took the medal and held it up to his lips. He had been on the verge of tears, but now his face looked serene.

"God will watch over our baby," said Jimmie slowly.

I was operated on that night and I was told I was in surgery three hours. When I opened my eyes I saw Jimmie's face in a foggy world.

"Is the baby all right?" I asked.

"Our baby is all right," said Jimmie. "Our baby is all right."
no make-up on, it could only sob as death stepped in and took away the only man I really loved” from her embrace.

As the final curtain rang down on one of the last of the gallant screen greats, the directors that Errol and Beverly had shared for themselves suddenly went into oblivion, too.

We were going to be married and live in a house we designed together. It was to have been the most beautiful house in all the British West Indies. But now... all those plans are gone forever.

I still don't accept Errol’s death. I don't know if I ever will. I had promised him if anything happened I would go ahead and face up to life in the Flynn tradition—live for today and have a wonderful time doing it. He always said: ‘There are no tears, break open a bottle, and toast me in pink champagne.’

I can’t do that. I never will. He told me also: ‘If anybody comes to my funeral I’ll cut them out of my will.’ But I can’t help the way I feel about him. I can’t ever forget the two years we spent together—the happy times we had.

“Errol was more to me than a sweetheart and the man I was to marry. I was my father, my mother, my lover, my companion, my advisor, my idol.”

Fifteen and Forty-Eight

When Beverly met Errol, she was just a wide-eyed girl of fifteen. He was forty-eight. His greatness for the most part was in his past. He was no longer Hollywood’s top lover—at least not on screen. In the past few years the Railway Errol had led a nomadic life, wandering from Europe to Jamaica, to Cuba, to New York, and back to Hollywood, picking up work wherever he could.

For twenty-five years he had been the epitome of the suave, love-em-and-leave-em Lothario who built his reputation on a woman’s heart. He had made women forget Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino.

Flynn was built for the part. He had the vigor, good looks, charm, and animal magnetism of Hollywood’s golden years. He was a wolf like moths to the flame. And they all got burned.

Now, that flame—still flickering even though not as bright—had attracted Beverley Adair.

“You might ask what I saw in a man thirty-three years older than I,” Beverly said. “I will tell you that I saw everything in Errol. The things that he feared would make me fear him.

“I always had been starved for love. I always wanted to be hugged and loved. Even as a little girl, I wanted my father to hold me. But he never held me. He never gave me the attention and devotion I wanted from him.

“Perhaps that is why I started dating when I was fifteen—when I finally met Errol—I had been engaged four times!

“But most of the boys I had known were already married or were after one thing—and one thing only.”

Fate destined Beverly to meet Errol on the Warner Brothers lot in Hollywood in October, 1937. Beverly had a dancing part in Marjorie* Hamilton. Errol was working in Too Much, Too Soon.

“I noticed someone staring at me,” Beverly related. “I didn’t know who it was. I had read about Errol Flynn in some magazines and had seen his pictures. But I didn’t recognize him. Not at first. Finally, though, I realized who it was.

“I was instantly afraid of him because of the things I had read about him—about that rap trial and things like that.”

Beverly was referring to the sordid case in 1943 that had threatened to wreck Errol’s movie career. Two young girls, Beverly Adair, seventeen, and Peggy Satterlee, sixteen, charged Flynn with rape.

It was Flynn who was seduced, her lawyer Gerry Geisler shouted at the trial. Errol, the child Flynn had borne her below decks in his yacht “to show me the moon through a porthole.” Betty, a star-struck waitress, claimed Errol served her a “greenish” drink at a Hollywood party, then took her to a bedroom when she became ill, and seduced her.

A jury of nine women and three men acquitted him. Two of the men had held out for conviction. It was a close call.

The case which shocked Hollywood had come the year of his divorce from actress Lilli Damita, the fiery French delight whom Errol had married in 1935. Lilli told the court Errol wanted to be free—didn’t want a wife and child. They had one son, Sean, who was a year-old at the time.

As told that time, 1943, Beverly was only two years old!

The intense magnetism

Yet when Errol appeared over at Beverly on the Warner lot in October 1937, the shapely, blonde starlet couldn’t help but feel the intense magnetism that lured women to him.

“Whenever he looked at me I felt something,” Beverly said. “I know it always was like that—whenever Errol looked at a girl she felt it.

“They were there on the Warner lot it went like that—Errol watching me.

“Then Errol sent someone over—it was Orry Kelly, the big dress designer—to tell me: ‘Mr. Errol Flynn would like to meet you.’

“My heart started to pound when I heard that. A warmth glowed inside me. Butterflies fluttered in my stomach.

“There was no hesitation on Beverly’s part.

“Take me to him,” she told Kelly impetuously.

Kelly escorted Beverly to Errol’s dressing room.

“I was shaking when we were introduced,” Beverly said. “But Errol was so nice that I began to feel at ease somehow. Still and all I couldn’t help being flustered inside.”

Errol started by saying, “I noticed you, my dear.” And then he added: “I have the possibilities of becoming a great actress.”

At first Beverly thought Errol was “just being kind.” She asked a while and he asked me a lot of questions about myself. Then came the zinger.

“I’d like you to come to my house,” Errol said.

“Wow!” I told myself. “This guy really has earned his reputation. He certainly is a fast worker.”

Errol continued to paint the apprehension in Beverly’s face.

“I want you to read a part of Jane Eyre for me,” Errol said. “I’m very tired now and I don’t want to do any more work here at the studio. Will you come up?”

“I couldn’t figure out if it was the old line, ‘Come up and see myetchings,’ Beverly said. She couldn’t tell if Errol really was sincere.

“Errol could see me hesitate and he quickly assured me that we wouldn’t be alone. He said his secretary would be at the house for dinner. I agreed first, and told him my lawyer would accompany us to the restaurant.

“I couldn’t resist the invitation any longer. He was talking about the way Errol talked—he had a flair, a manner, a style that completely disarmed you.”

Beverly was voicing the sentiments that were expressed many times before—by the women whom Errol had wooed and won, then impulsively dropped like hot potatoes. Hardly anything left the women excited at the thought of the new man who had come rose from the wake of Errol’s past romances to tell Beverly of the danger that could lie ahead.

Beverly was so entranced with him she had to agree to a date with him. She accepted Errol’s invitation.

“After I finished work,” she related, “I rushed home to dress for my date.”

Beverly lived with her mother and father in flagship, just outside Holly-

“Beverly hurried out and met Errol and his lawyer in a restaurant. After dinner, Errol took Beverly to his house ‘up on a hill.’

Beverly was overcome

“I was awed by the sight, its magnificence and splendor,” Beverly said. “I was awed by the way Errol overcame the beautiful surroundings, the landscaping, the house itself, and by the breathtaking furnishings. It was so magnificent, my mind almost revolted.

“But most of all I was overwhelmed by Errol himself—by his charm and glamour.”

As Errol had promised, his secretary was there. Errol took Beverly into the living room and began to talk about his interest in her as an actress.

“He told me again he thought I had great potential. He promised I would become a great star. He talked about Jane Eyre, he said, and was thinking of me for the lead role. I was thrilled at the idea of playing the part Joan Fontaine had in the picture. I felt that film could hardly believe my ears.”

As Errol talked, Beverly suddenly became conscious of a small development.

The secretary was not in the room any longer. Beverly and Errol were alone.

“Errol moved closer to me and said, ‘Let’s sit on the rug.’

“It was a white burlap rug. I consented. We drew ourselves on it in front of the fireplace. We talked some more and smoked. We used the bear’s mouth as an ashtray.

“Errol talked, I forgot all about Jane Eyre. I began to think about other things—like love. I could tell the way Errol began to look at me now that I loved him. And I was afraid that he didn’t love me.

“There were things about him that I never found in any other man.

“He was the first person who ever really listened to me. I realized I could talk about all the unhappiness at home and about my social and love life of the past, and of the bores I used to date. This was so different.

“My dates had been so dull and simple. I would go to drive-ins with them. About the most exciting thing they could do was order a box of liquor into the car. It was disgusting.

“As these things ran through my mind, Errol took my hands and pulled me close.

“I don’t usually kiss girls,” Errol told me. I was so very, very, very beautiful. But with you, my deary Beverly, I have a sudden great desire to kiss you.”

“He put his arms around me and drew
Guy Endore
distinguished author of the best-selling KING OF PARIS
and an all-time favorite story...

Ben-Hur
a tale of the Christ by Lew Wallace

take a great writer...

BEN-HUR became a popular classic almost overnight when it was originally published 80 years ago. It was an exciting story...written in the ornate, slow-moving, elaborately popular in the 1880's.

Now BEN-HUR is back on every tongue because M-G-M has turned it into one of the colossal movies of all time.

To tie in with the film, Guy Endore has modernized this 19th-century classic. He has taken the same dramatic material—the barbaric splendor of Ancient Rome and the heroic beginnings of Christianity—and completely re-written it. Picked it up. Paced it fast. Translated it into the quick, colorful language of today.

and the result is a thrilling novel no modern reader will want to miss!

only 50¢

READ THE DELI EDITION BEFORE YOU SEE THE MAGNIFICENT M-G-M MOVIE
Errol Flynn, "I didn't. I asked that the right.

That was our story—togetherness," Beverly said. "Errol, I was everywhere—to all the big cities in America, Europe, and to Africa and Cuba."
The gossip columnists had a field day. "An American girl in Errol Flynn's clutches," they wrote. "How long will she last with him until she's burned?" they asked.

But Beverly didn't seem to care.

She knew what they could not know—of the real and vibrant love that Errol and I shared.

The words I loved, you were different for me to express. He had used them first when he met his first love, Lili Damita, whom he married twenty-five years ago. And he never spoke them again in reality that I knew him.

That happened in Paris while Errol was making Roots of Heaven for Darryl Zanuck.

I was the happiest woman in the world that day.

After that, Errol and Beverly were seen more and more together.

"People who knew Errol could stop and ask him. I'm not Beverly too young for you?"

"But Errol had a ready answer for all of them. His eyes twinkled and he would reply in that clipped way of his, I may be too old for her, but she is not too young for me."

"In truth, he was not too old for me. Believe it or not, I felt like a mother to him."

He needed watching over. And that was my job. That was the way I acted toward him—as a sort of guardian.

There was a very young quality about Errol. If he were forty-eight years old and I only fifteen. He was in many ways a child—a daredevil and a pixie.

I felt I was his stabilizer. Physically and emotionally at least. And it didn't change that as long as he was Errol. Yet, I was never too aware of his age. He was the kind of man who impressed me as being ageless.

"He was a kind of boyish charm like me. An older woman could never have understood Errol."

As Beverly got to know Errol better, she began to know more about his ways and him through the film Errol Ford: Life doesn't begin at 40 for those who went like 60 when they were 20. Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post.

"Errol never did mind talking about the past. He had no bitter feelings about it. But our talks of the old days never lasted long. We lived in the present."

Beverly recalled the happy days she spent in New York with Errol. "We had such wonderful communication between us. We would sit for hours by the window and look out and see the skateboarders and the great melting pot of humanity below, the city with its endless traffic jams and grinding noises."

"We could sit together like that in any situation or place and share the most trivial experience together, as we shared the biggest moments."

"We're like ham and eggs," Errol would say. "It's the ham—we go together."

"We even sat on the hotel room floor and watch the movies together."

"And if that sounds crazy, it isn't at all. That was part of our togetherness."

Then Errol took Beverly to Paris. "It's an opportunity for me to show you my great height. He took me to the museums in London and Paris; then I learned the size of Errol that was the tallest man who loved culture."

"He also took me to the English countryside and showed me the castles. He spun tales of English lore that fascinated me."

"And Errol, the fun-lover. I remember we sat in the hotel balcony overlooking the street. We had green almonds and started to spit them down on the gendarmes below."

And there were more of Flynn's memoirs.
"We'd hardly been in Havana a day when Errol and producer Jackson Mahon and I were hauled into police headquarters to answer questions about why we had left. I was told it was to save the Cuban government for review and approval. But things were straightened out.

I hated it in Cuba because most of the time I was safely in Havana while Errol went out into the hills playing at being a rebel with Fidel Castro. He was where the guns were firing real bullets, and it was not a place to be. It was pretty terrifying for me.

"And as you probably read, he finally got hurt. A Batista plane flew over while Errol was riding in a jeep and started to fire and it drove down and Errol fell into a ditch. He escaped getting shot but he hurt his knee and hip.

"I was never so glad as when the picture was finished and we left Cuba to go to New York.”

When they got back, Errol's knee was giving him trouble and he entered Harkness Medical Center for treatment. He was confined there for a number of days—but it must have seemed like years to the medical director. Errol almost disrupted the hospital's routine.

Someone had started a rumor Errol tried to induce the nurses at Harkness to wear only bikinis while he was there.

Errol dashed the rumor to a reporter, saying: "That's a shocking lie and a canard, Mad.”

Then Errol added thoughtfully: "Besides, it's against the rules. When I was here, he told me that Errol received the galley proofs from the publishers of the book he had written, My Wicked, Wicked Ways.

"Errol saw what the publishers had done to some of the parts on sex. It was Errol's autobiography, and he had wanted the story printed just as he had written it and accurately.

"I've been working on that stupid book a whole year," Errol complained. "I gathered the material since I was six. It just gives me prostration to see what means the publishers did to the parts about sex.”

One reporter who interviewed Errol in the hospital asked him a poem he had written that gave title to the book. Errol smiled and said he would recite it. It went like this:

Come, all you young men, with your wicked, wicked ways.
Go to all your wild oats in your younger days.

So that you may be happy when you grow old.

Later, when the reporter wrote the interview, he commented:

"By those standards, the poem was written by a happy, happy man.”

"I've heard that reporter was said,” said Beverly.

"Errol was a very happy man. He was like someone who had just taken out a new lease on life. I don't want to seem too obvious and say it was all on account of me. But I do think I had a little something to do with Errol's happiness—new-found happiness, you might say.”

The month that followed after Errol got out of the hospital continued to be heavenly ones for Beverly.

"Errol filled my life with the love that had eluded me so long. And he kept me laughing. He was so unpredictable. It was all on account of me. But I do think I had a little something to do with Errol's happiness—new-found happiness, you might say.”

The months that followed after Errol got out of the hospital continued to be heavenly ones for Beverly.

"Errol filled my life with the love that had eluded me so long. And he kept me laughing. He was so unpredictable. It was all on account of me. But I do think I had a little something to do with Errol's happiness—new-found happiness, you might say.”
I could share in the present. And we did. Aside from the alligators, Errol bought me a rabbit called 'McTavish,' a spider monkey named 'Agnes Gootch,' after the secretary in my office, a myna bird and a cat which we called 'Dagmar.'"

"Errol and Iberly finally ended up in Hollywood late last summer. When we first came to Inglewood, she was shocked to find her parents had been separated. Her father had left home. "My father had not liked my association with Errol," Beverly said, "and I was determined not to stopping it. My father is a very hard-headed man. He is a German-Norwegian and, although he never showed his feelings, it was very obvious that he was opposed to the marriage. And that is why he took it out on my mother."

"He had to blame someone, I guess.

"Mama tried to talk me out of marrying Errol. He was younger. She knew that I was very much in love with Errol and she wanted me to be happy. She could see that I was happier than I'd ever been in my life."

While in Hollywood, Errol decided to throw a party for Beverly. That was last September 16 when Beverly turned seventy. The party in front of his place was a beautiful and fun event, with his second wife, Nora Eddington Haymes, who was escorted by the party to songwriter Dick Stanfield. After the party was over, Beverly took her for a stroll in the park.

"A lot of unpleasantness broke out. Nora accused me of making remarks about Errol being elderly. She said to me, 'You are making yourself to have a man like Errol interested in you.'"

"I told her I never spoke of Errol's age or ever said anything against him. I don't regret anything, but it was pretty strong, and it shut her up.

Later, Dick hit a man named Otto on the jaw because he was lashing out too much.

In what was considered a remarkable feat, Errol—although the center of the controversy—managed to stay out of the ruckus while throwing a party.

His invitation to Nora to attend a party for his new sweetheart was part of the unpredictable nature that was Errol's. Nora was a young girl when she fell in love with Errol and had his troubles and his problems. Nora and Errol were married in 1947. Nora complained that she and Errol hardly ever were together. Errol was always off making pictures or sailing boats.

Their two daughters, Deirdre and Rory, went to live with Nora. And ten days after the divorce, she married singer Dick Haymes.

Incidentally, Beverly resembles Errol's daughter, Rory, who is now fourteen years old.

The day after the birthday party, Errol had a look of solemnity. Beverly wanted to know what was wrong.

"Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"No, darling," he replied. "It's just that I've been sitting in the doctor's office, and I found out that I've got to slow down a bit."

Errol told Beverly the doctor had given him an electro-cardiogram and it showed some heart trouble. He has been out of work for a while. But Errol didn't tell me that he had suffered two earlier heart attacks—before we had met.

"I decided to worry and I pleaded with him to take it easy. I begged him to stop drinking, too. He told me he would."

The next day Errol was in excellent spirits again. He took Beverly swimming at a Beverly Hills hotel pool. While they were sitting poolside a reporter came over for an interview with Errol.

"Errol lit a cigarette and sipped a drink. He had decided to go easy, as the doctor might have suspected. But Errol said, 'I've enjoyed every minute of my life."

"I've got a great talent for spending. I've squandered more than $7,000,000 during my past ten years. The public expects me to be a playboy, and I don't want to let people down. When I was broke I didn't let it worry me. And until now I have been able to keep it up."

"But I guess I'll be critical for a long time for carrying on with Beverly. But it's a question of living the life you see fit to live. I've been careless of other people's up itinerary of world travel."

"Our visit in Vancouver was wonderful," Beverly said. "The Caledhogs made delightful hosts. I had a thoroughly wonderful time, and so did Errol. I was sorry when our visit came to an end on its sixth day."

"We started for the airport to fly back to Los Angeles, Errol being taken there by George and his wife in their car. Errol complained of pains in his back."

"He mentioned then for the first time to me that he had suffered two heart attacks in the past, and that perhaps this might be another. That was the first I knew of the other attacks."

"I said he thought Errol should see a doctor. I put in a check to Dr. Grant A. Gould's apartment in Vancouver."

As Dr. Gould began examining Errol, there was no immediate diagnosis of an emergency. But on the day after they had suffered recurring attacks of malaria while in Vancouver.

Then Errol drifted into the hospital where he complained malaria was raging. He had started talking, and he rambled about his experiences in Hollywood.

As Errol spoke, music and voices from another room were heard. Errol was in the doctor's office. It was a cocktail party. Someone, word got there that Errol Flynn was visiting Dr. Gould.

But Errol continued to float into the physician's office uninvited to listen to Errol in fascination as he spurned his stories of the golden days. He propped himself up on the bed and spoke energetically—for a solid two hours!"

"He talked about W. C. Fields, the artist John DEXTER, John Barrymore... all the great people he knew in Hollywood."

"His eyes lit up as he stood there waving his arms in magnificent gestures, imitating these movie greats. It was a beautiful personal history for this many-thrilling—yes, it was a wonderful story teller."

Suddenly, Errol seemed to tire. He bowed gracefully and said:

"I think it's time to go to bed."

Then he walked steadily to a bedroom in the doctor's apartment. As he reached the door, he turned in a gesture of mock heroism, and he declared grandly:

"But I shall return tomorrow."

Errol went into the bedroom and lay there on the bed. Dr. Gould followed in and examined Errol there. A moment later, the doctor came running out of the room.

"Concern was plainly written on the doctor's face," Beverly said. "I knew Errol's squad would get there in time."

"I went into the bedroom and saw Errol gasping for breath. I sat on the bed and put my arms around him. A few seconds later I notice Errol breathing.

"But I saw a smile on Errol's lips, which were trembling. He was trying to say something—perhaps that he loved me. I never knew how to look back."

"I had a feeling this was the end. I had a feeling that Errol Flynn, the man I loved so very much, had died in my arms."

The door opened suddenly and Dr. Gould came into the room. Beverly got up and went to the door to be out of the room.

Dr. Gould and George took Errol from the bed and placed him on the carpet. Errol wasn't breathing anymore. Dr. Gould took a hypodermic of adrenalin and placed it in Errol's heart, trying to shock it into action. Then the doctor stepped back.

He said he hoped the Fire Department in the city determined where he was in time.

He had phoned them when he had gone out of the bedroom the last time.

In desperation, Caldough asked Dr. Gould if nothing couldn't be done to save..."
tender, exciting love stories
now available in paperback

The Heart Remembers
by Faith Baldwin
Ten years ago they had loved, quarreled, and parted. Now, suddenly, they were face to face.

Only Akiko
by Duncan Thorp
He was a tough sergeant on the make. She was available. The last thing they expected was love.

Kind Are Her Answers
by Mary Renault
What happens when a married man falls in love?

35c each

Now available wherever paperback books are sold
Errol's pathology didn't go away. Eventually he was bedridden, later, hospitalized. During the final months of his illness, he was almost entirely paralyzed.

Merle Junior was fourteen, then, and he was lonely. He visited the hospital every day to visit the toddler, Mr. Johnson, by now pitifully weak, contracted pneumonia. The last time his son saw him, Mr. Johnson insisted that the gold watch on the table beside his bed. The watch was his favorite possession, and he kept it always near him. Take it home, he said now.

The watch: It was one of those fancy, antique gold watches, and he knew it would come. He shook his head, finally got his voice. "You'll need it—"

"No," his father said, keeping the tone light. "There's no sense having it around: please take it when you go.

He knows, the boy thought, startled, and a wave of love and pity flooded through him, and his throatached with feelings he didn't care about anymore.

He walked down the street clutching the gold watch which had ticked away the minutes of his father's life, and he turned into the depot at the edge of town. Some kids he knew could generally be found driving the waitresses crazy. They were all there, and over the jukebox Louis Armstrong was growing A Kiss To Build A Dream On.

In his mind, Merle Johnson, Junior, was a busy boy. He took journalism classes at Columbia University, he studied acting with Ezra Stone, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a messenger with a commercial film company—

you picked up the can of film from one place and delivered it to another, and it didn't matter what it was. A little film wrap, but it taught you how to tell up from downtown, and which subway got you where. He took a job as a laborer on a road construction project in Jersey, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a tailor, a receptionist, a spreader of film, and he was never near his mother.

Not that he didn't phone, just that he knew if he visited, she'd pressure him on money, and he was determined not to be supported by her.

He'd call her up. "Mom?"

She'd try not to sound anxious. "How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine, mom, I'm fine!"

He said, hearthy tone belying the fact that the landlord was pounding on the door.

Dodging eviction
He lived in eight different rooms in New York, and was evicted from two of them. The process was very simple. The landlord, a huffy, grizzled, gruff old man with a loud voice, would say, "Get out."

Between jobs, starvation is the main problem of actors, and Merle's solution for this was original. He'd get up at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, go to a one-bedroom and eat a hot dog. This would make him queasy enough so he didn't want to face nourishment again till night.

Labs of days there were parties where people served food; occasionally somebody got married, or had a graduation, and the spreads would be sumptuous; even when you didn't know the principals involved too well, you could always squeeze by them clean, and get away with it. And if anything happened to him he got ahead in the Flynn tradition, living for a while, and having a wonderful time dodging it.

"That is what I must do..."

Errol and Beverly star in Cuban Rebel Girls, Exploit Films.

Troy

After two years at Bayport High he transferred to the New York Military Academy at Cornell-on-the-Hudson, with his future one huge question mark. He'd agreed to turn his back on theater, but theater and sports were all that interested him. Scholastically, he was close to awful; he never enjoyed studying, but what he did enjoy was writing plays, directing them, playing parts in them. He was a demon athlete, too, winning letters for football, basketball and track. And his mother finally agreed that he should try out for West Point. He passed his first test, then fell and broke his knee and was disqualified for acceptance at the Point, and he found himself breathing a sigh of relief. "It's fate," he believed. "Now may be I'll have what I want to do...

Tired of living a life somebody else had figured out for him, he went to the mother one last time. "I want to be an actor. You still don't approve."

"I approved," she said. "I don't."

"Okay," he said. "I don't want to hurt you, but I can't lie any more. I'm going to the city and try my luck. I won't ask you to support me...

She watched him up the stairs, she heard the thump of the suitcase being hauled down out of the closet, perhaps she even remembered her own youth, and that no one could have stopped her, or told her. "You've got to fail on your own terms," she said to the empty room, permitting her son, at last, his freedom.

In 1958, Merle Johnson, Merle Junior, was a busy boy. He took journalism classes at Columbia University, he studied acting with Ezra Stone, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a messenger with a commercial film company—

you picked up the can of film from one place and delivered it to another, and it didn't matter what it was. A little film wrap, but it taught you how to tell up from downtown, and which subway got you where. He took a job as a laborer on a road construction project in Jersey, and he worked, worked, worked. He was a tailor, a receptionist, a spreader of film, and he was never near his mother.

Not that he didn't phone, just that he knew if he visited, she'd pressure him on money, and he was determined not to be supported by her.

He'd call her up. "Mom?"

She'd try not to sound anxious. "How are you, darling?"

"I'm fine, mom, I'm fine!"

He said, hearthy tone belying the fact that the landlord was pounding on the door.

Dodging eviction
He lived in eight different rooms in New York, and was evicted from two of them. The process was very simple. The landlord, a huffy, grizzled, gruff old man with a loud voice, would say, "Get out."

Between jobs, starvation is the main problem of actors, and Merle's solution for this was original. He'd get up at seven or eight o'clock in the morning, go to a one-bedroom and eat a hot dog. This would make him queasy enough so he didn't want to face nourishment again till night.

Labs of days there were parties where people served food; occasionally somebody got married, or had a graduation, and the spreads would be sumptuous; even when you didn't know the principals involved too well, you could always squeeze by them clean, and get away with it. And if anything happened to him he got ahead in the Flynn tradition, living for a while, and having a wonderful time dodging it.

"That is what I must do..."

Errol and Beverly star in Cuban Rebel Girls, Exploit Films.
he came home again, the wound healed.

That fall, he took a good, long look at himself. He bought a Basset and mut-tered into his mirror. But right now the only thing that’s getting any action is your
feet. You’re just another pavementpounding, salt-eating, pavement-pounding pumps that some joke left a fund to Actors’ Equity for the sole purpose of providing said nuts with new
shoes. And I didn’t want any new shoes; he
didn’t want any kind of handout. He
wanted work.

A man who’d been a friend of his father’s, a fellow named Darryl Brady, moved to Hollywood. He had a job for him—not acting, but he wasn’t acting in New York either.

Hollywood. That’s where they picked up shipping cars, truck drivers and freight
stands and turned ’em into stars, wasn’t it? He could be a shipping clerk as good as anybody, so maybe stardom was a mere 3,000 miles away.

He didn’t rehs later; he hadn’t become a star, but he was working steadily for Mr. Brady, and he’d put all his money into a second-hand MG, and a little shack in Malibu. He was bonesick of the whole business. One night he was eating at a place called The Green Pheasant in Malibu, and all of a sudden, the whole scene turned into something out of a Lana Turner movie.

Two men met and talked over a glass
of wine. One was a producer named William Archer, the other was a director named James Sheldon, and they didn’t waste any words on him. They just gave him a screen test at Columbia, they said.

Figuring it was a gag a buddy had set up, he grinned at them wisely. “Sure you would. And I’ll bet you want me to play
the King of France,” he told them.

The offer turned out to be a real one, a fact of which he was ultimately convinced, and then began several weeks of cramming so he’d be good enough.

Just when life looked good...

The day before his test was scheduled, he rehearsed and rehearsed on the scene. He read a long scene, got to the point of exhaustion, then took a breather, went to visit some friends in town. By the time he started back to his Malibu shack, it was midnight.

It was very late, and he fought against an overpowering sleepiness. It went through his mind to pull the car off the road and take a nap. No, he told himself. You’ll never wake up in time, and then you’ll be in rotten shape tomorrow. He drove on, fell asleep at the wheel, the car hurdled an embankment.

Lucky to be alive, he didn’t complain about his fractured skull, his bruised face, the broken ribs, and the fact that he was that he’d shaved his head, and naturally nobody was going to screen test some bald boy. He lay on his back for what seemed like years, pondering the odd coincidence that while he was pondering, he had a visitor. An actress friend named Fran Bennett dropped by, and she brought with her an agent named Howard Warner, the younger of the Warner brothers.

He created Tab Hunter out of Arthur Gelien, and turned Roy Fitzgerald into Rock Hudson. Now he was looking contemplatively at Merle.

When Merle Johnson, Junior, finally got up out of bed, he’d been re-christened Troy Donahue, and he was on his way. Willson got him a contract at Universal.

International. He was 8 feet 3 tall, blond and blue-eyed, as some people say they’d seen around there in a long time, and they put him into seventeen movies in two years, though no one seems to recall any of them with excitement.

By the end of 1947, he’d met Judi Meredith, who was also under
contract. In fact, they’d tested together. Judi was the first girl since the last of them, Merle or Troy, as we’ll call him—out.

“I flipped,” he says, still not pretending to be cool about the whole thing. He was scared, of course. He was a burnt child, and he suggested that if you liked a girl too much you left
yourself open to being kicked in the teeth. But Judi tore him up. There was nothing he could do about it.

Another romance

Actually, the romance wasn’t a sweet, boy-girl kind of affair. There was too much
Hollywood and not enough life in the
layout, and always the photographers saying, “Kiss her again, Troy,” and her career booming but not his.

Then, he fell in love with Wendell
Niles, Jr. Wendell was a friend of Troy’s, and neither he nor Judi wanted to hurt Troy, so they lied.

The question was whether Troy told that he’d gone to the Ice-Capades
alone.

Troy phoned Wendell. “How about us having a guy evening?” Let’s wander around some place.

—T"

Troy didn’t. “I don’t know. I’ll call you later—"

After dinner, Troy, still restless, rang Wendell back. “He’s in the shower,” said Wendell’s mother, “I think Judi’s here. Do you want to talk to her?”

He felt as though he’d been punched in the stomach. “No thanks,” he said, and hung up the phone. He turned off the lights in his room, and walked over to the window. The ocean had a lonely look to it, with that strange phosphores-
cence etching the waves, and the moon half gone. It doesn’t seem to matter, he said to himself, New York or Hollywood.

My girls just don’t ever belong to me.

Next day, he faced Judi. “Why, why, why? Why didn’t you tell me?”

—WN

Malibu shaming is an art that’s not
able to give him any satisfactory answer. “We’ve had it,” she said, and that was that.

About a year ago, while he was making Initiation of Life, Troy met another girl. This time, she wasn’t an actress. He liked her a lot, but he’d learned caution. When he felt she was beginning to care too much, he told her the truth.

They’d disappear to a diner, garish lights, and tired faces all around them, and he thought later, what funny places you play out the most important moments of your life.

“I don’t feel I’m really ready for marriage,” he said, and her face crumpled, and smoothed out again all in the space of an instant, and he was stricken. “I don’t want you to sell your soul now,” she said.

“I’m not hurt,” she said, in a funny, low voice, and she stood up abruptly. “I want to go home. Let’s get out of here—"

Now that relationship is finished, and Troy can’t get over a problem. Warner
Brothers, impressed by Initiation of Life, cast him in A Summer Place (he co-stars with Sandra Dee), and he’d no sooner finished than that wasn’t any better. Troy, when he put his name on it, “he’s got nowhere to go but up”—and he’s determined to be a big star.

Fourteen-year-old Troy is a man now, finding what’s he always wanted, after all...
Cool It, Debbie

(Continued from page 25)

how the gay and charming girl the world had taken to its heart for ten years had turned into a hard, cynical trea-pai playgirl.

We felt if this was true we would spot it in a minute through the penetrating eye of the TV close-up.

You looked lovely, all right. Your hair

do was perfect. Your flower-printed dress was one of the most charming we’ve ever seen you wear. Your make-up was just right. You were quite a contrast from the girl in pig-tails and blue jeans every

one recalls. Yet the loveliness and subtlety of your appearance was destroyed by your actions.

You didn’t give the world a chance to know Debbie.

You came on. And you were phony. And we everyone else who knew you was upset.

Fantastic performance

Oh, we thought your imitation of your character was brilliant and your Genevieve showed remarkable perception and certainly the fact that you

made an effort to entertain was not to be
censured. But we were embarrassed when you tried to force Jack, against his will, to dance with you, and we were

embarrassed by the way you made fun of some of his clothes. And it was obvious that we

were.

Halfway through the program you got serious. You began to talk of Khrushchev and world problems—and you made sense and didn’t have a pipe in your mouth. You spoke like a mature young woman. A woman of twenty-seven who is genuinely concerned about what is going on in the world because current events seri-

ously affect the lives of her children. The audience was interested in what you had to

say, too.

Then you were interrupted by a commer-

cial and by the time the announcer

finished extolling the virtues of the latest deodorant or headache remedy your mood had

changed again. You were back on the bandwagon as explosive and as volatile as ever.

Maybe Jack was annoyed that you were running away with the show. Maybe his new success had gone to his head. Or maybe he just didn’t think about what he was saying. But he came out with a remark that stunned us. “Is this what Eddie had to

say when he was twenty?”

We went through the floor with embar-

rassment for you. We wondered how you would handle it.

Well, you went to the floor—not through it.

And as the two of you remained under the desk—out of sight of the viewing audience, strange things began to come into our sight: Jack’s tie and coat and shoes and handkerchief—and your shoes.

It was funny all right. The audience roared. In the same way people roar when the seventeen slip on a banana peel.

It seemed like an eternity before you

finally came up for air with a somewhat

undressed and disgraced Paar. He was obviously unhappy. But you still wouldn’t stop.

You threw his tie around his neck, began to tuck his shirt back into his pants and just when I thought you were going to need to

continue to needle you. “Eddie must have felt he was married to an Olympics

champion,” he commented. But you still wouldn’t stop. And when Paar got too-

tently tried to get you off the show by

stating that “we are running a half hour late and I’m sure you are in a hurry to get

somewhere,” you ignored the hint and said

“I haven’t anyplace to go.”

Prize-fighters who go down for the

count are often saved by the bell. You, Debbie, were not that kind of an athlete. By the time it was over you got the

message. You said good night, but you didn’t exit gracefully. One of your shoes had gotten misplaced in that ‘strip-tease’

act and you had to hobble off the stage.

The studio audience obviously loved your

act. We didn’t!

Maybe that’s because we care about you too much. We felt Paar, intentionally or unintentionally, had humiliated you. We

know that every TV network has offered sums ranging up to a quarter of a million dollars to Paar in recent years—too much. Paar got you for his usual minimum of $320. You were willing to stay on forever. Yet he brushed you off in a manner which your experience was not commensurate to even a publicity-mad starlet.

He said the “show was running late.”

We stayed with it to see what was so

important to make you so ‘expendable.’

But your performance was so

brief and Beifley short subject, filmed maybe twenty years ago that could have been run anytime.

And to add insult to injury, Paar ended his statement with the disaster, “Should I call

George Reynolds, whatever you are!”

We pondered that statement well into the evening. October 19th. Whatever you are. What are you Debbie?

Are you really the over-active exhibitionist we saw on the Paar show? The perfect young girl with more grammar-school-girls, than feminine professional?

That girl’s actions are belied by her

words. “I don’t think I’m mature yet. That

takes more than thekind of living that I

have had. But I know more about life than I have before. And I’ve had many more experiences—some good, some bad. However I don’t worry much because I

know that any minute some one could push a button that may end the whole world. When I get unhappy about some-

thing I run out of the door or I

jumping down on us and I don’t fret anymore. It’s just good to be alive.”

It is good to be alive. But you’ve got to

slow down to appreciate the joys of living.

The Deb was just that lucky. We covered a couple of months ago: “As a bachelor mother I’m very happy. When I come home at night I really come to a home and not to act as if I’m the next secretary. I have the time to date. I go home around

6:30. I play with the children until they
go to bed. On week ends I don’t have the
desire to go places. My first obligation is

still to my children. Then comes my own

life, my career, my charities. I’m planning

my life ahead now. I have to be sure I’m

able to do those things.”

“But as a bachelor girl I’m very un-

happy. Going out with someone once a
twice means involvements here in Holly-

wood and I don’t want to be involved. As a

result I made a habit of not dating engage-

ning husbands. It’s all too complex. I’d rather get the phone book and see what’s in it.”

That’s what you said, Debbie. You said it late last fall. But your actions—before and after that remark to seem to negate the words.

The new Debbie

Instead of giving in to yourself and the world you have decided to go on in how to be a ‘gay divorcée’—the phrase you beg reporters not to call you—from Eva Gabor. Eva’s personal philosophy was

counter to what yours had been. “Marriage is a place where you have talked to

Louella Parsons. ‘I have found that careers and marriage don’t mix. I want to be free to travel to any part of the world when a motion picture assignment takes me there, and a husband certainly interferes. I have been married often enough to know.”

The job she did to transform your warm

beauty into a sizzling come-on was not half so charming as the news items that were

drifted back to us. Items like: According

to an article in the Post, that magazine

the man who wound up with both Debbie

R. and Eva Gabor on a date. The two

beauties did nothing but concentrate on their own affairs and make miserable for the poor

They made him jump through hoops

throughout the evening. If he balked, they

gathered up their things and walked out.

But, Debbie, even Eva doesn’t follow her own advice.

In any case, allowing for gross exaggera-

tion, even for outright lies, it had to be a

new kind of Debbie that inspired a respect for you.

You wouldn’t give the real Debbie a chance. Not even when you fainted dead

away in a hotel room after you knocked your

head on the floor.

For months you picked up speed by date-

ing the two most ineligible bachelor

available—Bob Neil and Harry Karl. From

Neil you collected two gifts of diamonds in two weeks. But very publicly you rejected

that made you mad. But it wasn’t long

ago that you yourself would have dispro-

ved of a girl’s accepting diamonds from

just anyone. Why did you let yourself

indulge with Neil in what the newspapers called “a necking session ringside

at Ciro’s.” Not unless you were engaged

to him. Why did you get involved with

Harry Karl was waiting to invite you to your mother, your children and a nurse to a friend’s house in Honolulu. We know

that you don’t Karl, perhaps. If you had

more charming there wouldn’t have been room to sit down and
to whom you were playing Debbie? Especially when Bob Neil showed up. In spite of Mortimer, you slept most of the day

and spent most of every night at Don the

Beachcomber’s holding hands with either

Harry or Bob.

When Karl upped and married Joan

Cohn (for of all 25 days as it turned out),
you merely shrugged your shoulders and
went out with yourself. You just couldn’t

 tolerate Walter Troutman who gave you the

champagne and El Morocco treatment.

No one took the Troutman ‘romance’ seri-

ously. The New York cafe-society set know

he was engaged to a girl named Paar. One
date a columnist wrote: Debbie Reyn-

olds who has been taking too many vita-

mins lately and man—about—New York

Walter Troutman are a little premature in

the dating department, despite the bills

and cooing, to be called a romantic tri-

et... Walter is a professional bachelor.

Bob and I are old hat to him.

Still you seemed to glow in the El Mor-

go.
You are aware of the rumors linking your name romantically with Glenn Ford; but both you and Glenn have denied them—but still they have continued. We can't look into your heart and find an answer. But we wonder if it isn't possible for you to have fallen in love with Glenn. We wonder if perhaps you aren't trying to hope or deny that love through your actions. And if you are—unless in some way you have been hurt again—why?

We're not trying to preach to you, Debbie. Or to criticize you or knock you. But we are knocking the nix you're on. The hard work and harder play kick that leaves no time for real living or loving.

Come off it, Debbie. Cool down. How can you not want love? And how can you imagine that being true to yourself will stop you from getting it?

Debbie's latest films are THE GAZERO, MGM, and THE RAT RACE, Paramount.

You thing you're due for, young lady, and right now, too."

"Okay," Barbara said. "—excepting for one thing. I've got to say my prayers all over again now. Because I left out one thing before. All right?"

Without waiting for an answer, she jumped out of the bed, knelt, closed her eyes, and said, quickly:

Thank You for the world so sweet.
Thank You for the food we eat.
Thank You for the birds that sing.
Thank You, God, for everything especially for my new little sister.

She paused. Then:

Oh yes—and I'd like You to know, just to show You how glad I am, that when Christmas comes I'm going to give her all my presents.
Thank You, God. Amen. . . .

The terrible things about Margot

Barbara was crying this day two years later, as she stood outside the neighbor's house.

She couldn't wait for her mother's car to come and pick her up. And when it did come, and she had climbed inside, she cried even more.

"What's the matter—is this the way the birthday parties affect you all of a sudden?" Bette asked, puzzled, trying lamely to make a joke.

Barbara shook her head. "I want to go home," she sobbed.

"What happened?" Bette asked, taking her daughter's hand.

For a moment, Barbara was silent. And then, looking down, she said, "It was terrible. Mommy, the things some of those girls were saying . . . about Margot."

Bette took a deep breath. "And what did they say, Beeedee?" she asked.

"That Margot's sick," Barbara said. She looked back up at Bette. "I was standing there and two of them come over to me and one of them said, 'How's your adopted brother and sister—the boy your parents just adopted and the girl they adopted that time? And I said, 'Their names are Woody and Margot and we don't call them 'adopted' like that in our house.' And the girl said, 'Don't get so smart, Barbara, it just so happens they are adopted.' And then she said, 'Anyway, I just wanted to find out if your sister is still sick.' I said that Margot was never sick. And they laughed. They said they'd heard their own mothers say that she is, that Margot walks funny, always falling and walking into things, that she doesn't talk right yet like she should—that she's sick. And one of the girls said her mother was to our house once and that she saw Margot sitting on the floor for an hour, holding her teddy bear, not doing anything but just holding
it and looking at it. And when this girl told me this, she and the other one began to laugh. I got mad and I said, 'My sister loves her teddy bear, that's why she was holding it so long. It's a very special teddy bear which I used to have when I was a baby. Three years old, that's only a baby still,' I said... And it is. Mommy, isn't it? Isn't it?"

"Of course it is," Bette said. She opened her purse and reached for a handkerchief and a few drops of perfume. Bette, besides, she doesn't walk funny really, and she doesn't talk little. You see, if it's any of your business, I said, 'she happens to be at home, too... baby."

And she looked over at the doctor. She wanted to talk to him more, as if by talking things might become suddenly, miraculously, solved.

But she knew that that would not be so. And so, putting out her cigarette, she asked, "When does she have to go?"

"As soon as possible," said the doctor. The little, Bette said, rising, and turning, and walking towards the office.

In the anteroom she saw little Margot, sitting on a long wood bench. She was walking up to the child.

"Come on, darling," she said, "we've got to go home now."

The girl looked up at her. Then she lowered her eyes.

And then, slowly, she slipped off the bench as Bette held to her hand, tightly... 

Home for Christmas

It was Christmas morning, 1955.
Margot had been away for two months.
Bette and Gary and Barbara got into the car, at nine o'clock, two months, and to pick her up and take her back home with them for Christmas dinner.

The institution, they saw when they got there, was gaily-decorated, with a big tree near the door, big wreaths on the windows, a giant papier-mâché Santa Claus in the garden, and a giant, flamingo, all pasted by a fake snow which in giant, live poinsettias grew. It would have been a fine place for children to play, they all thought of the child, except that there were no children around.

A nurse, a tall woman, met them at the door, and began to write out their pass. The children are all in the assembly room, the nurse repeated, and in the room most there. "You'll have to wait just a few minutes," said the other nurse. "Now, the name of the child you've come to fetch?"

"Margot," Bette said.

The nurse finished writing out the pass. And then she said, "Would you like to see Margot's room, meanwhile?"

"Yes," Bette said. "The right key, she led them to the room, and opened the door.

It was a small room, they saw, with a little bed, a bureau, a tiny blue rocking chair—nothing more.

It struck them all—Bette and Gary and Barbara—as the saddest, loneliest little room they had ever seen.

And they were glad, very glad, that in a few weeks they would be able to take Margot away from it, this room, this place, and bring her back home for a few hours at least.

"Now," the nurse said, looking efficiently down at her watch,—"the assembly room's back this way. Why don't we go there and wait in the rear."

"Okay," Bette said, softly, excitedly, pointing, "Look."

They all looked now and they saw her. Margot. She, sat, like the others, leaning forward a little in her chair, holding a small, a little, big candy stick in the other, listening wide-eyed to the man in the center of the circle who was dressed as Santa Claus and who was in the midst of a rousing refrain of Jingle Bells.

They continued watching her—as, like the other children, she listened, joined in on the final chorus, clapped and then rose to leave.

Margot, "Barbara called out, roused over, turned past some of the other children, grabbing her, hugging her. "I am you?... How are you?"

"Fine," Margot said, "Barbara."

Suddenly, as if she smiled, too, when Bette and Gary over and bent and kissed her.

Then, after a few moments, the nurse came back, and Margot, "You've got, you've got to get ready to go now."

The little girl looked at her. She said, "Where?"

She began to leave her face. "Go?" she asked.

She looked at them all. "Go?" she asked again.

The other nodded.

"Don't—don't you want to come home with us?" Barbara asked, confused.

The little girl answered. But instead she turned and looked around the big room, at some of the other child, still there, some of them playing with the new toys, some of them sucking the candy sticks, some of them just standing there, looking back at her.

"What's wrong, Margot?" Barbara asked, approaching her.

Margot's gift

The girl didn't move, nor look at the Bells. Bette looked up at her mother, anxiously.

"What's wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong?" said the nurse, standing near to them. She shook her head. "Five or six weeks, even four weeks ago, she said, "sometimes mornings, unhappy mornings, as the day she arrived. She missed me all, so much. She cried lots, she would eat more than a few mouthfuls of food, but it didn't satisfied as the time. On that rocking chair you are there, just rocking away, and staring, ro… onning and starting all the time... And there, she is, you know. Here. Nothing, here, something changed suddenly. Maybe..."

"No," I made a friend. Don't ask me exactly what happened, I don't know. But she made me, from then, another one, another friend. And suddenly, she was here, she was there, she missed you all still. She always was. I'm sure I. But this has become her home here. These children have become her family, and strange as it may seem, you must explain to her now that she is being come back here."

The others looked at the nurse, and then, with that same strange to Margot.

The little girl had her back to the wall; she had not moved and she was watching the other children in the room. And suddenly, she picked the girl up in her arm. She began to talk to her, slowly, softly, explaining to her about how they wanted to take her with them now. To have dinner, for just a little while; and after dinner, they would all get back into the car and come back back here. "here," she said, "right back here."

She was into the little girl's eyes.

"All right, Margot?" she asked.

The little girl smiled again, as she looked before, and she nodded. "All right, says."

"Good," said Bette. "Good."

And then, still carrying Margot, Bette took her daughter Barbara's hand. "You know," she asked, "things work out in strange and beautiful ways sometimes? We came, thinking a gift to Margot would be to take her home, and the fear of the thought. Think Mar... Margot would have any gift for us, did we?"

She has, The most wonderful gift of all, one will ever receive... she is happy, final. They brought Mar... on that day. As they will this Christmas to come, for a short few and very precious book... Bette appears in John Paul John, Warner Bros., and That's a Package.
Eddie's Love Cured Me!

(Continued from page 32)

raged, whatever the condition actually was. Liz suffered. This we know.

For we have seen the tears of a woman mistakenly in pain. We saw them in her eyes as she stood that night at a party in Beverly Hills when suddenly, while dancing, Liz stopped and turned pale and reached for her back with her right hand..."

...and the room was silent..." ...and the floor. We saw them the day in, May 1957, in Mexico, when she married Mike Todd. Towards the end of the reception..."...after the champagne and the wedding cake, the room was silent, and the photographs had left..."

...Liz and Mike and mumbled something he threw herself in his arms and then collapsed. The floor was silent. The party was silent. The room was silent..."...just that look of agonized confusion, inner torment, that would come across a face must too often, is gone now too.

She is emotionally unstable, we remember someone writing back in 1952. And why shouldn't she be? At eight years, an actress. At fourteen, a star. A third home life—of her own, with agressively young daughter taking over the reins of her young daughter's upbringing and career, a quiet and ignored papa sitting in the corner, wondering, not daring to say anything. At fifteen, the perplexed cry: 'I have no body of a woman and the emotions of a child.' At seventeen, a long time, and desperate, her one hope—no age to Nicky Hilton, young and reckless playboy—and disaster, culminating in divorce. More running then, and in her life, and in her party, thrill to thrill, sensation to sensation. Till now, barely in her twenties, the news that she is in England, her outrageous flirtation with forty-year-old Michael Wilding. And now—success, that they will probably be married by the time you read this.

Emotionally unstable, the writer had just as we had to shake our heads, as the a few years passed, over her marriage, Wilding, neither of them doing the other good, and admit that her emotional stability was going from bad to serious to worse. More, there were the fine bright moments Liz, all right.

That January morning when little Michael Jr. was born. That February afternoon when little stopper was born. Maybe some other moments; good, pure, fruitful moments.

But, mostly, there were long, seemingly-endless moments of discontent for Liz.

So that her face—when she was away from the camera, or the public's glare—often became a study in distress, a case of lines and taut features that needed relaxing.

Who can forget the look on her face that day on the set of Giant, when word came that James Dean had just been killed? That look, followed by the hysterical weeping, Gene syst of disbelief, the stumbling walk from the sound-stage, the collapse in the dressing room.

Who can forget the look on her face the night, minutes after he'd left a party at her hilltop home, Montgomery Clift smashed his car into a tree—the look of fright in her eyes as she rushed down the road to the car, the look of terror as she knelt alongside Monty and lifted his bleeding head into her lap, as she began to sway her own head back and forth and moan and cry, having no idea what to do. Monty was '—after all, still very much alive.'

So spoke the cynics. But those of us who knew Liz, knew her well, understood that these were not 'acts.'

That these were inevitable outlets of expression for a tortured girl who seemed almost to wait for tragedy so that she could feel free herself—even for a short while—of her own burden of recurring pain, of growing discontent.

There are no outbursts now. Today, we see Liz, miraculously changed—happy, healthy, content, calm at peace, herself, with life.

In short, cured.

Liz want added by Eddie Fisher.

For well over a year now, millions of people all over the world have scorned these two.

You yourself have heard the cracks, maybe even made some of them. "Liz Taylor? What's she got to offer him except a lot of trouble... Home-wrecker... Husband-snatcher... Miss Big-Movie-Star..."

How long is she going to last with him?" "Eddie Fisher? What's he got to offer her except his old records... Has-been... Sucker... Weakling... Deserter..."

How long is he going to last with her?"" Some people, even less impressed with Eddie than with Liz, went on to wonder: "What does she want with such an ordinary guy, anyway? Nicky Hilton—at least he had looks and money. Michael Wilding—at least he had class. Mike Todd—he had everything to give her, glamour, wealth,
**An Ave Maria for Mario**

(Continued from page 21)

"A boy.
And what are they naming it, do you know?
"A Mario, after the mother, Maria," said the midwife. "Mario Lanza Cocozza.
The neighbor woman listened as the baby, in the next room, began to cry suddenly.
"Listen to that noise," she said, "You sure, with a big voice like that, he was only just born.
"The midwife smiled. "I told the father," she said, "as soon as I heard that loud voice, that first moment—I said, 'If anything, you should name this little one Enrico, in honor of Caruso.'
"Ah," the neighbor woman said, shaking her head, "it's a sin, isn't it, what happened to Caruso?"
"What happened?" the midwife asked.
"He died," the other woman said. "Last night, in Italy. I just heard it on the radio... He was singing. His throat began to bleed. And he went, just like that. You never know?
"No," the midwife said, her smile disappearing, saddened by the knowledge that the greatest tenor voice of all time had been snatched away. She said to herself—indeed in jest—she had compared a tiny newborn baby's crying with his voice. . . .

**HOLLYWOOD—THE WINTER OF 1949:** I know, I know, the agent, a small and enthusiastic man, agreed with the MGM producer, a big man, a bore, "They say if you get a guy who can open his trap and reach a high C—He sounds just like Caruso! . . . But, believe me, this guy I've got waiting outside does.
"Does what?" the producer asked, yawning.
"Sings," the agent said, for the tenth time those past five minutes. "Like Caruso. He sings. Like an angel. Like nobody you've ever heard before."
"Same guy I saw you walking with before, near the commissary?" the producer asked.
"Yes," the agent said.
"He's too fat for pictures, you should know that," the producer said. "He must weigh 300 pounds.
"The agent shook his head. "He weighs 240 right now. But he can cut off fifty of 'em easy. He's a nervous type. He needs a job now. When he's nervous he eats—poor as he is, he eats and eats and eats fat. Sign him up, relax him and you'll see how fast he loses."
The producer shrugged. "Look," he said, "this fellow of yours, he's got some test recordings which aren't he?"
"Sure," the agent said.
"Well, mail me a few of them and I'll listen when I have some time. I'm busy making Nazis of all the world, with street songs and sea charities his parents had taught him. The voice grew more and more beautiful as he sang. I wanted to make up the song, to sing it myself, but I've never seen a voice with the feel of it."

"In exactly forty-five minutes," the agent went on, "I have an interview with my boy over at U-I. This afternoon we go to Warner's. I brought him here first because I think you can people him to be our best use. But if you don't want to go, I'll hear him—"
"All right," the producer said, bringing up his hand at a wave.
The agent picked up his phone and dialed an inter-office number.
"Joe?" he asked, talking now to Joseph Pasternak, another Metro producer, the man behind such Hollywood brain-trusts as "got a kid here, young tenor from Philby. He's supposed to be good. Want to hear him with me?—Okay. See you, say, 12 in ten minutes."

He hung up and rose.
"Come on," he said, then to the agent, "let's pick up this marvellous of yours and get this thing over with."
"It was the most unbelievable moment of my life," Joe Pasternak has since said. "I got to the soundstage a little late. He had already begun to sing. I recognized the song. It was an old one from "The Girl of the Golden West," by Puccini. I stood there at the door, listening for a few moments. If he had stopped right then and there I wouldn't know that this was the most beautiful male voice I had ever been privileged to hear. But he didn't stop. He sang on and on, other Puccini arias. He seemed to set all her life, when he sang Neapolitan street songs and sea charities his parents had taught him. The voice grew more and more beautiful as he sang. I wanted to make up the song, to sing it myself, but I've never seen a voice with the feel of it."

But, for us, even in those palaces there was warmth, a wonderful warmth, the beginnings of our love.

I began my duties during that talk and the meetings that inevitably followed—that I was with a human being I could understand, who could understand me.

"What has Eddie, exactly, that made me feel this way?"
"Well, let's put it this way, simply: I learned to share life with Eddie. I learned—me, someone who had been way out in the world, a nobody—had been on the receiving end of life all these years—that there was someone somewhere, with whom I could exist on an equal footing.

I had never given before. I don't know that I had ever thought about giving. I had been, in a way, convenient, to be clothed in a warm blanket of security, sure surrounded by people who wanted to do things for me, and only for me.

But now I realized that what I had thought to be so convenient was not that at all.

That all my life I had really wanted this person I could comfort, who needed me giving me this.

This has been the special beauty of our love, mine and Eddie's.

I needed him. He needed me.

"Together, we have shared life, and for this, to God, I will always be grateful.

Liz stars in Suddenly Last Summer. Co-starring Burt Lancaster, Valentina, and Cleo Fondel. 20th-Fox.
This hadn't happened, and he asked, "For five years now you've been writing about me in your newspapers and your magazines. You've written about the good things that have happened to me—my success, my popularity, my wonderful life with my wife and children. You've written, too, about the not-so-good things—the trouble I've had with my studio and some of the stars out here. The trouble I've had with my wife and the trouble with false friends who've misled me and who've squandered most of the money I've earned.

For five years now I've been saying to you to write this in your newspapers and magazines, word for word:
The rumors that Mario Lanza is through.
The rumors that he has pushed his voice too far, and that it is going, are false.
The rumors that he is a troublesome no-good who enjoys making life hard for anybody he wants to—false.

He raised a glass he was holding.
"The future," he'd said, "—right here in Hollywood.
"The future—in Hollywood," the reporters who'd been listening said back.

And they had all drunk.
And laughed.
And slapped his back, wishing him luck.
And then, after a while, they had gone..."

And then, Mario, he lied, laughing through his tears, "—don't cry... This is the inning of everything we've wanted, of something..."

"Don't cry, Betty," he said, putting his arm around her. "You'll get tears on the black, and it'll blur..."
laughed some more. "But she didn't.
Don't cry, come on," he said. "People are supposed to cry at the end of some-thing. And this is the beginning..."
he began..."

VENICE IN 1934: "It's all over," he said, looking in the room. The room, was only one-twentieth of the size—"the biggest, the most lavishly-decorated and furnished house in Bel-Air, castle," the rest of Hollywood called.

looked around the room, empty now, for himself and his Betty.
had been crowded, just a little while before, with reporters, champagne and Scotch, with three a passing, round the heads of horns, with Mario standing near the fireplace, smiling some, looking over his shoulder, seeing if he hadn't crossed the world, making light of what had happened that day.

Metro fired me this afternoon," his lips were lying, this was what? So they had, Max, maybe, so they had, money hanging their Student while I tried to lose some weight, they wanted, insisted on, and while I tried to get some money, I forgot at Metro the money I made them these five years? They forgot that The Great Caruso alone made ten-million dollars in its first year.

For them? Look at all I've done for them!
"Yes," he'd nodded, "they forget. But so what? They have fired me and I'm free now, free to make the kind of pictures I want to make. For other studios. They all want me—Paramount, Warners, Universal. They all want me!

He'd gone on, his voice lowering a little. "Most of you people here know me pretty well, right? And I'd asked, "For five years now you've been writing about me in your newspapers and your magazines. You've written about the good things that have happened to me—my success, my popularity, my wonderful life with my wife and children. You've written, too, about the not-so-good things—the trouble I've had with my studio and some of the stars out here. The trouble I've had with my wife and the trouble with false friends who've misled me and who've squandered most of the money I've earned.

For five years now I've been saying to you to write this in your newspapers and magazines, word for word:

The rumors that Mario Lanza is through.
The rumors that he has pushed his voice too far, and that it is going, are false.
The rumors that he is a troublesome no-good who enjoys making life hard for anybody he wants to—false.

He raised a glass he was holding.
"The future," he'd said, "—right here in Hollywood.
"The future—in Hollywood," the reporters who'd been listening said back.

And they had all drunk.
And laughed.
And slapped his back, wishing him luck.
And then, after a while, they had gone..."

And then, Mario, he lied, laughing through his tears, "—don't cry... This is the inning of everything we've wanted, of something..."

"Don't cry, Betty," he said, putting his arm around her. "You'll get tears on the black, and it'll blur..."
laughed some more. "But she didn't.
Don't cry, come on," he said. "People are supposed to cry at the end of some-thing. And this is the beginning..."
he began..."

VENICE IN 1934: "It's all over," he said, looking in the room. The room, was only one-twentieth of the size—"the biggest, the most lavishly-decorated and furnished house in Bel-Air, castle," the rest of Hollywood called.

looked around the room, empty now, for himself and his Betty.
had been crowded, just a little while before, with reporters, champagne and Scotch, with three a passing, round the heads of horns, with Mario standing near the fireplace, smiling some, looking over his shoulder, seeing if he hadn't crossed the world, making light of what had happened that day.

Metro fired me this afternoon," his lips were lying, this was what? So they had, Max, maybe, so they had, money hanging their Student while I tried to lose some weight, they wanted, insisted on, and while I tried to get some money, I forgot at Metro the money I made them these five years? They forgot that The Great Caruso alone made ten-million dollars in its first year.

For them? Look at all I've done for them!
"Yes," he'd nodded, "they forget. But so what? They have fired me and I'm free now, free to make the kind of pictures I want to make. For other studios. They all want me—Paramount, Warners, Universal. They all want me!

He'd gone on, his voice lowering a little. "Most of you people here know me pretty well, right? And I'd asked, "For five years now you've been writing about me in your newspapers and your magazines. You've written about the good things that have happened to me—my success, my popularity, my wonderful life with my wife and children. You've written, too, about the not-so-good things—the trouble I've had with my studio and some of the stars out here. The trouble I've had with my wife and the trouble with false friends who've misled me and who've squandered most of the money I've earned.

For five years now I've been saying to you to write this in your newspapers and magazines, word for word:

The rumors that Mario Lanza is through.
The rumors that he has pushed his voice too far, and that it is going, are false.
The rumors that he is a troublesome no-good who enjoys making life hard for anybody he wants to—false.

He raised a glass he was holding.
"The future," he'd said, "—right here in Hollywood.
"The future—in Hollywood," the reporters who'd been listening said back.

And they had all drunk.
And laughed.
And slapped his back, wishing him luck.
And then, after a while, they had gone..."

And then, Mario, he lied, laughing through his tears, "—don't cry... This is the inning of everything we've wanted, of something..."

"Don't cry, Betty," he said, putting his arm around her. "You'll get tears on the black, and it'll blur..."
laughed some more. "But she didn't.
Don't cry, come on," he said. "People are supposed to cry at the end of some-thing. And this is the beginning..."
he began..."
The Fabulous Fifties
(Continued from page 50)

And, toward the end of the year, in late September—that seemingly never-to-end story starts, which began with the headline, TAYLOR DATES HUSBAND OF “BEST FRIEND” DEBBIE REYNOLDS IN NEW YORK. EDDIE FISHER CONFIRMS HE WILL ASK DEBBIE FOR A DIVORCE.

Although Ingrid Bergman, that most controversial lady, was invited to return for her first visit in years as a special guest of the Academy. Accompanied by her bridegroom Caspian and daughter Pia, Ingrid accepted—leading to many debates pro and con as to whether she should ever have been invited.

The coveted Oscars of ’59 were won by Susan Hayward for I Want To Live and by David Niven in Separate Tables.

MOVIE MARRIAGE OF THE YEAR—naturally that of Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher in a Jewish ceremony in Las Vegas on May 8th.

MOVIE DIVORCE OF THE YEAR—just as obviously Debbie Reynolds freeing the way for the marriage above—and thank heavens, at last, we began to hope we could take a breather from this triangle!

Next to Debbie’s divorce the most startling development of the year was Glenn Ford after 16 years of marriage. ‘I’ve had it!’ Eleanor told the Judge on May 2nd—incidentally Glenn’s birthday.

Oscars were: Anita Ekberg’s from Tony Steele on April 28th; the not surprising action filed by Mrs. Peter Viertel paving the way for her writer-marriage to marry Deborah Kerr when she is free from her contract with Capitol, the Stanford student socialite bridegroom of a year, Ed Gregson.

BABY NEWS: The birth of a DAUGHTER—last but not least—Bing Crosby and his actress wife Kathy Grant, their second child, after five sons for Bing!

An earlier birth to make news was the arrival of twins—the destined son to the late Tyrone Power and his widow, Debbie Minardos, on January 22nd.

DEATHS of 1959 were numerous and shocking starting with the loss of master clown, Cecil Blount De Mille, great creator of screen spectacles, on January 21st.

A severe loss to Hollywood: Joan Crawford’s husband, Al Steele, high-salaried head of a soft drink company died in their New York apartment in April.

Another top directorial name, Charles Vidor, was here during Magic Flame (the Franz Liszt story) in Vienna.

Then early September brought those three tragic deaths of superclassical belief—beautiful, gay Kay Kendall who captured all our hearts in Les Girls and who had so much to live for—died at the age of 32, of leukemia, in the arms of her grieving husband Rex Harrison.

A few days later, in almost the same manner, in the arms of his wife, Jan Sterling, Paul Douglas suffered a fatal heart seizure; lovable little Edmund Gwenn, that fine actor and comedian who had been a regular in American and British films since his through and prize-winning performance in Miracle On 34th Street, also passed away.

‘It’s a sad day,’ to use a line from an old song, was an end to the short violent life of Mario Lanza. And to the rich, full and daring life of swashbuckling Errol Flynn, whose death seemed to epitomize the end of the gay romantic era in Hollywood’s history.

1959 saw film personalities having their usual share of accidents and illnesses, the most serious being Bob Hope’s eye trouble (the loss of an eye) and his wife’s straightening of a slight in his left eye). And Audrey Hepburn’s bad fall from a horse while shooting a scene for The Unforgiven in Durango, Mexico.

Also, Hollywood was electrified by two widely divergent developments during ’59. Fast rising young actress Diane Varsi, a smash in her first big role in Peyton Place, decided to sever her career to enroll as a college student in Bennington College in far off Vermont. Diane’s parting shot was ‘I’m through with Hollywood and its false face.’

Want to bet?

Another ‘private life’ shocker was the family feud which broke out between Bing Crosby and his son-in-law John Gary—this time was quoted as saying ‘I’m a bad father.’ Unfortunately, Gary agreed with him—all this to the tune of some pretty disillusioning and unhappiness. Bergman, Let’s hope 1960 will find this family clan devoted and united again.

The outstanding MOVIE GIRL OF THE YEAR was rooted headpiece Shirley MacLaine—with blonde Lee Remick of Anatomy of a Murder fame not very far behind.

And if you think I am going to close this recapitulating chapter on the fascinating year of 1959 without mention of that great day in my own life, June 7th, when I was presented with an honorary Doctor of Laws degree at Queens College, Queens, Ill.—you just don’t know your girl reporter...
That day began with a song, a sad song. Annette was staying in bed late that morning, listening to her record player spinning plaintive tunes of loneliness and dreaming about the date she would have with Paul Anka that evening. She had often admired his singing, often thought about n, always wanted to meet him. Then, unexpectedly, Irving Feld, Paul's manager, called. He was thinking that these two kids would hit it off beautifully, and he arranged an earlier date for them. Tonight was the night. She lay in bed, listening to Paul's voice, familiarly imagining what their date would be like, what Paul would be like. What would come of their meeting? Would they meet, be stiffly cordial, and never see each other again? Or would there be a spark and would the lights go in their eyes and would they want to see each other again and again? Annette, one of the more fickle young ladies in this world, had gone out with and been attracted to many boys. But though she was sixteen and had often been kissed, she of her romances had been lasting. The one serious crush she'd had was an 'older man' of twenty-six, a cameraman named Jack who worked for her father, whom she hoped to wait for. Annette was fifteen then. But this dream shattered when he upped and married freely this year... leaving Annette broken hearted.

She had never fallen into the tender p of love with a boy her own age, but he baited attractive was she willing h, so willing—to be captured.

Perhaps tonight would be the night Annette was going to surrender her heart... I'm just a lonely boy... Lonely and blue... Paul's song interrupted her reverie and Annette smiled to herself and promised herself that Paul Anka would not be lonely tonight...!

That first date
But this promise wasn't easy to keep. At first, they were both lonely... and shy. Whenever their eyes met, Paul and Annette would smile softly at each other and then quickly shift their attention to the tablecloth. Both nervously fingered the silverware and both were looking around the room for familiar faces they never found.

"Isn't Dick Clark great?" asked Paul, in a desperate attempt to get a conversation going.

"I'm in love with Dick," answered Annette, in a rush of relief at having anything to talk about. "He's wonderful and I'll never be able to thank him for everything he's done for me. I can't wait until he gets out here this summer to make his film. You know, Paul, my secret ambition is to be in that picture."

"I'll be here then too," Paul said enthusiastically, "to make my first film. I wonder what it will be like?"

It may have been a slow beginning, but they soon found they had a lot to discuss with each other—the movies, the record industry, Irving Feld, the weather, Fabian, food, the new house Annette was about to move into, rock 'n' roll, and the Los Angeles Dodgers. They stopped looking for other faces and began to concentrate on one another.

If I get my way, dreamed Annette in the semi-darkness of the restaurant, this lonely boy is never going to be lonely again.

Toad bad I've got to leave town so soon, Paul wistfully thought. This girl is too good to leave behind...

And all too soon Paul led Annette up the short walk to her front door. The evening drew to a close. Without saying a word, they both knew instinctively that they would be seeing a lot more of each other. Paul didn't want to end their relationship with just one dinner engagement and Annette was anxious to see Paul under more informal circumstances.

Annette leaned expectantly against the door. Paul edged closer and murmured, "Thank you for a wonderful evening. I'll call you as soon as I can."

Then he silently turned away, headed back to his car, and drove off, remembering the sweetness of Annette's shining smile...

Up in her room, Annette tossed about in her bed, wondering about the last few moments of her date with Paul. She was certain he had been about to kiss her, but had hesitated at the last moment. She wondered why. She was perfectly willing to kiss a boy on a first date, if the boy meant something to her. And though she hardly knew Paul, she was certain that he was going to mean a great deal to her. She really suspected that he liked her too... maybe he didn't want her to think he was too fast, she decided... But she wished he had kissed her...

Perhaps her guess was wrong and Paul's sweet good-bye had just been the cue for a hasty exit? Perhaps she was drawing too many conclusions from just one brief encounter? Perhaps she ought to turn over, she told herself, shove her head under the pillow and forget she ever met Paul... But those doubts need not have worried her. For Paul had been completely captivated by Annette; he found her so nat-

---

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Remittance counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—a basis of the date and time on your postmark:

Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't send $10, you'll be glad you sent this bullet in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKED MARID LANZA:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

2. I LIKED ERROL FLYNN:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

3. I LIKED DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

4. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

5. I LIKE TRUDY DONAHUE:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

6. I LIKE JIMMIE RODGERS:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
   I HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
   [ ] not at all

(see other side)
Courting time

From then on, whenever Paul flew into Hollywood, he would rush down the airplane ramp and dash into the nearest phone booth to buzz Annette and tell her that he was on his way over. Suddenly Annette's time became Paul's time. She looked forward to Paul's infrequent visits, although there were moments when her happiness would evaporate with the sudden realization that their romance was existing almost by remote control.

The rare dates they managed to share were memorable, though. Like the night at the Palladium Ballroom. What made that occasion so special was that they were able to dance all night unrecognized in a crowd of over a thousand. If they were noticed, they just seemed like any other young couple in love.

Then there was the exciting 'grand tour' evening Paul planned when he got back to Hollywood after a long absence. This night to remember began with a multi-course dinner at Paul's rented house. This time, in contrast to their first awkward meeting, neither Paul nor Annette was self-conscious. No spoons rattled and no knees shivered. They just basked in the enjoyment of being together again.

After dinner, on an impulse, they changed into bathing suits. They splashed in Paul's swimming pool for an hour and came out gay and light-hearted.

Then Paul whisked Annette to a local amusement park. Riding anything which moved, throwing at anything which stood still and laughing at anything at all, they emerged from the park at closing time happier than they had ever been together.

The next morning Annette told a girlfriend, "What a fabulous personality Paul has. He sure can show a girl a good time... and can he kiss...!" Her friend was convinced that Annette was finally shedding her fickle nature.

The romance begins to cool

But even as Annette was bubbling over with what a marvelous time she'd had, she was already beginning to feel a slight change in her feelings about Paul. They certainly had fun times together, but no one could deny that, but that magic something that had put stars in her eyes when they first met was beginning to dim a little each time they were together. She was beginning to see Paul with clearer eyes now and in a different image.

"Perhaps," a doubtful Annette began to realize, "Paul is destined to become a platonic friend. Somehow I can picture him more as my brother than my boyfriend."

It was a painful realization and it took courage for Annette to admit it but the pain now would be nothing compared to a later heartbreak.

And Annette did not want to hurt Paul. She was determined to make the change subtly. For a while nothing seemed to be any different than before.

Then, without warning, they had an argument, the same silly sort of problem that so often manages to push a wedge into a teenage romance.

The argument took place not in California but in New York where Paul was opening in a Syracuse nightclub the same week that Annette was appearing in a rock 'n' roll revue in nearby Albany. Annette had promised to come to the club to catch Paul's act and he was anxiously anticipating her visit.

But Annette never arrived. Her show, which co-starred Frankie Avalon, had run an hour overtime in response to an enthusiastic crowd and Annette had decided that it wouldn't be fair to arrive only in time to catch a small portion of Paul's act.

But she was tired from the grueling performance and put off calling Paul until the morning. When she finally did, Paul was so upset she almost accepted her explanation. She repeated her promise to show up that night.

But fate and another enthusiastic audience combined to prevent her from going to Syracuse. Paul was upset about the incident and for a couple of weeks, they kept out of each other's way.

Finally they mutually apologized and picked up their friendship as if it never had been interrupted. But as Annette was concerned, that's just what it was: a friendship. Those weeks of being apart from Paul only reinforced her feeling for him, for her, the romance was dead. She liked Paul very much, yes, but definitely as friend; she could never think of him as a sweetheart again.

But before she had found the right moment to break the news to Paul, fate intervened again. Both were signed for Disney's national musical road show, a seven-week cross-country caravan which thrust them together in daily contact.

Reports from the just-concluded trip indicated that the embers are still smoldering and that Paul is trying to fan a spark where a flame once blazed. They are spending their off-hours together, away from the murderous criticism of the press.

If they should be tided over and manage to rekindle the glory of their first love, all hope rests upon Paul. If it is possible that they could conquer the phlegm of doubt that is in Annette's heart, a romance can be rekindled. But if the stars do not align, the fairytale romance is as genuine as the original.

Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair with today’s liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear with the first sudsing! You’ll find today’s Halo instantly bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair so completely, you’ll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses away quickly, thoroughly...revives the satiny sparkle of your hair and leaves it blissfully manageable.
A FABULOUS INTRODUCTORY OFFER FROM THE DOLLAR BOOK CLUB

ANY 4 OF THESE NEW, FULL-SIZE HARD-BOUND BEST-SELLERS FOR 99¢ when you join

NOTE: These are not abridgments or condensed — all Dollar Book Club selections are full-size, full-length, individually-bound editions in hard covers.

Choose Any 4 Books for 99¢:


YOUR ONLY OBLIGATION: to take as few as 6 best-selling novels out of 24 to be offered within a year

JOIN the Dollar Book Club now and receive the most fabulous "get-acquainted" bargain you have ever seen!

Select any 4 of the big-value books shown for only 99¢. Choose from new best-selling novels by top authors, big illustrated books, top volume sets. Just think — a total value of $13.80 to $42.95 in publishers' editions — yours for just 99¢ each.

Save up to 75% on New Books!

Imagine — best-seller selections costing up to $3.95 in publishers' editions come to Club members at this low $1 price. Occasional extra-big books also are offered at prices slightly above $1. All are new, full-size, full-length, hard-bound volumes.

An exciting new bonus plan offers other big savings too. But you buy only the books you want — and you don't have to take one every month. You may take as few as six $1 selections a year.

Send No Money — Mail Coupon

Receive any 4 books in this offer for only 99¢, plus a small shipping charge. Three books are your gift for joining, and one is your first selection. Thereafter, you will receive the Club's Bulletin, which describes forthcoming $1 selections, and other book bargains for members.

No-Risk Guarantee: If not delighted with your introductory Four-Book bargain package, return all books and membership will be cancelled. Act now to accept this great offer — mail the coupon.

Dollar Book Club, Garden City, N.Y.

VALUE $13.80 to $42.95 in pub. editions

Dollar Book Club, Dept. DM-1, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 4 books checked below and bill me only 99¢ FOR ALL 4, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a Dollar Book Club member.

[Check appropriate box]

[ ] Throndeike-Barnhart Compendious Dictionary — set (9)
[ ] Parrish (44)
[ ] Health Set-2 vols. (50)
[ ] Columbia-Viking Encyclopedia-set (60)
[ ] Outline of History-set (62)
[ ] Around the World in 2000 Pictures (67)
[ ] Treasury of Great Mysteries-set (78)

Include my first issue of The Bulletin describing the forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I may notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month — only 6 a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

Print Name.

Address.

City

St.

TO RESIDENTS OF CANADA: Selection price $1.10 plus shipping; address double for Book Club, 235 Blond St., Toronto 2. Offer good in U.S. & Canada only.

D-377
Debbie Reynolds tells the whole truth about Bouella andParsons—

Me, my kids and Glenn Ford
At last...in sunshine or in starlight...

YOUR POWDER WILL STAY COLOR-TRUE TO YOU!

New Dream Stuff by Woodbury. In any light... with any costume you wear... this velvety, fragrant powder-plus-foundation stays completely true to your natural coloring. The secret? An exclusive new ingredient, "Dreamlite"...yours only with Woodbury!

Try long-lasting, lovely new Woodbury Dream Stuff today and see your natural beauty come alive! Five warm and glowing shades...one perfect for you!
Every time you brush your teeth, finish the job...reach for Listerine

Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does...on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!  

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

*TUNE IN "THE GALE STORM SHOW" ABC-TV NETWORK

Tampax never chafes or binds. Never betrays itself. Never causes odor. Made of pure surgical cotton, its special shield never lets your fingers touch it. What could be daintier for changing and disposal? And, it's so easy to learn how to use. So convenient to carry extras.

It's time you grow up to the idea of Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Try it this month. Choose from three absorbencies: Regular, Super and Junior. Wherever drug products are sold. Made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
THEY'RE HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH HER GAZEBO.*

but doesn't EVERYONE?

She never had a gazebo!

He's Suspicious of it!

They're mad about gazebos!

He Just loves em!

*It's a little house with a big secret!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Presents

GLENN FORD / DEBBIE REYNOLDS

in AN AVON PRODUCTION

THE GAZEBO

Co-STARRING CARL REINER
with JOHN McGIVER
and HERMAN, the PIGEON

SCREEN PLAY BY GEORGE WELLS
DIRECTED BY GEORGE MARSHALL • LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN

Produced by

in CINEMA-SCOPE
NOW-TOTAL RELIEF FROM PERIODIC DISTRESS
NEw FEMICIN TABLETS
Hospital-tested, prescription-type formula provides total treatment in a single tablet!

ACTS INSTANTLY TO
- STOP CRAMPS
- OVERCOME DEPRESSION
- CALM JUMPY NERVES
- ELIMINATE ACHES & PAINS
- COMBAT PUFFINESS

So effective—yet no prescription needed!

Worked even when others failed!
Now, through a revolutionary discovery of medical science, a new, prescription-type tablet provides total relief from periodic complaints. When cramps and pains strike, FEMICIN'S exclusive ingredients act instantly to end your suffering and give you back a sense of well-being. If taken before pain starts—at those first signs of heaviness and distress—further discomforts may never develop. No simple aspirin compound can give you this complete relief. Get FEMICIN at your drugstore today! It must give you greater relief than you have ever experienced or your purchase price will be refunded.

For samples and informative booklet, "What You Should Know About Yourself As a Woman!", send 10¢ for postage and handling. Box 225, Dept. D14, Church St. Sta., N.Y. 8, N.Y.

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q I've been reading a great deal about Cary Grant's date with young Las Vegas charmer, after warderesses, etc. Has Cary ever considered dating a woman of his own age?—J.W., TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

A Not for the past twenty years.

Q What’s the scoop behind the report that Kirk Douglas threatened to walk out of the movie Strangers When We Meet because Kim Novak and director Richard Quine kept carrying their personal problems onto the set?—J.L., ROCKY MOUNT, N.C.

A Kirk couldn't walk out of the picture because of contractual demands. He was upset at any delays which might have kept him working overtime since he had other projects demanding his attention.

Q Is it true that Lauren Bacall was finally able to get over her infatuation with Frank Sinatra by strictly adhering to the adage that time heals all wounds?—S.M., BUTTE, MONT.

A Her friends say Miss Bacall's philosophy was 'time wounds all heels.'

Q Is the Roger Moore marriage heading for stormy weather?—C.C., NEWTOWN, CONN.

A The rains came. But, the Moors are reconciled—for now.

Q There was a great to do in the papers about Happy Anniversary not being able to get a production code seal unless the words, "It was wrong, I shouldn't have taken Alice to that hotel room," were added to the finished print. I saw the picture—and somehow David Niven's voice sounded different when he said them. What caused this difference?—F.E., NEW YORK, N.Y.

A "Niven's voice" sounded different because Niven refused to do his own dubbing on the principle that the addition of lines was juvenile and insulting to audience intelligence.

Q I read that Ray Anthony, Mamie Van Doren's "ex," is intent upon making Lana Turner his next bride. Any truth to this?—E.C., RICHMOND, VA.

A Ray is intent, Lana both amused and uninterested in the whole idea.

Q I haven't read too much about Pat Boone lately. Is he still as hot with the fans as ever? Or is he fading out now that Fabian, Bobby Darin, etc., are leading the field?—S.F., WOODMERE, L.I.

A Pat's popularity is at a nice steady stage. It is the consensus of opinion in the music business that he's passed the teen-age idol stage, and will develop into a sure and steady Perry Como type.

Q I saw Gregory Peck in Beloved Infidel. As Greg Peck, he was gorgeous; as F. Scott Fitzgerald, he was a bust. Since Peck always seems to fight for his rights with directors, why didn't he insist that Fitzgerald be played as the disintegrating man he was in his later years?—S.B., CARO, ILL.

A Greg did fight for his rights. His director, who wanted a less strong and virile character, went down for the count.

Q Why has Alan Ladd put his foot down about his son David working in any more films? Is it because David was getting too much publicity?—C.S., STEUBENVILLE, OHIO

A No—not enough formal schooling. Alan will allow David to make films—but only during the summer months.

Q Did Liz Taylor use any of her personal influence to get Eddie Fisher the role of her piano player in Butterfield 8—or is this casting an added publicity gimmick for the picture?—A.M., JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A All her influence.

Q I read your story on Beverly Aadland What do those in the know in the movie industry feel will be her professional future, after all the Errol Flynn publicity has been forgotten?—B.H., PLEASANTVILLE, Mo.

A Oblivion.

Q Why did Janet Leigh accept a tiny part in Psycho? What is the reason for her feud with Vera Miles, who is in the same picture?—G.L., ALBUQUERQUE, N.MEX.

A Although Janet gets killed off in the second reel, her role up until then is a meaty one. No feud, just some dissension as to who would get top billing—Janet, with the bigger name, Vera, with the bigger part.
This fellow—he's a zillionaire...
But this girl—she keeps giving him the air...!
Why should it be? People, you gotta see!
It's the new year's big bright romantic delight!

FROM THE BIG BEST-SELLER BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EXECUTIVE SUITE'
A WARNER BROS. PICTURE • TECHNICOLOR®

THEM IS THE PICTURE THE PUBLIC WENT WILD ABOUT IN NATIONWIDE PREVIEWS!
Scientific Clearasil Medication…

GETS INSIDE PIMPLES to Clear Them Fast!

You see only the top of a pimple. The real trouble is inside because a pimple is actually a clogged, inflamed pore. That is why Skin Specialists agree the vital medical action you need is the Clearasil action, which brings the scientific modifications down inside pimples, where antiseptic and drying actions are needed to clear them fast.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Gets Inside Pimples—'Keratolytic' action dissolves and opens affected pimple cap so clogged pores can clear quickly…
3. Dries up Pimples Fast—Oil-absorbing action works to dry up pimples fast, remove excess oil that can clog pores, cause pimples. Helps prevent further outbreak.

Skin-colored . . . hides pimples while it works. Clearasil also softens and loosens blackheads, so they 'float' out with normal washing.

Proved by Skin Specialists. In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of 10 cases completely cleared up or definitely improved while using Clearasil. Guaranteed to work for you or money back. In Tube 69g and 98g. Lotion squeeze-bottle only $1.25 (no fed. tax). At all drug counters.

SPECIAL OFFER: For 2 weeks' supply of Clearasil send name, address and 15c to Box 9-RT (for tube) or Box 9-BU (for Lotion), Eastern, Inc., White Plains, N.Y. Expires 2/29/60.

ARLEEN KAITIS, Junior, St. Angela Hall Academy, Brooklyn, N. Y. says:
"When my face broke out, I tried one thing after another, but nothing seemed to help, until I found Clearasil. With Clearasil I noticed improvement right away, and in a short time, my face was clear again."

ARLEEN KAITIS

new MOVIES

by florence epstein

BEN HUR

a tale of the Christ

Charlton Heston
Stephen Boyd
Haya Harareet
Jack Hawkins
Sam Jaffe

- From the very first moment of Ben Hur the view is dazzling. Indeed, the prologue—scenes accompanied by narration of the birth of Christ—is of breath-taking, overwhelming beauty. Immediately after begins a story which, although it is nearly four hours long, rarely drags and never lets you down as far as emotional excitement, suspense or climax are concerned. Ben Hur (Charlton Heston), scion of a rich Jewish family of Judea, welcomes the new Roman Tribune to his city. The Tribune, Messala (Stephen Boyd), is his boyhood friend and Heston hopes that the tyrannical hand of Rome will soften under his rule. But Boyd believes that Caesar is divine; Heston believes with the Jews that there is only one God. Conflict between these former friends is inevitable. Although this is the story of Heston's conversion to Christianity, it is, on the surface, an adventure story packed with action. Boyd, to teach other Jews to submit, condemns Heston to a galley and throws his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Incredibly, it seems, Heston survives three years on the galley. Then during a sea battle he rescues Commander Jack Hawkins who takes him to Rome and a new life of splendor. Filled with hatred for Boyd and lust for revenge, Heston can't rest. Returning to Judea he meets his enemy in the arena where they both enter the chariot race. It is a brutal, highly exciting event. Afterward Heston is still unsatisfied; he has yet to discover the whereabouts of his mother and sister. An ex-slave, the girl he now loves (Haya Harareet), knows that they are lepers living in a valley of Untouchables and she tries to spare him by saying they are dead. On the same day that Christ is to be crucified Heston leads them out of the valley. This movie cost a fortune to produce and it looks it. It is a magnificent spectacle.—MGM

(Continued on page 72)
**A LUXURY AFRICAN SAFARI FOR TWO**

**100 PRIZES MUST BE WON**

**YOU ENTER FREE! No Statements — No Jingles — No Box Tops — Only Skill Counts!**

If you like puzzles that ARE Fair and FUN, here is your chance to win $5,000 CASH on, if you prefer, an honest-to-goodness millionaire's African Safari for two people... all expenses paid. Choose the CASH and spend it any way your heart desires. Choose the Safari and thrill galore are in store for you and the accompanied of your choice — for both of you will be flown luxurious comfort to Nairobi, African Safari headquarters, stopping on the way at some of Europe's most famous capitals. You will be furnished all the trappings of a millionaire's Safari, including your own personal White Hunter and a full staff of natives to care for your every need. Then after weeks of unbelievable adventure — seeing thousands of animals, native villages, tribal dances, mystical Mt. Kilimanjaro...you'll both fly home again with memories enough to last a lifetime!

**AN ADVENTURE FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY**

Everyone in the family may enter—see the Rules. You'll have fun and adventure solving the puzzles together. The sample solution to the right shows you how to collect $3,250 worth of animals—quite a bag—but if you can do better! Read how to solve basic Official Puzzle #1 below—work out your own solution—then use one of the Free Entry Coupons to mail in your solution. Have a friend or relative use the other coupon and you may win an extra $1,000.00 Cash — see "Bonus Prize" to the right.

**HOW TO SOLVE PUZZLE #1**

Simply trace the route of your Safari from the starting point indicated to home camp, along the white line. Color the boxes indicated for each animal in each puzzle that you collect. There are no Clearings in the puzzle. Visit clearings more than once, collect the largest total dollar value of animals you can.

**MAIL TO:**

AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 3236
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar value of the animals you collected in Puzzle #1 in the order in which you collected them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Total Value of Animals Collected</th>
<th>Entry Coupon #1 (Stapled)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**SAMPLE SOLUTION**

This sample solution will show you how to collect $3,250 worth of animals and "clearings". Now see if you can do better—collect a $625 larger sum yourself.

- **1st Prize:** $3,250
  - 1000,000
  - 1000,000
  - 1000,000
  - 1000,000

- **2nd Prize:** $500
  - 1000
  - 1000
  - 1000
  - 1000

- **3rd Prize:** $100
  - 100
  - 100
  - 100
  - 100

Each succeeding Tiberbrook Puzzle will be mailed to find contestants only if you still exist after judging of the previous Tiberbrook Puzzle is completed. Such mailings to be called Tiberbrook Puzzles. Contestants may be required to be over 18 years of age and to maintain under supervision and without assistance in a clearheaded condition. No purchase of payments will be required with Tiberbrook Puzzles. Each contestant must enter on the basis of the highest total score (Grand Total Value of Animals Collected) in accordance with the rules. Whoever achieves the highest Grand Total Score will receive Prize Prize. Whoever achieves the second highest Grand Total Score will receive Second Prize and so on until all prizes have been awarded. There is only one Free Entry Coupon per person. Use one of the Free Entry Coupons enclosed with this page.

**Mail to:**

AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 3236
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar value of the animals you collected in Puzzle #2 in the order in which you collected them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Total Value of Animals Collected</th>
<th>Entry Coupon #2 (Stapled)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FREE ENTRY COUPON**

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself—For Your Records.

**MAIL TO:**

AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 3236
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Enter in the spaces to the right the dollar value of the animals you collected in Puzzle #3 in the order in which you collected them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Total Value of Animals Collected</th>
<th>Entry Coupon #3 (Stapled)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**FREE ENTRY COUPON**

Send Coupon Only — Keep Puzzle Itself—For Your Records.

**MAIL TO:**

AFRICAN SAFARI
BOX 3236
GRAND CENTRAL STATION
NEW YORK 17, NEW YORK

Get a duplicate of this coupon and you will receive an extra Bonus of $1,000 Cash if you use Free Entry Coupon. To score you must return your name on the back of your Free Entry Coupon. The Free Entry Coupon mailed in separately together with your own or your own stamped, self-addressed envelope.
This lady of the night has taken her last walk!

The swinging purse... the swaying hips... the sensuous body against the lamp-post... then, the sudden glint of a knife... a choked scream... fleeing footsteps... and over and over he would repeat his brutal, compulsive act of killing!


JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

JACK THE RIPPER

JOSEPH E. LEVINE presents "JACK THE RIPPER" starring LEE PATTERSON • EDDIE BYRNE • BETTY MCDOWALL • EWEN SOLO
Screenplay by JIMMY SANGSTER • From an original story by PETER HAMMOND and COLIN CRAIG • Produced, Directed and Photographed by ROBERT S. BAKER and MONTY BERMAN A Mid-Century Film Production • A PARAMOUNT PICTURES RELEASE

SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
MODERN SCREEN'S 8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST COLUMNIST
LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:
Parties, Parties, Parties
A Talk With Lana Turner
Cookie's Bank Account

David Janssen is so much fun at a party, and Louella predicts he'll soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV.
Merle Oberon's party, in her Bel Air home, honoring the Henry Fords was not only one of the largest and most lavish of the season—it was packed with drama and excitement from start to finish.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave, you must have read the headline stories about how Zsa Zsa Gabor arrived with Hal Hayes (whom Merle had not invited) and for whom she had no place card. Nor did she write one. When Zsa Zsa and her escort later departed in a huff—it hit the headlines. But enough of this. It's been argued pro and con by the experts—and as a close friend of Merle's and a guest in her home I promised not to discuss it.

But this was just one of several eventful happenings of this eventful evening.

Aly Khan had flown out from New York with his current girl friend, Gwennella Riva (a Swedish beauty but she makes her home in Paris) especially for Merle's party. So when his girlfriend had nothing to be jealous of any more than when Aly danced with Rita. Almost all the women were arrayed in the most fabulous gowns from such designers as Sophie, Mainbocher, Fontana, Dior and others. So I was really amazed when one of the prettiest women, wearing one of the loveliest gowns and coats, Mrs. David Janssen, told me she made every stitch of her ensemble!

(Incidentally, everyone is crazy about the Janssens and I admit I'm a fan of David's popular TV show Richard Diamond. Ellie and David are so much fun and she gets a laugh when some friends call her "Sam," the secret telephone gal on David's show. Mark my words, David will soon be as big in motion pictures as he is on TV. He's a young Clark Gable.)

As usual—it's a habit with her—Cyd Charisse was one of the most beautiful women present and Tony Martin is always so proud of her.

It was really a party of parties and the young Henry Fords, who had come to the Coast to be the godparents of Merle and Bruno Pagliai's adorable little adopted son, certainly got an interesting close-up of Hollywood before this evening was over.
"Just Good Friends"

at Las Vegas

Debbie Reynolds stuck to her code of never dating a married man until he is divorced (as she told me in my interview with her, which is on page 24 of this issue) before she appeared with millionaire Harry Karl as an escort in Las Vegas. It was about a week after Joan (the former Mrs. Harry) Cohn divorced Karl that Debbie resumed the dates she was having with him before his surprising and short) twenty-five day marriage to Mrs. Cohn.

Debbie was in Las Vegas at the invitation of Shirley MacLaine to take part in the Operation Typhoon charity affair staged by Steve Parker and his Japanese Revue stars the New Frontier to aid Japanese sufferers the recent typhoon. With their usual generosity, many Hollywood stars including Bob Hope, Donald O'Connor, Lucille Ball, Zsa Zsa Gabor and others, flew up to take part in the show and buy many of the fine pieces auctioned off from the stage.

Looking cute as a button arrayed in white and tails and top hat, Debbie did a dance number for which Mr. Karl applauded loudest all. Later, Harry bought a chinchilla coat which was auctioned off for sweet charity, and presented it to Debbie! She keeps insisting to me that she and Karl are "just good friends" and I think she means it. But I'm beginning believe it's deeper than that on his side and he can change his mind—he will.

I think a special bow goes to Lucille Ball (getting back to the show for Operation Typhoon) who almost stole the evening with her impertinent clowning. Lucille is not a happy girl these days. There is trouble between her and Desi Arnaz, although both half-heartedly deny it. But she used her personal problems aside to get up to Vegas and help Shirley and Steve raise money for this worthy cause. She's a fine girl, this "Lucy"—and here's hoping Desi wakes up before it's too late.

"A Baby Is Coming"

I kept saying that Dorothy Malone certainly looked pregnant. And Dorothy kept denying that she and Jacques Bergerac are expecting a baby. We kept up this jolly little game for about two weeks.

Then, one morning, to my desk came a beautiful large white orchid to which was attached a white satin streamer with ABC printed in gold letters—and a note reading:

Dear Louella: You are quite right. Jacques and I are happily expecting a baby in May. In case you are curious, the ABC printed on the streamer means: 'A baby is coming.'

Congratulations, Dorothy and Jacques. And thank you for the charming way you verified my story that Dorothy is expecting the Stork.

Kookie had a funny answer when questioned about marriage and Asa Maynor.

Kookie Can't Afford Two Combs

Never let it be said that Edd "Kookie" Byrnes hasn't kept his sense of humor through his suspension troubles at Warner Bros. (which I'm sure will be settled by the time you read this).

When I asked "Kookie" if he planned to marry Asa Maynor any day now, he cracked:

"The answer is—no. I can't afford two combs."

Edd is very grateful to Warners, the studio that discovered him and gave him his big chance on 77 Sunset Strip. It's just that he can't get along on his S284-per-week take-home salary. That may seem like a good salary—and it is outside of the acting profession. But with all the expenses even a young actor is heir to, and the front he is expected to put up, it's small pickings.

Edd has really been up against it financially speaking. For one item alone, his tuxedo, cost him $240, almost a week's salary.

Jack Warner, a fair man, offered to up "Kookie" to $750 weekly which is okay with Edd and his agents. But "Kookie" is also hoping the studio permits him to keep 50% of what he is being offered for nightclub and personal appearances. This, my friends, is as high as $10,000 weekly.

Not bad for that cute "parking attendant" at 77 Sunset Strip!
More Parties, Parties, Parties:

I needed a scooter to get around to all the social events of the month. Come to think of it, maybe I should have taken Edd "Kookie" Byrnes' offer to ride on his motor scooter (remember I told you about that last month) to cover all the ground.

There were three big ones on the same night—and that takes a bit of doing even for me—but I made 'em!

First doorbell we rang was at Anne and Kirk Douglas' wingding at their home for Simone (Room at the Top) Signoret and Yves Montand, her husband, a fine French entertainer making his Hollywood debut at the Huntington Hartford Theater a few nights later.

Everybody but everybody was there—but I'll admit I was surprised to see Kim Novak considering that she and Kirk had been reported feuding all during the making of Strangers When We Meet.

Kim said, "Come with me, Louella"—and just to prove there were no bad feelings, she marched up to Kirk and gave him a big kiss! Mr. Douglas didn't mind in the least. Of course, Kim was with her 'heart' (also her director) Dick Quine.

Anne Douglas had decorated her house in red, white and blue flowers in honor of her approaching American citizenship. This set Tony Curtis off to drumming Yankee Doodle on the toy drum of the Douglas' child, much to the amusemen of Janet Leigh, who looked stunning in red chiffon. In the crowd I saw Steve Allen and Jayne Meadows, Judy Garland and Sid Luft, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery (Darling in one of her long Paris gowns), Gene Kelly with Jeanie Coyne (methinks this is a new romance—Jeanie is his former dance assistant); the Gregory Pecks and Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger. I told you everybody was there.

Hated to tear ourselves away from the Douglasses, but on to the dinner Jack Warner gave for Vice President Richard Nixon and his so attractive wife Pat. The Nixons are always welcome visitors—if you can call them visitors. They hail from nearby Whittier, California. I can tell you our Vice President has a very good and most flattering memory. He said to me, "The last time I saw you was in the elevator in the Waldorf Towers in New York. Do you remember?" I certainly remembered—but I hardly expected he would.

But time was ticking on, as much as we would have liked to linger on at this interesting affair, we were due at the WAIF Imperial Ball, one of the big charity affairs of every season with proceeds going to the fund for orphaned children of Europe. Jane Russell is a guiding light.

When we arrived at the ballroom of the Beverly Hilton, Edd "Kookie" Byrnes with his date, pretty Dorothy Johnson, the Bob Stacks, Donna Reed, Tony Owen and the Danny Thomases were already seated at our table.

The guest of honor was her Imperial Highness Princess Marie Cecile of Prussia, a very pretty seventeen-year-old blonde whose par
I nominate for
STARDOM

Even his MGM bosses were impressed when, following the sneak preview at Home from the Hill (stars Bob Mitchum and Eleanor Parker) 221 preview cards out of the 300 distributed, read A new star is born in George Peppard—or words to that effect.

The good-looking blonde graduate of Marlon Brando's alma mater, Lee Strasberg's Actors' Studio in New York, was waylaid by eager teenage fans who told him, "You are now a big movie star."

"No," said the flabbergasted George, "I'm just an actor. I say some actor—to make such a splash in his first important screen role even if he has made his mark on Broadway in such hits as Girls of Summer, The Pleasure of His Company and on TV in Little Moon of Alban, the Alfred Hitchcock shows and several U.S. Steel Hour presentations.

A most amiable and easy-to-know young man, George gets hot under the collar about only one thing: the criticism leveled at young actors (particularly the 'method' group) for the way they dress in jeans, denims and sweat shirts.

"I often wore jeans to interviews with producers for the good reason I couldn't afford to buy a good suit! And this is true of the majority of young actors struggling for a break— including some girls like Diane Varsi. When we first start making money, we need it for our studies, not for flashy wardrobes." So there!

George Peppard is his real name and he was born in Detroit, Michigan, the son of a (late) building contractor and Vernelle Peppard, a former opera singer and voice coach. After graduation from Dearborn High School, in his native city, and several years at Purdue University, George headed for New York and the Actors' Studio. Shelley Winters' play Girls of Summer was his kick-off hit. Yes, girls, he is married. Helen Davies has been Mrs. P. since 1954.

Kookie found the Princess charming.

Charming date, too—Dorothy Johnson.
Lana Turner likes Fred May (left) better than any other man she knows, but neither of them is thinking in terms of marriage—not right now, anyhow.

A Talk With Lana—

I asked Lana Turner just how serious she is about Fred May, the good looking and reputedly wealthy businessman whom she is dating constantly. "I like Fred better than any man I know. But his divorce won't be final until February—and neither of us is thinking in terms of marriage," Lana told me.

"He has two children—which means obligations—and so do I."

"He certainly have no financial worries with all those millions coming in from Imitation of Life, Lana."

"I read Norman Krasna's original story and that is what I signed to make. I have not seen the rewritten version. "What I object to is that the rewriting is holding up the starting date which was supposed to be November 1st. Three quarters of the month is gone and we still are not into production. I have signed a contract to star in The Guns of Navarone in Greece late in December—and I can't wait any longer for The Billionaire."

Spoken like a gentleman, Mr. P.—and very nice, except that I don't believe a word of it.

Marilyn's Husband and Marilyn's Script

No matter how politely Gregory Peck worded his reasons to me for walking out of The Billionaire with Marilyn Monroe before the picture started at 20th, the truth is:

He was burned up with the way Marilyn's playwright husband Arthur Miller was rewriting the script, building up Marilyn's role with each click of his typewriter.

But, behaving like a gentleman, Greg told me, "I read Norman Krasna's original story and that is what I signed to make. I have not seen the rewritten version."

"What I object to is that the rewriting is holding up the starting date which was supposed to be November 1st. Three quarters of the month is gone and we still are not into production. I have signed a contract to star in The Guns of Navarone in Greece late in December—and I can't wait any longer for The Billionaire."

Spoken like a gentleman, Mr. P.—and very nice, except that I don't believe a word of it.
Childhood is for laughter, as one reader poignantly reminds us, but even Evelyn Rudie's mother and father admit that "Eloise" is not like other children.

Interesting problem—the similarity of the names of Bobby Darin and Jimmy Darren. Do you get them mixed up?

CLEO VAN ZANDT, MIAMI, has an idea: I'm crazy for both Bobby Darin and Jimmy Darren. But the similarity of their names, I think, is bad for both of their careers. Before they go on and become even more famous—why doesn't one change his name? Particularly as both are now actors in the movies, as well as singers. Does everyone get these boys as mixed up as Cleo thinks . . .

I saw Pillow Talk with my sixteen-year-old boyfriend and it made both of us blush, postcards Evelyn Greer, Madison, Wis. Well, Evelyn, if this amusing comedy makes you blush—keep away from the French movies now on display . . .

DEE DEE, ATLANTIC CITY, asks: Do you feel as I do that May Britt is the next Greta Garbo? No . . .

Personal to Purvez, Karachi, Pakistan—Thank you for your kind words about this department and about Modern Screen, written in excellent English for which I compliment you. I am sorry if you, such an ardent movie fan, are not receiving replies to your letters to Elizabeth Taylor, Pier Angeli, Hope Lange and Susan Hayward. Perhaps they will read of your disappointment here—and write to you, such an interesting fan from
such a far away country... Why do you of the press pick on Ava Gardner? snaps Bob Weill, Boston. If you ask me, Bob—it's Ava picking on us of the press, particularly as she now has it in her contract that she can walk off her new movie set if any reporter shows up.

I worked out Rock Hudson's future by numerology, pens Peggy Brown, Cleveland, and the numbers say he will be married again in 1960. Want to bet? Rock was badly burned in his first marriage. I doubt if he'll try matrimony again so soon. ...

Tony Randall is just wonderful! One of the few actors who can be amusing and romantic at the same time, enthuses Mrs. Vivyan Oldfield, Dallas. Why isn't he a star? The next time you look at the billing, Mrs. O., Tony may jolly well be a star. ...

Odessa McDaniels, Duluth, writes: I cried my eyes out when I read that Bob Hope is completely blind in one eye now and is losing the sight of the other. Wait a minute—Bob himself says that report is greatly exaggerated. He has lost about 50 percent vision in one eye and the other has not been affected.

Sally Phillips, Homestead, Florida, begs the fans not to forget the great Mario Lanza. Though he did some things at the height of his fame that seemed wrong, his was a great talent. I believe all admirers of Mario can best express their sympathy to his bereaved family by buying, and then buying more, of his wonderful records. That is a very fine idea, Sally. ...

Has somebody in authority clamped down on Tuesday Weld? postcards Jimmy Steiger, Brooklyn. Haven't read much nonsense about this wild kid this month. Maybe some latent good sense came to her rescue. But don't count on it. Where Tuesday is concerned, she can erupt again any minute. ...

That's all for now. See you next month.
hard-working hands

heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY with silicones

Kitchen tests prove it ... with women just like you! Hard-working hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay.

What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay protects your hands against detergents and through every chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the heavy-duty lotion for hard-working hands
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

LOVELY JANE POWELL must keep her hair looking soft and shining at all times for her many television appearances and screen roles. That's why she always asks her hairdresser for a Lustre-Creme shampoo because it leaves hair shiner, easier-to-manage in any hair style. 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—now in liquid, lotion or cream!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
On the next 4 pages
Modern Screen brings
you the real truth
about two Hollywood
teenagers—Beverly Aadland
and Tuesday Weld—
who learned about love
from men three times
their age—and lost...

CAN A TEENAGE GIRL
LEARN TOO MUCH ABOUT
LOVE TOO SOON?
The girlfriend really wanted to say, "Look, Errol Flynn is dead. The funeral was two weeks ago. He's gone, Beverly. Sad, tragic, heartbreaking as it is, the man you loved and lived with for two years is gone. And it's time you realize that now, and try to pull yourself together."

But aloud she said, instead, "You've barely touched your salad, honey. Here I take you to lunch at—ahem, excuse me for bragging—one of the most expensive restaurants in Hollywood. And what do you do? You sit and look at your food like it was a decoration, a display... Now come on. Perk up and eat a little. This isn't on any expense account, you know. This is on me, your old hard-working chum!"

Seventeen-year-old Beverly Aadland looked up from her plate. "I'm sorry," she said. "I'm just not too hungry."

"I'll make you pay for your share of this if you don't eat," her girlfriend said, laughing.

"I'll pay, if you want," Beverly said. She looked away.

There were tears in her eyes.

Her girlfriend stopped laughing and sighed and reached across the table for Beverly's hand.

"I was teasing you—" she started to say. "Hey, what's happened anyway to the gal who used to be able to take a joke and who could—" (Continued on page 79)

Beverly Aadland thought she was
carrying Errol Flynn's child...
AT 16
I KNOW I’LL
NEVER HAVE
A HUSBAND OR
CHILDREN

Actually, Tuesday and John met on the set of Spartacus at U-I Studios. Tuesday, wearing one of her famous beatnik outfits that day, levis, sweat shirt, sandals and mix-master wig, was visiting the set with a friend, Marsha. John, in the picture, was doing takes on a scene with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier. The introduction was made between a pair of takes by Marsha, who had known John for several years. It was a very uneventful-seeming introduction, short and sweet. John said hello, Tuesday said hi, John turned to talk to Marsha for a few minutes, and then he went back to work. As he did, Tuesday sighed. “He's the (Continued on page 54)
What is the truth about Debbie Now, in a personal heart-to-heart friend Louella Parsons, Debbie Glenn Ford away from the sets
This is a photo from *It Started With a Kiss*, the film that paired Debbie and Glenn and started all the rumors.

Reynolds’ private life today? Heart talk with her long-time confides all: “I have never seen of the three pictures we have

(Continued on page 53)
He was alone now. The people who’d been with him a few minutes earlier—the press agent, the man from the record company, the musician or two—had gone to their own rooms. What laughter and talk and congratulations there had been about the show he’d done that night were over. The hotel room was empty. And he was lonely, so terribly lonely... He was nineteen years old and far away from home and from the girl he loved and he wondered what he was doing here, anyway. In this strange room. In this strange city. This night. Far from Greensboro, North Carolina, and the life he knew. Far from the great, big, beautiful, glorious future everybody had been predicting for him. Smack in the middle of what, he wondered—of what?

He walked over to the phone. He wanted to call May. He wanted to say, “Honey, this is Billy. I’m comin’ home. I’m tired of being Crash Craddock. I want to be Billy again, your husband again. I miss you, honey, and I love you and I’m comin’ home to you.”

But his hand left the receiver before he even picked it up.

Without looking down at his watch, he knew that it was late—well after midnight. That May, busy working all day at

(Continued on page 63)
A few miles away from the big house at 220 N. Layton Drive, Beverly Hills, the beautiful girl sat up in her bed. It was 10:40 o'clock of this mild and lovely Saturday evening, November 7th, 1959. The others, in the rooms flanking hers, in the stretch of rooms down the long and silent hallway—they were fast asleep by now. But she was not. She was sitting up, and she was (Continued on page 70)
Evy Norlund and Jimmy Darren

A young engaged girl, her heart bursting with happiness, can have a strange problem. You see, Evy Norlund has no one near to share her joy; she has no one with whom to share the

INTIMATE THOUGHTS OF A BRIDE-TO-BE

Evy's outfit ... Mr. Pants
Mrs. Jimmy Darren, Mrs. Jimmy Darren... These words, like an unforgettable melody, keep singing in Evy Norlund's mind as she makes her plans for her coming marriage. All the while she is thinking of important things, big things, like her trousseau ("So many lovely new clothes... I want to look beautiful for him always..."), and furniture ("Our bedroom will be the sweetest, most romantic room in the whole world..."), and silverware ("We'll eat dinner by candlelight..."), and how she'll make Jimmy's favorite dishes ("I hope I can learn to cook the way his mother does..."), in a sparkling new kitchen—in the midst of all her planning, these precious words, Mrs. Jimmy Darren, keep coming back, and Evy hugs them close.

Her heart is bursting to tell someone how happy she is, how (continued on next page)
"I want to be everything for him"

Cotton Knit . . . Sacony

Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme

Cotton Print . . . Kay Windsor

Print Cocktail Dress . . . Jr. Theme
wonderful he is, how much in love she is ... and yet how apprehensive she sometimes is. ... But these are intimate thoughts to share with a girlfriend, a best friend, and Evy's best friend is 6,000 miles away from Hollywood, back home in Denmark. If Evy were home, she would be confiding now in Hanne Blarke, the girl she grew up with, the girl she promised would be her maid of honor someday.

At home, getting married would mean walking down the aisle on her father's arm, in the dear old church where her childhood priest, Jack Stenberg, had confirmed her, and a lavish wedding reception at the smart Europa Hotel in Copenhagen with everybody there, all her family, her three sisters and her two brothers, her sixteen aunts and uncles, her thirty cousins, and the kids she'd gone to school with. Evy misses all this, not having her family and friends with her to

(Continued on page 82)
Don Burnett lay down the newspaper, this summer night a little over a year ago. And as he did his mother, setting the table in the dining room a few yards away, called out, "Almost ready for dinner?"

Don shook his head. "I'm not hungry, Mom," he said. "Don't bother about me right now."

His mother walked into the living room, confused. "Don," she said, smiling, "I've got the roast almost ready... You said you were famished when you called before. And I—"

(Continued on page 66)
A Modern Screen Photo Scoop!

A VISIT WITH JEAN SIMMONS AND STEWART GRANGER
Everyone in Hollywood has some method of getting away from it all. Some eat, some drink... but some just get up and go! Take Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons. They head south to their own 10,000-acre ranch named Yerba Buena on the Mexican border. There with their three-year-old daughter Tracy and Stewart’s thirteen-year-old daughter Lindsay and fifteen-year-old son Jamie, they ride herd, milk cows, try to forget about Hollywood—and guard their privacy. That last is the important matter. When they invited us out, we were very shy about asking, “May we bring a camera? You know... our readers... your fans...” Jean laughed and said, “Of course,” and we were almost at a (rare for us) loss for words. We’ve wanted to bring you these pictures for so long, we take great pride in presenting the first picture story anywhere on the life of “The Granger Rangers.”
In my agony 
I kissed the Cross.

I heard a Voice say, 
“I am with you.”

I BELIEVE
I HEARD
THE
VOICE OF
JESUS

By Annette Funicello / as told to George Christy
Even the doctor didn’t suspect. He told us everything was all right. It just turned out to be one of those nightmares you hear about and never think can happen to you. Nobody expected it.

My brother, Joey, was six and I was nine when we had our tonsils removed in St. Joseph’s Hospital in Burbank, California. It was during the Christmas holiday because my mom and dad didn’t want us to miss any school. My tonsils had bothered me from the day we moved to California from Utica, New York, where I was born.

The doctor agreed it was a good idea to perform a double operation. Joey and I could keep each other company in the hospital—and at home—while we got well.

Two days after the operation we were released by Dr. King, the kind, soft-voiced surgeon who patted me on the arm and said, “Now, keep up the good spirits. You’re going to be all right.”

Dr. King walked down the long hospital corridor with us to the front entrance. Both Joey and I carried our overnight plaid suitcases with our pajamas.

At the door, Dr. King said, “Don’t they look fine?” as he patted us on the back. My mom and dad smiled. Mom was pregnant with Mike then, and she was wearing maternity clothes. When we got home that December afternoon, we celebrated with vanilla ice cream and fresh orange juice, and I was allowed to play with my Christmas doll in bed until I fell asleep...

Mom and Dad were having coffee in the kitchen when Mom decided to take a look into the bedroom to make sure I hadn’t kicked off my blankets.

After an operation like that, you fall into deep sleeps where you feel so warm you’re uncomfortable. So you toss and turn and push the blankets away.

All I can remember is my mother yelling and the hallway light shining into the bedroom. She was standing above me, and I heard her cry out, “Joe... Joe... Joe!”

“What’s the matter?” my father called back from the kitchen.

“Joe,” my mother sobbed, the shiver of distress in her voice. “It’s Annette! She’s bleeding!”

My father rushed into the room. He snapped on the overhead light. I tried to speak. I wanted to sleep. Why were they bothering me? But I couldn’t talk.

My mouth tasted of blood. My pillow was moist and clammy. I looked at it in the light and I saw it was red, dark red, soaked with blood.

I was hemorrhaging.

“Oh, my baby,” my mother cried as she took me in her (Continued on page 78)
Sammy Davis Jr.'s heart wasn't in this cocktail party. He was tired after the long trip from Hollywood to Montreal. tired just thinking about his opening tomorrow night at the Bel Vue Casino, here in the French-Canadian city.

He shook hands with most of the hundred-or-so guests. He laughed at their jokes. Because it was expected of him, he told some jokes of his own.

"I've got to get out of here and grab some shut-eye," he told one of his managers, "or I'm just gonna sit down in that chair over there and this town's gonna know me as Sleepin' Sam."

"Sure, sure, Sammy," the manager said, laughing and taking his arm and leading him through the crowd, to a corner way across the room. "But these kids, they're dying to say hello. Show kids, from some club down the street. And just a few minutes, just (Continued on page 60)
The Attempted Suicide of Virginia Arness
"I thought I would die when Jim told me he didn’t ever want to come back to me. I wanted to die. I could no more live without him than I could live without my right leg.

"I had gone on a trip around the world to forget him. But I couldn’t. Wherever I went, I saw Jim’s face before me. In Honolulu, on my way home, great, black waves of emptiness overwhelmed me. Years before, Jim and I had been in Honolulu together. I wanted nothing more in the world than to have Jim with me again. Frantic, I called him on the phone. ‘Jim,’ I said, ‘I love you. I can’t live without you. Please come back to me.’

"There was a pause. It was agony waiting for him to reply. Finally it came. ‘No,’ he said, and his voice was like ice. ‘No, Virginia, I can’t. It’s all over.’ And he hung up.

"I shivered. In my distraught state I thought, ‘There is nothing to live for any longer.’ I was so tired.

The Story of a Hollywood Wife

"I went into the bathroom and took a razor. I lay down in the bathtub and ran the razor over one wrist. There was a terrible sting. Then, with my bloodied hand, I took the razor and slashed my other wrist. I began to black out. I closed my eyes and waited to die.”

This is what Jim Arness’ wife, Virginia, said. The tragedy of Virginia Arness is the tragedy of a woman who loved her man too much. Divorce is an almost daily occurrence in Hollywood, with heartache its companion. But what would make a woman so despairing on knowing she had lost her husband that she would try to take her life, as Virginia Arness had tried to do? Here is Virginia’s own story:

"Jim and I were desperately poor when we got married ten years ago. But we were very much in love, and we were very happy. It was only after Jim had a taste of success as the star of TV’s Gunsmoke that things began to go very wrong with our marriage. It was when that crazy thing called Hollywood (Continued on page 68)
As we go to press, Dick Clark appears to be on the brink of possible trouble. The newspapers are full of the word Payola (trade jargon for bribes). The intimation is that Dick and other deejays might have accepted money or gifts to plug certain records and singers. There are some people around who think Dick is guilty of this charge, and that he has betrayed the teenagers of America. We went to see one of these teenagers—Myrna Horowitz—whom you have undoubtedly seen dancing on The American Bandstand. We wanted to know how Myrna really felt about Dick since the headlines broke...

"Dick Clark I love you—no
Myrna is a Philadelphia girl, seventeen years old. When she was six, she was struck down by polio. It was a serious attack, the worst kind of polio. It left her with a permanently thin left leg, still encased in a large steel brace. For years it left a scar on her heart, too; in her spirit. Myrna felt she was not like other girls. Other girls walked. She limped. Other girls ran. She limped. Other girls played. She limped. In Myrna’s own words, “I lived in a kind of shell, I guess, a little lonely, afraid, ill at ease.”

And then, one day, she met Dick Clark.

And things began to change for her.

Myrna told us about these changes when we visited her recently in Philadelphia. It was night, a Friday, about 7:30 p.m. We sat on (Continued on page 82)
I want to say that if the shocking example of seventeen-year-old Sandra Dee’s being rushed to the hospital in an ambulance to have her stomach pumped from an overdose of Epsom Salts (to keep her weight down) isn’t a lesson to you girls who go in for ‘crash diets’—then go ahead, ruin your health!

Frankly, I’m surprised at Sandra, whom I know and like very much. She’s always seemed so level headed. I was aghast when I learned that she had been rushed to the hospital as an emergency case suffering from a dangerous attack of gastritis.

I investigated and found out that Sandra had been taking Epsom Salts over a period of a long time to keep her weight down. And after a particularly large dose brought on unbearable stomach pains, she became frightened, particularly as she also suffers from a chronic inflamed appendix, a condition made dangerous by potent laxative.

How many times is it necessary to say to you dieting youngsters—and to Sandra—that these extremes are not necessary!???? Put yourself in the hands of a reputable doctor who will give you a sensible diet.

Far too many of you read of where some glamour girl or social belle has lost ‘pounds and pounds’ on something silly like eating nothing but boiled chalk or—worse—going with no food at all. Then you go ahead and try to do the same thing.

It’s a crime against your good health—and I say stop it. Don’t be little fools! Without good health—all the fame in the world is worth little. I think Sandra has learned her lesson the hard way. I hope you will be as wise. END.
LITTLE GIRL LOST
At seven Evelyn Rudie played Eloise on television.

It made her a star.

But at nine
Evelyn stamped her foot, said, “I’m a has-been and I won’t stand for it,”
broke into her piggie bank
and flew off to see Mamie Eisenhower.

Cute?
Not the story behind it!
We think it’s tragic.

The most wonderful—and probably the most awful—thing that happened to a little girl with a pixie face, turned-up nose and agile mind was when she became the star of a big Playhouse 90 spectacular at the age of seven and was—briefly—an acclaimed child star.

When Evelyn Rudie Bernauer—her name shortened to Evelyn Rudie—became Eloise, she and her parents thought she was going to be another Shirley Temple. Her whole world began to spin in high-tensioned glamour. She could never ever change into a little girl again. She could never ever become a child whose world revolved around Girl Scouts, dolls and simple birthday parties. She was, at the age of nine, to feel she was a has-been, bored with the ordinary things that give other youngsters a charge, unable to build slowly but  (Continued on page 56)
"Troy Donahue," said Sandra Dee's mother, "is one of the nicest, best behaved boys in Hollywood. I have complete trust in him. There are few boys I'd rather see take Sandra out than Troy."

"Every time I hear what a nice guy Troy is supposed to be, it makes me burst out laughing," said a former girlfriend of his. "And it's not just because of what happened to me. Since we broke up, he's been going with Nan Morris for two years. (Continued on page 73)
Win a free New York fashion fling

Nothing to buy, nothing to write!

15 GRAND PRIZES

$1,500.00 WARDROBES

by Estevez
each with a fabulous trip to New York City for shopping

200 SECOND PRIZES

17 jewel, 14 carat white gold GRUEN WATCHES (worth $79.50) FREE from Kotex napkins

RULES

1. Nothing to buy, nothing to do but fill in entry blank below. Entry blanks also available where Kotex is sold.
2. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight March 31, 1960 and received by April 8, 1960. Only one entry per envelope.
3. Each of the 15 grand prizes consists of a $1,500 wardrobe and a 5 day all-expense paid trip for two to New York City. Winners will select their wardrobes from a special showing of the internationally famous Estevez line. Any winner who prefers may substitute $1,000 cash award for grand prize.
4. The 15 grand prizes and 200 second prizes will be awarded on the basis of a drawing by name, under the direction of an authorized handling house whose selections are final. All winners will be notified by mail.
5. Any resident of the Continental United States may enter except employees of Kimberly-Clark Corporation, their advertising agencies and immediate families, residents of Florida, Nebraska, New Jersey, and other areas where prohibited.

Today it's chic to be comfortable—in fashion and in your personal protection. That's why more and more smart women choose new Kotex napkins. These gentle napkins are softer, smoother than ever. And with the special Kimlon center, Kotex always protects better—more comfortably, hour after hour.

New Kotex napkins—choice of most women
be ahead in beauty

INSTANTLY

IMAGINE, beautiful, natural-looking hair color in an instant . . . a woman's dream come true! A color rinse that requires no patch or strand tests!

That's NOREEN . . . "INSTANT" because there is no waiting for color to develop . . . a TRUE HAIR RINSE because it adds just the right amount of safe, temporary color to beautify all shades of hair, or blend-in scattered gray. Color can be removed only by shampooing. Actually, all hair colorings fade and become dull in a week or so, and should be refreshed after each shampoo. NOREEN gives your hair that lustrous, fresh-looking color instantly . . . without rub-off.

The nation's foremost nose is going to the nation's foremost museum.

What more fitting subject for a monument than Jimmy Durante's nose, and what more fitting place for such a monumental nose than the Smithsonian Institution?

The make-up men at NBC took a mold of Jimmy's nose with a liquid rubber material. They then made a cast of synthetic stone, which later will be covered with bronze spray and when dry will be mounted on a bronze plaque.

The stone nose, standing by itself, looked about twice the size of the original.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Durante, "is it really that big?"

The old schnozzola, measured for the first time during the molding operation, is 77 millimeters, or a little more than three inches from the superior (top) to the inferior (bottom). It is nearly four inches from one nostril to the other, going across the bridge.

Although Durante had little to say during the whole operation, he is, nevertheless, very proud to think that his nose, of all the noses in the nation, will be sitting there among all those famous heads in the Institute.

Said Durante: "It'll overshadow everything else in the joint."

"FOREVER A NOSE"
Debbie

(Continued from page 35)

made together,” Debbie Reynolds told me, “and all this talk that I am in love with him—or he is in love with me—is just plain stupid.

“I, better than anyone else, know what it means to have another woman break up a marriage.

“Do you for one minute think that I would be secretly seeing Glenn while he is having trouble with Eleanor Powell? I know him very well professionally and I know her scarcely at all. But even though Glenn and I are friends, my only contact with him has been as co-star of the movies we were making. I like Glenn very much. He is very pleasant to work with and a very good actor.

“But as for hidden romance—well, that just isn’t my code of behavior.

Enough men around

She went on, the words spilling out on top of each other in her indignation, “I won’t even see Harry Karl until he is divorced, although I did see him before he married Joan Cohn. There are enough men around without dating some other woman’s husband!”

I hadn’t interrupted Debbie during this hurling down of the gauntlet because it would have taken a combination of an earthquake and a baby typhoon to interrupt Debbie at this moment. She was angry and she was disgusted.

Debbie and I were lunching at Romanoff’s this particular Saturday—Saturday being a day off for both of us. As usual these days, Debbie looked very chic in a bright blue suit she had bought in Spain, a tiny matching hat and veil, and shorty white gloves—the whole fashion bit! Believe me, this gal has come a long way from her pig-tails and blue-denim days. But the subject of clothes was not on her mind.

Just that morning, before we met at noon, she had read a story in another fan magazine with the startling title, DEBBIE REYNOLDS WILL MARRY GLENN FORD. Wowee!

Even before we ordered, Debbie was off and running. She said, “The person who wrote it must have been out of his mind. The whole thing is sheer insanity. How dare they print such complete falsehoods!”

And then she went on to tell me heatedly the comments which led off this story. In fact, she was in such a huff and a puff both the time I ordered and the time she would give her order. And as so much emotion is hardly conducive to digestion, I suggested we get on with our diet meal—and change the topic, at least temporarily.

That wasn’t hard to do because Debbie had just signed a contract for a million dollars for a series of “TV spectacles” and if it hadn’t been for that distressing fan magazine story, she would have been jubilant. In fact, she was jubilant.

“I couldn’t help wondering if the fact that Elizabeth Taylor had just made public that she is to receive a million dollars for making Cleopatra didn’t add to Debbie’s delight in grabbing off a million for herself.”

Isn’t it the irony of fate that the two feminine angels of the most publicized Hollywood triangle in years are in line for a million apiece; everybody but Eddie? Oh, well—he still has time. He’s never looked, or sung, better.

Now that she was in a financial mood Debbie told me, “I bought $30,000 and five percent for each of my four TV shows. It’s the most money I’ve ever earned.” she smiled happily. “It means so much security for Carrie Frances and Todd,” she added.

“I’m really a completely happy woman now,” she said with sincerity. “I have my children, and my work, and my health and I manage to have a good time, too.”

I laughed, “That I’ll not deny! How you’ve changed from that stay-at-home girl you used to be.”

Then she said something rather surprising, “Perhaps the change isn’t as deep as you think—except outwardly.”

And I knew what she meant. I think in the beginning, after the first blow, when Eddie Fisher came out and said he did not love her, that he loved Elizabeth Taylor, Debbie went all out to prove she wasn’t as badly hurt as all of us who love her knew her to be.

Laughter a little too forced

Perhaps, in her confusion and hurt, Debbie went overboard. One day when I went out to MGM to visit her on the set of IT STARTED WITH A KISS, I’ll admit I was a bit surprised at the way Debbie was clowning around.

Between rehearsals she was putting on the hat of director George Marshall and doing tap dance steps. She was kidding with everyone and cracking jokes. And her laughter seemed to be a little too loud and a little too forced.

Nor did she seem to mind the splash of publicity she rated when, on a visit to New York, Bob Neil gifted her with a diamond pin.

More recently she surprised her fans including TV star Jack Paar and his viewer, by pulling Jack’s coat off, making him dance with her and generally staging something of a roughhouse.

Then I spoke with her about this later Debbie was a bit sheepish. She said, “Oh, Jack told me not to be stuffy or straight-laced, to let myself go and clown it up a bit. I’m sorry if it was misunderstood.”

No one knows better than I that at heart Debbie is not an exhibitionist—it is not in her nature.

Actually she is a shy and retiring girl except when before the camera—or perhaps putting on a show when the Thalians whoop it up for her favorite charity (mentally disturbed children and the new clinic being built for their treatment at Mt. Sinai Hospital).

But when a girl is as bitterly hurt as Debbie was—it’s easy to understand how she would not want the world to know how deep the wound went and to keep up a big front.

Now that the big hurt is all gone—at least that is what the lady says, I doubt if we’ll get much more of this play acting (for that’s what it is) from Debbie.

The men in her life

Getting back to the men in her life, I said, “Well, if Glenn isn’t the one—and I believe you—who is?”

Debbie sighed over her Sanka, then laughed, “We’ve been over this so often it’s beginning to sound like a record. You know better than anyone the way I feel. I don’t plan to marry anyone I know now. But I won’t say I never marry. Being happy in marriage is the only completely happy life for a woman—and that goes for a movie star.”

I said, “I think Bob Neil, that rich young Texan, would marry you in a minute if you would say yes.” I looked at that famed diamond pin of his glittering on her lapel. “He showers you with gifts and whenever his sister, the late Mrs. George, invites you are the only girl he invites out.”

Debbie nodded, “I’ve said so many times how much I appreciate Bob’s friendship. He is one of the most thoughtful men I know. When I was in New York he went out of his way to get good tickets to shows I hadn’t seen. And when he drove me to

®

Kleinert's

WAIST-IN

Gently yet firmly will whittle your waist. Tuck in tummies too. White breathable feathermap—adjustable supporters. Sizes 22-36, $2.95.
It doesn't take an oracle to predict that with her career at its very height, where she can command and get $1,000,000 for her services, her work will become more and more important to Debbie. And show people talk a language of their own.

When I had talked with her several months previous to our luncheon date Debbie had told me frankly, "Despite the ways I’ve turned out for us, Eddie and I shared years of real happiness and contentment. I was so proud of him when he began to soar to the top and was in such demands for marriage.

And, when and if, she marries again, my money says Debbie will be looking for exactly this kind of happiness. Someone of her own world, in her line of work, has the best chance of winning her heart."

"When I think of marriage again—it will be different from the first time," she said sincerely. "Then there was just Eddie and me. Now there are my children."

"Every man I am ever serious about again I shall judge by just one consideration: will he be patient and loving an kind to my Carrie Frances—who is still so little, just going on three, and to Todd who hasn't yet reached his second birthday.

"She laughed, "It's a case of—love me or else kids."

I had just one more question to pose to Missy Reynolds before we called for the check for our luncheon.

"When and after Glenn is divorced and he is a free man would you accept some dates with him?"

She gave me a sharp little sidelong glance. "What's that a fair question," she laughed. "He can't possibly be free for a year—California law, you know. Who knows what a year will bring?"

"It will bring a lot of success and money to Debbie Reynolds, that's for sure. Will it also bring a new love? That's the question.

Debbie stars in THE GAZERO, MGM, and THE RAT RACE, Paramount. Glenn also stars in THE GAZERO, and CINEMARON, MGM.

At 16 I Know I'll Never Have a Husband or Children

(Continued from page 23)

ultimate," she said, "the absolute ultimate."

"Lots of women's will agree with you on that," said Marsha.

"Who is he?" Tuesday asked. "I mean, he's got me all with a pepped-up heart and everything already."

"We are back on the same run-down on the tall, rugged-looking, strangely-attractiv actor. John Ireland, she said, had the reputation of being (one) a hyper-individualist and (two) a ladies' man. Regarding the ladies—"He's a free-thinking, free-talking guy, very salty, very sophisticated, very wild, who does exactly what he pleases, when he pleases." Regarding the ladies—"He's been married twice," Marsha said. "But there've been lots of others. True last year it was Kim Novak. They were crazy about each other. But her studio didn't like it and one day—he was visiting her on the set, you see, and he'd been warned to keep away—and on this particular day two men actually picked him up from under the arm and carried him out, right onto the sidewalk on Gowster Street. John got up and said, 'No woman is worth this.' And that was the end of that love affair."

Tuesday giggled.

"It's very important," she said.

Marsha nodded. "He is," she said, "Also—I forgot to tell you—he's forty-five years old."

"Oh yes?" Tuesday said, looking away from her friend and back at the action on the set. ...

To the bitter end

It was two hours later—about 7:00 p.m.—when he came walking over to where she was standing.

"You still here?" John asked.

"Yes," Tuesday said. "Marsha had an appointment and had to go. But I—I felt like staying, to the bitter end."

"We're going to be shooting till midnight," John said.

"That's good," said Tuesday. "I mean, midnight would be the perfect time for us to meet—really meet—alone."

"What?" John asked.

"You come home with me after you're finished?" Tuesday asked. "I'd like to be with you. To talk to you. . . You see, you fascinate me. And I hear we're quite kindred in spirit—just like one and another."

John cleared his throat.
"A child?" Tuesday asked, the smile that had been on her face disappearing. "A child?"

John nodded, and shrugged.

Tuesday reached forward onto the table and lifted a cigarette from a box that sat there, and lit it and took a long drag.

"I am not a child, I am not normal, my life has not been like that of the average girl," she said then, her voice even, almost hard. "It so happens that I've known mature responsibilities since I was a child of three when I started modeling... That's right, at three."

She took another drag on the cigarette. Her face began to flush.

"Whoa," John said. "Take it easy."

"I began modeling at three," Tuesday said, "because we needed the money. Because my father was dead and my mother had three children to bring up and because we never knew from one month to another if we could even pay the rent on that stinking cold water flat we had to live in. So, I worked and I studied and I worked. At three. And that's the way it's been ever since. Working. Working. Getting up for assignments at seven, going up to ten, eleven..."

She stopped and shook her head. She looked as if she might begin to cry, suddenly.

"My life has never been like the average girl," she whispered. "And I am not a child."

John sat for a moment, staring at her. He put his hand on her shoulder.

And then he removed it and he put down his half-empty glass and he rose.

"I've got to go now, Tuesday," he said, gently. "It's getting late."

"Yes, I guess it is," Tuesday said, rising too.

She tried to smile again.

"I hope I haven't ruined your evening," she said. "I get like this every once in a while... I'm sorry."

"You haven't ruined anything," said John.

Tuesday walked him to the door.

"Will I see you again, John?" she asked, as he was about to leave.

"I don't think so," said John.

"Whatever you say," Tuesday told him... .

Some sort of spell

"He phoned her two days later," says a friend of John's. "It was as if Tuesday had cast some sort of spell on him, and he hadn't been able to shake it. Anyway, he phoned and she invited him over to dinner—chili con carne and salad—and they spent the rest of the evening sitting out in the garden, talking.

"The next day, John told me: 'It's unbelievable. This girl is so sharp, so brilliant. I think she's the most fascinating person in Hollywood today. She loves life, and she has the guts to be herself. She's lots brighter than lots of women I know two and three times her age.'"

"It was obvious to anyone who ever saw them together that Tuesday was wild about John. I, for one, think that by the time summer came around (Tuesday was sixteen by now), John was in love with her, too.

"Their fling was a surprisingly secret thing for a while. Actually quiet might be a better word. Except for a few friends and the inevitable under-the-counter gossip set who found out all, there were relatively few people who knew what was going on between them. During this period, Tuesday and John were two supremely happy people.

"For Tuesday, the girl who had loved to brag about her early dating, her constant dating, this was the first real romance of her life. She convinced herself that it would be first, last and forever. She idol..."
Little Girl Lost

(Continued from page 49)

firmly to a secure, normal future like other children.

Her parents believe that Evelyn may have some magic about her. Her parents are Edith and Emery Bernauer, and Evelyn was born twenty-four years after they were married. At first it was probably a shock to the middle-aged couple to learn they were going to have their first baby. Then they remembered that very often 'change of life' babies are supposed to be set apart from other babies. It is a more beautiful, more brilliant (even with a touch of godly) than other babies. Special, indeed. Their little baby arrived and she was everything they’d dreamed of. Evelyn was always very bright, very precocious. She did everything faster and better than other babies. She walked sooner, talked sooner, and raised in the completely adult world of two older and rather intellectual parents, she had a chance to develop this precociousness. Also, she was thoroughly worshiped by her parents. Their lives now revolved around her.

Emery Bernauer’s father, Rudolf (from whom Evelyn got her name), was a big theater owner, had been a writer of stage hits, among them the libretto of The Chocolate Soldier and May Time. Emery Bernauer was a writer, producer and director of musical shows in Europe. An uncle of Evelyn’s, Desdemond Leslie, a
British novelist. The woman who became Evelyn's godmother is Fay Wall, once a child actress herself, who had been a movie actress in Germany.

In Hollywood, Eunice Bernauer continued to write, but had not been anywhere near the success he was in Germany.

Evelyn's early years

At a very early age, Evelyn was given dancing lessons, dramatic lessons, singing lessons, attended Shakespeare classes (called the Strolling Players) and ice skating lessons. She performed all the time—an elfin, graceful little child who loved to mimic and act, and whose every move was noticed and doted upon by her parents. Her parents enjoyed having Evelyn show off for everyone. "She was always a ham," they recall lovingly. When she was four years old, her ice skating club was supposed to put on a show in Pershing Square, downtown Los Angeles, for a convention.

When Evelyn showed up, with her parents, it was discovered that not one of the other kids in the club was there. Some had stage fright, some had runny noses, some were not allowed to perform by their parents. But Evelyn was all dressed up in a short, red velvet skirt, white angora sweater, looking like a doll. All the people were waiting for the ice show. This possibility might have frightened any other four-year-old. Not Evelyn. She got out on the ice as the solo performer and performed for one and one half hours. She spun and spiralled and threw kisses to the crowd. She'd come off the ice for a moment, tell her parents eagerly, "That man over there is not laughing. Mommy, I'll make him laugh. I've got to get them all to watch me." And she went out again, blew kisses to the man, had him laughing and applauding and she was happy.

"That showed me," says her father, "that she sure had that theatrical something."

Shortly afterwards Eunice Bernauer's brother-in-law, Desmond Leslie, came in from London. Little Evelyn was all wrapped up in acting, and they encouraged her. The mother took Evelyn aside once and told her something like this: "You have talent and you can be in the wonderful world of the legitimate. Show business is a profession. If your talent is to act, you are blessed with a special magic. It is the greatest thing. Show business can be your life."

Her mother began to take Evelyn around to the studios. The child had made a hit at 20th, she did show genuine ability as an actress, and a terrific love of acting. Never at any time did Evelyn go to a professional school—she always attended the Gardner Street School in Hollywood, a public school: when she was working she'd have a tutor on the set. Then she'd return to the school.

The kids there have known she's an actress—later, when she became Eloise, she was known as Eloise. Some of the kids there, she said, were jealous of her. They didn't all like her. She never had a chance to join the Girl Scouts in school. She didn't join the usual class clubs, she was always too busy with dancing, singing, dramatic lessons, and going to the studios.

School work was easy for her; she got good marks, but her mind was always far away from the classrooms, always at the studios.

Getting back to her career: her mother was always taking her around when she'd hear of a studio that wanted a child actress. Fay Wall would coach Evelyn. Although she had some girlfriends in school; she felt most at home with her parents, with Fay Wall, with the adults she met at the studios. Once she invited fifty-five children to her house for her eighth birth-

---

**Norforms'**

**VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES**

A NORWICH PRODUCT

**Free informative Norforms booklet**

Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-02, Norwich Pharmaceutical Co., Norwich, N.Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name: ____________________________

Street: ____________________________

(Please print)

City ____________________________

Zone State ________________________

---

1. Germicidal protection! Norforms are safer and swurer than ever!

A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that prevents long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection! Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfector" odor themselves.

3. Convenience! These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.
Draw Lincoln!

You May Win A $430.00 Scholarship in Commercial Art

Winner gets a complete art course—free training for a career in advertising art, illustration, or cartooning. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world’s largest home study art school. As winner you also get a drawing outfit and art textbooks. Enter this contest!

ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 1690
500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minn.
Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name_ Age
Address__ Apt. - City - Zone_
County - State - Occupation_

DRA W LINCOLN’S HEAD
5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for February 14th contest must be received by February 9th. Winners notified. Amateurs only. Your students not eligible. Mail your drawing of Lincoln today.

day party. A lot of kids—most mothers would have objected—but Mrs. Bernauer likes to give in to Evelyn on everything. When the kids were there, Evelyn assembled them all together and put on a show for them. She was their friend but they were her audience. That’s the way she regarded most kids. Evelyn was asked to appear in Hollywood parades with all their hoopla. More and more she craved the glamour and excitement of Hollywood; school work was simple and unexciting.

Fame approached

Then came her greatest opportunity. Kay Thompson’s famous Eloise was going to go on Playhouse 90. This was two years ago—the biggest acting plum of all for a child. Eloise—the precocious, sophisticated youngster who lived in New York’s elegant Plaza Hotel—had become a big hit in book form and in recordings. She was an unusual type of child—not a pretty Shirley Temple child but, well, Eloise. It was going on TV as a spectacular. A big cast lined up—Ethel Barrymore, Monte Wooley. The search went on for Eloise. Evelyn’s parents submitted Evelyn’s photo. The NBC studios and Kay Thompson auditioned two hundred kids. Evelyn’s father told me, “Evelyn wanted the part very much. She’s a real pro. It meant everything to her. When she’s waiting for a role, she gets nervous. She starts combing her hair, getting jumpy. She has to be working to be happy.”

Kay Thompson saw Evelyn’s picture, said, “Well, this one looks like Eloise.” Kay went to the Bernauers’ home in Hollywood and met Evelyn. The parents played a recording of Evelyn’s on tape for Kay to hear. It was a Shakespeare reading in Evelyn’s childish voice, but it indicated talent. Kay was impressed. The parents, however, were not convinced over the child, Kay wanted to be alone with Evelyn. She asked if she could take her for the day, to get acquainted with her. The Bernauers beamed. Kay and Evelyn went off. When Kay came back she said, “This is a delightful child. We had a wonderful time together.” The Bernauers knew that Evelyn was going to be Eloise.

They were right. Shortly afterwards, the studio called and told them that they wanted to sign Evelyn for the role.

Evelyn was thrilled. She worked with a coach extensively. It was a difficult role for a child to do. Eloise was the whole show; she was in every minute of the story. It was live television—something that makes experienced actors crack. It was ninety minutes. And she was in big-time company—Barrymore, Wooley, etc. And Evelyn, by this time, had been menaced, a well-known figure to America, that the child who played her just had to be perfect. Some forty million people were going to watch it.

Evelyn wasn’t frightened. She began to live the part. Never did a child love show business and love the experience of getting up and performing as much as she did. And this was a tough job, for Kay Thompson had made many stipulations of her own. At first, Evelyn was supposed to only act Eloise, with Kay doing the talking for Eloise. This was what Kay wanted, and since this was Kay’s property the studio had to adhere to it. It was very difficult for Evelyn to act Eloise and mouth the lines, while Kay’s voice was dubbed in. It was an ordeal. But she did it. Then, three days before the show was to go on, the director, John Frankenheimer, called Evelyn’s father, late at night, and said, “We’re going to do the whole show with Evelyn speaking the lines, instead of Miss Thompson speaking the lines. This doesn’t give Evelyn much time to learn the lines. Do you think she will do it?”

The father said, “You ask Evelyn. She is a real performer. If you ask her to do it, she will. It will be an even greater challenge to her.”

Praise for everyone

Next morning, Frankenheimer asked Evelyn if she was willing to take on the job of learning all the lines in three days. Evelyn said, “Why, sure.” She was thrilled with it. She got up and spoke all the lines in the whole play. People watching her were dumbfounded. Ethel Barrymore said, “If I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn’t have believed it. This child is the greatest find.”

Another big shot on the set watching said, “Now, we’ve just seen another little Mozart. I’ve never seen an actor do what this child did.”

Evelyn was a hit as Eloise. She was raved about, written about, interviewed, cuddled, chatted, and admired. There were Eloise dolls, Eloise make-up kits, Eloise dresses. (Incidentally, none of this money went to Evelyn—but to Kay. But Evelyn was so closely identified with Eloise, that she revealed in the fact that her name was becoming a household word.) All sorts of wonderful, beautiful, fairy-tale things were happening to Evelyn Rudie. She was a real, honest-to-goodness child star of first magnitude. It was like the days of Shirley Temple.

Fan clubs sprang up in her name. Proudly she showed her name to thousands and thousands of cards and letters to her fans. When she walked down the streets—particularly in New York—she recalls with glee at a different time in Hollywood. Fans—adults as well as kids—surrounded her, swarmed around her; yelled after her. It might have been inconvenient to be stared at, called at and mobbed, but Evelyn absolutely enjoyed it. It was a thrill to her parents. This was what they had dreamed of. She received an Emmy nomination. She was being referred to as the “most important child star since Shirley Temple.”

She was sent to New York on four occasions in connection with Eloise. She stayed at the Plaza Hotel—the swank hotel where the fictional Eloise resided—and all without charge! She was very delighted to have her. Delighted—they absolutely bow-towed to her! As she says, “Once they gave me their Presidential Suite, the second floor of the Royal Suite, and once they even gave me the Bridal Suite. It was wonderful. They treated me like royalty.

Evelyn also remembers that she and her mother used to go to the Plaza Hotel dining room, and everyone would come to her table—and how once there were so many people crowding around her that she couldn’t even get a piece of lamb chop. She just didn’t eat at all that day because of the people crowding around. But I loved it. I wasn’t one bit angry with them. I’d do without food any day to have fans recognize me,” she said.

Child star

After Eloise, Evelyn was still going around with the giddy sensation of being a child star. She appeared as guest on The Dinah Shore Show, The George Gobel Show, The Red Skelton Show, on Alfred Hitchcock Presents, on Omnibus. She worked hard, but as she said then, “I want to breathe life into my studios.” She did come to life when she set foot inside the studio. She worked hard—but where most people lose weight when working hard, Eloise would eat twice as much when she worked! Evelyn was completely exhilarated when working. She had to stay out of regular school, but never for one minute did she miss the normal activities of the kids in school. She was a child star. Everyone felt it was exactly what had been foreordained for her.

She had a co-starring role at 20th in a picture called The Gift of Love. Her costar was Lauren Bacall—goodness, beautiful! But, although she did a good job, the picture laid an egg.

While Evelyn and her parents felt that she made a bigger splash with this big surge of Eloise popularity and be another Shirley Temple, what had actually happened was that Evelyn’s advent into pictures happened at a different time in Hollywood’s history than Shirley Temple’s had. When Shirley was a child star, it was the thing then for studios to sign up large numbers of actors to long-time contracts. When Evelyn made her big splash, studios were
reluctant to offer long contracts. "Ten years ago," Mrs. Bernauer explained sadly, "the studios would have given a child like Evelyn a contract without thinking."

So, where Shirley Temple had a long-term contract and studio that was anxious to put her in one picture after another, and where Shirley Temple had the right to buy or sell her to all the Shirley Temple products, the case was different with Evelyn. She didn't have a long-term contract—she had to get one role after another herself. She didn't get any money from the sale of the Eloise products, because she was, actually, Evelyn Rudie and not Eloise, and Miss Kay Thompson was getting the money.

And since she had no contract, there was no particular studio who felt they just had to get a story property for this bright, precocious little moppet. And TV was suddenly getting. And a pilot that Evelyn had made hadn't sold. And for nine months, Evelyn didn't do any work. No longer were stacks of fan mail pouring in at 200 West Fifty-fourth Boulevard where they lived. No longer were fantastic invitations coming to her—notions that no other child, no other child but a child star, would dream of receiving. Like the time, two years ago, when she had been invited to the White House and had met Mamie Eisenhower. Evelyn had made a Savings Bond short film and was invited on a tour of Washington, and had been invited inside the White House. She had walked right into the White House (other kids her age read about the White House, but she was actually inside it), and she had met Mamie Eisenhower. Mrs. Eisenhower had been so warm and friendly. She had told her that she and her grandchildren had enjoyed Evelyn in Eloise on TV.

She became listless at home. "I want to act again," she told her parents. Her parents were helpless. They begged Evelyn's agent to find her a job. The agent told them that Evelyn had a certain salary level that she had to stick to, and they couldn't help it if there just were no calls at this time for a child actress of Evelyn's fame and salary stature. Evelyn missed the thrill of acting and the excitement. She was nine years old, and the ordinary things a nine-year-old has in her life bored her. How could she be thrilled at playing school as "Cinderella" with the English teacher in charge, when she had done a picture with Alfred Hitchcock in charge. She tried to be excited about school and ordinary normal living, but she couldn't. She just couldn't. How does a child star suddenly turn into a little girl again? Evelyn Rudie found that she couldn't.

No wonder she was restless and unhappy. All she talked about at home was the fact that she had to go back again. She recalled those glorious, golden days when she was a real, honest-to-goodness child star and had met Mamie Eisenhower in person. "Maybe Mrs. Eisenhower can help me get a job again," said Evelyn. (This is the account Evelyn and her parents give). "Yes, yes, darling," said Mummy and Daddy, to reassure her. Because Evelyn, comparatively speaking, Evelyn and her parents began to live in a world of make-believe. "We'll travel all over Europe—we'll go to the White House—they'll all acclaim you again," said Mrs. Bernauer to her sad little daughter.

The Bernauers say they were only making-believe. Evelyn says she took them seriously when they talked of the sudden popularity. "You may go to the White House." Mr. Bernauer became very ill with pneumonia and was taken to the hospital. He wasn't around to reassure Evelyn any more. Even her mother, whose whole life and attention was wrapped around Evelyn, now had to spend some of her time with the father. Evelyn loved her father and was frightened when he became ill. She was also desolate because of lack of the assurance from her parents. At least it was something when they'd all sit together on the couch in the living room and talk about Evelyn's great gift and how she had been the greatest child star since Shirley Temple, and how, if it weren't for Hollywood's changing pattern, she would still be the biggest child star, and how sure they were that if she were given another part she would come back as a child star.

"This time not only as a comedienne in Eloise, but as a great dramatic actress capable of playing tragedy," Mr. Bernauer had said very earnestly many times.

When Mr. Bernauer came home from the hospital, he was very weak. They still talked about going to the White House, but Mr. Bernauer was too weak to make any kind of trip. Evelyn was afraid they might change their minds. She was getting more and more restless. Evelyn told me, "I felt I had my parents' permission to go to the White House. We had talked about it many times. Maybe they were pretending, but I was sure they meant it. If I asked their permission again, they might not give it to me. One night I decided I must get to the White House to see Mrs. Eisenhower. I was sure that the First Lady of the land could get me a job."

The rest is newspaper fact. Eloise set her alarm for 6:00 a.m., picked up the ticket, got on the plane, her parents notified the White House, etc. Was it on the level or a howl? The Bernauers say it was not a publicity stunt. "People forget that Evelyn is not an ordinary child. An ordinary child would not get on a plane and go to the White House to try to see Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower. It never occurred to her that what she was doing in trying to get to see Mamie Eisenhower again, was unusual."

Did Evelyn get a spanking for running off? "No," said the Bernauers. "We felt that it was our fault in encouraging her to think that we approved of her going. We had gone along with her thoughts on this, never dreaming that she might do it herself."

Evelyn said she had written a note to her parents when she ran off, but had forgotten to leave it. Evelyn is back in school again. She is also up for a Warner's TV show, and for other things. She still wants, more than anything else, to be what she once was: a child star. She wants fame and the excitement of the camera. She will never be an ordinary nine-year-old girl.
We Have A Right To Be Married

(Continued from page 41)

a few words—it means so much to them, you know Sammy.”

Sammy saw her at that moment, even before he reached the corner where she stood with others. She looked familiar, this loveliest-looking of girls—tall, pale blonde, green-eyed.

Indistinctly, Sammy smiled at her. And she smiled back.

Of the group, she was the last to introduce herself.

“You’re Joan Stuart,” she said, when her turn came.

“Hi,” Sammy said, shaking her hand.

“Ahem,” she said, embarrassed, when he failed to let it go.

Sammy laughed nervously, jerking his hand back to his side. “Excuse the old worn-out line,” he said, “but haven’t we met before?”

Joan nodded. “Sort of, in Toronto, a few months ago,” she said, “at CBC—when you did your television show. I was doing a show, too. My parents came to visit me one day. We passed you in the hall and said hello.”

“Well!” Sammy said, laughing nervously again, and then turning back to the others.

For the next ten minutes, excitedly, the others asked him all sorts of questions: about himself, show business in America, Hollywood, Vegas, about friends of his like Sinatra, Dean Martin, Tony Curtis.

And then, suddenly, a waiter sang out “Last call for drinks!”—and they excused themselves and were gone.

“Some friends you’ve got,” Sammy said, lightly, smiling, turning again to Joan Stuart, the only one of the group who’d remained behind. “Very polite, I mean.”

“They’re just excited,” Joan said. “It isn’t often we get invited to parties like this, with big celebrities, fancy canapes, drinks, everything. It’s a little hard knowing where to turn first!”

Strangely uneasy

“How come you didn’t go with them?” Sammy asked.

“I’ve had a drink,” said Joan. “I have two shows to do tonight. One drink is enough for me.”

“You sing? Dance?” Sammy asked.

“Dance,” Joan said. “Right now I’m working a club down the street.”

“I’d like to come and see you some night,” Sammy said.

“Would you?” Joan asked.

Sammy reached into his pocket for a cigarette. He was feeling strangely uneasy. “Sure,” he said, “you just name the night.”

His manager came over to them now, before Joan had a chance to speak again.

“Sammy,” said the manager, whispering hoarsely, “the people who’re throwing this blast, they want you to go to dinner with them tonight. I’ve been telling them how pooped you are, but they won’t listen. Will you go over and tell them yourself—please?”

Sammy lit his cigarette briskly.

“Pooped?” he asked. “Who’s pooped?”

His manager looked at him, stunned. “Well, it ain’t me who’s been doing the complaining,” he said. “You’re the guy who was just—”

“Listen,” Sammy said, cutting in. “I’ve got a great idea. If it’s dinner we’ve got to have, why don’t we have it at the—”

He looked over at Joan. “Where’d you say you worked?”

“The Chez André,” Joan said.

“Chez André, that’s it,” Sammy said. “We can watch Miss Stuart’s show first.” he went on, “and then, if it’s all right with Miss Stuart, she can join us for dinner after the show . . . Is that all right with you, Miss Stuart? Joan?”

She hesitated a moment.

“See,” Sammy said to his confused manager. “It’s all settled. Now go tell the people . . . .”

After dinner that night, Joan did a second show and then went with Sammy and the rest of the small party to a coffee house not far from the club.

Sammy remembers

“We sat next to each other,” Sammy remembered, “and we talked. We felt close to each other from the beginning.

Joan told me about herself. She was twenty-one, from Toronto. Her folks were conservative people, who didn’t want her to enter show business, but who gave in after a while, after they saw how much she loved dancing, how it meant practically everything to her. She’d led a pretty sheltered life, she said. She hadn’t gone out on dates much, she hadn’t ever had a real boyfriend. When she was fifteen, the age most other girls start going out with boys, Joan was beginning to dance with the Canadian Ballet from the very beginning. This was a rugged life, a strict life, with little time for having fun. Now that Joan was out of the ballet and doing club work, she had more time to herself, she said. And she spent most of her free time reading, or taking long walks up and down streets she’d never walked before, or going to a park and sitting and watching the other people there, the kids mostly. She loved kids, she said.

“Me, when I began to talk to Joan, I felt like a different person. I found that this was the first time I ever sat with a girl and was myself—talking about myself as I really am, not as Sammy Davis Jr., nightclub star. I was serious. For once, with this girl, I felt I could let go of the clown face. I’ve had to wear all the time, the clown face people always expect me to wear. I didn’t have to be flip and cute. Boy, it was a wonderful feeling, me talking to her, her talking to me. Once we got started, we didn’t seem to ever want to stop.”

It was dawn when he and Joan finally did stop. They looked around.

The others had all gone.

Next Month In
MODERN SCREEN:
Scoop . . .
LANA TURNER’S
love life
Exclusive report of
LIZ TAYLOR’S
fight for her life

Find out how in
INGENUE (An-je-noo)
the magazine for teenage girls
Buy it now 35¢
The place was empty except for themselves and a doorman, who sat snoring on a chair near the entranceway.


"What do you say we go grab some breakfast?" Sammy asked.

"Oh no," Joan said. "You open in a show tonight, remember? You're tired, Sammy, and you need some sleep."

"Awwwww," he started. "Don't be a little boy now," Joan said, gently. "Tonight's a big night for you. An opening. Tonight's important."

"Tonight's important," Sammy said, quickly, "only if I know I'm gonna be seeing you again.

"I'd like to see you again, Sammy," Joan said. "This was fun, such fun."

"Better than your books, your walks. Your parks?" Sammy asked, winking.

"A little," said Joan, winking back. They got up, and held hands, and left the place.

And as they did the doorman, still sitting in his chair, opened one eye, watched them, and shook his head.

**How can one man be so lucky?**

They met that night. And the day and night after. And all the time after that. They had a great time together in a fabulous time. They drove out to the country. They saw the famous sights of the city. They went searching for out-of-the-way old inns in the Old French Town. They took a river boat ride down the St. Lawrence. They climbed to the top of the Hill, and looked down at the city, the river, the fields, and Joan said that while they talked and all the time they talked and were together, and got to know each other more and more...

The fifth night was different somehow, right from the beginning. Joan, walking with Sammy down Victoria Street, away from her club, noticed that he was quiet, unusually quiet, that he seemed to be worried about something.

"How'd it go, Sammy?" she asked, after a while.

"Not too hot," he said.

"Are you feeling a little sick?" Joan asked.

"No," Sammy said.

"Then what was wrong?" Joan asked.

"I had something on my mind," Sammy said.

"What?" she asked.

"Never mind," he said.

"Please, Sammy, won't you tell me what?" Joan asked.

"I said it's nothing!"

The words came like a slap. Joan stopped walking and faced him.

"If you'd rather not go anywhere, I can take a cab and go home," she said.

Sammy told her to stop. He just went on. And it was hard. "Look, Joan," he said, his voice softer, "what I was thinking during the show, all during the show—it was funny."

"Funny?"

"I mean you'd laugh at me if you knew what I was thinking," Sammy said. "See?"

"No," Joan said, "I don't see."

"I mean," Sammy said, "you'd laugh if you knew I was thinking about you and me, about us being married, about you being my wife."

"Why would you laugh?" Joan asked.

Sammy told her. He laughed too. "Hey," he said, "hey... hey... this is all backwards, all cockeyed backwards. Again, he breathed in deeply. "Let me start from the beginning," he said. He shrugged. "I love you, Joan, and I want to marry you," he said.

"I want to marry you, Sammy," she said. She brought her free hand up to his cheek, and held it there. "I love you more than anything in life. I feel good when I'm with you. I'm alive when I'm with you. Alive and happy, like I've never felt before... Last night, Sammy, after I left you, I went to bed and prayed for only one thing. That the night would go quickly and that morning would come, so I could see you again... Oh Sammy, I love you so much. So much."

"My God," he said, throwing back his head, looking up, "how can one man on this here earth be as lucky as I am?"

He laughed now and grabbed Joan and kissed her.

And then, after the kiss, he took her hand and they began to walk again.

**Problems bigger than most**

"We must have walked a couple of hours," he remembered. "There were so many things to talk about. Real things. Problems. I told Joan it wasn't going to be any bed of roses for us, a colored man married to a white girl. She said she knew that. I told her there were going to be lots of uncomfortable moments in her life from now on, that she was going to get a lot of criticism and ridicule and dirty looks, lose a lot of her friends. She said she knew that, too, and didn't care."

"Besides the color problem, there was another difference in our religions: Joan is Catholic, I'm a Jew. I became a convert several years ago. We talked about that, about how strongly I felt about being Jewish. Sammy told me that while she would not change her faith she would have our children raised as Jews."

"I remember Joan saying, 'These problems, Sammy—they're bigger than most people's, yes. But we can lick them, Sammy. Love can lick anything. And that's what we've got, to start with, to last us through the rest of our lives... Love.'"

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or kitchen-type antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand... "working in the dark"... is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

**This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.**

Millions of women already consider Zonite® as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.
time. She seemed, suddenly, to be thinking about something else.

"We have a right..."

It was 6:00 p.m. the following day. Joan was in her room, alone. She sat staring at the telephone beside her. She'd been sitting this way for more than an hour now, staring at the phone, wanting to pick it up, not picking it up.

Finally she brought her hand over to the receiver, and lifted it and dialed.

She heard her mother's voice a few seconds later:

"Joan, how are you, darling? It's been days since you've called. Is everything all right?"

Joan said she was fine; that yes, everything was all right.

For the next minute or so she asked about her father—how was he; had he got home from work yet?

"Just now, he got in this second," her mother said.

"Mother," Joan said, suddenly, urgently.

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"I'm getting married," Joan said.

"You're—" Her mother stopped and began to laugh. "Joan, how wonderful, what a wonderful surprise. When did all this happen? Who, who's the man?"

"You met him once, mother, at CBC, a few months ago," Joan said. "The day you came to visit the studio."

"That nice director?" her mother asked.

"The one from Winnipeg with the deep blue eyes? Him, Joan?"

"No," Joan said. "His name is Sammy Davis. He's an entertainer. Sammy Davis Jr."

There was a long, a very long, pause.

"Joan," her mother said, finally, a tremor in her voice, "are you talking about the American—the colored singer?"

"Yes," Joan said.

"And you're what?" her mother asked.

"You're going to marry him?"

"I love him, Mother," Joan said. "And yes, I'm going to marry him."

"Is this a joke, Joan Stuart—is this your idea of something funny, calling me up and telling me something like this?"

"Mother—" Joan started to say.

"Is this something you're doing for publicity?" her mother shouted. "Did one of those agents get you into this, for publicity, for some disgusting publicity?"

"Mother," Joan said, "I just want you to know, no matter what you feel right now, that I am deeply in love with this man and that I want to marry him. I'd like your approval, yours and Dad's. Your blessings. But—"


Joan heard her mother scream, suddenly, and call for her father. She heard her repeat some of the facts she had just told her—"Sammy Davis," she heard her say, "Negro... our baby... marry... Negro... Negro... Negro!"

Finally, she heard her dad's voice.

"Joanie," she heard him say, "you're twenty-one now, on your own. You make your own decisions. But just let me tell you this: I've raised you, daughter, and I know you're a good girl. Just take your time. And don't do anything foolish."

"Dad," Joan said, "I know exactly what I'm doing. Believe me. Please believe me... You're right, Dad. I am twenty-one. I am on my own now. I do have to make decisions for myself. And this is my decision. Sammy and I—we have a right to be married. We—"

Now she began to cry.

"Joan, Joanie," she heard her father's voice say.

She tried to answer, to talk.

But she couldn't.

Before she knew it, she had hung up. She rose from her chair, and walked across the room, to a window there. She looked down at the street below, at the stream of people walking by.

"Please, please," she found herself sobbing, "give us a chance. Won't you?"

There was a knock on the door then. It opened, and Sammy walked in. He knew immediately what had happened.

"You called your folks?" he asked.

"Yes," said Joan.

"They don't want it, us, together, married?" Sammy asked.

Joan shook her head.

Sammy walked to a chair and sat. He looked at Joan, near the window, crying.

"Joanie," he said, after a while, softly, "maybe this is for the best. Maybe it's good you learn now, from your own family, what part of your future would be like."

He paused.

Joan said nothing. "Maybe it's best you find out now, at the beginning, he went on then, "in time for you to change your mind."

"I can't say I won't mind, Joannie," he said, "but—"

"Don't, Sammy, don't," Joan shouted, suddenly. "Don't talk like that... Don't you start talking like that now. Or else I'll die. Right here, on this spot. I'll wither up and die... I love you, Sammy. I love you."

"And you still want to marry me?" he asked.

Joan ran from the window, and threw herself in his arms.

This was her answer—her final, never-ending answer. END

Sammy starred in Porgy and Bess, Columbia, and will be seen in Oceans 11, Warner Bros.

The Greatest Addition to Bath Time since Soap...

DONALD DUCK SOAP BOAT

one of the many new

WALT DISNEY
SQUEEZE TOYS

designed and distributed by

DELL

WALT DISNEY PROD.

LOOK FOR DELL TOYS IN YOUR LOCAL STORES RIGHT NOW!
the Burlington Mills. tired after working and coming home from work and making supper and doing the dishes and some washing or sewing, was probably asleep now.

He didn’t want to wake her. Much as he needed her, now, to talk to, he would not wake her. "Tomorrow’s the big call. First thing and tell her," he thought as he turned and walked over to the bed and flopped down on it. "That’s where I want you to go . . . where I belong." He reached and turned off the lamp. But sleep would not come.

"May," he whispered to the silent hotel room, the loneliness inside him growing by the moment. "Why’d I leave you in the first place . . . ?" Why’d I even think I wanted to try for any kind of a success without you near me?" He remembered the night two weeks earlier when he’d told her that he was going away.

"Columbia Records, honey," he’d said, happily, triumphantly, "One of the biggest outfits in the world. They’ve signed me up and now they want me to go out on tour. They want me to go out on something bigger."

He remembered seeing Mrs. Mac’s face as he explained what the word ‘tour’ meant, what it involved.

"Boston, New York, New Haven, Detroit, Chicago and all the other places," he’d said, "That’s where they want me to go . . . to sing in cities like those.

"Now," he’d gone on, "of course I’ll have to go alone. May, I mean, tours like this cost them companies plenty of money and they sure can’t pay for the two of us.

"But even though we’ll miss each other, just think, what this could mean. That maybe I’ll learn my way to make money.

That maybe I’ll start makin’ some money, real money, for a change. That maybe in a couple of years, even less, we can buy ourselves a house instead of this tiny little one."

And he could buy you all kinds of pretty clothes and we can even go on that honeymoon we always wanted."

That dreams might come true

He’d watched his wife as she’d tried to smile and as she’d cried, both at the same time.

"Well," he’d said, "maybe now, this way, all those dreams of ours can come true.

He’d continued watching her as the tears in her eyes seemed to become bigger.

"Come on, May," he said, putting her in his arms and holding her close to him. "You know that this is what I’ve wanted all my life, Don’t you know that, May? Don’t you?"

He’d felt her head against his chest nodding.

He’d heard her say, "Yes, of course, darlin’. I know. It’s wonderful. It’s just that . . . after two years . . . all the time . . . I’ll miss you. So much.

And now, this night, he missed her so much. After only a week.

He turned his eyes against the bed.

Again, he closed his eyes and tried to sleep.

But still the sleep would not come.

And then he thought, again, he saw the outline of his guitar case, sitting on the big overstuffed chair in the far corner of the darkened room.

And he thought of the dreams he used to have, of the dreams that had been so beautiful then and that he re- sented so much now . . .

And, in the dark, out of his loneliness and need for her, he began to speak to May of those dreams . . .

"Other boys I knew back home, they had other ambitions," he whispered, "They were goin’ to be cops and flyers and things like that. But me, ever since I can remember, I was goin’ to be a record star, playin’ on my guitar and singin’ and makin’ records, just like Hank Williams and all my other favorites.

"That guitar we had at home. It really belonged to brother Clarence. But I was the one who used to play it most of the time. I used to go out behind the barn with it, in the big tobacco field there, and give my performances. I’d start by shoutin’ ‘The famous Grand Ole Opry now pre-sents its most famous and most fa-vorite enter-tainer . . . Billy Craddock!’

Then, liftin’ my guitar, I’d strum out an introduction and I’d begin to sing. I’d sing all the songs I knew. And then when I was finished I’d bow and listen to the applause—which never got much louder than the tobacco leaves clappin’ against each other if there happened to be a wind blowin’, or maybe a couple of cows mooin’ away if they still happened to be out to pasture.

"But to me, this was all applause. And I’d bow. And while I’d be bowin’ sometimes I’d say a prayer and say: When I’m big, please make it all come true . . . with real people listenin’, I mean.

"There came a time, I don’t mind tellin’ you, when I thought this career of mine was goin’ to be over before it even started.

"That was the day—I was about twelve, I guess—when Clarence came over to me while I was settin’ on the porch of our house, strummin’ away, and said he had to have his guitar back. I asked him why. He said ‘cause he had to take it to a hock shop. I asked him why that. ‘Cause he needed the money, he said; he had a big date coming in Saturday night, he said, and he didn’t have any funds with which to accomplish this date otherwise . . . I answered, ‘Dumb, Gee, Clarence,’ I said, ‘Why don’t you ask Daddy or Ma for the money?’—pretendin’ to forget that our daddy and ma had ten children to raise and that they couldn’t spare the money, good as they were, for anybody’s dates. Clarence didn’t even bother answerin’ me on this one. Instead he just picked up the guitar from out my lap and high-tailed it for the hock shop.

"I high-tailed it there the very next day. There was a real grouchy-lookin’ man behind the counter. I pointed out to Clarence the guitar, settin’ high up on a shelf now, and asked the man how much it would cost for me to get it back. Twenty bucks,” he said, and he turned away.

"Well, four months later, almost to the day, I was back in that hock shop. I handed the man behind the counter a heavy bag I was carryin’. There was twenty dollars in there. Mistick, I said. I pointed to the guitar. ‘Now can I have it, please?’

The man, grouchy-lookin’ as ever, mumbled something, opened the bag and counted the money—nickels, dimes, quarters, a few dollar bills.

‘How’d you get all this?’ he asked me, after he was through countin’.

‘Mowed lawns all summer, all over town,’ I told him. ‘And didn’t go to a movie Saturdays, not once. And I even worked at the A&P help!’—‘Elver for a couple of weeks . . .’ The Ole man there told me I was the youngest employee in the history of the A&P, ever.’ I added, braggin’.

Introducing Crash Craddock

Under-All

Don’t make a move without your “guardian angel”—the dress shield that keeps you confident in comfort! Elasticized to stay put: $2.75.
BING CROSBY: A COOL CAT and his HOT MONEY

Some folks think that Bing Crosby's casual air is just a pose. But those who really know him will tell you that nothing could be farther from the truth.

There's the time Bing's twenty-room colonial house in North Hollywood caught fire and burned to the ground. Bing got word of it from his friend and lyricist, Johnny Burke, who had been phoning all over town trying to locate him. Burke finally caught up with him at the Brown Derby where Bing was lunching after a round of golf.

Breaking the news gently, Burke said: "Listen, Bing, before I say anything, I want you to know everyone's okay." Bing had shot a 74 that morning, and was in good humor. "Isn't that nice, Johnny," he said amiably. "And how's your family?"

Burke tried again, and this time he made no effort to soften the blow. "Look, Bing, your house just burned down!"

There was a moment's pause, then Bing drawled: "'Huh, that old barn! Did they save anything?"

Somewhat exasperated, Burke told him: "You'd better hurry out here right away and see for yourself!"

"But I just ordered my lunch!" Bing protested. And he wasn't kidding, either. Since the family was safe, he saw no reason to skip his lunch. After all, he'd had quite a workout on the golf course, and he was real hungry.

When Bing finally did drive out to look at the pile of smoking embers, he started to poke around the ashes until he came upon one of his shoes. It was charred but still intact. Nonchalantly as you please, Bing stuck in a hand and fished out what he was looking for—$1500 in bills. He'd placed it there to take to the racetrack next day.

As it turned out, this hot money was all that had been saved from the flames!

"Did all that work just so's you could get back that battered old guitar up there?" the man asked me.

"Sure," I said, "—how else am I gonna practice to become a famous enter-tainer if I ain't got no guitar?"

"Well," the man said, "well, son, you know, the price on this guitar is up to twenty-two dollars now."

"What?" I said. "Why?"

"Interest, son," the man said. "It's hard to explain; but it's a fact. A fifty-cent a month fact in this here business."

"I began to cry like a baby, I was so disappointed.

"But, the man behind the counter said, after listenin' to my cryin' and waxin' for a little while, I've always said that some day I was gonna have to be sobbled into an exception in the matter of interest. And I guess today's that unlucky day for me, eh?"

"With that, he climbed a ladder to the high shelf, took hold of the guitar, leaned over and handed it to me."

"Now seat out of here," he said, 'and make sure you practice hard on this dangd thing. Or I'll haunt you from my very grave after I'm gone."

I took the guitar and I touched the man's hand, just to show him how much I appreciated what he'd done.

"Scat!" he hollered again.

"And I scatted, all right."

"And I went back home and I began to play and practice and sing—till I was hoarse some nights from singin' so much, and till my fingers got red and raw and nearly bleedin' at the tips sometimes from pluckin' away so much at those strings."

"But I didn't care. Didn't bother me how hoarse or bruised I got."

"I had an ambition."

"And I knew there was to be lots of hard work involved."

"I had lots of luck along the way, too."

When I was about thirteen my brother Ronald and I formed a duo and entered a contest on a Greensboro TV station. We won, and stayed on that show for fifteen consecutive weeks. Then, in high school, I organized a quartet called The Rebels and we did lots of singin' together, all through those four years. Just singin', singin' away.

"Of course, my life wasn't all music. I managed to study my schoolwork some. I played football—which is where I got my nickname, Crash. Because I could always use the extra money. I even got a part-time job with the Lorillard company in Greensboro, liftin' tobacco from the big boxes that came in from the fields and dumpin' this tobacco into the machines it was supposed to go in.

"No, I didn't spend all my time with my music and with my thinkin' about the future. I wanted to make for myself in it."

"But I've got to tell you that I sure did manage to spend most of my time this way."

"There was only one period, I remember, when I didn't care what happened about my music, or about anything, in fact."

"That was the time, four years ago, when Ma died."

"Not only was Ma a hard-workin' woman at home—what with ten children to raise and take care of—but she worked at the mill, too, the same mill where Daddy worked, till practically the end of her life, just to help out. She was such a wonderful woman. She'd give you her last dime—the very last dime she had. And she was a very religious woman. I went to church as a kid, but I guess you could never call me over-religious that way. Anyway, when Ma was sick I knew it would please her if I went and got baptized, something she had always wanted and that I had kept puttin' off. It pleased her, all right."

"She died of cancer. You know how
painful that is. Well, all the time she had it we never heard her suller once. We used to have to take her for treatments, and carry her to the hospital. I used to help carry her. I used to see the expression of pain on her face. But never once did I ever hear her moan or say anything about her pain.

"Anyway, after she died, I didn't care if I ever sang or played the guitar again."

"But then, one day, I had a talk with a relative of ours, someone who saw what was going on with me."

"And he said, 'No sense giving up your music, Billy. First of all, you won't be cheatin' nobody but yourself. And second, your ma—if she were to tell you, because she'd tell you that she didn't like this nohow, you give up what's always been the most important thing to you.'"

"And so, after a while, I picked up my guitar again and I re-started my singin'."

"And all the ambition for music that had been in me came back to me again..."

"It was at about this time that I met you, May."

"I was sixteen years old the first time I saw you, over at the recreation center in Greensboro, remember, May? I had just been in the pool for a swim and you were walkin' around near the pool, and let me tell you, you were the prettiest lil' girl I had ever, ever seen.

"Now, I'd never been known to be a bold type when it came to girls. But when I saw you that first time, I just slid myself up out of that pool and I went up to you and introduced myself and asked you the first thing that came to my mind—if I could buy you a soda.

"You were very shy then, as you still are today, and it took a lot of talkin' on my part to convince you that this was all on the up-and-up.

"But I did it, someway.

"And we had our soda.

"And we started goin' out together.

"And, after a while, we realized that we were in love, and so we decided to get married.

"The date of our marriage was June 22, 1957. We were both seventeen years old. We eloped to South Carolina for the marriage—with our parents' consent, but with nobody else knowing about it—because there were too many people, we knew, who would have criticized us and told us we were too young, too immature.

"But we didn't really care what anybody was saying. We just knew we loved each other. And we figured that, even if we were a little on the young side, it was a good thing for two people in love to grow up with each other.

"From that day we were married, May, you stuck with me in my ambition to become a singer.

"You never minded when I sat myself in a corner and played my guitar. When I came to the late, way after suppertime, from an audition someplace... You didn't even mind when I gave up my job at Lorillard so I could study and be able to audition even more.

"And May, you know, the dreams started coming true last New Year's Eve, when I sang for the first time at Mr. Fred Koury's Plantation Club in Greensboro.

"After that one show, Mr. Koury hired me and became my manager.

"Through him, the big record people from New York came down to hear me. And, finally, one day not too long ago the Columbia people signed me up to cut my first record—Don't Destroy Me—and to go on tour.

"May, it was one of the happiest moments of my whole life..."

"Except, he thought as he lay here now, on the narrow bed in the darkened hotel room, this night, a week after the tour had begun—except that he was alone, and May was not with him.

"Was it right... this way? Crash wondered.

"Was it fair to the girl who loved him, and whom he loved—to make her wait behind while he went off and made his bid for success?

"Was it worth the maybe of that house they'd talked about, of that money in the bank, of that honeymoon they'd never had—if May, his wife, couldn't be with him, here, now, right now?

"No," he thought aloud. "And tomorrow, first thing, I'm goin' to phone and say I'm comin' back... back home."

"The knock on the door awakened Crash. He got out of bed, groggily, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Craddock," said a bellhop, standing there. "Letter for you."

"Crash could see immediately, from the handwriting on the envelope, that it was from May...

"It was the first letter Crash had gotten from May since he'd left home the week before. And it was a long letter.

"She wrote how she had been visiting relatives most nights—both his and hers; and she told about which nephew and niece had just gotten over a cold, which ones were just getting one... who had said what, done what.

"And then, towards the end of the letter, she wrote this: I miss you, as you must know. And I am lonely for you. As I know you must be for me. But, as I have figured it since that night last week when you left, this being separated is a sacrifice we have both got to make in order that all the years we've got ahead of us can possibly be even happier than the two happy years we have had already.

"It is easier for me to make this sacrifice than it is for you. I am here, in our home, with all our memories around me, so close. You, on the other hand, are far away. It must be very difficult for you. There are times you must want to give it all up and come home, I know.

"But, darling, when those times come—just remember this:

"We miss each other, yes—but I know that it takes a lot of time and a lot of courage to try to get where you've always wanted to go.

"And the fact that you've always tried and that you're trying so hard now, makes me the proudest wife in the whole world..."

"Crash read this portion of May's letter, over and over again.

"Till the phone beside him rang, and he picked up the receiver.

"It was his press-agent, calling from a room down the hall.

"'Ready for some breakfast?... Gotta eat and then get ready to make that plane for Chicago... Be ready soon?'

"Crash looked down at May's letter now.

"Then he smiled, and nodded.

"'I'll be with you in twenty minutes,' he said. . . ."
"I'm not hungry, Mom," Don said, abruptly, interrupting her. "I'll help myself to something later.

"Her mother's smile lessened. "What's wrong, son?" she asked.

Don didn't answer. His mother looked down at the newspaper headline there:
GIA SCALA GRABBED FROM BRIDGE WALL—LONDON CABBIE FOILS ACTRESS SUICIDE TRY.

"What?" Mrs. Burnett asked.

Don shrugged. "A little, I guess," he said. "We met a few times on the set, at Metro, when I was doing Don't Go Near The Water.

"Well, her mother said, "the Italian girl who played the native. So lovely she was, too... Now why would a lovely girl like that ever want to go and do a thing like this, try to take her own life?"

Again Don shrugged. "I don't know," he said. "The paper says something about her being depressed over her mother's death."

"Tsk," said his mother. Then she sighed. "Well, at least the girl's all right now. The cabdriver grabbed her, it says, and she's obviously all right."

"I hope so," Don said.

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Burnett. She smiled again. "And I do wish you'd come eat your dinner now.

"I hope so," Don repeated, not hearing his mother, who was thinking about a girl far away, whom he barely knew but whom he remembered very well, a girl alone and in distress, a girl he wished very much he could be near right now.

Gia's return

It was early November by the time Gia Scala returned to Hollywood from Europe. It was a day and a half after her return when Don phoned her.

"Yes," she said, "yes, I remember you.

"He noticed that her voice was different that day. As if it had been those other times they'd talked; distant-sounding instead of alive, very tender-sounding.

He asked her if she would like to go out with him.

"Okay," she said, without any enthusiasm, "that would be very nice."

"I guess you're all booked up the rest of this week," Don said.

"This was a pause. Then Gia said, "No, I have nothing to do this week... or next week. You tell me the evening—"

"Well," Don said, "tomorrow night there's a dance, a charity ball for The Helping Hand at the Hilton. I bought two tickets. I didn't expect to use them. But if you'd like—"

"That would be nice," Gia said. "I will see you tomorrow then."

And she hung up...

"I'll never in my life forget how beautiful she looked," Don recalls about that next night, their first few minutes together. "Gia was wearing a green dress, matching the green of her eyes. And a plain gold necklace. I have an Italian cameo in the center. Her hair was combed back very simply. She looked like a goddess, with make-up. She looked like someone."

She was the most beautiful-looking girl he had ever seen. And the saddest, too.

The ball at the Hilton was a lovely affair. For the few hours they were there, Don and Gia sat at a table with some of Don's friends and their dates.

Once a while, they danced.

Throughout it all, Gia was quiet, speaking only when spoken to, smiling rarely, barely joining in on any of the fun-doings. "Why the far-away look?" Don asked her, softly, at one point.

"Gia's face reddened a little. "I don't know," she said. And that was all she said.

After the dance, they went to the nearby Trader Vic for a bite to eat.

"What'll you have?" Don asked.

"Just coffee," Gia said.

"Well," Don said, "winking, me, I'm a growing boy, and I'll have to have a little more than that."

"It's specialties," he said, reading the menu and trying hard not to make it look as if he were forcing any conversation. "You ever been there—Korea?"

"No," Gia said.

"Then you've never had the pleasure of trying any of their specialties," Don said.

Gia shook her head.

Don began to tell her about something that had happened to him while he was there, with the Army.

"I was riding around in this jeep one day," he said, and "I came across this old lady, walking up the road. She looked so tired that I stopped and asked if he could give her a lift. Oh no, she said, she'd come a long way but she still had an even longer way to go. How far? I asked her. She said about forty miles. Well now, I sure wasn't going to have this little old lady walking down that road another couple of days, was I? So I said, 'Hop in, Grandma, I'll drive you and get you home chop chop.'"

Gia began to smile a little.

"So there we were, the two of us, riding away a little while later," Don went on, "when all of a sudden the woman reached into a bag she was carrying and said to me, 'Here, young soldier, eat.' I looked at what she was holding. It was a dried red pepper, this long and this red. 'Eat,' I asked, 'that?' You honor me with your polite ness, the old lady said, now I must honor you with my hospitality.

"Well, let me tell you, Gia—"" Don stopped and laughed, happy to see that she was really beginning to smile now. "I took one bite of that hospitality of hers and—"

"Gia" a voice interrupted him, suddenly. "Gia, darling!"

"I'm eating,'" Don replied. "I thought you were doing something else."

A girl—young, pretty, bleary-eyed—was approaching their table.

"Gia, sweet-heart," she said; finally reaching the table, "I was sitting over there, and I turned around to look... and I saw you. I couldn't believe it. I didn't know you were back in town."

"I am," Gia said.

"I don't get so terri— The girl brought her hand up to her mouth, to hide a hiccup. "Terrific!"

"Thank you," said Gia.

"I was worried," the girl said, her face turning suddenly somber. "Oh boy, I was worried, ever since I heard about it, you said her voice was soft. I was thinking about you staring down into that awful, awful water and... Gia, I'm so glad you're all right. And here. Back with us."

The girl turned to the first time.

"Life, life, it's wonderful, isn't it?" she asked.

Don didn't answer. Instead he looked back at Gia. He saw the tears as they began to come to her eyes.

"I mean, where'd we be without life?" he heard the girl say and giggle.

He reached across the table and touched Gia's hand.

It was cold.

"Come on," he said, rising from his chair, "let's get out of here."

Gia rose, too.

Don took her arm, and they began to walk away.

"Well... pardon me for trying to be so concerned!" they heard the girl say as they left. . .

A little spunk

They'd driven back in silence.

And it was only when they got to the door of Gia's house that Don spoke and asked if he could come inside for a while.

"Why," Gia asked, "haven't I made your evening unpleasant enough?"

Don nodded.

"Fell," he said, smiling, "you've been pretty bad. I mean. I've been out with friendlier girls in my time. Girls who talked to me, at least."

"I'm sorry about that," she said, "about everything."

"Too late," Don said, continuing his tease. "But there is one thing you can do for me."

He brought his hands up to his stomach. "You can give me something to eat. Because I'm starving. A guy's gotta eat sometime!"

"Oh," Gia said, "yes. Won't you come in then?"

Don followed her through the foyer and living room and into the kitchen.

"You'll wait outside the kitchen, please," Gia said. "This is one room that is for the women and only the women.

Don didn't move.

"Now go ahead, Valene," Gia said. "Go back inside and make yourself a little drink if you'd like. I will have something ready for you in a little while."

With that, she took Don's arm and turned him around.

"Okay, okay," Don said, "very disinterested, but glad deep down that she was finally going to get a little spunk."

Don had put some records on the phonograph and Sinatra was singing a moody ballad when Gia walked into the room.

"Dance?" Don asked, walking over to her.

Gia nodded. "If you'd like," she said.

They began to move around the floor. "Like you're cooking?" Don asked, after a few moments.

"Cose?" Gia asked. "What?"

"Smells like something good coming from the kitchen," Don said.

"Oh, the colcione," Gia said. "Yes, I hope it is good."

"Col—Who?" Don asked.

"It's an Italian dish," Gia said.

"It's not bad, is it?" Don said. Don's mother always said it was."

"It's very good," Gia said. "You'll see. It's a dough crust and inside there is the two cheeses—the ricotta and the mozzarella."

"And?" Don asked.

"And a little pepper and salt," Gia said. "And?"

"And a glass of wine, if you'd like.

"For a hungri—me like me—a couple of slices of cheese and some dough?"

Don asked. Holding back his smile.

I've just read a terrific story in INGENUE Magazine called Give a Weekend. Tells about teen-agers doing volunteer work in the Philadelphias slums... not glossy charity-type work, but real get your hands dirty helping. What a great job they do!"
"There is many a hungerin' Italian man," Gia said, "who has not been able to finish one calzone. I have made you three. Just wait. You will like it... I do."

"So what does that mean?" Don said. "I bet there are a lot of things that I like and you don't."

"Maybe," Gia said. "For instance?"

They stopped dancing.

"Well, Don, thinking for a moment,--do you like a foggy day at the beach, for instance?"

"No," Gia said. "I like a sunny day at the beach. Much sun, much."

"Do you like your windows open way up, all the way, at night?"

"No," Gia said. "I like them shut. I am afraid when they're open."

"Mmmmm," Don said. "Do--do you like sports cars?"

"I would prefer," said Gia, "if I could do all my traveling on a bicycle."

"See?" Don said. "You don't like anything I like. But still you expect me to go wild over your--"

"Colzone," Gia said.

"Yeah... col- zo- ne," Don said, trying to imitate her deep accent.

"Awful," Gia said. "Your pronunciation, it is so awful.

And then, suddenly, she began to laugh--a happy, hearty, open laugh.

"I am sorry, Don," she said, after a few moments, "it is impolite, I think, for a girl to laugh so much and so loud. But it just struck me very funny--I she lowered her eyes, and paused"--and I have not laughed like this for a long time, for a very long time.

Don took her chin in his hand and lifted her face to his.

"Like the fly-boys used to say: Mission Accomplished," he said.

"What?" Gia asked.

"It's good to see you laugh, Gia—that's what I said," Don whispered. "And you want to know something?... You look more beautiful than ever when you laugh."

They looked at one another now.

And then Don kissed her, lightly, on the forehead first, then on the lips. They began to dance again... .

The need to be needed

Those next two months were the best either of them had ever known.

When they weren't working—Gia on a picture, Don on some TV assignments—they were together, constantly. They'd drive to the beach, on foggy days and on days of much sun. They'd weekend with friends at Lake Arrowhead or up in Carmel. They'd take long walks, out in the country sometimes, right through the streets of Hollywood other times, and they'd talk and laugh and hold hands, as they got to know one another.

"I love you, Gia," Don said suddenly one afternoon in late December, as they were out walking together. "I want to marry you."

The smile that had been on Gia's lips began to fade.

"Don't say that," she whispered, "please... ."

"Why not?" Don asked. "I love you," he said. "I love you."

"And I think I love you, too," Gia said. She nodded. "Yes, I think I do... . But to talk of marriage already—It is too soon, Don. We haven't known each other long enough, not really."

She took a deep breath.

"And," Gia added, "you must be sure, before I ever say yes to you, Don, I must be sure that you need me... ."

"But I do need you," Don said. "That's why I'm asking you to marry me. That's the reason any guy asks a girl to marry him, isn't it?"

Gia faced him again. "I mean need me," she said. "I mean need me, I mean the kind of need that is not satisfied in enjoying my company, in kissing my lips, in talking or walking or being together with me like this. I mean the kind of need that is satisfied in knowing that I will be the most important part of your life, forever and ever. In knowing that I must be the person to share everything with you, to help you, to comfort you, to be with you—forever, . . . A person very close to me once said, Don, that there is nothing more difficult in life than finding the person who truly needs you. I believe this.

"We'll give it time then, won't we?" Don said, taking hold of her hand again.

"Yes," said Gia, "if you will be patient with me. For one way or another, someday, I will know... ."

Months passed during which Don and Gia grew closer and closer, and yet as though they mysteriously understood that the right time had not come for them, neither mentioned marriage again. Then one afternoon in March Mrs. Burnett phoned Gia at her studio and invited her to dinner that night. At 6:30, Gia pulled up to the house, reached for a little present for Don's mother and got out of the car.

Don met her at the door of the house. He was very pale.

His hand seemed to tremble when it took hold of Gia's.

"What's the matter?" Gia asked.

"It's Mom," Don said. "She was in the kitchen, just a little while ago, fixing dinner. Suddenly she had a heart attack. It was so quick. The doctor's with her."

He led Gia into the living room, where Don's father was sitting. Gia walked over to Mr. Burnett, whispered something to him and then she sat beside him and across from Don.

They sat, the three of them, in silence, those next fifteen minutes.

Finally a door opened and the doctor appeared.

"Mr. Burnett," he said, his voice grim, "Don—"

The two men rose and followed him back out of the room.

Gia sat alone now.

She waited.

And as she did, she closed her eyes and remembered the phone call from Mrs. Burnett just a few hours earlier.

"I'm making lamb," the woman had said, "and potatoes nice and brown, just the way you and Don like 'em."

Gia remembered how she'd said no at first, that she couldn't accept the invitation.

"Twice last week, twice the week before. You're going to too much trouble, Mrs. Burnett."

And how the woman had said, "Nonsense, Gia. Dad and I like you so much, and we like the fact that Don likes you— and we just wish we could see even more of you."

"Lamb, you say?" Gia remembered asking, and laughing. "And browned potatoes?"

"Just the way you and Don like 'em," she remembered Mrs. Burnett saying. "Now be sure to tell those producers of yours that you have to be here early, 6:30 the latest, and—"

Gia's eyes opened suddenly.

Don had come back into the room.

She could tell, immediately, from the look on his face, that his mother was dead. She watched him as he walked over to where she sat, as he sat alongside her.

She watched his fists clench in his lap.

"Gia," he said, staring at the floor, "Help me. I need you."

Don and Gia were married in a quiet and beautiful ceremony in Los Angeles, California, on August 22, 1959. END

Gia will be seen in BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA, I AM AT THE STARS, both Columbia, 67.
Especially for BLONDES!

NEW CREME Shampoo
- Lanolized... and with ANDIUM

Takes only a minute — washes hair shades lighter, gives it a wonderful shine!

If your blonde hair is growing dark or faded, try new BLONDEX CREME SHAMPOO. Contains lanolin, to give a vital, lively lustre, new highlights and a shine like spun gold, prevent dryness or brittleness. BLONDEX removes the dull, dingy film that makes blonde hair dark and old-looking. Its "Miracle" ANDIUM brings back flaring, golden color — gives hair extra high shine and shine. BLONDEX CREME SHAMPOO is absolutely safe... use it for children's hair. Get a jar today — at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

LIVING FENCE

Amazing Fast Growing Rose

See the sensational Red Bobin Living Fence (Gloire Des Rosomasco) that's sweeping the country! Surround your property with beauty and protection for as little as 15c a foot. Plant this shrub, have vigorous Living Fence bursting with fragrant red roses this summer. Grows up to 6 feet. Not a multiform. Keeps out intruders, noise. Available only from Ginden Nursery, Seed name, address for free full-color landscape book, prices, guarantees, etc. GINDEN NURSERY, Dept. 3021, San Bruno, Calif.

FREE MATERNITY CATALOG

SAVE BY MAIL — Hundreds - names, addresses, prices, services, information. Catalog mailed in plain envelope. Ask for free list of baby names.

Crawford's Dept. 38, 1015 Walnut St., Kansas City 6, Mo.

MONEY IN DONUTS

Make New Gremeless Donuts. Start in kitchen. No smoke, no dirt, free places, cash daily. No experience necessary. FREE RECIPES. No obligation. Write today. ANDREW WASHINGTON, 3805 E. ISSACAYE, MINNEAPOLIS 7, MINK.

JUST OUT

The sensational NEW story about the town that shocked a nation!

RETURN TO PEYTON PLACE

by Grace Metcalfe
A DELL BOOK • 50c

The Story of a Hollywood Wife

(Continued from page 43)

fame came in that I began to lose Jim.

"When I first met Jim he was living like a beachcomber and his life was aimless and lonely. He'd come out of the war and didn't know what he wanted to do with himself. I was lonely, too. I'd just gone through an unhappy marriage and had a little boy. I wasn't aware of it, I guess, but I was looking for someone who needed me. Someone whom I could love and someone who would make me feel like a woman again after my marriage failure."

I had done some acting at the Pasadena Playhouse and was studying there at UCLA. A friend told me about a young veteran who seemed to show some rough talent as an actor, but who didn't know how to develop that talent. 'He's living like a pig,' said my friend. 'Maybe you can help him.'

"So I met Jim. I was both shocked and fascinated by him. He was a tall, seowling string bean. He had forty or so years of blue jeans on. He needed a shave, he needed a good meal. And he needed someone to care for him."

"His home was a broken-down car which he'd parked on the sand in a remote section of the beach near San Clemente. He'd sleep in the sleeping bag on the beach; when it was too cold he'd sleep in the back of his car. To eat, he'd steal food from the farmers and go into the post office once a month to pick up his small GI check."

"I didn't feel the pain of losing in love when I asked to meet him. I thought only that perhaps I could help him get started as an actor, by sharing with him some of the things I had learned, and this in itself would give me something to do to fill my own empty life."

He had nothing then

"Like a true hermit, he was angry at the world, and when I met him he looked down at his feet and wouldn't talk. Then I asked him if we couldn't read a play together. His face suddenly lit up and he began to come alive. We talked and I discovered that once he'd lost his sullenness, he had a tremendous charm."

"We began to see each other first as 'teacher' and 'pupil.' We read plays together, we worked together, we fell in love. He didn't have a cent and nobody, at that time, would have bet a nickel on his chances of ever becoming an actor. But I saw something in him. Maybe it was through the eyes of a woman in love. I tried to tell myself that I was looking at him only as a 'pupil.' But I was kidding myself. The more I was with him, the more deeply in love I fell. Once I fancied him."

"Our relationship grew from hostility and crudeness on the surface to a great magnetism that ran like a deep well. He began to develop his whole life."

"We were married in Santa Barbara and I started married life with a man who had nothing except the dreams we shared. My father let us live in an old flat in a huge Victorian house he owned. To save Jim's pride, we paid my father $20 a month rent. We fixed up our first home together. Jim steamed off the old, ugly wallpaper and we repainted the rooms ourselves. Often we'd stop in the middle of our work just to hold each other close and kiss. We scrimped but we were very happy because we were doing everything together."

"Jim was getting occasional roles in Westerns, and producers were beginning to see the same thing in him that I'd always seen—a vital personality and a rugged talent. I was thoroughly dedicated to him and was happy to be so involved in his life. Those first years of our marriage, when we didn't have a dime, were the happiest of our lives."

"When we learned, during the first year, that we were going to have a baby, I gave up a job I had in my father's company. My parents thought it wasn't right to raise a baby in a crampd little flat and bought us a small house in the Pacific Palisades, with a backyard that faced the ocean."

The beginning of the end

"By the time our second baby, Rolf, came along, seven years ago, Jim was beginning to do well as an actor. He was under contract to John Wayne and it looked as though now, with Jim finally successful, I could afford to take a free reign for certain paradise. But it didn't turn out that way at all. I didn't know it then, but as my husband came into his own as an actor, I was beginning to lose him. And lose myself."

"When Jim was asked to go on location in Honolulu for Wayne, the wives were invited to go along. I'd just finished nursing our second baby, and Jim and I agreed it would be a wonderful second honeymoon. I went off to the Islands with Jim joyously, never dreaming that this was to start a disastrous turn in our marriage."

"It was Jim's first experience as a movie actor in an important production. It was my first experience as the wife of a leading man. The social life with this film company in Honolulu was fast and hectic. We went to a party every night — to a dance, to a party, to a party. I'd gone to Jim to leave a party and come back to the hotel with me. But he was eating it all up like a child at his first Christmas party. He'd never had any of this kind of fun, and he was enjoying his own importance."

"But I wasn't enjoying these parties. I'd..."
Wives are not welcome

"I began to know what it was like to live the wife of a star. You're shut out and, shut in and...outside of Hollywood who lead what they think are humdrum lives, it may come as a shock to learn that the Hollywood wife is a very forlorn creature. In this industry, the wives are not the stars. The life of a star is an irritating to those surrounding her husband. She is often merely tolerated, pushed aside, openly informed by producers and press agents as to how much better it would have been for her husband's career if she had no wife in tow.

"As I saw Jim drift from me, he seemed even more changed than ever. I had fallen in love with him when he was shabby, penniless and hostile. Now, added to the natural magnetic personality which began to emerge, was a swagger and a self-confidence that made him more attractive than ever. I had a great yearning to be with him. A yearning that became frightening because I couldn't have him. I tried to win my husband all over again. At night I would dress up for him, look my best as though waiting for a lover. But after sitting by him without a word, and Jim still not home, I'd doze off. Or else I'd be so upset that when he did come home he'd find me red-eyed and nervous, and less desirous of being with him."

"As I saw Jim slipping away from me, I felt that part of me was slipping away. I found myself crying during the day. Poor Jim, it probably was his fault. I telling him to come home to a woman who was upset. Couldn't contain my fears any longer. I want to be part of you. I remember once saying, my only failure was that I want to be part of you." Jim looked at me coldly, and walked out. Our house was filled with cold, empty silences. And inside of me that gave me was sweet heart again. God, I loved him so.

Cant live without him

"He kept telling me to get a divorce if was so unhappy. It was a simple solution for him, but not for me. I was tied to him body and soul. I couldn't make him understand. I wouldn't divorce him because I couldn't live without him.

"The silences were interrupted only by quarrels. One night there was a terrible one. I told Jim I couldn't live without him in my arms and said to. His time has come for me to get a divorce. His wishful thinking—I had hoped he would become frightened and hold me in his arms and say, 'I love you.' Instead, he seemed relieved and said, 'Okay. A divorce. It's best.' And he walked out.

"I couldn't take it. How does a woman forget the man she loves? How does she earn to live without the man who's been her whole life for ten years? I couldn't get Jim out of my mind. There followed long, black nights that even sleeping pills couldn't keep me from. I longed to go home. Hong Kong was a blur— all I wanted to go home. I begged Jim to come back. His voice was final: 'No. I don't love you."

"My family worried about me. They urged me to take a trip around the world to forget. Forget! Paris, London, Vienna were six thousand miles away, but when I saw faces in the crowds, Hong Kong was a blur— all I wanted to go home. I walked home from the Therapy, crying all the way. This was our first big quarrel."

"From that night on, I can't imagine my husband. But at the time, I was blind to it. Jim was set for Gunsmoke, and I had that feeling that this would make him a star. It was glad for him, and I think a little frightened. I could have been happy, except for the time he'd come home he wouldn't want to discuss his work with me. We had shared everything before, so I couldn't understand this.

"I don't remember what it was like to live the wife of a star. You're shut out and, shut in and...outside of Hollywood who lead what they think are humdrum lives, it may come as a shock to learn that the Hollywood wife is a very forlorn creature. In this industry, the wives are not the stars. The life of a star is an irritating to those surrounding her husband. She is often merely tolerated, pushed aside, openly informed by producers and press agents as to how much better it would have been for her husband's career if she had no wife in tow.

"As I saw Jim drift from me, he seemed even more changed than ever. I had fallen in love with him when he was shabby, penniless and hostile. Now, added to the natural magnetic personality which began to emerge, was a swagger and a self-confidence that made him more attractive than ever. I had a great yearning to be with him. A yearning that became frightening because I couldn't have him. I tried to win my husband all over again. At night I would dress up for him, look my best as though waiting for a lover. But after sitting by him without a word, and Jim still not home, I'd doze off. Or else I'd be so upset that when he did come home he'd find me red-eyed and nervous, and less desirous of being with him."

"As I saw Jim slipping away from me, I felt that part of me was slipping away. I found myself crying during the day. Poor Jim, it probably was his fault. I telling him to come home to a woman who was upset. Couldn't contain my fears any longer. I want to be part of you. I remember once saying, my only failure was that I want to be part of you." Jim looked at me coldly, and walked out. Our house was filled with cold, empty silences. And inside of me that gave me was sweet heart again. God, I loved him so.

Cant live without him

"He kept telling me to get a divorce if was so unhappy. It was a simple solution for him, but not for me. I was tied to him body and soul. I couldn't make him understand. I wouldn't divorce him because I couldn't live without him.

"The silences were interrupted only by quarrels. One night there was a terrible one. I told Jim I couldn't live without him in my arms and said to. His time has come for me to get a divorce. His wishful thinking—I had hoped he would become frightened and hold me in his arms and say, 'I love you.' Instead, he seemed relieved and said, 'Okay. A divorce. It's best.' And he walked out.

"I couldn't take it. How does a woman forget the man she loves? How does she earn to live without the man who's been
FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February, your birthstone is the amethyst and your flower is the violet or primrose. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

February 1—Clark Gable
February 4—Ida Lupino
February 5—Red Buttons
February 6—Mamie Van Doren, Zsa-Zsa Gabor, John Lund, Ronald Reagan
February 8—Lana Turner
February 9—Kathryn Grayson
February 10—Jimmy Durante, Robert Keith, Robert Wagner
February 11—Leslie Nielsen
February 12—Forrest Tucker
February 13—Kim Novak, Lyle Bettger
February 15—Kevin McCarthy
February 16—Peggy King, Vera-Ellen
February 18—Jack Palance
February 19—Lee Marvin
February 20—Norma Moore, Patricia Smith
February 21—Dane Clark, Guy Mitchell
February 22—Robert Young
February 23—Race Gentry
February 24—Barbara Lawrence, Marjorie Main
February 26—Betty Hutton, Peter Lorre, Tony Randall
February 27—Joan Bennett, Elizabeth Taylor, Reginald Gardner
February 29—Arthur Franz

The House of Terrified Women

(Continued from page 28)

dreaming, with her large blue eyes wide open, peering through the darkness, and beyond that darkness, back to an actual night in her life, nine years ago, when she was eleven.

She remembered it so well, so vividly, her first night in show business. Her parents had driven her to the radio station. Her uncle, Bing, had taken her hand and led her into the studio and over to the microphone. "And now folks, I’d like to introduce," he had said, "a new singer, a sweet kid, my niece Miss Cathy Crosby!" There had been applause, she remembered. Then silence. And then she began to sing her song, "Dear Hearts and Gentle People."

Remembering, dreaming back, she began to hum that same song now.

She stopped suddenly, when she heard the footsteps outside her door.

She figured that it was probably a night nurse, making her rounds, listening at doorways to see if she was asleep.

So she stopped her singing, and she waited, in the darkness, staring vacantly at a shadow on the wall ahead of her, until the footsteps—having stopped, too—merged down the long and silent hallway of this place, this hospital, this institution, as some people called it.

And then, once again, still sitting up in her bed, the beautiful girl with the large blue eyes continued with her song.

Praying on his mind

It was a few minutes after 10:40 that night when Bob Crosby entered the big house at 229 N. Lankershim Drive. He pecked the golf clubs he was carrying in a foyer closet (he'd been playing that afternoon with Vice President Richard Nixon and actors Robert Sterling and George Murphy), then he walked into the living room.

His wife, June, was upstairs at the time, in her eight-year-old daughter Malla's bedroom. The little girl had been suffering from a bad cold all that day; she had a slight fever now, she couldn't sleep, and June had been sitting with her this past hour or so reading to her.

When June heard her husband enter, she lay down the book, got up from her chair and walked to the door.

"Bob," she called, when she saw him.

She waited for him to answer.

Instead, she saw, he stood there motionless, in the center of the living room for a moment, mumbling to himself; and then he began to walk towards the big mirrored cabinet at the far end of the room, the cabinet where the whiskey was.

June turned now, too, and walked back into Malla's room, leaving the door open behind him.

"What's the matter?" the little girl asked, softly, from her bed, seeing the look of worry, and fear, in her mother's eyes.

"Nothing," June whispered.

"Is Daddy home?"

June nodded.

Then she walked over to the little girl's bed and took her hand in hers.

He was preying on his mind, June knew, praying on his mind, terribly. She could tell by the way he had looked a moment before. She could tell by the way he had looked that morning, when they'd gone to hear a talk with Cathy's Doctor.

"What do you mean a complete breakdown?" he'd asked the doctor. "I thought she only needed a week here. And now it's a month and she's still here."

"Yes," June said. "Yes, Shhhhh. Yes."

"Mommy," the little girl asked, "are you all right, Mommy?"

"Yes," June said. "Yes, Shhhhh. Yes."

She dashed away from her daughter and towards the door again.

She wished that her sons, Chris and Bobby and Steve, were back home from that party they'd gone to.

She wished, with all her heart, that Cathy were home, too, instead of in that place.

Something is wrong

Cathy got out of her bed and rushed to a chair near the window and sat.

The feeling of fainess had overtaken her suddenly. She'd been singing one moment, remembering the nice tune, the nice night. And then her head had begun to spin and the tightness had grabbed at her stomach and she'd felt sick.

Something is wrong, she thought, sitting on the chair now, looking out the window, at the night. Somewhere, something is wrong.

She closed her eyes, tight. She didn't want to think about trouble. The doctor had told her that she was here to rest, that she must rest as much as possible, and think pleasant thoughts, especially at night, at bedtime.

She had tried too. Tried very hard. Every night this past long month. But it was no use trying now.

Because she knew, deep down inside here, that he didn't love her.

And she thought of her father.

She saw him very clearly, though her eyes were still closed.

He was standing in front of her, looking at her through those glass eyes.

He stood there for what seemed to be a very long time. And then he stepped back, back away from her, back in time, and into the den of their house.

He'd yelled at her mother that night. Cathy remembered. He'd yelled long and loud. He'd yelled so much that Cathy, in the den, had heard him. The staircases, had run over to him and begged him to stop. He'd ordered her up to her room instead. And she'd gone. And for half an hour more, an hour more, she'd heard the yelling continue. Till finally it had ended and her mother had come to her room and they'd both sat and cried.

"Does it mean...when Daddy fights with you...does it mean he doesn't love you any more?" Cathy had asked her mother that night.

"Of course he loves me, baby," her mother had said, wiping away her tears and her daughter's. "This was just an argument. He's nervous about his work. Something happened today and—"

She'd paused.

"Told you he got a wire," she'd said then. "It was from this booking agent in Atlantic City. This man said he'd just heard that Daddy doesn't like any mention of his brother in any advertising, for any show he and the band are scheduled to do. And this man, he wired that either he be allowed to advertise daddy as Bing Crosby's brother, or else not to bother to come.

"And so they were nervous tonight. And he had to pick on somebody. And he picked on me."

"It's all happened before. It'll happen again...I guess that's just the way it's got to be."

"And the fights you have," Cathy had
asked, when her mother was finished explaining, "they don't mean that Daddy doesn't love you any more.

"Of course not," June had said.

"Because if he doesn't love you," Cathy had said, "how could he love me—or anybody else?"

"He loves us, you and me," her mother had said. "Very much. . . . Believe me."

"I hope so, Mommy," Cathy had said. "I hope so... ."

"I wish we were closer... ."

"Oh, I hoped so, much," she said to herself now, sitting there in that hospital room, alone, tired, pained.

And as she said that, she saw his face again, in front of her, pale and angry.

This time he was yelling at her.

"Who were you out with tonight?" he asked.

"Dino," Cathy said.

"I told you to stop seeing him," he said. "I love him, Daddy," Cathy said.

"I don't care," he said. "He's too old for you, for just one thing."

"Thirteen years difference isn't that much," Cathy had said.

"He's divorced," her father said. "Doesn't that mean anything to you as a Catholic?"

"I love him," Cathy said. "That's all that means anything to me right now."

Her father's voice became louder.

"Have I denied you anything, before, ever, in your life?" he asked. "How many other seventeen-year-old girls have gotten all the things you've gotten you?"

"Not many," Cathy whispered, almost methodically, looking down.

"You have a convertible, pink and black, just the way you like it?"

"Yes."

"You have pretty clothes? Closets of them?"

"Yes."

"Have you gotten everything from me you've ever wanted?"

This time Cathy didn't answer.

"Well?" he said.

Cathy looked up and stepped towards him and put her arms around him. "Sometimes," she said, "sometimes, Daddy, I've wished we could be closer to each other. Sometimes I wished there could be fewer fights between us. Like now, Daddy. I know you're thinking about me. It's for her own good—I know that's what you're trying to do, but you're fighting yourself through all this. Just like you said the other times, with any other boyfriends I ever had, when you told me to get rid of them. It's for her own good you're telling yourself, and—"

But her father didn't seem to be listening to her.

"I don't want you to see this Dino Castelli anymore," he said, interrupting.

"I love him," Cathy said.

"I don't want you to see him," he said, and, for the first time, he didn't want you getting interested in anyone... . You're still just a baby, Cathy. Remember that. You don't know what you're doing. You're like most kids today. You don't want to get interested in anything."

He stopped, and he removed Cathy's hands from around his waist.

"Now get to bed," he said.

"Something I'm not guilty of... ."

Cathy didn't move.

"Did you hear me? Get to bed," he said.

"And from this moment on I want you to start getting respectable," he shouted the word. "Respectable!"

"I haven't done anything wrong," Cathy said, still not moving.

"Oh Daddy, Daddy," Cathy said, fighting back the tears. "What do you want from me? What do you expect me to do? Do you want me to go upstairs and lock you out of the rest of my life? Do you want me to get on my knees and beg your forgiveness for something I'm not guilty of?"

She gasped.

"Or do you just want me to go away?" she asked, suddenly.

He turned back to her.

"Is that what you really want to do," he asked, "go away?"

Cathy shook her head. "I don't know. I don't know what I want anymore. Daddy," she said. "I'm so confused."

"I've said what I want to tell her."

"Now you do what you want."

"Please, Daddy—" Cathy started to say.

"And if you do go," he cut in, "be sure to leave your car keys with me."

And with that he left the room... .

The memories of what had happened after that moment rushed through Cathy's mind. The memories of what had happened after that moment rushed through Cathy's mind. She had been in the hospital room, alone, pained, pained, pained... .

"Please, Daddy—" Cathy started to say.

And if you do go, she thought, and the tears of joy. And then—a few weeks later—the fights again, the bitter tears again, the bad words all over again, just like the old days. Until there was another move, another apartment, another period of terrible loneliness and confusion.

Until there came that night, last month, when she couldn't sleep a wink. And she collapsed. And she was brought here, to this place... .

She opened her eyes and rose from her chair and walked across the dark little room to a sink.

She filled a glass with water and brought it to her lips. There's a trouble, she thought, tonight. I know.

The house of terrorized women

At the big house, at that moment, Bob Crosby put down the glass he'd been holding. rose and went to Malia's room.

According to June, her wife, this is what happened next.

"He walked into the room and I could see he was feeling belligerent, that something was wrong. I supposed he had been drinking quite a bit. He usually does drink. I wanted to ask him where he'd been since his golf game ended. Except that I'm not supposed to ask. He has a persecution complex. He thinks everyone is against him."

"Yes, I could see that something was wrong, by the way he was still talking to himself, by the look in his eyes. I didn't want to stir up trouble in the baby's room. So I got off her bed and went to another room. I called our doctor and asked him if there was anything I could do. The doctor said no just to keep quiet and not to get into an argument with him."

"I went back to Malia's room, to see if he was still there. He was. As soon as he saw me this time he was silent. It was something about where were the boys and why weren't they home yet. I know it was mostly Cathy's being in the hospital in his mind. But he didn't mention that.

"Then, suddenly, in the presence of Malia, he began to walk over towards me and he began to yell at me. He beat me unmercifully. He hit me about the head... ."
new movies
(Continued from page 6)

HOUND-DOG MAN
Fabian
Carol Lynley
Stuart Whitman
Arthur O'Connell
Betty Field

country living

Fabian wants to go hunting with the hound-dog man (Stuart Whitman). Fabian's dad, Arthur O'Connell, convinces Betty Field that their son is old enough to let go of her apron strings. Off he and his kid brother trot. They don't go far before they meet Carol Lynley and friend, Whitman, who doesn't believe much in marriage, (and who would take in all those, should nature set eyes on Carol. He and the boys turn up at her family's farm with a turkey and some sassy behavior that gets them kicked back onto the trail again. There they find one of their pals lying helpless in a ditch (broken leg) and Fabian rides into town for the doctor. After the leg-setting there's a big party to which the whole county comes. Fabian sings, everybody dances in the barn. Fabian stops singing when he sees his girl (Dodie Stevens) snuggling up to another fellow. All the music stops when a jealous husband tries to blast Whitman out of a hayloft. Fabian's faith in himself is the only man in the crowd who'll stand up to the bully. Meanwhile, Gaynor decide home isn't such a bad place after all, not with a man like his father in it. It's a homespun, happy kind of movie.—CINEMA, 20TH-FOX

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY

A husband confesses
David Niven
Mitzi Gaynor
Robert Taylor
Monique Van Vooren
Patty Duke

For nearly thirteen years David Niven and his bride (Mitzi Gaynor) have been living in Gramercy Park. It's been swell. He's successful, she's chic, the kids (Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) are understanding. And a TV set has never been more a hit. On their thirteenth anniversary, Niven calls in a favor of that first, illegal year sends his in-laws home in a helpless rage. Niven kicks in the TV screen. Mitzi locks the bedroom door. Patty goes on a TV show to discuss her parents' pre-marital problems before a panel of her peers. By this time, a second TV set has arrived in the Niven home. Just in time for Niven to kick in the screen. So much, for his marriage. He's through. His in-laws are through, too. Niven's business partner (Carl Reiner) and a client, divorcee Monique Van Vooren, are in and out trying to patch things up. It's much ado about not very much, but the acting's pleasant.—UNITED ARTISTS

THE FLYING FONTAINES

Joan Evans
Michael Callan
Roger Perry
Evy Norlund
Joe de Santis

daring young men

Out of the Army, Michael Callan returns to the 'big top' where he was a star on the flying trapeze. First disappointment: his old girl (Joan Evans) has married his old catcher (on the trapeze) Roger Perry. Second disappointment: Mike thinks he's found a new girl (Evy Norlund) but she's engaged to Rian Garrow, who replaced Mike in the air. Third disap-

pointment: Mike's father (Joe de Santis) hasn't changed a bit; he still thinks Mike needs more training before he can join the biggest circus of all, Ringling Brothers. Well, all of this could drive a boy to drink. But when a boy's drunk he shouldn't try to fly. In an attempt to save Mike's neck Rian Garrow falls and breaks a few bones, which makes him afraid ever after of trapezes. Rian becomes a bitter clown; he's bitter because his girl, Evy, likes Mike more and more. Mike, the show-off, does good deeds—such as not handing Rian over to the cops when Rian cuts a rope that holds up the trapeze, such as telling Joan to go home and John Baeder to make a play for him. If only Rian would stop seeking revenge everything would be okay. The movie picks up whenever it's for-
cused on the circus itself.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA

A TOUCH OF LARCENY

James Mason
Vera Miles
George Sanders
Harry Townes
Robert Fleming

Once a war hero, never a husband. James Mason is the freest soul in the British Admiralty. That is, he is the freest with women. Women adore him, even married women, even women who ought to know better. Like American widow Vera Miles. Vera has a few acquaintances in London. One of them is a woman who has a rather stilted charm but, considering his vast wealth and potentialities as a diplomat (he's about to become an ambas-
sador), it sits well on him. When George dashes off to Brussels (duty calls) James spirits Vera onto a sailboat. Marry you? she asks. James, a miser, thinks that the only asset he lacks is money but he has a fantastic scheme to get some—loads of some. His idea is to oversell his naval leave, after hiding a top secret file, and to shipwreck himself. While he is sitting com-
fortably on a little island the newspapers will accuse him of delivering information to a foreign power. The ploy, after he returns, prove his innocence and sue the press for defamation of character. You wouldn't, you couldn't—says Vera, completely enthralled. Of course he would and he could and he does. He is a terrible fraud. And the worse he be-
haves the more delightful this movie gets.—PARAMOUNT

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING
(20TH-FOX): Point One: All the men in New York are either immoral, amoral, married or drunk, and they all seem to work at the Fash-Gagnon Publishing Co. Point Two: the appealing ladies (Joan Crawford, Diane Baker, Suzy Parker, Hope Lange, Martha Hyer) who also toll for Fash-Gagnon must be married in some other no-goods. The somewhat forlorn message here seems to be that true love and careers do not always mix well.

BELOVED INFIDEL
(20TH-FOX): F. Scott Fitzgerald, out-standing American novelist, had a romance with Sheilah Graham, Hollywood columnist. A natural for a movie? You bet! Gregory Peck and Debr-
orah Kerr, as the lovers, are introduced by Peck's (Frank Henderson) agent. The romance begins on the set and continues after the movie is complete. Peck's much-loved wife has been ill for years; he drinks, his writing is nearly nil. But, the romance which begins on the set and continues after the movie is complete, too late for Peck, just in time for Deborah.

THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE (30GM): There's a gale blowing in the English Channel and two ships collide in the night: Charlie Heston and Ben Wright, aboard the Sea Witch, and the Mary Deare in flames, with one lifeboat and sailing to a rocky graveyard. Captain Gary Cooper, the almost-
sure sole survivor, grabs Heston from behind. When the Captain calms down, he finally begins the strange story that ends in a London Court of Inquiry.

What could be wrong?
At 12:05 that night, the nurse heard a report of the Crosby incident on the radio. At 12:20, while making her rounds of the hospital, she decided to have a look in Cathy's room. She was surprised to see Cathy, not in bed, but standing near the sink. She was washing something.
But before she had a chance, Cathy turned towards her and asked, "Is something wrong? Is that what you came to tell me?"
The nurse shook her head.
"Of course not," she said. "Nothing's wrong. Nothing at all. I was just checking the room, down the hall and—"
She stopped as she saw Cathy begin to lean against the sink, hard, and grab it with her hands, as if she might fall. She rushed over to the girl, put her arm around her and tried to calm her—""You do know that we're going to the wedding, don't you?"
"Is it a bad dream you've been having tonight?" the nurse asked.
Cathy shrugged. "I... I don't know. The nurse helped her to the bed, and then she lifted a sheet over her.
"Well," she said, "the dream is over and done with and now you're ready for a good night's sleep, aren't you?"
Cathy didn't answer.
"My, what a lovely night it is," the nurse said, suddenly, turning towards the win-
dow and looking out..." Lovely... And tomorrow, tomorrow should be just as nice. I hope so, anyway. Because tomorrow, right after breakfast, we're all going to take a walk on the grounds. And pick flowers."
She had walked to the door and snapped off the light when she heard the girl ask, "And nothing's wrong?"
She smiled, "As great big smile."
"Really, child—what could be wrong on such a lovely night as this?" she said.
And what happened? When she caught him making love to another girl in his apartment—while they were still going steady for two years—she gave him an explanation, he threw her out bodily—"

Could this be one and the same Troy Donahue?

But how could a fellow like Troy have such a wonderful reputation with some people, and create such a strong antipathy with others? The answer may be found by turning the page to the last line of the preceding article."

"Troy's ability is a combination of his talent and his personality. He is a natural entertainer and has a way of making people feel at ease."

Troy's father was the head of General Motors' motion picture division. His mother was a stage actress, who retired after her marriage. The Johnstons—Troy's real name was Merle Johnston Jr., until agent for several years—have lived in Hollywood for most of their lives. Troy Donahue—had a fashionable home in Long Island, and an equally fashionable apartment on New York's East Side.

Troy himself attended the best schools in the country, including the New York Military Academy at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson in upstate New York. And if that wasn't enough, he went out and to his advantage during a track meet in his senior year, he would have continued to the United States Military Academy at West Point. Undoubtedly he had all the advantages of a big-time college education.

And this is where his trouble started. He remembers being sent to first grade in flannel slacks, jacket, white shirt and tie. And he had the usual custom-made moccasins which were in dire contrast to the dungarees and tee shirts worn by the other boys. Right away they treated him like Little Lord Fauntleroy.

During the very first recess, Troy font himself at the bottom of the heap of six boys who were beating up on him, and tearing his clothes to shreds. Yet when he came home he would not tell his parents what happened, and why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.

In wanting to look like the other boys, however, he went overboard to such an extent that the teacher finally sent a note to his parents, demanding to know why. But there— he tried to assimilate in his own way. On the way to school he would mess up his clothes by rolling in the dirt, by tearing his shirt, by ripping off buttons.
It's hardly a secret that little boys practically worship two-gun heroes like Hugh (Wyatt Earp) O'Brian and Jim (Maverick) Garner—especially in Arizona, where Indians are a dime a dozen and cowboys still ride the desert range.

Hugh tells this one on himself, in connection with a benefit he did for the Scottsdale Boys' Club near Phoenix.

The benefit was staged at the swank Paradise Valley Racquet Club, and small fry sons of the members pestered the daylighters out of their dads to get them Wyatt Earp autographs. The most insistent fan was Tommy Woods, aged seven.

Hugh was just emerging from a shower in the Racquet Club locker room when Tommy barged in, eluding his father's grasp. The boy's father, who had become somewhat chummy with Hugh the previous evening, hastily performed an embarrassed introduction.

"Tommy, this is Wyatt Earp," he said. "Mr. Earp—my son, Tommy."

"How are you, Tommy?" Hugh said cordially, extending a dripping hand.

"Okay," replied the lad, staring up at the naked hero, whom he had a hard time recognizing. "If you're Wyatt Earp, where are your guns?"

"I don't wear them in the shower," said Hugh, somewhat taken aback.

"I...uh...I left 'em in my locker."

"I'll wait," Tommy said suspiciously. "You don't look like Wyatt Earp to me. You know Annie Oakley?"

"Sure do."

"Can you shoot better than he can?"

Hugh hedged. "Never met the lady in a contest," he said.

"Any man that can let a woman shoot better ain't much," the boy said critically. "If you're really Wyatt Earp I gotta see your guns."

"Come to think of it," said Hugh, thinking fast, "I let a fellow borrow those guns for a spell. Fellow named Maverick. Goes by the name of James Garner sometimes."

"DO YOU KNOW JAMES GARNER?"

"Personal friend of mine. Taught him how to shoot."

"Gee," Tommy said faintly. "Gee." He obviously thought Jim Garner is the Greatest. "You must be all right, then. I guess you really are Wyatt Earp. What did Mr. Garner borrow your guns for?"

Still dripping from his shower, Hugh had an inspiration. Bending down, he put an arm around the little boy and whispered, "Can you keep a secret, son?"

His erstwhile skeptic nodded. "Don't let this get out," Hugh said, "but that fellow Garner is on the warpath. Some Arizona Indians crossed him."

"Apaches!"

"Right," said Hugh grimly. "Now if you'll excuse me, before this air-conditioning gives me pneumonia."

"Sure, Mr. Earp," said Tommy respectfully.

He made his father take him home immediately in order to inform his mother, in sworn secrecy, that no Arizona woman need fear those duchard Apaches any more. Two-Gun Garner was on the warpath! And Wyatt Earp sent him!

A friend drove him back to his place at three o'clock in the morning. As Troy was trying to raise himself up to the porch, he fell over the lawn furniture which, in turn, collapsed with a big bang.

"I can still see my mother come running out of the house, both remember, shouting that if I could stay out this late, I might as well stay out a little longer, and slammed the door in my face. I crawled back on the lawn and fell asleep. It was ten o'clock the next morning when I woke up—just in time to see people stop on their way to church. I'll never forget those expressions as they saw me on the front lawn, still dressed in a tuxedo, obviously sleeping off a hangover—"

The unruliness, the rebellion continued. Troy was just about to get his driver's license at sixteen, when he was out with a group of friends, one of whom let him drive his car. He got caught by the police for going through a red light. The offense, in itself, was not too serious. But when the officer found out he only had a student's license and was not allowed to drive without an adult next to him, he promptly called Troy's mother. Mrs. Johnson became so upset that although he was supposed to have gotten his license two days later—and a car with it—she told him he would have to wait a full year before she would allow him to get his own car.

Again her strictness had the opposite effect.

To show his independence, one night Troy sneaked out of the house and headed for the garage. With all the strength he could muster he rolled out the family car and drove off, to pick up a girlfriend.

As bad luck would have it, about an hour later his mother decided to visit some friends. She didn't check Troy's room to see if he was still there, asleep. When she realized he had disappeared, she naturally presumed it was stolen, and notified the police. An all-car alert was promptly put out by police short wave, giving the license number and description of the 'stolen' car, a brand new Cadillac convertible.

A cop finally found it parked in front of a drugstore. "Who's been driving the Cadillac?" he demanded in a loud voice when he walked in. Without hesitation, Troy—who was having a soda with his girl, and another couple—admitted it was he. To his humiliation the policeman handcuffed him, and dragged him to the nearest police station to book him for theft. Not till his mother was notified was the mystery cleared up, and Troy released.

Mrs. Johnson hoped that a military school would straighten out her boy. For a while it looked like she was right.

Yet, rather enjoyed his life at the New York Military Academy at Cornell-on-the-Hudson. He did so well—both academically and in sports—that he became a student officer. Yet even this couldn't keep him out of trouble, indefinitely.

In his class was a Cuban boy, nicknamed Gato, the Cat. He was a tall, quiet, strange sort of boy who didn't associate with others, and a fanatic about cleanliness and health. While other students would get out of bed at 5:40 in the morning, he got up at 4:30 to do calisthenics on the parade ground. He brushed his teeth ten times a day. To sneeze in his presence was a sin to him.

His behavior caused the other fellows to constantly play tricks on him, particularly since Gato was not considered too bright. One day, Troy remembered, one of the cadets told him that if he would stick his finger into a light socket, he would light up. He did. And got knocked out. It was a miracle he wasn't killed!

Gato particularly didn't like Troy because the two of them had been in competition for high jumping for some time, with
Troy, the top athlete of the school, always
outdoing him.

One day as the cadets were sitting around the high jumping pit, all the carriers around in it, one of the boys got an idea. Why not take a handful of these worms and put them on Gato's pillow?

Everyone thought it was a hilarious
joke, but who would do it?

Troy volunteered. He picked up a hand-
ful of the earthworms and carried them
to Gato's pillow.

Three minutes later the dormitory door
flopped open, and Gato rushed out and across the parade grounds straight to the com-
mandant's office.

The commandant had a hard time con-
taining himself, but had no choice but to
promise the boy proper disciplinary ac-
tion. During the rest of the day, Gato was permitted to step forward and ask his officer—Troy—for permission to speak up. "As all of you know, some-
one put worms on my pillow. I feel as
if whoever did it is not too much of a
coward, I want him to admit it now."

Troy took a step forward. Before he
could say what he had been thinking of, he
felt the sudden thrill of the train. It took half a
dozens of men to pull them apart again, bloody
and exhausted from the brief but violent
struggle. The commandant asked them if they wanted to fight, they should do it with gloves on, in the gym. They agreed.

In spite of the gloves' cushioning effect,
the result was probably the longest and
most brutal fight in the history of the mil-
itary academy, with Troy getting the
better of Gato but, as he admits, not much
better. Yet when it was over, Gato's ang-
sion was satisfied. He was willing to shake
hands, and eventually he and Troy became
the best of friends.

Troy learned it was a very fundamental lesson
that day. If anything has to be done, good
or bad, it should be done promptly and
openly, and not held back. If he hadn't
stepped forward and admitted defeat, his suspi-
sion might have grown to where they could
never have made up.

By the time he came to Hollywood, Troy
felt he had learned the lesson not to be
hurt. He soon found out differently.

What's more, when a crisis arose, he con-
tinued to resort to his fists to settle it.

Shortly after moving to California, he
took a group of friends to Gogi's, a
coffee shop on the Sunset Strip. In con-
trast to a lot of other customers, Troy was
extremely well dressed, and he had
enough money left to pay the bill for
the five of them—which caused a dis-
gruntled beatnik at one of the tables to
slap against the big, tall, New
York—off who was all dressed up
like a Christmas tree.

Troy turned for an appropriate reply.
Before he got very far, the beatnik stormed
forward and tackled him.

Troy was tall and strong enough to have
held the man at bay. But his temper blew
up and with four well-laid punches, he
was laid out.

Five minutes later he found himself in
a police car, bound for headquarters.
Only an influential friend's influence managed to cover up the

Yet behind this aggressiveness, there is
another side to Troy, equally, if not
more powerful—a sensitive, understanding inner self. We never found out. And con-
dictory because it may sound, his early environ-
ment was responsible for this, too. Par-
icularly the death of his father.

Till Troy was twelve years old, he could
never remember a single day that his
father was sick. In fact, he was probably
the healthiest, most athletic type of man
he ever saw on his pillow. The first indication
that something was wrong occurred the after-
noon they playfully wrestled on the front
lawn. To the surprise of both of them, Troy
managed rather easily to pin his father on his
back.

For days after, the older man began to
feel weaker and weaker, till he went to
the Columbia Medical Center in New
City, for a complete check-up.

Nothing could be found wrong at the
time.

As the weeks went by, he grew weaker,
without any apparent reason. A painful
reaction which made him continually harder for him to
move, till he finally decided to go to Johns
Hopkins' Hospital, near Baltimore, Mary-
land, for another check-up. The doctors quickly discovered the trouble—hopeless, acute schizophrenia, which
paralyzed him progressively until it
finally drove him out of his mind.

Only they didn't tell him, because obvi-
ously he didn't want to be told. And so
they described it as a disease with similar
symptoms, and hopes of complete recovery.

But someone had to be told the truth,
and that's how it came about that Mrs.
Johnson and Troy were to share the
awful secret with two years.

Troy lived with the knowledge that his
father would die without anyone being
able to do anything about it.

At first, I couldn't believe it myself," Troy
remembers. "To make it worse I was
plagued by a feeling of guilt whenever
I visited him. It did things which I never did before."

On the contrary, he assured me how
wonderfully behaved I was, which made
me feel all the worse. Oh, how I wished
the things she told him about me were
true! It seemed that more glowing
terms she used, the stronger my reaction
to do the opposite—the worse I felt about
it. It was an uncontrollable, vicious circle.

That's why Troy visited his father at the
hospital, the old man was a little bit more
paralyzed, to where finally he could only
make what he wanted with the help of a chart on the wall. Only six
people—Troy included—would be able to
point to one of the drawings, and accord-
ing to the way Merle Johnson blinked
the lights, she knew what he wanted, whether
it was to eat, to rest, to get a bath, what-
ever it was.

In spite of everyone's attempts to keep
the truth from him, Merle Johnson finally
realized he was dying. But then he had
but one day of life left in him.

Troy found this out when he visited his
father that afternoon. Merle Johnson
somehow managed to tell him to take his
gold watch from the night-stand. "It was
his most cherished possession," Troy re-
calls with sadness in his voice. "When
she gave it to me, I knew he'd lost hope. . . ."

Troy was sitting in an ice cream parlor
with two friends the next day when the
maid ran in breathless.

"Come right here, she shrieked.

Troy looked at her with quiet com-
sure, "Dad?"

She broke into tears. He knew the an-
swer.

The other fellows were surprised that
Troy didn't seem shocked, or hurt. Quietly
and dutifully he went home and then
helped his mother make the necessary ar-
rangements.
rangements for the funeral and after. "My immediate feeling was one of relief that Dad's suffering was over. It took me months to find out what I had really lost when he was gone."

Yet after his father's death, instead of becoming more dependent on his mother, his own feeling of independence grew. Partly this was due to the discharge of the ranch boy if he couldn't assert himself, partly that he was now the man in the family who, in spite of his young age, shoulders the responsibility of at least his own future. And so, when it came to a most important choice—which career to pursue—he found himself opposed to his mother's wishes.

To be sure, she had shown in showbusiness, as well as her husband's position as head of the motion picture section for General Motors. Mrs. Johnson had been close to him, but he was definitely at least his own future. And so, when it came to a most important choice—which career to pursue—he found himself opposed to his mother's wishes.

From riches to rags

On the other hand, once his knee injury prevented his appointment to West Point, Troy had made up his mind to become an advertising man. He had recognized in school and when he still couldn't get his mother's support, after his graduation, he saw no choice but to walk out of the family home, almost on the gulf between them grew. Luckily, one evening she made it quite clear what was happening. Although I was hurt at the time, it was best for both of us to recognize realities. I could have been much harder on both of us if I'd played the hurt lover indefinitely!"

His next infatuation was for a girl under contract to Universal-International, the same company that had tied to the studio. Her success came about much faster than his, and the New York episode repeated itself almost verbatim when she told him quite frankly that he wasn't right for one another any longer.

Again Troy preferred the abruptness that wrote "finis" to their romance to a long droning out affair. This is, he told himself, how he would finish a relationship if he were ever caught on the other end of the line—which is exactly what happened with Nan Morris.

Troy had not officially engaged, they had gone steady for two years. When Troy became interested in another girl, he tried to tell Nan as gently as possible. She refused to believe it.

The way it looked

One evening, not long ago, he took out the other girl, but he was so tired after a long day at the studio that he asked if she minded driving herself home in his car, after dropping him off at his house. She didn't mind.

A week later was Sunday. When she turned Troy's Porsche, she arrived just as he got ready to leave to meet his mother and sister for church.

She was out from the night before and asked if she could rest on his couch till he came back. He didn't object.

Troy returned two hours later. He was just in time to see her remove her jacket, and other odds, and then something about it. He sent for his mother and younger sister. They found a place to stay. When his mother needed financial assistance, when her income was insufficient, she came to him. In time, he was always ready to assist. He now attends P.T.A. meetings for his sister, Eve, and has adopted other parental prerogatives—such as her coat, and then something about it. "I won't tell her what to do. I simply suggest what's best for her, and then let her make up her own mind."

For instance, she used to date quite a wise guy, at least in Troy's eyes. He was particularly upset when Eve told him that he always carried a bottle in his car, and tried to suggest to him to stop. "Why, I forbid him to see her, she might have done it behind my back," he reasoned. "So we just had a heart-to-heart talk. I emphasized the trouble she could get into with this boy, then left the decision up to her. She stopped seeing him."

Whereas at one time Troy would leave the house in almost any pretense, he now makes a point of getting together with his family several times a week—and likes it.

Looking back at the last few years, Troy still feels that his abrupt decision to leave home was not a mistake. It helped establish his independence—and made a man out of him.

He feels constant compromises and half-ways. He's got nothing but trouble in any relationship—which is also the reason he had earned both the good and bad reputation with women!"
the day Dinah was almost SHOT

It happened in France, during World War II, just a few hundred yards from the enemy lines. But the biggest threat that day was not the German guns....

Dinah Shore was entertaining our servicemen on an improvised stage in an open field. More than 6,000 GI's were crowded around that afternoon—sitting, squatting, lying on the grass.

Once Dinah had sung a couple of numbers she asked for requests. After she finished the fourth or fifth, a GI, tall, rugged-looking and obviously unsteady-on-his-feet, got up and shouted, "Sing Paper Doll!"

It was a man's song. Dinah knew her presentation just wouldn't be what it should be. But there was no time for explanations. "I can't sing that one," she hollered back.

The GI, weaving unsteadily, tore his .45 automatic out of his holster and released the safety. At first the other GI's, and Dinah, thought he was kidding. After a few weeks in the line, combat soldiers are apt to have peculiar ways of having fun. "Paper Doll!" he yelled again.

"I can't sing it!" Dinah called back over the heads of several hundred men.

When the drunken GI started to push his way through the crowd toward the stage, everyone quickly realized that this was no joke. They also knew better than to argue with a guy who was intoxicated and wildly swinging a loaded gun. Nobody dared touch him....

When he reached the podium, he stared up at Dinah, his eyes blood-shot, his voice hoarse, his right hand still gripping the gun—which was now pointing straight at Dinah's heart.

"I ask you for the last time—are you or ain't you goin' to sing that song?"

Dinah's legs grew weak, but if she lost her composure, she didn't show it. "I guess I'll have to," she smiled. Then she gently took the soldier's hand and helped him on stage. She put her arm around his waist, and led him to the microphone. His right hand was still gripping his gun.

"All right?" she asked quietly. "Just sing!" he demanded.

Dinah nodded to her accompanist and began to sing—softly at first, then louder and louder till a wave of applause rose from the audience who knew she was singing to save her life.

Dinah was halfway through, when two MP's carefully sneaked up behind the GI. One got a tight grip on him, and the other twisted his arm till the automatic dropped to the floor.

Dinah had tears in her eyes when she watched him walk down the podium steps between the MP's, looking more bewildered than dangerous. Then she turned back to the audience, and asked, "All right boys, what's next?"
I Believe I Heard the Voice of Jesus

(Continued from page 39)

arms. “My baby . . . my own baby . . .”

“Virginia,” my father’s voice was sharp.

“Quick,” he said. “Call the doctor.”

I swallowed and was as if a thousand needles were stuck up my throat. My father brought me a small white wash basin and he held it in front of me as I coughed blood into it.

When my brother turned to the room after telephoning the hospital, she said, “They’ll send an ambulance, but I told them you would drive there. It’ll be faster.” We were just saying it. I would go up to Dr. King to rush to the hospital immediately.

I have never seen my mother look so worried. Tears ran from her eyes, and as my father wrapped me in a dark blanket, I remember hearing my mother’s voice whispering, “Hail Mary, full of grace, blessed art Thou among women.”

My father lifted me into his strong arms, and I looked at his round face, his warm brown eyes and dark wavy hair, and suddenly he looked funny. I squinted to test the time—test the time. Would it—would it—would it work?

I bled all the way to the hospital, my father told me. Mom stayed home with Joey. Dad drove me to the emergency entrance of the hospital, and he says, “Mom and two internes were waiting. I was carried to the emergency room where Dr. King gave me a shot in my arm.

I was praying. Men in white beds were praying on a long hospital table, wrapped in the blanket from home. I looked up into Dr. King’s kind eyes, and he said, “There, there, now. We’re going to do everything we can.”

He was so gentle, so sure of himself that I was calm, although I continued to bleed. The internes placed towels around my neck to catch the hemorrhaging blood that dripped all down my hair and shirt.

In a few minutes, Dr. King inserted silver rods in my mouth, and I lay back while he stroked my forehead and soothed me. There was a senseless cloud of alcohol in the room that gagged me. The internes assisted Dr. King as he called out instructions. My father stood by me crying. When we were alone beside you with tears brimming over in his eyes, you know something’s wrong.

For my father to cry, my life had to be in danger.

All I could do was pray

I closed my eyes. My mother’s prayer came into my mind. And I began reciting it. I couldn’t pray or whisper with the silver rods stuck in my throat. But I said the prayer over and over again in my mind until the white emergency room with its shiny silver instruments and snow-white walls came rushing toward me, overpowering me.

But the words stayed with me. Hail Mary, full of grace, with us now and at the hour of our death. With all my heart I prayed. There was a thumping then in my brain, and I blacked out.

I remember all through my stay in the hospital and the return home. The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was the wooden crucifix on the bannal in the room I was in.

I prayed with all my might. I prayed to the Virgin Mary, whose own Child had suffered when He was hung on the Cross. Hail Mary, full of grace, with us now and at the hour of our death.

When I opened my eyes again I saw the soft rosy light of dawn filtering through the ruffled white curtains at the window. My mother, full of joy, was standing beside me, her eyes dark and baggy and her hair pulled back in a knot, caressed my cheeks with her warm hand. She had stood vigil with me through the night.

I couldn’t see my mother too well, but the sight of her, completely different, seemed like it was next to me. The small Cross of dark wood with the figure of Jesus, crowned with thorns, was right in front of her. The wood was brown, the thorns white, and she was standing between them.

“I am with you,” I heard a Voice saying.

All that day I was delirious with fever. And that same night, my head was dizzy and out of focus. Water entered a little here and there, and I woke up. My mother kept a lamp lit in the room while I slept, and whenever I awakened, I would see the pink wool blanket on the bed and I would finger it lovingly before I dozed off, thinking Someday I’m going to have an all-pink bedroom. I still remember one of the strange dreams I had as I lay there delirious. In the dream I saw a beautiful pink, satin-covered bed, a vanity dresser with a mirrored top and a wide pink-net skirt. On the dresser were sparkling atoms—silk buttons and silver square plates with flowery scents. I dreamed I sniffed all the perfumes, then sat cross-legged on the pink satin bedspread in my pink pajamas with a white bedside radio serenaded me with dance music and I ate a hot fudge sundae.

That next morning when I woke up I saw a pink dress and I whispered to my brother Joey, chubby and brown-eyed, bounced into the room in good spirits and said he was going to read me a poem from his first-grade book.

**Getting better**

I sat up in bed and my mother served me a warm broth. Joey asked Mom if he could read another poem and she told him to be careful and not to strain his throat.

He leaned over and kissed me on the cheek and said “Annette, I don’t want you to be sick. I want you to get out of bed—like me.”

Then Mom told him to let me rest, and as she left he pointed to the kids on the block, playing and laughing. Some of the girls were skipping rope and jump-rope rhymes, and others were playing dodgeball. He caught the clack of the slate against the sidewalk as they took hopscotch turns. One of the neighbor girls, Mary Jo, bounced a ball to the tune of “One, Two, Three, O’Leary.”

For the first time since I’d been in bed I felt lonely. I wanted to go out and play with them.

When the doctor came that afternoon, he asked me if I wanted anything. I asked him if I could have a few visitors for a little while, I wanted some company.

“I could have them,” he said. But, only if I promised to stay in bed.

Three of my girlfriends came at five o’clock. They brought me presents—a record and a charm bracelet and a Peter Pan puppet made out of a Christmas stocking.

They sat by the side of my bed on the kitchen chairs my father brought in for them and lit up a pretty Christmas stocking, and they told me they wanted me to get well.

I wanted to reach out and hug them all and throw my arms around the necks of hot chocolate and anise cookies, and when the sun started going down they left and said they’d come back and see me tomorrow.

They visited me every day until I was completely recovered and they helped me get my strength back up. It was a little difficult, but I held on and I was determined to get better. I didn’t want to let anyone down, and I didn’t want to be a burden to my family.

I was grateful for their support and encouragement, and I knew that I would be able to overcome this challenge. I would recover and I would be able to continue with my life. I was determined to be strong and I would not give up.

***

Shrinks Hemorrhoids

New Way Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

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 form under the name Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug counters—money-back guarantee. *US. Pat. Off
At 17 My Life is Over

(Continued from page 20)

"I think I’m pregnant," Beverly said, softly, still looking away.

Her girlfriend squeezed her hand now. "You're going to be all right, honey, you'll know for sure in just a little while. I have an appointment with the doctor. At two o'clock."

She pulled her hand away and left the room, to leave the two girls to wipe away the tears that were there.

"There," she said, "I've told you. What I've told nobody else... Are you surprised?"

Her friend nodded.

"I am," she said. "Yes." Beverly smiled a little.

"Somebody," she said. "They thought it would be so different... I mean, here it is, the middle of the day, a bright and sunny day, in a restaurant, over lunch, a cold chicken salad, me in my black dress, my eyes still burning from all the crying, looking like I-don't-know-what because I haven't looked in a mirror for two weeks now—looking like I-don't-know-what and caring even less."

She shook her head. The smile was gone from her lips already. The muscles in her slender white neck seemed to be pushing hard against her skin.

"And what, Bev?" her friend asked.

"And I'd just thought," Beverly went on, straining to get the words out, "that it would be so different... that's all."

She picked up a glass of water and took a sip.

She held up the glass for a long minute, looking into it, at the insipid and colorless water—silently, either she nor her friend saying anything.

"I want this baby..."

And then, talking again, almost as if to herself, she said, "For two years I'd thought exactly how it would be, if and when this moment ever came, when it came time, I'd do this, I'd do that. When I'd be... I don't know what."

"But I'd be sitting and holding the champagne up high, I'd say, 'It's time for a little celebration, my darling.' He'd ask why, of course, he'd ask. Is it we have to celebrate now, Woodymph? he'd ask. And I'd make him try to guess. Till he did guess. And then we'd both begin to laugh. And he'd get up and kiss me and hug me, and smile, so hard that I'd have to remind him to be more gentle, that I was very fragile now, that I was different now and had to be treated very tenderly. And he'd stop. Yes, that's right. And he'd say, 'You're my little girl now, Woodymph, are you? You're the woman I'll be marrying someday soon, as long as I get my divorce. You're the woman I'll be marrying, and the baby, Woodymph, is the baby of my mother. Aren't you?' And as I would say yes, happily, he'd take me in his arms again, only much more gently this time, more slowly, more tenderly. And we would kiss. That minute. The next minute. All night. Kiss and hold each other and make love, forgetting all about the champagne, all about everything. Everything but us..."

"I had it all figured out, dreamed out, if and when," she said, putting down the water glass. "I would have been so wonderful. Except that he died, before I even knew about the baby myself, or had a chance to tell him."

She smiled again, a small and bitter smile this time...

"It's all I guess some people would call ironic, isn't it?" she asked.

Beverly," her girlfriend asked, "are you sure?"

"Pretty sure," Beverly said. "I woke up sick. I hurt up here... I'm pretty sure."

"And do you feel all right about it?" her friend asked.

"Do you mean how do I feel about it in my heart, a young, husbandless, loverless, broken-up girl like me?" Beverly asked back. "Do you want to know if I'm happy, sick, side-to-side, baby..."

"Or do you want to know if I'm happy, sick, side-to-side, baby..."

Her girlfriend's face reddened and she tried to say something else...

"This baby—" Beverly said, after a moment, "—this is all I've got left of the only man who ever meant anything to me..."

"More than anything else on earth."

A waiter came over to the table now, as she said this, and he asked the two girls if they would care for something else...

"A brandy, Beverly?" her girlfriend asked.

"No, thank you," she said.

"Coffee?"

"No," Beverly said. She looked down at her watch. "As a matter of fact," she said then, "it's about time for me to be going. Two o'clock, the doctor said. It's nearly that now... Do you mind if I go? Now?"

"No, not at all," said her friend.

Beverly rose from her chair and began to reach into her purse.

"Forget about splitting anything," her
friend said, "I told you I was only kidding. Lunch was on me."
"Thank you," Beverly said.
Then she bent and kissed her friend, quickly.
"Excuse me if I was—" she started to say.
"Never mind," her friend said. "I know how you must feel right now."
Beverly turned, and began to walk away.
And her girlfriend, watching her, thought: "God, protect this poor lost kid..."

All that's left of the man she loved

The doctor was a busy man. He minced no words. "Miss Aadland," he said, after he'd completed his examination, "there is no way of telling immediately whether you're pregnant or not. We just don't know yet. It takes a laboratory report and that won't be back here in this office till tomorrow. Tomorrow morning at nine. Now why don't you go home and try to relax and rive me a ring then? Tomorrow—nine o'clock. That's all I can say to you now. Good-bye, Miss Aadland..."

Beverly stood at the door of Errol Flynn's house. She hadn't been here since that night, three weeks earlier, when they'd left for Vancouver, together. She'd thought, when he died, that she would never come back to this house. Not alone. Not without him.
But she did not feel alone now.

Inside her, she knew, somewhere deep inside her, lay the little germ of the baby that was hers and Errol's. It didn't matter to her that the doctor she'd seen a few hours earlier had been busy enough about the whole matter. Baby doctors, for all the humanity they tended, were men of science, she figured. They never said yes or no to anything, she knew, till they'd checked with their test tubes, their blood specimens, their rabbits and mice, their laboratory reports; till they'd scratched their greying heads and studied these reports and come to their 'conclusions.'

Well, she thought now, let the men of science do their scratching, their checking.
But she—she was a woman.
And women knew these things, instinctively.
As she knew now.

That inside her, somewhere, lay that child of hers and Errol's.
As she knew, too, that, though her lover and husband-to-be was dead and gone, she was no longer alone... She opened the door and entered the house. She flicked a switch that turned on all the lights downstairs.
She walked through the foyer, past the living room to the right, past the raised dining room to the left, to the sunroom in the rear of the house—the room that had been their room, complete with shining checkered linoleum and well-stocked bar and big fat TV and view of the pool, and with the old soft couch.
where they used to sit—so close, so much of the time—still there, just like always.

She walked over to the couch now, and she sat.

After a moment—the room was quiet, too quiet—she reached for the little TV switcher that sat on the end table to the right, blew off some of the dust that had gathered on it, and pressed a button.

The television, across from her, lit up. A man said something to her about a 1965 car. "Big, beautiful and roomy; a totally new idea in automobile styling," he said. "Made for you!"

Beverly pressed another button.

A girl in a muffler dress sat at a piano, playing something Schubert-like, candlelight playing on her face. She looked over at a man, who stood listening to her, watching her. He began to approach her—

Beverly pressed another button.

This time she got a Western, two men in big hats arguing, slurringly.

She pressed another button.

Another western.

Another button.

A cartoon lady, advertising bread.

Another button.

Another.

Till she rose from the couch, suddenly, the room quiet once more, the television off, and walked over to the bar, in the far corner of the room.

"My life won't be over ..."

Among all the bottles there, a small split of champagne had caught her eye.

She reached for it and took it from its shelf.

She struggled for a moment with the wiring and silver foil around its neck, and finally she opened it.

"My darling," she said, aloud, as she reached for a glass and poured in some of the champagne—"it's time for a little celebration."

She lifted the glass to her lips, and took a sip.

She shuddered.

"It's warm, much too warm," she said. "I know how you like it iced ... but, you see, I've been so busy today, at the doctor's ... be good to see, we're going to have a baby—Yes, yes, my darling—A baby. And it's certain. Oh yes, of course it's certain.

Her hand began to tremble.

She let the glass she was holding fall. It crashed to the floor, the wine splashing against her ankles.

She walked back to the couch.

She sat once more.

She closed her eyes.

"Darling," she whispered, her voice breaking as she heard her confession to the silent woman,—"it's almost certain." She brought up her hand and ran it through her long blonde hair. "Only a phone call," she said. "I have only to phone the doctor, tomorrow, now, before you come, and say, 'Yes. It's true' ... And then everything will be all right with me again. And I'll know that my life isn't over."

She fell back on the couch.

"Our child," she said. "I'll have at least that ... It will grow inside me, and then it will come. It will get big. I will take care of it. Such love as cure. And one day, I will tell our child about his father—about how good and glorious a man he was. And when I am finished telling our child, he will be, and I will, and he will be—"

A man said something to her about the child, about the child, about the child.

She nodded.

She brought her hand up to her stomach.

"Little baby," she whispered, "I want you so much."

And then desperately, she tried to fall asleep, so that the morning would come that much more quickly. . . .

Too hard from here on in
It was exactly 9:30 a.m.
Beverly picked up the receiver and dialed the doctor's office.

"Hello?" she heard the busy-sounding voice ask.

"This is Miss Aadland," she said. "Beverly Aadland. . . I wondered—" she started to say, nervously.

The report, yes, the doctor said. It should be here—among my papers.

She heard the rustle of the papers; the short silence that followed; then the doctor's impatient voice, calling out, "Nurse!"

Another silence followed.

Till, finally, the doctor spoke up again.

"Miss Aadland?"

"Yes," Beverly said.

"Now, the report," the doctor said, "yes. It's negative."

Beverly repeated the word after him.

That's right," said the doctor. "You're not pregnant.

"That can't be," Beverly said. "There must be a mistake."

The doctor told her that the report was conclusive. "The nausea, the shortness of breath, the general feeling of tiredness that you have told me about," he said, "are probably the result of the tension you've been undergoing these past few weeks."

"But that can't be," Beverly said again, her hand clutching hard at the receiver.

"There must be a mistake!"

"Miss Aadland," the doctor said—there
was a different tone to his voice now; softer, friendlier—"let me tell you something, please... I think I know most of the facts of this case, more than the medical facts. And I think I should tell you this. There is nothing more beautiful in life, for a woman, than to have a child by the man she loves. This I know. I have delivered many babies in my time, and I have seen the faces of many new mothers right after the deliveries... But I have seen, too, the faces of mothers whose children arrived fatherless, girls who thought that this was what they had wanted—thought. And these girls—girls like you—they did not smile when the important moment came. For it was as if they had realized suddenly that it would be too hard from here on—now—but for the little son or daughter they had just given birth to. As if they realized that from here on it would be a life of continual explanations, of terrible incompleteness, of foisting a mother's memories on a child who knows only the present, and does not, never will, understand a distant and far-removed past...."

Do you understand, Miss Aaland, what I am trying to say, to tell you?"

Beverly did not answer.

"Miss Aaland? Do you understand?"

"No," Beverly finally said.

"I know, I know," the doctor said. "It doesn't make much sense to you now, does it? But someday it will. Believe me..."

He said good-bye.

Dick Clark, I Love You

(Continued from page 45)

The sun-porch of the house where she lives with her parents and her twenty-three-year-old brother, Marty. We were alone. Her mother, Essie, had just cleared the supper dishes and was in the living room, reading a letter.

If she was, Samual, a public relations man, was upstairs dressing, getting ready to go visit some relatives.

"When do you first meet Dick Clark?"

Myrna said, in answer to our first question. "It all started on a Monday, I remember, during school lunch, two and a half years ago. I was in the fourth grade, and Eddy Hunter, my then most favorite of all the stars, was going to be on the Dick Clark Bandstand that coming Friday. I wanted to see him in person, so much, that's all I thought about for the rest of the afternoon. Then after school I decided to go to the Bandstand studio, only four blocks from the school, to see if I could get a ticket in advance. I went. I got on a line. And before I knew it, somehow, I was following the line right into the studio and up to Dick Clark who was saying hello to everyone as we passed, saying, 'Welcome to today's show. I hope you have a good time.' I thought to myself, My gosh, am I going to be seeing a real blondie?"

The first thing Myrna did inside the studio was to look for a seat, a good place from which to watch the goings-on. She found one, and after a few minutes she kept her eyes glued on Dick, busy now talking with his director, producer and a few of the technicians. Then she watched him as he walked up to his podium, called the crowd to attention and gave his pre-show speech. "You know," Myrna says, "for the fellows to keep their jackets on, for everyone to look his pleasantest, directions as to how to talk to boys and girls' rooms just in case, and things like that."

After the speech, Myrna was surprised to see Dick step down from the podium and walk away.

She was nervous, so nervous that she found herself speaking even before he did.

And they hung up...

And Beverly, looking around the room she and Errol had shared, felt cold suddenly, and she rose, looked down at the wrinkled dress she had slept in, picked up her purse and walked, slowly, alone again, towards the door.

Beverly stars in Cuban Rebel Girls, Exploits Films.

And the sun-porch of the house where she lives with her parents and her twenty-three-year-old brother, Marty. We were alone. Her mother, Essie, had just cleared the supper dishes and was in the living room, reading a letter.

If she was, Samual, a public relations man, was upstairs dressing, getting ready to go visit some relatives.

"When do you first meet Dick Clark?"

Myrna said, in answer to our first question. "It all started on a Monday, I remember, during school lunch, two and a half years ago. I was in the fourth grade, and Eddy Hunter, my then most favorite of all the stars, was going to be on the Dick Clark Bandstand that coming Friday. I wanted to see him in person, so much, that's all I thought about for the rest of the afternoon. Then after school I decided to go to the Bandstand studio, only four blocks from the school, to see if I could get a ticket in advance. I went. I got on a line. And before I knew it, somehow, I was following the line right into the studio and up to Dick Clark who was saying hello to everyone as we passed, saying, 'Welcome to today's show. I hope you have a good time.' I thought to myself, My gosh, am I going to be seeing a real blondie?"

The first thing Myrna did inside the studio was to look for a seat, a good place from which to watch the goings-on. She found one, and after a few minutes she kept her eyes glued on Dick, busy now talking with his director, producer and a few of the technicians. Then she watched him as he walked up to his podium, called the crowd to attention and gave his pre-show speech. "You know," Myrna says, "for the fellows to keep their jackets on, for everyone to look his pleasantest, directions as to how to talk to boys and girls' rooms just in case, and things like that."

After the speech, Myrna was surprised to see Dick step down from the podium and walk away.

She was nervous, so nervous that she found herself speaking even before he did.

And they hung up...

And Beverly, looking around the room she and Errol had shared, felt cold suddenly, and she rose, looked down at the wrinkled dress she had slept in, picked up her purse and walked, slowly, alone again, towards the door.

Beverly stars in Cuban Rebel Girls, Exploits Films.

I was once a model so I know that models work just as hard as gals in Hollywood—maybe even harder. That's why I got such a kick out of that article in the new INGENUE Magazine called "Beauty Tips From Top Teen Models." That every hair-in-its-place look is an around-the-clock job.
away from the boy. Her eyes shot over to the podium.

She hoped that Dick wasn't watching this.

But he was.

She tried to smile at him.

He grinned a big grin, and he winked.

Myrna's head felt hot, suddenly. I don't want to, she thought. No, I don't want to . . . But he's been so nice to me—

She looked back at the boy. "I thought it over," she said, rising. "And yes, I'd like very much to dance . . . ."

It was fun after all . . .

At the end of the show, Dick came over to her. He put his arm around her shoul-
der. "How was it, Myrna—fun?" he asked.

"I felt a little shaky at first, I've got to admit," Myrna said. She nodded. "But it was fun—at least, soon as I got over thinking that there were a couple of thou-
sand people watching me on their sets."

"A couple of thousand?" Dick asked. He stepped back from her and gave her that famous mock-shocked look of his. "Miss Horowitz," he said, "don't you realize that at last count there were eighteen million people who—"

"Eighteen million?" Myrna interrupted him. She closed her eyes. "Oh no," she said, moaning, as if she had a sudden stomach ache.

"If it was that bad—well, you don't have to come back any more, you know," Dick said.

Myrna opened her eyes quickly.

"Or do you think," Dick asked, "that maybe you'd like to come back?"

"Oh I would," Myrna said. "You see . . . the reason I came in the first place was so I could come here. I wanted to make sure I'd see Tab Hunter, I mean. And he's going to be here Friday."

Dick reached into his pocket and handed Myrna a ticket. "This'll get you in Friday," he said. "—Matter of fact," he said, "this ticket will get you in tomorrow, too, if you decide you'd like to come then . . . . Would you?"

"I wasn't so sure at that exact moment," Myrna recalls. "But the next morning, soon after I found myself thinking how much I really would like to go back that afternoon. And so I went. And I went the next day. And the next. And each day I'd find myself having a better and better time, and dancing more and more, too. I went so much, in fact, that after a while one of my teachers at school stopped calling me Myrna and started re-
ferring to me as 'Bandstand.'"

"Boy, things really got funny like that. So many people began to recognize me from the show. I remember one was in Atlantic City, walking down the board-
walk, and an old lady came rushing over to me and pinched my cheek and said, 'I watch you on TV—you're so cute.' And there was the time I was sitting in the trolley and two little kids saw me and asked me for my autograph. That was the first time that happened. It's happened lots of times since, but it's always been one of the highlights of my life ever since I've been going on the show."

"Like the people I've met, for instance. Friends first. Other Philadelphia girls who come to the show all the time. Joyce Shafer and Carole Higbee and MaryAnn Cuff and Lois and Barbara Trot, the twins. You should hear the phone ringing all the time in our house now. My father says it sounds like a Bell Telephone Exchange office."

How life has changed


"And of course, there's Dick."

"And how can I tell how great I think he is, all that he's done for me? Like the time I went to the hospital, for instance . . . ."

The time was December, 1958. Myrna's bad leg was beginning to bother her. A doctor recommended corrective surgery on the knee-cap. Myrna's first question was, "How long will I have to be in bed?" The doctor told her, "A few weeks in the hospi-
tal—then a few months at home, two, maybe even three . . . ."

That afternoon, after the show, Myrna told Dick about the operation.

He took her into his office, behind the studio, and closed the door.

"When's the operation?" he asked her.

"Day after tomorrow," Myrna said. "I go to the hospital tomorrow, and then, the next morning, the doctor operates."

Dick took her hand. "I guess this is the time for a nice speech from me," he said, softly. "Well . . . I'm not good at making speeches, Myrna. But let me tell you this: I wish you had spent all your life in the world. I know you'll come through with everything all right. I have faith. I want you to have faith, too."

He leaned over, and kissed her on the cheek.

"Good luck," he said, again, "—and hurry back to us."

The next day, on the air, Dick told a nationwide audience about Myrna and the operation.

"She'll be away from us for a little while," he said, "but if you'd like to keep in touch with her, just drop her a postcard every once in a while. I think she'd appreciate that . . . ."

"And do you know what happened, just
from what Dick said," Myrna asked us. "I didn’t only get postcards, little cards and hundreds of them, from people all over the country. But I got fancy cards, bought and Homemade. And I got things like bracelets, necklaces, and handkerchiefs, handkerchiefs— I don’t know how many of those I got."

"I was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. Then, on Christmas Eve, I was sent home. I was home, recuperating, for fourteen more weeks. I watched the show on TV every day. Boy, came 3:30 and you knew what I was doing—it was stop everything and tune to the set. All of the shows were great, I thought. But there was a best show for me, a special show. That was on February 25. It was after five o’clock and nearly the end of the show. All of a sudden—I’ll never forget it—Dick stopped everything and reached for a cake. somebody was holding. It was a beautiful cake, all lit with candles. Today, Dick said, ‘I’m Myrna Horowitz’ birthday. Then he looked straight into the camera and said, ‘Happy Birthday, Myrna.’ I felt kind of funny, my head in my bed, thinking Dick talk to me. I even felt kind of funny crying in a room, all alone. But as I kept looking at that cake, and at Dick, I didn’t care. I just sat up in my bed and, as if I were right there in the middle of the studio, I said, ‘Thank you, Dick’—just like that.

Dick’s been wonderful

“Another time I’ll never forget,” Myrna goes on. "Was the party Dick and the kids gave me the first day I was allowed to get out of bed. at Palumbo’s. A restaurant. It was a surprise. There was dinner at Palumbo’s. And then, later, Dick took us all to the movies, to see Ricky Nelson in Rio Bravo. At first, at Palumbo’s, I thought it was just the kids who were giving the party for me. But then the through the main door, in walked Dick. He made believe he didn’t see me at first. ‘What’s this all about,’ he asked, keeping a straight face, ‘who’s here’? One of the girls said, ‘Oh, you know— Myrna Horowitz,’ Myrna Horowitz,” Dick said, ‘who’s that? There’s no such person?’ And then he looked over at me and he started to laugh — and to say something like, ‘Myrna, it’s so good of you to see you again—' And I started to cry—I cry very easily, you see; at the movies and on TV, in plays, I even cry at happy endings. And there was such emotion between us that night."

Myrna paused for a moment as she remembered that night.

“Then there are so many other things I can tell you about Dick,” she said then. ‘Things he’s done for me, reasons I love him so much — I just wouldn’t know where to begin."

Her father walked into the sun-porch now.

‘Phone call, Myrna,’ he said.

He watched his daughter as she rose to leave.

‘I tell you,’ he said, ‘just like the Telephone Exchange, this house.’

Then he turned to us and smiled.

‘Dick Clark, Dick Clark,’ he said. ‘He’s become like another member of the family these past couple of years . . . I guess you could tell by now that our daughter is crazy about him. And you know, I like him, too, very much, very much. To me, he’s what I’d call a moral therapist. He keeps morality in the kids. He speaks to them, kindly. But, from what I understand, he’s a hard taskmaster when he doesn’t like something the kids might do. I hear, for instance, that he won’t put us with kids cutting school just to come to the show. Some of the kids tried to get away with this. But when he found out how they were doing, he banned them from the show, for good. He means business. He’s like a good teacher. Well, you remember a good teacher long after you’ve graduated and grown up and got married and had kids of your own, don’t you? And that’s the way I feel it’s going to be with Dick Clark and the children of the present generation who have got to know him . . . Like Myrna.”

Myrna returned to the sun-porch now.

“That was Joyce Shafer, one of the girls I told you about, from the show,” she said.

“We’re going to the movies together in a little while.”

She sat again.

“You know,” she said, “on the way to the phone, and back, I was thinking that everything I’ve been saying so far is to make people who read this story know what I think of Dick.

“And I thought: There’s Dick himself now, probably sitting at home and looking through some newspapers right now, reading more of the things they’ve been writing about him these past few days, and feeling quite pleased.

“And I thought I’d like to say something to him, while I’m talking; something to maybe make him feel better.

“I’d say it to him in person, at the studio, except I guess And that’s the way I feel, too.

“But, anyway, I’d like to tell him now that I, for one, am behind Dick Clark, no matter what. And I’d like to tell him the same thing he told me when I went to the hospital last December: I wish you all the luck in the world. I know you’ll come through with everything all right. I have faith, I want you to have faith, too.

“All right?” Myrna asked. “Would you please print that in your magazine?”

We promised that we would.

END
Sta-Puf rinses new fluffiness into all your washables!

You'll be amazed at the softness that Sta-Puf® Rinse restores to wash-hardened fabrics! Just add Sta-Puf to your final rinse, and bath towels fluff up almost double in thickness. Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, muslin sheets like expensive percale! Blankets, chenille, terry cloth regain a deep-piled luxurious feel, corduroys and blue jeans lose that boardy hardness. Sta-Puf does wonders for diapers and baby things, eliminating irritating scratchiness. Clothes rinsed in Sta-Puf iron easier, and much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, needs no pressing at all! Be sure to use Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse in your next wash. You'll find Sta-Puf at your favorite grocer's.
Salem's special High Porosity Paper

"Air-Softens" every puff

Salem research creates a revolutionary cigarette paper that breathes new mildness into the smoke... new freshness into the flavor.

Invisible porous openings blend just the right amount of fresh air with each puff to give you a cooler, milder smoke... a richer, fresher-tasting smoke. Now, more than ever... when you take a puff, it's Springtime!

-created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

menthol fresh · rich tobacco taste · modern filter, too

Salem refreshes your taste
I don't want to eave you, Eddie!

EARL WILSON'S exclusive report of LIZ TAYLOR'S fight for her life
Overnight...a beauty lift in 5 danger zones

Here are 5 danger zones where dry skin can rob you of youthful beauty. Now you can help prevent it—easily, quickly!

**Soften and Beautify Dry Skin the Woodbury Way:** Tonight, and every night, smooth luxurious Woodbury Dry Skin Cream into the 5 danger zones. Use circular, upward strokes, leave on overnight. Woodbury’s special moisturizing ingredients carry moisture deeper, soften and soothe dry skin as no other cream can.

It’s wonderful for cleansing, too. Try this refreshing beauty lift! Only 25¢ to $1.

WOODBURY DRY SKIN CREAM
Every time you brush your teeth, finish the job... reach for Listerine

Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

*You kill germs on 4 times as much oral surface the Listerine way*

Tune in “The Gale Storm Show” ABC-TV Network
THEY WANTED—SO MUCH—TO LOVE EACH OTHER

BUT BETWEEN THEM, LIKE A WALL, WAS A FATHER’S
SHAMELESS PAST AND A MOTHER’S POSSESSIVE LOVE

AND A BOY, WHOSE STRANGE SECRET
THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW... TOO WELL!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION

HOME FROM THE HILL

STARRING
ROBERT MITCHUM · ELEANOR PARKER

GEORGE PEPPARD · GEORGE HAMILTON · EVERETT SLOANE · LUANA PATTEN

SCREEN PLAY BY HARRIET FRANK, JR. AND IRVING RAVETCH · IN CINEMA SCOPE AND METROCOLOR

DIRECTED BY VINCENTE MINNELLI · PRODUCED BY EDMUND GRAINGER
NOW-
TOTAL RELIEF
FROM
PERIODIC
DISTRESS
NEW
FEMICIN
TABLETS
Hospital-tested, prescription-type
formula provides total
treatment in a single tablet!

ACTS INSTANTLY TO
• STOP CRAMPS
• OVERCOME DEPRESSION
• CALM JUMPY NERVES
• ELIMINATE ACHES & PAINS
• COMBAT PUFFINESS

Now worked even when others failed!

As a result of the discovery of medical science, a new, prescription-type tablet provides total relief from periodic complaints. When cramps and pains strike, FEMICIN'S exclusive ingredients act instantly to end your suffering and give you a sense of well-being. It can be taken before pain starts—at those first signs of heaviness and distress—further discomforts may never develop. No simple aspirin compound can give you this complete relief, Get FEMICIN at your druggist today! It must give you greater relief than you have ever experienced or your purchase price will be refunded.

For samples and informative booklet, "What You Should Know About Yourself As a Woman?", send 10¢ for postage and handling.
Bozeman, Oapt. D15, Church St. Sta., N.Y. 8, N.Y.

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Aside from the comedians and the older character actors, are there any top male stars in Hollywood who have stayed married to the first and only woman in their life for more than ten years—and without any separations either?
—T. R., STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.
A Not too many. But Bill Holden, Gordon MacRae, Joel McCrea, Richard Widmark, James Stewart, James Cagney, Gene Barry, Van Johnson, Burt Lancaster, Van Heflin, Louis Jourdan, Arthur Kennedy, Robert Ryan, Wendell Corey, MacDonald Carey, Jerry Lewis, Lloyd Bridges and Clint Walker fit into this category. Other old marrieds like Gary Cooper, Danny Kaye, Ray Milland, Spencer Tracy and Bob Mitchum—have stayed married but skirted the divorce courts on several occasions.

Q Could you tell me Zsa Zsa Gabor's secret of having such beautifully groomed hair? I've never seen her with a wisp out of place.
—R. P., ODESSA, TEXAS
A Wigs. Zsa Zsa has a dozen.

Q Who hold Hollywood's record for the most husbands and/or wives?
—A. S., RENO, NEV.
A Martha Raye has said "I do" six times. Clark Gable leads the men with 5 marriages to his credit.

Q Will you tell me who is the wealthiest Liz Taylor or Debbie Reynolds?
—E. F., CINCINNATI, OHIO
A Liz—by virtue of her share of the late Mike Todd's estate.

Q Is it serious between Frank Sinatra and dancer Juliette Prowse? Is there any possibility they will marry?
—G. A., BIRMINGHAM, ALA.
A As with all Frank's romances—serious at the moment, but Frank's moments are all short lived.

Q Is Lee Forn, co-star of Robert Taylor's The Detectives, any relation to actress Felicia Farr?
—L. J., ESCENO, CALIF.
A He's the father of her nine-year-old daughter, Felicia divorced Lee when she got her first film break.

Q If Esther Williams is dating that Doctor LaScola as reported—where does this leave Jane Chandler?
—M. N., TACOMA, WASH.
A Sitting at home nights.

Q Is Bob Hope completely cured of that eye-ailment that bothered him most of last year—or is it a permanent condition?
—B. S., SCRANTON, PA.
A Bob's eye has improved—but doctors feel it could be a permanent malady unless he follows their orders and slows down.

Q I read that Gary Merrill left the tour he was on with Bette Davis because he had a picture commitment. Is this really so—or are there other reasons?
—D. D., SIoux CITY, IOWA
A Gary who had to report for The Pleasure of His Company was reportedly not enjoying the pleasure of his wife's company. The marriage is shaky again.

Q Is it true that 20th Century-Fox wouldn't give Stephen Boyd the lead opposite Marilyn Monroe in Let's Make Love because they were so furious at him for walking out on The Story of Ruth?
—R. K., MUNCIE, IND.
A Partially.

Q Could you tell me which movie stars have made the list of the ten best-dressed women in America this year?
—A. N., ALBANY, N. Y.
A None.

Q How are such stars as Henry Fonda, John Garfield, Robert Taylor, Betty Hutton, Dennis O'Keefe, etc., doing on TV? Popularity-wise?
—P. D., WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Fine on the Late Show. Their series have failed to recapture their golden days on the big screen.

Q What makes a movie or TV star fight with his studio for a new contract and more money the minute he achieves any kind of popularity—when, just a year ago, he'd have given his right arm for any kind of a break?
—S. B., HARDY, ARK.
A Short memories—big heads!

Q It's been a whole year since Rock Hudson made Pillow Talk. Since he's the most popular star in Hollywood—what's keeping him from working?
—P. G., OAK RIDGE, Tенн.
A A difference of opinion with Universal International. They won't allow him to leave the lot for the pictures and plays he wants to do—he doesn't like the scripts they want him to do.

Q Now that Ava Gardner has gotten such good reviews for On The Beach, has she softened her hostile attitude toward the press?
—P. K. D., TRENTON, N. J.
A Only toward the critics that gave her the fine notices. Interview photographs are still on her "get lost" list.
The Bramble Bush

WAS WRITTEN IN THE BLISTER-HEAT OF FEELINGS AND EXCITATIONS... IT COULD COME TO THE SCREEN IN NO OTHER WAY!

From 'the best-seller that makes Peyton Place read like a book of nursery rhymes!'
Walter Winchell

'They who hunger for the forbidden fruit of the bramble bush'...

Richard Burton • Barbara Rush
Jack Carson • Angie Dickinson • James Dunn

A WARNER BROS. PICTURE TECHNICOLOR®

HENRY JONES • Screenplay by MILTON SPERLING and PHILIP YORDAN • From the novel by CHARLES MERGENDAHL
Music Composed and Conducted by LEONARD ROSENMAN • Produced by MILTON SPERLING • Directed by DANIEL PETRIE
ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING

music and madness

- Yul Brynner is a marvelous symphony conductor, but he is an impossible person. If it weren't for his wife (the late Kay Kendall) his temper tantrums would have ruined his career long ago. She smooths the way, faints at appropriate moments, is unfailingly charming. One day while she and Yul's manager, Gregory Ratoff, are out managing his career, Yul prepares to hear a 12-year-old child prodigy (Shirley Ann Field). Shirley, it seems, was the victim of a typographical error. She's 21. This delights Yul, who knows how to turn a private concert into a personal conquest. Unfortunately, when Kay comes home she kicks him out of the house. His career plunges while Kay is falling in love with a college president (she's teaching music at the college). A rich music lover, and orchestra sponsor (Grace Newcome) agrees to sign Yul to a contract if he can prove that be and Kay have reconciled. Kay arrives at the right time and place (Yul's house) but for the wrong reason. She announces that she wants a divorce. The catch is, they were never legally married. Now Kay wants to get married so that she can get a divorce so that she can marry the president without having to seem like a fallen woman. Zany's what you call this film and fun too. — Technicolor—Columbia

WHO WAS THAT LADY?  Tony Curtis Janet Leigh Dean Martin Barbara Nichols James Whitmore

- When Janet Leigh sees Tony Curtis kissing another girl she's off to Reno—or says she is. And all this time she thought she was married to a simple college professor! Tony calls on his old college pal, Dean Martin, now a TV writer, to save him. He convinces Janet that Tony is an undercover FBI agent. Furthermore, says Dean, Tony knows the names of all professors working on secret projects. And, of course, he was kissing that girl in the line of duty. Didn't enjoy it a bit. Janet swallows this whole; particularly since Dean has provided Tony with a revolver and an FBI card (props from CBS). But, the prop man unwisely notifies the FBI. Now that Tony's in Dean's power, Dean ropes him into spending an evening with a couple of chorus girls (Barbara Nichols, Joi Lansing). Loyal Janet runs after Tony (into a Chinese restaurant) to give him his revolver. Janet is accompanied by FBI agent James Whitmore who plays it cool. In the powder room Janet hears what she considers a plot to assassinate her husband (it's the chorus girls discussing one of Dean's proposals) and starts a scuffle with the revolver. A cruising TV-news-unit truck drifts by and Janet tells the world about her brave husband. In the world are some real foreign agents who come after him in the morning. Well, that's marriage for you. — Columbia

THE HYPNOTIC EYE  Jacques Bergerac Allison Hayes Marcia Henderson Merry Anders Joe Patridge

- One would think that Jacques Bergerac didn't have to use any hocus-pocus to hypnotize the ladies, but here he is as the Great Desmond who has an eyeball throbbing with light (not his eyeball but a prop he uses on stage). Ladies come to see the show and then they go home and do all kinds of terrible things to themselves. (One girl went home and washed her hair in a gas burner—the burner was lit.) Detective Joe Patridge takes his girl. Marcia Henderson, and her friend, Merry Anders, to a Bergerac performance. It looks harmless; Merry volunteers to be hypnotized on stage and Bergerac's beautiful assistant, Allison Hayes, assists her. That night Merry douses herself with acid. Next night Marcia goes back to the theater and pretends to be hypnotized. Bergerac isn't fooled. Anyway, there's a monster in this picture who hates beautiful girls. Is it Bergerac?—Allied Artists.
SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER
Katharine Hepburn
Elizabeth Taylor
Montgomery Clift
Albert Dekker
Mercedes MacCambridge

violent death abroad

Grief has turned Katharine Hepburn into an elegant recluse. She lives in a mansion in New Orleans surrounded by memories of her brilliant son, Sebastian, who died suddenly last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor. Now Elizabeth is in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn has asked young psychiatrist, Montgomery Clift, to perform a frontal lobotomy on Elizabeth in a last attempt to relieve her misery (a lobotomy is a brain operation that kills the disease but renders the patient more or less infantile). As payment Miss Hepburn offers to build a hospital for Clift and his superior, Albert Dekker. It's not that a lobotomy is illegal, it's that the patient must be really hopeless to undergo it. Clift, being an ethical physician, wants to be sure. The trouble is that Elizabeth, despite the fact that she was badly shocked by her cousin Sebastian's death and overwrought by being confined to a sanitarium, is more or less sane. However, Miss Hepburn is insistent, Albert Dekker wants his hospital and Montgomery Clift must make up his mind. As the mystery of Sebastian's horrible death unfolds, it's much easier for Clift to separate the insane from the merely neurotic. The movie is beautifully written, exotically imaginative, and essentially the story of a twisted relationship between a mother and her son.—COLUMBIA.

NEVER SO FEW
in the Burmese hills

Captain Frank Sinatra's men do more with less than any other corps in World War II. They are a small group of Allied soldiers stationed in the hills of Burma.

No medical supplies, no doctor (until Peter Lawford is drafted), no artillery support, not even orders. They just keep killing Japanese who nightly raid the camp.

Well, Sinatra, being a rugged individualist, is very successful at the sport. However, he must necessarily take a great deal into his own hands and this is what gets him into trouble with the higher-ups. When one of his Burmese soldiers is mortally wounded Sinatra kills him rather than prolong his death agony. When a Chinese convoy is slaughtered by other Chinese (working for War Lords) Sinatra leads an unauthorized raid into bandit headquarters. This provokes an international incident and Sinatra faces hanging by his own government (us).

Also, in Burma proper is Gina Lollobrigida, looking luscious as the constant companion and houseguest of rich Paul Henreid. She gives Sinatra the cold shoulder (once she gives it to him from the bathtub) but it's obviously love. They come from different worlds, she keeps telling him. Never mind, Sinatra is an old hand at making it all one world. This movie hops rapidly along to its exciting climax. METROCOLOR, MGM.

Now! Easier, surer protection for your most intimate marriage problems.

1. Germicidal protection! Norforms are safer and surer than ever! A highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients right in the vaginal tract. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that permits long-lasting action. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. Deodorant protection! Norforms were tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms are deodorant—they eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

3. Convenience! These small vaginal suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate. Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

Same reliable product—new gold and white package!

Free, informative Norforms booklet!
Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-03
Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name

(Please print)

Street

City_Zone_State

Tested by doctors...trusted by women proved in hospital clinics

Norforms
VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES
A NORWICH PRODUCT

published in hospital clinics
THE GENE KRUPA STORY

Sal Mineo at the drums

Well, it begins in Chicago in the '20s. Gene (Sal Mineo) wants to be a drummer, but when he brings home a set of drums his father destroys them; his father wants him to be a priest. Sal rebels, plays in a jazz band organized by his friend James Darren and is much admired by girls (especially Yvonne Craig and Susan Kohner). When his father dies, dutiful Sal enters a seminary. It isn't for him. Despite the bitterness and disappointment of his mother (Celia Lovsky), he takes his drums to New York and, with driving ambition, works his way up to the big-time. Success ruins his romance with Susan Kohner and, temporarily ruins him (girls, girls, girls—parties, parties, parties)! And one day policemen find marijuana in his overcoat pocket. After ninety days in jail and months without work, Sal makes a comeback—looking startlingly unchanged. You'll hear some good music, and swinging singing by songstress Anita O'Day.—COLUMBIA.

THE GAZEBO

corpse in the house

Broadway star Debbie Reynolds once made the mistake of posing for photos in the nude. Now her husband, TV director Glenn Ford, is paying for it. Blackmail. Ford would do anything to protect his wife's reputation; he'd even commit murder. That's where the gazebo comes in and where the high-pitched hilarity of this movie goes distinctly off-key. A gazebo is a round open-air platform with a high roof. Ladies like to put one in the garden and serve tea there. Ford would drink tea there if he weren't upset by the fact that a corpse is buried under it. He buried it. This whole movie revolves around Glenn's pit-wit attempts first to pay off the blackmailer without making Debbie suspicious, and secondly to turn that blackmailer into the aforementioned corpse. Everybody's so gay about it you'd think murder was almost as good a game as Monopoly.—MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

BEN-HUR (MGM): The magnificent spectacle of Ben-Hur opens with a prologue of dazzling beauty—scene of the birth of Christ—and moves into the conflict between the Judean prince Ben-Hur (Charlton Heston) and Roman Tribune Messala (Stephen Boyd). Boyd finally condones Heston to galley slavery. But his mother (Martha Scott) and sister (Kathy O'Donnell) into a dungeon. Jack Hawkins, as a Roman Commander who rescues Heston, and Haya Harareet, an ex-slave who loves him, figure prominently in this story of the triumph of the new kind of love taught by Christ.

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY (United Artists): David Niven and Mitzi Gaynor are successful, chic, proud parents (of Kevin Coughlin, Patty Duke) and happily married. Happily, that is, until David's in-laws give them a 13th anniversary present—a TV set. An enraged David tells how it all really began in a happily unmarried state fourteen years ago. Well! All that follows is complicated and good fun.

HOUND-DOG MAN (Cinemascope, 20th-Fox): Fabian wants to go hunting with hound-dog man Stuart Whitman. Fabian's folks, Arthur O'Connell and Betty Field, finally let him go, with misgivings. The hunters meet Carol Lynley (bachelor Whitman likes her), find a pal, on the trail, with a broken leg. After the leg-setting, there's a barn party where Fabian's father proves to everybody he's pretty brave, and to Fabian that home isn't such a bad place, after all. This is Fabian's first picture.

new movies (Continued from page 7)

If you hocked your jewels, you couldn't buy finer fit!

Now you can breathe easy... because every time you inhale, this bra expands as you do! (And some women expand up to two inches.) It's done with bias-cut panels, a fabric that really gives! And look: extra-wide shoulder straps for extra comfort. Yes, of course you can afford it—even with no jewels to hock. The price is just $2.95. Get ETERNAL YOUTH® by BESTFORM

(Continued on page 6)
MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:
Party for Liz' new film
Glenn talks about Debbie
Audrey and Mel disagree

Sam Spiegel (standing), producer of Suddenly, Last Summer, stops to congratulate Liz Taylor (center) on her wonderful performance. Louella, Jimmy McHugh, Liz' mother, and Eddie Fisher also consider it a triumph.
Liz Taylor's
Happiest Night

The most star-glittery night of the Hollywood holiday season was the turn-out of big names for the 'dressey' showing of Suddenly, Last Summer at the Screen Directors Guild, followed by supper at Chasen's.

Although she had been a very sick girl in New York with pneumonia, Elizabeth Taylor was able to fly out for her picture, with Eddie Fisher, of course.

And what a radiance Liz gave off, arrayed in a cloth-of-gold gown sprinkled with rhinestones and with real diamonds around her neck and wrists.

At Chasen's, we sat with Elizabeth's mother and father and later Liz and Eddie joined Jimmy McHugh, Joseph Levine, myself and her parents.

On closer look, Liz was still very pale from her serious illness and it was hardly a surprise that she also had her doctor, Dr. Rex Kennamer, with her. But she was very gracious and pleased at the compliments she received on her really wonderful performance.

(Right here I'd like to say the Tennessee Williams' story, Suddenly, Last Summer, which Sam Spiegel produced, is one of the best-acted films I've ever seen, a triumph for Liz, Katherine Hepburn and Monty Clift—but oh, oh, oh—the subject matter! It's a shocker!)

Elizabeth said to me, "I can hardly wait to get to Palm Springs and sit in the sun and rest. I feel quite weak. But as soon as I get my strength back, Eddie and I will return to New York for Butterfield 8." This is the movie in which Eddie has a big role with his wife. At both the showing and the supper I saw Rosalind Russell, that always effervescent stunner—wearing the latest fashion, a real dog-collar choker of pearls and diamonds—and having a ball greeting old friends after several months in New York.

Two other 'returnees,' Kay and Clark Gable, just back from Rome, were very much present—although The King and his Queen seldom show up for social affairs.

Had quite a chat with Rock Hudson (he was with Doris Vidor, widow of the late director Charles Vidor) and Rock told me he was a very disappointed boy that his studio, Universal-International, wouldn't let him co-star with Marilyn Monroe in Let's Fall in Love. He said, "Of course I wanted to do this picture with Marilyn—and I am so sorry I can't get permission."

Mary Benny looked like a fashion plate in a stunning red dress, and she was with Sylvia and Danny Kaye. Gary Cooper and Rocky, with their daughter Maria, dropped by Chasen's just long enough to congratulate Elizabeth, as they were planning out at the crack of dawn the following morning for the debut of the Henry Fords' daughter at Grosse Pointe.

The Milton Berles, the Mervyn Le Rays — oh, just everybody was there for what must have been Elizabeth Taylor's happiest night in Hollywood in a long time.
The TV Mess of Mickey Rooney

And, I'm on sort of a sub-Soap Box about the Mickey Rooney-Jack Paar TV show debacle. Don't think I'm taking Mickey's part. He had no business showing up when he'd been 'celebrating' a marriage anniversary—or anything else—to make a public appearance.

But if he was as 'loaded' as Paar insists—for heavens sake, why was Mickey ever permitted to step in front of a camera? It was certainly 'careless' on someone's part to let Mickey go on.

My final thought is that the whole thing was a mess—which might have been avoided with just an iota of common sense on somebody's part. And if that shoe fits, Mr. Paar, you can wear it.

Why was Mickey Rooney ever permitted to go on if he was 'loaded'?

Debbie's a dear where Glenn Ford is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand. To him, she's the 'little girl next door.'

Hard-to-Kill Rumor

Don't get excited because Debbie Reynolds and Glenn Ford walked into a Thalian club meeting at the Beverly Hills Hotel arm in arm. They met accidentally in the lobby, Debbie having driven herself from her home alone—and ditto Glenn.

He has steadfastly refused to discuss either his divorce from Eleanor Powell (for which I admire him) or all the rumors which have linked his name with Debbie's.

But not long ago, Glenn, feeling that he was speaking off the record said, "Debbie seems like a little girl to me. There's never been even the slightest romantic flare between us. I would feel foolish. Like getting romantic ideas about the little girl next door whom you've watched grow up from grade school to high school."

In other words, Debbie's a dear where Glenn is concerned—but he feels more like patting her head than holding her hand.

That chip on Tony's shoulder may affect his marriage to Shelley Winters.

to Tony Franciosa

Take it easy. Slow down—stop—look—and listen:

You are at a stage in your screen career, with two hits in release, Career and Story on Page One—which could see you as the new big movie rage of 1960. After a slow start, you are now breathing the rarefied air.

It is also a very dangerous and unsettling spot to be in. Important things in your life—for instance your marriage to Shelley Winters—are sure to be affected. In fact, I have heard disturbing rumors about you and Shelley which I hope are not true. Or, if true, that you will evaluate what may seem today like big problems.

Frankly, Tony, you have always been a bit of a problem boy since your advent into Hollywood from a successful stage career. You have had several headlined fights (literally) with the press—one that had serious consequences. You are not given to easy friendships or to understanding the other fellow's point of view.

But, believe me, you are a fine actor. From here on in you are sure to reap all the good things that come with success. It's just important to not reap too many of the bad ones.

People who know you well are a bit afraid you may be becoming a little off balance in your perspective. Taking it big, in other words.

But please forget that chip on your shoulder and make sure your hat band still fits that handsome head of yours. You have so very much to give in the line of talent—don't give yourself a personal clip on the chin.

In the most friendly feeling may I repeat—take it easy—stop—look—and listen.
James Shigeta

... which may come as a bit of a surprise. But not since the days when the young Sessue Hayakawa completely charmed American movie fans has a Japanese actor registered as compellingly as this tall, dark and handsome Japanese.

I caught Jimmy first when he was appearing in Las Vegas in the revue Shirley MacLaine's husband, Steve Parker, imported from Honolulu to the New Frontier. I was amazed at the way Shigeta scored as a singer and dancer but I was even more amazed when I saw his Columbia picture The Crimson Kimono to see what a fine dramatic actor he is. His second Hollywood picture will be Walk Like a Dragon for Paramount and he will be starred.

Personally, he is a most gracious and polite young man with excellent manners. After I had written a glowing tribute to him in my newspaper column, he called to ask if he might drop by to thank me.

Even more handsome off-stage than on, Jimmy arrived bearing a beautiful bouquet of gardenias and violets from his native Hawaii. "These are inadequate to express my appreciation," he said, "but I am deeply grateful for the interest you have shown in my career—and in me."

Oh, what a charmer this boy is!

As we talked, I discovered he has a wonderful sense of humor in addition to his other assets. He also loves music, American variety, and plays the piano as though he had been born in a band.

"I want to make my home in Hollywood," he told me before he left, "everyone here is so kind and helpful." He'll have to go traveling, however, after he finishes at Paramount, for he has a big role with Marlon Brando coming up in The Ugly American to be shot in the Near East. Look out, Brando, you'll have your work cut out for you.

A Name for Audrey and Mel's Baby

If you can think of a name for a baby that goes well with Ferrer, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer will be glad to listen! I was very amused when the Ferrers came calling on me so happy and excited about their newly conceived baby that they're having one of the few disagreements of their married life over a name.

These two who are known as a couple of love birds who never argue (as a matter of fact, Mel treats Audrey like a treasured child or a delicate piece of Dresden china) are pretty definite about this name business—and pretty far apart.

If 'it' is a girl, Audrey is holding out for Kathleen (her middle name). Mel's solid for Maria. If 'it' is a boy—Audrey wants Ian—for her brother.

"I don't like Kathleen—and I don't like Ian," laughed Mel. "This is getting serious."

"Well, I don't like Maria," kidded Audrey, so slender she looked like anything but an expectant mother in a bright red suit from Paris.

But one point the Ferrers meet on is they want this baby more than anything else in the world. Audrey particularly, as Mel has four children by two previous marriages.

Audrey was brokenhearted last year when she lost an expected baby. She and Mel were in Switzerland at the time and when Deborah Kerr returned to Hollywood she told me, "I've never seen anyone cry as Audrey did when she lost that baby. My home in Switzerland is near hers and I went to be with her during this difficult time. She tried so hard to be brave, but unexpectedly, she would just burst into tears. And this went on for days until the doctor told her that there was no physical reason that she might not again expect a baby."

The Ferrer baby will be born in the USA although Mel and Audrey will go to Europe first where Mel will direct Blood and the Rose in Italy.
There's one department in which the former glamour queens of the screen have it all over the present day crop—and that is in giving parties. Proof of this was brought vividly to mind when Sonja Henie returned to Hollywood after a year in Europe and gave one of those all-out parties for which she, and other movie queens of several years past, used to be famous.

We don't hardly 'git them kind' no more, no more.

For the cocktail party (from six to nine), Sonja opened her beautiful Beverly Hills home and gardens.

The home is so luxurious and the landscaping so beautiful, it's more of a minor palace than a residence.

And what a day and evening Sonja had for her fete. Although it was mid-winter, the weather was so warm that roses were blooming everywhere, mingling with the December poinsettias. As late as 8:30, the beautifully gowned feminine guests were sitting around the swimming pool without wraps.

Sonja's jewels, of course, are famous and fabulous—but on this occasion she was much more proud of the new paintings she has acquired. On exhibition were a Rouault, several by Picasso, and others of the modern school, which she and her handsome husband Niels Omstød just recently purchased.

Against the musical background of a strumming Hawaiian orchestra, I chatted with Ronald Reagan and his wife, Nancy Davis, who confided the music made them homesick for Honolulu where they had recently vacationed. Norma Shearer looked as beautiful as when she herself was a top screen star, in a bright red dress. Mildred and Harold Lloyd were there from their neighboring show place.

Virginia Mayo, whom I've not seen in ages, looked lovely in a green cocktail dress. Jeanne Crain (Mrs. Paul Brinkman), who is again expecting, wore a blue maternity suit.

Although there were about 150 guests present, Sonja wailed, "Everybody changes his telephone number all the time. I didn't get half the people I wanted."

Reginald Gardiner's 'deadpan' story-telling found a really receptive audience in Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Reagan.

Jeanne Crain and her husband Paul Brinkman are happily expecting their sixth child!
Love in Capital Letters

How quickly these youngsters grow up to marriageable age! But it still comes as a shock to me when one of these 'little girls' calls to tell me she's getting married.

Pretty Luana Patten, cavorting in pig-tails such a short time ago, sounded so grown up and happy when she telephoned that she and young actor John Smith were tying the knot within a few weeks.

John Smith's real name is Robert Van Orden and I've never been able to riddle why he changed such a high-sounding name (and a very good one for an actor) to plain John Smith. When I commented on this in my newspaper column, John called to say, "I did it because 'John Smith' is so plain it's almost startling for an actor."

So I kidded Luana when I asked her, "Will you call yourself Mrs. Van Orden or Mrs. Smith?"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith," she laughed. "John has changed his name legally."

Both these young people are doing very well in their careers. John on the Laramie TV show and Luana working with Harriet and Ozzie Nelson.

"I'll remember this as one of the most wonderful years of my life," Luana enthused. "Everything good has happened in my work— and then along came love"— and believe me she put that word "love" in capital letters in her happy voice.

I'm really burning over these criticisms of some people who haven't bothered to get the facts straight—or to get facts at all—over Russ Tamblyn's 'getting out of the Army' to play a role in Cimarron.

One woman, who states she is speaking for six mothers, writes that their indignation knows no bounds that a movie star can get out of the service for a mere motion picture, when their sons can't. And some TV commentators who should know better have popped off along the same lines.

Now here are the facts: Russ is not out of the Army. Nor has he received preferential treatment. The three weeks he was given off to make the MGM picture with Glenn Ford and

Maria Schell will be added to his discharge date—meaning Russ will serve three weeks at the end of his term of Army duty.

Secondly, if any young boy deserves a hand for the way he has overcome initial difficulties in the service, it is Russ. When he was first inducted, it is no secret that the discipline and hard training was rough on him. He became ill on several occasions. It was feared for a time that he might have a nervous breakdown.

But Russ, himself, insisted on remaining in the service and doing his stint of duty just as other young men in his age bracket were doing.

As time went along, he was no longer troubled with nervousness or bad health. His commanding officers expressed themselves as very pleased with his conduct and his effort to serve.

If anything—Russ deserves commendation and praise for the extra effort he made—not snide criticism from those who do not know the truth.

It was not long ago that pretty Luana Patten was cavorting around in pig-tails. Now she's engaged to John Smith.
Even though Katharine Hepburn didn't like the script, she may get an Award.

Superstitious Kim Novak may not be sure of it herself, but the odds are that she'll marry Dick Quine in 1960.

Sandra, Tony, and the Diet

No high school freshman co-ed was ever as thrilled as Sandra Dee over her 'blind date' with Tony Perkins. "We've never met," the pretty blonde Sandra confided, "and, well, what girl wouldn't be excited about going out with Tony?" In Sandra's set, I guess Mr. Perkins rates as an 'older man.'

I didn't happen to catch them out on this date, but Tony must have liked Sandra. I saw them on a 'repeat' at Kathryn Grayson's opening at the Moulin Rouge and Tony looked quite smitten.

P.S.—Sandra told me that never, never again would she over-dose herself with Epsom Salts to keep her figure. I scolded her about that—and she agreed with me that she was wrong.

Sandra Dee was thrilled when Tony Perkins phoned her for a 'blind date.'

Sid Luft says that his wife Judy Garland is going to come out of her current illness a 'very slender girl again.'

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Don't get the idea that it was Rock Hudson who turned down Let's Fall in Love with Marilyn Monroe. Rock was very upset—he told me so—when his U-I bosses nixed the picture at 20th even though Marilyn had promised to make a movie for Rock's company if she could get him....

What a bit of irony it will be if Katharine Hepburn is up for an Oscar for her outstanding performance in Suddenly, Last Summer. Katharine didn't like Tennessee Williams' story, didn't like working with the other actors (Elizabeth Taylor and Montgomery Clift), nor being directed by Joe Mankiewicz. Wonder why she ever accepted the part—which jolly well may win her the Academy Award....

Shelley Winters is an unhappy girl. Not only is she having her problems with Tony Franciosa, but she deeply misses her little girl who remained in school in the East while Shelley was making Reach for Tomorrow (formerly Let No Man Write My Epitaph) in Hollywood. On top of everything she fell very ill with a near attack of pneumonia....

What a lot of illnesses! Elizabeth Taylor's personal physician, Dr. Rex Kennamer, who flew East when Liz was hospitalized with pneumonia, told me that this was one of the most critical illnesses of her life....

Judy Garland is another victim of sickness. She and Sid Luft planned East to see some shows and have a good time when Judy was unexpectedly stricken with a bad case of hepatitis and was in a hospital for two months. One favorable thing about it—Sid says Judy is going to come out of this illness a "very slender girl again...."

Kim Novak, a very, very superstitious girl, lost two "prop" wedding rings making Strangers When We Meet and worried that this might be a "subconscious resistance to marriage!" Even so, I bet she marries Dick Quine in 1960....
Even when Mickey Rooney asks, Zsa Zsa isn't telling her age.

Millie Perkins doesn't like publicity, especially concerning her Dean Stockwell.

The Fabian-Elvis controversy rages. Who's cutest?

A thirty-nine-year-old fan from Switzerland believes she speaks for people in her age bracket when she makes a request to hear about (left to right) Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda, Fred Astaire.

How can Hollywood be so careless of real talent? asks Roy Herberger, Williamsville, New York. What has happened to George Nader? Is he on a ‘black list?' Where ever did you get that idea? George is busy on TV these days having gone into a new series Man and the Challenge following Ellery Queen. But where movies are concerned, George is holding out for an important picture. No more potboilers . . .

Your glasses must have been amudged with smog when you said that Fabian is more handsome than Elvis Presley, snaps Virginia Minger, Pottstown, Pa., (and at least ten other fans made a similar complaint!) Mrs. Roy Pine, Chesapeake, Ohio, is even more indignant: Presley is Prince, the others just Phonies—including Phabian! All right, I agree that Elvis looks great with his new army haircut in his photos from Germany . . .

From Zurich, Switzerland, comes a most intelligent letter in excellent English (and typewritten) from Leni Egli: Both you, Miss Parsons, and Modern Screen make a big mistake in catering so much to the preferences of teenagers. I am 39 years old and there are many fans in the world in my age bracket. We want so much to read about Fred Astaire, Eli Wallach, Karl Malden, Alec Guinness, Henry Fonda. But all we get are Debbie and Liz and Eddie and Ricky Nelson and some character named ‘Kookie.' Why not a department in the magazine devoted to actors—not rock ‘n’ rollers? How about it, David Myers . . .

Never was I more ashamed and shocked than I was at Anatomy of a Murder, writes Mrs. J. J. Brown, San Diego. Nothing but sex, sex, sex! I don't agree with you. While I grant there was some ultra frank dialogue, I do not think this picture catered to sensationalism. Its approach was almost clinical. Hollywood films cannot stay forever in swaddling clothes . . .

I'm sick of the names Liz and Debbie, snaps Theresa Townes, Chicago, Ill. Let's hear about the talent. Don't be quite so snippy, Theresa. You may be sick of Elizabeth Taylor and Debbie Reynolds—but don't sell them short on talent. Liz was up for an Oscar in Cat On a Hot Tin Roof and Giant (and may be up for another in Suddenly, Last Summer). And Debbie is proving herself a deft light comedienne in all her films or haven't you read the critics . . .?

Connie Van der Voors, Duluth, asks: Last year Millie Perkins was receiving more publicity than any newcomer in Hollywood. In Diary of Anne Frank she proved she rates all the fuss. Now nothing about Millie? What's happened? Is she being temperamental? No. Millie is a shy girl and doesn't like the spotlight, particularly where her romance with Dean Stockwell is concerned. But 20th is biding its time about her next picture, feeling Millie is a future big star and must have just the right story . . .

How old is Zsa Zsa Gabour? is Mrs. Vera Session's loaded question from Dallas. Even if I knew (which I don't) I wouldn't answer that one, Mrs. S. Zsa Zsa is really in the ‘ageless' bracket . . .

A cute letter from "Missy" Tanger, Detroit, who wants to know if movie stars spank their children. (I gather from the printing that Missy is about seven to ten years of age). Well, Missy—all I can say is that some stars spank their children (but never too hard) and some don't. But on the whole, the stars insist on discipline and well-behaved youngsters around the house . . .

That's all for this month.
Woman’s ‘Difficult Days’ and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called “emotional perspiration” is closely linked to a woman’s “difficult days.” So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, “emotional perspiration” is caused by special glands. They’re bigger and more powerful. And when they’re stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this “emotional perspiration” and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it’s here . . . a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion . . . during “difficult days” when she is more likely to offend.

It’s wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop*, the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop® penetrates deep into the pores and stops “emotional perspiration” stains and odor . . . stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in . . . you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in . . . rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So . . . to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of “emotional perspiration,” use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop® stops perspiration stains . . . stops odor too, not only during the “difficult days” but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don’t be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Try it today. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter.

*Carver Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.
Glamorous Joan Crawford often likes to do her own housework, and when she does, she dispenses with make-up and puts on an inexpensive house dress.

One day when she was cleaning the sink in her palatial Hollywood home, the doorbell rang. She was alone so she answered it herself. A neatly dressed young man stood there, smiled timidly at the besmudged woman before him and said, "I know it's presumptuous of me, but for ten years I've had just one ambition: to meet Miss Crawford." He hesitated, "Uh, do you think she would just say hello to me...?"

"I'm sorry, but she's in New York on business," said the lady in the house dress.

The visitor's face fell. "Darn it, just my luck," he said. "Probably the only time in my life I'll ever be in Los Angeles and she's away."

Joan Crawford:

"I'm so sorry," she said sympathetically and started to close the door.

He smiled again. "Sorry enough to do me a favor? If she's not around—do you think I could possibly just look around her house? Just see how she lives... I mean, if it wouldn't get you in any trouble..."

Joan Crawford hesitated. Then, smiling, "I've been her housekeeper for many years. She won't mind whatever I do. Come in."

For an hour, they explored the house. In the kitchen, they had a companionable cup of coffee. The visitor said, "This has been the greatest day of my life. I hope one day I'll meet Miss Crawford in person, but you've been the most wonderful hostess. I can't thank you enough."

"That's perfectly all right," she told him, "I'm glad you like Miss Crawford so much. She'll be happy to hear it."

The caller got up and said, "I must go now." She accompanied him to the front door. Suddenly he grinned and said, "Thanks for everything—Miss Crawford."

The Visitor
FRUSTRATION
it can be a young divorcee's most perplexing problem...

Turn the page for Debbie Reynolds' explanation of how and why she is able to live a life without frustration... without the need for romance.............
Can a woman live without love — the love of a man? Debbie Reynolds thinks so, and that is what she admitted to me in a private heart-to-heart we had recently in her dressing room. She and I* have been having heart-to-hearts for several years. We can speak directly and honestly with each other—so, I started off right at the heart of the problem: “Is the breakneck schedule you’ve been leading a substitute for love?” “Perhaps so,” she admitted, “if you mean romantic love. I don’t think I’m ready for that. I’m not interested in romantic love right now. I don’t have time for it, and I don’t care about it. Even if I wanted to, I couldn’t do any steady dating. I leave the house at six in the morning, work all day at the studio and return home at seven-thirty. By the time I get cleaned up, have dinner and play with the kids, it’s nine o’clock and I have to go to bed. I’m an eight-hour sleep girl; and I can’t
HAPPY VALENTINE’S DAY

For You,

Love,

Elvis
FROM ELVIS!

I like the French girls very well
I think the German girls are swell
The girls throughout the world are fine
But only one's my valentine

A girl who evermore will stay
beside me in the U.S.A.
The girl to whom I will be true
I wish I knew if she were you.

*(P.S. Why not give Elvis a chance to find out?
Send him your own valentine picture % Modern Screen)*
When Elizabeth Taylor resisted going to the hospital a few weeks ago, even though she got double pneumonia as the result of her delay, people psychiatrically inclined claimed this was more than just a beautiful wife being stubborn. They maintained that Liz was determined not to leave Eddie Fisher alone while he was fighting his comeback battle; that he was now her man and that she wasn’t going to leave him for love, money—or pneumonia. Too vividly in her mind was engraved (the amateur psychologists and philosophers believed) the memory of the time she permitted Mike Todd to board an (Continued on page 56)
DIANE BAKER clutched the suitcase and looked over at the small house. Her plane had been delayed, it was late and she'd wondered till now if anyone would still be up. There was, she noticed, a light on downstairs, in the parlor. She didn't know whether to be glad or sad about this, whether it wouldn't have been better just to be able to sneak up to her room now and face the family in the morning—her mother, her dad, her sisters Cheryl and Patricia. She sighed. Well, someone was still up, and there was nothing she could do about it. And, nervously, she began to walk towards the house.

Reaching the front door, she knocked, lightly.


She stared at her daughter for a moment, and then she began to laugh and she threw her arms around the girl.

"This is (Continued on page 64)"
"It's so wonderful to be engaged," sighed Pamela dreamily. "And a long one—well, I guess I'm old-fashioned, but I wouldn't have given up those ten months Darryl and I were formally engaged for anything. We figured if marriage is for a lifetime, why not an engagement of at least a few months...? Why rush into marriage? It's something you do only once."

"And," Pamela added with a twinkle in her eye, "one of the nicest things about being engaged is that you give your friends (Continued on page 32)
SWINGING SHOWER

for Dobie's lovely new sister-in-law
Pamela (I'm-Old-Fashioned) Lincoln
But on the big day, poor Maynard (I-forgot-to-wear-my-tie) Krebs couldn’t have anything. Anyhow, he was happy for he knew that a

HAVE THE DREAMIEST

(Continued from page 30) a chance to toss a shower for you, like Judi Meredith did for me . . .!”

Pamela Lincoln and Darryl Hickman’s closest friends are Judi, and Darryl’s brother Dwayne—he plays the girl-crazy Dobie in The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis on CBS-TV, and Bob Denver, the boy who plays the beatnik, Maynard Krebs, in the same series. The three friends got together and decided to throw a real swinging shower for the bride-to-be—only Judi made the boys promise they wouldn’t show up at the party, at least not until it was over.

The way it worked out, it really was an honest-to-goodness surprise for Pam. Judi phoned her one day and suggested they have lunch on Saturday at the Sheraton West Hotel and then go shopping together.

When Pamela got there (Continued on page 53)
get into the church or the reception afterwards.
real Daddy-O and Mommy-O wanted Pamela and Darryl to

OLD-FASHIONED WEDDING
"IF I HAD MET FRED MAY EARLIER, HOW DIFFERENT MY LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

LANA TURNER SPEAKING AND SHE AND I HAD BEEN TALKING INTIMATELY FOR

"IS THIS MARRIAGE, LANA?" I ASKED HER. "I DON'T KNOW. I DO KNOW HE IS THE
LANA IN LOVE!

BUT WHO CAN PLAN FOR TOMORROW? LIFE IS TOO UNCERTAIN." IT WAS SEVERAL HOURS ON THIS EARLY WINTER DAY WHEN SHE CAME TO MY HOME.

FINEST MAN I HAVE EVER KNOWN. HE IS SELF-MADE. (Continued on page 60)
This is a story about Pat and Shirley Boone. But it's more than just a story: it's a plea... a plea for understanding from Pat Boone to you. And it's a chance to tune in on the wave-lengths of Pat and Shirley's hearts, and to hear how they really feel about the stars who have not been as lucky as they have; the stars who have been overtaken by the tragedy of separation and divorce...

It starts a little while ago when Pat and Shirley did something they rarely have a chance to do any more. They took a weekend trip, alone, like a couple of newlyweds without kids or any responsibilities at all.

Pat was to race in the annual Soap Box Derby at Akron, Ohio, in the special 'celebrity' part of the event. And so, their hearts pounding with the fun and excitement of a weekend stolen from a busy life full of work and responsibilities, they ran off, as free and as gay as birds.

It was a golden weekend... at first. It started off with a glow. Pat won the Derby against a field of such stalwarts as Jimmy Stewart and Guy Madison. At the end of the race there was a ceremony before the seventy-five thousand people in the stands, who had come from fifteen countries to watch the ramshackle, careening soap-box cars.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Pat ran to Shirley and held up the trophy award: a big, chromium plated oil can. Shirley embraced him and said, laughingly but with pride: "I'll bet the kids will try to drink out of it."

"How about that?" Pat said, pleased in spite of himself, at (Continued on page 66)
Strangers think she owns the big white house, but Diane lives in the little annex on the right.

Diane showed us the countryside where she'd found peace.

The living room had little besides a couch, a chair.
The photos of Diane Varsi on these pages are the last that you may ever see in any publication. They were taken at her Bennington, Vermont, home one day last December when we visited the runaway actress. We had not been invited to visit Diane. We went on our own because, as old friends from her Hollywood days, we were worried about her and had a message for her. . . . We were worried because we (Continued on next page)
felt, in our hearts, that Diane—one of the saddest and most confused girls in all movie history—was not happy in Vermont. The message we took with us was this: If, Diane, it is true and you are not happy, don’t be too proud to admit it. Come back to Hollywood, to work. There are producers who still want you, fans who still want you. You left our town a year ago. You said some pretty nasty things about our town in leaving. Well, all that is forgotten now. So forget your own pride, Diane—and come on home.

Our fears for the girl. Our message.

With these two bits of baggage—and one light suitcase and a camera—we took off by plane one day for Bennington.

We arrived there late in the afternoon.

We had no idea about the kind of reception we would get.

In fact, the first indication we had that the reception might not be too pleasant came from a cab-driver, a small and old and bony Vermonter, whom we approached outside the airport.

“Yup,” he said, removing a toothpick from his mouth, looking us over, “sure I know where she lives. But before you get in that cab, maybe I can save you your fare. You happen to be from the newspapers or the magazines?”

We worked for a magazine, we told him.

“Well,” he said. “I know for a fact that that actress don’t talk to nobody from the press. Some big magazine came up here little while ago. Offered her $20,000, just to talk to them and pose for some pictures. But she said no and she said git-and-skedaddle to both of them, that’s what she said.”

We told the old man we were friends of Diane’s, as well as being from the press.

“Well,” he said, eyeing us suspiciously, “that’s what some of the others said. But I seen what happened to them when they got to her door. It was git-and-skedaddle and—”

He interrupted himself, when he saw us begin to shiver from the unaccustomed cold.

“All right, all right,” he said, “get in the cab ‘fore you freeze to death. But just mark my words—”

He was silent throughout the rest of the trip, as he drove from the station through the town—a pretty town, larger than we’d thought it would be, and warm-looking, many of its store windows festooned with Christmas lights—and then as he drove out into the countryside, the countryside that must have been pretty in the summer, we knew, but that was cold now, gray, all frosted earth and chill-swept sky and sleeping trees and, here and there, silent houses.

And it was only when he pulled up a long roadway leading to one of the houses that the cabdriver spoke again.

“See that big place ahead?” he asked. “Well, that ain’t her place—not all of it. Big house to the left belongs to a professor at our college here. And she, the actress, she lives (Continued on page 70)
SHOULD I GO STEADY?

If you’re a teen-ager you’ve asked that question. In fact, you’ve probably been haunted by that question...possibly even worried sick by it. It’s one of the hardest questions in the world to answer, and no one can answer it for you but yourself. Nevertheless, it has been answered...by other people...for themselves. We went to see 20 top male vocalists, all of whom are young, all of whom have wrestled with the problems of young love. We put the going steady question to them. We found their conclusions both surprising and important. If you think you can profit by someone else’s experience and mistakes, turn the page.

P.S. Next month 20 girls get their chance to answer back.
Jimmy Clanton: I went steady when I was seventeen with a home-town girl, and I wanted to marry her. In fact, we rented a two-room apartment for $65 a month, furnished, and we had planned to elope because my parents did not like her and did not want me to marry.

We broke up when she objected to my pushing my career as a musician and singer. When I told my father about the bust-up of our year-long romance, he said he was glad and reminded me, “You've got a career in music at stake, and you've got plenty of time for marriage.”

I'll be twenty next June 20th, and I'm glad I went steady, but I'm even more glad I didn't marry then. Now I'm dating a nineteen-year-old brunette who looks like Diana Dors. A great gal.

Dick Caruso: Yes, I've steady dated, but with poor results. When I was five, I was in love with Roberta, also five, who lived next door until we were nine. And then my family moved away. Then there was Barbara, my steady when I was fourteen. She left me for another guy, and I was so bitter I ate too much and got fat, and refused to talk to my friends. I sulked and practiced piano and wrote love songs, one of them being I'll Tell You (Continued on page 62)
Edd Byrnes: I steady-dated once for about a year, back in 1952, and she told me that she had fallen in love with another fellow. Well, it took me about half a year to get over it. I kept busy by working in a defense plant and driving an ambulance, while fiddling around, on the side, with acting.

When she called me again, hinting she'd like to resume with me, I had become interested in acting too deeply and didn't want to steady date any more. I'm glad I didn't marry when I was a teenager . . . and I'm glad I had a broken heart early in life.

For me, steady dating was unpleasant. (Continued on page 62)

Fabian: Who am I to say that going steady is right or wrong? I don't think I have the right to make a statement either way.

Going steady has many advantages and disadvantages.

Advantages include: You are always going to be with the person you want to be with. You never have to worry about getting a date for this or for that. You're pretty sure of being remembered on your birthday or on (Continued on page 62)
THE TRUTH ABOUT BRIGITTE BARDOT'S MARRIAGE

on the following pages modern screen presents what is perhaps the most unusual and bizarre tale of real-life marriage ever published in an American magazine
Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole-shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back . . .

Their affair had started like a game, played by two lawless children. Stung by his blue eyes, she kissed the lips of a gangly 22-year-old named Jacques Charrrier, and Brigitte was off again. To her, the newest mouth tasted sweetest, and unknown eyes shined the best.

By the time she and Jacques had finished making *Babette Goes to War*, Brigitte had ditched her nominal fiance, Sacha Distel, and moved Jacques into her Saint Tropez villa.

They lay in the sun without too (Continued on page 58)
...and then one day the game became a nightmare

Suddenly the game was over. BB was pregnant; Jacques was behind bars.
The story of the private Curtis' family album... by Janet Leig
Quite a few people seem to be under the impression that we moved to a larger house because the family was expanding. That is not entirely true. The real reason is that my camera-happy husband refuses to stop taking pictures of the children, and we had to make room for the hundreds of photo albums that kept piling up.

I exaggerate not. We have without doubt one of the greatest—if not the greatest—collections of father-taken photographs in the world. If Tony doesn’t have three or four cameras hanging from his neck, he feels positively naked. Around our house we call him Tony, the Picture Taker.

In most homes I know of when the husband arrives in the evening, the first thing he wants to know is what time dinner will be ready. Tony no sooner sets foot in the door than he casts hungry eyes around for something warm or unusual—(Continued on page 68)
GENE BARRY came to, lying on the field. The crowd was roaring his name, shrieking his praise, but all he noticed was that his right arm had another elbow.

He looked at the football there on the green grass of the field and wondered how it had happened. Seconds before, he had been carrying that ball. Then a ton of bodies fell on him and the lights went out. How long he had been unconscious he did not (Continued on page 51)
Yay!

Now a doctor pushed his way through the ring of players. He took one look at the youth's arm and, with a professional air, said, "You are not only out of the game, lad, you are out of the season."

Suddenly a surge of vicious, excruciating pain shot up the boy's arm like a bolt of lightning. He gasped, groaned inaudibly and gritted his teeth.

**A broken wing**

"Go ahead and holler, son," the doctor said lifting the arm gently, "not even a man should keep your kind of agony inside."

The seventeen-year-old boy looked up at the faces of his team and knew it was the one thing he could not do, no matter how much he wanted to. So instead of screaming, he fainted.

Only vaguely did he hear the wild young voices from the bleachers shouting, in unison, "Yay! Harry! ... Yay! Harry!"

When he came to he was in the locker room on a table. The doctor was in the midst of wrapping his throbbing arm in a splint.

"We're taking you to the hospital," the doctor said, "where we'll put on a cast."

The physician looked at the boy, half in sympathy, half in admiration. "You're all right," he said, with a faint smile. "I've seen tougher men than you walk their heads off with broken arms like yours."

Gene closed his eyes. If only the pain would go away.

"By the way," continued the doctor, "as we carried you off the field you mumbled something about a violin. Isn't that strange talk for a young man just hurt in a football game?"

Oh, God, thought Gene, the violin! My arm! What if—? He swallowed hard and slowly turned his head.

"Doctor, play the violin. Will I be able to after—?"

"Oh, sure," the doctor replied lightly, "you'll play. Good hobby, too. Relaxing, music. Course if you'd been planning to be a concert violinist you'd never—" The doctor needed only to see the look on Barry's face to realize what he had said.

"I'm sorry, Gene, I didn't know it was that serious with you. But you might as well know now. Your arm will heal, but it will never stand seven hours' practice every day. Believe me, Gene, don't hope."

Ten years of learning. The ragging he had taken from the kids, as only Brooklyn kids can rag! Gene thought bitterly of all the money his parents had hoarded for the lessons and the best violin they could buy for him. Their dreams and his, cracked into eternity by a hard-charging left tackle on a teen-age football team.

**A shattered dream**

"Don't hope," Gene repeated to himself bitterly. But what do you do instead?

Gene's depression over his broken arm and his lost dream of being a concert violinist, however, lasted only as long as it took for him to get well. His parents, familiar with the uncertainties of life, were disappointed, but the unfortunate incident was dismissed by Gene's dad with, "As long as young men play football, young men will break their arms."

Gene soon discovered that he had a hangover from his hard study of music. And:

"One morning while exhaling," says Gene, "my breath got caught in my larynx. The whole family looked at me in surprise. I was singing! I asked a teacher if she thought I had enough mellow vibrato to think about a singing career. She thought I might make it with study. Well, I was off to out-Caruso Caruso."

By the end of his senior year Gene was good enough to win a scholarship at the Chatham Square School of Music in New York City.

But it was Gene himself who soon realized that although he was surprisingly good as a pop and operetta vocalist, he didn't want a career as a singer of serious music.

Still, his appealing voice got him a weekly radio show, followed by a short go as a band vocalist in nightclubs.

And then, prophetically perhaps, he auditioned and was chosen to play The Bat in a Broadway musical Rosalinda. The show ran two years. By then Gene knew he wanted to be an actor. But the best he could get was a character part in a White Way production of *The Merry Widow*.

"I was sittin' pretty," Gene remembers. "I wasn't shooting to stardom, but I was working and getting good pay, getting better parts. I played around a lot, dated the prettiest girls I could find, learned what made women happy and what made them angry.

"And then one night I went out with Mae West!"

"Not a date exactly. I was in her show and the cast decided to have an evening at the Copacabana after the performance. Some of the guys brought dates. I didn't. Mae was the hostess, and I was her unofficial escort.

"It was pretty crowded at the Copa and we bunched up around two tables. Suddenly I found myself squeezed in between Mae and a girl I'd never seen before. I learned later she was another guy's date. But after what you'd call a very unexpected, but intimate association, I

---

**SEE SOFT, SMOOTH RADIANT SKIN RETURN**

Clear blemishes faster than ever

**this exciting new Cuticura way**

Just lather-massage your face a full minute morning and night with Cuticura Soap. Very soon you'll discover the special magic that has made this uniquely superemollient, mildly medicated soap the complexion secret of lovely women all over the world. Years have proved, as Cuticura helps clear up your skin, it softens, brightens—helps keep it young.

**Get the Full Treatment**

1 Cuticura Soap is vitally important to cleanse and condition blemished skin, and to control excess oiliness.

2 Cuticura Ointment used at night relieves pimples, blackheads, dryness.

**New! Fast Acting!**

3 Cuticura Medicated Liquid for daytime use cools and refreshes your skin, helps keep it antiseptically clean, removes excess oiliness, checks bacteria, dries up pimples fast, speeds healing.

Buy at drug and toiletry counters. In Canada also.

---

Cuticura

World's best known name in skin care
discovered her name was Betty Kalb. And for the next few days I just couldn’t get her out of my mind. That’s when I discovered I had to see her again. It wasn’t easy, but after a lot of double talk I think I confused Betty into a date.

“I sometimes think I didn’t know as much as I thought about women, because now that I recall, Betty never did say no. She just didn’t say yes. I’ve asked Betty about it a couple of times, but she just smiles and looks very wise.”

“Well, we got to dating pretty steadily and one night after leaving her at the door I walked home in one of those woozy trances. As the lady says, I wasn’t sick, I was in love.”

“Lucky for me, Betty felt the same way.”

“Marriage? Why not? I had it made. There were plenty of parts around. And I was in love.”

“We were married.”

“Three days later I lost my job, as the show closed suddenly. I didn’t work on the stage for a year.”

“A month later I was desperate. Our money was gone. I used to wonder how a man could love a woman so much and yet provide her with nothing but failure. You see, auditioning, for an actor, is both expensive and time-consuming. If he tries out during the day and works nights he looks like hell the next morning from lack of sleep. Casting directors want you fresh, clear-eyed and full of energy. And you can’t fool them. They know all the angles.”

“Finally I gave up auditioning and took a job selling jewelry in a store. The boss decided I was no diamond in the rough. Then, odds-and-ends salesman in a department store. The floorwalker just didn’t understand actors. Then I sold stove-oil from a truck. I swear I don’t know how our marriage managed to survive. It wasn’t the sad state of our finances—and let me tell you they were really sorrowful. But it was the frustration that was eating my insides. I was nothing unless I was up there making an entrance from stage left. And I knew it. That’s what was tearing at me. And Betty knew it.”

“I discovered it was tearing at her, too.”

A woman in love

“One morning I woke up and it was 10:00 a.m.”

“For crying out loud,” I bellowed at Betty. “I’m two hours late for work. Why the devil didn’t you get me up?”

“It was at this moment that Gene Barry discovered what a wise and wonderful woman he had taken for a wife.”

“Betty sat down next to him. She looked positively grim.”

“Gene,” she began, “you’re going to be angry when I tell you. But please, hear me out before you splash all over the ceiling.”

“I’ve taken a job. (Sit down!) I’ve got the hatchet stand at the Copa. (Honey, let me finish.) We’ve got to accept one thing about you because you are the kind of man you are. You don’t belong in a store and you don’t belong on an oil truck. You belong on the stage, you belong before an audience. Any audience, even if you only carry a spear. I’ve watched the last few months if you could see what’s happening to you, you’d agree with me. What I want to do is this. I intend to work for about four months. We can live on my salary somehow. Maybe even save a little. But more important, you’ll have the days. You can sleep at night and look the way you’re supposed to look at auditions, well-rested and eager for the part. Don’t argue, Gene, please. I’ve made up my mind.”

“But my mind’s made up too,” Gene exploded. “What kind of oaf do you think I am? Why do you insist?”

The town they talk about

in whispers!

The author of “Peyton Place” takes you back to the scandal-ridden New England town whose secrets shocked a nation... and to the people whose lives were rocked by sudden exposure. Written with the same startling frankness that made “Peyton Place” the most famous bestseller of our time.

Be one of the first to read it!

Not one word cut

A DELL BOOK • 50c

NOW ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND
"I'll tell you why I insist," Betty said evenly. "Because I love you. And I know you love me. And because it is that way between us I want to do something for you.

"Don't deny me a chance I may never have again. For the rest of my life I'll need you, Gene. And I'll like that. But right now I can help. Please, let me do it."

Gene looked at his wife and knew that she meant every word she had spoken. Suddenly he put his arms around her and for a moment he felt a great happiness, love and sadness that a man and a woman can have for each other.

"Besides," Betty said with the hint of sniffle, "you may have a son this Fall—or a daughter."

In the next few weeks Gene tried harder than ever. He took any job he could get as long as it was before an audience. He emceed programs in theaters and nightclubs. He performed in New York towns where they still had vaudeville shows. He sang at State fairs. He took small-paying parts in off-Broadway plays.

"Once," said Gene, "I toyed with the idea of becoming an auctioneer. But Betty put her foot down.

A man named Mike Todd

"Finally Betty had to quit her job. You'd think that a man as desperate as I was at that time would stumble onto something, anything. It didn't happen. I don't know. Somehow we made it. Because the day my son was born I got a call from a man named Mike Todd. He had a job for me. My son's name is Michael. And from that moment on things improved. Nothing sensational. But I did a number of plays and finally got a bid from Paramount where I did Red Garters and a couple of other pictures. In between I did a lot of TV work, about a hundred shows.

"Still, Betty and I played our dollar bills close to the vest.

"One day my agent called me and asked if I'd like to do a Western TV series."


"It may sound strange, but I've always wanted to be a super-actor. What this actually is I don't know. But I used to think about getting a chance at an Academy Award. Winning an Oscar. It was a big dream with me. Then one day I thought it over and asked myself, 'Barry, just suppose for a moment that you never do win an Oscar? What then?' It's funny, but after all that yearning, the only answer I could think of was a brilliant 'So what?'

"I guess a little of that longing was still in me when the agent asked me about the Western. It's why I said no. I felt there was nothing grand about a Western."

"But then he asked, 'Is it still no if I tell you that the character you play wears a derby hat and carries a gold-headed cane?'

"It is now yes,' I said, very distinctly. That sounded elegant. 'I'll do it. What's the character's name?'

"Bat Masterson.

"Today, Gene Barry, as the famous well-dressed Western play-boy marshal, is easily one of the best-known personalities on television.

"Gene and Betty have built a house in Hollywood's semi-exclusice Benedict Canyon. It is a big house, 4,500 square feet. It is exactly the kind of house the Barrys wanted, principally because Gene built most of it himself. They have another son now, Frederic, age five. Betty needs Gene, just as she said she would—and she likes it, just as she said she would. And they are a warm, wonderful, happily married couple because they still like to do things for each other.

"But Gene's life is not quite complete. "There's just one thing I wish Bat Masterson did. But I've checked and he never got around to it."

"What was that?"

"He never played the violin," Gene says with a long soft look back at the past.

A Real Swinging Shower

(Continued from page 32)

—but let her tell it: "When I walked in and found my girlfriends there, I thought I'd keel over! I was just flabbergasted. When I saw them there, all dressed up, Elionor Donahue's Gigli, Jennifer West, Danny Thomas' daughter Margaret, calling out 'Surprise, Surprise,' and saw all those pretty packages . . . I don't know why, but suddenly I found myself kind of choked up and I couldn't say anything. I tried to cover my confusion and say something off-hand and brilliant, like 'Oh, you shouldn't have' but I found there were some tears in the eyes that got in the way."

"But Judi hurried over to me and put her arms around me and teased me, 'Come on in, Pamela; here we are going to be a happy party, honestly it is.'

"And we did have fun. Lots of girl talk—and lots of teasing too . . . "

"I was a rat. She said she'd been engaged three times so far but never had a shower like this. 'Next time I get engaged,' she said, 'I'd like one of you girls to arrange a shower like this for me. Then I'll just have to marry the guy.'"

"Everyone wanted me to tell (again) how Darryl and I met, when we were 'finally' getting married, what 'that apartment' of ours was like. . . .

"All the girls knew the story but they also knew I loved telling it. How Darryl and I met when we were both doing a play in a little theater in Hollywood. How our romance grew when we were in The Tinger together."

"And how, once we knew we were in love and wanted to get married, we sat down one evening and talked it over. We believe that couples who rush into marriage are missing an experience they'll never be able to recapture. Darryl and I had all the fun, the parties and the special kind of excitement that only engaged cou-

You'll be glad you tried Tampax!

Glad you discovered its comfort and freedom! Comfort, in anything you do! Freedom, to do what you like—even shower and bathe—as you would any other time of the month! Freedom! No pads, belts, pins—No chafing and bulging—No disposal or odor problems. Discover Tam-
pax®, the internal sanitary protection. Ask for it wherever such products are sold. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

About thirty years ago, when Babe Ruth was at the height of his glory, a chunky little boy named Billy was batboy for the New York Yankees. Billy grew to love Babe Ruth with a fierce loyalty. He was almost a slave to all the great man’s wants. That batboy followed Babe Ruth wherever he went. He ran errands for him. He shined his shoes. He was his messenger boy, his servant; he was the keeper of Babe Ruth’s bats. When Babe Ruth had a good day in a ballgame, Billy would be the happiest youngster in the world. When Ruth had one of those bad days on the field, he would feel worse than the Babe himself. That chunky little batboy wanted to be just like Babe Ruth. He would say to Ruth, “Babe, would you teach me to play ball? There’s nothing I want more than to become a major-league ballplayer like you.”

Babe Ruth would put his arm around him and say, “Son, you can be anything you want, if you want it bad enough, and try hard enough.”

Ruth encouraged him to stick around and learn all the baseball he could. He told him to practice, practice, and then practice again.

“Stick to the training rules,” Ruth would advise, “and live a clean life.”

But there were times when Ruth, himself, did not follow his own advice. He stayed up late at nights. He stuffed himself with food at all hours of the day without any regard for training rules. Many of his foolish acts made newspaper headlines, as did his home runs. But to that batboy, the great Babe Ruth could do no wrong.

One afternoon, before a ballgame, Babe Ruth decided to have a little snack. He told his loyal batboy to go fetch him a couple of hot dogs and some soda pop. Billy rushed away to do Babe Ruth’s bidding. He brought back a dozen hot dogs and a dozen bottles of soda pop. And Babe Ruth ate all those hot dogs and drank all that soda pop. Of course, no one knew about this except Babe and the batboy.

That afternoon the million-dollar ballplayer came down with a bellyache heard ‘round the world.

He collapsed, and had to be rushed to a hospital. Newspaper headlines all over the world blazed with the shocking news that Babe Ruth was dying. When the Yankees’ manager found out who had fed the Babe, he promptly fired that unhappy batboy.

Very soon Babe Ruth became well again and went on to even greater glory. Billy never did become a big league ballplayer. Being fired from his job and not being near his idol, crushed him.

His baseball dreams were dead.

His whole world crashed about him.

As the years drifted by, that chunky little batboy looked back upon his baseball dreams and considered himself a failure. But he did go on to become famous, though not in baseball. He followed Babe Ruth’s advice, and, in time, went on to become a famous motion picture and television actor. You know him now as William Bendix.

However, the strangest part of the story is that William Bendix was the actor chosen to play the part of Babe Ruth in the motion picture story of his fabulous life—The Babe Ruth Story.
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or kitchen-type antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand..."working in the dark"...is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antisep tic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite® Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.

Deep Sunk PANEL EDGE Embossed
Wallet Photos...25 for only $100

Let's Swap RECORDS!!
LP's and 45's 10 FOR $3.00

HOW TO PUBLISH YOUR BOOK

Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books, Send for FREE manuscript report and copy of New To Publish Your Book.

Fast Relief Wherever Feet Hurt!
I Don’t Want to Leave You, Eddie

(Continued from page 26)

airplane one fatal day without her... "When I opened at the Waldorf-Astoria Empire Room in November," Eddie explained to me recently, "Elizabeth already had an airplane and an open cruiser backing cough. But she knew how important this opening was to my career, and wouldn’t hear of going to the hospital."

"Fortunately, there are so many hospitals," he added, shaking his head to indicate puzzle-ment, as we rode up to Doctors Hospital—where Liz had finally been forced to go on Thanksgiving day.

"There are so many hospitals, about fifteen in all," Eddie continued, reeling off names of her back ailment that had kept her in a cast... her throat open... , and the birth of her daughter Liza when she was married to Michael Todd.

"Elizabeth"—that’s what Eddie always calls her—"had that Caesarean against the advice of her doctors."

"And to make it worse, she resists anaesthetics—they can’t seem to knock her out. She sleeps two hours and she’s conscious all the time."

I asked Eddie how her attack of pneumonia had come about, and he, knowing Liz’ revulsion to discussing details of her illness, replied, "You’re not going to get details, Mr. Bundle." Eddie let himself get ‘medical’ enough to say, "Actually, all we know is that for a long time she’s had spasms of coughing that she can’t control—accompanied by very painful headaches."

Eddie was especially bothered because no one seems to know what caused the coughing. "I’m sure it’s not due to smoking," he said, "and Elizabeth’s not a heavy smoker. She never starts smoking until 5:00 in the afternoon. She says she doesn’t like the taste of cigarettes in the daytime."

Those six-month presents

When I had interviewed the Fishers in their five-bedroom apartment at the Waldorf, Eddie’s and Liz’s Empire Room opening, Liz had been less concerned about her illness than about keeping her husband’s spirit up—and being a dutiful mother.

Eddie was holding hands with Liz, who was watching the two dogs, and Do-do the Siamese cat was on my lap biting my pencil, and baby Liza, who was on my lap biting Do-do.

It was the six-month anniversary of their wedding, and Liz had brightened the occasion by giving him a gift of diamond-studded cufflinks, the diamonds in X’s, "as ever so synonymous and very personal (and unprintable) endearment. (They wouldn’t even let me peek.)"

Eddie’s reaction was, "Oh, they’re beautiful, but so nervous."

"Tell him," Liz directed Eddie, "what you got me!"

"A mint sweater," Eddie smiled bashfully.

"Something every girl needs," Liz said. Regarding their future plans, Eddie announced, "We plan to live here permanently. The kids are going to school here."

"Michael was sick and stayed home the other day—and actually did his homework in bed," Liz added, "I don’t see how he was able to do it."

Eddie was tickled as a little boy when he revealed that Liz had helped him get a part in her new movie, Butterfield 8.

"I’m gonna play a piano player named Eddie. Elizabeth plays a... a... a lady 56 of the evening. I never acted before." Eddie seemed to say this emphatically.

I asked, "Didn’t you act in Bundle of Joy?" (which you’ll remember he did with Debbie Reynolds.)

"No. I looked like a gook. Now I’m in the hands of a very good director—and directress—my wife." He smiled little-boyishly at the pretty Mrs. Fisher.

Eddie had been about his new recording arrangement—heading his own company, with Liz also heading it—if you can straighten that out.

I couldn’t get clear from who is presiding over the president. Regardless, the moneybags, the angel, is Canadian multimillionaire Lou CHESTER, of General Development.

"Why don’t you do a TV spec together? I asked.

"What would Elizabeth do?" Eddie asked. "She can’t... for she didn’t know I warned him... "I happen to like her."

Eddie laughed. "She can’t sing. She started as a singer. She’s terrible."

"That’s right," Liz nodded. "I can’t even say her name."

Eddie was hurt about some stories in the papers—especially one that implied that his engagement at the Las Vegas Desert Inn had been a failure.

"That’s as true as we’re not sitting here," he said. "It was a wonderful engagement. In fact, we’re going to work there eight weeks a year."

Liz and that baby

"By the way," I suddenly burst in, "are you going to have another one?"

"Expecting what?" Liz shot back, playing it innocently.

"To become a mother," I exclaimed.

"I am a mother," she reminded me. Then laughingly, she stood up and showed how lean she was in her sky-blue slacks.

"No, we’re not expecting—and if we were, we’d be delighted to tell the whole world."

As for Eddie’s engagement at the Waldorf, Liz did her wifey duties doubly, quadruply, quintuply. Opening night in the Empire Room was the most glamorous I’ve seen this decade in New York—I’m not sure that even Frank Sinatra attracted more灰尘的时候 he opened there.

I am a mother," she reminded me.

Eddie opened apparently in the New York that Liz was in the Empire Room for a bad dinner and supper shows, and the Waldorf lobby soon had more people in it than when Khurschev was there.

Aly Khan squeezed through, along with Jack Benny, Red Skelton (who costarred with Berle, Composer, Jule Styne, Ethel Mer- man, Sandra Church, Gloria Vanderbilt, Audrey Meadows, Phil Silvers, Red But- lonx, Irony, Johansson, Arlough Loew Jr., and Johnny Mathis.

A famous columnist left muttering that he’d forgotten to make a reservation and they were going to seat him behind the orchestra, and dragged him back and gave him a table right in front of the other front tables.

The maitre d’hôtel, Louis, was retaining his equanimity as well as he could under fire.

And at the side of Aly Khan, surveying it all, was Liz Taylor wearing quartts of diamonds and a long chiffon wrap.

One table of twelve which had seen Eddie at dinner wouldn’t go, so Liz had to pay their $450 tab to get them to depart.

At first we of the press wondered just how it happened that there was such a fabulous outpouring of celebrities—and then the truth dawned.

Liz had invited them as her guests, meaning that they had, of course, paid no checks. She had literally invited seventy people—her excuse being that in addition to Liz, Eddie had opened, it was her first anniversary—six months married.

Some buttrinsky asked Liz about her grandmother. "Can’t a girl invite a few guests if she wants to?" she demanded.

The Waldorf figures about $20 a throw for a party in the Empire Room, so Liz’ tab for her “few guests” came to around $1500.

It was worthwhile, however, for never has there been such a discussed, written-about and photographed opening... and Eddie’s vital engagement was off to a smashing start.

Eddie sang many love songs that seemed personally aimed at Liz, and in a closing speech that would have been impossible without the greatest little lady in the world.

"I’d like to have her take a little bow—not too big a one—she really is Mrs. Eddie Fisher..."

Another party

Afterward, Liz gave Eddie another party—for all the same V.I.P.’s—at Leon’s restaurant. That started at 2:00 a.m.

The champagne was plentiful. It was still going strong when I arrived—about 4:00 a.m.

"Do you know," somebody said, "that there’s probably only one other person in recent show business history who would have thought of such promotion for an opening?"

"Who is that?" I asked.

"Who was that?" the party commented, correctly me.

Maybe Liz had learned it from him... Liz appeared in good health at the Waldorf opening, but as Eddie later told me, her cough had been getting worse and the temperature rising, and by delaying her trip to the hospital, she was making herself sicker.

A week later she was in Doctors Hospital, with two doctors in attendance diagnosing her condition as double pneumonia.

And the lavish Thanksgiving dinner she had arranged was left uneaten.

Liz’ hospitalization was fatal for Eddie because people were always asking him how she was—and she wasn’t good.

"Somebody even stopped me and said they were her friend—right while she was at her sickest," Eddie said.

"Who was it they saw on the street who looked like her?" I asked.

"I doubt if there’s anybody who really looks like her, anymore."

Her first visitor when she began to recover was playwright Tennessee Williams, who wrote Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—the movie that won her an Academy Award nomination—and followed it up with Suddenly, Last Summer.

Her second visitor was director Joseph Manckiewicz, who claims she’s due to win an Oscar—delayed, for her role in that new film.

Eddie said, "I didn’t count as a visitor."

At first Eddie had a room at the hospital, adjoining Liz—but the hospital needed the room, and I got dispossessed," he explained.

He raced uptown to see her in a cab between shows—tooting some pizza.

"I’m not supposed to have," laughed Eddie. "We try different res-
Eddie considered her rapid recovery quite remarkable.

"She was hardly coughing at all, and was talking about going out to the desert to get some rest, and some sun," he said.

Eddie managed to obtain delivery of the mink sweater while Liz was hospitalized.

"Did it measure up to expectations?" I asked Eddie.

"Yes—and it's pretty hard for anything to measure up to Elizabeth," Eddie answered. . . .

What Liz has done for Eddie

The mutual adoration of Eddie and the girl sometimes called the most beautiful one of the world seems to have given Eddie some confidence.

For instance, one night he appeared at a Waldorf benefit for Mayor Robert Wagner and Mrs. Wagner. Former President Harry S. Truman made a surprise appearance there and played the piano.

Eddie came on the stage just as Truman left, with his accompanist, Eddie Samuels, coming along with him.

The toastmaster, Harry Hershfield, after introducing Eddie, said, "What's the name of your accompanist?"

"Harry Truman," joked Eddie. After the first song, Eddie told Eddie Samuels, "Harry would have played it in a better key than that."

The audience gave him a tremendous ovation when he sang, You Gotta Have Heart. Eddie told the crowd that he was always easy to get out for such events.

"All they had to do was ask me," he said. "I'm available. I have a tuxedo—and I have another tuxedo . . ."

To close observers, it seemed that Eddie was unmindful of some lingering criticism of his romance with Liz. Columnists and other feelers-of-the-public-pulse are aware that some of this feeling still exists.

Any mention of either of them by a columnist is sure to bring a trickle of protest mail—some of it bitter—often anonymous. But those who protest don't have much to say except that they think Debbie Reynolds was made unhappy. To those who have watched Debbie lately, she seems very, very much the opposite.

Eddie and Liz seem to have licked most of the complaints, but as Eddie says in the song, You Gotta Have Heart. END

See Liz now in Suddenly Last Summer, for Columbia, and soon in Cleopatra, for 20th-Fox, Liz and Eddie later in Butterfield 8, for MGM.

DIANNE MCORD, Senior, David Lipscomb H. S., Nashville, Tenn. says:

"My skin blemishes seemed to get worse whenever I had something important to do, even though I used special skin creams. I wish I had tried Clearasil sooner. I'll always remember the way Clearasil cleared my complexion, and so quickly, too!"

DIANNE MCORD

Special Report From Liz' White Prison

At Harkness Pavilion, Elizabeth Taylor was only a fair patient. For years Liz had been in and out of hospitals and had built up a resentment against them. She thinks of hospitals as "white prisons."

She instructed nurses and doctors on where to place strategic needles and demanded to know every other half-hour when she would be able to leave, leave, leave.

Eddie took an adjoining suite. He showed the harrowing effects of worry and sleepless nights. His eyes had dark circles. He was losing weight. He read to her, watched television with her between his own shows and after midnight. He tried to keep her spirit up by talking about what they would do on her release.

On the third day of Liz' hospitalization, the doctors called him up and said: "Eddie, your wife has the worst case of double pneumonia we've seen in the past ten years. Both of her lungs are virtually filled, her general condition is not strong and the fever and cough have taken their toll of whatever reserve she may have had to battle this. She is a stoic and seems unperturbed about the seriousness of her condition, but she will need constant care and a minimum of four weeks here."

To break the bad news gently, Eddie ordered some of Liz' favorite foods from Lindy's. He called her on the phone from the Waldorf and asked her for a date. She played along and said, "Wonderful, darling. Why don't we just stay here at my place and we'll have a cozy dinner for two?"

Eddie arrived, stopped in the hospital florist shop for a moment, then went right up to the fifth floor. He helped the nurse prepare the tray of Lindy's goodies, stuck a velvety red rose in a paper cup and wrote a little note on the paper plate mat. On the edge of the tray he propped a little doll, a gift from Liza.

Liz, propped up on pillows, in a white hospital gown, broke into a wide smile and sniffed hungrily. She did her best to eat but barely managed to nibble as Eddie passed each plate to her. She made an effort to chat between coughs. Eddie hushed her by touching a kiss from his lips to hers.

At 2:00 a.m. he was back. Liz' nurse said the doctor had just been there and her fever had gone down one degree. She had also slept in snatches without the racking cough. The nurse said that there was a definite improvement in her attitude.

Eddie sat in the chair till she awakened and greeted her: "I came to give you a good-night kiss; now it's good morning."

She asked about the children, recalled their sad voices on the phone. ("Mommy, we miss you."

"When are you coming home, Mommy?" "Mommy, I'm making a get-well present for you in school. All the children are helping me.""

"Tell them," she whispered to Eddie, "that I'm coming home sooner than anybody thinks." On December 13th, Elizabeth Taylor, smiling, leaning gently on the arm of her husband, walked out of her "white prison," a free woman again. END

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION 'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tubes or new squeezable bottles, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetrates pimples. "Keratolytic" action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!

2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples ... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. "Starves" pimples. Oil absorbing action "starves" pimples ... dries up, helps remove excess oils that "feed" pimples ... works fast to clear pimples!

"Floats" Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 500 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

57
The Truth About Brigitte Bardot's Marriage

(Continued from page 48)

many clothes on, and they told reporters they were married when they weren’t married, and then they looked at each other, suddenly charmed by the whole idea. Why not? 

The wedding was part of the game, too, no rules, no penalties, just two golden movie stars imitating life. Brigitte giggled in Jacques’ arms, and Brigitte’s father forgoed his daughters’ kisses, and the newlyweds were more a comic opera than a sacred ceremony. 

“Do you want me to bash your face in?” Brigitteaid in a corner. “Or will you help the fellow’s hand to prove he wasn’t just empty threats, and the Mayor, attacked by Monsieur Bardot for not having provided more police, nearly walked in on the couple’s bed with the thought of getting to their room in a hurry. — like a prizefighter,” bellowed Mayor Guillaume, nervously stroking his tri-colored sash. 

“Let’s do it quickly,” said Brigitte, and they both stood by their bed holding the dangling electric bulb. Brigitte Bardot Vadim became Mme. Jacques Charrier. 

The reception was private, with the guests drinking champagne, while Jacques nibbled at peaches. 

And so the languorous summer months drifted by, with love, oh, love, careless love, and no end to the wine and the kisses and the games of the evening sprees, and buying twenty-five-cashmere sweaters at a clip—“You like them all? Let’s take them all”—and crazy nights at the beach with Jacques trying to abuse normality by his playing and his food. 

Minor annoyances marred the idyll, from time to time. Pregnancy rumors started a week after the wedding, and speculation also marred Jacques and Brigitte. 

Jacques hadappendicitis and lost twelve pounds, and then it was Fall. 

The game was ending 

Cold weather and cold facts descended on the Charriers. Brigitte was dunned for back taxes by her government—one of France’s biggest assets was now being treed. They were still child. She had to think of her skin trouble, and hid in the house, unwilling to show her blemished face to the public. Then it turned out, she was pregnant, and she was afraid to have a baby. Can’t have a baby in France—and to top it off, Jacques was drafted. 

At once, the game was fun any more. The Charriers regarded each other anxiously. Only a little time ago, they’d frolicked in the sun, the world’s most beautiful irresponsibles, and now suddenly the sun had gone in, and they were here in the country wondering how to cope. 

What would she do without him? 

Jacques Charrier must have asked himself, glaring from the army orders to his frightened wife. She, who’d never been able to stay alone, were drowning rock ‘n’ roll records to fill the void of silence, who fondled stuffed teddy bears when no human being was near. 

But love was cut off now, until the baby should arrive. Jacques Charrier shook his head, a boy who needed to become, overnight, a mature man. He took his bridle on his lap, and smoothed the white robe over his face. “I’ll be very good,” she said seriously, like a five-year-old promising to remember to use his handkerchief. “I’ll stay home and be quiet and think of names for the baby.” 

And then she kissed him, trembling, “Will you phone? Will you phone?” 

On November 6th, not five months after their marriage, Brigitte saw Jacques off on the train to the induction center. At the station she cried, and he turned away so he wouldn’t see his pregnant little girl-who couldn’t understand where all her good times had gone. 

On October 18th, 1946, Jacques Charrier thought when he learned that Brigitte had gone to the theater the evening of that very first day he’d left. Their Paris apartment had seemed so bare, so full of shadow, so quickly was he alone, and in the city he would be called, and she’d grasped at his invitation. 

“A man could be only grateful to his father-in-law for looking after his lonely wife, but who’s the next? Who would companion Brigitte through all the nights of the twenty-seven and a half months Jacques would be gone?” 

A man beside her 

You remember—and surely Jacques remembers—when Brigitte was in love with actor Jean-Louis Trintignant. She’d left her husband, Roger Vadim, for Jean-Louis, and she’d even turned domestic for him—decorating, cooking—but when he’d been called up for military service, the romance had not survived. 

She’d written him a letter later, in a sad little voice. “I don’t hold anything against Jean-Louis,” she’d said, “He was no longer beside me, that’s all. And I need a man beside me all the time to conso-me.” 

Were these words ringing in Jacques Charrier’s ears as he approached the army post at Orange? It’s hard to know. 

It was a strange time for Jacques. He’d behaved very well. “I expect to be treated just like everyone else,” he said, but that was before he walked into the barracks and found the room almost every bunk. Jacques had been willing to share the other soldiers’ work, but he hadn’t figured on the other soldiers sharing Brigitte. “It’s had enough to leave her to join the army,” he’s reported to have moaned, “but to see her like that above every bed—it’s just a nightmare!” 

Less than a week after induction, Jacques Charrier wrote a letter to his doctor, saying he’d become nervous, though army doctors said Charrier was having his “eyes checked.” 

Three days later he was back in Paris with Brigitte (he’d been given an emergency leave) when it was pointed out that he’d spent some of this leave shooting his latest movie, all hell broke loose. 

Jacques returned, not to his barracks, but to the military hospital of Val de Grace,斗n, for psychiatric treatment of his “nervous depression,” and a member of Parliament took exception to what he felt were the terminal words. 

“What I want to know,” cried Deputy Roland Boudet, “is whether all recruits are submitted to the same obligations when they enter their regiments, even if they’re given an emergency leave?” 

Other deputys chimed in, yelling “Very good!” and “Bravo!” and the army minister looked pained, and within a matter of hours Charrier’s family doctor had got into the act. 

He—one Dr. Duproux—wrote to the newspaper Paris Jour, condemning stories about the couple. He said Brigitte and Jacques Charrier are all, that there were no forward doubts on the importance and gravity of Charrier’s health had become so excessive that it is grotesque. 

Because this is also doubting the honesty of the doctor who is taking care of him, Duproux went on, and whose name you put in your articles. I sent a telegram to Jacques Charrier’s colonel. It was because his wife was in bad shape. If I have sent Jacques Charrier to the hospital, it was because his heart was also ailing. I am disgusted that someone, anyone, can be that partial, that unjust and that hateful, and do so much harm to those who have only one thing against them, that they have succeeded!” 

Brigitte followed the doctor’s letter with a message of her own to the same Paris Jour: My husband is really sick and is now in a treatment at Val de Grace, she wrote. He has only one desire, which I share with him; that is, that as soon as he gets well, he will go back to do his military service as anyone else. Never would he accept special treatment, as a family. (Jacques has a father and two brothers in the French army.) If I can formulate one wish, Brigitte wound up, it would be: to get another soldier among the others and stop being ironic toward him when misfortune causes him to fall sick. 

Before the doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back. 

“What did he know, after all, about the woman he’d married? Try to sort the truth from the fiction, try to understand the future by examining the past . . .” 

She’d come to Paris, she’d parlayed with her sister later, in a sad little voice. “I don’t hold anything against Jean-Louis,” she’d said, “He was no longer beside me, that’s all. And I need a man beside me all the time to conso-me.” 

During the war, it was Brigitte who clung to her fuzzy bears, her dolls when the air raid sirens sounded, because the real thing was not to be had, even in an imaginary world, peoples with soft velvet animals, a little girl didn’t have to be afraid. 

At twenty-three, Brigitte still sucked her thumb and was terrified of airplanes, and hated the cold, and admitted she owed everything she was to Roger Vadim. 

She’d met him when she was sixteen, and he was an ambitious assistant director in French movies, and he invented her, the professional her. The tousled hair, the nakedness, the sex-kitten label, all were Vadim’s work. 

He even made publicity out of their marriage, but his hard work boomeranged when Brigitte, herself beginning to believe the stories about how she was just a child of seventeen who’d succeeded to fall in love with her leading man. 

Instructions from a husband 

There are film technicians who remember the day it happened, on the set of And God Created Woman. It was hot, and Jean-Louis Trintignant hovered over a bedridden Bardot, covered only by a thin sheet. 

“Carees her hair,” called Brigitte’s husband, Vadim. “Softly, That’s it, very softly. Closer, Jean-Louis. Get closer. And now you must tell me, you grab her shoulder. Stronger, more violently!” 

Jean-Louis kissed Brigitte. The long, overpowering kiss was西湖, in the quiet room. Vadim was in his canvas chair, raising his hand. “Cut!” he called. 

The cameras stopped, but, on the bed, the kiss continued. 

It was the beginning of a marriage which had lasted years. Vadim had succeeded in fulfilling his ambitions for himself and Brigitte, but he had also succeeded in destroying their life together. 

“When you see him at last wait until we finish the picture?” he asked Brigitte that night. “Afterward, you can do what you like.” 

“Thanks for your permission” Brigitte
said sharply, "I'll use it."


There's been plenty of criticism leveled at Brigitte for having her marriage vows; there's been plenty of sympathy for Vadim, who's always been a glib talker. "I suppose I should have slapped her when it was all over," he said breezily, "but how could I? She has always had such an innocent look."

Still, perhaps Brigitte was more to be pitied than Vadim. She had been dating a gawky, do-}

*down the long road Vadim set her on, without guidance, without loyalty, without love.*

Brigitte might have been the first to agree with that writer. Shifting between fits of elation and dejection, sometimes kind, sometimes mean, she cared more for her dog Froufrou than for anyone in the world until, late in 1958, she met Sacha Distel in St. Tropez.

"I had known him slightly before that," she said, "and hadn't found him particularly interesting. He felt the same way about me. We were on vacation, and I was tired, depressed and a little sad."

Brigitte hired Sacha to teach her the guitar, and the first afternoon he came over, she asked him to stay for dinner. He said no, she said yes. And he was undone by the anxiety in her voice. "I want to eat dinner with someone. I'm so alone here."

He stayed, and he believed her when she said the thing she most wanted was to be a wife "To bear children, to raise a loving family in the eyes of God."

With newspaper columnists, however, Brigitte waxed nowhere near so maternal. "I'm in love with Sacha," she said, "but I go from day to day. Maybe the day I will just decide to get married. Not now." Sacha and Brigitte got along famously, though they didn't agree on everything. When Sinatra and Frank Sinatra, Brigitte once complained, "I like Sinatra too, but there's no need to exaggerate it—" Sacha enjoyed saying he'd fallen in love with Brigitte's piano before he'd fallen in love with Brigitte—"It's the best piano in Saint Tropez"—and on September 8th, Brigitte announced their engagement, and said they'd be married next spring. "Marriage," she commented, "is decided beauty."

What did Sacha most admire in his fiancée? Her youth, he said. And her frankness. "When she talks she says it, when she wants something, she says it. When she wants something, she gets it."

"Even when that something was Jacques Charrier, as it turned out. Jacques appeared to co-star in Brigitte's picture, and stayed on to co-star in her life, but the very knowledge that he pushed Sacha aside must make Jacques nervous."

"After all, can he be pushed aside too?"

And now Brigitte's gone on record as saying her first child will be her last. She doesn't want any more, she doesn't find pregnancy "much of a joke," she's alarmed by the coming birth, "but I'm afraid I cannot find any way of avoiding it."

Restless, cooped up awaiting her confinement in February, Brigitte complained that she misses doing "hundred of things," but "I'll make up for it afterwards."

There must be a threat in her words for Jacques, who can't kid himself into cherishing the picture of a contented little woman playing with a rosy baby while waiting for her husband's discharge. And it isn't just Brigitte's new words that threaten. So many of her old words could come back to haunt the troubled man.

"When Jean-Louis was doing his military service, how I wanted him near me!" she said once. "I always need someone near me. I need real affection. I need to feel it and to give it. The other day a contractor who was working on my house said to me: 'You know, you're really very nice.' That made me melt. I could have thrown my arms around him."

A wife who hates being pregnant, who falls in love too easily, who can't bear solitude, who's vulnerable to the kindness of any stranger. Behind barred doors set in the great, keyhole shaped stone wall of Val de Grace Hospital, Private Jacques Charrier paced like an animal, head down, shoulders hunched, thoughts pulling back, back, back ...
Lana in Love!

(Continued from page 35)

brilliant, sensitive, intelligent and with a real sense of humor. Moreover, he is honest and good. I adored him,” she enthused. “Six feet tall, dark hair—and the most amazing hazel eyes I have ever seen.”

“But to answer your question—Fred isn’t free until February—and this time, with me, it has to be right. Oh, how right it has to be this time. We are not discussing marriage until the day we have the right to discuss it. He has not asked me to marry him.”

I persisted, “And when he does?”

She made an almost imperceptible gesture of the shoulders as though she had already given that answer when she said, “Who can plan for tomorrow? Life is so uncertain.”

“And how does Cheryl feel about Fred?” I went on.

“She likes him and respects him as I do. I know now,” Lana said, “that love, the real thing, isn’t a wild passion. It’s based on companionship and respect and mutual interests and an admiration for the man in your life.”

“Fred talks to me and advises me and what he says makes sense. He always wants me to do what is expected of me—even to small things like being on time and keeping appointments. If I make a promise he insists that I keep it.”

“He has three children, two girls, one twelve—one, eight, and a boy of five. Fred is devoted to them and naturally feels a deep sense of responsibility—just as I feel for Cheryl. I could never feel as I do about him if he felt less deeply about his children.”

I thought, Lana, my friend, these are the words of a woman in love and I mean a woman, not the girl I have talked with so many times over the long years I have known you, a girl who was in love with love.

The difference

At thirty-eight, Lana is as beautiful and as much the glamorous movie star as she was at sixteen. But with—oh—what a difference! Maturity and a new serenity set on her shoulders as tangibly as the decorations on a soldier who has been brave in a dangerous battle.

I, who have known her so long, realized that this Lana, who has suffered and known the bitterness of tragedy and almost unbearable heartaches and heartbreaks through sorrows that would have broken a less strong woman, is a much finer person at this point in her life than she has ever been.

I couldn’t take my eyes off her when she entered the room overlooking the garden where I have interviewed her so many times in the past. I couldn’t believe she was the same woman who was so crushed at the time her daughter Cheryl had ended the life of the late, unalmented Johnny Stompanato in an effort to save her adored mother. Then, Lana had looked her age, with sadness etched deep into her face.

But this day she looked so glamorous, so poised, so chic, so in possession of herself. Lana was wearing a Jean Louis dress and short coat of beige with a matching mink collar, the whole ensemble melting into the shades of her hair.

After we had greeted each other, both of us interrupting, trying to cover all the ground since we had last met and talking, talking, talking as women do who haven’t recently seen each other, I said, “Oh, how different you look, Lana.”

“Maybe it’s my hair,” she laughed. “It’s called the ‘frosted’ look. It’s several shades darker than my natural color and is just streaked with blonde.” She wears it in a bouffant style that frames her face in a soft and becoming effect.

“Could be part of it,” I agreed, “but there is something more than a mere externa—which—oh, perhaps that’s because I have found faith, a faith I never knew before.” Her voice was low and soft as she went on, “I have found God and I have found the man I was made to be—no longer worry about tomorrow. I meet my problems as they come up day by day—knowing that He will take care of me.”

She was silent a minute but I didn’t interrupt. She said, “You know perhaps better than anyone that I used to live as well as work in a make-believe world. I didn’t particularly want to face reality. My trouble was that I existed in a sort of fairyland, believing that everything and everyone was good and never realizing that this beautiful dream world was surrounded by a deep and dreadful jungle.”

I assumed Lana meant Stompanato, but she mentioned no names and neither did I. I had promised not to go into that closed chapter in her life. Besides, we had other things to discuss.

Lana and Fred May

I particularly wanted to know about this Fred May in her life, this brilliant young business executive in the manufacturing field with whom Lana’s name is linked exclusively these days.

When I mentioned his name, Lana’s mood brightened. Those old dimples sprang back into her smile as she said, “You know—I nearly brought Fred with me when I’m going. I so much want you to know him and like him—and for him to know you, my friend.”

It was at this point that we had the conversation which opens this story and naturally I was eager to learn more about this man whom Lana describes so—shall we say—affectionately.

“How and where did you meet Fred?” I asked.

She said, “I was invited to a party at the beach. I hadn’t been going out socially at all and I dreaded to accept. I almost backed out at the last moment I so dreaded being in a large group of people again. But I went. The jump had to be made sometime.”

“I was sitting with a group of casual acquaintances wondering again why I had come—when suddenly a man, a stranger, walked down the stairs from the entrance hall.”

“I liked his looks, he was different. Later, we were introduced and after we chatted a while, I thought—how easy he was to talk to. No strain. No fencing. I really laughed when he told me confidentially that he very nearly had not accepted the invitation either!”

“We talked about so many things—and he was so interesting—even those topics far removed from my usual spheres. Horses, for instance. Fred owns a stable of race horses, among other interests.”

Lana didn’t need any prodding from me to continue telling about this (perhaps) fateful night in her life. “When the evening was over, he asked for my telephone number. I was surprised to find this made me very glad. I gave it to him, of course.”

“Then, three days went by without a
word. I thought. Well, that's that. It seemed obvious he didn't intend to follow up our pleasant evening, or that's what I thought.

"I told myself when he did call—'I'd be quite afool. So when that phone finally rang and he asked what I did I accepted," Lana laughed. "From that time on, we started seeing each other four or five times a week—and now it's every night."

The kind of man she needs

"Lana," I said, "from the way you are talking I think Fred is just the kind of a man you need."

"I need a strong man and he needs a strong woman—and I guess this is it," she said with a smile.

I can state with equal honesty from the front row seat I have occupied during other loves and marriages in her life, that Lana has not made a habit of falling in love with strong men—at least strong enough for her to lean on.

Of all the loves of her life, I know she most deeply cared for Tyrone Power, and she admits it. As dark as she was blonde, as handsome as she was beautiful, passionately in love at the height of their fame and youth, I have always felt that if Ty and Lana had married, how different both their lives might have been.

I remember attending that lavish party they gave together just before Tyrone left for Italy—and subsequently (and sadly) Linda Christian!

How sentimental and naive Lana and Ty were in their love story. The decorations at the party were heart and flowers entwined! And, during the entire evening they were never more than a handclasp apart.

Who will ever know what happened to break up this idyll? Lana believes that someone poisoned Ty's mind and heart against her. Others think that Linda Christian, the original young actress, proposed to what she wants, decided she wanted Ty—and got him. Whatever the reason, the marriage turned out to be a bad mistake for Tyrone and a shattering heartbreak for Lana.

Her marriage to millionaire Bob Topping was definitely on the rebound from Ty. In trying to forget him, Lana rushed into marriage with a millionaire-sportsman with whom she had little in common. She admits she was never in love with him. In addition, most of the time of their marriage she was quite ill, once from a dangerous miscarriage.

I mention Topping in Lana's life ahead of her first husband, Artie Shaw, and her second, Steve Crane, to explain why she rushed so impulsively into a union she knew from the start couldn't be happy. But, just as Topping was an antidote to a heartache, so had been the misfortune to be married to Lana before she had really grown up, while she was still living in that 'make-believe' world she had spent so many years in getting away from.

Of that long ago first marriage to Artie Shaw when she was just a girl, the less I remember the better. Lana was just starting out in her career and also in her love life. I've always thought she was more impressed with Artie's fame as a musician and his highly touted 'culture' than she was with any human being. She was flattered by his attention in the beginning—and that's about all. She has said, "When I eloped with Artie it was like running away with a stranger I had just read about.

Cheryl's father

Shaw did very little to become more than just a stranger in her life. His main concern seemed to be to improve the mind of his new bride—a little habit he carried over to his next wife, Ava Gardner. Husband Number Two, Steve Crane, was something else again. A handsome and sympathetic young man, he was far more in love with Lana than she was with him. He was devoted and tender with her and out of this union came great happiness when Lana's only child was born, their daughter Cheryl. To this day—and all through the shattering nightmare of Cheryl's tragedy, Lana and Steve have remained friends.

As for Lex Barker, that typical matinee idol who became Lana's third husband, this man was supposed to be that Lana built out of all proportion to reality. Lex was not, and is not, a temperamental person nor a mean one.

But he was a typical actor on the make for stardom, involved in the hilt in his own career, looking and acting the role of the movie idol away from the camera as well as in front of it. Lana and Lex were bound to break up. There was nothing substantial to hold them together.

No, Lana has never had a man in her life like Fred May—who removed from the world of show business, substantial, not blinded by her glittering fame as a movie queen.

Not too long ago Lana had told me, over the telephone, before we met for this more detailed talk, "From here on, I want the quiet life. I've had the headlines, the heartaches and the hectic pace. I want peace of mind and the solid things. I want this more than anything else in life, I want to understand people—as I pray they will understand me."

This is no idle talk on her part. Everything about Lana's 'new' life bears out this philosophy. Even to the house she lives in. No longer does she live in a typical movie-star mansion manned by a staff of servants and costing a small fortune to maintain, the way she lived with Lex.

As soon as you can, I want you to come up and see my 'happy' house," said Lana continuing our interview. "It's not a big place. It's atop a mountain, each window looking out on the most beautiful view of all of Los Angeles. I suppose you would describe it as Hawaiian in design, all on one floor, and there's not a room the sunshine doesn't pour into many hours of each day. I was so glad when Cheryl said the same thing I had thought about the place—it is a happy house."

Of her daughter growing tall and mature and beautiful and getting such fine marks in high school, Lana speaks with the most touching devotion.

She said with such pride in her voice, "Cheryl and I are closer today than we have ever been. Our troubles have brought us closer together. Tragedy either brings on a complete estrangement between the people involved—or else it brings you into each other. Thank God, with us, it has been the latter.

"I don't suppose I ever really had to come into Cheryl's arms," Lana went on. "We have always loved each other very much. But somehow my concern for her after the tragedy and hers for me, has made us more conscious of this love."

Cheryl's continuous to live with Lana's mother, Mrs. Mildred Turner, under the terms imposed by the Juvenile Court authorities. But she is free to come and see Lana whenever she wishes and Lana is free to visit her. A few weeks ago, Cheryl was ill with the flu and as her grandmother had to be out of town for a few days, Lana brought Cheryl back to her home and nursed her back to health.

She said, "I can't tell you how precious those days of closeness were to both of us."

Career excitement

Another vital point in Lana's newly opening door of life—is that her career
Should I Go Steady?

YES

(This continued from page 42)

In This Song, which later became my first record for MGM.

Between steady girls, I always felt frustrated and expected something more—so I felt the type who should go steady and keep tight! Anyway, going steady is okay, if you don’t let it frustrate you when the romance always ends in tender promises to write each other. Then we’ll forget each other.

I always enjoyed a summer better because I went steady. Summer romances are good because you prepare for the real big romance that usually comes later in life. They teach you to be considerate to others, to be attentive, to be sensitive to the other’s needs, to share.

I rarely go steady during the winter because then I’m too busy with school and trying to make a bad picture.

Joel Sedaka: There’s nothing wrong with going steady, or usually went steady every summer, at camp, and the romance always ended in tender promises to write each other. Then we’d forget each other.

I always enjoyed a summer better because I went steady. Summer romances are good because they prepare you for the real big romance that usually comes later in life. They teach you to considerate the other’s needs, to share.

I rarely go steady during the winter because then I’m too busy with school and trying to make a bad picture.

No doubt: I’m steady dating a girl in Fresno, California, and it must last in a swimming pool, introduced by a mutual friend. She’s still in high school, and I’m in Hollywood or on the road mostly, but I’m moving on other girls.

Now about steady dating, it’s a funny deal. When a boy and a girl go steady, they get tied up with each other, and that’s bad. They can’t be free to enjoy all the school activities because they get jealous of each other and that spoils the fun. It’s better to meet other boys and girls, but they’re better to be able to meet other kids without feeling you’re betraying your steady.

It’s okay to go steady only if you can still do all the things you used to do. As for me, I’ve told my steady to see other boys, and she says I can see other girls; but I admit I haven’t felt like seeing other girls.

Dion, of Dion and the Belmonts: My parents think I’m too young for marriage, and I agree with them. I’ve told them I don’t intend to marry nor in the near future. I’ve got a career to try out. But that doesn’t mean I’m against steady dating. I’ve gone steady myself, and enjoyed it. But I admit I’ve also liked the periods when I was not steady dating. When I was in school, I had the idea of having the girl available for dating when I felt like it. But, sometimes, when she came around, I sort of bored. Still, I don’t see any harm in it. Everybody to his taste, I say.

MAYBE

(Continued from page 43)

holidays by someone who’s really special.

The disadvantages include: It limits your meeting other people and enjoying them. You need to curtail the idea of having the girl available for dating when I felt like it. But, sometimes, when she came around, I sort of bored. Still, I don’t see any harm in it. Everybody to his taste, I say.

NO

(Continued from page 43)

Paul Anka: I went steady only once when I was still living in my home town, Ottawa, Canada. I gave her my class ring and we went swimming around her neck.

She was planning marriage for us for five years later.

Personally, I am not in favor of steady dating for young fellows. The girls want to know where you are and what you are thinking about. You can’t get any work done.

The girls are always chasing you, and you just can’t stop them. I don’t think of marriage. I’m too young. I want to stay single for a long time.

Kimm Charney: I’m only fourteen. I won’t be fifteen until August 2nd, and I’m not expert on steady dating. In fact, I haven’t started to date yet. When I go out, it’s with a group of the fellows in the neighborhood and we go to each other’s house, where we often meet bunches of girls, and we sit around and joke and spin the new records.

I’m too young to even think of steady dating, although I admit some fellows my age are already going steady. It seems to me steady dating is too serious to think about when you’re fourteen or fifteen. I’m talking about the fellows. Girls are different; they seem to like going steady at an early age.
Andy Williams: I've dated, and I'm dating now, but I never went in for steady dating. I see value in going steady: learning how to get along with the opposite sex, learning how to fit in with the modified and somewhat young world of society, gaining the ability to hold back jealousy, learning how to communicate without saying a word, learning how to anticipate another's wishes. It's the closest you can get with a girl to formal engagement. It's a sort of practice run for the real big romance that leads to marriage. It's okay for teenagers, if they don't take it too seriously, but as I said, it's not for me.

Johnny Restivo: I'm not much for steady dating. I'm shy, and not too talkative, and I don't like a girl to be loud, so the girl has to start the conversation.

I had my eye on a beautiful blonde girl I met on the campus last term. I worked with RCA Victor, started with me, and as my dad and managers that I shouldn't date any girl steady. So I stopped seeing this girl.

Since my career picked up, I have had only a few dates with girls I already knew. I'm being cautious about girls. My dad says I ought to be a good boy-friend; but she lived differently and talked differently than I expected. We became half romantic, after we decided we could not really make it romantic. Then she decided we should be close friends, anyway, but it did not work out.

I'm not the type to go steady. I can't stand having any one person around me all the time. When I marry, this may be a problem.

Six months is the most I ever knew one girl, and it annoyed me when everybody took it for granted we were engaged. So I ended that 'engagement' quickly!

Dick Roman: I've never gone steady and I've never been engaged. But if I can help it, I don't intend to go steady in the near future.

I've gone out with Marie Perkins, Molly Gee and Will Collins when I was in Hollywood, and I've dated plenty of young singers in New York, my home town—but nothing steady. I want to get my career set first.

I'm twenty-two, and don't want to get married until I'm twenty-seven or twenty-eight. I want to have career security before I think of getting married. Remember, I'm not against romance. I'm just suspicious of steady dating. I feel it sort of sneaks you into marriage and when you snap the ring on her face, you're a married man! I don't feel I'm good marriage material yet, and don't want to be sneaked into marriage.

Bobbi Darin: I've gone steady, but each time the romance turned out to be wrong and I was glad to get out when I did. Going steady just didn't work out for me.

When I was fifteen, I always had a lot of freedom at home and I like to follow my impulses—so strict steady dating always made me nervous. In fact, I hope to do the things when married that I do now that I'm single—which means I need a very understanding wife.

My dating a lot gave me a chance to learn a lot about girls, and I know what is the best in girls, and I've enjoyed finding out what makes a girl happy. For me, informal dating has been more fun than steady dating.

Elvis Presley: I like girls, and I've dated many girls, but I guess I travel too much to ever steady date. I've been on the road almost continuously since I was eighteen, and I'm twenty-two now. How could I ever steady date with anybody?

Of course, when I was in Germany with the U.S. Army, I could have steady dated. But, although I did date certain girls several times, I didn't consider myself going steady with any one.

I guess I'll marry late in life. I'm just too busy now. My Army buddies kid me that I'll be fifty before I marry, and maybe they're right.

Danny Valentine: I never went out much. Shy, I guess. Besides, I was always so busy practicing up on my music: drums, xylophone, singing. Since finishing my first year at Hofstra College in Hempstead, Long Island, I've been appearing nightly at a night club in East Rockaway and going into New York for recording sessions and to see my manager.

I have a lot of dates, and I wouldn't even consider steady dating. That just doesn't fit in with my life, at the moment. As for marriage, I don't want to even think about it. I've never been steady, and I don't want to now. I've got too much to do before I let myself concentrate on one girl. It wouldn't be fair to let myself tie a girl down when I have so little to offer her now.

Johnny Nash: Steady dating? Not me! I know lots of fellows who go steady only for convenience. The girls they know are booked solid and they're scared there will be no girls left.

I think most fellows my age, eighteen, don't know their own minds yet about girls. Girls are too mysterious for us, and there's so much we ought to know before we try steady dating. I'd like to date more girls before I feel secure enough to concentrate on one.

Michael Gallan: When I was a teenager I went steady with a girl who worked in shows. When we broke up and now she's married and we won't have to waste any more time wondering if we had made a mistake. We're friends now, and I know her husband is a very steady fellow with another girl, after she broke up her engagement to another fellow. Then I got engaged to the second girl, and we'll fight. It was quite complicated, too complicated for me.

So now I'm not steady dating anybody. I just date. Sometimes I double date with Torrence and Steve Rowland. Since I don't want to get serious with any girl, the best thing to do is not go steady.

Bobby Rydell: Going steady is for the birds! For teenagers, that is. I don't want to sound harsh, but how can a guy, or a gal, ever really know whether his steady is the right person if he hasn't played the field first?

I read in a magazine the other day that one out of three marriages end in divorce—and that, of these divorces, over fifty percent are caused by marriages. Boy! ... That really makes you think, doesn't it? I'm for free-lance dating for teenagers.

Frankie Avalon: I do not feel that boys and girls, especially in their early teens, should go steady.

This is the time in life when we have the chance to meet lots of people and get to know what makes them tick, so that when we reach maturity we'll have some idea what type of person we want as our partner in life.

To me, the teens are our best learning years, and I feel we should not hinder ourselves by limiting our activities by going steady.
**The Nice Girl**

(Continued from page 28)

such a surprise, Diane,” she said. “Such a

wonderful surprise.”

She drew back her head, suddenly.

“Telling there’s nothing wrong, is there?”

she asked.

Diane forced a smile. “Of course not,

Mother,” she said. She shook her head.

“I didn’t just leave. I said, “I wasn’t

missed you and we left the house, knowing

in a hurry,”

Agonizing

and

nothing.

“A while,”

her

her

hand

now,

“just

going

upstairs

Daddy

and

the

and

girls

all

“No, Mom,” Diane said, interrupting her,

“don’t walk away. Not now. It’s late. . ..

I’d rather you didn’t wake them.”

Her mother looked at her, then shrugged.

“Well then, she said, “you just come

inside and I’ll turn off the TV and you’ll

talk to me at least. It’s been a long time,

Diane. Six months. And New York’s a

far away place, three thousand miles from

California. And you haven’t exactly

been here every week you know.”

She laughed again. “Come on,” she said,

and “tell me all about it.”

**Life in the big city**

“Has it been fun, Diane?” she asked,

when they were seated on the couch.

“Yes, Mom, it’s been great fun,” she

said. She tried to be very airy about this,

very gay. “It’s a little harder in New York

than I thought. But I’ve been taking my

acting lessons, and I’ve been modeling. I

made three hundred dollars on my last

job alone, Mom. Three hundred dollars.

And I wrote you I was moving... Well,

this new apartment is divine. It’s on Riv-

erside Drive, looking out on the Hudson

River, the river down below and the New

York Palisades on the other side—you

know, and there are four other girls, air-

plane stewardesses, real swell girls. And

between this and that there are fello-

wows over all the time. And I go out quite

a bit, to restaurants for dinner, to movies

on Broadway, to the theater—the theater!

It’s fabulous, Mom. Just like everybody

goes. Golly, I don’t know how many

plays I’ve seen since I’ve been there.

She stood up, suddenly, and ran over

to the suitcase she’d brought in with her.

“I nearly forgot,” she said, opening the

suitcase. “I brought something home.

Something you want to hear.”

She pulled an L-P out from under some

clothing and held it up.

“What’s that, Diane?” her mother asked,

squinting a little.

“A record, the whole musical score from

one of the shows I saw,” Diane said. “It’s

got a song in it I want you to hear... it’s

kind of special.

She walked towards the phonograph, in

a corner of the room.

She placed the record on the turntable.

A voice, Ethel Merman’s, began to sing.

“Gee, but it’s great to be here!”

“Gee, but it’s great to know you!”

Suddendy, she lowered her head.

And she stopped singing. And she began to cry.

“Oh Mom, oh Mom,” she sobbed, rush-

ing back to the couch.

“Diane,” her mother asked, taking her

hand, “what is wrong? What is wrong,

honey?”

**Failure**

“Oh, Mom,” Diane said. “I’ve been lying to

you. I’ve been happy in New York in one

way—yes. But when I think of all the hurt

I caused you and Daddy, when I left, run-

ning off like that... When I think that,

fun of what I’ve been doing hurt you... in

hurting you—when I realize this...”

“Diane,” her mother started to say, “what’s

past is past. Over... You should forget this way.”

“But, Mom, I ran out on you and Dad,”

Diane said. “I thought I was going to prove

so much by doing what I wanted to do.

And all I’ve proved is that... that I’ve

taken some acting lessons.”

The tears came rolling down her cheeks

now.

“And,” she said, “that’s what I’m a failure...

as a daughter.”

Her mother squeezed her hand. “Now

you can talk and talk, Diane, and get

whatever you want out of your system,

and I’ll listen to you.” Mrs. Baker said,

gently. “But don’t let me hear you say-

ing bad things about yourself.”

“I’m not much good,” Diane said. “I’m not

very good.”

Again, her mother squeezed her hand.

“You are,” she said. “You’re a good girl,

a good daughter. And we’re all very

proud of you now, always, no matter what.

You should know that.”

“Now really,” her mother went on, after

clearing her throat and letting go of her

daugther’s hand, “what’s all this fuss

about, Diane? You went to New York

and you made a mistake by doing that?

Well, you were trying to do the right

thing.”

Diane nodded.

“A person makes mistakes, I always say,

and that person learns by those mistakes,”

her mother said. “You’ve made mistakes

before in your lifetime, haven’t you? And

learned from them.”

She stopped, and she took a deep breath.

“You’re tired, Diane,” she said, suddenly.

“And you must be hungry after that long

trip. Can I go inside and make you some

tea?”

Diane nodded.

“Yes, some hot tea,” her mother said.

“Get a cup, and sugar, and a cup for me.

It’ll set nice with us both, and make us

both feel better.”

And, with that, she left the room.

And Diane, sitting there alone now, wiped

some of the tears from her face. And,

as she did, she thought of what her

mother had said to her a few minutes

back.

“You’ve made mistakes before in your

life, haven’t you? And learned by them.”

Diane remembered now.

**Such a nice girl...**

She was fifteen, a sophomore in high

school. She was a popular girl. She went

around with a group of girls whom she

liked, and who liked her. Except that one
day. Diane realized that this group was

more-than-a-little on the snobbish side,

that they made a point of ‘outraying’
girls of any religion different from theirs,

like Catholics, jews, or any. And how

as much as theirs, girls who just weren’t quite

up to standard.

Diane objected to this one day.

But she didn’t get very far in her

objection.

“Oh, Diane,” the other girls started to

say, “you’re such a nice girl—so gosh-

darned nice—”

The sarcasms in their voices wasn’t lost

on her.

Diane knew she was being made fun of.

She didn’t like being made fun of. And
so she said no more about this to them.

Now it happened that a few weeks after this incident, Diane was chosen to represent her school's YWCA chapter at a two-week international convention at a camp called Asilomar, in Monterey, a few hundred miles away.

At Asilomar, Diane found herself rooming in a large barracks with some forty other girls, girls from all over the world: Negro girls, blonde-haired, girls with almon-shaped eyes; rich girls, poor girls; all sorts of girls.

"They're such a terrific group," she wrote home one day, "and we're having the best time. We swim and hike and play croquet and checkers and things. And we go to Chapel every night right after supper and then all sit and talk about better understanding among the people of the world. And it's so interesting and wonderful I hope it never ends."

The two weeks passed quickly, however. And finally one night, the night before all the girls were to go back home, one of her friends went to one another and left for their homes, a last service, candle-lit and beautiful, was held in the Chapel.

And it was after this service that a truth.

She looked up at the plaque and tried to make out the words that were carved on it.

From a Sermon of John Donne, 1624, she read. And then she read the words below:

No man is an island, entire of itself, every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main.

Diane read the words again, and again. And, finally, she sat and she looked out at the vast ocean in front of her.

And, thinking about the words she had just read, she said to herself: "That's it— isn't it? That's what I've learned here, being with people from all corners of the world—girls of different religions, backgrounds—was that people can live together, get along together, love one another. If only they try—

Join
Liz
at the happiest birthday
of her life
in next month's
MODERN SCREEN
on sale March 3

a revelation of a kind, came to Diane.

Too sad to join the other girls in a farewell meeting at the main hall of the camp, she went off alone that night down to the beach, to walk, and to pray again—privately this time.

She prayed, first, that each of the girls would have a safe journey home. "They'll be traveling all different ways, to all different places... So please keep the skies clear and the oceans calm and, please, keep the railroad engines and bus-drivers wide awake."

Next she prayed that two of the girls—Babette, from France, with her terrible cold from too much swimming; and Yukiko, from Japan, with that swelling on her big left toe from the crab that bit it—recover, quickly.

And then she prayed for herself.

"Please," she said, "from all that I have experienced here I know that there is something I should have learned, something to keep with me for the rest of my life—but honestly, honestly. I don't know what that is entirely. And if you could just—"

It was at this point that Diane stopped as she noticed, ahead of her, a bench, right there, in the middle of the beach—and a wooden plaque behind the bench.
few stages around here, and lots of them in New York. New York, Denny, that's where the breaks are. That's where I want to go to get my chance."

"And you think it'll be easy there?" Denny had asked.

"I do." "Do you think it's going to be the same as the last time you were there, last year? A celebrity with the Miss Rheingold finalists, living in the fancy Ambassador Hotel, with lots of pampering, nothing to pay for, nothing to do but stand around and look pretty?"

"Not exactly, no," Diane had said. "But New York, big as it is, happens to be a wonderfully warm and big-hearted town. I know, Denny. I've been there, happy there. And I know, I'll be happy there again. And no, no, I don't think I'm making any mistake, or doing anything wrong. And I'm going, Denny," she'd said. "I am going!"

She opened her eyes now, as her mother re-entered the living room, carrying a tray and tea.

"Feeling better?" Mrs. Baker asked her daughter, as she walked towards the couch. "A little," Diane said, because this evening they were going to have a quiet dinner with two friends, a couple from Hollywood who were coming down especially for the occasion.

When they were alone at the hotel Shirley told Pat the bad news. Their friends wouldn't be joining them.

"Nobody sick, is there?" Pat asked worriedly.

Shirley shook her head. Then she took a deep breath and told him. Their friends were getting a divorce. As swiftly and as suddenly, as swiftly and as suddenly as a business deal.

"But everything was fine when we left," Pat said in amazement. He'd finished his picture and they were coming down here to have some fun with us. I just can't believe it."

"I didn't want to tell you before," Shirley said. "I didn't want to spoil winning the race for you and Denny." Pat gave her a grateful kiss. Then, shaking his head in disbelief, he repeated: "I still can't believe it."

But the newspapers they glimpsed on the way out to dinner confirmed the sad story, in glaring headlines, of another "idyllic" Hollywood marriage that had hit the rocks. They had dinner alone at a small, familiar, romantic restaurant. Trying to forget, for a few hours, the unhappiness of their friends, they jokéd, held hands and whispered to each other as if the tears had rolled away.

"Pat," Shirley said, "I'm so glad we came. Even if it is only a weekend."

"I hope it was a nice evening," Pat grinned and squeezed her hand. But, he couldn't get his mind off his friends' divorce. "They'd had plenty of money."

"Just now, about New York again," Diane said. "About the mistake that it was. About how tired I am of making mistakes. About—."

"Yes?" her mother asked.

"About you going to rectify this mistake, Mom," Diane said. She brought her cup up to her lips. Her hand trembled a little, as she did. She took a sip of her tea. "As taking on the whole acting thing," she said then. "It's no good for me. I'm going to give it up."

"Now wait a minute—" her mother started.

"Give it up," Diane interrupted, softly, "forget about it. And stay here, at home, where I belong. With you. With daddy. The girls. Denny."

"Now wait a minute," Mrs. Baker repeated, more sharply this time. "Staying at home. Yes. That's fine, Diane. But giving up your acting, your ambitions, all those dreams you used to have as a little girl. That, Diane, that I don't like."

"Look," she went on, "I said it before, and I'll say it again. You made a mistake? You learned something from it? Right, that's what mistakes are for. But to become defeated by a mistake?"

She shook her head. "No. No. That's no good. And I, as your mother, won't hear of it."

"And I'll stay here, Denny," he said. "I don't want to go to Hollywood."

"Now listen," she said. "Sherman Oaks here isn't so very far from Hollywood, is it? And in Hollywood they've got the biggest movie studios in the world, don't they?"

Pat laughed. "I figured and hoped you would. After all, I've always called you the pessimist of the family."

"I'm not," Shirley replied. "I'm just a realist. That's an important difference. If more people in Hollywood were my kind of realists, things might turn out a lot better for some of them. I've done a lot of thinking about it. I've come to see a young couple come to Hollywood. They're happy with each other and all's well. Then the guy makes it... makes it big. There are a lot of people who spend all their time, on his mind and feelings. It's not easy to keep things on an even keel any more."

"When they were struggling, they never knew what was going to happen, but for how long, by the way?"

"Shirley," Pat said. "In Hollywood, the woman was coming from; and they had fun just watering the lawn, or window shopping. Now, when things are big, the people change... and somehow nothing's any more. It's not simple to insure yourself against that. That's why it's best to be a realist before that happens."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, sliding his arm through his. "You've got to be a realistic, always... you've got to safeguard your marriage."

He sighed and it was a sigh of double meaning. It was for Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain that things will go on as before? that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind... Be vigilant, always..."

"Penny for your thoughts," Shirley was saying.

"Oh, I was thinking; wondering how many stars will be taking that sad divorce this coming year. It's kind of a sobering thought."

"I was thinking kind of the same thing," she replied sympathetically.

"About what magazine reporter in the hotel this morning?" Pat said. "Well, he asked me: Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain that things will go on as before? that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind... Be vigilant, always..."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, sliding his arm through his. "You've got to be a realistic, always... you've got to safeguard your marriage."

He sighed and it was a sigh of double meaning. It was for Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain that things will go on as before? that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind... Be vigilant, always..."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, sliding his arm through his. "You've got to be a realistic, always... you've got to safeguard your marriage."

Pat laughed. "I figured and hoped you would. After all, I've always called you the pessimist of the family."

"I'm not," Shirley replied. "I'm just a realist. That's an important difference. More people in Hollywood were my kind of realists, things might turn out a lot better for some of them. I've done a lot of thinking about it. I've come to see a young couple come to Hollywood. They're happy with each other and all's well. Then the guy makes it... makes it big. There are a lot of people who spend all their time, on his mind and feelings. It's not easy to keep things on an even keel any more."

"When they were struggling, they never knew what was going to happen, but for how long, by the way?"

"Shirley," Pat said. "In Hollywood, the woman was coming from; and they had fun just watering the lawn, or window shopping. Now, when things are big, the people change... and somehow nothing's any more. It's not simple to insure yourself against that. That's why it's best to be a realist before that happens."

"I know what you mean, honey," Pat said, sliding his arm through his. "You've got to be a realistic, always... you've got to safeguard your marriage."

He sighed and it was a sigh of double meaning. It was for Pat, with things the way they are in Hollywood, why are you so certain that things will go on as before? that the only kind of person who could keep a marriage alive, was a simple, human kind... Be vigilant, always..."
Debbie Reynolds: Frustration

(Continued from page 21)

survive on any less. I do some dating on the weekend, when I don't have to work. But I sometimes have to go out with friends, as I went to the Dean Martin testimonial dinner with the Buddy Adlers. It's comfortable to go out with old friends, and then I can leave and go home any time I want.

"Even though my life has no romance, I'm not without love. I have a great deal of love in my life, and the love of my boyfriend. When you have two young children like mine, your house is full of love and there is plenty to do, just picking up after them ...

Then I also have the love of my friends. I have friends I have known for years and years, and I can't say merely that I like them. They are so close to me that I love them.

Millionaires and a gas station attendant

But what about recurrent rumors of new romances for Debbie? New romances are columnists even boldly predicted that she would become the new Mrs. Harry Karl as soon as he was free of Joan Cohn. Debbie laughed over that one.

"I don't even date him now," she said.

"I don't believe in dating someone who is not free of his marriage. When he is divorced, I'll probably go out with him again. Harry is one of the nicest people I know; he's kind and generous and has done a great deal of good for many persons. But there's no question of a romance.

Nor is there any romantic attachment involved in her dates with Bob Neal, she said. "I've known Robert for nine years—almost since I started in the business," she explained. "We have fun on a date and we're excellent friends. That's all." The same goes for Leon Tyler, she added. He is an old buddy and they like to go dancing together. She's not tied up in a picture and he isn't working at his father's gas station. It somehow seemed quite like Debbie to number as her dates two millionaires and an actor who pumps gas in a service station.

I asked her if she shared Kim Novak's complaint about the scarcity of males in Hollywood. She is not one of those persons who thinks that stability is the key to a business community there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and most of the other reasons, Kim prefers the New York life.

"It's true that there might be a more solid group of men to pick from in New York," Debbie admitted, "but having more than one eligible male does not equal stability there; there are men of the advertising world and the stock market. Out here in Hollywood, there are few men, however, and more..."
to worry about all the business matters. It
doesn’t appeal to me and I don’t think I’d
be any good at it.”

Marching to the bigtime
Harman Productions will also produce
Debbie’s TV spectaculars. That’s the latest
development in her march to the big-time.
She signed a million-dollar deal to produce
three specials for ABC in the next three
years. As with the rest of her career,
she is going about it with careful thought.
“I’ve been around TV shows (Eddie’s) so
it’s not entirely new to me,” she said. “I
know that you can’t get any quality unless
you take pains. A lot of stars just throw
together a show, collect the money and get
out.”
“I can’t do that. I was schooled in movies
done by craftsmen like Gene Kelly. Gene
and Fred Astaire have pointed the way
on how to do TV well. They take their time
and rehearse until they get the quality
they’re looking for. I hope I can do the
same. I plan to devote two months to
preparations.”
All this activity makes it sound as if
Debbie is working herself to a frazzle.
She admitted that the pace has been too
great for her. And the untimely deaths of
figures like, Mario Lanza, Errol Flynn
and Wayne Morris haven’t given her pause.

“IT made me stop and think,” she said
seriously. “Maybe this pace we lead has
something to do with stars dying early.
Perhaps it doesn’t show up when you are
young. But in later years the hectic life
may take its toll.”
“I like it here. I hope to be around for
a long, long time. So I’m going to try to
plan my career so I will have long periods
to devoted to private life, to spending
with the children and get away from the
frantic life.”
I asked her if she wasn’t worried about
getting ulcers—girl president of a big
production company.
“Me get ulcers? Never!” she said flatly.
“Nor do I give them. There is nothing in
the world important enough for that.”
But I got some ideas out of the printed
report that she had shut down the set of
The Rat Race because of her arguments
with the young director, Robert
Mitchum.
“I don’t know how that one got started,”
she said. “I’ve never closed a set in my
life; I wouldn’t know how to go about
Doing it or even if I could.”
“Actually, the set was closed by Bill
Perlberg, the producer, because I had a lot
of dramatic work to do. Crying and all
that. Dramatic stuff doesn’t come easily
to me; I’d much rather do comedy. I guess

Bill was trying to make things easier for
me.”
“I don’t argue with directors. I might
discuss things with them, but I always
accept their judgment. Their job is to
make films. I leave a different
opinion of it. I’ll do it my way. If
the scene comes out badly, we’ll do it over.
If it’s good, the picture is helped and I’ll
always do it wrong.”
Try as you can, you can’t find a shred
of neurosis in this girl. Her attitude is so
deceptively normal that it’s catching.
She told of another actress on The Rat Race
why such a critic of something that
happened on the picture. Debbie
stopped her ranting with this logic:
“Three days from now, you will have
forgotten about it. I’m upset about something
And if they push the bomb button, you
won’t have anything to remember, any-
way.”
Who knows? Maybe a level-headed girl
like Debbie Reynolds can confound the
experts and be able to live without the
love of a man.
For a while, at least.

END

Debbie can be seen in THE RAT RACE, AND THE PLEASURE OF HIS COMPANY, both
Paramount, and right now in THE GAZERO, MGM.

Daddy’s Pictures Always Say “I Love You”
(Continued from page 49)
most likely both—over which he can ex-
claim, “Gee, that will make a great pic-
ture!”
People who don’t know us too well can
and frequently do get the wrong idea. It is
ever—often that a visitor finds my
husband in a vertical position. They are
just as apt to encounter Tony on his back,
hands and feet waving like an overturned
beetle, crawling on all fours sneaking up
on some helpless moment, hanging from
the chandeliers or practically climbing up
a wall.
I remember one time a flustered middle-
aged lady who was at the house on business,
and I overheard her whisper to his hus-
band, who had accompanied her:
“Good Lord, I would have thought he
would be more dignified than that.”
It’s not that Tony lacks dignity, or even
that he’s in his second childhood. It’s
simply that he’s exercising, with an ex-
uberance that I’m capable of, the
unmerited paternal privilege of enjoy-
ing the first childhood of his children.
I doubt that there is a mood or gesture
either of our four-year-old daughter, Kelly
Lee—who, by the way, is safe from his
image grabbers—but he’s never captured
on film. He’s taken pictures from every conceivable position, and from
many positions not previously conceived of—
but he’s right on the marks. He’s taught
me weep mirrors to be sure that the subjects were unaware that his camera was eavesdropping.

“Great shot, great shot...”
Wherever Tony and I go, the babies go, and
wherever the babies go, Tony’s cam-
eras go. Kelly Lee, for example, is
safe from his image grabbers—whether
peeking out of their carriages as infants,
walking up from a sound sleep, raiding
the candy jar, or being wheeled by me—as
Kelly Lee’s—on the streets of Paris, New
York, London, and Berlin, with Tony walking
backwards, oblivious of the gaping crowds, and yelling like a crazy American tourist, “Great shot! Great shot!”
Yet in all the thousands upon thousands
of pictures that Tony has taken of the
children I don’t think there’s a single stereo-
typed, anything-like a posed.
Pose is a dirty word to Tony. If
a situation is stilted, artificial or prosaic he
wouldn’t think of contaminating his
film with it.
Tony never takes a picture because it’s
a special occasion, a holiday, a birthday
party or anything like that. He just takes
pictures when it comes on, and believe me,
there’s no such thing as blowing the dust off
the cameras to photograph the children at
six months, one year and eighteen months.
He等着 the moment.
He hates it when I forget myself and
say, “Tony, I think we ought to take some
pictures because grandma and grandpa are
here today, or if I have a similar lapse
and remark, “Gee, this is the first day
the sun’s come out in a long time. Don’t you
think it would be nice to take pictures?”
Tony is absolutely insulted when I make
a suggestion like that. He feels I should
know better, and I do—when I think about
it. Tony despises the idea of taking ordi-
nary pictures, the kind you find in
photographs of Kelly and Jamie. Our little
girls must be doing something he feels
would be worth putting on film even if
they weren’t related to us. Long before
Tony’s return to Spanish and “Schooly” drama, Tony
never would think of taking a rigged
picture.
If he’s shooting Kelly and Jamie, what
he tries to do is let the kids do whatever
they’re going to do anyhow. He shoots very fast.
He may take thirty pictures in just a few
minutes, and he catches wonderful ex-
pressions that are nice to see.
The exclusive pictures accompanying this
story are examples of unforgettable
moments Tony has preserved on film. This
is the very first time he has allowed any
photographs to be published. Tony never
took them with anything like that in mind.
But I feel they’re so wonderful, that look-
ing at them has brought us such pleasure,
that it was nice to share them.
I couldn’t even begin to describe Tony’s
equipment. The only way I can take a pic-
ture is to push down a Browning button.
With Tony, it’s a science—a challenge. He’s
always making sure of the lighting, taking
reel and reel out of the camera and figuring out
composition. He’s always spinning dials
and making settings. He switches like a
juggler from one camera to another, from
a Polaroid—which has given him a
for a fast sixty-second burst of enthusiasm
or groan of disappointment—or the home
movie camera. He’s a real expert with his
camera gear, but shall I tell you some-
thing?
I’m convinced that the real secret
of Tony’s gift for picture taking is that he
photographs with his heart. He doesn’t
take pictures with film alone. He weaves
some kind of magic with his love and en-
thusiasm. There isn’t a picture he’s ever
taken of the children that doesn’t have “I
love you” written all over it. Every snapshot
shot is a valentine from their daddy. Waves
of mutual adoration go back and forth
between them and somehow—not because of
all the intricate gadgets, but in spite of
them—that exquisite affection gets on film.
All Tony’s rejoicing in the children, all
his tenderness for them is transmitted
when Tony clicks the camera.
It simply would be impossible to say that
any set of pictures are the five or ten best
Tony has ever taken. But those published
with this article certainly have those won-
ders—pictures like that of Tony and Jamie
in which she’s got her little terry cloth robe
over her sunsuit. Let’s admit that Kelly is
a ham—which she most assuredly is. Still,
in a hundred years no one could purposely
chew up a picture like that. Of course, while
her daddy insists on spontaneity at all
costs, he is not beyond inducing spont-
aneity. And if there’s one thing Tony
knows, it’s where Kelly’s funnybone is
located. There’s nothing in the world Tony
enjoy more than the laughter of the

68
children, and there seems to be nothing they enjoy more than to have their daddy make them laugh.

When they saw this particular picture, Kelly had been swimming all afternoon and she was awfully tired. But Tony is a big tease and he felt like playing with her. Pretty soon, Kelly was laughing and laughing, and poor Tony was frantically flying off for the cameras. By the time he returned to the scene of the hilarity, Kelly was limp with exhaustion. She didn’t laugh herself dry. But Tony had no intention of letting that moment get away. He aimed his camera, made funny faces and kept threatening he was gonna tickle you! I’m gonna tickle you!

It doesn’t take too much to give Kelly the giggles, anyhow. Pretty soon the giggles developed into rolling laughter. And with Tony goading her on, there was no stopping Kelly. She got to laughing so hard that she had to hold herself. She almost couldn’t use her legs. But the laughter was as good as the nectar from the gods. This was something worth photographing.

Tony’s assistant

There have been times, I must hasten to add, when Tony has been similarly moved by moods of the children, but has been unable to capture them in these moods again. Somehow, in many cases like that, I seem to wind up in the middle. When Tony is after a picture of the children he is impossible to be granted. He’s such a bug for trapping the unexpected that he sees no reason why I shouldn’t be able to freeze spontaneity dead in its tracks until he can get film into the camera.

Jamie or Kelly might suddenly be doing something he’d like to photograph. He’ll turn to me and say that now! Hold that, Janet! Keep her there and don’t let her change that expression!”

It’s nice that Tony should credit me with such occult knowledge and allow me always to let him down, and he never seems quite able to understand my mortal failings.

“Why did you let her move?” he asks, completely crushed. “I told you to keep her that way.”

But if Tony seems a trifle unreasonable at such moments, I never really mind. It is such a small price to pay for the picture that he doesn’t miss, and that he’d never get if he wasn’t just a little bit hysterical about the whole thing.

In another of the accompanying pictures, Tony caught Kelly as she took it into her pixie head to play with the little golf stoll that Tony was using while convalescing from the influenza. And what a really nice picture it is in that picture, which is so daring to both of us, is not merely Kelly in a playful mood, but the serenity, the winsomeness that is so much at her disposal. And he took such sensitive advantage of the luminous light coming in through the windows that he had her emerge pictorially as she is in his heart.

In another moment that I think is perfectly breathtaking, Tony captured that absolutely divine image of Kelly cupping her face in her hands and being a positive riot of coyness. Her coyness was prompted by the fact that she was wearing her frilly baby-doll pajamas for the first time, and was showing her daddy as she came down to say good night.

Weather willing—and it pretty nearly is the year round—I take little Jamie in the water and the baby in the sun. One day I’m not working. She just loves it. She just can’t seem to stop共产主义 and pusses. I’m sure she’ll grow up to be a wonderful swimmer. Usually I don’t even bother to put anything on Jamie when it’s swim-time. One day, when I didn’t realize Tony was home, I decided to show my little birthday-suit-girl how to float on her back. As I started to put her in position, I heard a roar of approval from the sidelines.

“Wonderful!” Tony yelled as he dangled like a spider from a ladder rail and kept taking pictures. “Just beautiful, Janet. Beautiful!”

Considering how the pictures came out, I wouldn’t even say that Tony was carried away with his enthusiasm.

Spontaneity—sometimes induced

Tony’s own zest for living and his sensitivity to beauty are always the determining factors. The shot he took of Kelly going for the movie cameras. I don’t go so far as to say that another masterpiece of its kind was the picture Tony took of Kelly as she was poised to leap off the diving board. How the expression on her face so vividly as her little toes left the board that looking at the picture you practically can hear her counting off, “One—two—three—jump!”

As you might know, Kelly doesn’t always feel like sitting—or standing—still for daddy’s hobby. It is during such spells of reluctance that he is forced to fall back on his induced spontaneity. Once when all other conditions were perfect but Kelly wasn’t in the mood, Tony charmed her into cooperation by giving her a camera and saying, “All right, you take a picture of Daddy.”

Sitting on the floor like a trading post Indian, Tony got this hauntingly lovely study of Kelly with the hall seeming to unrel her behind her.

Most of Tony’s pictures are gems, but as I mentioned before, sometimes even the most masterful master may fail. I remember when Tony was starting to walk. Oh, poor Tony was so anxious to get home movies of that. He was so excited! He went to such trouble to set up all that equipment in the living room. The afternoon light spilling through the curtains was just right. As far as Tony was concerned, he couldn’t ask for more ideal conditions under which to photograph this imperishable moment in Kelly’s development.

Everything was under control—but Kelly. Not that she’s ready to call it quits. The minute Tony trained the home movie camera on her. She walked a blue streak—only out of camera range, out of the light, and out of the shot. I remember when Tony was starting to walk. Oh, poor Tony was so anxious to get home movies of that. He was so excited! He went to such trouble to set up all that equipment in the living room. The afternoon light spilling through the curtains was just right. As far as Tony was concerned, he couldn’t ask for more ideal conditions under which to photograph this imperishable moment in Kelly’s development.

Tony waited and waited and waited, tried and tried and tried. Finally, he was so exasperated that he reached for his handkerchief and dried his eyes. Some time later, the sight of the handkerchief, Tony mopped his furrowed brow intrigued Kelly and she made a beeline for him—right into camera range.

The trouble was that Tony was operating the handkerchief instead of the camera, and he never did get pictures of Kelly’s first step.

Tony, the Picture Taker, is not infallible. I grant. However, considering the pictures he has come up with, and considering that every last one of them is so fresh and natural and spontaneous, I would say that picture that my husband has the smallest margin of error of any picture—taking father in capti

Tony and Janet are seen in Who Was That Lady?, Columbia; Janet stars in The Rat Race, Paramount, Spartacus, Universal-International.
MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in March, your birthstone is the aquamarine and your flower is the jonquil. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

March 1 — Harry Belafonte
David Niven

March 2 — Jennifer Jones
Desi Arnaz

March 8 — Cyd Charisse
Sean McClory

March 16 — Cornell Borchers
Jerry Lewis

March 17 — Michael O'Shea

March 18 — Marjorie Hellen

March 19 — Louis Hayward

March 20 — Wendell Corey

March 22 — Karl Malden

March 23 — Joan Crawford

March 24 — Richard Conte
Gene Nelson

March 26 — Sterling Hayden

March 28 — Frank Lovejoy

March 29 — Dennis O'Keefe

March 31 — Diane Jergens
Shirley Jones
Richard Kiley

Last Photos of Diane Varsi

(Continued from page 40)

in that tiny annex right next door to it. It's got two rooms upstairs. Two rooms down ... Fools lots of curious folks who drive by Sundays to take a look and who think that maybe they'll get to see her and that little son of hers. He turned his head slightly. "She's been divorced twice, you know," he said. "Son's from the first marriage . . . Twenty-two years old and divorced twice. What do you think of that?"

He looked back at the road. "You," he said, "that's it, up ahead, the small place. And it sure fools folks who drive by Sundays to take a look. Most of 'em think she's still got all that California money and lives in the big house."

He stopped the cab, with a jolt, in front of the little place.

"I better wait," he said, as we paid him and got out. "You're liable to be right back in here, you know."

We felt him watching us as we walked to the door and knocked; as—after a few moments—the door opened and Diane stood there looking at us; as she whispered something, surprised, at first; and then as she began to smile a little and said how nice it was to see us and asked us if we wouldn't come inside.

"You stayin'" we heard the cabdriver call out, at that point.

We said we were, for a little while.

"Humph," he said. Then he said, "Well, let's make it a hour-and-a-half, if that's all right with you. Cause you can't phone me when you want me to come. She ain't even got a phone in there!"

Diane today

And, with that, he drove away . . .

Diane closed the front door and led us into the living room of her house. As we walked along with her, we noticed that she looked lovely, suddenly, lovely, more relaxed than we had ever known her to look. She was dressed in slacks, light blue, and a white blouse. Her hair was longer than she had usually worn it, softer-looking, it seemed. Her blue eyes were bright. Her skin was clear, her cheeks rosy, minus the blemishes that had marred them at the time she left Hollywood.

The living room she entered now was a smallish room, no larger than eight-by-twenty; sparsely-furnished—with one couch, one chair, a phonograph, some records, a bookcase—half-filled—, a Picasso print on one of the walls, a pair of neat but ancient-looking curtains on the windows.

We both sat.

And Diane spoke first.

She asked us nothing about why we had come to see her (a subject we ourselves didn't intend to bring up immediately). Instead, she said, very simply: We want to have ever come to visit here before. You're the first company I've had in this house. It feels nice. Very, very nice."

Then, quickly, she began to ask about the few good friends she'd had in Holly-

wood the three years she was there, people we mutually knew.

She asked about Diane Baker, Dick Sargent, Dean Stockwell.

She'd worked with Dean in Compulsion, her last picture. They'd been very close. "Has he done anything, do you know?" she asked. "I remember the last time I talked to him he said how anxious he was to do that."

We told Diane that as far as we knew he hadn't directed anything yet, but that he was doing lots of television. Had she seen him, we asked, in the Ernest Heming-

way story, The Killers, a few months back?

Diane shook her head.

"Like the taxi man told you, I don't own a phone," she said, "and I don't own a TV either."

"Maybe when Shawn is a little older—maybe then Ill get one," she went on. "I mean, he'll want to see things like cartoons, the Disney things. And the way he's so crazy about cowboys— She nodded. "Yes, I think I'll wait til then, when he's older . . . But not before."

We asked about Shawn, how he was.

"Sweet," Diane said. "A good boy." He was the only son of the marriage. He had a nap a little while earlier and he was upstairs getting dressed. "My mother's here for a while, with us, and she's helping. They get along very well. They're very simpatico, my mother and my son. They can spend hour after hour together and enjoy themselves thoroughly. Time passes very quickly for them."

And how was time passing for herself? we asked.

"It passes well," Diane said, smiling a little again. She brought her hands up before her face and stroked her son's cheek—of her son—of her house—that made time pass, she said. Fooling around with her jeep when something went wrong with it—that made time pass. Taking classes at the college a few times a week—mostly in poetry—studying, reading, writing poetry of her own—that made time pass.

We asked Diane if we could read one of her poems, if we might.

"Never," she said, bringing down her hands and clapping them together, laugh-

ingly. "Nobody read Emily Dickinson's poems till she was dead. And nobody's going to read mine—ever." She winked.

"Unless maybe one, someday, maybe, if I feel it's good enough."

She added suddenly.

"Coffee," she said, "I should have asked you earlier. Would you like some? Good and hot and with rich brown sugar?"

"We said we would.

Souvenirs

Diane headed for a door that led to the kitchen, stopped midway and walked over to the phonograph instead. She picked up the few records that lay on the floor, underneath the phonograph, and examined them. "Just so you won't get bored wait-

ing," she said, "I thought about a little music."

We noticed that one of the records was a capriccio by Saints-Saens. One was Bach—toccatas and fugues. One was the Surprise Symphony by Haydn. One was Kurt Weill's Berlin Songs . . . We remem-

bered, silently, that these were the same few records Diane had had when she was back in Hollywood, in her home in Top-

anga. She had ordered, silently, if Diane kept these records, and only these records, as a link to the past, a past she somehow missed. Despite her re-

laxed look. Despite her smiles. Her laugh-

ter . . .

We brought up the subject of returning to Hollywood, finally, a little while later, as we were having our coffee.

We brought it up suddenly, in order to get an immediate and true reaction.

And a reaction we got.

"I know," she said, "I know how the coloring in her cheeks vanished, we saw. The brightness in her eyes dimmed. Her lips pursed momentarily. And then she sighed and, her voice tight-sounding, tense, she said. "I couldn't ever go back. It's not for me. It never was and it never will be. Know that . . . please. Please know that."

She was silent for a moment.
Biography of a Beatnik Boy

(Continued from page 32)

Joannie, then at his son Jim. "Didn't we, Mike, hah?—Didn't we get it?" he asked, squeezing the hand he was holding.

The small boy looked at the others, too, and nodded. "The MGM," Papa Gubritone said, "—the biggest studio in all Hollywood. They gave our baby a test today and before we could leave they said they want him for the Our Gang comedies. He's a movie star, our Mike, our little boy. Everybody, get up from your chair and come kiss him." The others did, obediently. And as they did, Papa Gubritone closed his eyes. "They laughed," he said, "they made faces, they whispered things behind my back, those people in Nutley, New Jersey, when I told them: 'Yes, yes, it's true. I only got seventy-five-dollar to my name, but I sick of this Depression and this WPA and I gonna pack my family in the car and take them to Hollywood, California, and make my Mike a movie star. Because he's got talent, my Mike. You just gotta hear him sing, a kid his age, to know that, how much talent he got!'... They laughed, and whispered. And, Son Rocco, mio, what they would have done when they see us arrive here last month, all dirty and with only thirty-eight-dollar left out of the seventy-five, and having to move into this place, two tiny room and a lousy tiny bathroom, worse than anything even in Nutley, New Jersey,? He opened his eyes, quickly. "Hah? What they would have said?" he asked. The others, all standing now, nodded. "Well," Papa Gubritone went on, "the next things they're all gonna say, I can tell you what those are gonna be. They're gonna say, 'That Gubritone, you remember? Well, boy's kid's still in the movies, better all the time, working all the time, making we don't know how much money by now. Son Rocco, mio, and how we used to laugh at the old man. And just look at him and his kid today!' He looked down at his son. "Mi fei felice, Michele," he said. "You make me very proud and happy, Mike, by what happen today." That's good," the boy said, shrugging.

"Do you know what living out there did to me?" she asked, then. "When I got sick—you don't see it, do you?" the studio said I was just a little tired, nervous, needed a couple of weeks in the hospital? How they didn't say that for five days those two weeks was blacked out, completely blacked out, sick and tired and completely blacked out?" The opposition... Maybe the right word is jealousy, competition—I don't know. But the first word that comes to my mind is opposition. I felt it there. in that town, Hollywood. All the time. All over... I could never take opposition. Even as a little girl, playing a game, children opposing one another. I couldn't take it then, when I was small, I can't take it. Other people can. But not me." She turned away from us, towards the window.

"Here it's different," she said. "There's nothing to fight here. For the first time in my life I'm somewhere where there's nothing to fight. There's only beauty here. Only nature. Things change—they are not stagnant here. Things change, and in their changing there is... peace. The peace of a snowball, the peace of a bird in spring, the peace of the summer sun, of an autumn leaf, that turns color and withers but does not really there's quiet here... but there's life here, too, nonetheless. To me, it's the most real kind of life. It's seeing things grow, and die, and then begin again. There's no destruction here. There's only peace. And quiet. And the most beautiful kind of strength."

Shawn

She rose again, suddenly, at the sound of a noise on the staircase. "And there's him, my son," she said, walking toward him. "I have him all the time here. He's mine here. No maids, no nannys, no baby-sitters sitting by while I am off in the world of make-believe. I have him, all day. And, believe me, I need nobody except my baby." Shawn, a handsome, blond-haired boy—three-and-a-half years old—ran up to the room at this point, and over to Diane. He wore a fancy little cowboy suit. He held a small object in his hand. "What is this?" he asked, holding up the object, "What's this?"

"A Brillo pad," Diane said. "That is called a Brillo pad."

And what's that?" Shawn asked. "A pad—for cleaning—that I use for cleaning the kitchen, and the bathroom."

Diane said. Shawn nodded. "Oh, I see," he said. Then he asked. "And what are you, Mommy?"

Diane looked down at her son for a moment. And then she knelt and took him in her arms and she hugged him, very tight. "I am a person, Shawn," she said. "And more and more and more, as I live, I hope to become a better person..."

A message from Diane

The cabdriver removed the toothpick from his mouth as he drove away from the house.

"Well," he asked, "you get what you came for?"

No, we told him. "Too bad," he said. "Not even any pictures with that camera you lugged?"

Diane was furious, several pictures, yes, a few pictures we got, we said. But they were the last pictures that would ever be taken of Diane Varsi, we added. Because nobody was ever going to come again. We never had come with a message. Now we would return with one. Leave her alone, we would say to the world outside. She is happy. She is content. And what is more important than that?

The old cabdriver shrugged. "Humph," he said, "and why shouldn't she be happy? This is a friendly place we have here in it?"

As he said that, a very light snow began to fall. And we thought of what Diane had said about her snowfalls here, of her bird in spring, of her summer sun, her turning leaves, of the joy these things brought her. the new-found love she felt for them. And we said, 'Yes, it is. A very friendly place you have here'.
"And all of us, the family," Papa Gubitoni said, looking back at the others, "all of us should be very proud of our baby."

"We are," his wife said.

"We are," said Jim in the middle, and then Jim.

"Now," said Papa Gubitoni, walking over to the table, still holding his young son by the hand, "for tonight you sit here, at my place, Mike. And you eat in the place of honor. And as long as you live you will remember this night, and the happiness that you bring to all of us."

He let go of the boy's hand.

The boy stood there, motionless momentarily, confused.

"Go 'head, sit," Papa Gubitoni said.

And as the boy did, finally, Papa Gubitoni picked up the plate in front of him and walked to the stove to serve himself.

**Hard work and pampering**

"I played in the Our Gang series for five years, till I was ten," said Robert Blake (formerly Michael Gubitoni) says today. "I don't remember much about those years except that it was a lot of hard work and that I got a lot of pampering, from my father's home and there were a lot of directors at the studio. But then, when I was ten, the series was dropped, I was released from my contract and the misery began."

The series was sent to a public school for the first time in my life and I found out right away what people on the outside thought of children. They hated me. The teachers figured I had to be snotty, because of my background, and so that's what they were to me. Snotty. The kids—they were even worse; the same kids who used to run to see my pictures on Saturday afternoons. Well, I found out the movies were one thing and real life was another. And now that these kids had me in their midst, in real life, I was like some crippled monster to them. They'd pass jokes and push me around and a couple of times a few of them sneaked up on me and pulled off my pants and threw them out the window. As time went on, things got worse. I got beat up more than once and I guess the only reason I never fought back was that I figured once I started throwing my fists around it was over. Anyway, that was school, the misery there. Then there was the misery at home. My father, he was a big man when I wasn't around. I had the biggest dream about me going places, and now nothing was happening. He was broken, defeated. And always complaining. Twice he got happy again. Once was when I was about twelve and Republic Pictures signed me to play Little Beaver, the Indian boy, in the Red Ryder series. That was a big success. And Pop was happy. While it lasted. Then, when he was signed to play in Black Rose, with Tyrone Power. Pop was real happy this time. His son was off to Europe to make a big-time picture with a world-famous star. This was going to be it. The beginning of the real big stuff. But when Pop's son—when I got back from Europe that week end and went back to school that Monday morning and got beat up by a couple of tough guys and then got a paddling on the behind by the vice-principal who said it was me who started the whole thing, well, I went home and told Pop he didn't care what, but the hell with movies, and I wasn't ever going to make another one again. We had a big fight. I don't want to say too much about it, because it's about my family and I don't want them to be hurt by this. But things came up during the fight like me asking what happened to all the money I'd made all these years and why didn't we seem to have a lot of money left. Except for this new house I'd bought, and I started hearing from my father about some bad investments he'd made with the money—bad investments—bad property—bad land—bad this—bad that—and I decided to talk to the lawyer, and told him I was getting out, leaving, that I didn't want to live in this place anymore. I went upstairs to pack a suitcase. When I came down I heard my parents talking in the other room. My mother was crying and saying, 'He shouldn't break up the family like this.' My father was saying, 'That boy belongs in the house, with us, the mean by wanting to leave? What does that ungrateful boy mean? That ungrateful boy! My sister Joannie was standing there, near the front door, as I came down the stairs. She didn't say anything but I could tell from her expression that she understood why I had to go. I was sick and miserable from everything and I couldn't take it anymore. So I walked out, good at least. So I walked past her and out the door. For a while, I just walked down the street, licking my suitcase. I didn't know where to go. I didn't really have enough money to go anywhere. And then, suddenly, it came to me. There was this couple, parents of this guy I knew who was away in the Marines. I visited them a few times. They had a son. He didn't know if they could take me on. They were pretty drunk too, those few times I'd seen them—I'd even heard they were alcoholics—so I didn't think they'd want to take me on. But they were good people. And they'd been nice to me. I remembered that. And I thought I'd go to them and see what they'd say.

**Cure for the woes**

"Hello there, son," the man, all bleary-eyed, said when he opened the door and saw the stranger. And you remember you. And how've you been? Going someplace with that valise? Wanna stay here? Sure, Sure. Now come in and talk to Mama first. And tell me, how've you been?"

"Wanna stay here?" the woman was asking Bob a few minutes later. "Well, now, I'm not gonna pry into why. Ain't none of my business. But I'm gonna tell you this. If you ever come here again, and want to be with us, we want you to be happy. We don't want you feelin' formal about things or addressin' us Sir and Ma'am, like you been doing. Pop there, he's old-fashioned. And that's the only condition we lay down with you. We want you to feel like part of the family. And if you don't like that, you can git."

(They all laughed.) "You'll stay?" (Bob) "Yeah, I'll stay. Good. Now let me show you where you'll sleep and then let's all keep quiet and watch TV!"

It was a little after eleven that night—when they were sittin' around the parlor, watchin' the News—whenUnc passed Bob the bottle he and Aunt had been drinking from, and a glass.

"Help yourself. It's Four Roses—not that cheap stuff. It'll do you good," he said.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't drink hard—" he started to say. "I drink Unc's Unke, I'm drinkin', his eyes still glued on the screen. 'Why, boy, that what you have in your hands, that is the softest and the gentilest stuff in the whole world. It's warm. Clean. Alcohol doesn't make you feel good, but it makes you feel better. And in time, it makes you feel better. And it makes you feel better. And it makes you feel better. And it doesn't make you feel better. And it makes you feel better."

Bob nodded. "Yes," he said.

"Then help yourself to that stuff. Not too much. But not too little, either. If you want to get a better effect.

Bob looked at the bottle and the glass in his hands. Then he looked over at Aunt..."
and Uncle, sitting there, holding their glasses.

They both seemed very contented.

And so I sat and waited... I found myself pouring a drink... "I went to bed drunk that night," he recalls, "and I was relaxed and happy for the first time I could remember, and glad I'd gone there to stay. I stayed two years, in fact, until about a year after I graduated from high school. Practically every night of the two years I got drunk. Not rowdy. Not out in bars. But home, just me and Aunt and Uncle together, real quietly, slowly, friendly-like, watching our TV till the morning, saying nothing. I never went to bed and forgot everything that had happened in my past and didn't care what happened in my future. Drunk. Happy.

Glad I'd come to stay... The one thing I didn't count on. I'd been getting sick. After high school, I'd taken on some jobs. Construction gangs, lifting crates in a TV factory, stuff like that. Heavy work. Sweat work. Almost like self-punishment work. Well, after a while, between the work and the drink, I got sick. I dropped about twenty pounds, to 115. I had headaches all the time, stomachaches, aches in the neck, the arms, everywhere. ... Then one night Aunt and Uncle had a talk with me. They said they didn't want me to butt into my personal affairs, but that maybe I just needed to get back to acting. We talked a long time, me saying that it was the last thing I wanted to do, ever, and them saying maybe not. I'd been away from it two years I would find it different to go back to, better. While they talked, I began to realize something. That these people had been carrying me along and that now, that I was becoming a broken man to them, that I'd never given them more than a few bucks a week and that maybe it was about time I did something to pay them back. So I said okay. And a few days later I got myself an agent... I'd never had an agent before. Pop had always handled everything for me. But, I signed with this fellow Carlos Alvarado now and I went back to work. There was plenty of work, mostly TV, some movies. And I started making plenty of money. The checks really came flying in and for the first time they were addressed to me and came to me. The money felt good. I paid back Aunt and Uncle every time I owed them. I bought a car, too, an old Ford jalopy, yeah, but the first thing I'd ever actually owned. It felt great sometimes at night to sit back and think, "And that's me.""

Beatnik

But in the morning, mornings I had to go to work, back to the studio, the feeling was different—lousy and sick again, as if getting out of bed and knowing that in a little while I'd be walking through that studio gate was like knowing I'd be walking right into my own coffin. The memories were still with me. My father, with this star I was supposed to be to him. School. The teachers calling me Snotty. The kids laughing, pushing, hitting, hating. The brand of Outcast, my label to the outside world. Me, me myself, running away from home and taking to drink and practically turning into a vegetable. And why? I knew why. That it was because of studios like this one I had to get up and go to. Because of that great industry known as the movies, TV, etc. Because of the big wide world and a horrid life you were supposed to get out of all this and never, except in few rare cases, did... So one morning, waking up, thinking, I decided the hell with it all again, and I stayed in bed. I'd be a vegetable again, I figured. Nobody'll be hurt but me, so what difference did it make. I hung around. I didn't care. I didn't care about anything anymore. I didn't care the day that sergeant with the big fat face, the one who used to roar with laughter every time he saw me and called me Little Beaver—Hollywood's Answer to the United States Army, the day he came and told me I was going to be court-martialed. I just didn't care about anything anymore..."

"I was caught stealing..."

The Chaplain, a big Irishman, a Catholic priest, asked Bob to have a seat.

"I've sent for you, Private," he said, smiling a little, "so that we could have a talk about this court-martial. A private talk."

"There's nothing much to talk about,"

---

**$150 FOR YOU!**

Fill in the form below for a reasonable facsimile thereof as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark:

- Eastern states
- Southern states
- Midwestern states
- Rocky Mountain and Pacific states
- Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this bolt-in because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

---

**Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:**

1. **I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with her
   - I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

2. **I LIKE ROBERT BLAKE:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with him
   - I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

3. **I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with him
   - I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

4. **I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with her
   - I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

5. **I LIKE DIANE BAKER:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with her
   - I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

6. **I LIKE PAMELA LINCOLN:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with her
   - I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

7. **I LIKE DARYL HICKMAN:**
   - 1 more than almost any star a lot
   - 2 fairly well v very little not at all
   - 3 am not very familiar with him
   - I READ: 1 all of their story 2 part 3 none
   - IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely fairly well v very little not at all

---

**73**
Bob said, "I committed a crime, I was caught and now they're going to get me."

"That crime," the Chaplain asked, "what was it?"

"I told you I stole," Bob said.

"And you stole what—a jeep, a truck, an airplane?" the Chaplain asked.

"Aw, come on. You know what I stole," Bob said. "You've read the reports. I stole a can of gasoline."

"And why, Private?" the Chaplain asked. Bob shrugged. "It's not important," he said.

"But it is," the Chaplain said. "If you're convicted of this charge it could mean years, long years, in prison."

"So what?" Bob asked.

"I want you to tell me why," the priest said, raising his voice now, the smile gone from his face. "I want you to stop being a wise guy and tell me why, so that maybe I can help you."

"Well," said Bob, "at night when you and all the other officers are sleeping in your barracks, we guys—"

He looked down.

"You guys what?" asked the Chaplain.

"We guys," Bob said "—we're out in those tents of ours."

"Yes," the Chaplain said, breathing deeply, "yes, I know."

I went on, staring down at his shoes, "the last few nights... it's been murder. Fifty-five below. Fifty-eight below. Four nights ago one of our guys, while he was sleeping, his ears froze and turned black on him. The next morning the medics came and took him away. That afternoon they cut off one of his ears. A big guy. A healthy guy. They took off one of his ears."

"And two nights ago," Bob said, "I woke up. It was in the middle of the night. And I saw this guy who sleeps next to me. He'd been mumbling something about his fingers beginning to turn color and freeze. He was afraid they were going to freeze but good in a few hours and that they'd have to be cut off. And so he was standing there now, trying to make a fire out of two lousy post-cards he'd received from home. He was crying and shivering and afraid, and his hands were so frozen he couldn't even strike the match..."

"Well," Bob said. He paused. "Well, our stove had gone out. We'd used up all the gasoline we had for the night. We... I mean, too, where the gasoline was stored. So I left the tent and went there and stole a can and came back and filled up our stove. It was a little warmer after that. It wasn't as cold as it had been before."


"And you were caught," the Chaplain said.

"This sergeant," Bob said, "in the morning, he followed my footprints from the storhouse to the tent. I was caught, all right."

The Chaplain offered Bob a cigarette now, and took one for himself. For a while neither of them, the priest or the private, spoke.

Food, I thought. "Blake, I'm going to see what I can do for you, see if I can get you out of this mess."

Bob shook his head. "Father, I don't want to sound like that wise guy you were talking about before. But I say we needed think. And I think that if you're doing this for me to be grateful, so that I start coming to Chapel on Sundays or do any of that..."

I just don't want you to go wasting your time then. I'm not the kind of guy who goes to church or anything like that."

"You mean you don't want me bugging you about God?" the Chaplain asked.

"If that's the way you want to put it," Bob said that.

The Chaplain shook his head. "I'm not going to bug you, Blake," he said. "I'm going to try to help you, period, no strings attached. See if you think you did the right thing, because I don't want you to be punished for something you felt you had to do... About God—" he sighed. "God will help you in His own way, in a way and at a time He deems best."

He shook his head again and put out his cigarette.

"I'll try to help you, son," he said, then, "—period, no strings attached. All right... That's all."

I got out of the court-martial, thanks to the priest, Bob remembers. "And after a while my Army hitch was over and I got out of that. And I found myself back in L.A., in Hollywood. And I found that things seemed somehow different about me. My life. I wanted to work, really wanted to work, for the first time. I wanted friends, too, people to like and to like me. It wasn't easy at the beginning. But as time passed, things worked out. I started getting the jobs, good jobs. And I started having the friends. And I was closer to any kind of happiness than I'd ever been before. Like I am now... Sometimes I wonder how it happened. Why it happened. I honestly don't know. But some time I think I'd like to know."

Robert is in THE PURPLE PANT, Allied Artists.

7. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>more than almost any star</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>a lot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>fairly well</td>
<td>1 very little</td>
<td>0 not at all</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 0 very little 0 not at all

10. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>more than almost any star</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>a lot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>fairly well</td>
<td>1 very little</td>
<td>0 not at all</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 0 very little 0 not at all

11. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>more than almost any star</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>a lot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>fairly well</td>
<td>1 very little</td>
<td>0 not at all</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I READ: 1 all of her story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 0 very little 0 not at all

12. I LIKE GENE BARRY:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1</th>
<th>more than almost any star</th>
<th>2</th>
<th>a lot</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>fairly well</td>
<td>1 very little</td>
<td>0 not at all</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

I READ: 1 all of his story 2 part 3 none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: 1 super-completely 2 completely 3 fairly well 0 very little 0 not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(1)</th>
<th>(2)</th>
<th>(3)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

FAUX | NAME | AGE | ADDRESS | CITY | ZONE | STATE | STREET |

74
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see ... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You’ll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingy gentle Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it’s so easy! Takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that’s a beautiful advantage! Try it!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde’s best friend is INSTANT WHIP® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. @1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada
Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

Wedding bells for DEBBIE?

Read it here first!

The library of Congress Serial Record

MAY 7 - 1960

WILL ELVIS COMING HOME! special stories and pictures

modern screen

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS SERIAL RECORD

WEDDING BELLS FOR DEBBIE?

Read it here first!
At last...in sunshine or in starlight...

YOUR POWDER WILL STAY COLOR-TRUE TO YOU!

New Dream Stuff by Woodbury. In any light...with any costume you wear...
this velvety, fragrant powder-plus-foundation stays completely true to your natural coloring.
The secret? An exclusive new ingredient, “Dreamlite”...yours only with Woodbury!

Try long-lasting, lovely new Woodbury Dream Stuff today and see your natural beauty come alive! Five warm and glowing shades...one perfect for you!

WOODBURY DREAM STUFF
Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!

**Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!**
Your all day

veil of

fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne

No cologne prolongs and protects
your daintiness like Cashmere
Bouquet Tale. Never evaporates.
Never dries your skin. Leaves
you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all
over. Make Cashmere Bouquet
...pure, imported Italian Tale...
your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Tale
the fragrance men love

APRIL, 1960

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

Debbie Reynolds 19 Wedding Bells For Debbie And Harry? by Helen Weller
Jo-Ann Campbell 22 The Bad Boy And The Good Girl
Bobby Darin 24 An Unborn Life At Stake
Audrey Hepburn 26 "This Was The Happiest Birthday Of My Life"
Mel Ferrer 29 "This Was The Happiest Birthday Of My Life"
Elizabeth Taylor 28 Introducing Stephen Boyd
Eddie Fisher 28 Introducing Stephen Boyd
Stephen Boyd 30 Perfect Honeymoon
Betty Lou Keim 38 Peace Comes At Last To A Tortured Soul
Walt Disney 38 Peace Comes At Last To A Tortured Soul
Margaret Sullivan 38 Peace Comes At Last To A Tortured Soul

ELVIS PRESLEY

Elvis Presley 41 Welcome Home, Elvis
42 The Memories That Will Never Die by Ed DeBlasio
45 Elvis' Grown-up Way With The Girls by George Christy
45 Elvis' Plans, Projects And Dreams
by Hal Wallis as told to May Mann

Dodie Stevens 46 "I'm Like 13 And It's Like Awful!" by Maxine Arnold
Brigitte Bardot 48 BB's Bébé
Tony Randall 50 The Mad, Mad Romance Of Tony Randall
by Tony Randall as told to Paul Denis

SPECIAL FEATURES

35 Should I Go Steady?
70 Behind The Scenes At Teen Town
75 "Travel And Fashion Contest"

FEATURETTES

Kathy Nolan 54 Said With Flowers
Kevin Corcoran 56 Mr. Stubbs Rescues Toby Tyler
Bob Hope 64 Par For The Course
James Arness 66 Escape From Anzio
Shirley Maclaine 80 Lemonade And Fried Mice

DEPARTMENTS

Louella Parsons 9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 The Inside Story
6 New Movies by Florence Epstein
17 April Birthdays
52 Disk Jockeys' Quiz
81 $150 For You

Cover Photograph by Nat Dallinger from Gilkson Agency
Other Photographers' Credits on Page 57

DAVID MYERS, editor

SAM BLUM, managing editor
SHIRLEY LAIKEN, promotion director
TERRY DAVISON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant
GENE HOYT, research director

MICHAEL LECOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, asst. art editor
CARLOS CLARENS, research
MARIO GUILLIANO, research assistant
SHERLON BUCHANSKY, reader service
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover

FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 54, No. 4, April, 1960. Published Monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Dell Subscription Service, 321 W. 44th St., New York 36 N. Y. Chicago advertising office: 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lille, Executive Vice-President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price $2.00 in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $5.00 one year, $4.00 two years, $3.50 three years. Subscription for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1960 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers assume no responsibility for return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596600.
First permanent that waves from inside out

New PACE gives you the most perfect permanent possible—or money back

Now, for the first time, you can wave your hair as it should be waved—from inside out—for soft, springy end curls... deep, natural-looking crown waves that last.

Only Procter & Gamble's new Pace puts the lotion in the waving papers to put controlled waving power in the heart of the curl. Roll hair up as usual, wet thoroughly with plain water. Pace's waving papers concentrate lotion where it's needed most—in the end curls—while measuring out just the right amount for lovely crown waves.

No stragglers, no strays, no first-week frizz. Pace gives you the most perfect permanent possible—automatically. Money back if you don't agree.

[Icons: Messy liquid lotion is out... Pace's waving lotion is in the exclusive waving papers. Rolled inside, these papers put controlled waving power where it belongs—in the heart of the curl. Wetting with plain water releases Pace's waving power from inside out—for perfect results.]
Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Will you tell me if it is true—as reported—that Eleanor Powell has relented and given custody of their son Peter to Glenn Ford?
A Only for the month that Glenn will be in Paris making THE IMAGE MAKERS. Glenn has visitation rights, however, at other times.

Q I read that Betsy Drake and Cary Grant have been seeing a lot of each other. What does this mean?
A It means they still like each other—and enjoy each other's company on double dates. Cary takes his girl of the moment, Betsy her current beau, and they have a jolly foursome.

Q Rock Hudson hasn't made a movie for over a year. Has he been sick or is he just plain lazy?
A He's sick—and tired of his studio's refusal to loan him out. The Marilyn Monroe picture was just one example. There have been others. However, Rock's starting work this month on a new Western, DAY OF THE GUN.

Q Can you tell me what the mystery malady was that felled Marilyn Monroe during the filming of her latest picture? Is she pregnant again?
A No—he's just allergic to the miracle drugs she took to stifle a cold.

Q I read that after a year Kirk Douglas put Spartacus back before the cameras for added scenes. Is the picture that had?
A Kirk Douglas is making every attempt to see that it is that good. So far he is not completely satisfied with the results.

Q What is the problem that's been bothering Sophie Loren and her husband Carlo Ponti—and I'm not talking of the fact that their marriage can't be recognized in Italy?
A The problem was a handsome top star who kept insisting that he was madly in love with Sophie and she was really in love with him. He's finally stopped insisting—and Sophia and Carlo have laughed the whole thing off.

Q Now that: Ernest Borgnine and Katy Jurado have finally wed—after all their pre-marital fussing and fuming—what chance does Hollywood give this marriage?
A The chance of a lot of post-marital fussing and fuming.

Q Any truth to the rumor that Nick Adams and his bride are planning to split-up as soon as their baby is a decent age?
A What's the story about Pier Angeli being in love with Buddy Bregman, who has been so much in the public eye lately?
A Pier's in love—but not with Buddy nor anyone else who is in the public eye.

Q What is Hope Lange going to do now that her husband Don Murray has been dropped by 20th Century-Fox?
A Hoping will continue at the studio. Don wanted his release since he felt his talents weren't being properly used.

Q Is it true that Anna Kashfi will re-institute legal action in keeping Marlon Brando from their son because he is now running around with a girl with a police record?
A Anna will fight Marlon again if he continues to prevent her from leaving the country with her son. A girl Marlon has been seeing hasn't a police record per se—but was picked up for allegedly possessing marijuana.

Q Why was Debbie Reynolds in New York—and at the same night clubs and plays Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher were, at certain times? Is she trying to irritate her ex-husband with her presence, or is she so anxious to see Eddie again—even from afar?
A Since Debbie has no guarantee of being able to avoid Eddie and Liz in Hollywood—she felt there was no reason to change her own traveling plans because of a vague chance of an embarrassing situation.
Face your world beautifully...even on a moment's notice! Because 'Love-Pat' is complete make-up—not just pressed powder. No other make-up gives you this exact blend of foundation plus powder. There's no fussing with extra base, and Revlon color won't cake, streak or turn orange-y!
cool
clean
fresh
as APRIL SHOWERS!

That's how you'll feel when you change to Tampax—the nice way, the right way for sanitary protection. Tampax never shows, never embarrasses, never reveals itself. Never allows a hint of odor. Satin-smooth applicator makes it so simple to use. Fingers never need to touch it. No wonder millions choose it. Why don't you? Try it this month. Worn internally, it's the modern way!

Tampax® internal sanitary protection: Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA  Yul Brynner  Gina Lollobrigida  George Sanders  Marisa Pavan
John Crawford

- This is a spectacle—if not quite as lavish—in the DeMille tradition. It takes us way back to when Solomon was King of Israel, Sheba was Gina Lollobrigida and orgies took place in the open air.

Before Sheba came to Jerusalem, Solomon (Yul Brynner) was doing light. His jealous older brother, George Sanders, plotted against him, but otherwise the nation was unified. Brynner had asked God for wisdom and got it; he promised to build a beautiful temple and built it; he was a peace-loving man.

The prosperity and unity of Israel worried the Egyptian Pharaoh. Enter Sheba (Gina). Quit worrying, she tells the Pharaoh. Make me a present of a seaport and I'll destroy Solomon. The Pharaoh says okay. Next thing you know Sheba's sinking into Jerusalem to make eyes at Solomon and invite him to midnight suppers. That's allowed.

But when she sets up her pagan statues in the holy city, that's blasphemy.

It takes a while for Yul's loyal following to turn against him, but they can't help themselves.

Just as he can't help himself and permits Gina to hold a 'sacred' orgy practically in his back yard. At that point lightning destroys the temple.

It also destroys Marisa Pavan who'd been praying for Yul there.

Gina, overwhelmed by guilt, confesses all to Brynner who, wise man, suspected her from the start. Now he has even more to worry about. Pharaoh, at George Sanders' suggestion, decides to march on Israel.

There aren't many people left who'll fight by Yul's side.

But these are the days of visions and, one night, Brynner sees the way to destroy the enemy. Gina, meanwhile, sees the way to atone for what she has come to realize were her sins.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS.

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET  Jerry Lewis
Joan Blackman  Earl Holliman  Fred Clark
Lee Patrick

- Jerry Lewis lives way up in another galaxy. He's mad about the earth; studying earth people (from afar) is his hobby. One day he just can't control himself any more and flies down in his disc. He's all dressed up like a Confederate general (no scholar he, he miscalculated the century). He lands on the lawn of a TV commentator (Fred Clark) who is preparing to make an ass of himself by telling the nation that there are no such things as flying saucers. He doesn't believe there is such a thing as Jerry Lewis, either, until Jerry shows him a trick or two. Clark has a pretty daughter (Joan Blackman) who is being courted by madly jealous Earl Holliman. Earl really has nothing to be jealous about because Jerry doesn't even know what it's like to be in love (where he comes from they did away with it). But before Jerry goes back to where he comes from he has a few moments of feeling like an earth man (that's why he wants to go back). Best thing in the movie is a visit to a beatnik saloon where Barbara Lawson dances.—PARAMOUNT.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND  Alan Ladd
Jeanne Crain  Gilbert Roland
Frankie Avalon  Lyle Bettger

- Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. They don't know from nothing but as the trees are beginning to show up in the valley—floods, you see. Jeanne, who owns the biggest ranch in the valley, is maddest of all. No. Wait a minute. Her foreman, Lyle Bettger, is maddest. (He
was born in a town that had a watery death.)
Well, Alan having a legal paper, he sets his lips and starts chopping. Lyle, having a vengeful mind, he sets dynamite on the one road open to the loggers, and then he lights the wick. Alan gets another legal paper giving him access to Jeanne's road. Lyle gets some woodchoppers of his own and has some trees cut to fall on and block Jeanne's road. Meanwhile Alan and Jeanne, who have just fallen in love, start hating each other. If it weren't for likeable Frankie Avalon the problem in this movie could never have resolved.
—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

HOME FROM THE HILL
Robert Mitchum
Eleanor Parker
George Hamilton
George Peppard
Luana Patten

* In a little Southern town Robert Mitchum is big man. He owns everything; he gets anything he wants, except his wife's love. She (Eleanor Parker) turned cold after the honeymoon when she discovered that Mitchum had an illegitimate (and acknowledged) son. Their own son (George Hamilton) has been her exclusive property. But now Mitchum takes over to make a man of him. With the help of George Peppard, Hamilton becomes a first-rate hunter and also gets his first date (with Luana Patten). He loses his 'sheltered child' ideas in a couple of hard blows. When he discovers that Peppard is his half-brother, Hamilton wants him to be treated like a son instead of a hired hand and to share the family fortune. Mitchum won't hedge—so Hamilton leaves home, only to come back when his mother has a 'heart attack.' His parents' problems are so disturbing to him that Hamilton can't handle any of his own. He isn't even told when his girl (Luana) discovers she's pregnant. Never mind, the ever-faithful Peppard is there to make up for the family's mistakes. This film has the elements of soap opera but it rises above them.
—CINEMASCOPe, MGM.

THE GALLANT HOURS
James Cagney
Denise更名为
Word Costello
Richard Jaeckel
Vaughn Taylor

tribute to an admiral

* War movies usually can't help mixing glamour with gore, giving the stay-at-homes a very distorted picture. This movie's different. It's a kind of dramatized documentary (much of it narrated by Robert Montgomery); it has the solid truth behind it. Based on only a few weeks of Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career it's a tribute to him and also a stirring account of war from the 'top.' Halsey (beautifully played by James Cagney) took over command of the South Pacific area on a day in 1942 and proceeded to save Guadalcanal from the hands of the Japanese. Weighed down by responsibility, Cagney as the Admiral is always decisive, daring—and usually right. That's why his staff (among them Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson) revere him. He and the Japanese admiral (who planned the attack on Pearl Harbor) are the very closest thing to each other moves like crafty poker players, always aware of the incredibly high stakes. When Cagney takes over, the Japanese are already planning to accept our surrender terms. Our side obviously lacks the men, the arms, the morale to hang on to Guadalcanal. Cagney's coming changes everything because he is a leader in the real sense of the word. What makes a leader? Nothing phonsy or arrogant. Mostly brains, experience, inextinguishable energy and the courage to stick out one's neck. Go see this one!
—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE RISE AND FALL OF LEGS DIAMOND
when crime paid...

* They used to say that if you had enough ambition you could get anywhere. Legs Diamond wanted to get to the top of the underworld (he had a sick brother, Warren Oates, who needed medicine).

This was in the 1920's and 30's when there was a lot of room for expansion. As Legs Diamond (he was a good dancer) Ray Danton gives an electric performance. Ray starts out as a very clever, even amusing thief. To meet reigning czar Arnold Rothstein (Robert Lowery) Legs flies down to Miami, buys $5,000 worth of personal apparel and charges it to Rothstein. Rothstein appreciates his nerve, hires him as a 'collector' (Rothstein sells 'protection') and ultimately makes him a rich man. When Legs is rich enough he jilts Rothstein's girl (Elaine Stewart) and arranges to have Rothstein murdered. Then Legs becomes czar. Of course it isn't that easy. There are all these famous racketeers he has to convince, and all the racketeers have bodyguards (from Chicago). But there isn't a better man with a gun than Legs; he shoots two guns at a time, sometimes hitting three men. The only one who loves him is his wife (Karen Steele) and he married her to keep her from testifying against him. This movie really zips along. It's fast, violent, gruesomely comical. You certainly won't be bored.
—WARNERS.
(Continued on page 8)
HELL BENT FOR LEATHER
Audie Murphy
Jan Merlin
Felicia Farr
Stephen McNally
Robert Middleton

- All Audie Murphy has to do is walk into town and everybody panics. It’s embarrassing because he’s just a nice fellow passing through. Trouble is he’s carrying a rifle that belongs to an escaped murderer (Jan Merlin). Merlin attacked him on the trail and stole his horse. The town’s sheriff, Stephen McNally, is crazy to capture this murderer and he figures that Audie will make just as convincing a corpse to the townspeople. Getting away from McNally isn’t easy. Luckily, Audie runs into Felicia Farr who knows how to climb mountains. She takes him straight up a cliff (with the sheriff and posse hot on their heels) and down the other side. Felicia believes in Audie’s innocence but Audie has an urge to clear his name. Off he and Felicia head for the town of Paradise where the killer is. The sheriff and posse are still hot on their heels and by this time the sheriff is nearly out of his mind. He’ll kill anybody. In Paradise Audie finds the real murderer who heads for the hills. Audie heads after him. Guess who heads after Audie? Now that everybody’s caught up with each other, justice can triumph.—Universal International.

SWAN LAKE
Russian ballet
Maya Plisetskaya
Nicolai Fadeychev
Bolshoi Theater Ballet

- In 1958 we and the Russians agreed to exchange motion pictures so that we’d all understand each other. That may be why the camera is always moving from the stage of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow to the audience. If it had stayed on the stage (or even backstage) Swan Lake would have been a much better picture. As it is, the dancing of Maya Plisetskaya is wonderful to behold, and the rest of the ballet company are no slouches, either. The dancing is great although it might have been shown to better advantage.—Eastman Color, Columbia.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:
WHO WAS THAT LADY? (Columbia): Janet Leigh is off to Reno when she sees her college-professor husband Tony Curtis kissing another girl. Dean Martin—a TV writer and Tony’s friend—convinces Janet that her husband is really an undercover FBI agent, and that the kiss was in the line of duty. Chorus girls Barbara Nichols, Jol Lansing, real FBI agent James Whitmore, real foreign agents, and some CBS props thicken the plot until Janet tells a cruising TV news-unit truck (and the world!) about her husband’s bravery!

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER (Columbia): Katharine Hepburn is a wealthy elegant recluse, who grieves constantly over the memory of her son Sebastian who died suddenly, last summer in Italy. With him when he died was her niece Elizabeth Taylor, now in a sanitarium, apparently insane. Miss Hepburn asks young psychiatrist Montgomery Clift to perform a crucial operation on Elizabeth, promises to build Clift and his superior Albert Dekker a new hospital. Clift’s problem is to make sure that Bolshoi is hopeless enough to need the operation. It gets easier to separate the same from the insane as this strange story unfolds to its chilling end.

NEVER SO FEW (MGM): Captain Frank Sinatra is stationed in the Burmese Hills with a small group of Allied soldiers. What they do mainly is kill Japanese soldiers who raid camp at night. Sinatra’s daring provokes an international incident; he faces hanging. At other times he faces Gina Lolobrigida (rich Paul Henreid’s lovely and permanent houseguest). It all moves fast and has an exciting climax.
MODERN SCREEN’S 8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD’S GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:
Harry Karl’s long wait for Debbie
Marilyn today
A new Crosby marriage

At MGM’s party in honor of top feminine singer Connie Francis: (left to right) Barbara Rush, Louella, Connie, Jimmy Boyd, Diane McBain, Jimmy McHugh.
Harry Karl Will Have To Be Patient

Millionaire Harry Karl is very much in love with Debbie Reynolds—there's no doubt in anyone's mind about that. And he's going to do everything in his power to get her to marry him. (See full-length story on page 20.)

Harry's Christmas gift to Debbie was an emerald necklace, emerald earrings and a matching bracelet and ring—the cost of these trinkets being $40,000!

Not long ago, the Karl Shoes tycoon purchased a $200,000 home in the exclusive Trousdale Estates district (where Dinah Shore lives) and Harry admits to his pals that he hopes it will be a honeymoon home for himself and Debbie.

But I don't know. I don't know . . .

Harry is a handsome and personable man in those interesting (for a man) middle years—and he's rich, which never hurt any suitor. It's happened before and it will happen again that a young woman, hurt by an unhappy first young love, turns to an older, more mature man, and finds happiness in a second marriage.

And, if there had not been an unusual factor in Debbie's life, the same thing might have happened here.

But that unusual factor did happen—I mean the extraordinary zooming of her career. When she was married to Eddie Fisher she was doing well. But she was not the sensation she has become since the Debbie-Eddie-Liz Taylor triangle hit headlines.

Few women in the world ever hit such world-wide headline publicity as Debbie did in this marital rift. Rightly or wrongly she received almost hysterical sympathy. Witness her trip to Spain during the filming of It Started with a Kiss which was covered by national 'news' magazines because of the adulation the Spaniards heaped on her—even to carrying Debbie on their shoulders through the streets.

She is a very talented young comedienne, singer, and performer, and I'm not saying that her unhappiness is the sole reason for the rise of her career.

But rise it has—to astounding proportions, including a million-dollar contract for four TV shows! She is one of the most 'in demand' stars for pictures (she has done four in a row) and during 1959, for the first time, she made the elite circle of the ten stars who have brought in the most money at the box offices.

Debbie's career has become Big Business. As she told me, 'I never dreamed that I ever would be making this much money.' Next to her two healthy, happy children, her work is the greatest thing in Debbie's life—and I believe it will be for the next several years.

This is why I believe that Harry Karl will have to be a very patient man. I'm not saying he won't win the girl of his heart. But I don't think it will be any time soon.

Lindsay's Doing It Too

Well, my pet among the Crosby boys, Lindsay, is going to follow in the footsteps of his twin brothers and marry a former Las Vegas show-girl beauty, Barbara Fredrickson. And I mean she's a beauty.

Ran into Linny and Barbara at the reception honoring Johnny Mathis after Johnny's opening at the Cocoanut Grove—and a brilliant opening it was! Everyone was there—but I'll tell you more about that later.

After Linny introduced me to Barbara, he leaned over and whispered in my ear, "We are going to be married. Haven't set the date yet—but I wanted you to know first." He told me that until they marry, Barbara will continue her present career as a dress and photographic model. Papa Bing thoroughly approves of Linny's choice.

"Dad gave me a wonderful birthday party," Linny said. "We're all the best of friends again—and I know you'll be happy to hear that."

That Egan Girl

At last—a girl in the Egan family—and no one in the world could have been happier than Richard Egan was when he called me to report that his beautiful wife Patricia had given birth to a daughter (5 pounds, 4 ounces) at St. John's Hospital.

"My parents and my brother (Father Willis Egan) are so happy to have a girl in the family," Dick enthused. "Like the Crosbys, we've been mostly a family of males."

Because the new arrival was a bit underweight, having arrived a month early, she was put in an incubator.

"But she's beautiful," said the proud father, "the most beautiful girl I ever saw—except her mother."
More Room at the Top for Laurence Harvey

Frank Sinatra, who cavorts only with his handpicked 'clan' (The Peter Lawfords, the Dean Martins, Shirley MacLaine, his songwriters and a few other annointed) put the seal of social approval on Laurence Harvey by attending Minna Wallis' invitational preview and party for Larry's new movie, Espresso Bongo.

Frankie couldn't make it to the preview, but he showed up early and stayed late at the supper-and-dancing party that followed at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Frank was flanked by Jimmy Van Heusen and Shirley MacLaine, who was all dolled up in a red dress.

I've always said that movie stars are bigger fans than—fans. And they certainly demonstrated it the way the 'names' turned out for the good-looking Harvey, who has become an 'actor's actor' since Room At the Top.

There had been some gossip that Larry and John Wayne did a bit of feuding during the making of The Alamo, but there was no evidence of it this evening. John and Pilar were the first to arrive at the 20th projection room for the preview and later, Larry spent most of the evening with Duke and his wife at their table. Pilar dazzled everyone in the most gorgeous cost of the season, full-length sable.

Janet Leigh and Mrs. Kirk Douglas came 'stag,' saying their husbands were working on Spartacus. Janet wore a stunning black cocktail dress with absolutely no jewelry.

On the other hand Roz Russell was ablaze with rubies, topped by a ruby-red turban, and as always Roz had a ball. The dance she put on with George Burns had the ringsiders holding their sides—so funny all the other dancers got off the floor to applaud Roz and George.

The good-looking French singer Yves Montand with his wife Simone Signoret (the other half of Room at the Top) was receiving congratulations on that day being awarded the role of Marilyn Monroe's co-star in Let's Make Love. By the way, Simone Signoret is never very far away from her attractive young husband!

Zsa Zsa Gabor was the height of luxury in a gold brocade suit and sporting a new beau, wealthy Sid Barton of New York.

Cliff Robertson devoted himself exclusively to Nancy Sinatra. (She and Frank are very friendly when they meet socially.) And among others who had a good time were the Peter Ustinovs, Barbara Rush (so pretty in red satin) and the Milton Berles.
The Cash Kings—and Queens

Once again Rock Hudson is back in No. 1 spot as the star who lured the most paying customers to the box office during 1958. Rock had been on top in '57, slipped to No. 5 spot during 1958, then boomed back in '59 on the strength of This Earth Is Mine and Pillow Talk. Only five other actors in the 20-year-old history of the Motion Picture Herald's poll of the nation's exhibitors, have bounded back to number one position after slipping. They are John Wayne, Bing Crosby, Mickey Rooney, Shirley Temple and Marle Dressler. Nice going, Rock.

Now to get back to the others who rated as box-office bonanzas during '59. After Rock came: Cary Grant, James Stewart, Doris Day, Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford, Frank Sinatra, John Wayne, Jerry Lewis, Susan Hayward.

It's the first time Debbie Reynolds has made the sacred-money circle and the second year in a row Doris Day has led the women.

Again—and stars dominate as the top movie draws—seven against three.

Jerry Lewis is the only out-and-out comedian to make it—although the films of Debbie and Glenn Ford were "light".

Only confirmed Western star is John Wayne. The entire industry considers this poll very important as it reveals—in a cash-on-the-line way—what the public wants.

Visit from Marilyn

Of all times to be told that Marilyn Monroe has dropped in unexpectedly to say "Hello" and is downstairs—is just after a gal has shampooed her hair and her head is dripping wet! Yes, that's what happened to me. This visit of MM's couldn't have been more surprising, as it was on the same day she gave a party to introduce Yves Montand and her other co-star of Let's Fall in Love, Frankie Vaughan, at the 20th Century-Fox studio. I was unable to attend the party—and believe me, no visitor could have surprised me more than the hostess dropping in the day of her party.

Emily Post doesn't exactly cover this situation socially, so I just asked Marilyn to come up to my bedroom while my hair was pinned up to dry, and I finished dressing for a dinner engagement.

I hadn't seen Marilyn for quite awhile—and I had been told she has put on weight. But she looked very pretty in a beige cocktail dress she had worn to the party and quite slender, I thought. Marilyn admitted she had lost some weight, "as usual" before starting a picture.

"You couldn't come to the party," laughed Marilyn, "so I came to you. You are one of the first friends I ever had in Hollywood."

Marilyn seemed unusually happy and excited about starting a picture although she much prefers the original title of The Billionaire to the switch to Let's Fall in Love.

I asked her how she liked having two new co-stars, Yves and Frankie, the latter the singing idol of the British teenagers.

"Oh, Yves is an old friend," she explained. "He was in Arthur's (Arthur Miller, her husband) play, The Citadel, in Paris. It was just a question of his learning English quickly, which wasn't hard for him. Yves speaks several languages fluently—and it was not hard for him to pick up English." As for Frankie Vaughan, Marilyn thinks he will be every bit as popular with the American fans as he is with the English after her picture is released.

Let's Fall in Love has been a long time getting started following a series of delays. "But we get going next Monday," said Marilyn, "and I'm looking forward to it."

So what happens? On Monday our girl came down with the flu and the picture had to start without the star! All I can say is—I hope she didn't get the flu from my wet head!

Peter Palmer—the genial giant ex-football star of the University of Illinois, who makes his screen debut as a full-fledged star in the title role Li'l Abner. Starting at the top is nothing new for Peter. His first appearance on the stage was as the star of Li'l Abner on Broadway. And when the show played Las Vegas for twelve weeks, Peter's name was up in electric lights in the gambling mecca.

Having started as a star—he's beginning to wonder where he goes from here?

"I owe my good start to a fluke," Pete tells you honestly. "When producers Norman Panam and Melvin Frank were getting ready to cast their Broadway version of Al Capp's cartoon, they happened to be looking at some TV shows hoping to get some new talent. They happened to turn the dial to Ed Sullivan's show just as I was doing my bit as one of the Army talent contest winners singing Granada. Later, they told me they made up their minds then and there that I was their 'Li'l Abner.'"

However, it took Panam and Frank two weeks to locate Pete and make the necessary arrangements with the Army to fly him to New York for an audition.

"I had done a lot of singing at the University of Illinois and during my Army stint—but 'Abner' was my first professional engagement," Pete says.

Of the two mediums—the stage and the movies, he prefers motion pictures. He felt not a whit nervous before the cameras, because he had played the part so long on Broadway it was second nature to him.

Although his home town is Milwaukee, Pete attended the "U" of Illinois and played right tackle on the football team from '50 to '54. When he started singing the school wits dubbed him "Brawn 'n' Brahms." Now he hopes it will be "Pete 'n' Pictures."
Johnny Mathis' Debut

Everybody but everybody turned out for the Johnny Mathis debut at the Cocoanut Grove. I take a great deal of pride in the success of this young singer who is such a rage. Two years ago, I attended Johnny's first opening night in Hollywood—at the Crescendo. He came over to the table and told me how grateful he was that I had come. Later, I predicted great things for him in my newspaper column. He has always said it was one of the things that helped put him over in a big way.

If you ask me—he can take a bow on that because of his voice and the fine way he has conducted himself.

One look around the Cocoanut Grove—and it was obvious that Johnny has arrived. I saw:

- **Zsa Zsa Gabor** in a brilliant red dress and pink shoes—"the latest color combination from Paris, dolling."
- **Shirley MacLaine** was in the big party hosted by **Barbara Rush** and Warren Cowan that also included the **Edward G. Robinsons**, Jimmy McHugh and myself.

But even more of an eyeful was **Tuesday Weld** dressed to the teeth and a model of sartorial splendor in a formal gown. Even Tuesday's hair was carefully groomed! And, I assume she was wearing shoes—she was so dignified posing for the photographers as they snapped picture after picture. Little wonder. This was a brand-new Tuesday.

Also spotted **Norma Shearer** (as beautiful today as she was when she was a top MGM star) with her husband Marty Arrouge and her daughter Katherine; and another old and good friend of mine, **Frances Langford**, and her millionaire husband, Ralph Evinrude.

Do you wonder that Johnny Mathis sang his heart out to such a brilliant audience?
The big question for busy John Smith and fiancée, former child-star Luana Patten, is: "When are we going to have the time to get married?"

Love 'n' Marriage

It's been a big month for Cupid. When I received an invitation to Julie London's new home for a New Year's Eve party—who could have suspected this was a cover-up for her wedding to Bobby Troup. Unfortunately, I had to regret because I was going to be out of town. And poor Julie's big surprise backfired in a way she had least expected. The day before New Year's Eve, she came down with the flu and a temperature of 103. It was too late to cancel the party and Julie was just barely able to make it down stairs, say "I do" to her long time suitor, Bobby, and then return to her bed achin' and groaning. . . .

Same day, South of the Border, strong-willed Katy Jurado and the "man I love with a passion," Ernie Borgnine, were married in her home town Cuernavaca, Mexico, in a civil ceremony. There are many people who had doubted this romance would end in matrimony as there was a long drawn out hassle between the sweethearts over where they should live. Ernie was holding out for Hollywood because of his work and Katy was just as adamant for Mexico. The lady won the first round. . . .

Even the youngsters have been having pre-marriage problems. When former child star Luana Patten and John Smith lunched with me to tell me about their matrimonial plans—the first thing you know they were in an argument about Luana accepting a new film. "When are we going to have time to get married?" protested John—and he wasn't kidding. "Well, you just signed up for more Laramie TV chapters," countered Luana. "Maybe we can find a convenient week end," said John a bit sarcastically. I stepped in as peacemaker by suggesting we go on with our luncheon—and like most men, he began feeling better after a good meal. But seriously, these two attractive young people are much in love and I'm sure they will be happy.

Fabian, Pat and Bing

Fabian's nose isn't at all out of joint because his co-star in High Time, Bing Crosby, proclaimed Pat Boone as the best of the young singers.

"Mr. Crosby sings well enough for both of us," said Fabian.

Touché.—oh, Bing?

Steve's Choice

Stephen (Ben Hur) Boyd can't seem to make up his mind between two fair charmers: Anna Kashfi or British actress Elizabeth Mills.

Bet Marlon Brando could help him decide.
Dorothy Provine came to Connie Francis' party with steady-date Buddy Bregman, Ann Maria's 'ex.'

**Cocktails for Connie**

If you've ever wanted to mingle with today's (and tomorrow's) stars you should have been with me at the cocktail party given for top feminine singer Connie Francis by MGM Records at The Cloister in Hollywood.

From the moment I walked in, Fabian parked himself by me and never left my side. He's a happy boy because Bing Crosby with whom he is working in High Time has been so kind and patient with him. He is so very young, this boy. He was just seventeen February 6th.

That gay young man around town and pal of the Crosby boys, Jimmy Boyd, joined our group, escorting pretty Diane McBain who makes her debut in Ice Palace. I was surprised to see Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes' girl, Asa Maynor, with Michael Callan, young actor at Columbia. I don't believe Asa and 'Kookie' are seeing much of each other these days.

Troy Donahue, the boy Warners is building to stardom since A Summer Place, introduced me to Nan Morris, who was dressed in a severe tailored suit with her hair slicked back. "She is my best girl," said Troy, "I don't like to date actresses because they never pay any attention to anyone else's career but their own."

Dorothy Provine (the girl who gets a good role in High Heels at Warners and who is as blonde as Anna Maria Alberghetti is brunette) was with Buddy Bregman, Anna's ex-fiance. At this writing, Dorothy is steady-dating young composer-arranger Bregman.

Molly Bee, much thinner and looking very chic in a white suit, told me she had spent the Christmas holidays in the hospital. She introduced me to her escort, young attorney Dan Busby. Alan Ladd's pretty daughter Alana turned her smiles on Chris Seitz, son of director George Seitz.

Judi Meredith, once a good friend of Frank Sinatra, looked like a young caricature of Garbo wearing a slouch hat and wearing the proverbial trench-type coat.

Popular young-man-about-town Jimmy Boyd was very attentive to Diane McBain.

Look-alikes: Judi Meredith (with Jim Mitchum) and Garbo.

Asa Maynor was really having a ball dancing with Mickey Callan.
Many requests have come in for stories about David Niven.

The fans can hardly wait to see David Janssen in a movie.

Contrary to popular opinion, tempestuous Ava Gardner does not hate her fans; she's just a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person.

Well, I've been beating the drums for David for months...

I'd like to write to Ava Gardner who has been my favorite for years. But from what I read I guess she hates fans almost as much as she hates the press, says Bonita Garzio, San Diego. I don't think Ava hates her fans. Bonita. She is a lonely and sometimes mixed-up person—but you sound very sincere. Why not try your luck and send her a letter to the MGM studio in Rome? No one of us is so bitter we hate a gesture of friendship and admiration...

Is Modern Screen big enough to take some criticism? asks Mrs. Theo. Bissel, Kansas City, Too much Debbie. Too much Liz and Eddie. Too much Fabian. Ricky, Tuesday, Sandra. Not enough Rock Hudson (he just won the exhibitors' vote as the actor who had brought the most money into the box office during 1959). Not enough Doris Day (the top money earning woman)—and certainly not enough David Niven, who won last year's Oscar. Just what audience is Modern Screen catering to? Well, don't say we didn't print your quite intelligent plaint, Mrs. B...

That's all for now. See you next month.

Letter Box

I agree with E. Cusin, (is this your right name?) Chula Vista, Calif., that she had a most unusual experience with Tab Hunter! My friends and I were at the Del Mar Horse Show and spotted Tab. We followed him to the stable where he kept his horse and watched him as he started rubbing the horse down. I asked him for an autograph and he said 'Write my studio.' Well, I was shocked—but not nearly as shocked as I was a moment later. Someone connected with the stable came up and asked me if I would like to walk the horse around and cool it off. Said he would pay me to do the job! So I didn't get the autograph but I got a few of Tab's dollars for walking his nag! Your letter gave me a real laugh—you seem to have a line sense of humor...

Beatrice Johnson, West Toledo, Ohio, probably the most active fan of the James Dean Memorial Clubs, writes: It only all of Jimmy's fans could have seen the flowers that bedecked his grave in Park Cemetery, Fairmont, Ind., on September 30th, anniversary of his death! But it is still shocking that nothing has been discovered about who stole the bronze James Dean head that marked the grave—a terrible thing and not done by a James Dean fan, I'm sure.

I live in Bennington, Vermont, and the other day I ran into Diane Varsi in a market, writes Penny La Plante. I went up to her and asked her for her autograph and told her how much I wish she would come back to the screen. She thanked me politely but refused to give her autograph. Her exact words were: "It isn't worth anything..."

James McMasters, Detroit, has an interesting point: It would be wise if Hollywood clamped down on all the publicity about million dollar salaries such as Liz Taylor will receive for Cleopatra and Debbie Reynolds for four TV shows. Also all we read about Bill Holden and John Wayne, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and Cary Grant is about how rich they are. Are these people artists or—financiers? If this keeps up we'll be reading about them all in the Wall Street Journal. Yes, you guessed it—my salary is $78.50 weekly..."

David Janssen coming up fast in the fan mail! David Bruce, Dallas; Nancy Bryant, Richland, Mich.; Eleanor Damiano, Ridgefield Park, N. J., all write to say they can hardly wait to see Richard Diamond in an important screen role. Eleanor opines that David would be wonderful opposite Elizabeth Taylor, Doris Day or Debbie Reynolds.

A fan had the most unusual experience at the horse show with Tab and his horse.

Would that all Jimmy Dean's fans could have seen his grave.

LETTER

16
APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is the diamond and your flower is the sweet pea. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

April 1—Debbie Reynolds
April 2—Alec Guinness
        Jack Webb
April 3—Doris Day
        Jan Sterling
        Marlon Brando
April 5—Bette Davis
        Gale Storm
        Gregory Peck
        Spencer Tracy
April 8—Ward Bond
April 9—Virginia Gibson
        Brandon DeWilde
April 13—Mari Blanchard
April 14—Anthony Perkins
        Rod Steiger
April 15—Elizabeth Montgomery
April 16—Barry Nelson
April 17—William Holden
April 18—Barbara Hale
April 19—Jayne Mansfield
        Hugh O’Brian
April 20—Nina Foch
April 22—Eddie Albert
April 24—Shirley Maclaine
April 29—Celeste Holm
        Jeanmaire
        Richard Carlson
        Tom Ewell
        Tom Noonan

January 1—Marlon Brando

hard-worked hands

heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY®

with silicones

Kitchen tests prove it...with women just like you! Hard-worked hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay. What happened to these hands can happen to you. And new Trushay helps protect your hands against detergents and through every single chore you do.

TRUSHAY...the heavy-duty lotion for hard-worked hands
AT ACADEMY AWARD TIME...

Lustre-Creme Shampoo salutes these beautiful stars who have made this the greatest movie season ever!

SANDRA DEE, co-starring in “Imitation of Life”
A Universal-International Picture

LANA TURNER, starring in “Imitation of Life”
A Universal-International Picture

SUSAN KENNEN, co-starring in “Imitation of Life”
A Universal-International Picture

BARBARA RUSH, co-starring in “The Young Philosophers”
A Warner Bros. Picture

MILLIE PERKINS, starring in “The Diary of Anne Frank”
A Universal-International Picture

MARSHA HERSHEY, co-starring in “The Big Fisherman”
A Rowland V. Lee Production

SIMONE SIGNORET, starring in “Room at the Top”
Released through Continental Distributing, Inc.

DORIS DAY, starring in “Pillow Talk”
An Arline Production
A Universal-International Picture

AUDREY HEPBURN, starring in “The Nun’s Story”
A Warner Bros. Picture

SHIRLEY MACLAINE, co-starring in “Career”
A Hal Wallis Production
A Paramount Picture

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, starring in Horizon-American Pictures’ “Suddenly Last Summer”
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release

JOANNE WOODWARD, starring in “The Sound and the Fury”
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

LEE REMICK, co-starring in “Anatomy of a Murder”
Carlyle Productions
A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release

VERA MILES, co-starring in “The FBI Story”
A Warner Bros. Picture

DEBORAH KERR, starring in Jerry Wald’s Production “Beloved Infidel”
Released by 20th Century Fox

HAYA HARARET, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Ben-Hur”

Watch the Academy Awards Show on TV April 4 and see which star wins the most honored award in the motion picture industry.

Glamorous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-manage, makes any hair style easy to set. Try Hollywood’s favorite shampoo, New Lustre-Creme —now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

For the most beautiful hair in the world
4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo!
Wedding Bells
for
Debbie and Harry?

Turn page for insider's report on what may be the most important romantic news of the year
Has Debbie come to the 2nd of

Have the expensive gifts of

• When Hollywood learned that Liz and Eddie were going to be present at the elegant New Year’s party hosted by Frank Sinatra at Romanoff’s, whispers flew all over town: “What do you suppose Debbie will do? Did you know she and Harry Karl planned to be there? But I don’t suppose they’ll come now.”

Many gasped with surprise when Debbie and Karl showed up. Theirs was no quiet, subdued entrance. Debbie was gowned in clinging white satin that made her look almost like a bride. Around her throat sparkled an (Continued on page 60)
dangerous crossroad of her life? A millionaire turned her head?
The love story of
Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell

“'I'm Bobby Darin. Sometimes I'm glad of it. Sometimes I'm not, because I'm my own worst enemy. Girls, for example. For a while it must have looked as if I was out to hurt any girl who came near me. It kept happening the same way. I'd meet a girl, and I wouldn't deliberately lead her on . . . not exactly. I'd just be nice and unconcerned, and I suppose the ones who liked me got fond of me. Then when they began to get serious, I'd hurt them. I'd lay it right on the line. I'd tell them I was going with them just for kicks, that that was the only kind of girl I liked to date. . . . (Continued on page 78)
There was a three-quarter moon that night. Audrey remembered it very well, because for hours she had sat by the broad window of the living room in their Pacific Palisades home, staring out into the night, noting to herself the bluish reflection the moon made on the swimming pool.

She hadn’t been able to sleep that night. Ever since she had become pregnant she hadn’t always been able to sleep well, sometimes out of excitement, sometimes because she would suddenly feel hungry and just had to have something to eat that very instant. At those moments, Mel, with that instinctive bond, would begin to stir, hold out his hand to take hers and mumble, “Darling, what is it?” Then he’d be awake and they would whisper and laugh together softly, always talking about the coming baby. Or Audrey would make a funny face and say, “I guess I shouldn’t, but isn’t there some leftover lasagne in the refrigerator...?” And Mel would pretend to be stern. “I should say not,” darling, can’t you have a sensible? Even ice cream better than the stuff different. Surprising-stirred when she slip-almost as though she moment to think things she (Continued on page 76)
I want you to share this day
THIS WAS THE HAPPIEST
with me because

BIRTHDAY OF MY LIFE

Liz and Eddie, late for the party, rushed from their room and down the hallway. As they did, Eddie adjusted the zipper on the back of Liz' gown. And as he did, he asked The Husband's traditional last-minute questions: "Got your bag?"
Liz nodded. "Yes, dear."
"Gloves?"
"Uh-huh."
"Kiss the children good-night?"
"Yes," Liz said.
They were at the end of the hallway, near the staircase, when Liz stopped walking suddenly. "Just a second, Eddie," she said, noticing a light (Continued on page 58)
INTRODUCING
THE
SENSATIONAL
STAR
OF
BEN-HUR
AND
THE BEST OF EVERYTHING

The London fog of '52 was a killer. It rolled in from the sea, ghostly and poisonous, shrouding the city and choking the weak who breathed it. Thousands died before it blew away.

One who almost did was a sick and lonely youth from Belfast, Ireland, named Billy Millar. Shivering one minute and burning the next, Billy huddled in a drafty hall of a cheap rooming house. He'd come to London to act. Instead, he was bedded with a dangerous flu, flat broke and starving. All he'd had for a week was water.

In his delirium, Billy dreamed: He was standing over a deep, deep well. Inside it were all the emotions and feelings of the world. He could reach down at random, lift them up, take them in and give them out. When he dreamed that, Billy Millar didn't care if he ever got well.

But, of course, he did. Because today Billy Millar is Stephen (Continued on page 63)
Warren Berlinger and Betty Lou Keim invite you along on their
Perfect Honeymoon

“A lot of people think it's a big mistake for kids to go steady for a long time.
“But for Warren and me, going steady was the best thing that happened to us. We steady-dated for three years, and now we’re sailing along on our perfect honeymoon.
“I don’t think it would have been nearly as perfect,” said Betty Lou Keim with a smile, “if we hadn’t gone together all that time.”
Watching the honey-mooning young Warren Berlingers as they lazed under (Continued on page 32)
a palm tree, that first week end of their honeymoon at Balboa Isle, no one could doubt that they were made for each other.

"This is the honeymoon we'd dreamed of when we were going steady," Betty Lou said. "We think it's so much better than running off on a sudden elopement. Weddings are beautiful; a marriage should be for a lifetime. So why not give a few years to knowing each other first?

"I guess Warren and I could have eloped soon after we realized we were in love. But we would have been taking an awful chance if we had. And we'd have had such a humdrum start on married life; nothing as memorable as our honeymoon.

"There has been so much said against young people going steady. Even ministers preach against it from the pulpit. I can understand why. Warren and I agreed that aimless going steady, because it's the school custom, or because it gives a girl a secure feeling to know that good ole Joe is around to" (Continued on page 74)
Nylon Make-up Cape by Kleinert

White Stag's 3-piece Outfit

Lovable's Hawaiian Print Sun Top and Matching Shorts

Jantzen's "Late Late Show" Suit

Cocktail Dress and Jacket, Jr. Theme

Vicky Vaughn's Gingham Dress
Brownie Automatic Movie Camera by Kodak
All Shoes from Jolène
Treasure of the deep for your fingertips

Made with essence of pearl! Fathoms deep down in the ocean, Nature produces the precious nacre for Cutex pearl polishes. Along Fifth Avenue and the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré its pearly sheen gives a whole new look to smart hands. Because Cutex pearl polishes have a subtle excitement that makes other polishes seem dim and lifeless by comparison. Whether you prefer a vivid pink or an offbeat green or orchid, Cutex pearl colors have a special radiance all their own. Turn your fingertips into gleaming jewels...with Cutex long-lasting pearl polishes!
SHOULD I GO STEADY?

Each year for the past ten the custom of going steady has grown more and more popular among American teenagers; and each year more and more American parents worry about it. According to J.S. Government figures, "81,000 babies are born to unmarried teenage girls each year." Some authorities blame this troublesome statistic directly on going steady. We think that's overstating the case, but there's no question that going steady is fraught with both delights and dangers. Last month in Modern Screen 20 boys were asked if teenagers should go steady. And answering out of their own experience, 14 said no, 5 said yes and one said maybe. This month we asked 20 girls the same question. Maybe we can all learn from their experiences and mistakes...
Kathy Nolan: There’s nothing wrong with steady-dating. I’ve steady-dated with many boys, and I don’t think it did me harm.

Once I steady-dated a New York actor who had a cousin abroad, and the actor’s sisters thought they’d play Cupid and ‘engage’ me to the cousin. So they put a ring on my finger and phoned the cousin in Scotland to tell him he and I were engaged. So, not wanting to hurt anybody’s feelings, I stayed ‘engaged’ for a week and returned the ring.

This was an odd incident, but for me steady-dating has been, generally, a pleasant experience. When I break up with a boy, we stay friends. All my ex-beaux are close to me.

I’ve got a goal: to make a bridge between career and marriage. If steady-dating is part of that bridge, I’m satisfied. The truth is that I never think of steady-dating; I just date.

(Kathy is a star of *The Real McCoys* on ABC-TV network.)

Asa Maynor: I think there’s nothing that’s more fun in the world than going steady with the right boy.

It’s hard to go steady with one person in Hollywood, because people assume you’re engaged (Continued on page 55)
YES, BUT:

Gigi Perreau: I’m for steady-dating, with reservations.

Going steady means different things to different people. To the thirteen- or fourteen-year-olds, it is often nothing more than exchanging of ID bracelets. To fifteen-, sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds, it often means the security of having a definite date Saturday nights. To the older teenagers and young adults, it is generally more (Continued on page 55)

Dorothy Provine: I am really against steady-dating for teenagers.

I sincerely believe it is unwise for teenagers to go steady. Steady-dating in high school frequently leads to marriage at too early an age when neither party is in a position to maturely consider the responsibilities they have to face in married life.

Furthermore, a person’s outlook on life is apt to undergo a complete change during the formative years, and the boy we may have thought dashing handsome, witty and debonair in our teens may not have the same appeal to more mature eyes.

(Dorothy is the femme lead in the Warner Bros. series, The Alaskans, on ABC-TV.) (Continued on page 55)
A fine actress
who felt
she was a failure

A wife
and mother
who thought
nobody
loved her

For
Margaret Sullavan

Peace
Comes At Last
To A
Tortured Soul

They found Margaret Sullavan unconscious in a New Haven hotel room, next door to the theater where she was to have played that night. The surroundings were queerly impersonal, as though she had collapsed in a railroad station, while waiting for a train.

On the bed, beside the slight figure (Continued on page 40)
At the peak of her career in Voice of The Turtle, Maggie, exhausted physically and emotionally, began to live in the jagged shadow of a nervous breakdown.
Margaret Sullavan

continued

in white pajamas, lay a script, and a copy of The Adventures of Mark Twain. Nearby, there were several half-empty bottles of pills.

There was no note, no indication that she had sought death, rather than sleep.

She had never appeared suicidal, but for a long time now, she had been very tired. At fifty, she still had fire, temperament, charm, wit, looks—qualities for which she was famous—but something had broken in her. Some zest was gone, some courage, lost with her youth and early dreams.

“Nervous exhaustion” they called what ailed her, and once before it had put her into a hospital for therapy. That time she had battled her way out of the dark, this time she seemed to have embraced it, drifting silently into its peace, its nothingness.

The official verdict was “barbiturate poisoning.” Suicide? Accident? There is no final answer. There is only the blunt fact that a talented woman died because she could no longer cope with the problems of her world.

What were those problems?

Certainly not money. Only the week before, she had been joking (Continued on page 72)
By the time you read this, the best known, most derided, most admired young entertainer in the world may be home—home with his friends, his music, his memories. In response to the wide public enthusiasm on this occasion, and as our own personal tribute to Elvis Presley, Modern Screen has prepared 3 stories, each with its own special and, we believe, interesting slant.

**WELCOME**

First, there's a direct impression of El by 3 American teenage girls who spent the best part of a week end with him very recently. Next, Hal Wallis, the famous Hollywood producer of, among others, Elvis' new picture *GI Blues*, talks about his star from a professional yet warmly human point of view. Finally, with the invaluable cooperation of the Presley’s friends and neighbors in Memphis, Tennessee, we offer a glimpse of what for Elvis—returning to walk the street of memory, past the house of empty rooms, up the hill to the cemetery—will surely be the real story of his homecoming.
THE MEMORIES
THAT WILL
NEVER DIE
Elvis longed for the sight of Graceland, the mansion he bought his mother, and to kneel again at her grave.

by Ed DeBlasio

As we go to press, Elvis Presley is expected home. This is the story of that homecoming, by a newspaper friend of the celebrated G.I.

A very few days from now, the soldier will be home from Germany. According to present plans, he will be handed his discharge papers in the same building where he was inducted two years ago, on March 20, 1958—a big and old and homely red-brick building some six miles outside of Memphis, Tennessee, a building called, simply, the Army General Depot. Papers in hand, his dad at his side, he will leave the building and begin to

(Continued on page 52)
THE NEW ELVIS
his grown-up way with the girls

- Probably one of the greatest thrills for any teenage girl in this twentieth century world is the opportunity to meet and talk to Elvis Presley. Recently three teenagers went abroad to Europe on a singing tour, and they not only had the chance to meet Elvis but they also were lucky enough to spend part of a weekend with him, talking, singing, getting to know what makes Elvis the great guy that he is.

Who were the girls? The Poni Tails, a young and exciting singing group (remember their fine harmony in *Born Too Late* and *I'll Be Seeing You*).

Of the three, Toni Cistone, who's brown-haired and brown-eyed, is the shortest, loves to sing while washing dishes. Blue-eyed Patti McCabe is chestnut-haired (Continued on page 62)

---

his plans, his projects & his dreams

- When Modern Screen learned that Hal Wallis was going to Germany to start filming the new Elvis Presley picture, *G.I. Blues*, we asked him for news of Elvis. As the man who discovered and has carefully guided Elvis to stardom in pictures, not as a flashy singer, but as a substantial actor, we asked Mr. Wallis to bring us a candid report and the truth from Elvis himself. A report to separate the facts from the many conjectured rumors that have saturated Elvis’ loyal fans these past two years.

And here in detail is Mr. Wallis’ account of his meetings with Elvis, who will complete *G.I. Blues* in Hollywood on his release from the Army in March.

"‘I’ve sure been getting a lot of experience and local color to play (Continued on page 76)"
"IM LIKE

13...

A pensive Dodie thinks that at thirteen there's not much a girl can do but dream, hope, and wait!

Dodie loves her folks and thinks they're wonderful but they care more about homework than dating woes.
Afternoon bike-rides with Kimm Charney, or sisterly TV sessions, are okay—but Dodie dreams of a night-time date.

Dodie hears it from all the boys right now: “Like I'll call you back in about three years.”

- Saturday night on Sunset Boulevard. And thirteen-year-old Dodie Stevens was doing a last run-through at a recording session. Crying her heart out into the studio microphone. Like she’d loved and lost a lifetime . . . .

With excited big brown eyes—just level with the glass in the sound-box—she watched Louis Prima gesturing from the control booth, supervising her first album session for Dot. She looked at the

(Continued on page 68)
B B'S BÉBÉ
Here is a happy woman ... oblivious to the camera, lost in the discovery of her new-born son, lost in the unbelievable joy of motherhood. Unbelievable to Brigitte, because this is the same girl who, not long ago, told the world that she didn’t find pregnancy “much of a joke,” that she was “alarmed” by the coming birth—in fact almost admitted that she really didn’t want this child.

And the ecstatic-looking young man, toasting the little family with sparkling champagne. ... This is Jacques Charrier, the proud father, whose nerves, not long ago, were so frazzled, whose depression was so grave that he had to undergo psychiatric treatment. With the coming of little Nicolas, his sanity is restored, Brigitte is delivered, and no longer remembers the anguish, for the joy that a child is born into the world.
It seems like only yesterday that I was standing in line at the bank—making a withdrawal, of course. It was my second day at Northwestern University, where I was taking summer courses. I had enrolled because all my friends were going there, and because I had heard everybody went there either to make up courses, or to indulge in the legendary summer romances on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Well, here I was at the bank... and three or four paces ahead of me was a beautiful, tall girl—making a deposit, no doubt! I stared at her, and noticed her prematurely gray hair, her lovely figure, her freckles, her bank book... No, not her bank book.

I gaped, and I gulped, and my little heart pounded. I suspect all 115 pounds of me shook. My small brown eyes grew smaller as I squinted at this lovely girl. I clutched my withdrawal slip while she finished her business. Then she walked briskly out, and I lost her in the crowd of students pouring into the bank (to make withdrawals, of course).

I snapped out of my daze, forgot to withdraw the money, staggered out uncertainly, and wandered back to my room to inform my best friend: "I just saw the girl I am going to marry!"

He just yawned and went back to eating a potato chip sandwich.

When I got hold of myself, I scurried out to hunt down this girl.

Soon I discovered she was Florence Mitchell, a student at the same university, who, unfortunately, was not in any of my classes. So I managed to get up a list of her classes.

Since (Continued on page 51) never before told (and probably never again)
there was just 10 minutes between classes, I would run to the classroom where she was due, just to catch a glimpse of her.

I didn't have the nerve to talk to her. At times, I would run into her quite accidentally in the corridors or on the campus (well, not always accidentally) and my heart would pound something terrible.

Of course, I never let on that her mere presence threw me into a tizzy. Being part of the clique of kids who did the school plays, I was quite an actor, and I knew how to conceal my true feelings.

She has always said she never, never did notice me. But she must be fibbing, for how could she have failed to notice me? After all, I was then about a half inch taller than I am now. I was a solid 115 pounds, including pimples and a pinch face. I had bushy hair, with a great big wave up front, which made my forehead look only one inch deep.

I had black rings under my eyes, and humped shoulders from always slumping because I didn't get enough sleep and was always napping in my chair.

I was 15 then, at the age when I felt it was real living to stay up all night and drink beer and talk and talk. I never went to bed, and I was always tired and sleepy, and I'm sure I had a charmingly idiotic look. Worse, I smoked a lot and drank coffee, and wasted my life away.

Of course, I felt that I was living a terribly romantic life. And the only reason I don't live this kind of life any more is that I cannot stand it! It would kill me!

Well, one bright day . . . no, it couldn't have been bright because I was carrying an umbrella . . . or maybe I was still in a daze . . . I was walking along with some fellows when I realized (sigh! sigh!) that she was walking behind us.

Joe College wasn't chic

I don't know why I did it, but I suddenly started to show off badly. I exclaimed loudly, so she could hear, that 'This summer I'm going to be Joe College.' This meant that I would wave the banner and wear a raccoon coat and wide bell-bottom trousers, and act like the movie version of a wild college student. And at our school, all students were trying desperately not to behave like students. It just wasn't chic that summer.

So, of course, I screamed and fussed and made an idiot of myself (which was not difficult) and presumed that she was impressed.

Several days later, I was again carrying an umbrella (it was a rainy summer, you know), when I saw her.

Don't ask me why, but on sheer impulsion I went over to her and started beating her on the shoulders with my umbrella, and shouting.

(Poor girl, it seems I never had these impulses on a sunny day when I wasn't carrying an umbrella.)

Well, she did not kick me in the shins or call for the police, as she should have. Instead, she said, sweetly, "Stop Joe!" (I guess she thought my name was really Joe College.)

Bless her heart, she wasn't mad at me. She thought I was very funny. I realized at once that she was a girl of superior intelligence.

She laughed at everything I said or did, and I was shocked into sheer delight. No other girl had reacted so wholeheartedly to my alleged sense of humor.

We made a date to go swimming. I will never forget the date: July 3. I joined her on the beach. There she was: a Venus in a beautiful blue bathing suit. And there I was: a sight in my yellow bathing trunks, my concave chest sagging, my shoulders sticking out like wings, my ribs sticking out like a set of old pipes...

BRA BY PERMA-LIFT

Adorned with Self-Fitting Cups
Blessed with the Neveride Band

Your bosom, is gently cradled from the sides, gloriously lifted to bewitching new contours, by a new, triumphantly feminine "Perma-lift" bra with Self-Fitting cups that conform to you, and a Neveride Band that securely holds your bra in place. Wash-'n'-wear cotton, $8. Contour or padded style, $8.95. At the finest stores.

The Memories That Will Never Die

(Continued from page 43)

head for his car, one of the two new Cadillacs that have already been ordered for him. He will walk out of the door, and onto the steps that lead down to the sidewalk. But he will do so with an eye to the future, to the steps before the crowds, waiting for him since early that morning, will surround him. Hi, Ellea; they'll shout, welcome home the chief of the cops, even the MPs. A few babies, held high by their mothers, will wave haphazardly. A few young girls, blushing and brazen, will rush forward to touch him. And he will smile politely, warmly, and say thank you ma'am, thank you sir, thank you too, thank you. And as he speaks he will look around and remember this same spot, that other morning, exactly two years ago, that chill and rain-swept morning when she stood there, in her plain black coat, the little black hat on her head, the handkerchief clutched tightly in her hand, in the midst of this same-type crowd, and how, smiling through her helpless tears, she said to him: Good-bye, God bless you. Take care. And write so's I don't worry too much about you.

And to himself, as he stands there this morning, two years later, remembering her, he will think: Later, later, when darkness descends to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least.

Questions, answers

Once in the car, there'll be the usual delay. The motor warming, ready to go, he will lean out the window and, still smiling, he will wait while the photographers, popping away these past few minutes, call out for one more, a couple more, just a few more shots pu-leez; while the reporters—men from the Commercial Appeal and the Press-Scimitar and the big three wire
services—finally making their way through the crowd, call out their questions.

"Come on, 'fess up, did you get engaged to any of those fraulesin over there?"—it's a cinch they'll ask this.

"Nope," Elvis will say.

"How long you going to be in Memphis before you head for Hollywood?" they'll ask.

"Two, three weeks—the longer, the better."

"Going to live it up?"

The smile widening: "I hope so."

Then:

"Is it true about the rumor, Elvis, that you're planning to sell Graceland?"

And Elvis will shake his head and he will say, "No. Not on your life. Never . . .

**Stop on the hill**

The ride home, down Airways Boulevard, will be as swift as Tennessee law allows. The tobacco fields, the farms, the factories, the patches of still-brown woodland, the schoolhouses, the motels, the billboards, the fruit stands, the turn-offs with their zigzag signposts, the new shopping center, the new housing developments, the used car lots, the empty lots, the circus site—all will pass by him quickly. The windows of the car will be down. The air, filled with the sweet clay smell of Southern earth, will whip against the sides of his face and up into his nostrils. The feeling will be a good feeling, familiar once but then half-forgotten and now, once more, familiar.

The car will continue to race on.

Till when it reaches the hill it will slow down momentarily, practically stop. For from the crest of the hill he will be able to look down, way down, and there, slightly to his right, three-quarters of a mile away, he will be able to see it—Graceland.

It will look as lovely as ever, this lovely house, with its white-pillared entranceway standing out bright and proud, with its big windows glistening, its acres of rolling lawn hugging all four sides of it, with its sleepiness, its majesty . . . its memories.

And as he looks down at it from the top of the hill this day, he will remember exactly how it was the first time he saw it, that morning back in '57. How, when he stopped the car in which they were riding at this exact same place and pointed to the house, she turned to him after a moment and she said, "That beautiful place? For us? So big? Oh, my God. How much did it cost you, Elvis? Now come on. How much? How, when he told her how much, she said, "Ohhhhhhh—breathless, unbelieving, thinking back, as she was to say later, to a two-room shack in Tupelo, Mississippi, a shack built by her husband's hands and hers, where the boy seated next to her once lay in a rough-hewn cradle while she and his father talked, sometimes-hopelessly, sometimes-dreamingly, about his future.

And he will remember her reaction this day, this moment—every bit of it, just as it was.

And he will think to himself: *Later, later, when darkness begins to come and we can be together again, for just a little while at least . . .

**He'll understand**

Travis Smith, his uncle and head caretaker of Graceland, a lean and tall man, his hair just a little grayer now than it had been the last time, will be at the gate. He will grin as the big car pulls up. They will shake hands, he and his famous nephew. The nephew will ask a few questions about this and that—and then he will ask his uncle about the bad fall he took around Christmas time and about the condition of his back, which bore the brunt of the fall. Fine now, Travis will probably say. He will probably add: *And thanks for taking care of all those bills, the doctor's, the hospital. He'll understand when his nephew makes light of this—That boy, he once told a reporter, is afraid of those people who just don't like you to mention anything he's ever done to help you; embarrasses him, I guess. And he'll understand, too, when the car pulls away after a few minutes' time. Because he'll know how much his nephew wants to get up to the house . . .

**The little French chair**

He'd made it clear to her, from the beginning, that it was her house. But she could never, in that short year and a half she lived there, get used to the idea. The idea of having a place with a swimming pool, no less, and five bedrooms—five—and five bathrooms—and with those what-they-calls, strange words, a solarium and a den and a library and a game room—This was too much for her to get to know really.

But there was a place in the house that she did know. A room with a chair. A very special chair . . . She'd seen the chair once at a charity auction—a very elegant little chair with shining wood handles and a petit-point design embroidered on its back. *A great little beauty from la belle France,* the auctioneer had said, *from the summer chateau of a real king.* It was so expensive a chair that that night she had mentioned its price over supper—Can you believe it, she'd asked, what they want for some things? But he had sensed, from the way she'd said that despite her shocked tones, that she loved the chair. And so he'd gone the next day and bought it. And surprised her with it. And it had become her pride and joy—not to be sat

Gay young starlets, these happy-go-lightly flats have great things in store for them . . . put star quality at your footsteps, new excitement into your whole life for spring! $6

*Molly Bee soon to be seen in "Chartreuse Caboose"*

**Jolene shoes chosen for their STAR QUALITY**

TOBER-SAIFER SHOE MFG. COMPANY, INC. 1203 Washington Ave., St. Louis 3, Mo.
Kathy Nolan, a girl discovered by Hollywood, was in the hospital, suffering from a severe brain concussion. The room was filled with flowers, telegrams, baskets of fruit, and the visitor’s chair was never empty.

Alyson, a girl who hadn’t yet been discovered, was a visitor in tears.

“I know I oughtn’t to bother you,” she sobbed, “but I’m frightened. My understudy role . . . I have to play it tonight, and don’t know how.”

“Oh of course you do,” Kathy said firmly. “You’re a good actress; all you have to do is go on stage and show them.”

“But I relied on you,” Alyson sighed, “and you can’t come.”

“I’ll call my friends,” Kathy assured her. “They’ll all be there, and tomorrow you can tell me about it . . .”

Much cheered, Alyson wiped her eyes and left bravely— while Kathy lay in her hospital bed, staring at the ceiling thoughtfully. She’d promised to call her friends, to pack the audience with people to applaud for Alyson—but sadly she realized it would be hard to keep that promise.

After an hour of phoning, only two people had agreed to go. Then the nurse came in and firmly removed the phone. “You’ll have a relapse,” she reproved, and began fussing about, clearing up the room while Kathy concentrated on what to do. And as firmly, the nurse said, “I’ll just take the flowers out now, Miss Nolan. You know you can’t have them in the room at night, and there’ll be a lot more tomorrow.”

“Flowers!” said Kathy excitedly. “Of course! Bring me some florist’s cards, and bribe that clerk: you’re always flirting with to bring up wrapping paper.” Blushing, the nurse hurried away, while Kathy giggled.

At 8:00 p.m., the stage entrance to a small Hollywood theater was electrified as two delivery boys hauled seventeen floral tributes to Dressing Room One. Miss Alyson Lewis was obviously a person to be respected, and the cast treated her accordingly. Alyson herself, jittery with first-night nerves, glanced hastily at the cards, gasped, and burst into happy tears.

Kathy had certainly kept her promise! It seemed that every important person in Hollywood wished Alyson Lewis the best of luck that night. Everybody had sent flowers, promising to be out front, wishing her success.

“I won’t let her down,” Alyson vowed, as she put on her make-up. “I’ll show them Kathy Nolan was right!”

On stage, she gave her best performance—and won enthusiastic applause. Glowing with excitement, Alyson went back to her dressing room after the final curtain call. Happily, she took another peek at the cards on the flowers, saying proudly to herself, “I hope you’re all important, Kathy’s friends!”

She took a second look at the cards on the flowers, hastily gathered them together, spread them out on her dressing table and stared in bewilderment, and burst into laughter. She was still giggling when her fellow actors crowded into the room to congratulate her.

“But, I was playing to an audience of ghosts,” she said. “Look!” Now, she realized the handwriting on all the cards was exactly the same—and all Kathy Nolan’s.

said with flowers...

on, please, she would say, just to look at and enjoy that way.

And now, standing in the room, he will look at the chair again after these two long years.

And he will remember how she had stood alongside it that last time they’d been together, when the Army had given him special leave so he could come be with her. How she’d sighed and said, One thing I wish about this hospital where I’m going—that they’d let me take just this. But they won’t . . . No, you know how hospitals are.

And as he remembers, he will think to himself. Later, later, when the darkness begins to come . . .

Busy afternoon

The afternoon of that first day, the homecoming, will be a busy one. After lunch, as now planned, he will drive into town. With what is described as “the most minor fanfare, as per the subject’s request” he will go to the office of Memphis’ mayor, Henry Loeb to accept a key to the city. Following this, there will be a small reception at either the Peabody or Claridge hotel (not yet rebuilt) given by some of his old hometown buddies. And then, undoubtedly, there will be a quick drive over to radio station WHHM and a reunion with that station’s, and probably the entire South’s, prettiest dike jockey, blonde blue-eyed Anita Wood, his all-time favorite local girlfriend of years gone by (reminiscences here—and news: Did you know that so-and-so married guess-who last year; that such and such owns his own taxicab now and that he’s in college, and she’s in New York trying to become a model . . . and then, a drive over to the First Assembly Church of God, and a talk with the minister there, his old friend, the Reverend James Hamill (reminiscences here, too—and laughter: I remember you at thirteen, Elvis, when you always needed a haircut; and who can forget the time you tried out for my son Jim’s Gospel quartet and lost out, because your voice just didn’t have it, the others said. Eh?)

And then, after all this, then finally, it will be late afternoon—nearly evening—and he will get into his car again.

And then, then finally, alone, he will drive out to that most important of all the places. . . .

Finally, nightfall

The gatekeeper at Forest Hill Cemetery may have a question or two. “How you feelin’?” “Fine, sir.” “How’s civilian life treating you?” “Fine.”

“Been expectin’ you . . . Fact, thought you’d be here first thing today, soon’s you got your discharge papers.”

“I waited for now so the others would go. I didn’t want there to be anyone else here spoiling anything.”

“Sure . . . Well go on, son . . . Just one more thing, though, before you do go. I jus’ want you to know that those flowers you ordered up there are all in order because we been puttin’ em on the grave every week, nice and fresh, jus’ like you asked us to.”

“Thank you,” he will say, as he begins to walk away.

It will be a long walk he will have to make.

Not remembering exactly—for he has only been here once before, exactly nineteen months before—he may even lose his way somewhat.

But, eventually, he will reach the spot he has been looking for.

And, once there, he will stop and lower his head.

He will whisper something, too.

Softly, he will say, “Ma . . . I’m home.”
Should I Go Steady?

(Continued from page 36)

YES

so darn fast. But when you like being with a certain person, it’s kind of nice to know he’s the one you’ll be spending the time with. It’s sort of a prelude to an engagement without any of the entanglements of an engagement.

I think it’s reassuring for a girl to have a man to count on, once she starts dating. I do feel, though, that a girl should try to go steady with a lot of boys before she starts thinking of anything like an engagement. After all, there are loads of boys and girls, and it wouldn’t be right if you felt you hadn’t met enough to be really sure of the final choice for the matrimonial leap.

(Aaa just finished Tightrope for CBS-TV and Not For Hire for WNEW-TV.)

Jill Corey: When I was fifteen, back in my home town of Avonmore, Pennsylvania, all the boys and girls my age steady-dated, I steady-dated, and I liked it. Most of us girls, from fifteen to about eighteen, went steady. But it didn’t mean you were going to marry the guy. It just meant you spent more time with him than the others, so you hung around to-gether. It was comfortable, and it got to be a habit.

Today, of course, I’ve got a career cooking and I can’t steady-date any more. I’m on the road about twenty weeks a year, and even when I’m home (New York) my staying home is often interrupted by quick trips to Hollywood and back. So I’m not long enough in one place to get to build up a steady-dating habit.

As a result, I date a lot now but with various fellows. And that means each date involves dressing up, having a fancy dinner out, going to a show or maybe a night club, and coming home late. Each date becomes a production. But if I still had a steady, I could stay home and relax, have a home-cooked meal, watch TV and sit around listening to records. For me, steady dating is better. I’m in favor of it.

I wish I could get back to it.

(Jill is currently in the Columbia movie, Stereo Phone, and records for Columbia.)

Judith Meredith: I’m going steady. The only reason I’m for it is because I’m practical. In Hollywood, when you’ve dated a man more than once, everyone assumes you’re going steady. No actress has time to experiment with lots of dates with different fellows. The public won’t let you.

So, instead of dating all sorts of people, I go out with people I enjoy being with. It’s natural that when you enjoy a man’s company. And that’s what you’re supposed to enjoy: it.

If a girl is planning on marrying at some point in her career (and what girl isn’t?) then she’s got to get to know whether she likes someone well enough to get engaged.

This works out to a strong vote for going steady in my book. I felt this way in my teens, just as I do now. If you date a person often, at any age, let’s face it, you’re going steady!

(Penney, eighteen, is a feature of THE DANNY THOMAS Show on CBS-TV.)

YES, BUT:

(Continued from page 37)

serious, and the first step to eventually becoming engaged.

To me, however, going steady is very serious and not something to be taken lightly or to do just because “everyone else is doing it.”

I wouldn’t condemn any teenager for going steady if he or she is mature enough to realize the responsibility that such a relationship holds.

We owe ourselves the right to develop as well-rounded persons physically, socially, spiritually—and it is during the formative years between thirteen and twenty that we establish our basic principles and character. Therefore, by going out with only one person, we are limiting our own development, as well as coming up against many unnecessary problems.

So, have fun, date many different types, and pray that one day you will meet the right person when you are ready.

(The Betty Hutton Show, on CBS-TV.)

Anita Bryant: I’ve always felt it was important to have many friends.

If one goes steady only for reasons of security, to assure a prom date, or as insurance against being the only one without a Saturday night date, then I’m against steady-dating.

If one finds the company of one person more pleasant than any other, there must be an attraction, which is good reason to go steady.

The important thing is to know why you are taking either course.

(The George Gobel Show, on CBS-TV.)

Elana Eden: I am for steady-dating, if you are in love.

For example, if a girl likes a boy so much no other seems as interesting, and she realizes she loves him and he loves her—then all is wonderful. No need to date anyone else.

But if you are not in love, there is no reason to steady-date.

I was in love with a man whom I found so fascinating, I did not have the faintest interest in dating anyone else. Of course, I had other friends whom I loved, both men and girls; but there is a vast difference between loving people as friends and being in love with one person. We saw our friends together. We did everything together. We went for walks, we went to concerts, to the theater, to movies, to parties. We enjoyed everything and every-
When Kevin Corcoran was on location during the filming of Walt Disney’s *Toby Tyler*, he got to be very good friends with the monkey, Mr. Stubbs. The movie is the story of a young runaway boy (Toby Tyler, played by Kevin) who joins the circus. Toby and the circus monkey become inseparable pals—just as Kevin and Mr. Stubbs did in real life.

One day between scenes, Kevin got out a pint-sized milk bottle, and a needle and a razor blade. Then he picked up a piece of wood and began carving.

“What are you making?” the director asked.

“A ship in a bottle.”

The director thought this was pretty delicate work and he was a little worried.

Mr. Stubbs thought this was *terribly* dangerous work for his friend to be attempting, and he was very worried. He began chattering and making frantic motions and trying the best he could to distract Kevin from playing with that razor blade.

Even the director asked if the boy weren’t afraid of nicking himself.

“Nope,” he said, “I’m not going to hurt myself. But just in case, I brought along a couple of band-aids, too!”

Well, Kevin finished his ship-in-a-bottle (a pretty good one, too) and he didn’t cut himself. Mr. Stubbs was so relieved that his friend had finished his dangerous task safely that he threw his arms around Kevin and begged him (in monkey-talk, of course) not to take such a chance again!

One even more important because we were together.

But when in love, then you date many boys, because you are curious, and you wonder perhaps this one will be interesting, or that one will be fascinating.

Some people say this should often be, rather than be left steady when you are fourteen or fifteen or sixteen. But age has nothing to do with it. Some young people are more mature than others. True feelings count more than age. Of course, I am aware that feelings can change. But that is part of growing up, becoming more adult. But it is only by going steady with the person you think you love that you learn whether you really do.

*(Elana stars in the title role of *The Story of Ruth for 20th Century-Fox.)*

**Diane Baker:** I am not against steady-dating. I’ve been steady-dating the past few years with Denny, an artist at Occidental College.

But I am against possessive steady-dating that cuts you off from the rest of the world, that means you see only one person all the time. Denny and I understand each other and we see others on different levels. I can see one man because we’re studying a script; and another man at drama classes; and another man for something else. Each man has something different to give.

When you love somebody you don’t care what other people he sees.

Unfortunately, to many young people, steady-dating means rules, and it means you must keep up with the rules and they become more important than the actual seeing of each other. The ritual of exchanging vowing each other’s pin or ring, or seeing each other constantly, becomes the thing rather than romance.

I’m for steady-dating, but without possessiveness or emphasis on ritual.

*(Diane’s featured in *Journey to the Center of the Earth* for 20th Century-Fox.)*

**Jeannie Thomas:** I am twenty-three now, and I started to date when I was about sixteen. My parents were very strict and I felt I was lucky enough to be permitted to date, let alone steady-date. So I never steady-dated.

Of course, even then I was busy with music lessons and had less time for romance than my girlfriends. Now that I’m older and I hope, wiser, I could steady-date but don’t. That’s one of the advantages a career girl makes. I just don’t have the time now.

Personally, I’m for steady-dating—but only after a girl has dated a lot of boys. She should never steady-date with her first boyfriend. She should first go out with a lot of boys, so she can learn to differentiate between those worth while and time-wasting. Then, after she has had this experience, she can concentrate on one boy at a time.

*(Jeannie, a former Miss Virginia, is with Seeco Records.)*

**Carol Lynley:** I believe in going steady only if people are in their late teens, eighteen and nineteen, and are mature.

I don’t think it is wise for girls (or boys, either), just starting to date, to tie themselves down to one person. I think you benefit by meeting new people, and knowing a great many boys—and not until you have known many boys, should you settle down to dating just one person.

I think for older girls, eighteen or nineteen, who have met and dated lots of boys, steady dating is all right.

*(Carol, eighteen, is in *Hound Dog Man* for 20th Century-Fox.)*

**Margo Moore:** There is nearly as much to be said in favor of steady-dating, I believe, as there is against it. I am for it, if—

*Now I am reminded, as a teenager, that terrible left-out feeling that comes when every other girl had a date for the big dance or the big party, but me. Every girl has felt this, and often enough, accepts a date with a boy she neither cares nor wishes, really, to be with.

Going steady eliminates this urgency about a ‘boyfriend’.*

Also, going steady allows a young fellow and girl to enjoy and understand the niceties of a relaxed and companionable relationship.

However, the grave tendency in steady-dating is to get too serious at too early an age. Until a boy or girl is, at the very least, eighteen, he or she cannot have an intelligent idea of what sort of person they want to settle with seriously. One’s needs change with maturity. Some of our very young marriages, so often doomed to early failure, are a result of serious steady dating at too early an age.

I did not go steady as a teenager. I approve of steady-dating if youngsters keep their good reason and don’t look upon it as a preamble to marriage.

Most youngsters, I think, will find there’s more fun and more to do in groups. A wide circle of friends, at any age, is worth having.

*(Margo is in *Wake Me When It’s Over* for 20th Century-Fox.)*

**NO!**

*(Continued from page 37)*

**Suzanne Storrs:** Teen steady-dating, it seems to me, is often a business arrangement, a practical matter more than having a partner on dates. It provides for a second-rate kind of social life when you’re a teenager, a period when you should be meeting a lot of people and learning to be more adept at social relationships. It brings teenagers together too often and too intimately, and this sometimes leads to sex-before-marriage and worse. It often leads to unhappy marriages.

Steady-dating in the early teen years doesn’t seem a rewarding or a rich experience. But, in the early 20’s, steady-dating brings true engagement and, in turn, to marriage, is all right. This kind of maturer steady-dating happens when you meet the person you love and you want to be with them all the time.

*(Last seen in the *Naked City* series on TV, Suzanne appears on top TV dramatic shows.)*

**Connie Francis:** I went steady for about a year, when I was seventeen, and looking back on it now, I know it was a mistake.

To me, going steady means being engaged—to marriage. If you’re not to be engaged then you should not get involved.

The trouble with going steady while you’re still a school girl is that it shuts you off from variety in boys, and it takes you out of circulation, and you don’t get to know enough people.

During your high school years, you might think you know a lot about boys, but you usually don’t, and it takes a few years of outside living to really know boys.

The divorce rate is higher among teen marriages, and it’s due to a lot of young people who are steady-dating thinking they know a lot about each other and have a lot in common . . . and then marrying and finding out this was not so.

To often, steady-dating during your high school years is only date-insurance. It’s understandable when your crowd is doing it and you’re afraid of being left out in the cold. But I still say that steady-dating for the sake of convenience and conforming with the crowd is all wrong. *(Connie, with MGM Records, is top—*
What some women don’t know about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating “the delicate zone.”

They don’t ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or kitchen-type antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It’s time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand . . . “working in the dark” . . . is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

Here are the facts: tissues in “the delicate zone” are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in anesthetic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, refreshes, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

This is modern woman’s way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for “the delicate zone.” It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.

It’s always your fault if and when your steady gets mad, or jealous, and it’s not worth it to be stuck this way. And I mean it works both ways—for a boy as well as a girl. At my age, sixteen, I feel we should all “play the field” and not be obligated to any one person. There’s plenty of time to decide on a definite ‘steady.’

A girl might begin going steady about her college freshman year. By this time, she’s maturing, especially in her emotional evaluations.

(Zilla is a feature of The Donna Reed Show, over ABC-TV, for Screen Gems.)

What some women don’t know about internal cleanliness

-Shelley Fabares

During my junior high school years, I steamed-dated with five boys because it was the thing to do.

I think it’s a terrible thing for a girl to tie herself to a steady boyfriend at that age. Like, for instance, if you go to a party with a boy and happen to meet another fellow who likes you and would like to date you.

A girl can’t very well accept an invitation to go out with this new friend because of the so-called regular companionship with the other boy. It leads to all sorts of complications, keeps you tied down, and hurts your chances of making new friends.

I’ve gone steady, and I don’t like it.

Maybe I’m too darned independent. As much as I've liked some of the boys I’ve dated steadily, I never enjoy the feeling that I’ve got to go with that particular boy or I shouldn’t be out.

Most of the boys I did date steadily were fair, I must admit. They didn’t mind if I went out with someone else for a friendly date now and then. But their friends minded! Oh, did they! I’ve had people look at me as if I were a scarlet woman because I walked into a party with someone—other than the boy I was supposed to be going steady with at the time. It didn’t matter that my steady date was out of town, or that he himself had called and arranged for me to be taken to this party by his best friend. All these so-called ‘friends’ cared about was that I was out with someone else.

I think more romances are ruined by well-meaning friends who meddle than anything else.

Until the boy I want to marry, I’m going to date lots of boys. After all, like I said, I’m independent.

(June Blair is in a new TV series, Two Faces West.)

Molly Bee: Steady-dating? I’m agin it! Why should a girl limit herself to one fellow, or for that matter, try to limit an active young male to one girl? It doesn’t make sense, at least not to me.

It’s okay if you are on the way to the altar real soon, but I’m only twenty years old and I don’t want to be tied down to one man yet. Think of all the others I’d never get to know! I don’t like to be selfish with a man’s time, and I sure don’t like anyone else to be selfish with my time.

Some day, when the right guy comes along, the natural process will be to end up going steady with him. I don’t think you and I can decide these things in advance. They just work out that way. Pretty soon you look around and you’re seeing just one fellow around all the time. But, until that time, I’m going out with different fellows and enjoy doing it!

(Molly stars in the movie CHARBROIL CABBOSO, and on Capitol Records.)

Cindy Robbins: I’m against steady-dating, the way it’s practiced now. Too often, the girl who goes into steady-dating does it to rush into marriage. She’s rushing into marriage not so much because she’s in love but to get away from home and try to live like a grown-up.

I don’t think a girl should even consider steady-dating until she’s gone out with a lot of boys, and only after she’s dated this particular boy for quite some time.

Steady-dating should be the result of courting rather than a method of courting. And steady-dating should last a year at least before the girl should even consider marriage.

(Cindy was Rock Hudson’s leading lady in THIS EARTH IS MINE.)

Shelley Fabares: During my junior high school years, I steamed-dated with five boys because it was the thing to do.

I think it’s a terrible thing for a girl to tie herself to a steady boyfriend at that age. Like, for instance, if you go to a party with a boy and happen to meet another fellow who likes you and would like to date you. I’ve gone steady, and I don’t like it.

Maybe I’m too darned independent. As much as I’ve liked some of the boys I’ve dated steadily, I never enjoy the feeling that I’ve got to go with that particular boy or I shouldn’t be out.

Most of the boys I did date steadily were fair, I must admit. They didn’t mind if I went out with someone else for a friendly date now and then. But their friends minded! Oh, did they! I’ve had people look at me as if I were a scarlet woman because I walked into a party with someone—other than the boy I was supposed to be going steady with at the time. It didn’t matter that my steady date was out of town, or that he himself had called and arranged for me to be taken to this party by his best friend. All these so-called ‘friends’ cared about was that I was out with someone else.

I think more romances are ruined by well-meaning friends who meddle than anything else.

Until the boy I want to marry, I’m going to date lots of boys. After all, like I said, I’m independent.

(June Blair is in a new TV series, Two Faces West.)

Molly Bee: Steady-dating? I’m agin it! Why should a girl limit herself to one fellow, or for that matter, try to limit an active young male to one girl? It doesn’t make sense, at least not to me.

It’s okay if you are on the way to the altar real soon, but I’m only twenty years old and I don’t want to be tied down to one man yet. Think of all the others I’d never get to know! I don’t like to be selfish with a man’s time, and I sure don’t like anyone else to be selfish with my time.

Some day, when the right guy comes along, the natural process will be to end up going steady with him. I don’t think you and I can decide these things in advance. They just work out that way. Pretty soon you look around and you’re seeing just one fellow around all the time. But, until that time, I’m going out with different fellows and enjoy doing it!

(Molly stars in the movie CHARBROIL CABBOSO, and on Capitol Records.)

Cindy Robbins: I’m against steady-dating, the way it’s practiced now. Too often, the girl who goes into steady-dating does it to rush into marriage. She’s rushing into marriage not so much because she’s in love but to get away from home and try to live like a grown-up.

I don’t think a girl should even consider steady-dating until she’s gone out with a lot of boys, and only after she’s dated this particular boy for quite some time.

Steady-dating should be the result of courting rather than a method of courting. And steady-dating should last a year at least before the girl should even consider marriage.

(Cindy was Rock Hudson’s leading lady in THIS EARTH IS MINE.)

Shelley Fabares: During my junior high school years, I steamed-dated with five boys because it was the thing to do.

I think it’s a terrible thing for a girl to tie herself to a steady boyfriend at that age. Like, for instance, if you go to a party with a boy and happen to meet another fellow who likes you and would like to date you. A girl can’t very well accept an invitation to go out with this new friend because of the so-called regular companionship with the other boy. It leads to all sorts of complications, keeps you tied down, and hurts your chances of making new friends.

So, really, “going steady” makes me smile. I have seen too many high-school boys and girls going steady just to avoid being considered unpopular. The phrase, “going steady,” is juvenile. I doubt you have ever heard it mentioned among college boys and girls. It is a junior phrase, not an adult one. Mature people don’t use the phrase “steady-dating” because it represents constant dating without good reason.

I have been fortunate in that I have always been considered popular; but I have never been interested in going out a lot for the sake of being considered popular.

I have always enjoyed the company of just a few men. I like them, their intelligence, their companionship. I feel at home with them.

I don’t believe in going steady as an institution (except when you’re serious about a man). One doesn’t have to wear a humanity pin.

What you wear in your heart doesn’t need a label or a phrase.

(Ziva portrays Orpah in The Story of Ruth for 20th Century-Fox.)
on in the children’s playroom, a few yards away. She walked to the door, opened it and peered into the room.

There, in a corner, seated at a little table, she saw her son Michael Jr., seven years old.

“Hey there, young man—” she called. The boy looked around curiously. FEB. 22nd

But just as I was going to do that, Liz smiled. “—the last time I saw you, you were in bed.”

“I know,” the little voice piped up.

“And well on your way to sleep.”

“I know.”

“And what happened?”

“I don’t know—not ‘sacred,’ the little boy said.

Liz noticed that he crossed his pajama-ed legs as he said that (a sure sign that he was fibbing); that he sat very rigidly now; that his arms, spread-eagled on the table in front of him, seemed more and more to be covering something.

Liz turned to Eddie.

“Something wrong?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he whimpered. “—not ‘sacred. But I’m going to find out.”

Michael’s surprise

She asked Eddie if he’d go downstairs and wait for her—she would be down in a few minutes, she said. And then she turned towards the playroom again and walked over to the little chair where Michael Jr. sat.

She put his hand on his head, and sat, on a little chair beside him.

“Mike, you know it’s late, don’t you?” she asked.

“You look awful pretty, Mommy,” the boy said.

“Now don’t go changing the subject. It’s late, and you should be in bed,” Liz said.

“You look soooooo pretty,” the boy tried again.

“Thank you,” Liz said.

There was a moment of silence now. And Liz had a hard time keeping back a smile during this time.

“Special?” she said, what “in the world are you doing up?”

“I was just finishing my surprise,” the boy said. Finally, he lifted his arms from the table.

Liz looked down. Her eyes fixed on two small pieces of paper. On one of the papers she read the words, gayly crayoned: HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LIZ.

Dorothy CHRISTOPHER

On the other:

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MY MOTHER, we put out on.

“Today,” Michael said, as Liz looked down at the papers, “Missy (the children’s governess) said to me, ‘You know, Michael, in not too long from now, you’ll be twenty-six and I’m going to be fifty.’”

“Special?” Liz asked.

“—Missy, he asked, “what in the world are you doing up?”

“Well, in my hand,” Liz said, “I meant that I was in the movies, an actress, a very special person—in the movies at thirteen and fourteen, an age when most other girls get excited just at the thought of going to the movies.”

“And this made you not happy?” the boy asked.

“At first, Mike,” Liz said, “it made me very happy. As I said, I was suddenly very special. There were all sorts of people doing all sorts of things for me. I went to a special little school. I had my pick of the niceest, the most special clothes anybody could want. I made lots and lots of money—not fifty-cents-a-week allowance like you get, Mike ... but hundreds of dollars, even thousands.”

“Wow,” the boy said.

“Yes, wow,” said Liz, sighing just a little. “Except that after a while I realized, young as I was, that there was a price I had to pay for all this specialness. I realized it, in fact, on one of my birthdays—the day I became fifteen.”

And then Michael said, “Was it your happy birthday, Mommy?” Michael asked.

Liz nodded.

SOME PROMISES MUST BE BROKEN

“Some day, Mike, when you’re older,” she said, “you might just find yourself looking through some of your Mommy’s scrapbooks. And you might come across some pictures and clippings, from newspapers and magazines, showing your Mommy on her fiftieth birthday. And you’ll see the big party her studio gave for her that night and all the people who were there—oh, so many people, all looking so happy and festive. And you might say to yourself, ‘I wonder why my Mommy said that was a fiftieth birthday.’”

“Well,” she went on, “I’ll tell you why, Mike. You see, at this studio where I worked, there was a lady called Helen. She was the hairdresser, and she used to fix my hair whenever I was making a picture. She was a very nice woman, always smiling, always so friendly. And Missy and Michael had a girl called Lucille, who was just as nice as her mother—one of the nicest girls I ever knew.”

“Was it your friend?” Michael asked.

“My very good friend,” Liz said, “my only friend really. Lots of times Lucille, my friend, would come to the studio and the two of us would find a quiet place and we wouldn’t say a word and talk for hours. For hours. About just about anything that came to our minds—about people and pets and parents and books and movies and actors and actresses and boys, sometimes, and oh about lots and lots of things. And then one day, just at about this time of the year, we started talking about the fact that mine was coming around soon. And I said to her, ‘Speaking of birthdays, Lucille, I just found out that I’m going to have a big party at my studio a special party, given just for me by the studio—and Lucille,’ I said, ‘I want you to come. More than anybody else.”’

Again, Liz said.

“What’s the matter, Mommy?” Michael asked. “Couldn’t Lucille come to your party?”

“She wasn’t allowed to come, Michael,” Liz said. “There was something—something very important—called a guest list. I found out. It was made up by one of the men at the studio. When I asked this man what Lucille’s name was, with the others—hundreds of other people, most of them people I didn’t even know—he said, ‘I’m sorry, Elizabeth, my child, but if Lucille is a Lucille, she’s an employee, and if Lucille is a Lucille, she’s an employee, we’ll have to include. And,’ he said, ‘I might add, children of much more important people than your hairdresser!’”

“But I promised Lucille!” I started to say. I started to cry. I promised,” I said. “And this man said to me, ‘Some promises just have to be broken. Elly. You’ll find that out as you grow older.’”

“So that’s how Lucille wasn’t allowed to come to the party?” Michael asked.

“No,” Liz said, “not always, Mike.”

“Why?” he asked.

The question hit Liz strangely. She was used to having to ask “why” to this and to that—ingeniously, the way seven-year-olds almost invariably ask the question, after almost any statement of fact. She was used, too, to answering the “why’s” quickly, not with annoyance, to be sure, but with a let’s-see-how-quickly-we-can-get-this-settled attitude. But, somehow this time, there was something about the way young Michael asked his question that prompted Liz not to rush her answer. But to talk to her son . . . really talk to him.

And so she started.

“When Mommy was just a little over being a little girl,” she said, “her life became one big unusual one. Do you understand what the word ‘unusual’ means, Mike?”

“Sort of,” he said.

“Well, in my hand,” Liz said, “I meant that we learned all about the movies, and the movies at thirteen and fourteen, an age when most other girls get excited just at the thought of going to the movies.”

“And this made you not happy?” the boy asked.

“At first, Mike,” Liz said, “it made me very happy. As I said, I was suddenly very special. There were all sorts of people doing all sorts of things for me. I went to a special little school. I had my pick of the niceest, the most special clothes anybody could want. I made lots and lots of
the studio—I avoided her. Turned and walked the other way. Just so I wouldn’t have to talk to her. And as I turned out, Lucille stopped coming to the studio altogether a little while after that... And I never spoke to her, or saw her, again.”

“Gee,” Michael said. “Gee Mommy, that was not a very happy birthday, was it?”

“I’m afraid it wasn’t,” Liz said.

**Birthdays in bed**

Her son took her hand in his.

“But the other ones,” he said, “the ones after that—they were happier, weren’t they, Mommy?”

“Some were... yes,” Liz said. “And some—Well, Mike, this Mom of yours can remember two birthdays after that she spent in bed. Sick with backaches and with doctors standing around and with a table next to her bed loaded with more medicine bottles than little Liza has birthmarks. She says there’s been a soldier or Chris has a cow, and cowboys hats... Those were my presents those two birthdays, Medicine bottles.”

“Some presents,” Michael said, consolingly.

“And then... other birthdays, Liz started to go on. She paused suddenly, looking away, standing there for a moment, then looking back at him.

“Last year, Mike,” she said, “—I don’t know if you remember. You probably don’t. Not exact. But that... that was the worst birthday I ever had.”

“Why, Mommy?” the boy asked.

“Well,” Liz said—the words came slowly now—and lots of things, strange things, almost bad things were happening to your Mom last year this time. They’re too involved to go into now. Honestly, Mike, you’re not old enough to understand them yet, even if I did go into it. And, too, just understand this—that your Mom was the most unhappy woman on this here earth. People, everywhere, were saying things about her, pointing their fingers. Whispers, whispering, the most terrible things. And because your Mom didn’t want to show these people that they were winning, they were in any way bothering her—she acted very blase about the whole thing... Do you know what blase means, Mike?”

The boy shook his head. “No,” he said.

“It means unconcerned,” Liz said, “not caring, not being the least bit interested. That’s what blase means.”

“Oh,” the boy said.

“But,” Liz said, “I did care, Mike. I cared so much that I got sick. Not sick with my back again, like the other times I told you about. Not the kind of sickness that sent me to the doctor and the doctors running. Or that I had to take medicines for... But a sickness of the heart. A sickness that’s called sadness. And sadness, Mike, is the worst, the very worst kind of sickness.”

“Sadness,” the boy said. “Is that like when you lose something and you cry?”

“Sadness,’ she said, ‘is like when you lose something, Mike, and you don’t cry, but you force yourself to go on smiling still.’

**Difficult words and deep matters**

The boy looked at her, and shrugged.

“I know. I know,” Liz said, “I’m talking difficult words now, isn’t I.”

“A little,” the boy said.

“Well,” Liz said, “no more difficult words. They’re all too much for you to understand—And it’s too late. It’s too, too, to go into such deep, deep matters... But, Mike, just let me tell this—this one more thing before we finish talking.

“I said to you before, about birthdays, that this birthday of mine, the one coming up, was going to be the happiest ever. Remember?”

“Yes,” “I just wanted to tell you why,” Liz said.

“It’s going to be the happiest birthday, Mike,” she said, “because in this year that has passed, between my last birthday and this, I have become happy. More happy than I’ve ever been.”

“Why?”

“One.” Liz said, “selfish maybe, well the least important reason, but a real reason nonetheless—I’ve worked very hard this past year as an actress. I’ve worked in hope of the day when people would stop saying, That Elizabeth Taylor is pretty, yes; but what else does she do?—in the hope that they would pause one day and say, She’s been in this acting field for fifteen years now and do you know, goch darn it, she really is an actress!”

“Well, Mike, this year, finally, they’ve been saying it. That your Mom is a worthwhile member of her profession—a great profession. That she’s more than just a face, a figure. A newspaper—and magazine personality. They’ve been calling me an actress, Mike. This has made me happy.”

“I’m glad, Mommy,” the boy said.

Liz reached over and took him in her arms and hugged him.

“And other things,” she said, still holding him, “other things have made me happy.

“Liza, our baby, getting over her bad sickness of last year.

“You and Christopher growing up into such fine young boys, good boys, making me prouder and prouder of you both as each day passes.

“And then—.

“Then,” she said again. “Then she went on, after a moment, “there’s a wonderful man who has made me happy. You call him Uncle Eddie. He’s the man I married last May... He’s a fine man, Mike. And he’s made life fine for me. And I love him very, very much. Just being with him, me, and you, and Chris and Liza. And—

“And,” a voice behind her interrupted, “you keep this up and you’ll embarrass the whole family out.”

Uncle Eddie, Michael said, as Liz began to turn around.

“Eddie,” Liz whispered.

Eddie scooped up the boy.

“I hate to break this up,” he said, “but, you know, I think it’s about time for all young men named Michael to be tucked away in bed.” He looked at the boy. “Huh—what do you say?” he asked.

“Okay,” said Michael.

“Okay,” said Liz.

“Night, Mommy,” Michael called out to her as Eddie began to carry him away.

And then, as Eddie continued carrying him, she heard her son say: “Did you know, Uncle Eddie, that Mommy’s going to have the happiest birthday in her whole life on February the twenty-seventh. Because, you know why? Because...”

And Liz smiled and closed her eyes as his little voice trailed off, farther and farther down the hallway...
emerald necklace which picked up the brilliance of her matching emerald earrings. Her hands looked dazzling, for she wore five rings—two diamond, two gold and one platinum. These had been Christmas gifts for which Harry Karl, her escort, had paid $40,000 only a few days previously. A look of radiance saluted the young coquette as she stepped from a Lincoln Continental with a deep bow to her husband. The open face window revealed attentively, helped her off with her chinchilla.

A woman who knows Debbie fairly well leaned over and said to another woman at the door, "How about that beautiful so?"

Some of Debbie's closest friends believe that if she continues to feel about Harry the way she does right now, there may be wedding bells for Debbie and Harry when his divorce is final. What is Harry Karl? And will he presently become the seducer of those who are currently considered to be the leading contender for Debbie's hand?

Harry is 47, not handsome but distinguished with mutton-chop glasses, a serious mien and iron-grey hair, around the temples. He dresses elegantly but conservatively, like the millionaire businessman that he is. He's a big money maker. He possesses a large chain of shoe stores along the West Coast.

A friend says, "Harry's the most fabulous catch in town. He knows how to court a girl—and beautiful women who are used to the best will go out with him. He has dated the top glamour women in town, like Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hedy Lamarr."

Harry is not only extremely rich, but extremely generous with his women friends. Only a few months before he began to steady date Debbie, he took Audrey Meadows to the "Shangri-La" party where she met her new Miss America, the full-length mink coat was being auctioned off for charity. The bidding started at $1,000, but Harry rapidly brought the bidding up to $15,000. When no one could top his bid, Harry bought the mink for $15,000, and while the spotlight was on his table, he casually draped it around Audrey's shoulders.

Everyone in the room, accustomed though they were to lavish spending, gasped. Audrey was just a casual girlfriend of Harry's.

Mr. Charity

"He's the last of the big spenders," a friend who knows him well says. "Harry's the best money manager in Hollywood. Jim Brady was—only Harry got a lot more class. Even a movie star as successful as Debbie is bound to be swept off her feet by him."

But it isn't only Harry Karl's wealth and extravagance that impressed Debbie. She is also impressed by his kindness. In Hollywood, he is known as "Harry Karl, Charlie." He gives enormous amounts to charities. He gives with his heart, because Harry Karl has heart. This, too, is what has endeared him to Debbie. Harry is deeply aware that it hasn't been for the kindness of the two people who are the only parents he has ever known, he would have had a life of poverty himself.

When he was a baby his mother, a penniless woman, was forced to place him in an orphanage because she was unable to protect him from the harsh realities of the world. When he was down her face she placed her infant in the arms of the superintendent of a shabby little Home on New York's lower East Side, where he grew up in a Jewish prayer, and left. He was not a pretty baby. He was thin and wan and sickly and cried a lot. To this Home one day came Rose and Pinches Karl, a middle-aged couple who had no children of their own. They had been yearned for a child. When they saw the sickly little baby who had recently been placed there, Rose Karl picked him up and said, "I have to make her feel special, this little one."

As Harry once told a friend, "They could have chosen a dozen other babies who looked a lot better. But they chose a baby who needed love and care, because that's the kind of people they are. They become their son, just as though I had been born to them. They gave me love, and, as my father's shoe business grew, every penny of money earned they kept for me. But the kindness they showed in adopting the sickliest little baby in the orphanage was something I'll never forget. All through my life, my father gave me things he thought those who needed help. And this is something I hope I've learned from him."

When Debbie's favorite charity, the Thalians, whose purpose is to help mentally disturbed children, put on a big campaign to raise money to add a new wing to Mt. Sinai Hospital Debbie discovered that the project would cost $15,000. There were only $10,000 raised by the Thalians' Christmas Ball was not enough. She decided to make a personal appeal for contributions to wealthy men about town, in order to raise the remaining $5,000. She revealed that only recently Harry Karl had spent $110,000 building an entire floor at the City of Hope and dedicated it to his parents.

For years she had known Harry Karl casually. He had always been interested in theatrical personalities, and was a member of the Friars Club, which consists of influential business men.

Debbie knew the many favorable comments in town about "Mr. Charity." She knew, also, that he had a weak spot for setteuses, and that he had dated many of the most glamorous women in pictures. She also remembered his heartbreaking marriage to Marie McDonald, and their headline finale the other day, that was so humiliating to Karl. She had felt sorry for him when she had read about it, and she realized how he must have suffered when Marie died. It made her feel "allergic" to him. Even after that, Debbie remembered, Harry had made up for a while with Marie, had forgiven her and her new paramour.

At this time—shortly after her interlocutory divorce decree—Debbie wasn't particularly interested in dating. She had suffered too much herself to want to get into this again. But she was convinced that anyone as kind and sentimental as Harry would respond to her appeal for a contribution to the Thalians.

She phoned him and talked to him. He was only a Debi-Co with sincerity and charm, and enthusiasm. Harry said, "You know I wouldn't turn down a good cause. Why don't you have dinner with me tomorrow night, and we'll see?"

When Harry called for her the next night, he was driving his $22,000 gunmetal Rolls-Royce convertible. Later she was to be told how often he fits in with his chauffeur and the other two being a black Ghia limousine, custom-built for him in Italy at a cost of $17,000, which he is allowed to use in his job as chauffeur and red convertible Cadillac.

Santa Claus and Prince Charming

Harry took Debbie to dinner at La-Rue, a swank restaurant on the Sunset Strip. The maître d' deferential to Harry, immediately ushered him to the best table. Everyone bowed and scraped for Harry. People waved to him. Debbie, used to being the big wheel when she went out on a date, was surprised to find so many people kowtowing to a man who is not a celebrity and charm.

Over the dinner table she began to tell him of the work the Thalians were doing for mentally disturbed children. Harry immediately related to his own childhood, and the thought came to him that perhaps if it hadn't been for the wonderful couple who had adopted him, he might have grown up in poverty but with warped emotions.

And he couldn't refuse this pretty movie star opposite him. He promised her a huge donation.

At that moment, Harry, to Debbie, seemed like Santa Claus and Prince Charming rolled into one. She must have realized that her personal charm had inspired as much as the need of children for his help—and this, too, was balm for her bruised ego. Since her break-up, she had often wondered if she was left with only that magic quality women like Liz have for men. In Harry's eyes, she read the truth she wanted to discover—that she herself has the capability of being fascinating to men.

After dinner Harry suggested going to an amusing night club, the Largo. At the Largo they were joined by another couple, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Hal Hayes.

But Harry didn't attempt, as so many men might have, to make love to Debbie. Only his eyes told her how desirable he thought her. Before her marriage, Debbie had been the most puritanical, in fact. And underneath the more seductive exterior Debbie began to acquire, she is still a girl who keeps most men at a distance. She would represent a man who expected making in return for a kindness shown to her favorite charity. Harry showed no such crudeness.

Next day a messenger after another arrived at Debbie's home bringing her long boxes of flowers. They were all from Harry Karl. He called that night. They arranged another date.

Even though they began to see each other frequently now, Debbie wasn't dating Harry exclusively. She was also seeing Bob Neal, the rich young coffee heir. And she herself indispen

sable to Debbie, to impress her more than any other man could. There wasn't a thing he wouldn't and didn't do for her. He would represent a man who expected making in return for a kindness shown to her favorite charity. Harry showed no such crudeness.

One day he went to Abe Lipsky, a well-known Beverly Hills furrier who makes up the finest furs for many of the movie stars. Abe is Elizabeth Taylor's favorite

(Continued from page 20)
furrier, so Harry went to see him and
told him he wanted to knock Debbie's eyes out with something lavish.

"A stole?" suggested Abe Lipsey.

"No, something more unusual and original," said Harry. "Something imp-

ish and different for a girl who's different." 

Together they figured out something that would surely amuse and impress 
Debbie—dozens of red roses, each stem 
wrapped in lustrous, dark mink. 

Chuckling to himself at the thought of 
the surprise in store for Debbie, Harry 
ordered the lavish gift. Debbie was de-

lighted and showed her mink-trimmed 
roses to everyone at Paramount.

When Debbie went to Palm Springs for a rest, Harry followed. He has a 
beautiful modern home in Palm Springs, as well as his 
$200,000 estate in Beverly Hills. Dur-

ing her week in Palm Springs, Debbie had 
to go to Las Vegas to appear at a benefit 
which Shirley MacLaine had arranged for 
the hurricane victims of Japan. Debbie 
didn't want to disappoint Shirley, but she 
realized she had to be there that very 
night. She told Harry her problem, and 
he chartered a plane and pilot, and flew 
to Vegas with her. After Debbie's per-
formance, Harry tried to charter another 
plane for Debbie, but couldn't get one. 
So instead, he rented a limousine and 
chauffeur and drove back with her. 

She has begun to lean on him and his 
generosity. But earlier in their friend-
ship his generosity had boomeranged.

Debbie had to face the fact that Harry 
was in love with her, and that he was 
hoping to win her love.

She didn't want to lose her heart again; 
she was all wrapped up in her accelerated 
career, in her freedom. She felt she 
could not return Harry's love. One night 
she told him that they must not see each 
other so much. She began to date Bob 
Neal more frequently—sure that the 
happy-go-lucky Bob, whom she'd known 
for years, would not become as serious 
as Harry. Karl. She took a trip to New York 
and went night-clubbing with Walter 
Trotman, a millionaire realtor.

Harry was terribly lonely. He missed 
the gay, happy companionship of Debbie. 
Before he'd become so deeply interested in 
Debbie, he had courted Joan Cohn, the 
beautiful widow of Harry Cohn, the late 
head of Columbia Pictures. In her way, 
Joan is as big a catch as Harry. Beautiful, 
chic, she'd been left millions by Harry 
Cohn's death—but she was lonely and 
suspicious. She was afraid that when a 
man showed interest in her, he was really 
interested in her if money. But when Harry 
started to shower attention on her, she 
was not apprehensive. She knew that he 
had millions of his own in the business 
which he headed after his father's death, 
and that through his business alertness. 
Harry made this chain of shoe stores even 
more successful.

Joan and Harry became engaged: then 
their engagement was mysteriously broken. 
To this day, no one knows why. But 
Joan's friends think that the day she 
discovered Debbie was the day he lost 
interest in Joan.

When Debbie told Harry that she could 
ever become seriously interested in him, 
he went back to Joan. Joan Cohn had 
not found him worthy of marriage. 
In a moment of mutual loneliness Joan 
and Harry decided to marry.

Ten days later they faced the heart-
breaking news that Joan was not in love 
and never had been—that Harry had 
made her mad on the rebound.

He made up his mind to face the ridicule 
of the world if he had to, in order to 
break up the marriage that was meaning-
less. When he tried to date Debbie, she 
told him, "I won't date a married man." 

shave lady?
don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of 
nasty razor stubble! Always to neaten underarms, everytime to smooth 
legs to new smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy 
fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet?

Goes down deep where no razor can reach to 
cream hair away the beautiful way.

It was only when Joan Cohn went to 
the divorce court—and was given $10,000 
by Harry Karl for their ten-day mar-
riage that Harry and Debbie started see-
ing each other again.

When Harry Karl pursues a woman, she 
really knows she's pursued. Since his 
interlocutory divorce from Joan, Harry 
has been even more attentive to Debbie. 
A friend of Harry's, seeing how over-
board he's gone for Debbie, asked him, 
"Harry, you've gone with the most beau-
tiful woman out here. What do you see in 
Debbie, that one of the most wonderful girl I've ever known. I've 
never had so much fun with anyone."

One of Debbie's closest friends told me, 
"I can't understand why Harry is in love 
with her, but she may not be looking only 
for love now. She once married for love 
—and got badly hurt. She figures now, 
In every marriage one person is more 
deeply in love than the other. I loved 
Eddie more than he loved me. Mightn't it 
Work out better if I married a man who 
was more in love than I?" She respects 
Harry, and that may be enough."

There are still remnants of the pur-
tanial girl in Debbie's personality. 
The gifts she has accepted from Harry are 
hardly tokens. Could a girl of Debbie's 
makeup accept such gifts—chinchilla, 
minks and $40,000 emeralds—from a man 
who has no intention of marrying?

Some in Hollywood feel that the differ-
ce in their ages is a great barrier.

Actually, Harry is 47 years old—al-
though he may look older," says a friend. 
"That's not too great a disparity for 
Debbie, who's about 30 now. (And Debbie 
does not feel that this is necessarily a 
handicap to a happy marriage. Eddie was 
about her own age, and that didn't work 
out. Debbie feels that perhaps a more 
mellow man—one whose mind and heart 
have been deepened by suffering—may 
be better for her than some good-looking, 
conceited young actor.

"In spite of the fact that Harry's a 
grandpa—his daughter by his first mar-
rriage has a baby son—Harry is young in 
spirit," this friend went on.

"And he supplies a vital need in Debb-
ie's life—the feeling that she has a man 
around who is mature enough to advise 
her when she needs advice. I know the 
kind of girl Debbie is, and the kind of 
mother she is. She would never give her 
children a stepfather whom she felt would 
be too young to take the responsibility 
seriously."

Another friend of Debbie's thinks that 
Debbie may find Harry's three marriages 
and divorces a distinct handicap. "One 
marriage failure, Debbie feels, might be 
the woman's fault," explained this friend. 
But it is hard for Debbie to believe that 
if a man has failed at marriage three times, 
ever one of the woman's fault. Harry 
married the first time when he was 
in his twenties, to a non-professional. They 
have a daughter, Judy, who is now 
marrried.

"Although Debbie is very sympathetic, 
she doesn't want to be a two-time loser 
in the marriage game. And she knows 
very well that the chances of a happy 
marriage are less with a man who has had 
had three divorces. She's got that thought 
in her little noggin, too."

Between now and the day Harry gets 
his final decree of divorce, Debbie will 
have to face these problems and think 
about them.

Debbie has seven months in which to 
make up her mind.

Debbie can be seen now in THE GAZERO, 
MGM; soon in THE PLEASURE OF HIS COM-
PANY and THE RAT RACE, both Paramount.
Elvis’ Grown-up Way with Girls

(Continued from page 45)

and adores costume jewelry and red shoes. Hazel-eyed LaVerne Novak is auburn-haired, dreamed someday of becoming a movie actress.

All three girls have bright, sunny personalities. They hail from Cleveland, Ohio, and confess they began singing during ‘babysitting’ nights.

Here are their individual reports on their unique relationship with Elvis. Isn’t it interesting how each of them noticed different things?

TONI CISTONE: After we toured Ireland and England, we went to Germany where we sang at a hotel called the Von Steuben in Weisbaden. About forty-five minutes out of Weisbaden is Bad Nauheim where Elvis is stationed, and we never ever expected to meet him.

But through a friend of ours, Cliff Cleague, who knew Elvis’ traveling companion, Lamar Fisk, we got to meet Elvis on a Friday night.

We drove out and stopped at a sign that said 11 Goethe Street—Autographs between 8:30 and 9:30 p.m.

It was dark, and the house was dark because the windows were boarded up for Elvis’ safety. There were hundreds of fans waiting outside, and Lamar pushed through the crowd to make room for us to go through the gate. The house was dark inside, too. There was only one lamp on, and I couldn’t help thinking, “What a nice and soft and romantic atmosphere.”

We sat on a low couch and waited for Elvis.

We were all nervous. I could hear the other girls breathing, and I didn’t know what to do with my hands so I fidgeted with my skirt.

All of a sudden Elvis barged in and he came right up to us, shook our hands and repeated our names back to us as we introduced ourselves.

That was a great thrill in itself, hearing Elvis say our names.

Then for a couple of minutes I was dumbfounded. I didn’t know what to say or think. I remembered I wished I had my best dress on. Finally I pinched myself to get my senses back and I found myself staring into Elvis’ eyes. They’re very blue, bluer than they look in pictures. They’re like pools of clear blue lake water on a summer’s day. I could look into them forever.

I was a little surprised by Elvis’ haircut. It was a crewcut and it wasn’t long. It was an in-fashion haircut but I’d never seen in pictures before. Of course, I’ve always loved his sideburns and I hope he goes back to them when he gets out of the Army.

We wore a sexy pink shirt and dark frontier pants.

Then, after our introduction, he did the most wonderful thing. He went over to his record player and pulled out a 45 record, and he said, “I’ve got some of your songs here!”

And all three of us swooned.

We all went to see him at the Cleveland Arena Auditorium and how we lost our purses in the mob. We talked about showbusiness, our marvelous trip through Europe, and he listened very attentively.

He was so easy to talk to that I told the other girls later, “Gee, El is a wonderful everyday kind of fellow.” He didn’t scare us off the way some stars can.

He walked out of the room for a moment then and came back with his big guitar and flashed a dreamy smile. When he smiled that dark living room lit up. Elvis has a big smile (it’s a little crooked, goes way up the right side of his face) and it’s so real, so beautiful, that you can’t help but shiver when you first see it.

Elvis strummed his guitar and asked us to sing our hits—I’ll Keep Trying and I’ll Be Seeing You. Then he imitated a couple of old-style singers and sang Good Golly Miss Molly.

We clapped to the beat, and while I was listening to him I realized Elvis had lost a lot of weight. I’ve often thought back to how Elvis looked, and I believe Elvis is better-looking, if that’s possible. His face looks leaner, and you can see that wonderful bone structure very clearly.

We talked after we sang, and then we had to return to the club for our show. El came out to our blue Ford convertible and he said he’d join us at the Roman Gardens later if he could. The Roman Gardens is a pizza place.

But if he didn’t get away, he made us promise to come back to a pizza party on Sunday.

He didn’t come to the Roman Gardens that night—so we couldn’t wait ‘til Sunday.

PATTI MCCABE: On Sunday we went to mass at a lovely old church, the Church of St. Augustine. Then we lunched at our hotel, and Mark Wildey, the tall, young, handsome blond manager of the Von Steuben, drove us out to Elvis. The day was perfect with a bright sun and blue skies.

When we arrived at 11 Goethe Street, there were thousands of fans crowding around the house.

Well, we went into Elvis’ house by the backdoor because of the big mob out front.

The house was a dark grey stucco, and there was a nice lawn around it. I remember the sun on the house and the flowers were fruit trees in the backyard: apple and plum and pear. And there were wasps and bumblebees, too, because a bumblebee almost stung me, and I couldn’t help thinking, why Elvis has a song called I Got Stung!

That day El struck me as being different.

He wasn’t as shy; he seemed more relaxed; he talked more.

He was wearing an open-necked blue sport shirt, a grey Perry Como Sweater and navy blue pants, and he had a black pearl ring on his little finger. We talked about the rainy weather and the romance.

Some of his came from Elvis’ camp then, and the jam session started. Al, the soldier who played piano for a while, told me how Elvis was the end. He made me promise to write him and told me a couple of stories of how Elvis went out of his way to cover up for a couple of guys in his outfit who were1 8ballers.

In the last half hour of the session I went into the kitchen for a glass of water, and his grandmother was there.

She’s a riot.

She’s at almost six feet, nearly as tall as Elvis, and she’s got a sense of humor that’s a dilly. She started telling me what a big pain all the immunization shots were. When Elvis asked her to come over, she had to go use the washroom. “They nearly killed me,” she screams, “and if they have to give them to me again when I go back to the States I’ll sissy away or something. Anything to avoid that needle!”

She said she cooks for Elvis, and that he won’t eat just anybody else’s food. He flips for juicy steaks and apple pies.

She also told me Elvis’ dad was in the Army. He was stationed in Germany and I’ve never heard of his being a musician, that’s pretty hard.

Do you know what he sang? He sang mostly spirituals. I was so impressed. He’s such a wonderful emotional singer that I just couldn’t stop crying when he sang. His voice is so rich and full, and if you listen to him sing I Understand and I Believe, The Lord’s Prayer and I’ll Never Walk Alone—well, you just get gooseflesh all over and I’m sure he gives them.

After all these hours (four or five) of singing, we were all a little hungry, so El sent out for the pizzas, and I don’t know how many he ordered but I’ve never seen so many pizza pies.

All kinds of pizza—tomato and cheese, sausage, pepperoni, mushroom. Everybody ate and ate. Elvis himself had four or five huge pieces. He’s a wonderful appetite, and he eats as though he’s enjoying every single bite.

I don’t think I can ever forget the way Elvis’ face glows when he smiles at a girl. He kept smiling at us and I kept wondering if I was in a dream. It was too unbelievable to be true, seeing and being with Elvis for all this time.

Something else that made a very deep impression with me: Elvis’ gentlemanliness.

He never forgets his manners, ever, even with his fans. He went out to sign autographs, and we stood with him, and the last person who asked as he was the first.

Finally we had to get back to the hotel and we started to say good-bye and he leaned over and kissed Toni and Patti and myself, and said “Gee, I hope I have a chance to see you all again real soon!”

There were lumps the size of apples in our throats.

We just couldn’t talk. We left, happy tears in our eyes, unable to speak, choked up with admiration and emotion over our singing idol.

Of course, being in showbusiness it was an extra-special thrill for us to meet Elvis because we were able to share our singing with him, and I don’t think I ever forget our week-end with Elvis as long as I’m alive.

—Louella tells the facts about

Marilyn Monroe’s marriage

The romance of

Kim Novak

and

Richard Quine

Look for Doris Day on the cover

U. S. for a few weeks and that El missed him very much.

Laverne Novak: You know a guitar is what usually symbolizes Elvis Presley, and he does have a beautiful bass guitar made of black wood.

But we were a very surprised halfway through the afternoon to see Elvis put down his guitar and go to the piano. And do you know something? He’s just as good a piano player as he is a guitar player. He played dozens and dozens of songs and sang along with himself which is pretty hard.

IN THE MAY ISSUE

Richard Quine

Look for Doris Day on the cover

END
Stephen Boyd

(Continued from page 29)

Boyd. He has a different name but often the same wavy red hair and the same blue eyes. He wakes and awakens, and he believes it as firmly as he believes in leprechauns. That is one big reason why Irish Steve Boyd is the hottest new he-man in Hollywood.

Since his ruthless Messala lost the chariot race but captured the sympathy and sex-appeal of Ben-Hur, Steve has had to turn down six roles that could have made him rich—if he were a football squad instead of just one man. Steve missed starring with Marilyn Monroe in Let's Make Love, but he's not afraid of false eyelash—but he's up for More Arsenic with Liz Taylor's Cleopatra. After that they're talking Valentiono's sexy part in Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, starring Barbara Stanwyck. Critics are already running out of five-dollar adjectives describing Steve's virile authority, and even tough-minded Willie Wyler, Ben-Hur's director, calls him a young Clark Gable. Steve goes, girls break out in goose pimples.

Some reasons why are obvious. Steve Boyd is a gorgeous broth of a boy with a wavy, red hair, blue eyes, and a rocky, deep-dimpled chin. He's loaded with genuine Irish wit and charm, and there's nothing wrong with his six-foot-three inches of muscle, either. But there the standard Hollywood hero portrait stops, and Steve's dream takes over. All he really cares about is acting.

For himself, handsome Steve Boyd has absolutely no admiration. "I'm not very fond of myself," he'll tell you, "but I'm all wrapped up in Steve. Fame leaves him cold. He doesn't care about being a star. He can skip fun, too, and even money. I'll work for nothing," he's offered, "if I like the part. But I'll go out of my mind if I don't."

Nothing besides his job

Steve has even less interest in sports, social life, politics, business or much of anything besides his job. If people ask him about them he has a stock answer: "I don't know. I'm not interested." You know, a few years ago an interviewer dreamed up a fancy quote: "If I have one cause in life," he had Steve say grandly, "it is to fight for the freedom of Ireland."

When that hit his home town, Belfast people who knew him laughed out loud, along with Steve Boyd. For one thing, they're all loyal subjects of the Queen. Corrected Steve. That's running out of five-dollar adjectives, I've had to fight for all my life is my own freedom. That's a battle that keeps on and on."

When fans mobbed Steve for his autobiography recently in New York, Steve was equally amazed. "Why should anybody want anything from me?" he puzzled. "What have I got to do with that guy in Ben-Hur?"

Critics are already running out of five-dollar adjectives describing Steve's virile authority, and even tough-minded Willie Wyler, Ben-Hur's director, calls him a young Clark Gable. Steve goes, girls break out in goose pimples.

A character like that can be hard to figure in a town where the first person, singular, is almost bald. Steve Boyd is hard to figure. You have to start all over again with each part he plays.

As long as two years ago, when Steve first came to play the 'bad guy' in The Bravados, the impact was baffling to all concerned. In fact, when Steve showed up at Twentieth Century-Fox to draw up his contract sheet, he's hard to figure. You have to start all over again with each part he plays.

As long as two years ago, when Steve first came to play the 'bad guy' in The Bravados, the impact was baffling to all concerned. In fact, when Steve showed up at Twentieth Century-Fox to draw up his contract sheet, he's hard to figure. You have to start all over again with each part he plays.

The driver only jumped angrily out at the bump, yelling "You little so-and-so!" and chased him up the street. He roamed the woods outside of town, found out the Mountaineers of the Mountaineer, alone—being whatever came to his imagination—Robin Hood, Brian Boru, a deer, fox, or even a tree. Later, when he grew strong and went up solitary hikes through the mountains, singing Irish ballads, "he knew the mountains of Mountaineer sweep down to the sea..." and staying at youth hostels. "I was a dreamer," admits Steve. "And the things I liked best I liked to do alone,..."
The distinguished appearing man behind the wide mahogany desk looked at the signed contract with satisfaction. Then as his eyes surveyed the signer sitting opposite, his face grew troubled.

"You have three weeks before your first costume fitting," Y. Frank Freeman, the head of Paramount, said firmly to Bob Hope. "The clothes of that period were form-fitting, remember, so you better spend all your time on that golf course!"

"That's the nicest order I ever got," Hope said happily, and departed for the links. But two weeks later, he hadn't taken off an ounce, and studio officials were in despair.

The suits for the movie were to be made by Sy Devore, noted Hollywood stylist. The fittings for Bob Hope were cancelled several times, until Mr. Devore pointed out that time was getting short.

"We know it," the studio said sadly, "but the suits are to be size 32 and Mr. Hope's only down to 30. How's he to try them on?"

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Devore, "but send him in for a fitting."

Accordingly, Bob Hope arrived at Devore's—but he couldn't quite get into the suit. "I don't understand it," he commented blandly. "I've been losing weight steadily for three weeks."

"Oh, I can see that," Sy Devore told him, "but you'll need to take off just a little more. This is Monday: come in Thursday for the next fitting."

For three weeks thereafter Bob Hope still couldn't quite get into the suit. Sy Devore would say encouragingly, "You just need to take off a little bit more, Mr. Hope."

It was a great day when the suit fitted superbly. Bob Hope said delightedly, "That shows what golf will do for you!"

But, it was only when the picture was finished that Sy Devore revealed the secret. "I never saw anybody need so many fittings for a suit," Bob remarked one day. "Why, you could have made four suits in the time it took you to fit that one!"

"I did," said Sy Devore with a chuckle. "That first suit was a 35; you were a 36. The next week when you'd lost a bit, I'd made a 34—and so on, until you finally got down to a 32."

Bob Hope's last words? "Now I know what they mean by 'Clothes make the man.'"

The picture was Beau James, in which Bob Hope portrayed the late svelte Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. Today Bob's golf score is still in the low 80's—and his waistline is back in the high 30's!

That was hard to manage the way the Millars lived in Glen Gormley. They rented a tiny house, smaller than the modern apartment Steve has in Hollywood today, for $1.10 a week. All eleven crowded inside, and a succession of cats who inevitably met sad ends. The main support of the household was James Millar's salary of $18 a week. Sometimes Martha worked and each Millar kid, girl or boy, found a job as they grew up to help. Billy pulled potatoes on farms nearby. George tried to get a job in a garage, until a towed tractor he was steering tipped over on the slippery road to Belfast and almost killed him.

Since their schooling was poor Irish. The world-wide depression in Steve's boyhood didn't help, and then came the war to make things desperate. Food was scarce and the Nazi-plastered the port of Belfast regularly, leaving incendiaries and delayed action bombs that blew up without warning and killed plenty of kids Billy knew. Some families moved out into the hills but the Millars stayed where they were, thinking themselves lucky compared to Jack, Billy's brother, who joined the Navy and stuck out the war on Malta, the heaviest bombed spot of all. Despite all this and his poverty, Steve Boyd calls himself lucky to have had the boyhood he had.

Nobody's impressed

He likes to go back home today. "In fact," says Steve, "I need to. It gets my feet back on the ground." When he does his mother tells him, "Now, there'll be none of that Stephen Boyd business around here, boy. You're still Billy."

Sometimes he tells him "Pennon" from the recollection of his birth. And his dad who, after thirty-two years, drives the same trucks for the same company and makes about the same pay, teases him roughly. "How's the head, Billy—swelling up? I'll get a bucket of water!" His brothers are all men who work with their hands. He has twenty-two nephews and nieces. Nobody's impressed.

Stephen Boyd prizes this and even envies them. "My father and mother," he believes, "are both remarkable people. At an early age they made and kept their happiness. If I could ever achieve what they have," he muses wistfully, "I'd be content."

Back then contentment didn't mix with Billy Millar's dreams any more than it does today. But he's grateful that some virtues and values of respectable poverty rubbed off and clung to him. "Life was a struggle," as he puts it. "But a cheerful struggle. We never had a shilling ahead but I don't remember any feeling of fear or insecurity. There was always life and excitement in our house, always love, always humor and always pride."

At school Billy Millar had a nickname, "Smiler." "I was a serious kid," he explains, "but happy serious." From the minute he trotted off to classes, at the age of four, he liked everything about school. But he was always speaking his mind. He'd argue until they shut him up. "I was sure hard to convince," says Steve.

At the Scottish Presbyterian church he even argued with the Reverend Nicholson about his sermons. "It amazed me," states Steve, "that a man could read a text from the Bible and then have the nerve to tell others what it meant. Why, it means something different to everyone who reads it!"

He'd tell the good man this and they'd have word battles after church, to the preacher's delight. But later, when Billy Millar briefly thought he'd like to study theology and be a minister himself, Reverend Nicholson shook his head.

"I know your mind, Billy," he counseled, "and you won't do for organized religion. You'd never accept it."

---

PAR FOR THE COURSE
By then Billy Millar was already a veteran in a profession where it didn’t hurt a bit to have ideas of your own. But it did hurt to have them rejected. At fourteen, Billy was a has-been kid actor.

It had all begun when he was eight with a little school play in Glen Gormley, something about the death of Charlie Chaplin. As Billy remembers, he played a policeman and he can still rattle off his opening lines, “Look—Maggie and Jim are comin’ down the street like old grand- mother’s pet—and he’s gone all red in the face!” A scout from the British Broadcasting company was combing the schools for a kid who could play the part. The scout found it in Billy right up for the Children’s Hour program.

A kid who was always being something else anyway, found this a pushover. For most of the time he was rehearsing or happily being everybody but himself over radio. This was good—but bad, too.

Into the family pot

The good part was the expressive outlet for imaginative Billy Millar—and maybe even more than that—the money. For a skit he collected $1.25 an hour on a decent week’s wages for any grown working man in Ireland. For a play he got $25, more than his own dad earned. All of it went into the family coffers.

But it was bad being cut off from his age group at a time when Billy Millar, particularly, needed them. “Sometimes,” groans Steve, “I feel the feeling I’m a bit of an adolescent.”

He never had a chance to knock around and get the growing kinks out of his system. There was too much to do. The other boys did—play on soccer teams, dance, join a gang, mess around. All that time Billy never had a date. With all the chicks flying around Stephen Breen he felt it was hard to believe, but in those days he couldn’t get to first base with the college girls. By North-of-Ireland standards, they figured he was “kook.”

Steve still winces remembering one who gave him a specially hard time. Audrey was a dainty blonde doll he worshiped hopelessly. His big brother, Alex, took her out whenever Steve, as he often did, when Billy tried she just swished her skirts and snapped, “No!”

“Lord knows I was persistent,” grins Steve. “I was asking her for six straight years and I got the same answer every time.” Finally she told him, “Billy, you’re just too odd a one for me.”

While Steve was still on BBC, but fading, he entered Hughes Academy in Belfast, a business school. His aim was a white-collar job in an office. University was out of the question with the wages of the Millar kids. Billy always knew that—there wasn’t the money. But he didn’t want to steer a truck, or swing a pick. He hit typing and shorthand hard and got pretty sharp.

He’d been there about a year when Martha Millar met him one day as he rolled in on his bike. “Don’t take a little walk, Son,” she said. And then she told him, “Things are bad with so many married and gone. We can’t keep it up with you in school. Billy has more character than he knew I meant: That he had to start bringing in steady money. That’s what’s Irish family’s son like Billy Millar had to do when it came to support the family.”

So, Billy got himself a job in a Belfast insurance office, “assistant in charge of motors,” he called himself dramatically. Actually, he was a messenger boy. He got a better job soon at McCalla’s Travel Agency, earning $20 a week. For a fifteen-year-old in Belfast that was fabulous. His family and friends began thinking maybe Billy was going to make it. Billy told himself that was his one ambition. Now, Steve Boyd knows he just wanted to please his folks. Because, nights he joined up with an acting group called the Ulster Players. After seven months at McCalla’s he faced his boss one day and announced that he was quitting. The boss almost fell out of his chair.

“What for?”

“I want to be an actor,” said Billy. “Humph!” snorted the man, “Now listen, it’s a rolling stone, you know, gathers no moss.”

Maybe Billy had heard his snappy comeback somewhere. Anyway he said, “Steve” applied to a professional acting company named the Ulster Group Theater, took an exam and got a job. Five dollars a week. He stayed until he was twenty-three years old. At the end he was making $10.

“I’ll bet on the Irish”

But Billy swallowed his pride and stuck it. He’s never been sorry. He learned the tricks of his trade with the Ulster Group. Steve Boyd thinks there are few better places to learn them. He has great respect for America’s Method actors like Brando and Newman. “But when it comes to tricks, acting or any other kind,” smiles Steve, “I’ll bet on the Irish.”

He learned more than tricks, of course. Starting on the ground floor, literally, sweeping out the house, Billy shifted scenery, hammered sets, stage managed, worked in the box office, handled parts and then leads. Finally, he was playing eight shows a week, forty-eight weeks a year—Noel Coward, Bernard Shaw, Terence Rattigan, wilder, more modern playwrights. By the time he was twenty, Billy Millar figured he was a professional and he longed for the Big League.

Billy got there first in 1950 for the Festival of Britain. The Ulster Group sent over three plays for that, and Billy got a free ride and understudy. He tried to stick around when he didn’t have a job. Instead, Billy went back to Ireland, broke and in the doghouse. The Ulster Group figured he’d deserted them, and the head didn’t kick him out, “To teach you a lesson.”

“He did,” says Steve grimly. “The lesson was that if you want to get anywhere you’d better not depend on anyone but yourself.” That fall he borrowed five pounds (about $15) from a Belfast pal and boarded a boat back to Liverpool, lugging a bag or two of clothes and a guitar around the house. The battered box occupies a place of honor by Steve’s fireplace today. In London it practically saved his life.

He heard from them after hitching the long stretch from Liverpool. But he didn’t know a soul and his state was all of ten shillings. He found a job at Lyon’s Corner House, chipping away in Pimlico Cir- cus, pouring coffee and carrying cut dirty dishes for four pounds a week, and a room for thirty shillings. The job was okay, although he worked twelve hours a day, but the room was pretty bad. It was actually a tiny hall, four by nine feet, and you had to edge in sideways or you’d step right into the bed,” recalls Steve. “There wasn’t a window but there was a door out to the garden. The other roommates had to go through my place to get out.” That was bearable as long as he just slept there nights.

But after he’d saved up ten pounds, Billy quit his bus-boy job to make the agent’s rounds, with plenty of no luck. He was about broke again when that fog rolled in.
Undernourished anyway, Billy was a set-up for pneumonia-flu. He was desperately sick for a whole month. In the midst of this his landlady demanded her rent and when he couldn't come up with it, ordered him out. Next day was the deadline.

"It's funny what you can do," reflects Steve Boyd, "when you have to." What he did was to somersault off his bed and his guitar down to Leicester Square that night. In front of the Empire Theater long lines of ticket buyers queued up. Billy Millar started 'busking.'

Wrangling his guitar, he crooked out the folk songs he knew from childhood, Star of the County Down, Just a Poor Wayfarin' Stranger and such. People tossed him pennies and sometimes a shilling. That was Stephen Boyd's first London performance, and for him it was a big success. "Not because of my music," admits Steve, "but because I looked like I'd drop dead if they didn't tip me. I probably would have, too."

But a nice little racket like 'busking' was not overlooked in crowded London. There were pro 'buskers,' they even had a union. Pretty soon a goon squad chased wobbly Billy Millar off the Square. By then he had enough for his first meal in a week, and a pound to stall off the landlady. He bolted the meal—veal schnitzel and beer—bought a small bottle of brandy and a packet of aspirin. Back in his room he downs those and crawled in between the sheets. Twenty hours later he woke up in a sea of sweat. But he'd had that wonderful dream. He felt just great.

From that low point the only way Billy could go was up. Not very far up, at first. But the doorman's job he snagged next at the Odeon Theatre, with its gorgeous uniform, triggered the break he was hunting. Billy was so impressive in the glittering rig that, when they staged the British Academy Awards at the Leicester Square Cinema across the way, someone grabbed him to usher in the winners. Billy took stars up to emcee Michael Redgrave, all that evening. At the end Redgrave, a star himself in London, politely inquired just what the hell Billy was doing in that Star of London uniform parking cars and opening doors?

"You're an artist, aren't you?"
"How did you know?"
"I can tell," said Mike, "by the way you handle yourself. Why aren't you acting?"

So Billy told him his sad story: Nobody would give him a job. After a chat, Redgrave said, "Tell that. He gave Billy a note to the director of the Windsor Repertory Group, and Billy took a train up the next day. Luckily, they were just casting a play and needed a boy for—of all things—Little Women. He hired Billy for the part of Laurie, and, says Steve, "Was I ever lousy!" But they kept him on and, after a few plays, his second good luck angel zeroed in.

This one was Derek Marr, a London agent. Before, whenever Billy Millar had busted into London agents' offices they'd practically called the hounds to boot him out. Of course, Marr hadn't come to Windsor to see Billy. He had a client who starred in the show. But, like a lot of other people since, he saw something in the handsome young Ulsterman that Billy couldn't see in himself. The day Marr took on Billy as a client things began to change.

"In fact," says Steve, "everything good that happened to me up to Ben-Hur I owe to him."

Derek switched Billy's name to Stephen Boyd, for one thing. He lent him money to operate. He took him to West End tators and taught him how to dress, tamed his wild Irish mop at the barber's. He calmed him down, took his dreamy head out of the clouds and planted his feet on the ground. Best of all, he forced out Stephen Boyd's thunderclap personality. "It was the turning point for me," Steve believes. "Until then I kept myself inside myself. I wouldn't let anything out to hit people with, on stage or off." In no time he was hitting them hard.

At both the Guildford Repertory and Midland Group in Coventry, where Marr steered Steve, he played leads and collected rave notices. When he came back to London he took on TV and soon could pick and choose his scripts. "So I picked A Song to Remember. Not like he had that time before, of course; what Steve means is that he was stubborn about doing the right ones, and you don't get rich saying "No," "I didn't care," he says. "I developed almost a religious feeling about what I did. I guess you'd have called me a long-haired actor. Maybe I was. But it was the happiest time of my life."

And in the end, it paid off.

Steve took on a job in a TV play called Barrett's Folly, which no other London actor would touch with a ten foot pole. He played an idiotic weaking. Well, it just won him a nomination for an English Emmy, and a contract with Sir Alexander Korda for movies. In fact, it pointed Stephen Boyd toward Hollywood, although he certainly didn't know that then.

Because, after a couple of break-in movies for Korda, Steve played an Irish spy in a war thriller, The Man Who Never Was, and that put him up for a British Oscar, only three years after he'd ushered cars in his doorman's rig. Then Korda died and Twentieth-Century-Fox

JIM ARNESS ESCAPES FROM ANZIO

Long before a young giant named Jim Arness ever dreamed of being a hero on a television screen, he was trying to find himself after a rugged stretch as a member of the Third Infantry Division—the one that assaulted the Anzio beachhead. He was wounded in that assault and now he lay in an Army hospital in North Africa and did a great deal of thinking. He wanted to forget all the terrors he had known. He wanted to settle down somewhere to a nice, pleasant career far removed from violence.

With his discharge, he returned to his native Minneapolis planning to enter the University of Minnesota. He had no definite career plans as yet—just something as unlike the fires and horror of war as possible.

The while he was waiting for the new semester to begin, he happened to get a job at a local radio station, WLOL. He liked it so well that he continued, even after classes at the University had started. This might be just the career for him—no bloodshed, no fire, no violence.

It was a small station, and Jim did a little bit of everything. He did the commercials, read spot announcements, was disc jockey, weather reporter and all-around handyman.

But on his first day as a full-fledged newscaster, the fellows at WLOL decided that he was due for a bit of hazing. The news was read as it came off the teletype, in strips many feet long. On this occasion, the boys set fire to the other end of it!

"Here I was," Jim recalls ruefully, "trying to make good on my first big chance. I had to read the top footage of the teletype in an authoritative, well-modulated voice, while the bottom footage was roaring up in flames! Anzio was never like this!"
Italian sun it got so hot that wardrobe boys had to wear gloves to remove it, so you can imagine how Steve fried underneath it. What was left of Steve's skin got peeled when they plastered him with blood-and-muck makeup for his death scenes. It took three men three hours each turn to get him his adhesives and red goo. Today his skin still bleeds whenever he gets run down. As for the risky chariot spills—Steve figures he's alive today only because Yakima Canutt, Hollywood's stunt wizard, taught him tricks to stay in one piece.

But while Steve Boyd kept his life those six months inside, he lost his heart almost the day Ben Hur started. Mariella di Sarzana was Rome representative for MCA, the big talent agency. MCA handles Steve, so Mariella had instruction from Hollywood to "take good care of Stephen Boyd." She did.

Steve often worked from six o'clock in the morning until nine at night. But afterward on weekends he admired the beauty and grandeur of Rome through the eyes of romance. Mariella, in Steve's words, is "a beautiful, sophisticated, in-telligently educated woman. She's of values and understanding of artists. She's full of entertainment and charm." He concludes, "Ours was a fascinating courtship of two people in love."

From May until August they visited the Colosseum in the moonlight, prowled the museums, and cruised sailboats. They went to the Vatican, St. John Lateran and such. On weekends they drove in Steve's little MG down to Anzio and Naples or up to Florence. With Mariella Steve said his tourists never saw because Rome was her home. Special views from hilltops, hidden cafes, quiet gardens and fountains off the beaten path. And they frequently took long drives together at Steve's apartment in the Termeacalci section or at Mariella's in the Parioli. One blue sky day in Sperlonga, a beautiful seaside village, Steve asked Mariella to marry him and got the right answer—or so they both deeply believed then. When he had five days off, they flew to London and were married. Steve's British citizenship made arrangements faster there.

Back in Rome, Steve and Mariella lived together exactly one month to the day. When Ben Hur ended, he flew off to London alone. Every night for two weeks they talked long distance trying to find out what had gone wrong. They never did. Then Steve flew to Hollywood to make Woman Obsessed with Susan Hayward. Last February Mariella travelled there, too—to get a divorce.

Stephen Boyd struggles to explain to himself what happened. "I really don't know for sure," he admits. "I suppose I wasn't ready for marriage. Maybe I was still too much of an adolescent. There are so many things to think about before you take that step and I didn't think them through. I wish I had told him to work harder."

But after his experience he thinks another marriage is a long way off for him, even though he'll be a free man this March. "I'll get married again," he promises himself. "I think I need marriage. But I've got to come to terms with myself and my work first." Meanwhile, he's playing the field, if you can call it that.

The only framed photograph Steve keeps in his apartment is one of a fascinating blonde named Valerie Tiller. Steve brought it with him from home. "She used to be in England and established himself in Hollywood in the auto business. Recently, Valerie got a job as a model. She's five years older.

In Hollywood, Steve Boyd leads the life of a typical bachelor, but not a typical "I nearly hitched to death for 2 1/2 years. Then I discovered a new wonder-working cream. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles.

Here's her blissed relief from rashes of vaginal itch, rectal itch, itching and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This bacteria cream gets it soothed raw, irritated and inflamed skin.

Motherly Washable Leather Baby Shoes

Other styles to $3.99 for infants crib to age 3. Over 6,000,000 pairs have been sold.

Mothers! Imagine Wonderful Washable Leather Baby Shoes

Now, for infants from crib to age 3, the only $3.99 leather booties that are washable, waterproof, and stay on baby's feet are LANACANE Baby Shoes. Soft, soles are still flexible, never had a return, but they are folded. Now, you can wash them away in warm water, or even machine wash. The perfect leather baby shoe that's never been an ideal baby shoe. Get LANACANE Baby Shoes, the only $3.99 washable leather baby shoe!"
Hollywood bachelor. His pad is a comfortable old, pink-tinted duplex in the unfashionable part of town. Since Ben-Hur became a success, in some days to handle his ballooning fan mail, but that's about his only luxury. The small Falcon he owns is the first new car he's ever driven and he still wears the tailored suits he bought in London. He drinks only beer, skips parties and night clubs and squanders $25 a week that his business manager does out.

Partly, this is because in some years, 87 per cent of his bookings were in Europe. Timmy Mack, his former agent, can't forget his poor Belfast beginnings. He has bought his mother and father a house in Belfast.

But mainly, the reason Steve operates quietly despite the furor of his big hit, is that that's the way he likes it. "I'm often alone," he'll confess, "but I'm never lonely."

Most nights Steve Boyd settles down to work on that at home. He shuts off the phone, turns on the hi-fi and background music, gets out his tape recorder and stacks of scripts. Any part will do. He's still working on Messala, for instance, although Ben-Hur has been playing for months. For this he's been givena drink, the thicker his drunken in The Best of Everything, the spy in The Man Who Never Was—and back beyond.

Sometimes he forgets the clock and it's daylight before the well runs dry. Then Steve blanks out on his king-size bed and it might be midnight again before his belly feels like an empty mail sack and wakes him up. He goes out, wallops a big steak and feels fine. If some people think him crazy, that's okay with Steve. He thinks they're nuts when they call him 'another Galileo.'

Because Stephen Boyd knows, only too well, that he's nobody but himself. Yet sometimes he's not sure who that is, either. "I'm just an actor, you know," he says, somewhat pensively, "is that it's getting to be a very complicated world?"

That it is for Stephen Boyd, since Ben-Hur has been running every day by day by day. But, thick or thin, five will get you that Mrs. Millar's boy, who still believes in leprechauns, keeps the touch of the Irish, enough of their tricks—and, above all, his right to dream.

Stephen is currently co-starring in Ben-Hur, MGM.

"I'm Like 13 and It's Like Awful!"

(Continued from page 47)

symphony of instruments—so many of them—surrounding her.

"What's it good for?" she asked. And golly, what an afternoon it had been. A real princess from Europe who was visiting Hollywood had come to the studio singing, and they'd taken a picture of the two girls together.

For young Dodie, sometimes—like now, it was all just too much. Her new 20th Century-Fox contract. The big television shows. People all over Australia. And now this album for Dot Records. No rock 'n' roll either. Just beautiful standards—all love songs—like this one she was doing now. She preferred it.

"Ready, Dodie, darling?" Louis Prima said.

Her voice, a lot like Judy Garland's, floated over the room, the last note dying slowly in a catchy sob.

"That's it, Dodie, baby?" Louis said. And she could tell he was real happy with the way it turned out.

She stepped out of the sound-box, a little girl in red plaid cotton capis and tan leather moccasins, lugging an enormous white bag. Like a little colt of a girl, all legs and expressive eyes and heavy shoulder-length brown hair.

She looked at the clock, and Dodie's brown eyes clouded and the happy feeling died just as it always when a session ended. It was six o'clock, and everybody else was so happy because Dodie had done such a great job and they'd finished on time.

But six o'clock for this little thirteen-year-old Cinderella meant the magic was over, and she would be taking the freeway back to Temple City... and homework. As she left the studio, turned into Geri Pasquale, Temple City school girl.

Tomorrow, another record session in Hollywood? Then tomorrow night, back to Temple City—and more homework. It was so discouraging sometimes.

Dodie at home

In a few minutes Dodie Stevens would leave the studio, along with her youthful parents, her Italian father, Cesare Pasquale, a house painter, and her pretty dark-haired, blue-eyed mother, Sofia Pas- quale, housewife. They'd get into the family Ford and turn south on Sunset, away from the bright lights and the motion picture and television studios. Away from the fifteen violins and the violin princesses. Away from—well—people like Fabian and Frankie Avalon. They'd drive across Los Angeles and twenty miles further on the San Bernar- dino Freeway, and turn into the driveway of a modest stucco home. And in no time the teen-and-sixteen, the boy who asked me to go out with him used to do so much fun more. I'd be getting out of school and everything would be so much simpler for me," she sighed.

"I'm supposed to have two date lay-outs with Fabian," Dodie says sadly. "But I couldn't because when you're like thirteen—and-sixteen, well they just didn't think it would work out very well, you know. They'd be thirteen come soon, see— it would be so much better.

And being sixteen would, see, solve so many problems in her personal life too. "Mom and Dad won't let me date until I'm like sixteen," Dodie says. "They think when you're sixteen—that's just right. They think you know everything then, I mean. When they're all turned into Geri Pasquale, Temple City school girl.

Tomorrow, another record session in Hollywood? Then tomorrow night, back to Temple City—and more homework. It was so discouraging sometimes.

Practically all the freshmen at Temple City High date—except the weird ones," Dodie goes on. "I'm asked a lot, and at first when I'd tell them I was only like sixteen, they'd say, 'But that isn't fair.' And I say, 'I know—but what are you going to do about it?' And then they say, 'Oh well, we'll call you back in three years.'

That's what they're going to do about it. Everybody. Call Dodie back in like three years. But there's nothing much that you can do about life when you're thirteen. You can just do homework and dream and die waiting—until you're like sixteen—when you can do all the really important things.

Not that Dodie isn't thrilled about to- day's success and all. And though she's singing now, "It sure took a long time," she sighs.

"Don't call me, we'll call you?"

Show-business may think of Dodie Stevens as an over-night discovery, but as she says, "I don't remember my first audition. Golly, that was a long time ago. I just remember their exact words, 'Don't you ever call us. We'll call you.' That's all I re- member—it was coming out of my ears all the time.

She was able to sing just about as soon as she could talk, as the neighbors on the other side of the thin walls of the Pasquales' two-room apartment in Chicago, where Geri and her older sister, Elaine, were born, could undoubtedly affirm.

Since the Pasquales moved to Southern California when Dodie was two years old, she considers herself "practically a native Californian."

Her father worked as a house painter, but he started giving Geri voice lessons at $5 a lesson when she was five years old, because his daughter was the same age as the training that, for all his own love for singing, Cesare Pasquale could never afford back in Italy. He always managed his work to be able to drive her to her lessons, or get her to an audition at CBS or NBC or wherever they were holding them.

When she was six years old Geri was singing "I Believe on USO camp shows. When she was "just turning seven," she sang on Art Linkletter's Houseparty.

When she was eight—no, eight and a half—I remember the neighbors who sang Italian folk songs on the CBS-TV spectacular, A Bell For Adano."

Ten-year-old Geri sang Come Back To Sonny in Troop at Sea when she was born there. She memorized Italian, French and Yiddish and she projected so much feeling into the words her mother says. "When they'd say I could think, she knew what the words meant—but believe me, she didn't know a thing about them. She would sing for a dinner for her brother, and you would walk from the table with tears in his eyes. Once Eddie Cantor heard a tape of Geri singing a Yiddish song and asked later, 'Did you say your name is Pas- quale?'"

The pay-off began "about two-and-a- half years ago when I was on Larry Finley's local TV show," Dodie recalls. The president of Crystalite Records saw
the show and was very impressed with her. "But that was when the rage was just Elvis and all the boy-singers."

"When the time was right and some good material came along, Mr. Duncan said he'd give us a call. So when Pink Shoes came to his office, he called us. I didn't like it. I thought it was a silly song, so I ignored it. But Geri really performed it, and she became Dodie Stevens, recording star, almost over-night. "I didn't like the name they gave me either. I like Geri. I used to be called Geri Pace, which means 'peace' in Italian—but they didn't like Geri at all. They thought Dodie Stevens would catch the attention of the screen plays.

Pink Shoes sold over a million records, and it's still selling. Now under contract to Dot Records, she'd recorded her album of standards, Dodie Sings. After her first album, Dodie and Don Meredith—"I was always writing songs—and then—no voice. Of course I couldn't anyway, and I couldn't be a Song Girl and help lead the singing either, because I wouldn't be able to be at practically any of the songs. I love football, but the games are always on Friday and I'm usually working on weekends."

And if she makes a personal appearance or jets to New York for a fast television show it's doubly hard, because the teachers really descend with the homework.

"It's so rough because some of the teachers don't understand what's happening to me, you know," she says. "They give you a deadline and that's it. Like one of my teachers just gave me a week to do a month's work—and it was in history too."

"History's my hardest subject," Dodie goes on. I can't remember things—and it's very terrible, because it's in a history book about the boundaries of Switzerland and the natural resources there, well I read it and it's gone. Because I don't think I'll ever be able to use it when I'm 65, you know. I mean, what am I going to do? Give a speech about Switzerland?"

To Dodie it just seems teachers don't communicate with her on the importance of music—or realize how much her music means to her.

The shock of death
The one person who could have helped so much to synchronize the confusing worlds of young Dodie Stevens now, died several years before Dodie was even born. Dodie's singing teacher since she was seven, whose training and whose faith in her were so important to her success, died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of forty-seven.

"She had just become legally my personal manager," Dodie says slowly. "We'd just gotten back from the world disc jockey convention in Miami, Florida. All the big stars were there, and we'd had a grand time."

"Then just two days after we got home... all of a sudden—she—" Dodie breaks off, her voice almost a whisper. On the plane back from Miami, her teacher had mentioned having a pain in her chest for the past two weeks. "She said she was going to go to the doctor when we got back, but it wasn't anything serious, you know."

Two days later while Dodie's mom and dad and their lawyer and Mrs. Bishop were all in conference, Mrs. Bishop's office phone rang. The pain became suddenly acute—and in a matter of minutes she was gone. All the way back to Temple City, her parents kept their eyes turned towards the plane to Dodie. She and her sister, Elaine, had gone over to a friend's house after school and were staying there until their father came for them."

"Dad came to pick us up, you know—after—and we got in the car," Dodie says softly. "He said, 'I have something to tell you. It's something that happens, like sometimes when I'm walking down the hall to class one of the seniors will say, 'Oh there she goes,' or something, but I just smile, you know, and walk on."

Dodie can't really participate in school activities because of her part-time career. "I can't run for office in the Student Cabinet," she says, "because I would have a big responsibility and I wouldn't always be able to be there at meetings. It wouldn't be fair to the kids or even other students against whom I could be there, you know."

"I can't try out for Junior Varsity, because they're the cheer-leaders and I can't really participate in school games, and then—no voice. Of course I couldn't anyway, and I couldn't be a Song Girl and help lead the singing either, because I wouldn't be able to be at practically any of the games. I love football, but the games are always on Friday and I'm usually working on weekends."

And if she makes a personal appearance or jets to New York for a fast television show it's doubly hard, because the teachers really descend with the homework.

"It's so rough because some of the teachers don't understand what's happening to me, you know," she says. "They give you a deadline and that's it. Like one of my teachers just gave me a week to do a month's work—and it was in history too."

"History's my hardest subject," Dodie goes on. I can't remember things—and it's very terrible, because it's in a history book about the boundaries of Switzerland and the natural resources there, well I read it and it's gone. Because I don't think I'll ever be able to use it when I'm 65, you know. I mean, what am I going to do? Give a speech about Switzerland?"

To Dodie it just seems teachers don't communicate with her on the importance of music—or realize how much her music means to her.

The shock of death
The one person who could have helped so much to synchronize the confusing worlds of young Dodie Stevens now, died several years before Dodie was even born. Dodie's singing teacher since she was seven, whose training and whose faith in her were so important to her success, died suddenly of a heart attack at the age of forty-seven.

"She had just become legally my personal manager," Dodie says slowly. "We'd just gotten back from the world disc jockey convention in Miami, Florida. All the big stars were there, and we'd had a grand time."

"Then just two days after we got home... all of a sudden—she—" Dodie breaks off, her voice almost a whisper. On the plane back from Miami, her teacher had mentioned having a pain in her chest for the past two weeks. "She said she was going to go to the doctor when we got back, but it wasn't anything serious, you know."

Two days later while Dodie's mom and dad and their lawyer and Mrs. Bishop were all in conference, Mrs. Bishop's office phone rang. The pain became suddenly acute—and in a matter of minutes she was gone. All the way back to Temple City, her parents kept their eyes turned towards the plane to Dodie. She and her sister, Elaine, had gone over to a friend's house after school and were staying there until their father came for them."

"Dad came to pick us up, you know—after—and we got in the car," Dodie says softly. "He said, 'I have something to tell you. It's something that happens,
Behind the scenes at TEEN TOWN

"It all started this way," says George Christy, the mayor of ABC radio Network's Teen Town program. "One day when I was talking with Connie Francis she mentioned that she was dying to hear about Eddy "Kookie" Byrnes. I had interviewed him for a story in MODERN SCREEN, and I had gotten to know Eddy pretty well. So I told Connie all about Eddy, what a great guy he was and how easy he was to get along with. And when I told her he had given me a preview of some of the brand new "Kookie" words he was planning to use this season, Connie just flipped. I promised her the next time she came to town I'd introduce her to Eddy.

"Then a couple of weeks later I fanatically told her about Annette (this was before Fabe met her in Hollywood), and I told him what a dollop she was. Again I said, 'Gee, I wish you could meet her . . . !'

"All of this sparked off my thinking, and I wondered if it wouldn't be a great idea for all the teens to meet their idols, to hear them talk about their lives personally: the things they do, what they believe in, dating problems they've ironed out.

George brought his idea to Glenn Mann who produced The Frankie Avalon Show, and the two of them got to work and set up a stake at the Alcazar.

Every night, Monday through Friday, George interviews a teen favorite (already he's interviewed Fabe on how to be popular, Carol Lynley on her beauty secrets, Annette on how she buys a dress, Bobby Darin on how to get out of the boredom ruts, plus dozens of other stars). Besides the interviews, George gives tips on dating, careers, appearance, fads. It's a fun show, and, of course, there's music—hits, as well as the new records. Mayor George is stamping with Teen Town's We-Dig-This seal of approval.

Recently, the editor of MODERN SCREEN, David Myers, was interviewed by George on the pros and cons of a Hollywood career for the teens. David's verdict: Go to it—but don't be a phony.

George has asked David to return to the show for another talk about Hollywood. Meanwhile George is asking for suggestions and comments from all the citizens, his Teen Town listeners, on what they want their favorite stars to talk about.
fined for a 13-year-old who isn't allowed to date. "There's nothing much to do in Temple City anyway," she says. "There's a miniature golf course but it's nothing, because none of the kids hang around there."

There is, however, a pretty keen school hang-out—vice versa, but Dodie's limited there too. "It's called The Yankee Doodle' and I like it but, well— you have to go there with a guy who has a car."

Any romancing Dodie does now has to be generally confined to operating by remote—via the pink telephone. But she has her views on the matter, subject to change.

Like making out—"I think to make out is a real mess," Dodie says of a grammar. "The other kids think I'm promiscuous. You just know just real gone to feel this way. But I think it's just awfully stupid really, because like if you're thirteen or fourteen and you're making out, I'm really putting on an act—like something you saw in the movies or something."

"Everybody says, 'But Geri, you don't know what you're missing but it's you've made out.' But I just don't think that's any fun. I'd rather go to a drive-in and see a movie and then go have a Coke and hamburger, you know, and just goof off and talk."

And Dodie isn't—well—entirely inexperienced—

Dodie's sort-of boyfriend—"Mike kissed me good night once—and he knows how I feel," she says, dropping a name that should expand on for any given length of time. "Who's Mike? Some platonic boy friend? That's right," Dodie agrees. "Then thought she knew what it means?"

And when told—"Well—she hesitates. "Mike's my boyfriend—in a way. He's a really good friend of Mrs. Bishop's daughter, Adria. She's sixteen, and Jane, who's thirteen. I met him—Mike can't stand Hollywood. He used to work at a gas station, but he quit. He goes to St. John's, he's sixteen, and he's sort of moody, you know, like me."

"He has blue eyes and he has short hair—a flat-top—and he has a real good physique. Dodie goes on. "He calls me about every evening and whenever I go over to the Bishop's Mike comes over there, because that's the only time we can see each other. But we just talk. Mike knows how I feel about—well, you know."

He did kiss Dodie goodnight once, when her sister, Elaine, egged him into doing it. "We have a standing joke that all the time we're saying good night to each other, we shake hands like everybody else would kiss."

"Don't shake her hand, go on and kiss her, Mike," she says. "I don't want my face slapped," he said.

"So Mike looked at me and I looked at him and we both smiled—and he kissed me," says Dodie. "And then I said, 'I fooled you, didn't I?'"

Even at thirteen that's a woman's prerogative.

"I like him a lot—but I just don't like that... you know," Dodie goes on. "When I was seven or eight a little boy kissed me at a party and wowee—I thought it was great. Golly, I suppose it was just the opposite, that I should like it now. I'm a weird one, I guess."

And like why is Dodie so moody about Mike?

"When I'm around boys I'm terrible," she says. "Especially when I'm around Mike. I don't know why, but just because I like him I guess, I'll go in another room and I'll just go around in circles."

But I'm not that way around anybody..." Why does she act like she doesn't like Mike when Mike's the only one she does like...

"Maybe I'll be more sensible when I'm like sixteen," Dodie sighs. "Maybe she'll have more answers then. Or maybe when I'm fifteen," Dodie says, hopefully, "I think Mom and Dad might let me ride home in a car with a boy then, just as long as it isn't a date," she says, watching her dad get out of the corner of one eye.

"If Mike came over here—he was going to come to a ball game once—I don't think Dad would have minded that," Dodie goes on hopefully. "He would just have just picked me up, we would have gone to the game, then gone to the dance afterward... and then he would have brought me home."

"I call that a date, Geri," her father observes.

"But it isn't, Daddy, because it wasn't just going to be me going," Dodie goes on carefully, losing ground but still trying. "Mike was going to bring two other girls, one for my sister and one for another girl. We were just going and coming home, you know. There wasn't going to be anything wrong with that.

"Oh... a group thing?" her dad says—

Between two worlds

During these in-between years when she's torn between two worlds and two lives and her own hopes and fears, little Dodie is feeling more and more at home on the Hollywood end of the freeways. She spends as much time as she can in the home of her late teacher, who was such an important part of this new exciting life. She's more comfortable around Helen Bishop's teenage daughters, who live in the family home with their father, than she is with the kids at Temple City High. They know she's more all so friendly. They go to Fairfax High, you know, and they're the sweetest bunch of kids. They wouldn't do anything to the other girls. Dodie says earnestly. They're closer to Dodie's life today—to pictures and records and TV. They don't make her feel apart from them.

With the 20th-Fox contract, Dodie's really pulling for the Pasquales to move over on the Hollywood side, and they're considering moving to the San Fernando Valley, which would be so much closer to her work.

"And see—if we moved to the valley then I'd have to be able to go to school on time. She'd have a lot of eyes lighting up. "Wouldn't that be wonderful!" Say—just Dodie and Fabian, when he was in town, going to the studio school.

And what about Tuesday?"

"Yeah, Dodie says, her face falling to her shoes. She'd forgotten Tuesday. What chance could you have when you were thirteen?"

Any day now Dodie Stevens will be fourteen—which, when you come right down to it, isn't much better.

"Oh fourteen's worse—golly, fourteen's awful," she says.

And so for Dodie at thirteen the future means—like sixteen. Like eternity...

End

Dodie can be seen in Round Dog Man, for 20th-Fox.
with her stage manager who asked her, "Maggie, did you ever put any money aside?" She said, "Oh yes, but it's not from show business. I put some money in May 1936—anchors away. It's four million now."

Certainly her problem wasn't talent. She had been a star, a real star for over thirty years. And we know that she was loved by her husband and her three children.

Still and all, we know that the problem that was on her mind the day she died was love. She was heard to say time after time, "I cannot make them like me... I've never been able to make them like me." To understand that, we should start at the beginning:

Margaret Garland Sullivan was born on May 16th, 1909, in Norfolk, Virginia, into a family which boasted Revolutionary War heroes as ancestors. But American aristocracy didn't impress little Margaret. She set her sights higher. She was secretly convinced she was a royal descendant.

As a child, Margaret was of average height for a girl her age. She was not tall, nor was she short. She was an average girl in every way except one—she had the ability to captivate audiences.

Maggie as mother

The next man on Margaret's horizon was Leland Hayward, an agent who was clearly destined for grander things. Even in those days, he was known as the "boy genius."

Those days. The year was 1936. Maggie Sullivan, daughter of William Wyler, came back to New York to do a part in a play called Stage Door. "I want to learn how to act," she said, ungratefully brushing off her husband. All during the rehearsals of Stage Door, Leland Hayward was omnipresent. And Maggie Sullivan, who'd never listened to a word of advice from another living soul, was convinced every time Hayward opened his mouth. It was obviously love, and soon it was marriage, and then it was baby bubbles. But nobody dared to ask the new Mrs. Hayward whether she was expecting.

One columnist wrote hopefully of Lin Yutang's observation that "many a vexed or heap has been calmed when a woman has grown sweet and supine with the coming of a child." Yet Maggie's temper seemed to continue unabated.

After a while, Maggie's press agent sent out a release announcing her imminent retirement, but the mother-to-be still kept her mouth shut. Backstage, nobody knew what to do. Congratulate her? What if she snapped your head off? She was famous for being inexplicable, for spicing her moments of charm with outbreaks of fury.

One night a gentleman in the cast took a chance. He stopped by the star's dressing room, and offered her his good wishes.

"Kids, are a lot of trouble," he said, "but they're worth it. I've got three. Maggie from the dressing table, five foot two—half inches of outrage. "It's a lie," she screamed. "I'll cry a lie!" She darted past the actor, into the hall, and turned back. "Three children," she said softly. "How perfectly wonderful!” Then she slammed the door.

Baby Brooke Hayward was an Act of God. The baby's birth put an end to her mother's war against the West Coast. The Haywards settled down in a big Brentwood house, complete with swimming pool, and, in 1939, Bridge was born, and, in 1941, William was born. Maggie went back to ditch-digging, too. She signed an MGM contract, and made

Three Comrades, Shopworn Angel, The Shining Hour.

She didn't exactly mellow—"No one can be so completely rude as Margaret Sullivan, who makes it a habit," wrote a miffed columnist in 1942—but she looked as if she'd found what she'd been missing.

She was so charmed with her husband and babies that in January of 1943, she issued an announcement of her retirement from live theatre. "Sick of the service that mothers can render their country in these wartimes is to take care of their children," she said.

For months later, she was back in pictures. Merle Oberon had been set for a part in Cry Havoc. Merle Oberon had got sick, and that was that.

But Maggie seemed to have retired... but that's hindsight. And she was an actress, and a fine one, and after Cry Havoc, a play called The Voice of the Turtle came along, with a girl's part nobody could turn down.

That year, 1944, she was professionally triumphant. The Voice of the Turtle got great reviews, and Maggie herself collected more gold records than she could count. Still, she couldn't eat, and she couldn't sleep, and she was beginning to wonder if she'd paid too much for her new laurels.

I often wonder at those ruthlessly successful actresses whose whole life is lived in the theater, or the movies, and who end up with nothing at all," she told an interviewer, "I'm glad to have it. I love the play, and giving eight performances a week—but I cannot have a happy private life. I'm giving up everything for such success—

Growing suspicion

She spoke of separation from her three children, her husband's dreadful posh-ness since play opened. Much as I like to act, I like to do other things too. I'm not going to do another play after this. And I'm not going back to movies, either. I gave up movies. I wanted a play, and I've got a play I love—but, the but was a big one... bigger than anyone dreamed till the days immediately before Margaret's death. Living with a growing suspicion that audiences hated her.

It was only when it was too late that a few very close friends began to understand. "It was a sort of the audiences," she said. "But nothing I could do, could get them to like me... really like me."

In Hollywood, Leland Hayward commented on the difficulties of maintaining a marriage by phone calls and cross-country commuting. "I never knew it would be so tough without her," he said.

Said to say, too many things got in the way. One separation leads to another. And love, untended, dies.

In the summer of 1947, Margaret Sullivan remarried. The Turtle in London. That same summer, in Holly-

wood, Leland Hayward was the constant companion of Slim Hawks, estranged wife of producer Howard Hawks.

The marriage was over, and the principals had stopped fooling themselves.

In her divorce suit, Margaret testified that her husband had mariage lirksome. "I'm not meant for home life," he complained.

It was an ironic note, considering that the only simon-pure home she had grown up in was the same homes that ten years of marriage had been the four months of Maggie's 'retirement' in 1943.

She was a three-time loser, but now there were children to consider. Margaret moved her brood to Greenwich, Connecticut, and threw her considerable energies into domesticity. I've never understood,"

(Continued from page 40)
Irresistible challenge

She turned down scripts by the bushel, until 1950, when she was offered a movie called *No Sad Songs for Me*. It was a movie that Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne and Loretta Young had all rejected, but Margaret loved it. “It presents an irresistible challenge.”

She worked without leaving the children, but balancing it was her worry. In the future, she would work only during the summer months, while the children were in camp, As for this time, “I have a wonderful household, and a perfectly all right right to leave them with her—except I find when I get back, they’re rotten spoiled.”

In August of 1950, Maggie married for the fourth time. The new husband was Kenneth Arthur Wagg, a “British industrialist,” according to the papers, and the bride and groom honeymooned in England. She turned 33 that year.

The new children were by no means all away at school. “Seven tuitions, seven allowance checks to pay each month. Seven letters a week to write, and each has to be different,” the Wagens told Leonard Lyons. “We figure we’ve paid for seventy-eight years of education, with thirty-six more to go.”

Except for a tendency to flee from discussions of global woes, and an aversion to any kind of turmoil, Margaret seemed well. She was relaxed, though, and always been moody; she was nervous, but what sensitive artist didn’t suffer from nerves?

Early in 1956, her doctor ordered Maggie out of the house (Claudette Colbert “to rest” and there were rumors that her “condition” was worse than people guessed. There were days when she would be up until the fall of the year, when headlines broke again. Miss Sullivan had accepted a starring role on a Studio One show, but the day of the show brought a happy end. Reporters cornered her husband, who looked harried. “She hasn’t been well for some time,” Wagg said. “I think it is probably the stress of running a household, and I would prefer not to say where.”

Hubbell Robinson, a CBS vice president, was dumbfounded. “She is not a woman who would capriciously not show up. I just hope and pray that nothing is wrong with her, and that she hasn’t had an accident, or an unexpected breakdown.”

Unexpected breakdown as opposed to expected breakdown?

To avoid Brooke Hayward, who’d quit Vassar to elope with a Yale student, fretted in her New Haven apartment, but her husband tried to explain to the newspapers. “My wife is upset, but feels her mother will get in touch with her when she wants to.”

It was 11 days later, Margaret, whereabouts still unknown, contacted her lawyer, and issued a statement. “I did not realize that my failure to appear would create such an interest. I advised the press (Felix Jackson) of my dissatisfaction and advised him that I did not feel up to the role and could not appear.”

“I insist she be replaced. The producer apparently didn’t take it seriously. The next day, in order to avoid pressure, I decided to leave town. I regret the incident, and am glad it is closed.”

For several weeks, Margaret stayed in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, but came home to Greenwich, where she spent nearly four years—the first truly quiet years of her life—as Mrs. Kenneth Wagg. But last fall, she rented a house called Sweet Love Remember’d, and she got excited.

“I read it on Wednesday, and on Thursday, I knew I wanted it in, desperately. It hasn’t been so anxious to go to work in a play since I was young, and just beginning.”

Kenneth Wagg, however, knew his wife well. “Everything’s so great now,” he said. “You’re relaxed. You know how disturbed you get when you do a show.”

But Maggie said, “It’s a calculated risk. I’ll be miserable if I don’t do this script—and I’ll kill me if I do it.”

Rehearsals began on December 1st. Before starting work, Maggie took a two-week vacation in Jamaica, and had a physical check-up. She was pronounced healthy.

On Monday, December 28th, the play opened at New Haven’s Shubert Theatre. Critics were not impressed, though they gave Miss Sullivan individual praise.

By Thursday of that week, she was jittery, worn-out, and she phoned her husband in Greenwich. She told him she was going to quit the play. When Wagg came to New Haven, called in a local doctor. At 2 in the morning, the doctor—Dr. Ralf Tofig—gave the nearly-hysterical actress a tranquilizer and told her to get some rest.

But the cast disagrees with Mr. Gabel. Backstage they had begun to notice that she was crying, crying silently to herself. “In between scenes, when she began to tell me that the audience didn’t like her,” states one of her friends in the cast. “I kept saying, ‘It’s not true, maybe they’re not rapt. I told her anything, but they think you’re great.’ But it wasn’t doing any good. Maggie wouldn’t
Perfect Honeymoon

(Continued from page 32)

take her to dances and the movies every week, isn't unusual.

"And can be dangerous," added Warren. "Like those two kids in Blue Denim. They were young and inexperienced. When they got so involved with each other and they had a few drinks, went out for a little sex—and got into trouble. When I was making that picture, Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley and I would talk about it. We would say, 'What if going by-places could be like playing with dynamite.'"

"Nevertheless," said Betty Lou, slipping her hand possessively into Warren's, "it was right for us—even though I wasn't quite fifteen nor Warren sixteen when we began to steady-date. Each person must decide if going steady is best.

It was for us, because we really wanted to. Not because we was real. And not because it was security. Our feelings for each other were real. We didn't tie each other down.

"And we went steady because we were really in love. Our marriage was a culmination of that love."

Warren, who is in Because They're Young, enjoyed the part of Brandon's pal in Blue Denim, and Betty Lou, who is the young girl in Henry Fonda's TV series, The Deputy, met when they were both in the same crowd of girls, snug in rose, four years ago. They were teenage actors even then.

"I think that two people see each other at their worst, as well as their best, when they're thrown together in work," said Betty Lou. "While we were rehearsing in the play, Warren saw me flying around basketage in jeans and oversize shirts, my nose shiny, my hair in curlers. I saw Warren go oversize and was mostly concentrating on his lines.

"We started going out for Cokes during rehearsal breaks, and then for hamburgers and steak. When we showered we were seeing a lot of each other.

"We learned we had a lot in common. We even found out that we had first met when we were seven, and we both had done extra roles in a picture that was filmed in New York called The Window."

"One day I came to the theater wearing a brown plaid boy's shirt. Warren showed up wearing the identical shirt. Warren has always loved to tease me. When he saw me he grinned and said, 'Look, girl, that means you have the same awful taste in clothes I have. Why don't we go steady?' I was really pleased, but I knew it was just a joke. 'Go steady with you?' I replied. Just because we both liked red-and-white shirts? Humph! That's a dandy reason. Besides, I wouldn't go steady with him."

"But later that evening Warren and I talked more seriously. He gave me a charm bracelet. That meant I was pinned."

"And then he surprised me by saying we would go steady. But even though we hinted at going steady, we didn't feel that we owned each other. I guess it was our work that saved us. I was working like hell at the time, and I knew Warren was the same way."

"But even though we began to go steady we didn't feel that we owned each other. Both of us, many a time I would say, 'Look, Warren, let's get married.' But when we were necking, he'd say, 'No, you're not ready for marriage yet.'"

"But then I wasn't too sure of myself. Warren made me feel wonderful. In Hollywood I dated other boys. I discovered, though, that I didn't like any of them as much as I liked Warren. And Warren had the opportunity to go with other girls, but that didn't seem to mean much, either."

"I think the main objection to the custom of being steady is tied around the necking problem. They say that young people going steady tends to lead to growing intimacy. How did Warren and I avoid necking? We didn't. It was just that we were growing in like one. And we were both so interested in acting, it took the stress somewhere."

"We'd get so excited talking shop and together. He is serious about acting in the picture, and I think the Hollywood that we just didn't have to get too steamed up over each other."

"Our dates were filled with activities. I think that kids have a tendency to rely upon heavy necking when there isn't very much else to do. Because Warren and I were all wrapped up in our theater, we had lots to do. We'd talk about what we got together. We had that kind of excitement. Some kids go in for the other kind of excitement out of sheer boredom. That's why I think it was more the chance for our friendship mellowed into a warm, wonderful romance. We felt that we were really in love. By this time, we had won out many of the differences between us."

"And there were differences. Plenty of them. I'm headstrong and have a temper. Warren, the day before, his eyes looked a very strong, mature personality. He has a lot of drive and serious ambitions for his future. But he also wants to study law. Well, if he had that go on me as a surprise after we..."
were married, I might have not have understood his wanting to take certain college courses at night. We could have had some big battles over this. This way, gradually, by going with him, I learned why he wants to study, what it means to him, and all for it.

"Our most serious difference was that of religion. It took years of steady work for us to blend that idea. It really meant a lot.

"This way, I had a chance to know—"really know—Warren's family. To have dinner with them on their religious holidays, to realize what Warren's background was, because this is what makes him what he is today. He also had a chance to know my parents and realize what my childhood religious background meant to me.

"This took time. It wouldn't have been right for Warren to demand that our children be raised in his faith, or for me to demand that they be raised in mine. But after going with Warren for several years, I decided that I would want our children brought up in the Jewish faith, which is Warren's. He didn't force that on me. I came to that decision after I got to know Warren and his family so well. I could see what his family background meant to him. I realized, when I saw him on many occasions with young children, how much he loves children, and that he would probably make a wonderful father some day. In fact, one evening as we were talking about what we wanted out of life after we were married, Warren said, 'I'll have to have children right after we marry. I don't want to wait. I want to be a young father and grow up with my children. I want to play baseball with my sons, and be young enough to understand them and be a pal.'

"I know that although Warren may be young, he isn't too young to assume the responsibilities of being head of the house. Warren likes responsibilities. This I know. If he's going to be head of the house, then I felt it right that the children be raised in his religion.

"Now we have each other for a lifetime. And our honeymoon is the perfect start of that lifetime together."
An Unborn Life at Stake

(Continued from page 24)

even wanted to make a decision on her own. Since she had married Mel, she had wanted him to make every plan for her. She felt better that way, leaning on him for his strength. But somehow, only a woman's heart could give her the answer she had to find tonight.

That day at the doctor's

Her mind went back to that afternoon when she and Mel had sat side by side in the doctor's office in Beverly Hills. They had gone together to see him to let him know she was going to leave for Rome at the end of the week. There, Mel was to start work in Paramount's Blood and Roses, and Audrey, quite naturally, was planning to go with him. Since she was now only two months pregnant, she wanted to know what she must do to make sure that her baby would be born alive. She had endured a miscarriage only last summer.

The doctor had looked strangely grave at the news of the trip to Rome.

"There was a reason why you lost your first baby through a miscarriage," he had said. "And since we do know why, we can try to prevent its happening again."

Then he had gone on to explain that in her present condition there weren't enough hormones being secreted in her body. This, the doctor had added kindly—noting the alarm in her face—was not too unusual. Many women have them even through the heartbreaking ordeal of one miscarriage after another, until medical science had recently discovered a hormone that worked almost miraculously so that these women could bear their babies.

Audrey breathed a sigh of relief.

"It sounds so simple, doctor," she said. "That's why I didn't take any hormone treatments and they could help prevent another miscarriage? Why, that's wonderful!"

"That's what he said. "But—he paused for a second—"just as important as the hormone treatments is the fact that you'll have to stay in bed a good part of the time, not have any excitement and not move around too much. That means cutting out major traveling."

When he announced that the trip to Rome would add to the risk of her having a baby, Mel didn't take it lightly. He knew he was the problem, not the hormone. By an effort of will, she wiped away that look. She didn't want Mel to know how upset she was at the thought that she might have to go through another miscarriage.

Audrey hates every moment when she is away from Mel. Up until that moment in the doctor's office, she hadn't even con- sidered staying at home while Mel went to Rome.

But faced with this heartbreaking dilemma, she didn't even want to turn to Mel for an answer, for if he were to make the decision and it didn't turn out well, he would never be able to forgive himself.

She stole a quick look at Mel's face. It was tense. Audrey realized that Mel was going through the same torment of indecision she was.

The hardest decision

That night, for the first time, they had their dinner almost in silence. There was none of the gay conversation, the happy banter about the coming baby that had marked their dinners in recent months.

Audrey thought to herself: "This is the hardest decision I've ever had to make. I can't bear to risk the life of Mel's child and—but neither can I bear to spend the next few months without Mel. Particularly now."

What was it to be: the safety of her unborn baby, or the blessed months to be spent with Mel? How could she make such a choice? When she experienced the first signs that she might be pregnant, she'd welcomed them with the fervent hope and fear that it didn't turn out well. And she'd taken the usual medical tests. All morning, while waiting for the results of those tests, she'd prayed. When she learned the good news from her doctor, she had called Mel at the studio. He was thrilled, and for the first time in his career he left his work to come home so that he could kiss her tenderly and tell her how happy he was.

From that time on, Mel had treated her almost like a baby herself, insisting that she spend every moment of her leisure time in the warm, soft peignoirs she had brought in to her, joining her for coffee in the sunny bedroom that overlooked the Pacific. When he'd had to leave her to go to the studio, he'd told the maid that Audrey must not get out of bed until noon.

And she, too, had been very cautious. She would shop very carefully for baby things. There were many items that were useless, some of them just gags that she and Mel could laugh at, like the baby toothbrush she'd bought when she heard that the baby's teething would be forming during a certain period.

Most women put off wearing maternity clothes until they absolutely have to. But Audrey, probably because she knew she was pregnant, was so happy about it that she had gone almost immediately to a maternity shop in Beverly Hills and asked to be shown some maternity outfits.

"What size is the woman for whom you're buying these?" asked the saleswoman.

"My size," she replied. "They're for me."

The woman was amazed. "But you're so flat. You won't need maternity clothes for months."

"I want them now—just as soon as I can get them," replied Audrey, eyes shining with the excitement of her future that fear—only to produce a new one.

If she wasn't quiet; if she moved around too much, as she must to get to Rome. Would she ever be able to have the life of the baby she and Mel wanted?

"But planes today," she argued with herself, because this was the answer she really wanted to have, and smooth and, and smooth.

And once we get to Rome. I can remain quietly in our hotel suite, waiting for Mel each day. I know Italy so well, I needn't do much sightseeing. I can stay quiet, just as I would here.

She thought how much happier she would be with Mel beside her—how miser- able she would be, and how long the months would seem when they were apart.

"And Mel will be finished with the picture in March," she thought, trying to reason this thing out. We can go home then, together, and be back in Cali- fornia for the final months before our baby is born.

The doctor said it would be better for both of them to have all the pregnancy rather than tense. If I'm with Mel. I'll be happy and relaxed. If I'm home alone, I'll be nervous and tense, and all the bed-rest in the world won't change that.

The moon had disappeared and the sky was beginning to lighten. Like her heart. She slipped into her peignoirs and put on the chiffon nightgown that was so comfortable around her. She walked up the curved stairway and down the hall, her head high, a smile on her face.

When she stepped into the bedroom, Mel stirred. He opened his eyes and looked at her. There was an expression of infinite content on her face.

"You look so happy, darling," he said. "We'll be there in March."

Audrey reached over and slipped her hand into his.

"I am happy. I really am. I'm going to Rome. You, darling, I'm going to be with you. Everything will be all right. I just know it will be..." END

Audrey will star in THE UNFORGIVEN and MY SISTER AND I, both United Artists. Mel will be seen in BLOOD AND ROSES, Para- mount.

Elvis' Plans, Projects and Dreams

(Continued from page 45)

with every line of his part and everyone else's parts memorized. If he could memorize an entire script when he was on a hectic schedule of personal appearances, TV, and recording dates—I felt sure he'd do it on his free time after Army hours. And I didn't want him to put himself to such a task, although knowing Elvis' restless mind, he'd probably have enjoyed it.

"I'm sure anxious to get back to work," Elvis continued. "And you are here—actually here in Germany with the cameras, and the crew all set to go—it's really great," he repeated, with excitement. "Then I had an idea. I decided that Elvis all over again, and watch the excitement in his eyes fade to a thoughtful mood that hid any let-down he may have felt. "You won't be before the cameras over here," I said. "I understand that this is your own decision, too."

"Yes, of course. I guess I just forgot for the moment. It's because I'm so anxious to get back to work."

"While anyone in the Army could do whatever they liked on their own time, had decided that Elvis would not appear in any scenes we'd shoot in Germany. I didn't want him to take the risk of being embarrassed by putting him in a scene, and then have some people take the position that he was being privileged to work as a movie
Elvis face saddened when I again expressed my condolences in the loss of his mother. He retorted, 'That we had both your mother and your father in a scene of your picture. You remember they were visiting you on the set. Then we were asked to sit in the audience as players. We have some good footage, and you can have it as a cliff when you return. Elvis’ appreciation, which is so ready and so genuine lighted his eyes. He swallowed hard. I miss her, he said. ‘I've often thought about her, but I’m sorry I didn’t know her. I wish I could understand Elvis' feeling... We sat and talked for awhile longer, and then we went outside to get a breath of air. We sat on the grass. The boys took some snapshots of us. When it began to get dark, I arose to go. Maybe we could have dinner together if you can spare the time,' Elvis said. I told him I would call me the following week at my hotel.

In the interim, we began shooting the picture, and I must admit I felt a little regretful, also I had been with Elvis for a long time, if only as a spectator. But his Army duty kept him elsewhere. His officers and Army friends, however, were anxious to talk with him as best they could.

‘El’s a fine boy, and he does his job well,’ one said. He certainly avoids any favoritism, and he bends over backwards to do his duty. It is a well-deserved reputation, and one that I am glad to see. Sir,” he said warmly. He was playing records at the time, but not his records. 'Some new imports from Europe. Statler, Darin and Ricky Nelson’s new hits.’

There’s not an atom of jealousy in Elvis, and while he has consistently worried that his fans might forget him, he is a great optimist. He fears, however, that his fans may forget him. He is sure that he is not a good actor, and he has no one to hear him. He tells me that he wants to be a film actor and he would like to make a film.

'Our only trouble,' another officer told me. ‘It’s the girls. They won’t leave Elvis alone. We’ve had to put up rope lines to get him through them at times. Elvis always looks amused, but he never takes advantage of his popularity. He just tries to go on with what he is doing. And when he is off duty, I’ve been amazed at his patience. He’s capable of taking a plunge in a sea of kids and pulling himself out at a time as well.

‘Elvis has his little German-English dictionary, and they’ll make and talk back and forth. The kids worship him. But he sure has an amazing patience with them. It is one of his strengths.

‘Elvis, as far as I can see, has no accent. I have seen him in the States and also in Germany. He speaks English, and he can’t speak German. He is the most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most most mos
The Bad Boy and the Good Girl

(Continued from page 23)

"Like with Jo-Ann, I'm sorry it had to happen this way with her. I'm sorry I ever had to hurt her for one single minute.

But what else can happen when a bitter, unhappy guy like me meets a good, sweet gal?

"What else can come of this but hurt—lots and lots of it...

Jo-Ann and Campbell first met one night three years ago (he was nineteen, she was just going on eighteen). With two dozen other young entertainers, they sat around a few tables in the rear of Hanson's Drugstore, just off Times Square in New York City, waiting for the bus that would take them to a record hop over in Brooklyn. Actually, Bobby sat at one table, gabbing away, surrounded by five or six wide-eyed girl vocalists and dancers; while Jo-Ann—new to New York, show business, this crowd—sat alone at her table, a few yards away. Like most of the others she had ordered a sandwich and something to drink, a chocolate milkshake in her case. But, this being her first close-to-home hang, she was too nervous to eat or drink much. And, besides, that fellow over there, that Bobby Darin, made her just a little more nervous, the way he was constantly looking over at her, even while he was gabbing away the way he was and being oohed and ahhed over by those girls sitting with him.

Jo-Ann was glad, very glad, when the announcement was made, finally, that the bus for Brooklyn had pulled up outside the drugstore.

That fellow, that Bobby Darin

And she was surprised, once inside the bus, sitting in her seat next to the window. This is different than it was in New Orleans. He smiled. For in New Orleans, on the location of King Creole, I had to hire a special security policeman to keep the girls off his hotel floor, and still they're always there in the hallways, making their way through the walls—in every direction.

"Elvis ordered German food. An acco-
duction trio played during dinner, and again, I recall, this invention did not get up and sing. The bus-boys and the musicians recognized him and one by one they politely sent a menu over with a request for his autograph. Elvis seems to have a quality that is warm and polite, and it's that quality, I think, that draws people to him. Today people no longer seem to impose on him even though the very little girls may mob him.

"I've been homeless at times. That's the worst," Elvis admitted as we ate. "I've thought again and again, Man, if I could only go home for just one day. And that's why I wear that hat. I'm trying to be accepted, considered nice, A-1. So for this privilege they invite you over to their table and then, they let you pick up their picture... And that's how I know.

"Uh-huh," Bobby said. Then he asked, "And who are you?"

"Jo-Ann told him. "Pretty... blonde... blue-eyed... and with an accent like that yet," Bobby said. "Where are you from, honey chile? South Calhina?"

He laughed and Jo-Ann smiled. "No," she said, "Jacksonville, Florida. And it is in fact, the case you never again heard of, which you no doubt never did. And I've cut two records, neither of which has sold very well, but my manager tells me now I'm being a very nice and understanding manager. And—

The bus began to move.

"And?" Bobby asked. "Well," Jo-Ann said, "I guess there's not much more to tell except that my daddy thought it might be good for any career I might have in store for me if he and my mother and I moved up here to New York. So that's what we did. And here we are, all settled in a little apartment over Flushing way, waiting to see what the future will bring... hoping it'll all have been worth it.

She turned to look out the window, at the theater marquees, the cars and cabs, the blur of people on the sidewalks.

"Glad you came?" Bobby asked after a moment. "To big old wonderful New York town?"

Jo-Ann looked back at him and nodded. "Well," Bobby said, sitting back in his seat, "lemme tell you something about this big old wonderful town, this big old wonderful business of show business... They can both turn out to stink if you don't watch that pretty step of yours."

"How do you mean?" Jo-Ann asked.

"The people," Bobby said. He spelled out that word for our crowd. It's a hangout for our crowd. A new one like you walk in and you're spotted. The leeches, they know how you feel. All young inside and nervous and you're trying to be accepted, considered nice, A-1. So for this privilege they invite you over to their table and then, they let you pick up their picture... And that's how I know.

"Now you tell me your problems," he said with natural male interest.

"No, not yet," I laughed, 'any sugges-
tions?"

"No, I guess not," Elvis replied thought-
fuly, adding half to himself, "as long as they're pretty.'"

I'll be seeing you," Elvis said, "in Hollywood! Man, I wish I could see you, he said, looking at his hands, and then at his..." She's good. I wish I could see her..."

From that minute on, Mr. Wallis says he was besieged all of the way home by the foreign and the international and the domestic press—press—press—press. This was a rare view and his visit with Elvis, of their plans. Luckily, we caught up with him for this exclusive report on Elvis!

END
said, still looking at her, hard, intently.
Jo-Ann smiled again. "They'd sound
pretty third-class next to yours," she said.
"No boyfriend problem?" Bobby asked.
"Not really," Jo-Ann said. "There's this
boy in Jacksonville. I liked him some. I
thought I'd miss him when I had to leave...
But I don't—not terribly, I mean."

"Want a new boyfriend?" Bobby asked.
Jo-Ann said nothing.
"Don't get scared, sweetheart—I mean
just for tonight," Bobby said. "To ex-
plain," he said, still getting no reaction from Jo-Ann, "tonight, after the show,
you and me take this bus back to town.
And then, when we get off, I take your
hand and take you to this pizza joint on
Forty-ninth Street where we grab a pizza
and some cream sodas or something . . .
Sound okay?"

Before Jo-Ann had a chance to answer,
Bobby pointed out the window of the bus.
"This here we're crossing now is the
Brooklyn Bridge—and that back there, all
those twinkling lights," he said, "that's
Manhattan . . . New York. Few years from
now I'm gonna own that town. Then, few
years from now, when I ask a gal for a
date it's gonna mean El Morocco and the
21 and the Stork Club and Copa and
everyplace—" His eyes began to brighten.
"—With waiters tripping over their feet
to get to my table and huckster babes
framing the dollar bills I give 'em and all
the bigshots in town staring over at me and
my date, some of 'em just looking, others
wavering and nodding—"

Again, he stopped and looked back at
Jo-Ann.
"But for tonight," he said, "after the
show, pizza and cream soda at this joint
on Forty-ninth Street. Sound okay?"
He put his hand on hers.
"Huh," he asked.
He smiled at the way Jo-Ann began to
blush again, at the way she nodded slowly
and said yes . . .

One of these New York creeps
The show in Brooklyn ended at 11:10
that night. By 11:20 Jo-Ann had her stage
make-up off, had changed and stood just
inside the stage door waiting for Bobby.
It was some twenty minutes after that—
seconds after the bus, loaded with the
others, had left—when Bobby did show.
"Jo-Ann—" he started, out of breath.
"Bus took off," Jo-Ann cut in, starting to
laugh, "but there's always the subway.
"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, shaking his head,
not listening. "I can't make it. Not tonight."
"You can't?" Jo-Ann asked, the laugh
suddenly gone.
"Look," Bobby said, bringing up his
hands, holding them together, "this dame
. . . I'd forgotten all about her. Two weeks
ago she says to me, 'After the Brooklyn
show, how about it—a night out, us two?'
And me, I don't know what I was think-
ing, but I said, 'Yeah, sure. . . .'

Jo-Ann waited for him to go on.

"He didn't.
"'She's here?' she asked, then.
"'In my dressing room,' Bobby said.
"She showed up right after the show. She's
a little on the loaded side. I tried talking
to her. I thought maybe I could get her
to call this off and we, we—"
"Bobby," Jo-Ann said. She forced a great
big smile. "Bobby, it's perfectly okay what's
happened."
"It is?" he asked.
"Yes," Jo-Ann lied.
"Listen," Bobby said, "this subway. Do
you know how to get to it from here?"
"Oh yes," Jo-Ann lied again.
"Better," Bobby said, "if you wait a few
minutes, we'll be getting a taxi and we can
drop you off. This dame—" He shrugged,
and forced his own smile now. —She
never wants to ride in anything but taxis.
And she always pays. So—"

"No, thanks, Bobby," Jo-Ann said. "I
can walk it."
They were both silent for a moment.
"Jo-Ann," Bobby said, "these New York
creeps I was telling you about before. I
guess you think I'm one of 'em, but good-
huh? . . . Lots of other people do, you
know. So you're not alone in what you're
thinking."

"No . . . I don't think that," Jo-Ann
said softly.
"No, I'll bet," Bobby said. He laughed a
hollow laugh. Then, "Well, no sense us
standing here like this . . . So long, Jo-
Ann . . . I'm sorry."

"So long, Bobby," she said, turning
quickly, and leaving.
"Another girl would have been sore as
heck," a friend of Jo-Ann's has said. "But
Jo, she'd fallen for him from those first
few minutes together, in the bus. And
nothing, not even being stood up that
first night, was going to change the way
she felt about young Mr. D."

A quiet love
"She carried her love for him about as
quietly as is humanly possible. She'd
never mention him to you . . . never. But,
boy, when someone else mentioned his
name, you should have seen the things
that happened to her face—her eyes get-
ting big, shiny; her color all flushed; all
that. And if she ever happened to be
carrying a copy of Variety and you asked
to see it and noticed something clipped out,
you could be sure the clipped-out article
had something to do with young Mr. D.
and that that clipping was tucked in the
bottom of her pocketbook where she could
take it out when she was alone and read
it over and over again.

"I guess it was nine or ten months after

The Greatest Addition to Bath Time since Soap...
Shirley MacLaine

LEMONADE AND FRIED MICE

Although by now Shirley MacLaine is getting used to being one of Hollywood's most sought-after actresses and top money-makers, she was once quite accustomed to living on "nothing a week."

This was when she was struggling to get a break in New York.

Rodgers and Hammerstein were auditioning for Me and Juliet, and five thousand hopefuls showed up at the first try-out.

"I lied," Shirley recalls. "changed my name three times, was turned down five times and kept using other people's Equity cards.

"There were seventy-five at the final audition—and I wasn't a good dancer then.

"They got down to the last person, and Dick Rodgers called out, 'Hey, you with the legs!'

"That was me."

Shirley had to run through every dance there was, and sing too. And she got the job.

And she figures she owes it, in a way, to lemonade and fried mice. Because in those days, she saved every cent she made (and that wasn't often) for lessons. Every kind of lesson there was. Singing, dancing, acting.

And to do this, she had to cut down on eating. Or eating money anyhow.

Shirley had two tricks to help her along.

One had to do with the awful old apartment where she lived with "twelve different roommates every year. They would get tired trying to crash Broadway and go back to Baltimore or wherever they came from. That was 1952, when unemployment in the theater was at its highest. Three thousand girls would show up when six were needed.

"Still the roommates and I didn't starve. We could always count on one thing when we got home for dinner—fried mice, because they were always on the oven!"

At least, that's what Shirley says. . . .

Shirley's other trick, the Automat Ploy, sounds a little more palatable.

The Automats in New York are like inexpensive cafeterias. You serve yourself. Put a coin in a slot and open a little glass door and out comes a fresh sandwich or dessert.

For beverages like iced tea, or iced coffee, the ingredients are laid out. You help yourself to ice, to sugar, to cream, and then purchase the tea or coffee.

"That's how I learned to like lemonade," Shirley explains. "I would make out like I was going to order iced tea. I'd get some lemon, then take sugar from the table and have lemonade . . . free of charge."

Well, those days are past. And the way she lives now? Oh, she likes it fine. But if the day ever came that she'd have to go back to a budget, Shirley MacLaine can qualify as experienced and expert.

that first night that they saw each other again. It was at a nightclub. Bobby was on his way up by now, and playing his first big club date in New York. Jo-Ann wanted to go see him something desperate, of course. She wouldn't ask a boy to take her, she's that shy. And none of us girls could go with her for the simple reason of money. So she went alone, about a week after he'd opened—after she'd got up enough money for herself. And enough nerve. . . ."

Jo-Ann sat at the little table way in the rear of the nightclub and watched Bobby make his entrance. And she could tell, from the beginning, that something was wrong that night.

It seemed to start with the audience. It was a bad audience, unusually bad—talkative, a big-drinking crowd, a convention-type crowd where practically everyone seemed out to put on his own show.

Then Bobby tried to handle this audience. And he didn't help.

Midway through his first number he called out to the crowd to clap along with him.

"Help old Bobby keep the beat—yeahhh?" he asked.

And he began to clap.

But most of the customers didn't cooperate.

Jo-Ann could see him begin to do a slow burn. She'd been reading quite a bit recently about his bad temper, about how he'd blown his top at one performance somewhere in Pennsylvania not too long ago and took his audience off, another time in Florida . . . a few other times; a few other places.

She hoped nothing like that would happen this night.

"Shhhhh," she found herself saying as Bobby began his second number and the audience continued talking it up.

"Shhhhh!"

But nobody paid any attention to Jo-Ann.

Nor to Bobby.

And, finally, Jo-Ann saw it happen, as midway through his third number, Bobby brought up his hands to stop the band, mumbled something, went into his finale, cut that short too and went rushing off the stage.

It's safe to guess today that if nothing had gone wrong with Bobby's show that particular night, Jo-Ann would very likely have finished her dinner, paid her check and taken the subway back to Flushing. And that would have been that.

But, because something had gone wrong, because she knew that Bobby was undoubtedly hurt and sulking now, feeling as if he didn't have a friend in the world—because she wanted to show him that she was still his friend, for a few minutes at least—Jo-Ann got up from her table and made her way backstage and to Bobby's dressing room . . .

"Lousy show," he was saying a few minutes after she'd entered, and they'd said hello, "—but lousy, wasn't it?"

Jo-Ann began to shake her head.

"Sure it was," Bobby said. "And you know why? Because me and that audience out there were having a fight. He lit a cigarette he'd been holding. "Me," he said, "I was fighting with them before I even went out. I was in a mood. I felt low. I mean. And when I'm low, I'm low. And there's not much I can do about it . . . You know that feeling?"

"Some," Jo-Ann said.

Bobby nodded. "And then that mob out there," he said. "A bunch of drunks. Boy, have you ever seen a bunch of drunks like that? Noisy? Rude? Rude to me? Well, I figured from the beginning that I'd have to show 'em. And I did. Too. Cut the whole damn act short and showed 'em."

Jo-Ann looked at him and said nothing.
Bobby took a long drag from his cigarette. "You don't buy this kind of talk, do you?"

"It's not that... exactly..." Jo-Ann started to say. She looked down.

"Well," said Bobby, "you sure don't look as though you'd pay a nickel for it."

To show the audience

Jo-Ann looked up again, quickly. "No, Bobby, you're right," she said. Her voice suddenly firm, "I wouldn't pay a nickel for it. You talk... you talk as though you're so proud in a way that you went out there and showed that audience. You sound as though, just because you cut your act short, that you hurt them. Them. When the person you really hurt, the only person you asked.

Bobby took another drag from his cigarette, a short one this time.

"The others," Jo-Ann said, "they're out there still, Bobby—eating, drinking, talking, having fun. They've probably forgotten all about you by now... Isn't that wonderful? Ten minutes after you've left the stage. They've probably forgotten all about you. Isn't that wonderful, that's what you're so proud of?"

She took a deep breath.

"Bobby," she went on, "I don't know much about show business. I've been around, but not that much... But I do know this. That the only time an enter-

tainer should be proud is when he's given his audience everything that's inside him, everything he's got—good audience or bad. When he's taken a bad audience and quieted them and made them better just one thing—" "His talent?" Bobby cut in.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "his talent."

Bobby looked down at his cigarette. "Seems to me," he said, "I've heard that song before."

"Well, learn the song then," Jo-Ann said, her voice doubly firm now. "Learn it."

Bobby watched an ash fall from his cigarette to the floor.

"Bobby," he heard Jo-Ann say then, her voice somewhat softer now, "you've got talent. More than anybody else I've ever seen or heard, you've got it. And someday, someday you'll be sitting on the top of the whole wide world—"

"How do you know that?" Bobby asked.

"For one thing, you told me," Jo-Ann said.

"Yeah?" Bobby asked, looking over at her.

"And for another," Jo-Ann said, "I just know it."

"Yeah?" Bobby asked.

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "I just know it. And I just happen to think that you're the most marvelous, the most—"

She stopped.

And rose.

"It's getting late," she said. "I think I'd better be going."

"Hey," Bobby said, rising too, "I haven't even offered you a drink yet."

"No thanks," Jo-Ann said. "I don't drink."

"Stay for a cigarette?"

"No—don't drink, don't smoke, and very boring in conversations sometimes... like tonight," Jo-Ann said. She picked up the purse she'd put down earlier. "Well—" she said, beginning to walk towards the door.

"Somebody waiting for you there?" Bobby asked. Jo-Ann shook her head. "I'm alone," she said.

"So can't you stay for a little while more?"

She shook her head again.

Bobby walked over towards the door now, too. "Tell me, Miss Florida," he said, putting his hand on hers. "You still liv-

ing out in Flushing?"

"Yes," Jo-Ann said, "still."

Hello and good-bye

"You know," Bobby went on, "I got a car now. And I was just thinking how it would be if I came out to pick you up some time and the two of us took a drive somewhere..."

"What—any time you have a number so I can give you a call some time?"

"No," Jo-Ann said. She removed her hand from his. "You're not going to call, you know that. You know that. And—"

She smiled. "—And, anyway, I just came by to say hello, Bobby."

"And now, good-bye, Bobby..."

"You could have knocked Jo-Ann over," says her friend, "but Bobby got her phone number somehow and called her the very next day. That afternoon, they went out driving in his new car. And soon their friendship, their relationship—whatever you want to call it—was on its way."

"For that next year, whenever they were both in New York, they were not out on tours, they were almost always together. Bobby would take Jo out a lot—movies, restaurants, nightclubs. But most of the time he just enjoyed going over to her apartment and having dinner with her and her folks, watching TV, telling jokes, relaxing, talking. They both seemed very happy, and it was enough to make you take back anything you might have said about Bobby had you only known him casually and not as the friend of your friend."

Bobby had, by the way, become a very hot property during this year. Every month he seemed to grow more and more popular and famous. He was beginning to do lots of TV and swank club dates. He made his biggest hit record—Mack The Knife—dur-

$150 FOR YOU!

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question.

1. I LIKE DEBbie REYNOLDS:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Debbie Reynolds</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with her</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 I READ: all of her story

2 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

3 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Bobby Darin</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with him</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 I READ: all of his story

2 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

3 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Audrey Hepburn</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with her</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

2 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE MEL FERRER:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Mel Ferrer</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with him</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 I READ: all of their story

2 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

3 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Elizabeth Taylor</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with her</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

2 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE STEPHEN BOYD:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Stephen Boyd</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with him</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 I READ: all of his story

2 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

3 FAIRLY WELL: very little

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Question</th>
<th>Eddie Fisher</th>
<th>Not at all</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1. I like almost any other star</td>
<td>a lot</td>
<td>not at all</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. I am not very familiar with him</td>
<td>not at all</td>
<td>none</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1 IT HELD MY INTEREST: super-completely

2 FAIRLY WELL: very little

81
It was a Tuesday night. Rehearsals for the Cono show had ended a little while before and Jo-Ann, who'd come to watch, had gone with Bobby to a small French restaurant not far from the studio. The place was only half-filled. Jo-Ann and Bobby sat at a window table, sipping their cafe espresso, waiting for their desserts.

Finally, the waiter returned to their table. Winking at Jo-Ann, he said, "Creme caramel for mademoiselle . . . and for monsieur, the mousse—and this, mais what have we here?"

On that last word, he lifted a tiny package from the side of the dish and handed it to Bobby.

"What is it?" Bobby asked.

The waiter grinned. "You will have to discuss that with the mademoiselle," he said, as he bowed slightly, and left.

"What's it, Jo?" Bobby asked. "What's in here, anyway?"

"Just a little something," she said.

"From you?" Bobby asked.

"Uh-huh," Jo-Ann said, beaming.

She watched Bobby as he placed the paper wrapping aside, as he stared for a moment at the box in front of him, as he opened it, then as he looked up again.

"It's a ring," he said.


"What's it supposed to mean . . . ?"

She waited for Bobby to take it out of the box now and put it on. Instead, he asked, "What's it for? What's it supposed to mean?"

"I've found these clear of throat," she said. "I don't know exactly, Bobby," she said. "It's something . . . I guess. Good luck on the show tomorrow night. Thanks for all the nice times we've had together. I like you. I hope you like me . . . Lots of things."

"I can't wear it," Bobby interrupted her.

"You can't wear it?" Jo-Ann asked, the smile beginning to disappear from her face.

"No, I'm not," she said.

"Because," Bobby said, "guys don't go taking rings like this from girls unless—"

He picked up a half-filled glass of water and looked it over.

"Because," he said, "—because it would mean that there's something more serious between us than actually is . . . Look, sweetheart, you and me, we've been seeing a lot of each other lately, sure. But I don't want you to go getting the idea that you're the only girl I see." He didn't say I was, Jo-Ann said. "But you thought maybe that's the way it was, didn't you?" He asked. Without giving her a chance to answer, he went on, "Well, it's not that way, honey. I see you. I see other girls. I like them. I like you—none better, none worse. I like all girls. I'm peculiar. That's how I get my kicks, from knowing lots of girls—some nice like you, some not so nice like her . . . "

He picked up the glass of water again, swallowed again.

"Honey," he started, "you're probably the best girl in the world for me. Pals of mine who've met you once have told me that. But, honey—"

"Don't," Jo-Ann said, suddenly, strangely, "Don't, Bobby. Don't call me honey anymore. Don't try to follow me as I walk out of here now. And don't try to give the ring back to me. It's yours, Bobby. I bought it for you, and it's yours. To throw out if you want, or to put in your bottom drawer and keep for old times' sake, or to throw in a fire and watch melt, or do anything you want."

She got up. Bobby started to.

"Don't," she said. She looked at him. Then down at the ring, once more . . .

Bobby had never been drunk before. But he was now.

"Monsieur," said the waiter, approaching the table, "this is the very last cognac I can serve you. We must close in ten minutes C'est la loi—the law."

But Bobby didn't hear him. He picked up the glass. And he looked down into it, beyond the eerily-ambered fluid there. And he thought of two women.


The waiter came back to the table.

"You called me, monsieur," he asked.

"You wish your check now."

Bobby shook his head. He reached for the little box on the table and opened it.

"Tomorrow," he said, "—I'm gonna call her. First thing. And I'm gonna tell her I'm wearing it . . . I'll always wear it."

The waiter smiled. "I do not know the girl, except for tonight," he said, "but I do know this—that it will make her very happy."

"I hope so—finally," Bobby said.

And he saw that his hands, which had begun to shake these past few hours, stopped.
Now these Sears Kenmore washers add Sta-Puf automatically
To Make Your Wash "cloud-soft!"

Your rinsing is just as complete as your washing with these Kenmore machines. They're Simply Wonderful, the easiest-to-use automatic washers in the world. Besides having washing cycles for all fabrics, they have dispensers which automatically add Sta-Puf to the final rinse of your wash. You just pour Sta-Puf™ Rinse into the dispenser, set the simplified control, and wonderful things happen. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick (tests on Sears Harmony House Towels prove it). Diapers are soft, smooth . . . helps prevent diaper rash. Nylon slips rinse static free, don't cling. Enjoy a "cloud-soft," Sta-Puf wash automatically with a Kenmore washer sold only by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Free! —See a demonstration of the new Kenmore washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse absolutely free!

A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Illinois

World's Largest Seller of Home Laundry Appliances . . . nationwide service.
Now with special High Porosity Paper

Salem
"Air-Softens"
every puff

Salem research creates a revolutionary cigarette paper that breathes new mildness into the smoke...new freshness into the flavor.

Invisible porous openings blend just the right amount of fresh air with each puff to give you a cooler, milder smoke...a richer, fresher-tasting smoke. Now, more than ever...when you take a puff, it's Springtime!

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

NOW MORE THAN EVER

Salem refreshes your taste
"Her heart said take care of Terry, protect him from the curious eyes of the public, because..."

---continued inside
New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

Kotex napkins now give you a new, incredibly soft covering. These softer, tapered napkins have pleated ends for a smoother fit. And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
...that college girl who can't help lovin' tall boys...

Here's everything and everybody that made Broadway blush at the howling stage smash! (at $7 per seat)

JOSHUA LOGAN
Supter-Saucy Production of

tall story

He makes the great ones!
Savonara!
Bus Stop!
Picnic!
South Pacific!

That experiment in Japanese kissing!
That babysitting romance!
That girl in the boys' locker room!
Those pom-pom girls!...and that cool cool shower!

From WARNER BROS. starring

anthony Perkins and Jane Fonda
...the fabulous new young star!

RAY WALSTON - MARC CONNELLY - MURRAY HAMILTON - ANNE JACKSON - Screenplay by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN
Produced by JOSHUA LOGAN
Based on the stage play by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE; Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN

WARNER BROS. First In Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records
No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet ...pure, imported Italian Talc... your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc
the fragrance men love

Your all day

veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, morelastingly
than costly cologne

MAY, 1960

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

Doris Day ........................................ 29 Doris Day's Secret Son by Hugh Burrell
Elvis Presley ...................................... 32 Bring Me Back To Your House, Oh Lord
by Ed DeBlasio
Judith Meredith ................................. 34 Judi, The Little Love-Goddess by Kirtley Baskette
Kim Novak .......................................... 38 Scoop! Kim To Marry!
Johnny Nash ...................................... 40 America's First Negro Teen Idol by Paul Denis
Brian Kelly ......................................... 42 No Tears, No Trouble, When Your Dates Are Double
by Helen Weller
Diana Barrymore ................................. 44 What Killed Diana Barrymore?
Annette Funicello .................. 47 Petting And Parking
Frankie Avalon ................................. 47 I Park ... In Front Of The House
by Annette Funicello as told to Steve Kahn
I Pet ... We're All Human
by Frankie Avalon as told to Robert Peer
Rock Hudson ...................................... 50 Rock And Women
Linda Cristal ..................................... 54 But One Girl Won't Give Up!
by Doug Breuer
Rock Hudson ...................... 54 Photo of Rock Hudson as host of Revlon's "Big Party"
by Annette Funicello
Marlon Brando ................................. 56 Memoirs Beautiful And Bitter Of Casanova's Ladies
Anna Kashfi ........................................ 56 From Ugly Duckling To Cinderella
Barbara Luna ...................................... 56 by Connie Francis as told to George Christy
France Nuyen ..................................... 58
Connie Francis .................................... 58
Cyd Charisse ...................................... 60 The Marriages That Last
Tony Martin ....................................... 60 by Dena Reed and Ethel Barron

SPECIAL FEATURES

Grace Kelly ...................................... 4 The Princess Who Saved The Birds by Victoria Colette
Evy Norlund............................... 26 The Wedding Of The Month by Teddy Davidson
Jimmy Darren .................................... 74 "Because They're Young" Travel and Fashion Contest

DEPARTMENTS

Louelle Parsons ................................ 15 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
8 The Inside Story
10 New Movies .................................... 10 by Florence Epstein
14 Disk Jockeys' Quiz ......................... 14
23 May Birthdays ................................. 23
83 $150 For You .................................. 83

Cover Photograph by Gene Trindl from Topix
Ad Photographers' Credits on Page 24

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 Jo 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

Please Don't Eat The Daisies

Metro Goldwyn Mayer presents

DORIS DAY
DAVID NIVEN

in a Euterpe Production

Janis Paige / Spring Byington / Richard Haydn
...and the four little monsters!

Screen by Isobel Lennart / Based on the Book by / Associate produced by Joe Pasternak / Directed by Martin Melcher / Produced by Jean Kerr / Directed by Charles Walters

Hear Doris sing!
"Please Don't Eat The Daisies"
"Anyway The Wind Blows"

Tune in to the Oscar Show on April 4. See local newspapers for time and station.
Grace Kelly Rainier was awakened by the guns: loud, sharp sounds of bullets whistling in the early spring winds.

Turning in her wide, comfortable bed, she looked at the luminous green dial of the gold boudoir clock on the nightstand. Five o'clock! Would she never get a full night’s sleep? Outside, through the filmy billowing curtains at the windows, she could see the orange flames of dawn beginning to rise in the velvety dark sky.

Each and every morning it was this way.

She closed her eyes, recited a prayer only to have it punctuated by the sound of gunfire. Shivering from the cool morning winds, she pulled the soft satin covers close about her throat. She fervently hoped that the prayer would quiet her spirit.

There were few things that this gentle woman hated in her life, and this she loathed. From that very first day when Princess Grace heard the guns outside her bedroom window, she turned frantically to her husband, her nerves suddenly quaking with fear and foreboding.

But the Prince, his loving eyes tender with sincerity, smiled gently. “Darling,” he said in his low soothing voice, “you’ll get used to it. All you hear are the guns of hunters. Did you think we were having a war?”


“Hunters?” Princess Grace questioned. “Hunters on the palace grounds?”

“Yes, yes,” he spoke calmly. “Now don’t look so worried, my love. There are wonderful game birds here. In abundance. Pheasants and quail and pigeons. And the friends of the Throne come by in the mornings to pass their time. It’s been a tradition here for years. And years. Hunting’s a big sport with many of our friends. There’s nothing to fear.”

She sighed. Then he added, “You’ll get used to the guns. Have no fear. In another month you won’t even be conscious of them.”

She didn’t know how to answer him. There was a tight knot in her throat. Should she tell (Continued on page 6)
Is it a bird... a rocket... a plane?
No, it's JERRY LEWIS
saucering down to Earth from outer space for a Visit to a Small Planet

THE BROADWAY HIT—NOW THE SCREEN'S CRAZIEST LARK!

JOAN BLACKMAN • EARL HOLLIMAN • FRED CLARK • JOHN WILLIAMS
Gale Gordon • BARBARA LAWSON

Directed by NORMAN TAROG • Screenplay by EDMUND BELOIN and HENRY GARSON • Based on the play by GORE VIDAL • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
him she hated the sound of guns for as long as she could remember? And now she was going to have to live with them every day of her life as a princess in Monaco. She nodded to her husband, pretending to understand, pretending to be sympathetic, but within her heart she was petrified.

How could she ever get used to the gunfire, accept it as every-day routine? Whenever she heard a bullet fired, she recalled the day when she was nine or ten, when she first heard that terrifying sound. And she remembered the sad, forlorn face of Pinky, the blond-pink Pekingese she and her sister Margaret had.

Pinky had been given to the two sisters one Christmas by their mother who wanted them to have the responsibility of looking after something of their own. And the girls adored him. They pampered him, brushed him, taught him 'company' tricks, even bought a small mattress bed for him by saving money for several months from their weekly allowances.

Pinky was very affectionate and he would play with the girls for hours on end. Whenever they went to school, he missed them and cried. Pinky was so lovable he was the talk of the neighborhood. He was not only well-groomed but very well-behaved.

That terrible, tragic first time

Then, one summer afternoon when Pinky was romping through the thick green grass in the backyard, they heard the shot.

Grace and Margaret, in pale summer dresses, were sipping lemonade in the kitchen. They looked at each other quizzically. The gunfire sounded frighteningly near. Where was it coming from?

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up... wake up
In a moment another shot rang in the air. Grace looked at her sister. "Am I hearing things?" she said. "It's a gun," her sister said. "I hear it, too.

They looked at each other in disbelief, put down their lemonade and walked to the back porch. Where was the gunfire coming from? Standing there on the porch steps, in the heavy silence of that sunny afternoon, they waited. But the gunfire stopped.

Suddenly Marge screamed. And pointed to the middle of the yard. There, prostrate in the green grass, lay Pinky, his small round body smeared with blood.

Grace gasped and then shrieked and she started to run to him, but as she rushed there was a throbbing in her head and a fierce pounding in her heart, and only a few feet away from the bleeding Pinky, she dropped to the ground, fainting from shock.

When she came to, she was lying in her mahogany four-poster bed with its white dotted Swiss canopy. Her mother waited with her in the shaded room. White pencil-strokes of sunlight filtered through the drawn Venetian shades.

"Grace," her mother spoke softly, "just close your eyes and relax."

But the nightmare of the afternoon exploded in her mind, and she began to sob uncontrollably. Her mother tried to calm her by telling her the cook was preparing her favorite lamb chops for dinner. But Grace demanded to know what had happened to Pinky.

Her mother tried to avoid relating the tragic news. Finally, she lowered her eyes and told Grace the veterinarian had been called but Pinky had died before his arrival. "Your father has the police checking to see who was roaming the neighborhood with a loaded gun, and when they find him we'll take him to court."

Grace fell back into her bed. Her dear, beloved Pinky was dead. How could she and Margaret ever get along without him?

For days afterward, Grace moped around the house, heartbroken, haunted by the echo of gunfire in her ears. It was months before she agreed to another pet, and, even then, whenever she fed or brushed her new pup, she couldn't help recalling the horrible death of her beloved Pinky as tears flooded her eyes.

**Port and parcel**

Now in Monaco she was expected to learn to live with the sound of gunfire, morning after morning. At first, she chided herself for being hypersensitive. After all, weren't there women in the world who actually went on hunting expeditions? And she herself had learned, hadn't she, while working for the Red Cross, to stand the sight of blood. Couldn't she now, as an adult, face the sound of a hunter's rifle?

She tried. For months she prodded herself to be less fearful of the shooting, but, even so, it disturbed her, awakened her in the pre-dawn hours of night.

Months passed into years. Her children, Princess Caroline and Prince Albert Alexandre, were born. Her days were full. She was complete now as a woman, a wife with a doting husband, a mother with a loving daughter and son.

Her days were steeped in family and palace activities, and each evening she craved a long night's sleep and rest—but, every morning, the guns awakened her. And every shot was a stab tearing through her heart. For months she debated what to do. Her final answer was: nothing. She must simply learn to accept the hunting as part and parcel of the palace routine...

Then, late one autumn afternoon, as she was strolling through the palace woods, admiring the pink and gold of the autumn leaves, she paused to take a deep breath. Her children were napping, and the Prince was on a tour of official duties. She had a moment to breathe, to catch up with herself. Standing in the woods with the whispering leaves, she looked around her at the beautiful world God had created. Tall trees and evergreens and wildflowers, blue sky and golden sunlight and soft warm air.

Amid the rustling leaves she heard a sound, a pitiful cheeping. Was it a bird calling? Didn't it sound pained? She turned, and there, behind a massive oak tree, in a blanket of fallen yellow leaves, lay a baby quail with a wounded wing. Princess Grace looked down at it lying there in quivering pain, and her eyes filled with tears. She fell to her knees and gently lifted the wounded bird and held it against her breast. For a moment she didn't know what to do. Should she call for help?

No, she decided. Time was of the essence, and, with the hurt little bird cupped in her palms, she hurried back to the palace, left it with the caretaker and summoned a doctor to look after it.

Then she went upstairs to dress for the evening meal. She just couldn't hold back her feelings any longer. She would tell the Prince tonight that, for her own peace of mind and heart, the shooting must stop. . . .

**The Prince's problem**

Prince Rainier shook his head in disagreement. "You're taking all of this too personally," he said. "If the guns bother you, we'll change the bedroom."

"No," she told him. "I just won't be able to live with myself if I know these poor helpless birds are being killed outside our windows. Maybe it's childish of me, but I can't stand killing, and I beg you, please, to have it stop. (Continued on page 24)

---

**with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi— the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave 'takes' while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you wake up with a permanent that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

[Image of Bobbi product]

The most convenient permanent of all— home or beauty shop!

Only $2.00
Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that all is not well between Betty Grable and Harry James?
   —T.T., NANTICOKE, PA.
   A The marriage has hit some sour notes. Harry is ready to blow taps.

Q Does Troy Donohue intend to marry his long-time girlfriend, Nan Morris?
   —J.H., ORLANDO, FLA.
   A No.

Q What about the rumors of a romance between Maureen O'Hara and Rex Harrison?
   —D.B., RENO, NEV.
   A The only time that Maureen and Rex romanced was in the movie, Foxes of Harrow, made ten years ago. Maureen's heart still belongs to her longtime Mexican beau, and she's furious about the rumors.

Q What is holding up the release of The Fugitive Kind? I thought the picture was to be released in time to contend for this year's Oscars.
   —W.T., CANTON, OHIO
   A That was before the sneak preview. Anna Magnani is difficult to understand. She refuses to return for retakes because of her lack of admiration for co-star Brando—and his multitude of close-ups.

Q Is there any substance to the fact that Tony Steil is threatening to end it all—unless Anita Ekberg gives him another chance to make their marriage work?
   —A.S., PARIS, ILL.
   A Tony is threatening—but neither his friends nor Anita are taking the matter very seriously.

Q Why does Dirk Bogarde call Ava Gardner 'mother dear,' as I read in a column he does?
   —P.S., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
   A He brings out the maternal instincts in her.

Q Can you possibly tell me how some of those aging movie stars who appear in 'still' photographs manage to look like ingenuity when they appear on TV? Is it lighting, a special make-up?
   —R.T., BUFFALO, N.Y.
   A Sagging chins and necklines are pulled back tight by a thin strip of netting.

EVENTING IN PARIS
COLOGNE & PERFUME
BOTH FOR ONLY $1
PRICE OF THE COLLOGNE ALONE!

You become the woman of your most secret desires (this too?) when you surround yourself with Evening in Paris, the fragrance that keeps him falling in love with you again and again! And you'll fall in love with this almost unbelievable bargain! CREATED IN PARIS • MADE BY BOURJOIS IN U.S.A.

THE INSIDE STORY

Paris is more than a city—it's a state of being in love!
You can't hold back...
A WILD RIVER...
A DEEP LONGING...
A SUDDEN LOVE!

Wild River

starring
MONTGOMERY CLIFT / LEE REMICK / JO VAN FLEET

Produced and Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Screenplay by PAUL OSBORN
CinemaScope COLOR by DE LUXE
JANE HUGHES, Junior, Clarke High School, East Meadow, L. I., N. Y., says:
"I used to be tormented by skin blemishes. They just wouldn't clear up even with scrubbing and special skin creams. A friend urged me to try Clearasil and right away I saw improvement. Now my skin is completely clear."

Jane Hughes

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetrates pimples, 'keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin blemishes so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. Stops bacterio, Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spreads pimples... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil absorbing action 'starves' pimples... dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples... works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69c and 90c. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.

Doris Day finds that taking care of a successful drama-critic husband and an energetic family of little boys gets her into some comical situations.

PLEASE DON'T EAT THEDAISIES

domestic comedy

TALL STORY

campus romance

- If you're a co-ed and want to catch a husband try for a basketball star. You see, there are gamblers near every campus who try to bribe basketball stars. Co-ed Jane Fonda doesn't know anything about—well, nearly anything. She just wants to marry basketball star Tony Perkins. She knew that even before she met him. It's only a matter of weeks after she's met him that he proposes. Swell. But where will they get the money to move out of the dormitory and into a trailer? It just so happens that unseen gamblers offer Tony the money (and much more than he needs) if only he'll throw a game against visiting Russians. Tony is honest, but he's tempted. "My uncle is sending me money," he tells Jane. Somehow that doesn't sound right. It throws Tony into turmoil. Turmoil leads to his purposely flunking a midterm exam so that he'll be disqualified for playing. The whole school rises against

(Continued on page 12)
There's no doubt about it! Whichever way you enjoy your deodorant; luscious roll-on lotion to roll your perspiration worries away; or convenient, fabulous stick that applies dry to keep you dry—you'll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that protects as it glamourizes with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris.

EVENING IN PARIS DEODORANT ROLL-R OR STICK 2 FOR $1

regular $1.50 value
new movies

(Continued from page 10)

Professor Ray Walston (they want him to give Tony another exam). Walston won't. Not even when Tony tells about the bribe and his reasons for flunking? No. Not even when the Russians have a nineteen-point lead? Well— that's better. That's Tall Story.—WARNERS.

EXPRESSO BONGO

Laurence Harvey
Sylvia Syms
Yolande Donlan
Cliff Richard
Meier Tzenlnerk

wonderful satire

This is an hilarious comedy that takes place in London's Soho—a section full of espresso joints, seedy nightclubs, shady ladies. Laurence Harvey's a talent agent but his clients can't even keep him in salami sandwiches. For a couple of years he's been in love with a stripper (Sylvia Syms). She's a sweet schoolgirl type, wants to become another Judy Garland. That's her problem. Laurence wants to become a bigtime operator. Enter teen-ager Cliff Richards whose nagging mother drives him to the hongo drums (for solace) and to singing rock 'n' roll. Laurence signs him to a 50-50 contract. Then, by a series of tom-fool and daring maneuvers, turns him into a national idol. The money isn't pouring in long before a visiting American singer (on the way down) takes Cliff under her wing. Laurence is out in the cold—his 50-50 contract wouldn't stand up for one minute in any court. Teen-age fads, television, a whole segment of the entertainment world is brilliantly satirized.—CONTINENTAL.

HELLER IN PINK TIGHTS

Sophia Loren
Anthony Quinn
Margaret O'Brien
Steve Forrest
Eileen Heckart

new twist on the Old West

From the moment it starts you realize that Heller has a special charm. It's about show business in the Old West when performers traveled from one wild town to another in painted wagons—and often traveled fast, to lose their creditors or the sheriff. The heller is Sophia Loren, a gorgeous flirt, who plays all the star roles in Anthony Quinn's stock company. The plays are terrible (for the climax of one Sophia’s tied to a white horse which is let loose in the theater) but the charm is that Quinn and company (Eileen Heckart, Margaret O’Brien, Edmund Lowe) are serious about their 'art.' Quinn loves Sophia; she loves excitement. She falls for the first hired gunman (Steve Forrest) she sees, but when he wins her in a poker game she gets scared—he’s a man who collects. Owing money to everybody, it's into the wagons again for the company. Indians, mountain blizzards, stray gunmen, and Steve Forrest dog their trail. By the time they get to the next town they've lost everything—and Quinn is convinced he's lost Sophia to Forrest. The acting is excellent, the story is solid and colorful with many satiric touches.—PARAMOUNT.

BABETTE GOES TO WAR

Brigitte Bardot
Jacques Charrier
Ronald Howard
Francis Blanche
Hannes Messner

BB in the secret service

BB wears clothes all through this movie, which should have ruined the movie but didn't. Takes place in 1940 when the Germans occupied France. BB manages to be in London at the time where she serves as charwoman at Free French Forces headquarters. (The reason she submits to the khaki and mop is because Jacques Charrier is a lieutenant in those forces.) One day British Major Ronald Howard notices that BB bears an uncanny resemblance to the ex-girlfriend of a German general (Hannes Messner) who just happens to be planning the invasion of England. Much against the better judgment of Charrier (who thinks BB is cute but stupid) Brigitte and a radio set are dropped from a plane outside Paris. The idea is for her to find Messner and kidnap him. That way the Germans will think he has deserted (with the invasion plans) and they'll have to dream up a whole new invasion. While Charrier (who jumped in another parachute) is still getting off the ground at his end of Paris, BB is sending radio messages from her own bedroom at Gestapo headquarters where she has become the protege of Gestapo leader Francis Blanche (who, as a lunatic rollypoly monster, steals the picture). He notices an uncanny resemblance between BB and Messner's ex-girl and instructs BB to dazzle Messner and report every move he makes. Poor Messner doesn't have a chance because he, too, notices an uncanny resemblance etc. Nevertheless, BB, gay and Gallic all the way, almost singlehandedly stems the German invasion.—COLUMBIA.

THE MOUNTAIN ROAD

James Stewart
Glenn Corbett
Lisa Lu
Frank Silvera
Henry (Harry) Morgan

trouble in China

This road is up hill all the way. It winds through East China and where it ends nobody knows. But Major James Stewart knows his job: It's to slow down the Japanese who are advancing just a little behind the retreating Allies. Well, he and his crew of eight demolition experts get to work lighting fuses. First they blow up an American airstrip, then a Chinese bridge, then a curve in the road, then an ammunition dump. It would be good clean work if there weren't so many Chinese civilians around. These Chinese civilians get in the way of all that dynamite and it's pretty trying on James. Somewhere along the road his jeep has picked up (by official request) the widow (Lisa Lu) of a Chinese General and she and James indulge in a continuous, well-mannered, argument. It boils down to: he likes his job, she doesn't like his job. What James doesn't like is the fact that two of his crew are murdered by Chinese bandits, and the fact that starving Chinese trample on—and kill—a crewman Glenn Corbett while he's in the act of giving them food. War is hell, as they say. It's even worse when you can't tell your friends from your enemies. That's James' problem.—COLUMBIA.

TOO SOON TO LOVE

Jennifer West
Richard Evans
Warren Parker
Ralph Manza
Jacqueline Schwab

teen-age romance

The way to keep teen-agers down in Los Angeles is to set the police on them. Minute they park in a car—police. Minute they gather in groups of two—police. Never mind, some kids are dangerous. Jennifer West and Richard Evans are not. They're just in love. Jennifer's father (Warren Parker) would probably beat her black and blue if she even mentioned the word. That's why she and Richard meet secretly. Too often. Jennifer's mother never told her you can get pregnant that way. Too bad. Because when Jennifer gets pregnant she feels
like committing suicide, dreadful thought. Richard isn't very happy about it, either. Their idyllic romance turns somewhat sordid. The acting's fine but the problems the movie presents might have done with a little more analyzing. —U-I.

**MAN ON A STRING**

*Ernest Borgnine*

*Colleen Dewhurst*

*Alexander Scourby*

*Vladimir Sokoloff*

- Ernest Boremine is just a well meaning, rich Hollywood producer. If the Chief of the Russian Espionage in the U.S. (Alexander Scourby) pays for the parties Ernest gives and then sets to influential guests—is that bad? Ernest doesn't think it's bad as long as Scourby lets Pop (Vladimir Sokoloff) and Ernest's brothers leave Russia. The Central Bureau of Intelligence shortly informs Ernest that what he is doing is not only bad it's practically treason. In which case Ernest agrees to work for the C.B.I. as a counter-spy. (Even so, he's kind of upset when he discovers that his production assistant, Kerwin Mathews, has been a C.B.I. agent all along.) Being a movie producer, it doesn't seem suspicious for Ernest to shoot a film in West Berlin (meanwhile he picks up information on East Berliners). Then he's invited to Moscow where his old friend, Scourby, vouches for his loyalty. There he's taken on a grand tour of a super-spy school and memorizes the names and descriptions of all his future contacts in the U.S.A. Naturally, it's only a matter of time before the Russians realize he's spying on them instead of for them. He gets out of Moscow, all right, but he has a heck of a time getting out of East Berlin (in handcuffs). Fascinating to see how our spy system works (hidden TV sets, hidden microphones, hidden tape recorders); fascinating to see how theirs works, too; particularly since this movie is based on a true story.

—COLUMBIA

**RECOMMENDED MOVIES:**

**SOLOMON AND SHEBA**

(Cinemascope, United Artists): Way back when Solomon (Yul Brynner) was King of Israel, and Sheba (Gina LOLLOBRIGIDA) was Queen of . . . well, you know everyone was doing fine until Egypt's Pharaoh got worried over Israel's prosperity. Solomon's older brother (George Sanders) had been plotting against him; but when Sheba and Pharaoh join forces, Yul is really in trouble. His trials include blasphemous 'sacred' orgies, and the destruction of a temple (in which Maria Pavan was praying for Yul). But, in these days of visions, Yul sees how to destroy his enemies, and Gina repents her sins. It's a lavish spectacle!

**VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET**

(Paramount): Other-galaxy man Jerry Lewis is easy about Earth. One day he flies down in his disc, and lands on the lawn of TV commentator Fred Clark. Clark is about to broadcast his views that such things as Jerry and his saucer don't exist. Well, Jerry shows him, his daughter (Joan Blackman), and her jealous suitor (Earl Holliman) a trick or two before he leaves. Keeps you laughing.

**GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND**

(Warners): Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland are loggers. When they come to this town and want to chop some trees, everybody's mad at them. Why? Rancher Jeanne Crain tells how no trees on the mountains mean floods in the town. Lyle Bettger, her foreman, tries his hardest to do in Alan's plans. Frankie Avalon, a likely sort, helps solve the problem.

**THE GALLANT HOURS**

(United Artists): This is a tribute to Admiral William F. Halsey Jr.'s long career, and a good war movie. Halsey saved Guadalcanal from the Japanese, and his daring and decisive-ness earned the admiration of his staff (here, played by Dennis Weaver, Les Tremayne, Walter Sande, Karl Swenson). Cagney's leadership, courage, and everyone's awareness of the high stakes add great excitement.

---

**WHOEVER YOU ARE, YOU'RE IN THIS PICTURE!**

Because this tells of youth's challenge to grow-ups who don't understand!

**Dick Clark**

His first film role!

Columbia Pictures presents the movie you've been hearing about on Radio and TV!

*Because They're Young*

(1960)

Michael Callan, Tuesday Weld, and Victoria Shaw

Warren Beatty, Roberta Shore

Screenplay by James Gunn. Based on a novel by John Farns

Produced by Jerry Bresler. Directed by Paul Wendkos. A Direct Production

**Guest Stars**

James Darren, Duane Eddy and the Rebels

Hear James Darren sing "Because They're Young"
Wear it off the shoulder—on the shoulder—strapless. That's one joy of this convertible corselette! Another joy: a zipper that zips in front! Also, there's the chic of a plunged back, the subtle deception of padded cups. Sound expensive? Actual cost is just $12.50. So even on a no-car income you can afford CAPRI by BESTFORM®

If you owned three cars... you couldn't buy finer fit! 

By Lyle Kenyon Engel

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. The singing of these two young brothers is hailed by teenagers. One was born in 1937, the other in 1939. Million-record sellers of theirs were Wake Up, Little Susie and Bird Dog.

2. This curly-headed songster records for Roulette, has been on TV, in films. His hobbies are piano and guitar. Two million-record sellers were Kisses Sweeter Than Wine and Honeycomb.

3. He's a singer on the Columbia label. He writes songs and insists that his hobby is fishing. One great single is Walk the Line. His latest hit is Little Drummer Boy.

4. This songstress is a former ballerina. She records for MGM and is married to conductor Acquaviva. Her latest album is — Sings Sweet. Her latest single is Little Things Mean a Lot. Past hit singles were Your Cheatin' Heart and Why Don't You Believe Me?

5. This great singer's style is so relaxed that some people wait for him to fall asleep while he sings on his TV show. He records for RCA Victor, and he used to be a barber.

6. At ten, he played piano by ear, sang in New Orleans' honky-tongs. His recording company is Imperial. One great single was Blueberry Hill. His latest album is Twelve Million Records.

7. She is known as the greatest jazz singer of our time. She records for Verve Records, was once married to Chick Webb. She's been seen on TV and in films. The song that catapulted her to fame was A Tisket, A Tasket.
MODERN SCREEN’S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD’S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

in this issue:
Marriage For Marlon?
Fabulous Kiddie Party
The Clan in Vegas
Personal to Eva Marie

Louella asks the critics to please give Fabian a chance and stop attacking his acting and his singing. He’s a nice kid, she declares; he deserves a hand—not a boot.
Prediction: Marlon and France will Marry

Now that the smoke is beginning to clear around the big romantic explosion of the year and we can see the situation a little more clearly, I'm going out on a limb and make a prediction:

That Marlon Brando and France Nuyen will marry as soon as his divorce is final in May. Perhaps before that, if he can enlist the aid of Anna Kashfi (she has to give permission for a 'quickie' divorce in Nevada)—which I doubt. Anna just isn't in the frame of mind to cooperate.

Certainly Raiford Brando-Nuyen and Barbara Luna has been the big story in the love realm out of Hollywood in months and months. For the press it had everything—famous names, jealousy, a headline phrase "compulsive eating" (which first appeared in my front page story), and money—a $750,000 loss to producer Ray Stark when France had to be replaced in his The World of Suzie Wong because she had gained so much weight from compulsive eating, worrying over Marlon and Barbara back in Hollywood.

Unless you've been hibernating in a cave like the bears during these winter months, I'm sure you are familiar with the details:

Marlon and France were apparently very much in love when she left for Hong Kong to start the screen version of her Broadway hit, The World of Suzie Wong, opposite Bill Holden. Then, it starts getting talked that Brando is seeing Barbara Luna, former girl friend of Vic Damone.

Maybe in way of Hong Kong, France didn't hear this gossip—but she most certainly did when the company got to London to film the interiors.

If you can believe what you hear—France meets emotional problems by eating, eating, eating, and the first thing you know she had added so much poundage she didn't "match" up with the Hong Kong exteriors—and she was removed from the part—practically a million-dollar decision and loss to the producer.

There is, however, an element of mystery here. A friend of mine, a reporter who had gone to London expressly to interview France for a national magazine, tells me she talked with the half-Chinese, half-French charmer the day previous to her departure, "—and she didn't look fat to me. At least, not fat enough to be removed from a role that was practically completed."

Second element adding to the puzzle came after I talked over the telephone to Barbara Luna, herself an exotic Oriental, half Filipino and half-Hungarian.

"I don't know what all the fuss is about," she told me, "I've been out of town over the week end and knew nothing about this storm until I returned yesterday."

"I'm not in love with Marlon Brando but I do admire and respect him. I haven't heard from him since all the commotion started. Yes, my name has been submitted to Ray Stark to replace Miss Nuyen in the picture, but I doubt I'll get the part." (She didn't. The girl who made the original test for the picture, Nancy Kwan, did.)

Away planed Marlon to New York to meet his "emotionally upset, plus bronchitis victimized" girl friend, France, as she planed in from England.

Since her return to Hollywood he has been devotion itself, dining with France nightly in the out-of-the-way spots and being most sympathetic.

From all I can gather, France needs friendship and help. Long before she was taken off the film, there were reports that she was very, very difficult, some people close to the situation saying she was doing all she could to be a "female Brando."

Her outbursts reached the unreasonable stone in London when she blew a fuse over being quartered in the Connaught Hotel, which is one of the finest in London and where the rest of the cast including Bill Holden was staying.

Many people feel faintly sorry for her. Whatever the cause, France has "blown" a great opportunity—there are few and far between roles as fine for an Oriental girl as The World of Suzie Wong. On the other hand there are others, Barbara Luna among them, who feel France has been her own worst enemy. "Marlon never mentioned her name to me," said Barbara, "I don't know her at all—so I cannot say whether I feel sorry for her or not."

My personal reaction is this: It's a shame she lost Suzie—but in the long run France may gain what she apparently wants most—Marlon Brando.
Las Vegas Highjinks

All roads lead to Las Vegas this month. With Oceans 11, starring Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis, Jr. and Peter Lawford, shooting there with a host of guest stars, the gambling mecca was jammed with Hollywoodites and fans from all over the country.

The big show, of course, was the nightly appearance of Frank, Pete, Dean and Sammy, (plus that wonderful Joey Bishop) on the stage at the Sands Hotel—and you never heard or saw such wonderful clowning as these top-notchers breaking each other up at every performance.

To give you an idea, during a sentimental song of Frank’s Dean Martin called from the wings, “And now we’ll hear two words from Eva Marie Saint!”

The week I spent in Las Vegas it was hard to tell whether there was a better show on the stage or in the audience.

Even those stay-at-homes, Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, came down to see the fun. I always thought Joanne a pretty girl. But she is so glowingly happy since her marriage to Paul, she’s really beautiful these days.

Her hair is very blonde (for her role in From The Terrace) and the night I saw her she was wearing an orange-pink evening gown—by far the prettiest girl in the room (or the chorus).

Joanne told me that when she and Paul complete Terrace, she’s getting ready to be just “Mrs. Newman.” She said, “When Paul leaves for Israel to make Exodus, I’m going along just as his wife. Remember when you interviewed me in New York (for Modern Screen) I told you I didn’t want any long separations in our marriage. So, I’m going along just for the ride,” she laughed.

Shirley MacLaine was bounding around here, there and everywhere. She had come to Vegas to do a small guest appearance role in Oceans 11 with Frank—and Miss Shirley was having a ball.

The little Mexican comedian, Cantinflas, is such a dear. Chatted with him right after the show at the Sands and he invited me to be a ‘guest’ in his picture! My typewriter keeps me too busy.

Mrs. Peter Lawford was in a party with her distinguished brother, Senator Jack Kennedy, who is running as fast as he can to be the Democratic presidential nominee.

Joey Bishop said from the stage, directly to the Senator: “If you become President, sir, I have a few requests—just simple ones: Make Sinatra ambassador to Italy, send Lawford to England—and for me—just see I don’t get drafted again.”

Las Vegas is always jumping. But I wonder if it will ever hit this peak of on-stage and off-stage excitement again. Wow!
Never have the Hollywood juveniles had it so exotic as the Oriental costume party Lita and Rory Calhoun hosted for daughter Cindy's third birthday. The entire nursery social set was there, turned out in Oriental splendor—and never have you seen anything so cute.

To show you how far this Oriental angle was carried out, the hostess, Miss Cindy Calhoun, and her sister Tami had a regular studio hairdresser do their hair in Eastern style—and when Lita first saw her Cindy she didn't recognize her child in the black wig and make-up. Carrie Frances Fisher and her brother Todd were done up in Japanese costumes Debbie Reynolds had bought for them in Honolulu. The little Fishers attended under the proud eye of their great-grandmother, Mrs. O. Harmon, who was visiting Mrs. Maxine Reynolds. She told me she had never seen such adorable costumes and such a children's dream of toys as highlighted the big Calhoun garden.

There were hobby horses, big stuffed animals including a life-size giraffe and elephant big enough for the children to ride. There was a merry-go-round playing tinkling tunes, balloons galore—and everywhere, everywhere were the 'little people' toddling around in their Japanese or Chinese togs.

Keenan Wynn's two little girls, Hilda and Edwina, had fantastic eyebrows under their coolie hats. Keenan, who came with them, told me he had made them up.

Charlie Robert Stack, son of Rosemary and Robert Stack, wanted no part of any of the little girls and ran away bowling when they came near. His big sister Elizabeth had herself a time, particularly when she sat down at the table and saw the big cake decorated in Oriental motif. Her eyes got as big as the cake.

The table where the children sat was gaily decorated with every Japanese favor imaginable and they brought squeals of delight from each and every little guest. Dean Martin's youngest, Gina, was the only one who did not come in Oriental splendor, selecting instead a ballet costume. She is the cutest thing you ever saw and as good as gold, never grabbing a thing off the table—which is more than I can say for some of the other Orientals.

Jane Powell's three, Cissy, Jay and Lindsay, amused themselves—the two older ones playing ping-pong in a corner and the youngest just jumping up and down on a specially constructed contraption.

Two of my godchildren were done to the teeth, I mean Miss Dolly Madison (accompanied by her parents Shells and Guy Madison) and little Tami Calhoun, the cutest Oriental I ever saw. Dolly's older sisters Brigit and Erin were in Japanese kimonos with their long blonde hair falling to their shoulders.

John Wayne's little Aissa was ill—so Lita sent her all the favors to make up to the younger for missing out on the big social event of the season.

Got a chuckle out of Ricardo Montalban arriving by himself because his small son Victor had the flu and Georgiana had to nurse the young man. Ricardo had promised to bring home a blow by blow account of the event plus any favors he could pick up!

One young lady I would love to have stolen was tiny Nikki Ericson, the John Ericson's beauty. What a darling and so well behaved.

I missed seeing Yvonne De Carlo and her son Bruce who were late and arrived after I left. But I wouldn't have missed this party for anything!
The Star Had to Go to Bed

Sue and Alan Ladd invited a few of us to dine at their home (really a beautiful place since Sue redecorated it) and see a special showing of Dog of Flanders. It's the first time I've been present at a movie party at which the star of the picture had to retire before the screening because of his tender years—and I do mean 11-year-old David Ladd.

Right after dinner, David politely made the rounds shaking hands with the Gregory Pecks, pretty Margot Moore (leading lady of Wake Me When It's Over), her fiancé Bob Radnitz—who produced Dog of Flanders, and the Hall Bartletts.

To each and every one of us, he said (loud enough for Alan to hear), "I certainly hope you enjoy the picture. I'd like to stay up and see it myself, but—" Alan didn't come up for air. The star of this delightful and enchanting movie about a boy and his dog departed slowly upstairs.

But don't think for a moment that Sue and Alan aren't proud of their small fry, David is such a fine little actor. "If he keeps on being this much competition he's going to have to pay for his room and board," kidded Alan.

The movie was made in Holland and Belgium and the backgrounds in color are so beautiful. Take my word for it that Dog of Flanders is worth your investment at the box office—a breath of clean, vigorous fresh air and beauty in the midst of too many smutty plots.

Sue and Alan Ladd are certainly proud of their David (center); he's a fine little actor in a delightful movie—Dog of Flanders.
Eva Marie Saint is a fine person, but hates being called 'nice.'

OPEN LETTER

To Eva Marie Saint

If you think I’m on a soap box to lecture you about that headlined ‘word’ you used at the Producer’s Dinner, you are mistaken. I’ve known you ever since you came to Hollywood and I know you to be a fine mother, wife and actress—and a very ‘nice’ person as well, as much as you hate being called ‘nice.’

But, my dear, never be afraid to say ‘I’m sorry.’

So far, you’ve said everything else.

When I talked with you over the phone the following morning, you said: “You’ve known me well enough to know I don’t ordinarily use such language.”

“I had expected Jack Benny to say just a few words introducing me—instead he made such a flowery speech, including how George Jessel would have said it, that I didn’t think I could reply with a mere ‘thank you.’

“It was a closed party, that is, no TV or radio, and I thought I was among friends. I guess I wanted to ‘top’ Mr. Benny, a dramatic impulse of an actress—and well, it just popped out!”

“But with all the important things happening all over the world—they’ve sure made a big fuss about me on the front pages.”

And you are right, there was a lot of comment—some being indulgent and excusing you, others having the proverbial ‘lit’ gasping, “Eva Marie Saint of all people!” Well, so much for the unfortunate slip itself—and the ensuing reaction.

But afterward, there were some stories printed that you woke up in the middle of the night laughing about it, and there were other stories insinuating that you didn’t really care about saying that word.

I don’t believe it. But I do think that if you ever get in a spot like this again (heaven forbid) it would be so easy—and so like the real Eva Marie Saint, to say that one little phrase. “I’m sorry.”

For heaven’s sake, let’s give Fabian a chance. These kind words on my part are not payola because he sends me red roses by the dozens and is also so very grateful when I print anything complimentary about him.

I happen to know that he is very hurt over much of the criticism he has taken about his movie acting. But it is in his favor that he isn’t becoming difficult or temperamental about it.

He told me, “I guess getting panned is doing me good. I want to be deserving of the chance I’m getting at 20th. I’m now studying with Sandy Meisner in the hopes of getting some pleasant nods from the critics instead of their disapproval.”

Despite his enormous popularity as a singer, he doesn’t claim to be the greatest warbler on the pike. “I caught on,” he admits, “I’m lucky.”

Such a nice kid deserves a hand—not a boot. He’s only 17—and it’s to his everlasting credit that this big success hasn’t gone to his head.

He doesn’t talk about it much, but he feels he has a debt to aid other young people. He and Frankie Avalon hope to raise $750,000 from their records and personal appearances to go to youth centers around the country.

And while he has been shooting High Time, his college campus movie with Bing Crosby at Stockton, California, not a Sunday has gone by that Fabian hasn’t visited the Stockton Boys’ Home to put on a show for these less fortunate boys.

For his efforts in their—and his own—behalf I repeat—let’s give this boy a great big chance. He deserves it.
Another Crosby Settled

During the height of the quite formal reception Bing and Kathy Crosby gave for Linny Crosby and his bride Barbara Frederickson (nothing served but wedding cake and vintage champagne), Bing came downstairs carrying his only daughter, infant Mary Frances.

"Note how good I am at this," he kidded, "complete support of her spine and her head doesn't wobble because I have it in a hammer lock." Bing's a happy man these days with a little girl in his life and all those old feuds with his sons settled.

Millie and Dean's Confusing Romance

I'm confused about all this pussyfooting secrecy in the romance of Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell. Here are two healthy, happy young people, obviously very much in love, who carry on their nice boy-and-girl romance as though it were some sort of illicit grande passion.

Even when they first started dating in Hollywood, while Millie was making Diary of Anne Frank, they entered small restaurants by the back door. If photographers showed up they fled like a pair of guilty married (to someone else) lovers.

Why?

Not long ago, when Millie returned from visiting Dean in London where he is working in Sons and Lovers, she moved into his home. Nothing wrong with that. Dean wasn't in this country and why shouldn't Millie use the house until he returned?

Yet, when a press agent at 20th called her there, Millie disguised her voice saying, 'Miss Perkins no livree here,' or something like that.

Someone who was in London on Dean's picture told me that when he innocently inquired of Millie if she and Dean expected to marry in England she looked as though he had said something risque and turned her back. Dean managed to stand up under it better and admitted they are engaged before walking away.

I hope her first and only movie starring role, playing Anne Frank and hiding out in a garret so long, hasn't rubbed off on Millie.

Doesn't she know, as Mr. Shakespeare put it, "all the world loves a lover"—particularly when the romancers are such nice, wholesome youngsters as Dean and Millie. ?

..."All the world loves a lover," but Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell don't want the world to know about their romance.
Many fans were heartbroken about the death of Margaret Sullivan.

John Kerr is great—
But where is he . . . ?

Bing Crosby handed out lots of laughs to the fans following him.

Tuesday Weld just might be a lot smarter than we all think. . . .

LETTER BOX

Are you sure Tuesday Weld isn’t foxing all you columnists by being a lot smarter than you think? A year ago, no one had ever heard of this girl. Today she is nationally and internationally known as the girl who showed up barefoot on a TV show, who never combs her hair, etc. Her salary has jumped by leaps and bounds. Dumb? I wish I were so dumb! is the pertinent comment of Claire Kelly (no relation to the movie star) of Duluth. Maybe you’ve got something there, Claire.

Beverly Edwards, Orinda, California, writes: I attended the Bing Crosby Golf Tournament in Monterey—yes, in all that storm and downpour. I had always heard that Bing was cold and stand-offish. He couldn’t have been nicer to me and he and Phil Harris certainly handed lots of laughs to the crowds that followed the players. I love Bing. I’m sure Mr. Crosby thanks you, Beverly. . . .

I dare you to print this: It makes me sick the way you writers harp on Marlon Brando’s hassles with Anna Kashfi and his ‘love life’ with France Nuyen and Barbara Luna, snips Katrina Boyer, Brooklyn. The only important thing about Marlon is that he is the screen’s greatest actor! It’s Marlon making the news about his love life, my fine friend, not the writers. We just report it. . . .

Diana Dixon, Atlanta, cried my eyes out when I read of the death of my beloved Margaret Sullivan and learned of her serious deafness. I am not a teen-ager, in fact, I am the mother of four small children. But no actress of the screen ever gave me so much pleasure as the incomparable Margaret and I shall never forget her. Your sentiments are echoed by many others who remember Margaret in her heyday and who grieve over her passing, Diana. . . .

Where, oh where is John Kerr? He’s the greatest in South Pacific. Yet Hollywood lets him get away—and Modern Screen isn’t much better. No stories on him, complains Theresa McNeil, Dallas. I agree John is great but I’ll be darned if I know where he is.

This is an old query—but still many people ask the question posed by Mrs. Sam Feinberg, Cleveland: What do the stars do with their old clothes either from their personal or studio wardrobe? Can the public buy them? Some stars give their clothes outright to charity organizations. Mrs. Sam. Others give them to be sold by charity organizations which maintain small shops. But most of the clothes worn by actresses go back into the studio wardrobe departments to be remodeled for "extras" or lesser players. And there are always relatives to inherit personal wardrobes of the stars.

Do you think Doris Day is really shy or is she just using this as a means for escaping personal appearances, charity affairs and other outside interests? asks Vivien McCary of Walla Walla, Wash. I think Doris is shy—but I also think she dislikes very much making appearances, although she isn’t as retiring as she used to be.

There were more comments about Carol Lynley than any of the new young femmes this month—all of them good. Shelley Chester, of Los Angeles, says: Carol’s face is tender and beautiful—she is indeed Younger Than Springtime and she is our next big woman star—when she becomes a woman. . . .

Maybe you and American fans might be interested in letter from German girl, Christa Walz, living in Stuttgart, Germany, and how we feel about USA stars, writes this some Christa Walz. We like very much Marlon Brando but also Pat Boone who are of a difference, no? So far, only read about Fabian, Paul Anka, Ricky Nelson and this ‘Kookie’ but we want to know better. You can see, we are very dated. Not dated, Christa, you mean ‘up-to-date.’ And yes, we enjoy knowing about your favorites.

That’s all this month. See you next month.
MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

May 1—Glenn Ford
May 2—Bing Crosby
May 4—Audrey Hepburn
May 6—Stewart Granger
May 7—Gary Cooper
May 8—Lex Barker
May 15—Anna Maria Alberghetti
Ursula Thiess
Joseph Cotten
James Mason
May 16—Henry Fonda
Liberace
May 17—Dennis Hopper
May 20—George Gobel
James Stewart
May 21—Raymond Burr
Rick Jason
May 22—Susan Strasberg
Laurence Olivier
May 23—Joan Collins
Betty Garrett
John Payne
May 24—Mai Zetterling
May 25—Jeanne Crain
Susan Morrow
Victoria Shaw
Steve Cochran
May 26—James Arness
John Wayne
May 28—Carroll Baker
Sally Forrest
May 31—Elaine Stewart

See how the Magic Insets gently cradle your bosom from the sides and from below, gloriously lifting you to bewitching new lines. Self-Fitting cups conform to your exact size and the "Perma-lift" Neveride Band holds your bra in place always. Long line style of wash 'n' wear cotton, $5. Bandeau Bra $8. At nice stores everywhere.
And because the chauffeur, an un-self-made millionaire—couldn’t see any reason for any son of his to be delivering newspapers and wouldn’t give his consent. So most of the time, the boy was either moping around the mansion waiting for the other guys to be free, or else hanging around Donna Reed’s house, waiting for his buddies to come home from the route.

The next week, Donna noticed that the millionaire’s son didn’t come around any more, and that her own son got back from delivering all those papers pretty quickly.

She was worried that maybe his original enthusiasm was lagging, that he was tired of the job and cutting corners now, to get it over with... And where was all that perseverance and conscientiousness?

So she gently probed him:

“Darling, you’re still with your newspaper route, aren’t you?”

“Sure, Mom.”

“Well, uh, you do take time to get close enough to the house so that the paper lands on the porch, don’t you? I mean, you don’t just rush by and aim at the lawn, or the driveway...?”

“No, Mom, honest.”

Well, that seemed to be that, and then one day Donna happened to be outside around delivery time, and discovered the secret of her speedy young business man. There was the limousine, belonging to the millionaire, and the millionaire’s son, and the chauffeur, and the “hard-working” guys in the gang, and they all had just returned from their routes.

And who do you think ran the papers up to the porches?

You guessed it, the chauffeur.

---

Donna Reed:
SMART BUSINESS-MAN, THAT BOY OF HERS

(Continued from page 7)

Can’t our friends go elsewhere to hunt?”

He didn’t answer her immediately, then he asked her to let him sleep on it. When she approached him about it the next day, he admitted, “I just can’t stop it. It’s... it’s a tradition. How can I put an end to something as deeply rooted as that?”

“Oh my dear,” the Princess said, “I have prayed to St. Francis, the patron saint of the birds, to show me what is right, and I believe my prayers are answered. I know, deep in my heart, that this is murder, that we are sanctioning destruction of God’s beauty right here on our estate.”

The Prince had no reply.

The following morning, after the usual round of gunfire from the hunters, Princess Grace went to the Prime Minister to seek his advice. He was very sympathetic but suggested she talk to the Prince.

The Prime Minister looked at her kindly, lifted his right hand to adjust his silver pince-nez, and said, “In this matter, Your Royal Highness, you can probably exercise the greatest influence.”

When she talked to the Prince again he said he needed time to think about it. And all through the following months of October and November the hunting continued.

December arrived with cold winds, snow. Gifts were to be chosen for her staff, for her own dear children, for her beloved Prince. Two weeks before Christmas, when she told him she had ordered a white Jaguar convertible as a gift for him, she smiled and added, “My darling, the greatest gift you can give me this year is—”

He lifted a finger to her lips and stopped her sentence short. “Wait!” he said. “I have a surprise for you. But I can’t tell you until Christmas Day.”

“But—”

“Please,” he begged. “Wait!”

On Christmas morning, she awaited his gift with anticipation. The Prince gave her a diamond tiara with teardrop earrings. The diamonds were dazzlingly beautiful, and she was thrilled, but what she wanted for Christmas was... “This isn’t it,” the Prince added, interrupting her thoughts as she admired the tiara and the earrings. He handed her a large ivory parchment envelope. “Read this,” he said.

Removing the crinkling sheet of parchment from the envelope, she began reading, and her heartbeat quickened from a sudden, overwhelming happiness. It was a Royal Decree with an official seal, signed with the Prince’s flourishing signature, for all hunting on palace grounds to terminate commencing this Christmas Day.

“It was what you told me about St. Francis that convinced me,” the Prince admitted. She looked up, into the Prince’s twinkling eyes. She murmured a prayer of thanksgiving to the patron saint of the birds, and, smiling, she stepped forward to meet her husband’s tender embrace.

PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

world’s fastest natural tan! TANFASTIC

Want a honey of a tan in a hurry?
There’s only one lotion with a tanning booster that gives you a faster, natural tan... and no burning or peeling.
It’s Tanfastic!
And what better way to show off your Tanfastic tan than in the swimsuit above — “Tanfastic” by White Stag!

GET BOBBY DARIN’S NEWEST 45 POP RECORD “SHE’S TANFASTIC!”
with Bobby’s “Moment of Love” on the flip side!
Send 50¢ for each record, with your name and address, to:
Tanfastic, Box 4A, Hollywood, California
(Offer expires December 31, 1960. Void where taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted.)

creamym white
available everywhere in handy tubes or plastic squeeze bottles
The ceremony was in the lovely candle-lit Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick’s Cathedral, on New York City’s Fifth Avenue. Not quite the wedding of Evy’s dreams—not in her own church, back home in Denmark, with her own family at her side—but still, dignified, reverent, beautiful. Jimmy’s too-full schedule would not let him travel, and Evy had waited a long, long time for this marriage. She had wanted it to be right, to be forever. Now she was done with waiting. There was no telling how long it would be before Jimmy could go to Copenhagen; her family would understand, and Evy and Jimmy would visit them when they went to Europe—as man and wife.

Jimmy’s father had taken her aside and said gently, “You will be like a daughter to me,” and so it was he who gave the bride away.

The photographers (the very few who were admitted, by personal invitation only) respected the Church’s ruling of “No flashbulbs.” No reporters, no autograph hunters, to disturb the beauty of the ancient rite.

Jimmy and Evy wanted to cooperate with the press, though, and planned to pose on the church steps immediately after the wedding. But they were met with a mob of squealing girls, crying, “Jimmy, don’t leave us,” and trying to kiss him. Some representatives from the studio had been waiting by the car, keeping the motor running, ready to rush the newlyweds off to the private reception. Now they couldn’t even help. The mob of fans and photographers had surged around Jimmy and Evy with such force that they were gradually being pushed, not in the direction of the waiting car, but into the church fence. Photographers shoved through, shouting directions, “Hey, Evy, over here, let’s have a smile . . . Hey, Evy, give us a few words on how it feels to be Mrs. Darren. . . .”

At that moment Jimmy bent to whisper something to a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, and a photographer yelled, “Hey, lady, get out of the way, I’m trying to get a shot of the bride and groom.”

Jimmy could take no more.

“Get this straight,” he said firmly, coldly, as he put his arm protectively around the woman. “Don’t talk to my mother that way or there’ll be no pictures at all. . . .”

The couple finally managed to get to the car, despite the girls who struggled to touch him through the open window. They were still calling, “Jimmy, don’t leave us,” as they followed the limousine down the street.

As they drove away, Jimmy tenderly cupped Evy’s face, so serious-looking now, in his hands and said, concerned, “I hope all that rumpus didn’t upset you, Evy; I hope it didn’t spoil your wedding day. . . .”

She hushed him with a kiss. “No, my darling,” she murmured, “I will remember always the beautiful moments at the altar—that is what counts—and this: I have you. . . .”

Jimmy’s in Columbia’s Because They’re Young.
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is INSTANT WHIP® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. @1960 Clairol incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada
Each curl and wave on this page came out of this bottle of protein waving shampoo.

Wash 'n curl by Lanolin Plus $1.50 plus tax

The greatest discovery since the home permanent!

Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, rinsed and set. Lovely, lustrous waves last from shampoo to shampoo.
This picture of Terry Melcher was taken many years ago. Since then, there have been no public photographs, no discussion of him by his parents. Now—Modern Screen lifts the veil on Hollywood’s best-kept family secret.
"I do not want to talk about my private life!" For several years now, Doris Day has greeted interviewers with these words—and a charming smile. "Tell us about Terry," the interviewer will persist, "I understand he's living at home now, and...." But suddenly the interviewer will stop, feeling under the table the warning kick of the studio representative or press agent who attends such interviews with Doris, and noticing how Doris' charming smile has quickly disappeared into a frown. "Okay," he will say, "let's get on with it. Shall we talk about your latest record, or picture, or how about giving
us your opinion of Rock Hudson?” And so it will go; small talk, small talk, small talk. For over the Melcher home a heavy cloud of secrecy has been dropped—a cloud so heavy that many of Doris’ most ardent fans are not aware she’s a mother, few know that her son Terry is eighteen years old, and none of us have seen any pictures of Terry in the last few years. A few months ago, we at Modern Screen began to ask ourselves (and others) *Why?* And the harder we looked into the matter the stranger it all became. We learned that Terry’s dad—a man named Al Jorden, divorced from Doris sixteen years ago, and whom we tracked down recently in Cincinnati — knew as little about his own son as we did. “Haven’t seen the boy in twelve years now,” he said. “Say, you wouldn’t happen to have a recent picture of him, would you?” When we told him we did not—that *no one* did—Jorden said: “I’d like to see my boy. But I haven’t been able to. I wonder what he’s like now. I’d sure like to know.” This spurred us on. Where was Terry now? What kind of boy was he? Why — why was his mother hiding him? The story that follows presents, for the first time in any magazine, the answer....

*(Continued on page 66)*
BRING ME BACK TO YOUR HOUSE, OH LORD

SUDDENLY, IN ANSWER TO HIS PLEA, ELVIS FELT AN EASTER MIRACLE HAPPENING INSIDE HIS HEART....
JUDI, THE LITTLE

Young girls in Hollywood - seventh of a series
Subject: Judi Meredith
One recent morning, a white Plymouth convertible streaked out of Hollywood along Ventura Boulevard a few notches under the speed of light. At the wheel, Judi Meredith muttered “Darn!” when the cop wailed her down. She smoothed her wind-tossed auburn mop impatiently, turned up the radio full-blast to drown out the scolding, and sassily stuck out her hand for the ticket. Then she gunned off, dusting the cop’s pants with her fender. The cop didn’t like it at all.

Two blocks later he flagged her again. This time Judi blasted away with a roar that knocked off his cap. The third time, the Law inquired ominously, “Where do you want to go, Lady—jail?”

“No,” stated Judi, leveling her hazel-green eyes. “I want to go to my job—and I’m late.” This time she left him gasping in confusion and a puff of scorched rubber. That evening, when Judi Meredith got home, she dumped three speed tickets out of her purse, collected in almost as many minutes.

She also opened a ribboned box on her doorstep and put the red roses in a vase. They (Continued on page 37)
I'm the kind of girl who frightens people because if I love someone, I come right out and say "I love you."
came from the cop who’d flagged her down.
That’s a fair sample of saucy, sexy Judi Meredith’s effect on men. On the record, it’s devastating.
In the five years since Judi hit Hollywood, she’s been engaged, officially, and unofficially, five times—to Troy Donahue, Wendell Niles, Jr. and Barry Coe, among others. In between, she’s had so many dates she can’t remember them. Frank Sinatra adores her and Bobby Darin does, too. Judi dates delightedly and (Continued on page 68)
SCOOP!

KIM TO MARRY!

- *Within the next few months, Kim Novak will marry! We are delighted to report this scoop. We are delighted that her groom-to-be is the talented director, Richard Quine. Their story has its beginnings in the long-ago—long before they ever actually met. Nineteen years ago, to be exact. In 1941....*

In 1941, Kim Novak was Marilyn Novak, a pudgy, pigtailed girl of eight. She lived with her parents (her dad was a railroad worker) in a small apartment in the lower-middle-class Polish section of Chicago. She had a sister, Arlene, two years and eight months older than herself, considered by one and all (Continued on page 81)
“Please write a story about Johnny Nash, and print his picture. We think he's marvelous.” The letter was addressed to Modern Screen and signed by six teen-age girls from Atlanta. That was four months ago, the first inkling we had that a new star was being born. We heard his records, A Very Special Love, As Time Goes By, Too Proud, but had no idea who he was. More letters came in, so we sent for photographs of this fellow Nash. We were not surprised to find he was a teen-ager. We were surprised that he was Negro... and delighted. We had known it was going to happen sooner or later. Belafonte had paved the way. Johnny Mathis built himself a teen-age following, but sooner or later, some Negro boy had to come along who could hold his own with Fabian and Frankie Avalon, Tommy Sands, Bobby Darin, and from the streams of letters that were now coming in, we knew this boy was doing it. Johnny Nash was not simply another entertainer ... he was something new in our world ... he was the first Negro to become a teen idol. (Continued on page 76)
FIRST NEGRO TEEN IDOL!
Diane McBain, Brian Kelly, Cindy Robbins, and Mike Callan prove:

**NO TEARS
NO TROUBLE
WHEN YOUR DATES ARE DOUBLE**

There comes a time in every girl’s life when she’s not in love and she sees no good reason why she should be in love . . . at least not immediately. Things are just too pleasant the way they are. No madness, no lovers’ fights, no sadness, no sleepless nights. But it’s no easy matter to keep things in that euphoric state. At least that is what Diane McBain has (Continued on page 74)
Mickey and Brian admire the girls’ summer fashions

Cindy’s suit... Catalina... Diane’s 3-piece outfit... White Stag

Girls’ 2-piece outfits are summer favorites

Cindy in Lovable’s BB Bikini. Diane in Marina Del Mar Suit

Summer shirts. Ship ‘n Shore
WHAT KILLED DIANA BARRYMORE?

SLEEPING PILLS?

There was the name. Barrymore. She loved it, and she hated it. When she was proud she would proclaim, "It's bigness, it's life, it's everything beautiful about the theater, about the world, my world — really the only world."

When she was miserable she would moan, "My father was a bum to me — I never really knew him. My uncle Lionel, I think I met him four times. My aunt Ethel was forever telling people about what an embarrassment I was. They all hate me. She's degrading us, they'd say; she's not living up to the name! Them and their pride — and their name, their great big lousy name!"

She didn't have to take the name.

Actually, she was born Joan Blythe, the daughter of John Blythe (John Barrymore's true name) and Blanche Oelrichs (a renegade society girl, a would-be writer, who married the famous actor and then, after the birth of her daughter, embarked on a writing career and took the pen-name, Michael Strange).

Born Joan Blythe, she could have remained Joan Blythe.

But when, at eighteen, she decided to follow in the family tradition and become an actress, she told her agent that the name was to be
Barrymore. That was the way she wanted it.

"Diana," she said, "after the name my mother has always called me by. And Barrymore, after him... my father..."

And there was the booze.
She loved the stuff, and she hated it.

When she was happy, it was loathsome to her.

"Who needs it?" she told a friend, two years ago, when she gave it up, temporarily. "It's got me looking five years older than my real age (then thirty-six)... I spend three-quarters of my time reeling... I can't memorize a line after a couple of sips... It's making me fat... I forget names, places, thoughts... I feel like hell just thinking about it."

Yet, when things went wrong again, recently, she said, "I need it like I need the air to breathe, like a baby needs milk to stop it from crying. I need it for strength—there's nothing sweeter-feeling to my bones. I need it because I'm me, because it's a curse—an inheritance, from my father, his father probably, way down the line. Because our middle name is A, for Alky..."

Men.
There were men, too.
They were nothing to her, at first. Then they were everything.

As a young girl—when she was pretty, independent, a debutante-going-on-actress—she laughed them off. She didn't need them. They were rich, these men, most of them. Handsome, some of them. Passionate, a few.

"How they all bored me," she once said. "The world, my life ahead, had so much more to offer. Theater. Art. That was my life."

But when, after a couple of years on Broadway and in Hollywood, after her flops, after she began her drinking, after she realized that she needed something more than those early dreams, she turned to men, and love.

At least, she tried.

There were three disastrous marriages in the course of the next twelve years—one with an actor, one with a tennis player, one with a playboy.

"Love," she mumbled, in 1955, after a suicide attempt, as two doctors stood over her, slowly pumping the powdered remains of twenty-one sleeping pills from her stomach.

"—love... there's no such thing."

She came close to it—one, later.

Two years ago.
She called him Tom, this man who seemed to come to her. His full name was Tennessee (Continued on next page)
Williams. He was the most famous and successful playwright in America, author of The Glass Menagerie, A Streetcar Named Desire, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. They'd met just at the point when she thought, again, that everything was over. Despite her name, despite the success of her autobiography, Too Much, Too Soon, and the movie based on that autobiography, despite all this, she was having trouble getting work—more important, getting praise, encouragement. Then, from out of the blue, a producer-friend gave her a chance to do the lead in one of Williams’ lesser works, Garden District, in a small theater in Chicago. Williams happened to be in town the night of the opening. He attended the performance. Afterwards, at a party, he approached Diana. No woman, he told her—not Vivien Leigh, not Jessica Tandy, not Julie Haydon, not Geraldine Page—no one, he said, had ever played any role of his the way she had, that night.

They became immediately attached to one another, a newspaper columnist has written. Diana not only fell for Tennessee, but she was sure, from the way he talked, that his next play would have a starring part for her, get her back into the harness again. The ‘next play’ turned out to be SWEET BIRD OF YOUTH. The starring part—that of The Princess Kosmonopolis—went not to her, but to Geraldine Page. Diana was disappointed, to put it mildly. But still, she felt, she had ‘Tom.’

She did everything to please him. She changed her mode of dress to try to please him. She cut out a lot of the boisterousness. The drinking was definitely out—even the occasional nips. And she waited, hoped and prayed for the day he would want to turn their friendship into marriage.

Only, recently, Tennessee told Diana that there could be no marriage. Neither he nor she, he told her, could ever expect to be happy people.

Recently was obviously Christmas Eve of last year, 1959. That is the night Diana toppled off the wagon and took up drink again.

That night, friends say, there was approximately a case and a half of Scotch in her New York apartment, nine or ten bottles of vodka, three or four (Continued on page 75)
PETTING AND PARKING

“What’s wrong with kids today?” is a question we’ve all heard often. But are the customs and morals of today’s teen-agers really different from those of the past? We went to Annette Funicello and Frankie Avalon, two very nice and typical teen-agers, to learn what they consider sexually right and wrong. We owe them both a debt of gratitude; although our questions were very intimate, their answers were very frank.

the facts of life in teen-age Hollywood
third of a series
Annette Funicello:
I park... in front of the house

Frankie Avalon: I pet... we’re all human
Q Are you really turning over a new leaf?
A Oh, yes. I've had it. Being fickle was fun when I was young, which wasn't so very long ago, I guess. But today I think I'm grown-up and have passed this baby-ish stage. I've started looking for the boy and don't go out very much any more. I don't care about it any more.

Q What do you mean by 'it'?
A Sex, I suppose.

Q Have you also stopped falling for older men—a habit which used to cause you great grief?
A Yes. Long ago. It was another of the little girl problems I've outgrown.

Q But there is one older man you can't erase from your memory, isn't there?
A So, you found out about Jack. He's a handsome cameraman at the Disney Studios. I had a mad crush on him and he once promised to 'wait' for me. But when he got married last year I guess he forgot that promise. But I suppose he's just a part of the past. I'm trying to forget him.

Q It's not easy, is it?
A To be honest, no. I'm having a hard time convincing myself that it's all over. But it is. It was just another one of my silly crushes.

Q You've had a lot of them, haven't you?
A I used to fall in love every other week.

Q There was also Guy Williams, wasn't there?
A That was another crush. I see him all the time and we do publicity together. But that's it.

Q From the past let's jump to the present. Rumor has it that three guys whose initials are P, F and F are sort of chasing you. Care to confirm the rumor? (Continued on page 80)

Q Being on the road as much as you are, and on your own so much of the time, don't a lot of girls make advances to you?
A They sure do!

Q Are most of the women younger, or older?
A They vary.

Q Are they obvious, or subtle?
A Well—they're subtle yet obvious. If they know they're going to meet you, they'll do anything to get your attention. Sometimes they ask a lot of questions. Sometimes they even ask you to come to their house for dinner. I've never accepted any of these invitations, although I would like to. But I can't afford to get into trouble, and since I don't know the people extending the invitation, I have no way of knowing what I'd be getting into if I did accept.

Q Did anyone ever get into your bedroom while you were out, or while you were in?
A No one has broken into my room, but they've made it to the door. I've come home and found fans waiting outside my door several times. Once they tried to break in, but I managed to hold the door and keep them out. Of course, then I couldn't leave! Another time I walked into my room and found three girls in it. Dumbfounded, I wanted to know how they got in. They blithely answered that the maid had let them in. Now I always tell the maid, no matter where I am, not to let anyone in! Otherwise I could never tell when someone might be hanging around . . . .

Q What was the hardest time you ever had getting rid of a fan?
A I guess getting rid of those girls was about my worst (Continued on page 80)
For the first time in any magazine the plain truth about Rock and Women
It's almost two years now since the headline-making, heart-breaking divorce of Rock Hudson and Phyllis Gates. Since then Rock, who once squired Hollywood's loveliest young ladies around town, has steadily retreated from the world of romance. Deeply hurt by that ill-fated marriage, Rock has, like a wounded animal, gone off by himself to nurse his scars, scars that some people say will never heal. In a small remote beach community many miles from Hollywood, a place called Lido Isle, Rock has made his sanctuary—a gorgeous home within whose walls the soft sound of a woman's voice is rarely heard.

The home is Rock's alone, a home into which he has poured every ounce of his extra energy, as though he knew deep in his heart that this was not to be the usual makeshift bachelor quarters, which some future bride would refurnish to her own taste. With decorator Peter Shore, Rock has torn down interior walls to achieve at great expense the special effects he's wanted; at night, when he's not recognized so easily, he's roamed the streets window-shopping for paintings and furnishings; and on free days he and Peter have traveled up and down the West Coast from San Diego to San Francisco stopping at auctions, antique shops, junk shops, everywhere, to find the exact piece needed for some corner of his private sanctuary. Few people know what this sanctuary looks like inside, few people have stood in the grand airy living room with its muted shades of beige, white, mocha and burnt orange, and looked out onto the roaring ocean below—for the house is off-limits to members of the press and photographers. He surrounds it with secrecy, and only a certain group of his friends, close friends such as George Nader, and producer Ross Hunter, are invited there. Often they are invited for the weekend, to talk, play guessing games, do imitations, take trips on Rock's boat (in season) to Catalina Island, and to cook fancy gourmet dinners for themselves. For variety, once or twice a month, in slacks and open sport shirt, Rock drives up the Coast in his new Silver-grey Chrysler Imperial (top down) to a little artists' colony called Sausalito, just outside of San
“I’VE HAD ENOUGH MARRIAGE TO LAST ME A LIFETIME”
Francisco, for coffee klatches, small dinner parties and long serious discussions with sensitive artists. But in his private life (a life never discussed in movie magazines) there seems now to be little or no place for feminine companionship. Only when required to attend an opening night or big Hollywood party, does a woman manage to occupy his time—and on these occasions he will usually invite his current leading lady or some friend who is a casual—not romantic—acquaintance. Rock's world, in short, is a world without women, his home a kind of fortress protecting him against the dangers of love. "I've had enough marriage to last me a lifetime," he says. "I'm happy with the way things are now. I have my dream house, and...." But those of us who know and love Rock turn away saddened and care to hear no more. Saddened to think that someday when he is old and grey this wonderful, charming, sensitive, intelligent man will wake up one morning and, sitting by the window, looking down at the ocean, drinking orange juice for one, hear in his imagination the footsteps of children and grandchildren who were never born, turn his back to the window and understand that the life he built, like the living room itself this morning, is suddenly, strangely, terrifyingly empty.

And yet there is a girl...
This is the moving story of Rock Hudson and Linda Cristal—the one girl in all the world who can (if Rock returns her love) save him from the empty bachelorhood to which he has doomed himself.
It begins on a Saturday morning, not long ago . . .

Rock stood on the deck of his yacht, the Khairuz-ham, tied to its pier in Newport, a little coastal town not far from Los Angeles.

He was annoyed.

His guests—four couples, friends and their dates—had been told to show up by nine o’clock, so that this weekend cruise could get off to a brisk and early start.

And here it was, nearly 9:30 now, and only three

(Continued on page 64)
Memoirs Beautiful and Bitter of Casanova's Ladies

A psychoanalyst’s intimate report on the strange love-life of Marlon Brando

Once Marlon loved a woman, pretty as a wildflower, with shaggy black bangs. She had the look of never quite belonging in the small towns where they lived. She talked about art, she forgot to stock the refrigerator, and she drank. When the world grew too ugly, too sharp-cornered, too grey, she drank it back to blurry pinkness, and then the proprietor of the particular tavern where she happened to be would phone her house and ask for somebody to come and fetch her.

Her name was Dorothy Pennebacker Brando. She was Marlon’s mother. After he was a star, he had a dream of bringing her to New York. “I thought if she loved me enough, trusted me enough, then we could be together and I’d take care of her. Well, she left my father and came to live with me. But my love wasn’t enough. She was there in a room one horrible night holding on to (Continued on page 72)
Connie Francis' own story of her remarkable transformation

When Macy's Department Store called me and asked me to be the Cinderella in their Thanksgiving Day parade last year, I was flabbergasted and speechless. "Me?" I said, a funny burr in my throat. I was certain they'd made a mistake.

Don't get me wrong. I was thrilled. More than that: flattered! Because, never, in my wildest dreams, did I imagine myself as a glamour girl. Not that I don't like gorgeous dresses and gowns and jewelry. I flip for them. Like any normal girl, I love dressing up in rhinestone necklaces, pretty silks that smell of cologne, high-heeled satin shoes, the works.

But me, Connie (Continued on page 78)
Small?  Very Small?  In-between?

a LOVABLE bra is a welcome addition

IN-BETWEEN? "Interplay" (above) with foam contour shell to round out your glamour. Curved front defines beautifully. White, black. Only $1.50

SMALL? "Add Vantage" (far left) with medium foam contouring to fulfill the promise of your figure. Soft-touch anchor-band never curls. White. Only $2

VERY SMALL? "Add-a-Pad" (near left) with removable full-foam pads to make the most of you. Pert demi-plunge neckline. White, black. Only $1.50

It Costs So Little
To Look Lovable.

The Lovable Brassiere Co., New York 16
Los Angeles 16  Also sold in Canada.
Ask for Lovable girdles, and panties, too.
"For better, for worse; for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death do you part... Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder..."

There was a long pause when the minister finished the marriage service. Then the tall handsome groom opened his arms and embraced his lovely bride. Finally Cyd and Tony, starry-eyed, turned to accept the congratulations of the minister and the wedding guests.

No marriage—not even in Hollywood—started out with such good wishes—and such dire prophecies—as did the union of Cyd Charisse and Tony Martin. It couldn’t last, their friends said. There were too many strikes against it. They had warned Cyd careers never mixed—especially careers like theirs. Singers and ballerinas were both temperamental. And both Tony and Cyd had been married before and divorced. Cyd had a child by that first marriage. Tony was supposed to be hard to get along with. "Ask Alice Faye what she had to put up with," they said, "and he was madly in love with her, too."

His and Cyd’s interests were so different. He loved sports and she didn’t; he liked people around him; she was a homebody; he liked to be on the go constantly; she was content to stay put. "And you didn’t like him when you first met him," her friends reminded her. The marriage, they felt, didn’t stand a chance.

Nevertheless, Cyd Charisse, despite the warnings, serenely and (Continued on page 61)
The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Persstop®. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid Cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Persstop®, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, Arrid Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use Arrid to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic Arrid with Persstop® actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream Deodorant today.

(Continued from page 60) confidently went ahead with the wedding plans: her friends had completely missed the point. They forgot that she loved Tony, that he and she were in love with each other, that she had faith not only in him but what was even more important—in herself. What did her friends know of the depth of her understanding of this man? What measure did they have to gauge the sureness of her instincts about him? She herself was the best judge of what she was doing and why she was doing it. She saw qualities in Tony that others perhaps did not see. She knew that he was good and kind and sweet and that all that was needed was a guiding hand. She felt she had that hand. Her marriage, she was convinced, would succeed.

Her friends pooh-poohed her theories. They had heard them before.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to Cyd Charisse to know that she has proved her own instincts right and the dire prophecies of the crepe-hangers wrong. The marriage has lasted. To all intents and purposes, it will last "until death do them part." This marriage has not only confounded the Hollywood wise-acres, it has also given renewed hope to marriage as an institution and proved that every marriage can succeed if the two people involved have faith in each other and are willing to work for success.

Why it has succeeded

Every happy marriage has its own formula, its own recipe for happiness. It is interesting to analyze the reasons why this marriage succeeded when every signpost pointed to failure. Why was Cyd Charisse so sure of the rightness of her instincts about her husband? What ingredients made up the recipe for happiness in her case? To get the answers, we must first study the two personalities involved—their characters, their backgrounds and the circumstances which helped to mold them.

Cyd Charisse was born Tula Ellice Finklea in Amarillo, Texas. She came of good healthy Irish, French, and English stock. From the time she was a small girl, she was surrounded by nothing but love and understanding. There always was so much love in our house," she recalls. Between her and her father, a jeweller who loved the ballet, there was a special rapport. Her little brother adored her, called her Cyd because he couldn’t pronounce Sis. Cyd she remained.

The little girl grew rapidly. At eight, she could pass for twelve, she was so tall. "But I grew too fast and I was as thin as a rail," she said. She insisted she take ballet lessons to develop her body.

Cyd, anxious to please her beloved father, and already sensing that her destiny lay in a dancing career, enrolled in a local school. "She has talent," her teacher said. After four years of lessons in Amarillo, her teacher admitted that the girl had gone as far as she could with her. She needed a better teacher.

Inquiries brought forth the information that there was a famous school in Hollywood, California, run by a man named Nico Charisse who was connected with the Ballet Russe. Nico gave her an audition and was enthusiastic about her. After several years as his pupil, he considered her good enough to join the Ballet Russe troupe and recommended her to the attention of the troupe’s head, Colonel de Basil. De Basil watched her perform and signed her on the spot.

The troupe toured Europe each spring and as the time neared for its departure for abroad, Cyd was thrilled beyond words. She was as happy for her parents as she...
Folks who care buy Brand Name Health and Beauty Aids!

Why do you buy Brand Names? Because you trust them. You know that they are consistently good, that they always meet the high standards of quality you’ve set for yourself and your family. You’ll find Brand Name products wherever you go. No guesswork shopping. Like good friends, they’re always there.

The Brand Name manufacturer has built a reputation. He must maintain it, so he keeps his standards high, and strives constantly to make his product better. He’s always first with new products and ideas. He employs lots of people. He helps balance the economy. You depend on him. He depends on you. Know your brands, and buy the brands you know. You’ll find some of them on the pages of this magazine.

May 1-8 is Brand Names Week

Don't take a chance...take a NAME BRAND

LOOK FOR

CONFIDENCE

BRAND NAMEs

FOUNDATION, INC.

Satisfaction

Brand Names Foundation, Inc.
437 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

was for herself over this opportunity.

Practically on the eve of departure, a tragic incident occurred which was to change the course of Cyd’s life. A telegram was handed to her. It was from her mother advising her that her father was gravely ill. There was no word about her having to come home. She must make up her own mind about it. But her mother, knowing Cyd, knew what she would do. She decided to go to Amarillo at once and see her beloved dad. Her decision gives us an insight into the character of Cyd Charisse, a foretaste of one of the reasons for the success of her marriage with Tony Martin. Hers was no brave ‘the-show-must-go-on-my-career-comes-first’ philosophy. She was a loving daughter; she loved her father; that was enough. Her place was with them. The troupe sailed without her.

Her father died. The young girl, now sixteen years of age and saddened by grief, returned to Hollywood and to the dance troupe. When Nico Charisse saw her again, he was startled by the change in her. When she had left for Texas, she had been a child. Now she was a woman, a very beautiful woman. Grief had molded her, had matured her. Unusually for her age, she could pass for several years older. Nico Charisse fell in love with his pupil. He asked her to marry him.

May-September marriage

Lonely, in need of comfort and strength, Cyd married a man much older than herself. Though she looked like a woman, she was in truth still a child. She had had no youthful experiences with boys, no adolescence, no fun.

The time came for the troupe to tour Europe again. Cyd accompanied by her husband, went with them. In Paris, Nico, Jr. was born. The year was 1942 and the world was at war. The troupe decided to stay in France.

Back in Hollywood, Cyd resumed her dance career, but now it took a new turn. David Lichine, choreographer for the troupe, introduced her to Gregory Ratoff, the famous producer and director. Through this introduction, she got parts in pictures like Something to Shout About, Mission to Moscow, Ziegfeld Follies, and The Harvey Girls. She did not get particularly wide swathe at this time, but acting in motion pictures intrigued her, and she decided to remain in that medium.

Meanwhile, her marriage was crumbling. Though Charisse was kind, Cyd began to realize all she had missed by marrying him. She was hungry for the youth she should have had.

They were divorced in 1947. Cyd was only twenty-four years old at the time. Divorce embitters some people; it matures others. It made Cyd a wise, tolerant, understanding woman who had profited by her experience and had learned a new set of values.

This was the woman who accepted an invitation from Nat Goldstone, her agent, to attend a party he was giving at the Bel Air Hotel. Goldstone seated her next to a tall, dark, handsome man. “This is Tony Martin,” Goldstone said.

She found the young man interesting and the feeling was evidently mutual, because he invited her to Chasen’s after the party to enjoy a little snack.

The date, however, was not a success. Instead of sitting down, and quietly conversing with Cyd, Tony table-hopped all evening.

She decided she would not go out with him again—this man was not for her.

She forgot about him completely. Then one evening Nat Goldstone called her again. "We’re seeing the premiere of Black Narcissus next Wednesday night and I called to ask if you’d like to join us all." Cyd gladly accepted the invitation. When she arrived at Nat’s home, she was amazed to find that Tony Martin was her escort.

“He asked me to invite you,” Goldstone whispered to her.

She liked Tony much better on this second meeting. He was kind and sweet and oh, so nice—very important. On the occasion of their second meeting, she began to show that deep and remarkable understanding she has of him. She realized Cyd was mobile-hopped that last time because of his great need and his great love of people.

As she saw more and more of him, she found herself falling in love with him. She knew all his faults but she knew his good qualities too, and to her, the good qualities far outweighed the faults. What was important to her was that she could understand him and he could make her happy. They were good for each other. She could bring her maturity to his small boyishness, her serenity and stability to his restlessness. He was gay and fun-loving and exciting. She had never known such a man.

Tony’s background

Tony Martin was born in Oakland, California. He was born Alvin Morris and he was the only child of a mother and father who was a physician and who died when Tony was only six years old. Thus, the little boy had never known a father’s love or a father’s guiding hand.

As a child, he began to show great musical talent. At the age of twelve, when he was attending the Oakland High School, he was organist and leader of the school band, with a four-piece orchestra. Even as a kid, he was a good earner. He was exceedingly good to his mother, whom he felt a great responsibility, and handed over most of his earnings to her. Along with his love of music, he early showed an interest in sports; he was sports editor of the student paper, and excellent at baseball and track.

After he was graduated from Oakland High, he was enrolled in St. Mary’s College since his mother wanted him to follow in his father’s footsteps and become a doctor. He was an excellent student but while there, he showed a tendency to get himself into difficulties with those in authority. One day, in a moment of youthful exuberance, he played a jazz solo on the college organ. To the school authorities, that was nothing short of sacrilege and he was promptly asked to leave college.

Tony seized this opportunity to get into show business where he belonged. He headed for Chicago where he played and sang with a band at night clubs, among them the Chez Paree. Here he met Frances Lanford who sold him the idea of going to Hollywood. It was then he assumed the name of Tony Martin and headed back to California.

This was when he was in the depths of the depression and musicals were not being made in Hollywood. He got a job as a singer on the Burns and Allen show and appeared at the Tropicadero, then Hollywood’s most elegant night spot.

His first pictures were Follow the Fleet and Poor Little Rich Girl. One day at the horse races he was introduced to a very pretty girl and quickly fell in love. She was a former show girl who was beginning to make a name for herself in motion pictures. Their courtship was one of the most romantic in the annals of Hollywood romances. It was on again, off again, on again. Finally when everyone agreed it was off and probably would not be on, they astounded their friends by eloping.
suddenly, unexpectedly, to get married.

In speaking of the failure of this marriage they admitted that they were both too strong-willed to split, and the marriage ended in divorce. What Tony needed then was a girl who stood up to each other. 

When World War II was declared Tony was called to the colors. After his honorable discharge he went back to Hollywood to take up his career. Nervous, restless, lonely he found it difficult to make an adjustment to civilian life. He became the gay young blade of Hollywood. He went in for flashy clothes, for sports, for people of all kinds. He was never alone; he never wanted to be alone. He was always on the go. This was the man who was introduced to Cyd Charisse the night of Nat Goldstone’s party at the Bel Air Hotel.

Cyd's happy-marriage theories

For one thing, she has never tried to change her husband. She has learned to live with his craze for sports and for the people with whom he must necessarily surround himself, such as music arrangers, press agents, musicians, song pluggers, TV big shots. She has found in the sportsworld, people with whom his wife has nothing in common but accepts without a word of protest. "I know Tony thoroughly," Cyd said, "and I don’t want to change him. I fell in love with him as he is, not as the man I want him to be."

For another thing, she has never let her career interfere with her marriage. She has a clause in her contract that when she is not making a film, she has permission to join her husband wherever he may be. It is the first clause of its kind ever inserted in the contract of a leading Hollywood personality. But good wife though she is, she has never forgotten she is a mother, too. She and Tony always manage to be home in time to spend their wedding anniversary with their son, Tony, Jr., born in 1936. Not only has she never let her career interfere with her marriage, but she has done what few women—far less gifted and far less prepossessing than she—is are willing to do. She has submerged her own personality. When Tony wants to go out at night to a night club, Cyd goes with him even though there are times when she'd much rather stay at home. She has turned down good roles in pictures whenever she thought they interfered with her marriage.

With insight and emotional maturity, she has turned her unhappy experience in her first marriage to profit in her second. She learned not to deflate a man's ego, nor to worry him needlessly; and never to be possessive nor jealous of her husband.

She manages to be a delightful companion to her husband, springing all sorts of surprises to give him pleasure.

Once she took him out of buying a new Jaguar which he wanted badly. Then later at Christmas, which also happens to be his birthday, Cyd suggested that they go for a little stroll. As they walked, she pointed to a lovely Jaguar at the curb.

"That's the kind I wanted to buy," Tony said sadly. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"It's lovely," she laughed. "And that's my birthday present to you."

She cannot understand women who constantly whine and complain to their husbands, without even giving the man a chance to cross his threshold and wash his hands. A man's home should be his peaceful castle, she says. Neither can she understand women who do not want their husbands around too much. "I can't see enough of Tony. Gosh, when you love a person, how can you see too much of him?" She doesn't believe in the theory that a wife should keep her husband guessing. "If a woman wants her peace of mind and wants her husband to have his peace of mind, she should let him know she loves him and leave no doubt about her loyalty."

She is convinced that a calm and happy woman has a better chance of succeeding in her career than has a tense or overly-ambitious one. As a result, she has attained great success in her career since her marriage. Singin' in the Rain, The Band Wagon, Easy to Love, Brigadoon, Deep in My Heart, and It's Always Fair Weather... smash successes which have brought her stardom were filmed after her marriage.

"If a woman doesn't succeed," Cyd said once with a shrug of her shoulders, "a happy woman will learn to accept failure. Too."

Their friends say that marriage with Cyd has made a remarkable change in Tony. He is quieter, gentler, more relaxed. Ironically enough, if Cyd had planned this change in him, it probably would not have happened.

The change was wrought by the miracle of happiness. His star too, is in its ascendency.

What makes these two vivid, vital charming people so remarkable is that neither is envious of the other. On the contrary, each takes delight in the other’s success, in each new triumph. Perhaps the best reason for the success of this marriage which everyone thought was doomed to failure, lies in the words which Cyd Charisse once said to her bosses at MGM when she turned down a role because she felt it would interfere with her marital happiness. "A career is a wonderful thing but it will never take the place of a husband. I know, I've tried it."

Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small packets of suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-05, Norwich Pharmaceutical Co., Norwich, N.Y.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ Zone ______ State ______

63
But One Girl Won't Give Up

(Continued from page 55)

of the couples had managed to show.

"Five minutes," he muttered to himself, about the others, "and show or not, we're taking off.

At exactly 9:30, the little yellow convertible pulled up alongside the yacht. Rock watched as the girl—tail, dark, dressed in white slacks and shirt and a red-striped cap—came to the door of the car and rushed towards the boat.

He recognized her as Linda Crystal, the young South American actress who worked in Hollywood and was where he worked, whom he'd met a few times, at a party here, a reception there.

He recognized her type, too, he thought. The vital type, he thought to himself, yawnning internally, as she waved at him and shouted "Hi, Rrrrrrock!!" as she continued to rush towards the boat.

"I'm here," she said, smiling broadly, when she reached him. "I hope I am not too late. I really hope that, in all apology, Are you surprised to see me?"

Rock ignored the apology, the question. "Well?"

"Al—" Linda said. "I'm sorry to have to tell you this about a friend, Rock—but he's sick, with the bad sore throat. Thurs-

day we called the doctor and asked me if I'd like to come along on the cruise, he sounded fine. But, she went on, "this morning, at eight o'clock, when he called to say he hadn't felt well, by then his throat had the soreness—" She shook her head.

"—he sounded terrible ... like this."

She made a gargling noise, and laughed. Rock took her hand. Instead, he continued to look at her.

And Linda's laughter, her smile, disappeared.

"It doesn't mean to make fun," she said. "I know that the sore throat is not a pleasant thing. But with the pills, the salt and warm water ... he'll get over it. Don't worry."

There was a pause, a long one, as Rock continued to say nothing.

Linda forced a smile to her lips again. "And meanwhile," she said then, "I thought of going away, on the boat trip, even if Al couldn't."

Her face began to reddened a little. "I know, maybe it isn't proper, a girl coming alone," she said, "—but for two days now I look so forward to this ... I thought maybe it would be all right."

Her fingers played momentarily with the handle of her small suitcase.

"Is it," she asked, "all right?"

"Sure," said Rock, unenthusiastically.

"Bueno, good," said Linda.

She looked up, towards the sails.

"Now," she said, "let's hoist the mizz-mast and be off."

"Mizzennmast," said Rock.

She looked back at him. "Is that how you say it in the nautical language ... in English?" she asked. "Mizzennmast?"

"Yep," said Rock.

"So then," Linda started to say again, "let the engine and asked here—"

Rock interrupted her.

"Linn'ha," he said, "if you'd like a cup of hot coffee ... some bacon and eggs—" he pointed out that ladder would take you down below, to the galley. And you can join the others.

"Me," he said, "I'm going to be busy now ... It's late ... I'd like to take off while the tide is still with us."

Linda clutched the handles of her suitcase even more tightly.

"Yes, mi capitán," she said, softly, her 64 voice quivering just a bit, as she turned and walked towards the staircase to which Rock had pointed.

Bad tempers and worse moods

"It was a strange day, the rest of that first day," another member of the party has said since. "Both Linda and Rock were quiet, reserved, out of it, of the whole movie thing that was to be this fun, salt-sprayed week end. Linda was embarrassed. She'd come alone and she was sorry now for having done this. Rock's reticent attitude, thrust from cordial and Linda couldn't seem to understand why. And this not knowing why bothered her. Made her gloomy, after a while. Tense. Silent. Rock was in a very bad mood. He was downright bad-tempered all the rest of that morning, and afternoon. Those of us who knew him had never seen him act like this before. But we began to grasp the reason for his moodiness after a while. We realized that it had to do with Linda. She had broken a cardinal rule of his—"Never; he'd once said, 'am I going to bed with a girl aboard the Khairuzham. The Khairuzham's my girl, my date,' he'd said, '—you others can couple up, but for me, my boat's enough.' This anti-female attitude, of course, was a result of Rock's trouble with Phyllis (his ex-

wife) the divorce, the haggling over the settlement, the mess of headlines the whole thing. It was a terrible blow and he hadn't had time to deal with it. Back home, he had the feeling that he was obliged to be polite and spend some time with her.

"And damn if he was—was his attitude.

"So was my coming alone. It was uncomfortable. All of us uncomfortable.

"Until finally, at seven o'clock, when the supper gong rang the rest of us were all too glad to head for the galley, and the food and wine, just to break the strain.

"So glad that we didn't even notice at first that neither Rock nor Linda was with us. And when we did notice this, finally, we were surprised. Rock had gone to his cabins in order to get away, not only from us, their by-now whispering audience—but from each other ... ."

Talk topside

Actually, the friend was right.

Both Rock and Linda had retired to their cabins.

But, somehow, after a while, Rock had decided to go topside, to sit, alone, on a bench at the stern of his boat.

And not after. Linda too had decided to go and stay for some air.

They saw each other, just as dust began to descend.

Rock had been sitting back, gazing up at the sky, while the stars were shining.

"Hello," Linda said.

"Hi," said Rock, facing her for a moment.

He looked back at the sky again.

"That," Linda said, following his gaze, "is the constellation Orion. Yes?"

"That is my favorite of all the constellations," Linda said.

"Uh-huh," said Rock.

"Really," Linda said, "You won't believe this, but on my right leg, right here—" she pointed, and Rock looked down—"in tiny little moles, I have the exact reproduction of Orion ... Isn't that silly? But it's true ... Five little tiny marks, and then three larger ones ... And do you know why for the second? I am very superstitious about this. I look on this constellation as having brought me any of the luck I might have in my life today.

"It is silly," she repeated, "isn't it?"

Rock shrugged. "If that's what you really believe," he said.

"Orion," Linda said, after a moment. "I think it is a very appropriate name for us to be discussing it. I mean, Orion was the name of one of the most famous yachts of all time. Isn't that right? Built in the city of Norfolk, in the state of Virginia—"

"How do you know that?" Rock asked.

"My father," Linda said, "he told me that ... He used to have a boat. A sailboat, or something smaller than this, but a sail-boat just the same ... And he used to tell me all these things when we were on the boat.

Remembering, she smiled a little.

"He used to call me his first-mate, my father," she went on. "I had two brothers. Miguel, he was the oldest—he married now, and Antonio, who was next; he has since died. But my father, with both his sons, he used to favor me. I guess because I was the youngest and the girl he had waited for so long—his daughter. And so, I was always the one to take me all over with him, everywhere, and all of his attention was to me. And all of mine was to him ... I guess that's why I remember, even about the Orion."

Something in common

She looked away from Rock now, out across the bay.

"As a boy," she asked, "did you have the kind of life I did, with your father, on the sea so much?"

"No," Rock said. "—We lived in Chicago. There was a lake. But we didn't see much of it. We didn't have much money. We certainly didn't have any boats! The closest I got to the water was in the summer, for swimming, the hottest days of the year, when my mother would take us. ... This boat, this is something new.

"My father," Linda said, "he was fairly wealthy—he had a factory of some sort in Uruguay. And in Argentina, where we lived, he published a magazine, with stories about the ships and the sailors and thedoings and such things. So he had some money. And he had his boat. And we would spend much time on it ... Her voice seemed to trail off a little. "And do you know what I would do on it?"

"What?" Rock asked.

"Well," Linda said, remembering, more and more, "during the day I would be the tomboy, my father's helper ... I would spend all the time polishing this brass thing and fixing up that broken line. Doing all sorts of things like that ... And then at night—"

She paused, and she sighed.

"—At night then," she said, "always my father and my mother and the boys would go to bed. I would take a book, and I would read, or do puzzles, to get relaxed for the next day. And then it became my time on the boat, my time alone.

"So I would come up here alone, alone, to the deck then, just like this. I would stand. For hours and hours. I would look out at the sea then, just like now. And I would think of its rhythm and its pace and I would think of all the important things of life—my happiness, my sorrows, my confusions. And, somehow, looking at the sea, its rhythm, its pace, all of the important things, the questions, would become answered in my mind."

She turned to face Rock again.

"Have you ever done that," she asked, "communed with the sea?"
Yesterday Jim brought me roses

I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive? "I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.

(Advertisement)
The two people who were to become Terry's parents met one night late in 1940. The place was a small and dingy nightclub in Cincinnati.

The girl—Doris (Kappelhof) Day—was sixteen, a pretty, freckle-faced and very ambitious singer. There was nothing exceptional about her voice at the time. But people who'd heard her sing at her first job, in a Chinese restaurant, had liked her. And the owner of this place, the nightclub, hearing her, liked her too, sensed the potential, signed her up and hoped for the best.

The boy—Albert Paul Jorden—was some two years older than Doris. He was a musician who played trombone in the nightclub band. He was tall and good-looking, a "nice guy, very friendly and intelligent"—people who knew him then recall—who had only one real ambition in life: to earn enough money playing trombone so that he could quit the band business by the end of the next five or six years and open a business of some sort down in Cincinnati, his hometown, and settle down.

In one of her rare statements about Al and their relationship, Doris has said: "It was after I began singing at this place that I asked him if he would give me a ride home. I was earning twenty-five dollars a week and spending it all on clothes and I didn't have the carfare. He said yes, he'd take me home. And that began it. Not that we got along at first. We really didn't. I was young, I was wild with boys. And he was bored with the girl-singer type....

Anyway, after a couple of months the nightclub folded and we were both out of jobs. We lived with one another for a while. Then, one day, the trombone player suddenly came around and asked for a date. Turned out he'd missed me, or something. He paid me lots of attention. And I fell for him.

We were married early the following year, 1941, and went to New York to live.

Al had gotten a good break there—a job with Jimmy Dorsey's band. Doris, too, got a break shortly after they arrived—a job singing in a little downtown nightclub. Between the two of them they earned nearly $100 a week. Life couldn't have been better for the two kids from Ohio.

Then, in the spring of that year, Doris learned she was pregnant.

Laughingly, she said to friends, "Well, it's good-bye career.... time to be a mommy." These friends recall that she was serious-sounding about giving up the business; that she'd have to at first, had enjoyed it, but had decided that being a mother was only seventeen," one of them says, "but you've never seen a girl with as much drive, at that age, to make good at a career. So I was a bit surprised by this, at giving up the career. But she didn't. And the way she did, you had to believe her.

Yet when, towards the end of the following February, shortly after the birth of her son, Terry, Doris was re-offered her old job, she took it.

"I've phoned Almas (her mother)," she told her husband. "She's coming to New York to help take care of the baby. It'll all work out fine. All right, Al?"

Al said he'd think it over.

"Al," Doris went on, "I've got to do this.

"About those years when I'll be very famous and rich—oh so rich."

When you're not a sleepy little Mr. Nobody anymore, of course. And when you're not a sleepy little Mr. Nobody anymore, of course.

"That's what I'll dream."

The gown was off.

She got onto the bed.

Under the covers.

She turned her head on the pillow and faced the crib, a few yards away, and she smiled again.

"Isn't that a good kind of dream, Terry?"

We've got to leave you for a little while, once in a while. Like today. Later. Later today...

A long, long trip

The tour Doris left on last that day—and the separation from her son—were nothing to compare with a trip she would make within the next two years, and that separation.

"It was 1946," a friend recalls. "Doris had left her job with Brown to go on radio, to the "Big Three." It all looked great at first. Except that she was fired, suddenly, after thirteen weeks, and everything looked suddenly black.

'She'd been looking for this time a saxophone player named Geva. He'd been propositioning her since they'd met, and now Doris accepted. His plan was for them to leave New York right after they were married and go back to to where both of them could get a fresh lease on life, a fresh start on their careers. Doris assumed, of course, that her boy would come along with them. It wasn't until it was too late that she found out differently. The problem was money. 'Wait till we can afford to send for him and bring him up right,' George said. So Doris, reluctantly, sent her son and mother back to Cincinnati and went to California, to her new life, with her new husband. No, you can't have him."

Her baby, her boy, her dream...

The picture session

The story of how, in late 1947, Doris cried nervously all during her interview with Warner Brothers producer Mike Curtiz is a famous one. Enough to repeat here that Curtiz was impressed with the unknown singer "mit all der freckles" and decided to use her to play a role by her—using her big—in his forthcoming musical, Romance on the High Seas.

The rest, professionally, is Doris Day history now.

What has never been recorded is what happened then between Doris and her son.... that day a few months later. It was a Saturday.
The picture had just been completed.

Midway during the shooting of the picture, word had got around Hollywood that “the Day girl” was good, that a possible new star was in the making. Doris, having heard the word, encouraged by it, had gone all out and rented herself a big house in the Valley, wired money East and sent for her mother and son—"at long last," as she wrote.

The boy, who was five-and-a-half now, and who hadn't seen his mother in nearly two years, was cold to her when he arrived, almost afraid of her. Doris' mother, his Nana, was the only woman he knew, and loved. Doris herself was a stranger to him. He could cry, at the very beginning, when they were alone in a room. He would want his Nana. And his Nana was usually close by.

"Time," Doris would say, "—I'm not stupid. I know it's going to take time... But someday," she would add, "my boy's going to know and understand. When he has everything. When he knows, and sees, what I've struggled for; when he holds it all in his hands... He'll come to me then... He'll come..."

Time passed.

Days.

Weeks.

And then came this day, the Saturday.

The studio phoned Doris that morning. "Magazine wants to do a layout on you—full color," they said. "Guys know you were married, that you've got a kid. So why don't we relax and give them the happy home routine... Okay?"

"Of course," Doris said.

The magazine photographer arrived at about four o'clock that afternoon.

"This is my son," Doris said, holding Terry by the hand.

"Yeah? Good," said the photographer.

For the next two hours he snapped away, shouting his instructions as he did (Doris was just another newcomer to him; her son just another newcomer's kid).

"How about one near the refrigerator? You're opening the door, honey, and asking him if he'd like something, jam and bread or a couple of scrambled eggs... something... Ready?"

"Now one in the living room—here on the couch—tell him a story... I don't know... Tell him anything, sweetie... Just make it look like love... Mother and son... Come on, smile—both of you.

"Okay now, the garden, before it gets dark... Smell the flowers together... That's right... Smell 'em together.

"You got a dog?... Damn it! Dogs are always good with kids.

"Well, how about—"

And so it went, those two hours.

Until, finally, shortly after six, the photographer left, and Doris and her son were alone again.

She noticed that he was tired, very tired.

She took him by the hand and led him back into the living room, over to the couch.

They sat.

"Terry," Doris said, looking down at her boy, "did you enjoy it today—the man with his camera, all those bulbs popping all over the place?"

The boy shrugged.

"Terry," Doris said then, "would you like some supper now, before you go to bed. You must be hungry.

"Where's Nana?" the boy interrupted.

"Nana," Doris said, "Nana's gone to a movie."

"Why?" the boy asked.

"She didn't want to interfere while we were taking our pictures," Doris said, "for the big magazine—"
secret son. Well, if these past twelve years of not exposing the boy makes him ‘hidden’ to most of the world. I think by now you know and understand Doris’ reasons for doing what she did.

At any rate, let’s bring the record up to date.

"Where is Terry, you ask.

“What does he look like?

“What kind of boy is he?

“First, with his mother and step-father (Marty Melcher), whom Doris married in 1951, in a house at 715 North Crescent Drive. A pretty, not terribly big house off the street, so to speak. And in Beverly Hills. I think, it’s insignificant. Normally a star of Doris’ stature lives not ‘in town,’ nor off the street, but up in a secluded Bel-Air mansion or over the palm trees. Doris, however, has always wanted her son to attend a public high school, as he has wanted. And it happens that the best high school in the area is in Beverly Hills. So that’s where they live. About school, by the way, Terry’s a senior now, and he graduates in June. He’s a good student, not outstanding, but good. More than that, he’s a very well-liked boy and there’s strong talk among his classmates that he’ll be voted Most Popular come June. So I believe the outcome, it’s going to be close.

“His looks? He looks a lot like his Mom—fair skin, the freckles all over the place, as if his father had been hiding his eyes. He looks like a slightly older-versions of The Barefoot Boy. Girls think he’s cute. I think—Terry forgive me—that he’s adorable. Five years from now, when he’s really matured, I think he’ll be downright handsome.

“As for what he’s like—he’s normal. He likes to laugh; he breaks up over a good joke, a medium one, even some bad ones.

“He likes to eat—hamburgers, garlic salami and lemon meringue pie, these are his favorite foods.

“He likes his stepfather, to put it mildly.

“He likes his stepfather, respects him tremendously.

“Terry and I go out on dates Saturday nights with some of the girls from school—and sometimes get home a little later than Doris likes. (But boy, can he get around her?)

“He likes to fiddle around in the cellar workshop, alone, or with Marty.

“To work, in general—when he was twelve years old, I remember, he had a paper route. The last few summers he’s taken a job as office boy with the Rogers and Cowan publicity people.

“He drove his car.

“He walked his dog.

“To sit and talk with other fellows about their futures—college, the Army, careers, girls.

“Doris, dressed up once in a while, go sloppily the rest of the time.

“To watch TV—westerns, newscasts.

“To go to drive-ins.

“She’d like.

“Swim.

“Dance—he’s pretty good.

“Sing—he’s pretty bad.

“Hike.

“And so on, and so on.

“Doris is very proud of her boy,” the friend goes on, “the way he’s grown up.

“And those of us who’ve known Doris these twelve years… we’re very proud of her!"

Doris starts in Please Don’t Eat the Daisies, MGM.

Judi, the Little Love Goddess

(Continued from page 37)

dangerously, and she lives the same way.

“I’m the kind of girl who frightens people,” she says frankly. “Because if I love someone I come right out and say, ‘I love you’—just as Judi signs, ‘can’t understand this. They’re not used to someone completely giving herself. They have to play a game. I hate games.”

When the games have ended for Judi’s men, she’s blown the whistle, sharply and firmly. Troy Donahue’s game ended when he got too rough, Wendell’s when he left town, Barry’s when he strayed. Judi blotted their names off her mind with a soft sigh.

“When something’s over and done, I forget it,” she says. But it’s not always wise versa.

Once in love with Judi, some people stay hooked.

There’s a man in New York right now, for instance, who loved Judi in Hollywood and lost. He still boxes her letters, tears them up and then can’t help sending them anyway. “Try as hard as I may,” he penned miserably the other day, “the joker in this game is Judi.” Judi was one hell of a real, feeling girl and I certainly was in love with her.”

Judi caught a brief pang when she read that. But she doesn’t let sentiment stall her—her job is life and what comes up next in it.

“And I never know what I’m going to do next,” she admits. “All I know is I can’t stand dull, dull, dull. If it’s dull I do something different.”

She’ll do . . .

If Judi Meredith isn’t a woman, she’d do until one comes along. Twenty-three and ripe as an August peach, Judi has the 32-22-35 figure of a junior Venus, a lovely full lip, lovely mouth, dimples and a mass of tawny hair that tumbles sexily across her eyes and pert, pointed nose. But she thinks and often acts like a man. Could be that’s why most men can’t resist the combination.

In whatever she does Judi Meredith is as direct as a bullet, straight as a string. Anyone looking for feminine tricks in Judi is just out to lunch. I don’t ever want to get where I can’t get back again with anything I do before I do it,” she scoffs. “Life’s too

operated successfully as a businessman-investor and owned the Mobilift Corporation. Although Judi is the head playing football at Shattuck Military Academy, and was partly paral-alyzed from then on, he never let that stop him. His father says Judi adoringly, “is a rare individual—brilliant, full of life, cocky and sporty.” With no false modesty whatever she adds, “I take after him.”

In her career, Judi plays it just as gussy. She had a nice co-starring contract with Hotel de Paree, for instance, but not co-
starring parts. A while ago she chopped it off, along with $1000 a week. “I don’t like glorified wait-ones,” she explained. On the other hand, last winter Judi wallowed two straight days in a freezing pond for some Riverboat scenes when she was burning up.

“Judi’s a rare young lady,” she said. “I was in the hospital with pneumonia.

“Judi doesn’t take benzodrine—benzodrine takes Judi,” cracks her stand-in Ollie, Nan Morris, another way of saying that not since the hey-heys days of Lana Turner and Ava Gardner has such a charged-up charmer kept Hollywood jumping alternately with jitters and joy. Judi has no intention of changing. "People tell me,” she says, “being around you is like being around six girls. I feel the same. And it’s the way I want to feel." Judi wanted to long before she tackled the movies, almost on a dare, when she was eighteen.

Family tree

In fact, Judi Meredith has been as full of beans as a Boston belle ever since she was born. October 13, 1937, although the place was stand-old, Oregon. Get-up and go just naturally runs in Judi’s blood: Her grandmother was a White Russian named Von Kinski, who beat the Bolsheviks to the border in the bloody Revolution of 1918. Then she married a hi-balling Frenchman, Can-adian lumberman named Frank Boutin, who rambled on to Oregon and wound up the richest man in the state. Judi Morce-
dith’s real tag is Judith Claire Boutin. So she’s Russian-French with some English from her mom, Janice Starr, also a streak of talent. Two concert pianists roost in the Starr family tree.

After Grandpa Boutin died, there was quite a family fortune, “until,” Judi sighs, “his kids got hold of it. Nonetheless, no- body plate benefits from the Boutin around Portland. Judi’s dad, Herbert,
dainty little darling was scarred half to death when no apparent reason Judi suddenly pounced and started choking her. She was so sweet looking that I hated her.” Judi explained. “I saw that white, soft back of her neck and I just grabbed it.” The nuns pulled her off and demanded an explanation. “She reminded me of my old doll,” replied terribletempered Boutin.

Secrets and surprises

A few months ago, one of Judi’s boy friends, Ivan Townsend-Smith, took her on a drive to Lake Tahoe. Coming back, they stopped at June Lake in the Sierras, where the millionaire playboy suggested trout fishing. He said he’d show Judi how. Well, Smitty barely got his gear together before Judi had her limit—sixteen fat trout. It was really old stuff to her; she’d hiked and camped and fished in the mountains since the time she could walk. But why pop off about it?

Says Judi, “I never in my life told anybody I could do anything until I did it. Not even my own family.”

That meant that independent Miss Bou- tin had plenty of secrets in her young life which somehow or other escaped before her startled family and friends. Her sharp little nose was always poking into something that promised excitement. One day, for example, she was happily gobbling popcorn at a movie house with a schoolmate when the master-of-ceremonies invited anyone up on the stage who wanted to sing. “Go ahead,” prodded the girl friend, “if you do I’ll buy you a chocolate bar.”

Judi bounced right up, sang *Paper Doll*, *Prey the Lord and Pass the Ammunition*, and a few other wartime hits. They almost never got rid of her. After that she started singing all around Portland to her parents’ complete surprise. It was the same way with boys.

One afternoon when she was twelve, her dad came home to find eighteen bikes parked in the front yard. Inside the house were eighteen boys—and Judi, hopping it up. “Hey,” protested her dad. “This isn’t a poolroom.” Later he puzzled to his popular daughter, “I didn’t know you knew any boys.”

“Ha!” laughed Judi.

When Judi took violin lessons her family could never figure how she got good enough to play in the Portland Junior Symphony. She never seemed to touch the instrument at home. They were considering chalking off the lessons because she didn’t practice, when a bus driver spilled the mystery. “This crazy kid of yours,” he informed Mr. Boutin, “hails out her fiddle and saws it all the way downtown.” Judi practiced on the bus to her lessons. Later today, she tried to cram forty-eight hours living into twenty-four.

But the biggest surprise—and what set Judi Boutin off on the track to show business—was ice skating. One day a friend of Mab’s came around to take her to the Portland Ice Rink, but Mab wasn’t home so she took Judi. Judi took to ice like a penguin. But like everything else, she told nobody. She went down alone on the bus, rustled up her own admissions and hid under the seats between sessions so she could skate. Her parents and everybody else thought she was just playing hockey at school.

But one day someone at the Rink took it upon himself to tell Herbert Boutin, “Say,” he said, “do you know that this Judi girl of yours is a great little ice-skater?”

“No.”

“Yeah—you’d better get down here and take a look at her.” Herbert Boutin did. He was so impressed he bought Judi figure skates and all the gear she needed. In no time at all Judi was a whirling whiz on rockers. In fact, from the time she was twelve until she was sixteen that was Judi’s biggest charge. Right away, she made the Portland Figure Skating Club, the only kid in a field of adults. Next summer she boarded alone in Tacoma to take instruction from teacher Johnny Johnson at the Lakewood Arena. At fourteen they flew her up to Alaska to entertain troops. When she was only fifteen Shipstad and Johnson saw Judi in action and asked her to join the Ice Follies as a pro.

“Sure!” agreed Judi.

“Nope,” said her dad. You see, there was school.

Creating doubt

Being a Catholic, Judi had rattled around mainly in convents. She was a good student; in fact, a near genius in what boys are usually best at—math. Otherwise, well, there were problems. Judi wasn’t cut out to be a placid convent girl. Besides throttling innocents who had offensive white necks. Judi owned a red temper to match her hair and a ready knockout punch to back it up. She was always being haled on the carpet for flattening some opponent with a quick one-two. Also, she was forever pester ing the sisters with embarrassing questions. Inquisitive Judi wanted to know how come about everything to the ‘Nth’ degree. “Judith,” the nuns told her, “ask your questions after class, not when the other children are around. You create doubt.”

Anyway, whether Judi created doubts or havoc, she still had to be educated, the way her parents figured it. But Judi wanted to join the Ice Follies—and what Judi wants Judi usually gets. She saw no reason why she couldn’t take on high school and a strenuous Ice Follies tour, too—which is just what she did. While Judi skirted around the U.S. and Canada she also took eleven subjects by mail and passed them all. In the Follies, fifteen-year-old Judi did a line specialty and trained for a Directory ice act of her own. What happened next wasn’t very funny, though.

Judi went to Reno, after her tour, to live with her aunt and attend Manogue school in the Nevada city. The idea was to bring her back down to earth. “After your Ice Follies career,” cracked her dad, “you’ll be such a smarty you won’t be able to go back with kids your age and act normal.” Judi promised she would, too, and she showed ‘em. She made the highest grades in her class. But otherwise the move was a mistake. Judi and her aunt just didn’t hit it off at all.

“She didn’t have kids of her own,” Judi explains, “so she didn’t like them or understand them. I was treated like Cinderella. I wasn’t allowed in the living room, and when guests came I had to eat in the kitchen.” When a cousin she’d never met, Bud Boutin, the golf professional, dropped by for a visit, he told Judi, “I thought you were the maid.”

The blow-off came when Judi skipped school one day. When her aunt found out, she really stormed up a scene, locked Judi in her room and hired a sitter to guard her. That night Judi was scheduled to step out to the U. of Nevada prom. But when her date showed up with flowers she got the door slammed in his face. Then Judi’s aunt called Portland and ripped her to pieces over the phone. Her dad drove up the next day. Judi doubts if she’ll ever again play quite as dramatic a scene as that one.

Both Herb Boutin and Judi sat silent while her aunt recited her crimes and called her every name in the book. Suddenly Judi said coldly, “Shut your mouth.”

**Kleiner's SPORTS GIRDLLE**

Dainty but determined natural rubber figuring—has exclusive breathable surface. White or Pink; Petite, S, M, L: $2.50.
Trouble on her back

Sometimes when trouble hops on your back it just stays there, riding like a monkey. From then on trouble rode Judi Boutin's teens, almost until she got to Hollywood. First off, they put her back a grade at Holy Name Academy in Seattle, where her folks shipped her. Then, Easter vacation she caught a critical dose of poison oak that invaded her lungs and bloodstream. She puffed up like a balloon, couldn't eat and darned near died in another hospital. To this day Judi breaks out in spots every spring, even though she stays off the shrub.

Then, it cooked her junior year but she got into Holy Child School in Portland as a senior by boning up that summer. One winter Judi was sitting on Mount Hood, zipped into a turn and found herself tangled up in a mess of ice and snow.

"Come on, Judi—get up," the kids said.

"I can't," she told them. She'd shatter her left leg. That put her on crutches for six months and finally the doc cut her knee cap. "You won't be skating again," he sentenced.

"Try and stop me," gritted Judi. She meant it, too. Judi fully intended to rejoin the ice Follies the minute she got out of school. The whole thing had been such a big gas, she sighs, "and I knew that whatever happened, show business was for me."

But the doc was right—her knee wobbled—so Judi had to bounce off in another direction. That last year she did some musicals at the Portland Civic Theatre. Her folks didn't object; they called it "a phase." Judi had other plans for her—he wanted her to go to Oregon U. and study chemical engineering. He said she could join some other girls on a trip to Europe, just as a graduation present.

"I want another one," said Judi. "A summer course at the Pasadena Playhouse."

"Good Lord," her father flipped, "I thought we'd gotten over that! But," he found, "you can go, but if you don't have yourself an acting job by the end of summer, you'll hit the math books at Oregon State—okay?"

By summer's end, Judi was prepared to pay off the bet. The six weeks' session at Pasadena hadn't set any rockets blasting. So many other stage-struck kids swarmed around Pasadena that she barely edged into the second set. She worked hard at it, too, but it was all too easy for one performance. She didn't meet any Hollywood directors, agents, or producers. In fact, Judi herself invaded Hollywood one day and walked into Schwab's Drug Store, which she'd read about and hankered to see. The only stars she saw were George Burns and Grace Allen. She waited to see if Ronnie, the star in the same play with Judi. They just mumbled "very good" politely when Ronnie introduced them, without much enthusiasm.

no joke

"See," her dad triumphed, back in Portland. "You're not such a great actress as you think you are, are you? Now, get with that geometry and trig."

Grimly, Judi got with it—for two weeks. Then one day the telephone rang. "Miss Boutin, said a gravelly voice, "this is George Burns."

"Go away," said Judi, "I'm studying." She thought it was a joke she knew who always tried to be funny. It wasn't.

"We thought we'd like to do our TV show with our son Ronnie," explained George. "Can I speak with your father?"

So, Judi was saved by the bell, a telephone bell. With a bonsai acting offer and George's promise to take care of his little girl, Herbert Boutin knew he was licked. Judi knew, of course, that it wasn't really George Burns who wanted her for the show; it was Ronnie. They'd got along great as classmates in Pasadena. As a pro in Hollywood, Judi soon discovered, with a jolt, things could be different.

Judi stayed with family friends first and the day she arrived, Ronnie Burns came over. He mixed himself a drink, put on a record and promptly, according to Judi, "asks, "I let him drop with a thud," she says, "and out he stormed. Next day we rehearsed at the Burns house and Ronnie wouldn't swear at me to lose friends," muses Judi, "before I gain em."

She wasn't a bit surprised when, five weeks later, she was dropped from the show, on a flimsy excuse. But they soon asked her back. Judi's a habit that, once acquired, is hard to break. Judi Meredith (she switched her name because people as gullible as a gooney bird, Judi paid to learn.

That jail record

One boy who took her out, for instance, confessed to robbing a hardware store to finance a fancy sports car. At the time Judi had exactly $1531 in the bank, but she trustingly scribbled the check. For weeks after that, the victim (never hollered for help) that she couldn't even buy soap. She's yet to get paid back on that deal, but she's not sore. Another heist, a producer whom she interviewed for a job, tried to con really talk her—and that still makes her see red. "Him I'll get someday," she growls. "I'll destroy him!"

The first girl Judi took an apartment with—had nipped a Studio Club stretch, which Judi hated—promoted her for rent, groceries, laundry and Judi's automobile. When this mooch finally departed she walked off with half Judi's wardrobe. In between, she also managed to land Judi in jail.

The roommate's boyfriend (later married as a professional con artist who'd had nine wives) dumped a hot Thunderbird, paid for with a rubber check, at their door. "Have Judi switch license plates with this car," he instructed his sweetie. Judi obliged—she thought it was just a friendly gesture—having no idea switching plates can be a Federal rap involving two years in the pen. When she drove up to her pad next day, five men were there.

They choroused, "Hi, Judi."

"Hi," she said, friendly like.

"Where's the Thunderbird?" one wanted to know.

"What's it to you?"

The five all flashed badges like Dragnet.

"Come with us," they took Judi and the other babe to the tank, tossed them in with jugulars, prostitutes and pickpockets. Judi was cleared pronto, of course, when it came out she was innocent of all the skulduggery. She asked her roommate, "Why didn't you tell me I didn't know anything about all this business?"

"I didn't want to go to jail alone," wailed the chick.

But this in this most frightening epilode in her life, Judi Meredith kept her sense of humor. At the jail tank all the fallen women crowded around her. "What you for, Baby?" they asked. Judi summed—breaks, pickpocket, hard-cased leer.

"Grand theft—auto," she barked. "Me." She laughs today, "I was just one of the girls."

That's the point about Judi—you just can't beat her down with a baseball bat.

Leading with her heart

Careerwise, Judi Meredith has had things fairly steady, with all those Burns shows. She's done some seventy-five other TV jobs on about any show you can name, too. She had a break at a studio contract with Universal—based on a set of three pictures, then the lot started to shuter down, and she had nothing to do. Judi faced her bad luck squarely. She walked into the office and got the hard-core executive who had hired her. "Look," she suggested.

"You offer me a picture part and I'll turn it down. That will make things easy, won't it?�� I'm not going to put with no hard feelings, regrets or glooms.

But it's in the romance department that Judi Meredith reveals a most awesome reparation or most, it a protective philosophy aimed at keeping her fractured feelings glued together. Since she arrived love's been a chronic condition. Always, Judi has led with her heart. Likely, it's a gay heart, and sturdy.

As far back as Pasadena Playhouse days, Judi was engaged. A student named Rod Franck sealed it with a ring and every-

Is the startling change in NATAIL WOOD and BOB WAGNER good or bad . . .?

Read Louella Parsons' exclusive report in Next Month's MODERN SCREEN

On Sale May 5

insisted on calling her real one ('Button') worked with the Burns family four years, three with Burns and Allen and one with George. She lost his friend, Bonnie Sue. But all that time Ronnie wouldn't speak to her and still doesn't. "He hated me so he even wore dark glasses to our scenes were over so he wouldn't have to look me in the eye," reveals Judi rather sadly. "Young men take things so hard, don't they?"

Luckily, Judi doesn't. She's so loaded for life that she welcomes anything that comes along, good, bad or indifferent. Her funny-bone bores so strong that can weather any wallop with a laugh. "I've got more guts than talent, you know," she says cheerfully. "Judi George is on the other side of you, part, but not on the first. Because in her five years around Hollywood she's bumped into some rumbles that would send the average girl crying home to mom."

Like the super-attractive eighteen-year-old doll who solos in Hollywood, Judi Meredith learned the bachelor girl ropes the hard way. She ran into all Hollywood types—free livers and free loaders, nice people and heels, lambs and wolves. Being a heads-on type herself, honest, trusting, open hearted and, at first

6
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone.

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or kitchen-type antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand . . . “working in the dark” . . . is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to dedicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite soon.

(Advertisement)
Brando. He sent flowers, he phoned the hospital, he was sheer kindness, he married her, they had a son together, they lived together, and then Anna began to be well again and happy, and she became a little more and happier and Brando became more and more restful. For somehow the guilty feelings about his mother remained; though he had said to Anna he was still not sure inside himself that he had done enough to redeem his behavior with his mother. Unable to control himself, he left Anna and her father home alone in the house high in the hills, frightened, huddled together, listening to the mountain lions that roamed around in the dark wind, and forced on by his powerful and terrible memory, he began searching again for a woman wounded and sick whom he could help.

He found her in France Nuyen, a beautiful little half-Chinese, half-French woman who at twenty was as broken inside as his mother had been at forty. A child of the second World War, surviving on handouts, the little girl had developed laryngitis, and continued her formal education when she was eleven years old, and learned to exist from moment to moment in a world with no past, no future, and no present, a strange, gloomy, even as a Broadway and Hollywood star, she said: “I am a stone, I go where I am licked.”

Marlon picked up the stone, held it tenderly, and she, with tears inside, “Come live with me and be my love,” he said, as he had said to Anna and to his mother long ago—and off they went together to Haiti. There, in the house in a little hamlet where Marlon had been a child, a woman, her mother, a child, a mother, a child, and a mother, the woman, and a child, came to live with Marlon, that feeling that this wasn’t all, that this wasn’t enough to make up for what he had done to his mother, to erase that bitter memory forever. Good-bye, France, he said, and there he was, at home, to search again.

He went to Ceylon, a coffee house on Sunset Strip. It was late, after midnight. A dark, eye-colored, beautiful woman napped, Barbare-Luna was at a nearby table, “I could feel his eyes penetrate me,” Barbare told him. “Finally he came over. We drank wine, we talked about the world, about books, about politics. There was a strange immediate bond between us . . .”

The bond was deeper than either of them knew. Like Dorothy Brando, Anna Kashfi and Barbara-Luna was bits and pieces of broken porcelain. Another tortured soul—a girl who in 1953 brought assault charges against a young Turkish exorcist. Marlon loved her in his way, and Barbara loved him enough to say later which she could understand how a girl who had been loved by Marlon could never love another man as long as she lived. As it turned out, though Barbara had been emotionally disturbed, as a child, she wasn’t any longer, and so their romance never achieved any real intensity, but it did receive enough publicity for France to read about it in the Hong Kong papers—France, the girl who despite all, somehow remained in love with Marlon. As she read the items and waited in vain for mail from Marlon, she began having attacks of nausea, developed laryngitis, couldn’t say her lines, became nasty to everyone on the set of the movie The World of Suzie Wong in which she had the lead. It was a return to the path of an emotion larger than she had ever known, she started stuffing herself with food, crazily, desperately, trying to fill the emptiness that Marlon had left in her life. She stuffed herself right out, and died in the picture and almost in the hospital.

Was it some strange feminine instinct that told her if she became sick, really sick, that she would be brought back to him again? Whatever it was, whatever name we psychoanalysts might give it, I prefer to call it Love. A love so powerful and self-consuming that it took an entire side of her and will, truly believe, do what all of Marlon’s previous loves plus a battery of psychiatrists could not do—erase the woman, the mother, and give these fine, sensitive, tortured human beings the share of normal love and companionship to which all of us are entitled.
Yet, he remembered, it wasn’t long after they’d all sat down inside the church and the minister had come out to deliver his sermon—“Jesus Christ, on this day,” the minister had begun, “He rose, this holiest of men, and out from His tomb in which He lay, straight up to Heaven, glorious Heaven, so’s He could look down on and take care of you, sir, and you, madam”—that something had begun to happen to these people.

He’d looked around, midway during the sermon, Elvis remembered, and he’d noticed that these people were different-looking suddenly. That they were becoming transformed by the words they were hearing—transformed from the faces of poor and sad and weary people to the faces of people who were rich and happy, like the richest and the happiest people on this earth.

And Elvis remembered how, after the service was all over and they were walking back up the road again, him and his folks, he’d said, “That was sure nice . . . I wish it was next Easter o’er soon so we could come back here again.”

And how his Ma had said, “From now on, Elvis, we’re all goin’ to come to church herself every Sunday, and if you’re busy or lazy about it long enough, we’ll have. But from now on, we’re comin’, every Sunday. And we’re goin’ to pray and sing and hear God’s word, jest like today.”

“After all,” she’d said, “how is God goin’ to know we love Him if’n we don’t show up at His house for a little while, jest the way we expect Him to keep show’ up? We do love Him.”

Elvis remembered this.

And what happened after.

The years in Mississippi, then up in Memphis, where his family eventually moved—the years of going to church, faithfully, every Sunday, as if their whole true lives depended on it.

And then how the church-going ended, suddenly, a few years ago, when he—Elvis Presley—became a singer, and a success.

There was that other Sunday morning, back in early 1956. He would never forget it. How he and the folks had walked into their church and how that group of kids, standing just inside the big doors, actually inside the church, had begun to shout, and wave, and jump and shout, and the folks hadn’t even been able to get beyond where they stood. How they’d turned, eventually, and walked back outside, and away, afraid they were making a mockery of their church, their love for God.

That had been the first time he’d gone to church after his big success, Elvis remembered. And, aside from his hit in the Army—when he had been able to go uninterrupted, it had been his last.

“And I guess,” he thought now, lying on his bed in the big Hollywood hotel, four years later, “that’s the way it’s got to be. Just the way it’s got to be.”

A cold shiver, gigantic, heavy, rushed through his bones and his eyes.

The sun that had been lingering outside this late afternoon had gone down by now.

And the room was pitch black.

“Lord—” Elvis cried out, suddenly.

The talking in the living room stopped, for a moment.

“Lord—” Elvis said, whispering this time.

“Bring me back to Your house.”

“If only they understood, the other people in Your house,” he said, “if only they realized how much I want to come to You . . . have wanted to all these years.

“If only they realized that I am one of them, just like them . . . Nothing more than one of Your children.

“Just like them.”

It was a few minutes after ten o’clock the following morning when Elvis, alone, pulled up to the church, an Assembly Church of God, in downtown Los Angeles.

From his car, he looked at the entrance-way, watching as a few persons, late comers, walked inside, hurriedly, in order that the whole place wouldn’t be too late.

He waited a few minutes—till everyone, it seemed, was inside.

And then, slowly, he got out of the car, walked towards the entranceway and went inside, too.

From the rear of the church he could see that the service had already begun; the minister was in his pulpit, delivering his preliminary announcements.

Elvis looked around the rear section, where he still stood, for a pew with an empty space.

There was none.

He had just begun to turn to his right, with the intention of walking to the side of the church and standing there, throughout the rest of the service, when, from the corner of his eye, he saw someone signaling him.

He turned again and he saw that it was an usher, up in the front of the church, pointing to a pew there, an empty place.

Somehow, during the signaling, a few members of the congregation turned to the rear, to see, out of curiosity, who had arrived so late.

And, suddenly, it began—the murmuring, the turning of more heads, and more, and more . . . until finally, the entire congregation was facing Elvis, and the minister, standing at first, then realizing what was going on, stopped what he was saying and called out instead:

“Young man.”

Elvis looked up at him.

“Would you,” the minister asked, “prey to us just standing there? Or—”

He smiled.

—would you like to take advantage of this free space up here?

The murmuring, which had continued through all this, quieted now.

Until there was absolute silence.

Until Elvis, realizing what he had to do, nodded, and began to walk down the aisle.

It was a long walk—the longest walk of his entire life.

And it was nearly over . . . he had no more than ten steps to take . . . when he saw the girl, and he slowed his pace.

The girl was seated in the end seat of the third pew. She was a young girl, no more than fourteen or fifteen, redheaded and pretty. Her head was turned. She was facing Elvis, her blue eyes glued on his. And in those blue eyes Elvis could see everything that had been responsible for his fantastic success in show business these past four years, everything responsible for his terror here in church, this morning.

He didn’t take his eyes away from the girl’s.

He couldn’t.

Instead, he found himself continuing to stare back into them. And, as he did, he found himself begging, silently:

“Please, Lord, please . . . Make her turn to You . . .”

Suddenly, he noticed, very suddenly, the girl lowered her eyes, and looked away, back towards the front of the church.

While Elvis, taking a deep breath, walked on to his seat.

And once there, he, too, lowered his eyes.

As, humbly, he thanked God for making this morning possible.

As he thanked, then, just as humbly, a strange little old man who stood in that crowd outside the hotel, only the day before, and who had handed him that piece of paper . . . and whom he knew he would never see again.

Elvis will be seen soon in G.I. BLUES, Paramount; later in LIVE WIRE, 20th-Fox.
No Tears, No Trouble When Your Dates Are Double

(Continued from page 42)

discovered. For she has stated that a girl always is lost. A girl all alone with a boy makes two, and two make a dangerous situation. Three have always been a crowd, and a crowd is a drag—so the answer seems to lie in the number four.

Pour make a double date. A good all-play-and-no-consequences date.

When Brian Kelly phoned Diane for a date, she was surprised at the way her heart leaped, and her eyes, and of his voice.

"Whoo, girl," said Diane to herself. "Don't start that again."

Into the telephone she said lightly, "Why, Brian, of course I'd love to see you again. Yes...yes...and I've been thinking of you since that party, too. Of course... Swimming first? Wonderful...Oh, let's kind of make it tomorrow, couldn't we?...Who? Mickey? Mickey Callan? Why yes. He's a darling...Of course... Yes, I have a friend. Real cute. Just right for Mickey. She's tiny and blonde and loads of fun. Swell...That's a date...

Brian was nice, thought Diane after she hung up. A TV actor, quite Rock Hudsonish looking, with a twinkle in his eyes and a blunny kind of charm—Diane stopped short. She didn't want any involvement, not with Brian or any other charmer. She has good reason for wanting to keep her heart free. She's on the verge of something very bright and wonderful in her career. Last year she was chosen—practically pulled out of the senior class of Glendale High—to play Richard Burton's teen-age granddaughter in Ice Capades, a very important production. Several of the studio brass at Warners' had told her then, "We've got great plans for you."

Advice from a pro

An actress on the set had taken her aside and suggested, "Don't get yourself involved, honey. I've seen more girls' chances ruined because they fell in love right at the outset of their careers. Something happens to a girl when she falls in love. She can't think of anything else. And something about life—she loses in her work. She's through before she gets started. See what I mean, dear..."

Diane nodded. She saw. She knew why girls had been hurt by falling in love—to forget everything but the memory of a boy's arms around her and suddenly discover the arms gone, the shoulder to snuggle on no longer there. She knew of the evenings when she'd suddenly burst into tears, and of the afternoons in class when the instructor's words were only a blur.

Her parents and his had called it "puppy love," "just a teen crush." Deciding it was time to break up the two-year dating, the boy's parents had sent him off to military school out-of-town, and when he left, Diane thought her sixteen-year-old heart was broken forever.

She had tearfully confided to her closest girl friend at Glendale High, "No one understands. They think a teen-ager doesn't have feelings. I'm utterly devastated." Time had erased the first stinging hurt, but it had not erased the memory of life.

"No more falling in love," she told herself. "Not until it's for real. No more getting involved and being hurt.

"Still, I love to go out with boys. Dating's part of my life. How to do it and steer clear of trouble? I remembered something I learned in high school. When I was a junior and senior, going out on a foursome could give you all the fun of dating, and none of the complications." Odde enough, one of the girls she met in the Hollywood circles she now began to move in was tiny, blonde Cindy Robbins. As girls do, they had a gab session one day about clothes and men and marriage. Cindy had gone through an unhappy love affair herself. She and Rock Hudson had dated exclusively for several months, and Cindy had fallen madly in love with him. Cindy took their dates seriously, but Rock was just going with Cindy to forget the strain of his unhappy divorce at the time. Rock thought of cute, laughing Cindy as a delightful companion who could make him relax during a tense period in his life. Afterwards, he stopped seeing her.

It took Cindy a long time to get over it.

"Next time," she promised herself, "I'm not going to go out with a fellow on solo dates until I know what the score is.

There they were. Two beautiful young girls, full of life, full of fun, and bent on keeping out of love.

Doubling was the answer. Brian brought Mickey to Cally, Mickey and Cindy had been off immediately. Diane and Brian continued to find each other delightful company. Being a foursome kept them from getting sloshingly sentimental. There they were, poolside at the Beverly Hills Hotel, laughing, flirting, swimming, going around, teasing each other affectionately. They all had fun such they extended the date to dinner and a drive along the beach at night. Having another couple along took the accent off sex and put it on laughs.

Later that night, at Diane’s doorstep, Brian leaned over and said, "It was fun, wasn’t it?"

Diane looked dreamy. "It was lovely fun."

Mickey, in the convertible with Cindy, called out: "Let’s make it again."

Cindy and Diane looked at each other. And exchanged a wink.

END

The Modern Screen fashion pages on pages 42 and 43 are told at leading stores across the country. - or you may write "The Modern Screen" at 460 Madison A ve., New York, 1. Y., for the name of the store nearest you that carries the May Modern Screen fashions.

SHIRTS

Oxford ivy league cotton $3.00

Ivy league plaid, dappled & cotton $4.00

from 1300 Broadway

SWIM SUITS

Convertible bikini $12.50

Matching shirt $6.00

from WHITE TAG

60 West Burnside St., Portland Oregon

Trehis Dot in cotton $12.50

Flashback $19.50

from CATALINA

433 South San Pedro St., Los Angeles 13, Calif.

2 ps. panty blouse $15.50

from MARINA DEL MAR

807 Broadway

New York 18, N. Y.

or on the West Coast

MARINA DEL MAR

1026 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

SUN SUIT

BRISITTE BAROIT BIKINI

The subject of $2—panties $2.50

from LOYALBE

150 Madison Ave.

New York 16, N. Y.

ALL DRESSES are from BOBIE BROOKS INC.

3530 Kelly Ave., Cleveland 14, Ohio

All prices quoted are approximate.

MODERN SCREEN INVITES YOU TO ENTER COLUMBIA PICTURES' "BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG" CONTEST

Win a Free Miami Beach Vacation

—and the Clothes to Go With It!

1. Who can enter? Anyone.

2. How? All you do is get an entry blank from the theater in your city showing Because They're Young and complete the following sentence in 25 words or less: "I would like to win the 'Because They're Young' Modern Screen fashion wardrobe and a vacation trip for two because..." Entry blanks and information on the contest are also available by writing to: BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG CONTEST, Promotion Department, Columbia Pictures Corporation, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

3. Prizes: GRAND PRIZE of an all-expense-paid Miami Beach vacation for two, with Embassy Tours, Inc. arranging all your sightseeing and fun, PLUS that darling wardrobe Betty Lou Keim wore in the April issue of Modern Screen. The wardrobe includes a Jr. Theme cocktail dress, a suit from Donnybrook, a Vicky Vaughn Jr. summer suit, a robe from M. C. Schranks, a Lovable sun suit, swimsuits from Rose Marie Reid Jr. and Jantzen and accessories from Kleinert.

4. SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: an all-expense-paid week for two at Mount Airy Lodge, Mt. Pocono, Pennsylvania—plus the Modern Screen wardrobe.

5. FOR THE RUNNERS-UP, the complete Modern Screen wardrobe.

Enter now. You may be one of the lucky winners. And even if you're not, you'll enjoy the new Dick Clark movie about high-school life, Because They're Young (a Drexel Production-Columbia Pictures release), co-starring Michael Callan, Tuesday Weld and Victoria Shaw; with Warren Berlinger and Roberta Shaw; guest stars: James Darren, Duane Eddy and the Rebels.
of gin—stuff Diana had kept on hand for them, friends, and for acquaintances, noochers, whoever might drop by.

On the morning of January 24, a Sunday—thirty-two days later—there was only one quarter of one of these bottles left. Diana held it, tremblingly, in her hand, pouring some of it into a glass.

"I'll finish it," she mumbled, groggily, as the maid, Eva Smith, walked into the room. "And then, after I'm through, I'll get some more..."

Dangerous combination

The maid was worried.

"Miss B," she said, "it's nearly noontime. Ain't you ever planning to get out of bed today?"

"A person gets out of bed after she's slept. I haven't slept," Diana said. "Not for two days!"

The maid looked over at the table next to the bed, at the tiny bottles of seconal and barbiturates there. The pills didn't help, she thought. Diana shook her head. "No."

"Maybe you're taking too many of them," the maid said.

"I don't know," said Diana.

"Maybe," said the maid, "could be, I mean, that it's the whisky combining with them pills that don't make them work... You get too careful about the whisky and them pills, Miss B. They can produce dangerous results taken together. Bad on the heart," she nodded. And then she walked over to the bed, and slapped some life into the pillow on which the weary Diana lay, and then she reached for the glass Diana was holding. "Now maybe if you stopped on the whisky for a while—"

she started to say.

Diana drew back her hand, the glass.

"Would you raise the shade?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am," the maid said. She walked across the room, to the window, lifted the shade and looked out. "My," she said, "looks like a nice cold one again today... People coming back from church, you should see how bundled up and shivering they all are." Diana faced the window. She squinted.

Then she brought her glass to her lips and took a swallow.

"Did the papers come?" she asked.

"The Times and The Tribune," the maid said, "I put them on the foot of your bed."

Diana reached for one of them. She flipped for the theatrical section, and pulled it out.

She began to read the columns.

"All these new names," she said, after a while, bringing the glass back up to her lips, taking another swallow, "—being cast for this play and for that... Who knows them?"

"I bet," the maid said, as she walked back towards the bed, "I bet you can remember when your name used to be there..."

"Vividly," said Diana. (Another swallow.)

"And I bet you something else," said the maid—she smiled now—"that it's gonna be back there again, your name, before too long. I just got the feeling... Things start getting back to normal around here. You start sleeping again, getting strong again, talking to those producers on the telephone again. And I bet you it won't be long till your name be back there, Miss B."

Her smile broadened.

"Now, for now, Miss B," she said, "why don't you just try to get some of that sleep," she began to reach for the glass again. "And then, after you wake—"

Again, Diana drew back her hand.

"Keep your hands off this," she said, sharply.

She closed her eyes.

"I'm going somewhere to sleep," she said. "I wish I could... But I can't."

"Gonna have some lunch then, some soup maybe?" the maid asked.

"I'm not going anyplace, eating or drinking this," Diana said, raising the glass a little, as if she were toasting some invisible guest. "And then," she said, "after I finish—like I told you—I'm going to get some more...

The maid started to leave the room.

"Eva," Diana said, opening her eyes suddenly, calling, pleadingly, "—don't be angry."

"I'm not angry, Miss B," she said, shaking her head.

"Don't be," said Diana. "Not with me— not today..."

The Sunday search

It was shortly before two that afternoon when the last bottle was empty, and when she got out of her bed and walked over to the phone.

She looked up the number of the swank restaurant to the next street, The Colony, and, slowly, she dialed.

"Mr. Cavallero," she said, controlling her voice, asking for the owner. "—This is Miss Barrymore. I'm R—R—"

—she finished and repeated it, until she heard the familiar voice of the other end of the line.

"Gene," she asked.

"Yes, Diana?"

"I need your help. I need a bottle, whisky... any kind."

He hesitated. "—And how can I help?"

"You take one of your bottles, you put it in a paper bag, you give it to one of your boys, he brings it over—"

"Diana," she said, interrupting. "It's illegal, I don't—"

"Please," she said.

"I can't."

"Please... I'll pay you. I have lots of money. Lots."

"I'd lose my license."

"Please... She began to cry. "It's the last favor I'll ever ask of you, Gene."

"Diana," he started to say.

"I've been a good customer of yours, haven't I, always," she asked.

"Sure you have," he said, "but that's got nothing to do with it."

"Please. Gene, please."

"Look, I—" he started to say. He paused.

"Diana," he said then, "there's a call on another phone... I'll be right with you. Hold on."

Diana didn't seem to hear him, the sound his receiver made as he lowered it.

"Are liquor stores open on Sunday?" she asked, suddenly, excitedly.

She asked her own question.

"Yes, some of them are... Of course. Some of them must be," she said.

She hung up the phone.

And got up from where she was sitting.

"Who needs anybody when there are good liquor stores around," she said, as she rushed over to her closet, pulled out a coat, threw it over her slip, grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Outside—where it was cold, just as Eva had said, freezing cold—she walked the practically-deserted streets for nearly an hour. East to Park Avenue. Then to Lex-
A young man, in a sweater and slacks, opened the door.

"You don't know me," she said to him, quickly, "but my name is Diana Barrymore. I'm a neighbor of yours. I wonder if you would sell me a bottle of liquor."

The young man looked at her. Silently, he turned and disappeared for a moment.

Then he returned.

"This is vermouth," he said, handing her what he was holding. "There were a few people over last night, for drinks. It's all I've got left. It's dry vermouth. I hope that's all right."

"Dry vermouth," Diana said.

She smiled.

Then, opening her purse, she said, "Here, please let me pay you for this. I owe you a lot for this.

"No," the young man said, still looking at her, trying to smile back. "It's on the house."

"Oh?" Diana said.

She clutched the bottle.

Without another word, she turned and began to climb the stairs again.

**Last act**

Eva had left. Some friends who'd come to visit, two men and a woman, disgusted with the way she'd been drinking, with her behavior, had gone. Eva was alone now, in the living room, standing near the big mirror, the glass in her hand, the bottle nearby. She stared over at the clock. It was nearly 11:05 p.m.

"This was always the worst part of the day, for Diana, those last days," a friend has said. "At eleven o'clock every night she sat there, imagining that she was at the Martin Beck Theater, over on Forty-fifth Street, where Sweet Bird of Youth was playing. That she was just finishing her fourth act and the applause. She would rise from wherever she was sitting and walk across the room, to a spot she pretended was the stage, the mirror in front of her the theater. She would stand there, silent, for five minutes. And then, at 11:05, she would imagine that the curtain was coming down and that her performance was over and that the applause was beginning.

"It was nearly that time—eleven this night.

And Diana, in front of the mirror, looked from the clock to a photograph on the fireplace, which she'd had framed and which she'd placed there a few months earlier.

It wasn't much of a photograph. Just her and a man standing together, on a pier in some sunny place, the man looking over at her and she looking at him, and holding the sheath of violets he had just bought for her.

She stared at the photograph for a moment.

And then she stared, again, at the clock.

She watched its big hand, carefully as it went from three minutes after ten, to ten, to five.

And when it hit the five-mark, she faced the mirror once more and she bowed.

"I am The Princess Kosmonopolis," she whispered, rising, looking at herself in the mirror.

She looked at her face, the lines, the paleness, as she repeated the words.

"I am The Princess Kosmonopolis . . .

I am. I am . . ."

She bowed, raised her hand, in her sleep, sometime early the next morning—victim of a long-range combination of liquor and barbiturates.

At her funeral, four days later, her casket was covered completely with violets. The card that accompanied the flowers was signed, simply, "Tom."
and he explained to Johnny’s dad that he wanted Johnny to meet him the next afternoon at KPAC-TV and introduce him to Dick Gottlieb, His mother signed, “I have always hoped that Johnny would become a minister; but he shall do what he must.”

**Steady singer**

The next day, Johnny met Mr. Stockton, was introduced to Gottlieb, and sang for him. “Come around tomorrow,” and I’ll let you sing on the show,” Gottlieb said.

The next day, Johnny asked for and received permission to leave Jack Yates High School at 2:30 so he could make the 3:00 show at KPAC. He got to the station, did a song, and was so impressed with his voice that he was asked to stay and phone him to say so many calls have come in complimenting Johnny that he wanted Johnny to return the next day and become a steady singer on the show, at $12 a song.

The swiftness of the deal stunned the Nash family. It meant Johnny would be the only Negro entertainer on the show, earning $30 a week, more than his father got for his chauffeur job.

Johnny, not believing his good luck could last, held on to the caddy job which brought him about $15 a week, and his week-end job as a caddy boy bagged to customers’ cars at the Avalon Market. He gave his earnings to his mother, who bailed him for, and held on to his grocery job tips.

At school, they cooperated by letting him leave gym class at 2:30 each day but warned him he would have to keep his marks up.

On TV, as in all his jobs, he was a perfectionist. He knew he’d have to be extra good, and when something went wrong with the music or his singing, he would become so disturbed that he would threaten to quit singing forever.

In time, he quit his caddying job and the grocery job, and in his second year on the TV program, he sang only twice a week so he could maintain his high marks at school.

He continued to go to the Baptist Church, where he and his dad and sister sang in the choir. But his active week kept him away from kids his age, and he had few friends.

He studied hard, was among the top five students at school, and was at his best in science and mathematics. He worked out going to U.C.L.A. for a degree in science, but somehow he kept getting deeper and deeper into show business.

He was always healthy, energetic and athletic, but couldn’t find enough time for school sports. He could have made the first team in basketball at school, but he wouldn’t give it the time. He was invited to try out for the second team, but refused. He wanted to be No. 1 or nothing.

He did not care for baseball, and preferred hunting and riding to everything else, until he became fascinated by golf. He used to go to his grandmother’s ranch and hunt for squirrels, rabbits and deer. He loved to get up on a horse and round up the cattle.

**Guardian angel**

As he became a TV personality around Houston, Mr. Stockton continued to be his ‘guardian angel.’ In fact, he began to look upon Johnny as his own...

Amazingly enough—in a city where the races are still segregated—Johnny attracted white men who insisted on helping him. A helping hand always seemed to be extended to him by strangers.

With the same unexpectedness that Mr. Stockton had helped Johnny, a man from the local Paramount Theater urged Johnny to audition for the company. Johnny taped three songs, Hey There, Young at Heart and I Believe at the TV station, which then refused to charge him for the service.

The man at the theater shipped the tapes to New York, and the tapes were so good that Johnny received a contract by mail. His dad took the contract to his white employer, who had his attorney okay it. Then Johnny and his father signed the papers and mailed them to New York.

In August of 1956, the recording company asked Johnny to go to New York for his first recording session.

It was then that the Nash family were faced with the realization that Johnny’s career was changing sharply. Singing at church, on local TV and at local clubs seemed genuine, but going to New York seemed such a drastic step. It meant becoming a recording artist, and traveling. It meant becoming a professional pop singer. Despite his big raw voice and dad had hoped he could become a religious singer.

But his parents did not try to persuade Johnny to avoid a singing career. “If it is the Lord’s will for Johnny to be a singer, then that is what he will be,” his mother said.

His father took a vacation, and accompanied Johnny to New York, where Johnny cut his first record, Teenager Sings the Blues. The next day, on August 19, he was sixteen years old.

They returned to Houston, and Mr. Stockton decided Johnny ought to audition for the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scouts program, then searching Houston for potential contestents. More than thirty performers auditioned, and Johnny was one of three accepted. Three months later, he went to New York with Mr. Stockton to appear on Godfrey’s Talent Scouts, and won.

Part of the first prize was a week on Godfrey’s morning show. At the end of the week, he was given his fee at CBS. It was a check for $700, and Johnny gazed at it, and wept. “It’s a lot of money!” he gasped. It was his first real inkling of the big money ahead for him.

Godfrey liked Johnny so much, he kept inviting him back on the morning show, and Johnny didn’t go back to Houston. His mom and dad quit their jobs as housekeepers and stayed in New York with Johnny for a year. Then she went back to Houston, knowing Johnny was mature enough to handle himself.

**Another guardian angel**

Godfrey’s admiration for Johnny grew so much that he, too, became a father. He decided Johnny ought to have a personal manager, and sent him to Peter Dean and Bob Altfeld, whom Johnny accepted as his management firm.

Dean and Altfeld scurried around to find Johnny an apartment, and, finding difficulty, they found him an apartment near Columbia University. They then persuaded Johnny to change schools, switching him from the School for Young Professionals, where Tuesday Weld, Sal Mineo and Carol Lynley were among the other students.

Then they attacked Johnny’s big problem: They brought him into their homes, introduced him to new friends, took him to golf links and tennis courts, brought him to parties. A friendly mixer where no one seemed to care whether he was white or black. It made him feel very much a part of the world, and he and his friends became intimate friends. He could never have made any friends like these in his old neighborhood. They helped him get into the world of show business.

Johnny, always at a disadvantage because of his voice, finally got his big break when the great Gene Autry, who had heard him sing, asked him to join his band. He accepted, and by the time he left the band, he had found his niche in show business. He was a perfect fit for his voice, and he found that his image as a clean-cut, wholesome young man was just what the world needed. He was a perfect fit for his voice, and he found that his image as a clean-cut, wholesome young man was just what the world needed. He was a perfect fit for his voice, and he found that his image as a clean-cut, wholesome young man was just what the world needed. He was a perfect fit for his voice, and he found that his image as a clean-cut, wholesome young man was just what the world needed.
I'm afraid as rare as people say they are. What is rare is a good voice with stage appearance, an engaging manner, a deep sense of what words mean, and a love of singing so sincere that it shines in the eyes every time a song is sung.

"The parents saw the combination very often. But I felt Johnny Nash had the right mixture of all these things the first time I watched him work. Since then, I've worked with him. And every time I hear him sing, I know I am right. I can honestly say I think he's about the best young singer on the scene today."

The miracle that smoothed Johnny's path with astonishing good fortune was repeated when Burt Lancaster saw Johnny singing on the Godfrey show. Lancaster had been searching for a seventeen-year-old Negro to play the lead role of the film version of a Broadway drama, Take a Giant Step, and he had auditioned 750 boys over a period of three years.

When he saw Johnny, he liked him at once and offered to send him to Hollywood for a test.

When Johnny was told this, he scoffed, "Ha... You're kidding...? What would Hollywood think of his dad hearing his experience in acting...? I'm only a singer.

But he yielded to his managers' insistence and studied the script, learned it quickly, and reported to Lancaster in Hollywood.

After working with Johnny for a while, Lancaster told Johnny's managers, "This boy is so good! How much acting experience has he had?" He was asked, "He was once in a high school opera... that's all.

After the test, Lancaster said, "I don't have to see the test. I have seen what I want..."

Johnny got the contract and made the movie. On the basis of sneak previews of Teck's, Giant Step, MGM signed Johnny for the only Negro role in its big film, Key Witness.

The first Negro teen idol

Johnny earned almost $50,000 in 1959, and is already the first Negro teen idol, drawing a tremendous fan mail. He is one of the extremes of an extreme celebrity.

He takes his success with calm. "Around our house," he explains, "we never boasted. We're not the type who exult when we're lucky. Ours is a quiet kind of joy. We're just grateful."

But Johnny is not too demonstrative, although when we're home Mother still wakes me up with a kiss and the words, 'Time to get up.'

"We don't express our joy outside; we feel it. We know our strength comes from within, and we are ready for whatever comes. When things are bad, nobody complains. We know that This too shall pass."

As soon as Johnny felt more secure about his earnings, he asked his mother to quit her housekeeping job and stay home. "She hadn't been feeling well, and I felt good being able to tell her to take it easy."

When he visited the family last Easter, he asked his mother, "What do you want for Christmas?"

She said, "Nothing."

"How about a new house?" he asked, his velvet-brown eyes sparkling.

She gasped, "You're kidding?" and he said, "Yes, but not this flush dad heard about it, he said, 'Son, save your money.'"

But Johnny is looking for a plot of land in Houston, and wants to build his parents a new home. But if his movie career builds up, he may buy them a house in Hollywood instead.

Last summer, he had another thrill at home. He flew in one Saturday morning, and bought a new black-and-white Buick sedan. Then he drove it home and said, quietly, "Mom, I've got you a new car!"

His mother wept happily, and his dad puffed, "No... Our old car is good enough."

But, in time, they accepted the new car, and now his dad shines the car personally and explains to neighbors, "This is the first car we thought for us with his own earned money."

Mom Nash says, the mother love shining in her eyes, "Johnny, is what God intended every son to be."

His success changed his values. When he was earning $3,000 a week for two weeks at the Apollo Theatre, he would come home in between shows to rest and eat. It did not occur to him to hang around backstage or to go to fancy restaurants with an entourage.

"I don't want to live a fancy life," he explained. "I enjoy the simple life of a country boy."

A new world

His managers keep his accounts, pay his bills, give him an allowance, prepare a detailed monthly financial statement and send a copy to his parents. But he's so frugal, he rarely spends his allowance.

He keeps busy around the apartment, constructing lamps, fixing lights, setting up a hi-fi system, reading books on science and math.

"I've experienced away from home have shaken him up, of course. Arthur Godfrey, virtually a national institution, has embraced him in full view of millions of TV people, and invited him to his Virginia estate.

He has found white as well as colored girls sweet, understanding and inspiring. They have triggered off self-improvement spurts. One white girl, employed by a publishing house, impressed him with her erudition so much that he told his managers the next day, "I realize now that a boy such as I must somehow get a higher education!"

Because he cannot take time out for college, he has begun to read better books, carrying them with him constantly into trailers and off the set.

He hungers for social contacts that will bring him new insights into life. He'd like to see white and colored people know each other better. He worships Harry Belafonte because Belafonte has changed as well as being a top entertainer. He is a friend of Johnny Mathis and Earl Grant.

His loneliness, despite his growing circle of friends, is understandable for a teen-ager to be away from home, accepted but not yet completely part of a new and exciting world.

"But I am never really alone," he explained. "I have my faith, and it is my constant companion."

END

Johnny stars in MGM's KEY WITNESS.

From Ugly Duckling to Cinderella

(Continued from page 58)

Franconero from Newark, New Jersey, being the Cinderella in the huge, popular Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade—Well, it was too much. Macy's told me Shirley Temple and lots of other stars would be in it, and they wanted me to have a float of my own. The reason I hesitated wasn't that I didn't want to be a part of it. It was because I was bowled over. I gulped and swallowed and finally muttered a "Yes, I would love to," and when I hung up, I felt absolutely ecstatic. I could hardly speak. My mom wanted to know who'd called, and, in a timid voice, I said, "Macy's. I was afraid to tell her the whole story for fear they had made a mistake. Maybe they wanted a Connie Somebody Else instead of me. But she fangled the news out of me, and she said we ought to celebrate with coffee and cake.

"No cake for me, Mama," I said.

"Oh, come on, honey," she answered. "Just this once."

"Uh-uh," I said firmly. And I sat down at our big-yellow-and-kitchen table in our nice new house in Belleville, New Jersey, and began to think. My mother started the coffee pot percolating and gazed out the window at the October sun digging down and the dry brown hills. All I could think of, all I could recall were my days in Junior High. When I was fat as an ordinary stuffed chicken, unhappy, and a little too fun-of. Because, now, Macy's wanted me to be their Cinderella.

The truth is I wasn't only fat. I had no confidence at all in whatever I did. I was terrible in sports, in gym class. Whenever the captains of different teams in gym class would line up the girls for their turns, I knew I would be the last. And I wasn't there. And would always leave me until last; and then finally the gym teacher would tell me to go over to back—and—and a side. I was too short for such a side—and—and a side. I was too short for such a side; and I wasn't there. Too short for such a side.

And, besides, I was very heavy. I was twelve going on thirteen, and I weighed one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. And I was a shrimp, too. People used to say, 'Connie, you're no bigger than a minute!' and they made me very self-conscious of my height.

The only thing people would mention to me when they were hard-pressed for something nice to say was, 'Connie, you have such nice long hair.' And, one day, a boy I had a crush on announced he liked short hair during a class break at school so I went and got a "bunch bob"—and when I got home and looked at myself in my dresser mirror I screamed. I looked like a scalped Indian, and I began bawling because I knew, then and there, I looked awful.

I was ugly, I told myself. Ugly. And I could do nothing for it. I tried to make excuses—my mom about not going to school, but she wouldn't have any of it. I just didn't want to face any of the kids.

My heart-breaking climax of my short haircut story is that the boy who said I liked short hair came up to me in school and said, "What's the matter with you, you're so funny." And he bawled, and I went home bawling like a baby again.

All the while I had to make the rounds for auditions for TV and stage shows, and wherever my father and I would go, I'd see girls my age looking like dreams in picture—pretty dresses, with doll—baby figures. They looked like somedodies, and I felt stupid. They'd make up big cute shoes with small heels. I knocked around in seuffed—up flats. They'd use all sorts of make-up tricks: lipstick brushes and mascara and pancake powder. And I wouldn't bother.

One day I was to play my accordion and sing Golden Earrings on George Scheck's Startime program on TV, and a boy was a
on the program. I was dressed in a
flounce, gypsy costume that probably made
me look twice as heavy; and after I fin-
ished my song, I went up to Tommy and
said, "Hey Tommy, how did I do?" And
he looked at me and nodded his head
hopelessly. I knew. "Do you think Connie, you'd
have looked better if you wore your ac-
cordian." I didn't know what he meant at first.
Then it hit me. I didn't like the
way I was dressed. So I went home and
told my mom what he said.
"Why don't you make a pretty dress for
yourself, Connie?" my mom said, try-
ing to pick me up.
"I'm no good at sewing," I told her.
"But you'll never learn if you don't
try," she emphasized.

The following Saturday I went to a
yard-goods store and bought some brown
plaid material. I decided I'd make a skirt.
I spent seven dollars on the fabric, and
when I went to put it on it looked
like a blimp. I had made it too
small. It had taken me weeks to finish it,
and I was so disappointed I started to cry.
But, you can cry just so much without
getting fed up. Then and there I told myself I had to face the
fact I was a mess. I was fat. Why? I was
always eating salami sandwiches and sugar
cookies and pizza pies. I never paid any
attention to what I ate. And I never
looked after my appearance. Why should I?

When I went to bed that night, I vowed
that tomorrow would be the dawn of
a new Connie. I don't know what made me
so determined to change. Maybe it was
my anguish over the brown plaid skirt I'd
spent weeks and weeks of time on. It was
just the plain hard fact I was going out
of my way to look unattractive and the
fellows didn't like me.

But I couldn't stop that night. I kept
tossing and turning, wondering how I could
make such a big change.

That next morning I went to my health
teacher and she sighed. "When you start
to lose weight, and she sat down and
explained what I should eat. Meats, vege-
tables, fruits and milk. Here sandwiches?
They were out. My mom's chocolate
cakes? Out! Pizza pies and soda-pop and
candy? Taboo.

I decided I wouldn't tell anyone I was
going to change my eating habits because I
was afraid they'd coax me into eating.
When I went home, I just sat silently at
the supper table and ate only what the
teacher told me I should. Both my mom
and dad looked at me as if I was sick.
Well, I was. Sick of the way I looked.
"Eat, eat," my mom said. "Look at all those
delicious mashed potatoes on your plate!"
I tried to look up and smile. "But . . .
but I'm not hungry," I managed to say,
and I got up from the table. I was afraid
if I stayed they'd coax me into eating.
But the most upsetting thing of all was
that a month passed and nothing hap-
pened. I didn't look any different. And I
had a frightening suspicion that I would
never lose any weight, that my trouble was
glandular.

Then, during that fifth week, I weighed
myself on our bathroom scale and I had
lost five pounds.

The following week I lost another five.
In another month I had lost twenty-
eight pounds! I couldn't believe it. I was
down to one hundred pounds. I'd look at
myself in the mirror and shake my head.
That wasn't me; it was, it was a ghost.
But I liked it.

None of my clothes fit me, of course,
and even my skirt had changed from a
seven to a five and a half.

Boys began paying attention to me, and
and all of a sudden I noticed the other girls
at school were jealous. I had more re-
spect for myself now, and I started to
think about clothes and make-up and
looking pretty. Oh, I gloated plenty of
times—like the day I put on so much
rouge and somebody wisecracked that I
looked like a floozy. I was shattered
to say the least. But I learned, and I learned
because I wasn't afraid to ask questions
of my teachers and friends.

Now, then it is not hard to understand how
deeply thrilled I was when Macy's called
me and asked me to pose as their Cinde-
rella in their fabulous Thanksgiving Day
parade. I never dreamed such an honor
would be bestowed on me, the fat girl
from Newark, New Jersey.

Though I'm still not, and never will be,
a fashion model type, you'll pardon me
I'm so proud of being able to cope with the
changes that occurred to me—changes
which enabled me to like myself well
even to try to be somebody. Pardon
me also if I make like an expert for a
moment now and give others, who may
be in a spot like I was, a little advice,
learned in the school of experience.

IF YOU'RE SHORT, as I am, remember
you've got to watch your weight con-
tinuously. One extra pound can look like
ten.

Don't wear horizontal stripes, even
though you can't resist the color or the
fabric of the dress or skirt. Every hori-
zontal stripe you put on is a prejudice
to your appearance, and there are dozens of
other designs styled especially for you.

The all-one-color look on a short girl
is great because it lengthens the body.
That's why I bought my suit, skirts.
Make the most of your petite feminin-
ity. The Peter Pan collar, shortie cotton
gloves, slim gold bracelets—all these are
deliciously made to slenderness on a larger girl.
But they look very natural and lovely
on a short girl.

IF YOU'RE TALL, don't slump or stoop
because you're just calling attention to
your figure, and you look like you're ready
for the grave.

Designers say tall girls shouldn't be
afraid of dramatic colors, which heavy and
skinny girls have to bypass.

Don't be afraid to wear a medium heel;
it doesn't add that much extra height.
Wearing flats all the time gives you a
tomboy look.

The three-quarter coat is ideal for the
tall girl; it breaks up the line of her figure.
Horizontal stripes, sharp color contrasts,
big belts are swell, too.

IF YOU'RE THIN, beware of sleeveless
blouses, particularly if your arms are
bony. And don't wear airies fabrics unless
they're draped or bunched up. You should
wear garments that make you look
taller rather than cottons, taffetas, fine
wools.

Take advantage of the drama in big full
skirts, puffy sleeves, plaid jumpers, bows
and pleats and frills—so many things most
girls can't wear.

IF YOU'RE HEAVY, you have the
easiest problem of all because you can do
something about it—lose weight.

Wear medium-length skirts, and be sure
they fall evenly and aren't pulled tight
to your hips. Have you ever noticed how
it is heavy, flabby women pay more attention
to details (such as fit and a lovely neck-
line, polished shoes, freshly ironed clothes)
always looks beautifully put together next
to the thin, tall, bloodless figure who
emphasizes her loveliness by dressing
like a beatnik?

But most important, if you're too fat or
thin, if you have a problem you can
do something about it tomorrow morning
and really decide to change! If
I could do it, you can too!
ANNETTE FUNICELLO:
A I suppose you mean Paul, Fabe and Frankie.
Q You supposed correctly.
A Well, may I honestly set the record straight on this confused story for the last time?
A Go right ahead.
A I'm terribly fond of each one of these three guys and we have a lot of fun together, nothing like a romance involved. We just enjoy each other's company.
Q Why not take each boy, one at a time, and reveal your specific feeling about him?
A Fine. First there's Paul. There's little to say about Paul except that he's my big brother and very closest friend. What was once is no longer and I'm sure we've become better and more understanding friends as a result.
Q Fabian.
A How can I say about that crazy hound-dog man? He's the gincheesest and we've had a lot of laughs together. Including the time he shaved a watermelon in my face. But as far as a romance goes, he's a hundred years too old for me. I'm just one of a million girls in his life.
A And, last but not least, Frankie.
A To tell you the truth, we've never had a real date together. But there's something very special about him that I haven't figured out yet. I've seen him less than Paul or Fabe but I think of him more. I don't know what it is. One of the nicest things that ever happened to me was when Frankie called me on my birthday from Texas. It meant so much to me. I hope that I can see more of him. He's great.
Q Never mind the specific to the general. Let's talk about the problems teen-agers always worry about. Like first-date kissing. Do you believe in it?
A At this stage it actually depends on you the guy are with. If he's just a friend, platonic and all that, then don't kiss him. But if you like him, then you should. I think it's a natural reaction to having had a good time. Most of the guys out here expect it.
Q You don't date many 'friends'?
A Nope!
Q How about first-date hand-holding?
A Oh, sure!
Q Have you learned any lessons about sex?
A Only one. To take it slow.
Q What's the biggest mistake you've made?
A I haven't made a big one. Just a lot of small ones during the course of a date. But then there really is a sexual exculpation to dating. Every boy is a new, and usually exciting, experience.
Q And experience is the best teacher?
A For me, sure!
Q Do you park with a guy?
A Sure. But not until the third or fourth date and I'm certain that I'm fond of him.
Q Do you have a favorite parking spot?
A Like Los Angeles' famed Mulholland Drive.
A Yes, and don't laugh. I like to park right in front of my own house.
Q Where?
A So I don't have to rush at the last minute if I'm late!
Q How do you handle wolves?
A I just don't lead them on. If you don't lead them on, then I've found that you're much more likely to be left alone and the more, the better!
A I had health hygiene in school. It started in the ninth grade. In some schools they start in the eighth. I went to a Catholic school, and the sisters instructed us. They sent the girls out of the classroom and then we had free discussion. Most of us were embarrassed, but frankly, they didn’t tell anything we didn’t already know. In fact, most teen-agers know the answer before they get into a hygiene class.

**How did you first learn about sex?**
A I lived in a big city, full of a lot of people. By the time I’d gone through school I hadn’t missed much, and then the crowds I hung around with helped fill in. My father talked things over with me, too.

**When do you feel is the best time for a boy and a girl to get married?**
A I feel a fellow should be about twenty-five, but that doesn’t mean he can be stopped—or should be stopped—if he meets the right gal tomorrow, and elopes to Mexico. It’s really say someone is too old or not enough old. It’s more a matter of whether or not they are ready and willing to take on the responsibility of marriage.

**Did you ever read any books on sex?**
A No.

**Did you know that Annette Funicello has a big crush on you, Fabian, and Paul Anka?**
A How do you feel about her?
A I like to be with her. But I’m not in love with her.

**When did you fall in love for the first time?**
A I’ve never been in love. I’ve had crushes on millions of girls. I’m never in one place long enough to get really attached, and I don’t plan on staying around in Minnesota. I meet too many girls to fall in love.

**When did you first kiss a girl?**
A At about fifteen.

**When did you kiss a girl for the first time when it meant something?**
A When I was thirteen.

**Do you consider yourself worldly, or naive?**
A Neither. I’ve always hung around older fellows, and as a result have known many more answers than I should know at my age or my sex.

**Are actresses on location too friendly?**
A Sometimes they are. I try to be friendly—but if it gets serious, I try to get out of it by kidding them.

END

**Scoop! Kim to Marry!**

(Continued from page 38)

the prettier of the two Novak daughters. She was a quiet girl. She did fairly well in school—herself being her best subject, arithmetic her worst.

Her favorite foods were homemade apricot ice cream and burned-sugar cake (“To this day on her birthday, ask her what she’d like best,” her mother said recently, and it’s this—burned-sugar cake.”)

Her favorite color was red—she had two prized red skirts.

Her favorite pastime was to pretend she was sick. “Just so I could go to bed,” she’s said, “and lie back against the big pillow and design beautiful clothes for my paper dolls, and wait for my mother to bring me a glass of warm milk and some buttered toast.”

Her ambition in life was to become a secretary and work in a downtown office, just like one of her aunts did.

She lost her hands and secretly considered the family dog, a brown and sad-eyed mutt, to be hers.

She liked insects, too, and once befriended a moth that had straggled in from the kitchen wall, picking up the still-live fly from the floor after her mother had left the room and taking it to the desk, in the room. The moth sat on the edge of the blotter and talked to it, consolingly, until it died half an hour or so later.

She was sometimes mischievous. (“One Easter afternoon,” her sister recalls, “we were visiting some friends of the family. There was lots of candy on the table next to where I was sitting, and I had this urge to steal some of it. I was wearing a dress with a pocket and a pocketbook. Only I’d forgotten the pocket had a hole in it. And when I got up to say good-bye—bang, all over the floor, about twenty pieces of candy!”)

Mischievous sometimes, yes.

But, mostly, she was a dreamer.

She dreamed of growing up someday. Of maybe being pretty someday. Of having beautiful clothes, like the kind she drew for her paper dolls. Or what that office downtown, where she would some-

day work and begin to make her mark in life, would look like.

Of lots of things, some of them extraordinary, but all of them important to her . . .

Meanwhile, Richard Quine . . .

In 1941, that same year, twenty-year-old Detroit-born Richard Quine (his real name) signed a contract with MGM Studios in Hollywood and was touted as a real star of the future. There was little reason to believe that this would not be the case. He was good-looking—had blue eyes, light brown hair, stood six feet three. He was handsome, he was bright. And he was a good actor. (He has learned lots from his dad, Thomas Quine, vaudeville veteran, reads his studio biography of the time, “There’s no problem that I can’t handle.”)

He was also the picture was a young MGM contract actress named Susan Peters. Susan, an extremely talented girl, was also a very pretty beauty girl. She worked with all the big stars of the 40s. She won a Golden Globe in 1947. She won an Academy Award in 1949.

It wasn’t long before Dick fell in love with her, and she with him. ("She likes to swim and rhumba—so why shouldn’t I love her a little?"")

It was a love that would outlast the marriage. Four years later, when Dick and Susan were married, she was twenty-one, and he was twenty-five.

**NEVER FAIL— ZONE YOUR MAIL**

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to include zone number when writing to these cities; be sure to include your zone number in your return address —after the city, before the state.

**MUSIC & Musical INSTRUMENTS**

POEMS WANTED IMMEDIATELY for Musical Setting and Monologues, Omnibus Examination, Rush Poems, Songwriters, Ackman Station, Nashville, Tennessee.

---

**OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU**

**FOR RATES,**

write COMBINED CLASSIFIED

529 W. Madison, Chicago 6

**OF INTEREST TO WOMEN—CW-May'60**

**GOOD PAY MAILING** advertising intelligence for respectable organization. Necessary materials supplied. Information $1.00 (Hearst, National Mailers, Box 500. Philadelphia, Pa. 31,000 THOUSAND PREPAID envelopes, postcards, homemade by hand, typewritten. Particulars free. E. Economy, Box 2500. Greensboro, N.C.


**MONTHLY POSSIBLE, Sewing Babysitter? No house duties except laundry. Information to Outfits, Waras R. Ind. STOP THROWING AWAY those booties! They’re worth money. Frontal Sewing Co., 1701 Market St., Cerdal Hill, Tex. $2.00 HOURS POSSIBLE, assembling pump lamps. Easy. Selling梳出售. Free Det 5, Oak, Caldwell 6, Arkansas.

**EXTRA CASH PREPARING, mailing postcards. Write: Mailers, Dept. ECO-G, Los Angeles 3, Calif.

**MAKE $25 TO $65 weekly mailing envelopes. Our instructions are easy to follow. Send 10 cents for sample letter. Mail concerns. **

**MONEymAKING HOMEWORK PLANS! Free details. V-Mailers, Dept. 95, San Juan, Calif.

**EARN $50.00 FAST. Selling Pretzel Product. Home Sewers Plan 100.**-Product 6, Lexington, Wise.

**20.00 WEEKLY MAKING Towels at home. Easy, Bucan, Sharan 9, Potsdam, N.Y.

**BUSINESS & MONEy MAKING OPPORTUNITIES**

**GROW LIVING MINIATURE Forest (only inches high) or sprouts that bears lady tiny fruit. Learn amazing growing secrets. Fascinating hobby! Profitable Home-business Opportunity. Send 25c for free booklet. Information Nutrie, Dept. 92, Gardena, California.


**HALF-TO-FULL TIME. Need reliable, experienced female sample leader, catalog reveals plan. Write I.0.AS, Inc. Dept. 95, Borden 3, Fremont, Calif.

**EARN EXTRA CASH! Prepare Advertising Mailers, Langford, Box 410, Madison, Wisc.

**EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES**

COMPLETE YOUR HIGH School at home in spare time with high school tests, text books. Best plans and guides. Holistic life, Modern Home Study. Information booklet free. American School, Dept. X 9, 97 Chestnut St., Dept. 95, New York, N.Y.

**LEARN WHILE ASLEEP, Hypnotize with your recorder, telephone details now. Reconditioning, Box 24-OB, Olympia, Washington.

**LOANS BY MAIL**

Borrow $50 to $1,000 For Any Purpose. Employed men and women eligible. Conditional, 2 years to repay. Write for free booklet. Information Beet, Dept. 85, Box 301, Santa Monica, Calif.

**Borrow By Wire, 100-6500, Anywhere, Air Mail Service. Postal Finance, 200 Keeline Bldg., Dept. 61H, Omaha 3, Neb.**

**OLD COINS BOUGHT-illustrated Catalogue 25c, Hutchinson's, Boston, Mass.”

**NATIONAL INFLAMMATION**


**ITCH in Women Relieved like Magic**

Here’s blessed relief from terrors of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated cream kills harmful bacteria, is not itchy, Irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and sores healing. Don’t suffer! Get LANACANE at drugists!
It was about 5:00 p.m., some seven hours after they'd started, when the four decided they'd had enough and began to head back to their car. As they walked, Susan teased her brother's clothes and laughed like a small girl in the back. "Talk about butter-fingers!" she said. "Big boy like you losing a gun like that!"

"You're so smart, somebody said, laughing. "But you find it?"

"Okay," said Susan, "I will.

She did, too, about ten minutes later. It lay under a bush, at a spot where they'd stopped earlier in the day for a few minutes. The fellow, who, despite her outward laughter, smiles, was miserable inside herself. A girl who dreamed two things—being confined forever to this wheelchair she joked about; and tying down her husband, man she loved, to a life of boredom, of slavery, of unfulfillment, of nothingness.

Those of us who really knew Susan, knew she'd already asked Dick for a divorce that day in 1948. After three years, she realized that there would never be any improvement in her condition. That she was a broken heart.

"That Dick was doomed, too. "She didn't want it to be this way, not for both of them.

"She wanted Dick to be free. "She never told him why she asked for the divorce. She just made up her mind and one day, putting on the greatest performance of her life, she asked him to leave the house

"He begged her to reconsider. "She refused. "Please go, she said. "And, finally, he did."

"There are a lot more lonely, more brokenhearted man than Dick Quine after that—for a long, long time after that...

**Young Kim starts a hope chest**

Marlyn Novak's aunt—the secretary—phoned her this Christmas day of 1944.

"Happy New Year," she said, referring to the chiffon scarf she'd sent to her niece.

"Of course you're only eleven-going-on-twelve, and lavender's a pretty grown-up color. But I think, laughing, it's a color you can be for now you can't use it the way in your hope chest and save it for the big event."

Her niece asked her what a hope chest was.

"A wooden box, usually, sweetheart," said the aunt, "where a girl keeps lots of stuff, clothes and bedding and things like that, for when she gets married."

"Marlyn," said Marlyn, somewhat disinterested.

"I know, sure," said the aunt, laughing again, "it must seem like a faraway day right now, mustn't it? But a nice girl like you who already gets prettier looking every time I see her, come seven or eight years from now and you'll be surprised how fast some fellow, some wonderful fellow in love with a good job and a good heart, is gonna come find you and nab you and carry you off to the church so you can say 'I do' to him... You'll be real surprised, too, it's all going to come true..."

A little while later, alone, in the room she shared with Arlene, Marlyn Novak, eleven years old, going on twelve, finished emptying the wooden toy box which had sat up to that minute by the windows between the two windows. And, carefully, she placed the lavender scarf inside it.

Then, hesitantly, she began to wonder about what her aunt had said.**Tragedy, sudden and violent**

It was exactly a week later, New Year's Day, 1945. Dick Quine was home on holiday. He and his wife, enlisted in the Navy in the same year, had been married for more than a year by now, his brother and his brother's wife were hunting duck in the Cuyamaca Mountains, down near San Diego. Dick Quine, in the garage, was working on his car. cupboard, a novice at all this, was having the best day of all—he'd bagged a half-dozen birds within the first hour of shooting; Dick's brother had been out with him, had misplaced his gun at one point, thought it lost, but good-naturedly but disappointedly joined the 82 others as they continued with their hunt.**That was Susan talking, in 1945, at the beginning.**

"A Susan," as someone has said, "who spoiled her with all of her love and the realization of her own heart and mind, that something miraculous would happen soon and that she would, despite what any doctors said, be able to walk again, to laugh and dance."

But, 30 years later, though she knew her baby, but you know, she said, "That Dick was doomed, too. "She didn't want it to be this way, not for both of them.

"She wanted Dick to be free. "She never told him why she asked for the divorce. She just made up her mind and one day, putting on the greatest performance of her life, she asked him to leave the house

"He begged her to reconsider. "She refused. "Please go, she said. "And, finally, he did."

"There are a lot more lonely, more brokenhearted man than Dick Quine after that—for a long, long time after that..."
Bill shook his head.
"Don't be hurt, please don't," she said.
"It's not love we've got, anyway. It's just like we're part of the pattern and we should conform to the pattern—like the people our ages who think they've got to get married and settle down before they get too old and lose out altogether, or before other people, their friends, their families, start talking, saying 'What's wrong with them? Don't they believe in love, institutions—anything?"
Bill shook his head again.
"This is it, then?" he asked. "—Just like that?... We're through?... Is that what you're trying to say with all those fancy words of yours?"
"I guess so, Billy," Marilyn Novak said.
"It's better to know before than after, isn't it?"
She tried to take his hand.
"I'm sorry, Billy," she said....

Susan didn't want any help
It was October in Hollywood—October of that same year, 1952—when Susan's doctor phoned Dick Quine and asked him to rush to her house.
"She's a very sick girl," the doctor, an old man, an old friend of the family, said when Dick arrived. "Seven years since the accident, it's knocked a lot out of her... It's tired her... She could fight. But she won't. She hasn't let any of us help her for more than two years now... Her picture flopped. That was a blow. The play tours were too much strain. Even the radio work... And the pain never left her... She's tired... And she doesn't want any help... She hasn't much longer, Richard."
"Can I see her?" Dick asked.
"I don't think so, not now," the doctor said. "I only wanted you to know, to be here. I knew you'd want to."
They both sat.

The doctor strove to talk about other things.
"It's been a long time, Richard," he said.
"How have you been doing?"
"I've been fairly well, said Dick.
"Re-married, I heard," said the doctor.

Dick nodded.

"Children?"

"One... another on the way, we think."

"Been acting much—working?"

"Acting, no, not at all any more—I gave that up," said Dick. "I'm a dialogue director now, over at Columbia."

"I see," said the old man.

Both he and Dick turned now as a nurse walked into the room.

"Doctor," she said, urgently.

The old man rose.

He said nothing to Dick as he walked out of the room...

Dick was sitting with the boy, Timothy, the boy he and Susan had adopted years ago—the boy he had not seen these past four years, when the doctor returned. It had been more than an hour since the old man had left the room. He looked weary, pale, older, much older.

"Susan is gone," he said, looking at Dick. "She was tired... She didn't want any help, not from any of us..."

Dick looked over at the boy.

His eyes filled with tears.

"Tim," he said, "would you like to come home with me?"

"Yes," said the boy.

They got up.

And, together, they left....

The nervous director and the scared starlet
Dick Quine first met Marilyn Novak on a March morning in 1954. Marilyn Novak was Kim Novak now. She had been spotted by a Columbia Pictures talent scout while modeling the at a refrigerator salesmen's convention a few months earlier, had been introduced to Columbia bossman Harry Cohn, had been given Cohn's nod, and then the works—a screen test, a new first name, a new hairdo, a short-term contract, and a pep-talk on how her break would come if she studied hard, cooperated, waited.

Now, this day, her break had come.

A young actress scheduled to play the role of Lena McClane in a B-picture called Pueblo, had fallen sick the night before production got under way. There was no time to wait for her to recover—not under the speed-and-save Cohn system. And so, that next morning, after a night of conferences, Kim was called to the studio and told to report to work. Immediately.

Script scheduling called for her to be in the first scene.

Shooting was to begin at 9:00 a.m. At 9:15, Dick Quine, the picture's director, called out for Miss Novak, the only missing player.

"Not here," somebody called back.

"Where is she?"

"In her dressing room—bawling," he was told. "You'd better go have a talk with her."

Kim, who had indeed been bawling, bawled even more when she saw Dick.

"I know," she said, "I'm spoiling everything for everybody. But I can't go out there..."

"I'm scared stiff, for one thing... I'm so scared," she said. She pointed to the script on her dressing table. "And I'll never be able to remember my lines."

"Lines?" Dick asked. "You only have six or seven to remember for today..."

"But I won't remember them," Kim said. "I know it. She brought up a Kleenex; she was holding and wiped away some of her tears. "Please," she said then. "I've been sitting here waiting for someone to walk in and tell me the joke's over..."

"I think that, Mr. Quine—you just tell me that. And I'll understand. And I'll go home... Just tell me that."
"Why should I do that?" Dick asked.

"Please," said Kim.

Dick looked at her, for a long time.

"You know something?" she said, finally.

"I'm scared right now, too."

"Sure, Mr. Quine—sure," said Kim.

"I mean it," he said. "Look ... This happens to be my first picture, too, in case you didn't know that. It's a big thing for me, too, this whole project. Oh, my teeth may not be chattering, and my knees may not be shaking much—and I may not be shedding any pretty tears, like yours. But I'm scared stiff, too. Believe me."

Kim looked away from him. He clicked his fingers. "I know what's wrong," he said. "I read somewhere—I'd forgotten—but I read that a decent director, first day of shooting, sends all the ladies in his cast a bunch of flowers." He shook his head. "I didn't send you any," he said, "and that hurt you, huh?"

"It's not that," said Kim. "Don't be silly."

"Champagne then, is that what you expected?" Dick asked. "—First thing in the morning, two men in red coats walking into your dressing room, one holding the bottle, the other the glass. Both of them saying in chorus, Miss Novak—something to calm your nerves, compliments of the nervous director."

The beginnings of a smile came to Kim's face. "Don't be silly," she said again, and looked down.

"All right," Dick asked, after a moment, "will this do then?"

He bent, and kissed her forehead.

Kim looked up, suddenly.

"Don't be shocked," he said, "It's an old show-business custom. It means good luck... It's like shaking hands."

He looked at Kim again, for a long time.

"How about it," he asked, "—coming to work?"

Kim, silent, stared at the floor.

"If you really want," Dick said, "I'll close down the set now, for the day. It won't mean much. Just a few thousand dollars. Only money. And the front office won't be sore with me when I go and tell them what's happened. 'Your first picture, boy—take it easy,' they'll say. 'Go to the beach. Take it easy the rest of the week. We'll find somebody else for you by Monday. We'll—'

Kim interrupted him.

"Mr. Quine ... ?" she asked.

"Yes?"

She breathed in deeply. Slowly, the words came out. "Can I have a few minutes?" she asked.

"What for?"

"I'd just like to look at my lines again, before I come out," she said.

"Okay," he said.

"Mr. Quine ... ?" Kim called.

Kim walked over to him.

"May I?" she asked. Without waiting for an answer, she stood on her toes and she kissed him, lightly, on the cheek.

"For good luck," she said. "For you. For me. For both of us."

Dick nodded.

"You've got five minutes," he said, softly.

"I'll be there," said Kim.

A quiet love

The rest of our story, the ending—covering these years between 1954 and 1960—is short and simple and, eventually, happy. It wasn't long after they'd met, after they'd worked together for a while, that Kim knew she was in love with Dick Quine. She knew, too, that he was married, that she had no reason nor right to love him. But, still, she did.

It was a quiet love. At least, Dick never knew about it.

Kim, as the years passed, as her career skyrocketed, as she became one of the most famous and dazzling stars in the world, tried to push this love from her heart. She dated boys—with Mac米兰, Frank Sinatra, Mario Bandini, Cary Grant, Aly Khan, Rafael Trujillo, others.

She began, this quiet girl from Chicago, to live flamboyantly.

She became, in a sense, the total movie star—given to hollow laughter, hollow quotations, a hollow life.

She grew older, as single girls, glamour girls, go.

Twenty-five, they said two years ago—when's she going to settle down, marry?

Twenty-six, they said last year. What they didn't know was that Kim had made up her mind that she would never marry.

Not so long as she could not marry the only man she ever really loved.

Sometime during the fall of last year—while Kim and Dick were working on Strangers When We Meet (their third picture together)—Dick and his wife, Barbara, announced that they had given up on their marriage. "It hasn't worked," Dick said to whoever asked. "That's all there is to it. . . ."

Somehow, after the announcement was made, Dick, a rare party-goer, attended a party at which Kim was present.

She'd come alone.

He asked her if he could take her to dinner. She said yes.

He took her hand, and they left. The romance that has followed has been as quiet as anything else that Kim has ever felt for Dick.

She's wanted it this way. There have been no headlines, no ballyhoo, few column mentions.

But we at Modern Screen have it, from people who know them both, that they will be married soon.

And we couldn't be happier. END

Kim stars in Strangers When We Meet for Columbia.
YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WHEN YOU USE TAMPAX

Tampax helps you forget about differences in days of the month. For nothing can show, no one can know. Millions choose it. Worn internally, it's the modern way! TAMPAX...so much a part of your active life.
Clear away "complexion cloud"... fast! When grime and make-up cloud your complexion, Woodbury Cold Cream penetrates deeper to clear off dirt, flaky dryness... leaves your skin fresh as sunlight. No cleanser, even at three times the price, clears your skin better.
modern screen

"I LOVED DESI WITH ALL MY HEART"
Lucille Ball's Tragic Story

why Liz is taking the children away

Exclusive!

DEBBIE AS A NEW BRIDE!
For natural looking curls... 
shinier, easier-to-manage hair

try new Lustre-Creme Shampoo—now at a Special Introductory Price!

Now you can shampoo—set with plain water—and have natural looking curls—shinier, easier-to-manage hair, thanks to an exclusive new shampoo formula! Try satiny, new, lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme now—while this Special Introductory Offer lasts!

Lustre-Creme

Special

$1.59

(regular $2.00 size)
Listerine is for breath—

tooth paste is for teeth!

Listerine stops bad breath
4 times better than tooth paste!

Listerine kills bad breath germs tooth paste doesn't even reach!

Germs all over your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. Tooth paste can't even reach most of these germs, let alone kill them. You need a free-flowing liquid antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic—to do that. Listerine is amazingly "wet"—far more fluid than any tooth paste. And Listerine Antiseptic kills germs as no tooth paste can—on contact, by millions. No wonder Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste!

Every time you brush your teeth, reach for Listerine

★TUNE IN "THE LORETTA YOUNG SHOW" NBC-TV NETWORK
veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne

No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet...pure, imported Italian Talc...your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc
the fragrance men love

JUNE, 1960 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

Sal Mineo 21 The Sal Mineo Story by Sal Mineo as told to George Christy
Debbie Reynolds 22 Dare She Wear White? by Doug Brewer
Tommy Sands 24 The Sinatra Women by Hugh Burrell
Frank Sinatra
Natalie Wood 28 Endsville by Louella Parsons Robert Wagner
Lee Remick 32 Dear God, Please Don't Let Him See Me Cry...
Sandra Dee 34 When A Girl Becomes A Woman by Bethel Every
Elizabeth Taylor
Eddie Fisher 36 Why Liz Is Taking The Children Away
Lucille Ball 38 Where Did I Fail?
Desi Arnaz
Richard Egon 42 The Story Of Trish by Helen Weller
Cary Grant 44 The Love Drug
Lana Turner 46 One Little Girl Against The World by Helen Weller

SPECIAL FEATURE

51 They Do It To Music—MODERN SCREEN'S Exercise Plan

FEATURETTE

18 That's A Switch!

DEPARTMENTS

Louella Parsons 9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 The Inside Story
6 New Movies by Florence Epstein
8 Disk Jockeys' Quiz
72 June Birthdays
75 $150 For You

Cover Photograph by Larry Barbier of Globe
Other Photographers' Credits on Page 74

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant
GENE HOFIT, research director
MICHAEL LEFCOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, asst. art editor
CARLOS CLARENS, research
JEANNE SMITH, editorial research
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 54, No. 6, June, 1960, Published Monthly by Dell Publication Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 720 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Dell Subscription Services: 321 W. 44th St. New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. H. A. Epstein, Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; William H. Nyland, Jr. Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the revised Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Benin Aves Corporation. Single copy prices: 50c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $4.00 a year; $4.00 two years; $5.00 three years. Subscription for Pan American and foreign countries $15.00 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1960 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 39600.
A GIANT AMONG MEN
IN A GIGANTIC SPECTACLE!

When treachery stalks the land, a Giant among men and his Gallant Hundred Young Giants, with their loin-clothed bodies girded for action, defy legions of enemies on land and sea.

STEVE REEVES as
THE GIANT OF MARATHON

with MYLENE DEMONGEOT

Men trembled before the fury of his naked strength...women hungered for the embrace of his powerful arms.

DANIELA ROCCA  Ivo Garrani-Philippe Hersent
Sergio Fantoni-Alberto Lupo

Produced by BRUNO VAILATI  JACQUES TOURNEUR

Directed by

EASTMANCEOR-DYALSCOPE  A Titanus-Galatea-Lux Production
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimplles while it works CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimplles. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetrates pimples. 'Keratolytic' action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourage quick growth of healthy, smooth skin.

2. Stops bacteria. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. 'Stares' pimples. Oil-absorbing action leaves no pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads, CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 500 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only 1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

VICKI HESS, Senior, Marion-Franklin High School, Columbus, Ohio, says: "When blemishes broke out on my face, I became terribly self-conscious. Special skin creams and lotions didn't seem to help much, so my mother suggested CLEARASIL medication. Now my complexion is really clear again!"

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

- Was another man involved in the Don Murray-Hope Lange split? And why did they deny the rumors so vehemently when it was first suggested all was not well in that household? (J.R., MONTREAL, CAN.)

- No other man was involved in the Lange-Murray split. Don and Hope wanted to keep their problems to themselves in hopes of working them out. Hope's still hoping they can, despite the rumor that Don is infatuated with Dolores Michaels.

- What's behind the reports of a torrid romance between Maureen O'Hara and Rex Harrison? (M.H., HANOVER, N. H.)

- A misinformed columnist. Maureen has barely said "Hello" to Rex since they co-starred in FOXXES OF HARBOR over 10 years ago. Rex is interested in Tammy Grimes, estranged wife of actor Christopher Plummer who in turn is interested in Susan Blanchard, ex-wife of Henry Fonda.

- I read that Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher are planning to get married again —to each other, that is. Are they going to do this for sentimental reasons? (J.R., OSHKOSH, WIS.)

- No. For legal reasons: They want to marry in California—so there can't be any future problems there about the status of his Las Vegas divorce and marriage.

- What ever happened to Johnny Johnson and Kathryn Grayson? I know they divorced each other a long time ago but what's with them careerwise? (J.D., BERWICK, PA.)

- Kathryn is going to tour the country with her own revue, A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. She hasn't made a film since the ill-fated THE VAGABOND KING. Johnny is an option in a New York brokerage house while he learns that particular trade. He's just about given up show business.

- Is it true the Brigitte Bardot-Jacques Charrier marriage has been in trouble ever since the birth of their baby? (B.N., DALLAS, TEXAS)

- It's been in trouble ever since they posted the wedding bands.

- TV missed a great bet by not recording it—but is there any report on how Debbie Reynolds reacted when Liz Taylor was announced at the Golden Globe Awards as the best dramatic actress of the year by the Foreign Press? (E.D., BOSTON, MASS.)

- Debbie applauded—along with everyone else.

- I read that Glenn Ford's real heart interest is a beautiful German star who is about to divorce her husband. Do you know to whom the columnists are referring? (B.B., CHARLESTON, W. V.)

- A They are referring to Maria Schell—who in turn denies the report that she is contemplating a divorce.

- Do you have any idea of how much money Sandra Dee spends a year on clothes? She always looks so well dressed, much more so than the typical teen. (D.L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.)

- A Last year, a typical Sandra acquired a $40,000 wardrobe—including a blue-white mink coat.

- Can you tell me how much Orson Welles weighed when he made Citizen Kane and those other movies now on TV—and what his weight was in his most recent movies—and why he got so heavy? (R.H.B., HARTFORD, CTN.)

- A Welles carried 200 pounds on his 6'1" frame when he made Kane (approximately 15 pounds overweight). In Crack of the Mirror, the scale cracked when it hit three hundred. Evidently Welles is a consuming genius.

- Would it be possible for you to list all the aging glamour girls still acting in movies or TV who have gone past their 50th birthday? (J.G., BERWYN, ILL.)

- A Joan Crawford (52), Claudette Colbert (55), Bette Davis (52), Marlene Dietrich (55), Irene Dunne (55), Katharine Hepburn (50), Myrna Loy (55), Barbara Stanwyck (53), Others like Ginger Rogers, Lucille Ball and Roz Russell have a year or so to go.

- I think the death of Mario Lanza's wife Betty is the saddest thing that happened in Hollywood this year. I am concerned about Lanza's four children. What will happen to them now? Will they be separated? (S.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.)

- A They will undoubtedly be taken care of by their aunt and uncle in Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Bert Hicks, in whose charge they were when their mother was still in a state of shock over Mario's death. They will not be separated.
JOHN FORD TOPS ALL THE GREATNESS
THAT WON HIM 4 ACADEMY AWARDS!

THE SEARCHERS - THE INFORMER - LONG VOYAGE HOME - HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY - STAGE COACH - QUIET MAN - WHAT PRICE GLORY - GRAPES OF WRATH

(he only director in history to win this many)

Sergeant Rutledge

You knew all along that love had nothing to do with it...

"I knew it had to be great — but who could have expected it to be this great!" JOHN WAYNE

"Terrific! The kind of excitement motion pictures were invented for!" SPENCER TRACY

"If ever there was a picture to thrill an audience, this is it!" WARD BOND

"Go away — white woman means trouble!"

"I want the truth about that night"

TECHNICOLOR® From WARNER BROS.

starring JEFFREY HUNTER, CONSTANCE TOWERS, BILLIE BURKE

with WOODY STRODE, JUANO HERNANDEZ, WILLIS BOUCHÉY

Written by JAMES WARNER BELLAH and WILLIS GOLDBECK

Produced by WILLIS GOLDBECK and PATRICK FORD, Directed by JOHN FORD

We’ve said it before — but never, never for such a surprising reason!

NO SEATING LAST TEN MINUTES
In Can-Can, 'boulevardiers' like Frank Sinatra and Maurice Chevalier find that horse-play with girls like Shirley MacLaine is fun.

**CAN-CAN**

- CAN-CAN takes place in Paris in the mid-nineteenth century: Frank Sinatra plays a lawyer and determined bachelor, and Shirley MacLaine owns a cabaret where, when the gendarmes are properly bribed, can be seen the daring and illegal can-can dance. When the gendarmes are neglected Shirley usually winds up in court before Judge Maurice Chevalier, in which case Sinatra defends her. Chevalier, if he were not a judge, would definitely be a can-can fancier.

Sinatra, if he were not a cad, would definitely marry Shirley. Chevalier's new assistant, Louis Jourdan, frowns on the can-can but falls at Shirley's feet. Sinatra, considering Shirley as plebian as himself, tries to show her up for what she is at her swank engagement party. Whatever she is Louis still wants to marry her. Will this young barrister's dream come true? Cole Porter's songs—many of them old favorites—are as good as ever. The same can be said of Shirley's dancing, and of Juliet Prowse's dancing—especially in the ballet about Adam and Eve—**TODD A-O, 20th CENTURY-FOX.**

**BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG**

Dick Clark
Michael Callan
Tuesday Weld
Victoria Shaw
Warren Berlinger

high school drama

- In every teen-age movie there's a boy with a knife—or else someone is very disappointed. Well, we live in a violent age—age 17—and high school teacher Dick Clark, for one, is well aware of it. The principal keeps telling him to mind his own business (American history); his girlfriend (Victoria Shaw) says ditto; his eight-year-old nephew (for whom he is trying to make a home) would relish more of Dick's attention, but Dick is determined to help his students find themselves. He's got his work cut out for him. Among Dick's students are (a) Warren Berlinger, whose

(Continued on page 76)
Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi *waves while you sleep* . . .

brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you *wake up with a permanent* that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

*The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!*
LADIES—Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE 125 BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLES NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

Get this opportunity!

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD—MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. D-60541
Textile Bldg., Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Yes, I want the opportunity of earning $23.00 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to me by you. Without cost or obligation, please RUSH everything I need to start at once.

Name

Address

City Zone

State

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 39, P.Q.

BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL

The Nation's Top Disk Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. He has curly hair and rugged features. He is known for singing popular songs in a folk style. An excellent guitarist, he made the big time with million-record single "THE STORY OF MY LIFE." Latest single's "El Paso," Columbia.

2. This great arranger-conductor is best known for lush instrumentals. His biggest hit in the pop song category was "THE SONG FROM MOULIN ROUGE." Latest hit single's "THEME FROM A SUMMER PLACE."

3. She sang with Lionel Hampton at the age of 19. Her real name is Ruth Jones. Her last great single was "WHAT A DIFFERENCE A DAY MAKES." Her current hit is "BABY," on the Mercury label, with Brook Benton.

4. This Texan was born in 1924. He sings and plays the guitar. His favorite hobby is baseball, and he was signed to play by the St. Louis Cardinals. An injury forced him into the music business. His latest hit single is "HE'LL HAVE TO GO," on the RCA Victor label.

5. This 25-year-old singing star is married and has three children. Real name is Harold Jenkins. A past hit was "IT'S ONLY MAKE BELIEVE." His latest hit is "LONELY BLUE BOY," MGM.

6. This inimitable singing star has sold more millions of records than any other singer in the business. A relaxed style is his forte. Current MGM hit is "AMONG MY SOUVENIRS."

7. She's a great blues singer and helped Johnny Ray develop his famous style. A past hit was "TUESDAY." Latest is "DEE HARBOR LIGHTS" is a hit single on Atlantic.
in this issue:

Louella Wins A Golden Globe
Lucy And Desi's Divorce
Glorious Night For Anna Maria

Louella stopped to congratulate these happy young lovers at the Grove: Frank Sinatra's sweet little Nancy and her husband-to-be, singer Tommy Sands.
Big Night—Golden Globe Awards

Hollywood's Foreign Press handed out its annual accolades at a brilliant night at the Cocoanut Grove.

I'll be honest and admit I had special interest in the event this year as I was honored with a Golden Globe (more about this later), and also was honored by being invited to present the most important awards of the evening, "the world's most popular actor and actress."

Despite the blues of the strike, every star in Hollywood turned out dressed to the teeth to either receive an award or to present one. Photographers had a field day snapping Bing Crosby and Kathy, Marilyn Monroe, and Debbie Reynolds and Glenn Ford making their first appearance as a 'date' in public.

Bing and Kathy came late, left early. I doubt if Emily Post would approve, but Bing made his "Thank You" speech (he won the C. B. De Mille Memorial Award for greatest contribution to entertainment) then he grabbed his Globe with one hand and Kathy with the other and ran, didn't walk, for the exit. Oh, well—Bing always has been a social law unto himself.

On the other hand, a model of politeness was Debbie Reynolds who conspicuously applauded Elizabeth Taylor's winning "best actress of the year" award (Suddenly, Last Summer). Debbie looked beautiful in pale green chiffon and Glenn patted her hand encouragingly when she got up to make one of the presentations. Glenn is very sweet with Debbie—but gossip is his heart is elsewhere.

Doris Day won "the most popular actress in the world" Globe and she wore a high-fashion ankle-length cream-colored moiré gown with a matching jacket lined in sable! I was very flattered at being asked to present her Globe to Doris—and later to Rock Hudson as "the most popular actor."

The evening was well underway when Marilyn Monroe arrived and the room was darkened except for the lights on the dais, but with a small army of photographers making a dash for her we were not long unaware of MM's presence. She looked like a poster girl in a long white dress cut low with gobs of white fox around her shoulders. Marilyn won her Globe for "the best comedy performance by a woman" in Some Like It Hot.

But the real comedy hit of the evening was Jayne Mansfield, whose opening line, coming on the heels of the strike, "I'm glad to be working again." brought down the house although most of us were laughing with tears in our hearts. I'm afraid... There was some mix-up about Rock Hud-
son's seats and he and his date, Pat McCal-
im, were shifted from table to table and even stood up for a long time with no seats at all. Rather unusual considering that Rock was the winner of the most important male trophy! He certainly was pleasant about all the switching around and showed not the slightest temperament nor annoyance. . . .

I thought Susan Kohner and Angie Dickinson gave the nicest speeches of "Thanks" among the new stars honored. Susan has a special glow about her these days and I think her new romance with George Hamilton has a lot to do with it. Of course she was with George.

For some reason every woman at Dinah Shore's table seemed to have her hair done exactly like Dinah's—even to the blonde color. Dinah won as "outstanding woman singer and TV personality"—doesn't she always? She wore black and white, and somebody cracked, "—a switch from her color TV show."

Although Marilyn Monroe, his co-star of Some Like It Hot, was in the room, Jack Lemmon made no mention of her (or Tony Curtis) when he picked up his Globe for Tuesday Weld, all dolled up formal, complete with shoes, lost her voice, called it "laryngitis" and whispered "Thank You" for her promising new star award. Eve Arden (then mistress of ceremonies) said, "Laryngitis? What you've got is nerves, girl!" . . .

I was nervous, too, but I hope I didn't show when Dick Powell gave me such a wonderful introduction before presenting me with my Golden Globe for "outstanding dramatic reporting throughout the world." I am deeply, deeply grateful and so happy that Dick was selected to make the presentation as he and I are old friends and co-stars in Hollywood Hotel, the first hour-long broad-

cast ever put on radio. I am a sentimental man and I treasure such a tribute as this to the representatives of the Foreign Press, fellow workers and craftsmen.

Yes, it was a Big Night, and particularly for . . .
Lidia and Rossano Brazzi were just delighted with Anna Maria's singing.

Ricardo Montalban congratulated Judy Garland on how well she looked after her long illness.

(Left to right) Jimmy McHugh (co-host with Louella at party in honor of Anna Maria Alberghetti's opening), Anna, actress Barbara Rush, Louella.

George Hamilton has that look in his eye for his one-and-only, lovely Susan Kohner.

Party for Anna Maria

Little wonder that songbird Anna Maria Alberghetti sang like an angel straight down from heaven her opening night at the Coconut Grove. The stars seated ringside to listen to this beautiful Italian girl with the magnificent voice (and she's branched out into dancing, too) would have turned the head—and heart—of any performer. Because she has long been a close friend of Jimmy McHugh and mine, we jointly hosted a party for Anna Maria.

Judy Garland came, one of her first public appearances since her long illness, and everyone was so delighted to see her well...

Lidia and Rossano Brazzi were present, Rossano being my dinner partner. He told me he thought Anna Maria's voice was as lovely as many singers he had heard at La Scala in his native Milan.

Others who loved the show and later went back to congratulate the happy young star were the Van Heffins, Guy Madison, Eddie O'Brien, Terry Moore and her husband, Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay, the Ronald Reagans and Ricardo Montalbans, and Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands.

And if I say so—as I shouldn't—I had a wonderful time at my own (and Jimmy's) party myself!
Sad Divorce

Just doesn't seem possible that I Love Lucy isn't true anymore and that the end of what was the most popular TV show of all time also sees the end of the marriage between Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz. Of all the married stories of Hollywood this has been in many ways the most fantastic. A redheaded girl with a great sense of comedy and a Cuban with a funny accent who were, respectively, hits and then flops in Hollywood, went on to build up an empire of fame and finance that has no equal.

The whole world caught its breath when TV brought such wealth and fortune to Desi and Lucy that they casually bought for $11,000,000 the old RKO Studio which had once fired Desi.

Together, they seem to have found everything wonderful in life including two beautiful and much loved children. And now, after nineteen colorful, explosive, unbelievable tempestuous (their marriage was never quiet) years it's ended in the big nothingness: divorce.

I know Lucille well and I know she tried, tried, tried to keep this marriage together. She loved Desi—she probably still loves him. But Desi is, well—Desi. Hot-headed, funny-loving, nightclub-addicted, too easily fretted, often foolish, but also sometimes sweet and appealing. Now that it is all over, I wonder what he will do without that always extended helping-hand and heart of the woman who loved him.

She has gone to New York (later the children will join her) to build a new life.

Desi? He remains in Hollywood, the boss of their TV company, and he has, well—that $11,000,000 studio he acquired because "I love d Lucy."

Liz' Latest Injury

Elizabeth Taylor had expected to plane out with Eddie Fisher to pick up her "best actress" award at the Foreign Press Dinner in person. But she and Eddie, the day before, had made a hurried trip to Philadelphia to visit his mother who has been quite ill. Entering a cafe where they had gone for a bite of dinner, Liz slipped on the ice and strained her ankle.

Her New York movie, Buttefield 8, which she's making with Eddie and Laurence Harvey had just been shut down because of the actors' strike.

If anything could be said to be coming out of all this trouble it is that the delay gave Liz a chance to nurse her injured ankle.

Poor Liz, always in and out of hospitals—this last time for her ankle.

I nominate for STARDOM

Margo Moore

Believe me, a beauty! Because she has made only two pictures (Round Dog Man and Wake Me When It's Over) she isn't always recognized when she walks into a nightclub or restaurant. But you know she's there. You can hear the murmurs, "Who is she?"

And then, "She looks like Grace Kelly."

She does—but she doesn't appreciate the compliment. "I don't want to be a 'poor man's anybody,'" she begs.

Also, despite her success as a model she doesn't admit to being "a model turned actress." She says, "Acting was always my goal. I studied dramatics in college, and later in New York, and I turned to modeling only to pay for my lessons until I was equipped to seek work."

Recently she has made the gossip columns as an item with smart young producer Bob Radnitz whose current hit is A Dog of Flanders. Neither dates anyone else—yet she skirts a definite marriage date. "I suppose you might describe our situation as being engaged to be engaged," Margo smiles.

It will be her second marriage and she has a five-year-old son named Darryl by her first husband. The boy lives with Margo in an apartment in Beverly Hills. "I couldn't bear to have him away from me," she explains.

She was born Marguerite Guarnerius in Chicago on a certain April 29th, but attended the University of Indiana for her schooling. She is grateful that her successful modeling career led her to Hollywood with time off for TV in between. She did commercials as well as drama on TV and likes it. But she loves motion pictures.

And her 20th Century-Fox bosses are sure you are going to love Margo, the cool, grey-blue eyed, intelligent blonde who looks and acts a great deal like a one-time Miss Kelly, of Hollywood.
Glittering “Can-Can” Premiere

It might seem from all the social activity the week the strike was declared that Hollywood was being frivolous—but believe me, we were keeping our chins up with tears in our hearts.

It helped no one, even those laid-off, to sink into gloom and it was a courageous face Hollywood turned to the world, her glamour banners flying.

The entire Carthay Circle forecourt and terraced approach looked like a Paris street as the stars turned out for Can-Can, the big, bright, gaudy, entrancing picture starring Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan.

Director Walter Lang, and his wife, Fieldsie, had invited Jimmy McHugh and me to be their guests and it was an added thrill to spend the evening of such a big triumph for Walter as a member of his party.

Along with us were those two cute ‘just-engaged’ Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands, and Nancy’s mother. The Junior Miss Sinatra kept flashing her beautiful diamond engagement ring (which held her attention, I’m afraid, more than her father up on the screen).

Shirley MacLaine kept us amused by asking if we thought Can-Can would be released in Russia where ‘Mr. K’ (who panned it as in bad taste when he visited the set) could see the finished movie.

Jayne Mansfield, sporting more décolletage than usual (if that’s possible) was on the arm of her ever-lovin’ Mickey Hargitay and I must say the crowds seem fond of this really good-natured girl—she always gets a big hand.

Among others I saw Eddie G. Robinson, June Haver and Fred MacMurray, producer Buddy Adler and his wife, Nanette Fabray, and many, many others.
I think 1960 will be the marriage year of Kim Novak and director Richard Quine. She was beside herself when she heard he had fallen ill in London after flying there to take over the direction on The World of Susie Wong, and as I write this she is planning to join him. Could be the wedding will be in England . . .

Got a chuckle out of reading in Insider's Newsletter that Princess Grace's efforts to be a matchmaker between millionaire Aristotle Onassis and Ava Gardner came to naught. The Princess was so sure the Greek shipbuilding magnate would fall for Ava, her friend from Hollywood days, that she arranged a most intimate dinner. But the expected flame didn't ignite—and the palace dinner turned into a bit of a farce . . .

Who says Hollywood forgets or is cold to former movie queens? The reception received by Bette Davis when she and Gary Merrill opened before the home folk in The World of Carl Sandburg was tremendous and even over the footlights you could see Bette's eyes shining with happiness . . .

I'm getting fed up with master of ceremonies who try to be funny by making references to "the men's room" or "powder rooms." Certainly Hollywood's most formal affairs do not need this type of Chic Sale humor . . .

Nor have I been amused at many cracks about the strike—whether it proves to be short or long. Steve Allen went up in my estimation when, acting as M.C. at the premiere of Can-Can, he said he had deleted all jokes referring to the strike from his script . . .

Elvis Made Her Weep

I'm sure the only teenager who ever broke into heartbroken sobs because she had to meet Elvis Presley is Nancy Sinatra, the 18-year-old apple of Frank Sinatra's eye! And lest you other girls find this hard to believe, remember that Nancy and Tommy Sands had just given me the scoop of their engagement and Tommy was waiting on the Coast with her engagement ring while poor little Nancy remained in New York as a favor to her father.

Frank was paying Elvis $125,000 to appear on his (Frank's) TV show—a welcome home to the world's most famous GI, and he had asked his daughter to do the honors for him and meet Elvis when he flew in. It was very appropriate as Nancy, too, was to appear on the show as her father's hostess.

She is a dear little girl and glad to do a favor for her Dad—even though her heart was 3,000 miles away in California with another popular singer.

But the morning Elvis arrived, the Eastern seaboard was hit with the worst March snow storm in 100 years! With teeth chattering, Nancy had met Elvis, welcomed him for herself and her father, posed for pictures and then started (she hoped) for another airport where she would catch her own plane to Los Angeles and Tommy!

Half-way back to New York, the chauffeured limousine Frank had sent for her broke down in the enormous snow-drifts and half-frozen to death she walked to a service station and put in a call to her mother—and Tommy.

"Yes, I met Elvis," she told Nancy Sr. and Tommy, "But I'm so cold and miserable!" And the next thing her mother and sweetheart heard were just heartbroken sobs!

That didn't last long—not after Tommy slipped that four-carat emerald cut diamond surrounded with baguettes on her finger five hours later in Sunny California!
The fans are suggesting names for Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer's expected baby. In one month, there were 20 rave letters about James Shigeta. Brandon DeWilde: one girl calls him "the cutest boy."

Dozens of readers say Elvis' imitators will fade now that he is back.

LETTER BOX

You fans are pretty nice people and much more concerned with the inner workings of Hollywood than I supposed. The very week of the strike many of you airmailed letters to my desk expressing sympathy for actors as a group and your favorites in particular. As expressed by some of you:

Poor Edd "Kookie" Byrnes, my favorite. First the suspension by his studio and now this strike, sympathizes Virginia DeWitt, Atlanta. Some of the stars are rich and can weather bad times. But we people who work for smaller salaries can certainly feel for the others like "Kookie." What a thoughtful comment, Virginia. May Hollywood's troubles be settled by the time you read this. . . .

Donald Weir, Brooklyn, has an active plan: I'm not going to patronize any foreign made movies while Hollywood is having such a bad time, he writes. Hollywood has given me my greatest pleasure and has brightened my life in many sad times—and I'm going to prove my appreciation by spending my money only on Hollywood made films. Hurray for you, Don. . . .

Elvis, Elvis, Elvis—all over the mail! Elvis, the original, is back—now watch all his imitators fade, opines Phyllis Terry Smith, Tacoma, who admits she is only 15. But the girl speaks for dozens of fans, many of them older, who echo her sentiments.

Audrey Hepburn is the only real beauty in Hollywood and makes those wholesale blondes look like floozies. I hope she wins the Award for The Nun's Story, postcards Clementine O'Donnell, Baton Rouge. Well, you are certainly extravagant in your praise for your favorite, my friend. . . .

Well, another letter from Baton Rouge (you Louisianians are going strong this month.) Why you and Modern Screen conducted "A Date With Brandon de Wilde" contest enthuses B. Williams. What a pure to win—being escorted around Hollywood by the cutest 17-year-old boy on this earth!

And, Virginia Heinzke, Tipp City, Ohio, wants us to conduct a contest awarding a date with Elvis Presley!! Are you listenin', David Myers? . . .

Germaine Roy, Springfield, read where Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrar are welcoming suggestions for a name for their expected baby and Germaine offers: For a boy—Mark, Paul, Tony, Kenny, Scott, all go well with Ferrar. For a girl—Susette, Paula. Donna Marie and Penny are my suggestions—and good ones, too, Germaine. . . .

Thank you for nominating James Shigeta for stardom, writes Pat Gerrer, Placerville, Calif. I saw The Crimson Kimono twice and believe my eyes were glued to this wonderful and handsome actor! . . . (By actual count, twenty letters of raves over Shigeta this month.) . . .

Georgette Dawson writes snappily from Dallas, What's the matter? You haven't panned Marlon Brando as an actor lately? Can't remember ever panning Marlon as an actor. I think he's great. It's just some of his off-screen antics I find annoying. . . .

That's all this month. See you next month.

Louella Parsons
YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WHEN YOU USE TAMPAX

Tampax never shows, never embarrasses, never interferes with bathing or swimming: Millions choose it, millions use it. Worn internally, it's the modern way! TAMPAX...so much a part of your active life.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
be ahead in beauty

INSTANTLY

IMAGINE, beautiful, natural-looking hair color in an instant... a woman's dream come true! A color rinse that requires no patch or strand tests! That's NOREEN... "INSTANT" because there is no waiting for color to develop ...a TRUE HAIR RINSE because it adds just the right amount of safe, temporary color to beautify all shades of hair, or blend-in scattered gray. Color can be removed only by shampooing. Actually, all hair colorings fade and become dull in a week or so, and should be refreshed after each shampoo. NOREEN gives your hair that lustrous, fresh-looking color instantly... without rub-off.

Joan Crawford: THAT'S A SWITCH!

"I might be a little late for our dinner date tonight," Joan Crawford said as she hurried out the door on her way to the television studio. "I've got a lot of screen tests to take."

Her daughter Christina closed the door after her and wondered, "...Screen tests?"

Her mother, after all, hadn't taken a test in years; she was a proven star.

But she, Christina, wasn't proven yet, and if she was going to be on time for her own appointment, she'd better hurry and dress. Her agent had phoned her that she was going to be tested for a leading role.

Mother and daughter met again at dinner that evening, star and starlet. After they ordered, Christina said, "Mother, what was that you said this morning about making a lot of screen tests? I thought you didn't bother any more."

"Oh no, darling," Joan laughed. "I was testing the cameramen. I did take a screen test, dozens, but I was looking for the best cameraman."

"But tell me, how did your day go? Didn't you have an appointment?"

"I did," Christina sighed ruefully. "But I didn't get it."

"Why not?" her mother asked sympathetically.

"They said I wasn't the type."

"Really? What type were they looking for?"

"Well, Mother," Christina giggled, "believe it or not, they wanted a girl who looked like the daughter of a movie star!"
Get away from it all— to Tahiti, Bali, or Napoli—with adventure-loving Streamlite Luggage. Triple-strength construction and scuff-resistant vinyl coverings make Streamlite good for thousands of miles. Streamlite saves you money, too: from $14.95! Saddle Tan, Rawhide Finish, Colorado Brown, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue. 7 spirited styles for women, 4 for men—in the classic design that never goes out of style.

Samsonite Streamlite
NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES!
world's fastest natural tan!

TANFASTIC

Want a honey of a tan in a hurry? There's only one lotion with a tanning booster that gives you a faster, natural tan... and no burning or peeling.

It's Tanfastic!

And what better way to show off your Tanfastic tan than in the swimsuit above — "Tanfastic" by White Stag!

Send 50¢ for each record, with your name and address, to Tanfastic, Box 4A, Hollywood, California (Offer expires December 31, 1960. Void where taxed, prohibited, or otherwise restricted.)

cream white available everywhere in handy tubes or plastic squeeze-bottles
In your hour of torment, Sal, we are all praying for you...

In Sal Mineo's right eye there is a constant, excruciating pain. The medical name for the disease is Dendrite. It is a disease which 30 years ago was almost certain to result in blindness. Today a cure is possible, and Sal has not let his spirit flag. Bravely, perhaps even a little foolishly, he has gone on working harder than ever—despite warnings that he needs all his strength to finally lick this trouble which first hit him 7 years ago.

Here now is Sal's own story of his fight to save his sight. We thank him for telling this story, which may help others—and we are sure that everyone who reads it will offer his or her own prayer for Sal. . . .

(Story begins on page 62)
When the lovely photographs of Debbie in her new wedding dress arrived, all work stopped at MODERN SCREEN. Artists, writers and secretaries crowded around to look and go ooh and ah—and then to wonder. "Is Debbie marrying Harry Karl?" more than one person asked. "Is this the dress she'll wear if she does marry him?" "How could she?" somebody asked. "Marry him or not, she's been married before. And a bride doesn't wear white—never, never—when she gets married a second time." The gals around the office continued speculating on the problem, until finally, in order to get them back to work, our managing editor, Sam, called them into his office to give them the inside-inside story—the story behind the wedding dress—and to ask them if, after hearing the story, they still felt that Debbie shouldn't wear white at her wedding. (Continued on page 68)
SUBJECT TO HIS RESTLESS WHIMS AND PASSIONS

TODAY THREE WOMEN REMAIN, THEIR
THE SINATRA WOMEN ARE SWIFTLY CAST ASIDE

THEIR HEARTS, THEIR VERY LIVES ARE IN HIS HANDS

nt Taylor...June Tolley...Dorothy Towne
ana Trask...Joan Tyler...Gloria Vanderl
esday Weld...Melissa Weston...Nancy Whi
The Sinatra Women continued
This was going to be a big hour for Frank Sinatra. He knew that.

He began by loosening his tie and looking around the living room of his Las Vegas hotel suite.

His ex-wife sat just across from him.

His daughter, Nancy Jr., and Tommy Sands, who'd come with Nancy Sr., sat on a small couch to his left.

“Well,” Frank said, after a moment, breaking the silence, “what's the case, and who's the first witness?”

The other three laughed a little, nervously.

“You know what we came for, Daddy,” said Nancy Jr.

“I do?” asked Frank.

“I told you on the phone yesterday, from California,” the girl said. “Tommy and I—we want to get married.”

“And—” Tommy started to say.

But he gulped and stopped.

“And,” Nancy Sr. took over for him, “they want your permission of course, Frank.”

Frank Sinatra nodded, slowly.

“Okay—” he said.

The others (Continued on page 60)
Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner have passed their second milestone—having reached two years and two months (as this is written) of marriage with their romantic love still burning brightly, even if she does call him “old R.J.” and he calls her “Nat.” “How about these so-called difficult first years?” I asked the lovebirds as we sat in the colorful playroom of their elaborate new house—and I mean elaborate! “That first-year stuff is all nonsense,” said Bob. “All you have to do is use a little common sense. Why should the first year, even though it is a period of adjustment, be any different from the second or any of the years that follow? Who started this business that the beginning of marriage has to be rough—or that scenes (Continued on next page)
"This girl I've known so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her beloved 'old R. J.,' sounded so serious and 'wealthy' I couldn't help but laugh."
How do you get to Endsville? Well, you take your Rolls-Royce and go by way of the bank. Then ask any ancient Greek. When you see no more beatniks, you're there! You'll know it. It's way out.

or bad temper are to be excused on the grounds of 'Oh, well—it's their first year—they'll get over it.' Why start anything—then you don't have to get over it!' Natalie, who looked like a doll in coral silk slacks that matched the shutters, nodded her dark head in agreement with her husband's philosophic comments.

I had accepted the invitation of the Wagners to visit them and have a look at the mansion that the combined salary checks of Natalie and Bob have bought. There is no other home like it in Beverly Hills—or probably anywhere else. What they purchased was an English Colonial. What it will be when they get through with it is something best described by the Wagners. "When the remodeling is complete it will be along the lines of Greek revival," said Natalie knowingly. "Greek revival!" I said, trying not to show my ignorance. "What's that?" "Well," answered Natalie, "our decorator, Dewey Spriegel, says the early Greeks and Italians had the most beautiful homes of all—and livable and perfect for the climate of Southern California. The next time you visit us you won't even recognize the present architecture. By that time towering Grecian columns will front the house, the landscaping will be formal, and there will be a feeling of open spaciousness everywhere." This girl I've know so long, who always went in for comfort and simplicity, as did her (Continued on page 58)
Lee Remick rushed from the plane and into the waiting car.
The telephone call of just a few hours ago—those horrible words, those painful words—still buzzed in her ears:

"I'm a doctor. Your husband's been in an accident. He's calling for you. There may not be much time. You'd better come quickly."

Lee had prayed on the plane.
And she prayed now, in the car.
The same prayer. Over and over and over again.

"Dear God in Heaven," she whispered. "Oh God, please don't take him away from me . . . And, please, oh God"—she brought (Continued on page 73)
WHEN A GIRL BECOMES A WOMAN....

Sandra Dee’s most intimate thoughts on her 18th birthday...

The sun came pouring brightly through Sandra’s beautiful bedroom on the morning of April 23 and its rays bathed her sleeping figure with a golden glow.

Sandra stirred, then slowly opened her eyes.

Oh, what a beautiful day, she thought. It couldn’t be nicer if I’d ordered it specially.

She stretched out luxuriously on her white quilted king-sized bed. She knew she should get up and join her mother for breakfast, but she just wanted to snuggle under the covers a little longer.

When she had retired the night before, she had (Continued on page 70)
"I want to take the children away," Liz said. Eddie put down his morning newspaper and looked across the table at her with a stunned expression. "What in the world are you talking about?" he said. "I'm talking about this," she said, walking over to the window of the Park Lane Hotel in Manhattan, and looking down onto the concrete far below, filled with bustling people and traffic. (Continued on page 54)
Secret report
from Connecticut

WHY LIZ IS TAKING THE CHILDREN AWAY
I loved Desi with all my
WHERE
DID I
FAIL?

- Lucy opened one of the huge closets in the master bedroom of her Beverly Hills home, and tears began to mist her eyes. Desi's closet. Once filled with the colorful sport shirts he loved, with the fine custom-tailored suits she had helped him select. Now it was empty. Only that morning the movers had come to pack the clothes and take them away to where Desi was now living. Watching the men walk down the stairs carting the clothes away, Lucille felt as though she were watching them carry away the last visible remains of her marriage.

It had not seemed so final until this moment. Now, suddenly, she saw how very much over it all was. The marriage, the way of life, her dreams and her hopes and her love. That great, overwhelming love she had for Desi that had kept her going for so many years. He was gone. She felt chilly and shivered. She lowered her head and found some slight relief in the tears. They seemed to loosen up the sadness tied up inside of her. The memories, too...

Sitting down weakly on the bed, she closed her eyes, shutting out the present, recapturing some of those wonderful days of the past when she and (Continued on next page)
WHERE DID I FAIL?

She gave him children, fame, and twenty years.

2. Desi was in the Army. The fight he was concentrating on wasn't with the enemy, but with Lucy.

3. The fights got too bad and they separated. Now Lucy dated Peter Lawford.

4. But Desi was the only one she loved. She remarried him in 1949.

5. It seemed they would never have a child, but 1951 brought Lucie Desiree.

1. 1940. An actress and a bandleader were married by a judge.
Desi were married, before Desi grew cold. “Where have I failed?” she asked herself. “I loved him so. Did I love him too much . . . ?”

With a slight start, she recalled that several of her friends had accused her of that. It had first been thrown up to her long ago, soon after she and Desi were married. Something a friend had said to her shortly after she and Desi were settled in their first home, an Early American house in the Valley. What was it? Yes, it was that time when she was telling her friend what had happened the night before. She had thought it very delightful, very cute. Everything Desi did was delightful and cute. The friend had come by that afternoon and had noticed how tired Lucy was.

Lucy laughed and admitted that she was tired. “Do you know what happened?” she’d said to the friend. “The funniest thing. In the middle of the night—oh, it must have been around 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning—Desi woke up and said to me, ‘Honey, please get (Continued on page 71)

of her life—what more could a woman give?
Richard Egan had waited a long time to marry. He was in his thirties when he proposed to pretty Pat Hardy of the moonlit hair and Irish blue eyes.

But once he had carried Patricia over the threshold of his sprawling, modern home in Brentwood, he decided it would be a good idea to get started on a family as soon as nature would permit. "All the playing around's been done," he said. "The bachelor living is over. I want to dig in as a father as well as a husband. I can take care of a family. No sense waiting."

Patricia felt the same way. Every month she hoped to become pregnant. It seemed like forever to her before she had the first indications...
that a baby would be on its way. It was the day before Father's Day last year that the doctor gave her the good news. Although bursting to tell Rich, she kept the secret to herself all that day. The following morning, Richard found an elaborate Father's Day card under his coffee cup. "To be cashed in next year," it read, and he almost choked on his toast.

Along with Patricia, he read up on pregnancy and baby books until his tennis cronies began to call him "Doc." Happy plans were made for the baby, due in February.

They'd come home from a big Christmas party at the Walter Wangers' late at night when Patricia began to have cramps.

"It must be the rich food. After all, it couldn't possibly be the baby. The nursery isn't ready," she protested with a desperate show of logic.

Something made Richard awaken in the middle of (Cont. on page 56)
Childless and discontent, at 56, Cary Grant has dared to submit himself to controver-
sial medical treatment—a mysterious new drug called **L.S.D.** which intensifies the emotions and unlocks hidden desires. Under L.S.D. Cary says he is now ready to fall in love for the first time in his life... Here is the ex-
traordinary account of **THE LOVE DRUG**

On that most important day of his life, almost two years ago, Cary Grant walked pur-
posefully to his room, closed the door, and sat down to take stock of his life. He had to know, clearly, realistically, what his years had meant to him, and what he felt about his future. Because he was about to make the greatest decision he’d ever made, and no one could help him make the choice. He had never, in his lifetime, felt so alone. He was past fifty; he was a rich man; he was a star very much in de-
mand, with salary and terms of his own asking; he was adored by women, teen-agers and grand-
mothers; he was idolized everywhere; he was wel-
come in palaces and aboard yachts; he was an international symbol of male elegance. Yet all this had brought no hap-
piness, and he was facing it, painfully, now. That suave charmer the fans (Continued on page 66)
Why was Cheryl Crane, Lana Turner's daughter, taken out of Beverly Hills High—out of her grandmother's lovely home in Beverly Hills—out of a 'normal' atmosphere—to be committed to a State institution for wayward girls, El Retiro School?

I spoke to many people, including the head probation officer of the County of Los Angeles.

He told me: "There was no one specific incident that made us decide to send Cheryl to El Retiro. She did not commit a specific misdeed. It was only that living in the outside world had become very difficult for her. She was being reminded again and again of that terrible episode in her life (the stabbing) and these reminders were having a terrible effect on her. No one could have taken it, least of all a sixteen-year-old girl.

"Cheryl is a growing girl—sixteen going on seventeen (she will be 17 in July). She is passing through the most difficult years of her life. We felt she could no longer be exposed to the finger-pointing, made directly or indirectly. It might have ruined her forever. Cheryl (Continued on next page)"
Outcast by "that horrible accident" from the fun and friends of the normal world she knew, she needed all the love her parents could give. But Mommy and Daddy were always someplace else...
Friendless, homeless, exiled to grandma's house, guarded constantly by a probation officer, Cheryl escaped at night to find with car-hop Bob Gunn affection and solace no one else could offer...

had been completely exonerated by a coroner's jury of the stabbing. She had been cleared by the court of any intent to commit a crime. Because of her youth, she was made a ward of the court. The court placed her in the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Mildred Turner (Lana's mother). Everyone tried to co-operate—the grandmother, Lana Turner, the father, Steve Crane and Cheryl herself. We tried it that way. But in the end, it didn't work.

"Cheryl's case has been such an extreme one that the ordinary probationary care couldn't handle it. The slaying she had been involved in had made the front pages for months. We had hoped that permitting Cheryl to live nearly as normal a life as Continuing on next page)
Inside the walls of El Retiro, tall oleander and olive trees create an illusion of peace. Within the rooms, photos, dolls, precious bits of memory, remind each girl of the lost bright world outside.

possible would be a good one for her,” the probation officer continued. “So the court allowed her to live with her grandmother. She was permitted to go to a public high school, Beverly Hills High, where she would associate with teen age boys and girls.

“She also had constant sessions with a psychiatrist outside of high school life. Her probation officer, Mrs. Jeanette Muhlbach, met with her very frequently—more times than the probation officer   (Continued on page 64)
exercise, they do their calisthenics before breakfast, before going to bed at night. To make it more fun and to get the job done, they do their setting-ups to music. And now, Modern Screen has taken the best of the Hollywood stars’ favorite slim ’n’ trim exercises and set them to Academy Award winning songs like “Buttons and Bows,” “Thanks for the Memory,” “Mona Lisa” and many more for RCA’s special “Modern Screen Hollywood Method” record album. See samples of these helpful exercises as they appear in the album’s accompanying booklet on the next two pages. In addition, the booklet offers a complete calorie counter, purse-size, to clip and tuck away for reference. The photographs below and on the next pages are the same ones used in the album to show you step-by-step performance of each individual exercise set to music. Easy to master, easy to do, Modern Screen’s slim ’n’ trim exercises will help you keep fit.
They Do It To Music
continued

for lovely legs, ankles and thighs

1.
Stand with heels together and arms held loosely at shoulder height (A). Rise on toe (B). Bend knees all the way, deeply, and quickly sit on backs of heels (C). Rise up on toes again (D) and return to position (E). Repeat to a count of 4. Do ten times the first try. Increase to 20 later on.

Sit on floor, back straight, with arms extended forward at shoulder level (A). Move forward along floor by lifting buttocks on one side (B), bending knee on that side, digging heel into floor and inching ahead, (C). Repeat on other side with other leg, (D). Alternate to a count of 4, doing ten times.

for a lovely bust line

3.
Stand with feet together, shoulders back, elbows and raise arms to shoulder height. Interlock fingers or clasp hands in front of you at eye level. Pull or tug away strongly but keep hands firmly clasped (A). Relax (B). Pull should be felt in arms, shoulders and chest muscles. Repeat pull-and-relax to count of “one-two.”

for shapely hips
Sit on floor, legs and feet together, back straight, toes pointed. Raise arms high (A). Bend halfway forward (B), reaching toward feet. With the knees, legs held straight, toes still pointed, touch insteps (C). Return to halfway position (D), pausing, then back to start (E). Repeat to count of 4.

Do five times first, more later.

These and more helpful exercises, all set to your favorite music, are recorded in Modern Screen's Hollywood Method album, released by RCA Camden Records ($1.98 Monaural, $2.98 Stereo). Instruction booklet, complete with step-by-step pictures, for 12 slim 'n trim exercises, is included with the album. Plus feature: a Modern Screen Hollywood Method complete calorie counter, purse size, to clip and save.

Sit cross-legged on floor with hands on hips. Relax. Drop head forward for starting position (A). Roll head to side toward left shoulder (D). And back to start (E). Repeat to count of 4. Do slowly, evenly, five times.

for a slim waist and flat tummy

for a pretty chin and throat line
Why Liz Is Taking the Children Away

(Continued from page 36)

Eddie got up and stood beside her and
looked, too.

"Do you see?" Liz asked.

"New York—Park Avenue," Eddie said.

"Your favorite city—your favorite street. And
mine," he added.

"And what other kind of place for the
children?" Liz asked.

Before Eddie had a chance to answer, she went on:

"Eddie, why kid ourselves—it's not right
for kids. It's not right, first, that they should be
cooped up in a hotel suite most of the time. That when they go out—
for a walk up the street, just to get some fresh
air and some color in their cheeks— they
to have with a nurse and not with us,
or else they may get mobbled—
That's not right, is it?"

Eddie shook his head. "No," he said.

"And it's not right," Liz went on, "that they
live in a place where there's no chance for them to make any friends... Who, Eddie, who was their best friend there?"

"Jimmy?" Eddie asked.

"Yes, Jimmy—the bellhop," Liz said.

"And what did they do last week when he
told them he was quitting, that he'd gotten
a better job at the Waldorf. They cried
their eyes out for two days, didn't they?"

Eddie nodded.

"And Nature, or the natural life that
children love and need, or 'The Outdoor
Bit,' whatever it's called," Liz said,

"—trees, grass, flowers, grounds to play on,
sunshine that doesn't necessarily come through
windows— all that—they don't get any of that here, do they, Eddie?"

"Huh-uh," Eddie said.

"They can't go out, can't go out," Liz said.

"And besides—she hit her lip—"I didn't want
to tell you this, I didn't want you to worry. But yesterday, I was standing here, at
this window, just looking down... And I saw
the children, the three of them coming back
from a walk with the Nurse. They were
crossing there—she pointed down to
the wide avenue—and they were halfway
across—then she turned and went towards
them. As if it were out of control... And for a second. ... And for a sec-
ond—"

She stopped.

A great idea

"Honey," Eddie said, after a moment, putting
his arm around her, "I just had a great
idea. What do you say we leave
this town and move ourselves up to the
country?"

Liz looked up at him.

She smiled first.

And then, she began to laugh.

"Eddie," she said, "a place of our own,
in the country—do you know how nice
that's going to be? A house, some land, trees,
looking for a babbles brook—"

"A what?" Eddie asked.

"I've got a mad thing for babbles brooks, all of a sudden," Liz said, "and
that's the one thing I want for me... All right?"

"Sure," Eddie said. Then he took Liz' hand and led her from the dining room to
the breakfast room next door, where the
children—Mike Jr., seven; Christopher, six; and Liz, nearly three—were finishing
their morning meal.

"Kids—" he called out, "big announce-
ment time!" He told them of his and Liz' decision to look for a place in the country,
asked if the idea was okay with them (they
okayed it enthusiastically), and then he said, "Now, as long as this is Saturday
morning and we've got nothing planned, what
all hop into the car, drive up to Connecticut and have a look around?

"Before we go, though," he added, "one
ingredient in finding a place to have
in this place we choose, I want to
make it clear that the choice has to be by
unanimous vote."

He pointed to himself. "I've got to like it."

He pointed to Liz: "Mom has to like it."

To Mike: "You."

To Chris: "You."

And Liz: "And you—we've all got to
like it."

"How about Matilda?" little Liza asked,
prompting to a pet monkey who'd just
toddled into the room. "Does she have to
like it, too?"

Eddie bent and hugged the girl. "As long
as you're there, sweetheart, and as long as
we keep buying Matilda bananas, she'll
like it. Don't worry about that," he said.

The others laughed.

"Okay," said Eddie, looking down at his
watch, "I'd better call an agent. Then, hal-
tour, and we're off."

He started to leave the room.

He was, in fact, just about out when he
turned, once more, to Liz, and asked:

"Babbles brook?"

She smiled.

"Or I won't vote yes," she said...

Estates and mansions

The agent Eddie had phoned was only
too delighted to serve the Fishers, when
he realized just who the Fishers were. "Eliza-
beth Taylor and Edwin Fisher, yes, of course," he
said, and, as he got into the car with his
list, the dollar signs fairly popping onto
his forehead. "And such an adorable little
brood of children," he said, glancing
towards the back seat. "And a monkey, too,"
he added, forcing his already forced smile.

"—how de-lightful!..."

"Now this magnificent estate," he was
saying, a little while later, as he showed them
the property. "A treasure that, eh? And then
this is a buy I doubt you will be able to
resist. It is, in fact, one of the great Con-
necticut showcases. The house—or
manse, as it is called to it—contains
twenty-two rooms, all of them
rooms, as you can see. You are
surrounded by 350 acres of choice land. There
is a private lake, a swimming pool, a riding
ring—the children said, treasure that, eh? And then
there are 135,000 spring trees, deer
and sheep sheds. And the recent addition of
a mink ranch—with mink, of course."

"Of course," said Liz.

"And how much is this buy?" asked Eddie.

"Ahem," said the agent, clearing his
throat. He checked his list. "Exactly $590,000."

"Wow," said Mike Jr., who happened to
be standing close by at this point. "That
sure sounds like a lot of money to me... And
besides, it wouldn't get my vote any-
way, even if we had a whole lot cheaper."

"Why not?" Liz asked.

"It's too big," the boy said. "A person
could get lost in here, Mom, and it'd take
a couple of days to find him, at least, I
figure.

"Yeah," said Chris, seconding his broth-
er's motion. "Besides, it's too flat outside.
And, long as we're going to move, I want
snippets for my hike.

And," said little Liza, piping up, "me
and Matilda don't like it, neither."
Get a lively lift with colors by

CUTEX®

Tired of the same old lipstick? Yearning for some mad, glad, glamorous color to come along and sweep you away? Cutex has sixteen of them. Sixteen luscious, lilting shades, each one more irresistible than the last. And the very newest is a pulsating pink called “Sugar Plum,” shown above. Try “Sugar Plum.” Better still, try all sixteen…in your choice of two delightful Cutex textures, lush-'n-lasting Sheer Lanolin or light, creamy new Delicate.
The Story of Trish

(Continued from page 42)

the night. When he discovered that Patricia wasn’t in bed he got up and found her lying on the living room floor, curled up in pain. “It’s false labor. It will go away. Don’t bother the doctor at this hour, please.”

Richard sat down to keep her company, and took out the book on pregnancy they had kept handy. Opening to a certain chapter, he ran his eyes on the book, he asked her casually: “Do you have a pain now?”

“Yes.”

A few minutes later. “And one now?”

“Yes.”

Richard jumped up.

“Holy smoke, that’s not false labor. You’re about to have your baby, darling. That’s what the book says here.”

“In the present swollen state,” said Patricia weakly. “It can’t be.”

By this time Richard was on the phone talking to Dr. Aaberg.

Happy hearts and empty arms

The doctor ordered Richard to take her to St. John’s in Santa Monica immediately. They hurried out and Richard put on his brand new mink coat he had given her for Christmas only the day before. Driving to the hospital, he tried to whistle to prove how calmly he was taking it all, but nothing. The whistle stuck in his throat. Patricia put her hand on his. “Don’t worry, darling, I’ll be all right. You’ll see. They’ll send me right home. It just can’t be. Not for two months.”

She was rushed into the labor room immediately. An unutterably lonely feeling overwhelmed her as she lay there waiting for the order of bringing her baby into the world. Suddenly she felt a hand— a large, firm hand—reach for her. Richard’s. She looked up at him foggy and smiled. “I’m with you, honey,” he said, his own voice shaky. “I’ll be right here.”

Expectant fathers are not ordinarily permitted in the labor room. Richard had asked Dr. Aaberg to be allowed in. The doctor said it was permitted only for a moment. “Okay, Rich. I can tell when a man can be sent into the labor room. Go on in.”

If Patricia needed Richard beside her as the moment of giving birth she needed him even more after the baby was born.

A beautiful baby girl with black hair and exquisite doll-like features, but she was a premature baby, and like most “preemies,” her tiny life wavered. She
was taken from Patricia and placed into the incubator immediately.

There was at first the great anxiety shared by Richard and Patricia as to whether their baby would survive. After the first night, baby Patricia Marie was given a good chance. There remained the added anguish of Patricia of lying in bed in the hospital and hearing the happy noises in the corridor, where the other babies were brought by the nurses to their mothers, while her own baby remained in the incubator. Patricia's arms felt intolerably empty and her body hungered for the feeling of her baby pressed close to her.

Richard was with her as much as the hospital would allow. The card on the three dozen long-stemmed roses he'd sent Patricia brought tears to her eyes: To my darling wife—a game little girl. And to that game little girl of ours. I love you both. He'd look in on the baby through the glass window of the incubator and rush back to Patricia's room to give her reassuring accounts of the baby's progress.

"She's gained weight, I swear it. She's a knockout," he told her, and Patricia's face began to brighten. "She even recognized me. She absolutely did. Looked smack in my eyes and winked straight at me."

The house seemed strangely quiet when Patricia came home from the hospital. The baby had to remain in the hospital nursery until she had gained the proper weight.

"It's funny," Richard remarked the first morning Patricia was home, "we've lived here for a year and a half, and suddenly it seems so empty without the baby."

Mornings he would hang around the yellow bassinet, peering forlornly inside. "Can't wait till that little doll's in this," he'd say.

It was on a morning that they were planning to sleep late that the phone rang. They'd stayed up late the night before at a party. Richard had insisted that Patricia go to the party. It had been three weeks since the baby was born, and Patricia had been moving around the house. Richard himself found it hard at times to pretend he wasn't worried. At the party they'd deliberately been the last to leave in order to forestall facing the emptiness in their own hearts.

**Sunday special**

Richard was groggy when he answered the phone that early Sunday morning. Suddenly he sprang to life. "You mean this morning...?"

Patricia knew before he told her, what the call was about. Only one bit of news could have made Rich spring up so happily and exclaim, "It's a wonderful day today—a wonderful, wonderful day."

He strode into the hospital, his chest bigger, as he announced, "I've come to get my daughter."

Since they had both agreed they didn't—definitely didn't—want a nurse to take over the care of their baby, Patricia insisted upon sleeping in the same room with the baby. Rich found her making up the bed in the nursery.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"I'll sleep here in the nursery with her so that you won't be disturbed in the middle of the night."

Rich looked hurt.

"The baby will sleep in our room with us," he announced. "I don't care if she keeps me up all night. I don't want to miss one minute of my baby. I've missed enough time...""

In the middle of the night Pat woke to the soft chuckling sounds of the baby. By the dim light of the night lamp she saw Richard sitting in the rocking chair, singing softly to the baby cupped gently in the cradle of his arms.

He not only takes pictures of Trish in every position, asleep, awake, on her tummy or on her back playing with her toes, he also has his tape recorder going something like twenty-four hours a day picking up every sound she makes.

He holds the baby in the crook of one arm and carries on the most amazing conversations with her.

"Now see here, young lady," he says seriously, "when you start seeing one young man in particular, I'd like you to let your old man in on it. I won't interfere, you understand, if it's the right thing, but I can't have a daughter of mine going with just any guy..."

Trish looks up at him very soberly out of round blue eyes and emits knowing gurgles.

"She knows what I'm talking about, all right," he boasts to Patricia. "This little tootsie roll knows exactly what her old man is saying. She's a very intelligent baby..."

He moves her bassinet into his dressing room as he shaves, and father and daughter continue their profound conversations, with Richard making big talk about the coming presidential election and the stock market, and Trish responding with delighted chortles.

Patricia Egan is a very happy woman. She looks at the baby held so securely in the crook of Richard's arm and says, "There's the other woman in my home. And it's pretty obvious why she arrived ahead of schedule: she just couldn't wait to be hugged and kissed by Richard Egan!"

END

Richard can now be seen in A SUMMER PLACE, Warner Bros.
beloved “old R.J.,” sounded so serious and “wealthy” I couldn’t help but laugh. Well, get you, both of you,” I chuckled. “We’ve made up.”

“Well, I really haven’t cropped up,” Natalie smiled. “Both Bob and I love beautiful things, we always have—and we can afford them. This is our first home and nothing is going to displace that. We do not love, but value.”

“But I’ve always thought of you as so practical, Natalie,” I pursued.

“Umm, I slap— But who says valuable and beautiful things aren’t practical? Look at today’s market for paintings and objects d’art.”

“All right, all right—I give up,” I conceded. “From now on just tell me about the lovely things you are getting—yeah, you’ve sold me!”

“This room,” went on Natalie, indicating the playroom where we were sitting, “is the only one completed. It’s to be the only informal room in the house.”

Certainly, sheer comfort and hospitality dominate this large room. The color scheme of the large chairs are beige, pale green and coral, each chair having its own ottoman. The fireplace has been refaced with marble and there’s always a fire cracking there—whether it’s warm or not,” said Natalie, the proud home-maker.

One wall is taken up with a built-in television, built-in radio and an elaborate Hi-Fi. The opposite corner is occupied by a poker table and chairs. The complete effect is of color, comfort and homeliness, including the enormous coral divan and multi-colored pillows.

“Said Bob, ‘There’s nothing in here we can’t either lie on or put our feet on.”

“Just remember that,” laughed Natalie. “But please come now and let us show you the next room of the place and how it is going to be.”

Visualize the rest of the house.

We crossed the black and white marble entrance hall to a large high-ceilinged formal living room which was bare of furniture.

“But visualize this,” said Natalie almost breathlessly. “Two walls with embroidered draperies. ‘Deep white rugs will be placed over part of this black and white marble floor. The fireplace, too, will be black and white marble. The walls will be stark white and the furnishings of vivid lipstick red and dUlled gold.”

The words were literally tumbling out of Natalie as Bob stood by proudly seconding her enthusiasm.

“One thing that should interest you particularly,” went on the tiny Mrs. Wagner, “are the wrought iron gates which will be gold-leaved and open from the hall into this room. They are purchased from the San Simeon estate of Mr. William Randolph Hearst. Also, the really beautiful crystal chandelier which will center the living room. Bob and I treasure these things...”

It was hard to believe that in the midst of such a great man who loved beauty so much that his former home is now one of the art show places of the world. Yet, may my heart it was to remember the magnificent San Simeon estate and the many happy hours and days I spent as the guest of my former boss, the great William Randolph Hearst. If I could have shared with Natalie some of the treasures held by the former owner, I could have been discussing the great masterpieces of the world. After all, the man is an art collector par excellence; the treasures of the house would be valued to their owners. But I am still left to wonder at the many treasures that have passed through the former owner’s hands. The only thing I can do is to remember that I was the guest of such a person. The beauty of the house was such that I was left with the feeling that I had witnessed a great treasure. But, alas, I am left with only the memory of the great man who once lived in the house.

Adjoining the living room, I could see an open, walled-in section which had already begun to be planted with beautiful foliage and unusual blooms. I ventured, “I hope you won’t have too many troubles there.”

Bob burst into laughter and squeezed my hand. “Well, it’s an English equiva- lent of the Japanese rock garden room. During the warm weather months—it will always be opened. For the cold weather there is an enormous glass door closing it off but during the warmer weather months we have two Greek statues with orchids blooming at the base which go there.”

In spite of my promise to be good, I just couldn’t help gasping; “But all this must be costing a fortune!”

Natalie and Bob slipped their arms around each other and turned beaming faces to the room which Bob was showing off with unbridled enthusiasm. “We have two Greek statues with orchids blooming at the base of the fireplace, and a 1500 year old hand-carved gold frame, another treasure from the estate of San Simeon.”

The bedroom, in fact the entire back of the house overlooks the only salt water swimming pool in all Hollywood.”

Natalie, the hostess.

Once more seated in the comfortable chairs of their “one room” ready-to-use, Bob stretched his legs out toward the fire as Natalie gave a gesture to bring in hors d’ oeuvres and the makings for cocktails. “We had a platter of appetizers from the maid, she served me and Bob, herself, after taking a good first look that they were prepared as she wanted them. I could help but impressed with what a good and thoughtful young hostess Natalie is. It was a new angle to her personality and I’ll admit I liked her new dignity all over.”

She must have caught my thought for she said suddenly, “I hope you don’t think Bob and I have been bragging. Far from it. Bob, of course, has always had a very nice home when he was growing up and living with his parents. But having all these beautiful, exquisite possessions is all so new to me. I’m so appreciative of everything—I hope it doesn’t sound like boastfulness.”

“It doesn’t,” I quickly assured my brown-eyed young friend.

She went on, “As you know, after we were married, we lived in Bob’s bachelor apartment, later in my small apartment, and then on our boat—and having this wonderful, wonderful place just seems like a dream come true to us.”

“You wouldn’t be human if it didn’t,” I assured both of them. “Imagine being young and so in love and having so much which you’ve built together. It’s been a charmed marriage, hasn’t it?”

“It’s been and will be from the moment I slipped that wedding ring on Nat’s finger,” Bob said seriously; “But it isn’t true that we haven’t had some rough spots. Not be- tween us, you understand—but while our first year of marriage Nat was having serious career trouble.”

He referred to the year Natalie was on suspension at Warner Bros. and she could not accept any outside pictures.

Bob went on, “It’s a curious thing and I doubt if many people realize it—but at that same time when Natalie was out of work, I was working. Then there was a period when I had a long wait between pictures. There were moments when we were worried.

“But instead of our career troubles making a wedge between us—they brought us closer together.”

Natalie interrupted, “I can’t imagine being married to anyone who hasn’t the same interests. I never accept a script without having Bob read it and he has never agreed to do a picture without getting my advice. We both make suggestions and while we don’t always agree—each listens attentively to the other.”

This Garden of Eden.

“Don’t you ever have any good old fashioned quarrels?” I laughed. There must be some disturbing element in this luxurious Garden of Eden.

“Seriously, not many,” Bob answered. “If you want to know the truth we’re always too busy to let personal differences disrupt our lives.”

Natalie seemed on the verge of saying something but Bob reached out his hand, patting hers. “I just want to say this: I believe that the woman is the most important facet in married life. She sets the pattern. She makes the home and the social life. And in our particular case, she is a full business partner.

“I’m a lucky man to have a wife who is so beautiful and who has a wonderful disposition as well. You can’t be around Natalie for any length of time and feel discouraged or blue. Whether she is actively conscious of it or not, she has a great philosophy of life. She believes that anything that happens to you is enriching—and that goes for the bad spots as well as the good ones. Add to this her sense of humor and, well—you have a mighty fine girl.”

A world of affection.

It had been, for Bob, a long speech.” He looked a bit sheepish because Natalie and I had been listening to him so intently. But I knew Natalie was deeply glowing. But what she did was typical.

She threw a pillow at him and said, “Oh, old R.J. How you go on.” But what a world of affection there was in that gesture and that remark!

It was such a nice sentimental moment that I was really being facetious when I said, “And does all this ‘togetherness’ go for when you are working together on a picture?” The young Wagners had just

Marilyn Monroe’s Untold Story by Louella Parsons watch for it in next month’s MODERN SCREEN on sale June 2
completed their first co-starring stint in The Fine Young Cannibals at MGM. Yup!" they both laughed, a la Gary Cooper.

"What about your boat? Are you still at-crazy?" I wanted to know.

The Wagners had practically existed on Bob's boat before and right after their marriage. But they said they had sold the st.

Natalie said, "We still love the water and n. But we couldn't have both the boat and the house. And the house means so much more."

Bob laughed, "But we're playing it ar. We have good friends who have theirs. We're usually available for their I'm-end invitations.

Among their waterfront pals are Claire's and her agent husband Milton in who have a lovely home on popular o. The Wagner boat used to be a pet next to the Brem boat and through their mutual love of the water the couples have good friends.

Claire's an excellent artist, too," Natalie said. "She recently completed an oil of that is really very good. We're hanging it right there," she said, pointing to the place over the fireplace.

"Job said, "Well, go on. As long as we're wing our hair down to Louella tell her at else we have acquired in the line of things."

like a small girl listing off her most xmas or birthday presents, Natalie obliged. "Bob just surprised me in an original Vlaminck--a really beautiful thing. I'm so proud of it."

"And then, we enjoy the new young ists. There is Walter Keane, a new inter Nat likes very much. We went on buying spree and bought several paint- nts of his. Both he and his wife are artists. Prefer the wife's work, Natalie prefers Tare's paintings of children--so we set t this difference of opinion by buying "real of each!"

I was asked. "Good investments the future, you understand?"

I understood. I also understood that these o. "old R.J." and his Nat are two very ppy people in this frequently unhappy wn.

I slipped my arms around Natalie's slen- shoulder as they walked to the door in me. She's such a little thing. "How much do you weigh?" I asked s. Wagner.

"Ninety-four pounds, five-feet-two and as of--brunette!" she chuckled, paraphras- the old song. And Bob was about to in her in a slight duet when there was loudest sound of barking I ever heard rades a kennel. Apparently, other "mem- rs" of the Wagner family had heard rir masters' voices raised in song and tided to join in.

Sure enough, as Bob opened the door, in sped, jumped and skidded a tiny toy ole and a big Labrador retriever, both noping all over Natalie and R.J. in shear fright.

Above the yelps and din, I heard Bob r that Bing Crosby had given them the riever. I didn't get much of a chance to ally view either pooch, including Mr. s's gift, as dog-like, the animals were n making a race track of the entire ver floor chasing each other, then run- back to leap toward Bob and Natalie. My parting shot was, "Is this house ever ing to be so elegant that these dogs can't me in?"

"Never!" said Mr. and Mrs. Robert agner who, you can be sure, are going have a home as well as a mansion to e in.

End

Nat and Bob star in ALL THE FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS, for MGM.
"You know how it is with some lyrics, how they keep spinning up there?"
Frank pursed his lips, and said nothing.
"Well," Tommy said, reaching into his pocket for a handkerchief now, wiping some of the perspiration from his forehead. "I called Nancy later that night and I asked her for a date. And she said, Tommy, I'd love to—just like that; no ado but nice and sweet, like she really meant it.
"We had a great time that night. Nancy and I," he said then. "And I began to think to myself, I am dancing with a girl I barely know, talking away, yakking away, like I've done so many other times in my life—but this time I think I'm falling in love."
"Well," he went on, "what happened after that happened quickly.
"Two days later I got a note from Nancy. It was an invitation to a party she was giving the coming Saturday. The bottom of the invitation she wrote a P.S., telling me how much she'd enjoyed our last Saturday night together.
"I called her to say thanks. And we talked for two hours. My mother moaned about my tying up the telephone, but I couldn't help it. We talked and talked, and by the end of our talk we'd made a move. And then he said that next night, Saturday, was the party. And that's when it all really happened."
"What happened?" asked Frank.
"After the party ended," Tommy said, "I tried to have Nancy clean up. We were in the kitchen. I'd never kissed her before this, on either of our two dates. But now I did. I took her in my arms and kissed her, and I couldn’t wait to kiss her anymore. And then I asked her if she'd be my steady. And she whispered yes.

The secret
"We decided to keep our going steady quiet. We didn't want the newspaper columnists to get hold of this and make a big deal out of it. We wanted to be alone together, without the whole world looking in on us. So we went together for a couple of months, dating three or four times a week, going to movies, having dinners in small restaurants, taking long drives.
"In February, towards the end of the month, I left New York to do a TV show. A few days later Nancy flew out to get ready to do some work for you, welcome Elvis back from Germany, and greet him on behalf of your TV show. Well, we were together there for a couple of days. But then I had to return to the Coast before Elvis arrived, so we really didn’t have too much time together.
"And it was back in California when it began to hit me, how much I missed being separated from Nancy, how I couldn't stand being separated from her.
"After two days of this I phoned her, at the hotel. I was staying. I told her, ‘Nancy, I miss you. I miss you so much!’
"And I miss you, Tommy,’ she said.
"I asked her, ‘Nancy, are you all right?’ And after she said, ‘Yes, Tommy, I’m all right. I’m just so happy that I’m crying. Yes,’ she said then, ‘yes, Tommy, I’ll marry you. I love you, too. And I want very much to marry you.’"

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr., quickly, then back at Tommy.

"And maybe—Tommy swallowed something which seemed to catch in his throat—maybe you don't want her to marry a singer. To be truthful, it's an up-and-down life and you might not want your daughter to get through those ups and downs, and the trouble that it can cause, sometimes, for handsome people."

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr., quickly, then back at Tommy.

"And maybe—" Tommy shrugged. "And, he said, "there's always a chance that you might not like me, that you might not think I'm the guy for your daughter."

Frank looked around the room again, slowly, he walked to a window.

"You know," he said then, "about this religious thing—I'm no square. Why should I care?"

"About being a singer," he said then, "well, salesmen and truckdrivers have their problems, too."

"One last thing," Frank said, "about me liking you, or not liking you—"

He stopped when he got to the couch. He put out his hand.

"I like you fine, Tommy," he said. "My decision is yours.""

"Oh Daddy," Nancy Jr. shouted, joyously, jumping up and throwing her arms around Frank. "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy. Thank you!"

And for those next few minutes as the others laughed—Frank and Tommy and Nancy Sr.—the girl continued hugging her father, thanking him, kisses him.

Until, finally, Frank said something about this being a time to celebrate, left the room, went into the kitchen and returned, a few minutes later, with a huge bottle of cold champagne and four glasses.

The courtship of Frankie and Nancy

For the next half hour or so, the four of them talked, laughed, sipped, sipping a little, talking, Nancy Jr. doing most of the talking, actually—telling Frank excitedly, happily, about her plans for the wedding, the flowers, the gown, she wanted, the kind of reception, the friends and family she wanted to ask.

Until at one point she stopped, rather suddenly, and her voice a shade softer than it had been, and she asked, "Mama, Daddy, what kind of wedding did you have?"

Frank laughed.

"Things were a little tougher for me in those days."

"But didn't you have a very nice?" the girl asked. "I mean, do you remember what it was like, exactly, after all these years?"

Frank looked over at Nancy Sr.

"Sure . . . I remember," he said. "But women don't happen to remember these things better."

You tell them, Nancy,
just how it was." He smiled hesitantly.

"Well," she said, after a moment. "the date was February 4, 1939."

She paused. "That was a Sunday," she said.

And she paused again.

"And it was a very cold day—I remember that," she said. "The religious part of the wedding was in a church, of course. Our Lady of Sorrows, in Jersey City, where I used to live. And then, after the church, we went to my parents' house for the reception."

"On Arlington Avenue," Frank said. "Number 172 Arlington... Right?... A memory I've got?"

"Yes," Nancy said, nodding. She went on then: "And we had the reception. It was very simple. We had just the family, my brothers and sisters, my folks, daddy's folks. And for food, lots of pastries. And football sandwiches—those were ham and salami sandwiches wrapped in wax paper that the kids, the nephews and nieces, used to toss around; so they called them football sandwiches. And wine... And I guess that's all."

"And," Frank said. "I didn't sing."

"That's right," Nancy said. She smiled. "I think it was the first and last party your daddy went to that he didn't sing—he was so nervous."

Frank winked. "I should have thought..." he said. "I knew I had a good deal. You were a typist, damn good, too, and I knew I had a gal who was going to go out and make at least twenty-five bucks a week and keep me in clover... Right?"

Nancy nodded, and sighed again.

"That's right," she said.

First baby, first dreams

"Man, man the money situation those days," Frank said. "Most of the time I didn't have two nickels to make a dime. And sometimes to pay the rent at that first place—"

He looked up from his glass and over at Nancy again.

"You remember that first place?" he asked.

"Audobon Avenue?" Nancy said.

"The Audobon Arms, Number 12 Audobon Avenue, Apartment 37—three rooms, forty-two bucks a month," he said. "I remember."

He looked over at Tommy.

"That's where Nancy Sandra was born," he said, "your bride, our first baby... Number 12. It was right across the street from Audobon Park, this place. And I was just beginning as a singer then. Lots of time away. Lots of night work and rehearsals. But, man, came the afternoon and I'd be home and I'd pick her up from her crib, my baby, and put her in her carriage and out I'd go, wheeling her through the park for an hour, to show her off to the neighbors, to show her all the squirrels and the birds and the trees... Real nature bug I was then."

He faced his daughter.

"You remember, baby?" he asked.

"No, Daddy, not really," she said.

"You remember?" he asked, facing Nancy Sr.

"Yes," she said, softly.

His glass empty, Frank refilled it now, drank some more of the champagne, and said: "Number 12... We had our good times there... Dreams were born right there, right at Number 12...

"I was nothing then..."

"And we used to dream what I might be..."

"We dreamed hard..."

"And they came true, the dreams..."

"But they didn't..."

"Yes," Nancy said, again.

Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! Always to neat underarms. everytime to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet?

Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.

"And then what happened?" Frank asked.

Nancy said nothing now.

"So then," Frank went on, "what happened? Everything continued going fine. We had another baby, a son. And then another daughter. And we moved to California, and we got a house... Where was that house, Nancy?"

"Toluca Lake," she said.

"Yeah," said Frank, "that's right. A big house. Big. With a yard that ran right down to the water. And we had our own landing and our own boat. And every Sunday was picnic day—lunch on the grass, a ride in the boat, the whole family, you and me and the kids.

"And you remember the kids then?... Boy, they were small... And Sundays, before the picnic, Nancy Sandra here all dressed up on her way to church, in those white gloves?

"White gloves," he said, turning to his daughter, "I was always buying you white gloves. Two and three pairs a week. And how you loved to wear them. How—"

He stopped as he watched his daughter get up, suddenly, from the couch and lower her head.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing, Daddy," Nancy Jr. said.

"So why are you crying, honey?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she said. "I don't know why.

She took Tommy's hand, and he rose, too.

"I had the best once"

Frank put down his glass.

"Where you going?" he asked, as he watched them walk to the door.

"Where—"

But they were gone, suddenly.

And Frank shook his head. And looked over, once more, at Nancy Sr., who'd remained in her chair all this while. And he said, after a while. "I didn't mean for anything like this to happen... I wanted this to be nice for her. Happy and nice..."

"I know," Nancy said.

Frank's head fell against the back of his chair, and he mumbled something.

"Are you all right?" Nancy asked.

"Sure," Frank said, his voice flat.

"You look tired all of a sudden," said Nancy.

"Maybe I am, a little," Frank said.

Again, he mumbled something.

"You've been working hard, Frank," Nancy said. "Look at this picture here in Vegas, on everything."

"That's what happens when a guy decides to ride a merry-go-round," Frank said. "He can never stop... You should know that, Nancy; you should remember. It never stops. You get twenty-four hours and somehow you have to make a day of them. Sometimes it's strictly from bedlam. Sometimes I don't even remember what day it is... You tell yourself when you're young that you've got to be nine feet tall, and not a shrimp—and you never lose that feeling..."

For a long while after that, he said nothing—he just sat there, looking up. And as he did, Nancy could see his face turn paler, could hear his breathing growing heavier, and heavier.

"You're sure you're all right?" she asked again.

"Yep," said Frank.

He took another deep breath.

And then he looked down, and across the room, at her.

"And how about you?" he asked. "How's everything been going? We see each other quite a bit sure. But it's funny, isn't it, how we never really talk about those times? How about you, Nancy?"
"I'm fine," she said, in a quiet voice. "Happy?" Frank asked.

"Yes," she said.

"Have they been tough, too tough, these past ten years?" Frank asked.

"At the beginning, they were tough," Nancy said. "But you learn to live with your life, the way it's got to be, after a while. . . . And then it gets less and less tough.

"You going to get married again?" Frank asked. "You've been going out for quite a while now, to parties and things. I know he's a nice guy, from people who know him. I know he's proposed to you. That he wants to marry you. But that you keep saying no. Isn't that right?"

"That's right," Nancy said.

"Why?" Nancy asked.

"I've said before," she said. "I guess I can say it again. . . . I had the best once. I can't expect anything more in life than that. . . ."

"You know where to call"

She smiled, and tried to change the subject.

"I hear, Frank, that you've been going pretty steady recently. . . . with the dancer . . . Juliet Prowse?"

"Yeah," he said.

"She presently, Frank," Nancy said.

"I saw her in Can-Can. I've seen her on a couple of your shows. . . ."

"She's hip," Frank said. "And she's a good doctor of the feet who didn't come after me for what she could get."

"That's the way it should be," Nancy said.

"That ain't the way it often is," said Frank, more than a little bit ruefully. Again Nancy smiled.

"Tommy," she said, "he's an awful nice boy, isn't he, Frank?"

Frank nodded.

"And other girl," Nancy said, "did you ever see a prettier, more radiant, happier, than she was when she was sitting there, looking at him, while he was talking to you?"

"She looked beautiful," Frank said.

Nancy nodded.

She rose from her chair.

"Well," she said, "I'd better be going now."

Frank got up, too.

"We'll be here through Sunday, Frank," Nancy said, walking towards him, taking his hand. "Are you thinking about seeing you sometime? Tomorrow, maybe?"

"Tomorrow . . . sure," Frank said.

"Well," Nancy said again—she kissed him on the cheek now—"You know where we've been sitting by the table, if you knock, they'll bring coffee. I'll be home before you know."

And Frank, alone now, completely alone in the big room, walked back to the chair on which he'd been sitting and he sat again.

"Ten years ago," he found himself asking, after a while, "what happened ten years ago?"

He held himself looking over at the couch to the left, to the spot where Tommy, his son in law-to-be, had sat a little while earlier.

"I had everything," he remembered the boy saying before, during those awful nervous minutes for him, when he was as scared as "—except I'd get lonely. I felt empty inside me, like there was something important missing. I knew now that it was love.

. . . I'd get lonely." Frank repeated the boy's words to himself now.

He nodded.

Lonely, he thought.

He laughed an empty laugh. As he remembered his own loneliness now, these past long years.

And how he'd fought it.

With women—with woman after woman after woman—so many, he couldn't list them for you right now, not for a thousand bucks.

Women.

All kinds of them.

Good women, bad women, happy wom-en, miserable women, love-making wom-en, fighting women—starting from A and going toughly through a thousand numbers, with starting with A, all over again.

He slumped even further back in his chair.

He looked from the spot where Tommy had been sitting, with his daughter, Nancy Jr., and over to the chair where Nancy, the other Nancy, had sat.

He stared at the chair, for a very long time.

And he closed his eyes, warily.

And he tried not to think, nor remember, any more.

End

Frank will star in OCEAN'S ELEVEN, Warner Bros., and can be seen right now starring in 20th Century-Fox's CAN-CAN.

The Sal Mineo Story

(Continued from page 21)

Thirty years ago my eye wouln't have had a chance. The doctors tell me I'd have been blinded the very first time I neglected the pain.

And now, all through these warm spring days, I sit in my dark room, waiting, hoping, praying this crisis will pass.

Occasionally I walk over to the window, and although I shouldn't, I peek through the slats in the Venetian blinds. My dark eyes has a distort the color of the green buds unfurling in the outstretched branches of the apple tree, and, in the distance, the bright gold of the April sun silvers the Long Island Sound. And, within my heart, I thank God for the beauty He has given the world, the beauty we so often take for granted until suddenly we're shocked into consciously appreciating it

This latest relapse of my eye trouble—the crisis I'm going through now—occurred a couple of months ago after I finished working on my movie, The Gene Krupa Story. Not only did I have to learn to play the drums the way Gene played them, but I sat for weeks and weeks with the writer and director, as we were working out the 'little one' in his thin limp and the short stories I'd be doing in the script. I'd be up at dawn, drive to the studio, act in front of the cameras all day, finish at seven or eight o'clock. I'd get up even earlier to eat, go to rehearsal hall to rehearse the drum numbers, then, by ten o'clock I'd hurry to the projection room to catch the rushes of the day's shooting. I'd get home by one, only to wake up again at five. I never had a moment to stop and breathe. It was go, go, go, all the time.

Guilty secret

They say a runner never feels tired while he's running. It's only when he stops that he's out of breath. Or feels the keenness of pain in his heart from overstrain.

And suddenly when I finished filming The Gene Krupa Story, I was out of breath, on the verge of collapse. I woke up that first morning after the shooting was over, and there was that terrifying, excruciating pain in my right eye. I closed my eye. I wasn't imagining it; it was there, a pain that felt as though hundreds of sharp-edged knifeblades were hacking at my eyeball.

For three days I didn't tell anyone about the pain. I was scared, petrified. I'd been warned about what could happen. By the end of the third day it would become one of the torturous and unbearable I screamed in my sleep. And my mother knew my secret.

"Sal," she cried as she ran to my room, voice hoarse, "haven't you told any of us? What's the matter with you? Do you want to destroy yourself?" Her voice was kind, loving, sympathetic—my mother. But like a child I kept hoping against hope the pain would pass, that it was only temporary.

Deep down within my heart I knew better. I knew the pain was worse than it had ever been, and the doctors had warned me twice before. Mom didn't lose any time. She took me to Dr. Hubert's office in the East Sixties in New York, and when I got there and Dr. Hubert looked at me, he shook his head impotently.

"Sal," he said, raising his voice, "you'll never learn, will you? When I operated on this eye, I told you that if you didn't look after it, you'd be in a real trouble, that you were playing with fire as far as this eye was concerned. What's the matter with you? Can't you understand pain eyes?"

He was right. He had warned me. But that had been part of my trouble all my life; the fact that danger fascinates me. When I went to Mexico one summer, for instance, I took a chance and didn't get all the inoculations (1 hate needles going into my arms!) Once I rode a wild horse and it was one of the greatest moments of my life: the challenge of whether or not the horse would throw me. It did, and for weeks I suffered with a broken knee cap that wouldn't heal. But the broken knee cap was worth the thrill of excitement.

"Sal," Dr. Hubert continued, after he had finally examined my eye, "you know the problem is this. Your last warning. Your eye muscles are so weak it's a miracle you can see out of your right eye. If the pressure isn't eased, well, it might be too late to alleviate the condition. But, Sal, stop and take inventory of yourself. What is the world's bothering you? Something's eating at your insides for you to make such a terrible pressure crippling your eye."

I didn't say anything. What was bothering me? Everything. And nothing. The desire to do right by my work, the desire to keep growing as an actor. You know an actor's only as good as his last movie. And although I had thousands of fans, I was striving for one more."

"You must go into seclusion for a month. At least! If there's no improvement, there's the danger of complete atrophy which will kill."

He stopped, pursed his thin lips together. "Let's say this: that if the eye improves we stand a chance of saving it."

"My own enemy"

His words didn't sound real to me. They sounded far away like an echo, as if someone was calling from another world. I probably didn't want to believe what he was saying. I went out of his office and walked out into the sunlight I wore a black leather patch over my right eye and my dark glasses. Dr. Hubert told me I'd have to stop at the dark rooms for the next month. He didn't want the other eye strained.
And for a month now I've been wearing my patch and waiting for hours to pass in my dark room at our new home in Mamaroneck. I keep thinking how strange destiny is. Here I am, with a new home, and unable to see anything, perhaps God isn't punishing me, sentencing me to this confinment to prove to me how precious life is, that it mustn't be taken for granted.

And as I sit in this dark room, day after day, unable to read, listening to music on my hi-fi set, I realize how much I've been my own enemy ever since Dr. Miller mentioned the idea of a bandage when I was fourteen and undergoing the Crown Prince in the Broadway musical, The King and I. I was constantly on the go, trying to get TV recorded, getting into school. I'd get up at the crack of dawn, study my lines for television, go to school, rush home for supper, take the subway to the theater, finish the persona with by eleven-thirty and get home by one in the morning.

Call it ambition, call it drive, call it what you like. One week end I remember there was an elevator strike, and on Saturday morning I decided I'd still make the rounds of the producers' offices and casting cubicles, in elevators not working. So I climbed up and down flights and flights of stairs to ask producers, casting directors, secretaries to place my photo in their files.

That was around the time the first pain began. It started that spring, and I tried to ignore it, to pretend it wasn't there, but by midsummer it was too sharp to neglect. Whenever I walked out into the steaming hot sun, it was as if my eye was on fire, and I felt feverish and dizzy.

Finally I told my mom and dad. We were living in a newzy Place in the Bronx then, near the Whitestone Bridge. Mom was fit to be tied. She couldn't understand why I hadn't said something about my eye before.

Mom and Dad made an appointment for me with Dr. Miller, who's died since, and it was Dr. Miller who performed the first operation on my eye.

"Never, in all my years of practice," Dr. Miller said, "have I known a young boy to be afflicted with this deditc condition. Usually it only occurs in the forties or fifties. It's a . . . warning . . . !" He paused. "Had you let this go another week, young man, you might have lost your vision altogether. I sent you to the Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital, and that following morning he performed the operation.

He explained he couldn't give me an anesthetic because he had to see the eye react. The operation lasted forever, and the pain was devastating, but the pressure was relieved.

"Don't kill yourself!"

For three weeks I lay in that bed with a bandage over my eyes. You'd think that I would have had time to re-evaluate, but I was young and flippant and probably in love with the drama of it all. But living in darkness for three weeks seemed like three centuries, took a toll. New colors, sounds became so personal and important. At the end of the three weeks, the doctor came into my room one morning to remove the bandage. He removed his nervousness as he unwrapped the bandage from my eyes. His hands were steady, but there was an unevenness to his breath. When he had finished, my eyes had blinked and for a minute closed my eyes.

"Sal," Dr. Miller announced, "the operation's a success. You've blinked against the light." I opened my eyes. He was right. I had blinked my eyes against the sudden harsh whiteness of the hospital room.

"Sal," Dr. Miller continued, a firmness in his deep voice, I know you have a lot of ambition and that you have a long way to go in this business. But remember Rome wasn't built in a day. If you ask me, you're trying to build it in an hour. Relax. Take things easy. Don't kill yourself. You want to go for the world!

For the next three years everything was all right. I heeded Dr. Miller's good advice. I tried to take things easy.

Then I came home one summer after making my movie, Dino, a film I loved and believed in. I decided to tour for six weeks to promote it. On tour I didn't sleep and cut everything. When I returned to New York, my head was throbbing from the pressure, throbbing so hard it nearly burst. The pain was worse than ever.

I told my doctor that I decided to set up an appointment with Dr. Miller but he had died. So I went to Dr. Hubert who didn't spare any words.

"You're damaged," he told me, staring at me from behind his rimless spectacles. "I can't operate for months. It's too dangerous. It's like a deep wound that needs healing before I can possibly attempt to touch it.

"Mine," he called me, before he got to know me, "I'm afraid of complications so I want you to have a complete check-up."

I went to a physician who examined everything from my heart to my reflexes. And do you know what he had to tell me? To be so calm on the outside, but you're churn- ing inside at a wild pace. You don't have to function at a 100-mile-an-hour speed in order to get the most out of life. Why are you killing yourself?

For two months Dr. Hubert and the phys- ician confined me to our house. I couldn't watch television, read, use my eye in any way that would strain it. I listened to mu- sic for hours on end, and my love for it grew and grew.

Then, I had my second operation.

For weeks afterward I spent hours and hours in my dark room, listening to my records—jazz, swing, Dixieland. I wished I could have punched a punched bag to get rid of the tension, but Dr. Hubert insisted on total rest so I learned to release the tension inside me by listening to the music, letting its powerful drive carry me away.

"Man enough to face it?"

For four months my eye was bandaged, and I did know what it was like to be without this key to my vision. At one point, I got so depressed I found myself actually wishing God would strike me dead and that my life would be over. I was afraid of being a burden to everyone. But that was sinful. My mom and dad had Masses said for me at church as did thousands of my fans. I received get-well cards from all parts of the world, also holy crosses and medals from people everywhere who cared.

Gradually my eye improved, and the pain relaxed, and Dr. Hubert told me everything was all right for the time being. But he warned me strongly against overworking. His final words to me then, as I left his office, were, "Sal, don't let this happen again. Take it easy."

He never finished the sentence.

But, fool that I am, I flitted with fire again. I got caught up in the momentum of Stars on Parade, four to five weeks. So easy to slip again.

"Dark-Eyes" colors . . . doesn't cost. No sticky, heavy look, no brittle, breaking hairs. All day, all night for weeks, lashes and brows are NATURAL. 3¢ an issue. I missed an appointment.

"Dark-Eyes" doesn't smell, doesn't wash off! You can rub your eyes, swim, walk in the rain, even eat a good cry at the movies—yet retain that "beautiful" look!

Contains no antiseptic dye, "Dark-Eyes." "Eye" Hair in 200th Year. These shades: black, brown, light-brown.

SHORTHAND IN 6 WEEKS

FREE EXAMINATION


2 FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENTS OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTOS

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 silver tone per- manent enlargement of your favorite 2 photos, negatives or color slides. Be sure to include a copy of your eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your enlargements beautifully hand-toned and in oil and mounted in handsome ivory and gold picture frames. Limit 2. Enclose 10¢ for handling each enlargement. Originals returned. We will pay $100.00 for children or adult pictures used in our advertising. Act Now. U.S.A. only.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. B-64
7201 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
One Little Girl Against the World

(Continued from page 50)

ordinarily cope with her charge. This was because of Cheryl's extreme situation. And also because a very warm relationship had grown up between Mrs. Muhlbach and Cheryl. Mrs. Muhlbach has two children of her own, and the way Cheryl and Mrs. Muhlbach were more like mother and daughter than probation officer and charge.

Cheryl had hoped Cheryl to have as normal an environment as possible, hoping this would be the best thing for her. But with a child like this it's a gamble," the County probation officer said.

"Before the school session began at Beverly High last September," he went on, "Mrs. Muhlbach went to the school and spoke to the principal, and got several faculty members to pave the way for Cheryl, who would be starting her Junior year there. There was not only the problem of Cheryl's being accepted in school that the Sunday supplement of the paper. She didn't mind any of the kids there. But things happened that were beyond control. Cheryl became nervous and withdrawn. She didn't mind the kids at school, the more she realized how different she was. Even though she was treated like one of them, she felt self-conscious, even though most of the kids there tried to treat her like everyone else. Things happening inside this girl to make her feel isolated and afraid. The more she was with the other girls at school, the more she realized how different she was. Even though she was treated like one of them, she felt self-conscious, even though most of the kids there tried to treat her like everyone else. Things happening inside this girl to make her feel isolated and afraid.

"Cheryl stood there, her heart pounding, unable to speak. She froze her. She didn't know whether to throw away the rolled paper or not. She dreaded looking at it. She remained this way like a frightened animal, her eyes wide, her breath quickening. Finally, she slipped off to a quiet corner and opened it, her hands trembling.

"When she finally managed to smooth the paper, she read what it said:

"Dear Cheryl,

We girls at Beverly High want you to know that we read the Sunday paper that this made no difference to us at all. We think you're a good sport and a fine girl. We like you very much. Forget that story in yesterday's paper. We're forgetting it, too.

Underneath it were the signatures of 360 girls at Beverly.

The probation report continues

"Of course," says the probation officer, "this incident did a great deal to help Cheryl. It showed her that the experiences she had earlier was something that left another scar on her spirit. All of these experiences, accumulating, couldn't help but have a damaging effect on her.

"Cheryl tried to break through, to help her, she picked up a newspaper, she was afraid her case would be blazoned across the pages again. She could never get away from it. She felt trapped. She was a teenager with the usual emotional stresses of a teenager. But with the additional problems of those fears, and the feeling that she was an outcast. We couldn't help her, she had already felt abandoned."

"We were watching her closely. We could see this happening. We couldn't continue to expose her to the unexpected blows of the outside world. This girl had to be protected, particularly during the crucial teen years when she was developing into a woman. In a sense, she had to be in a shell, sheltered from the world. Continued exposure might have ruined her beyond powers of rehabilitation.

"So we recommended that she be placed in the El Retiro School for Girls. She needed the guidance, the counseling and protection of El Retiro. Cheryl tried to adjust to the outside world. I'm afraid the outside world couldn't let her. People can be cruel sometimes."

"The first cruelties"

Even though the kids at Beverly High tried hard to treat Cheryl like one of their own, they would crop up to hurt. At the beginning of the school year last September, the two told that Cheryl would be attending the school, there were many jokes about it. The main one being: 'I hear Cheryl is going to work in the school, she'll have an easy job herself. Later, as the kids got to know her, this crack was never uttered again.

Also, though the girls at Beverly really liked Cheryl, she did not really feel comfortable in one of them. She could never really live down that horrible 'Thing.' Like the girls in all high schools, there are cliques at Beverly, and an easy girl herself. Well, when the girls would make dates to spend the night at each other's homes, Cheryl was never one of those invited. The girls would say: 'You're older brothers didn't feel quite right about permitting a girl who'd done what she'd done to be in such close contact with their own daughters.

"Cheryl's parents, at Beverly say Cheryl was quiet. Actually, she was withdrawn, and feared.

"It would have taken a remarkable person to give Cheryl the guidance and home, Mrs. Mildred Turner loved Cheryl, but the girl was beyond her. Mrs. Turner—as the probation officer said—'is not young—fifty-nine—not experienced in raising a teen-age girl in normal circumstances. When her own daughter, Lana, was a ten-year-old who ran away from Mama, not Mama who ran Lana. Lana was quite wild, was a movie star and breadwinner. Mrs. Turner is a mild woman, easy to get along with.

"Also, she herself was frightened. She was afraid for Cheryl. She was always afraid that the child might get into trouble, without her protection could be disastrous.

"The child is a ward of the court, on parole, and any misstep could lead her into deep waters again. Also, she realized that the girl, developing into a tall, full-busted young woman with maturing desires, would have all the problems—and more—that go with teen dating. She was quite disheartened. Some boys wanted to go out with her in order to get to Lana and have Lana get them into pictures. Maybe the girl would get into trouble with that. Lana wanted so much to love and be loved. She was so confused. Mrs. Turner didn't know what to do with her. And the grandmother was torn between the—she thought the probation officer could see that she couldn't really control this girl.

"As for Cheryl's parents—they gave her everything money could buy. Little else. They thought so many Lana or Steve Crane have the kind of sense of values a girl like this needs. Lana bought Cheryl a white miniskirt, beautiful but suitable for school. She bought her a dress for the 1950 premiers, arranged dates for her with platooning young movie actors, like George Hamilton, for instance. George is handsome, suave, a real charmer—but Cheryl was tongue-tied and felt inadequate with him. When they didn't care for her, she thought miserably, but her mother and Fred May joined them later, and she tried so hard to pretend to her gorgeous, poised mother that she was impressed with her. The kid was subjected to so many tensions, so much stuff she felt she couldn't live up to. Everything was pulling her to make her feel more insecure. She often felt, in those social contacts that Lana arranged, that she was disappointing
her beautiful, gay, and charming mother

Her father, Steve Crane, handsome, suave, a former restaurateur, now a successful restaurateur, loved her. But he was always busy—busy with his work, his social engagements, with his new girlfriend. Steve loved his new, gorgeous girl, had Cheryl join them for dinner at the Beverly Hills Luau (which Steve owns). Cheryl walked in, felt eyes on her. Sat next to Helen (who was admiring her), and wanted to shrink. Cheryl felt "so big and ugly," next to beautiful, graceful, smiling Helen whom her father obviously adored.

Steve Crane (who gave his insecure, tormented daughter much comfort, but he tried to give her what he could buy. On her sixteenth birthday he gave her a car, a smart sports job.

Understanding from a car hop

The day after her sixteenth birthday party, Cheryl still felt HttpRequest in insecurity and inadequacy. The party had been a knockout at the Bel-Air Hotel, but had she lived up to it all? Her mother looked so beautiful—was she, Cheryl, clumsy?

Restless, she drove the car along Wilshire Boulevard, that evening. Dropped in at Dolores' Drive-In which is a hangout for teen-agers. Sitting in her nice car, waiting for her order of hamburger and coke, she noticed a tall, blond boy working behind the fountain. And the boy looked at her as though he was admiring her. Cheryl felt a tingle inside her. The boy leaped over the counter and walked up to her. He was wearing the jaunty little white cap of the carhop, the white apron. He was long-legged and good-looking, and had a friendly grin. "Hi," she said, "you look cute." They chatted. Cheryl glowed. She seemed to like her for himself. They made a date. They went to a movie later.

The boy is Robert Martin Gunn, from Sandusky, Ohio. She liked Bob. As she grew to know him, she was thrilled at his attentions. She felt loved for herself. She felt beautiful and important. Bob gave her understanding. He's nineteen and seemed to talk her language. He was working at Dolores' Drive-In at night because he wanted to be an actor.

Bob worked late at the drive-in—till 1:00 a.m. To see him, their dates had to be late.

Cheryl liked Bob. She had him at her grandmother's house for dinner. Lana met him. However, she had to see him. Their dates usually had to be late (after work). Much later hours than a sixteen-year-old girl should keep. Her grandmother told her she could no longer see him at 1:00 a.m.

One night, after Cheryl went to bed, after the grandmother had retired for the night, Cheryl slipped out of bed, got into her car and went to see Bob at the drive-in. The grandmother got up and noticed Cheryl gone. She panicked. Called Lana.

This was a dangerous situation for a girl like Cheryl to be in. Any offense or misdeed by a person on probation is magnified. Here was this child on probation, a ward of the Juvenile Court, free in the wee hours of the morning. Anything could happen. An incident with the boy. Even a traffic violation at that hour for a teen-age girl is in jail. How could she leave Beverly Hills. Cheryl finally came home. The grandmother and Lana were almost hysterical. Together with Mrs. Muhlbach, they rushed her home. Lana had to be protected from herself. What Cheryl was doing, we must assume, was being done in teen-age innocence or impulsiveness. But it could have dreadful consequences for her. She just had to be protected.

This, plus all the hurts and terrors she was experiencing in everyday living, finally made all of those concerned with Cheryl realize that it was becoming increasingly dangerous for her to continue as she was.

El Retiro School seemed more and more the answer:

A poem Cheryl wrote last November gives an insight into the heart of this brave, tormented girl. It shows the search she is exchanging her tormented self for herself. Introspection won first prize in a literary contest sponsored by the literary society at Beverly High, Quill and Scroll. Mozzarella Saxzy is proud to be the first outside of the school paper) to publish it.

Introspection
by Chérie Crane

My Father
Long have I sought in many lands
That for which I long
And never, never found.

Long have I waited
In blindness,
In hate, fear and human frailty
In all that this outer shell which covers me
Longs to possess.

But I,
Myself, underneath and deep
Have touched this long-sought thing,
Have reached out with the fingers of my soul
And touched
Ever so lightly.
The sweetness of that moment
Has filled me ever since.

Oh, God,
It fills me to an overflowing.

Of love
The night-tide is dark—
All around me is quiet,
And I wait in the never passing solitude.

My Father
YOU ARE MY LONGING,
You live within me;

Only You share the house of my inner-self,
And look out from the shell within me,
As only I do.

Oh, God,
Now when Your vastness
Fills me, fills me in my heart,
It is enough.

Only look with me through the windows,
Loose though the mask
At the outer world
While all the time sensing
With the fingers of my soul
Such sweetness as I could share with You.

Can the girl who wrote this be a "bad girl?"

Cheryl's new school

What is El Retiro like?
El Retiro School is in the San Fernando Valley, twenty-five miles from Beverly Hills.

When Cheryl was first told she would be sent to El Retiro for Girls she was frightened. What would she do? Would she leave Beverly Hills? This home she knew? Bob? What was she going into? The poor kid was scared. It took long conversations with kindly Mrs. Muhlbach to calm her fears.

The morning she was to leave, Cheryl wanted to take all her lovely clothes. Clothes mean so much to a teen-age girl. And Lana and Steve had been generous. Cheryl had beautiful clothes. Lovely evening gowns, stunning Italian knits, racks

Ugly broken, split nails...

made lovely in minutes with Marvel Nails

—a new liquid preparation that hardens into an glamorous finger nails. Now you can change broken, split, bitten nails into strong beautiful nails—stronger than your own nails. STOPS NAIL

Will not break or crack. Stays on until your own nails grow out. Can be filed, trimmed and beautifully polished. Each nail is made in one minute. You can do this on your own while wearing these nails. No preparation like it.

MARVEL KIT, 59c
DELUXE JIFFY KIT, $1.50
If not available at your favorite store, send 65c for $1.65 to:
MARVEL NAILS, Dept. DM-6
5249 W. Harrison St. Chicago 44, Ill.

High School Course at Home

Many Finish in 2 Years

Go as rapidly as your time and abilities permit. Course equivalent to resident school work—prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H. Text supplied. Diploma, Credit for H. S. credits already completed. Help wanted if you wish. One hundred students a month in business and industry and not at school. Don't be handicapped all your life, for a High School graduate, Start your teaching now. Free Bulletin on request. No obligation.
American School, Dept. HLs, Desvel at 58th, Chicago 37

HOW TO PUBLISH

Join our successful authors in a complete publishing program: publicity, advertising, handsome books. Seed for your new manuscript report and copy of New To Publish Your Book.
COMET PRESS BOOKS
200 Varick Street, New York 14

POEMS WANTED

For musical setting—send poems today. Any subject. WRITE DEPT. B16
CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 340, New York 1

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Soreness?

Relief Starts in Seconds!

No waiting for action when you use soothing, cushioning, Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's pads! Nerve-deep relief starts in seconds. Used at first sign of discomfort. Callouses are stopped before they can develop. The separate Medications included remove calluses. Order from the quickest ways known to medical science! At Drug, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
and racks of smart sport blouses, rows of skirts, many of them imported, were the last smart things from Jax in Beverly Hills.

Mrs. Muhlbach told the girl gently, "You won't need all these things. Take just a few important things." But it was explained to Cheryl that she could wear her own clothes at El Retiro—Cheryl was comforted to learn she would not have to wear a uniform. But the closets are small there, and shared. She wouldn't need her party dresses. Just one. No low-cut formal that she was so proud of. Not the beautiful strapless gown she'd gotten for her Sweet Sixteen party only a few months earlier.

Weariness engulfed Cheryl as she disconnected the phone to leave her beautiful things behind. She took a small suitcase and packed it with things she would need—a pathetically small amount, a few cotton shirts, some skirts and shirts. "May I take this?" It was a stuffed animal she'd slept with. Mrs. Muhlbach realized this girl who had been through so many wild, worldly experiences, was still a little girl. She nodded. Cheryl took her stuffed animal.

It was decided that Mrs. Muhlbach would take the girl's clothes and things. It was too much for her to handle. It would upset Cheryl too much to have an emotional sendoff.

Cheryl walked out of the house in Beverly Hills, and for the first time in thirteen years with her grandmother, a very tall girl but looking, all of a sudden, like a frightened little child. She walked down the street alone, placing her little suitcase next to her, the stuffed animal on top of it. Mrs. Muhlbach sat next to her, at the wheel.

The love that--past Beverly High and its campus and its football field. Past Blum’s, the ice cream parlor where the Beverly kids hang out. Past Wil Wright’s Ice Cream with its gay red-and-white striped awning. Past the Fwy, toward El Retiro. They sped along the Freeway to Ventura Boulevard in the Valley, past the stores and the traffic and the business district past the low ranch homes in the Valley. Farther and farther out they drove, toward the hills, with the houses farther apart. Past Paul’s, the little restaurant where Cheryl looked out and saw girls her age and their boy friends in boats on the small lake. It was country now, with lots of trees, green mountains rising on one side, the foothills of San Fernando Valley in front of them. There is the vast sprawl of Sylmar, the air is always clear and crisp in Sylmar, so high above Los Angeles.

There is a twelve-foot concrete wall surrounding El Retiro, with a barbed wire wall atop of that wall. A heavy, locked steel gate.

The little car stopped outside the gate. The probation officer announced her name. That was enough. Cheryl clutched her little suitcase, entered with the officer. And the heavy iron door closed behind her.

There is a peaceful atmosphere inside El Retiro, as though to give sanctuary and peace to the troubled young girls within. Cheryl saw over the lawn and the grounds, and it gave a sleepy atmosphere; the grass dotted with the olives that have dropped from the trees.

Here are girls of all races and creeds. Some of the inmates have committed a misdeed against society, some girls may not necessarily have committed any offense but are here because they cannot adjust to outside life. They need psychiatric therapy and that extra guidance and care which they have been unable to get in the home. There are training facilities for handling girls who are wards of the court and are in need of a character building program in order to prepare them for their responsibilities. El Retiro is a correctional school. It is there for the purpose of rehabilitation, not punishment.

The girls are allowed freedom on the grounds, but the tall steel gate is always locked. And the girls are under constant supervision. Cheryl is the thirty-eighth girl there, and the girls range in age from thirteen to seventeen.

Also, there is much done in the way of psychiatric therapy which Cheryl, and the other girls, are exposed to as part of their daily routine. There is a staff of psychologists who help the girls to make the adjustment so that eventually they can live in the outside world again.

This is a lovely, low cottages on the grounds—the dormitories where the girls live. The dorms are named after famous women: Florence Nightingale, Dorothy, Alice, Jane Addams. At the beginning, Cheryl was placed in the Receiving cottage, in a room by herself. New girls live in a room by themselves for the first few weeks—to adjust. Later, she will share a room with another girl in one of the long dormitories.

Much is done to eliminate the "institutional" atmosphere. The rooms plain, but the rooms are brightly painted and the girls hang up photos of their favorite rock and roll singers and idol posters. They are up on the wall. One girl has her paraphernalia in a cage next to her bed. Girls can keep their perfume bottles and make-up on shelves. They don't have to put out her expensive perfume bottles, those beautiful perfumes her mother and father had given her. The girls looked at them longingly, and Cheryl took a bottle to one of the girls who had nothing.

Cheryl takes care of her own room, does her own laundry (except sheets), is learning how to do it. She sits at the table, clears the table, helps with the dishes in the kitchen. The girls divide chores in the dining room.

Cheryl now goes to bed at 9:30, is up at 6:45. On Friday and Saturday nights, to bed at 10:30. Once every other month there is a dance at El Retiro. To this dance come boys who are carefully selected. Some of the boys are from families in the community. Some are carefully selected from the Youth Honor Farm, a correctional institution.

"Some go to counseling and religious services, and the other girls watch TV at night, or sew clothes for themselves. There is a record player, and perhaps Lana, noticing how few records there are, will come some Sunday morning, with record albums for Cheryl and the other girls. Cheryl will show her mother her room and how she has dressed it up with favorite pictures and "hers."

Maybe some day Lana's lost girl will no longer be lost. Maybe this little girl who had tried so hard to hold her head up against the world when she leaves El Retiro, will be—with God's help—a happy, secure young woman.

END

Lana will star in Portrait in Black, Universal-International.

The Love Drug

(Continued from page 45)

admired on the screen ("I'm bored with that word charm," he muttered) had to admit he didn't like himself. He was, he told himself harshly, "emotionally immature, cranky, often shy, egocentric and at fault for the failure of the three marriages."

Those marriages were, in a word, what had he involved the girls with, what had he left them with, but a feeling of emptiness. Actress Virginia Cherrill, heiress Barbara Hutton, and his partner of the "perfect marriage" were happily shy, egocentric and at fault for the failure of the three marriages.

"What L.S.D. does."

The experiment that Cary Grant turned to in desperation involves psychoanalysis with the aid of lysergic acid diethylamide (L.S.D.). Dr. John Mack, the man who administered the treatment, described L.S.D. as a "psychic energizer which empowers the subconscious and intensifies emotion and memory a hundred times." Under the drug's influence, given in small doses only under the supervision of a doctor, patients find that memory blocks are broken down and past experiences are even away back in childhood, are vividly relived. This provides an emotional release and may hasten a new understanding of their problems. In large doses, it induces a dream-like state in which the patient's innermost associations, seen in a dream world in brilliant colors, and feels disassociated from reality.

Since November, 1958, Cary has spent many hours in sessions with Doctor Hartman, listening to L.S.D. pills, and mood music and Hartman's prompts brought out fantastic self-discoveries.

"A lot of scientists on the West Coast are grateful to a few others who volunteered for the treatments," Cary said. "Some people may think us nutty, but the doctors don't." Cary points out, "What L.S.D. does is release the mind to a fantastic degree. You have waking dreams, and sometimes weird and wonderful hallucinations. But most important, it cuts down psychoanalysis to a very short period. For anyone like me, who has a deep-rooted desire for understanding and peace of mind, it's almost like a miracle.

66
"I feel now that I really understand myself. I didn't ever before. And because I never understood myself, how could I have hoped to understand anyone else?" That's why I say that, now, I can truly give a woman love for the first time in my life... because I can understand her."

The changes L.S.D. has brought about in Cary are remarkable and astounding. For one thing, she admits, she has been able to turn off the extraordinary personal lives that had dominated her in the past," he says now, "I was looking down on my faults in other people. If I didn't like humanity, it was because I didn't like humanity. I didn't like life. I'm ready to let people in.

**Disturbing discovery**

One of the disturbing facts Cary discovered about herself was that she had always felt rejected by his mother, and consequently, "I've always shied from women who look like my mother." Her mother, Mrs. Elias Leach, was a tall, black-haired beauty with olive skin, who lives alone now, in her 80's, in England, where Archibald Leach was born. Her son looks like her, and, as similar in ways, Mrs. Leach will admit today that she's proud of him, but, "But then he should be proud of me, as I brought him into the world to be a better man and woman." When Archie was twelve, his mother was placed in a mental institution, suffering from a severe mental breakdown. She was impulsive, aggressive, the boy knew—no one told him the truth for a long, long time. He locked his misery inside himself, his father took off with another young woman, leaving him.

The L.S.D. therapy has brought out all the tormenting feelings of those lonely boyhood years that Cary Grant had kept well-hidden and alone.

He says, "It was horrifying to have to face things about myself which I never admitted, which I didn't know were there. Now I know that I hurt every woman I loved... I was willing to tell kinds of defenses, hypocrisies and vanities. I had to get rid of them layer by layer... That moment when your conscious meets your subconscious. You've got to be the whole top of your head is lifting off."

He adds, "I think I'm ready at last to have children. I'd like to have a whole brood chattering in the dining-room table. I think my relations will be different too. I used to love a woman with great passion, and we destroyed each other. I loved not at all, or in friends. Now I love."

Cary Grant realizes that he was deliberately avoiding women who looked at all like his mother, he no longer has to hide them. He feels that his life has been a lot of Madlyn Rhue, a young actress with black hair, fair skin, enormous dark eyes with thick brows, a girl who comes from nothing, and yet lives a healthy old age, too. She's a woman who has had to fight for everything she wanted. Before she was born, her father had abandoned her mother, and her early childhood, she says, was "bitter and neglectful." But when Madlyn was used to thinking about her mother, the woman told her about a new drug called SIROIL, which has helped her. The SIROIL will stain clothing, bedding, etc. on a money-refund basis.

Cary takes it at 5:00 a.m., at 7:00 a.m., and at 9:00 a.m. It's an effective punch-in, it's a drive-in in the Rolls-Royce, for some days, for some time, for some period. This is a full, happy, utterly satisfying union. I just don't know yet, and I do not intend to foule up any more lives. I could be a good husband now, and I am ready to accept responsibilities and exchange tolerances. Even if I stay alone, that will be all right, too."

The interesting thing now is that Cary Grant is ready for life, ready for love. As he says, "Every day now is wonderful. I wish I could live 400 years. I am convinced that love is the healthy old age, too. If I drop dead within the next ten years, I will have enjoyed more living in the latter part of my life than most people ever know.

The daring experiment with the drug called L.S.D. has proved to be a success.

Cary stars in THE GRASS IS GREENER, Universal-International.
We now present for you this strange and miraculous story:

“Now I am talkin’ too much, too far ahead, eh?” she said. “Oh, what a terrible gabby old lady I’m gettin’ to be.”

She turned now, and placed the dress back into the box.

“There,” she said, when the lid was on the box again. “Now let’s go back downstairs so you can get ready to get your bath.”

She began to walk towards the door.

“Are you comin’, child?” she called out to her granddaughter, who hadn’t moved from the spot where she’d been standing.

Debbie was silent.

“Yes, Gram?” she said, “except I just want to say two things before I do come and go away—two things.”

And the little girl turned the one in front of her to the other.

“What are they?” the grandmother asked.

“First,” said Debbie, “you’re not a gabby old lady, like you said.”

She was silent, and was at the door, and, softly,

“No,” said Debbie. “No... And second, I’m not saying I ever will—but if I ever do, find a fellow someday and get married to him, I just want you to know that I’ll be honored to wear your dress at my wedding, Gram.” Just like you did. And Ma did my Ma.”

“Tha’s nice of you to tell me that,” said the old woman, “then, reaching for her handkerchief, she said. “Now here. Take this and dry your eyes... Come on. Come on, child.”

Suddenly, Debbie ran across the room and into her grandmother’s arms.

“My, my,” the old woman said, holding her close, trying to laugh, trying to push back her own tears. “What a pernicious work of heaven is it! Gettin’ so mucked-up over an old wedding dress? And cryin’ like this—as if you were forgettin’ you got good strong Texas blood in you...”

The fate of the wedding dress

To this day, no one knows exactly how the fire started. Some people say there was a short circuit in the incinerator, and that started it. Others will tell you that the Texas sun was so hot that summer of 1947 that it acted like a match to some of the old wooden farmhouses down in the southern part of the state, and actually burned them up. At any rate, there was a fire. And it spread very quickly through the little house, burning to ashes everything in it—nothing, that is, except the attic, amid everything else, a long white wedding dress, a dress that had been worn twice, and that would never be worn again.

Debbie Reynolds had forgotten about that dress by the time her own wedding day came around, some eight years later. It was, in fact, too hectic a wedding to think about such things. But the old woman had described to her granddaughter, who was only seven years old at the time, how she had worn it.”

Debbie Reynolds had forgotten about that dress by the time her own wedding day came around, some eight years later. It was, in fact, too hectic a wedding to think about such things. But the old woman had described to her granddaughter, who was only seven years old at the time, how she had worn it. She had been living in the attic of a small house on a small Texas farm back in 1945, when Debbie Reynolds—then Mary Frances Reynolds—was twelve years old.

She had been visiting her grandmother for the past two weeks. And now it was nearly time to leave. And her grandmother, who had promised her a very special present, had taken her up to the attic to show her the present.

“What is it, Gram?” Debbie had asked, excitedly, all the way up the stairs. “What is it?”

“It’s nothin’ that’ll overjoy you now, Mary Frances,” the old woman said as they entered the room, flicking on the light. “It’s a new dress. In a new dresser, standing in a new dresser box, on a new dresser rack, on a new dresser, in a new dresser room, a new dresser box, a new dresser, a new dresser room, a new dresser...”

Debbie interrupted.

The old woman led her across the crowded room into a small, hand-woven box, a cardboard box which sat alone on the top of an ancient bureau, a somewhat tattered box, but shining-free from dust as if, from time to time, it had been wiped clean—tenderly, lovingly, specially.

“Go ahead,” the old woman said then, “take the lid off and have a look for yourselves... Go ahead.”

Debbie began to remove the top of the box.

“Phew!” she said, crinkling her nose, when the top was halfway off.

“Her grandmother nodded. “That’s just what the moth says when they git that close—phew!” she said. “Now come on, keep liftin’ and take your look and then let’s be off.”

When the top was removed, finally, a few moments later, the old woman stepped back a bit and squinted her eyes and watched her granddaughter’s expression.

She was pleased to see the girl smile as she looked inside the box.

She was pleased to see her reach and lift out the white dress that lay there.

She was pleased to see her stare at the dress for a little while and then to hear her say, “Gee, Gram, this is pretty.”

“It’s my wedding dress,” the old woman explained, simply. “The dress I wore when I got married, and that your own Ma wore when she did.” She pointed back into the box. “And see,” she said, “there’s the veil that comes with it—and it’s the veil and the handkerchief—it’s for you to wear when you get married.”

The smile disappeared from Debbie’s face.

“But I’m not going to get married, Gram,” she said.

“I know, I know,” said the old woman. “I was twelve years old once myself, Mary Frances. And just like you, believe it or not—Mary Frances, when she was a little child, she used to pretend she was play with boys but who thought to herself, ‘Me, I’m never going to marry one of’em...’ Well, child, someday you’re goin’ to be a young lady. And you’re goin’ to meet a fellow. And instead of rough-housin’ together, you’re goin’ to find yourself wantin’ to marry together. And that’s where this dress is goin’ to come in...”

She tied the dress from Debbie and she held it herself now and looked down at it, as she continued talking.

“It was that way with me and your Grandpa, a lot of years ago, you know. We fell in love, and that happened. And we decided to get married. And first thing I thought of was, ‘Well, I’ve got to have me a real nice dress the day I get married,’ so, even though I didn’t have much money to name, I wrote to New York City and sent for this material—this lace and this satin and that veil stuff and those little hand-made lilies of the valley on the veil—and I didn’t finch a mite even when I saw the bill. For thirty-eight dollars it was; a lot of money in those days. But I just sat down, and made my dress and came the wedding and I wore it.”

She paused for a moment. Then she looked back up at her granddaughter.

“She got her dress,” the old woman went on, tenderly, at the time, she said, “I didn’t know why I needed so special a dress—not really, I didn’t know. I even thought to myself from time to time was I sewin’ it together, I thought, ‘Miss, you sure are a vain and selfish young lady spendin’ all this money on something you’re only goin’ to wear for one short day in your life.’

“But later on, pass time, I began to realize why I’d really wanted it, my dress, my white long fancy dress on my weddin’ day.”

“And that reason was, pure and simple, that I got to realize that my wedding day was the most important and beautiful day in my life. I was on my way to bein’ a wife... And, eventually, a mother... And, then, a woman, a real, grown, bona-fide woman.”

“And that for that one day that I was so special, it was right for me to want to go lookin’ so special.”

She winked.

“And chill,” she said, “there’s practical reasons behind it all, too. Like the walk-in—down-the-aisle-of-the-church part, I remember that. And that fellow, your Grandpa, standin’ there lookin’ at me like I was the most beautiful woman.” She still remembered that. And I think he remembered it, too, pass time. So that as we lived together and got into the little tiffs, sometimes the big tiffs, all married folk get into, I’m sure there were times he stopped a bit in his bickerin’ and remembered me not as an agin’ lady with hands red from hot water and field work and wrinkles furring near my eyes and my body slowly gettin’ different-shaped, but as that girl he saw that one day, that special day, all young and dressed up in her pretty white dress and...”

She stopped.

And cleared her throat.

“Am I talkin’ too much, Mary Frances?” she asked.

Her granddaughter shook her head.

“Well,” the old woman said, “I guess I am, really. But I’m near through now. And all I want to say before I finish is that you’re the one to describe this dress. It had brought me to my Grandpa a lot of luck in our married life. And your Ma, she wore it, and it’s brought her a good lot of years with your Daddy. And someday, Mary Frances, I want you to wear it, for luck in your marriage. And maybe if you ever have a daughter—”

She stopped again.
And Nobody No."

lovelier."

pany.

at

usually

got

I've

wedding

short

this:

She

wisecracks

moves

and

everything

beyond

Fisher

could

States.

Debbie

skill

on

of

the

—

It

It

She

Oh

Whichever

dened,

to

else.

tries

She

a

bitter

looks,

picture,

of

people

was

here."

"Uh-huh,"

Deb."

"Yes,"

Debbie.

"I want to buy it."

"Why?"

asked

Miss

"I need it,"

Debbie

just

as

I

lost it once. And now I've found it again."

And

need

"Miss

Head

sighed."

if

you

want

to

buy, dear, it's all yours,"

"Though

"I don't

think

I've

ever

seen

any

lovelier."

"Sure,"

"I

don't

think

I've

ever

seen

you

look

any

lovelier."

"Mommy, what've you got in that big

room. Her reflection shimmered back at her."

"Sure," she said again.

"And now," she started to say, "if the fit's okay with you—"

But she didn't go on.

She was looking at herself in the mirror, still.

Staring."

Debbie,"

Miss

Head

asked,

after

a

moment, "is something wrong?"

Debbie shook her head.

"No," she said. "... No."

"You're Miss Head, asked after

another moment.

"No," Debbie repeated. "... Nothing's

wrong."

She tried then to look away from the

mirror. But she couldn't.

"This dress," she said, finally, softly.

"What?" Miss Head asked.

"This dress," Debbie said. "I've seen it

before, Edith.

Miss

smiled.

Oh

no,

dear," she said.

"This is what they call 'ze original

from Paree.' It arrived this morning, Deb.

Air France, special delivery... There were

sketches... you. But you didn't see them.

... Nobody did."

"I know," Debbie said, turning to

her now. "I know it sounds strange, Edith. But

I have seen this dress before... When I

was a little girl, I saw a dress once, a

wedding dress, with lace on the skirt like

this, and with this same top, and with the

sleeves pulled just like this—and the veil,

too, Edith... the lilies of the

valley—just like this."

Miss Head looked puzzled.

"Where, Debbie?"

asked.

"In Texas," Debbie said.

"Texas?"

Debbie told her about that afternoon,

when she was twelve, with her

grandmother. Her grandmother had shown

her the wedding dress both she and her

daughter had worn.

"It's amazing," said Debbie, "—but this,

Edith, this was that dress."

"For thirty-eight dollars?" asked Miss

Head, laughing again. "Honey... honey, I
don't know exactly what you remember about

that dress. But this one was made for you

specialy. For exactly four-thousand

dollars... I mean—"

"Edith," Debbie interrupted. "It's the

same dress. I swear to you, believe me, it's

the same dress."

"I remember," she said, going on, "how

it looked as I lifted it from that box.

And I remember my Gram,' and how she

looked that day.

And what she said to me."

"How she took the dress from me after

a while and held it, like this, so lightly, in

her fingers, and how she said certain

things to me—"

For a long while after that, Debbie

was silent.

And then, suddenly, she said, "Edith, I

want this dress."

"You mean, to keep?" Miss Head

asked.

"Yes," said Debbie, "I want to buy it,

after the picture."

"Why?" asked Miss Head, directly.

"I need it," Debbie said, just as directly.

"I lost it once. And now I've found it

again. And I need to have it."

"Miss Head," she said, "If you want it to

buy, dear, it's all yours," she said. "Though

tell you the truth—"

"I need it, Edith," Debbie interrupted.

"I want it... More than I've needed and

wanted anything, in a long long time..."

It was a few weeks later.

The picture was over.

Debbie left the studio and drove home.

Carrie Frances, her four-year-old
daughter, met her at the front door.

"Mommy, what've you got in that big

All quiet on the

teething front...

Apply medically-formulated Num-Zit Teething Lotion to baby's gums for quick, safe relief of

teething pain. At all drug counters

NUM-ZIT

Teething Lotion

For toothache, denture irritation, neuralgic pains,

ask for NUM-ZIT Adult Strength.

Products of PUREPAC Corporation

Cover all

BLEMISHES with MEDICALLY APPROVED

Hide it

Blemish Cream

A Quick, Simple Way to Cover all skin imperfections—Birth-Marks, scars, dark circles, or

brown & white spots, bruises, veins, blotches. Stays on all day. Waterproof and greaseless.

SHADES: Light, medium, rachel, brunette, suntan and dark. Jar $1.25. Or send 25c for

liberal sample. At dime stores everywhere.

HIDE-IT RESEARCH CO.

5251 West Harrison St., Dept. D-6.

Chicago 44, Ill.

Home is where the hurt is when Multiple Sclerosis hits

Please say yes—GIVE to the

MS HOPE CHEST

National Multiple Sclerosis Society

257 Fourth Ave. • New York 10, N.Y.
When a Girl Becomes a Woman

(Continued from page 34)

put on her most precious nightg—a shocking pink nylon affair which made her look very grown up—and very sexy. She wanted to wake up feeling grown up and sexy.

Instead she woke up feeling exactly the way she had the morning before and the morning before that and the morning before that...

"Must get up," she said to herself. "Really must get up. There's so much to do.

But before she could hear a soft tapping on the door.

"Come in," she called.

Her mother entered the room, carrying a breakfast tray.

"Good morning, birthday girl," she said as she kissed Sandy on the cheek.

"We're not going to make a habit of this breakfast in bed, you know, but it's not every day a girl is eighteen. And I thought you'd like to look at your cards while you're still in bed."

"Oh, thank you, I would," Sandra replied, not quite understanding her mother's message.

"Take your time," Mrs. Douvan answered. "Remember. This is your day."

Then she left the room.

Message from a friend

Sandy sipped her orange juice and opened card after card. It seemed as though everyone remembered.

Some cards were cute and sentimental, some gay... and a few comical.

Then she came across one which she read over and over again.

"For my sweet daughter. I'm thrilled to read the message was scratched—How does it feel to be eighteen at last? How does it feel to be a woman?"

Why, thought Sandy, it doesn't feel any different at all, really. I look the same. I feel exactly the same as I did when I was 17 years 366 days old—tossing in an extra day for leap year.

It's silly for anyone to ask, "How does it feel to be eighteen?" as though one extra day will bring a miraculous change in you. And yet, maybe it's not so silly. When I went to sleep last night I secretly thought there would be a difference in me this morning.

She kept thumbing through her cards—and another message seemed to jump out from the white parchment paper upon which it was printed. It was a quote from Longfellow:

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again.

Wisely improve the Present.

It is thine.

Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, Without fear and with a womanly heart.

The card was simply signed... "a friend."

Sandra wondered who could have sent it and why there was no name attached to it. Then she read the words again and began to understand the significance of the message—and the significance of the day.

Look not mournfully into the Past... Why, she thought, for the past five years, ever since Daddy died, I've been doing just that.

Her thoughts wandered to her beloved step-father, the late Eugene Douvan—and she felt the same stab of pain she always felt when she thought of him too much. During the past few years she'd finally become adjusted to her loss—but there were times, like Christmas and her birthdays, when the knowledge that Daddy was irrevocably gone was almost more than she could bear. Particularly on her birthday.

Memories of years and years of birthdays kept coming back. She thought of the evenings when he'd come home from work with a sly smile on his face and a package behind his back—and he'd pretend not to remember what day it was—but she knew he wouldn't forget.

She'd be dressed up in her prettiest party dress and the whole family would go out to some wonderful restaurant that Daddy always loved. And there would always be a cake and candles and his wonderful voice would boom out 'Happy Birthday' and it would be the most wonderful night of her year.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly. Daddy bought her her first formal—and her first heels. The shoes were white satin, the strapless dress white, trimmed with red roses. And as a special present Daddy allowed her to wear lipstick for the first time, because they were going to be dancing at a very chic and grown-up night-club.

She remembered her thirteenth birthday particularly—not only because of the shoes and the dress and the lipstick and the fun, but because it was the very last birthday she shared with Eugene Douvan.

A year later he was dead. Snatched from her and her mother by the cruelty of a fate she couldn't and wouldn't understand.

When her fourteenth birthday rolled around, she refused any kind of celebration as there was to be, but even if there is, I wouldn't be able to see it if I keep on making comparisons. Of course I miss him. But I mustn't go on missing him for all eternity, is it? Perhaps it's not a bad thing, the memory of him. He wouldn't want me to be unhappy. I'm luckier than most girls—that I had such a wonderful person in my life even for a little while.

Wisely improve the Present, It is thine.

Those words went whirling around in Sandy's head as she got out of bed.

She looked at herself in the large mirror over her dressing table. She stuck out her tongue to the image she saw reflected.

Oh, that's a childish thing to do, she thought. But nevertheless there's still something about it. How to stick to my diet and watch those hips. No more of those crash diet affairs or anything as silly as taking epson salts to hurt things along. I've got to stop behaving like a fourteen year old when it comes to eating. I've got to stop raiding the ice box at three o'clock in the morning, and stuffing myself with ice cream in quarters of ice-cream my unknown sitor leaves at the house each week. If I become plump as a butterball, Cary Grant will never ask me sight.

I've got to stop that too. Daydreaming about men like Cary Grant—and getting crushes on all the older stars. It's absolutely sophsophisticated. It's one thing to get a crush on Paul Newman when you're fourteen... and hate Joanne Woodward for two weeks after they got married... then switch to Rex Harrison and Rock Hudson and Jeff Chandler. But to blush a
Where Did I Fail?

(Continued from page 41)

me a glass of water. That's what he said to me.

"And... the friend had asked,

"And," said Lucy, dimpling, "I got up.

How, I don't know. I was still half-asleep—

and got him—and got him the glass of water.

The friend was shocked. Lucy still remembered how surprised she was at her friend's attitude. "Lucille, do you mean to say you got up in the middle of the night just to get your husband a glass of water? Don't you know you're spoiling him? That's no way to treat a husband! You'd be smart if you got him to spoil you."

Lucy couldn't understand that at all. She said to her friend, very simply, "But I love him and I want him to be happy."

"Well, he's unhappy already, so why spoil him further?"

"I love to spoil Desi."

She'd believed that with all her heart.

Not long afterwards, she and Desi had gone on a camping trip. They slept in a tent. She remembered how frightened she had been in the dark, how she wanted Desi to turn on the little flash lamp. He'd grumbled that he couldn't sleep with a light

on. So the tent remained dark, while she shivered with fear like a small child.

She'd believed it was up to a wife to change herself into the kind of woman her husband wanted her to be. She'd been waiting for a long time to be married. Although she'd always had a strong, independent streak, once she married she learned to the opposite extreme, her friends felt. She felt it was up to her to make her marriage a success.

The man is the boss

Looking back at those early years, Lucy realized how people must have talked about them, not able to understand what it was that had made her enter so to her husband. To Lucy, at the time, it seemed the only thing to do.

She loved Desi. He was handsome and dashingly handsome, and even his changeable moods and fiery temper kept her in a state of constant excitement. He was a big, blustering man. He had the Cuban attitude about marriage. The man was the boss. She liked her husband to conform to his tastes.

It wasn't easy. What she wanted to do, Desi became a band leader and was constantly on tour. Lucy would have given up her career to be with him, but—well, that was a lot of bologna to give up, the band business being what it was, and some people not quite aware yet of Desi's great talent.
June Birthdays

If your birthday falls in June, your birthstone is the pearl and your flower is the rose. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

June 1—Marilyn Monroe
Pat Boone

June 3—Paulette Goddard
Carol Ohmart
Tony Curtis

June 4—Rosalind Russell
John Barrymore, Jr.

June 7—Dolores Gray
Dean Martin

June 8—Dana Wynter
James Darren

June 9—Robert Cummings
Luciana Paluzzi

June 12—Vic Damone
William Lundigan

June 14—Dorothy McGuire
Gene Barry

June 15—Eva Bartok
Maggie McNamara
Richard Boone

June 19—Pier Angeli
Marisa Pavan
Charles Coburn
Louis Jourdan

June 20—Audie Murphy

June 21—Judy Holliday
Maureen Stapleton

June 25—Charlotte Greenwood

June 26—Eleanor Parker

June 29—Robert Evans

June 30—Susan Hayward

Mona Freeman
June 9

Jane Russell
June 21

Richard Todd
June 11

Gower Champion
June 22

He was on tour most of the time, or playing late dates in town, and she was in Hollywood on an early-to-rise routine, and only now and then did they get together. Lucy wanted desperately to put down roots, so they bought a big house in the Valley. It had eleven rooms, most of them unoccupied, but to Lucy—waving dreams about her marriage—it was a symbol of permanence.

Sometimes the two of them got a break, like the time Desi got a night club engagement right in Hollywood, at Ciro’s, then at the height of its fame. Desi was still relatively new at band leading. He didn’t have a big felt hat now came back from bands every night, entertaining a different group of friends, applauding Desi. Night after night, she’d sit there, her body sagging with fatigue, but a bright smile on her face so that everyone could see how much she enjoyed Desi and his show.

Her love for him was almost a form of worship. She hadn’t realized how much she doted on him until just now—so many years later. There was the time, years ago, when a friend came to visit her. Desi was still working late nights at Ciro’s. Lucy had a day off. The friend came over for lunch. Afterwards, Lucy—and she recalled now how full of love her heart had been then—saw him through the window, a light smile on her face, and whispered proudly: “There Isn’t he beautiful?”

She couldn’t understand then just why her friend had said to her, “Lucille, honey, don’t show him off that way to others. They’ll all think—well, they’ll think you idolize him too much.”

Lucy had been annoyed then at what her friend had said and had paid no more attention to it. Now it struck her what the friend meant—she had been wearing her love for Desi like a bright, red badge. She had been building him up with her good looks. Smart women didn’t do things like that. Smart wives would try to make their husbands worship them.

The first time he left

The thing of it was that it was easier to be that way than to buck Desi. There was the day a married friend came to their house in tears, to talk over her own marriage problem. Desi had taken the man’s side, Lucy the wife’s side. Soon, they were arguing between them and the argument was worse, much worse, than their friend’s had been! Lucy wanted Desi to tell her she was right. But he was adamant. That night, the quarrel had reached such a white heat that he packed up his clothes and moved out of the house.

She remembered how it had affected her. She hadn’t been able to sleep that night. She’d become sick about the whole thing. If he’d only come back . . .

He did, the next day. And she decided it was much easier to give in to him than to have those quarrels—those dreadful quarrels which might end again with his packing his bags and walking out, leaving her in tears, her heart in pieces . . .

But she still had remnants of being the spirited redhead she used to be, and the quarrels had become more frequent. It had ended in her impulsively filing for divorce. But even filing those papers hadn’t finished the marriage. For they were so in love that they had fallen into each other’s arms again and made up.

They didn’t even have to remarry, because the divorce papers had never become final. Lucy that this became a strong, strong marriage, with a fresh start, that she insisted upon another marriage ceremony.

It was with a kind of desperation that Lucy had said to a friend then, “Sometimes second marriages are happier than first ones because people who’ve made a mistake apply the lessons they’ve learned of Desi using his knowledge on a new wife, and me on a new husband, we just treated each other like new mates.”

She had laughed as she spoke of those long, long years, and then she added, “I don’t know if it will work. But I hope so.”

The way Desi wanted

She remembered their first argument over a vacation. “A vacation in the snow,” Lucy had said, her eyes dancing. “Let’s get out of this heat.”

Desi, remembering her happy years in Cuba, shivered.

“Snow?” he said. “How can you want such a vacation? No, vacations should be in the sun.”

And so the vacation and most vacations after that were in the sun—the way Desi wanted them.

There was one dream they both shared. Lucy’s lips curled into a sad smile as she remembered the one big dream they had realized. Sure, it had been wonderful that they had been able to make a success of the big TV show, I Love Lucy, in which she starred. It had been fun making producers who said that it was all going to be so much better than it was. That she should have an American actor play her TV husband, eat crow. She’d insisted that Desi be permitted to co-star with her in the shows, over the objections of the producer, who insisted that she be in TV, and she’d been right. They’d been a hit, and she’d insisted that Desi be given equal credit with her in that success. But the big dream of something bigger, more important than the success of their early I Love Lucy shows. Even more important than the development of the television kingpin Desi had turned to build.

From the time they were first married Lucy wanted a baby more than anything else in the world.

She smiled faintly now, remembering the three scrapbooks. Other actresses keep scrapbooks about their screen and TV triumphs—but Lucille’s three scrapbooks
were different. They were started in the first year of her marriage. Three scrapbooks full of photos of babies which she'd put out from an early, imaginative source. And under each picture of a baby there was a caption Lucy had written herself in her own meticulous handwriting, as though the written words were from the mouths of the adorable babies themselves.

"Hi, there, isn't it about time I showed up?"

And farther on, "Hey, kids, what's the deal?"

"Say, what's holding me up?"

Month after month Lucy cut out fat little babies, and tried to hide her own deep disappointment with the funny sayings.

The big dream hadn't come to fruition easily. The years went by and there were only pictures in a scrapbook to reveal the dream.

And then one Sunday night, after they'd been married ten years, they were appearing together at the Roxy Theater in New York. Between shows they were relaxing backstage, listening to the radio, Lucy making some embroidery bits, Desi lying down.

All of a sudden the voice of Walter Winchell came over the air: "Flash... . Desi and Lucy were due to come in on Monday for tests and to give their report."

They rushed to a phone to find out from Winchell himself what was up. He had actually given the report from some informant at the lab.

They spent the next hour holding each other and crying with joy. Lucy smiled softly at the recollection. All through her pregnancy Desi had treated her like she'd never been treated before, "as if I were a papier maché doll." But that did not last very long. Tragedy struck: the pregnancy ended in miscarriage— as did the next one.

Desi was wonderful then

Lucy brought herself back to the present again with a sigh of relief. She thought of the two children who'd gone to sleep only a little while ago in their bedrooms down the hall. A wistful smile played on her lips as she remembered the birth of her first baby.

Desi was so wonderful to me," she recalled. "She told her husband and Lucy that she seemed almost as though Desi wanted to make up for her having lost the other babies and finally having borne one, that he began to treat Lucy like a baby. It was a new experience, having Desi wait on her, bring her breakfast in bed and scold her when she wanted to move a chair from one spot to another.

Their little girl was everything they'd hoped for. Lucille thought she and Desi had surely found Paradise together.

But right after little Lucie was born, Paradise seemed to crumble. When Lu- cille told herself everything was wonderful she may have been kidding herself. Desi began to go off on fishing trips by himself. When they'd go to Las Vegas for fun, Lucy used to hate it when Desi would spend hours at the gaming tables. She never could understand why he found the dice and roulette tables so fascinating. "It must be a strong man who would tell herself, but that didn't help.

When she learned that another baby was on its way she hoped it would be a boy. It was a strong man who would carry on his name. Maybe that was what he needed... Like everything attached to her marriage, Lucy embarked on even more elaborate preparations for the baby. She carried Desi's baby picture around with her in the hope that it would be a son who looked just like him. Her doctor laughed at her when she told him. But somehow when her boy was born, he did look exactly like Desi. They named him Desiderio Alberto Aranaz, IV.

She stood up and walked over to another corner of the room, where a photo of big Desi and little Desi stood on a tall chest of drawers. She picked up the picture, looking at them both, comparing them. It would make Desi doubly pleased when Desiderio was born. Desi always said Desiderio's love of music. So far, fortunately, the little boy showed no signs of having inherited Desi's quick, Cuban temper.

"Why, Desi," she thought, "If Gabby and the children would have had their father's mentality when they grew up, and her moderation... The thought of their growing up with just the two of us, me and Desi, was more than she could bear, and she grooped blindly in the top drawer for a handkerchief... and there was the ring.

Her wedding ring. Not the one she wore, even now. But the one she wore the day they got married.

They had decided to get married suddenly, just like that. They went to a wedding chapel,CONNECTICUT, and Desi realized that he had no ring. "So he ran to some dime store and bought me one for exactly that—ten cents," Lucy whimsically told the writer. She seemed quite richly out of her heavy heart."And I wore it for all those years... till it wasn't even round enough anymore for me to keep on my finger without cutting into it. Then it turned black. And I had to take it off and keep it in this little drawer, where I could come and look at it once in a while..."

But then, when they were first married, people would say, "The marriage won't last six months." Lucy enjoyed fooling them—fooled them for nineteen years. "How I wish," she thought ruefully, "we could have fooled them forever."

But she herself was fooled. She and Desi had conquered so many problems. They'd proved so many people wrong so many times. Perhaps she was too self-confident. In the last few years she thought nothing could come between them.

But after the early years had come the worst years of their lives. Not economic difficulties but something began to go very wrong at a time when everyone believed their life together was running smoothly. In the beginning Lucy had always been afraid that people would give her too much credit for the success of the I Love Lucy shows. She'd always been quick to point out that the series was a success mainly because Desi had made it a success. Without his genius as a producer where would they both have been, she'd asked.

When people tried to tell Lucy that she'd been the shoulder behind the wheel, the star of the family from the beginning, she'd burst into anger; "Why, that's nonsense. Desi's name was on the head of their newly-formed Desilu Productions. She'd become very angry at a friend who had pointed out. 'You're the one who made the Lucy shows so big—not he. Why don't you find the big one? You'll have to be sorry."

Lucy hadn't spoken to that friend ever since. Had that friend been right, after all?

There was a sign on the door, President, and everyone on the huge studio lot they had bought and scrawled to Desi, as Lucy had hoped they'd do some day. She'd said in a hurried corner to the other one that she was the one who'd made Lucy shows so big— not he. Why don't you find the big one? You'll have to be sorry.

Lucy hadn't spoken to that friend ever since. Had that friend been right, after all?

A kingdom without a king

When people, because of the power Desi wielded now, bowed and worshipped him, he might not need a worshipping wife quite so badly. If the whole world bows down before a man and calls him emperor, the time may come when he really believes he is one."

Had Desi reached that point?

She tried to shut the hateful thought out of her mind.

"But that is the good of a great kingdom when the king hasn't time to play very much more with his children or give his wife any real companionship?"

"But is that the ring of a finger."

"I've tried so hard. Where did I fail? Oh God, did I love him too much?"

She heard a call down the hall. Lucie was nine but, like most active children, would awaken with a start now and then. Lucy had tried to keep the atmosphere at home the same, but you can't hide much from children. They sensed something.

Lucie called out again. Lucille got up and hurried down the hall. She felt strong again. She was needed.

"All right, darling," she said, rushing in and holding Lucie close. "Don't worry. Mother's here..."

(Continued from page 32)

Please God, Don't Let Him See Me Cry...

(Continued from page 32)

her hands up to her eyes, and held them there, hard—"Don't let him see me cry..."

"Don't let me cry... I mustn't..."

In the hospital a little while later, she walked over to his bed.

His face was completely covered with bandages.

"I heard she could hear a voice moan from under the bandages. "Leee..."

As she looked at the figure on the bed, as she heard the voice, a heavy shiver ran through her body, and something seemed to snap inside her, and a voice in her mind cried out: No, this can't be!... then: No, it's not!"

She turned quickly and walked over to a doctor who stood nearby.

She smiled strangely.

"But that's not him," she said. "The voice is different. You must have made a mistake... That's not my husband."

"There's no mistake," said the doctor.

He reached for a sheet of paper. "Accord-
If you asked the nurse, "Don't you remember?"

"I am not your husband," said the doctor, smiling. "You came, easy go, eh?"

The nurse laughed a little. "Then what happened, Mrs. Colleron?"

"I did some television work," said Lee. "Then I did a picture, my first picture."

"Which was that?"

"It was called A Face in the Crowd," said Lee. "I had a small part. I played the part of a majorette, who marries Andy Griffith."

"Ohhh," said the nurse. "Now that's news."

"Yes," said Lee. "She smiled a little. "She seemed to be remembering something. The nurse, glad to see the smile, wanting to see it stay for a little while, at least, leaned forward and asked, "And what did you say?"

"Just what he said," said Lee, "—the very first time I met him."

"Your husband, I'll bet," said the nurse. "Lee hesitated.

"Tell me about her," said the nurse, "if I'm not being too noisy. That first time you met."

"It was at a party," said Lee. "After a month, after the pictures were cut and printed. There were lots of people there—some of the biggest names in the business. And I was a nothing. But when I first saw him, always as the man in a Face in the Crowd, they'd say, "Oh, of course, you were wonderful, just wonderful."

At first, it made me feel good. But after a while, I noticed that all of them, everyone of them, said it exactly the same way. I began to think that half of them hadn't even seen the picture, or me. And I began to feel sad."
good. . . And do you know what I did?" "What?" asked the nurse. "I felt so good, hearing this," said Lee, "that I began to laugh. I took his hand and I told him about how I'd been feeling up to that point. I'd been on a high and lonely cloud, I told him, and he'd come along and brought me right back down to where I wanted to be . . . I told him all this, still holding his hand, as if we were old friends.

And while I was holding his hand, there, that first time, I fell in love with him . . . Does that sound silly?" she asked.

"No," the nurse said. "We were married a few months later," Lee went on. "We went to Venice on our honeymoon. We stayed there for three months. We said to heck with everything, our jobs—everything. We were there and we were happy and we stayed. We lived in a pensione, one of those small hotels. And it was only the beginning; really. Because after that we grew more and more in love—something I didn't imagine possible—and we were happier still—

She stopped.

And she looked up again, towards the ceiling, thinking of the room upstairs, the big white room with all the doctors, where her husband lay, fighting for his life.

For a few minutes, neither she nor the nurse said anything.

And then, softly, the nurse spoke up. "Mrs. Colleran . . . may I ask you something personal?" she asked.

"Yes," said Lee, vaguely. "Yes, of course, if you want." "I was in the room before," the nurse said, "your husband's room, when you were—" She paused. "When the doctor told you to cry, she said it would help make you feel better. When you told him that you wouldn't, you couldn't, that you never did, that you mustn't." "That's right," said Lee.

"What did you mean?" asked the nurse. Lee sighed. "It's a long story," she said. "You wouldn't be interested. Really, you wouldn't." "I see," said the nurse. "I'm sorry—" she started to say.

When, suddenly, Lee said, "My aunt—it was she who told me that I mustn't cry. "'Your aunt?' asked the nurse. Lee didn't answer, just sat there, still. "'Your aunt?'" the nurse asked again.

"A long time ago," said Lee. "When I was five. I was only five, you see," she said, "and one day I heard that my mother and father were going to be divorced. Neither of them had wanted to tell me about it. And so they asked her to tell me, my aunt . . .

'It must have been a very hard moment for you,' the nurse said, as Lee sighed again, deeply.

'I cried when she told me,' Lee said. "I cried . . . It's been a long time since that day. But I remember the tears running from my eyes—I remember that. They ran down my cheeks and some of them ran into my mouth and I remember they burned the inside of my mouth and they began to wake me.

And I remember starting to cough at one point and my aunt slapping my back, hard.

And saying, 'Now you stop that, do you hear? Crying is for fools, for silly people who don't have fiber, strength, character, breeding. Crying is for weak people. Weak people. Not like us!'

And I remember her slapping my back harder and harder as she said that. And her saying, over and over, 'Now stop. You don't look ridiculous. You should be ashamed of yourself!'

'Until, finally, I did stop.

'And, from that day to this, I've never cried . . ."
new movies
(Continued from page 6)
father deserted him and whose devoted mother, it develops, entertains men while Warren in the study hall (b) Tuesday Weld, whose bedridden, nagging mother has already led her to seek more than solace in the arms of (c) Michael Callan, a motherless boy cynically thinking lessons in crime from a local butcher, who does his real work at night. These teen-agers can grow up to be social outcasts—or butterflies, depending on Dick Clark's help. There's really nothing dull about this movie. (James Darren, in a guest appearance at a high school dance, sings the title song.)—COLUMBIA.

THE UNFORGIVEN
race hatred in Texas

- Life in the Texas Panhandle (of the 1860's) has a desolate beauty about it, although the presence of Audrey Hepburn enlivens the area and overcomes its sense of isolation. She is part of the Zachary family. Mom (Lillian Gish) raised her from infancy as her own, and the brothers. Burt Lancaster, Audie Murphy, Doug McClure, adore her. All would be well if it were not for the sudden, eerie presence of a crazy old man (Joseph Wiseman) who looks like a threat of disaster: He has spread the news that Audrey is really an Indian who was kidnapped from the Kiowas by the now dead father of the Zacharys. Not only is the news shocking (and vehemently denied by Lillian Gish) but it turns all the neighbors, including the stricken Bickford family, against Audrey. Love scenes, battle scenes, bronco-busting scenes, scenes of idyllic days fill the screen with charm and passion, and with fine entertainment.—CINEMASCOPE. U.A.

CONSPIRACY OF HEARTS
Lilli Palmer
Sylvia Syms
Yvonne Mitchell
Ronald Lewis
Michael Ansara

children of war

- Many Italian soldiers had little enthusiasm for World War II. Certainly they didn't enjoy being jailers of children. This movie, based on fact, is set in 1943. On a hill in northern Italy stands a beautiful convent in charge of Mother Superior Lilli Palmer. Below it is a 'transit' camp mainly occupied by Jewish children. The children have dug a tunnel. As many nights as possible, groups of them—starved, frightened, orphaned—crawl through it. They are met at the far end by nuns and shipped by truck (whose driver is Sister Meg Jenkins) to Partisans and safety. The camp commander (Ronald Lewis) looks the other way. Then the Germans take over and in the very next rescue mission a nun is killed. Nazi Colonel Albert Lieven promises the same fate to anyone else who disrupts the camp. Finally he invades the convent, surprises a group of children at religious service (Hebrew), swoops down on the nuns at their devotions and demands that he is going to place Sister Lillib before a firing squad. The children, of course, can break your heart—and Sister Lilli's nobility is inspiring.—PARAMOUNT.

THE SWORD AND THE DRAGON
Russian spectacle

- Here is a spectacle whose costumes, scenery and action will dazzle you, partly because it was made in a foreign country (Russia) but mainly because the Russians have let themselves go. In telling this famous folk legend they bring monsters to life, casually mix magic with reality, shamelessly (when they think it's called for) flood the screen with a presentation of 'nature's wonders' that you would expect to find in an animated cartoon. The total effect is deeply satisfying. The story is about Ilya Muromets, for centuries a Russian folk hero. The impossibly heroic Ilya (a handsome, bearded giant, usually glittering in mesh armor), a cast of one hundred thousand and an old-fashioned rendering of blood and gore will hold you enthralled.—VITALITE.

THE TRIAL OF SERGEANT RUTLEDGE

Jeffrey Hunter
Constance Towers
Little Burke
Woody Strode
Juan Hernandez

- Under the direction of John Ford, a not very original plot takes on stature and dignity. The scene is the Arizona Territory, the court martial of a Negro sergeant (Woody Strode) who is accused of the brutal murders of a young white girl he's known all her life and of her father, a Major in command of the Post. If possible, Strode has made things even worse for himself by deserting the post after the killings. Overtaken by Lieutenant Jeffrey Hunter, who later defends him, Strode claims he was deserted because he knew that no one would believe a Negro's story. The most moving portions of the film are due to the face and carriage of Woody Strode, and his great presence and reserve.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNER BROS.

7. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

| 1 | more than almost any star | 2 | a lot |
| 3 | fairly well | 4 | very little | 5 | not at all |
| 6 | am not very familiar with her |

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

| 1 | more than almost any star | 2 | a lot |
| 3 | fairly well | 4 | very little | 5 | not at all |
| 6 | am not very familiar with him |

I READ: [ ] all of their story [ ] part [ ] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely
[ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
[ ] not at all

9. I LIKE RICHARD EGAN:

| 1 | more than almost any star | 2 | a lot |
| 3 | fairly well | 4 | very little | 5 | not at all |
| 6 | am not very familiar with him |

I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely
[ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
[ ] not at all

10. I LIKE CARY GRANT:

| 1 | more than almost any star | 2 | a lot |
| 3 | fairly well | 4 | very little | 5 | not at all |
| 6 | am not very familiar with him |

I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely
[ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
[ ] not at all

11. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

| 1 | more than almost any star | 2 | a lot |
| 3 | fairly well | 4 | very little | 5 | not at all |
| 6 | am not very familiar with her |

I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely
[ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little
[ ] not at all

12. I READ: [ ] all of THEY DO IT TO MUSIC [ ] part [ ] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

13. How many phonographs do you have in your home? (If none write "0")

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) [ ] MALE
(2) [ ] MALE
(3) [ ] MALE
(4) [ ] FEMALE
(5) [ ] FEMALE
(6) [ ] FEMALE

AGE . NAME . ADDRESS . CITY . ZONE . STATE .
New!  Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence.

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

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

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
WASH IN COLOR
WASH IN GLAMOUR

New Color Shampoo
Wash ’n Tint
by Lanolin Plus

COLORS • CLEANS • CONDITIONS • Imagine a shampoo that makes blonde hair blonder, adds shimmering lovelights to brunettes, blends in greying strands, guarantees younger-looking hair! A shampoo that makes yellow streaks disappear from grey hair; replaces fading red hair with cascades of brilliance, And hair always looks natural, never artificial.

WASH ’N TINT does all this—and more! The protein in it adds body, lustre, makes hair more manageable.

WASH ’N TINT—greatest, safest, easiest, cleanest way to color your hair! So marvelous, you have to see it to believe it!

A shade for every woman: Natural Blonde, Brown, Black, Auburn, Silver.
Scoop! MARILYN MONROE TO ADOPT CHILD
see inside

modern screen

25c

IS LIZ AFRAID TO HAVE A BABY WITH EDDIE?
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

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

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

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

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

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
SOMEONE ELSE'S HUSBAND AND SOMEONE ELSE'S WIFE...!
How does such a thing happen, and why? Where does it take place, and when? What does it lead to, and to whom? From the outspoken best-seller on marital infidelity!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents
KIRK DOUGLAS • KIM NOVAK
ERNIE KOVACS • BARBARA RUSH

Strangers When We Meet

co-starring
WALTER MATTHAU
VIRGINIA BRUCE • KENT SMITH • HELEN GALLAGHER A BRYNA-QUINE Production
Screenplay by EVAN HUNTER, based on his own novel • Produced and Directed by RICHARD QUINE

Mad for each other... married, but not to each other!

CinemaScope • EASTMAN COLOR
No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Tale. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet... pure, imported Italian Tale... your all day Veil of Fragrance.
M-G-M IS BRINGING
BROADWAY'S BELL-RINGING
MUSICAL TO YOU!

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

Starting

Judy Holliday
Dean Martin

FRED CLARK with EDDIE FOY, JR. • JEAN STAPLETON
Screen Play and Lyrics by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • Music by JULE STYNE
Based On the Musical Play BELL'S ARE RINGING
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI

Screen Play by BETTY COMDEN and ADOLPH GREEN • Music by JULE STYNE
As Presented On the Stage by the Theatre Guild
PERIODIC PAIN
Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
24-page book explaining menopausal is yours, FREE. Write Dept P-70. Box 280, New York 11, N.Y. (50c in plan wrapper)

Anne's RADIANT
with MIDOL

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

ＱThere's a report that Shirley MacLaine and her brother Warren Beatty refuse to talk about another for publication. Is this because Shirley is opposed to having Joan Collins as a sister-in-law?
—E.S., EVANSTON, ILL.
ＡNo, it's because Warren is opposed to making it as a star on his sister's fame.

ＱHow come after all her publicity— and I do mean all—Jayne Mansfield faded so much from the Hollywood scene? Did the public resent the imitation Marilyn Monroe bit?
—J.L., DALLAS, TEX.
ＡThey resented having Jayne pushed down their throats. If you recall it was the public that discovered Marilyn in small roles— and it was the public that demanded better roles for her. With Jayne it was vice versa.

ＱI read a great deal about Marilyn Monroe's recurring illnesses while she was in production with Let's Make Love. What was the state of her health during the month-long actor's strike when she didn't have to work?
—K.H., BOSTON, MASS.
ＡShe had a slight cold.

ＱWhat was the real cause of the Suzy Parker-Pierre LaSalle breakup?
—D.L., MONTREAL, CAN.
ＡThroughout their marriage both made a thing about being able to go their separate ways. This time they went too far.

ＱThere was a rumor circulating that Dean Martin had a brain tumor. What are the real facts about this?
—H.G., LAWRENCE, N.Y.
ＡThere was a suspicion of a tumor. Ex-rays proved otherwise— and Dean's dizzy spells are suspected of being the result of too much high living. At the moment, however, he's not taking advice to slow down too seriously.

ＱHow serious is the feud between Tony Curtis and Glenn Ford, and how did Tony feel about not getting an Oscar nomination for Some Like It Hot when Jack Lemmon got one?
—T.H., DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.
ＡBecause of their heated differences over the Actor's Strike (Tony was violently for it, Glenn just as violently against it), it's unlikely Glenn and Tony will talk to one another again. Tony still speaks to Lemmon but was sour over his own lack of nomination.

ＱWhat are the chances of Bobby Darin marrying Jo-Ann Campbell?
—R.D., BANGOR, ME.
ＡExcellent—if the romance can survive the long separation of Bobby's new public appearance tour.

ＱI have been a fan of Lana Turner's for more than 20 years and can't ever remember her going on personal appearances. I read she is doing some for Portrait in Black. Is she doing this to cover the bad publicity she's been getting because of her daughter Cheryl?
—T.W., NEW LONDON, CONN.
ＡNo. Lana owns 50% of the picture. The more interest she can create, the greater amount she figures to make.

ＱDo you think James Garner will legally be able to walk out of his Warner's contract—even though he insists it became null and void when the studio put him on suspension?
—A.C., ANNANDALE-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.
ＡThe studio will fight the case to the highest court to keep Jim in its fold. As long as they keep fighting, Jim will be unable to work for anyone. Hollywood bets Jim will be back at Warners.

ＱThe columns seem to be linking Lucille Ball with Morton DaCosta, the producer-director of her new Broadway show. What are the chances of this turning into a serious romance?
—C.B., TUCSON, ARIZ.
ＡNo—for any kind of romance.

ＱAfter all they went through to be able to get married, is it really true that Ernest Borgnine and Katy Jurado are having serious problems after less than six months together?
—E.W., SAVANNAH, GA.
ＡThey were having serious problems after less than three months together.

ＱIs it true that Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher are planning to live in Switzerland for good in order to avoid paying exorbitant U.S. income taxes?
—S.S., ITHACA, N.Y.
ＡLiz and Eddie may set up a business in Switzerland. They plan to live there only for the duration of CLEOPATRA.
The naive guy from Milwaukee who got caught in the rat race...

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

The talent from Tampa who became a ten-cents-a-dance girl...

Tony Curtis

Debbie Reynolds

in the Perlberg-Seaton production of Garson Kanin's

The Rat Race

co-starring Jack Oakie/Kay Medford/Don Rickles/Technicolor

with Joe Bushkin • Sam Butera • Gerry Mulligan

Directed by Robert Mulligan • Screenplay by Garson Kanin • Based on His Play • A Paramount Picture
James MacArthur is a happy young man, with a promising career as an actor, who only smiles to himself when he hears the old question—should you tell an adopted child the truth about his birth?

The answer is “yes, but gently—and with love.”

Jimmy learned that he himself is the adopted son of one of the world’s best-known stage actresses, Helen Hayes, and the late Charles MacArthur.

It was while Charles MacArthur was serving in the Army during World War II, that he decided ten-year-old Jimmy should learn he was adopted.

One day he sent a letter with a special message for Jimmy:

FROM: Charles MacArthur, Major, U.S.A.

TO: Helen Hayes MacArthur

SUBJECT: Promotion of Corporal James MacArthur.

1. It has come to the attention of the undersigned that, since James Gordon MacArthur adopted the Army as a career, his conduct has been consistent with the highest standards of military behavior and deserving of promotion.

2. Helen Hayes MacArthur, in the absence of his Commanding Officer, is hereby empowered to promote the said James MacArthur to the grade of Master Sergeant.

3. A pair of Master Sergeant’s chevrons are enclosed.

Charles MacArthur Major, U.S.A.

Helen Hayes read the ‘orders’ to Jimmy and when the inevitable word adopted was read, and the inevitable questions followed... the unmistakable love that was concealed in those Sergeant’s chevrons, the love of more-than-real parents, carried the day. There wasn’t a kid in upstate New York, or the whole world, for that matter, who strutted around as proudly as James MacArthur, wearing his Sergeant’s stripes!
Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up . . .

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi **waves while you sleep . . .**

brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a regular setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you **wake up with a permanent** that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete Bobbi kit with curlers, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!
FABIAN HATED HIS NAME

When Fabian was in grammar school, he hated his name. "I was named for my grandfather and it seemed to me that no one else in the world had the name of Fabian," he said. "I wished fervently that I'd been christened Joe or Mike or even Anthony which was my middle name.

"When I told my mother I wanted to drop the Fabian and use Anthony, she was so mad, she chased me out of the house."

In school, the kids gave Fabian a hard time. They hooted and poked fun at him because of his 'grand' name. When a commercial came out that said 'Fab washes whiter' they had a field day.

Fabian was a safety lieutenant in school. His job was to keep the kids off the water tower during fire drill. He couldn't leave his post so he had to stand there while all the kids filed past him chanting "Fab washes whiter."

But when Bob Marcucci discovered him, Bob said, "You have an unusual name. Odd names make people remember you." And he proved it by coming around to Fabian's house a second time and talking of making him a singer.

In time, they tacked 'Fabulous' on to 'Fabian' and Fabe began to feel that all the punishment he had taken in school was worth it. "Don't feel sorry for yourself, if the kids make you a target," he summed up. "What you think is a drawback might turn into an advantage if you make up your mind to make the most of it."
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way...with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET— you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, nicest legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!
If you were to visit Hollywood, one of the first things you’d want to do, perhaps, would be to take a tour of a movie studio and have lunch at the studio commissary. So did I.

So when I called Nick Adams for an interview, and he suggested, “Let’s have lunch at the Paramount commissary at 12:30,” it took less than three seconds of deliberation to say “Fine”—and somehow I got there by 12:12 (all the better to get an advance look at the place).

I was stopped at the studio gate by a guard, but after he found my name on the appropriate list, I was permitted through and directed to a square, flat building about two city blocks from the entrance. I passed buildings which housed a barber shop, a tailor and a hairdresser, and reflected that you could live within the studio walls for a week quite comfortably.

The commissary, called the “Cafe Continental” at Paramount, is a square building one story high, with a small vestibule at the entrance. It looks like a tearoom, floored in shining linoleum, with square tables the size of bridge tables set up throughout the room, and wide aisles in between.

A waitress directed me to a table, and handed me a menu: a large square of cardboard folded in half, printed in royal blue and bearing a Paramount crest across the front.

Nick Adams arrived to find me chuckling over the menu. “I think I’ll have this,” I said, pointing to: Dean Martin Special, Egg Shells on Toast with Cracked Crab à la 5-Iron ... 7 yen. “In case you’re running short of yen, you might want to try this,” Nick laughed, pointing to: Jerry Lewis Special, Breaded Tweed Jacket With Almond Sauce and Roasted, Lemon Juice with Peas and Canned Pot Roast ... $7.00. “That’s just for the tourists. Here’s the entry for the home folks,” I declared, coming across another notation further down on the menu: Jerry Lewis Salad (This Is For Real), Chopped Cucumber, Lettuce, Tomato, Celery, and Green Pepper with Special Dressing ... $1.75.

I studied the menu carefully, trying to make up my mind which of the stars’ favorite dishes listed on the menu I would choose: deliberating between the relative merits of Turkey and Eggs à la Crosby, Spanish Omelette à la Alan (Continued on page 12)
NEW!

Shampoofs!

Helene Curtis
Shampoo plus egg
in the handiest packets you ever poofed

First purse-size shampoo for girls who go places... Helene Curtis Shampoo Plus Egg in spillproof, leakproof little plastic packets! Just nip off the tip and poof a Shampooo... two headfuls of rich, rich lather. See the Golden Plus of egg, nature's lusterizer, relight your highlights, whatever your hair color. Poof a Shampoo today... with Helene Curtis shampoo plus egg 2%.  

1 complete shampoo (2 luxury lathers) in every 10c packet. Card of 6, just 59c. Also in handy beauty bottle, 59c and $1.
Twenty four hours after the boy had gotten up his nerve, and she'd smiled shyly and said, "Why I'd love to go dancing with you!", they were at the Cocoanut Grove, at a candle-shaded table. To a kid who, until very recently, had been more interested in athletics than girls, this was the life. It was also his very first date... alone and unchaperoned with A Girl!

In the interim he'd asked a friend, "How do you take a girl dancing for the first time?" Replied the friend, "Give her a gardenia, call for her in a taxi, dance with her, pay the bill, take her home in a taxi—and kiss her goodnight. It's that simple."

He'd bought the gardenia and it had gone over well. She was wearing it now, sitting across the table from him, but he couldn't see it any longer. Instead he was looking at the small silver tray with a discreetly turned-down white slip: the bill. And it was then that he discovered he had left his wallet at home!

For a breather, he asked for another dance, and when it was over he excused himself. The Maitre d'Hotel was sympathetic. He was a nice clean-cut youngster; he could sign the bill with his name and address and leave his gold wrist watch for collateral, to be redeemed next day. As for the girl, she was none the wiser.

But the worst was to come—he had no money for cab fare. As they alighted before her house, he muttered, "Wait for me," to the driver. Following them to the door, the driver's eyes bored holes in his back. At last the great moment for the kiss had arrived... and, of all moments, this was the one that had to be chaperoned! Awkwardly they shook hands, both murmuring thanks for a lovely evening, and he scuttled ignominiously back to the cab.

"Why didncha kiss her?" asked the cabbie disgustedly. "Because," said Robert Stack, with sheer frustration in his voice, "you were watching, you kibitzer... and I couldn't pay you off and send you away, because I haven't any money... and the only way you're going to get your fare is to take me home and wait while I go up and get my wallet off my bureau."

(Continued from page 10)

Ladd (made with eggs from Aulurala Acres) and Strawberries Heston. Finally, in deference to my host, I decided to try "The Rebel" Special à la Nick Adams. When we'd finished, I asked Nick if his wife could send me the recipe. She could, and she did. If you'd like to try it, serve it with toast and coffee, and charge yourself $1.80—just as they do at the Paramount commissary.

"THE REBEL" SPECIAL
À LA NICK ADAMS
4 links small country sausage
2 eggs
dash salt
2 tablespoons milk
1 tablespoon butter
1 2-inch square slice of American or cheddar cheese

In a small skillet, prepare country sausages according to package directions. Set under a tiny flame to heat. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, and beat again. In another skillet, melt the tablespoon of butter and add the well-beaten eggs. Cook over a low flame until eggs are set. Then fold each side one-third toward the center, so that edges overlap. Top with the slice of American cheese and place under the broiler until cheese melts. When done, slip the omelet on to a hot china plate, and place the sausages vertically across it.

And—in case you'd like to try some of the other stars' favorites on the Paramount menu—here's the way to do it.

STRAWBERRIES HESTON
1 container frozen strawberries (whole or sliced)
1 half-pint light sour cream
2 teaspoons honey
cinnamon

Defrost strawberries as per package directions. Divide into two portions. Top each portion with half of the sour cream. Add one teaspoon of honey to each portion, then dust with cinnamon. Serves 2.

(Two the Paramount commissary, fresh strawberries are served, but frozen strawberries are the next best thing.)

TURKEY AND EGGS À LA CROSBY
3 large slices leftover turkey
2 eggs
2 teaspoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
pepper

Butter an ovenproof dish. Place turkey in the casserole. Top with eggs which have been broken carefully so that yokes remain whole. Add salt and pepper, then sprinkle 1 teaspoon of milk or cream over each egg. Bake on the lower shelf of a moderate oven for ten minutes, or until eggs are set. Makes one serving.

SPANISH OMELETTE
À LA ALAN LADD
2 eggs
2 tablespoons milk or light sweet cream
salt
1 tablespoon butter

Melt butter in a skillet. Beat eggs well, add milk and salt, and beat again. Cook over low heat until mixture is set. When it is an even consistency, fold over and top with Spanish Sauce.

SPANISH SAUCE
1 tablespoon butter
1/2 chopped onion
1/4 chopped green pepper
1/2 cup drained canned tomatoes
Brown onion in butter, add green pepper; cover and cook until soft. Add tomatoes. Cook till thoroughly heated. One serving.
Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a real cream deodorant can give plus glide-on convenience—both in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won’t damage clothes. 3 months’ supply—1.00 plus tax.

New Desert Dri®—real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton
THE FUGITIVE KIND

the despair of
Tennessee Williams

- No vague, symbolic metaphor obscures Ten-
  nessee Williams' philosophy in this film. With
  agonized (and sometimes boring) clarity he
  says: brutality and evil will sure enough con-
  quer the world, there's no use fighting it. All
  we can do—in helplessness and nostalgia—is
  to value the few rare wild birds that fly into
  our world now and then, flutter their wings
  courageously against the downdraughts of evil
  and then die—violently, and in vain. The bird
  in The Fugitive Kind is Marlon Brando. He
  wears a snakeskin jacket, carries a guitar
  (his life's companion) and drifts, at thirty,
  into the life of storekeeper Anna Magnani.
  Anna is a bitter woman who never recovered
  from the fact that her father's house and
  grounds were burned out by unknown hood-
  lums of this very town. She's married to cruel
  Victor Jory who's just come home from the
  hospital to die. All of Williams' characters
  (except Brando and the ineffectual Maureen
  Stapleton) feel like victims and make no ef-
  fort to get out of the muck they're in. Joanne
  Woodward can react to her life only by be-
  coming a defiant tramp; she is always around
  (looking like an unkempt ghost) to lure Mar-
  lon back to his old ways. Resisting her (it
  isn't hard), he gives in to Anna's great need
  for warmth. Anna plans to open her "confe-
  tionery"—an outdoor cafe—on the very night
  that Jory is dying. By this time Brando is
  caught. Like a bird he flutters to fly away, but
  the forces of evil embodied by the town sheri-
  ff, the dying husband, the pervasive smell of
  rot, the strangling grip of town history, all
  serve to destroy him.—United Artists.

FIVE BRANDED WOMEN

love and war

- The very confused thinking in this movie is
  swept away, in the end, by such a stand for
  the dignity of man that you find yourself
  accepting unbelievable people in a story that
  seems to have been filmed for its sensational
  appeal. The story opens in occupied Yugo-
  slavia where a Nazi officer (Steve Forrest) se-
  cures one girl after another. The girls give in
  for various reasons—one wanted coal for the
  stove; another wanted to save her brother;
  another (Barbara Bel Geddes), come hell or
  high water, is determined to become a mother;
  still another (Sylvana Mangano) hates war
  and wants love. The five girls have their
  heads shaved (as punishment for making
  love to the Nazi soldier) and are expelled
  from the village. Hunger makes them tough
  (they steal); necessity (to protect herself
  from the unwanted advances of a soldier)
  makes Sylvana kill, and the next thing you
  know the girls have joined up with the guer-
  rillas—after first being warned not to be-
  come involved with them in love affairs. Too
  bad Vera Miles (one of the branded girls)
  succumbs to Harry Guardino (one of the
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN
Eddie Hodges
Tony Randall
Mickey O'Shaughnessy
Andy Devine

Randall. The. FREE

— but through a daring raid on her home town during a Nazi celebration. Effin (and lute) are beginning to teach her that violence is sometimes necessary.—PARAMOUNT.

HERCULES UNCHAINED
Steve Reeves
Sylva Koscina
Primo Carnera
Sylvia Lopez
Gabriele Antonini

ancient western

Rest assured you can bend Hercules (Steve Reeves) but you can’t break him. He is a walking gymnasium, completely equipped. That may be why Queen Omphale (Sylvia Lopez) wants him for her king. This queen has one king after another. The reason Sylvia has access to so many kings is because there’s a spring in the bottom of her garden which, if you drink of it, makes you forget everything. By the time Hercules has quenched his thirst he’s surrounded by a bevy of beautiful handmaids. This is dangerous because Hercules has just left a beautiful bride (Sylva Koscina) at Thebes and has a message he must deliver within three days to Mimmo Palmara. If Hercules doesn’t get through, Mimmo and his hordes of Argives will swoop down on Thebes and massacre its inhabitants. All because Mimmo’s brother, who’s been ruling Thebes for one year, has gone back on his word to let Mimmo rule the second year. Mimmo’s brother, aside from being stubborn, is insane. He’s been amusing himself by throwing tiger trainers into a pit with tigers. Well, now that the last trainer in Thebes has been slaughtered, he’s willing to give up the throne to Mimmo—and that’s the message of peace and goodwill that Hercules must deliver. But Hercules and his young companion Ulysses (Gabriele Antonini) weren’t counting on magic spells to delay them. Wherever this picture was made it’s certainly out of this world, which, I suppose, is its major charm.—EASTMAN COLOR, WARNER BROS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

PLEASE DON’T EAT THE DAISIES (MGM): Doris Day and David Niven have a healthy family of four boys, and a happy marriage. They do, that is, until David leaves his teaching job to become a drama critic. It seems a critic worries over whether he’s got any real friends, and his wife worries about all those actresses. But, the problems here are small enough so everybody has a good time.

TALL STORY (Warners): On this college campus is co-ed Jane Fonda who doesn’t know anything about basketball except that she wants to marry the team star, Tony Perkins. The money they need to get married is offered Tony if he’ll throw a game against a visiting Russian team. Tony’s conscience and his professor (Ray Walston) are active participants in the teamwork.

CAN-CAN (Todd A-O, 20th-Fox): In the Paris of the mid-misties, the illegal can-can dance might be seen in Shirley MacLaine’s cabaret (if the gendarmes had been bribed). If they hadn’t, Shirley might be seen before Judge Maurice Chevalier, Frank Sinatra and Louis Jourdan, both lawyers, get involved legally and romantically. Cole Porter’s music and the dancing of Julie Prowse and Shirley are a few delightful ingredients in this Parisian cake.

Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms’ deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-07, Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name
Address
City Zone State

15
From the woman she called mother... she learned that even love can have an evil side!

Out of the shocking conflict that twisted their lives... that drove them to the very brink of terror... comes a story that is unsurpassed for sheer dramatic suspense!

LANA TURNER
ANTHONY QUINN
SANDRA DEE
JOHN SAXON
LLOYD NOLAN
as "MATTHEW CABOT"

CO-STARRING
RAY WALSTON
VIRGINIA GREY - ANNA MAY WONG

AND ALSO CO-STARRING
RICHARD BASEHART

Directed by MICHAEL GORDON • Screenplay by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS
Produced by ROSS HUNTER • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is the ruby and your flower is the larkspur. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

July 1—Leslie Caron
Olivia DeHavilland
Charles Laughton

July 3—George Sanders

July 4—Gina Lollobrigida
Eva Marie Saint
Stephen Boyd
George Murphy

July 6—Janet Leigh
Luana Patten

July 9—Bob Hope

July 10—Jeff Donnell
Nick Adams
Edd Byrnes
William Smithers

July 11—Yul Brynner
Tab Hunter

July 13—Sidney Blackmer

July 14—Nancy Olson
Dale Robertson

July 15—Phil Carey
Murvyn Vye

July 16—Barbara Stanwyck
Milly Vitale

July 18—Red Skelton
Chill Wills

July 19—Patricia Medina

July 20—Natalie Wood

July 22—Perry Lopez

July 23—Gloria DeHaven
Michael Wilding

July 25—Walter Brennan

July 27—Keenan Wynn

July 29—Richard Egan
Robert Fuller
Stephen McNally

July 30—Jacques Sernas

Farley Granger
July 1

Polly Bergen
July 14

Ginger Rogers
July 16

William Powell
July 29
MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The Academy Awards
Oscar Parties
Kim In Love

* * *

Liz Taylor had hopes of winning the best actress award, but when she lost to Simone Signoret, she smiled bravely and graciously congratulated her and her husband Yves Montand.
Highlights of the Academy Awards

Simone Signoret was almost ill from nerves—she was shaking all over and her hair was sticking to her forehead—an hour after she received her Oscar. When I congratulated her at the Ball at the Beverly Hilton, she looked like she'd been under a sprinkler and kept saying, "Thank you, Madame—I am so excited now I have forgotten all my English—and I practice so hard."

Every time Charlton Heston (who had not expected to win) stood up at his table to receive congratulations, he'd grab his Oscar in one hand, then lean down and give Lydia (Mrs. H.) another kiss. No wife was ever so thoroughly bussed in public by an Oscar winner!

The gowns were the most costly ever worn to an Oscar night: Natalie Wood's short and stunning chalk-white jewel-embroidered Creation cost $650, with an added $75 for her shoes made of the same material . . . Doris Day's floor-length sheath, solidly encrusted with silver-white bugle beads, cost $1,000; Janet Leigh's nude chiffon on which were crocheted 186,000 gold bugle beads, weighed twenty-one pounds and was so expensive she won't tell how much—but it was plenty.

Another magnificent gown in the $1,000 bracket was Anna Maria Alberghetti's all-over jewelled white Italian brocade with sheath front and great overskirt.

And, three-time loser Liz Taylor (I must say she was a gracious loser and most complimentary about the winners) didn't pick up that Grecian styled white French jersey with its white mink-lined jacket for peanuts. When I stopped by Elizabeth's table, she was smiling—but Eddie Fisher wasn't.

Speaking of clothes, the ecstatically happy Shelley Winters ("I waited fifteen years for this Oscar") said she didn't know how to dress, "I didn't know whether to go 'low and sexy' or covered-up and dignified," said Shelley, so she settled for a conservative black lace and jersey. She told me that her husband Tony Franciosa, her mother, daughter and thirty friends yelled and screamed so much watching the show from New York that a neighbor called the police!

The biggest and most spontaneous hand from the audience inside the Pantages Theater went to Olivia De Havilland, the lovely young Hollywood 'veteran,' returning from France to make one of the presentations. Many onlookers felt it was a bigger hand than went to Ingrid Bergman when she was a top winner.

Stephen Boyd (who should have had a nomination for Ben-Hur and didn't) almost vaulted over the railing when Charlton Heston arrived at the banquet and was one of the first to congratulate the winner.

Although Steve's date at the Ball was lovely Romney Tree (from his native Belfast) he was overheard whispering to someone at his table, "Have you seen Hope Lange here?" She had been at the theater—but I don't believe she came to the Ball.

Beaming Ben-Hur director William Wyler had lipstick all over his face and after I added some of my own I asked if he would like it wiped off, "Oh, no!" he protested. "It's been too much fun getting it there."

And so, another of Hollywood's biggest nights goes into the history books.
Charlton Heston never let go of that Oscar as he and his lovely Lydia read congratulations.

Yves Montand is so proud of his Simone Signoret; she was so excited at winning the best actress award she forgot her English!

Shelley Winters waited 15 years for this Oscar; she couldn't wait to phone her daughter.

Lovely Romney Tree from Ireland tried to cheer up her date Stephen Boyd, who should have had a nomination for Ben-Hur but didn't.
Rock's Off Again

We won't be seeing Rock Hudson around these parts for about a year—(not that we see him too often when he's here). If there ever was a social recluse it's Rock who prefers to spend his time on his boat to any gala event Hollywood has to offer.

When you read this he will be in Mexico making Day of the Gun with Kirk Douglas although for a minute or two it looked as if Rock might balk at this. Didn't think his role was big enough and wasn't too keen about a Western.

But whatever troubles there were were smoothed out to Rock's satisfaction and off he went for the long and arduous location jaunt. After this, Italy to do Come September with Gina Lollobrigida and then Java for U-I's Spiral Rock.

So long, Rock. Drop us a card now and then—particularly if you meet any pretty girls who interest you.

Kim says her own true 'heart' is Director Dick Quine. She's doubly excited at prospects of appearing at a Command Performance and seeing Dick again.

This Is My Only Love

Kim Novak never spoke as frankly to me about her real feelings as she did before leaving for London to meet Richard Quine and to attend the Command Performance of Once More With Feeling.

"Dick (Quine) is the only man I love," said Kim—the first time she has ever made such a statement about any of the many beaux who have pursued her.

"So you may be married in London?" I put in quickly while she seemed to be in this mood of letting her hair down.

"I don't know, honestly," she replied. "There are so many things to think about. Marriage, to me, is such an irrevocable step. I have never been married before—and it keeps turning over in my mind 'Is this the right thing—is this the right thing?'"

"But if you love Dick so much and I know he loves you—what is the chief stumbling block?" I knew one of the answers to that question myself although I did not bring it up to Kim. In her quiet way, she holds her religion dear and Dick is a divorced man.

But her answer was, "Dick and I are both career people. He is just as wrapped up in his directing as I am in acting. And I'm not sure two careers under one roof really mix."

"They sometimes do, and very successfully," I said.

Kim laughed. "And sometimes they don't!" But believe me, she made no bones about being a happy girl that she was again seeing the good-looking Dick who is in England completing The World of Suzie Wong.

She was also excited about the beautiful gown Edith Head had created for her to wear to the Command Performance. It's white lace, over Kim's favorite color of lavender, embroidered in tiny violets.

A Girl for Dorothy and Jacques

Just let me congratulate myself that I have a Saturday or Sunday morning to sleep late and sure enough a baby gets born, somebody else gets a divorce, or a couple that jolly well might have done it a week-day—elope!

But Dorothy Malone was so overjoyed when she called me from St. John's Hospital that she and Jacques Bergerac were the parents of a brand new baby girl—"A real beauty," the proud mother enthused, "and her name is Mimi"—I didn't care about being roused from my sound sleep.

Mimi was due as an Easter present—but arrived three weeks early much to the delight of Dorothy and Jacques.
Parties . . .
Parties every night

The Academy Awards always inspire a lot of social activity and the week before Oscar-night was a big one for lovely affairs.

Olivia De Havilland's old friends vied with each other to welcome her—and her handsome journalist husband Pierre Galante back to her old home town after so many years of living in France.

At the dinner given by the Lew Schreibers, Livvy looked like a vision in white lace with that authentic Paris look. But it takes real inner happiness to give a gal that glow Olivia wears these days—and she is very happy with Pierre.

Natalie Wood and Bob Wagner were there—excited about their coming-up trip to New York with Liz and Eddie Fisher. Natalie was 'previewing' the new hairdo she later wore to the Academy Awards, short and straight with a sweep of bangs across her forehead.

This same night MGM production head Sol Siegel and his wife hosted a joint birthday party honoring Sol and Mrs. Walter Lang. It was so amusing to note that William Wyler ('everyone was sure he was a cinch for best-director Oscar for Ben-Hur which, of course, he won) kept reminding people "there's many a slip, etc. . . ." whenever he was congratulated in advance.'

Rossano Brazzi and his Lidia were there and if there's a more handsome man than Rossano I don't know who he is—much more handsome than he photographs, I think.

Several people kept telling June Haver MacMurray that they liked her better as a blonde than with her new black hair but the man who matters, Fred MacMurray, voted for the brunette June—and with her, that's all that counts.

Groucho Marx, with cigar of course, was in a serious frame of mind about affairs in and out of Hollywood and cracked no jokes.

The Sunday night before the Oscars, another party was given for Olivia and Pierre by Frank McCarthy and Rupert Allen at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Saw many of the same guests we had seen at previous affairs—but a standout was Hope Lange, who is really a beauty. She hasn't been dating much since her separation from Don Murray—but if the smitten bachelors in this town have their way she soon will be.

Following this cocktail party, Jimmy McHugh and I went on to the home of Joan (Mrs. Harry) Cohn who was entertaining at a dinner honoring Laurence Harvey, and later giving her guests a look at his British-made comedy Expresso Bongo.

This really looked like a preview of the Oscar contestants—so many were present and wishing each other well (with their fingers crossed, I suppose).

Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher had just flown in that morning from New York and I saw them chatting with Simone Signoret—both ladies in the running for best-actress prize.

Pretty, fresh-looking Susan Kohner (herself contending in best supporting-actress) was there with George Hamilton—who else?

Susan was done up in a most exotic style—a truly beautiful oriental costume.

Laurence Harvey and Liz and Eddie had much to talk about as all three are stars of the (strike) interrupted Butterfield 8 and at that time they were wondering when they would be back at work again. (Come ten days later.)

Yes, Oscar time is a big season in Hollywood.
companionship and I found it in Long," explained Rhonda after her elopement to Las Vegas to tie the knot.

But no one lifted an eyebrow when the flash came out of Mexico that bald-headed lover Yul Brynner had interrupted work on The Magnificent Seven to marry Doris Kleiner, the young and beautiful non-professional who has been his constant companion ever since Yul's marriage to Virginia Gilmore went on the rocks.

You might say ditto for director Otto Preminger who took time off shooting Exodus in Haifa, Israel, to marry the stunning looking brunette (also young) Hope Bryce. Preminger, too, had to sit out a divorce from wife Mary which threatened at one time to furnish explosive charges. Luckily, they didn't come off.

Young and popular Michael Callan, the boy who scored in They Came to Cordura, his first film after registering a hit on Broadway in West Side Story, kept the secret for five weeks that he had taken Corlyn Chapman as his bride in Las Vegas on March 5th. At one time Corlyn was thought to be in love with and about to marry Vic Damone.

"Why did she and Mike keep their marriage a secret? Who knows? Maybe for the old-fashioned reason that he thought the movie fans might like him better as a bachelor.

But he didn't keep up the pretense for very long. When his contract studio, Columbia, asked him to fly up to Phoenix for the premiere of Because They're Young, a press agent said he would reserve an extra room for Mike's girl, Corlyn.

Whereas young Mr. Callan knocked the p.a. cold by replying, "Oh, we'll only need one room. Corlyn has been my wife for over a month!"

Love 'n' Marriages

Love 'n' marriages sprung up with Spring—some of them really surprising.

Debra Paget, a belle who is usually pretty cool-headed, married director Budd Boetticher after knowing him just two weeks (and separated after three weeks of marriage). Everyone had thought that Budd might reconcile with his former girl, Karen Steele, for the 'umphundredth time. He and Karen had a stormy and consistent romance for several years—even if he did toss her in the swimming pool with her clothes on, on several occasions.

Equally surprising—redheaded! Rhonda Fleming knew good-looking TV actor Lang Jeffries just three months when she lived up to her Leap Year threat and took herself a husband. "I've been searching for love and

Newlyweds Doris, and Yul, Brynner.

Also Hope Bryce and Otto Preminger.

Mickey Callan's secret's out: Corlyn.

Debra's second marriage lasted 3 weeks.
Nancy Kwan

The twenty-year-old porcelain-china doll who not only replaced unhappy and temperamental France Nuyen in The World of Suzie Wong but is Suzie—according to movie producer Ray Stark.

So enchanting is this Hong-Kong-born charmer in her very first picture that William Holden, no softie about star billing, has cheerfully consented to the co-star tag going to Nancy.

What isn't too generally known is that Ray Stark had considered Nancy for the role of the 'pum-yum' girl in his film before anyone else. Then he decided he needed a 'name;' also France Nuyen had played it on Broadway. But when France blew a fuse—it didn't take him long to remember Nancy and summon her to London.

“No, I was not surprised,” Nancy said, over the trans-Atlantic phone. In excellent English, “A queer had told me the role would be mine—and we Orientals believe in the words of seers. All the time Miss Nuyen was working in Suzie I was preparing myself, studying, making ready for the call!” (How do you like that?)

Although she was born in Hong Kong of an English mother and Chinese architect father (since divorced), Nancy was educated in England and studied with the Royal Ballet for two years. Later, she studied drama under Salka Viertel in Hollywood and after France Nuyen left the stage cast of The World of Suzie Wong, Nancy stepped in as an understudy of the star who replaced Miss Nuyen.

When the show took to the road, Nancy was scheduled to step into the star spot in Toronto—but before she could don her costume for the opening night, the magic call came from London—the role of the movie Suzie was hers!

By the way—that same fortune teller said she would be married at the age of twenty-two. “I don't know who,” she said, “but I guess I will!”

Shirley’s Big Plans

Talked with Shirley MacLaine the day she returned from Japan where she had been with Steve Parker and where she entered little Sachie in a Japanese school for six months.

“I just don’t know how I’ll get along without her,” wailed Shirley about her little red-headed carbon copy of a daughter. “I miss her so much already I could break out crying. But it's only fair to Steve that Sachie should be with him some of the time, particularly when he’s been so ill.”

Shirley said she had gone to Japan for a second honeymoon with Steve whose movie production work keeps him in the Orient. “Instead he was in the hospital so very ill with hepatitis,” she said. “He was there all the time I was in Tokyo. The only good thing about it is that I could be with Steve when he needed me most.”

It tickles Shirley that Sachie is learning to speak Japanese in the school she is attending “and the way she's going—she'll be talking like a native by the time I return.”

Missy MacLaine would not have returned to Hollywood except that she was due to start her new Hal Wallis picture with Dean Martin, All in a Night’s Work.

When this is completed, she planes back to Tokyo immediately to stay for a long time while she stars in an independent picture her husband will produce.

It’s sad that the promise Audie Murphy made his wife didn’t hold true.

A Surprising Separation

While we are in the Vital Statistics Department—the only surprising parting was that of Audie Murphy, America’s most-decorated World War II hero and well-known star, and his wife of nine years Pamela Archer. Audie married the former airline hostess soon after his divorce from Wanda Hendrix and Audie and Pam have two children.

This was the second time the Murphys had parted—but the reason I say this second rift came as a surprise is because of what Audie said when they reconciled: “I'm the happiest man in the world that Pam took me back. We won't separate again.”

Sadly, that promise didn’t hold true.
An irate fan is really bitter about Liz not winning an Oscar for Suddenly.

Hope Lange may not be Stephen Boyd’s (left) next wife—she hasn’t filed yet.

Raymond Burr and some other gents who could shed some poundage?

I have a T.L. for you, writes Viv Wagner, 17, New York. I met Fabian coming out of Church last month and asked him if he thought Hollywood columnists were fair and square to young singers? He said ‘yes’ and spoke of you as being the one the younger generation feels is a real friend. Nice? Certainly is, Viv, and nice of you to repeat it to me . . .

Maxie Sondheim, Brooklyn, writes: Now that Tuesday Weld is dressing better and trying to improve her former scatterbrained antics, why do you continue to write about her as ‘mixed-up’? Didn’t know I had since she started wearing shoes and combing her hair.

You seem much more partial to Fabian, Ricky Nelson and Frankie Avalon than you do to the one and only Elvis Presley, chides Anna McDonald, Houston. Oh, come on—I’m going to argue this, Anna. No one has called more attention to the fine way Elvis conducted himself in the service and given him more compliments than I. True I am very fond of Fabian and the others you mention but I’ll never agree that I’ve neglected Elvis.

Polly M., San Diego, says she is a hairdresser in one of the leading hotels and comments on the hair-dos of the belles on the Academy Award TV show: Natalie Wood had the sharpest hair style—a knockout. Ditto Doris Day. Also Barbara Rush. There was a nice absence of that long, outdated shoulder length style that hasn’t been good since Rita Hayworth was a starlet . . .

Is Hope Lange going to be the next Mrs. Steve Boyd? is the thunderbolt query sent by Ada Condonito, Brooklyn. All I can say is don’t hold your breath—Hope hasn’t filed for divorce from Don Murray yet.

That’s all for now. See you next month.

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

American designers have a way with color... American women have a talent for wearing it. Ask Paul Whitney, noted California designer. Ask Sarmi, famous New York fashion creator. Each has a flair for color. Each has used that flair to interpret for you the new all-American lipstick and polish shades by Cutex. "Fashion Coral" done in taffeta by Paul Whitney. "Fashion Orchid" translated into chiffon by Sarmi. "Colors Americana," the new light, bright fashion tones for your lips and finger nails!
These 9 lovely hairstyles* came out of this one bottle of protein waving shampoo

washes n' curl by Lanolin Plus $1.50

THE GREATEST DISCOVERY SINCE THE HOME PERMANENT!

Yes, nine shampoos! Less than 17¢ a hairstyle! Each model's hair was washed, suds left for five minutes, then just rinsed and set. You, too, can shampoo and set in waves and curls like these. And Wash 'n Curl cleans, shines and conditions as it curls. Your hairstyle will last from shampoo to shampoo!

*FREE booklet of these easy-to-do hairstyles by Enrico Caruso with each bottle of WASH 'N CURL.
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN ANY PUBLICATION MARILYN MONROE FRANKLY DISCUSSES HER PRIVATE LIFE WITH HER HUSBAND

turn the page for Louella Parsons' exciting, news-breaking scoop about Marilyn's "family secret"...
I am going to adopt a baby

Ask any movie star, or practically any woman, the highly personal questions I put to Marilyn Monroe and you'd probably get a "It's none of your business" retort—or even a fast "Get lost."

Even to someone you've known as long as I have Marilyn, you might hesitate to ask:

Do you think you would be as madly in love with your husband if he weren't who he is—the brilliant and world-famed playwright, Arthur Miller?

Which of you is boss in your marriage?

Isn't it true that he babies, pampers and pets you like a child?

Do you feel close to his children by a former marriage?

Are you a married movie queen—or do you make a serious effort to be a real homemaker for your husband?

If your deepest wish is denied and you never have a child of your own—would you adopt one?

Do you think your frequent illnesses before the start and during the shooting of a movie are psychosomatic?

These, my friends and fans of MODERN SCREEN, are some of the blunt questions I put to my friend of many years, Marilyn Monroe, the world's most famous blonde darling.

And, to end the suspense, she answered them and others, with intelligence, humor, understanding and the complete honesty that has marked our relationship ever since I first met her, a devastatingly beautiful and mixed-up girl trying for (Continued on page 64)
Whatever happened to those nice kids down the block?

Sharing a love for God and a love for humanity, Don Murray and Hope Lange married and had children.

It was easy for everyone to love them since they loved each other.

Who dreamed it would all end in misery?
On the night of the Foreign Press Awards last March Hope and Don Murray looked absolutely radiant as they walked past the barrage of cameramen in the corridor of the Ambassador Hotel.

They smiled happily at one another, gazed into each other’s eyes fondly and gaily quipped with the newsmen. They looked as though they were newlyweds instead of the parents of two children, about to celebrate their fourth wedding anniversary. They looked anything except what they were. Finished.

They were invited to be among the presenters of the Golden Globes for many reasons. Because they were two popular and talented young stars. Because they were a rare example of a normal happily married couple in an industry where divorce and dissension are too common. And because they had devoted so much of themselves and their salaries to help displaced European refugees.

(Continued on page 74)
HOW MUCH DO MY CHILDREN REALLY NEED ME?

This letter is one of many I have received from young mothers who feel they should work:

Dear Janet: I married when I was seventeen and had my baby on my eighteenth birthday. Jackie is now three and I would like to go back to work. I have a wonderful husband, but with the high cost of living, his salary never seems quite enough. I can go back to my old job with the insurance company, but some of my friends say that if I do my little boy will suffer. You're a working mother and you have two beautiful children. I've read about them in the magazines. But the magazines haven't told me what I want most to know. How can a girl work without her children suffering? Have you ever been sorry, Janet, that you're a working mother? Are you ever resentful of the time you have been away from them? What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill when you are working? And most of all, do you think the children feel that they are cheated? Can you work and still be a real mother to your child? Please tell me, (Continued on page 80)

Candid confessions of a “WORKING MOTHER”
by Janet Leigh
Liz in Jamaica, a woman relaxed and content in an island paradise. Househunting, beachcombing, Liz feels, 
"This is our first honeymoon. The two of us alone and in love with nothing in the world to fear."
but, is Liz afraid to have a baby with Eddie?

It was morning in Jamaica . . . Liz and Eddie lay on the rock, their tiny private island, a few yards out from the beach, half a mile or so from the big hotel. They’d discovered the rock early in their stay of this, their second honey-moon, that really felt like their first honeymoon. That rock had become theirs, the place where they would come after breakfast-and-a-quick-swim and where they would soak up the sun and relax and where—with nothing but the sea in front of them, the sky above them—they could be alone for a while, completely, completely alone.

Usually they would lie on their rock and they would talk—Liz doing most of the talking, actually; talking about what they’d done the night before, whom they’d met, how the people they’d met had impressed her, what they might do this night, what she’d probably wear . . . traditional and unadulterated wife-talk.

While Eddie, the husband, would nod traditional husbandly uh-huhs and yesses to what Liz was saying, and would even doze off occasionally, only to be awakened by a handful of sea water smack in his face and a playful warning (sometimes accompanied by a kiss, sometimes by a poke in the shoulder) that if he dozed off again he would find himself “swimming underwater”—as Liz liked to call it. (Continued on page 65)
New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

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

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

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
the terrible price I paid
to be a star * A DARING
UNCENSORED CONFESSION BY
ROCK HUDSON * The First
Of its kind Ever Printed
In an American Magazine *

I can say at this point—aged
34—that I’m a success in my
profession but I’m not a success
to myself.

I’ve been a movie actor for
ten years and a star for nine.
I’ve appeared in 40 pictures
whose budgets have easily run
over a total of $80,000,000—
about 20 times the amount paid
all of the presidents of the
United States.

Out of this total, I’ve received
a gross salary of about $250,000
for myself. But for the various
studios in the past ten years,
I’ve earned above $50,000,000.
Figures prove it. And that at
least makes me marketable if
not marvelous.

My income goes 90 percent to
the United States government,
after ten per cent is taken out by
my agent (Continued on page 76)
“It is a laughter-filled city, my Copenhagen,” Evy Norlund would tell Jimmy Darren before their marriage, as they would sit and plan their honeymoon. “You wait and see, Jimmy—and listen,” she would say. “You will hear the laughter from all over . . . From the couples sitting in the Tivoli gardens, holding hands, sipping their beers, hearing the band music that comes from behind the trees . . . from the calliope. From the youngsters who sweep by you on their bicycles, so carefree and gay . . . From the waiters in the big restaurants, on the Bredgade, who are so pleased to see you that they laugh . . . Laughter . . . From everyone but the tiny mermaid who sits sadly in the harbor watching the boats go by. And she does not laugh, only because she is a statue, and because she is sad not to be alive in Copenhagen. Like the others . . .”

Jimmy had looked forward to Copenhagen, to all these gay, happy sights. He’d looked forward to marrying Evy, of course, Evy whom he (Continued on page 62)
“Where are you, Eddie, I need you!”
Suddenly, one night just a few weeks ago, their little boy’s life was in danger. How could Debbie decide alone whether to let them operate? Frantically, she called Eddie—but there was no answer...

“Operator, are you sure there’s no answer?” There was fear in Debbie’s voice. She could barely make out the voice of the operator in Jamaica in the British West Indies, but she just had to get through to Eddie. “This call is so important. Please try him again...”

Down the hall Debbie could hear the sound of her little boy crying. Todd had been in great pain for some hours now, and she was quite beside herself. She’d noticed the little boy, always so bouncy, hadn’t been himself tonight. He hadn’t been able to eat his dinner and he’d begun to whimper, something her little two-year-old seldom did.

When his cries had continued, she’d called the doctor. What the doctor told her came as a shock to her. “Todd needs surgery—the sooner the better.”

At a moment like this, a woman hates to be alone. No operation is ever a minor affair. Even if it’s ‘minor surgery,’ anything can happen under (Continued on page 60)
THE SMALL WORLD OF MR. BIG

The assignment: To find out what Bobby Darin, the controversial, much-written-about singer, is really like. The place: Bobby's home, in Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, thirty-five miles from New York City, where he lives with his sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey; her husband, Charlie; and their three children—Vivi, sixteen; Vana, twelve; and Gary, four. The time: A Saturday morning, a few weeks ago. . . . "He's asleep—in there," Bobby's sister said, as she tiptoed us through the living room and into the kitchen, pointing to a door along the way. "But don't get him wrong. He's not doing this because he doesn't want to talk to you, or to make a big-shot effect. A phony my brother is not—no matter what some other people say and write about him. It's just that his plane was six hours late and he got in a little while ago, and the way he looked—he needed to get to bed for a while. But he'll be up soon." "And you know what he'll do?" asked a girl, seated at the kitchen table, looking through a batch of letters, obviously fan mail arrived that morning. "He'll come out here all groggy-eyed, with nothing (Continued on page 68)
His sister, Mrs. Nina Maffey, tries to take the place of his mother.

Bobby's little nephew Gary sings just like him.

His niece Vivi wants to be famous, too.

The family all together at suppertime, that's really living.

Bobby Darin's been called the most conceited guy in showbusiness. Is he really?

C'mon along with us to a humble little cottage on Lake Hiawatha, New Jersey, and be the first to meet the real BD
You are not a cold girl....

You are not a thoughtless girl....

THE MISTAKE
Why then are you coldly and thoughtlessly making....

OF YOUR LIFE
On your big hometown day, all Bayonne turned out in your honor.

But your father and five-year-old brother waited hopeless hours for a phone call that never came.

AN OPEN LETTER TO SANDRA DEE
On the day of your greatest triumph you had time for Aunts and Uncles, girl scouts and policemen, priests and strangers... but not a moment for the two human beings whose hearts you were breaking.

Dear Sandra,

You broke two hearts one day not long ago.

Your father's heart, and the heart of a little boy named Kenny—Kenny, whom you've never met, your five-year-old half-brother.

You came back to your hometown of Bayonne, New Jersey, that day—Tuesday, March 22. You spent more than twelve hours there, an official guest of the city; a girl who had left a few years earlier, a nobody, and who returned now to be hailed as Everybody's Darling... rich, famous, beautiful. You greeted, said hello to, waved to an estimated 11,000 people that day.

(Continued on page 70)
Across the gulf of thirty-seven years Fred Astaire reaches out his hand to young Barrie Chase. Dare she take it?

They met, officially, on a sound stage at MGM Studios where Barrie (she was then twenty-two; Fred, fifty-eight) was working as an assistant to the dance director there, Jack Cole.

"I remember," she said, "that Mr. Astaire walked in one day while (Continued on page 78)
the life story of Henry Fonda's little girl Jan
“Mother died when I was twelve. The shock left me numb. Too numb to even cry.” Jane Fonda pos ed her huge blue eyes for a long moment. The tears almost seemed to come. Then, with the soft tip of a sad smile, Jane closed the tragic chapter of her young life. “Mother was quite lovely,” Jane whispers in a soft voice. The memory still haunts her. Jane’s long graceful hands play with the dark gold mass of silky hair that touches slender shoulders. Then, with a refreshing smile, she fills the room with a lightness that ashes out the dark clouds of her personal tragedy. “You see, I never even thought about becoming an actress.”

Jane, the daughter of movie star Henry Fonda, was brought up in a sheltered atmosphere, far from the movie glamour that her famous father was exposed daily. “We lived on a farm in California. Dad never brought any of the movie crowd out to the farm. So I never knew how much of a star he ever was. Nor did I know anything about actresses.” Her father, bowing the heartbreak that sometimes befell a young girl wrapped up in wanting to be a movie star kept her as far away as possible from any undue influences in the movie world. He was just like any other father. Never talked about movies. Never tried to impress me with how important he was. And, we had a lot of fun together the farm.” A twinkle comes into her eyes when she recalls the early days on the farm. She performed all the farmgirl chores, and thoroughly enjoyed doing her share of the work. Her early schooling began in a school filled with famous-parent children. Some of her schoolmates included Maria Cooper, Gary’s daughter, and Christina Crawford, Joan’s girl. She was never too chummy with any of them. “They went their way. And I went mine.” None of her school pals ever made her aware that her father was a famous star. Nor did they tease her about it. Her early years were filled with the everyday pleasures that any girl of eight or nine goes through. Her brother, Peter, was her closest pal. They romped in the fields, and played pirates. Then when she was ten, her father took the family to live in Greenwich, Connecticut, while he was doing a play on Broadway titled Mister Roberts. Jane got her first taste of what play-acting was like. “I used to play with a trunkful of stage clothes, and a box of make-up. Peter always played the heroes, and I played the heroines.” But for Jane it was only little-girl play-acting. She thought she might want to become a painter. Her art work was rather good, and she did paintings in oil and water colors. She was enrolled in school in Greenwich, and developed the usual schoolgirl crushes and also broke her share of twelve-year-old male hearts. “I was a little shy though.” Jane was totally unaware of her rapidly developing good looks. Her resemblance is almost look-alike to her father. But at the time, her thin face bothered her. “I looked skinny as a rail. And, I thought I’d grow up to be the ugliest duck that ever walked. . . .” (Continued on page 72)

from sheltered child, to teen-age rebel, to star
THE NIGHT WE RAN OUT OF

THE TERRIFYING STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED TO
1. The evening had started at seven, and, I thought, ended at eleven, after about twenty minutes of smooching at Lookout Point.

3. We walked five miles of lonely roads before we found a town, a sleeping town. There was a phone booth... but, neither of us had a coin.

4. One dry cleaner was still awake. I said, "I'll give you a dollar for a dime," but it was two in the morning and he must have been afraid of us.
2. But I hadn’t noticed that the car was out of gas. There had been a lot of holdups lately so I was afraid to leave Kathy alone.

5. We found a coin-operated machine. I clobbered it, kicked it, turned it upside down, but it wouldn’t give up a cent. Then we saw our first car... the police.

6. Maybe we looked like vagrants, maybe like thieves, but the cops came out with guns drawn. Their voices were cold: “What are you two up to?”

7. By the time the police believed we were harmless and helped us get gas it was four-thirty. I finally got Kathy home at five. Then came the real adventure of the evening... saying to her father, "I’m sorry, Sir, but you see, we ran out of gas." It even sounded lame to me. Someday I may see Kathy again. Today all I get on the phone is "She’s not at home... to you."

(Kathy re-enacted by Carolyn Komant)
In a civil ceremony in a hotel room, with only one bridesmaid and the families attending, a twenty-year-old divorcee who had lunched on a hot fudge sundae married the richest boy in the world. This is the only intimate account you will read of it. Here, direct from Jill St. John’s own mother, is the exclusive, behind-the-scenes story.

The Biggest Little Wedding of the Year

— How curious that everyone is so calm, I thought, as I was standing behind my daughter who was about to be married to Lance Reventlow by Supreme Court Justice Marshall McComb, in the royal suite of San Francisco’s Mark Hopkins Hotel.

There was no uneasiness, no tears, no sniffling, and none of the usual type of excitement that customarily accompanies weddings.

(Continued on page 59)
Here are two young people being tied to each other for what they hoped would be the rest of their lives, and yet they seemed as relaxed as if they were discussing whom to invite to a party.

There were only a few of us present: Lance’s mother, Nina Hutton, and I come in from Cuernavaca, Mexico, especially for the wedding; Lance’s best man and cousin, Jimmy Woolworth Donahue; his daughter’s bridesmaid, actress Nina Shipman; Lance’s childhood nurse, Barbara Latimer, who had flown in from England for the ceremony; his butler, Dudley Walker, and of course my husband and me.

Lance hadn’t wanted a big ceremony because, as he put it, “I didn’t want to make my wedding a three-ring circus.” He had chosen San Francisco because both he and I still feared that if they had restricted the guest list to so few people in Los Angeles, a lot of their friends might have been hurt.

But what the wedding lacked in people was made up by the picturesque setting.

The suite was beautifully decorated with peonies, irises, daffodils, and sweet peas. It looked like a fairyland. And Lance was so handsome and distinguished-looking in his dark suit, and my daughter so beautiful in her pink silk suit. Of course she wore something old and something new. Both were provided by her new mother-in-law, the “old” being diamond earrings given to her by Barbara Hutton last Christmas, the “new” a double-strand pearl necklace with a diamond clasp, which Miss Hutton put around her neck just before the ceremony. I lent her my pink veil for something “borrowed,” and something “blue”—a pair of blue garters—was given to her by a girlfriend the day before.

Lance, the first person I met that morning, told me that the ceremony had only taken ninety seconds, and by doing so had set a speed record! But it seemed longer to me, for during that time my mind wandered back to the time that Jill first told me about the handsome young man she had met at a party at Ronnie Burns’ house, almost three years ago.

Lance

Frankly, I was surprised by my own impression of Lance when I first met him. He seemed nice, and quite unlike the mental picture I had formed of him.

This shyness did not last long, and as he relaxed it was easy for me to detect a wonderful sense of humor.

There was only one time that I was dubious about this marriage—and that was exactly forty-five minutes before the ceremony started.

Maybe I better go back a few hours to tell you what happened.

I don’t think Jill slept much the night before. Even good friends like me, she could hear her move around in her room. Her light must have been on till 2:00 a.m. when she finally turned it off.

Although Jill and Lance had planned to come back with us by the very same night, my husband and I decided we’d better take our own car to the airport, because with these two kids you could never tell what might happen. And at least we could come home in case they decided to stay in San Francisco overnight.

We arrived at the airport shortly before 11:00 and were greeted by at least two dozen reporters and photographers!

All our efforts to keep the departure as well as the place of the wedding a secret failed when, as I was told, someone from the Mark Hopkins Hotel gave the news of all the arrangements to the local papers.

Lance arrived a few minutes after we

**Woman’s ‘Difficult Days’ and Her Perspiration Problems**

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called “emotional perspiration” is closely linked to a woman’s “difficult days.” So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, “emotional perspiration” is caused by special glands. They’re bigger and more powerful. And when they’re stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

**New Scientific Discovery**

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this “emotional perspiration” and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it’s here... a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion... during “difficult days” when she is more likely to offend.

It’s wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop - the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor... stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in... you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in... rub odor out.

**Twice as effective as roll-ons**

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating... completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So... to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of “emotional perspiration,” use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop stops perspiration stains... stops odor too, not only during the “difficult days” but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don’t be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49c plus tax.
“Where Are You, Eddie, I Need You!”

(Continued from page 43)

the knife. It was a frightening responsibility.

Debbie needed reinsurance badly. They needed to be reminded of love was dead between them, she needed Eddie at this moment. In this moment when the life of their child might be lying in the balance, she couldn’t just turn to anyone. Not even to Harry Karl, the man many people think she will marry. Only the child’s father had

right to say, “Yes. Let the doctor operate,” or “No—let us consult another doctor.”

And if the child was to face surgery, his father should be beside his bed when he opened his eyes after the operation, became conscious, and became panicky at the thought of being in a strange place between strange covers. At such a moment a boy, even the smallest child, needs not only his mother, but also his father.

But his father was vacationing in Jamaica, out somewhere—pain creased Debbie’s forehead—with the woman whose love had meant more to him than her love or staying with her. Moreover, she’d tried to get through to him, through almost 4,000 miles of telephone wires.

The operator had grown tired of calling. “There’s no answer,” she said. “Do you want to leave a message?”

“Doesn’t anybody know where Mr. Fisher is?”

“Sorry, he didn’t leave any message. Shall I ask him to call you back?”
Debbie bit her lip. "No, I'm sorry. I don't think there will be time."

She hurried to the side of her sick son and sat on his bed, holding his hand. "Darling, Mommy will take you to someone right away who will make you feel better."

**With God's help**

Her brother Bill's face was white as he waited to drive Debbie and the boy to the hospital. Bill lived in his own quarters in Debbie's large home in Holmby Hills. He felt that Debbie would be too nervous to drive to the hospital, and he was going to take them there. Her mother, who lived in Burbank, close by St. Joseph's Hospital, was waiting for them there.

Carrying the crying boy in her arms, Debbie stepped into the car. Her face was tense, almost pale, as the child's "I hurt, Mommy," he said.

"Yes, darling, I know," she said. "But at the hospital they will do everything to make you feel better."

**With God's help, she thought. May God be with the surgeon tonight. May He guide his hand. They say that when a surgeon goes to work, there are always three in the operating room: the doctor, the patient, and God. Please God, be there and watch over my child.**

It was a balmy night in late March and the sky was studded with stars, but inside the car, Debbie shivered. She had never known such fear. To face this alone . . . "Stop it, Debbie," she told herself. "You're being hysterical."

But another voice within her whispered: "How can I stand it—taking such a grave responsibility. The doctor said if there were no surgery, there might be complications."

Complications? The vague word carried its own cargo of terror. From the time little Todd was first born the threat of this moment had hung over him. "Hernia," the doctors had said then. "Some day it may become serious, requiring an operation. But he's an infant now and it isn't called for right now. We'll wait."

She and Eddie had agreed it would be wisest to wait till surgery was absolutely necessary. How could she have dreamed then that when the moment did come she and Eddie would not be together—that he would be married to another woman and that her frantic telephone call would not reach him in that distant spot in the British West Indies?

For a moment she was bitter. This was the bitterness she had tried so hard to fight, that she had promised herself she would never let overcome her. "Well, I can take anything life hands out," she told herself firmly. "If I expected too much of Eddie, it was my fault, not his. But why should Todd have to be let down, too? The child is his baby, too. Why should he be on a holiday in Jamaica, while Todd and I have to go through this ordeal together?"

It was unreasonable of her to resent it; she knew that. Eddie hadn't known that terror would strike in the middle of the night while he, perhaps, held the woman he loved in his arms somewhere under a Caribbean moon, or danced together in a gay Island nightclub.

She ran her fingers through Todd's hair; touched his cheek tenderly. "Darling," she thought to herself, "it's awful to go through this moment, through this night, but I wonder if your father knows what he's missing most of the time. He's missing some of the pain, but a lot of the joy, too."

The car wound up the hospital driveway and stopped in front of Admissions. A white-uniformed orderly placed the child in a wheelchair. "Mommy will be right with you," she said, comforting the frightened child.

When Todd was being prepared for surgery, a slip of paper—her authorization of the operation—was handed to Debbie. For a moment the words danced in front of her eyes. The words sounded so threatening with their promise to absolve the hospital of any blame.

"It's just a formality," she was told.

She took the pen and signed the release, praying as she wrote her name that all would be well.

Todd was still crying. She stayed as long as they let her, while they gave him a shot to make him drowsy and his eyes closed. She walked out into the corridor, then, and watched them wheel her little boy on the stretcher down the hall.

In the corridor, she pressed herself against the wall, looking very small. The people around her seemed like shadows in the night. How she wished that one of those shadows could be Eddie . . .

It seemed ages before the surgeon came out. There was a smile on his face. "He's all right. Your little boy's been taken to his room. He's still 'out' but he'll be fine."

Debbie started down the corridor. "I said I'd be right there when he opened his eyes. I want to be with him." She walked down the hall to his room, alone . . .

It was two days later when Eddie arrived in Hollywood, with Liz. He arrived the day his son was ready to be discharged. He drove directly to St. Joseph's. Todd, like the healthy child he was, was recovering beautifully. But even so, he had come too late to save Debbie from the night of fear—when the phone call she'd made to Eddie hadn't gone through.

Debbie will guest-star in Pepo, for Columbia, and stars in Paramount's The Pleasure Of His Company.
The Haunted Honeymoon

(Continued from page 40)

loved so desperately, so very, very much. They both looked forward to their wedding day.

But most of all, strangely, he'd looked forward to this city in faraway Denmark that he had crossed so much about.

To get away, for a while, at least, from Hollywood, from California, where there had been little laughter for him these past few weeks—ever since that day he'd sat with his friend and explained that things were going to be different for them both from that day on.

They'd been at the airport that day. Gloria—Jimmie's wife, Jimmy Jr.'s mother—had gone to a counter to pick up her tickets for Las Vegas. And they sat alone, father and son.

The boy was wide-eyed, looking, confused. "But why, Daddy," he asked, "why can't you come with us? I thought you were coming. Why can't you come?"

Jimmie didn't answer immediately. He couldn't. Instead he put his arms around his son and he wondered, "How do I tell you what's happening, baby? How do I tell you that your mother and you may be flying away so your mother can get a divorce, so that I can get married again? How do I tell you, my three-year-old baby? . . . How will you even understand what I'm talking about?"

"The son I've always wanted"

For the next minute or so, Jimmie lied. He didn't say anything about the picture he was working on, a picture that would take him very far away. "So," he said, "I thought that this would be a good time for us to go on our honeymoon. We were thinking of going to Europe."

And Vegas, you know, that's real old Indian territory. And I thought—

But he stopped. Because lying to the boy, believing him, was all right, he knew. He remembered other times he'd tried. Those mornings after the separation from Gloria when he would leave his apartment way in the studio and drop by the house, to be with her for a little while. How the boy would throw his arms around him and ask, "Daddy, where you been this morning?" How he would answer, "I was shopping, Son." And he'd go early and went to do some shopping. "How the boy would nod and say, "Oh sure, Daddy, you been to the grocery" . . . But how he hadn't been fooled. Not really.

"Your mama and you," Jimmie found himself saying now, suddenly, "you're both going to Las Vegas for six weeks . . . And before you go back, I'll have no good, right . . . First to New York. Then to Europe: a place called Europe . . . I'll be gone for two, maybe three months . . . I'm going with Evy. Evy—the pretty girl you met, you remember? The one who went to the beach with on Sundays sometimes. the three of us . . . I'm going to Europe, baby. And I'm going to go with Evy. Because, you see, I'm going to marry Evy—"

Again he stopped.

And the little boy, beginning to cry, asked softly, "Are you going away because you've grown up? Any more, Daddy?"

Jimmie hugged his son.

"Of course I want you," he said. "I always did want you. And I always will." He tried to smile. "Why, before you were even born, I knew I wanted you, I wanted," he said. "Before your mother went to the hospital, where you were born, you know what I said to her? I said, 'Mrs. Darren, you give me a boy, my son, and I'll get you two dozen beautiful roses.'"

Otherwise, I said, 'you don't get anything.' And she gave me my boy . . . you. And I gave her the roses, two dozen, just like I said.

"Yes, Jimmy," he said. "I wanted you, wanted you very much. And I still do. And I always will."

He let go of the boy now and reached into his pocket.

He removed a wallet, and a picture from it.

"Do you recognize this funny face?" he asked the child, trying to smile again.

"It's you, Daddy," the boy whispered.

"That's right," said Jimmy. "Now here, you put this in your pocket . . . like this . . . and once in a while, till I come back and see you again, you take it out and you look at it so you don't forget your daddy, this funny old face of his . . . All right?"

"All right," said the boy.

And then he'd begun to cry again, burying his face in his little hands, and sobbing. And Jimmie, unable to watch, had gotten up and walked away.

And gone back to Evy.

Back to the talk of their wedding, their honeymoon, only a few weeks away.

He was gloomy those next weeks. For the first time in his life he was edgy, nervous, and sharp-tongued. Even with Evy.

They began to fight. About silly things. Evy would say something and Jimmie would come back and tell her, or say he'd had to hell with any wedding, to hell with everything—and then he'd grab her and hold tight to her and kiss her. And everything seemed right, all right, that is, I realized how much I loved her and wanted to marry her. I sent her flowers to her hotel."

The wedding took place in the Our Lady Chapel of St. Patrick's Cathedral on Saturday, February 8. And two days later Jimmie and Evy were in Copenhagen, Evy's city of laughter.

The first stop of their strange and sometimes horrid honeymoon.

Jimmie seemed happy enough, outwardly, meeting Evy's mother and father, her old friends and neighbors.

To Evy's mind, she had, reputedly one of the best cooks in Denmark, he was a dream come true, a son-in-law who, though he could not speak her language, learned quickly how to say jeg er svært (I'm hungry), thus sending her scurrying happily into the kitchen a dozen or so times a day.

Feast night

It was, in fact, on the afternoon of his third day at the Norlund's when Jimmie, in the company of Evy, Norlund and Norlund's wife, prepared something, found out about the special feast she was planning for that night.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

"I know, Jimmy," she said through Evy, her interpreter, "you don't like any big crowds. You're tired of them, too many people at once . . . But just this one night, I must have the big feast. In your and my Evy's honor. . . . Just for the family—"

She winked, "—about thirty of us; maybe a few more . . . in your and my Evy's honor."

By eight o'clock that night the party had begun. And the relatives—hordes of them—began arriving. They came from all over, from Copenhagen proper, from surrounding towns and farms outside those towns; by car, by trolley, by foot.

They included an uncle, who played accordion, for those people who would dance; a few aunts, who sang, for those who would listen; several other women, aunts and cousins and nieces, who brought along quantities of homemade foods, to add to Mrs. Norlund's already-plentiful smorgasbord.

By nine o'clock the party was in full swing and Jimmy, despite his silent apprehensions at first, found himself having a good time, a very good time.

He danced.

He sang along with the ever-singing aunts.

He ate.

And, though normally not a drinker, he drank a little of each of the several drinks being handed out by a jolly-faced old-timer—a little beer at first, then some wine, then some of the hard stuff.

And, more and more, he found himself having a good time, a very good time, for the first time in a long time.

Until suddenly, at a certain point, while dancing with Evy, he saw a couple enter the room from the outside hallway—and with them a small boy, four or five years old.

"Look," Evy said, spotting them too, at practically the same moment, "my favorite cousin, Helga, and her husband . . . And they've brought the little son, Kurt!

"She led Jimmy over to them and introduced them, first Helga, then her husband, then the boy.

"Hello," Jimmy said to all three, but never removing his eyes from the boy's.

"Now Jimmy," he heard the girl called Helga say, after a moment, "though we do not speak English well, my husband and I, we have taught our boy to give you a greeting in your language . . . Go ahead, Kurt . . . Say what we taught you."

The little boy stiffened, and cleared his throat.

And then, very slowly, he said:

"My name is Kurt . . . I give you welcome . . . I hope you like our city . . . And I hope when you return to the United States of America that you will bring my greeting to your own city of—"

He stopped.

"Hollywood?" asked Evy.

"Ja," said the boy, "—Holly-vood."

The others laughed.

Jimmy nodded.

"Thank you," he said, not laughing, "thank you very much."

He put his hand on the boy's head and, for a short moment, he closed his eyes.

And then, opening them, he excused himself and turned and walked back across the room, through the still-dancing crowd, to the spot where the jolly-faced oldtimer was still handing out the drinks . . .

The haunted honeymoon

Evy looked over at him from the bed, as he stood near the window, staring out at the night, intently, the way he had stared at the boy downstairs, a little while earlier.

She looked at him for a long time, saying nothing.

And then, finally, she spoke:

"Why don't you talk about him, Jimmy?" she asked, softly. "It will make you feel better."

"Talk about who?" asked Jimmy, his voice little more than a flat whisper.

"Your son," Evy said. "I know you're thinking of him. I understand how you feel . . . You never talk about him, Jimmy. But please, turn around—and talk about him to me. It will make you feel better."

"No," he said, "I won't. I won't feel any better. And you'll feel worse."

Then he said, "Haven't I done enough, enough to spoil this honeymoon of ours?"

"It's a beautiful honeymoon," Evy said, "You haven't spoiled anything . . . It's a beautiful honeymoon, Jimmy,"

He shook his head.

"I wanted it to be," he said, "But how can it be? . . . A honeymoon is for two people, Evy. That's a simple fact about honeymoons, Evy. Everybody knows that about honeymoons . . . But we're not alone, are we? There's a third person with us. He's been with us since the minute we started. He's going to be with us, more and more, as we go along . . . I know it's not right . . . But I can't get him out of my mind.

"He's your son," Evy said. "You must never get him out of your mind. You must think of him always."

"Think of him?" Jimmy asked, laughing suddenly, a low and hollow laugh. "Think of him? . . . That's all I do, Evy, is think of him. And it's not fair to you . . . I think of him. I dream about him. And in all my thoughts and dreams, do you know what he's doing?"

He paused.

"What?" Evy asked.

"What's he forgetting me," Jimmy said. "Day by day, hour by hour, he's looking around for me, always. He's got big black eyes of his. And he doesn't see me. And so he's forgetting me . . . Like you forget anything you aren't around all the time. Like with me, when I go South by times, to the street where I was born, where I used to play, where I grew up—I realize when I get back there how much I've forgotten about it . . . All because he's away so long . . ." He took a deep breath.

"That's how it is with people, things, Evy," he said then. "How it was with me. How it is with my son . . . You forget it. You can't help it. And God, Evy, God, but I don't want my little boy to forget me!"

Evy got out of the bed and rushed over to him and took him in her arms.

"You mustn't worry," she said, "it's getting cold here, by the open windows. You should come to bed."

Again he shook his head. "Not now," he said, "not for just a little while."

"Jimmy," Evy said, "I'm not going to leave you till you come back with me. I'll stand here all night."

"Just a little while more," he said, "I want to be alone, just a little while more." "Jimmy—please," Evy said, begging now. "No," he said, his voice loud, angry. "I said—"

But he stopped.

And he clutched her suddenly.

And he buried his face in her neck, and he began to cry.

As she said, very softly, "Jimmy, Jimmy . . . It's going to be all right . . . You'll see . . ."

How it is in Copenhagen

It was the following morning.

Evy walked into their room and handed Jimmy a letter that had just come from the States.

The handwriting on the envelope was Gloria's.

But the return address was marked "James Darren, Jr.”

Jimmie opened the envelope and pulled out the sheet of paper inside it.

On the paper was a drawing, crude and comical, of a little boy.

Below it, printed in large and slanting letters, were the words:

"DEAR DADDY, I LOVE YOU"

Evy and Jimmy looked up from the paper after a while, and at one another.

And somehow, they both began to laugh.

"I told you," Evy said, "that this is the way it would be in Copenhagen—on our honeymoon. Didn't I, Jimmy?"

"I told you," Evy said, laughing even more, and bending to kiss her husband. "I told you—!"

Evy, "I told you," he said, "I'm not going to leave you till you come back with me. I'll stand here all night."

"Just a little while more," he said, "I want to be alone, just a little while more."

"Jimmy—please," Evy said, begging now. "No," he said, his voice loud, angry. "I said—"

But he stopped.

And he clutched her suddenly.

And he buried his face in her neck, and he began to cry.

As she said, very softly, "Jimmy, Jimmy . . . It's going to be all right . . . You'll see . . ."
fame and fortune here in Hollywood.

Since she married Arthur Miller and moved to New York and Connecticut to live, we do not see one another as often as we did in the beginning of her career when her agent, Johnny Hyde, was deeply in love with her (he was my good friend, too) and the powerful and influential producer of Marilyn's greatest achievements, the man who gave her the advantage of his wisdom and understanding.

Yet, we have never lost touch. When she called me, we would talk not too frequently in the past years, she always calls me, "because you are my friend."

Last year she telephoned to say hello on a day when I was giving a garden party and I invited her to come, hardly expecting she would accept as she had just flown in that morning. But she came—a ravishing creature in a black cocktail dress, de-lighting my guests, posing for pictures, laughing in that soft child-like voice of hers—truly a 'social show-stopper.'

And, when she returned to the West Coast, Josephine (her famous chauffeur) let's call it 'hired' her to me to a studio party she was hosting to introduce her friend and her and her husband and her O'Hara, and I hadn't been able to accept because of an early dinner appointment.

So what happens? Marilyn left her party early (to go to a newspaper photo call in her house, catching me with my hair in pin curls just before I got under the hair dyer—a strange and weird time to be receiving the vogue of glamour most glamorous woman, you must admit! Marilyn wasn't in the least fazed and we chatted and gossiped, as women do, in that short time we had before both of us were due for other engagements.

A real heart-to-heart.

It wasn't until later that it occurred to me we did in the beginning of her career, one of our real heart-to-heart talks that so frequently marked our early friendship in a long, long time. Deciding to put the thought into words, I telephoned the following day and asked if it would be convenient for me to see her that very afternoon on the set of Let's Make Love.

She sent back word for me to come at my convenience (and this is the star who has frequently been accused of being so difficult and aloof?).

I hadn't, however, exactly been prepared for a hot, humid, midafternoon in the heat of the 20th, accompanied by none other than Arthur Miller, their arms linked as they walked forward to greet me!

Marilyn took a short stroll from the Let's Make Love set wearing her costume for the scene, a black tight-fitting ballet outfit with a touch of deep pink and slippers with high pink heels. She looked lovely, far more slender than when she first arrived, and even the heavy screen make-up and the exaggerated heading of her eyelashes couldn't hide the fact that she had wept a lot. Arthur Miller was in casual sports attire and some of the California sun had tanned him. He looked younger than I had expected, standing behind her, his arm around her shoulder.

Marilyn's introduction was simple, "I want you two to know each other and be friends," she said.

Arthur shook hands, "Don't you remember we met at Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh's party for Marilyn and me in London?"—which, of course, I did.

He told me he had just returned from Ireland where he had conferred with John Houston who is going to direct Miller's independent picture starring Marilyn, The Misfits. He chatted for a moment about Ireland which we both love and then Arthur excused himself.

"I'm on my way back to the hotel to wash my hands and change. Do you two don't really want a man around," he laughed. And this tall, dark, intelligent and brilliant man didn't worry about spoiling his wife's make-up as he kissed her goodbye.

Luckily, Marilyn was not immediately needed in the scenes as we returned to the set and found two comfortable chairs where we could sit and talk uninterrupted.

As we sat down I said to Marilyn, "It's only fair to warn you that I am going to ask you a lot of personal questions as to what it's like being Mrs. Arthur Miller and how Arthur fits into your life of glamour."

Everyone knows that Marilyn's private life with Arthur Miller has been a very private one and I believe this is the first time she has discussed her personal life with her husband with anyone.

She gave me one of those 'upwept eyes' that is characteristic of Marilyn's screen close-ups. She was smiling, and waiting—so I took the plunge.

"Do you think you would be so badly in love with Arthur—and if you weren't Arthur Miller, the brilliant author of Death of a Salesman, The Bridge and other Broadway successes—" I started.

She didn't. "Of course I would. I am in love with the man, not the mind. When I first met Arthur I didn't even know he was the famous writer of plays and the Arthur Miller I became attracted to was a man of such charming, engaging personality, warmth and friendliness."

Marilyn went on slowly, "I won't say that later I didn't feel more in love with his work, but I have really appreciated his great talent and intellect. But I would have loved him for himself without his fine achievements.

Life with a brilliant man.

"But living with even a brilliant man can't be all aesthetic," I said, beginning to feel a bit like a dissecting surgeon. "There must be quarrels, at least differences between you."

"This may be hard to believe—but we do not quarrel at all! I mean by that—we talk no more, no less, about the same things. Of course, any marriage has to have some adjustments, but why can't they be made in good temper? Neither Arthur nor I are quarrelsome—we aren't quick to fly off the handle about trivial things. True, we do not always agree—but we always adjust these problems with our voices lowered," she said.

"In your private life do you prefer to be called Marilyn Monroe or Mrs. Arthur Miller?"

She didn't have to think about this—"Mrs. Arthur Miller!" and her voice tingled with pride.

"In any marriage, one of the partners usually dominates," I said. "In yours, who does it?"

Someone had brought us two paper cups of tea and I had decided if this query got lost in the pleasantries of thank—

wife. But Marilyn waited only until we were alone again before she said:

"Well, now I suppose in New York, Arthur is the boss. And here, everything centers around me when I am working."

I had heard that Arthur babyed, pampered, petted Marilyn, almost as though she were a child. "He does baby you, doesn't he?" I said.

She really laughed now—leaning over to put my arm around her. "He doesn't! nor does he treat me like a child. I am his wife in every sense of that word."

"We meet on common and congenial ground. But I don't think of him as a woman!—and you just know she meant it!

"Of course Arthur advises me and helps me to adjust myself. It has always been very easy for me to too easily get frightened, retiring, unsure of myself—and he has helped me very much toward overcoming this feeling," Marilyn added.

But Arthur Miller's psychiatrist said the reason you become ill before starting a picture and during the shooting is that you don't really want to be a motion picture star!

All this time we had been talking, Marilyn had shown no displeasure or impatience. But she did now. Obviously, she had heard this charge before and it was just as obvious to her as I had noticed it.

"You, perhaps as well as anyone I know, know how very hard I have worked to become a motion picture star. I love my job. I worked so hard. It brings me happiness and satisfaction. Any psychiatrist who would make a statement like that cannot be much more than a headline seeker. Psychiatrists are supposed to be secret and held inviolate."

She repeated, speaking hurriedly (for her in sincerity), "I do love acting—and I do want to do the pictures I attend the Lee Strasberg School and study all the time Arthur is busy on his plays."

When in New York.

The mention of her life in New York gave me a rather welcome chance to change the subject and I did with, "Tell me, Marilyn, what do you like to do on the way you and Arthur live in New York?"

Her good humor restored, Marilyn seemed happy at the opportunity to discuss her New York life, which is a wonderful set up—an apartment in the heart of New York and a house with beautiful gardens in Connecticut. We actually live a"...the kind of life—we aren't 'night-people,' either of us.

"Our most frequent visitors are Arthur's two children, Janie, fifteen, and Bobby, twelve." (Marilyn actually glowed when she spoke of the two children whom she had previously told me she likes very much.) They come to us for dinner every Tuesday, every other week end and for a three-week period in the summer, there are such nice, well-mannered children and I am very fond of them. I think they like me, too," she said softly but proudly.

She said. "I think you run quite an establishment—rather, two establishments, Marilyn. Do you have a great deal of help?"

She answered, "To the contrary. We employ one permanent maid, we share a secretary and a cleaning woman comes in as often as we need her depending on how much entertaining we do. When we are in the city—everybody is cooking."

This was almost too much! The idea of the beautiful, glamorous Marilyn, who looked like she could be kept under glass shell—on a lovely day, laboring over a red hot stove was more than I could take. I had to laugh—and for the first time, even she gave that little giggle for which she is famous. But she stuck to her guns. "You'd be surprised—honest. And whether anyone believes it or not, I can do more than scrambled eggs and prepare frozen foods."

"I am Going to Adopt a Baby."

(Continued from page 29)
I have learned how to make noodles that don't come out of a package—and I bake bread very well. "Oh, come on now—you buy the mixes," I protested.

"No, I don't!—I don't like mixes. I use yeast and bake my own bread. Have you ever read The Joy Of Cooking? It's a cookbook that gives fine recipes but it also emphasizes the actual happiness there is connected with it and that can be a big pleasure in a woman's life, not a chore. I read it often and it makes me feel happy," I said. "Marilyn, here you sit looking like a poster girl and talking like a hausfrau with a dozen children under her feet."

"I wish there were," my beautiful friend said softly. Twice Marilyn had lost babies through miscarriages, the last one with great jealousy to her own life, and her face saddened whenever she speaks of children. She wants one so very much.

"And, I haven't given up hope," she said simply. "More than anything in the world I want a baby, lots of babies. And, God willing, for every baby I have— I'm going to adopt another one." That was a surprise!

"Then, why don't you adopt one now?" I asked. "They say it frequently happens that if a child is adopted, childless parents then are blessed with one of their own."

Marilyn looked thoughtful. "I don't know whether Arthur would like for us to adopt one just now. I'm afraid it might be a burden, and I'm not sure that I'm ready to take your advice and talk to him about it. Meanwhile, I do not want to seem sad or depressed about it to him— I'm very grateful and happy with my life. It is very full. We are rich in our work and in our family and friends."

"Just who do you and Arthur see the most often socially?" I put in.

The Miller circle

"I suppose our closest friends are Mr. and Mrs. N.Y. Rosten. She is the playwright-poet and he and Arthur have a lot in common. I like Mrs. Rosten very much, too. We also see Mr. and Mrs. Iitor Bella. He is also a poet and writer. Our little circle is rounded out by my husband's publishers and, of course, Paula and Lee Strasberg, dear and close personal friends of mine."

We had been lucky that we had enjoyed such a long chat uninterrupted, but Marilyn was now being summoned before the cameras. Director George Cukor walked over to personally tell Marilyn they were ready.

"Don't leave," she said to me. "I want Paula (Strasberg) to come and chat with you. You'll learn why I am so fond of her,—and she becomened for the famed woman-half of the dramatic coaching team to take her chair beside me."

Mrs. Strasberg is indeed a likable person, animated, warm and understanding and she is devoted to her famous pupil. I told her, "I have never seen Marilyn as relaxed and as the at ease as she is today. Yet she still seems to have periods of illness and nervousness which keep her from working—why do you think this is?"

"I think I was engaged," said Marilyn. "I think my husband has the solution: he says that nervousness indicates sensitivity and that's what Marilyn has, great sensitivity. And, I don't think this is all— although I think she is overcoming it. Lee says, 'Show me an actress who isn't frightened and nervous and I will say she won't go far,'"

"Marilyn has got God-given talent, really phenomenal talent. My husband says she is a combination of Jeanne Eagles and Pauline Lord. Like them, she is greatly misunderstood. When her work is concerned, she wants perfection and to achieve perfection in anything is well nigh impossible. But she constantly seeks it—even when the expense of her health and peace of mind."

Time was getting late and I should be getting off. But I wanted to say good-bye to Marilyn after she completed her scene with Relaxed and Marvin. I was thinking French 'one-man show' making his American debut with Ia Monroe."

"Coming on in front of the camera Marilyn was at her finest—most relaxed, most serene, and most beautiful. One of the things which is concerned, she wants perfection and to achieve perfection in anything is well nigh impossible. But she constantly seeks it—even when the expense of her health and peace of mind."

"Dark-Eyes" goes on once... stays on until lashes and brows are replenished by new hair in every four to six WEEKS. So easy to apply!

"Dark-Eyes" colors... doesn't coat. No sticky, heavy look, no brittle, breaking hairs. All day, all night for weeks, lashes and brows are NATURALLY soft, dark luxuriant—without mascara!

"Dark-Eyes" doesn't smear. Doesn't wash off! You can rub your eye, kiss, wash in the rain, enjoy a good cry at the movies—yet retain that "born beautiful" look. Contains no animal oils. "Dark-Eyes" now in 26th year! Three shades: black, brown, light brown.

What a Brand Name tells you

Brand Names are built on your confidence. You and your neighbors dictate the standards a Brand Name product must meet to consistently deliver the value and service you want.

A respected Brand Name is a manufacturer's most valuable asset and he spares no effort to protect it by constantly bettering his product.

A Brand Name is the maker's guarantee of satisfaction which is doubly endorsed by the dealer who sells it.

For dependable quality and consistent satisfaction you do better with brands you know; get to know those you see advertised in this magazine.

To get the most for your money buy by Brand Name and be sure!

A Brand Name is a maker's reputation

BRAND NAMES SATISFACTION

BRAND NAMES FOUNDATION, INC.
427 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
She looked back up, and Eddie followed her gaze.

"Well, to me," said Eddie, "—you know what it looks like to me?"

He hesitated.

"Like a lump of coal, white, all fleecy... huh?" he said.

Liz said nothing.

"A pillow," said Eddie. "A little bit crumpled up, isn't it?"

Still, Liz said nothing.

"Okay," said Eddie, laughing. "I give up. You tell me... Come on." He repeated it.

"It reminds me," Liz said slowly, softly, finally, "of a baby."

"Hmmmnn," Eddie said. "A baby... No, I don't think so. But..."

He stopped as he felt Liz take his hand, and squeeze it, tightly, desperately.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"No," she said softly... "It's breaking up... it's taking the cloud away..."

**A dream of a baby**

She began to cry, suddenly.

"Liz," Eddie said, confused, worried himself now, "what is it? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," Liz said. "It's that..."

She shook her head.

"It's what?" Eddie asked.

"It's that," Liz said, "that sometimes it comes, in the middle of the night. Like it comes last night, Eddie."

"What comes?" he asked.

"The dream," she said, quickly. "I had it last night. I hadn't had it for a while. But..."

She looked at him... "Last night..."

"Eddie asked her to tell him about it.

And, after a while, a long long moment of silence, she did.

"It's a simple dream," she said, opening her eyes, looking back at him, "very short, always the same.

"I'm in a chair, sitting in a chair," she said. "And I'm holding a baby, a tiny baby, a new-born baby. And for a while, as I sit there, I wonder whose baby this is that I'm holding. I never know. Not really. And then, a little time goes by, and I look over, and I see someone standing there. And it's you, Eddie—it's you standing there. And you're looking down at me and the baby, and you're smiling. And I realize then that it's our baby. Our baby, Eddie. Yours and mine... And then—"

She paused.

"And then what, Liz?" Eddie asked.

"And then?" Liz said, "then I wake up. I wake up and I find myself smiling, too, just as if it weren't all a dream, just as if it were true. And I keep smiling till... till I die."

"And it isn't true, not at all true. That we have no baby, you and me. That we may never have a baby..."

"Till I remember what all the doctors have told me, and what I've seen, and what I've been told about the risk for me of having another child after three caesareans... And I get afraid," she went on. "And then I try not to care. I lie there and I say to myself, 'Well, if you can't have another baby, Elizabeth—not now, as some of the doctors tell you, or not ever, as others of them say—well, there's nothing you can do about it, is there?'"

"Oh, I have some lovely talks with myself after my dream. Very cheerful and friendly and understanding. And I feel better after them, too... Till—" she said and paused.

But again she paused.

"Till what?" Eddie asked.

"Till," said Liz, "as I grow more and more awake, as I feel you there, lying next to me, you, my husband... it comes to me how much I must be disappointing you, Eddie. How much, how very much, I must be letting you down.

Eddie shook his head and started to say something, something that would calm Liz.

"I know, Eddie," she interrupted, "—you don't talk about it. We never talk about it, do we? But I know, Eddie, how much you must want a baby, a baby of our own."

"I know," she said, "how much any man who loves a woman and who marries her wants a child of their own to love, too."

"And I know," she said, "what happens sometimes between people, when there is no baby. When—"

She stopped.

"I know," she repeated, as again the tears began to come to her eyes.

**A story of a marriage**

Eddie let her cry it out for a while, wiping away the tears as he had done before, waiting for the sobbing to end.

And when, after a while, it did end, he smiled, and he said, "Honey... Liz..."

"I want to tell you a little story. An old, a very very old story... You want I should tell you an old, old story, Liz?"

"Don't kid with me, Eddie," she said, "Not now."

"I'm not kidding," Eddie said. "This is a story I heard my grandmother tell me when I was a kid—a genuine, bona fide, serious story... Do you want to hear it?"

Liz shrugged.

"Well," Eddie said, starting anyway, "you see, my grandmother was taking care of me, at her house, this one day. And we were eating lunch, just the two of us, when this gal who lived next door—her name was Florence, I remember—walked in and took one look at my grandmother, who was, I should tell you, a sort of con-fessor to the whole neighborhood, and she started to cry and bawl all over the place. What's the matter, Fagelle, my dear? I remember my grandmother asking her."

"The doctor," Florence said. "I just came from the doctor, and he told me, once and for all, that I couldn't have a child. How can I go on telling this to my husband, for one thing? And, for another thing, how am I going to hold my husband now, a man who, like other men, wants a child? What," she said, "what is a marriage without a child?"

"And when Florence was all through talking and crying, my grandmother said to her. 'But honestly, my dear, don't you know the story of Baraak and Shoshana?'"

"Of who?" Florence asked.

"Baraak and Shoshana," my grandmother said, "the lovers of old times gone by."

"You mean like Romeo and Juliet?" Florence asked.

"I mean," my grandmother said, "a little and little lovers, like Baraak and Shoshana. These lovers I talk of," she said, 'were married lovers, thank you.'"

"And then she told their story."

"'Baraak,' she said, the name, Fagelle, he was a farmer, a very good man and a very good farmer. And Shoshana, a most beautiful young girl, she was his wife. And for the first years of their married life, they were so happy, so perfect together, that people from all over the place, from the other farms, all over, used to refer to them as Baraak and Shoshana, the most perfect and happiest of couples."

"People used to envy them, and admire them, both at the same time... The way they worked together in the fields, planted and harvested, side by side, side by side... The way they, together, both built the house in which they lived, a lovely and handsome domicile, with their own hands, side by side... The way, together, they built another most magnificent edifice, a granary, where they could store their crops after the harvest... The way they did all sorts of things together, for one another."

"Yes, people used to envy them, and admire them..."

"While that, after a few years, Baraak and Shoshana—especially Shoshana—did not feel that they were either so happy or so perfect."

"Because of a very simple factor."

**The wise man's answer**

"There was, you see, no child in their life. No son. No daughter. No nothing."

"And oh, a while, Shoshana would weep, all the time weep, because she was childless."

"And her weeping would annoy Baraak, who wanted a little smiling around the place once in a while, and not all this weeping."

"But Shoshana, she couldn't help it."

"And she said, "Until her eyes, which had been at one time blue like the sky at sunrise were now red, like that same sky, at sunset.

"Until the tears she shed became the best friends of her cheeks, and true."

"Until she became asthemi—which, in case you don't know, Fagelle, my dear, is Hebrew, for nervous wreck."

"And then Baraak, too, was becoming asthemi."

"Until," Grandma said, "until the wonderful zaken ch'cham, the wise old man, came along that day and saw Shoshana sitting beside her house weeping, and he said to her, 'My dear, what is wrong that you are weeping so?'

"Well, Shoshana, who at this point was telling everybody her troubles, certainly told the wise man of her case."

"And she said, "Because, zaken ch'cham, my marriage with Baraak is childless and because, as everybody knows, in children there is love and love is the most important thing in any marriage."

"'I see,' said the wise old man. 'I see... yes... hmmm... you... I see... I see... she was married to him who, somewhere where Shoshana sat, at the house behind her, and he said, 'My dear, excuse me for being inquisitive. But this house behind you, it is certainly a handsome and lovely domicile.'

**SUPER STAR CHART**

_is ready!_

*Be sure to get your copy and learn thousands of fascinating facts about the stage, TV, and Hollywood. Just wail 25 cents in coin with the coupon below.*

Box 190
Super Star Information Chart
Times Square P. O.
New York 36, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin. Please rush my copy of

**MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR INFORMATION**

**Name.**

**Address.**

**City.** Zone. State.
And, if you would be so kind to tell me—who built it, please?"

"And Shoshana said, "The house? Why, that was built by Baraak and me, by our own hands, when we were first married, zaken cha'cham."

"H'mmm," said the old man, nodding, "yes . . . I see."

"And then he said, "That wonderful-looking field out there, with the wheat and the corn and what-have-you, growing there, so strong and so well-tended . . . that was planted by you and Baraak, I imagine?"

"Yes," said Shoshana, "by none but the two of us."

"So pardon me, but just one more question," said the wise old man, snuffing in deeply. "I smell coming from somewhere, from the kitchen of your house I presume, the most delicious aroma of cooking."

"And Shoshana said, "Yes, zaken cha'cham, it is chicken soup I have made for me and for Baraak."

"And then the old man said, "But tell me, dear, is there not love in all this?"

"He sniffed in again, deeply.

"In the chicken soup, zaken cha'cham?" asked Shoshana, incredulous.

"Yes . . . yes," said the wise old man. In the chicken soup, for one thing. Is there not love in that—in the preparation of food for your husband, to fill his stomach with good dishes and aromas and nourishment such as that after a hard day of work?"

"Shoshana said nothing to the question, which struck her as very strange.

Love in this

"And," said the wise old man, going on, pointing to the house, "is there not love in this, the house that the two of you have built together, with your own hands?"

"He pointed to the field. "And in that," he asked, "is there, he asked, then, is there not love in all of this—and is not love itself a child, your child, the child of you and Baraak?"

"You weep for a child, Shoshana," he said. "Well, my dear, that, that, the matter of being able to have children or not, that is a matter in the hands of God. To some he gives children. To others he does not.

"Only God knows why.

"But—and remember this, Shoshana—though God may deny a child to some people, as he may deny wealth to others, beauty to still others, certain things to certain others of us—there is one thing that he never denies."

"And that is love, Shoshana.

"Love—the child he gives to all married people; a love to be treated tenderly . . . like a baby. To be held tight and jealously to the breast. To be nursed, nourished. To be treasured. . . ."

"He sighed.

"And then he said, "I, Shoshana, I am only an old man who speaks to you. But," he said, "having seen much in my long life, let me add just this . . . . Ni Yodea? Who knows? Who knows that someday this great and divine power that is God might not grant you the baby which you seek, for both yourself and Baraak . . . Eh? he asked . . . ."

Eddie stopped.

"And that," asked Liz, "is that the end of the story?"

"The way my grandmother told it, it is," said Eddie.

"But Shoshana and Baraak," Liz asked, "did they ever have their child?"

"Ni yodea?" Eddie asked, "who knows?"

As he smiled at his wife.

As she smiled back at him.

There it was again. That odd sensation in his throat, that stifling headache. Not severe at all, but, as Jimmy Stewart complained to his worried wife Gloria, these minor aches just never seemed to go away.

Gloria had asked him before to see their doctor, but Jimmy always insisted that he wasn’t a hypochondriac, and that he wasn’t going to waste a busy man’s time with an ailment he could hardly describe. So he’d down a couple of aspirin, straighten his tie, slam on his hat and tell her, “I’m going for a little walk. The fresh air will do me good.”

But it wouldn’t.

The slight headache, the vague sore throat was still there.

And Jimmy did nothing about it . . .

Then the Stewarts got a wonderful invitation. The Maharajah of Cooch-Behar invited them to be his guests in Calcutta. The most exciting event of their stay would be an Indian tiger hunt.

They were looking forward to this thrilling adventure. As they got busy making plans, getting their shots, checking their passports, Gloria, with wifely intuition, suggested, “We’ll be leaving in a few weeks, darling, so you’ll have just enough time to get that check-up you promised me.”

And so it was that next morning Jimmy Stewart straightened his tie, slammed on his hat, and set off for the doctor’s.

When he got back he told Gloria, “Well, they couldn’t find anything. I knew it was nothing . . . .”

A few days later Gloria presented him with two packages from a leading men’s shop in Beverly Hills. “It’s a prescription,” she explained. “I got it filled for you. Open it.”

Jimmy unwrapped the boxes in amazement.

Six white shirts and a hat.

“The doctor phoned this morning,” she smiled, “and said that there certainly wasn’t anything wrong organically with you, but that he noticed you seemed uncomfortable when you buttoned up your shirt and put on your hat. And he got to thinking, could be they were strangling you, just a little. Maybe all you needed was a larger size. . . .”

The diagnosis seemed to be the correct one.

. . . Jimmy admits that he hadn’t changed his size since he was sixteen, and as they flew off on their vacation, reported that he was feeling great!

Jimmy Stewart:

SPECIAL PRESCRIPTION
on but his shorts, scratching his legs. And then he'll see you and he'll say "Ooooloos, why didn't you tell me somebody was here?"

"This," said Nina Maffey, pointing to the girl, "is my daughter, Vivi."

"Hi," said Vivi. "I'm going to be an actress, and famous someday, I hope."

"And this," said Nina, indicating a girl seated next to Vivi, "is my other daughter, Vana."

"She," said Vivi, "just wants to grow up and marry somebody famous—like Frankie Avalon."

"Shhhhh!", said Vana, poking her sister, giggling, turning bright red.

"And this little one," said Nina, completing the introductions, pointing to a boy who'd been following us, "is my son, Gary. He's four. And you look at him and you see his Uncle Bobby when he was this age. Thin. Big brown shining eyes." She covered Gary's ears, momentarily. "Very cute, and very smart," she said, winking. Then she saw how, as Nina walked to the stove to check some coffee that was brewing, and she said, "In fact, I think Gary here is the next generation's Bobby Darin. He's always singing just like his uncle would when he was his age."

"Mary," asked Gary, "are you gonna tell Uncle Bobby and the eggs?"

"Later, honey," said Nina. "How about giving your dad a kiss?"

Without any hesitation, Gary said, "Sure.

"Just like Bobby—see?" said Nina. "I remember somebody’d come to the house and they'd say, 'You going to give us a song?' and Bobby'd say, 'Sure, watch me. I'm Bobby!'... All right, Gary."

The little boy took a deep breath and began to sing.

Oh the shack dear
Has such teeth dear
And he shoves them right into my face!

Suddenly, he stopped, bowed and left the room.

**Bobby and those moods**

"Bobby started singing even younger," Nina said then. "When he was two and a half, I remember, he came over to me one day and he said, 'I sing for you, you okay?'... Okay," I said. I thought I was going to hear something like Mary Had a Little Lamb. So what does he do? He begins to sing McNamara's Band. Honest to God.

The whole thing, about twelve verses. Just from hearing it on the radio. And then he follows it with this song called Turkish Delight—word for word. And then he picks up a Saturday Evening Post of those dollar-and-a-half Woody Herman things and he starts to play the Sabin Dance by Khachaturian!! Well, that day, that was what we had a real honest-to-goodness musician on—"

"Mom," said Vivi, interrupting, "holding up one of the letters she'd been looking through."

"Well, a group of Texas who says that Uncle Bobby is a greedy snob, that he's very moody—and concealed—and that nobody likes him for this."

"I don't like her, this girl in Texas," said Vana.

"She says," said Vivi, continuing, "that she read this and she wants to know if and why Uncle Bobby is like this. Please an- swer," she says... "Should I, Mam?"

"I'd like to answer," said Nina, pouring the coffee now. "I'd like to answer all the people who say these things about my brother. And do you know what I'd say?..."

"I'd say the truth—that sometimes Bobby is grouchy, sometimes he is snobby, sometimes he is moody, concealed. But this is not the Bobby Darin that they're telling you about. This is the Bobby that you've got to take him if you want to take him at all. She took a deep breath, brought the coffee cups to the table, and sat facing us, she said, 'You know, when he was a little boy and the paper was saying he was going to be the moody type. Ten months—and there he'd be with a face this long half the time. And you could catch him in a mood, you could stand on your head, do anything, and it wouldn't matter. He was in a mood. And boy, there was no changing it.

"Even as a grown up, she went on, re- membering, 'he was moody lots of the time. We used to think it was his sickness, at the beginning. He had rheumatic fever something sensible for and for years he was in the most awful pain... Thank God that ended. I don't know how he stood it. He'd have to lay in bed all the time, not moving, because to move caused him pain. And you could catch him, he'd be moody for so much all over. And when he'd have to go to the bathroom and Charlie, my husband, would have to pick him up and begin to carry him around.

"She paused, and shook her head. '"Anyway,' she said, 'we thought then that this sickness was most of the reason for Bobby's moodiness. When he got better, after a few years, the moods re- mained. And you know, the fascinating thing is how where with other people, when they're like that, moody, you feel like you 'get a dollop' well, with Bobby, it's always like a magnetic thing, the way people flock around him all the time when he's moody, and the way they all get so affected by these moods.

"It's like a comedy sometimes."

"You remember the night with the pas- trami sandwiches, Mom?" Vivi asked.

"I was just remembering," said Nina. "Yeah, a whole couple of years ago, before Bobby became famous, he was sitting around the house with a whole bunch of people—his entourage, as they say—"

"Uncle Bobby's entourage," Vivi inter- rupted, "started long before he did."

"That's right," said Nina. "So,' she went on, "they're all sitting around. And they're very good. Because Bobby is in a mood, about his appetite, what he wants to eat, of all things. And he's not talking. And they're not talking, of course. And then, all of a sudden, Bobby jumps up from the chair where he's sitting and he says, 'I know what I need to put me right. A pastrami sandwich. How about it?'

"He says to the other guy a couple of dollars and they all jump up, too, and smile, too, and they say, 'Yeah, a pastrami sandwich—just the thing.' And they're all just about at the door saying and saying, 'Now, passtrami's not going to do me any good,' and he goes and sits down again. And so do the others. Till about ten minutes later, when his friend says, 'Chop Suey, that's what I want.' So, again, the others get all excited and they say, 'Yeah, that’s it—Chop Suey!'

"Well, to make a long story short, he just tell you that when they got to the door, Bobby decided he really didn't want Chop Suey, either, and so they all turned around and that this went on and on and I don't know how many times, until at one point Bobby yelled out 'Pizza!', as if he really meant it this time, and the others cheered and said, '

‘Pizza! Yeah! That's swell!’—and, finally, they all left."

Nina laughed heartily at the memory. And then she explained:

"Now this, like I said, is before Bobby became really famous. And I don't say that these other people—the entourage—hung around and put up with these moods be- cause they were getting paid for it or anything. I figured that no matter what Bobby decided he really didn't want, he'd buy for them too. Bobby didn't have more than a few dollars to his name at the time. It was each man for himself. These funny things happening around about Bobby. And the moody he was, the bet- ter a time they seemed to have."

Nina looked down at the letter again. Still leafing through the book, reading the words. "Now about his being conceited—" she started to say.

**A fan comes to look**

There was a knock on the back door. Vana got up to see who it was.

"Hello," she said, seeing a little girl, standing there.

"Hello," said the little girl. "Is your Uncle Bobby home yet?"

"Uh-huh," said Vana.

"Can I come in and see him?" she asked.

"His asleep now," said Vana.

"Oh," said the little girl, excitedly, that's the way I'd really like to see him. When he's awake.

Nina sighed and walked over to the door. "Sweetie," she said, "you have a big brother, don't you? And does he like it if you walk into his room while he's sleep- ing and take a look at him when he's awake.

"No," she added, "I never want to see him sleeping," said the little girl.

"Well then," said Nina, ignoring the answer of the little girl, "I'll like it either."

"Now why don't you come back later and take a look at him when he's awake. All right?"

"All right," the little girl said, disappointed.

"Some of these kids," Nina said, sighing again, closing the door. "—Now, where were we?"

"About Uncle Bobby being conceited," said Vivi.

"Oh yeah," said Nina.

She was just about to begin talking again when Gary walked back into the room, and over to us.

He was carrying a cat.

This is Splash-Splash," he said. "He has since been renamed, again, a third of a dog. And he thinks he's a dog... I have a dog, too," he added, quickly. "Uncle Bobby gave him to me. His name Geronimo."

Nina leaned over and patted her son's head. "Why don't you see if you can find Geronimo," she said.

Gary looked up at her.

"Mama, did you tell the story about Uncle Bobby and the eggs yet?" he asked.

"Later," said Nina.

"Please, Mama—tell it now," Gary said.

Nina smiled. "All right. Real fast, though."

To us, winking, she said, "This is my favorite Uncle Bobby story of all time."

Then she said, in recitation-voice: "Once upon a time there was a boy named Bobby, and he went to the kitchen. Mama was sick and so he was very poor, and lived in a little dump apartment in The Bronx, New York. And Bobby didn't have money for food. Poor. And it was hard to have fun, being without toys and being so poor. So this one day he decided to invent a game, all by himself. First, he went into the kitchen and he found a few empty milk bottles. And then he went to the icebox and he found about three dozen eggs there. Now why were there so many eggs there? Because this
boy Bobby's family was on what they call Relief, and every week the family would get coupons for food—and sometimes the coupons were for only one kind of food—and this week they were only for eggs.

"That's why it was so important to me, that day. There was so many eggs in the icebox!"

"Yes," Nina said. "So Bobby, she went on, "to have fun this day, lined up all the eggs and bought a bowling ball. With the eggs! And one by one, the eggs crashed against the milk bottles—and broke.

"Now, Momsie," Bobby interrupted, "because I know Bobby, because I know him, because I know his family, because I know his--"

"Like this," Nina said. She closed her eyes and shuddered: "Pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, pow, pow"

"All right with the egg story?" Nina asked, opening her eyes.

"Yes," Gary said.

All about conceit


"Yes, the boy said, rushing away:

"And now," Nina asked again, when he was gone, "where was I?"

"Conceit!" Vivi and Vana said together.

"Oh, that's about Bobby's conceitfulness: this is what I'd like to say to anybody who brings that subject up. Conceitedness, I'd like to say first, probably means conceit, because the word conceited means that you have the idea you're good, that you think you're good. Well, in Bobby's case, he knows he's good. And to me this isn't conceit. It's assurance. If he has

Bobby isn't conceited about other things. Not about his looks, God knows. In fact one day a photographer was here taking pictures and he said, "Okay, Jimmy, how about a shot over here?" And Bobby laughed and said, "You've got it wrong, Mister—Jimmy Dar-"... "No, Jimmy, because he has of his talent. Bobby isn't conceited about other things. Not about his looks, God knows. In fact one day a photographer was here taking pictures and he said, "Okay, Jimmy, how about a shot over here?" And Bobby laughed and said, "You've got it wrong, Mister—Jimmy Dar-

"Mom," Vivi said, "you're Junesquie.

"Call it what you will, sweetheart," Nina said, laughing again, "but the common word is heptye."

She thought for a moment.

"Then," she said, "for some reason, she will be fair-haired, light brown or blonde. Don't ask me why. I just see her this way."

Another pause:

"Then," Nina said, "she will be an understanding type, understanding from the word, and the green-eyed that seem like the moods I was telling you about before, to help him when he's under some of the pressures of this business he's in—he'll have to be understanding, very very understanding."

"And a good housecleaner," Vivi put in. You should see Uncle Bobby with us. He always cleans a week and a half ahead when he's home. ... We're just through eating and he says, "Okay, Vivi, you clear the table—and you, Vana, over to the sink and clean that water pushing through the pipes."

"I wish," Nina said, nodding, "that he were home more often."

"It's a person or two, chuckling. "he's a real slave-driver sometimes."

Nina nodded. And then she said, "And I see her, this girl who marries Bobby someday, as having one thing. A great sense of humor. Dry. So dry that she could pull his leg off with it and he wouldn't feel the pain."

"Like Grandma's," Vana said.

"Yes—like the kinds of humor my mother had," Nina said. "In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if, subconsciously, Bobby were looking around for a girl like our mother."

She paused for a long moment.

"Mom," she said, after a while, "she was a remarkable woman. ... Before she married my father she'd been in show business. ... A lot of pressure after she married she gave up the business—completely—until Bobby came along and she saw, after a while, that he could amount to something. She loved, respected, so much."

"She's the one who encouraged Bobby. I mean encouraged him—the one who told him, through all the years, that nothing could stop him as long as he never stopped."

You and all your friends will be

EXCITED!

about these

Personalized Xmas Cards

Get your own at WHOLESALE. Make up to $3.75 an hour in your spare time. Make over $600 or more in just 10 orders. No selling necessary—just show friends and neighbors actual cards, and they will order them. Bobby's Competitive Card Company. Hundreds of new, exclusive ideas and designs. Never found in stores. Folks will be glad to buy from you. Your customer's name engraved on each card without extra cost: STILL MORE FOR YOU

Make EXTRA PROFITS with all-season and Christmas BOXED ASSORTMENTS. Call Wrigley's, Stetson, Coca-Cola, and a big variety of other famous-sellers. Learn how you can sell Holiday Beauty CORNER PLAN CREDIT and add hundreds of dollars to your income. In quantities prices for yourself. Over $5,000,000 extra profits this year. Bobby's Competitive Card Company. Christmas list this year, including trip to Hollywood for two appearances in major movie party program, plus free cosmetics, etc., etc.

FREE LUCY HINNY BANK
Given to you for ordering NOW

GENERAL CARD CO., Dept. D.M.
320 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago 7, Illinois

General Card Co., Dept. D.M.
1500 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Check here if you want Rush Box and details of how to make money. If you want Rush Box mark this item: 0. Extra Prizes available. Each Rush Box plan contains 250 cards. Collection guide available for extra money.exion Prize Plan. Enclose Lucky Penny Bank and Cards worth $4.50.

Name

Town State

FREE EXAMINATION

Mall to: STAR-CREST RECORDING CO.

Speedwriting

DEP. 807, 35 W. 42 ST., NEW YORK 86 N.

Famous SPEEDWRITING shorthand, 120 words per minute, No symbols: no mas- 

SPEER

BEST MONEY FOR YOU!

SPEAR

SONGS-POEMS

We need New Ideas for RECORDING

Your Songs or Poems could

EARN MONEY FOR YOU!

FREE EXAMINATION

Mall to: STAR-CREST RECORDING CO.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids

New Way Without Surgery

Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain. Once without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinking) took place.

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

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

This substance is now available in sup- 

processing or salient form under the name Preparation H®. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.
An Open Letter to Sandra Dee

(Continued from page 49)

Yet you did not go to see your father, nor your brother.
Nor did you phone him.
Nor did you ask anyone about them, how they were, where they were; not one question did you ask about them, not once did you mention their names.

Why, Sandra? Why?
Oh yes, we all know about your family history—how your mother, Mary, and your father, Pauline, lived a love affair that lasted for many years, years, before you were six; how your mother then married Eugene Douvan, her boss, who loved you, took care of you, called you "my daughter" till the day of his sudden death in 1956; how since that day you have mourned Eugene Douvan, referred to him in stories and interviews as "Dad," actually, your true father was still alive.

Your true father—yet a man whose existence you deny, a man whose existence you ignore.

Why, Sandra? Why?
You are not a cold girl.
You are not a thoughtless girl.
Or, really, would you ever have been one of the most delightful, most sincere, most lovely girls we have ever known.

We like you, very very much.
And it is because we like you so much that we are concerned about you—concerned that you are now, right now, this moment, the greatest mistake of your life, living one of the most terrible lies a person can live.

As you did that Tuesday.
May 22.

That triumphant day of your homecoming when you smiled and waved and thousands of people smiled and waved back at you.

That day hands played in your honor.

That day kids and grownups alike screamed happily at the sight of you and begged you for autographs.

That day Mayor Brady and Congressman Gallagher, and all the others praised you in speech after speech.

That day you rode through the streets of your old hometown in a long black Cadillac limousine flanked by two police cars, four motorcycles.

That day you said you would always remember—for as long as you lived.

That day, that same day, a man and a little boy sat waiting, in a small apartment over on West Twenty-fourth Street, that same apartment in which you had once lived, waiting to see if you would remember them...

My sister Sandra Dee

Their day—your father's and Kenny's—began at exactly 7:45 that morning when the little boy awoke, rushed from his bed and ran into the kitchen where Pauline, his mother, your father's present wife, was preparing breakfast.

"Mommy, Mommy," he shouted, according to the way Pauline tells it. "Today's Tuesday, and my sister Sandra Dee is coming.

Isn't she, Mommy?"

Pauline explained that you, Sandra, were indeed coming to Bayonne. But that she didn't know whether or not you would come.

"Oh yes she will, you wait and see," Kenny said. "She's my sister!"

At that moment, your father walked into the room:

"Won't she, Daddy, won't she come and see us finally?" the little boy asked again, as he'd asked many times before.

And again, Sandra, it was explained to him that no one could be sure.

"Maybe," your father said.

"Maybe.

He looked at the table then. It was all set.

"Now," he said, "let's eat. And later we'll see what's going to be...

It was a few minutes before nine o'clock when Pauline kissed Kenny and your father good-bye and left for work. You see, Sandra, your dad was in an accident a few months ago, and he hurt his foot, pretty badly. Just at about the time he was set to go back to work things got slow at his place, and he was laid off. He hasn't been able to work since. And so Pauline, to help out, took a job as a clerk-typist at the Maidenform Co. plant. And so, this morning, she left for work, as usual, at about nine o'clock.

Nine o'clock... Just about the same time you were leaving the Hotel Drake on New York's swank Park Avenue that morning, accompanied by your mother, your hairdresser, your tutor and a few publicists from your studio, Universal-International—got into the Caddy that would take you to New Jersey, and Bayonne.

It was, in fact, while you were making the drive to Jersey that Kenny and your father had their first long talk about you. First of all, of course, normally your father doesn't talk much about you to Kenny. "It hurts me too much," he's explained, understandably.

But this morning it was different...

From real life

Kenny started the talk.
"Daddy, he said, "do you remember Sandra Dee, my sister?"

"Sure I do," your father said.

"But you never go see her in the movies, like me and mommy," Kenny said. "How could you remember?"

"I remember her when she was a little
Your father and your little brother waited. And continued waiting... 

The Sandra Dee day

And you, Sandra. You, meanwhile—this is what you were doing those hours.

At 9:30, or a few minutes after, your limousine pulled up to the Lexington Shop, a lingerie store, just across from the De Witt Theater. You would appear that night. You posed outside the store in the shivering cold for a few minutes and then you went inside and signed autographs and greeted old friends for about half an hour.

At ten o'clock you got back into the car and drove over to P.S. 3, the school you'd attended when you were a little girl. There were a touching two hours that followed. So touching that you broke down and cried when you stepped onto that stage in the big old auditorium and when a couple of hundred kids rose and gave you the biggest ovation you've ever received.

It was here where Dr. Phillips, the principal, made his speech of welcome; where Ronald Bressler, a lad attended school with, made his. Where your three favorite teachers—Mrs. Sharp, Mrs. Pearl and Mrs. Tierney—came onto the stage to say hello. Where nine little girls came out then and sang and tapdanced to a song written especially for you. Where Elaine Kunecz, another student, presented you with a letter she had written:

To Sandra Dee,
Famed Screen Actress, Who
brought
To Her City.
Yes, they were a touching two hours.
As were the two hours that followed, over at the big Industrial YMCA on Avenue, where Sandra of Bayonne gave a luncheon in your honor.
Where you sat on the dais, flanked by local bigwigs and tons of flowers and the whole audience, nearest you, where your mother sat, and your great-grandfather, and your grandmother and grandfather, and your Uncle Peter, and your friends, your associates, sang:

I'm From Budapest... I'm From Paris... I'm from Rome—what do you say?
And you yelled out: "Bajone, that's what I tell 'em!"

Proud... and smiling.
And even laughing when, at one point, Bob Brown, WNTA disk jockey and master of ceremonies at the luncheon, asked you, "Sandra, back in Hollywood, when those chichi actresses say, 'I'm from Budapest... I'm from Paris... I'm from Rome—what do you say?'
And you yelled out: "Bajone, that's what I tell 'em!"

Proud... and smiling.
And laughing—your family.
Or rather, half your family.

For remember, Sandra, that over in the little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, John Zuck, your father, and Kenny Zuck, your brother, were still waiting for you.

The long wait

"How did I feel, waiting?" your father asked back, when you put the question to him, later. "I don't know. I guess you could say I felt deep down in my heart, at first, that Sandy would show up at one point, or call. I guess you could say I felt this way because this was the way I wanted it to all happen, and the way Kenny wanted it.

"But your father went on, "after a while I got this feeling that it wasn't going to happen, not really. Pauline came home from work, for lunch, and then went away again. The clock kept ticking. Time passed. Every once in a while the phone..."
rang and I'd pick it up thinking maybe it was Sandy—but twice it was friends, just calling, they said, and the other times it was crank calls from kids who kept asking, 'Is it true? Are you Sandra Dee's real father?'—and then giggling and hanging up.

"And so, more and more, I got the feeling that I didn't have that I wasn't going to get to see my baby."

And then, Sandra, your father told us this.

"Because," he said, "it came back to me what happened once before, the last time we ever saw each other. It was back when Sandy must have been fourteen or fifteen years old. Her mother had remarried by then—man named Gene Douvan—a man with quite a bit of money. And Sandy was living in New York with them, with lots of rich clothes and nice things. And this one day, for some reason, she happened to be in Jersey City and my brother, Custer, saw her. And Custer said, 'Sandy, why don't you get together with your father for a little while? He'd like that.' So Sandy came to where I was working. And we talked. And we had some laughs, and everything was going real nice. And so they told her to Sandy, 'Sandy, why don't you and me get to see each other a little more?' And she said, 'All right, Daddy, I'd like that very much.' And I said to her how about Saturday? Why don't I take the day off and come into New York and the two of us can go to a show together and then go for a bite to eat and then go to see the movies and get to know each other again, a little bit at least?' And Sandy said, 'All right, Daddy, that would be fine.' She asked me for my phone number and said she'd call me Friday night, so I'd know where to pick her up and what time the next day. And then she left. And boy, those next few days I felt great. After all, I was going to have a date with my kid. And it had to be right, I told myself, it had to be right. So first thing I went out and bought myself a new suit. And then I polished up the car, then oil and said, 'I'll bet I looked in the papers to see what movies were playing on Broadway, at Radio City, because I wanted to take my baby to the best show in town."

"And then," your father went on, Sandra, "and then, Friday night came and there was no phone call from my Cookie. 'Well,' I figured, 'she's probably busy and she'll call me tomorrow morning.' But the next morning there was no phone call either. Till finally, I didn't know what to do, sitting there around the house in my new suit, waiting. And so I called her. And I spoke to her mother. And Mary, my ex-wife, she said, 'I'm sorry, John, but something came up and Sandy can't make it.' And that was that."

Two faces in the crowd

Your father did get to see you, though, Sandra.

That day, March 22.

It was at Sunny's insistence.

"Please, Daddy," the boy kept saying, as the afternoon wore on, "if she's not coming, can we at least go to see her—my sister?"

But your father tried to reason with him.

"Son," he said, "if we go anywhere and people recognize us, it'll make it embar-rassing for Sandy—don't you understand? People'll think we're there to make a scene. Sandy, if she recognizes us, she might even think that."

And before he could remember a little while back I told you the story about when I carried her home from the hospital after she was born, how I almost dropped her and got scared, and how I swore to myself that I'd never do anything to hurt her. Ever. Well, if we go now, if anybody sees us, this might be hurting her. And we don't want to hurt her, now, do we, Son? And what's that's we can't go to see her ... Do you understand?"

But the little boy didn't understand, not at all.

"My sister," he kept repeating. "I want to see my sister!"

Until, finally, your father gave in, Sandra, and he and Kenny came to see you.

"It was all short, quick," your father told us, later. "We went down to Berg's Hardware Store at about four o'clock, because I knew from the papers that that's where Sandy would be then, signing make-up autographs give out pictures of handsome things. Before she got there, there must have been about two thousand kids outside, waiting, pushing, pushing each other—they even broke a win-dow. And then, when the big car pulled up, and the escort, the kids started yelling so much and pushing around the car that I couldn't hear my-This book for someone to see anything."

And then, for a second, I did see her, Sandy, get out of the car. Just her face. She was pretty, all right, just like everyone's been telling me. She was half-smiling, too, and half-worried-looking because of the big crowd. I grabbed Kenny and lifted him to my shoulders. 'That's her,' I said, 'my kid—your sister. You see her?' Kenny said, 'I see her.' And he began to wave. 'You see that,' Kenny said then, 'how she waved back?' But I knew this was only his imagination because, by this time, I knew that my boy was only saying this to make me feel less disappointed.

And then I put him back down on the pavement and the two of us went back into the store.

That, Sandra, is your father's story of your day in Bayonne.

The story of a disappointed man, and a disappointed child.

And why, we ask now, why did you disappoint them so much that day?

Why did you make it so clear by what you did, or rather, by what you didn't do—that you will continue to shun them, disappoint them, break their hearts?

We know that there are two sides to every story.

We haven't printed yours—because you, Sandra, refuse to discuss the matter.

But from the one side of the story we do know, we know this...

That, should you ever find any love lacking in your life, there is love waiting for you at a certain little apartment on West Twenty-fourth Street, Bayonne, New Jersey.

That, should you drop by someday, even if for only a little while, that love will overwhelm you and fulfill you, the way no car banquet can. In your lifetime, you'll find no fairy-tale stories of romance, no fairy tales of romance, for you, you know. For nothing in your life will ever bring you closer to your roots than the memories of the days of the old home.

And doing this, Sandra, you will discover that happy endings are not only found in big-fairy-tale books... not only in the Hollywood movies you've been making. But in life itself...

Sandra's in Portrait in Black, Romanoff And Juliet, and Columbia's Gidget Goes Hawaiian.

Portrait of Jane

(Continued from page 53)

When Jane was fourteen, she attended the Emma Willard School in Troy. It was an all-girls school. That fact soured Jane considerably.

"It was ghastly. All girls, and that can be real unhealthy." Jane graduated from Emma Willard, and with a feeling so much more immediately against it. The place stilled her.

"I wasn't getting much out of it. All the girls ever talked about was nonsense." So much a rebel did Jane become that some of her antics put her in hot water with the school authorities more than once. She never let an edge go.

"One prank almost did me in. I sprinkled lighter fluid along a classroom door, then under the door. I lit the fluid and a fire ran in a straight line right into class. Everybody flipped. They came to the floor.

She was called on the carpet, but talked her lovely head off and beat the penalty of expulsion. Her reputation in school was that of the wild child. Jane prefers to think of herself as a rebel.

"They never got a chance to throw me out. I quit! With me stilling on her mind, and her other ambitions temporarily derailed. Jane took off for Paris. She studied painting, and learned languages. Her painting improved in the romantic city of Paris. And her beauty began to attract more than a fair share of boys. Her dates were confined mostly to dinners at little romantic spots left Black. But, she kept strict hours, and dates were always aware of a curfew time.

"Daddy had set a curfew for me. I had to be home by midnight during the week, and by two on a Saturday. I never let him down. Even though sometimes ganged and broke the curfew."

"Daddy was strict."

She almost lost her heart to Paris, and to that of a lightheaded Parisian. But one day, she decided to return to New York. She began studying painting at the Art Student's League. She liked the pace of Greenwich Village. She began buying more frequent but still the curfew remained.

"Daddy was strict about it. He also wouldn't let me wear any make-up, except a light shade of lipstick. I looked a mess!"

Her dates thought otherwise, and he phone was constantly buzzing with new advances. Jane never settled completely on any one boy. Her favorite dates were a
little restaurants that had checkered tablecloths and soft lights.

"There's something very romantic about a checkered tablecloth."

Along with her painting, Jane picked up a passion for reading. She devoured good books like a prodigy on a desert island.

"Books on psychology flip me. The human mind is a whole world in itself."

Jane also liked novels, and poetry. Her poet favorites were Emily Dickinson. She discovered one poet, adopts him, reads everything he's ever written, then moves on to her next discovery, E. E. Cummings was the newest poet. "She's like a child."

Jane is an independent, and outspoken girl. She has her own apartment, which she shares with Susan Stein. Susan's father is a professor of English at a representative of many stars, but not Jane.

"We get along great. Susan is one of the other Vassar rebels."

Their apartment is a constant state of chaos. And the phone is forever ringing. Boys keep calling about every ten minutes without fail. Susan is a dark-haired girl with dark eyes that contrast with Jane's light features.

"Dates get a choice. Blonde or brunette."

'Modeling is a bore'

Jane earned her independence by becoming a photographers' model to pay her own way. She rapidly became a fashion magazine favorite, and her face graced the covers of such fashion slicks as Vogue and McCall's. Men flipped at a cover layout on her in Enquire.

"Modeling is a bore. If you look a certain way, you've got it made. If not, you're a failure. Your brains don't count for anything."

Jane looked unconventional, though, and various photographers found her a delight to work with. One of the top lensmen said: "Jane is different, all right. She doesn't look like a model. She's a clothes horse. She looks more like the kid who wrecked your home town."

She is spirited and will try anything if it presents a challenge. Anything, except sports.

"I hate sports. With a passion. Although I love to exercise. Every day I exercise like a fiend. But sports are out!"

Her lean figure attests to the constant exercise she undergoes to keep her figure trim. She is a class regular in the studio class regularly.

"I love to dance. It gives me a sense of freedom. And, it's darn good exercise, too."

Dancing for Jane is filled with the same problems as for any other girl her age. In her case, it was made even tougher by the curfew.

"Until this year, Dad kept me on my midnight weekday, and two on Saturday curfew. He wanted to make sure I didn't become a good time Janie with nothing else on her mind."

Now, the curfew has been dropped. Jane sets her own hours, but they aren't far from the curfew hours. As for make-up, she still almost never uses any. Her skin is smooth, and is kept free of any make-up irritants.

"I don't like to wear make-up. It gives me an artificial look. And, anything artificial just bores me to death."

Jane's dates

Her dates are usually inexpensive affairs. One of her favorite dates is going to the movies. She adores watching the different stars in action. She has seen her father on a score of occasions.

"He's wonderful. A really fine actor. Sensitive and warm."

They are close, her father and she. They talk over the many problems that concern her in her young life. Her father advises her. Never bullies her into decisions. She listens to him carefully, then makes up her own mind, after weighing his words.

"Dad always taught me by strict discipline. He wasn't a Hitler, or anything like that. He was just being protective about me. I thank him now for his discipline."

Her first job was playing opposite her father in Country Girl in Omaha. She played the ingenue.

"I was scared. Dad and Dorothy McGuire were the newest stars. And a million people seemed to be staring at us. But, it turned out all right."

She also worked with her father in other stars during the summer. She doesn't like to lean on him.

"A girl has got to move on her own. She can't always lean on dear old Dad."

Her current favorite is actor Timmy Everett.

"I usually hate to date actors. All they do is talk about themselves. But, Timmy is a lot of fun. So, I don't mind dating him."

She has yet to really lose her loving heart. But, she seeks love.

"Love is the only thing in life."

A former date said: "She's a lot of date fun. Nothing phony about her."

Jane hates phonies. Nothing to her is more of a trial than having to put up with a phony. So, she usually tells them to get lost in her most candid manner. Wolver and playboys rate a big zero with her. They usually don't get a second date.

Jane is on the stars. But, she remembers well all the warnings from her father of heartbreak and headaches that a career can bring. She doesn't want to get wrapped up in a dog-eat-dog career push. She does want to get married sometime.

"I'm in no hurry, though. Marriage can't be pushed."

More than one date has had the marriage prices in his mind after dating Jane. But, she hasn't given that look back.

"My career is important to me. But when love hits me, it's marriage all the way."

Jane is impetuous by nature, flying into all kinds of experiences and adventures. But, when it comes to marriage, she plays it more cautiously.

The Fonda name

Jane has no acting idols. She never did.

The fondest people are AnMed. She also adores Bancroft and Kim Stanley of the stage, and Garbo (when she appeared on the screen) and Joanne Woodward.

"They're both good. I don't copy any of their styles. I just like to watch them work."

Jane is a personality unto herself. And through trial and error, she has learned her craft. She knows the road to stardom is a hard one, but she is prepared to pay the price in hard work.

"Nothing comes easy. Dad taught me that. So, I sweat it a little. It's better to learn anything the hard way."

She has been turned down for jobs before. The Fonda name didn't carry that kind of weight to get her any jobs. But, she admits that being Hank Fonda's daughter has certain advantages.

"It opens the door everywhere. After that, I'm Don't own, and I don't get me anything. Nor would he want to, if he knew his name was the only reason I was being hired."

Jane is really lucky to be number two. Maybe she'll encounter more than her share of the obstacles. But if she means to drive can make it, Jane can kiss. Not this year. Not any year. END

Creme Shampoo Made Especially For BLONDES!

BRINGS OUT Shining Radiant Color SAFELY!

Now - without tints, rinses or ugly bleached look - you can safely give your hair that radiant golden color that men love. BLONDEX, the amazing CREME SHAMPOO, contains lanolin to leave hair soft and easily manageable and Auricium for extra-lightness and shine. Instantly removes dingy film that makes hair dark, streaky, muddy, old-looking. Washes blonde hair shades lighter, gives it lovely luster and highlights safe for children's delicate hair. Get a jar of BLONDEX CREME SHAMPOO today - at drug and department stores.

Corns

Removed by Mosco, also Callouses, Easy, quick, economical. Just rub on Jan. 30, 60, 60. At your druggist. Money refunded if not satisfied. Mosco Co., Rochester, N. Y.

POEMS WANTED

Immediate Consideration. Phoebus residents, CREWMUSIC Co., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 346, New York 1

For musical setting, send poem today. Any subject. No return of poems.

2 FREE Hollywood Enlargements of Your Favorite Photos!

Just to get acquainted, we will make you a beautiful 5 x 7 silver plate portrait enlargement of your favorite 2 photos, negatives or color slides. Be sure to include color of hair, eyes and clothing and get our bargain offer for having your enlargements matted in handsome velvet and mounted in handsome ivory and gold toned frames. Limit 2. Enclose 10c for handling each enlargement. Originals returned. We will pay $100.00 for children or adult pictures used in our advertising. NOW A.U.S. only.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept.B-77
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood 38, Calif.
Whatever Happened to Those Nice Kids?

(Continued from page 31)

Hope was called upon first to make her presentation. Then Don joined her. And when he had finished she thanked you so much, Miss—uh, what's your name again?

And Hope laughed. And everybody in the audience laughed. It was corny—but it was cute—and because it involved these two it was even a little enchanting. A few minutes later, Don rejoined his tackle line. He was literally brought together with their dinner companions. They danced together. And they kept smiling at one another.

Always smiling.

But when they got into their car to drive home later that evening, there were no more smiles. And very few words.

Hope started out the window as Don drove the long distance down Wilshire Boulevard into Beverly Hills. She stared and she thought and she said very little.

Don pulled into the driveway adjoining their large Tudor Style home.

"Are you too tired, or do you want to talk tonight?" he asked quietly.

"I want to talk tonight," Hope replied. "I'll fix some coffee first."

"Yes, that will be fine. I can use some coffee. And I want to get out of this suit."

It will be easier that way for the way we feel. It was her favorite room. The first room they had been able to complete when they didn't have enough money to furnish the other rooms. She was proud and happy and comfortable. A good room in which to talk.

The room where they had managed to talk out most of their problems in the past, and continue.

Only tonight she knew her problems wouldn't be solved as simply as before.

They really ever been solved? she wondered. We were pretending to ourselves that they were—just pretending to ourselves that they were, just as we were pretending to everyone else tonight that we were still those 'wonderfully happy Marry's,' that sterling example of the ability to mix a marriage with two careers.

The talk

She toyed with her coffee. She wanted Don to speak first.

"I think," he said slowly, "that it would be better if I moved out during the week end. Before I start rehearsals for Playhouse of Your Mind."

It will be easier that way for everyone—and I want to spend some time with the children. Will that be all right with you?

"Yes, that will be all right." "Hope—Hope—what I want to say is—" Don faltered. "What I want to say is that we've got to give this thing time. For the children's sake. It can't be what I want—what they want way it is or isn't between us now. We've got to give ourselves time to think—to be sure. A great deal of time. I mean before either of us decides absolutely about a divorce.

"Yes," Hope answered, "we'll give it time... and hope that's the answer. But we've made the important step. We've let it be known that we felt five years ago. We're no longer pretending to ourselves that we're the nice young average couple. We're no longer pretending that we feel the same way that we felt five years ago. By facing the truth about ourselves, maybe it will work out. We'll give it time. We'll try to put things into the proper perspective.

They retired that night with a great burden lifted from their shoulders.

They kept their secret to themselves until Don left home, the following week end.

Then they made the inevitable announcement to the press.

We have temporarily separated to work out our domestic problems. No divorce is planned.


To a cynical observer it was just another Hollywood marriage that hit the rocks. On the day Hope and Don released their statement three other couples in show business announced their separations. The newspapers grouped them all under one large banner: HOLLYWOOD LOVE GONE SOUR. It was as though their marriage was buried in a grave.

But Don and Hope were different. Theirs wasn't another Hollywood marriage. Theirs was a marriage destroyed by Hollywood, by a world of make-believe and illusion.

Which was strange because they never had any problems when it came to reality. They were able to face reality fine—from the very day they met.

Two sensible people

They met on a double date. She was with another guy and he was with another girl and they didn't meet. He was toting a torch for a girl in California. He thought Hope was a sweet child and nothing more. At seventeen, she felt want to be a gypsy for a guy of twenty-one.

A few weeks later they met again—and he stopped thinking that maybe she was too young. He even stopped thinking about the girl in California. He invited her to be his guest at The Rose Tattoo in which he was featured. They went dancing and they talked theater because she, too, had been in the theater once. She was twelve, and they forged the friendship that is common. They started dating—at first regularly, then constantly, and when he was certain that she was the only girl in the world for him, he asked her to marry him.

Her heart wanted to say yes, but her head said no.

Faced reality, she told him, "Don, maybe we should try it over some more. I'm just too young to get married."

Understanding, he answered, "All right, Hope. We'll give it time.

Two sensible people came to a sensible solution.

Hope went off to college. Don went on tour with his show. When he returned he was classified as a Conscientious Objector by Selective Service. He didn't think he could call for Foreign Relief work with the Church of Our Brethren. He spent the next two years overseas working in refugee camps, trying to help the hungry people of Europe build new lives again.

He wrote Hope constantly. But she didn't answer his letters. Not once. She was being realistic. She didn't think his long drawn out correspondence would be practical.

He kept a farewell telegram and a Christmas Greeting with him at all times and in one letter, which she kept but did not answer, he wrote:

You know when we met, I was so confused, so mixed up, that I was beginning to question the values I lived by. It was hard to tell you really. But it was some thing like a terrible night that seems endless and you walk and walk and finally you come to the top of the mountain and you look down and there's a field of corn below. The fulness and goodness. That's what you were to me for all that you were so young—shining and quiet and good and sweet. I knew I wanted you but more than that you made me know what I wanted from myself.

In the letter he wrote from Europe, he told her the date he was returning home—and the name of the ship. He didn't expect her to be there—but he secretly prayed she was.

She was there—as beautiful as ever. She told him it was good to see him again—but gave no explanation for her silence. She told him she'd be very happy to date him again—but made it quite clear his return wasn't going to disrupt her life as she had been living it during the two years he had been away.

She went right on dating other boys. She even sympathized with him for being in love—unrequited.

Fate steps in

A month after his return, he was back in Europe again to appear in The Skin of Our Teeth. Again he wrote. Again she didn't reply. When he returned home, they clashed—on stage and her relationship with Don. He told her to say: "From then on I saw Hope as a precious possession. I became openly possessive. I sought every way I could to have her all to myself."

When he got a lead in a Broadway show called Hot Corner, he managed to pull some strings to get Hope a reading. When she was offered the part, the rest of part, he persuaded her to accept it.

They were together constantly on the road, ate together, rehearsed together, traveled together, and since they even had a chance to play opposite each other when Don's leading lady got sick.

Hope's sister flew in to see that performance and after the show she rushed backstage. "The love scenes were magnificent," she drooled. "Everybody in the audience was positively dewy-eyed."

The Hope began to feel somewhat dewy-eyed herself.

For the first time in the five years in which they knew each other, she became bewitched by an illusion. The fantasy created—on stage and her relationship with Don off-stage became fused together. For the first time she believed herself in love.

When the show folded, after three fast performances, they became engaged. But they didn't set a date.

They decided to be sensible and wait until Don had some form of security before they married. A few months later, he was given that security by way of a 29th Century-Fox contract and the lead in Bus Stop.

He went west by himself and was so missed that wired Hope to come out for a vacation. Buddy Adler saw her at the studio, remembered her from a prior TV appearance and signed her for the show. She hesitated, and since he even knew she knew Don. It seemed that fate had stepped in to keep them together.

Don and Hope talked vaguely about getting married when the show was completed—but on April 14, 1956, while they were still in production, they decided to wed in a simple civil ceremony.

Later Don said: "In Hollywood I had Hope in a vulnerable position. I was the one she knew in town—so finally broke her down."

Bus Stop made Don a star and it brought...
Hope a new long term contract at 20th. They were on their way to New York City with the entire family present.

Chris was born.

Hope was nominated for an Academy Award for his performance as Selena in *Peyton Place*.

The two worked like fanatics for their pet project HELP—an organization set up to clothe, feed and shelter 30,000 refugees who have no identities.

Don and Hope ear-marked a large proportion of their salaries toward the project. She donated her share of the *Playhouse* 90 to raise additional funds. He drove an old car. She went without furniture for her house.

When she became pregnant with her second baby, she insisted on canceling a trip abroad and instead toured eight European Countries on behalf of HELP. She went with Don to Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and France, and starred in *Acupuncture*. She swam together and danced together, and pretended it was all very romantic.

"We must come back here again, Hope," Don insisted. "What do you think about our second baby—what would it be like to have another child?"

"Don't you think that's a good idea?"

"Yes, Don, it's a wonderful idea. We must have a baby again.

But deep in her heart she wondered if she ever would.

Later, much later, a friend, who was anything but free, tried to explain what was written in a book about the climate and the London, abroad, in Europe, and later in Mexico their marriage was in serious trouble. But neither would really face that fact: In spite of her de
dils, Hope had been infatuated with John Boyd. He's a tremendously vital man with an exciting animal magnetism most women find hard to resist. I doubt if she ever thought of divorcing Don then, but Stephen made her terribly aware of the excitement lacking in her marriage. Let's face it, the Murrays have known each other ten years. They had a warm and devoted relationship—but I doubt if they have the kind that sends the blood rushing to the head Boyd can make a girl's head spin—and Dolores can do the same thing to a guy.

Dolores is Dolores Michaels. Don and Hope knew her casually for years. They sat and listened. His head was on his lap. Once he said, "How's your husband?"

"Half-brother of Stephen," said Hope, and sniffed. "Did you hear that?"

"Yes, I heard that."

"He's dead."

"Yes."

"There was a young lady in his picture for 20th—One Foot in Hell. And suddenly, before either of them were really aware of what was happening, she and Don became disturbingly attracted to one another."

Hope heard about it, of course. There are always people who must talk about these things. For a while she pretended to ignore it.

Then—neither she nor Don pretended any longer.

Since leaving his home, Don has dated Dolores openly. Sheila Graham told her readers in *Look*—"Dolores Michaels is to be the next Mrs. Don Murray.*

Sidney Skolsky told his readers: *Now that Murray and Dolores Michaels have discovered one another, don't be surprised if Stephen Boyd starts escorting Hope Lange.*

The picture is painted in bright red colors.

But the story isn't quite over.

Their friends are hoping that once Don and Hope have their outside flings, get whatever it is they have to get out of their systems, they'll realize the importance of what they had and get back together again. In marriage, do their eyes will be wide open. If they do, their halos will be gone—and they will no longer be trapped in the world of make-believe.

And maybe this time, they'll make it.

END

**RED BUTTONS—PITS ON THE DOG**

Red Buttons and his wife had had quite a siege of it—as soon as one got over the flu, the other would come down with it.

At last they both seemed to be on their feet and Red told his Missis he'd like to take her out on the town to celebrate.

"I'm starving," Mrs. B. announced happily at the best steak house in town, and Red suggested the Sirloin Special. "Keep up your strength."

The great big thick juicy steak arrived and they eagerly plunged right in.

But after a few bites, Red's wife discovered to her dismay that her eyes were bigger than her appetite. "I can't finish it."

"Red," she moaned. "Let alone start it. I'm so sorry."

"That's all right, sweetie," he comforted her. "Don't worry about it."

"Oh, but I hate to leave it," she wailed. "$8.50 and I hardly touched it ... I wish I could take it home. Maybe I'd feel more like it later, maybe for a midnight snack."

"I know, I'll ask the waiter to wrap it for my dog. ... People do say that. Red. Don't they? I mean, people who have dogs do sometimes take home left-over meat, don't they?"

(It must be pointed out that not only do the Buttons' *not* have a dog, but Mrs. B. is deathly afraid of dogs.)

"Sure, sweetie." Red reassured her. He took her hand and said, "Guess we came out too soon. A few more days of rest and you'll feel a lot better again... then we'll go out and really celebrate—Well, here's the waiter."

The package the waiter handed them looked big enough to feed a horse.

"Got a pretty fancy meal here," the waiter grinned.

"I'll just have to go on a diet after this...!"

"You see, I was wrapping this in the kitchen and I saw all this other meat that other customers didn't finish," he explained cooperatively, "so I just chopped it all up together for you!"
ten per cent is taken out by Henry Willson, my agent, five per cent by my busi-
ness manager, and sundry bits by lawyers and accountants. Today I have no insurance. I've been married, incor-
porated, and agented into so many pieces that I hardly know which of me be-
longs to myself. My marriage—to the executive se-cretary of a lumber company—I began in November, 1955, and finally ended last year but not without a handsome settlement.

The result of all this is that ten years of my professional life have me a small house, a 40-foot sail-boat (not a yacht), and about $50,000 clear—most of it in-
vested in insurance bonds (I'm trying to get back a little of what I have paid out to day.

As to my private, personal life, well, every week, in all sorts of publications, there are stories about me that are pure fabrications written by people I've never seen. I'm damned for planning to marry or not to marry; for being seen here or not being seen there. I tried to give a cute little girl some help in her career by reading-
ing the newspapers to her. She tagged on as a romance. So now I just shut up about everything—including such titillating items as to whether I sleep raw, eat vitamins, or belch after a good meal. So few writers hate me. I'm not a good interviewee. I clam up almost immediately. The result is that the writer has to guess who I'm in love with this Tuesday and who I quarrel with on Fridays.

Louella Parsons is different. She's always tried at least to get my side of a story. On one occasion, when I was boasted by an unfriendly gal-writer, she called me up and said, "If you try to do a story on Rock, I don't think it's true." I said: "It isn't." So I sat down with her and un-
burdened myself and she wrote a piece that was on her side to defend me.

Other writers have called me a "me-
chanical man," a big "kick-the-dirt" boy, and like to say that my acting is "pretty fair for an ex-truck driver." I used to be a driving instructor for six minutes in the early part of my career. I was a lot of other things, too, when I had to eat. But I've been an actor for ten years and, I hope, have made some improvements in the last ten. I've got this right out of the publicity stories handed out by the studio—where they even have me in the Navy as an airplane mechanic in the Philippines checking out a "four-engined" B-26 Marauder. The Marauder only has two engines and the fact is that when I was in the Navy I revved up the engine on one side so much that it chomped up a P-47 and I got assigned to the laundry detail.

The other facts are that I was a member of a glee-club, sang in a church choir, and was given a contract by the Maries for a role in a King of Hearts in a pageant at the age of ten and one of the three wise men in a Christmas pageant at eight. In those days I knew I couldn't act and I knew it four-
teen years later. I didn't do too badly. But I showed him my pictures and when he asked me if I could act I told him, "No." He told me that might be an asset and got me a part in a college production of Othello. But he was on the best-seller list. The script turned out worse than I feared. I didn't care about the character and apparently no one else. It was a dismal flop. I thought it was a good play. But the critics were unkind to me in spite of my two left feet.

As for publicity people—studio or other-
wise—I feel a little suspicious about them. I realize they're needed, like a tire needs a bicycle pump. But I still get edgy when they come around: they're too smart and exploitive. After all, I've had more than 2,000 fan magazine interview pieces—some, real faked—and there's nothing more to be said about Rock Hudson. When even the most backdrop molar be-
comes of interest to the general public, I retire into my shell... .

About fans

The perennial problem and the peren-
il lifeblood of any movie actor consists of his fans. I don't always expect to be cast as a romantic hero; ten years or so from now, when I'm eighty-five to a hundred, I'd like to act forty-five, not eighteen. But it's hard to go to get a meal in a restaurant before the whispers and nudges begin—and finally the autograph fiends approach. Joel McCrea once said that he liked the attention and development in movies. It never happened to those great old-time stars like Rudolph Valentino, for whom McCrea used to wrangle horses. The addicts of Valentino would mob him, tear his clothes—but they never asked him to sign anything.

Strangely enough, the teen-agers are pretty wonderful about this. They are courting and understanding, and they are men. But the women in their late forties are tough to deal with. Usually they come up to me just when I'm about to go into a bit of steak.

"Hi!" they say—and often they're slightly whiffed.

"Hello," I say.

"You don't have to be rude," they say.

I thought the only thing to do is finish my meal—and that I'll be happy to sign anything but a blank check. Then this makes him huffy. "Well," they say, "you was our fan," and march off. Most of the time it turns out to be just a shoulder and declare: "The least you could do is smile at me.

Other gambits are "Here, sign this! You're in the limelight, haven't you?" "Don't think I'll go to see any more of your pictures!" The only recourse I have is a rather childish one: I often sign "Roy H. Fitzgerald" or I sign Rock Hudson handsawed.

I've found out that being an actor can't be a nine to five job. My office is in my head. I'm not talking so much about re-
lationships with fans, or learning lines or remembering personal appearances or going to parties. I'm thinking of the twenty-four hours a day, asleep or awake, when my consciousness is running over all the things I've seen and figuring out how I can use them. A word, an expres-
sion, a twist of the mouth, a lift of the eyebrow, the way to open a door and how to say "good morning," seven hundred different ways. I have to be in love and participate at the same time. If I seem ab-
sent-minded, it's usually because I'm trying to dig into a part to find the clues to a character I never had a chance to develop.

One of those was Twilight for the Gods. I didn't think the story—that of a sea captain plagued by a past mistake, slowly going insane with bells in the head and all that jazz—was really very believable. But it was on the best-seller list. The script turned out worse than I feared. I didn't care about the character and apparently no one else. It was a dismal flop. I thought it was a good play. But the critics were unkind to me in spite of my two left feet.

When a script in itself fascinates me, I get the urge to try to add my bit to it. In Giant, I spent hours listening to doz-
zens of scenes of Texas dialect. So did Jimmy Dean's boy, Taylor. Liz's accent, if you listen, is a perfect soft Virgin-
ian at first and changes through the picture until at the end she is speaking like Laurence Olivier—whom I can call a friend—who can dominate any scene by sheer force of their personality. When I visit him, he's always kind to me in spite of my two left feet.

Working with real actors is always a delight. Tony Randall, for one, is fascin-
ating to watch. What he does with a line is show- y—like a muslin, for instance, as and
This means I have to test out other interests such as music. I used to sing as a kid and I do it in the shower. I recently finished Pillow Talk, my first recording, and I believe it's better than anything I've ever done. Not that it was good—but it satisfied me. I like to hear music more than conversation. I drown in hi-fi when I'm not singing. I'm still singing popular songs, knowing that my raspy baritone won't make even the bottom of the grade in any kind of classical music.

I want to work on the stage, too, where I can't be criticized, and I'd rather the audiences and the critics so I can use this to improve a performance night by night. In a movie, once it's on film, nothing can be changed. It took at least six months instead of six seconds before you hear any applause or boos. I'd like to live in New York, rather than in Hollywood. It's a cheap town and things are always happening, where there are so many doings that no one could ever be bored—a classic Hollywood disease.

One of the times I was totally frustrated in doing a picture was in 1957. It showed me how rarely I could expect to put into movie practice what I had learned about acting.

The film was called Tarnished Angels. It was taken from the William Faulkner classic called Pylon. I'm no enthusiast about Faulkner's writing. I know that he's a Nobel Prize winner and one of the American greats. But I don't think it's true. I was told this was one of his easier books—but I had to read it three times before I understood it and probably I never did.

The script came out like fake Faulkner: too talky and too improbable for even me to swallow. It was a good example of movie blab—blah. But my 'character' interest in it was to play a kind of renegade newspaperman of the 30's. As I saw him, he was a downbeat character in a downbeat story. He had found some people who put on his life to the thin edges of their lives and he wanted to write an honest story about them.

I felt the hero was a bum himself. He lived in a shack, a derelict and filthy, without hope of rescue. One day, suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

In my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

In my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.

It was my film lines, I put in pauses and empty spaces. I tried to convey the impression of a man wandering in the jungle of his own environment, trying to lick his own personality. I even got physical about the whole thing in my enthusiasm. I walked sloppily, with a stoop. I had holes in my soles, a badly-fitting worn suit that was dirty and unpressed—I even had frayed elbows in my shirt. I suppose Bob was really writing about himself, the story of a lost man. So I tried to work out the role that way.
A Love Story

(Continued from page 50)

It was working. To say the least, I was a nervous wreck. I was standing there, half-watching me. I tried very hard not to be aware of his presence and kept dancing.

This went on for a week. Mr. Astaire would go out, and watch. And finally one day Jack did call me over and we were introduced.

We spoke very little, because we were both nervous. But I was grateful when Jack suggested that I had worked with him a few years earlier, for one day, in a picture called Daddy Long Legs.

"You won't remember," I told him, "but I was the very young woman in the long legs in the boxing 78 sequence you did with Leslie Caron. We slunk in and you took each of us in a back bend and..." I added, "You called it, interrupted, 'you were very nervous.' He smiled. 'Yes, I remember,'" he said. And truly, I thought, that would be the last time I'd see him."

"But that's the next day. Jack asked me again, and we talked a little more. And the day after that. And then finally one day he asked me if I'd like to dance in Silk Stockings, a picture he was just beginning and, of course, I was supposed to be a naive young Texan in Virginia at a society dinner, answering questions about myself and my ranch. Mr. Stevens put me at a couple of sawhorses with a board across them and a glass of water before me. He moved all the other actors twenty-five feet away and put a telescopic lens in the camera.

"Now, Rock," he drawled, "I want you to react. I know you've got lines but I don't care if you say them or not."

The result was that the other actors shouted at me. I reacted with embarrassment, confusion, and ignorance—which was just the effect Mr. Stevens wanted. He was trying to get me to understand what to do next. Most directors tend to over-direct, to tell you again and again what they want until you're screaming inside. Mr. Stevens unabashedly admitted that he wanted me to say at one point that I'd never batted an eye. "Now let's roll a piece of film," he said. "I'm going to give the impression that any bit I performed was my idea—but he never let an actor interfere with what he was doing. In one shot he shot for weeks. Afterward, when I hung around his cutting room to see how it turned out, he gave me the iron eye. Long afterward, I told him, "I wanted to see that film real bad." He never batted an eye. "I know you did," he said "but at that point it was none of your business."

I'll always remember the drunk scene from The Night of January 16th, as if it was the night before. "I really drunk—mainly because I was. When I arrived at my dressing-room that morning, there was a bottle of bourbon on the table. It was 'in the bag' for weeks. By that time I was feeling so natural that I didn't give a damn. We shot a sixteen-minute drunk scene without a cut—and put it on the screen that way with only cutting in the last shot."

The study of acting remains the most important part of my life. I find that I have to discover or invent clues to create a character that is real. A lot of the time I'm simply not equipped to do this alone—I need the director and producer. I want not only to keep my portrayals alive and interesting, but also to be able to make life easier for everyone involved...to get the best production, to get the best production...

To the director, I'm the sign of the buck. To a publicity person, I'm material. To a writer, I'm a chunk of clay. To the writers, I'm just a character. And to the producers, I'm usually somebody I don't even recognize. But I can't complain—I can just look at myself from afar. I have a good life and the movies have made it possible.

Rock's next is The Day Of The Gun, for U-I.
shoe on), when Fred walked over to her dressing room and joked a little about the incident first, and then asked her if she would like to have dinner with him that night.

“I don’t like the big crowded places,” he said. “But there’s a small place, Italian, where we can get a bite and have some wine and talk. . . . If you don’t mind a small place, and some talk.”

“Mind?” Barrie asked. “No, Mr. Astaire, I don’t mind at all.”

The evening began, as she has said of this evening, their first together. “I rushed home and looked in my closet. I didn’t know what to wear, what dress, what shoes. I didn’t know how to fix my hair. And, worst, I didn’t know what I would talk about that night. What would I be like, I wondered, sitting there with Fred Astaire, across the table from him. Fred Astaire, the greatest dancer in the world, one of the most sophisticated and most urbane men in the world. What would I say to him? What could I say to him?"

The conversation was a little stifled at first, Barrie recalls. Fred asked her to tell him a little about herself, and she did—about how she’d been a tomboy when she was a girl, how she’d liked to swim and ride horses even more than dance, how her father—a writer—and her mother—had moved the family from New York to California when she was about twelve, how she’d always loved the California sun, the palm trees, the deep blue sky. How she’d been happy. Very, very happy.

“Till I was fifteen,” she found herself saying then. “That’s when my parents missed. I’d never known there was anything wrong between them. And then, all of a sudden, just like that, they were divorced. And I was left to deal with my mother for a while, about a year. But nothing seemed the same anymore at home. And so I decided to move to my own place, to be on my own. I moved into my apartment—the same one I’m living in now, one-and-a-half rooms, very plain, a lot different from the big fancy place where we’d all lived.”

“And I really wasn’t very happy there either,” she said. “But I knew I couldn’t go back home anymore, now that I’d left. So I began to study my dancing, all the harder. And I got some jobs, TV, pictures, bits. And the truth is, I did study and worked, ate and slept, went to an occasional movie. I didn’t have many friends. I’d never had, not really. There’s something about an only child, a lot of time, I find it hard talking, looking into someone’s eyes when I’m talking to them. I get afraid. I don’t know why. I just do—”

“Do,” she went on, after a moment. “without many friends and a bit of loneliness at times. And I was getting lonelier and lonelier. I was pretty miserable, in fact. And that’s why I got married, so quickly, just like that. I got married to him.”

“I was nineteen. His name was Gene. He was a hairdresser. I met him one day and a few days later we were man and wife. It only lasted four months. It wasn’t a good marriage, and it was a bad marriage too. And he did too. We split up. And I was back where I started.”

“Alone. Lonely. Working, studying, eating, sleeping, going to a movie every once in a while—”

She stopped and smiled. “I’m sorry,” she said.

“Why?” Fred asked. “Are you afraid you’re boring?”

Barrie nodded. “Well, you’re not,” Fred said. “Because believe this, Barrie, when you talk about loneliness, you’re talking about a subject I know very well.”

Barrie looked surprised.

“Yes, that’s right, me. Old Ham Daddy, Old Happy Feet,” Fred said. “I’ve been lonely these past few years . . . I’ve known what it’s like . . . I’ve sure known . . .”

And then, softly, slowly, he began to talk about something he rarely ever talked about, to anyone. About Phyllis—his wife.

“My beloved Phyl . . . ” as he said.

Fred’s beloved wife

“We were at Santa Anita, sitting in our box between races. And Phyl said, Suddenly, I think I have to go home. I don’t feel well. It’s nothing—just some dizziness. . . . So we left. . . . And that’s the way it started.”

“Tuberculosis, the doctor said.”

“Cancer.”

“This was a Tuesday, I remember. We were to move into St. John’s Hospital on Thursday, two days later. . . . People don’t die so easily, Phyl,” I told her. ‘It’s hard to die,’ I said. ‘You have so much to live for; you’re so important to so many people. This isn’t your time to go. It couldn’t be. I know it.—And I did know it. Then.”

ATTENTION DEBBIE

Eddie misses Carrie and Todd so much, he’s moving back!

Don’t be shocked, read next month’s

MODERN SCREEN

On Sale July 5

The operation was performed that Friday, Good Friday. It was a long one. It seemed successful. The entire recovery seemed successful.

But then, a few months later, another operation was needed. We returned to St. John’s for more major surgery. The operation was again a success.

Phyl came home with some slight improvement.

But she never regained her strength.

And the definite downturn set in.

She never lost that sweet expression on her face.

She slipped away from us at ten o’clock, on the morning of September 13, 1954.

She was only forty years old . . .

He paused for a while.

“So I’ve been lonely, too,” he said then.

“But I find ways of fighting it. One has to.”

“How do you fight it?” Barrie asked.

Fred’s remedy for loneliness

“Very simple,” Fred said, smiling a little. “I make friends with the cops, and with churches. I’ve got a lot of friends on the force. And so many nights when I have nothing to do I just phone them and ask if I can ride around in a prow car. Here in Los Angeles, and New York, the best places. I get in one of those and it’s like going on a hunting trip. You suddenly run into some excitement. And the boredom, the loneliness, it goes a little. Like with churches, Barrie. Same thing. Comes an afternoon when I’ve nothing to do. I’m feeling low, and I go to church. St. Bartholomew’s if I’m in New York. Any of several here, if I’m here. And if I just sit, alone, for hours at a time. And it’s a beautiful thing, the comfort I find there. I guess that’s what I’m really after—to have a look at everything—my life, my work, the hidden meaning of the good and bad things that have happened to me. I come out spiritually refreshed. It’s a lot better than going on.”

Again, he smiled.

“Maybe that’s what you need, Barrie,” he said, “to make friends with the cops, the churches.”

“Not,” she said.

“Or maybe, for now,” Fred said, “just having dinner with me again some night, and talking again. Talking things out with Old Ham Daddy here, Old Happy Feet . . . How does that sound?”

“Yes,” said Barrie, nodding finally, “that sounds fine. . . ."

Rising star

“My whole life took a turn after this,” Barrie has said. “Plain existing was over for me. I began to live. Fred and I went out quite a bit, always to small quiet places, the kind we both liked. We went horseback riding together, we had an agent and turn down bit parts here and there and aim for the top. You’ll make it someday, if you really try hard enough,” he’d tell me. I got an agent. And, sure enough, things began happening. I went to Washingon with Fred Astaire, in Gigi, which was obviously, surely, I was beginning to get there.”

Fred’s career, too, began shifting gears at about this time.

“For the last few years,” says a friend of his, “he was constantly trying to do a picture, or so a year, and only that. TV? A whole new medium? He wouldn’t hear of it, not even at the fantastic prices certain sponsors were willing to pay him. I’m too old and too well known to start fooling around with anything new. And he, suddenly, as if he’d dropped a couple of dozen years somehow, Fred had an agent and was doing things here and there about TV. Doing a show. . . . By nightfall, it was all arranged. The show, a full-hour spectacular, was to be sponsored by the Chrysler Corporation, and to be called An Hour at a Time With Fred Astaire. The date settled on was a Friday, October 17 (1958)—about three months away.”

Fred drove over to see Barrie the night the arrangements were made.

“I’d like you to dance with me,” he said, after telling her a little about the show, “as my leading lady this time.”

“Me?” Barrie asked, falling back into a chair.

“Yes, you, young lady,” said Fred. “Now two things,” he said then. “One: I want you to know this—I’ve seen you, not because you’re a friend of mine, but because I’m fond of you. But because I think you’re a great dancer. Understood?”

Barrie nodded.

“Two.”

“Two What?”

“I expect you to work hard. Very hard. We’ve got a heavy rehearsal schedule and we’re going to start tomorrow. Just me, you, Herrn (Hermans Pan, the choreographer), Buddy (Bud York—our producer) and a couple of others.

“So now let’s take a few sips of this champagne I’ve brought and then you go to bed. I go home and go to bed—and tomorrow, first thing, we work.”

“Okay?”

“Yessir,” said Barrie, sitting forward in the chair, making a mock salute, begin-
How Much Do My Children Really Need Me?

(Continued from page 33)

Janet, how do you solve your problem of being a working mother? It will help me solve mine.

Sincerely,
Rosemary D.

And this story is my answer to those letters:

Dear Rosemary:

I'll never forget the time I was working before cameras and a scene called to me with a message: Please call home. Kelly is very sick.

I was terrified. I wanted to be with my little girl, but I was quite two then. In my imagination I saw her in pain, calling for me. At the time I was working on location in Norway, my baby in London with her nurse. Tony and I had taken Kelly to Europe with us since we were to be away five months, but we left her in London with the nurse because the weather in Norway was too harsh.

She must leave the set and fly to London? Walk out on a picture whose costs were going on at a clip of thousands of dollars a minute to rush to the side of my sick child, with obligations to my producers, but I knew in my heart that no obligation to them could outweigh the well-being of my child. If she was very sick, I'd have to fly to London.

In a phone booth in a corner of the set, I put through a call to London and got a very dear friend of mine who was living there. I asked her to look in immediately on Kelly, and tell me just what was the matter with my child. I waited, my heart in my mouth, for her return call. In about a half hour she got back to me. "Kelly is fine," she said. "She just had a slightly upset stomach. The nurse panicked. But there's nothing to worry about." She promised to stay there.

If Kelly had really been very ill, I would have wanted as much above anybody or anything as possible. However, a working mother cannot afford to get hysterical or over-imaginative, otherwise she won't be able to use good judgment to handle any conflicts arise.

Rosemary, you asked, "What do you do when one of your little girls suddenly becomes ill while you're at work?" It all depends on the seriousness of the illness. When Kelly was operated on so suddenly one year, I dropped everything, canceling every business appointment I had to be with her. Fortunately, we weren't in the middle of a picture when she was stricken, but if we had been, I would have told them to shoot around me. However, I did have other appointments connected with my work—some costume fittings and script conferences which are also important. When a child is seriously ill or facing an operation, that child needs her mother, and the mother's job must take second place. I've gone to the studio to answer letters, but it is so much easier for me to fly to London. If either Kelly or Jamie has been down with a cold. But if either had a high temperature I wouldn't leave her until she was past the feverish stage where she might be calling for me.

From the studio I phone at every opportunity—and I talk to my child myself. Merely calling and asking the nurse if the children are okay isn't enough. It makes my children feel more secure to hear their mother's voice saying the warm, dear things that only a mother can say to her child.

I think every working mother should remember this. Hearing her mother's voice on the phone makes the child feel that her mother isn't too far away. Probably Kelly was saved in the store and buy the shoes that day. I knew just what time they'd be going—after Jamie's nap. When they got home, I called from the set and got her mother's voice—much more comforting than her mother's voice—and the story was completed.

And they began to dance.

Like a kid in love

The show, three months later, was a triumph. Fred won five Emmys for it—more TV awards than an actor or actress has ever received for a single show.

But, friends say, his greatest prize was a young dancer named Barrie Chase, and how she came through.

Fred and Barrie, two of his closest friends, referring to the down periods, 'Fred keeps saying, 'I'll never marry again. No one can replace Phyllis.' And we keep telling him 'Fred, you feel cheated, no one will ever. But you can find a new dimension with someone else, and at least you can fill part of the gap in your life.'

And Barrie, meanwhile?

'I have tremendous admiration for Mr. Astaire,' she says to any who ask, and that is all she says, for the real words in her heart are too deep for speech.'
liness I have been able to achieve and pass on to my children.

Even though I must be away from them all day when I’m in a picture, I try to give the children the feeling that I’m with them—at least in spirit—all the time. I am very fortunate in being able to afford capable household help. This is very important to a working mother, and I realize that most working mothers—unless they’re highly-paid career women—can’t afford it. On the other hand, just because I have such fine help does not mean that I will let them take over the mothering of my children. They can feed them, put them to sleep, bathe them when I’m not home. But there are things only a mother should do—like taking them to school on the first day of school and making the preparations for her children’s birthday parties.

Sure, I could turn this over to my cook and the nurse, and they would see to it that my children would have a beautiful birthday party. But that wouldn’t mean much to Kelly, nor to Jamie, when she’s old enough to understand. Kelly and I have planned all her birthday parties together; such whispering and giggling and secret conferences that go on between us at those times.

Once it lessoned as if I wouldn’t be able to share in the preparation of a birthday party with Kelly. Just before her third birthday I was told a tour had been arranged for Tony and me to publicize The Vikings. We were to be away several weeks. We agreed to the tour, but first I asked one thing—that I could be home the day of Kelly’s birthday. “It won’t be a real birthday party for her,” I said, “unless Tony and I are with her.” The studio agreed.

Before we left, I made all the plans for the party, with Kelly. We went to the five and ten together and bought balloons and favors. She helped me select the invitations, we decided together what kind of sandwiches we’d serve and we picked out the birthday cake together.

I wrote all the invitations before we left, and I ordered everything for the party. I left word that the invitations were to be mailed out on a certain date. With everything in advance, I left. We returned early on the Saturday morning of her party. And I took up where I’d left off. My daughter was the happiest birthday girl you’ve ever seen.

Kelly is just four now and goes to nursery school from 9:00 to 12:00. At first, Tony wasn’t sure that Kelly should go. I thought she should—not because I wanted her out of the way, but because she’s a bright and active child, and I felt she needed the stimulation of playing with other children.

The first week, I took her there myself every morning. You can’t just send a little girl off to a new, strange nursery school without being with her. The first day I picked her up to drive her home, her eyes were bright. She sang the words of a song they’d taught her; she spoke about a little girl with whom she’d played.

I knew then that she was going to enjoy nursery school. The other mothers and I share the car pool. One of them is Anne Douglas, Kirk’s wife. If I wished, I could have one of the help in the house do the driving when it’s my turn to take them to school. But I wouldn’t miss my child, you’re usually exhilarated, not weary. The conversations that go on in the back seat of my car among Kelly, Peter and Scott are absolutely delicious. I wouldn’t miss them for the world. This is one of the simple, inexplicable joys of motherhood—driving my child to school. And having her mother take her to school is one of the great joys for a child.

You asked, Rosemary, if I am ever resentful about the time I spend away from the children. No, I never have been. And I’m quite sure they’re not resentful either. When I’m working, the hours are long, I leave at 6:00 a.m. and I don’t get home till 6:30 p.m. Consequently, I don’t see my children in the morning, except to tiptoe into their rooms and look at them. When I get home, Jamie, who’s still a baby, is asleep. But Kelly is up, I play with Kelly and we talk. I listen to everything she has to say, and I put her to bed myself. When I’m working all day, no one can tuck Kelly in but myself. She needs the assurance that I love her so much that I want to show even this little touch of tenderness. And after a long day at work, I myself need the talking and laughter with my child, and the warm satisfaction of putting her to bed.

One thing I think is very important: many mothers who work feel a little guilty because their work keeps them away from their children all day. And feeling guilty causes them to make a certain mistake. When a working mother comes home, she will often be loaded with toys and gifts for her child, as though to compensate for having been away all day. Also, she is inclined to be ever-indulgent. She doesn’t want to punish her little darling for misbehaving because she feels her child has been punished enough by not having the mother around during the day.

I don’t feel that way at all. When I’m home, I expect my little girl misbehavior, I discipline her, just as I would if I’d been home all day. I think spoiling

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you’ve read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postage: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don’t earn $10, you’ll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you’re helping us pick the stories you’ll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

2. I LIKE HOPE LANGE:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DON MURRAY:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him

I LIKE DON MURRAY:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [ ] all of their story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

3. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

4. I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [ ] all of their story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

5. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

6. I LIKE EYV NOLUND:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:
   [ ] more than almost any star [ ] a lot
   [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   [ ] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [ ] all of their story [ ] part [ ] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
a child in the hope of making up for your having been away is confusing to the child. And I don’t come home from a day at work loaded down with gifts. I don’t feel that I have to brieve my children because I’ve been away at work.

It’s by my actions that I show my children love and warmth, even when I’m away. When I come home, I show them how much I love them in the ways that are natural to any loving mother. But I won’t let them get away with misbehaving. That’s the worst thing I could do for them. I remember one night when I came home from the set of Psycho, Kelly and I were playing. Then I was called to the telephone. When I returned, I discovered Kelly had scooped a flatul of chocolates in her mouth. She knows she isn’t allowed to do that. Did I smile indulgently and think, Well, the poor child’s missed me all day—what a handful of candy if it makes her feel happier? I didn’t. I scolded Kelly and sent her right up to bed—which is just what I would have done if I hadn’t been away from the house working all day.

The children of working mothers can either develop into staunch, independent, secure children, or spoiled children, over-indulged by mothers who feel guilty because they can’t be with their children twenty-four hours a day.

However, when I’m working I do spend all my week ends with my children. For their sake and my own, I will not make social dates that would take me away from the house on the few days when we can be together.

On one occasion, when I was scheduled to go on a publicity tour in San Francisco for Who Was That Lady, I called it off. Why? Because suddenly we had a change in household help, and I didn’t want to leave my two little girls with virtual strangers.

A mother shouldn’t become panickey for every slight cause. Unnecessary hysteria could turn a working mother and her children into neurotics. Once while I was working in Who Was That Lady, I received a call on the set. It was from my house. The couple who worked for me had suddenly walked out. They hadn’t made lunch for the children. It was upsetting, but hardly a crisis. I told my secretary, whom we call “Angel” and who was at the house at the time, just what to give the children for lunch and when to put them to bed.

Tenderness and motherly love are not so much a matter of the hours a woman spends with her children. They’re a matter of feeling.

There are so many small, tender things a working mother can do. For instance, Kelly normally wears her hair in two perky pigtails. On the days of big events such as birthday parties or special days at school, I curl her hair. I put it up myself and she loves it. It’s the little things than can be warm and important...

Library Day is a big day at Kelly’s nursery school. The children sing and are part of a school production. For weeks, Kelly had been telling me about it, her round eyes shining. She rehearsed her little songs at home and dropped mysterious hints about what she was going to do.

The week before Library Day, I got a call to report for Pepe on Kelly’s big day. Fortunately, I got the call in time to tell George Sidney, the producer, he had chosen one of the worst days in the year for me. I begged him to change the schedule to permit me to start my role one day later. He agreed.

I shopped with Kelly for the new dress she’d wear on this important day. We bought a blue-and-white ruffled dress with a starched white pinafore. The night before, I put her hair up in curlers myself. That morning she looked like a real doll.

She was proud and I was proud. I drove her to school. As we walked into the school together, I took her hand. When she walked out on the stage, I could see her—just like the other children—scanning the audience to see if her mother was there. How glad I was that I could be!

No, I don’t think my children feel cheated because I’m a working mother. Here’s one of the secrets, which I’m happy to pass on to other mothers: When I come home, I sink into the house buoyant and happy, no matter how hard the day has been for me.

Rosemary, never show fatigue to your children when you come home from work, no matter how tired you really are. Just keep in mind the joy that lies ahead of you, now that your typewriter has been covered or your last order for the day written. Remember, as you enter your house after a hard day’s work, you are going home to your reward. You are going to have your own little child run up to you and throw his arms around you and kiss you and prattle on to you what he did during the day. Even if your back has ached and your feet have felt like lead, keep the power to put a spring in your walk, a smile on your face and lightness in your heart. This is the love and tenderness, the feeling that “Mommy’s home with me” that a child appreciates.

When I work, I work hard. It’s usually a twelve-hour day and it’s emotionally and physically wearing. Ordinarily, I want to go home and not talk to anyone until my nerves have quit jangling. But as soon as I get to the white door of my home, and know that two little girls are waiting to leap into my arms, I don’t feel one bit tired.

Best wishes,

Janet Leigh

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

I am not very familiar with her


IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE FRED ASTAIRE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

I am not very familiar with him


IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE JANE FONDA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

I am not very familiar with her


IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE JILL ST. JOHN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

I am not very familiar with her


IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[5] not at all

13. I LIKE WILL (SUGARFOOT) HUTCHINS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot

I am not very familiar with him


IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[5] not at all


[4] not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) MALE

(2) MALE

(3) MALE

(1) FEMALE

(2) FEMALE

(3) FEMALE

AGE ... NAME ...

ADDRESS ... CITY ...

ZONE ... STATE ...
YOU FEEL THIS COOL, THIS CLEAN, THIS FRESH WHEN YOU USE TAMPAX

With Tampax, you'll never miss a day of fun! Swimming...skiing...diving...flying! You're free...poised...sure! Millions use it. Worn internally, it's the modern way. TAMPAX . . . so much a part of your active life.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
A Night in a Parked Car—that Blew the Lid off a "Nice" Town!

Young Parrish had been warned to stay away from Sala Post's pretty daughter. His mother's job as Sala's housekeeper depended upon it. She had been hired to keep that aristocratic little wildcat out of trouble. But the night of the big storm too many things happened too fast. Parrish was in the garage—alone. Alison skidded her yellow convertible into a quick stop—her eyes smouldering, her lips wet and hungry. All the fire of his young manhood flamed for release...

How did this passionate encounter trigger the biggest emotional explosion since Peyton Place? Read this bold, pulsed story in Parrish—just one of the outstanding books you may choose in this amazing 4-for-99¢ offer.

Spectacular 30th Anniversary Offer
from the famous Dollar Book Club

ANY 4 of these Full-Size, Hard-Bound Best-Sellers
Value $11.90 to $40.45 in publishers' editions
for only 99¢

when you join and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling
novels out of 24 offered within a year

Select any 4 books shown for only 99 cents.
Choose from best-selling novels...big illustrated books...even 2-volume sets—a total value of $11.90 to $40.45 in publishers' editions. This is your introductory package when you join the Dollar Book Club.

Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered new best-seller selections, costing up to $3.95 each in publishers' editions, for only $1. Big hits by authors like Ernest Hemingway, Thomas P. Too, fatum, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby and others have come to members at this low $1 price—a saving of up to 75%.

Occasional extra-big books also are offered at prices slightly above $1. An attractive bonus plan offers other big savings, too.

All Club selections are new, full-size, hard-bound volumes—never condensations or abridgements.

You don't have to take a book every month. You may take as few as six $1 selections a year, and cancel membership any time after you take six books, if you wish. Send no money now—just the coupon. You will receive at once your 4 introductory books, and will be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York.

30TH ANNIVERSARY OFFER • MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR ADULTS ONLY...a shocking report on the new movies

EDDIE TO RETURN TO HIS OWN CHILDREN...
Maybelline

SPECIALIZES exclusively
IN EVERYTHING
TO MAKE EYES BEAUTIFUL

In all the world, nothing does so much to make eyes beautiful as Maybelline, the pure eye make-up you know you can use with perfect confidence. Maybelline offers everything for eye-beauty . . . quality unrivalled, prices unmatched . . . in a wonderful range of precious jewel colors that give eyes shimmering, glimmering loveliness. That's why Maybelline is so necessary to every woman who wants to appear perfectly groomed, fashionable . . . as lovely as she was meant to be. Maybelline is a specialist in eye beauty!

Remember, for purity, for complete confidence in your eye make-up insist on Maybelline
Germs all over your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. Tooth paste can't even reach most of these germs, let alone kill them. You need a free-flowing liquid antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic—to do that!

Listerine kills bad breath germs tooth paste doesn't even reach!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

Tooth paste reaches only this area around teeth and gums. And no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine kills germs as no tooth paste can—on contact, by millions.

Listerine is amazingly "wet"—more fluid than any tooth paste. Listerine way* kills germs on 4 times more germ-laden surfaces, stops bad breath hours on end!

*See directions on label.

Every time you brush your teeth, REACH FOR LISTERINE

Tune in "The Loretta Young Show" and "Overland Trail" NBC-TV Network
veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne

No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet ... pure, imported Italian Talc ... your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Your all day veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne
LOVE-HUNGRY WORLD OF THE SOPHISTICATED YOUNG MODERNS!

SALOME... who couldn't stop—once she started!

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

METRO GOLDWYN-MAYER presents

NATALIE WOOD • ROBERT WAGNER

AN AVON PICTURE

“All the Fine Young Cannibals”

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

GEORGE HAMILTON • SUSAN KOHNER

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

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

PEARL BAILEY/ With JACK MULLANEY - ONISLO STEVENS - Screen Play by ROBERT THOM Directed by MICHAEL ANDERSON - A PANDRO & BERMAN PRODUCTION / in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR
Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen. Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 60.

Q I read that Montgomery Clift and Lauren Bacall were holding hands all through the preview of Wild River. What does this mean?
A Their hands were cold.

Q Is Sammy Davis, Jr. going to marry May Britt?
A He hopes to.

Q Why was the Ingrid Bergman-Maximilian Schell TV spectacular, 24 Hours in the Life of a Woman cancelled? I thought it was supposed to be the big TV treat of next season.
A It was—until CBS carefully read the script that Ingrid's producer husband Lars Schmidt presented. The show was then indefinitely postponed.

Q What happened to the budding romance between Elvis Presley and Tuesday Weld?
A D.M., Sioux Falls, S. Dak.
A It was nipped when Tuesday stood Elvis up for their second date.

Q What's going to happen to Cheryl Crane now? Is she going to be placed in a regular reform school?
A Lana Turner hopes not. She's trying to get the court's permission to take Cheryl to Europe. If it is granted, she will enroll Cheryl in a Swiss School and take up residence in Switzerland herself.

Q With no TV or movie offers forthcoming—is it true that Eddie Fisher is terribly worried about his future? He's looked very depressed in some pictures I've seen of him lately.
A Eddie's future isn't worrying him—yet. As soon as Liz Taylor finishes Cleopatra, Eddie will turn producer with Liz as his star.

Q Is it true that Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh have returned to the psychiatrist's couch?
A They've been airing their individual problems to the doctor in an upright position.

Q What's with the rumor that Howard Lee gave Hedy Lamar such a big divorce settlement because he plans to marry Gene Tierney?
A R.S., Somerville, Mass.
A Mr. Lee wanted to be free to court Gene Tierney—who has no plans to marry anyone at this time.

Q Can you give me the inside story on Debbie Reynolds's violent feud with her TV network? There are rumors that Debbie may walk out of her $3,000,000 deal. Is this so?
A A Mr. Lee wanted to be free to court Gene Tierney—who has no plans to marry anyone at this time.

Q Is it possible that if Jack Kennedy is elected President, his brother-in-law Peter Lawford and Frank Sinatra will be appointed to posts in the cabinet and government?
A Hardly.

Q Everyone seems to be whispering about a secret marriage between producer Ross Hunter and Sandra Dee. How much of this is true?
A T.Y., Westfield, N.J.

A Sandra was infatuated with Ross—who has nothing but fatherly feelings toward her. After one disastrous attempt to marry it's unlikely that Ross is interested in becoming serious with anyone.

Q Do you think the Stephen Boyd-Elana Eden romance will reach the altar stage—or is Stephen interested in Hope Lange now that she's free?
A E.C., New Orleans, La.
A Stephen is 'interested' in both women—but it's unlikely he'll march to the altar with either, at this time.

Q Is it true that Elvis' popularity diminished after his panning on the Sinatra show? I've heard in show business talk he's considered "dead"?
A S.S., New York, N.Y.
A He's very much alive—via his new RCA album Elvis Is Back, and his new picture GI Blues. Only the highbrow critics panned him on the Sinatra show—and these guys have been panning him from the beginning.
Its story is by Edna Ferber and its people are fierce, tender and passionate—like her people of ‘Giant’!...These are people caught up in the turbulence of creation...This is Alaska today—lavish splendor, stripped passions, tremendous personal drama!
THE APARTMENT

Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Fred MacMurray, Ray Walston, Jack Kruschen

You'll laugh a lot at The Apartment—it has plenty of clever dialogue and situations that seem hilarious because they are so true—but its theme isn't really funny nor, I think, was it meant to be. Jack Lemmon works in a huge insurance company. He would be absolutely lost in the crowd of several thousand co-workers if he hadn't stumbled on a gimmick. He lives in a bachelor apartment on New York's West Side—and he lends it to some of the company's middle-aged—and married—executives who have no place to be alone with their girlfriends. Lemmon's conscience doesn't hurt at all; he figures this is the quickest way to get a promotion, and he's right. Fred MacMurray, head of personnel, not only promotes him, but asks for the key to his apartment. Jack doesn't know that Fred's girl is elevator operator Shirley MacLaine, whom Jack loves from afar. Shirley doesn't know that Fred has been leading girls on for years, always promising to get a divorce and marry them. At a vividly realistic Christmas office party she learns the truth about Fred, but she can't resist seeing him, and she can't resist taking an overdose of sleeping pills when Fred gives her a line (and $100) at Jack's apartment. Jack returns in time to call a doctor (his neighbor, Jack Kruschen, whose dialogue is the high spot of the film) and save her life. Now

Jack wants to marry Shirley but her heart—she thinks—still belongs to Fred, who surprises everybody by making plans to get a divorce. At any rate, love is what Jack needed to feel in order to feel disgust for having chosen the low road to success. This movie may shock you but the mirror it holds up to a part of big city life doesn't lie. United Artists.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET

Kirk Douglas, Kim Novak, Ernie Kovacs, Barbara Rush, Walter Matthau

One would think that Brentwood, California, was the ideal place for marriage and the family—such pretty houses, such pretty gardens. Ha! Every day Kim Novak takes her child to the school bus and then, with a wistful, lonely longing, she goes home. Every day (nearly) architect Kirk Douglas takes his older child to the school bus and, one day, his eyes meet Kim's eyes. Kirk, who is married to dominating Barbara Rush, loves Kim's lovely, passive eyes. Successful novelist Ernie Kovacs (who is an unhappy Don Juan) has commissioned Kirk to design him a house in the hills—not that it will make Ernie happy. But it makes Kirk happy. All the time he's building the house he's dreaming it's a home for him and Kim. Kim, whose husband takes a dim view of even married sex, shares Kirk's dream. What's going to happen to their marriages, their

(Continued on page 14)

In a suburban, young-married type community, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas are caught up in an unexpected love affair.
A solid wave of laughter roars out of fabulous Miami—as Jerry's classic comedy performance launches the silliest series of sequences that ever hit the screen!
On a fog-shrouded night in London, with his bride-to-be beside him and an airplane ticket for home in his pocket, Eddie Cochran’s car crashed, and the song on his lips was stilled forever. For the thousands who, like us, belonged to the growing army of Eddie’s fans, Modern Screen presents a heart-rending account from the survivors of the crash, of his final moments...

The last song he sang was “California Here I Come,” to a small, select audience—Gene Vincent, his roommate on their English tour; Patrick Thompkins, their road manager; and Sharon Sheeley, the girl he loved. He sang at the top of his lungs and from the bottom of his heart. As the rented sedan sped through the night, bound for London Airport, Eddie Cochran sang from sheer, almost overpowering happiness. After nearly five months of personal appearances in England, he was going home.

Patrick Thompkins had delivered the plane tickets to Eddie’s and Gene’s hotel room that morning. Sitting up in bed, they’d ripped open the envelope. “Take a look, boy,” Eddie crowed. “Real genuine tickets to the USA!” (Continued on page 10)
Who put the egg in Peg’s shampoo?

(and why?)

Helene Curtis that’s who! Here’s why -

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

New! Shampoofs! Shampoo Plus Egg in handy little plastic packets for girls on the go. 1 complete shampoo (2 lathers) per 10¢ packet. Card of 6, just 59¢.
(Continued from page 8)

“Yeah!” Gene’s grin stretched from ear to ear. Then, with a couple of whoops, they both tossed the tickets into the air. And Patrick remembers, “For the rest of the day, about all they did was sit and look at those tickets.”

Originally, they’d planned to catch a train for London after the last performance at the Bristol Hippodrome. But the train was at three-thirty. The show would finish around ten-thirty. So they talked it over and decided that a car was the answer. They hired a Ford Consul, one that came complete with a festive scattering of confetti, because it had been used for a wedding earlier in the day.

As Eddie sang, Sharon smiled up at him. She’s really nuts about the guy, Patrick thought. It wasn’t just the way she looked at him, the adoration in her eyes, that said, “I love him.” There were other things, things that said how much. “Patrick, will you come shopping with me?” she’d asked one day. “It’s my birthday and I want to get a little cake.”

Before he’d met her in the lobby, he’d stopped by Eddie’s room. “Patrick, will you do something for me?” And he’d just been paid and handed over the whole wage packet. “Take this. Use whatever you need. Get the biggest cake in town and have Happy Birthday Sharon written on it.” Patrick maintained, “Get the biggest cake in town, he says . . . and in a couple of hours!”

“You can do it, boy,” Eddie assured him. “Sure you can!”

But the cake wasn’t destined to be a surprise like Eddie’s other gifts to his girl. Patrick had to confess, so they wouldn’t wind up with a lemon instead. “What we’ll do is buy a small cake.” Sharon’s smile was radiant. “I don’t need a big one. We’ll get a present for Eddie instead.”

They found a blue corduroy shirt. And when Patrick explained what had happened, Eddie blew his top—but in a pleased sort of way. Imagine a girl buying a guy a present on her birthday! Yes, she loved him all right.

Smash-up!

“California Here I Come . . .” The song was over. Sharon and Eddie were silent, thoughtful. This time tomorrow they’d be home. Gene settled down for a nap. It was almost midnight. Patrick leaned over to take a fresh package of cigarettes out of the small traveling bag at his feet.

Suddenly, with a shattering impact, the car hit a lamp standard. And now a broken guitar lay on the pavement. Bodies were flung onto the grass, strewn with confetti.

The ambulance reached St. Martin’s hospital around one-thirty. During the next few hours, nine doctors were called to Eddie Cochran’s bedside. As one of them told, MODERN SCREX. “He was alive, but deeply unconscious. Our efforts kept him alive much longer than he might have lived otherwise. But there was simply nothing we could do to save him. He never regained consciousness.” He died, of severe brain lacerations, at 4:00 a.m. on Easter Sunday . . .

The girl in the cast lay in a pink-walled ward, with gaily-patterned pink curtains drawn around her bed. Her bruised face bore little resemblance to the Sharon Sheedy who had come to England a few weeks ago. She looked like a tragically battered child, not a famed, successful songwriter. When she’d arrived, the papers had said she’d flown in “on business.” She’d come, too, to see the boy she loved, but she didn’t talk about that. Back home, whenever anyone asked, she’d talk about her friendship with Ricky Nelson or Elvis Presley. Both boys were buddies. She’d written Poor Little Fool for Ricky. They’d posed for a picture layout together once, but that was all. “Our feelings about each other belong to us,” he’d said. Children of divorce, Sharon and her husband living their home lives away from the limelight, in a way they’d never gotten used to the glare. They’d stayed away from nightclubs, gone to drive-ins, instead, or sat around in somebody’s living room listening to music, talking with their kind of people.

“I know the man I’m going to marry,” she once told a reporter. But she’d hastily added, “If one day—after marriage—I should want to marry. I want to marry a dominating man. Someone who’ll tell me where to go, what to do. I don’t want to be the boss—.”

“Eddie,” she’d begged in London. “Please, let’s go to Buckingham Palace and see if we can see some royalty.”

Now, four days later, she remembered being on the ground somewhere . . . an officer . . . somebody saying something about an accident. Eddie unconscious, so very still. “Is he all right? Is he . . . ?” She was in a blurred world of sedation, but her voice cut through it like a knife. “Is Eddie dead?”

They told her, several hours after his death. “We thought we saw him fit enough,” says the doctor. “And it would have been almost impossible to keep it from her. There are radios and TV sets in the wards and she was bound to find it out one way or another. We thought it best that the news come from us.”

There was nothing to pain in her body was nothing to the pain in her heart. She closed her eyes and went, quiet, deep tears.

Eddie’s roommate

Gene Vincent woke up in another ward. He couldn’t seem to talk. Maybe it was the shot they’d given him. Men in white came in, murmuring something about concussion, examining him again. Then the voices drifted away. When he came to later, he glanced at the fellow in the bed beside him. “Eddie . . .”

“Eddie . . .”

What a mess he was with the black eye. And his skin seemed so dark. Stage make-up was the devil to get off. “Eddie, you look awful. How do you feel?”

There was no answer. Poor Eddie and his black eye! “Hey, Eddie, that’s quite a shiner you got!” Still no answer. Must be pretty miserable. I’ll keep talking to him anyway. Gene thought. Cheer him up. Later, much later, one of the nurses stopped beside his bed. For some reason, as she was leaving, Gene called out, “Don’t forget to say good-bye to Eddie . . .”

She came back, a startled, disbeliefing look on her face. Gene turned his head toward the next bed and stared at the occupant. Hard. “Aren’t you . . . aren’t you . . . Eddie?” he asked slowly.

He saw the boy, full face, for the first
Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!

New glide-on applicator! Just twist the bottom... cream comes out the top!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a real cream deodorant can give plus glide-on convenience—both in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. 3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.

New Desert Dri®—real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton
on time. He saw two black eyes looking at him as if he were crazy. "Oor law a duck," a high-pitched unfamiliar voice came from a mouth with missing front teeth. "I fell off me motorbike."

They'd told him earlier, they said. He must've heard, understood. Eddie was dead. Oh, God, thought Gene. Let me hurry and get out of here. From the side the stranger looked just like... Please, God, let me get out of here soon. I'll drive me batty. . . .

His manager

Patrick Thompkins opened his eyes to find himself in a corner bed in one of St. Martin's wards. All he could think of was Eddie.

Someday, Patrick had figured, the world would know how really great Eddie Cochran was. It was a hectic tour, a triumphant tour, and it was extended. They'd have ten days off the latter part of April and they'd be on again after the time it was over, Patrick figured, they'd have played nearly every town in England.

But how Eddie had looked forward to those ten days. "Hope, Vee, Sharon, got to get home."

He was a home boy. Home came first. He called his mother constantly... spent hundreds of dollars on long-distance... to talk about the family... his car... anything that had to do with home. And when he wasn't by the telephone, he was thinking of his family. Or must be thinking of this... or that because they worry when things get into the papers. They get so stretched by the time the papers get them...

Patrick thought of the last five months; they were all together, then cut-up together, even worn each other's clothes. Eddie had given him the fur-lined black leather jacket from his own closet.

And he was wearing Pat's new black-and-white leather shoes when—Patrick turned his face to the wall...

Aftermath

Gene came back to London on Wednesday night. The doctors had said he'd be able to travel, go home to California for a few days before returning for the second inquest and the rest of the tour. Now, with the help of a man from the London agency, he was packing. Gene held up a medalion. "This is Eddie's."

He found another. "And this..." He dropped them into a suitcase.

Gene went into the bathroom. His collarbone was broken. He was in a kind of harness. "First time I ever tried to shave with my right hand," he called out.

"You're making it, aren't you?"

"Yeah, I'm making it."

Gene began to run the razor along his face. The shaving cream... everything reminded him. They used to have shaving cream fights, he and Eddie. Eddie always broke up the dreary traveling routine with a spat of this... and we were all close with cream, have pillow fights. Maybe most of all they'd taken to the British custom of the guests putting their shoes outside of their hotel rooms, to be polished by the porter during the night. He and Eddie would sneak down the hall, mixing up all the shoes. Then they'd slip back into their room and listen for the swearing that followed the discovery!

Gene went back into the bedroom. The man from the agency held a pair of trousers. "These yours?"

"Yes, Eddie gave them to me."

The aide picked up a package. "This?"

"Eddie got that for his mother just before he left. He was his mother's boy. He was a good boy. Still growing up. He still lived with his family. They'd just moved into the new house he'd helped them buy in Bueno Park. He—"

Gene left for America. Mrs. James Sheeler, Sharon's mother, arrived in Bath. She'd just written her nurse. "It was Richy Valens' mother, calling about the accident. My baby, Mrs. Sheeleys, has been in a coma. And Eddie had called from England only a few days before. They were so excited, so happy. "We've got a big surprise for you. And we're something wonderful to tell you."

"They're married, was Sharon's mother's first thought. Then, "No... no, Sharon wouldn't do that to her mother. She'd wait until they got home."

Now Eddie was dead, her daughter seriously injured in a hospital thousands of miles away. She got her passport, had the necessary papers closed in the house, all by Tuesday. And she flew to her daughter's bedside.

Interview with Sharon

"Come into the office for a moment," said the nurse to the Modern Screen reporter. She disappeared briefly, then returned with some quotes in the paper.

"They're all gone, said Mrs. Sheeleys and Mrs. Sheeleys will see you. Sharon's such a fine girl. She's being so courageous. The nurse led the way into the waiting room, and there sat the young lady..."

Sharon lay, so very still, on the hospital bed. She smiled a small smile. "Hello."

"I didn't know whether you'd be able to see me and see the press," said the Modern Screen reporter.

Sharon sighed, "I hope Modern Screen and everyone will understand. I can't give a story, or any details about me and Ed- die. These are some quotes in the paper... things they said I said... about how we were planning to be married right away. I never said these things."

"You've been ander them, over love any one the way I loved Eddie. I loved him very, very much. But it's something I just want to keep in my heart... a very precious love."

"You see, he felt that way, too. So that's all I can say. I guess I could sum up my feelings... You're gone away, don't you know. Your love is... a memory... ."

Her voice broke. "I'm sorry... I..."

The nurse leaned over Sharon's bed, gently drying her patient's tears with a handkerchief.

"I'm sorry, Sharon," said the reporter. "So very sorry."

There were tears in Mrs. Sheeleys' eyes, too. "She's had such a great loss," she said. "But in time... in time, she'll rebuild her life. She'll be here for several months. Perhaps by the time we go back to California..."

At the London Airport, Phil Everly said, "I guess their friends always figured they would marry. That's the way it was going... Yes, I introduced them. Sharon's like a sister to me. I went to college along to Eddie. We'll all miss Eddie, just like we miss Buddy Holly. In this kind of business, your friends aren't always people you know. They're people you know and you've toured with... ."

Phil looked out of the lounge window, toward the large jet that would soon be airborne... the daily Fan Am Flight to New York. Eddie's ticket, too, had read "Flight 101," the ticket he'd looked at a hundred times.

An airline representative appeared in the lounge doorway. "It's time to go," said Phil. He and Don and the Crick- ets headed for the field—the field from which, only a few days before, another plane had taken off. The plane that had taxied down the runway, soared into the sky and headed out across the Atlantic, taking Eddie home.
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, nicest legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!
new movies (Continued from page 6)

children, the houses they already live in? That's the question that makes it all so poignant.—CINEMASCOPES, COLUMBIA.

THE SUBTERRANEANS

beatniks in Technicolour

George Peppard Leslie Caron Janice Rule Roddy McDowall Anne Seymour

- These are the 'new Bohemians,' the 'beatniks' who live and suffer loudly in San Francisco and cuddle their pain like teddy bears. George Peppard, a slightly published writer whose mother can't understand him and has contempt for whatever he stands for, finally leaves home. What does he stand for? George Peppard doesn't know. Truth? Life? Freedom? Yes. He is against all middle-class hypocrisy and deadness; the trouble is, unless the world is perfect he doesn't know how to live in it, unless the world he hates approves of him he can't approve of himself. Well, in San Francisco's 'Greenwich Village' he discovers a whole bunch of charming, mixed-up kids—Leslie Caron, who seeks solace in love but is afraid to love; painter Janice Rule, who hides her face under a mask of make-up and, out of fear, hides her fear and need for love; Roddy McDowell, a pixie who loves everyone but won't get involved with anyone—these and many more who pride themselves on always speaking the truth but are left bewildered because their truths have never managed to set them free. All up and down the Valley lives, live together. He discovers he can't write when he's with her—and runs off to Janice Rule and booze. Leslie discovers she can't live with or without him—and runs off to her psychiatrist. They 'work out' their problems—but do they? Can life ever be beautiful for beatniks? Who knows? The picture is novel and interesting.—CINEMASCOPES, MGM.

FROM THE TERRACE

love among the upper classes

Paul Newman Joanne Woodward Ina Balin Myrna Loy Leon Ames

- Home from the wars, Paul Newman finds life in Pennsylvania just the way it's always been. Mom (Myrna Loy) is an alcoholic; Dad (Leon Ames) still doesn't like him, but Dad's willing to take him into the family business. Paul has bigger and better ideas. He falls for society girl Joanne Woodward, steals her from her psychiatrist boyfriend and marries her (Joanne's family accepts the marriage because Paul is such a determined go-getter). Ambition rules his life and succeeds in destroying his marriage. Joanne, you see, gets lonesome because Paul is forever making field trips and leaving her home for good. When she finally takes up with her old boyfriend, Paul is a study in husbandly outrage. Well, Joanne gets slicker and harder and Paul keeps making field trips (it's the only way he can rise in his Wall Street firm). One day, on one of those field trips, he meets Ina Balin, daughter of a coal mine owner. At first his wife Henry by virtue of her beauty and talent. Borgnine, tricked him into marriage and now she plays around with other men. Efrem's nervous passenger is Troy Donahue who is struggling against being tricked into marriage. On a big transport coming from the opposite direction are senior pilot Dana Andrews, a widower who can't get close to his son and who hates young John Kerr who is to be his co-pilot. John hates Dana, loves his own father (a famous but insane artist) and is romantically involved with stewardess Anne Francis. Anne gaily describes herself as an 'ex-tramp' and would like to marry John. Also on board—a doctor and his dying wife, a 'method' actor and his编码错误。
NEVER BEFORE ON THE SCREEN...
THE MIGHTIEST OF THEM ALL!

FABULOUS FEATS OF HUMAN POWER
THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SHOWN BEFORE!

SPECTACLES OF MASSIVE MIGHT BEYOND ANY EVER KNOWN BEFORE!

JOSEPH E. LEVINE PRESENTS

HERCULES UNCHAINED

IT FLOODS THE SCREEN WITH ENTERTAINMENT WONDERS NEVER BEFORE SEEN!

SEE! THE TEMPTRESS LYDIA!
SEE! THE WAR OF THE CHARIOTS!
SEE! THE COURT OF LOVERS!
SEE! THE CONTEST OF GIANTS!

STARRING

STEVE REEVES AS HERCULES
SYLVA KOSCINA · PRIMO CARNERA · SYLVIA LOPEZ
PRODUCED BY BRUNO VAILATI · DIRECTED BY PIETRO FRANCISCI

LUX-GALATEA LUX DE FRANCE PRODUCTION · EASTMAN COLOR · DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

SOON AT THEATRES ALL OVER THE LAND!
It's here! Hear it!

Brand-new... and his first in Stereo! With 17 never-before-released photos. Also in Regular L.P. © RCA VICTOR ©
MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA
PARSONS

in this issue:

Bobby Darin's Big Night

The $125,000 SHARE Party

"Surprise" Wedding, "Surprise" Divorces

There are no people like show people (left to right: Frank Sinatra, George Burns, Milton Berle, Dean Martin, Jack Benny, at the SHARE party) when it comes to entertaining to raise money for worthy causes.
Kim was in the hospital when she got the news about Aly Khan.

Too much trouble for Kim

Kim Novak has been much too sick. In New York to plug her Strangers When We Meet, Kim fell ill and was taken to Doctors Hospital suffering from hepatitis and its companion ailment, yellow jaundice—plus being very anemic and fatigued.

If this weren't enough, Kim was deeply distressed over the shockingly sudden death of her good friend Aly Khan in a car crash in France. Just the day previous to this tragedy, Kim had received a bowl of lilies of the valley from Aly and a get-well-soon card.

Despite gossip you may have heard—Kim and Aly's 'romance' was much exaggerated. Or if there had been a flicker at one time it had settled into a genuine friendship on both sides. Kim had been renting Aly's New York apartment during her stay in New York before she was taken to the hospital.

PARTY of the month

"Fit for a King—and a Queen" is indeed the perfect description of the beautiful party given by Gloria and Jimmy Stewart, at their home, honoring the King and Queen of Nepal.

The thing that made this party so outstanding is that everyone present had a ball—including Their Majesties. Sometimes in the past when Hollywood has entertained Royalty, everyone is so stiff and formal, the visitors don't really see Hollywood as it really is—gay, colorful and exciting.

Give Jimmy and Gloria a lot of credit for keeping their charming affair on such a relaxed and happy plane.

The decorations were an eyeful. The tent where dinner was served was festooned in silk streamers ranging in color from the palest pink to the most vivid red and everywhere there were huge bowls of peonies in the same shades.

Before the evening was half over, the King endeared himself to all the guests by saying, "This is the best time we have had during our visit to your country." And, he added, he wanted everyone he had met to look on him as a friend.

The toasts were both formal and funny—Jimmy, of course, leading off formally by toasting the King and Queen, and the King replying by toasting President Eisenhower.

Then the fun started—Jack Benny and Bob Hope out-doing themselves—and when these two go to town, it's the living end. Even so, Bob was as modest and surprised as a novice when the King asked him for an autograph for his children.

When the music started, everyone seemed to dance every dance—except poor Gina Lollobrigida who was at our table. She had hurt her leg on the set of Go Naked in the World and had to quietly slip off her shoes her foot was in such pain.

Surprisingly present was Rex Harrison who makes so few social appearances, especially in Hollywood, that he is always noteworthy. I must say the British Mr. Harris put himself out to be charming and when he tries, he's an expert.

Dolores Hart arrived with the Ga Coopers and their daughter Maria, b girls looking like covers on the youth magazines. As for Gary, who had undergone serious surgery so recently, he looked great and was very animated.

Of course, the dancing stopped when Dinah Shore got up to sing—Dinah's greatest admirers are the people of her own work show business. I heard that the Stewarts, hosts, had hesitated to ask Dinah to sing—when the invitation came from the King—it was delighted to oblige. George Montgomery, always beaming when his girl is singing, also whispered to me that he was busy cutting his newest picture, The Sands Hoop.

Two ladies in very bright and beautiful gowns were Rosalind Russell and Al Sothern—Roz telling me she was off to Europe soon after investigating some East schools for her son, Lance. Hard to believe he's prep-school age.

John Wayne was the center of a group telling one story after another who his pretty wife, Pilar, danced. One of the most admired beauties was Capucine, the European model turned actress, who makes her screen debut in Song Without End, the Lisa story. Others I saw enjoying a wonder time were the Ray Millands, Jerry Walsh, Mervyn LeRoy, Henry Hathaway, Billy Wilders—truly a night to remember.
Big Night for Bobby Darin:

If Bobby Darin ever wondered how he stands with the Hollywood people—he knows now! His opening at the Cloister has seldom been equaled by a long established star—and never by a newcomer.

The people were jammed wall to wall and the tables were bumper to bumper. Just everybody was there and what a hand they gave Bobby who, in addition to his fine singing, has added a vibraphone to his act, and also a few intricate dance steps.

At our table were Shirley MacLaine, Debbie Reynolds with Harry Karl (these two had dined duet at La Rue, as we had, before coming to the Cloister), Jimmy McHugh, and Barbara Rush and Warren Cowan, our hosts. Shirley kept us all laughing with stories about her little daughter Sachie, who at that time was still in Japan with her father Steve Parker, who had been so ill with hepatitis.

Edd "Kookie" Byrnes dropped by to tell us how happy he was to be back in the good graces of Warners again, even if the continued writers' strike was holding up production of 77 Sunset Strip. But "Kookie" had been granted permission to appear on one of Pat Boone's TV spectaculars which would help out greatly in the mood department. This boy had suffered rough going financially for months while he was on suspension.

My boyfriend, Fabian told me he had lost five pounds pushing his way through to the table to say hello—he's always so sweet and thoughtful and is one of my particular favorites. Fabian was with June Blair. Also got in a word or two with Frankie Avalon and Connie Stevens (what a pretty girl she is!)

I was surprised to see Keely Smith. I had thought she was on her way to Europe, but she said she got as far as New York and was so homesick for her children, she came home. Keely was with Louis Prima—and these two continue to deny there's any problem in their marriage. They left by boat for Honolulu two days later.

Tuesday Weld was a model of deportment, and quite conservatively dressed, escorted by her agent, Dick Clayton. Ever since Tuesday has been working with Bing Crosby in High Time she's been as modest as a sunflower. I heard she has a big crush on Richard Beymer, who is in the same movie, and that he likes his girls ladylike.

Vic Damone, who was with Pat Newcomb, sat close enough to lean over and say he was very pleased with From Hell to Eternity (with David Janssen), his first movie in a long time. He's also becoming quite the rancher—said he has 700 head of cattle on his ranch. "I've found out that ranching is as profitable as singing," laughed Vic.

I told him, "But don't forget it's those songs and records and nightclub dates that keep those cows in fodder!"

Of course, Gracie Allen and George Burns were present, George glowing with pride over the success of his protégé, Bobby. With the Burnses were their daughter Sandra and her bridegroom Rod Amateau—and loud was the applause from this table all evening.

Jackie Cooper, who had also been at the cocktail party given by the Cowans, told me that he had bought an old scrapbook in a second-hand store, and in it were many articles written by me on his days as a child star. Oolly, how these youngsters mature—Jackie is quite the man of the world these days—and nights.

Nancy Sinatra, Jr. and her favorite singer Tommy Sands, as much in love as ever if not more so, managed to tell me that Tommy's mother, Grace, was chaperoning them to Vancouver for Tommy's nightclub date there, just as Nancy's mother, Nancy, Sr., had done the duenna bit while they were in Florida.

And, last but not least, when Bobby came on for his show and the room lights were dimmed, he gave me a pleasant surprise by leaning over and giving me a hello kiss on the cheek! And then he sang I Can't Believe that You're in Love with Me, written by my escort—composer Jimmy McHugh. Now there's a tactful young man—as tactful as he's talented.

Tuesday, with agent Dick Clayton.

Louella and Shirley MacLaine enthused over Bobby's act.

The highlight of the gala evening at the Cloister for Debbie Reynolds was meeting Harry Karl's daughter.

Keely Smith and Fabian "adored" each other.

Asa Maynor was so happy to see "Kookie" so happy again.
Sheila MacRae was overwhelmed when $1,000 was paid for a song from Gordon. Gordon was pretty pleased, too.

Charity Party in Orbit:

$125,000 was the fantastic amount raised by the hard-working girls who each year stage the famed SHARE costume parties—every cent of it going to the care of mentally retarded children. This proves that when it comes to pouring their hearts and cash into a worthy cause—there are no people like show people!

Yes, there was an unfortunate incident between John Wayne and Frank Sinatra, followed by a fight in the parking lot outside the Moulin Rouge, which grabbed all the headlines.

To me, this is a shame compared to the fine accomplishment of all the people who worked so hard—including the tempestuous Mr. Sinatra—to make a success of this worthwhile evening.

For the fifth year the great show was emceed by Dean Martin whose pretty Jeanne serves on the committee of SHARE under president Gloria Cahn (Mrs. Sammy).

The entire Moulin Rouge was jammed with colorful Western characters who paid $100 to sit down and eat and watch the entertainment and auction of furs and jewels put on by Sinatra, Milton Berle and Sammy Davis, Jr. With tongue in cheek I report that Frankie was done up as an 'Indian.' As for the show—in addition to those I've mentioned, Jack Benny, George Burns and that talented Frenchman, Yves Montand, kept the place jumping.

I'd never call John Wayne a rival for Bobby Darin or even Perry Como—but good sport that he is, the Duke warbled a duet with Guy Madison that had us in stitches.

Jack Warner paid $1,000 to hear Gordon MacRae sing—and, of course, Dinah Shore obliged as always.

Who was there? Just everybody. Rocky and Gary Cooper with their lovely Maria; the David Janssens; Lucille Ball, looking happy for the first time since her divorce; and all the top producers and directors.
George Montgomery was so proud of his lovely songstress Dinah Shore.

Swedish actress May Britt couldn't wait to tell Sammy Davis, Jr. how much she enjoyed his act.

Lucille Ball looked so happy—for the first time since her divorce—Milton Berle had to kiss her.

**I nominate for STARDOM**

**Connie Stevens**

At twenty-one, she's conquered two fields—records and TV, and she's on her way to a big movie career at Warner Bros. with a contract, and her first starring role opposite Troy Donahue in Parrish.

Like the words of the song, she's five-feet-two with eyes of blue and packs more talent than is fair for one girl. Connie's pop-single record Sixteen Reasons has moved up to No. 3 spot on Billboard's best-selling platters and is No. 1 best seller in Honolulu where she's the rage as Cricket in TV's Hawaiian Eye.

She was born on the 8th day of the 8th month (August 8th) 1938, and her real name is Concetta Ann Ingolia (a blending of Italian, Irish and Mohican Indian ancestry). But she's never been known as anything but Connie Stevens because her musician father changed his name to Teddy Stevens before she was born. Her parents are divorced and her mother is re-married, living in Brooklyn.

Connie, who was always musical, attended public schools in Brooklyn and New Jersey. As president of her freshman class in high school, she holds the distinction of being the first girl ever to be impeached from a student body office in the school! She prevailed on the radio appreciation class to tune in the final game of the World Series (1955—the year Brooklyn won!) and the ensuing bedlam and breakage was so bad Connie was removed as the freshmen's guiding light.

At fifteen, she came to Los Angeles with her father, entering Sacred Heart Academy. After winning several school contests, she transferred to Hollywood Professional school, which led to jobs with singing groups, little theater appearances, TV and then big, big, big in records.

Like Kim Novak, her favorite color is lavender. She dances, ice skates and rides. Her favorite foods are peanut butter, bananas, lasagna, and Chop Suey—and if this doesn't prove how young she is, nothing will.
“Surprise” Wedding:

Marriage, if you please, struck like lightning when Russ Tamblyn, twenty-five, just out of the Army, flew up to Las Vegas and within twenty-four hours, married English show-girl Elizabeth Kempton, whom he hasn’t seen in two years!

Now I call that fast work, even for Hollywood.

The only people who didn’t seem to think there was anything unusual in this were the bride and groom. When queried at the Dunes Hotel where the brand new Mrs. Tamblyn has been appearing in La Parisienne, one of the gaily-girly revues, both seemed surprised over the “fuss.”

Said Russ, “Elizabeth and I met and worked together two years ago in London while making Tom Thumb. We fell in love. But as you know I had to come back to the U.S. and go into the service—and it didn’t seem right then to ask Elizabeth to marry me. But the minute I saw her again—I knew she was the only girl—so we were married.”

Puzzlingly, the bride tells a slightly varied story. “I came over here to work in the revue although I am really a legitimate stage actress. I was very lonely, knowing so few people. Then, I read in the papers where Russ was back in Hollywood and I called him long distance to say ‘hello’ and tell him I was working in Vegas. He seemed glad and flew up to see me and well I guess we both realized it had been love all along and got married. No, I won’t work now I’m Russ’s wife. I want to make him happy—he’s had divorce in his life and it will be a full time job making him happy this time.”

Russ’s former wife, Venetia Stevenson, who kept on with her career after their marriage, had no comment. But during their married life she was quoted as saying, “Russ is so proud of my career—he says he wouldn’t be interested in a girl who didn’t have a life of her own.”

All very confusing.

“Surprise” Divorces:

Bette Davis’ filing from Gary Merrill was so out of the blue.

Joan Fontaine and Collier Young are sorry their marriage is at an end.

Suzy Parker and French writer Pierre de la Salle simply denied it at first.

Bette Davis’ filings from Gary Merrill were so out of the blue, she was surprised herself! Although riftting for sometime, Bette had just written to her lawyer in Maine about signing a divorce petition. Then, after the story broke that she and Gary had staged a big tiff and were separated in California, Bette found out that her divorce action had been filed two days previous in Maine! Many divorcing couples surprise Hollywood—but this is the first case on record when the divorcee herself had been surprised!

Almost as much of a gasp was the sudden-
Tribute to Aly Khan

Rita Hayworth was on the golf links with Jim Hill when the word of the death of Aly Khan flashed into the teletypes of the world. The whole world knew about the passing of the fascinating former playboy Prince, turned statesman in later years, before the girl whose glamorous marriage to him in 1948 was one of the 'big stories' romantically of the decade.

As Rita's good friend, I covered it—the only reporter invited to the international marriage of a movie queen and a real-life prince.

To know Aly was to be completely charmed by him. It was easy to understand why they said that the many women who loved him during his short life (forty-nine) never really fell out of love with him.

His and Rita's troubles stemmed from the fact that she, an American woman, could not understand Aly's completely continental way of complete freedom following marriage.

Rita's director husband, Jim Hill, was the first to learn of Aly's passing and he was consideration itself in breaking the news to her and to little Princess Yasmin, daughter of Rita and Aly.

Jim called the little girl at home and told her not to turn on the radio—that it might explode as it was out of order. In this way he hoped to stop the shock to the child of learning of the death in such a disastrous manner, of the father she adored, and who adored his only daughter.

He and Rita rushed home as fast as they could to tell little Yasmin and to give her all the comfort they could. I would like to add my own tribute to Aly—the world is a less bright and happy place because of the loss of the charming Prince.

This was 1949, when Rita Hayworth and Aly awaited the birth of Yasmin.

Who keeps younger than Ginger Rogers (here with Robert Eaton)?

It's a big gamble as to whether Hope Lange will see Stephen Boyd abroad.

Little Nancy Sinatra almost stole the show from oldtimers like Joey Bishop, her dad, Sammy Davis, Jr., when on TV.

Jim "Maverick" Garner is at peace again.

How do you like the way that little Nancy Sinatra, Jr. almost stole her old man's TV show? Both Frank and one Tommy Sands better watch this singing-dancing 'competition.'

With Hope Lange heading for Europe—it raises the bright question as to whether she will—or won't—see Stephen Boyd who just happens to be in Ireland and England making The Big Gamble.

'You can kid about the good, clean life—but who keeps younger looking than Ginger Rogers who does not smoke, drink, nor stay up late, and who is still a whiz on the tennis courts and golf links. . . ."

Thank heavens most of the 'rebel cowboys' are happily back in the saddle—or at least have smoked the pipe of peace with their studios—including Jim "Maverick" Garner whose walkout threatened serious legal battles until peace was declared—also Jack Kelly. And, of course, Edd "Kookie" Byrnes is back in the parking lot of 77 Sunset Strip.

Maybe I'm wrong—but with Debbie Reynolds completely inexperienced in the field of Television into which she's jumping this fall with her first Spectacular—I think she's making a mistake with all this rowing with ABC. When there was an argument over whether she should have top stars or newcomers on her first show, she said, "Is this my show, or someone else's?" . . . .

Along with Lolita, another book that should never reach the screen, is the slimy Chapmen Report, as much as I hate to say this about the producing team of my good friends Darryl Zanuck and his son, Richard. . . .
LETTER BOX

I too was in a corrective home for girls when I was seventeen, writes ROSA, DETROIT, who asks her last name not be used. I feel deeply sorry for Cheryl Crane and also for Lana Turner. Through your column in Modern Screen may I offer one word of advice: Let Cheryl’s mother and father make her feel that she is needed in their busy lives. Today, I am a happy wife and mother of two teen-age girls and, remembering my own troubled time in my youth, I try to give them responsibilities. Young people want so much to serve and help those they love. Thank you, Rosa, for a letter that has both heart and common sense. . . .

From SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, MRS. LEONA COOPERMAN airmails: It’s a kick having a real movie star, Anne Baxter, living in our midst—if you can call 180 miles out of town ‘in our midst.’ As Mrs. Randolph Galt, Anne and her husband frequently drive to town and she is so gracious to everyone. This is a real love story, believe me . . .

Haven’t you ever heard of Brad Dillman? snips THEODORA TIBBS, VANCOUVER. The way you ignore him and never mention him, I’d just like to enlighten you that he is the finest young actor on the screen. Aren’t you a little sarcastic, Teddy? I think your favorite is good, too, and I always print news about him when I get it. . . .

MORTON WEISSMAN, CHICAGO, writes: I was shocked beyond belief to hear William Wyler say that “Ben-Hur” will not be permitted to be shown in Egypt because the heroine, Haya Harareet, is Jewish. And that the Egyptians would slash the screen before looking at a Jewish performer. Is it possible that this world we live in is this dark? Unfortunately, what Wyler said about Ben-Hur is true. Shocking, isn’t it . . . ?

Of all the girls on the screen I most envy Susan Kohner, says PEGGY PEPPERS (cute name), ATLANTA. She has beauty, talent—and George Hamilton!

CONNIE VAN DOTT, MILWAUKEE, has heard disturbing rumors about her particular favorite male star: I heard he is drinking so much that cameramen have a hard time disguising his bloated face and almost-shut eyes, she writes. Please say this isn’t true. The star you are so worried about, Connie, does do a bit of nipping. But seldom when he is working on a picture—so I doubt the cameramen trouble. Not true that your pet is in AA . . . .

It may surprise you to learn that one of the most intelligent letters I ever received from a movie star came from Tuesday Weld, says JOANNA JONES, SEATTLE. I wrote Tuesday that I was about her age and had some problems, and she wrote me in her own handwriting, the nicest letter. Why don’t you stop taking pot shots at Tuesday? Haven’t been doing any sniping at Tuesday lately, my little friend. She’s being a model of deportment! . . .

ANGELA DIXON, DALLAS, asks: How many of the glamour girls wear wigs in their movies? How much do these wigs cost? Do they ever give old ones to fans? Motion picture lights are hard on hair—but not nearly as many actresses wear wigs as you may think. A good wig, of real hair, sells for about $200. No, they aren’t passed on to fans because of sanitari laws. . . .

It would not be fair to end this department without mentioning the big amount of fan letters welcoming Elvis Presley back to movies. But since most of you said the something—“The King is home”—I haven’t printed your accolades individually. But I get the point—you are delighted the one and only Elvis is back.

That’s all for now. See you next month.
May we show you a most unusual collection of Greeting Cards and Gifts for the Christmas 1960 season ahead? So much inspiring beauty, so many smart, new ideas and exceptional values, you’ll want to show them to your friends right away. Just do that—show our Creative samples—and you’ll find yourself making good money in spare time! No experience is needed. You’ll enjoy offering beautiful, original ideas, personal service and savings folks want. You’ll take pride in your fine extra income.

**Only CREATIVE Has These Money-Makers**

Our lovely “Christmas Slims” Assortment pays you a full 75c cash profit, instead of 50c, on each box. On 100 boxes you make fully $75.00. That’s 50% more profit. So you’re bound to make the money you want faster and easier. You’ll please everyone with amazingly complete variety of new card assortments for Christmas and all occasions, Gift Wraps, Religious cards, Stationery and Gift Novelties at $1 up. Gorgeous Album shows 53 Name-Imprinted Cards paying up to $1 per box.

**Gift Bonuses Worth Up To $100 Each**

Besides your generous cash earnings, Creative gives BONUSES of Name-Brand Appliances and gifts for the family, valued at $5 to $100 each. No limit to number of Bonuses. Organizations use them as prizes for best workers.

**Costs Nothing to See Samples**

Just mail the coupon for full information. FREE Album of Personal Samples and our best Assortments and Gift on approval. Sensational $1.25 BARKING PUPS Set is yours FREE for prompt action. Clip coupon now.

**Creative CARD COMPANY**

4401 W. Cermak Road, Dept. 109-P, Chicago 23, Ill.

---

**SEND NO MONEY**

Everything is sent postpaid, on FREE TRIAL. You may return outfit at our expense if not delighted with samples and the way they make money for you.

**Creative CARD COMPANY, Dept. 109-P**

4401 West Cermak Road, Chicago 23, Illinois

Please send money-making details and samples on approval. Include Free Personal Album and $1.25 “Barking Pups” Set on Free Offer for being prompt.

**Name**

**Address**

**City**

**State**
"There's nothing like a Coppertone tan" says Jo Morrow.

Co-Starring in William Castle's "13 GHOSTS"
A Columbia Pictures Release

"I LOVE the rich, deep tan that I get with Coppertone", says Jo Morrow. "And it keeps my skin soft and smooth."

Like other Hollywood stars, this ravishing red head won't go out in the sun without Coppertone. For Coppertone gives the fastest tan possible... with maximum sunburn protection!

Florida sun tests prove it! Coppertone's special sunscreen guarantees it! Shuts out rays that burn and coarsen skin; lets in ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep within your skin... so it tans naturally from the inside out!

Coppertone contains no artificial tanning agent to stain your skin or clothes. No alcohol. It's lanolized and moisturized to prevent drying and peeling. Stays on your skin longer, so protects even after swimming!

America's No. 1 Suntan

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

See DICK CLARK on "American Bandstand" ABC Television Network
THEY CALLED IT THE MARRIAGE OF THE DECADE, BUT FOR A LITTLE CHINESE ACTRESS QUIETLY WATCHING THE CEREMONY, IT WAS HEARTBREAK. HERE IS THE POIGNANT UNTOLD STORY OF THE GIRL TONY WALKED OUT ON FOR THE PRINCESS...
Chinese actress ("The World of Suzie Wong") Jackie Chan never made a secret out of her dearest wish that one day she would be Mrs. Armstrong-Jones. Night after night in her tight-fitting dress or slit-skirts revealing her well-shaped legs, she waited patiently in his studio while he worked in his darkroom until the early hours of the morning. He took many startling pictures of her which attracted big people in show business. Thus he helped her career, but for Jackie her love for Tony was always the biggest thing in her life. During the last years, Tony and Jackie were constantly together. Rarely talking, they would sit for hours over candle-lit meals in his studio. In January last year, when Jackie returned from a trip to New York, he was at the airport to greet her with a long kiss. Two months later, 24-year-old Jackie and Tony went winter-sporting together in Switzerland. Later they spent some happy days at Venice, favorite haunt of lovers. But within weeks of their return, Tony was seen less and less with Jackie, and more and more in the Princess Margaret set. But when Margaret invited Tony to see "West Side Story" for the first time (she'd seen it four times before), when they met at exclusive house parties at Lady Devonshire's London Home, when they had their first week end together at the home of Tony's closest friend, Jeremy Fry, at Bath, when he took the official photos of Margaret at Windsor last August, and when their love ripened during his stay with the Royal Family at Balmoral in October last year, and in Sandringham after Christmas—Tony kept it a secret from Jackie. Once the secret of his engagement to the Princess was out, reporters tried in vain to get Jackie's story. She loved him too much to spill the beans. Now, however, in an exclusive private talk with us in London, Jackie has agreed, for the first time, to tell her own story....

(Continued on page 59)
Jackie Chan greeting Tony Armstrong-Jones at the London airport.
Liz makes Eddie to return to his own children

Elizabeth and Eddie bustled about their swank seven-room Hotel Park Lane apartment, in New York City. Liz' sons, Mike and Chris, were in school, Liza was having her afternoon nap, and the Fishers were sorting their things for a trip out to the West Coast. Liz held up a divine white chiffon dress, cut in her favorite V-neckline, tiny at the waist, bouffant in the skirt and just knee length. Eddie provided vocal accompaniment... "I married (Continued on page 33)
THE YEAR! sacrifice-
Suddenly I knew how much I missed little Todd and Carrie, and I knew, despite all the fun and frolic of their lives, that somewhere, way down deep, they were missing me too...
an angel."

"Oh, for heaven's sake—Eddie, I'm not an angel—don't you read the magazines? I'm a wicked woman. Why don't they ever write ballads like I Married a Wicked Woman! It would outsell everything on the market."

"Say, that's an idea, nubble-nose," Eddie kidded her, "let's do it ourselves, publish it, and record it with one of our new singers on the Ramrod label! We could do a sequel and have a girl singer do something like: The Monster I Married!"

Liz dropped the dress on the kingsize lilac-velvet bed, tiptoed up behind her favorite (Continued on page 62)
Not long ago we received a letter from a reader about Elvis Presley. The letter worried us, and continues to worry us.

We get thousands of letters about Elvis, many of them from people who have been helped by him and who want to share their experience with us, many from people who praise Elvis as a Christian who has never for a moment lost sight of his religion, or lost touch with his God. And that is the Elvis we've known, and believed in and still believe in.

But this (Continued on page 90)
From bathtubs to double beds, from homosexuality to incest, here is a shocking report on the sordid new movies being shown to unsuspecting adults & innocent little children...

It's Saturday afternoon at the movies and the theater is packed with teen-agers. Some of them are necking in the balcony; some of them have already eaten enough popcorn to ruin their appetite for anything else, but all of them have at least one eye on the giant screen...

The movie has a harmless title (it sounds like a musical); the movie stars three of the most respected youngsters in Hollywood (for parents who care, but don't read movie ads, their names are a guarantee of wholesomeness). The movie unfolds. What's it about? It's about a nice girl of sixteen who (Continued on page 73)
scene from "who was that lady"
who is the most beautiful blonde mystery in the world

MARGO!!!

- In the fanciest restaurants and nightclubs, at the most glamorous Hollywood and New York parties, in rooms filled with gorgeous women, one young woman today stands out from all the others—the brightest diamond in a glittering tiara. When she enters a room, even the most jaded eyes turn and blink twice at this flawless face and figure, perfectly (Continued on page 76)
he just didn’t want

...the heartbreaking story of Efrem Zimbalist’s rejected wife

“But I don’t want a divorce!”

There was a touch of hysteria in Steffi Zimbalist’s voice. She had tried to control herself through most of the conversation, but when Efrem finally brought it into the open, when he finally said those awful words, “I think it would be better if we get a divorce this time,” she could no longer hold in her emotions.

Efrem just sat there in the huge wing chair, toying absently with his pipe.
There was a pained expression in his eyes.

"Please, Steffi."

She met his gaze. She forced herself to become calm. She repeated her words, "But I don't want a divorce. I still love you. I love you very much."

"I know, Steffi, I know," he murmured gently. "But I know, and you know too, if you'll be honest enough to admit it, that the love we had had for each (Continued on page 58)
Nancy Sinatra and Tommy Sands:
Two kids from broken homes,
Two lovers in the warm California night.
Two human beings longing for each other’s arms
but caught in

The tender tension
of a long, long
engagement

He was afraid to say what
was on his mind, embarrassed and
ashamed. Maybe he would—later. He bit into the last
of the tart green rind of his watermelon, and he looked up at her,
sitting by the small campfire in the moonlight, and a
shiver went through him. It was hard,
being in love and waiting . . . holding back his love. He loved looking
at her and, silently, his emotion visible in his eyes, he
stared. For she was beautiful, no matter what others said. Some
people called Nancy plain; others said she was or-
dinary-looking. They were all crazy. She was lovely, with a madonna
look, soft dark hair, beautiful brown eyes. And
now the firelight dimpled her cheeks and she smiled that slow smile
that shattered his heart. He tossed the hard watermelon rind
on the dying campfire, and it sizzled and sput-
tered. “Tommy,” Nancy said, “you (Continued on next page)
We work, we play, we dream... but nothing helps. These are the longest six months of our lives!
shouldn’t do that. The fire’s so pretty. You’ll make it go out.”

“The fire isn’t nearly so pretty as you, baby,” Tommy said.

She smiled. She sat on her knees, roasting a frankfurter stuck on a long black twig. “Let me roast you a marshmallow,” she offered.

Tommy nodded his head. “Nope. I’m full.”

“You eat so fast, Tommy,” she said, half-smiling, and her smile made him melt. “I know,” he gulped. “Maybe . . . maybe it’s because I love you so much.”

“Wha-a-a-t?”

“They say we (Continued on page 74)
how could I te
When Jim Hill came to her on the golf course, his face colorless, his high forehead wrinkled, a stunned expression on his face, she wondered if he were sick.

“Darling,” he told her, “please come with me to the clubhouse.”

“What’s the matter?” Rita Hayworth asked her husband tenderly, lifting a hand under her hair to brush it away from her damp neck.

He didn’t answer her. He took her hand and the two of them walked to the lounge of the clubhouse where they sat on a patterned settee in the pine-paneled room. He looked into her searching eyes and, holding both her hands in his lap, he mumbled, “I . . . I don’t know how to tell you this, but they’ve just given me the news on the telephone.” His voice was flat, empty, as though he were in a daze, unwilling to believe what he was about to say.


She looked at him unbelievingly for a moment, as if he had gone (Continued on page 63)
Last winter, when Charlton and I flew to Japan with "Ben-Hur" we met the Emperor, prowled the Ginza and wound up at the famous Toho movie studios in Tokyo. There, as almost everywhere, interviewers had one burning question for me.

"Ah, so," they hissed politely. "We so respecting you nice Hollywood marriage. Tell, please—what is secret?"

Each time I struggled (Cont. on page 68)

Not to be confused with Moses, Ben Hur or anybody else

Here's

by Lydia Heston as told to Kirtley Baskette
CHARLIE!
CAROL:

"Can there ever be a nice way to say I just don't love you?"
When Brandon woke up, the sun was shining brightly, the morning looked like Paradise. When his eyes were really open, he remembered with a burst of pleasure that he would be seeing Carol for dinner, a romantic dinner by candlelight, he hoped.

He reached for the room phone and waited for the operator to pick up his call.

"Your number, sir?"
"Miss Lynley’s room, please," he asked happily.

When Carol answered, her voice hit him hard. He tried to compose himself, cleared his throat several times.

After they’d said good morning, he tried to (Continued on page 71)
Dick Clark’s own story of how his wife helped him through the dark days of his trial

“Once,” Dick Clark said to us the other day, “long before last November, when all hell broke loose for me, I told my wife Barbara a story about a vanilla bean. We were both talking about certain things we remembered from our childhoods. And I started talking about Susan. Susie was the landlady’s daughter, who lived in this same apartment house where we lived. She was a beautiful girl, a real knockout, a couple of years older than I was, and a couple of feet taller. (Continued on page 65)
Thank God...

for Barbara
Sandra
Marriage
Every young girl dreams about the man who some day will march down the aisle with her to become her one and only Mister.

But Sandra Dee does more than dream... she has definite plans for her husband, more definite and different than you ever dreamed!

Here, for the first time, are Sandy's ideas about her husband in Sandy's own words.

1. He'll never see me in hair curlers.
2. He'll be the real, absolute boss of the family.
3. He's going to be older than me by at least seven or eight years, and probably more.
4. He'll be impulsive, doing exciting things without any warning.
5. I want to be able to respect him, especially his brain.
6. He likes classical and good popular music, not rock and roll.
7. He'll want me to keep on working in movies. My work means too much to me, and I think I can be both married and an actress.
8. I'll ask his mother what he likes to eat, and then fix it for him.
9. His hands will 'intrigue' me; I can't explain it any better than that.
10. I want him to give me advice... I need it.
11. He'll bring home flowers; even if it's just one flower, I'll know it's for me.
12. He won't be stuffy or conceited.
13. I hope he'll be able to forgive and forget when I do something awful.
14. He'll want to travel a lot.
15. I hope he doesn't insist on my doing all the housework!
16. He'll be patient with my crazy fads.
17. He won't let me argue with him. (Continued on page 65)
It was eleven-thirty in the morning, 1368 Benedict Canyon Drive in West Los Angeles, the home of starlet Stella Stevens (the fabulous Appassionata von Climax of "Li'l Abner"). Stella's five-year-old son Andy was playing outside in the yard, when suddenly, as Stella describes it, "I heard a man's voice and a

In cold terror Stella Stevens ran to the telephone Operator, quickly, give me the police...

...my...son.

...been.
car drive off. I ran out the front door and saw the car pulling out. There were two men in the front seat and Andy was between them. I screamed and terror filled my heart and I ran frantically to the phone and called the police: 'My son has been kidnapped.' Then I cried."

Sergeant T. S. Jynoski, of the Los Angeles police, realized that this was a serious accusation. Kidnapping, after all, carries a death penalty. And somewhere, it seemed to him, he had read about this woman, this child.

A glance at the records showed him that this wasn't the first time Andy had been "kidnapped." Only the year before the same thing had happened, almost to the last detail . . . with one difference . . . the year before the "kidnapper" had been Stella herself.

He found the facts easily. They were a matter of public record. Stella had married Herman Stephens in 1954 when she was fifteen and he was seventeen. They had convinced themselves that they were very much in love and eloped. By 1956 they were divorced. There was no difficulty about a property settlement for neither of them owned much of anything. But they did have a baby, and they both loved the baby.

(Cont. on page 78)
He Just Didn’t Want Me Anymore

(Continued from page 41)

other was not enough. We gave it every chance. You know that. We tried to close our eyes to everything that was wrong for months before we separated last Christmas. Maybe we didn’t stay apart long enough to think things out carefully. Maybe if we tried to work things out away from one another instead of rushing back together within a week . . . we would have known how to get there.

“But you wanted to come back,” she protested. “You’ve told everyone you’ve felt like a new man since we reconciled. You . . . you’re not over my voice trailed off.

“Yes, I know,” she replied. “I made a mistake. It was terribly unfair to you. I just wanted to give it another chance.”

She didn’t want to ask. But she couldn’t help herself.

“There’s someone else, isn’t there?”

He looked startled for a moment and then regained his composure.

“What happened?” she asked. “I mean having someone else has come between us, Steffi. Not really. It’s just—well, that we have been living in separate worlds and neither of us could ever have been happy in the other’s.

“But there is someone else,” she persisted. “It’s that red-haired girl, isn’t it?”

Eif said nothing.

He lit his pipe and stared into space for a few minutes that seemed like an eternity to Steffi.

Then she broke the suffocating silence which filled the room.

“Who cares?” she asked. “I mean the skippay affair at the station. Nancy. She would keep him if he wanted her to—for the time being at least. It was up to him.

“I think it would be better for everyone if I stayed here. And I feel I have to face my mother’s family until I’m resettled. I know it means disrupting their classes—but there will be less confusion in every other way. I’ll make my own arrangements.

“And you? Back to the motel!”

“Back to the motel.”

They talked a little longer that night—Efrem and Stephanie. They didn’t rehash their problems. There was no longer any sense to that. They talked about their plans and the provisions for little Stephanie Jr. and a dozen other details that are among the remaining when a marriage has died.

No reconciliation

On the following Saturday, Efrem drove his son and daughter to the airport. He didn’t have to explain much to them. They were teen-agers—bright for their age. They understood. Particularly Nancy who was sixteen—and growing so quickly into womanhood. He looked hard at Nancy and thought of her mother: How much alike they are. In a few years, Nancy would be so much like Emily when they had first met. Nancy was only six when Emily died. “I suppose,” he thought to himself, “it wasn’t even harder on her than it was on me.”

He put his children on the plane, then drove slowly along the Sepulveda Freeway into the San Fernando Valley—and back to his ranch.

Stephanie wasn’t home.

Perhaps she thought it might be better that way.

And he remembered the rest of his things, and piled them into the car.

He drove down Ventura Boulevard back to the motel, and then remembering he had hardly had anything to eat he stopped at the market on the way home to get a few. Though, he was having a recurring dream. That he had been through these identical motions before, and then he realized that he had. Last night. When he and Stephanie separated for the first time.

This time he knew there would be no reconciliation.

He phoned Steffi’s face when they said good-bye.

Drawn and white. So very white.

Rossano Brazzi says it in Count Your Blessings: “Always smile at women. If they are pretty it gives you pleasure, if they aren’t, it gives them pleasure.”

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

And he remembered it the first time he ever saw it. Radiant and half black with boot-polish stains.

It was Christmas, in 1955, and a friend of his, Bill Windom, took him along to drop in on a couple of girls he knew. Steffi was in an old pair of blue jeans, she was a pair of riding boots and she didn’t stop polishing even after they were introduced.

“What are you shining, your boots—or your face?” he asked. “And why?”

“I’m going riding tomorrow and I want to look nice when I fall off my horse,” she laughed.

They joked pleasantly like that for a while and then he had to go. He was due at a party—and he was late already.

“Good luck,” he called out as he went to the door, and bet her half-a-dollar she wouldn’t fall.

The next day he found a message telling him some lady phoned to say she owed her $50.

He took the shiny half-dollar and a gift-wrapped bottle of pain killer back to the apartment on 49th Street.

He had intended to stay just long enough to pay his debt.

He stayed all afternoon—and convinced her she was well enough to go out to dinner, especially since he knew of a restaurant with very, very soft cushions.

He was in the midst of rehearsals for Fallen Angels—which didn’t give him much time for courting. But Steffi was very easy to court. If he was two or three hours late because of delays—she understood and was patient.

He was attracted to her because she was fun. Because she knew how to make him laugh. Because she had a way of laughing at women for five years—not since Emily died.

He didn’t think he ever wanted to get married again.

But he continued seeing Steffi, wondered if perhaps he should.

He was honest.

He told her about Emily. About the year after her death when he shut himself away and went mad in Connecticut. About the three years after that when he worked for his father at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia and kept to himself—and away from the theater. He told her why he couldn’t face the stage, how the heart for acting had gone out of him because acting had brought him and Emily together and it was something they both loved.

He even told about the golden ring he always wore. The one trimmed with blue-bells winding around his initials. She had given it to him because Blue-bell was his pet name.

“I’ll always wear it,” he told Steffi. And she nodded.

He introduced her to his children—and was pleased they all got on so well together. The kids needed a mother—someone to take care of them and guide them. Particularly since he was returning to a full-time career.

While both of their relationship grew to care for Steffi even more. It wasn’t exactly the way it had been before—but he didn’t believe that anything like that could happen twice in the same way. He knew that he was happy with her. For the first time in five years his heart was light again.

Two months after they met, they were married.

They seemed ideally suited to one another, with their almost identical backgrounds and worldly experience. Steffi was the daughter of a Washington diplomat and educated in Boston and in Europe, and was Efrem. She was domestic and artistic and loved the theater and living in Connecticut much the same as Ef did. And she loved children.

They rented a home in Connecticut and were blissfully happy.

Efrem married a pregnant. Another blessing. The next day in 1957, when his son sent to Hollywood to test for a role in Sayonara. He didn’t get the part and returned east, only to get a call notifying him that the studio wanted him to be a member of the cast of Fallen Angels, there just weren’t that many stage jobs available for someone who was considered a “name star.” Movies wouldn’t pay his insured. Then he could return to Broadway on his terms.

“Besides,” he told Steffi, “I’ll last out there more than one year we could have out of the best years you want. If I’m a flop, we can always move back east.”

He flew to the Coast on December 17. A week later, in time for Christmas, she joined him.

They took a small house, at first, while they waited to see what happened.

Everything seemed perfect

When Warners picked up his option and cast him in 77 Sunset Strip, they bought the ranch in the Valley, and as a special privilege, Efrem bought the most beautiful horse she had ever seen.

They joined the Tennis Club and the Hunt Club and made “hundreds of friends. Efrem and Steffi perfection.”

Then slow the marriage began to fall apart.

At first it was just little things. Steffi, despite her “hundreds of friends” is still a ring with groups of strangers and she began to hate the large dinners and parties that Efrem was constantly invited to. She went along with him a lot, although she often wondered. If I’m a flop, we can always move back east.

And after one particularly upsetting evening, they had it out.
The romantic bit

On November 30, Steffi held a great big surprise birthday party for her husband—the kind of party he liked best.

She was the perfect hostess in every way. She mixed with her guests, made sure that no one was alone, that everyone was having a wonderful time. And if she herself was having less than a wonderful time, she didn’t show it. Not even when it was over.

Each part tried to come home early, arranged to stay home a little more often. Maybe both tried too hard.

On December 21st he moved out—for the first time.

“‘This is it,’” he said. “I don’t see how we can get back together again. It’s just too taut a situation to live through.

During the week that followed, Steffi on the advice of a psychologist consulted a psychiatrist and the same friends then turned to Efrem and convinced him it wasn’t good for either of them to be apart.

On January 1, they resolved to spend the New Year and the new decade under the same roof.

Steffi sent for her father in Washington whom she hadn’t seen for years. Efrem called the children and told them to return to California and finish the school term—now that Christmas vacation was over.

On their fourth anniversary they did the town. Candlelight dinner, dancing, the romantic bit.

They tried to convince themselves that they never had been apart.

But they weren’t.

And it was shortly after their fourth wedding anniversary that Efrem met the sparkling red-haired young actress.

If his reconciliation had been working out he wouldn’t have given her a second thought.

But that first meeting he found she was thinking a great deal of her.

There was something about her that reminded him of that first girl he had loved a long, long time ago.

They had coffee together.

It was innocent. It meant to be harmless. She knew he was married. They had no intentions of becoming emotionally involved. They said as much.

And yet they knew it was too late for words.

Just as it had been too late to save his marriage.

And he had to face Steffi and tell her he wanted his freedom.

Or a return to his ranch and his home, he didn’t want to see anyone.

He decided on a Nevada divorce. He would use his six weeks vacation to establish residence. It would be easier that way.

A fast clean break—rather than dragging it out for the year that it takes a divorce to become final in California.

Steffi would get custody of their daughter. He knew that. That was the hardest part of it—and it would be harder on him still if Steffi decided to move back east—as he presumed she would. Yet it would be better than that slightest girl growing up in a home filled with tensions and discord.

After the divorce—why he’d let the future take care of itself. . . .

Variety reported that he told friends Kipp Hamilton, the pretty red-head that appeared opposite Audie Murphy in The Unforgiven, will be his next wife. And he had never been cozier and the report. He won’t talk of his future plans until after he’s free.

END Efrem will star, for Warner Bros., in The Crowded Sky and Gown Of Glory.

princess Margaret, Her Husband, And The Girl He Left Behind

(continued from page 28)

Here then, is the report of Modern’s London correspondent, Beverly t, direct from an interview in Jackie Chan’s apartment.

Since the evening of February 27th, when a Queen Mother announced the engagement of Princess Margaret to Tony Armstrong-Jones, Jackie Chan has lived in an welcomed atmosphere. As public relations woman, she is always a little behind. Each night, as she appears stage at the Prince of Wales Theater, curious eyes are focused on her. As pretty and vivacious girls in a different style, her friends dance seductively in the arms of free young sailors, it is Tsai Chin, the star of The World of Suzie Wong, who institutes the dialogue. But somehow, the people in the audience search the scene Jackie Chan. And whisper, “Which one?” And nudge another, “There over there in the corner.”

That’s her. Her hair’s different. She wears it up in all the photographs. . . . “So that’s . . . ?” Even when the words are unspoken, the inference is there . . .

That’s the girl. . . .

Before February 27th, Jackie Chan had known as an impish, friendly, dedicated young actress—known, that is, to friends—her aspiring young actor actresses, students, the gay social things London’s Chelsea set. And her name was familiar to West End casting directors, as in a dress of a young actress, London’s Less and publicists knew it.

There were more arguments. And with each argument a little bit of their marriage died.

They both tried hard to prevent a final collapse. Each in his own way.

Primarily as a friend of one of their colleagues. “She was Tony’s girl,” they say. And for something like eighteen months, had been talking to the newspapers that newsmen had expected to cover.

They’d expected an announcement back in March of ‘59, when Jackie and Tony returned from vacationing together in Switzerland, it was being whispered that newsmen had expected to cover.

“‘When’s the wedding?’” was an appropriate question. But Jackie’s and Tony’s answer was always, “Our careers come first.” As if they were no one that at the time they might have meant it.

Then, as one show business light remembers, “We were sitting around watching TV one evening when commentator broke in with ‘The Queen Mother has announced the engagement of her daughter Princess Margaret Rose to Antony Armstrong-Jones!’

Princess Margaret and Tony. Tony and Princess Margaret. London went wild.

Then, after a while, in the midst of the excitement, Fleet Street scribbled suddenly began asking, “But what about Jackie?”

How Jackie took the news

J most was in her dressing room at the theater when the news was announced. And a voice of the beginning of the scene. The backstage telephone rang constantly. The stage doorman turned reporters away by the dozens. It went on for weeks, with the newsmen agents explaining to one and all, “She’s not talking to anyone. She hasn’t been home. She hasn’t been answering the telephone. Even we don’t know how to reach her, except at the theater. Ever since the announcement.”

Jackie became a kind of nomad. Like the early Marlon Brando, she wandered from one friend’s flat to another. But it wasn’t like a Brando-like quirk. It had been desperation, finding refuge from ringing telephones, inquisitive acquaintances and strangers, prying questions.

The ditto machine she made herself scarce drove the press crazy . . . yet they respected her for it, from the first. “You don’t get the feeling she’s being coy about the whole bit and, well, kind of leading us on in the chase,” said one. “It’s not like the feeling a lot of us got about Peter Townsend who invariably seemed to make a point of hiding out or popping up where reporters most likely to find him—then protesting in such a way and making such enigmatic statements that all he managed to do was cause Princess Margaret and the rest of the royal family a great deal of embarrassment.

“Jackie sincerely feels embarrassment, herself, about all the attention. And she’s tried to avoid it as much as she can—but as an actress, and as a responsible actress,
they stared at me as if I were the most freakish thing in the world. I was terribly embarrassed.

She knew what she wanted

When she left Elmhurst, she went on to the Royal Academy of Dance. "I thought I wanted to be a teacher. But I discovered that wasn't what I wanted to do. I just didn't have enough patience, so I decided to be a professional dancer in the theater instead.

Then I came to England, the headmistress said that the Windsor Repertory Company was looking for someone to cast in a play called Tobias and the Angel. She knew the man who ran the company and called him. She suggested that I try my first acting job. I played a little serving girl and did a little dance. I looked so terrible. I didn't have a clue how to make up. One of the other girls had to show me exactly what to do."

But from the moment she stepped on the stage and said her lines, she knew what she wanted to do—become an actress. When she left the Academy, she went to Paris, intending to spend two weeks vacationing and then return and tackle the London theater world. "But somehow the two weeks lengthened into six months," she smiled. "I sat for a few artists. Otherwise, I didn't do anything at all. I had a small allowance from my father. I soon fell in love with the city, I almost completely forgot my aim. I ran into a girl with whom I'd gone to school. "Aren't you going to work?" she asked me. I decided then that I should go back. But if I hadn't run into my school friend, I might still be there.

It was a good time for Oriental actresses. She went into the play, Peacock of the August Moon, as one of the geisha girls. She toured England as the principal dancer in the road company of The King and I. Then she danced in Kismet. There were others. "One was a musical called Simply Henry, of which I thought was marvelous. It lasted for three weeks."

Then came Suzie Wong. "I just went along and auditioned," she says. "I was given the part of Lily. It's a very small one. And I was also assigned to understudy Tsai Chin, who plays Suzie. I knew that was my chance to get noticed."

MODERN SCREENS brand-new, revised, 1960-61

SUPER STAR CHART

is ready! Be sure to get your copy and learn thousands of fascinating facts about stars of the stage, TV, and Hollywood. Just mail 25 cents in coin with the coupon below.

Box 190
Super Star Information Chart
Times Square P. O.
New York 36, N. Y.

Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin. Please rush my copy of MODERN SCREENS' SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
City__________Zone________State____

Suzie Wong, the world's most popular Oriental actress, has starred in several films, including "The World of Suzie Wong." She has become an international star, and her success has brought attention to the plight of Chinese women in the United States. Her story has been told in several books and films, including "The World of Suzie Wong."
Which to try first? You’ll run out of fingers and toes before you decide! Because Cutex has loads of gay new polish colors you’ve never worn before. And Summer is the time to try them. The time to experiment with all the mad, marvelous shades like “Coral Sand” and “Capri Blue.” The time to tip your toes with Pearls and be a lovely sea siren. You are just not in the fashion swim unless you are wearing the latest fun shades by Cutex.

FUN SHADES
All the summery Pearl Polishes by Cutex

Free “Color Ring”—to match your Pearl Polish—with each bottle for a limited time only.
Eddie to Return to His Own Children

(Continued from page 30)

monster and clutched him in a bear-hug while they howled at their own expense. Suddenly, Eddie held Liz more tenderly. In the back of his stomach he felt a sense of being. "No one but me knows what a magnificent human being you are—me and the children. They don't give gold awards for performance, but they do put up their best dressed for the red carpet. I've heard them, and I'm sure they're the most beautifully dressed audience of all time."

"Oh come on now," Liz chided him, "here we are off to the land of fun and frolic and here you are spotting spousal sprees for the auditors, darling, you're already elected to be my love for life so you don't have to say such extravagant things to me."

Elizabeth jammed a silky native Jamaican hat on her head and in falsetto sang, "I'm going to get you on a jet to Los Angeles—" and the spell of seriousness was broken with her usual flair for humor and cheer. She said nothing of her dread of that jet. She picked up two small straw beansies decorated in gayly colored threads. "Todd and Carrie will love those hats," she said, mothering how they had lovingly selected the little gifts.

Eddie's eyes lost their gleam of fun. He sobered immediately. Elizabeth ran to his side and laid his face in her hands as he had hers only moments ago.

"You miss them so, don't you, my darling. But just think of the reunion you'll have. They'll be so glad to see you," Liz said gently.

"I know, I know, but—" Eddie began.

Liz took his arm and said firmly "Enough for packingsville."

"When we get back from California..."

They went into the living room to await the boy's return from school. The tiny terriers and the siamese cat scrambled for positions. Elizabeth flung open the door and laid the cat and a dog and Eddie was roughhousing with the second toy terrier.

This time it was Liz' turn to turn penive. "Oh, Eddie, I hate to leave in a way. I love New York, and Chris and Mike are here, and somehow California reminds me of so many things... the tragedy, the whole awful way people have acted and gossiped... New York has been kinder to me—it's Los Angeles where everyone was calling me a wicked woman." Eddie comforted her, "We won't be but a few days, sweetheart, and the boys will soon have a holiday vacation when we can have some fun together... We promised to take them to the circus and on a picnic in the park."

They heard the sound of the door being rattled by two lively happy-to-be-home-from-school children. The pests dashed out of laps and arms to wildly welcome their small mothers, Mike and Chris.

"We were just talking about you guys," said Eddie, to the bright-eyed, Eton-capped boys who headed straight for him.

"What about?" said ringleader Mike who doesn't believe in saying one extra word.

"Yeah, about what were we talking about?" said Chris—who doesn't believe in being left out.

"Well, we were just saying about the circus and picnic when we get back from our trip to California. Your mother was unhappy with me at first but she changed her mind and she reminded me about our big plans for your spring vacation period."

"Hey, Mom, if you don't want to go to California, why go?" asked Mike.

"Yeah, Mom," piped Chris, "why?"

There was a silence. Eddie and Liz looked at each other but neither spoke. Mike, the diplomat, who sensed some trouble in the atmosphere, said, "Guess I'm just learning to speak French. Bonjour, Monsieur!"

"You're not only learning how to speak French," said Eddie finally, "you're learning to speak American English. We're going to say C'mon, let's get some cookies and milk and then you can help us finish packing and we'll all watch TV later."

The boys trolled off to put their books away and Eddie turned to Liz. "You know, Mike's beginning to think like a French diplomat, he can change the conversation so quickly," Eddie said it proudly, almost as proud as if it were his own.

Elizabeth laughed. "Now parents are going to have to take lessons to keep up with their children."

They spent a quiet family evening, reading, chatting, watching two TV programs. Then it was time to put the children to bed—after which Eddie and Elizabeth retired, knowing it would be a busy morning before they spoke again.

They took a jet to Los Angeles—Eddie interlacing his fingers with Elizabeth's, knowing her gnawing nervousness about flying was over.

They were met by friends, by MGM representatives, by the press and by Elizabeth's parents. Everyone was glad to see them looking so well.

There was such a rush of guests of Kurt and Ketti Frings at their magnificent modern mansion set atop a knoll in Holmby Hills. (Kurt is Elizabeth's agent and Ketti is the Pulitzer-prize winning photographer.)

They talked for hours, over dinner, wine, demitasse and cordials. It was exciting to be back in California, Liz insisted, chatting gaily.

Eddie didn't stop her—but he remembered all her enthusiasm about New York. How much she loved it, how much she wanted to live there. He also remembered her conversations about having a country place near a city where children could run and play.

That night in bed the last words he heard his wife say as she slipped off to slumber were, "Good night, Babes... Good night, Mike, Good night, Chris, Good night, Liza."

Eddie kissed her eyelids, and whispered, "Good night, angel."

Eddie's day with his children

The next day was Eddie's morning to visit Todd and Carrie. He got up early, while Liz was still asleep, took the silly hats and a toy monkey hand puppet he had gotten and tipped out... When Eddie got back to the Frings' home, Elizabeth was sitting in a lounge chair, and she held out her hand to her husband. "How are Todd and Carrie, darling," she asked.

Eddie didn't say anything at first. He just stood there looking troubled. Finally he answered slowly, "They're fine, of course, they have a good life. A good home. They're healthy and, I think, happy. But when I saw them—He lifted and lowered his head. "It was quiet there; it was peaceful."

"It wasn't quite so bad with Carrie—I mean, she still seemed like my daughter, the little girl I know and love. But Todd—I had arranged to go to the beach club and we were having milk shakes by the pool. I was feeding little Todd. And well, just that. Little Todd is getting less and less little. He's changed so much, he's getting to be a little boy, not a baby any more."

And I had missed it all... Suddenly I knew how much I missed little Todd and Carrie, and I knew, despite all the fun and frolic of their lives, that way down deep they were missing me too."

"Of course you do, Eddie; you love them..." Liz said, stroking his hair and feeling that words were inadequate.

"When I look my kids in the eye, when I feel their arms around me—" Daddy—Oh Liz, that's rough. Can I ask me if I was coming home, Too just looked at me with those big brown eyes, and I couldn't help it.

Eddie stopped bleakly.

Liz' arms reached out and held him. "Don't torture yourself, my darling, it's going to be all right, honey."

Two days later, Eddie and Elizabeth boarded a train for New York. It was their first train-ride together. They'd be on scores of jets, several yachts, even bikes with Chris and Mike in London But never been on a train together.

"Isn't this delicious?" said Elizabeth. "Look at the lovely countryside waving to us while we sit here real comfortable. Oh, Eddie, I'm so glad you suggested we take the train. This is the way we should travel all the miles..."

But Elizabeth decided spring her surprise: "Eddie," she said "as soon as we can arrange it, we're going to buy a house in California!"

"But—how..."

"No, darling," she put her fingers to his lips, silencing him. "No ifs, ands or buts—I've made up my mind. You are my little happiness. I could never be happy you were away. I couldn't go on living in New York, knowing how you're longing to be with your children, and never saying anything for fear of worrying me. I'm going to pack up and away and you know you can't cross me," she grinned at him.

"But what about the house in Westchester, honey? I thought you wanted a—" New Yorker."

"Well I changed my mind.

"Yeah, I know—but you know I want to live in California to be near my children and so you're changing your mind abo living there."

"Well, I'll tell you," Elizabeth smiled. "We'll make a little deal. I'll go to California like you want, if you promise th at when we return to New York it will always be by train, like this."

Eddie shook his head vigorously. "Eliz—.."

"Eddie, you're a cornball. That ain't a deal; baby that's a story... And you're on."

The train story—coinciding as they made their plans to go home to California."

Liz and Eddie will star in BUTTERFLY for MGM; Liz, later, in TWO FOR THE SAW, for United Artists.

PHOTOGRAPHERS CREDIT

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

How Could I Tell Yasmin Her Daddy Was Dead?

(Continued from page 47)

stark raving mad. Then, as his warm eyes stared into hers a chill ruffled her heart. Could . . . could such a terrible thing be true? Aly... dead?

"I... I don't believe it," she whispered, and she wondered for a moment if she were dreaming a tortuous nightmare. Aly's so young. How could he die?"

Jim called the waiter and ordered drinks for both of them. Then he explained Aly was killed outside of Paris. He was at the wheel of his sleek and expensive Italian sportscar, the new Lancia convertible he'd bought only eight days before. At an intersection, on a sloping road along the Seine river, another car was speeding straight at him. Aly was trapped behind the wheel, his neck broken and his chest crushed. The other passengers, the model Bettina and his chauffeur whom Aly had asked to sit in the back seat, escaped with minor injuries.

A piercing scream tore from Rita's throat, and, as she screamed, all she could hear in her ears was the sharp slamming of brakes, an ear-piercing squeal of tires—and suddenly the blinding fatal crash. She collapsed in Jim's strong arms, and the golf club ambulance was summoned. Jim rushed her to the hospital for sedation.

A mournful bell

In her luxurious aquamarine bedroom, Rita lay on the giant-sized bed with the tufted ivory satin headboard. Lace-edged pillows of lilac and purple were propped behind her. It was almost sunset, and dust motes swirled, spiral-like, in the slanting rays of the late afternoon sun that poured through the criss-crossed silk organza curtains at the wide windows. The tragic news tolled through her head like a mournful bell. Aly's dead... Aly's dead... Aly's dead! She coughed for a spell, and her head throbbed. She was groggy from the pills the doctor had given her at the hospital. Jim, dear Jim, sat by her side now, holding her hand.

In her aching mind the years rolled back furiously, like a long carpet hurled downhill, and she saw Elsa Maxwell, beaming like a proud mother, at a party in Cannes in 1946, making the introduction. "Dearest Aly," Elsa cooed, "you'll adore Rita. She's one of our most exciting actresses...."

"I know," Aly spoke in a low, soft voice, "his eyes burning through Rita, "I've seen all her movies."

Rita was fascinated; no doubt about it. Aly was one of the most glamorous men she'd ever met in her life: darkly good-looking, courtly and bursting with manliness. They talked light talk that evening: about the other film stars visiting Cannes, the lovely Riviera weather, their mutual love of music. And, a little over a year later, Rita, (dressed in a pale blue chiffon dress and a matching huge picture hat), and Aly accepted the vows of marriage in Aly's palatial home in Vallahuis, France... When their daughter Yasmin was born, Rita believed she had found the enduring happiness she needed. She planned to renounce her film career and live the rest of her life as a doting mother and wife. But Aly's interests were too far-flung, too unpredictable. There were wild rumors, never-ending tales of his promiscuous love life which shattered her. And three years after their marriage at Vallahuis, she announced through her lawyers that "various factors, including my husband's extensive social obligations and interests, make it impossible to establish or maintain the kind of home I want and my children need."

Aly was crushed, bewildered. He wrote her a long letter, beginning with My Darling One... I do not want to marry again, so a divorce doesn't interest me. The letter tore at her heart because she adored him and loved him, but she knew their lives could never mix. She couldn't live the frantic gypsy life of his playboy spirit. She was proud of him, yes, but that wasn't enough. She wanted a foundation, a solidity to their marriage. His brilliant horsemanship, his championship auto racing, his glamorous friends in the international set—all these things were fine but they didn't provide the foundation stone Rita needed so desperately in marriage.

When they divorced, she told Aly she would always love him. And this was true. She couldn't destroy his spirit in her heart, the generous, fun-loving, carefree manner that first attracted her to him. What she loved most of all in Aly was his goodness, something the world didn't have an opportunity to know because he refused to exploit his good deeds. How

A squeeze of Cuticura shampoo brings starlight to your hair!

Just a quick squeeze of new Cuticura Shampoo—you get mountains of gentle lather. A rinse of clear water—your hair becomes naturally luminous, with starry highlights. Naturally smooth with completely manageable body. Cuticura does far more than ordinary shampoos. Combines two kinds of cleansers. Guards the life of your hair as it cleanses, conditions, beautifies. Goes twice as far—costs no more. Can't break—a joy for the shower, children, all the family.

Cuticura Squeeze Bottle

Wonderful new way to wash your hair!
many times she had seen him help people! Once a doorman in Deauville, depressed because he didn't have enough money for an iron lung for his daughter who was stricken with polio, was quietly slipped 100,000 francs after Aly had learned his sad news. Another time Aly gave thousands to an orphanage that was in debt. And there were many, many other moments that he refused to talk about, begged her to keep quiet about because he felt a good deed was not for publicity but for the deep satisfaction within the human heart.

Rita sat up in bed. She had lingered long enough. Jim helped her into her robe. He had summoned Yasmin from her skating lessons, and she was in her room playing. Rita squeezed Jim's hand.

"Do you want me to go with you?" Jim asked.

"Rita took a deep breath. "No. No, darling. I...I must do it alone."
8. He'll propose to me, probably when I'm twenty-two.
9. He won't be a gossip, especially not about women.
10. He'll make every major decision in our lives.
11. He'll be six inches taller than me, and probably nearer a foot taller.
12. I go mad over clothes, so he'll have to learn to share our closet space!
13. He'll definitely have to be in charge of the budget.
15. I want more than one child, 'cause just me can get awfully spoiled. I know, I am. We'll probably have four children.
16. He'll write me lots. I like to cook, but sometimes my cooking is disastrous!
17. He won't expect me to act "icky!"
18. He'll have a deep, masculine voice.
19. He'll be the one to decide where we'll go on our vacation.
20. I'll be a very good mother, I think, but not as good as you. I'll need you, if not for children, for him.
21. I'll let him need me, but not all the time.
22. I want to have the feeling that he's taking care of everything and that I don't have to worry about a thing.
23. He'll have strength, the will-power kind.
24. It would be nice if he liked to do dishes. . . .
25. But I never want to see him in an apron!
26. He'll have to be firm with me. I spend money impulsively.
27. He won't want me to be a baby or 'cute little girl.' I've had enough of that!
28. He'll be able to talk to me, 'cause I love to be gifted.
29. I guess, unconsciously, I visualize him like my stepfather.
30. He'll have to be patient with my grooming, 'cause a lot of my success depends on my keeping neat . . . and that takes a lot of time!
31. He'll let me keep my old, close friends.
32. It would be so nice if we could just stay home some evenings. I can get awful tired of the social whirl in Hollywood.
33. He'll want to protect me.
34. He won't let me domesticate him.
35. We'll always have something to look forward to.
36. He'll treat me as a grown-up woman, of course.
37. We'll make a career out of our marriage, just as determinedly as our other careers.
38. Whenever I get lonely, he'll be nearby.
39. He'll be patient when I don't keep our house neat as a pin.
40. Of course we'll be in love, but . . .
41. He'll never realize that I've caught him!

---

Sandra Dee's newest pictures are Portrait In Black, Daffy, Romanoff And Juliette (all U-I), and Gidget Goes Hawaiian, Columbia.
I knew,” the reporter said. “But that’s all right—I can get what I want just by asking you a few questions.”

Then he walked past the woman and started to look around the house. He took notes on items of furniture; how much floor space they took up; what they looked like. At one point he went over to some draperies, felt them and said to the baby-sitter, “Mmm, pretty expensive taste your business has.”

“I wouldn’t know,” the woman said.

Then he began to question her. He asked what she knew about Mr. Clark’s financial status, about what items around the house had cost, what had been bought by him.

He asked and asked.

But the babysitter wouldn’t answer. She was ignorant of this kind. She hadn’t liked his barging in in the first place, and now she didn’t like his questioning tactics.

Finally, she told him that he had better leave.

When he just smiled, and didn’t, she told him again, loudly this time.

Young around trespassing, sir,” she said. “I don’t know what law Clark’s got in New York, but in Pennsylvania trespassing’s illegal.

. . . Now if you’ll get out of my—” she went on, beginning to head for the phone, “—I’m going to call the police.”

That did it.

The reporter left.

What some people are waiting for

“When Barbara and I got home the babysitter told me what had happened.”

Dick says. “From her description of the man I knew it was the same fellow I’d been coming across the past two days. I couldn’t believe it . . . At first, I blew up. I thought of that reporter, with me these past two days, his smiles, his laughter, his sympathy, his confiding in me but now it was evident that I’d been completely taken in. I went to Barbara, who’d been in the baby’s room, seeing how he was, came rushing out.

‘Dick — what are you doing here? I’ve always done anything good—and it certainly wouldn’t help you, not at a time like this. It’s just what some people are waiting for. It’s all they need!’

Barbara’s phrase, what she’d said about ‘what some people are waiting for,’ began to spin around in my head. Some people, I thought. Waiting . . . waiting . . .

I thought of people like this reporter, like some others I knew of, jealous people—pure and simple, jealous people, who begrudged me because I’d become something of a success and who couldn’t wait to see me get it in the neck. Some people, I thought. Waiting . . . waiting . . .

But it is true that the hard work, the planning, the struggling, the prayers, the hopes—not worth it at all.

After our babysitter left for the night Barbara and I had a long talk. I told her how disgusted I was with everything and I asked her if she’d mind if I quit the business, show business, this mess we were in. She had promised that I wanted to quit right then and then. This isn’t true. At no point did I ever consider throwing in the towel. It would be like a fire-fighter sitting in a corner and quitting before a fire. But it is true that the thought of getting out eventually. And I talked to Barbara about it that night.

She heard me out. She saw how disappo....
problems, worries—all the things that had had me so bugged the night before, those two weeks before—were leaving me, one by one.

"I realized suddenly, too, that it was morning, the beginning of a new day... that I could face anything now.

"I put down the jar and picked up my comb. I looked into the mirror, in front of me.

"You just keep paddling along, Boy,' I said to myself, 'because, you know, everything might turn out to be just okay."

For the next five months, 16,000,000 fans and the entire entertainment industry waited to see what would happen to Dick.

Dick himself, meanwhile, continued paddling along, waiting for the committee hearings to begin.

"Those five months weren't exactly easy," he recalls, "Unavoidably the teness would return. And when it did, it was Barbara who came through, as always. She stayed calm, never moped, never acted discouraged. And I'd become right again, just looking at her, being with her. It was as simple as that..."

Dick Clark's biggest show began in late April, in Washington, D. C.

It began with a bang—for the prosecution.

Dick, silent as the committee flung its charges at him, waited for his chance to defend himself.

His chance come, finally, he spoke up.

He spoke softly, surely.

"I have never accepted any bribery," he repeated, answering the official charge against him. "As far as investing in other companies and making some money from these investments," he said, "I followed the ground rules that existed.

The charges and questions kept coming those next two days.

Dick kept answering them.

And soon it seemed that the case against him was beginning to fizzle.

There was no actual verdict when it was all over. But it appeared to most people that Dick had come out on top when Oren Harris, the committee chairman, summed up by saying: "You're not the inventor of the system or even its architect. You're a product of it"—then adding: "Surely, Dick Clark, you're a fine young man.

Dick's enemies writhed.

"Obviously," said one of them, "the chairman showed as much perspicacity as any fifteen-year-old."

But his friends and fans rocked with joy.

Back home in Philadelphia that night Dick found hundreds of telegrams scattered around the dining room table, from people all over the country, congratulating him and wishing him well.


Bobby Darin, in Philadelphia that night, dropped by to see Dick. Bobby was tired-looking and Dick started to chide him for working so hard, for not taking it easier.

"Yeah," Bobby agreed, "big eye-bags gonna go... But man, like you're sure looking good!" Turning to Barbara, who was standing alongside Dick at the moment, he said, "Like you've maybe been taking pretty good care of our boy here, hey, Mrs. C?"

Barbara looked over at Dick and shrugged.

Dick looked over at her and smiled and took her hand.

Neither of them said anything.

They simply continued looking at one another.

And, somehow, a certain third party present felt suddenly that it was like time for him to disappear, on the double.

Which he did...

Dick can still be seen starring in Columbia's Because They're Young.

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up...

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep...

brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave "takes" while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you **wake up with a permanent** that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

*The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!*
Here's Charlie!

(Continued from page 48)

...to come up with something satisfactorily sensational. Each time I finished lamely with only the bare truth: "All I can say—"

They grinned and nodded wisely. "Ah, so 'Ye夕'!"

"You people all over, I finally realized, want to make everything so darned complicated, especially an elemental emotion such as plain old-fashioned love.

At the Academy Awards in March when Susan Hayward's words, "...and the winner is—Charlton Heston," made him officially best screen actor of the year, C. C. Heston was so excited about it that he exclaimed, "I don't have to buy anything!"

He grabbed me and planted a long, ardent, expressive smacker on my startled lips before approximately $4,000,000 delighted TV kibitzers. Then he trotted out on stage to accept his Oscar.

Well, when we finally turned the key to our hilltop house around 6:30 the next morning, we had to read our way through toilsome and torturing letters on the giant mailbox against the front door. Inside, the phone rang like a station-house general alarm. Soon the mailman was dumping sacks of letters from all over America and places as remote as Rome, Paris, and Tokyo. The gist of it all:

"What a thrilling, nice and wonderful thing that was for you to do!"

"Didn't think you'd care, curls in bewildernss at this. "Say," he puzzled, "I can't have been the first guy in history ever to kiss his wife, can I?"

Miracles

I guess in a town notoriously ripped and torn by domestic rivalries, and paved with divorce decrees, a simple kiss sometimes can be a great, subtle adventure. Charlie Heston has always seemed like a miracle to me, anyway. Because ever since we met back in Northwestern University around eight years ago, miracles have been happening.

Only last December, for example, when Chuck and I were away in London, a roaring brush fire flared in Coldwater Canyon back of our house. Our two-story home, without its porch, went out into space on a mountain spur. The grim news was flashed to us: HOUSE IN PATH OF FLAMES—SEEMS CERTAIN TO BURN.

I dissolved into tears. But Chuck would have none of the tragic thought. "Don't worry. Nothing will happen to our house," he assured me. "It can't."

Well, it didn't. Billowing flames raced to its edge, scarred trees on the terrace, buckled some glass. Then surprisingly, they leaped over the roof to the other side. Firemen told us on our return, "We can blame it on a paved road, a short electrical circuit, we should have burned to ashes." And they used that word—"it was a miracle."

Or, consider how we got that house in the first place. Of all the things I defined in the book—house—this was already a Heston house—or an eight-room lodge, rather—in the virgin forest of Michigan's peninsula, where Chuck and I went away every summer. The way our lives were ordered, I wanted no part of possessions that possessed us, housekeeping responsibilities or restricting roots in any California soil.

But Chuck had to have a place where he could lock the door and forget it. We had two that were perfect: one in New York's Tudor City for visits, and homebase at mammoth La Brea Towers in midtown Los Angeles. For eight years we were serenely happy with that set-up.

But when our son, Gordon, started getting active and Chuck started making noises like a householder, I discreetly changed the subject. Indulgently, I told him that I didn't care whether he married with Chuck, but they were either in the wrong place, too old, or too expensive to remodel. That was great with me; I breathed sighs of relief.

Then one afternoon Charlton thundered in all out of breath, "Come on," he panted. "I've got a big surprise for you! Hurrying me into his Corvette, he raced me up the beautiful driveway and led me, blindfolded, into his handkerchief, out on a point. "Now," he said, "look!"

What I saw was a breathtaking, 360-degree view, over half Los Angeles and Catalina Island shimmering in the distance. I burst into tears.

Suddenly I knew this was the place. As I gazed around at this grand sky-level, I didn't want to live anywhere else but right here—and in a house with Chuck.

A working project

One more miracle—the greatest of all—lay behind both of these. His name is Fraser Clarke Heston, and by now he's a bright, button-eyed towehead of five.

Neither Chuck nor I can imagine life without 'Fray.' But when I called from my backyard dressing room in a Minneapolis theater some six years ago, caught Charlton in Paramount's wardrobe department, and announced breathlessly, "You're going to be a father!" the answer I got was, "A baby? That's impossible! What in the world will we do with it?"

But consider what I had said about that house, smote Chuck exactly the same way now about the baby news. "The greatest moment of my life," he'll tell you now, was when that doctor came down from our front porch with the news that I was the father of a fine son! Those were the most glorious lines I've ever heard spoken.

And when the nurse put him in Charlie's arms, I could tell by his face that this was going to be a working project.

I must confess, though, that when I first met Charlie I had no 'working project' in mind. He was a boy at Northwestern University and we were in a dramatics class together. The first time I became aware of his existence was when he almost blussed me out of my seat with a critique of a play we were analyzing. "It's skeletal," pronounced Chuck in a deep, bass voice."

...I was a small-town girl from Wisconsin, with no 'working project' in mind. When Union, Tojo, and the Army Air Corps gave him his greetings and shipped him to Greensboro, North Carolina, for training. One day, about a year after that, we wrote: Charlie was accepted, and bought a ticket to Greensboro. School, it turned out, had become deadly dull without the 'wild man' around. We got hitched on St. Patrick's Day, 1944. Since then we took in a play and the usher led us to separate seats! And the hotel clerk even tried to sell us a room with twin beds! Also, when the brief leave returned, Chuck was..."
We Dare Any Other Eye Make-up to try to Makeup this Swim Test!

You can swim, walk in the rain, weep at the movies, and keep that "born-beautiful" look, with "Darkey-Eyes"!

"Darkey-Eyes" comes in Strips looking "featureless" at the beach. Water makes mascara run—with "Darkey-Eyes" this CAN'T HAPPEN! "Darkey-Eyes" is not a mascara.

"Darkey-Eyes" keeps brows and lashes NATURALLY soft, dark, luxuriant ALL DAY, ALL NIGHT. "Darkey-Eyes" colors, doesn't coat. Lasts until hairs are replaced every 4 to 5 weeks.

No more sticky, beady look—no more brittle, breaking homey lashes—no looking smudges under eyes.

"Darkey-Eyes" contains no aniline dyes. Light brown, brown, black. • New in 26th year.

Year's supply $1.25 at drug store, dep't & variety store.


Name________

Address__________________________

Town_____________State_____________

North, like those geese, to a lonely radio station, shivering out what was left of the War in the foggy Aleutians. I had to hit the books again at college. For years after, it seemed, everything that turned up yanked us in two different directions.

Strictly from hunger

We had a few months of love on a dime after J-Day, when Chuck came back, fat as a pig from sitting around the frosty Port Heiden but stuffing his cheeks. "My hero!" I said sarcastically when I saw him. But he soon slumped down through necessity. In fact, the housekeeping we set up in a furnished Chicago room was strictly from hunger. Our cupboard was an old trunk, our stove a dinky hotplate and our automatic dishwasher the bathroom basin. All we had to gorgem ourselves on was $8 a week. It wasn't much better when we moved to New York.

There I got a job for $30 a week as a model and Chuck was strictly a kept man for the dismal months he pounded Broadway cement trying for a break. The luxury house which we have today is in stark contrast to the dark cold-water flat in Hell's Kitchen where steamships at the docks nearby shook the window with whistle blasts and trucks rumbled by night and day, shaking our bed—one, by the way, which Chuck hammered together from some rough boards for a total outlay of $2.60. We were so poor that one time Chuck—who marketed with me so he could lug home the groceries—held up a checkout line twenty minutes returning a seven-cent can of evaporated milk we decided we didn't need.

Still, in the luckier years that followed, both Chuck and I were so sentimental about that shabby pad that we kept paying the rent for years until a wrecking crew got it. Reason? We were together then. We weren't together much after our two careers got rolling.

The first man-sized stage break Charlton sent him to took approximately the same time I broke the ice in a railroad company headed for Chicago. After that—well—that honeymoon usher sure picked the right omen with those separate seats. Only the truth and when you type of trust, need, and devotion could have kept a marriage growing in those ticklish far-apart first years. We can look back and laugh today, although things weren't always so funny at the time.

We've actually whizzed past each other in planes heading in different directions. We've met in railroad stations, to share a cup of coffee and a kiss at a lunch counter, then raced for separate gates at an "A-1-1-1-1 Aboard!" Once I had fifty guests coming for an Anniversary dinner, only to sit Chuck with the job of feeding them when a "Come at once" call came with a job offer. Another time Chuck had to leave me holding the same bag to mix drinks at a cocktail party for eighty. For a long time, Charlie and I had separate friends in assorted cities of the U.S.A. We had several sets of clothes, automobiles, furniture, apartments, even cooks, thou-
sands of miles and thousands of long-distance calls, for "I love you's," or look at a longed-for face over TV. A few
times there have been some not so laugh-
able misunderstandings.

One time, for instance, Chuck called me in New York from Hollywood at 3:00 a.m. only to get a man's voice. Crossed wires, of course, but it kept up everything was snapping misunderstandings and sharp words. Another time I switched on my TV only to scream at Chuck's gory head hoisted up off his neck. I didn't know he was playing Macbeth that night, and that the horror and terror was achieved with trick camera effects.

But getting back to reality, I was in Minneapolis playing The Seven Year Itch when myummy got woozy mornings and a doctor gave me the menacing tides. By the time, back in Hollywood, that Chuck accepted the frightening fact of approaching fatherhood, I had rambled around the country dodging spring floods, narrowly missed a train wreck and kept the show going (with Fraser making his stage entrance ahead of mine) before I gave up. No sooner had I hit home nest in Los Angeles, then Chuck tore off to Egypt for three months with The Ten Commandments. Luckily, he made it back for the main event. By then I was so used to handling things by myself that when Chuck called from the set to ask how I was I said, "Fine," even though I was timing my labor pains at the moment.

Fraser hasn't worked since

Today we call our son "the youngest retired actor in Hollywood" because at three months of age Fray played the Baby Moses in the bullrashes and hasn't worked since. Things aren't quite so final with me. I still like to keep my hand in a make-up kit; in fact, only last summer we played together in State of the Union in summer stock at Santa Barbara. A family project, right? Fine, but as for whipping off to all points of the compass, not any more. My ambition's simply gone out to lunch, because I'm so fullfilled as a wife and mother.

I'm not the self-sacrificing wife or anything like that, believe me. It's just that now I get the same satisfaction out of Charlie's career as I once did my own.

I guess I proved that to myself last year. About the time the Ben-Hur premiere was set for New York, in came a juicy picture offer for me. It meant a location in Denver just as Charlton was set for his triumph. I turned it down.

And it happened again when Chuck took on The Tumbler on Broadway. Same week he signed for that play I was offered a run-of-play contract with another on the same big street. "N-n-o," I hedged to Chuck cautiously, "if your play's a flop and mine's a hit? Then we'd be separated again, wouldn't we?"

That's exactly what happened. The Tumbler lasted a week and my rejected opus is still running, and I'm glad I'm not running with it.

The truth is, since Fraser has made us a trio I find nothing in show business rewarding enough to pry me away. When Chuck moved to Rome with Ben-Hur, it was a family move. We found an ancient villa owned by the noble Flavian family outside Rome where the Emperor Dio-
mition once spent his holidays. It had formal gardens, fountains everywhere and a private entrance to the Catacombs, if you liked that sort of thing. We lived at the Horti Flavii in Rome, the most of which I spent wondering if Charlie would show up in one piece at night. In fact, during this spell Paris Match, the French picture paper, said I looked anxiously on as Chuck lashed his chariot perilously around the Spina racing Steve Boyd. They captioned them "Madame Heston crispait les mains" (wrings her hands).

The loveliest present

Even with all the suspense we look back on that Roman Holiday with tenderness. When it was over, Chuck gave me the loveliest present I've ever had from him. It's a gold bracelet with three pendants he bought on the East Coast. One says, "Roma—MCMLXIII," another "CLF."
When Charlton Heston made his first impact across the American screen as Moses in *The Ten Commandments*, his little son Fraser was allowed to be on for a short while as the baby Moses. As a matter of fact, he'd been promised the part before he was born. Cecil B. DeMille had told the Hestons the baby could have the part if it turned out to be a boy. Charlton didn't know it then, but as the child got older, he never forgot what he'd been told about his few glorious moments on the screen.

One day after that film was released, the Heston family were out for a drive and stopped for a light on Sunset Boulevard. Some fans in the next car recognized the man at the wheel and called out, "Hey, Moses, say hello!"

Before Mrs. Heston could stop him, Fraser stood up and leaned over and waved, all smiles, to the people in the other car.

Then he turned to his father and lisped proudly, "Look, Daddy, they know me!"

Fraser Heston's now a great big boy of five, but he made his mark in the world (with his foot, signing a contract for Cecil B. DeMille) at three months.
Last year when we traveled through the last with Ben-Hur Fray went along all he way. In Washington we got a privileg.

ed look at inner sanctums of the White House, even spied on President Eisenhower; leaving a conference in the Round Room.

On the tour Fray got so excited he dropped his toy six-gun and I snatched it up. 

"Let me carry it," I whispered.

Well, as we rode to the corner and headed for the President's open door, there I was, leaping gun in hand pointed ominously head. Two Secret Service men leaped out of the car and grabbed me. I lost my bear.

Chuck stepped in to straighten out the misunderstanding and explain the toy before they unhanded me. But it was an uncomfortable moment.

I was pretty scared—but then pretty

All night I thought it might be very easy for a man to forget the little woman in a pot like that.

heartbreak

(Continued from page 61)

ink of something clever, something funny to say, but the words stuck in his throat. He could say was, "Shall we eat at a ranch restaurant tonight?"

If you want it, Carol said.

He remembered that sometimes she didn't like to talk much, so he asked if x o'clock would be all right, and she said yes, that would be okay. He asked her if he could take her to the show that night and she told him that she planned to read and take a walk in the hills, alone.

Brandon reminded her that the TV show would be on that night. "Maybe we can watch it tonight after dinner."

"Maybe. . . ." was all she said.

Brandon had enjoyed doing the show at he didn't want to hear or brag about himself so he said quickly, "It's not important."

"We'll see what happens," Carol said.

Brandon wanted the conversation to end with a light note.

"Don't run into any stray lions on your walk," he said.

Finally, he made her laugh a little.

1st naturally serious

When they'd hung up, Brandon thought about Carol's unenthusiastic responses. He wanted to picture how she looked on the scene, how pretty she was, and decided at her graveness wasn't because she'd been trying to avoid telling him something he didn't want to hear but only because she was naturally rather a serious girl. She wasn't light-headed but she wasn't dull, either. Just serious.

It was her last day in Hollywood, for a while. He and his mother were leaving New York the next morning, to rejoin a father. He planned to read a few days submitted to him. He liked the idea doing a play. He'd always liked the circus. Maybe he and Carol might even run together on the stage, as they'd done the movie Blue Denim.

He decided that afternoon to go for a walk, and though he couldn't stop thinking about Carol and their date that evening, the pool refreshed him. There were few other people at poolside. The hotel served mostly to people in show business, actors, directors, etc. Mostly, he had steet some of the New York people here.

They were out for one-shot TV jobs or were sweating out picture deals.

"Hi, Brandon."

But there's not much danger of big Chuck Heston losing his head about anything. Not even an Academy Award could make him forget what comes first in his heart, even above acting, as he impulsively proved. As for his art, that Oscar may have put Chuck up on a lofty pedestal in the minds of some people, but not in his own.

"To tell you the truth," he sizes himself up, "I can play cowboys better than Sir Laurence Olivier—and Shakespeare better than Gary Cooper.

"But Heaven's sake, don't switch that around!"

In fact, dear God, don't switch anything around about Charlie Heston. As far as I'm concerned he's perfect, absolutely perfect!

Charlton will star next in MGM's Charlemagne.

It was an actor he knew from New York.

"Hi," he said.

"Leaving tomorrow, huh?" the actor asked.

"Yeah. Tomorrow morning."

"Well. . . . have a nice trip."

"Thanks," Brandon said, and meant it.

Everyone had been nice to him. No one reminded him that he had been the little boy in charge, and they accepted him as an adult actor and he appreciated it.

The sun began to chill, and Brandon left to relax and dress for his date with Carol. Heading for the elevator, he ran into Carol's mother.

"Hi, Mrs. Lynley." Brandon contacted her.

"Hello, Brandon."

She liked her; not because she was Carol's mother, but because she was nice.

"Carol still reading?"

"Mrs. Lynley smiled, and shook her head."

"No. She went for a walk. She likes taking long walks. It relaxes her."

Brandon understood. Carol had worked hard, on a picture, then a TV show. She was still working on her TV script. "How's she like her show?"

"It's a good part. She finishes in two days."

Brandon was glad. That meant she would be going back to New York, unless a picture came up. Mrs. Lynley remem-

bered that he had finished his show.

"How'd your show go?"

"Good. I liked working with Ward Bond.

He's a nice guy."

"That's what I heard."

Brandon said goodbye till later when he would pick Carol up for dinner. Mrs. Lindley was going to the pool, to get the last sun rays.

A quick ten minutes

Brandon showered and lay down to rest. He checked the time and it was a quarter after four. He thought about Carol, and the wonderful fun they had had together. It made him feel good, to think about her.

The phone rang. He picked it up quick-

ly. Maybe it was Carol.

But, it was a photographer, reminding him they were supposed to shoot some pictures. Brandon checked the time. He would be cutting it close, but he had promised.

"Okay. But—can we make it kind of quick? i. . . I've got something to do. Later."

The photographer understood. He had been 

Brandon come alive when they had talked about Carol the day before. And he knew Brandon was leaving early the next morning. "I need a half hour. Okay?"
AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in August, your birthstone is the peridot and your flower is the gladiolus. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

August 2—Myrna Loy
August 3—Jean Hagen, Marilyn Maxwell, Gary Merrill, Gordon Scott
August 5—Natalie Trundy, David Brian, Tom Drake, John Saxon, Robert Taylor
August 6—Lucille Ball, Robert Mitchum
August 8—Connie Stevens, Esther Williams, Richard Anderson, Rory Calhoun
August 9—Leo Genn
August 10—Rhonda Fleming, Martha Hyer, Jane Wyatt, Eddie Fisher
August 11—Arlene Dahl
August 12—John Derek, George Hamilton
August 13—Neville Brand
August 15—Wendy Hiller, Lori Nelson, Janice Rule, Michael Connors
August 16—Ann Blyth, Julie Newmar, Fess Parker
August 17—Maureen O'Hara
August 18—Molly Bee
August 19—Shelley Winters, Debra Paget, Jill St. John
August 21—Patty McCormack
August 23—Vera Miles
August 24—Preston Foster
August 25—Don Defore, Mel Ferrer, Richard Greene, Van Johnson, Michael Rennie
August 26—Susan Harrison
August 27—Tuesday Weld, Tommy Sands
August 29—Charles Boyer, Ben Gazzara
August 30—Ingrid Bergman, Peggy Ashcroft, Joan Blondell, Shirley Booth, Fred MacMurray, Raymond Massey, Mildred O'Conner
August 31—Richard Basehart, Warren Berlinger, Fredric March

Brandon thought a minute, then agreed. "When will you be over?"
"In ten minutes." Brandon checked the clock. They could shoot the pictures, and Brandon would not be late.
"Okay. But, make it in ten minutes." "It's a deal, then, Brandon."
Brandon put the phone back on the hook, and once more day-dreamed of the little French restaurant, with the checkered table clothes, the soft lights, and the romantic atmosphere.

The photographer buzzed him from downstairs. Brandon slipped on a short-sleeve sport shirt, and a pair of tan pants. He met his date to see him:

They began shooting a layout. It went easily. The photographer let him relax. No posy-pose type shots. Just Brandon—straight and simple.

"One more roll, and we're in."
Brandon checked the time. It was after five. He hesitated. "It'll take me five minutes, the photographer pleaded. And then they were done. It had been easy.

"Seeing Carol before you go?"
Brandon almost blushed, but said, "Uh . . . yeah. For dinner tonight."
The photographer said, "She's a real beauty."
Brandon agreed, most enthusiastically.

"You like her, don't you?"
"We . . . sort of go together."
The photographer smiled. He understood the uncertainties and the wonder of first love.

They shook hands. Then, Brandon hurried upstairs to get ready for his last night in Hollywood, with Carol.

Just lost track of time
He paced the room, glancing periodically at the silent phone, growing more and more impatient. He called her room. She hadn't come in. He went down to the hotel lobby. He flicked the television set on, and there was an old Clark Gable movie. He watched Gable pursue Myrna Loy all over Africa, but, his heart wasn't in watching Gable win Loy. His heart was jumping for Carol.

"Good picture?"
It was a writer he had talked to before. "Pretty good. It's a Gable picture."
The writer was mildly impressed. He sat down to watch. Gable was gaining ground but Brandon was losing heart. Where was Carol? Maybe . . . . maybe something had happened to her. He began to wet the dry nervousness in his mouth.

Brandon was only half watching the picture when the desk clerk paged him. He took the call on a house phone. It was Carol, and his heart skipped a beat.

"Where are you?"
"Well," she began, "I was walking. And, I lost track of the time. I just got to a phone."
Brandon sighed with relief. She was safe.

"You had me worried. How . . . how soon can you make it back?"
"In . . . about a half hour."
Brandon checked the time. They could still make dinner at the romantic little French place.

"Okay. I'll wait for you. And . . . hurry. We . . . won't have too much time."
"I'll try."
They hung up. And he went back to watching the Gable picture.

The picture ended, the half hour was over and there was still no sign of Carol. Brandon began to worry about her, then, started to get angry. It was their last evening together for what might be long time and she wasn't back yet.

"Is it okay if I watch a show?" he asked while he fed the TV set. They all knew his show was coming up and agreed. Brandon watched his img on the screen. He and one of the lead-

"And how did the others judge his work? He took a fast look toward the lobby.

Still no Carol.

The show was over and he thought he had been good, that he would be judged as a mature adult actor, not a former child star. The others in the lobby congratulated him, but, he felt a little sad the Carol wasn't there to see him.

"How about some ice cream, Brandon?"
The writer was. He realized Brandon was sweating something out. Brandon said thanks, but he was waiting for someone one, someone who'd be there any minute.

Some other time . . .

The writer left—one or two other remained and Brandon tried to concentrate on the next program. It was in use. He called her room, she hadn't called back in. Then suddenly the phone ran and it was Carol.

She explained, "I felt tired, from walking. So . . . I sat down, and I must have lost track of the time. I'm sorry."

He was furious with her, he wanted to challenge her, so that she'd be hurt as she was. Instead, he tried to save what time was left.

He said, "We . . . can still grab a bite to eat."

It was too late for the French place, but they could have a snack and talk.

And then Carol said, "I . . . I just ate, little while ago."

In the shock wave of disappointment he poured over Brandon, he caught his words, and checked the flow of anger:

"We had a date. Remember?"
"I'm sorry," she said abruptly.

Then, he went on to say, an Brandon didn't try. He'd noticed a change in her voice. An indifference. He wondered what had happened, what he changed since the bright morning.

"Something wrong, Carol?"
"I'm tired, Brandon," she murmured "But, we had a date . . . . his voice cracked.

He waited for some reassuring answer. What he got was, "I'm sorry. Really I am. But . . . I'm tired. We'll make it some other time."

He wanted to protest that it was unfair. It was their last day in Hollywood.

"When . . . when will I see you?"

He tried to sound casual, but his heart wasn't in it. He waited, hoping, hiding his fears, praying that she'd change her mind.

"I'll be in New York. Soon. We'll see then."

Brandon felt as if a trapdoor had been sprung on him. His legs were shaky. He had to know. What had gone wrong?

Where? When? Was it something he'd done? Or said? But instead, he tried to push the awful idea that he was being rejected, to keep the tone of panic from his voice as he asked:

"Sure, Carol. We'll see each other New York."

"Thanks," she answered.

There was a long silence after he put the phone down. And Brandon realized that all he could do was go and pack his trip back to New York, and go to sleep. But he knew that sleep would bring dreams of love that used to be, and he wondered if love was as fragile as seemed.

Carol will star in THE HOT EYE (Heaven (U.I.)."
For Adults Only

(Continued from page 36)

becomes pregnant; it’s about the frantic attempts of her equally young boyfriend to raise money by playing the back-ground—to “motivate” the action—are parents who lack understanding; in the foreground—to tingle your spine—is a visit to a seedy parents and a libertarian - liss his filthy trade. The name of this movie the first time round was Blue Denim (with Brandon de Wilde, Carol Lynley, Warren Berlinger). It was shortly followed by a low-budget, sex-driven Love, Soap, Do Trap. That same plot is bound to be run in to the ground by a slew of films high in sensation and low in quality—and teen-age parents will eat it up, and there is not much—to be found in Happy Anniversary rises from the fact that a married life, which has long since been blessed by children, began one full year before the ceremony. And in For the Record, with a Debbie Reynolds’ groom spends the better part of his honeymoon under a cold shower—to lessen the ardor which Debbie cannot yet trust. The new frankness

The new “frankness” which seems to have pervaded movies leaves little to the imagination. We can no longer assume that married couples sleep together, we must be shown the bed, the bathtub, the mono- grammed towels and how all these objects seem so well used that they belong to the living room but it is more ‘realistic’ if they are half dressed. You can spot a femme fatale in a minute, but it is more true to type if she stands in front of a mirror and slowly unbuttons her blouse.

The screen is flooded with frigid wives, lonely husbands, forlorn adolescents (of all ages) loudly proclaiming their need for love but the cause (and perhaps the cure) of their loneliness is largely unexplored since this would lack the instant appeal of illustrated essays on their sexual misadventures.

Night voting, by half the movie couples hitch a ride and, at knifepoint, force the driver to follow a blonde to her home in the Hollywood Hills. The blonde is a bored housewife whose husband, her lover, ignores her, leaving her feeling for the beatniks, who are obviously emotionally deranged, wait in a deserted house next door for the husband to leave home. Meanwhile, while the beatniks play with the ‘kicks’, they smack their lips at the prospect of a sexual adventure. When the husband leaves on a business trip a brutal sexual assault, complicated by perversion and finished with murder, plunges in the pool, below. The message? Some people are terribly sick.

Aside from the debatable artistic merits of the film, producer Leslie Stevens announced, “The picture isn’t for children. But any child who can find his way to the theater and has the price of admission can see it.

What a teen-ager, when he hears on a record the velvet voice of Johnny Mathis, will not rush to the movie his song introduces—The Best Of Everything, a lavish, eye-filling Cinemascope production. The result is a movie that takes its making immediately inspires confidence in the film. But what is this movie selling? The idea that love is a battle of wits between boys “a— the make” and girls who, however beautiful and talented, are desperate for marriage. Love is a market place where all the buyers (boys) try to cheat, and all the sellers (girls) think so little of themselves that self-abasement...
is their outstanding characteristic. One romantic affair after another leads to insanity and accidental suicide, pregnancy and betrayal. Abortion is discussed (but with all the proper horror). Marriage, and especially its being; it is stigmatised as the only hope for a woman—has the value of a bargain well-made. Love itself is almost non-existent. These are the half-truths, gross distortions and blatant stereotypes, spread everywhere, without any excuse, to our children.

A few challenging themes

But not all movies are an insult to even adult intelligence. There are many producers, writers and directors who are concerned with challenging themes that require maturity and judgment to enjoy—and to appreciate. But any child or any teen-ager who is a fan of Elizabeth Taylor can treat himself to Suddenly Last Summer where a mother (Katharine Hepburn) worships her homosexual son to the point of violent psychosis, or to Where Angels Fear to Tread, where Elizabeth Taylor, his beautiful young cousin, turns out to be even better bait and is driven to near insanity by this second death of the hands (and teeth) of his boy victims.

The Fugitive Kind, an unrelieved message of despair whose meaning must surely escape the immature mind (while repelling the mature one) can nevertheless frighten and disillusion simply by its atmosphere, its assortment of weird, lost souls, its pictures of drunkenness, nauseating illness, hatred and murder of the only character in the film who is really seeking salvation. But any teen-age fan of Marlon Brando or Joanne Woodward can easily and mistakenly assume that the movie is his "hit.

Good movies, bad movies, movies for teenagers, movies for adults, crime movies, westerns, spectacles, comedies, musicals, dramas come tumbling into the movie houses these days to different audiences, but their titles. Movie "ads" if they are not sensational are often misleading. Movie reviews are read by a small proportion of the people who pay to see them. And that level of all film is one...in fact, "a Seal of Approval from the keepers of the Production Code of the Motion Picture Association of America. It is true that many exhibitors will not show films that have been refused the Seal but—and perhaps rightly—there is no law to prevent them. (Private Property, which did not receive the Seal, is a case in point.) It is true that the movie producer or exhibitor can be expected to take the place of parents or teachers.

No one can measure the exact effect movies will have on the behavior of the young. There is no way of determining the behavior of young people. It would be foolish and irresponsible to blame one facet of our culture for any of the evils in our lives. But certainly it can be said that the movies, along with all other mediums of mass culture, must have a profound effect—otherwise they would not continue to do good business; otherwise the "moral" Hill Street Blues or any other Irish or English or any other European countries might not only be considered, for many years, the popular capital of America.

Is censorship by law an answer to the current movie problem? Most Americans are rightly and vigorously repelled by the word. Censorship, whatever small good it may do, limits freedom and outrages our constitutional rights.

Even if it is (—a system of labeling movies a) for adults, b) for children, only if they are accompanied by adults and c) for everybody—a system which is practiced in England, France, Italy and other European countries might not only arouse resentment here but also might tempt some producers to make "adults only" pictures as shockingly sensational as possible.

Only honest and right

Still, many movie directors, among them Otto Preminger, are in favor of what they call "classification," a system of labeling. He told me, "When people see a film they naturally assume that it is a film for adults unless they take the trouble to find out about it. I think that film companies do not think much of what the public thinks. People want honesty. They can always judge for themselves."

Some producers of great integrity, like Dore Schary, are firmly opposed to both censorship and classification although Schary, on the same Open End program said, "Any industry, any means of communication gets itself into trouble if it begins to use shock rather than constructive power. It abandons its right to creative converge and just tries to shock. And that sometimes is what's being done in film today.

"But Elia Kazan says, "The issue is not one of making less violent movies. The problem is to prevent moral values from being oversimplified. People see a film that has a phony happy ending and they get a distorted view which hurts them later. They expect life to be what it isn't."

Though the issue has been made subtler and complicated it includes a couple of very simple questions: 1) Is it wrong an adversary, and children to film which are morally unsound? 2) Should parents be warned about films that harm their children?

But the answer to both question is a definite "yes." We think that certain films should be labeled for adults only and certain films should be recommended for children, unless they are accompanied by their parents. We think it would lead to even more sensational adult film. But we feel that adults can be more capable of taking care of themselves; child needed—should have adult protection.

That's our point of view. But your point of view is even more important, because the whole settling America's issues has always been the voice of the public opinion. Your voice, the voice of the people who read this article and of the people today at the box office in movie theaters across the land.

Parents, teenagers, kids—what do you think? What do you want from the movie industry? What do you want from yourselves? Do you think that labeling movies for adults only is a threat to freedom? Or will it give movie producers even more freedom and a sense of responsibility and control and make moviemaking even more fun?

The editors of MODERN SCREEN sincerely want your opinion, and would welcome all your letters on this subject.

The Tender Tension of a Long Engagement

(Continued from page 45)

let out our real deep-down desires on other things," he mumbled, then paused and sat down next to her and leaned his head against her warm shoulder. "Something's happened, I think. You know, I was just...and then I turned around and—" You didn't really want to remember." "I know, sweetheart. But talking is one thing...and then actually sitting out a long engagement until...well, they're two different things." How could he begin to tell her of his overpowering desire, of the fire inside him.

"Tommy," she said, clearing her throat.

"You make me feel very...funny..." He swallowed. "I'm sorry, hon. I don't want you to feel bad. It's just that I wish I...I didn't feel so pent-up, so...oh, I wish I could just..." But she wrapped her arm around him. "Don't worry about such a stupid subject. Why don't you finish your hot dog and we'll go for a walk in the moonlight...?"

They walked, Tommy's strong arm around her shoulders. And it didn't give him. He could feel the wide stretches of white sand sparkling like silver in the light of the crescent moon. All around them, the night-blue sky and the sea shimmered in the different shades of moonlight. Suddenly, in fact, they stumbled across bits of charred logs from past picnic fires. They hardly uttered a word, so happy to be near each other, and just turned around and been tuned to the flickering firelight, Tommy stretched out on an Indian blanket, his eyebrows knit together in thought.

Maybe he would tell her. Now.

Too hard to wait

Nancy took a bottle of soda pop from the cooler and handed it to Tommy.

They'd forgotten an opener, and Tommy twisted the bottle with his jack-knife. He managed to open it but the pop filled all over him and the blanket.

"Tommy, Nancy," Nancy called out. "You're all wet. And she rushed to him. He had such a dry silly soda pop from his bare arms and yellow-checked shirt.

He took her hands and in drew her to him. But his worst fear had been round and slowly, gently kissed full on the lips.

"Nanny, oh, Nancy," he said, his breath quickening and rising heavily, "let's get out of here."

"I think I can wait through the long summer," Tommy pleaded. "You love me so much, darling. I want to marry you and love your body. Now that he had said it. He had said what he wanted. His chest rose and fell against her body. Now that he had said it. He kept that. His body seemed to sing with tension of his desire. He brushed his fingers lightly over her white chest, kissed her hair, her eyes, her nose, her neck.

And, all of a sudden from out of
blue. Nancy started to cry. Slowly at first, and then wide and wrenching sobs. She tried to speak, but she couldn't, and Tommy, shaken and frightened that she had hurt her, begged, "Oh, honey, honey, please don't cry. I didn't mean to upset you. I only wanted you to know how much you mean to me, how much I love you. And how hard it is for me to wait until the wintertime."

She continued to cry, and Tommy kissed her sweet tears. She whispered then, a tender tension riding her whispers, "Don't you think it's been hard for me, too?"

The truth of the matter, Tommy thought then, the headiness of his passion sobered suddenly by Nancy's unexpected outburst of tears, was that love—real, honest-to-goodness love—wasn't what it had been. Because after all it they had both said once, when they had a press conference after their engagement: that they were both glad to have the approval of their parents, but if they weren't in the special kind of situation they were in—with Tommy going off to serve Uncle Sam—they might have gotten married sooner. And, Nancy and Tommy agreed, they were both positive of an "impatient patience" to get married.

Overpowering feeling

Maybe, Tommy confided to himself, as he caressed her silky dark hair, it's more of an "impatient passion." There were times that a fellow hated this overpowering feeling for making him lose his reason, and how he wished he could hold back the fire of passion until the night of their wedding.

"Honey," Tommy burst forth, "I don't know, but maybe we made a mistake. I don't know if the idea of the fanon's engagement seems wonderful because we can get to know each other better. And your mom and dad, and my mom, they all know you, and now that I would wish I didn't love you so much. I just wish that my love was old-fashioned and that it didn't ache and beg to be near you. Sometimes I don't know what to do."

Nancy looked at him now, lying there on the red Indian blanket in the white radiance of the moon, and she admitted to herself there were times when he looked at her, then, never even daring to utter a word, when desire trembled through her throat and her heart, throughout the length and breadth of her being. And the long summer wasn't making life easier for them with its high and furious, fragrant nights, the warm air sweet with the perfume of flowers.

Tommy, she began, fingered the edge of the blanket, "we both come from broken homes." Then she said quietly, "You know, of all the things you could say, "You and I have done what we think is best because we don't want to make the mistakes our parents made. We don't want to get married on a whim and live to have awful regrets . . . do we? I know you don't, and you know I don't. We want our love to grow, and we want to have children. Because we both want to enjoy each other. But it takes a couple of years I want to have a family . . . three, four, five kids who'll look just like you . . ."

"Like you," Tommy interrupted.

"Like us," Nancy said, smiling.

He heard her reading. She had said, smiling.

No broken marriage for these two

She was right. Maybe he was impetuous, wanting to elope suddenly like that. But it was too late for the two of them, growing up in households where their moms and dads were always at one another's throats, screaming, something threatening, until that one dark day when suddenly their moms and dads were no longer together, when they went their different ways? And suddenly Nancy found her father's photo on the front pages of the big city newspapers, week after week, Sunday after Sunday.

She had told Tommy all this. How one week her dad was squiring around a beautiful girl, another week he was involved with a fast actress. And week after week she had to face the nasty razzings of the kids in school, schoolmates who were only too happy to dish about her vicious rumors about her dad being a "wild one." For months she came home from school and wished the world would end, that hell would destroy them all because she hated the idea of her and the humiliating taunts of her classmates.

"The latest girl her pop's picked up . . . " the kids whispered in the school halls, in the impromptu, at the football games. She felt like two cents, knowing her father had been good to her but that the world was making him into a monster.

How could Nancy dare to tell her mother about all this, but after a while she gave up because she saw how much it hurt her mother. So she gritted her teeth and faced every tomorrow by herself, looking forward to the dawn of each new day with a sick dread and a terrible taste in her mouth.

And with Tommy, the kids were cruel, too. "They'd point to him and jibe, "His mom and dad are divorced. They see each other."

And whenever, like any normal young American boy, Tommy got into a little mischief such as staying out after his curfew, and being caught by his neighbors smoking his first cigarette, everyone made him feel that he was doomed to be a delinquent because he came from a "broken home."

Nancy and Tommy talked about their growing-up years constantly. And didn't want their love to be strangled by possessiveness, choked by jealousy, killed with bitterness. They wanted their love to grow, to flower, to develop into the deep love of forever-lovers.

How could they do this?

This was when they both decided upon the long, old-fashioned engagement. When Tommy gave Nancy her emerald-cut diamond engagement ring in March, they came to the agreement to wait until Christmas before they married. They had known that the time would be the best time for the love to bloom, and in some ways, they looked upon Tommy's service with Uncle Sam as a blessing.

But now, waiting and waiting, Tommy grew restless, edgy, bursting with the passion of a young man. And there were times, when they kissed and held each other close, that Nancy shivered with the desire to be near him. That night on the beach they had it out.

Nancy, wiping her tears, reassured him, "Tommy, I know we're doing what's right. To wait, the way we are. Because our love isn't something we want to play with—like a toy."

When she spoke out like that everything seemed so clear to him: that this could be a joy for people who didn't want to fall into their parents' footsteps and make a mess of marriage.

She snuggled against him on the blanket and rested her head on his shoulder, and Tommy patted gently, "I'm so, so lucky . . . ," he said, and the two of them lay there, the moon pulsing their faces with its ivory light, and they both knew that the love was real and their frankness was giving them strength. It helped them face the slow spinning-out of the summertime, while their love grew stronger until the early December when they would love each other as man and wife . . . and become one.
posed yet radiating a subtle sensuality through the smoke-filled air. The low buzz of voices begins. "Who is she?" they ask. "And where was she?" "Dont you remember the philandering, blandly sexy wife in Hound-Dog Man?"

The questions continue.

But the answers become more and more sparse.

And after a while it's obvious that very little is actually known about her. Who is this girl of mystery? Her name is Margo Moonen, at home. Why is she so mysterious?

"I guess," Margo herself told us recently, "it's because people with questions about me rarely ask them of me. It's my fault in a way. I give too much of my appearance of being rather aloof and cold. This is mainly because I'm unsure of myself. But the truth is that I like to have friends." She sighed. "And," she added, "the truth is, too, that I've never stopped loving and not really. Especially not as a child, back in Indiana, back in those strange not-so-long-ago years...."

**Portrait of Margo**

She was Marguerite Guarnerius then. She lived with her father, a Free Methodist minister, her stepmother and her brothers, Joseph and William, both older than she, in an old house on the outskirts of Indianapolis, was big and old and quiet, very quiet. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius, a stern man, a strict man, wanted it this way. He had studied music and his piano, his father was musical. He was a direct descendant of the violinmaker Guarneri, of Cremona, in Italy, and he saw to it that we all studied music. But for me it was the piano, for Joseph the violin, for William the cornet. Lots of times the three of us would get together and play, for hours and hours. They were fun, those hours. They made the loneliness fade for us, for a while, at least.

Loneliness, however—true loneliness—came crashing down on Margo when she was eleven years old.

She became sick one day, with a cold, or so her parents thought it was. They put her to bed. They didn't call a doctor. (It was 1945, the war was on and if you fell, you fell, that was all there was.) So for me it was the piano, for Joseph the violin, for William the cornet. Lots of times the three of us would get together and play, for hours and hours. They were fun, those hours. They made the loneliness fade for us, for a while, at least.

And then one day a girl came over to see her. She was from school, Margo's class. They barely knew one another and, at first, they barely knew what to talk about. Of course, after a few general questions and a few more minutes of silence, the visitor asked the patient if she'd like to hear about a movie she'd seen.

"That is," said the girl, "if you haven't seen it already, Marguerite.

Margo explained to the girl that she'd never seen a movie, not in her whole life, that her father didn't allow her children to indulge in such a what-he-called-fri

"Well," said the girl, after she'd gotten over the shock, "then let me tell you about this movie. I don't think you don't think your father'll mind the telling, at least. It's got a very interesting story.

And she told Margo—in full detail—the story, about a girl and a boy in love, how they had to deal with trials and tribulations to face, how they'd finally solved everything and how they'd ended up getting married.

**The first dreams**

And that night, after the girl had gone. Margo, lying alone on her pillow, found herself thinking about the movie and realizing in a way that she was the heroine in it—saying all her lines, feeling all the things she felt, smiling when she did, crying when she did.

It was a strange feeling, a delicious feeling, pretending to be somebody else, in something called a movie.

And Margo told the girl from school about her pretending the next time she came to see her, a few weeks later.

The girl laughed. "Gee, Marguerite," she said, "maybe someday when you're better, and older, you'll be a movie star, an actress, you know?"

Margo told her she doubted it. She asked, "In the movies do actresses have to wear lipstick, say?"

"Of course," the girl told her, "they have to look as pretty as possible.

"And do they sometimes wear dresses with short sleeves?" Margo asked.

"Of course," said the girl, "when the part calls for it."

Margo felt very sad. "Well then," she said, "I'll never be an actress. Because my father said he'll never allow me to wear lipstick or a short-sleeved dress. My stepmother can't. And neither will I be able to."

When the girl from school got over the shock of this, she asked Margo if, anyway, she'd like to hear the story of another movie she'd seen, just the next night before.

Margo said yes, she would like that very much.

And so the girl told her, again in full detail, another beautiful love story.

And again that night, alone in her bed, Margo repeated the story to herself, pretending once more that she was the heroine.

"And night after night after that," she says, "I'd play my two roles, over and over, sometimes—when I wasn't too weak or tired—in double-feature fashion, first the one, then the other, or vice versa, pretending that they were my roles, and that if I ever did get to see either of these two movies after I got better I wouldn't be the least surprised to see myself up there on the screen instead of someone else."

**Revolt**

As it turned out, Margo did not get to see either of the movies following her recovery. The Reverend Mr. Guarnerius remained rigid to his word. "Frivolities" such as movies were out.

"In fact," says Margo, "it wasn't till I was sixteen that I got to see my first movie—and that I began my all-around revolt. You see, I was tired of being different from everyone else, of being stared at all the time for what I said, for what I wore. I started to wear only those kinds of clothes I wanted to wear now. I started to wear make-up; I suppose for a while I went overboard and wore practically every kind of make-up they put out. I even announced to my parents that I'd decided to become an actress and that as soon as I'd saved enough money I was going to go to New York and, there, they didn't believe me. 'Just foolishness,' they thought. The girl will come to her senses, they thought. But I meant it. I was leaving. And, foolish or not, there would be no two ways about it."

**She meant it...**

Two years later, Margo kept her word. Every Friday she went to a single suite, a couple of hundred dollars a week, and a letter of introduction to a dramatic coach named Frances Robinson-Duff (given to her by an instructor at the University of Indiana, which she had been attending), Margo—by now a lovely-looking girl of eighteen—took off for the big city and for whatever prospects might be in store for her there.

They would close first few hours at least, seemed dismal.

On the advice of a girl at the University,

**NEXT MONTH**

**your heart will go out to Tuesday Weld as she tries to answer the most important question of her life:**

**IS IT TOO LATE FOR ME TO BE GOOD?**

**Watch for it in the September issue of MODERN SCREEN On Sale August 5th**

Margo checked into a skyscraper of a women's hotel on the Upper East Side. The girl had told her that it was a safe, convenient place. What she hadn't told was that a room cost $90 a week and that payment in advance, for the first week at least, was mandatory... Margo, finding this out at the desk, nervous, not knowing what else to do, gulped and paid.

In her hotel room a little while later she picked up the phone and dialed the number of Miss Duff, the drama coach to whom she'd been recommended.

"This is Marguerite Guarnerius," she started to say when her call was connected. "I'd like to make an appointment to—"

"But that was it."

For a sad-voiced secretary at the other end of the line interrupted and informed her that Miss Duff had died a week earlier.

Again Margo gulped.

A few minutes later she was back downstairs in the hotel lobby, standing at the desk there. She explained her predicament to a clerk. "And," she said, "I was wondering if you know of a drama instructor or a school where I can apply—a not-too-expensive teacher or school, please?"

The clerk gave a knowing nod. "Just arrived in New York, kind of low on cash?" he asked.
"Yes sort of," Margo said, after a moment. The clerk looked her over.

A real pretty girl
"Interested in making some good money, quick?" he said. Without waiting for an answer, he went on. "It happens I got a friend connected with a big modeling agency here. He always tells me you think we can use—a real pretty girl—you give me a ring'... How about it? Can I give him a ring about you?... He might like you and you're in a few bucks."

"I'd like you and you're in a few bucks."

The clerk picked up a pencil and began jotting down some information.

"You're how tall?" he asked.

"Five-feet-seven," Margo answered.

"What?" Margo asked back.

"And the size of your bust?" asked the clerk.

"I'm a J-seve-en," Margo breathed. "I've never measured it, she said.

The clerk looked up from his pad and examined the anatomy in question.

"Refined," he said, his examination over, as he began to write it down. "Very refined.

"Now let me make the call and—" he smiled—and good luck, Miss...

If there was ever a girl who entered the Hatbox Den and never breathed a word quickly accustomed to good money, a good apartment, good clothes, found that she couldn't give up her work as easily as she thought. She continued modeling.

But she did bid good-bye to the old crowd. And she replaced them all with a husband, a fellow named Bill Warren, an advertising executive she met one evening and, thinking the world was in love with him, married a few afternoons later.

Today Margo is reluctant to talk about this marriage. The muscles in her neck tightening when she does, she says only, softly. "It was a mistake, a big mistake, wrong, beginning, quick ending. The only good thing that came out of it was our child."

Darryl Warren—a big, beautiful blond baby—was born shortly before Margo's divorce was final. And, within only a few years after his birth, Margo learned that bringing up a child alone was not easy.

"My son was unhappy," she says, "and I was unhappy. It's not easy for any boy to live with someone who's only window wasn't easy for Darryl, living with only a mother, a nurse and a maid. I guess the more unhappy and disturbed and hard-to-handle he became, the more I tried to run away from him. I found myself going on a lot again. Tired as I was when I'd come home from work, I'd dress and go to visit people for dinner or go to the theater or a movie, or go with my girl friends. I wasn't interested in men anymore. I didn't think I would ever be again. There was, in fact, only one man in my life, my son, my baby. And he didn't seem to love me. He wouldn't talk to me over the phone, and he wouldn't listen to anyone, least of all to me. So, in a strange, confused way, I tried to run away from him—I'd come home, give him a present, explain our separation and divorce, as if to buy the little kiss I'd get from him as he took the package from me, and then I'd run.

"I couldn't stand it anymore, what was happening to him, to me."

"Till I turned one day to an organization called the Children's Guidance Council and had a long talk with a director there—that plain Jane, very common sense type—she talked all we need once in a while, no matter how high we might feel we're flying up there in the stratosphere.

"She told me, very simply, that a child must have a heart. Give him, not only presents and quick kisses, but love, real love, and consistency, I was told. Don't, above all, take him for granted."

Learning to be a mother
"I went home that afternoon, and this time I had red hair.

"I learned lots being with Darryl, even in those first few hours. I learned, among other things, what it was like to put my boy to bed.

"And one day not too long after this I learned what it was like for a mother to get a present from her son. I was in the living room, reading, this afternoon, I remember. And Darryl was in his room, playing. And then, all of a sudden, he came out and handed me something. It was a piece of clay, with his handprint on it. 'Mommy,' he said, giving it to me, 'this is for you. I love you.' I cried. It was, up to that moment, the happiest moment of my life."

It was at about this time—with Darryl changed—that Margo herself decided to make some changes, too.

Once again she vowed, as she had vowed four years earlier, to quit modeling. And this time she did.

"Smile all you want," she told her doubting friend, "I'm holding down only a few TV jobs, for living expenses. But I'm dropping everything else."

Taking a deep breath and crossing her fingers, and remembering for an instant a little girl named Monica, with her blue-eyed, sick-bed, pretending she was an actress, feeling her strange and delicious feelings, she went on: 'I'm going to a drama school. That's what they tell me. I want to be first place. That's what I should have done in the first place..."

Margo enrolled in a well-known acting school the next day. A few weeks later Columbia Pictures, having heard about her from the school's director, screen-tested her for a leading role in Middle of the Night. The test was a flop—Margo, if not downright unattractive, was definitely unattractive. And the role went to Kim Novak, while Margo went to a different school.

This school suited her fine. She studied there for nearly two years, under a coach named Wyman Howard. She tried out for Broadway plays and TV shows, dozens of them. She was rejected most of the time.

"The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to indicate the proper zone when writing to these cities; be sure to include your zone number in your return address —after the city, before the state.

NEVER FAIL—
ZONE YOUR MAIL

The Post Office has divided 106 cities into postal delivery zones to speed mail delivery. Be sure to indicate the proper zone when writing to these cities; be sure to include your zone number in your return address —after the city, before the state.

ITCH in Women

Relieved Like Magic

Here's blessed relief from tortures of vaginal itch, rectal itch, chafing, rash and eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fascinating, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria germs while it soothes raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stop scratching and stop sores, healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!

Till, finally, some six months ago, the incredible happened:
A New York agent who had seen Margo work, who knew that Twentieth Century-Fox's Hollywood brass was looking around for a "new face" to play Susie Belle, the floozy wife in Hound-Dog Man, recommended Margo. A test was made, in New York. And Margo was given her stand-by papers—with a not-too-encouraging "maybe" attached.

A few weeks later, on a Saturday, the agent called excitedly to tell Margo that someone at MGM had seen her test and that they had decided to sign her.

Minutes after this call, with Margo still sitting, unbelieving, alongside her phone, there came another call. It was the agent again.

"I just talked to the boys at Fox," he said, "to tell them about the Metro contract. But they were just about to call you, to tell me you wanted you for further tests. Sorry, boys," I told them.—first come, first served.' There was a pause, a long pause. And then, suddenly, came the words: "Bring her around to-morrow. We'll sign her. And she leaves for the Coast on Monday."

There was a pause here now, again a long pause.

"Margo, did you hear what I said—you're going to Hollywood day after to-morrow?" the agent called out.

But Margo didn't answer. Couldn't answer.

Because she'd fainted dead away.

Something very special

And while we actually could end our story here, the ending being a decidedly happy one, we feel (1) that it would be impolite leaving a lovely lady lying on the floor, and (2) that you might like to hear a story of how something very special that happened to Margo shortly after her revival and subsequent arrival in Hollywood.

Something concerns a man, that segment of our population which Margo had practically rejected since her ill-fated first marriage.

And—

But let Margo tell it:

"His name is Bob Radnitz. He's a producer, very young and attractive, though I must admit none of his qualities exactly bowled me over the first time we met. We met on the set of the picture. We were introduced, that is, and he said something like, 'Since we're both from New York we've got to get together sometime,' and I said, 'All right, I'm glad to meet you,'

"Then this night, a few nights later, I was at home—I'd just put Darryl to bed—and the phone rang. 'This is Bob Radnitz,' I heard a voice on the other end of the line say.

"Who?' I asked. I'd forgotten his last name.

"He explained, "Oh,' I said, not very enthusiastically. I knew he was going to ask for a date and, truthfully, I couldn't have been less interested.

"But he persisted, so much that finally I said, 'Look, if you're so anxious to talk to somebody, why don't you come over for a little while and have a cup of coffee?'

"'Fest,' I thought to myself when I hung up.

"And he was, too. 'First, as soon as he arrived, he made a long face when I told him I only had instant coffee. He said that there was nothing like drip coffee made in a drip coffee pot.

"Really? I said."

"Then, about an hour later, when I was starved and had to eat something and said, not too invitingly, 'Would you like to join me in some salad?'—he jumped up from his chair, and like a man who hasn't heard the word food in years, came into the kitchen with me, and then proceeded to tell me all about the things he was allergic to. Things like tomatoes and tuna fish, and a couple of other things I'd planned to put into the salad.

"'When is he going to leave?' I wondered to myself as I stood there tossing the lettuce, oil and vinegar—the only ingredients I was allowed to end up using. 'When?'

"But then something happened, as we sat there in the kitchen, eating.

"'We began to talk. Really began to talk. Bob started telling me about his life, the good things, the bad, the ups, the downs. And I told him about my life, all about it. And by the time we were finished talking, five or six hours later, it was as if we'd known each other—and liked each other—

"for years.

"We made no appointment to see each other again when Bob left that night.

Flowers and coffee pots

"But the next morning, at about 7:30, just as I was getting ready to leave for the studio, the front doorbell rang. And there he stood, silly smile on his face, holding a little pink-and-white posy bouquet in his hand. I didn't think that type thing happened anymore. I didn't even know what to say. That is, not to Bob. 'See you sometime,' he said, handing me the flowers and walking away.

"And then that night, when I got home, guess who came? Darryl, Bob and I, on the floor, playing like crazy with Darryl.

"'He hopped up when he saw me,' Margo said, 'Margo—I didn't mean to barge in,' he said, 'but there's a little something I bought for you, that I'd like you to have."

"He led me into the kitchen. And there on the stove it sat, a gleaming new coffee pot.

"'It's the drip kind,' he said, 'just in case you ever decide you'd like to have me over for another cup of coffee.... Well,' he said then, shrugging, as if he were about to leave. 'Do you start thinking I might be some kind of a pest—'

"'But my laughter stopped him, I guess. 'And, probably too, the way I went over to him and hugged him.

"Because he stayed that night—for coffee, and dinner.

"And, come to think of it, he's been showing up for some every night since...."

At this point, both Margo and Bob only smile when anyone brings up the subject of wedding plans.

But to old crystal gazers like us, our so-called mystery girl's future seems very clear indeed.

Margo is a star of 20th-Fox's Wake Me When It's Over.

My Son Has Been Kidnapped

(Continued from page 37)

So the court fight dragged on and the baby was passed back and forth between Stella and Herman time after time. The court made only one provision, that the baby was not to be removed from Memphis until the whole matter was settled once and for all.

But Stella moved to Hollywood and little Andy remained behind with his father, now a MGM movie christine operator at the Mallory Air Force Base. Then both lived with Herman's parents.

The first kidnapping

One Day Stella slipped back into Memphis and carried her beautiful son off with her, against court orders, against the law, back to her home in Hollywood.

No, Sergeant Jonoski felt he understood the whole case. Obviously the boy's father had come to steal back his own son. Obviously it wasn't a matter for the Los Angeles police. Obviously it wasn't a kidnapping... so decided Sergeant Jonoski.

But we're forced to wonder just what it was. We went first to talk with Stella... then to talk with Herman. First, let's hear 78 Stella's story:

"The house is so still now. It used to be filled with happy noises. My little boy laughing or yelling or playing cowboy and shooting off his toy six-gun. Sometimes, when he became too noisy, I'd call out, 'Andy, you know, it's getting late. And if I don't hear you, I'm going to have to leave the kitchen doorbell on.' I wouldn't give him a lot of the things and his friends yelling in the backyard of my home.

"'When will I ever hear my son saying, 'Mommy,' again, or feel his warm arms press me tight in a bear hug, or hear his sturdy little feet in cowboy boots stamp noisily in the kitchen where he'd dig into the refrigerator for snacks. I haven't stocked the refrigerator since he was snatched from me.

"Is being a movie actress such a crime that I should lose my child? The courts in Memphis awarded my little boy to his father. But what about the law of God? How can anyone tear a child away from his mother?"

"I haven't been able to sleep well since Andy was taken from me. The nights are so long. It is hours upon black hours when I lie awake, my heart absolutely torn with longing for my son. And I wonder, during those endless hours: What is happening to Andy now? How is my little boy taking the shock of being so far away from his mother? Is he awake at night, as I am, crying for me, as I am for him?

"For many months, when Andy was with me, I used to tell him that every child with me was mixed with a certain fear. I was afraid that a moment might come when the boy's father would try to take him from me. I'd had to steal my own child out of Memphis. I'd never have to take him with me in the first place.

Once in a lifetime

"It was a beer-sager at the time I married Herman Stephens. It was shortly after our baby was born in Memphis that I realized our marriage had been a mistake. At the time of our separation, I was awarded sole custody of our baby. My parents helped me take care of him when I went to school and when I worked. I soon had an offer to go to Hollywood. It was one of those golden opportunities that comes once in a lifetime. I would have been crazy not to take it. I wanted to make good in Hollywood for my child's sake even more than for mine. With a career as an actress, I could take care of my son. And give him the material things a child needs, and I could give him a lot of myself, too. There's lots of time off in acting. However, at the beginning I had to remain in Hollywood..."
in order to get a toehold in the business. I knew my mother was taking good care of Andy, so as soon as I was able to, I was planning to bring him to Hollywood to live with me.

The thorn in my happiness was that although I had the custody of my son, I didn't have him apart from the occasional week or two per year in Los Angeles, except by special court order. And his father had begun to fight me on that score.

Many divorced mothers have to go to work, and they are allowed to have their children with them. I believed I would be able to do just what so many other mothers who are divorced are allowed to do: to live with him, be there when he needed me, provide a stable home for him. I assumed that I could present my side of the story to the court and get their permission to have my child with me in Hollywood.

I lived thousands of miles away from Memphis. I couldn't always make a court appearance in Memphis on a stipulated day if I was in the middle of production.

Several other times I'd gone to Memphis to appeal to the court for the right to have my child live with me. But on those occasions I'd find myself sitting in a stuffy room and having a postponement after another. Then, when another court date was set, I discovered I was busy in a picture and couldn't walk out. The whole thing was very confusing. I was so often hurt Andy even knew to keep quiet, as if he couldn't understand why I'd leave Memphis without taking him with me. Isn't his own mother love him? It used to break my heart when he'd run after me, pulling my skirt and crying. 'Don't leave me, Mommy.'

An abnormal thing
'O one night last July, unbearably lonely or my child, I flew to Memphis and took him in back with me on the next plane for Hollywood. It may have been in defiance of the court order, but I was so desperate. I was so desperate to keep my son that I didn't care what anyone thought. I didn't have to care what anyone thought. It was my own child, and I was going to do everything possible to keep him. I planned to buy a house in Memphis, and I was going to bring him there. I was going to go to court and fight for him. I was going to do anything to keep him with me. And I did.

But Hollywood was where I lived, and I soon he began to grow robust and tanned. He was always laughing and playing cowboy. He was such a happy child. It was a natural life for him, and for me.

If work and raising children were crowding upon my happiness, because I knew it was time to get him away from Memphis, I decided it was time to begin looking for a bigger apartment. I was sitting at my desk and had just begun to look over some papers. I could hear Andy calling out to a badman he pretended he had lassoed. He tried to get them through the window, but he couldn't. He was too young.
there to catch him if he should fall. ..." That was Stella’s side of the story. Herman’s is quite different.

I had been wanting my son back ever since Stella carried him off to California in violation of the court’s order in May of 1959. I have been planning this since then. You see, I left Memphis on an American Airlines plane at 1:30 a.m. on Saturday, April 23. I had $600 in my pocket. I didn’t know how much it would cost.

I arrived in Los Angeles Saturday morning and rented a car. I drove to a private plane rental company at the airport and chartered a plane and pilot. As soon as I arrived at the airport with Andy, the pilot was to fly us to Phoenix, about 450 miles from Los Angeles.

I drove into town and got a map of Los Angeles. I drove out Benedict Canyon Drive and found Stella’s house real easy.

**The Watch**

“I parked down the street and watched the house the rest of the day. If Andy came home, I was going to get him and take off fast. But I never did see him that day.

“That night I drove off and found a motel. I was keyed up, tense and excited and didn’t sleep too well. I got up early Sunday morning and started watching the house again. No one came out for hours.

Then in early afternoon Stella and Andy came out and got in a car and left.

“After that I drove up and down the freeways for a long time, just taking Andy for a ride. I guess. She finally turned off and I was afraid she would see me if I followed, so I didn’t. After supper, I went back to her house and began watching again. But she didn’t come home that night. At least, not while I was there. I fell asleep in the car, it was so late. I finally woke up—it was 2:30 a.m. or so and drove back to my motel.

(Ed. note: Stella in a later interview denied she did not return home. She said she was home all Sunday evening. It was possible, of course, for Stella to have returned while Herman was out or eating, or to have returned when he went to sleep.)

“I set my alarm clock for 6:00 a.m. and got a few hours’ sleep. I drove back and watched the house again. I didn’t see anyone and didn’t know if anyone was home or not.

“I began checking nurseries in the neighborhood but was unsuccessful. I drove to Stella’s house again to make one last effort. And for some reason I can’t explain, I did something I hadn’t planned to do. I parked in the driveway and walked up to the door. It was about 11:30 a.m. when I rang the bell.

“Just at that instant, I heard Andy’s voice from the side of the house. He was playing outside. When he heard the bell, he ran out. Oh, little boy. He hollered, ‘Daddy,’ and came running up to me. About that time I heard Estelle in the house call out, ‘Andy.’

“Thinking I was getting panicky, I had to move fast. I realized that Andy was glad to see me, as I was him. I quickly to see a guy go from ‘rags to riches’ I finally did better than that I read didn’t think about it.

But with the promise I made to the kid I was soon to really think about it. I leave the hospital and drove the 3 or 4 miles to Glenwood. It was pouring down rain—but that didn’t keep the far away. In fact, there were some 4-5 cars parked at the gate when I drove up. I first needed his mother. Maybe they’ll let me in for a while. I forgot that silly nonsense. But I couldn’t do it! I had made a promise to those kids which I would keep. I WAS GOING TO TRY.

“Feeling like a complete idiot, I drove right up to the gate and yelled for Travis Elvis’ uncle who worked as guard at the gate, to come out to the car. I had my Travie—the kid recognized me, he came out and sat in the car and talked with me for a while. I explained to him what I wanted and he told me Elvis was out with some of the boys, but every time he tried to go out. ”You just put right up beside the drive and you’ll cote him when he drives in.”

It wasn’t ten minutes later that Elvis appeared, driving the purple Cadillac, at parking lot at the gate. No sooner had I stopped than eight or ten kids rushed to him for autographs. Well, I wasn’t going to butt in on their fun—no in my car seat! After all, I recognize certain people do not recognize Ruby Lee May—but felt as if everyone was watching and considering me an "autograph hound." I was at that time to be the closest to leaving, but I still couldn’t do it! Even if it meant pocking my pride and making a fool of myself I have to do so—I was going to leave in defeat.

As they once again went to get out, Elvis moved on toward the house—leaving me alone with the crowds behind.

Eventually all the cars left—and I again drove to the gate in answer to Travis’ call, “Why didn’t you get out?” So I explained—then asked that he take a message up to the house for me. That message read:

**Elvis:**

"I went to the airport, checked in a rented car and hurried over to the chartered plane. The pilot was waiting. We left immediately and arrived there about mid-afternoon.

“We got on the plane and left Phoenix at 12:30 a.m., April 26, and got in Memphis at 2:15 a.m. I had to be home with Andy. It had been too long since I’d seen him—almost a year.”

But despite Herman Stephens’ pleasantry being re-united with his son, his troubled mind was not set at rest.

“I’m going to go back,” says Stella, “let’s go my boy. Oh, I won’t try to steal Ang again. I’ll go to court. They know a little boy needs his father. Maybe they’ll leave me in jail for a while, but I don’t care.

So that’s where the story ends.... in the movie... in a little boy pulled at ar pushed, having no idea where he belonged, or what to do to be safe. I hope they have lived through worse than that.... only wonder how he will ever understand that all of this confusion, this emotion tortured and broken by the problems, because two people claim to love him more than anything in the world.

**Have I Failed as a True Christian?**

(Continued from page 34)

was a letter that did not praise Elvis far from it! This letter attacked in the way we know hurts Elvis most... it told a story of a night that apparently shocked the letter writer, and may possibly shock some of our readers, but it did not shock us.

Why not? Because we have received just such letters about almost every star in the United States.

We have never previously printed such a letter because we felt it might damage the star, but we feel that this case points a very important moral... if Elvis Presley, one of the finest that we know, can be misunderstood in this manner, no star, no performer is ever safe. This is the letter:

Mr. David Myers, Editor
Modern Screen
New York, New York
Dear Mr. Myers:

First things first—so I’ll begin by introducing myself.

My name is Miss Ruby Lee May, I am 24 years old.... Some time ago I took a job in Memphis, Tennessee, where I worked in a finance company—helping our customers find their way out of their personal problems. In my spare time I began working with the kids at the Crippled Children’s Hospital—and found I completely surrounded myself with their problems. These kids were not crippled for life—there was hope of their recovery. Those with club feet would be able to walk some day. Those with polio could someday walk again....

One day I walked in and received not so much as a "Hi".... I talked with the nurse on duty. It was through her that I learned that the kids were “down in the dumps” because they had received word that they were not going home for Christmas.

“Not going home for Christmas? Why, they had planned on it so much. In fact, I had helped some of them address Christmas cards to their friends saying they would all get together and have a good time. The plans had been altered due to a flu epidemic—and the doctors said, “No.”

How in the world do you explain to children—who, not at their own choosing, are different from other children? Stella, with a smile, turned me back into the room, gathered all of them around me, and announced, “Okay, I’ll tell you what! You tell me what you’d rather do or something else in the world and I’ll get it as a Christmas gift for you.”

I no more than got the promise out of my mouth than I got an answer from Junior. “Rubie, will you see us?” And a silence I’ve never experienced since, one which I hope will never re-appear—came over the entire room!

There were 12 children at that point; 10 of them were orphans and mutual friends. They knew that I knew Anita Wood, the girl Elvis was dating. But they didn’t know that they had recently had a quarrel when Anita had gone to Hollywood to make a film, that they were writing, etc. But you don’t try explaining these things to kids— you just don’t! And so— I made a promise to TRY! But it turned out to be the greatest challenge of my entire life!

Yes, I had met Elvis. I don’t say that we were friends—only that we had been introduced many times, and seemed to be pleasant due to his friendly ways. But I doubted even then that Elvis would remember such a meeting, even one of them. I don’t know that I ever really had an opinion of him—simply that I was glad...
Elvis have Patti Little told, "I listen. But you just stand back and listen! I personally don’t give a damn about you—or who you are! But I do care about those kids at that hospital—heartbroken because they can’t go home for Christmas. They wanted you to stop by just long enough to say you were thinking about them. But no! You can’t spare ten minutes! Sure, you can drop $1,000 in the pot on Main Street and a photographer just happens to be standing there! But you can’t drop in and see some kids who are less fortunate than you! I’m afraid I couldn’t have the press standing there with the flash bulbs popping—and showing what a thoughtful and wonder-
ful person you are. No, I can’t do that for you! Sure, I know you’re busy! And I know a lot of people must be on you constantly for something! So go about your business and make all your fans happy! But don’t you forget that those kids at the hospital—even though some are bed-ridden, some can’t talk or wake up every morn-
ing and see what a beautiful world they live in, and others don’t walk—those kids helped put you where you are today and they can very easily tear you down! Do you remember, Elvis? Do you re-
member how I sat there with tears of joy streaming down my cheeks because I could appreciate life to the fullest—and tears of sorrow for kids who cared enough for Elvis Presley to think he might pos-
sibly stop by and say hello? Do you remember later your reply, “I’m busy—you’ll have to come back later on.” Do you remember, Elvis?

If you own any singles (a record with one song on each side) by any of the following performers, please make an X in the box next to his name:

**SINGLES**

- Ames Brothers
- Paul Anka
- Annette
- Frankie Avalon
- La Vern Baker
- Brook Benton
- Pot Boone
- Brothers Four
- Johnny Cash
- Bobby Darin
- Fats Domino
- Lennie Donegan
- Tommy Edwards
- Everly Brothers
- Fabian
- Eddie Fisher
- Ello Fitzgerald
- Connies Francis

- Johnny Horton
- Merv Johnson
- Brenda Lee
- Little Willie John
- Rick Nelson
- Patti Page
- Plotters
- Elvis Presley
- Lloyd Price
- Jim Reeves
- Debbie Reynolds
- Marty Robbins
- Jimmie Rodgers
- Connie Stevens
- Neil Sedaka
- Conway Twitty
- Sarah Vaughan
- Jackie Wilson

100 FREE "ELVIS IS BACK" ALBUMS

How can you win one of RCA Victor’s great new “Elvis Is Back” albums? Just fill in both sides of the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) and mail it to
us right away. Twenty winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—one basis of the date and time on your postmark:

- Eastern States
- Southern States
- Midwestern States
- Rocky Mountain
- Pacific States
- Canada

And even if you don’t win an Elvis album, you’ll be glad you sent this ballot in because you’re helping us discover the recording stars you really care about. MAIL TO:

RECORDING STAR POLL,
MODERN SCREEN, BOX 2291,
GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
N.Y. 17, N.Y.

*Fame and fortune don’t apply here to the man with the list,* I’ve met you several times—but pos-
sibly you don’t remember. That, how-
ever, is not important. I’d like to talk
with you for five minutes in which to
ask a favor of you—a favor which
would make some 20-30 kids the hap-
pier ones ever! Christine

I know you must be busy—having
everyone want to see you at this time
—and I certainly don’t want to bother
you. But would it be possible to speak
with you for these short minutes? I’d be
so appreciative.

Ruby Lee Mays

It was approximately three minutes later that Trazia ran ahead with his answer, Elvis says to tell you he’ll be down in about ten minutes.”

And now comes my open letter to Elvis Presley:

Do you remember how you drove down the road from the house—parking your car
to mine, Elvis? Do you remember how you rolled down the window and yelled, “You the one that sent the notice.”

And my answer was, “Yes, I’d like to talk
with you for just a moment if I may,
please.” And do you remember how you yelled back, “Well, I’m a busy man. I don’t have time to talk.”

It was then, Elvis, that I said I was sor-
y, that I knew you were busy, that I didn’t want to bother you, but that I had promised the kids I’d talk with you. And then—through all that rain—
your answer was the same, “Well, I’ve got
date and I’ve gotta go.”

With that I turned the key and began
backing out. Do you remember calling
back to me, Elvis, “What was it you
wanted to talk about?”

Well, the little speech I had rehearsed
time and again on my mind
didn’t seem so convincing any longer—certainly
t the type you’d deliver between two
parked cars in the rain with four guys
sitting there in your car listening. But re-

less, I had to make an attempt. I wouldn’t go back to the hospital and tell
dose kids I hadn’t even talked with you.

But were the case they’d expect me to
come back at you—come back at them—
never go through this deal twice. And so
begin—told you everything. I ex-

ained how heartbroken they were; your appearance would make them happy, that you wouldn’t have to sing or spend much

time there, only say hello and let them
know you cared.

But you were having no part of it! Do
you remember your reply when I again
said I was sorry to have taken up your
time and began backing out? Do you re-

member jumping out of the car and step-
ing the short distance to my side and
sitting so all could hear, “Don’t you act
smart! You don’t realize I’m a busy
man. When I come home I’d like to spend
time with my folks.”

And again I said I was sorry! And again
backed away. But you cried out, “You
hit just a minute! Don’t you act so high
and mighty!”

And do you remember my answer,
Elvis? I told you, “No one is acting high
and mighty! I’m trying to be nice. I came
out here to ask a favor of you. I didn’t
expect you to go—but I told those kids I’d ask. Now that, you’ve given me
your answer I’ll leave.”

But again you held me there. I can still
see you leaning toward my car—dripping
in the rain—as you literally screamed, “You
’re not even to understand that I want a
minute to myself. Whenever I come
people are always wanting me to do
—and do that—for charity!”

“Charity! Charity!” Mr. Presley, let me
you one thing! I didn’t come out
looking for an autograph from the
‘Rock’ Roll King! I don’t care if you dig
Well, I do! I remembered how I drove back to the hospital and stood at the door debating what I should tell those kids. I remember how I first went to the ladies’ room to put on my face before going in to see them again. I even remember how I dropped down into the chair in the office and cried my heart out in disappointment — because there wasn’t a thing in this God’s world I could do about it.

Yes, Elvis, I remember! Oh, how I shall always remember walking in and telling the kids, I had decided not to tell them the truth—that you didn’t have time for all that charity work—but simply that you were tied up with other engagements and that was that!

But, Elvis, children are far smarter than we give them credit for. . . . All they understood was that Elvis wasn’t coming to see them! . . .

It has been quite some time since I’ve thought back to that night in the rain. But today—when I picked up the paper and saw your picture and your comment to give the people rock ‘n’ roll as long as they want it— I couldn’t help but remember.

And in remembering I recall the endorsement of my high school diploma which you always have to present. As the yearbook is coming to an end, there is the possibility that we may be a little more lenient in our grading. So we hope you will do your best in the final examinations.

I wish you, Elvis, all the luck and happiness in the world. And especially when you find the one thing you want more than anything else to make you happy—I truly hope you get it. A lot of us don’t . . . especially at Christmastime on a rainy night in Memphis.

Regards for the best,
Miss Ruby Lee Mayes (Lee)
2637 Mobile Avenue, Apt. 3
El Paso, Texas

It wouldn’t be right or proper for Elvis to answer this letter . . . for what could he say? “Dear God, did I fail as a Christian? I Elvis Presley want to hurt anyone.” Would that be an adequate answer? Would that ease the pain of the children who waited for him in vain? Would that really satisfy the young lady who in such real sadness wrote her letter to us? We doubt it.

It’s far more fitting that we answer it here and now, for we can point to the facts that Elvis would never dream of mentioning. We can point to a paralyzed thirteen-year-old girl for whom Elvis made the entire time in the world (until she died), and a young polio victim in Germany whom Elvis made his best friend, and hundreds of other crippled and disabled children who are grateful to Elvis for his open-handed generosity. No one could name them all.

We can point to the men out of work for whom Elvis has found jobs. We can point to a park in Tupelo, there in large part through Elvis’ gifts. We can cover pages and pages with names and times and events . . . but we doubt even this would wipe out the memory of that unhappy evening in the rain. It is said correctly that one misstep can forever erase a man’s good reputation.

But the thing that is forgotten (in this case by Miss Mays) is that the requests made of the stars are fantastic, unbelievable. We’re not speaking of the ridiculous requests like: “Dear Mr. Presley, You have so much money . . . please send me ten thousand dollars . . .”—every day’s mail brings such letters—but of the very sensible, often heart-rending pleas for aid: “My daughter needs an eye operation” . . . “Would you please help me find a job?” . . . “Would you entertain our Girl Scout troop?” . . . “Would you please give me just a minute of your time?”

That any star finds some minutes to spare, sends some checks, entertains some troops means that he has carefully considered these requests, and with a heavy heart has turned down a thousand times as many others.

If you speak with any star you will find that the thing he most craves is time . . . a half an hour to spend with his family, seven straight hours to get some sleep, fifteen minutes to watch some television. Hollywood marriages break up because there is no time for family life. Hollywood stars get ulcers because there is no time to eat. And Hollywood stars have nervous breakdowns because there is no time to relax.

Elvis Presley has less time than other stars and many more demands made upon it. Yet Elvis has always found time for his church and his Christianity, so if we are to answer the letter we printed above we can only say:

Dear Miss Mays:
Please try to find it in your heart to forgive a man whose burdens are heavy, whose time is limited and whose nerves for the moment snapped, but a man who truly lives all of humanity.

Peggy Porgy

Elvis will soon star in G. I. Blues for Paramount.
With Tampax, you’re free as all outdoors… free to ski and spree… to have fun wherever you go, whatever you do! The choice of millions, it’s the modern way!  **TAMPAX… so much a part of your active life.**

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
Salem refreshes your taste — “air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Salem makes it Springtime every time you smoke. Just as a perfect day in May gives you both bright sunshine and cool shade, so a Salem gives you both rich tobacco to taste and cool softness to refresh you. Salem’s special High Porosity paper “air-softens” every puff. Try Salem. It’s the rich-tasting smoke with springtime softness. Salem refreshes your taste.

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Sta-Puf helps things dry wrinkle-free ...eliminates much ironing!

So soft to touch, so smooth and fresh! That's a wash rinsed with Sta-Puf!
For Sta-Puf® Rinse softens wrinkly creases in flatwork, blue jeans, corduroys, work clothes. Keeps wash-and-wear always wearable, with far less "touch-up" pressing. Lots of things dry so wrinkle-free, they need no ironing at all! And Sta-Puf restores deep-piled softness to all wash-hardened fabrics. Towels fluff up almost half again in thickness ... ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, muslin sheets like expensive percale! Diapers and baby clothes come out soft as baby's tender skin, preventing scratchy irritation. Get Sta-Puf at your grocer's for your very next wash.

And use Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch for the finest finish of all!


Washer Shown is a Hotpoint TOUCH COMMAND
shave, lady?...don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never again be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful Neet goes down deep where no razor can reach—actually beauty-creams the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer, silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, nicest legs in town, why not try Neet—you'll never want to shave again! Neet
Your all day veil of fragrance

scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne

No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet ...pure, imported Italian Talc...your all day Veil of Fragrance.

Cashmere Bouquet Talc
the fragrance men love

SEPTEMBER, 1960
AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

Marilyn Monroe .............. 17 The Ghost That Haunts Marilyn Monroe by Victoria Cole
Robert Stack ................. 20 How Luck And Love Clobbered Bob Stack by Ed DeBlasio
Shirley MacLaine ............ 22 The Heartache Of Shirley MacLaine's Marriage by Helen Weller
May Britt .................... 26 An Open Letter To May Brit's Co-Workers And Friends
Tuesday Weld ................. 28 Is It Too Late For Me To Change My Ways? by Rosamond Gaylor
Bobby Rydell ................. 30 The Kid Was Starving! by Paul Denis
Vivien Leigh
Laurence Olivier .......... 34 This Is Vivien Leigh by Beverly Linet
Annette Funicello ......... 38 I Know There Are Miracles by George Christy
Elizabeth Taylor
Eddie Fisher ................. 40 Liz Walks Out!
Bobby Darin ................. 42 We're Getting Married!
Ava Gardner ................. 44 Ava Gardner's Lost Baby by Bobby Darin
Debbie Reynolds ............ 46 Debbie In Trouble! by Bob Thomas

FEATURETTES

Linda Cristal ................ 5 Linda Cristal And The Battle Of The Bulge
Elvis Presley
Cliff Richard ................. 56 Cliff Richard's Idol, Elvis Presley
Margaret Leighton
Laurence Harvey ............ 62 Meeting Margaret
Irene Dunne ................ 66 The Red And The Blue
Joanie Sommers ............. 76 Paid: By Joanie Sommers—An I-O-U To God

DEPARTMENTS

Louello Parsons ............. 9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 The Inside Story
6 New Movies
64 Disk Jockeys' Quiz
74 September Birthdays
79 $150 For You

Cover Photograph from Gillon
Other Photographers' Credits on Page 53

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant
GENE HOYT, research director

MICHAEL LEFCOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, ass't. art editor
CARLOS CLARENS, research
JEANNE SMITH, editorial research
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

Who put the egg in Peg's shampoo?

(and why?)

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

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

VELVETY LASHES...a flick of Lashbrite's Swirl-on Mascara does it. Waterproof, too. Carry it everywhere in its elegant brushed gold case. In Jet Black, Blue or Velvet Brown. 79c.

BEWITCHING EYES...created with Lashbrite's Shadow Tones in three fancy-free hues plus Silver and Gold for dramatic effects...all in one palette. 59c.

Lashbrite glamour in eye makeup

EXOTIC EYES...need a thin brush stroke of Lashbrite, non-smeary Liquid Eyeliner blended upward. Try Black, Brown, also iridescent colors of Turquoise, Green, Violet, Blue, Gold, Silver. 49c.

THEON CO., NEW YORK THEON LTD., MONTREAL

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 68.

- Jerry Lewis seems to be running around from city to city in a bell-hop's outfit—and acting real wild. Doesn't he think this is going a little far to plug a movie—particularly for a star of his caliber and considering the poor state of his health?
  —R.D., STATEN ISLAND, N.Y.

- The farther he goes, the richer he gets. Jerry owns the picture.

- Last month's Modern Screen featured a story on Princess Margaret and Tony Jones. Pardon me for being sarcastic, but just what movie did they ever appear in to merit a story in the top movie magazine in this country?
  —R.T., NEWPORT, R.I.

- A THE ROYAL WEDDING—in glorious Technicolor—seen by millions in movie houses throughout the country. (And Jackie Chan's in Susie Wong.)

- If you possibly can, tell me what Jane's Leigh was covered with during that "crucial" nude shower scene in Psycho?

- Water.

- Are Yves Montand and Simone Signoret as happy as they seem to be?
  —L.B., Dayton, Ohio.

- They are now in the process of working out several serious domestic problems.

- With both her children half-Jewish, and Harry Karl all Jewish, will Debbie Reynolds convert if she marries Karl?
  —E.R., Wichita Falls, Kan.

- Debbie has no such plans at this time.

- I am a fan of Dean Stockwell's and I searched all the newspapers and magazines for a photo of his wedding to Millie Perkins in Las Vegas. Why hasn't one been printed?
  —M.K., Nome, Alaska

- Because none exists. A friend of Dean's passed on the fascinating theory that Dean and Millie were married a couple of months before they sent the wedding news out of Vegas. A check of churches and ministers seems to substantiate this.

- Every time a star is sick—he or she seems to be suffering from Hepatitis. Everyone from Kim Novak to Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. Is a bug causing a Hollywood epidemic—or is it just fashionable to suffer from Hepatitis? Incidentally—what is Hepatitis? And how do you get it?
  —T.R., Los Angeles, Calif.

- You don't want it. It's more serious than fashionable. The American Medical Dictionary defines it as "inflammation of the liver. The Merck Manual of Diagnosis defines Toxic Hepatitis as "Hepatitis caused by a wide variety of chemicals taken into the system by inhalation, ingestion, skin absorption or injection." Amoebic Hepatitis is caused by "amoebas reaching the liver through the portal system." There's no epidemic in Hollywood but the "disease is prevalent in the tropics" and California is semi-tropical. It can be mild as in Kim's case, prolonged and serious as in Ann Sothern's a few years ago, fatal if acute yellow atrophy results. When stricken before, the stars vaguely referred to their trouble as "an internal disorder" or "jaundice."

- Can you tell me what was really behind all that publicity about Brigitte Bardot's desire to leave movies forever, and then her equally sudden desire to remain a star after all?

- A desire for all that publicity.

- Is it true that James Arness is seeing an analyst about his marital problems?
  —R.Z., Butte, Mont.

- He's seeing an analyst about all his problems.

- Is it very serious between Hope Lange and Glenn Ford?
  —L.V.H., Montreal, Can.

- Not very.

- I read where King Farouk and Debra Paget are interested in each other. This can't possibly be true—can it?
  —F.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

- The ex-king is interested in Debra—and a few dozen others. Miss Paget was merely mildly flattered by his attention.
Linda Cristal, a shapely girl, tells the story that when her studio discovered her in Mexico, she weighed one-hundred-thirty pounds.

Rather a lot for a small-boned, pretty gal, the studio told her; in fact, too fat.

But that's how the Mexicans like a girl, Linda protested, "weeth a leetle meat on."

No—said the always-right studio. Diet.

So, against her better judgment, Linda dieted down to one hundred and eight pounds.

Now, suddenly, for the first time in her adult life, something was missing. No longer the whistles walking down the street; no longer the stares in the restaurants. "And you know," she said plaintively, "we women do like a leetle admiration."

The studio kept brushing off her complaints until one day a few months later, everyone on the lot began to say, "Never saw you looking so well... See what a good diet does for you!"

Now that Linda felt she had won her point she could keep her secret no longer. She admitted that she had secretly put on seven pounds. "And you see what eet does for me...!"

But was the studio happy? No! Furious!

But Linda, she didn't care. She had the whistles again.

Linda co-stars in United Artists' THE ALAMO.
TAMPAX
A PROVED SUCCESS FOR OVER 25 YEARS

REASON: Does away with belts, pads, pins. Worn internally, Tampax is invisible, unfelt once in place.

REASON: Lets you bathe, shower, from the very first day. Properly inserted, Tampax cannot absorb water from the outside.

REASON: Neat, quick, easy to use. Inserts in seconds with satinsmooth applicator. To dispose of Tampax, just flush away!

REASON: Odor can't form with Tampax. You feel so fresh, dainty, tidy at all times, you almost forget it's that time of month.

REASON: Tampax is safe, sure, medically sound; invented by a doctor for ALL women, married or single.

Next month try Tampax® internal sanitary protection. See for yourself how Tampax takes the problem out of problem days.

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

The tortured conscience of Anthony Quinn, as the doctor who murdered Lana Turner's husband in Portrait in Black is driving him—and her—to desperation.

PORTRAIT IN BLACK

Lana Turner
Anthony Quinn
Sandra Dee
John Saxon
Lloyd Nolan

crimes of passion

• Lana Turner, the second wife of Lloyd Nolan, wants to become the first wife of doctor Anthony Quinn. Can this be arranged? Well, Nolan's dying anyway, so Quinn sends him off with an air bubble in a hypodermic needle. Perfect crime. Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her on a successful murder. Most disturbing. Was it the maid (Anna May Wong), the chauffeur (Ray Walston), Lana's step-daughter (Sandra Dee) or Nolan's lawyer (Richard Basehart)? Probably Nolan's lawyer because, ever since Nolan's death, Basehart has been ruthlessly taking over the shipping empire and proposing marriage to Lana. Together, Quinn and Lana plan to murder him. When his body's found the police naturally arrest Sandra Dee's boyfriend (John Saxon). John's been angry at Basehart for welshing on a tugboat contract. Another perfect crime.

Then Lana gets a letter congratulating her. That alone can make a girl nervous. What's worse is that Quinn's acting jumpy. He'd like to go to a hospital in Switzerland or on the moon for that matter. But he rolls up his sleeves knowing he has a job to do—and that is to find the letter writer and kill him—or her, or it. Which is it?—EASTMAN COLOR, UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL.

MURDER, INC.

Stuart Whitman
May Britt
Henry Morgan
Peter Falk
David J. Stewart

some local history

• Murder, Inc., used to be one of the most successful businesses in New York. It specialized, naturally, in murder for profit. Names like Lepke, Anastasia, Capone still ring a bell in the hearts of middle-aged hood. A lot of the "action" took place in Brooklyn, while headquarters was in the garment center. It's a big day for Lepke (David Stewart) when Abe
Only 20 minutes more than last night’s pin-up …

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep… brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave “takes” while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you **wake up with a permanent** that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!

---

Reles (Peter Falk) joins the organization. Falk is built like a gorilla, retains little human feeling and is an expert at “handling iron.” A young man (Stuart Whitman), who owes Falk money, is persuaded to be his driver on the various “contracts” Falk fulfills for Lepke. Whitman is weak rather than brutal, a fact which proves fatal to his pretty wife, May Britt. Even when Falk attacks May, Whitman can’t do much about it. He gets deeper and deeper into the business. Falk sets the couple up in an apartment and, when the heat’s on, Lepke moves in, using May as his cook. A new Assistant D.A. (Henry Morgan) finally comes along to clean up Murder, Inc.—a simple matter of catching Falk and making him “sing.”—20th-Fox.

**PSYCHO**

Hitchcock’s latest

- Janet Leigh, of all people, steals forty thousand dollars from her trusting employer and leaves town. She’s rushing to her boyfriend (John Gavin) who, only yesterday, couldn’t afford to marry her. To refresh herself (she’s under quite a strain) she stops at a deserted motel. As young proprietor Anthony Perkins informs her—12 rooms, 12 vacancies. Never mind, she just wants to sleep. Let me bring you a sandwich, he says. Certainly, she says. He goes up the hill apiece to where he lives with his old mother and Janet hears a loud argument. About her, of course. Mom apparently hates girls (dirty, scheming, contemptible creatures). Tony returns with a tray and he and Janet have a heart-to-heart talk in a room filled with stuffed birds. A boy’s best friend is his mother, Tony says, in defense of her. A little mad, a little old-fashioned—well, maybe. If Janet weren’t under such a strain she might have left the motel right then. Too bad she didn’t. Whatever happens to her, and to the private investigator sent to find her? John Gavin and Janet’s sister (Vera Miles) pursue this question to its startling conclusion. One scene is just a little too violent for my taste; the rest, forgive me, Hitchcock fans, doesn’t seem a very palatable subject for what is essentially, a thriller.—PRAEMOUNT.

---

Stealing that money is the beginning of Janet Leigh’s troubles in Psycho.

(Continued on page 8)
Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a real cream deodorant can give plus glide-on convenience—both in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won’t damage clothes. 3 months’ supply—1.00 plus tax.

New Desert Dri®—real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton

new movies
(Continued from page 7)

THE HOUSE OF USHER
technicolor horror story

Vincent Price
Mark Damon
Myrna Fahey
Harry Ellerbe

- The House of Usher has been crumbling for years. Bad blood, whispers Vincent Price, last of the Usher males. Don’t be silly, says handsome Mark Damon, fresh from Boston, it’s just a crack in the wall. Mark likes to look on the bright side of things because he’s engaged to Vincent’s beautiful sister, Myrna Fahey. One look at that house would have sent any other boy home to mama. Mist surround it, spider webs hang all over it, chandeliers (heavy with lighted candles) come crashing from the ceiling. You can’t talk to Vincent (it hurts his ears); Myrna has cataleptic fits and the cellar is full of occupied coffins. Mark wants to take Myrna away with him but Vincent insists another fate is in store for her—the old family madness. I’ll tell you, my money’s on Vincent.—AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL.

SONG WITHOUT END
story of Franz Liszt

Dirk Bogarde
Genevieve Page
Capucine
Martita Hunt
Ivan Desny

- Unfortunately, this movie lives up to its title. Dirk Bogarde, as Liszt, and his piano never part. He renders about forty selections, or bits of selections, before one glittering audience after another, all over Europe, in the 19th century. At least the women change. Countess Genevieve Page has left her husband to live with Bogarde and have two children by him. Her possessiveness finally drives this flamboyant, tortured genius out of the house. He goes on a triumphant concert tour where his biggest triumph is the beautiful Princess Capucine. Confident that she can get a divorce from the Prince, Capucine sets out to inspire Bogarde as a composer. This involves a lot of traveling. The Czar won’t give her a divorce, the Pope won’t give her a divorce, the Grand Duchess of Weimar (Martita Hunt) can’t give her a divorce (but she can, and does, appoint Bogarde as Court Conductor). Truly in love, Bogarde composes and dedicates “Liebesstraum” to Capucine. Since she can’t live with him, he enters a monastery which, at any rate, has an organ.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

OSCAR WILDE

Robert Morley
Phyllis Calvert
John Neville
Sir Ralph Richardson
Dennis Price

- Oscar Wilde, poet and playwright who shocked and delighted Victorian England with his wit, also shocked and horrified them with his romantic preference for young men. Married, and the father of two sons, he is nevertheless attracted by one Lord Douglas (John Neville), a neurotic young man who can’t stand his father, the Marquis of Queensbery. The Marquis, it turns out, can’t stand Wilde and slanders him. Persuaded by Douglas to bring the Marquis into court Wilde sets the stage for his own downfall. It appears that Douglas was only one of a host of charming young men to win Oscar’s favor. Brilliant performances by Robert Morley (as Wilde) and prosecutor Sir Ralph Richardson make entertaining a movie which is too superficial in treatment to be satisfying.—20th-Fox.

(Continued on page 70)
The Latest on Elvis:

I don't believe that his hand-holding and eye-gazing with leading lady Juliet Prowse on the set of GI Blues means anything serious romantically for Mr. Swivel Hips anymore than I believe his two or three dates with Tuesday Weld add up to anything.

Elvis hasn't yet found the girl—and frankly, I don't believe he's looking too hard. You have to hand it to him for not being thrown off base by all the females, young—and older—who throw themselves at this very rich young man.

Speaking of the Presley cash, his manager Colonel Tom Parker tells me he holds no reins on the way Elvis spends his money. "The boy works hard for his money. He has a lot of it. Why shouldn't he enjoy it as he goes along? Luckily, he is sensible and doesn't throw it away. But he's never been on an allowance from me—or anyone else—since he started earning big money."

Since Elvis cut that pompadour—or whatever all that big shock of hair bouncing around over his forehead could be called—he is more handsome than ever. His director Norman Taurog says, "He's photographing like a million in the picture."

Most Hollywoodites who knew Elvis before he went into the service and before the death of his mother whom he adored—find the boy quieter and for more matured since his return.

Speaking of his mother—he is keeping the big mansion he bought for his parents in Memphis about a year before Mrs. Presley's death, just as she had furnished and left it.

When his father announced his engagement to be married again, he told his dad: "I'll keep mother's home for my own. I'd like to buy a new one for you and your bride.

"It isn't fair to expect your new wife to step into a house so filled with memories of another woman. Besides, brides like to fix up new places."

The one-and-only Elvis and pert dancer Juliet Prowse have been sharing some pretty private jokes but it doesn't look as though the romance is serious.

Nancy Walters:

She's the first new young beauty to be put under a two-year contract at MGM in a long time—that's how much confidence they have in her future.

To watch her making eyes at Dean Martin and almost stealing him away from Judy Holliday in Bells Are Ringing, you'd never guess that for eight years of her childhood she was in and out of hospitals for crippled children.

The now curvaceous Nancy, whose figure is currently a large part of her good fortune, told me, "During one stretch of 18 months I was never out of my bed in the Hospital For Crippled Children in Amatilla, Florida."

It still upsets Nancy to talk about the childhood accident which brought on such serious bone infection that it was feared her leg might have to be amputated. "My brother Ernest to this day considers it a nightmare that his wagon slammed into my leg while we were playing in the yard and brought on my crippling injury."

Yet, she believes there was a pattern even to this near tragedy, "It was while I was in the children's hospitals that I started singing and putting on little puppet shows—trying to cheer up the youngsters who were worse off than I. Without knowing it, I was really getting training for my career." She believes the "miracle" of her complete recovery came when "I stopped feeling sorry for myself."

At fifteen, well and strong again, she was modeling in New York. At the same time she was studying drama at the Neighborhood Playhouse and landed a job singing and dancing in the Broadway musical Anchors Aweigh. This led to TV which has a way of leading to Hollywood—and did in Nancy's case.

Big-eyed, auburn haired and quite beautiful, Nancy exhibits a lot of common sense. She is saving her money and even whipped up the beautiful gown she wore to the Academy Awards. "I just can't squander my earnings like some girls—how far can you push your luck?" she asks.
Gina's Glamour Party

It's not every hostess beautiful enough to seat Marilyn Monroe at her table at a party and hold her own—but Gina Lollobrigida did at her swank soiree at Romanoff's.

Can you imagine the eyeful of the sparkling beautiful brunette beauty Gina and the misty blonde Miss Monroe? What a rare mood Marilyn is in these days—and nights. She didn't miss a dance and she was as bubbling as the imported Champagne on the table.

Both beauties were fabulously gowned—Gina in off-white and Marilyn in a white sheath cut à la Vikki Duggan in the back and as tight as her skin. Others at Gina's table were Sir Carol Reed, the director; Mrs. Lew Wasserman, Rupert Allen, Jimmy McHugh and this writer.

Gina is one of the few big stars who really enjoys giving parties and knows how. Before her dinner-dance in the Crown Room, beautiful with its soft lights and centerpieces of pale pink roses, she and her husband Dr. Milko Skofic had arrived early enough to personally select all the wines served.

Even though all the girls were dressed to the teeth with diamonds sparkling, it was a fun party with everyone having a ball.

Irrepressible Rosalind Russell kicked off her shoes to dance with Edward G. Robinson, saying over her shoulder to me as they danced by our table, "I want to make a movie with Eddie and I'm proving I'm not too tall for him."

French Yves Montand, a "bachelor" since his wife Simone Signoret returned to Paris for a movie, was the dancingest gentleman present including many twirls with his co-star of Let's Make Love, Marilyn.

Oh, yes—another gorgeous white gown, long and very formal, was worn by Dinah Shore, with her ever lovin' George Montgomery, of course. White seems to be the color for the glamour girls this summer.

Russ Tamblyn's On-and-Off Marriage

Exactly three weeks after Russ Tamblyn's spur-of-the-moment marriage to twenty-four-year-old British Chorus girl Elizabeth Kempton in Las Vegas on May 9th, they announced a separation!

A week later, they announced they were giving matrimony a further try.

Until a new communiqué—all's quiet.
to Princess Grace of Monaco:

Not even in those early days when you were a glamorous movie star and you proved your liking for me by sharing your confidence, and many of your problems—with me, have I felt so close to you and held so much admiration as I did during these dark days of the illness and tragic death of your beloved father.

Your flight from Monaco, so sudden you did not even wait to be accompanied by your Prince, was the impulsive action of a loving American daughter, not that of a woman bound by royal protocol. After your arrival in Philadelphia you hardly left the bedside of Jack Kelly, your popular dad, except to accompany your mother home and comfort her as much as possible at the end of each day.

I remember your once telling me that as a little girl, you were rather frightened of your father, that he was a disciplinarian and very strict. You said, "I had to grow up and mature before I realized that what I mistook for sternness in my father was just his deep love for us, his desire that we should grow up to be good people, no matter what walk of life we followed. I love him very much."

It is almost a sad coincidence that the latest informal photograph you sent me, showing you so happy with Prince Rainier, little Princess Caroline and Prince Albert at the wheel of your station wagon, should have arrived just about the time the story broke of your worried trip back home.

You had written on the photograph, TO LOUELLA, FONDEST REGARDS, GRACE.

And that, your Serene Highness, is what the American public and I will always feel for you, "louest regards."

Communique From Sal

Until I received an amusing letter from Sal Mineo, the last place in the world I would have picked to be "Beatnik crazy" is—Israel!

But according to Sal who is over there filming Exodus, the teen-agers of Israel can't hear enough about our bearded jive-talking cult.

"Since Rebel Without A Cause was released here," writes Sal, "I am known as the King of the Beatniks—big deal. But hard to live up to.

"On the set, I am constantly surrounded by teen-age extras who ask me so much about how beatniks live and act in the USA I ran out of answers—and also out of my popularity.

"So I wrote my brother in New York asking him to send me some books on Beatniks and ever since he airmailed How To Be A Real Beatnik—I'm back on top again.

"There's a terrific demand for quitors (frequently a pain in the neck to our director, Otto Preminger). None of the kids want to learn to play them but they hit loud and loud chords chanting their favorite Beatnik phrase in English, which I taught them: 'Crazy, man, crazy."

"Frankly, I am as puzzled as you must be over why such a crazy American development should have taken hold in a little country that is fundamentally and historically so serious in nature.

"Anyway, nice to write to you and best wishes always.

(signed) Sal, The King of the Beatniks."

Efrem's Divorce

Had an amazing chat with pretty Stephanie (Mrs. Efrem) Zimbalist at a small dinner given by the Jack Warness—Jack being Efrem’s boss of the 77 Sunset Strip TV series.

I seldom recall an estranged wife speaking so frankly of her trouble.

"In the middle of the night, Efrem told me to start packing and get to Reno—that he was in love with someone else and wanted a divorce, I told him I wouldn't go to Reno—so he went."

It's no secret that the "someone else" is Kipp Hamilton whom Zimbalist plans to marry as soon as he is divorced.

Stephanie said many of her friends thought she was foolish not to get an attorney and fight her case.

She just shrugged and said, "What good would it do me if he doesn't want me?"

Efrem went to Reno but didn't get his divorce there. Stephanie will now file for a California divorce as soon as they work out a property settlement.

The Zimbalists' little girl is four and a half years old and Efrem has two children by a former marriage.

Looking at the very attractive Stephanie—I couldn't help wonder if some day Mr. 77 Sunset Strip Zimbalist might not regret his hasty divorce.
A lot of fans thought Elvis was “just wonderful” on the Sinatra Show.

Singing “Be My Girl,” Fabian thinks of Louella.

A reader has some suggestions for names for Mel and Audrey’s expected baby.

Sandra Dee is not 45!

Nick Minardos: sexy!

OPEN LETTER

All right, all you Fabian fanatics—go ahead and be jealous about this telegram I received from your dreamboat: WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE JUST BEEN GIVEN A FOURTH SONG TO SING IN “HIGH TIME.” IT’S TITLED “BE MY GIRL.” I’LL BE THINKING ONLY OF YOU WHEN I SING IT. MUCH LOVE—FABIAN. How do you like that?

Will you answer this truthfully—is the real reason such Hollywood stars as William Holden, Ava Gardner and Van Johnson have taken up residence in Europe because Hollywood is a cruel town where there is little friendship and much jealousy? asks Charles B. Beere, Jersey City. I’m afraid, Charles, the real reason has more to do with income tax than any such causes you list. . . .

Several really touching letters this month from girls in their teens, who admit to being very overweight, pouring their hearts out over the plight of Bill Bendix’ daughter Lorraine who is staging a courageous fight to reduce from 300 pounds. Let me repeat—even though you are begging for Lorraine’s diet—your case may be different and the only same thing to do is see your own doctor.

There are no more beauties in movies is the startling comment of Jermi Patterson, Atlanta. Pretty stars, yes. Pert stars like Shirley MacLaine and Debbie Reynolds, yes. Good actresses like Joanne Woodward, yes. No beauties. How about Elizabeth Taylor, Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren or Ava Gardner, Miss Jerri?

Jeanette De Rosa, Brooklyn, asks: Is Audrey Hepburn still looking for names for her expected baby? May I suggest Jerene Marie for a girl—Jody for a boy? You may—don’t know whether you’ll win or not. . . .

Comes a note from San Francisco signed “25 Fans of Nick Minardos”: “We saw Twelve Hours To Kill with Nick and think he is the most wonderful, adorable, fascinating, sexy, appealing, electric and fascinating actor since Marlon Brando.” You’re not relatives, are you? Such praise . . .

The jealousy of Elvis Presley which started before he went into the Army continues now he has returned, and with such a fine record, too, complains Vera Delancy, Dallas. The TV critics penned him on the Frank Sinatra show. I hope Elvis paid no attention. All my friends and I thought he was just wonderful—but like you, I’m glad he’s cut that pompadour. Elvis is the original and still the best. I’m sure Elvis—and Colonel Parker—thank you, Vera. . . .

Eighteen-year-old Sandra McIntosh, Seattle, took her break away with the wildest rumor yet: My friend girl told me she read that Sandra Dee is really 45-years-old and had her face lift. Is this true? I should say not! It’s the craziest thing yet. I don’t know how such absurd gossip starts and the only reason I print such nonsense is to deny it and stop it from growing. Sandra was a child actress just a short time ago and has movies to prove it. . . .

You don’t have to be Oriental to think Hawaiian actor James Shigeta is the most attractive of the new actors, opines Ann E. Cherry. Lots of comment about Shigeta—all to the good. . . .

A belle who signs her letter I Knew It All Along writes: Hear the Jimmy Darrens are already quarreling—and on their honeymoon, too. Didn’t I tell you this marriage wouldn’t last? As we go to press it’s still on—and aren’t you just a bit too gleeful about a possible break-up?

That’s all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons—
AN EXTRAORDINARY STORY

To those of us in the motion picture field, Marilyn Monroe's behavior has seemed increasingly strange and anti-social. Some, like Tony Curtis and Hedda Hopper, have criticized her publicly. Others who, like us, have remained her friends, are disappointed that marriage has not smoothed Marilyn's relations with people.

Now, we have received an extraordinary story which, like the key to a skeleton closet, unlocks the secret of her behavior. After much deliberation we have decided to print this story. For, without the revelations it presents, Marilyn Monroe—one of the greatest stars of all time—will never be fully understood.

The story begins on the following page....
COME on now, who’s kidding who?” the popular Hollywood columnist told the apologetic press agent. “That child has had difficulty from the day she was born. And now that she’s gotten what she wanted, now that she’s one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, she’s bound and determined to destroy herself.”

This was the third time the columnist had been stood up by Marilyn Monroe. No, it wasn’t personal. Marilyn had nothing against her. Nor did Marilyn have anything against the directors she worked with… who now refuse to work with her again. Her tardiness is exasperating, her insistence on approving all the rushes from the day’s shootings, her prima donna demand to have her own private (Cont. on page 48)
It was an April night in Hollywood, 1957, Academy Award night—some two years before TV’s “The Untouchables” would come machine-gunning its way to its present fabulous popularity—exactly two minutes before an announcement would be made, there in the crowded Pantages Theater, naming the best-supporting actor of the previous year.

It was not a particularly tense two minutes. Practically everybody present was convinced that Bob Stack, one of the five best-supporting player nominees, and a stand-out favorite, would cop the Oscar for himself that night.

And so the crowd waited calmly, most of them looking over to where Bob and his wife Rosemarie sat waiting, all of them picturing the moment when his name would be called and getting ready to applaud him—a few of them even wondering what, exactly what, the victor-to-be was thinking to himself just then.

“They'd have been mighty surprised,” Bob told us the other day, “to know that despite all the polls, all the predictions, I sat there those last few seconds realizing that I wasn’t going to win. The feeling hit me suddenly. I wasn’t exactly prepared for it. But it came, and it said to me, ‘Charlie, this isn’t your night. You’ve been riding that old bad-

luck streak a long time now. And it hasn’t ended, Charlie. It hasn’t ended.’”

Just before the announcement was made, Rosemarie, like the others in the theatre, turned to Bob, and she smiled.

“Honey,” Bob started to say, whispering, “now I don’t want you to be disappointed if and when I don’t get it. Because—”

But he stopped.

The announcement, from the stage, loud and clear, interrupted him.

“The winner is...”

And another name—Anthony Quinn’s—was called.

“Now, honey—” Bob started to say to Rosemarie again.

But again he stopped.

Rosemarie was still smiling; or rather, she was trying to smile, as if with this smile she could hide the two big tears which had begun to come streaming down her cheeks.

Bob continued looking at his wife, at her smile, her tears.

And then, for a moment, he glanced behind him. He saw a few people he knew, sitting nearby, applauding the winner, while throwing him long looks of sympathy.

“Poor Bob,” he (Continued on page 74)
The heartache of Shirley MacLaine's marriage

"Will it be long now?" asked Shirley MacLaine's little girl, Sachie. "I'm so tired, mommy."

"It won't be long, darling," said Shirley. "Here, why don't you just lay your head on my lap and try to sleep. I'll wake you when the plane is here."

Shirley moved slightly on the wooden bench in the waiting room of the Japanese Air Line in Seattle. They'd been waiting several hours for the plane, unexpectedly delayed, and Sachie's eyes

(Continued on page 72)
Kim Novak sat quietly in the sculptor’s studio as he worked on the large clay ball which a few moments before had been nothing but an odd-shaped lump. The sculptor’s fingers, swift and sure, pressed, formed, squeezed as the fascinated Kim saw the moist mass take on the rough lines of a human head.

“I was hoping you’d give me your answer without my asking,” the artist said to the actress, as he stepped back for a long view of his work.

Kim stared down at the floor. “I’ll sit for the head, but—”

“But you won’t do it the way I want to do it, is that right?” the sculptor interrupted.

“What would people say,” Kim asked. “Wouldn’t they think—?”

The sculptor stopped his work and looked at her. “Stop it, Kim, you know that isn’t the reason. You’ve never been concerned with what people think or say. Have you?”

Kim said nothing.

“I’ll tell you again, Kim. You have a beautiful body. (Continued on page 70)
AN OPEN LETTER

please, please, don't destroy May's career because of her romance with Sammy!

By now it is no longer a secret. The whispers among intimate friends became hints in the columns, like "Could May Britt be the reason Sammy Davis, Jr. and Joan Stuart canceled their engagement?"—and those hints grew into bombs like the one Winchell dropped: "This col'm could have skewpt the field with the Sammy Davis, Jr.—May Britt thing . . . but we tried to protect her reputation . . . so she scooped all of us by admitting it."

You could sense the disapproval, the sneering behind every item. And May knew that with a little bad-taste publicity, her career could be completely wiped out, and Sammy could be hurt badly. In fact, after he announced their (Continued on page 57)
TO MAY BRITT'S FRIENDS
Having found the man she

Tuesday Weld and Richard Beymer

All the kids at the party were beginning to talk about Tuesday. Some of them passed the closed door of the bedroom and snickered meaningfully. One of the fellows there said, “Hey, wonder why Tuesday’s locked herself in there. She won’t let anyone in.” One of the girls replied sweetly, “Let’s take a roll call and find out which guy is missing. . . .”

It had started out as a lively party in the apartment of John Franco, one of the arty young men in Hollywood. There were lots of pretty young girls, loads of young men swarming around. Tuesday Weld had come, too. And, so typical of Tuesday, in a short while she was up to something that made everyone talk about her. She’d shut herself up in the bedroom and if anyone tried to come in, Tuesday would walk to the door, her hair tousled, her feet bare, look at the intruder like a sleepy child and say, “Shhh—now go way and leave us alone.”

So—well, the crowd knowing, or thinking they knew, what Tuesday was, began to buzz. “What’s the matter with that girl—holing up all this time in the one and only bedroom in the place. Can’t she take her sex life somewhere else?”

To the crowd it all figured. Or seemed to. Inside the room, Tuesday held a shivering little kitten close to her breast. “There, there, kitty-pie,” she whispered huskily. “Mama will take care of you.” The girl seemed to gather some comfort from stroking the kitten. The kitten’s shivers subsided and she purred softly against Tuesday’s soft body. Tuesday’s smile vanished at the knock at the door. Putting the kitten down, she tiptoed to the door, opened it a fraction and said again, “Please leave us alone. Go away. And don’t bother us again.”

The kitten snuggled close to her, and Tuesday put her sweater over it. “There now, kitty,” she whispered, and she felt good to see the change that had come over the frightened little thing. She’d first become aware of it as she had started up the steps to John’s apartment. The whining, faint sound seemed to come from somewhere in the alley, across the street. She’d followed (Continued on page 53)
loves, Tuesday Weld wonders—

Is it too late for me to change my ways?
Bobby Rydell looked like a million dollars—
Suit pressed, shoes shined, a great big smile on his face—
But

THE
KID
WAS
STARVING
!

The red and white '55 Pontiac convertible rolled toward Washington, D. C., when the driver, a dark-haired man in his thirties, pulled it off the road.

"I'm beat!" he said.

"Me, too!" said the blond boy with hazel eyes. "We ought to sleep before we visit the deejay."

"No money," said the man.

"I know," agreed the boy.

"But we don't have to rent a room. Let's take out the blankets."

The man took the blankets out of the rear compartment. He gave one to the boy, who stretched out in the back seat, wrapped the blanket around himself, and fell asleep. Then the man locked the doors from the inside, opened one window vent, set the alarm clock to ring in three hours, wrapped himself in a blanket, and lay out in the front seat.

When the alarm rang in three hours, they woke with a start.

"We're only a mile away, let's wash up," said the man.

He drove into a gas station, and the boy got out and walked into the Men's Room.

(Continued on page 32)
THE KID WAS STARVING!

holding a natty blue suit on a hanger. Inside, he took off his slacks and sweater, washed, combed his hair and changed to the suit, white shirt and blue tie.

Then the man followed him in, and washed up.

Both looking fresh and presentable, they drove over to the radio station and asked for the disk jockey.

"I'm Frankie Day," said the man. "I'm manager of Bobby Rydell, the singer. I wrote him, and he said to drop in today."

The deejay came out in a few minutes, accepted the new record, and spun it in his office, then said, "It's got a good sound, Bobby, and I hope it sells a million!"

Then he smiled, "Boy, you guys must be making a bundle! What do you do with all that loot?"

The boy said, "Got to put it in the bank. Can't touch my money until I'm twenty-one ... It's the Pennsylvania law ... They gave me a legal guardian, a lawyer, to watch over it."

(Continued on page 50)

Bobby's fifteen-year-old cousin Angelo (right) remembers the rough time Bobby had getting started in show business and insists, "Not for me." But his manager, Frankie Day (below) is gladful he and Bobby stuck it out. "It was worth it," he says.

This is Bobby's new world. No more cheap hot dog stands, No more sitting Stranded on lonely roads, No more long cold nights Sleeping in the car. Bobby had kept a vow. God had answered a prayer.
It's so wonderful to be home it's even worth helping with the chores.

Off again, but this time Mom won't have to worry about him.

Al Ridarelli is sure proud of Bobby—a fine singer and a fine son.

He made that vow when he was only eight years old. Now his dream has come true.

He worked hard for the day he could do something big for Mom.
THIS IS VIVIEN
A SHAKEN WOMAN
BY SIR LAURENCE
AFTER 20 YEARS
THIS IS HER STORY
She still looked beautiful the night she appeared on the terrace. A little older, a little tired, a little nervous. But still beautiful.

(Continued on next page)
But when she smiled, a dazzling piquant smile, the tiredness, the nervousness—and the years slipped away.

She was Scarlett O'Hara again, sitting on her veranda, surrounded by a worshipping coterie of beaux.

And the most worshipping of all this night, was host David Susskind. The week before he had successfully parried important political issues with the vice-president of the United States.

But in Vivien Leigh's presence he was reduced almost to the status of a love-sick puppy.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he kept saying.
1936: Film 21 Days Together—prelude to 21 years of love.

1939: Vivien came to see Larry, got Scarlett.

1940: She won GWTW Oscar, admitted her love.

1953: After 13 years of triumphs, Vivien had nervous breakdown.

1956: Their happiest moment came when they were going to have a baby.

1956: But exhausted from that charity dance, Vivien miscarried. The marriage faltered.

1958: And Larry found solace with young Joan Plowright.

He could hardly keep his mind on the subject under discussion.

The subject was "Theater" and Vivien had a great deal to say.

But almost always the source of reference was "my husband."

"My husband thinks this . . ."

Or: *(Continued on page 65)*
Annette, do you believe in miracles?

I believe in the power of prayer. That’s what my religion’s taught me—that prayer can cure anything. And this doesn’t mean you pray once or twice for something you need or want. My religion—I’m a Catholic—believes a person should always pray.

What do you think of the “Weeping” Madonnas that suddenly appeared in New York this spring? Three icons of the Virgin Mary were found crying in the homes of several Greek families in Long Island, and I’d like to know what your thoughts on this are.

At first I thought it meant the end of the world. I don’t know why but I did. It scared me to think of a Madonna crying. But now—and the more I think about it—I believe that the Madonnas’ tears are a sign of some sort. Perhaps they’re a sign that we’re neglecting religion, and that the Madonnas don’t want to be forgotten.

Of course, the first chance I get I’d like to go and see them.

Would you consider the Madonnas’ tears a miracle?

I don’t think we can classify them as a miracle unless the church decrees it. Right now, I think everybody should pray because (Continued on page 69)
“I’ve had it,” Liz shouted. “I’ve taken all I’m going to take. I’m just not going to take anymore.”

Her violet eyes were blazing with fury. No one had ever seen her so violent before. And Eddie just stood there looking wretched and miserable. Yet he knew Liz was right—so he remained silent.

For weeks Liz had been angry and unhappy. Each night she’d return home feeling a little sick and ashamed of herself. Each morning she would awaken loathing to face the day ahead. Unable to make a decision she allowed herself to be subjected to indignity and revulsion. Finally she could go on no longer. So she did the only thing she could do: She walked out.  

(Continued on page 63)
Liz with Laurence Harvey on the set of "Butterfield 8."
I'm Bobby Darin, bachelor. But not for long. Because there's gonna be a Mrs. B.D. soon. And I'd like to tell you a little about her—my own darling Jo.

She's the prettiest thing you ever saw; brother, she is pretty. With that blondish hair of hers, like silk, like angels' hair must be, and those eyes, big and blue, blue as the prettiest blue you can imagine, and that little-girl giggle of hers when she's happy and that little-girl hurt-look about her when something's gone wrong—and with that figure of hers, which isn't little-girl at all, not at all.

Can she cook? There's got to be a hitch somewhere, so I

(Continued on page 77)
MARRIED!

A Modern Screen Exclusive

by Bobby Darin
Ava Gardner was suddenly bored. Like a flamenco dancer suddenly wearied, suddenly flinging down her castanets, she stopped what talking and laughing she'd been doing these past few hours, gulped some wine and got up from the table where she'd been seated with the other two—her old friend, a girlfriend, recently arrived from England, and a man, a Roman, tall, dark and leering, a would-be marquis or count or something—who'd been pursuing her these past couple of weeks, whom she'd invited to dinner this night, whom she'd been very pleasant with, (Continued on page 59)
Once upon a time there was a teen-age girl who—
Was the life of the party—any party; you should have seen her
imitation of Betty Hutton singing *I'm Just a Square in the Social Circle* or Red Skelton wiggling out of a girdle;
Loved to talk—nobody could outtalk her;
Played baseball and went bowling with the boys, and somehow managed to make them view her as a real friend
and not merely as a chance for romance;
Was devoted to her family, not just because they were her folks, but because she sincerely
liked them 'as well;

Threw herself into what she was doing, whether it was playing the French horn or going off on a field trip with the Girl Scouts; Got a big charge out of being alive.

She answered to Mary Frances in those days and later became Debbie Reynolds, a topmost star of Hollywood, but she kept those gay wonderful qualities and they were the qualities that made the world fall in love with her.

No one has completely explained the phenomenon, but

(Continued on page 55)
The Ghost That Haunts Marilyn Monroe

(Continued from page 19)


As for her personal life, there’s the mess she made of her marriage to baseball star Joe DiMaggio. Despite her inability to bear children today, her rejection of good friends—never answering their telephone calls, refusing to see them somehow—wouldn’t that have been considered the ultimate form of infidelity? Miserable? When she’s a top star, earns millions with every movie? When she’s found a husband whom she adores and who does all he can to help her look after herself? When she’s found success in her work and happiness in her home life? What is it, then, that’s really bothering her?

For there is a ghost in the dark corners of Marilyn’s mind, a ghost that’s haunted her from the days of her childhood.

To understand the ghost we must go back, way back to the day of Marilyn’s birth. She was born Norma Jean Mortenson on June 1, 1926, in Los Angeles General Hospital, and her mother was Gladys Mabel Mortenson, a baker. Her father, Ed Mortonson, was a shady character who loved women promiscuously; and, as soon as they announced the news to him that they were with child he’d vanish, never to be heard from again.

Everyone who knew Marilyn’s mother insists that Gladys Baker didn’t love Ed Mortonson. He was one of many fly-by-nights, and Marilyn Baker had the falling of falling in love with men who ran out on her. Ed Mortonson was an irresponsible man whose only pleasures in life were to be with women. He married in Norway in 1917, deserted his family in 1923, came to the United States and wandered about on his motorcycle, loving whatever women he fancied and putting them as soon as they were pregnant. On June 18, 1929, he was killed in a motorcycle accident near Youngstown, Ohio, when he crashed head-on into a Hudson sedan.

Marilyn never met her father; all she knew of him was that he was a lazy man, a baker by trade.

Ed Mortonson ran out on Gladys Baker, she tried to locate him but she couldn’t track him down. Alone, unwanted, rejected, Gladys Baker labored her whole life for a while on baby Norma Jean. For several years, Gladys Baker acted as a newsboy for a film studio lab (it’s a known fact that if it weren’t for a collection taken among her fellow employees, Gladys Baker wouldn’t have had the money to pay the doctor for Norma Jean’s birth).

Sharp whispers

There were sharp whispers among her neighbors, among her co-workers, about Norma Jean’s illegitimacy, but Gladys remained defiant and unaided those first two years, even occasionally bringing Norma Jean to work with her. But Norma Jean was the spit-and-image of her mom, and she sat by her side while Gladys inspected the negatives for quality. She had a way of spotting the moody, melancholy months of the terrible depression, Gladys Baker became sick. Not physically ill with a fever or cold. But moody, easily depressed. Gladys Baker never got enough rest, was working herself into a sick and dazing box office stars: Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, Janet Gaynor and Gary Cooper, Greta Garbo and Tom Mix. On Sunday, she’d take Norma Jean and her mom for walks through Beverly Hills to stare at the pink stucco palaces of the movie stars.

Norma Jean has always burst from excitement whenever Aunt Grace took them sightseeing through Hollywood, but Gladys grew more and more depressed, talking to no one, refusing to work, cursing the world that she’d been cheated of a decent and good life.

One summer evening at the shabby Baker apartment, Aunt Grace and Norma Jean were pasting photos of movie stars from the magazines in a dime-store scrapbook.

“Someday,” Grace told Norma Jean, “you’re going to be somebody important, you’re going to grow into a beautiful girl and marry a rich man, and you’ll find me into the most famous movie star ever!”

Norma Jean trembled with inner joy over this dream. “Mommy, mommy,” she called out, “did you hear what Aunt Grace said?”

Her mother didn’t answer. She sat in a chair, the kitchen table, slipped, mumbling something to herself.

“Isn’t that right, Gladys?” Grace McKee called out in her sweet soprano voice. “Isn’t our Norma Jean going to be a big star someday?”

Gladys didn’t reply.

“Why don’t we fix some supper?” Grace suggested cheerfully, a hint of nervousness in her voice. Gladys remained slumped in her chair. She didn’t lift a finger to help. Grace fried some eggs and browned a couple of potatoes, and when they all sat down to the table covered with potatoes, Gladys sat there, immobile, not lifting a fork to her mouth.

“Mama,” Norma Jean chided, “your food’s going to get cold.”

“Let her be, mother snarled. "Gladys!” Grace reprimated. “That’s no way to talk at the table.”

“Then it isn’t,” Gladys yelled. And she got up and opened a drawer in the enamel kitchen cupboard, grabbed a gleaming butcher knife and lunged at Grace. “You’re . you’re trying to poison me, that’s what!” she screamed out. Norma Jean sat down upon a bloodcurdling yell, Grace ducked and began running in circles around the room with Gladys Baker chasing after her. “You . . . you want to get rid of me so you can have Norma Jean all to yourself!” Gladys shrieked, lunging after Grace again to stab her with the sharp point of the knife.

Grace McKee, for Norma Jean’s hand, and the two of them ran out of the house. She phoned the police for help and when the policemen arrived they went to the hospital where the doctors found her mentally deranged.

Graves’s difficult decision

Grace McKee was then confronted with a dilemma. She was not, as Gladys Baker had decided to live in Hollywood, a socialite. The contrary, she was selfless giving of herself to help people and love it. Gladys and Norma Jean who needed out side help. And since Grace worked during the day at the motion picture studio and during her working hours, she had to have the child decreed a legal ward of Los Angeles County when Gladys Baker declared insane.

At the age of four, Norma Jean was placed in her first foster home, a farm south of Hollywood where she was treated like a miserable slave. The penny-pinch ing Grace McKee took Norma Jean to the bone, and, in the evening, they had her learn long, complicated prayers of redemption and salvation. They were home, a few of her social fans, and if Norma Jean didn’t chant hour-long prayers before bedtime she was beaten.

Every two weeks a follow-up check was made by an arrogant social worker who never understood Norma Jean and questions about her life at the farm,

Norma Jean’s only happiness, her one relief from the drudgery of slave labor, she was forced into as a child, was going to the movies on Saturday after noon. The farmer’s and his wife would give her a quarter and tell her to stay in the movie house until it closed. Then, after they’d finish their Saturday shopping, her parents would pick her up.

There were other foster families. Or was an English couple who booked every night and held rowdy gambling parties until two o’clock. Eight-year-old Norma Jean prayed for their souls as she fixed their dinner and did the dishes.

Whenever Norma Jean asked about her mother, she was told “mum’sie” was sick. Neighborhood kids who had gotten wind of mother’s illness pointed — Norma Jean on the street, and, in hushed voices, whispered that “mother’s th —— she’s in the hospital!”

One Sunday afternoon, when she decided to run around the block just for fun, one of the boys, joking along the street, pointed at Norma Jean and crie out, “Who’s that?”

Norma Jean, in a printed halter an rolled-up blue jeans, laughed. “Nowherespecial. Just running around for fun!”

But one of the boys’ buddies interrupted cruelly, looking at her alone. Don’t you know she’s crazy just like her mother? She doesn’t know what she’s doing half the time.

Crazy just like her mother! The word took to her insides like a raw, blistering wind. She knew her mother was crazy. Was she going to be crazy, too?

For weeks the words haunted Norma Jean. She didn’t tell anyone about them, but the threat tortured her heart. Ever waking moment she prayed for her mother to get well, to (Continued on page 50)
New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

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

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

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
show them that she wasn't going to be crazy forever.

And in late 1934 Marilyn's prayers were answered. Gladys Baker was released from the asylum, and she returned to her job in the studio. But Gladys' well-being was short lived. She soon began getting depressed frequently, and one Saturday morning she awoke screaming. She screamed relentlessly for hours, and later that day the ambulance was summoned by the neighbors and Gladys was committed to the Norwalk Hospital for Mental Diseases.

**Marilyn's horrifying family history**

After her mother was taken by the men in white uniforms to Norwalk, Norma Jean left her only sister, Mary, with Grace McKee who was named her legal guardian. On her mother's side, both her grandparents had been committed to mental asylums.

Her grandmother, at her death, foamed at the mouth; a raving paranoiac.

And an uncle from her mother's side, in a moment of madness, killed himself.

Shaken, distraught, barely ten years old, a tall, gangling girl whose chestnut-colored hair was too curly, Norma Jean bawled. She cried for her grandmother, her grandfather, her mother, her uncle, for all. But the blood that surged from her veins was drawn into a screaming world of madness. Night after night she sobbed into her pillow, wondering what was to become of her? What to do that morning to find that she had gone crazy, too?

Within a matter of days she was shuttled off to another foster home where a tough, narcoleptic-tired woman worked Norma Jean down from dawn until night. The woman not only took in foster children (she received twenty dollars a month for each child from the state), but she also took in boarders. And late one afternoon, toward twilight, Norma Jean was on her knees, scrubbing the upstairs hallway.

A door was ajar.

The landlady's favorite boarder, a sour-faced old man who was tall and portly stood by the door of his room. He called to Norma Jean, who had been trained by the landlady to be obedient to the boarders. But she knew what the fat white-haired boarder was doing to her there in his room was right. She choked on short breaths, closing her eyes, clenching her fists tight under her fingernails clawed her flesh, ...

When he dismissed her, she ran, sobbing, to the landlady to tell her what happened. And the woman reached out and slapped Norma Jean so hard that Norma Jean fell to the floor.

"Don't ever tell me anything like that about my Mr. K!" the landlady shouted. "It's for your own good!"

For days, nights, months, Norman Jean lived in fear. Hadn't she committed the unpardonable sin? Was she doomed now to the dark insensible world of the unforgiven? Her hands throbbed and slammed her door and slammed the door with all her strength.

"Don't ever tell me anything like that about my Mr. K!" the landlady shouted. "It's for your own good!"

"Don't ever tell me anything like that about my Mr. K!" she said to Norma Jean. She clutched her hands on the knob with all her might and slammed the door. She slammed the door so hard that Norma Jean was thrown to the floor.

When she returned to work, she found that her hands were red and swollen. She was in pain.

Such is the end of Norma Jean's family history.

---

**The Kid Was Starving!**

(Continued from page 32)

"Yeah, yeah," laughed the deejay. "Remember me in your will, baby. I'll get out outside, they look at each other, and burst out laughing.

"He thinks I'm making a fortune," Bobby said. "He has no idea what we got enough gas in the tank to get back to Philadelphia tonight!"

"If we stick to hot dogs and coffee, you'll never manage." Think we got enough gas in the tank to get back to Philadelphia tonight?"

"We're in the car break down before we get to Richmond!"

But Jerry Lamont had packed Quantic, too, with only 50 miles to go there was an awful hissing sound and then a bang! Flat tire.

"There's only one thing to do," said Day told Lamont, "and this is it. But be sure it will take me an hour. But be sure it will take me an hour."

"Wait!" cried Lamont. "I'll get a tire buyer!"

An hour later, Lamont arrived with a used tire. Then he and Day took off their jackets, rolled up their sleeves, and changed the tire.

"You leave your job to come and help us out! It's a miracle!"

They drove on, Lamont's tire, and they were making good time. They didn't have the money to do promotion, yet we were crazy enough to try it on a shoestring and a prayer.

"Boy, I want to see you! You leave your job to come and help us out! It's a miracle!"

They drove on to Richmond, did an interview with Jerry Lamont, and left with promises, "We'll send you the money for the tire, just as soon as we ... er ... get it!"

On the drive back, Frankie Day sighed, "I was minding my own business at Bay Shore's when you came in ... ."

"It's impossible!" the voice lashed out.

"Why?"

"Because—because she can't see you. She's crazy," the heartless voice blurted, "that's why!"

Norma Jean lunged at the attendant, beating her with her fists.

"Stop that!" the attendant commanded, taking her hands by the wrists and twisting them. Norma Jean winced, and a painted cry tore from her throat.

"If you don't behave yourself, the attendant barked, "everyone will think you're a little mad."

Like a bird who has lost its wings, Norma Jean's cry trembled and died. She lay back on the hard white cot, defeated. Her heartache was gone. She couldn't fight it anymore. She lay there, oh so human. No one wanted her. Not even Aunt Grace.

Her only flesh-and-blood, her mother, was locked in the Norwalk place for crazy people. Wouldn't she ever see her mother again?

And then the shiver went through her, the shiver that was to scar her every day of her life. Was this going to be her future, too? Awakening one morning to hear herself raging, screaming, unable to stop. And the siren-sounding ambulance would be called to take her to the fenced-in hospital, all alone.

No, dear God! No!

Never!

She prayed harder than she ever prayed in her life, for God to help her after her, to protect her from the madness that destroyed her mother and her grandmother and grandfather.

And year by year by year she prays.

She prays for protection against the skeleton in her closet, the ghost of insanity, the wraith that haunts her and never lets her rest.

END

**Marilyn stars in 20th-Fox's Let's Make Love and United Artists' The Misfits.**

This remark had become a running gag. Yes, he had been minding his own business as bass player in Dave Apple & The Bay Shore Man's band, and then one day was taking home for the show at the Bay Shore club, near Atlantic City, in the summer of 1957, when he decided to linger around the bandstand and watch the alternate combo, Rocco & The Saints. Frankie Avalon had been trumpetist for this combo before striking out for himself, and Day wondered if there was any other good talent left in the band.

So he went, and was pleased. But when a thin sixteen-year-old blond kid with fluffy hair stepped out to do a drum solo, a bit of dancing, and a strong vocal solo, Day knew what he had listened to with Bobby. Rydell from Philadelphia, which was also Day's home town.

When Bobby's parents, Adrio ("Al") and Jennie Ridarelli, arrived, Day told them that Bobby had been impressed with Bobby. I'd like to manage him."

But Bobby's dad was not impressed. "Bobby has been an entertainer since he was little," Bobby's father told Day, "but me and my wife always telling him they'll make him a star; but nothing happens. He's been let down so many times. I don't want him hurt again."

He sighed, "When Bobby was younger, they were going to take him to Hollywood and make him a star ... they were going to put him on the Jackie Gleason Show ... they were going to put him on the Ed Sullivan Show ... (Continued on page 52)
Darling,
wait for me—
just dashed out
to buy the latest
Cutex Lipstick!

P.S. He was glad he waited... she looked so delicious in "Sugar Plum," one of the newest fashion-fresh colors by Cutex® in long-lasting Sheer Lanolin and creamy new Delicate lipsticks!
Three months later, Bobby Rydell was being managed officially by Frankie Day. In Philadelphia, the news that Bobby had a manager was electrifying. This was the neighborhood that produced Eddie Fisher, Fabian, Frankie Avalon, Mickey Callan, Jimmie Dodd and Red Lanza. Why Fabian lived only half a block away? The row house that Bobby lived in with his parents and grandma, Lena Sapienza, before he moved to Philadelphia.

Day came around regularly. He persuaded the drummer of his band to give Bobby drum lessons; he got the wife of another musician to teach Bobby new dances; and Frankie Day, when Bobby was also taking guitar and vocal lessons. Day spent all his savings on Bobby’s training, then started borrowing money. When no song came along, Bobby's dad contributed what he could.

After several months of lessons, Day took Bobby to a record hop at Berwyn, Pennsylvania. Day managed to see how the girls would react to Bobby.

What he saw pleased him: the girls screamed with delight.

“You passed the first test; they accepted you as a personality,” Day told Bobby later. “Now we’ve got to get ready for the interviews; you’ve got to know how to handle them.”

Bobby spent the basement of his mother’s house in front of a tape recorder, and taped interviews. Day pretended he was the deejay interviewing Bobby. Then they’d play back the tape and analyze it.

When Day thought Bobby had learned the technique, he said, “Now we have to practice proper expression while singing.” So he had a group of people, and Bobby would pantomime the singing, in front of a mirror. Day would analyze his style, and Bobby would correct himself.

Finally, Day said, “I think you’re ready now for a recording.”

Using his own $5,000 contacts in the recording business, Day took Bobby to Warner Bros. Records, where they said, “He’s not the same Bobby to other record companies, and was turned down by every one. ‘He’s too thin,’ ‘He’s too young,’ ‘He doesn’t have a sound,’” were some of the comments.

“Maybe we ought to forget the whole thing,” Bobby said.

“No,” said Day. “I haven’t lost faith. There’s only one thing left. We’ve got to sign him to our own recording company.”

“How about money? Dad doesn’t have any money.”

Day said, “I’ve broke too. But I’ll borrow the money.”

Day scoured around for distribution, but it was tough. He tried to do promotion on the record, but he didn’t have the money. In desperation, he got a loan from a finance company, putting his apartment’s furniture up for collateral. When that money ran out, he borrowed more from another loan company, using friends as co-signers.

Finally, he got another loan, using his Pontiac as collateral.

But the money was spent quickly in promotion, and unfortunately the record was a sub-standard. Bobby’s deejays, and the deejay company, were frustrated, and fortunately signed him. Bernie Lowe, head of Cameo, agreed with Day that Bobby had what it takes.

Learning to be misers

His first disk for Cameo was Please Don’t Be Mad. Day begged Cameo for expense money or a recording test; at least he could analyze the disk. But the song was lost.

By then Bobby and Day had hit the road again, spending the mager expense money like mager. But they were usually too broke to feed the recording bigwigs, and fabricate a story to the deejays, and their wives, they couldn’t move. So they pulled to the side, wrapped themselves in blankets, and waited for the storm to end and the snow-plows to come through. By the time they got to Pittsburgh, it was off the air.

In the fall of 1958, Day’s phone was off for three months, and he and Bobby had a frantic time communicating with each other. When the phone was cut off, he and his wife were cut off without her or cooking gas, and his wife had to take him to relatives for meals.

But, Day said, “As long as I can be broadcasting, I can trick you,” and Bobby said, “Me too.”

In April, his new record, Kissing Time, came out. It started slowly, but Bobby was on the road when deejay Dan wrote him, “You’re getting close: this is a fite record.”

Day picked up band jobs one or two nights a week in which he could play his own music. He said, “All we’ve got, we’ve got.”

On the way

Then Dick Clark put Bobby on his show, and record sales spurted. Soon his disk was on the Top 100 Chart; and on the way up!

Day was still staving off creditors. His phone was filled with lawyers’ threatening letters; he couldn’t get a credit card because his credit was no good in Philadelphia; his bank was angry at him for his many excuses for over drawing his account.

But then Kissing Time rose to the top. Bobby had an attack of nerves. “What if I can’t follow it up?” he asked. “What if I can’t sell records again?”

But his next record was a hit, too. Both—Dick Clark said—were just records that sold to the public.

On his 18th birthday—April 26th—Bobby walked over to the neighboring Epiphany Church, where he’d attend so as a child and other pal.

He knelt and prayed, and thought of his dad and his mom, his granddad, and especially his manager Frankie Day. . . . and when they had bought him and helped his wish, he wished well and thank them and blessed their names.

He smiled wryly to himself as he thought of the Pontiac with 70,000 some miles on it. “If I’m twenty-odd, and can spend my own money, I’m going to surprise Frankie and buy him a new car . . . he deserves it!”

(Continued from page 30)
Is It Too Late for Me

(Continued from page 28)

She weak sounds and had seen the tinyitten huddled in a corner. Her heart went out to it, and like a child she lifted and sucked it under her sweater. "No one's going to throw you out," she'd whispered into its little shivering animal. Upstairs, she'd gone to the refrigerator and taken out some cream. Then she smugled it into the bedroom and began to feed it."I'll feed it," she'd laughed. The story of Tuesday's "bad" behavior at the party was whispered about for weeks afterwards. This is the first time the true story has ever reached print.

When a girl loses her reputation...

Everybody's ready to believe the worst about Tuesday. When a teen-age girl loses her reputation she is judged harshly. For every teen-age girl has to know what Tuesday is just beginning to learn. A teen-age girl must avoid not only evil, but the appearance of evil. If he doesn't, and word gets around that he's fast or slightly shopworn, the gossip will grow and travel. The longer the gossip persists, the more he is found to be a sinner the damage already done.

This is what Tuesday is facing today. Is it too late for Tuesday to protect herself from her reputation? No. Rather, she is being asked that of herself these days. There is a very special reason why Tuesday is beginning to wonder: "Is it too late for me to be loved?"

The reason is a boy—a tall, wavy-haired, lean-cut boy. So far he isn't concerned about her reputation. He's heard little or nothing about it, and it doesn't bother him. But every day Tuesday wonders, What will he hear about me today? Will he hear something that will make him want to leave me? Tuesday is learning what a lot of teen girls learn—that she must guard her reputation as her most precious gift, for that a boy comes along whom she really loves, her reputation may jeopardize his love for her.

He boy in Tuesday's life...

Richard Beymer is a handsome young actor—he played Millie Perkins' boy-friend in Anne Frank—and he is the boy Tuesday's life. She met him for the first time that time ago, on a plane toing to Stockton, California, when she was going on location for High Time. Immediately they felt attracted to each other. Then they stepped off the plane, Dick called her aside and said, "Come on—let's see the other boys and be by ourselves. Have dinner with me. I want to know you better."

Tuesday looked at him and smiled softly. While they sat in the small restaurant, talked about himself. He'd come from a small town in Iowa originally, but when his family moved to Hollywood, he fell to acting. But he'd never gone with the crowd. Then he said impatiently, but it's you I want to hear about. You're the one who has been called Tuesday. She had called Tuesday many things before that evening—kookie, wild, sexpot. But she couldn't remember anyone calling her sweet, the way this boy did, as though it really meant something. And because this boy believed this of her, she started showing him a side of herself no boy had ever seen, except for brief while.

Right now, Dick Beymer is in love with Tuesday, and Tuesday with him. He and Tuesday have been virtually inseparable since they met. It's an odd combination—this boy who doesn't smoke or drink, and Tuesday who has been smoking since she was fifteen and has had a reputation of being "sixteen going on twenty-six."

Their relationship is more wholesome than any she has had with any other boy. Dick has a small speedboat, which he keeps in the garage of his parents' house in the Valley, and Tuesday can often be seen at the back of his Austin-Healy. Then he and Tuesday drive out in his little car to Balboa. Tuesday wears jeans and a bulky sweater over all. Her hair pinned back in a pony tail, her face with only a smidgin of lipstick. They get out on the boat and drive it out in the ocean toward Catalinas. They share a lunch she's prepared herself. Sometimes Tuesday helps drive the boat. Her hair flies in the wind and she laughs a lot, the spray making her face glisten. Often, Dick cups her shining young face in his hands and kisses her. "You're sweet, you're a sweet, wonderful kid." And Tuesday glows.

Tuesday has wanted this kind of wholesome companionship. She knew her boy-friends thought she was putting on an act when she talked of it. Once she asked a boy-friend to take her on a date outdoors. "Are you sure you're not kidding?" he said. "You're kookie," he said. He thought she was indeed being kookie—affected and didn't mean what she said. So he took her to a coffee house instead. They sat around in the smoky place, populated by beatniks drinking cafe espresso and weeping about the state of the world. That particular night Tuesday didn't like it. She got up abruptly, sneaked off, ran up to her home in the hills above the coffee house. Then she got into her car, drove to the beach party. Her boyfriend had waiting in his car outside her house, and when she returned in the wee hours he didn't believe her story and she was driven off to the beach alone.

Tuesday's reliance on other boys believed that Tuesday was getting fed up with night life, that she was beginning to regret her own reputation for being wild and wanton for a wholesome date.

Wasn't she the little darling of the beatniks, Hollywood's enfant terrible? People have tried to tell Dick about the Tuesday of that time. He shrugs off what they say. "I don't know anything about Tuesday's past," he says. "I know her for what she is today. She's a sweet, feminine girl—more like a white kitten than the wildcat they say she is. I've dated different girls, but never took anyone seriously till I met Tuesday. I never associated with actresses before. They, like us, only, they just didn't travel in my particular orbit. Tuesday is different from other actresses, anyway. She doesn't care for..." parties. Actually, she finds them boring. Just as I do.

Since meeting Dick, Tuesday is not as restless for the parties and the crowds. The other day she told a friend, "There are always a lot of people around here to help you get into trouble but you've got to get out of it by yourself. So I don't go to parties any more. I like small groups."

"How small?" the friend asked.

"Oh, two people," she replied. "The other person is Dick."

It's different with Dick...

Tuesday behaves differently with Dick than she does with the other boys. She doesn't only love him, she respects him. She can't twist him around her little finger as she has her other boy-friends. When Dick makes a mistake, he says to her, she helps it. With other boy-friends, she often broke dates, or came very late with no explanation.

Once, for instance, she had a date with John Franco, whom she used to date often. She was to meet John at his apartment at seven, then they were to go to a restaurant where they were to join other friends of his. Tuesday didn't show up at 7:00—or at 8:00 or 9:00. John kept telephoning, but Tuesday was out. At 11:30 she showed up. She wore jeans, a red car coat and sneakers—hardly an outfit for dinner in a restaurant.

"What happened?" asked John angrily.

"Oh," pouted Tuesday, "I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? You knew about our date..."

"Yes, but that's the way it is," replied Tuesday, vaguely.

Another time, when Tuesday had two boy-friends over, she slipped out of the room while both were listening to records, and disappeared for hours. Both men were nonplussed. When she returned, she said, "I've learned that if something happens, 'I just felt like driving in the hills by myself."

With one of her boyfriends Tuesday once went to a party out, in a crumpled, soled chiffon gown. It had gotten that way when she ran down the hill to meet him. Any other girl would have gone back home to change—but not the defiant Tuesday. With his boy-friend, who only a few boys believed that Tuesday was getting fed up with night life, that she was beginning to regret her own reputation for being wild and wanton for a wholesome date.

Tuesday looks at him and smiled softly. While they sat in the small restaurant, talked about himself. He'd come from a small town in Iowa originally, but when his family moved to Hollywood, he fell to acting. But he'd never gone with the crowd. Then he said impatiently, but it's you I want to hear about. You're the one who has been called Tuesday. She had called Tuesday many things before that evening—kookie, wild, sexpot. But she couldn't remember anyone calling her sweet, the way this boy did, as though it really meant something. And because this boy believed this of her, she started showing him a side of herself no boy had ever seen, except for brief while.

Right now, Dick Beymer is in love with Tuesday, and Tuesday with him. He and Tuesday have been virtually inseparable...
INSTANT-EASY DYEING—easys as 1-2-3!

new-improved!

PUTNAM dye-tint
WATER SOLUBLE BAG INSIDE
EASY TO USE, PLACE BAG IN WASHING MACHINE, IT MEETS
30¢ 2 SKY BLUE

Only PUTNAM Fadeless DYES
IN THE exclusive DISAPPEARING
‘INNER-PAC’
MAKE DYEING SO EASY!

* here’s all you do:
1. Take inner-pac from package;
2. Drop it in washer;
3. Put cloth in washer!
No measuring, no mixing, no stirring, no straining, no mess.

ONLY NEW IMPROVED PUTNAM DYES
LEAVE HANDS AND WASHER CLEAN!
Ask for Putnam Dyes today at YOUR DRUG, GROCERY OR VARIETY STORE
MONROE CHEMICAL COMPANY QUINCY, ILLINOIS

Write Today for Free Folder on Modern Dyeing!

Her father died when she was three; Mrs. Weld was left with three children—the youngest, Tuesday. Finding difficulty in supporting her three children, in desperation she accepted a neighbor’s suggestion that Tuesday would be a good model in the Infants’ Department of a nearby department store. Beautiful even as a baby, Tuesday was an appealing little model, and money began to flow into the Weld home. This turn of events left her older sister, Sally, and her older brother, David, badly shaken. The idea of being supported by a baby sister revolted them, and they began to hate the baby sister they had loved till then. Both Sally and David began to call Tuesday ’s names and to torment her. Tuesday had adored them. Now she suddenly felt like an outcast. Mrs. Weld said once that it took her hours to convince the child she wasn’t as bad as her sister and brother said she was. “I’d have to build up her ego again and again,” her mother said, “while Tuesday cried and cried.”

That was the start of Tuesday’s revolt. A Tuesday who had been rejected by her own brother and sister found it hard to believe that anyone else would accept her. To win acceptance as a teen-ager, she was willing to play the role older girls played—to appear harsh and brash.

She asked for attention. She wanted to be part of the gang. If playing at being the queen of the beautikins was the way to win this attention, Tuesday was willing to play.

There was no one to protect her—to teach her differently. If her father had lived, he might have shown her that a little girl is entitled to the strength and protection of a man.

Even after she learned that her reputation was cutting her off from the companionship of nice young boys and girls and giving her a place among the fast crowd, Tuesday continued her attitude of defiance. Her face looked bold, her lips were mocking. But underneath, Tuesday was hurt.

Even before she met Dick Beymer, former boyfriend of Tuesday’s comment, “She was beginning to wonder if she hadn’t made a mistake in defying public opinion. But she was too proud to admit it.”

“One evening, at a party we both attended, an older man came up to Tuesday and said, ‘Aren’t you ashamed of yourself a girl of your age, smoking and drinking and going out with a man old enough to be your father?’ (At that time, Tuesday was dating John Ireland.) ‘You’re living wrong. You’ll live to regret it.’”

Tuesday couldn’t think of any reason she just turned white and began to sob hysterically, then turned to a boy nearby and said, ‘Please take me away.’ He did—take her out to his car where she sobbed for hours.

Naughty child
To attract attention, Tuesday has often proclaimed that she would never get married, that she didn’t want to have children. Then she’d sit back, like a naught child, and notice the shocked expression on peoples’ faces.

Another boyfriend, Mike McKee, a actor, said, “She used to run me ragged. She’s unpredictable. Once she had met her apartment for dinner. She made the dinner—a pretty good cook who feels like cooking. We listened to records, danced. Then she went into her room. After a while, I missed her and called to her. I went into her room and found she had gone. That’s the way Tuesday is like some wild bird.”

But Dick Beymer sees nothing of the wild bird in Tuesday—only a soft little kitten, like the kitten that she herself had once rescued.

Not long ago he took her boating. The sea was stormy and the little craft began to lurch. Tuesday became frightened, and Dick put his arm around her. “Don’t worry,” he said. “I’d never let anything happen to you. You know that, don’t you?”

His arm tightened around her—not passionately, but tenderly, protectively, in the most comforting way.

Tuesday, who has known men’s arms around her—most of them demanding, seeking—was elated in all her brief young life. This was the first boy who treated her with the gallantry and protectiveness other girls take for granted. Who in the past had been to protect Tuesday? Not the boys she used to go with—the boys who enjoyed the spectacle of Tuesday acting wild. Her studio has tried, but Tuesday would not accept dictation from them.

But love can achieve miracles that stud brass can’t. What she wouldn’t do for 20th Century-Fox she does gladly for Dick. If smoking when she is with him; doesn’t take on an attitude of defiance. The submerged side of herself—the feminine, yielding side—is coming out for the first time on her dates with Dick. For Dick she is willing to do anything and be like every girl who is with a man—cooking his favorite dishes, hovering over him while she serves him.

To Dick she is broad or a beautikin but a sweet, lovable girl whom he adores. And because of it, there is a new softness about Tuesday these days. For the first time in her life Tuesday is in love and knows what it is to be loved.

And love is working its own tender miracle on her, the miracle of knowing that it isn’t too late to be good.

Tuesday is next in 20th-Fox’s High Tim
Debbie in Trouble!

Continued from page 47)

Debbie, more than any other star of her age, had the personality to win everybody. She was the young girl's idol, the boy's playmate. Many of her writers felt that her lives and emotions had been forever altered by the tragedy that had befallen this innocent young mother.

Hollywood itself, a place where divorce and broken homes go unnoticed, found itself split into factions. Those who were Debbie's side, and those who were stolidly against her. And as is often the case, all the fuss and motion and heartache turned out to be too silly to Debbie's career. It did not shake the eye of the producers that Debbie was a child of millions of fans, and that it would do their films no harm at all if they starred Debbie Reynolds.

Debbie too noticed this fact. She raised the price. Hollywood wise guys pointed out a fairly depressing fact—that although everybody loved Debbie, not too many people went to see her movies. She was not the Debbie they had projected in his right mind would pay Debbie's price.

But the producers paid. And nothing ranks like success.

People who began by admiring Debbie's utter success ended by calling her girl with the cash-register mind. Didn't she make Eddie pay and pay and pay for his divorce? Wasn't she charging quarter of a million dollars every film? It wasn't she looking for a new kind of band? A rich one?

effect on Debbie's fans

Hollywood is not a loyal town. Friends denied their hearts towards Debbie. That was the hard-girl, saucy, smart and prac-
tical coyness to be turned on and off Debbie felt it to her advantage. That sauciness, they said, was "for the rubes!" The fans too wanted it. They didn't turn against Debbie, but they were writing fewer and fewer letters. Some of them went so far as to say she was "opening up." She was not the Debbie they had fallen in love with. This was something else in... and they weren't quite sure how they liked it.

And all of this came to Debbie's attention. This, she knew very well, was the making of trouble. It is still going on. I more and more letters ask, Why has Debbie changed?

It would be futile to contend that today's able Reynolds is unchanged from the boy who starred for the Girls Athletic Association of Burbank High School. Debbie admits that it is impossible to observe.

If I haven't changed since I was sixteen, you'd see a doctor, I need some new brain pills or something.

I believe I have grown up in the past years. I don't believe I have matured completely. I sometimes wonder if people ever really mature, even when they grow old.

The change in her financial status is immense. From a girl who earned Christmas money working at J. C. Penney's for fifty cents an hour she has become a star who can make Hollywood's top money deal. Recently her outstanding commitments were estimated to be worth eight million dollars. This staggering figure turns out to be an underestimate. Ten million would be more realistic.

Naturally, someone who that kind of earning power is going to find The Girl Next Door. And yet, it is amazing how little Debbie has changed in her ten years in the movies. This is not sheer fortitude; in many ways, she is little different from the fun-loving teen-ager from Burbank.

Debbie on the set

Life of the party? Recently, on the set of The Pleasure of His Company, she was all over the place, exchanging banter with the script girl, make-up man, hairdresser, sometimes in a Hungarian accent to la Zsa Zsa, sometimes in a French accent, sometimes in Japanese. Her longest routine came when she learned George Seaton personally on Debbie how to play straight man in the Nolan routine:

"Are you a Chenery boy?" she kept asking him. This was a routine of Tommy Chenery, a man whose comedy act the world demanded nightly for five weeks when he was appearing on the same bill with Eddie Fisher at Las Vegas' Tropicana. She got Fred Astaire to do it, instructing him to play straight man in the Nolan routine:

Debbie: Are you a Chenery boy?
Fred: No, I'm not.
Debbie: You must be a Chenery boy aren't you?
Fred: No, I'm not.
Debbie: But you must be. Say you're a Chenery boy—say it!
Fred: Oh, I am not a Chenery boy.
Debbie: Dot's funny—you don't look like a Chenery boy.
Fred went away laughing, and Debbie went into her dressing room to continue her imitation of Nolan. She went through his whole routine of a television chef making a gourmet dish while testing all the liqueurs that went into it. She ended up gargling and crying—this time her listeners were in stitches.

Debbie the Clown shifts into Debbie the Serious Talker—with no clashing of gears—when she is asked if she has changed.

"Not really," she begins. "Not in the things that matter. My life is pretty much the same as it was before I was married. I'm very happy this way. I have time to spend with the people I love. And I have time to devote to my career.

"If I were married, I wouldn't be able to have as full a career as I have had in this past year. I didn't have a full career going when I was married. I'm not saying you must devote yourself to your home and your husband. Your life centers around him, and in some businesses it is a good thing to give parties and go to certain functions that are important.

Without a husband to look after, Debbie she said her life has settled down to this: "Work, family, a few dates, my charity work."

By "a few dates," she means just that. When she's working in a picture, she goes on her dates only on Friday or Saturday nights. She won't go out during the week because it would prevent her from seeing her children. Since she leaves for the studio almost every morning, her only time to see them is in the evening.

"That time is very important to me," she says. "I resent it when something interferes so I can't get home in time to see them."

Debbie's social life

About what her dating? One of her steady beaus is millionaire Harry Karl, a far cry from the hot-rodgers she used to date.

"But you'd be surprised about Harry," she says. "He seems very dignified, and he can be dignified. But he has a very silly sense of humor. He's a singer, you know."

"As a matter of fact, Harry and I often have the same kind of dates I used to have in high school. We go bowling. Yes, I love to bowl."

"Harry and the kids don't go to the fancy places around town, because I don't like to get all dressed up when I go out. In fact, the thing I like to do best is go to the movies. Harry loves them, and so we go to the movies."

"That's another thing that hasn't changed about me. When I was very young, I went to the movies about once a week, because that was all I could afford. But when I was sixteen and starting to earn my own money, I always went to the movies at least three times a week. I'm still crazy about movies.

"Harry is a great deal more of strip 

Another bowling partner of Debbie's is Leon Tyler. In contrast to millionaire Karl, Leon is a working man. He sells gas at his father's service station. Debbie's friendship with him goes back to the age of thirteen, when he taught her to juggle.

"Leon is my best boy friend," she explains, contrasting those two words with the term boy friend. "It is strictly platonic, but we have wonderful times together."

"Like last week end. He took me to a roadhouse out in the San Fernando valley. What a place! I didn't know such places existed. There were these flying soda bottles and having a ball. They had a four-piece rock 'n' roll combo of high school boys, and the juke box played between sets. Leon and I danced up a storm. I've got to take Fred (Astaris) there some time night."

Another boy friend of Debbie's is Paul Lillard. He also goes 'way back in her life. "It was during the war," he recalls. "My mother and I would go through the fan mail, and we noticed a certain boy who kept writing from Korea. He was in the private army and he had no family. We sort of adopted him.

"He really had a fantastic life in the service. He was in one outfit that had only ten survivors, another that had only four. He was part of a group of Greek soldiers who were absolutely fearless. He had a charmed life. He was wounded twice and captured twice, but escaped both times. He always says, "The Good Lord married me on the battlefield."

"When I went over to Korea with Walter Pidgeon and Keenan Wynn, the Army took him out of the front lines so I could meet him. They gave him a pair of scissors and a shave, because he looked like Fidel Castro with his beard. He and I hit it off great."

"He came over to California when we were away in Jamaica. My folks took him right in; he moved into my brother's old room and became a part of the family. He stayed for two months and decided to settle in Burbank, where he works for the post office."

"He remains one of my best friends. I call him my adopted brother. He drops by the house occasionally and when I give a party, he always brings his favorite character—wears a Confederate cap and keeps 55
It began the day that England's Cliff Richard first heard a new record called Heartbreak Hotel. Elvis Presley was more than just an original new singer to Cliff; he was pioneering the kind of music that Cliff himself intended to make his way of life. And whenever Elvis issued a new disc, Cliff's family knew it wouldn't be left there gramophone for weeks.

By the time rock 'n' roll star Cliff Richard had become Britain's answer to Elvis, he prized every Presley disc ever issued. Cliff didn't even mind the criticism that he was a complete imitation of the "King of Rock."

When El was stationed in Germany, Cliff became determined to meet his only idol. But he had been voted Britain's most promising new singing star, and with numbers like Livin' Doll and Travelin' Light topping the British hit parade, he was never left time for vacations in Germany or anywhere else.

So Cliff wrote a fan letter: I hope to visit Germany soon, and when do, could you possibly spare the time to see me? A month later the reply came. Eagerly Cliff studied the Bad Nauheim postmark and ripped the envelope open. It contained one postcard picture of Elvis—and that was all.

My letter must have been handled with all the usual fan mail, thought Cliff. For surely if Elvis himself of Cliff Richard. He decided Finally Cliff got a vacation course. But at Elvis' house, a the door. "You'll have to see if you want to see him," said she's making appointments. They managed to get El's that proved just as fruitless. Richard?" said a voice at "So what do you want—an Cliff left, disillusioned. The wire read: DEAR CLIFF, I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE OUR BAD MANNERS RECENTLY. I UNDERSTAND YOU CAME TO BAD NAUHEIM SPECIALLY TO SEE ME, AND WHEN YOU CALLED, SOMEONE WHO SHOULD HAVE KNOWN A WHOLE LOT BETTER ACTED AS IF HE'D NEVER HEARD OF YOU. I CAN ONLY APOLOGIZE.

I'VE WATCHED YOUR PROGRESS ALL THE TIME AND HAVE LIKED YOUR RECORDS A LOT. I HOPE WHEN I GET OUT OF THE ARMY WE CAN GET TOGETHER SOME TIME AND I CAN MAKE UP FOR YOUR LAST VISIT. MEANWHILE, HAVE A BALL IN THE STATES. I KNOW THE AMERICAN AUDIENCES WILL LIKE YOU A LOT.

YOUR BOY, ELVIS

P.S. They did, too!—and especially his new film Expresso Bongo.

Elvis' latest film is Paramount's G.I. Blues.
May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr.
(Continued from page 26)

forthcoming marriage, his London show was being picketed and May herself denounced.

What hasn't been printed is the circumstances that led up to a relationship which has become the talk of the town. That is what we want to do now:

The story begins when May Britt's young husband, Eddie Gregson, left her. She was in a country foreign to her, in Hollywood, with no one to help her get over the shock of her broken marriage. Her once promising career was now in a state of limbo. Her studio did not know what to do with her, how to spot her in the right part.

Her life was crumbling before her.

Yet May's career had begun in a most promising fashion. Following a bit in War and Peace, she won her first good reviews playing the sensuous German temptress in The Young Lions.

Twentieth put her under contract and tried to ignite the same sort of fire under her that had caused American audiences to take Marlene Dietrich and Greta Garbo to their hearts.

She made The Hunter for Twentieth, but it came off less than effectively for her. Then they gambled on May in the remake of Blue Angel. The critics' comparison of May to Dietrich (who played the part originally) made her come off second best.

With the poor results of Blue Angel beginning to haunt her, and with no other picture lined up for her, she turned to her husband for the assurance that she so desperately needed....

Her marriage, too, had begun in a most promising way. She remembered the first night she had met Eddie. His father, a friend of hers, had asked her to drop by the house, and when Eddie held her hand to welcome her, her heart did a fast pit-patter.

Eddie was still in his teens, younger than she was, but May felt that with him she would always know the meaning of giving love and accepting it warmly in return.

A whirlwind courtship swept May off her feet, and she gave of herself in accepting Eddie as she had never dreamed of giving herself to any man. But, Eddie, the college boy, was not yet ready for the responsibilities and problems of marriage. He left, and as the front door to their honeymoon retreat slammed shut on her, she began to doubt herself as a woman.

Soon she was to flinch reading items like this from Winchell: Cara Williams is now the adored of Eddie Gregson, and he has asked May for a quickie melting so that he can make Cara his next wife.

May thought it all out carefully. There was nothing she could do to win her handsome, dark-haired Eddie back, try as she might.

May, her heart smashed to bits, took to staying alone and seeing no one. She would walk alone along the beach and let the wind blow the misery from her for a few peaceful moments.

Actor-director Theodore Marcuse said of May, during the beginning of this trial period for her: "May is a most sensitive creature. She never had that much confidence in herself to begin with, and now, he man she believed in, and trusted, is left her. No woman I know feels more alone than she does right now."

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?
A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Persstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is Arrid cream America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Persstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, Arrid Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only half safe? Use Arrid to be sure!

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic Arrid with Persstop actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get Arrid Cream Deodorant today.

[Arrid Cream Advertisement]
The young man looked furtively up and down the street, hurried along until he came to a building with the flag of the State of California, then scurried through the open door. Inside, he drew a breath of relief and muttered, "I'd sure hate to have him see me here."

He got out a bunch of papers and took his place in the long line. As he waited, he thought over the incredible events of the evening before. He'd gotten a phone call from his idol Spencer Tracy! The boy’s aunt was an old friend of Mr. Tracy’s but he was much too proud to “use” anyone, much too proud to trade on family pull to meet anyone.

It even hurt his pride to be standing here, in the Unemployment Compensation line, but his last film—his only film, to be truthful, though he'd had a small but good role—had ended months ago and he hadn't been able to find anything else since.

He’d been seriously thinking about quitting; he could hardly call himself an actor after one job. If he didn’t get something by the time his Unemployment checks ran out, he'd admit defeat and go back home. . .

And now to think that Mr. Tracy had phoned him, had told him he'd "shown a great deal of promise in your last film" (what a kind way to put it!) and said he had to be downtown the next day on some “very important business” and suggested lunch. The restaurant, the boy knew, was very near the Unemployment Office. So he'd have to be very careful not to let Mr. Tracy see him.

His business completed, he turned from the window and hurried away. He thought for a moment that he heard someone calling after him, calling his first name. But it was probably another unemployed actor, and he had no time for that today. . .

The boy entered the restaurant, safely unseen as far as he could tell, and sat down to wait. Quite some time later Spencer Tracy arrived and said, “Sorry to keep you waiting. Son, I got held up at the Unemployment Office.”

“—the where?”

“Got held up signing for my next check at the Unemployment Office.”

Spencer Tracy repeated, “Matter of fact, I thought I saw you there too. You know it’s quite a meeting place! Young man looked like you but he rushed out on me, so I guess it wasn’t.” He added with a twinkle in his eye, “If you haven’t already signed up for it, you really should. We pay taxes for it, you know. It’s our right and our privilege. I believe that every actor should preserve his franchise—never can be sure there won’t be a long siege of bad times.”

And with that, the two actors sat down to order lunch.

Producer George England became a friend. But, with his marital status still in doubt with his actress wife Cloris Leachman, May chose not to be the one to break up a marriage and leave Cloris as unhappy as she was.

George England still speaks highly of May. "She deserves so much. I wish her happiness in her search for it."

Then, Sammy came on the scene. He seemed to understand the great strain she was under. And he offered to help her. For a while, May relegated all her insecurities and fears to the decisions Sammy seemed to have for each problem.

Sammy's reputation scarcely recommended him for the role of father-confessor or decision maker. His whispered-about romance with Kim Novak had put heavy pressure on him to stay clear of Kim. Sammy protested that theirs was only a friendship, but rumor had the late Harry Cohn, the head of Columbia Pictures at that time, just about ready to kill Sammy should be persist in courting the studio's $20,000,000 investment.

Shortly after that rumor came out, Sammy married dancer Loray Scott. It was reported that their courtship lasted a lengthy six days.

Divorce quickly followed for Sammy, as Kim hiked herself off to Europe and dated such international charmers as the late Aly Khan and Count Mario Bandini.

Sammy was good for May, in the beginning. With the perpetual energy of a hurricane, he left her little room for brooding, by keeping her as busy as possible. After a while, however, she began to sense his personal magnetism was beginning to creep under her skin.

With each step they took, her feelings changed. She had taken his compassion and understanding and turned it into something frightening to frighten her. She had begun to fall in love.

They tried to fight the feeling that was overpowering them with each passing moment. And May tried desperately to keep her heart from the world's gaze.

She even tried to break with Sammy.

She was about to tell him that they could no longer see each other, even though I would hurt her to have him gone from her life. But May could not end their friendship. Dangerous though it was to both of them, it had lasted too long and meant too much to die easily.

Then in London, Sammy startled the world with his announcement that, after May's divorce became final September 28 he and May would marry and raise a large family. He admitted that the marriage might affect their careers. “But I'm ready to take the risk,” May said staunchly. “If my career is so flimsily put together, Sammy insisted, ‘that my marriage may ruin it, then my career isn’t worth much."

Less than forty-eight hours after the first ugly insults began, Pickets threaten- to boycott Sammy's shows, demonstrators carried signs vilely attacking May.

May has no Harry Cohn, as Kim Nova did, to save her career. She does not have the millions of fans to come to her defense.

But she is going through this difficult time with courage, supported and strength ened by the love of the man she love. She is "aware that this marriage is critical to my life.” And she knows the Sammy "needs loving as much as I do, Lots of it, and lots of children.”

As for trouble, well, she expects it. “My film career will suffer in the States, will make films on the continent.”

We hope it won't have to come to that. We hope May's career is not destroyed be cause of her romance.
Ava Gardner's Lost Baby

(Continued from page 44)

gay with, up till now. Except that now
the mood had overtaken her suddenly, the
sullen mood, the had-it mood. And so
she'd dropped the gaiety, gulped her wine
and gotten up from the table.

She walked across the room, to a phono-
graph, and she put on a record.

She listened for a moment, to the voice
on the record.

It sang something about nightingales
singing, singing sweet.

"Si-na-tra?" called out the man at the
table, teasingly.

"That's right," said Ava. "Sinatra. And
me," she added, shrugging, as if for no
particular reason, "I'm the ex-Mrs. Sina-
tra." She laughed. "Amén."

The man at the table laughed, too. "Sei
briaga," he said. "You are drunk."

"Am I?" Ava asked, shrugging again.

The man got up from the table and
started walking towards her.

But Ava barely saw him coming.

She was listening to the voice on the
record, as it sang something now about a
man bringing dreams of you.

The man began to put his arms around
her.

"Dance with me," he said, not asking.

Ava drew herself back. "No," she said.

The man tried again.

"Don't you touch me," Ava said. "Not
then he's singing."

She closed her eyes. The voice was
singing something about a new kind of
love you bring—right to you.

The man tried once more.

"Stop it...beat it," Ava said, snapping
at her eyes open.

She tried to get away from him, but the
man had his arms around her waist now,
and he wouldn't let go.

Ava began to struggle.

"Beat it," she said. "Let go of me and
beat it."

The man wouldn't.

"We dance," he said, whispering a
weight against hers, bringing his mouth
to her ears.

Suddenly, Ava bent her head and bit at

a arm, hard, savagely.

The man cried out. Stunned, he took a
step back. Then, with all his might, he
rapped her.

The lady gets old," he said, "with the
eyes under the eyes. And the older she
gets, the meaner she gets, eh?"

Ava, furious now, hysterical now, began
shriek. "Beat it, you jaded louse," she
said. "Beat it before I call the cops."

She turned and ran to a fireplace a few
away. She picked up a vase, small,
gle, pink-tinted, a smiling cherub dance-
ing lightly over the belly of the vase.

She aimed it at the man.

She threw it at him.

It missed his head by inches.

"Beat it," she shrieked once more.

And then, as he turned and left, she
came to sob.

What do they want from me?

Why don't they leave me alone—these
polices?" she asked, turning to the table
next to the chair where her girlfriend had
been through all this, quietly, nervously.

"Hey?"

She brought her hands up to her face.

What do they want from me anyway—

me creeps?" she asked.

She was silent for a moment.

She stood there listening to the voice on
record, still singing, singing now about

When he was the slave, his girl the queen.

She began to dig her fingernails into

face.

"And what did he want from me?" she
asked.

Her sobbing returned now, and grew
louder, more convulsive, more hysteri-
cal. "What?" she asked, beginning to
scream, "what...what...what...what...what
what...what?"

Her friend jumped up from her chair.

She rushed over to Ava.

"Stop it, honey," she said. "Cut it out."

Ava didn't.

"Stop it," her friend said, bringing up
her hand and striking it across her face.

Ava stopped.

And as she did, she grabbed her friend's
hand and held it, tightly, viciously, furi-
ously.

For a second, neither of them said any-
thing.

And then, very softly, Ava spoke.

"Don't give me this," she said. "I've had
this all before...the slapping...the

If only she'd been born to a more

beautiful and expensive view of night-time Rome below her.

To kill the boredom

It was about an hour later, a little after

midnight. They both sat on the terrace
now, Ava and her friend, Ava smoking

and holding a drink—and talking, the friend

letting her talk.

"I don't know about Europe anymore—

Spain, now Italy, " Ava was saying, "I was
so bored in Hollywood...Hollywood,..." she


Do you know that there were days

there when the most exciting thing to do

was to get up in the morning and pick up

the papers and read all the columns? Can

you imagine that? Can you believe it?"

"No," her friend said.

"Hollywood," Ava said again. Then: "So

I came here to Europe, to mad gay Europe.

And now after six, seven years I'm bored

here too."

"The other day," she went on, "before

you came, I was so damn bored, you know

what I did? I went to the beauty parlor

and said, 'Dye my hair blonde.' Just for

the hell of it. 'I want to be a blonde,' I

said... Oh boy, did I look like something

when they got through with me. I had it
dyed back the next day and the boy in

the beauty parlor sighed gratefully. 'You

must never do that again, Miss Gardner,'

he said. And he was right, too. Because

I won't. Because it doesn't help the boredom,

being blonde. Not one bit."

She took a drag from her cigarette, then

a sip from her glass.

"I fought a bull once to kill the bore-

dom," she said then. "And what happens?

The bull nearly kills me."

"I bought a dog once," she said. "Corgi.

Do you remember Corgi?"

"Yes," said her friend.

"The sweetest pooch in the world," Ava

said, "with the most beautiful, the most

loving eyes in the world." She stopped for

a moment. "A few months ago," she said

then, "this man—I call him a man; ha, ha,

I call him a man—he was here. He began
to fight with me. I forget what started it.

Who ever remembers what starts those

do things? And he began to curse and shout.

And at one point he picked up that little
dog and he tried to thrash him. And he

thrasht him so hard that his eye fell out—"
She stopped again, in a dismal silence. She brought her glass up to her lips and drank down what was left of the drink.

"It's a funny thing about me," she said, half-smiling, "but I just can't seem to keep anything. I mean keep. Three husbands, one dog, a head of blonde hair, two minutes of excitement with a bull. . . . Nothing. . . . I just can't keep things."

She put out her cigarette and then she reached for a bottle which sat alongside the chaise and she poured herself another drink.

"Sometimes—" her friend started to say, as she did.

"Sometimes what?" Ava asked.

"Sometimes," her friend said, "to keep something, you've got to want it very much."

"I've wanted," Ava said. "Don't kid yourself about that.

"But I mean, Ava," said her friend, "—what if you don't want now, out of life... very, very much?"

"Things I should have had by now," said Ava, without pausing to think twice about it. "An education, for one thing. If I could be born and have a nose, I could have my pickin's from the beginning I'd say, 'Mr. Stork—man, that's one thing you've got to guarantee me. High school, good high school, no more than I got there stuff. So people don't think they're all the time smarter than me. So that nobody can ever pull anything over on me—or that I'm not doing that.’"

"And what else, besides an education?" asked her friend.

"A baby, of course," said Ava, simply. "That, I can tell you, would be first choice on my list."

"You can still have a baby," said the friend.

"Yeah?" Ava asked. "How?"

"You get married again someday," her friend started to say, "and—"

"No, huh-uh," Ava said, interrupting. "Three flop marriages are enough for me. If I got married again and something went wrong, I think—I think I'd kill myself right there on the spot."

"You could adopt a baby, then," said her friend.

"Me?" Ava asked. "At my age—thirty-seven—start taking care of a baby? Alone?"

"And give up my wild and wonderful life?"

"You could adopt one, you know," said the friend.

Heart's desire

Ava threw back her head and began to laugh. But the laughter did not last long. Because soon, suddenly, seriously, she was saying: "I'd pick a girl, a little girl. And no matter how much hard work I did and I'd call her Lisa. That's the name I used to think I'd call my own little girl when I thought I would have one. Those nights I used to lie in bed after I was married, the first time, the second time, the third time, and think about the day I'd find out I was pregnant, the day I'd give birth, the moment I'd hold my baby in my arms that first time and look at her and say to her, 'Honey child, your name, in case you don't know it, is...’"

She stopped and looked over at her friend again.

"Could you see me as a mother?" she asked, half-smiling again.

"Yes," said the friend.

"This whirlpool, this life," Ava asked, the smile beginning to fade, "do you think I still have time to get out of it?"

"Yes," said the friend.

Ava looked down into her glass, at what was left of her drink. She was silent for a while.

And then, she said, "I'd insist on that, though, if I ever went to adopt a child, even thought of adopting one. Not that I would think of it... It would have to be a little girl, I'd say..."

"Yes," the tall old nun said to Ava that morning, a few days later, "in a few minutes... the child we have selected for your consideration. But before you do see her, before you decide definitely, you must know this, my dear lady..."

The care of a child is a tremendous responsibility. Especially with these children, here at our orphanage, who from the beginnings of their young lives have only known the sadness of things, the heartbreak, the loneliness. So that those who adopt them must pledge to God and to their own hearts that they will offer care, and love, and time, and attention.

It was only the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children of ours have known... . . .

A baby for Ava

Ava thought they would never end, those long long minutes she sat waiting for the nun to return with the child.

She didn't think she was, finally, when she heard the door open, when she turned and saw the little girl standing there.

The girl, she saw, immediately, was a beautiful baby, a child, she thought, no more than three years old, brown-haired, fair-skinned, with great big eyes, a little nose, a little mouth, the mouth half-covered by a little flower, an etchette, and all this she was holding. The little girl, Ava saw too, looked confused, and frightened, from the moment she'd stepped into the room, to this moment, now, as the nun who'd brought her bent and whispered, "Here is her baby, the one you've been waiting for."

She opened her purse and took out a small package. "This is for you," she said, giving it to the girl.

The girl took the package and stared down at it.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Ava asked, after a moment. "It's a present."

The girl looked up at Ava.

"Don't you know what a present is?" Ava asked.

The little girl shook her head.

"A present," Ava said, "—it's when people give each other, they give each other something to show their friendship. That's a present. Like this flower you gave to me. Like this package I give to you."

The little girl didn't seem to understand.

"You know," Ava said, changing the subject, "this is very interesting—but you do you know that you look just like I did... when you were born."

At home, I have some pictures. Snapshots. From way back. From a place in America called North Carolina. And when we get home, I'll show them to you. And you'll see," Again she smiled. "Of course, she said, "you'll see, too, that I wasn't a pretty as you are, but—"

She began to reach for the little girl's hand.

The girl clenched her fist.

"—But," Ava went on, pretending no notice, bringing her own hand back to her side, "I've got to say, from what I hear from my family, that I was a lot more talkative than you are, when I was your age... . Oh, how I used to like to talk to them. Even worse than a toy duck.
used to have a little cheap thing that used to go quack-quack quack-quack when you'd wind it. Except, they'd say, that fortunately the duck would get unwound once in a while and quiet down. While I, I'd just keep on chattering away. Worse than any toy duck, or any other child, in fact.

**This silly lady**

She took a breath and looked at the little girl, who continued staring up at her.

"Don't you like to talk?" Ava asked then, softly.

The girl said nothing.

"Don't you like to talk to me?" Ava asked.

Still, the girl said nothing.

"Don't you like me?" Ava asked, almost pleading for an answer, "—this silly lady who comes from out of nowhere one day and says all the wrong things to you! But who likes you so much. . . . Don't you like me?"

But the little girl seemed suddenly distracted. She turned and faced the door. She was listening to something else now, to a light trampling noise that came from down the hall somewhere.

"Are those the other children, your friends?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said, speaking finally, whispering.

"And do you want to go with them?" Ava asked.

"Yes," the little girl said again.

With that, she dropped the package Ava had given her and she began to run towards the door.

She'd practically reached it when she fell, and began to cry.

Ava rushed over to her.

"Sweetheart," she called out, "are you all right?"

She reached to pick up the little girl, but the girl resisted.

"No," she shouted, "I want to go outside, away. I want to go.

But Ava, knowing that she was hurt, seeing the deep scrape marks on her arms, paid no mind.

She picked her up anyway.

And she carried her over to a chair, and sat.

And she held the sobbing child close to her, rocking her, kissing her, saying softly to her, "It will go away, the hurt— Soon you won't feel it." Rocking her some more. Kissing her some more.

Until, gradually, the girl's crying lessened and lessened. And until, finally, at one point, after she'd stopped crying altogether, she lifted her little arms and took Ava's hand with both her own hands and clasped it, while with her mouth and with her eyes she began to smile a little.

"Some day," Ava asked, "should you like me to come and see you again?"

The little girl nodded.

"I will come someday soon," Ava said. The day after tomorrow, the day after that—no later.

"And then," she said, "in about two weeks maybe, if everything is all right, I will come one day and when I leave, you'll be leaving with me. And after that, forever after that, we'll be together, you and me."

She bent her head and kissed the child once more.

"Just you and me," she said.

It didn't occur to Ava at the time that she had spoken the last few sentences in English, rather than in Italian.

That the child hadn't understood these last few sentences, their meaning.

And that, perhaps, strangely, it was better that way.

The American, a playboy, an old friend, phoned Ava that next night. He asked her to go out with him—"Come on," he said, "a big night on the town." Ava could have said no. She did hesitate for a moment or two. But she ended up by saying yes.

That was the way it always was with Ava.

That was the way this night began.

It was one of those whirlpool nights, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

She and her friend began by having cocktails at her apartment—a rye-and-brandy concoction; a little too strong, a few too many.

They left the apartment at about ten o'clock.

Just before they got to the restaurant where they were to have dinner, Ava and her date noticed a young news photographer following them on a motorcycle.

"You like this kind of stuff?" asked the date.

"No," said Ava.

The date stopped his car, got out and flagged down the photographer. When the photographer had stopped, Ava's date grabbed him, grabbed his camera and smashed the camera against his head.

Dinner, which followed, was relatively quiet—lots of food, lots of wine.

But after dinner, things started moving again.

First, Ava and her date went to the Bat Club, a swank nightspot not far from the Coliseum. Here they drank champagne. And they danced. Here, too, after a while, while they were dancing, a stranger tried to cut in on them.

"Scat," said Ava.

"You insult one of your admirers?" asked the stranger.

"You heard the lady," said Ava's escort. The stranger smiled. "This is a lady," he asked.

Whereupon Ava's date slapped him and he slugged back and a general free-for-all began, with the place in an uproar and Ava and her escort getting away only minutes before the police arrived.

From the Bat Club they went to another place, where they skipped the dancing, and only drank.

Then they went to another place—with more to drink.

And another.

And another.

Finally, at five that morning, they were entering a private all-night club when Ava, stumbling a bit, spotted another photographer standing near the bar, about to take her picture.

"Stop that," she shouted. "Leave me alone with that damn thing."

The photographer ignored her.

A flashbulb popped.

"I said stop," Ava screamed, picking up a dish from a table she was standing alongside, and flinging it; then a glass, and another dish, and another glass.

**This was the worst**

It was one of those whirlpool nights, all right, when things get rougher, tougher, crazier, more senseless as the hours progress.

Ava had had them before.

But this was the worst.

She got back to her apartment at about six o'clock that morning.

She went straight to her bedroom.

She kicked off her shoes and was about to struggle with the buttons on her dress when the telephone rang.

She let it ring a few times, thinking at first that she wouldn't bother answering. But then when she couldn't stand the sound of that bell, knowing its way into her head that way, into her brain, she jerked the receiver up from its hook and she
Laurence Harvey had waited for that morning in 1952 for so long. At last he'd been accepted by the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theater Company at Stratford-on-Avon, and it was his first day. He stood back of the stalls with another dedicated young actor, Richard Burton, watching a rehearsal of The Tempest.

A tall, willowy girl with short blonde hair stood in the center of the stage. Larry whispered, "Who is that losing-looking spinner with the stringbean figure?"

"Margaret Leighton," said Richard. "They're mad about her down here."

"Really?" answered Larry incredulously. "Well, I've never heard of her."

Yet as the morning wore on he realized why they were all "mad about her down here." While some of the company were moody, Margaret was very friendly. She tried especially hard to make the new members of the company feel at home.

"Need any help with your scene?" she'd ask them. "Can I hear your lines for you? I can never get mine right."

Consequently it was more of a shock than a surprise when Larry invited her to lunch a couple of days later and she told him quickly: "No, thank you. I'm very busy today."

It wasn't any better when he suggested dinner. "I'm having a sandwich in my room and an early night, thank you," she said coldly. "We've all got plenty to learn."

Every day Larry watched her be charming to everybody. She dressed in plainer clothes than any woman he'd ever seen. But she walked and stood with such poise that they seemed fabulous on her.

He discovered she'd been separated from her publisher husband for some time (did he say spinner?), and she had no other romantic interest. But after several days of continually being told she was busy, Larry began to wonder if his technique was wrong.

On the first night of the show he had an idea. During one of their scenes together Larry paused purposely, as if unsure of the next line. Margaret thought he'd dried up, and turning her back to the audience she whispered his next sentence to him.

He made a point of thanking her profusely afterwards for "saving my big night."

Margaret told him not to worry about it—the same thing could happen to anyone, she assured him.

In fact, she looked so sympathetic and comforting (as he hoped) that he dared to ask her to dinner again.

"I'd like that," said Margaret with hands on her hips. "But there's something I must tell you before I change. With the acoustics in this theater, when you stand out on that stage, you can hear just about everything people say at the back of the stalls. Yes, I think a good dinner would be fine for this lost-looking spinner with the stringbean figure."

ED. NOTE: On August 8th, 1957, Margaret Leighton became Mrs. Laurence Harvey.

Laurence's newest films are United Artists' The Alamo; MGM's Breakfast B. and Expresso Bongo, for Continental Films.

asked, painfully, angrily, "What's this?"

A man at the other end of the phone identified himself as a reporter for one of Rome's English-language newspapers.

"I hear you had yourself quite a time tonight, Miss Gardner," he said. "I just wanted to know what you think of the story."

"What the hell do you care?" Ava asked and then she hung up.

And she threw herself back on the bed. And she thought: "Don't they ever leave me alone... the press... the gentlemen of the press?"

She took a deep breath as she pictured the stories in the papers later that morning. All over the world, she thought—Ava Gardner, lady runaround, on a night out, for everybody to read about.

All over the world, she thought—even here, in Rome, for everybody to read even the good nuns... even the good nuns in the orphanage she was to re-visit later this day, before she saw her little girl again, before—

She gasped. She repeated it to herself, slowly, what she had just thought of.

Even the good nun... the orphanage... her little girl....

She closed her eyes. She saw, in the darkness, for a moment, the face of the little girl, the beautiful little girl.

And then the face disappeared and was replaced by another, the face of a nun. The nun stared at her, hard. And then she shook her head.

"A tremendous responsibility," she said, "a tremendous responsibility. Only the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children have known."

"But I love her," Ava heard herself saying aloud. "I love her."

"A tremendous responsibility," the words came again.

"Oh Sister... Oh God," Ava moaned, opening her eyes. "Please... don't take her away from me."

Her voice became high, shrill, uncontrollable.

"I'll be good to her, God—I swear it," she said. "Oh please, give me another chance and I'll be so good to her."

"God? God? Do You hear me?"

"I need that baby. And she needs me."

"Do You hear me?" she asked again.

"I am begging You. I am begging You."

"Can't I have my girl, at least?"

"Can't I keep something, one thing, in this life of mine?"

She felt dizzy, suddenly, wet and feverish. She pushed herself up from the bed. She walked to a window and opened it. A breeze came rushing into the room. It came in hard, so hard that it knocked down a glass that had been sitting on the windowsill. Ava heard it fall and crash.

And when she looked down she saw, lying in the midst of the shattered pieces of glass, a flower, little and yellow, which she'd been given two days before.

She fell to her knees and she picked it up. "Lisa," she said, desperately, as she tried to fix the flower's broken stem, so that it might stand straight again.

"My baby," she said.

"My baby," she said again and again, as she in Hollywood, them in New York, them in the rockets and them in the mines.

All over the world, she thought—even here, in Rome, for everybody to read even the good nuns... even the good nuns in the orphanage she was to re-visit later this day, before she saw her little girl again, before—

She gasped. She repeated it to herself, slowly, what she had just thought of.

Even the good nun... the orphanage... her little girl....

She closed her eyes. She saw, in the darkness, for a moment, the face of the little girl, the beautiful little girl.

And then the face disappeared and was replaced by another, the face of a nun. The nun stared at her, hard. And then she shook her head.

"A tremendous responsibility," she said, "a tremendous responsibility. Only the good, the clean, the loving, my dear lady, to make up for all the bad, the dirty bad things, these children have known."

"But I love her," Ava heard herself saying aloud. "I love her."

"A tremendous responsibility," the words came again.

"Oh Sister... Oh God," Ava moaned, opening her eyes. "Please... don't take her away from me."

Her voice became high, shrill, uncontrollable.

"I'll be good to her, God—I swear it," she said. "Oh please, give me another chance and I'll be so good to her."

"God? God? Do You hear me?"

"I need that baby. And she needs me."

"Do You hear me?" she asked again.

"I am begging You. I am begging You."

"Can't I have my girl, at least?"

"Can't I keep something, one thing, in this life of mine?"

She felt dizzy, suddenly, wet and feverish. She pushed herself up from the bed. She walked to a window and opened it. A breeze came rushing into the room. It came in hard, so hard that it knocked down a glass that had been sitting on the windowsill. Ava heard it fall and crash.

And when she looked down she saw, lying in the midst of the shattered pieces of glass, a flower, little and yellow, which she'd been given two days before.

She fell to her knees and she picked it up. "Lisa," she said, desperately, as she tried to fix the flower's broken stem, so that it might stand straight again.

"My baby," she said.

"My baby," she said again and again, as she in Hollywood, them in New York, them in the rockets and them in the mines.

But it was too late. The tiny flower was dead.
Liz Walks Out!

(Continued from page 49)

When she walked out of the door of the Gold Medal Studios in the Bronx, she took a whiff of the cool, fresh air, and felt clean inside.

"No regrets?" Eddie asked.

"Not one," she replied vigorously. "And I don't care if I ever work again."

She meant it.

She hadn't wanted to do Butterfield 8—

...from the very beginning. When she received the script she wasn't prepared for what she'd find, because she hadn't read the book.

Her own literary preference was toward Black Beauty and Snow White, when Butterfield was published back in 1935. At that time Butterfield was banned in many cities and severely condemned as lewd and offensive.

When MGM first bought the story, they were barred by The Hays Office to see that it was "excessively laundered" before putting it on the screen.

But even with such laundering, the script was "put on the shelf"—where it lay half-forgotten for nearly two decades.

Ready for Butterfield 8

Back in 1959, Hollywood was shocked when the singular usage of the word "damn" in the climactic scene of Gone With The Wind, was approved by the censors. It was a revolutionary concession.

By 1959, however, damn, hell, and practically every other four, five and seven letter word was being used indiscriminately in movies.

And by 1959, Hollywood felt it was ready for Butterfield 8. It was dusted off and scheduled.

But ironically when Liz Taylor, the woman who had been morally censured, was finished reading the script her first instinct was to tear it into a thousand shreds.

Eddie walked into the room as she was struggling to rip the heavy duty paper.

He had never seen his wife in such a snit.

"Bad part?" he grinned.

"Depends on what you call bad," she answered, giving up the struggle and tossing the manuscript into the waste basket.

"Oh—I'm sure a dozen actresses would want such a fat part—but Eddie, it's positively—well!—nothing but sex and sensationalism. I just won't do it—and that's all there is to it!"

"Worse than Suddenly Last Summer?" he teased.

She laughed.

"Oh you never will get over the fact that you didn't want me to do that picture, will you?"

"Nope. Not even for six Oscar nominations. Not even if you get the Oscar."

"All right, I grant you that Suddenly wasn't exactly suitable for a kid's malarkey. But Eddie, at least it was subtle. I mean, if you didn't know about such things—it would go right over your head. And if you were old enough and sophisticated enough—what harm would it do? Adults are aware that such things exist."

"Such things as cannibalism among Caucasians?"

"Oh Eddie, you're impossible. You know what I mean." She playfully tossed a throw pillow in his direction.

He ducked and came up fighting...

"Now—about Cat On A Hot Tin Roof? Kiddle Matinee?"

She grew serious.

"That was for Mike. He wanted me to do it. He was so proud because ... Her voice trailed off. "But that was cleaned up—and if you didn't know the play, well ... Funny, and most of the critics complained because it was 'watered down.' But darling, this one is so different."

Now Eddie grew serious.

"Then, of course, you're not going to do it. ..."

The threat to Liz

But Liz had one more picture to make while she was under contract—and she would make this one, Sol Siegel felt, or else.

She was threatened with a suspension—

...until she came around to the studio's way of thinking.

A furious Liz told the United Press, "It's a terribly mean thing they've done to me. I don't think the studio is treating me fairly. But they have the power to keep me off the screen for two years unless I agree to do Butterfield and it looks as if that's what they are going to do.

"I've been with the studio for seventeen years. During that time I was never asked to play such a horrible role. The leading lady is almost a prostitute. It's so unpalatable I wouldn't do it for anything—under any conditions. I was going to set up a trust fund for my children from the money I make in Cleopatra. I don't understand how one man can take a million dollars from me and my children."

Equally furious, Sol countered with:

"We are willing and happy to have Elizabeth earn a million dollars for Cleopatra—if she fulfills her contract and not Butterfield for us first."

He also went on to imply that Liz had underestimated her own importance—and she was not needed at the studio that badly ...

Married women are sharing this secret

... the new, easier, surer protection

for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves. And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FEMALE SUPPOSITORIES

A NORFORMS PRODUCT

Tested by doctors ... trusted by women ... proved in hospital clinics

FREE informative Norforms booklet

Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-49
Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City________________ State______

63
But obviously MGM needed Liz more than she needed them. The script was re-written—and presumably cleaned up. And Liz agreed to start work.

As a beginning, as some called it, a breezy—They offered Eddie the role of her piano-playing friend.

"You know," he told her, "there are going to be charges of nepotism. It might even mean if I half out." Liz laughed.

"What does it matter?" Liz answered. "We've been charged with almost everything else. And Eddie, with you in the picture, at least it might be bearable. Please say yes."

He said yes, but it was still unbearable. Just before the picture was to start, Liz became violently ill with bronchitis and fever. The starting date was postponed. She secretly wondered if the illness wasn't a psychosomatic reaction to the thought of going to know.

But when she recovered, she could put it off no longer. "I don't know how good it'll be," she said, "but I guess like it or not, I'm a professional. I'll do my best."

But her best didn't include "selling" the picture. She closed the set to the press. She would talk to no one. When she finally broke down and agreed to see Herald Tribune reporter, Joe Hyams, an old friend, the studio was jubilant.

They shouldn't have been.

That "unprintable" interview

Hyams started the conversation by saying that he had read the original novel but hadn't seen the script. Liz countered with: "Save yourself the trouble, Hyams. I've promised to print everything" she said, although most of what she said wasn't printable—in MGM's eyes.

"Trying this picture grieves the hell out of me."

Eddie tried to smooth things over. "Elizabeth is superb in everything she does—and it will be real," he said. "That's the trouble," Liz interrupted. "It's too commercial. It's in bad taste. Everyone in it is crazy, mixed-up, sick—except the part Eddie plays. This is the real picture in the real scene—and I'm doing it, but I don't want to and I don't like it—and remember you promised to print everything I said?"

After that there were no more interviews.

A week later the actors went on strike and no one knew—if or when Butterfield would ever be completed.

"You're Eddie," she said when the studio went dark, "if it wasn't for the crew and the stagehands and the actors who really need the money, I wouldn't care if the strike lasted twenty years. Then I'd be a dodging old grey-haired grandmother—and they'd have to get someone else.

The following day she and Eddie left for a vacation in Jamaica. They swam and danced and frolicked in the sun—and never discussed the movie. Except, whenever Eddie wanted to tease Liz she'd say, "Liz, you're so stupid."

"B-U-T-T-E-R-F-L-Y-E-D-D-B," and Liz would throw something at him—like sand or sea-shells—or a baby crab.

When she and Eddie left Jamaica to return to Hollywood for Oscar night, looked as if the strike was about over. Boarding the plane west, she tripped and broke her ankle.

It was almost as though she subconsciously willed herself into being incapacitated.

While the doctor was applying the heavy tape, she teased: "Hm'm, maybe I won't be able to walk for a year, then they'll have to replace me if the strike ends soon."

"What—are you trying to ruin my career or something?" Eddie teased her. "And my scenes haven't even started. Some loving wife."

"You should talk, you have the healthy part."

"Better get well soon, sweetheart. There isn't a chance of replacing you. You'll just get to play the rest of your scenes in bed."

"Certainly, I think of it." Liz laughed bitterly. "That's where I think the rest of them take place anyway."

She was kidding—but her words were almost prophetic.

When she returned to work, strange things began happening. Things that weren't written into the script. There were unusual camera angles, through lighting, through camera angles, the suggestive became bolder.

Words weren't necessary. The action spoke for itself.

And that's when Liz began to feel dirty and ashamed of herself for being part of it.

And when she could take no more, she walked out! Eddie didn't try to change her mind. They hadn't done his scenes. He knew he could be replaced. Liz' well-being and happiness were not concerned with.

But her lawyers felt differently.

They pointed out that she could be barred from the screen forever if she didn't return to work. They pointed out the millions that had already gone into the preparations for Cleopatra.

"You have an obligation to those people," they insisted.

Liz said, "I also have an obligation to the thousands of teen-agers that come to see me in a movie. Some of these films can only give them ideas. Dangerous ideas. There is enough juvenile delinquency and pregnancy and sex crimes without inciting emotions through motion pictures. My children are too young to see me in this kind of movie now. But when it's released to television they will. They'll be teen-agers then..."

All night long there were arguments. And deadlock. And finally a compromise was reached. Liz would return. But she should do no more objectionable scenes. She had guts to put up a fight and win. And she's to be admired and respected for it. She has been held up to scorn and great criticism in her personal life, what she does in this area can hurt only herself. What she does professionally can't, as she has protested, hurt many others.

Deep concern

Last month, Modern Screen was deeply concerned with the increasing amount of filth that has been allowed to seep onto the nation's screen. We pointed out that the theme of sex, love, marriage and premartial sex have been deeply distorted. What has been repressed has been defiled, where certain behavior that should be considered normal have been glorified. We have cited opinions of experts on how to keep pornography from the screen, opinions that ranged from censorship to the classification of Adults Only. We asked you for your suggestions, and you sent many good ones.

Yet the best suggestion has come through Liz, action stars, like all adults, should exercise good judgment and self-censorship in choosing roles to play.

Liz has raised her voice in protest against the low and immoral material brought to the screen in the guise of entertainment.

Others can learn from her.
This Is Vivien Leigh

(Continued from page 37)

“My husband has done that...”

Or: “My husband is the world’s greatest living talent.”

And at one point Susskind interjected, “How wonderful to say my husband and have it mean Sir Laurence Olivier.”

Vivien just smiled. Her loveliest “Scarlett” smile.

And anyone who watched the show might have thought: “How wonderful, that after twenty years of marriage, such love and unreserved admiration still exists...”

They might have thought that—if they hadn’t read the papers that morning, if they hadn’t seen the column. What an announcement: OLIVIER ASKS VIVIEN LEIGH FOR DIVORCE. ACTOR WISHES TO MAKE NEW LEADING LADY HIS LADY.

But almost everyone had read that headline—except, it appeared, Susskind—who seemed guilty of an embarrassing, ill-timed faux pas.

Actually he wasn’t.

The show had been taped a week earlier—when there had been no headlines.

But maybe Vivien had sensed what was coming.

Maybe that was the reason for the constant glances at the wedding ring, the continuous use of the phrase, “my husband,” when—always implied, “my own.”

It was as though she desperately wanted to hold onto the last remaining vestige of her marriage.

Letter from Larry

The special delivery letter from London arrived May 21—the day before Larry’s 33rd birthday.

She had known about Joan Plowright for a long time.

She had known ever since she had seen the two rehearsing for The Entertainer.

The signs were there.

The smiles, the glances, the magic rapport of two people creating something exciting—and falling madly in love in the process.

She knew all about that—because that was the way she had worked with Lane, with her nearly twenty-five years before...”

He had first seen her on the London stage and instantly wanted to meet her. Within a few months they were co-starring in an unpretentious little love story called 21 Days Together. By the time the film had been completed, they were desperately in love.

It didn’t matter that she had been married four years to barrister Leigh Holman and was the mother of a two-year-old daughter.

It didn’t matter that he had been married for over six years to Jill Esmond, who had just told him she was expecting their first child.

His son was born during production of Fire Over England—in which he was co-starring, once again, with Vivien Leigh.

Shortly afterward, he told Jill that he wanted his fan mail, beyond that of congratulating him. He couldn’t help it if there was a husband and a wife and two babies to hurt. She hadn’t sought this emotion which was overwhelming her!

“But you wouldn’t give up your baby, would you?” she was asked.

“No, not exactly, but she’s more with her nurse than she is with me.”

“And your husband?”

“Well I see him so seldom.”

“But your home...”

“It no longer matters...”

All this Vivien was prepared to leave. And her reputation. No argument could change her. She would have her love.

They went to Elsinore, Denmark, to appear in an outdoor production of Hamlet. As they rehearsed in the castle’s courtyard repelled by wild summer storms, their romance reached its climax. They vowed never to be parted.

So when Larry was offered the role of Heathcliff in Wuthering Heights, he insisted Vivien must be signed for Cathy.

But Merle Oberon was already set.

It was Vivien who finally talked him into going without her.

“We’ll only be separated a little while. I’ll join you by New Year’s Eve, I promise.”

Six thousand miles away he bombarded her with heart-wrenching passionate letters, filled with desperation and longing. Troubled, she dashed to Hollywood for a five-day visit...a month early.

But timed a deliberate way he began laying plans to keep her longer.

Vivien’s private life

He knew Selznick was searching for a girl to play Scarlett in Gone With The Wind.

He had made up his mind that only Vivien should play the part.

He wanted to pay a two hundred dollar charge to visit the set where Selznick was in the process of burning Atlanta—although his stars hadn’t yet been chosen.

By the time the evening was over, the search for Scarlett had ended.

But the job that was meant to keep them together, very nearly was to tear them apart.

As an English actress only vaguely known in this country, Vivien’s private life was her own business.

As the girl chosen to play Scarlett O’Hara, it became everyone’s business, and was the prime concern of David Selznick who had millions and his entire production staff to please on the film. The night before the contracts were signed he took her aside—“like a father.”

“I think,” he said, “that it would be better if you were to marry, not see so much of one another until after the picture is released. Even a hint of scandal might queer the film. Gone With The Wind will make you a big star. You can make this small sacrifice for now, can’t you?”

“No.”

“But you don’t seem to understand...”

“I understand only that I will not be separated from Larry...for any role. If this is not satisfactory to you, then perhaps it would be better if you sign another girl.”

Selznick relented. He had no choice.

There was no other girl. After testing eight, he knew. But he sought every trip that would be vital to the love story from the public, and Larry and Vivien agreed to “co-operate” by staying away from public places.

Instead they took apartments around the corner from one another in Beverly Hills. To guard against snooping newsman the nervous studio posted guards in the driveway.

In her white Colonial house, Vivien and Laurence spent all their leisure hours together.

They went over each other’s roles, each suggesting and helping the other, scheming together how to take the ramparts of Hollywood.

DALE DENNIS, Senior, Union High School, Tustin, Calif., says:

“I was desperate when I had pimples. I scrubbed and stirred and used special skin creams, but nothing much happened. One day, our druggist suggested Clearasil and am I glad! It was wonderful the way it cleared my skin and so fast!”

Dale Dennis

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

‘STARVES’ PIMPLES’

SKIN-COLORED, HIDES PIMPLES WHILE IT WORKS

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

1. Penetration pimpls. Keratolytic action soaks out systemic or medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!
2. Staph. Aureus, Antimicrobial action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!
3. ‘Starves’ pimples. Oil-adsorbing action ‘starves’ pimples... dries up, helps remove excess oil that ‘feeds’ pimples... works fast to clear pimples!

‘Floats’ Out Blackheads, CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved, while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98c. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee. At all drug counters.
THE RED AND THE BLUE

Autumn in New York, and the air had a nip in it—especially for young lovers and most especially for a girl named Irene Dunne. The man of her fancy was a successful young dentist, Francis Griffin—and her problem was how to get him to propose.

She was walking happily along Fifth Avenue, excited at the fact that Flo Ziegfeld had chosen her for the lead in Show Boat on tour. When she spied a wicked, but very handsome, red silk dress in a store window. “All men like red! If that doesn’t do it,” mused the future sensational star of Cimarron, “nothing will.”

Irene Dunne wore the devastating dress at her next date with Dr. Griffin. They went dancing on the roof of the St. Regis to the music of Vincent Lopez; the menu was perfect and Irene wore her beau’s corsage like a decoration. Everything was just right—except that young Dr. Griffin didn’t even notice the new dress!

The dates continued with a regularity that was monotonous except that each time he might be going to propose. Soon Irene Dunne would be going on tour, and there were already signs of Hollywood interest in the talented young actress with a voice like a canary.

One early spring day, the telephone rang. “Would you like to come to Mass with me on Sunday and lunch afterwards?” he asked. “That’s unless you have other plans…”

“Oh, no,” said Irene, “I have no plans….” Later she thought, Spring? I need a new hat!

The luncheon at one of New York’s nicest hotels was only half over next Sunday when Dr. Griffin said, “That’s a very pretty hat you’re wearing—that reminds me, would you care to marry me?”

“Yes!” said Irene unhesitatingly…

Somewhat later she asked, “Why did you never mention my new dress? I thought it was such good bait!”

“Well, uh,” he said, “I thought—for anything I had to say—it was something of a STOP sign. Today I felt you were wearing a sort of GO sign.”

“But,” said Irene, “my hat isn’t green—it’s blue!”

Dr. Griffin grinned at her wickedly. “So now you know my guilty secret,” he said. “I’m color blind!”

Today Dr. and Mrs. Francis Griffin are just as much in love as ever—and blue is still their favorite color.

They were separated in March when Larry flew east for a Broadway show, but they talked constantly on the phone, and he secretly flew to California on weekends.

In July, when Gone With The Wind was completed, he took leave of the play and they sailed for London together—for long, long talks with Jill and Leigh Holman.

By this time they were living together almost openly and both mates knew they were fighting a losing battle—that this was no passing infatuation. They filed for divorce. Jill named Vivien as co-respondent, Holman named Olivier.

The romance was out in the open and the world fell in love with their love story.

The most divine fairy tale

With Larry, Vivien flew to Atlanta for the world premiere of Gone With The Wind.

With him she spent the night of the New York premiere, hiding away in a little French restaurant on Third Avenue. On this night she didn’t want the crowds, the acclaim. Only him.

The next day she laughed about it. “By the time the premiere was over, they were talking their heads off about their feelings for one another.

“I don’t suppose she ever was a couple so much in love as we are,” Larry said happily. “I was only half alive before I met Vivien.”

And she chimed in: “Our love affair has been the most divine fairy tale, hasn’t it? And I’m not going to allow my new fame to interfere with my private life. Even if I have to resort to outlandish disguises I’ll do it because I insist upon living like a human being.”

On the night she won the Academy Award for Scarlett, she revealed—to no one’s surprise—that they would be married “as soon as possible.”

“All we want to do,” he said, “is spend the rest of our lives together.”

At one minute past midnight—August 30th, 1940, they took their vows in the moonlight—at Ronald Colman’s Santa Barbara ranch.

They had lost every cent they had possessed two months before in a disastrous production of Romeo and Juliet, and had returned to Hollywood for That Hamilton Woman, only in order to make enough money to pay their debts.

They were swamped with other offers. $250,000 apiece for six weeks’ work but turned them down.

Their country was at war—and they were needed at home.

They returned to England at the height of the Blitz.

Although both had always hated and feared flying, he joined the Fleet Air Arm as a pilot.

She returned to the stage in The Doctor’s Dilemma, doubled as a fire-watcher between shows and spent her week ends and vacations entertaining the troops.

Like other couples in war-torn England, they never knew which night might be their last. When they were together they were always holding hands, always kissing.

She turned a deaf ear to Selznick’s plea to return for another picture—even though he had raised the ante to $350,000.

Her answer was always the same. “I will not leave Larry.”

A miracle—and a tragedy

In spite of the war, the buzz-bombs, the insecurity, her one big dream was to have a baby.

And in July, 1944, while she was work-
Elephant Walk, but busy with pre-Coronation duties, Olivier declined. Vivien accepted, causing many to marvel that she would leave her love. The producer sought reassurance on the state of her health.

"She was sent back from her lung ailment," said Larry. "I believe a new environment and an interesting role would do her a world of good." But in Ceylon, tormented by sleeplessness, she'd wander at night among the ruins or sit till daybreak watching the natives dance. When she was urged to return to Hollywood, she said, "I'm not myself." But her reproach was "I'm no longer young. I shouldn't look like an ingénue."

Larry flew out and found no cause for concern. Besides, his appearance seemed to calm her. They flew to Paris and he put her on the plane to New York. He promised to come to Hollywood as soon as he was free of his commitments.

But he came a great deal sooner. He came in response to a frantic call from his friend David Niven.

Vivien had been acting strangely in Hollywood. "I'm not myself," she cried. "I feel like I'm going to the edge of the world." She seemed to be slipping away from him.

They had a long talk at the Tower. "She's all wound up. We will put her to sleep for three weeks and let her unwind slowly," Larry told her. "If you are not with her at this time."

Heartbroken, he returned to Italy—where the press had a field day with its own disgusting."
ity, losing youth, would she lose him too?
Would he be snatched away from her by a
younger, more vital woman—in the same
way that she had taken him away from his
wife? It had happened once. It could happen
again. Or would he stick by her merely in an act of
decency and dull duty?
Such a prospect reduced her to quivering
anxieties. The notion to lose him meant losing the
will to live.
Peering into the chasm he shuddered
away from it. Under the burden of terri-
fible conflict he broke.
But within a month she had forced her-
self back into the world of the living.
And within two months she was pre-
paring to work.
According to one of her doctors—"Larry
made her re-e-try into public life his car-
dinal interest.
After all, it was true. Knowing she was
anxiously to work with him a-ain, he agreed
to do Sleeping Prince—although in the
play the male part was not of primary
importance throughout the rehearsals
and on opening night he devoted himself to
rebuilding her confidence.
The show was a smash hit, but in her personal
life, Vivien still felt a tremen-
dous need.
"If only we were able to have another baby . . . ?" she’d say over and over again.
And two years later she learned that she
would have.
She was working in South Sea Bubble at
the time—and Larry, upon hearing the
news, insisted she take leave of the show
immediately.
But she begged to stick it out just a
little longer. My doctor has pronounced
me fit. Still, she kept her pregnancy a
day-to-day secret from all but her closest
friends. Superstitiously she refused to talk
about it until she was in her fifth month,
and didn’t, until she gave notice to
Larry.
But while in her fifth month she and
Larry teamed up in an energetic song
and dance number at the Palladium for the
Army Service Forces. They rehearsed a total
of thirty-five hours—and played a
performance of the show each night.
On August 11, she took leave of the play
"to be a full time lady-in-waiting."
She was gracefully, ecstatically happy.
Her baby was due in November—around
the time of her 43rd birthday.
On August 13th—the pains started.
In agony, she was rushed to the hos-
pital.
The doctor’s worked feverishly. They
barely managed to save her. They couldn’t
save the baby.
Trying desperately to check his emotions,
Oliver said: "We are bitterly disappoin-
ted and terribly upset. The main con-
exclusion is the baby. The important
thing is that she should make a complete
recovery."
Then he got into his car and drove the
forty-five miles to his country house, Net-
ley Abbey.
He walked into the little yellow and
white room which was to be the nursery.
Aid was given. Over the babies he had lost.
Over the love story which he now knew
was ended.
After that, it was all downhill.

**Reasonable explanation**

The following summer the Oliviers, who
could no longer bear to be apart, shocked
England by going off on separate occa-
sions; he with his ex-wife Jill Esmond
and his son to Scotland, she with Leigh Hol-
minor and their daughter to Italy.
"Did this mean a divorce?" they were
asked.
"Of course not. It’s just something we’ve
never done before. We thought it would
be 68 a good idea to try something new."

When she was soundly criticised by a
female member of Parliament, she cabled
therely: "Criticism ill-considered and un-
manly. Our daughter gives reasonable
explanation of holiday to any
reasonable person."
In the fall they returned from their
holiday happy and refreshed.
In the fall the Times Joan Plowright, "a
brilliant young actress," and cast her as
her daughter in The Entertainer.
The following spring he and Joan came
to America for the New York run.
Vivien stayed home.
The rumors started again. Vivien
shrugged them off. "People have been say-
ing that for the last two years that Larry
and I would part. We love each other. We
have a happy married life."
The following winter Larry left for a
six-month stay in Hollywood for Spar-
taces. The night before he left, he and
Vivien dined at a romantic Mayfair restau-
rance—where she had the orchestra play
tender love songs.
But she never joined him in Hollywood.
"Can’t leave my play."
Joan, in England, couldn’t leave her
play either. But she quietly left her hus-
band, Roger Gage.
When Larry returned from Hollywood, he
went straight into a small apartment in
Stratford. Vivien remained in London. Her
doughter was reminding her greatest
wish. She had made her a grandmother.
But the rumors persisted.
This time Vivien was coy. "I won’t say yes—and I won’t say no."
Finally in January Olivier left for New
York to direct Charlton Heston in the
short-lived The Tumbler.
Vivien was in London in March when she
was due to start rehearsals for Duel of
Angels. But they announced that "they had
decided against sharing a flat or anything
else. Why, they can’t even be together that
much to make it worthwhile."
They weren’t together at all. He left New York a few days before she was due to arrive.

But he sent her magnificent bouquets of
flowers on the night her play opened.
And she lined her dressing room walls
with six photographs of "my husband."
And told everyone her name comes here.
June 5th when my play closes, I’ll see him
on June 5th. I miss him terribly. If you
live with a man for twenty-five years you
don’t stop missing him.

But secretly she knew he wasn’t com-
ing here on June 5th, and that he was no
longer hers and that she would go on missing him.

Then, she told about the letter. And his
request for a divorce and her plans to "do
whatever Larry wants." And finally the
length of her message:
"For the past few years our relationship
has been strictly professional. He has gone
his way and I have gone mine. But we
both know that we’d serve our profession in the best possible
way. And sometimes the price is a deep
personal loss. I haven’t many regrets. Only
the things I’ve done and said that have
hurt people."

**Full circle**

Now that her life has come full circle, perhaps she was thinking back twenty-
five years, To Leigh Holman, To Jill Esmond.

Vivien said she’d "do whatever Larry wants" and he’s wishing for a divorce,
but her friends cannot believe she will re-
linquish him in such an un-Leigh like
manner.

"Viv is forty-six," said one, "a point
in life when a woman as intense and high
strung as she needs security and tender-
ness. She is still madly in love with Larry.
Now that what has happened in their
lives, she never fell out of love. And she’s
still Scarlett O’Hara and Scarlett was a
woman who fought for what she wanted.
Vivien will seek the effort to persuade
her Larry to reconsider."

Vivien did bend every effort.
When her play closed she flew back to
London and made an appointment to meet
with her husband at the theater, where he
was playing.

But when she arrived—ten minutes
early, he was gone.
He left her a note saying he thought it
would be better "if we don’t see each
other at the same time."

Desperate, she wrote to Joan Plowright,
asking for an opportunity to see her, talk
to her.
Joan never answered the letter.

Maybe because she doesn’t dare face Vi-
vien—or maybe because as it is rumored
she doesn’t want to become too involved
in the Oliviers’ problems because she’s
gotten cold feet about becoming the next
lady Olivier.

In England Vivien met only with silen
c and her lawyers—until just a few days
before she was to return to America, Olivia
grant an interview in his Eaton Square apar-
tment. When she left the country there was still no offi-
cal announcement of a divorce. "I’ll see Larry in the next mor-
ting when who comes to America. We’ll discuss our problems further then,"
was all she would say.

But she still hopes to get her man back.
How? She herself doesn’t quite know. She’s
too upset to think about it.

Perhaps, in her room late at night, un-
able to sleep, she finds her comfort in the
lines of a script she read long, long ago:
"I won’t think of it now. I’ll go crazy if
I think about losing him now. But I can’t
let him go. There must be some way.
"I’ll think about it tomorrow. For tomor-
row is another day."
I Know There Are Miracles

(Continued from page 39)

the tears are some kind of an indication that the world needs our prayers.

Are there other "signs or miracles" that you’ve seen or experienced?

Of course, there’s the great miracle with Saint Bernadette when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her at Lourdes and told her to erect a shrine for the ailing. And there are all the great miracles in the Bible.

But I’ll tell you something I saw for myself. Jimmy Dodd--who was one of the Mouseketeers, and a very rare disease. The doctors all said it was incurable. And--I hate to say this--but everyone gave up hope and figured he had very little time left. And I became very familiar with the name of the disease. It had some long scientific name. But when he was finally sent home from the hospital, all of his friends and relatives started praying. I went to church and lit candles for Jimmy and prayed to the saints and the Blessed Virgin to look after him and make him well.

Believe it or not, Jimmy became better and, after a while, he was cured!

We were all so happy.

Now, how did Jimmy get well? The doctors said there was nothing that had all given up hope. So you can’t say medicine saved him.

Prayer saved him.

And you believe that it happened? Jimmy did not believe what happened to him. He was so weak and sick that when he started to get well it was as if he had come back from the dead. Well, Jimmy’s a very devout Presbyterian. And now he’s turned to religion for his life’s work. He’s dedicating his life to the church. He preaches with the First Christian Group in Hollywood (which Jane Russell started with Roy Rogers). I’ve been to his meetings. We all listen to Jimmy give an inspiring talk, and then we all pray for the world, and the outer God. It’s such a good feeling, praying together with friends.

One person that Jimmy’s got in his group now--he’s a religious man--helps him see the light—is Beverly Sandler.

Any other miracles that you know of, Annette?

Well, my father was very sick a while back. He had diabetes, and the doctors said his case was bad. My mother was very depressed about Daddy’s being so sick. So we all prayed. I prayed to the Infant of Prague, and if I may, I prayed regularly. My mother and brothers did, too. And do you know, my father was cured!

Then there was the time I had my tonsils out. When I came home from the hospital I started hemorrhaging in the middle of the night. I remember I heard my mother screaming, and I saw my pillow soaked in blood, and I rushed to the hospital to stop the bleeding, and then I came home, and I was so weak I didn’t think I’d ever be able to open my eyes again.

When I came out of that deep sleep, the first thing I saw was the wooden crucifix on the wall with the Blessed Saviour looking at me.

I looked up to the Blessed Saviour and prayed, and I heard him comfort me. I heard him say, “I am with you...”

And from then on, I didn’t worry. I just prayed, and it was over.

How do you pray, Annette?

I pray all the time. I always thank the Good Lord for letting everything go so well during the day, for looking after my mom and dad and my brothers. I talk to God when I pray. I don’t feel like praying only for formal prayers. God is my friend, He is my Holy Father, and I talk to Him the way I would to someone who’s nice and kind. I don’t feel like praying for impossible things because that’s silly.

But sometimes if there is a special favor I’m praying for--like Jimmy Dodd’s recovery from his incurable illness--then I light a vigil light.

You know, lots of things happen to us that we don’t particularly like. Sometimes I have to go on the road when I wish I could stay home and be with my mom and dad, but I always pray and say, “God, if this must be, then I know it’s Your will and it must surely be good for me.”

For instance, I wasn’t crazy about appearing at Radio City Music Hall right at the time of my graduation. I wanted to stay home in California to receive my diploma.

But I told myself this was God’s will. And it was good for me, I learned a lot about singing before adult audiences.

How do you pray, Annette?

Every Sunday, and on many holy days, I like to stop in a church and pray whenever I have a moment. You can always find a nice corner, and spend a few minutes praying and depositing for God’s blessing. People who say they don’t have time for church make me mad. Church doesn’t demand much time. It just demands a little thought. And if you do think about it, then you won’t go and pray.

When I’m home in California, we all go to a family to St. Cyril’s Catholic Church in Encino. It’s nice to share your faith, to go to church on Sunday, but there are certain times, too, when it’s really best to pray alone.

Some people believe religion is a private matter. If your fans want to know about your faith, does this bother you?

No. For some folks perhaps, privacy is important.

But I like to share my feelings about God with my friends. Some of my fans send me religious medals that have been blessed by their bishops or priests, and I think that’s so wonderful of them to think of me.

One fan sent me two bottles of holy water from the holy springs in France, and I gave one of the bottles to Kevin Corcoran’s mother. She was pregnant at the time with little Kelly, and she was having a difficult time. Well, she anointed herself with the holy water, and she felt much, much better.

I keep my bottle of holy water on my dresser. At night I always put a little of it on my forehead and then I make the sign of the cross.

I tell you something strange about that holy water. I use it every day, but no matter how often I use it—It never runs out.

I don’t believe that it’s right to impose my religion on anyone else. I don’t mind talking about my feelings about God and the way I worship, but I think everyone should worship God in their own way. I love my religion, and I respect anyone who loves theirs. It’s just tragic, though, to see some people occasionally who have no faith. Because without God, without His spirit in your heart, you miss so much in this world!
new movies
(Continued from page 8)

ALL THE YOUNG MEN
in the Korean War

Alan Ladd
Sidney Poitier
James Darren
Graham Green
Mort Sahl

They are in Korea, all of them, including ex-heavyweight champ Ingemar Johansson. In case you didn't know it before, war is hell, snow is cold and the Marines are tough. Twelve of them have to hold a farmhouse until the main body of troops catches up to them. Eleven of these men would like to go home to their own body but Sidney Poitier, who has been placed in command by his now dead lieutenant, won't budge. Since Sidney is Negro some extra tension and resentment are felt, particularly by southern Paul Richards. Alan Ladd's mad because he's an oldtimer who expected to take command. The nine others generally do what they're told. Mort Sahl, who delivers a wry comic soliloquy, and James Darren, who sings a song, are among those others. Holding the farmhouse against the enemy horde takes some doing, but that's not all the drama. Poitier is forced to give a blood transfusion to one of the men—a shocking experience to the Southern "gentleman," and an honest attempt to save this film from complete triteness.—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

THE APARTMENT (United Artists). The comedy in The Apartment is pretty wry. Jack Lemmon, see, works for an insurance company. His system for getting ahead is to lend his bachelor apartment to the older (and married) men in the company, as a place to meet their girlfriends. His boss (Fred MacMurray, has a girl (Glen) who is secretly loved by Jack, who doesn't know about Shirley and Fred. Well, the laughs are there but the humor is all mixed with the unhappy tension of a part of big-city life.

STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET (Columbia): In a suburban community of young-marrieds, Kim Novak and Kirk Douglas find themselves caught up in an unexpected love-affair. Architect Kirk has a wife, Barbara Rush, and a commission from Don Juan-type author Ernie Kovacs to build a house: everything should be perfect except that Kim and Kirk have fantasies that this new house is theirs. The solution of these triangles comes with the finishing of the house. Is the romance also over? Go see.

FROM THE TERRACE (20th-Fox): Returning soldier Paul Newman has an alcoholic mother (Myrna Loy), and an unholy father (Leon Ames), and his ideas about what he should now do with his life. Among his troubles is a marriage with wealthy Joanne Woodward and destroys it. Joanne's old boy- friend and Paul's new girlfriend help raise to fever pitch the burning question: will this film presents—shall a man choose love or money?

THE SUBTERRANEANS (MG M): The 'beatniks' (Home of the Coast) gather in San Francisco to Live, Create, Suffer (though mostly it's the last). Among their number are George Peppard, Leslie Caron, Janice Rule and Reddy Me Dowall. It's a complicated though interesting plot.

My God, Will I End Up a Spinster?
(Continued from page 25)

You know how to model, you know how to pose. But if you're single, if you're not married, then you are in a precarious position. How do you get the money for the clothes you need? Reality is staring you in the face.

"Why so gross?" asked Kim.

"Because," replied the artist, "and I'm going to give it to you straight—you are not married so there's no husband to ob- ject. And you will not be beautiful forever. Do you understand?"

Kim stood up and walked to the great north window that slanted into the studio. She stared at the busy city streets below.

"You mean my time is short?" she said, not looking at him.

"Every woman's time is short," said the sculptor; "it is her proudest moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her... and she will be lost as a woman forever."

Kim nodded her head, still staring. Then suddenly, without warning, she turned, grabbed her coat and ran out the door.

The sculptor watched her exit in silence. He knew what he had said was true. He knew, too, that his words had driven deep into Kim's heart... .

No running away

As Kim drove home one phrase of the sculptor's kept repeating itself over and over in her mind. "No husband... no husband... no husband..."

There was no running away from the truth.

It wasn't the first time Kim had pondered the question. "My God, will I end up a spinster?"

Four months ago the world would have bet that today Kim Novak would be Mrs. Richard Quine. Instead it was all over with Dick. Or was it? Kim didn't know. Even after three weeks in a hospital because of a mysterious ailment the doctors call hepa- titis, Kim didn't know. And all that time thinking hadn't helped.

Once more, following the pattern of anguish that had repeated itself endlessly in her life, Kim was again without a man. Is she the fastest woman in the world? Not just married! Women think it must be.

One Hollywood actress, not nearly as beautiful as Kim, but married to a man she loves and the mother of three lovely children, comments: "Kim suffers the curse of all beautiful women. She prizes her beauty above all else. As an adult female she has never had sex..."

We who are less than gorgeous have had to beguile a man, deliberately attract him, trap him in a nice way, let him see or understand that there is a fair-haired woman in a woman is her faith, her love and her respect.

"It is what every woman should know. That beauty can attract a man but it cannot hold him."

Most of the men who have romanced Kim in the last ten years agree.

One actor says that: "Kim's beauty is overpowering. Close to it you cannot think, your mind is not be aware of anything but her loveliness. What she says means nothing. What she thinks is a complete mystery. You are concerned only with the shape of her body, the smoothness of her skin, the eyes, the grace and movement of that beau- tiful body. And when you leave her all you can do is shake your head, as if some- one had slugged you in the face..."

'What happened? Where am I? You remem- ber Kim as a dream and everyone knows that dreams don't come true—not to the kind of dreamer."

Kim may not enjoy her reputation as a sexpot, and it may be unfair, but it's Kim's own fault she earned it.
Some time ago Kim, in a moment of independence, based perhaps on the worship that is given her beauty, told a friend that:

"I don't believe I'll ever marry. I love the excitement of falling in love. You can't get that kind of fun with a husband."

And, in a moment of extreme frankness, Kim is also reported to have admitted that Sammy Davis Jr. is "the only man" who ever really pleased and amused her.

Kim denies this memory of Sammy, but other beautiful women have echoed similar sentiments.

Her mother warned her

One insider declares that Kim's refusal to get married goes back to her childhood.

"Kim has always felt that her mother favored her older sister, Arlene. When the girls were small, Kim was allowed to wear her hair long and arranged in various styles of the day. But Kim says her mother made her wear her hair one way and no other. As a result, she used to restyle her hair after she left the house and put it back before she returned. Her mother perhaps because she could see what was coming, had always warned Kim to get married and have children.

Kim still doesn't like being told what to do.

At another time in her late teens, Kim's stable of boyfriends was so great that the numbers alarmed her grandmother.

"You must be careful, Kim," she said.

"I tell you that for every girl there are just so many boys. You are using them up too fast."

After her quota of boys was exhausted, however, Kim, without hesitation, began to work on her grandmother. In Hollywood she began with theater-chain owner, Mac Krim. Mac proposed often. Kim said "No," just as frequently. After that romance died, Mac met Miss Gina Francisco, Frank Sinatra, John Ireland, Sammy Davis Jr., Jorge Guinle, Gen. Rafael Trujillo, Jr. and director Richard Quine.

There were lesser loves, but these are the ones Kim remembers.

Despite the fantastic number of handsome men with whom Kim has had romances, even those who know her best insist that she is not a woman for love.

And though it is not generally known, Kim does a beautiful job of concealing the fact that until now her life as a woman has been short—changed. Kim just doesn't know whether she's ever been in love. The confusion, when she is alone, petrifies her.

At a party recently Kim was feeling depressed. The public did not yet know that her "almost certain" marriage to Dick Quine had faded miserably. But it was obvious to her friends that she was suffering the tormentful remorse of that "end—of—a—romance" phenomenon.

Someone brought up the subject of love. Definitions of the grand passion were offered. Finally, with an air of expectation, one of the men stared straight at Kim and said, "Let's hear what that Golden Girl has to say about love."

Kim's lips puckered at the corners in a faint smile. She shook her head slowly.

"Don't ask," she whispered. "I don't know what love is. I like to think that it is happiness without end. It hasn't happened to me. I haven't seen it happen to anyone else. God knows I've thought I was in love with Mac. Maybe I never will. I don't know where it went. We'd be ecstatic in each other's company. Then from out of nowhere we'd be arguing and I'd slide right down the chute to misery. So where do we leave love or did it leave us?"

Sometimes I think love is all physical. Maybe it's just two people simply satisfying each other's needs, for warmth, comfort.

"It sounds crazy, but I think you must learn the love thing, add at all possible costs, any attempts to define it."

"Do you all remember that advertising slogan, 'It's fun to be fooled but it's more fun to know it.'"

"But as long as you realize deep inside what you're doing, it's all right."

"It's a game. You'refooling yourself, but you aren't. You know..." Kim paused... and then, as if asked themselves, "Are you really in love with this man? How much can you give him until you haven't any more to give? What's more important, for him or for you, are you really loving him? Those questions never get answered until it's too late."

"That's why I have the jitters about marriage. I can't keep thinking I need more time, more wisdom, maybe even more experience, before I can decide on the man I want for the rest of my life. Maybe I just don't have the courage."

But there are other reasons.

The consequences of a mistake

Because of the romances she has had with men and the headlined notoriety attending them, the public overlooks one fact in Kim's life that is much more powerful and emphatic than is suggested. Kim is a common girl. She's not unlike any of us. She has taken a husband, divorce is almost out of the question. Not that she could not obtain one. But her childhood faith in God and his procedures for marriage is not deep and abiding spiritual convictions. She dreads the irrevocable consequences of making a mistake.

"Don't ask," Kim, to the girl of the men insisted, "it's hard to believe that you really want a husband. Wouldn't it be more accurate to say that you are more interested in boyfriends?"

"That," said Kim, with a testy timbre, "is ridiculous. You don't know how much I want to get married. I want children, I want a home. But how can the devil you have any of that when you are not in love."

You know as well as I do that it is a simple matter for any woman to develop a liking for a man. But I'm not so sure it's so simple to love him."

One friend claims the real problem is one of self-worth.

"I'll tell you what that big gap in Kim's life is," said the acquaintance. "It is this. Kim has never learned anything from other women. All she knows about love and marriage has been from her mother. She is not really close to any female friend that I know of. So she must rely on her beauty, her natural attraction for men, which, when you stop to think of it, is not of her making. She was born with the chemicals. And up to a point that can be very successful. But sooner or later Kim will have to admit that although she knows a great deal about men she knows nothing about women except what she knows about herself. And that just might not be enough."

Not long after hearing this unusual observation I asked Kim if it was true. Had she really isolated herself from the comfort and consolation of other women?

She toyed with the question for a moment.

Then with a graceful shrug, she said:

"I've never thought about it very much. Now that I think of it, I must have started back in school. I did avoid other girls. I can remember being asked to parties, to club meetings, to sororities. I always refused. It just assumed they were looking for a new character."

"I was gawky and round—shouldered and too tall for a girl. And I knew that the girls all had characteristics. You know, a tall one, a fat one. They are always the butt of the jokes, the oddballs. They're different. I think their presence gives other girls a feeling of superiority."

"I'm sure that's why I stayed to myself. Yes, I was alone and loneliness to me was torment, an inside anguish that found no outlet. It grows and after a while becomes..."
At Enclosed arrangements Association government above today!

Send Preparations from the Electrotype from Chicago Service.

Co., Inc., the special second. that made to the you other assured your teams to Olympic happy. It’s almost impossible to endure. Oh, how I cry for lonely people.

“I used to sit in my room and look out the window. It was a long time before I realized that the world wasn’t against me. In my own girlish, too-sensitive way I had turned against the world.”

“I was wrong, but at the time I was sure that the others were just waiting to laugh at me to make me even more miserable than I was.”

Time is running out

Kim’s father, Joseph Novak, has always said that Kim would marry when she was thirty. “She wants to be the one who will never have to change her mind,” says Mr. Novak. “She has told me many times, ‘Daddy, don’t worry. You will never see me in a court of divorce. When I marry it will be for keeps, like you and Mom.’”

That was my daughter speaking and I believe her.

Of late, however, with time running out, Kim is shaken by the failure of her romance with Quine and frightened perhaps by the lately-learned knowledge that beauty is no guarantee of love and marriage and a baby carriage. Kim has lapsed into lengthy moods of depression and disquiet. She is twenty-nine.

Kim insists that regardless of the symptoms she is certainly in no panic for a man.

“I promised myself a long time ago,” she told me, “that I would make something of myself before I married. That I would have a career, do the best I could for a while and be a fine actress.

When the time comes, and I admit it is not far off, I will marry and try to be a good wife—and a good woman. But I have to take my time.”

But the girl born Marilyn Pauline Novak must heed the advice of a man who really understands that mortal idols have feet of clay.

“Every woman’s time is short,” said the sculptor. “It’s her proud moment. But it is not hers. It must be given to the man she loves. If she tries to keep it to herself it will destroy her. And she will be lost as a woman forever.”

Shirley MacLaine’s Marriage

(Continued from page 23)

were sleepily drooping, closing down tight.

The child shivered slightly and rested her head on her mother’s lap. A bunch of red, slightly colored petals fell into her hands, and Shirley smiled, remembering how she had bought a number of cards to keep her active little child occupied. It didn’t take much to make the same 6,000-year old Sachie happy. She was such a joyous little thing, with her mother’s blue eyes, turned-up nose and pixie style red hair.

Shirley unzipped the hood from her own coat and wrapped it around Sachie’s legs. She hadn’t realized there would be this long, chilly wait. Why did the waiting room look so lonely at this hour of the morning? The hands of the big clock said 1:45. The lights were bright, picking up the patient faces in the room. Outside it was black and raining, the drizzle falling in steady, blue lines. She looked at the sleeping face of her child. She should be in her own nice, warm bed in California. But a baby, was an important mission.

“Wake up,” Shirley said some time later, shaking the child gently. “Time to get up, Sachie. It’s here. Your planes time—

Sachie rubbed her eyes and placed her hand in her mother’s. They walked out into the black, wet night and made a dash for the ramp to the plane. Shirley held Sachie’s hand and took the child; took the arm rest off the center of the double seat so that she could sleep in the two seats. There were only a few minutes left before take-off. Shirley bent down and kissed Sachie. The child said, “Don’t worry, Mommy. I’ll be all right.” Shirley smiled very brightly and walked toward the door. Suddenly, she turned and looked at her child. She lifted her and hugged her.

“I almost forgot—oh, my darling, I almost forgot. Merry Christmas. Merry Merry Christmas. Merry Christmas.”

She stood in the blackness and watched the huge airliner fly into the skies and take her little girl off to Japan.

Answer to a mystery

Why did Shirley MacLaine, who absolutely adores her little girl, send her six thousand miles away at Christmas time last year—the one time all the year

mothers want most of all to be with their children?

The answer to the question is the answer to the mystery. People constantly tell her that they cannot understand her strange marriage to Steve Parker. They can’t believe that these two live only 2,000 miles away, have a child, yet she can sleep in a room in Hollywood, which is only 1,200 miles away from Sachie—she can really stay in Hollywood with each other. Shirley sent their beloved child to Steve because he was sick with malaria and Sachie, even more than she did. Busy at work in The Apartment, Shirley couldn’t go.

It was a miserable Christmas for Shirley. She tried to be gay in the midst of the gaiety, but her heart was torn with longing for her little girl and for Steve. As New Year’s Eve approached she dreaded seeing the New Year in without the comfort of Sachie’s presence. She spent New Year’s Eve at a party at Frank Sinatra’s home and tried to laugh it up.

But if Shirley was torn between the desire to be with her child and the desire to give happiness to Steve, what about little Sachie?

What sort of a life is it for a little girl to be with her mother part of the time—

to make long, strange trips to Japan at other times—and seldom to have the joy of the little girls experience of having her mother. Shirley, who sees her parents together only about six weeks out of the year. Usually, Mommy is in Hollywood making pictures; Daddy in Japan producing movies. Far shows, and Sachie shuttles back and forth. Shirley can’t find any other solution to their problem. “We both want her,” Shirley told me. “So we have to divide her. She loves Japan and loves Hollywood. She doesn’t see anything strange in her existence.”

Only a few months ago they were in Japan during one of those infrequent times when all three could be together as a family. But the reason was a sad one. Shirley noticed that Steve sounded very weak one evening. Worried, she asked him what was wrong. Finally he admitted he’d been stricken with hepatitis. “I’m going to be sent to the hospital soon,” he said, and Shirley could hear the fear and loneliness in his voice.
Shirley had some unexpected time off because of the actor's strike, and she told him, "I'm going to take the first plane that leaves for Japan this week. We'll see you soon."

Sachie looked a little confused, then smiled when they got off at the Haneda Airport in Tokyo. "I came here before, Mommy, but all alone. It's nicer with you."

The two of them drove directly to the Yaratô Hospital in Yokohama to see Steve. With a high fever, Steve looked gaunt and yellow. Sachie came close to the bed and said, "Daddy, you've been away so long. Why didn't you come back, Daddy?"

He shook her hand and said, "I couldn't, Sachie. I had to work here in Japan. Your mother can tell you all about it."

Together—but not quite

Shirley and Sachie went back to their Japanese home, where, in a suburban section outside of Tokyo, they had been living many times without Shirley. But it was exciting to have her mother with her. The irony of circumstances, even though both parents wanted to be with her, she could only be with them at rare intervals because he was in the hospital, and Mommy only in the evening when she returned from the hospital each day.

To keep the child from being lonely, Shirley enrolled Sachie in a Japanese nursery school. One day, the little instructor from the school padded up to the house and said to Shirley, "You spending so much money for her to go to school, why doesn't she take up violin there, all for some good money?"

Sachie could hardly suppress her smile. The fee for the school was $1.75 a month. But the idea of giving Sachie violin lessons appealed to her. Practicing each day on the violin would help Sachie forget that she couldn't see much of her parents. But in spite of the violin, Sachie missed her daddy. She remembered other visits to Japan, when he had been able to play with her and had taken her on visits all over the world.

The actor's strike was settled, and Shirley had to go back to Hollywood and work again. Originally, she had planned to take Sachie back with her. But the child had been pronounced severely of her father during this visit. Shirley recalled her lonely Christmas without Sachie. But she thought, also, of Steve coming home from the hospital, weak and depressed, without any one of his loved ones there. Shirley sighed. Sachie would remain in Japan. Sachie saw her mother off at Haneda Airport, and she continued to be with her father. Because the family is almost constantly in a state of separation, they've worked out a system where they correspond through tape recordings. It makes Sachie feel closer to whichever parent is away to hear his or her voice. Steve would play the tape recordings of Shirley's voice, and Sachie would play Shirley's tape to Mommy into her recorder.

One day Steve told Shirley through the tape: "I'm feeling better now, and Sachie and I are having a wonderful time together. Of course she won't talk, but I find things to keep her busy all day long. Today Noriko made a special flower arrangement that she told Sachie was just for her. But I think she'll be better soon.

"Soon I shall be well enough to start my vacation. We'll be going on location in a couple of weeks. How about my taking Sachie along? It will be a new, exciting experience for her.

"Sachie, alone in her home in Shikan Otaki, is longing to return. Finally, she reached out for the little recorder and spoke. "I'm glad Sachie is so happy, dear," she said. "But please send her home to me. The interior of Japan is no place for our baby. It's too primitive. It's too dangerous for an American child."

In suspense, Shirley waited for Steve's answer. It was a happy surprise.

After that Christmas visit

Although he was not yet fully recovered from the hepatitis, he flew to Hollywood with Sachie and supervised Shirley. So many times before this, little Sachie had to make the journey to the States alone.

But it seems almost as if Sachie has absorbed the philosophy of her parents who are faced with their problem. "Be a bamboo, bend with the wind, is something Shirley believes. Still, how much bending can a little girl learn to do? It was bad enough that Shirley and Steve had to work in separate parts of the world because Hollywood didn't recognize Steve's talents the way Tokyo did. It was bad enough that little Sachie had to travel back and forth between continents, so that she could sometimes be with one parent, sometimes with the other. This was what a woman who loved her husband must do for both his sake and the sake of their child.

But this time, Steve was coming with Sachie and as Sachie watched Mommy and Daddy fall into each other's arms and kiss, her little face lit up. She watched with a sort of wonder that it would be like to have both her mom and dad with her all the time. How wonderful it would be...

It was only a few days later she walked into the back yard and bent to pick a big daisy. Inside the house, Mommy and Daddy were still talking. Just before she had done this, she had heard Daddy say he would have to leave soon for Japan. And Mommy's voice sounded that quiet way it always did when she talked to Daddy before he'd leave. And Daddy had said how he wished Sachie could go with him. And Mommy had said no, not this time, maybe a little later.

So there it was again. She would either stay here with Mommy or there with Daddy.

Sachie lowered her head to smell the daisy. It didn't have a smell at all. Not like the tiny mums, but blossoms which grew in the flower garden in front of her house and smelled so sweet. But the daisies had such pretty white petals.

It was all so confusing. Everything could be so nice, but so sad too for a little girl who was hardly four...
September Birthdays

If your birthday falls in September, your birthstone is the sapphire and your flower is the aster. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

September 1—Yvonne DeCarlo
September 2—Michael Dante
September 3—Alan Ladd
September 4—Mitzi Gaynor
September 5—Donna Anderson
September 6—Jody McCrea
September 7—Peter Lawford
September 8—Cliff Robertson
September 9—Lloyd Nolan
September 11—Earl Holliman
September 13—Scott Brady
September 14—Jack Hawkins
September 15—Jackie Cooper
September 16—Lauren Bacall
September 17—Pat Crowley
September 18—Frankie Avalon
September 19—Ray Danton
September 20—Haya Harareet
September 22—Paul Muni
September 23—Mickey Rooney
September 24—George Raft
September 25—John Ericson
September 26—Julie London
September 27—Betty Lou Keim
September 29—Janet Munro
September 29—Anita Ekberg
September 29—Lizabeth Scott
September 29—Gene Autry
September 29—Steve Forrest
September 29—Trevor Howard
September 30—Angie Dickinson
September 30—Annasha Kasshi
September 30—Deborah Kerr
September 30—Johnny Mathis

Bob Stack

(Continued from page 21)

could hear them think, "—guy's almost arrived so many times, he's worn out the welcome mat."

"Poor Bob," he could hear them, "—all these cute girls batting away, and still minor league,"

"Poor Bob," he could hear them.

"Poor guy."

He turned back to Rosemarie.

He took her hand.

"I love you, Rose," he said, very softly.

"I could have lost you once. But I didn't."

"Thank God I have you, at least."

And then, facing the stage once more, he began to think of that shelf in the den of their home, which Rosemarie had cleared earlier in the day, saying proudly, "Here is where you can keep your records, right here."

The prize he'd worked so hard for, in this business, all these years!

And he began to wonder, for the first time in all these years:


It began with a kiss.

Actually, Bob's career in pictures began on a light note . . . with a kiss, in fact; one of the most famous kisses in screen history. The year was 1939. Deanna Durbin, the rising teen-age star, was sixteen. Her studio was deeding it was time for their million-dollar baby to grow up, prepared a script for her called First Love. The search for a leading man that followed was a publicity natural. "Who will be the first young man to kiss our Deanna?" came the cry from Universal Pictures. And the world, or at least a great part of it, waited breathlessly and with guns. And when young man was tested for the job.

As it happened, no suitable young man was found.

Not, that is, for about two months, and till the day a fellow named Robert Stack—nineteen, six-one, blue-eyed, blond, very handsome, a socialite, an All-American skater champion, and fresh out of college—dropped by the studio for a visit with Deanna, whom he knew.

They were in the studio commissary, having lunch, when it happened.

Deanna's manager was a very German German-type, passed by their table.

"Mein dear," he said, bowing slightly when he spotted Deanna.

Then he looked over at her lunch date. "Mein Gott!" he said, his monocle begin-

ning to twitch against his nose. "But you are wunderbar, marvelous," he said to Bob. "You are an actor?"

"No," said Bob.

"You would like to be an actor?" asked the producer.

"I never thought much about it," said Bob.

"Mit dot face, mit dot physique," said the producer, "you must be an actor . . . I don't take no for an answer."

He didn't, either.

For the next hour, right there at the table, he talked to Bob, talking him right into a contract, which was signed a couple of days later. Then, for the next few months, he and his director-guided Bob through the passes of picture-making, right up till the last day of shooting, the day of the Big Klas, the scene in which Deanna, once and finally kissed, swoons dazedly into her young boyfriend's arms.

When the picture was released, Deanna's swooning was multiplied by millions. Girls and women all over the country began to flaunt the fan-letters and at Universal, tens of thousands of letters and cards and letters about Bob. They wanted to know all about him. Who was he? What was he really like? Oh, the letters were full of it.

"Adulation, especially at the beginning, is a funny thing," Bob says today, looking back. "I guess it turns lots of people's heads at first. But whenever Bob, he said, you're sort of all teeth and no talent. He said it in a kidding way, But about summertime, he guesses. Still, he says, Bob wasn't shedding any tears over the fact that he was minus on the acting side "and being paid well for something I couldn't even do."

Life as a young Hollywood personality was fun. And young Bob Stack wasn't bound to start fighting fun.

Active to passive to active again

"The only missing I had at the time, those first four years, those first nine or ten pictures, he recalls, "was that I was living a primarily passive existence while all my life I'd been used to action. You see, when you're in pictures you're the guy who maybe be up on the screen, but behind you there are lots of people plotting things out for you, telling you what to do, what to say, how to say it. And there's waiting, days and weeks and months of waiting sometimes between scripts. . . . I wasn't used to this. I kid'd lived rough, tough, despite the fact that we were fairly well-to-do. My dad died when I was about nine. And because he'd been quite an athlete, my mother went overboard with my brother and me. And there were plenty of us wanted them to do this," she'd say. And be-fore you knew it we were either riding a motorbike or a polo pony or a hydro-phantom, I'd tell you right.

It turned out my brother and I had about a hundred fathers, friends of my dad's who'd come over and take us on camping trips, teach us how to ride, this, that. I had been raised for us. And now, for me, suddenly, it was passive. . . . As I said, I had some misgivings about this at the beginning. But not too many. I was a young boy, living it up. And, I guess, I sort of didn't make the time to think much about it."

The war, however, helpful change things —and those five years between 1942 and 1946 which spent in the Navy gave him plenty of time to start thinking things over.

They were a long and sobering five years for the good-looking young lieutenant from Hollywood.

And when they were nearly over, these five years away from The Town, the parties, the general hoopla, Bob decided that he would try to become an "Actor."

"I had a talk with myself one night," he says. "It was very brief and simple. 'Goc willing, Charlie, you've come through this, you're okay.' I told myself. And you've done a fair job at what you were assigned to do. Now how about growing up, getting serious and trying to do a job for home?"  

When Bob did get home, however, he found that nobody knew a boot about how he had talked to himself, or what he'd said.

"To every producer in town, I was an in-film. I was a perfect sportsman, their image of Bob Stack was of a guy who kisses Deanna Durbin, swings a mean tennis racket and mixes martinis at debutante balls . . . Well I had an image of myself, too, a great big, handsome, very all-American guy. And they were sure they were right."

It was a fight between the two images—themselves and mine. It was a worth-

Claudette Colbert
September 13

Greta Garbo
September 18

Greer Garson
September 29

Ben Cooper
September 30
Bob's first post-war assignment was in a drawer called "A". And he picked his pictures, and the magazine was ready to go. But then, on Bob's second assignment, he picked the wrong one. He was in Hollywood for the summer, and he had to go back to the studio, and he picked the wrong one. And so it went.

There were times when it looked as if things were looking up for Bob. He'd land a fair job occasionally, give it everything he had, and the critics would clap. "Surprise discovery—the guy can act." They'd say, in effect. Then Bob, in effect, would sit by his phone, waiting for the big role to come. It never did.

And what resulted was a period of complete despair—some ten years of it. "Despair!" Now this alone surprised Bob. Most of the new girls-in-town he'd met never stopped talking about the beauty contests they'd won, the magazine covers they'd made, the producers who were so interested in them, the big picture possibilities ahead.

But Rosemarie, that first night—she was different. She talked about things like home, Tacoma, the hundred and one little things she missed about it. She talked about her mother, her family, the wonderful kind of people they were there. She was a smart girl. "Bob saw right off, smart as well as beautiful. And she had a joy of life about her. And an openness, as open and clean as a freshly-washed pane of glass."

Bob liked her, right from the beginning. He asked her, after a while, if she might take her to dinner the following evening. A slight blush came to Rosemarie's face, and a natural phenomenon Bob hadn't seen off-screen in a long, long time. "Will you?" he asked again, "tomorrow night."

"That would be very nice," Rosemarie said, the blush deepening. "That was not that night at dinner that the trouble began," Bob says, looking back. "I found myself quickly falling in love with this girl. We were just sitting there, I remember, and I started to feel this strange warm feeling inside me, just looking at her."

He said, "Rosemary, Charlie," I said to myself, 'hurry up and eat and then get this Miss Bowe here before you start thinking maybe you feel serious about her. Get her home, boy. And pronto!'

"I did. I drove her home and then I went back to my place. I got into bed and tried to fall asleep. But I couldn't. Instead I just lay there and kept saying her name, over and over. Rose...... Rose....... Rosemarie.... ."

Great for a while. "The next morning I found myself phoning her. I asked her what she was doing that night. I told her I wanted to see her again. I wasn't very truthful— I didn't say I had to see her again.

But you already knew. We went out, we were together, all the time. And after we both knew it, that we were in love with each other. We didn't say it in so many words, you know, but I love you—do-you-love-me thing. But it was there, for both of us."

"It was great for a while, being in love. It was great. We'd talk about the industry and try to let the guards down with, to want to be with, to have one girl who meant everything to at least a dozen who all put together, meant nothing."

"It was great all that summer and all that fall, in fact, being together. "And then, in December, one night just before Christmas, Rosemarie somehow
Seven-year-old Joan Drost sat nervously in the back pew of Corpus Christi Church in Buffalo, New York. She was nervous because the man with the collection plate was headed her way, because she didn’t have anything to put into the plate. There’d been a fire at her house a few days before. Everything had been ruined. The Drosts, a poor family, unable to get another place to live right away, had had to scatter. Joan, for one, had gone to live with a family friend. It was the friend, in fact, who’d given Joan the dress she was wearing this Sunday morning: an old red velvet affair the woman herself had worn when she was a girl; old, too long, loose-fitting and with the tarnished and loosened brass buttons down the front you ever did see.

Well, the dress had made Joan uncomfortable, to say the least. But that embarrassment was nothing compared with what she felt now, this moment, in church—as the man with the collection plate came closer and closer to where she sat. She would have to think of something, she knew, and quick.

“Oh God,” she whispered closing her eyes, when the man was upon her, “I know I should give you something in thanks for this beautiful Mass, but I don’t have anything. And You know how awful I feel, with nothing for the plate.”

Joan made her decision. Quickly, very quickly and clandestinely, the little girl pulled one of the buttons from her dress and dropped it into the collection plate.

When it clinked—just the way a nickel would clink—and when the man had walked away, without realizing, Joan closed her eyes once again and thought:

“God, I know what I just did is wrong. But sometimes, when I’m big, when I get a good job somewhere and I’ve got some money, I’ll give that money to You ... I’ll give You.”

“What was all the money in the world? How much could a person ever hope to have? “—I’ll give you,” she thought, “a whole hundred dollars.”

And with that, the unhappy child felt a little better. . . .

A few weeks ago, in Hollywood, Joan Drost—now eighteen, a singer and named Joanie Sommers—received her first royalty check from her first album release, Positively The Most. The amount read: $103.00.

Without thinking twice about what she was going to do with the money, she went to a bank, cashed the check, then walked to the nearest church. Inside the church she placed a spanking-new hundred dollar bill into a collection box. That deed done, she said a prayer and began to walk away.

But at the door of the church she stopped suddenly.

She had just now thought of something. Something important.

A moment later, she was back at the collection box.

Then, one by one, she shoved three spanning-new dollar bills through the box-slot.

“In case you’re wondering, God,” she whispered then, smiling, “—that’s for what we down here call ‘interest’!”

But the man was already gone and she knew that he would never know.
We're Getting Married

Continued from page 42)

night as well tell you honest right now—
so, she’s not yet. I mean, she’s great
with things like TV-dinners, if you know
what I mean. But with some of my favor-
tes, like manicotti and chicken a la king
no, that canned jazz and
eel stroganoff and five-minute soft-boiled
eggs (very hard to make just right), the an-
derer remains no, she can’t cook yet. But I
can always tell you how it gets around with
my sister, Nina, quite a bit recently, in
the kitchen, asking questions and watching
Nina make with the pots and pans, and
though neither of them will admit it, I
have a hunch there are some lessons going
on and that there’s gonna be a surprise in
store for me some day soon.

When Jo and I get married.

That first day after our honeymoon,
maybe.

Around eventide, as the poets say.

Me, sitting in the living room, perusing
my Downbeat, indulging in the pipe-and
lipper bits.

Suddenly sniffing in deep and smelling
something delicious-smelling wafting through
the room.

Calling out, “Honey, I thought we were
going to eat out tonight.”

And her calling back, “Shhhhh, or my
seven-layer cake will fall.”

I thought I was sorting here now, talking
about my girl, looking forward to the day
when she’s my wife.

I didn’t think way back, a couple of
years ago, that I ever would get married.
But I did. The police she’s been with
and I have to say sir to anyone”—that’s
what I’d tell gals I came across who hinted at
the subject. (“Hinted?” There was one who’d
start matching her fourth-finger left-hand
ever time I saw her!”)

“No me,” I’d say, “—not till I have my
million.”

Well, here I am, still a long way from
having that kind of cash, good things are
going. But I’ve changed my tune about the
wedding march.

Because it just so happens that I’m in
love.

With a doll.

And marrying her, being with her, for the
rest of my life, is right now the only

read the script and see what he thought of
it.

“No, Bob,” said Desi. “I better send it
over to the house tonight. Monday—when we
begin shooting on Monday morning.”

“Monday?” Bob asked, incredulous.

“That’s television,” said Desi.

And that was television, as Bob was to
find out when he showed up for work early
that Monday morning, the script he had
read and liked hugged under his arm. Telev-
vision—that quick-to-get-ready, quick-
to-see, quick-to-make—you or quick-
to-lose-you medium.

In Bob’s case, it made him, literally
overnight.

The Untouchables was a smash, it
soon became a weekly hour-long series and
Robert Stack, in the person of Elliot Ness,
had broken the fifteen-year-old bad-luck
barrier and, finally, had arrived.

How did it feel—to arrive, we asked Bob
the other day.

“Great, just great,” he said.

And what did it feel like to see a jinx
break?

“It makes me, of course, appreciate
the break that did it; those first two shows,”
Bob said. “And it makes me appreciate
the fact that I decided a few years ago,
that the biggest break I could have
would be not getting any work for a
while, instead of pushing for it, pushing
so hard that I might have pushed it away.

And that makes me appreciate, realize,
the fact that the only reason I was able to
relax was because of my wife. I couldn’t
have done it without Rosemarie. Without
a good wife, a wonderful wife, I’d still be
down there, somewhere, sitting around
with the cops, I think we’ll be better off for
together.”

Bob smiled then. And added:

“Come to think of it, when you say ar-
rive, it’s not just going to qualify the word. For
example, the other day I got a letter from
somebody who watches the show. He wrote:

Dear Mr. Stack—Please send me a pic-
ture of my favorite person, the real
Elliot Ness. If you haven’t got a pic-
ture of him, I’ll take one of my second
favorite person, Al Capone. And if you
have pictures of either of them, then
I’ll take one of you.

Bob scratched his head.

“That’s arrived?” he asked.

END

Woman Tortured by Agonizing ITCH

“I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I
discovered a new wonder-working creme. Now
I’m happy,” writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles.

Here’s a relief from all sorts of vaginal itch:
rectal itching, itching, rash and eczema with a
new amazing scientific formula called LANCAN.
This fast-acting, soothing medicated creme kills
harmful bacteria germs while soothing raw, irritated
and inflamed tender tissues. Stops itching and needs
healing. Don’t suffer! Get LANCANE at druggists!”

Callouses

Pain, Burning, Sensation?

Relief Starts in Seconds!

No waiting for action, as you use soothing,
soothing, soothing.

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl’s Zino-
pads! Nerve-deep relief starts in
seconds. Used at first sign
of soreness, callouses are
stopped before they can
develop.

The separate soft
pads include move callouses
one of the quickest ways
known to medical science! At
Drug Dept., 5-10c, 25c, etc.

Dr. Scholls’ Zino-pads

Pain, Burning, Sensation?
important thing in my whole life . . ."

"Well, I love at first sight between me and Jo?—some people have asked.

No, it wasn't

Matter of fact, it would have taken a general election of ours; it was ever to come of that first meeting of ours.

That was two-and-a-half years ago, in New York, at Hanson's, a Times Square drugstore I used to hang around in all the time when the other struggling young singers and actors in town.

Well, this night I was sitting at a table with one group, when another group came over and sat all around me.

I knew all of them except one of the girls, the one who ended up sitting next to me.

She was quiet; I remember—mainly because I was on big night, doing sort of the talking and yakking, and so she didn't have much of a chance to say anything.

But during one pause, I remember, she did say, "By the way, my name is Jo-Ann Campbell."

That's nice," I said. And then I said, "Mine's King."

"Last name or first?" she asked.

"Nickname," I said. "It's what people call me, because I'm like a natural leader."

I was afraid I might have said, "You won't work, and I bet you sound just a little bit conceited to me."

"Why shouldn't I be?" I answered back.

"I'm a man of talent—and taste."

"Boy!" she said.

And brrrrrrrrrrrrrrr, but there was a chill, chill breeze in Hanson's that night.

We saw each other a few times after those next few months. Backstage at places, and in the Penn Paramount Theatre, when we were both booked as singers on the same rock 'n' roll shows. And a couple of other theaters, in Jersey and Pennsylvania, and places like that.

We saw each other, I say.

But we never talked.

And then early one evening I ran into another singer I know, girl named Jeanie Allhalden. If I could come up to her place for a little while to look over some vocal arrangements she'd just had made for her act, since I was a hotshot part-time songwriter and arranger too.

"Besides," Jeanie said, "I want you to meet my new roommate. She's the sweetest thing!"

"Alhalden?—Who cares?" I thought to myself, since in case I haven't said it yet I'll say it now: I was strictly off girls at this particular time. I'd had them all, since my days with Gloria, Gloria was a dancer, thirty-one years old, I fell in love with her, and I was a kid and didn't even bother to get out of bed. That's how bad it was for me at this particular time.

And so when Jeanie talked about her roommate, I thought to myself, "Who cares?"

A cold hello

And getting to the apartment and seeing the brands and having almost a few minutes later, the only reason I took a long look at her was because she turned out to be that little Miss Jo-Ann Campbell of Hanson's drugstore fame.

Brrrrrrrrrrrr, but things were suddenly cold again.

We both said hello to one another, finally (out of politeness to Jeanie) and then Jeanie and I asked her to come in to have a couple of arrangements, Jo-Ann retiring to her own room for the hour or so I was there.

I was just about to leave, in fact, when Jeanie extended the invitation on that was, in time, to change my whole life.

"Why don't you stay to dinner?"

"Jo-Ann came out of her room, looked at me for a second, shrugged and said—rele
dedly, for some reason, this girl was starting to intrigue me."

So I found myself taking her hand, very quick-like.

And so she pulled her hand back, even quicker-like.

Hmmmmmm, I thought then, pretty un-
forgiving little gal we had here.

Well, I thought then, next step was to eat. I was so hungry I didn't even feel a little bit sorry that she made a fool out of me, the guy who'd given up dates for good now and had started making such a fool of himself.

"What's the world are you doing?" she asked, as she stopped and watched me throw myself down on the sidewalk sud-

denly and press my ear against the pave-
mint.

"Quiet, gal," I said. "I hear hoofbeats. I think the posse's on its way!"

Embarrass her.

How is this if the funniest bit she'd ever seen or heard. And she started to laugh, man, but laugh. "Oh," she said, hysterical-wise, "you look so fun-ny down there."

And there that moment on and for the next couple of hours—the rest of our walk home, dinner, and so on—she was in one of those moods where everything I said struck her as funnier and funnier.

She laughed, in fact, until she cried, really cried, I mean, genuine sad-type tears. And that's when I learned the other side of Alhalden, what flowers and trees are; sweet and sentimental and little-girl side.

It was about midnight that same night.

Jeanie and Jo-Ann had done the dishes while I watched some TV, and then Jeanie said, "Hey, it's starting to rain, and Jo-Ann and I were sitting in the parlor of the apartment alone, just the two of us.

Little by little the talk had gotten kind of sentimental and *****I'd been born to tell her a little bit about her, how she was from Jacksonville, Florida, how she lived there with her parents and grandparents."

In the midst of a four-man swing in the back—"kind of lovely and old-fashioned," like she said. All this not far from the water, the beach, where they all went week-ends, year-

round hanging and picnicking.

"I came up here," she said, "to New York—because somewhere inside me, ever since I was a little child, there's been a feeling—just a feeling. You've got to make a name for yourself, and become a singer, you've got to become a singer. So, when I was sixteen, I decided — it was time for me to up and leave."

"It gets a little lonely for me," she said, "up there at night—but," she said, "when you've got a dream, you've got to give up certain things to try to touch that dream."

She talked about her dream a little, closing her eyes as she said.

And she opened them and stopped what she was saying and she said to me.

"Now you, Bobby . . . I've talked enough . . . Now you tell me all about yours."

"Bobby?—I was born in the Bronx, the stickiest baby on record there—and there've been lots of babies born there in The Bronx. In fact," I said, "I even saw my mother on the street and—Whaddya wanna wheel that thing around? It's gonna die."

That's when Jo-Ann began to cry."

When I saw those tears, big as any thing comes to her eyes.

"What's the matter," I said, "—I die even start the sad, sad story of my life, little fellow people," she said, ignoring my cute remark, "saying things that about a poor little baby . . . abuy you."

And she bawled now. Really bawled. And I sat there waiting, not knowing what to do, till she stopped.

When she did, I took her hand. This time she didn't pull it back.

A pretty grim childhood

I started talking again. I told about childhood—what I remembered of it—I'm from New York, the not-so-good part of it we lived; my mom, widowed a few mons before I was born, doing her best to care of me and Nina; the relief checks we got; my folks both worked in it, and we'd wait for them and when they came, how we'd be so ashamed to go the store or the bank and cash them; how it was all a pretty grim childhood experience that I guess was part of the world of an inside, I mean, a world of the inside.

"You've got to be a singer someday, you got to be a singer someday."

The only reason I kept it Frohman had a condition, when people who lived with him and who made up the one message: 'You've got to be best and biggest of all the singers don't do it."

I talked about my dreams then.

How I wanted to make the big-somewhat, become 'famous.'

How I wanted to start doing it all right, with a contract because I've always been an impatient-type guy and (two) because my mom was sick with heart now and because before we went, God forbid, if it was God's will she did go, I meant, I wanted to get the one thing she'd always dreamed of—house in the country, a place away from the city, where there would be a sky that didn't look like a ceiling hanging over a lot of red-brick walls, but a sky that she could enjoy for a little while anyway.

I talked and I talked that night.

And when I was finished I could see she was coming up already outside window of the apartment.

"Well, I'm going now."

But I didn't move.

Because I knew that before I went I wanted to kiss this girl I'd been talk to, and I didn't want to kiss her any of these past few hours, like I'd never wanted to kiss a girl before.

For some reason, I was nervous about it.

So I stood there talk.

"My life you've heard," I said, "about my personality," I said, "—most I'm for doing what you feel like, w you feel like doing it."

"Bobby, Jo asked, in that little-

way of hers.

"Yep," I went on, "I'm for what e person feels for the other. Sudden passion, yes."

"I mean," I said, "if you want to kid and it's mutual, then you should do."

If you're going to swing, swing, say."

"Bobby," Jo said, very softly, I'll not forget how softy, "Bobby—I'm as nervous as you are. The talk's not going to h. If you'd like to kiss me, please do, Bobby.

And I did.
And that's how it all started, our friendship, our romance, our love for each other (though, deep down, I fought the idea that it was "love" at the time).

We went out lots together those first six months, though actually "went out" is the wrong expression since, with work hard to come by, I didn't have money for that. Instead, we'd spend most of our time at Jo's and Jeanie's apartment, eating those TV-dinners I talked about before, watching TV, listening to records, singing ourselves; or else we'd visit friends, or my mom, or Jo's mom and dad and grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hatcher, who'd moved North by this time, to the real pal they'd gotten, which is very accessible to New York.

Then, at about the time the first six months or so passed, somebody suggested to me one day that I write a song. I'd already written about ten dozen, seven of which were recorded and became immediate hits. But this friend of mine suggested I try something in the rock 'n roll style. As he said, "Everybody else is doing it and making good."

So one day I wrote Splish-Splash, in exactly twelve minutes.

It got recorded.

Within ten days it had sold nearly 100,000 records.

And I was on my way.

To put it mildly, I was in seventh heaven. A little too high up there, looking back. And it was Jo who helped me down to earth. I remember this one night we were sitting in a Chinese restaurant over on West Forty-Ninth Street, I mean actually having dinner out. And I started to laugh about this and say something like, "It's about time, honey, the two of us living, like real people?"

And I remember how Jo said to me, This is only the beginning, Bobby. Don't get spoiled or satisfied by only one record. One rock 'n' roll hit—that makes you like a thousand other fellows instead of like a million others. Now you've got to show them that you can really sing, too. . . .

And I remember another time, not long after I started to show them, and started getting club bookings here and there, how something was wrong with me—I wasn't really getting through to my audiences; I guess I was afraid and made myself into a pretty brash and unpleasant character—and I remember how Jo sat with me one night right after a show and said to me, "Bobby, I don't know much about show business. But this much I do know. The more you fight the audience, the better they like you. They enjoy it. Which is what you've got to do, Bobby. Enjoy it. . . ."

I remember these things Jo said to me, at a time they needed saying.

And, remembering, it's strange, ironic, to think that this is just about the time we started drifting apart.

Or, I should say, the time I started drifting away from Jo-Anne.

What happened?

It's hard to explain.

I just wouldn't see her so much anymore. I was dedicating myself to a whole new world now, and the strain of this dedication was knocking me out—the hard work, the newness of it, the constant late hours, the learning to sleep by day and live by night, the excitement, the happening to a lot with all sorts of people, some of them who wished you well, others who didn't give a damn, you'd find yourself hanging on for the free ride—a new life, all of it devoted to the Big Crowd, and that gave me little time for those few people who really cared for people like Jo-Anne.

We had a discussion about this one night; nearly a fight.

Jo was blue because I hadn't shown up a few times when I'd promised to.

I was born in a small town, Bobby," she said. "Maybe it's different up here in great big New York. But where I come from we're used to a fellow calling to break a date if he has to, even calling a girl once in a while between dates just to talk. Girls like to be treated that way, Bobby."

I answered all this with a lot of stuff that sounded very good and reasonable to my own ears at the time. "The kind of thing you're talking about," I said, "is forced—and anything forced is ill." It all boiled down, what I was saying, to take me, Jo-Anne, or leave me.

"That's quite a stand," I heard, when I was finished. "Yes," she said.

"Good," I said, "because this is just the way it's got to be."

But nothing was ever really right between us, for a long time after that.

I was still going through my period of making the grade, of confusion. And my mom died suddenly during this period, and her passing made me more miserable than she would ever have wanted me to be, this wonderful mother who'd done so much for me.

Anyway, as far as Jo was concerned, I'd see her a lot for a while and then, sometimes for three or four weeks running, I wouldn't see her at all.

Finally, one night, it really seemed over between us.

I phoned her after one of these long stretches and told her that a friend of mine and his wife had invited me to dinner at their house and asked me to bring a date if I wanted to.

"Would you like to come?" I asked.

Jo-Anne said she would.

During dinner that night I got to feeling depressed about something, I couldn't eat. I figured there was no sense staying at the table. I don't know if it occurred to me that this would make it a little hard.

---

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from each of the following areas—one on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Western states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the first phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none
   IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

2. I LIKE ROBERT STACK:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none
   IT HELD MY INTEREST: [ ] super-completely [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all

3. I LIKE SHIRLEY MACLAIN:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with her
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with her
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none

5. I LIKE MAY BRITT:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with her
   I LIKE SAMMY DAVIS, JR.
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none

6. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with her
   I READ: [ ] all of her story [ ] part [ ] none

7. I LIKE BOBBY RYDELL:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none

8. I LIKE UJ:
   - more than almost any star [ ] a lot [ ] fairly well [ ] very little [ ] not at all
   - am not very familiar with him
   I READ: [ ] all of his story [ ] part [ ] none

I am not very familiar with him

I am not very familiar with her
on Jo, sitting alone at a table with people she barely knew. All I know is that I was depressed. And that I got up and went into the living room and put on some records.

A little while later, Jo-Ann came over to me.

She put her hand on the top of my head.

"Good-bye, Bobby," she said.

"Where you going?" I asked her.

"Home," she said. "I've apologized to our hosts.

"How you going home?" I asked.

"I phoned a cab," she said.

"Why you going home?" I asked, starting to get a little miffed about it, mad.

"Because," Jo-Ann said, not mad-sounding, not up-mad; I guess "resigned" is the only word—"because," she said. "I don't want to be hurt anymore, Bobby. And because I don't want to tie you down to a girl who's always going to be hurt, even for the few hours she's together with you.

"Don't you see?" she said then. "Don't you see what I mean, Bobby?"

I said, "No. I'm tired and my eyes are blurred. I don't see anything."

And I turned away.

And as I did I tried to say to myself, "Who cares if you come or go, Miss Campbell? Who needs you?"

But even though I was saying the words to myself, they seemed to get stuck in my throat.

I didn't know what to do about Jo. So I did nothing, and just let her go. ... Mack the Knife came to me shortly after this. And the world came to me, too now, in dollars and in applause, in gold records and smash mating offers I had to turn half of them down, in screen tests and interviews and picture-taking sessions with high-class photographers and in autographs and screaming kids—the works.

It was great, and I put my arms around her like a lover who'd taken a girl named Career as his mistress, holding hard, never letting go. Because it happened so fast, it gave me little time to think. And this, I thought, was good for me. I was constantly surrounded by people now. I was never alone. There wasn't a face that wouldn't show for me at the snap of a finger, to talk it up with me, to keep things hopping, to tell me, remind me, how fine I was, how great I was doing, how I had the world on a string, how I had everything.

And then one night, in California, between shows at a club there, I was sitting alone in my dressing room.

As it happened, I was feeling particularly alone that night.

I could have called for somebody.

But I didn't know just who I really wanted to see.

I sat facing the door.

"If anyone could walk through that door right now," I thought, "who would you want to see, more than anyone else?"

The picture of her came to me in a flash.

The golden hair.

The big blue eyes.

The little girl look.

Everything about her that I thought I'd forgotten by now, but hadn't.

I began to have this conversation with myself.

"Call her? See her? But she's in New York," Part A of me said to Part B.

"So what, you schnook," said Part B, "you call her and maybe she comes here tomorrow."

"Calls? She probably won't even talk to me."

"Do you gonna know, unless you try?"

"Just like that?"

"Just like that?"

"And what do I say?"

"You tell her the facts. That you've been a dope, a schnook, and that you miss her and you love her."

"Love her? Me in love?"

"Afraid to admit it? Afraid to say it?"

"I don't know ... I don't know."

"Well, get up and pick up that phone and try ... Give it just a little try at least?"

I did just that. I phoned Jo-Ann, told her I missed her, asked her to please come out to see me and mumbled, as best I could, something about how much I loved her.

We spent those next few days up Southern California just the way it should be done—taking drives along the coast, swimming, having dinner at places like La Scala and Chasen's, even going out to Disneyland for a day.

It was after Disneyland, in fact, driving back, just the two of us, when I asked the big question.

Being me, and being nervous about it, I asked it in my usual nervous fashion.

"Jo," I said, "mostly I'm for doing what you feel like, when you feel like ... You know that about me ... I'm impulsive, I said.

"Is that so?" Jo asked.

"Yup," I went on. "I'm for what each person feels for the others. Sudden impulses. Like sudden kisses ... And sudden proposals."

"Mean," I said, "if you want to marry a girl and it's mutual, then you should do it. If you're going to swing, swing, I say, "Bobby," Jo said, very softly, I'll never forget how softly, "Bobby—I am as nervous as you are. The extra talk's not going to help. If you'd like to ask me to marry you, please do, Bobby."

And I did.

And when Jo said yes, I pulled over, of the road, skidded the car to a stop, too, my girl in my arms, looked into those eyes of hers, for a long time, and—

And that's the way our love story ends—

I mean begins. ..."

Bobby guest-stars in Columbia's Peg.
Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. And it's so easy. Instant Whip Lady Clairol is amazingly gentle. Feels deliciously cool going on. Leaves your hair in beautiful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever!

So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes. Besides, the best way to get what you want is to ask for it! Instant Whip Lady Clairol. You'll love it!
Now you can look naturally lovely in any light!

They'll never suspect your lovely complexion comes in a compact!

Choose the warm, glowing Woodbury powder shade that flatters you most, and in bright lights or dim, you'll look radiant and natural. That's because velvety, fragrant Woodbury has exclusive "Dreamlite" to keep it color-true!

Mirror compact, 59¢. Vanity box, 43¢.
DOES GRACE KELLY WANT A DIVORCE? see inside

EDDIE NAMED FATHER OF LIZ’ CHILD!

...EXCLUSIVE
Maybelline

SPECIALIZES exclusively IN EVERYTHING TO MAKE EYES BEAUTIFUL

In all the world, nothing does so much to make eyes beautiful as Maybelline, the pure eye make-up you know you can use with perfect confidence. Maybelline offers everything for eye-beauty... quality unrivalled, prices unmatched... in a wonderful range of precious jewel colors that give eyes shimmering, glimmering loveliness. That's why Maybelline is so necessary to every woman who wants to appear perfectly groomed, fashionable... as lovely as she was meant to be. Maybelline is a specialist in eye beauty!

Remember, for purity, for complete confidence in your eye make-up insist on Maybelline
Spectacular 30th Anniversary Offer from Doubleday's Dollar Book Club

ANY 4 for only

VALUE $13.35 TO $42.95 in publishers' editions

NOTE: The Book Club editions shown are sometimes reduced in size, but texts are full-length—not a word is cut!

Choose ANY 4 for 99¢:

Amy Vanderbilt's Everyday Etiquette—complete modern guide to the "correct things" on all social and formal occasions.


Birds and Their Songs. Complete, unabridged 2-volume set, 1,070,000 words, 31,000 illustrations, 1,140 pages, contains important information in every field of knowledge. Value of the world's leading scientific authority.


Family Book of Home Entertaining. Successful home ideas for parties, dinners, receptions, clam bakes—everything a host or hostess needs for entertaining, 412 pages.

Grim's Fairy Tales and Black Beauty—4 vol., set of famous children's classics.


Health, Set 2: vol. 1, "The Healthy Home Medical Adviser" by Dr. Morris Fishbein, plus "Why Milk for Life" by Dr. E. H. P. Boyden, full-length, hard-bound. Brought to complete 4-volume set.

Jarratt's Jade—Frank Yerby's new best-selling romance about a daring Scot's land—a story with all the elements of a modern adventure.

Women's Home Journal Book of Decorating—4th edition! Big lavish volume containing 1,914 illustrations, 90 in color. Guide to furnishing, lighting, accessories, fabrics, etc.

No Pincers—Mary Roberts Rinehart. A new collection of her 30 most masterful detective stories.

Modern Family Cookbook. Latest edition of the famous cook book published 1,250 delicious recipes, 200 pages, up-to-date food section.


Round the World with Famous Authors. Reread the world's greatest authors through their own words. Every one describes places he has known.

Seven Wonders of the World. Lowell Thomas. The magic carpet journey to the world's most exciting spectacular. 113 photos, 40 in eye-stunning color.

Sewing Made Easy—1,900 step-by-step pictures with easy text cover every phase of dress-making and sewing, invaluable for beginner or expert.

Station Wagon in Spain—Frank Parkinson. A gay shipboard blonde, a dark-barred beauty, and an American adventure-bound in this new best-seller set in modern Spain. The Frank Yerby-Barnhart Comprehensive Dictionary. 2 volumes, 60,000 entries, 790 illustrations, 1,096 pages. Hundreds of foreign words, important scientific terms plus sections on grammar, letter writing, etc.

Mail This Coupon—Send No Money

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Dept. DNB-S, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 4 books checked below and bill me only 99¢ FOR ALL 4, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a member.

Thornrike-Barnhart Diet Dictionary—set (9)
Family Book of Home Entertaining (19)
Grim's Fairy Tales and Black Beauty—2 vols. (18)
Pilgrims in Paradise (18)
Columbia-Viking Encyclopedias—set (21)
Around the World in 2000 Pictures (67)
Modern Family Cookbook (74)
Jarratt's Jade (19)
Amy Vanderbilt Etiquette (19)
Sewing Made Easy (18)
Station Wagon in Spain (18)

Include my first issue of The Bulletin describing the new forthcoming one-dollar selections and other bargains for members. I will notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month's selections. I do not have to accept a book every month—only 6 a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept (plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

Mail to:

Doubleday One Dollar Book Club
Dept. DNB-S, Garden City, New York

Address:

City

State

Offer slightly different in Canada. Address 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ontario. Architects and Landscape Architects, write for special membership arrangements.

Revised 12-27

NO RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted with any book, return it in 7 days and member ship will be cancelled.
You're a celebrity with Flame-Glo!

All eyes are on you when you use Flame-Glo: beauty secret of stage, screen and TV stars, as well as smart society. For your lips, nothing beats Flame-Glo "Lustre-Flame" with satin smooth, dewy moist brilliance that lasts far longer. In a wide variety of divinely flattering shades. For your nails, there's none better than this revolutionary new Flame-Glo enamel, in luscious colors to match the beauty of the lipstick itself!

LIPSTICK...In gold finish swivel case, only 39¢. Also comes in 19¢ and 29¢ sizes.

NAIL ENAMEL...it's new and terrific, gives your long-lasting brilliance! Bridescent 20¢. Triple-Shade 15¢. All prices plus tax.

OCTOBER, 1960

STORIES

May Britt
Sammy Davis, Jr. 19 May Britt's Own Story by May Britt
Grace Kelly 22 A Tragic Princess by Hugh Burrell
Dionne Lennon 24 "I'll Never Sing Again!" by Jane Ardmore
Debbie Reynolds 26 The Truth About Our Make-Believe Romance
Elvis Presley 28 Disgrace At Graceland
Jean Simmons 30 The Saddest Picture Of The Year
Stewart Granger
Elizabeth Taylor 32 Eddie Named Father Of Liza by Ed DeBlasio
Connie Stevens 34 The Nun I Hated by Paul Anka
Paul Anka 40 Letter To A Lonely Girl as told to George Christy
Lauren Bacall 44 A Widow's Torment by Ron Chamm
Jason Robards, Jr. 50 "They Stole My Memories" by Beverly Ott
Sophia Loren
Kathy Nolan 52 An Urgent Letter To Kathy Nolan From Her Mother

SPECIAL FEATURES

36 The Good Wife—A Modern Screen Special Service Feature
46 One Live, Experienced Fairy Godmother:

FEATURETTES

Jimmy Durante 6 Jimmy Durante And Tosemani
Deanna Durbin 66 Deanna Today
Jean Simmons 80 The Christmas Fairy Arrived In October

DEPARTMENTS

Louella Parsons 9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 The Inside Story
8 Disk Jockeys' Quiz
18 October Birthdays
79 New Movies by Florence Epstein

Cover Photograph from PIP
Other Photographers' Credits on Page 74

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant
GENE HOYT, research director

MICHAEL LEFCOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, asst. art editor
CARLOS CLARES, research
JEANNE SMITH, editorial research
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

NO MAN LOVED MORE SCANDALOUSLY
...played more divinely...lived more fabulously than FRANZ LISZT!

Now all the songs
born in women's hearts... all the passions
kindled in women's arms
flame from the screen!

S O N G W I T H O U T E N D
The Story of Franz Liszt

COLUMBIA PICTURES
A WILLIAM GOETZ PRODUCTION
presenting
DIRK BOGARDE as Franz Liszt
with GENEVIEVE PAGE | PATRICIA MORISON | IVAN DESNY
MARITA HUNT | LOU JACOBI
Introducing glamorous, breathtaking CAPUCINE

Written by OSCAR MILLARD Directed by CHARLES VIDOR
in CINEMASCOPE and Eastman COLOR

“I gave up a kingdom for this kiss.
I want you to love me for all eternity!”

“The Church and the Devil are fighting for your soul... and I don't know who will win!”

Complete sound track music available on COLPIX RECORDS
shave, lady? don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet. Always to nicen underarms, everytime to smooth legs to smoother beauty, and next time for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the beautiful way.

Neet

---

**THE INSIDE STORY**

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q. Who makes more money—Natalie Wood or Robert Wagner?
   —I.S., Mt. Vernon, N.Y.
   A. On a free-lance basis, Nat makes twice husband Bob's asking price—but, considerably less under the terms of her Warner Bros. contract.

Q. Sophia Loren recently made a crack that she was sorry she got The Millionaire away from Katharine Hepburn but Katie was too old and hadn't the sex appeal to recreate her stage role of eight years ago on the screen. What was Miss Hepburn's reply to this unkind remark?
   —R.E., Long Beach, N.Y.
   A. Cold stone-dead silence.

Q. Why did Kipp Hamilton decide to break her engagement to Efrem Zimbalist Jr., after escorting his children to Connecticut?
   A. Obviously Kipp felt that it wasn't exactly in good taste to be engaged—when the fiancée in question wasn't completely divorced.

Q. Is it true that the ASPCA is taking Tab Hunter's dog away from him and is trying to prevent him from getting a license to own any other animal?
   —E.R., Hamden, Conn.
   A. Tab has denied beating the dog—said he was merely yelling at it. Since no one has pressed charges, it's unlikely that the ASPCA will.

Q. What's the inside story about the report that Ava Gardner was badly crippled in an accident and may never walk without a limp again?
   —N.M., Boston, Mass.
   A. An exaggeration. Ava injured her leg and went on to London for treatment. She will walk normally as soon as it's completed.

Q. Whatever happened to Zanuck's great plans for Bella Darvi?
   —V.P., Rye, N.Y.
   A. Zanuck transferred his plans to Juliette Greco. Miss Darvi's living it up in the South of France.

Q. I read where Eddie Fisher's recording company is putting out an album of tone-poems dedicated to the most glamorous women in the world—among them Ava Gardner, Garbo, Garland, Marilyn, Zsa Zsa, Bardot, Lena, Lana, Liz, and Natalie Wood. I can understand his choice in most instances—but how did Natalie get into this? She's really just a cute kid.
   —P.K., Elko, Nev.
   A. And also a close friend of Eddie and Liz.

Q. Was tax savings the motive behind Deborah Kerr renouncing her American citizenship and going to live in Switzerland—like all the other stars?
   —A.S., St. Charles, Mo.
   A. She's not an American citizen.

---

Q. Why did Eddie Fisher marry...?
THE WOMAN IN THE MIDNIGHT LACE... TARGET FOR TEMPTATION... OR TERROR?

THE SHOCKING MIDNIGHT THREATS...

THE UNEXPLAINABLE 'ACCIDENTS'...

THE MENACING VOICE IN THE FOG...

HAD SHE INVENTED THEM... OR WAS SHE LIVING TWO LIVES... WITHOUT KNOWING IT...?

DORIS DAY * REX HARRISON

JOHN GAVIN

CO STARRING

MYRNA LOY * RODDY MCDOWALL

HERBERT MARSHALL * NATASHA PARRY * JOHN WILLIAMS

with HERMIONE BADDELEY

Directed by DAVID MILLER • Screenplay by IVAN GOFF and BEN ROBERTS

Based upon the play "MATILDA SHOUTED FIRE" by Janet Green

Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER • A Universal-International Release

IN EASTMAN COLOR

A ROSS HUNTER-ARWIN PRODUCTION

"Midnight Lace"

...half-concealing, half-revealing
there's a bra by Exquisite Form for all the women you are!

For the career woman (office or home) ... Knot Naughty with magic slip knot that lets each cup move independently as you move. Embroidered white cotton ... A, B, C cups — just $2

For the full-day woman ... Just A'Just means all-day comfort. Magic Tab adjusts bra to fit just you ... gives as much fullness and separation as you need. White and Black embroidered cotton, nylon lace and nylon marquisette. A, B, C, D cups ... from $2.95 (D cup slightly more) Elastic of acetate, cotton and rubber

For the after-five woman ... Festival Longline with convenient front opening assures a smooth 'party' line. Embroidered white cotton ... B.C cups ... $3.50

AVAILABLE WHEREVER FINE BRAS ARE SOLD IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA
A vintage phonograph was one of the prize possessions in the barber shop of Papa Durante on Catherine Street on New York City's Lower East Side.

And the music heard on it most frequently was the symphonic records of Arturo Toscanini . . . with Enrico Caruso records a close second.

When young Jimmy Durante wasn't lathering up the customers to get them ready for his dad's razor, he was former cranking up the old phonograph.

"My father never let me shave a customer or cut their hair," Jimmy recalls, "but he sure did trust me with that phonograph. The only trouble was I didn't dare play the records I liked. It had to be Toscanini or Caruso. To him they were Roman gods.

"I didn't treat them with much reverence though. Years later when I needed a specialty song for my radio program I wrote a tune called Toscanini, Stokowski and Me. I got the best of it in the lyrics, and the song wound up with me saying that Stokowski couldn't sing but I could, and Toscanini couldn't play the piano, but I could.

"I could tell it was a hit when the studio audience laughed (they got in free), and even up in the sponsor's booth there was a frozen smile when they heard it. So I sang it again—wid emphasis!

"I got back to my hotel a couple of hours later and noticed a little man wearing a big black hat, waiting outside my room. This is either a bill collector or an autograph collector, I think—and he wasn't holding an autograph book. I began wondering if the payments on my tuxedo were up to date.

"Well, I walked up to the door, sort of nonchalant, and he draws himself up to his full five feet two and looks at me like I had insulted all his ancestors.

"Mr. Durante?" he asked.

"Yes," I admitted. Then he poked his fist at me, but just to hand me his calling card.

"There are several things you don't know about me, Mr. Durante," he shouted.

"First, my name is Toscanini . . . second, I do play the piano—and much better than you.

"I also can sing better than you. In fact, if I tried, I could even tell jokes better than you! Good night, Mr. Durante!"

---

Look! Real cream deodorant your fingers need never touch!

Now you can have the all-day protection only a real cream deodorant can give plus glide-on convenience—both in new Desert Dri. It glides on and rubs in right from its own exclusive applicator. Not just a rolled-on surface coating, it penetrates for positive all-day protection. Checks perspiration, stops odor, won't damage clothes. 3 months' supply—1.00 plus tax.

New Desert Dri—real cream deodorant—anti-perspirant by Shulton

©Shulton, Inc., 1960
Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up...

**wake up with a permanent!**

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than a setting! Then, the wave “takes” while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing.

In the morning you **wake up with a permanent** that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives. Complete kit, $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

*The most convenient permanent of all—home or beauty shop!*

---

*BY LYLE KENYON ENGEL*

The Nation's Top Disk jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.

1. This performer is known more for his gyrations than for his singing but he has an excellent voice and can sing a beautiful ballad. He just had the hit titled **STUCK ON YOU** on the RCA Victor label.

2. He was born in Birmingham, Ala., in 1937. His voice is the type that can sing most anything. On the Cub label his last single was **HANDY MAN**. His latest record is the big hit **GOOD TIMIN'**.

3. He's twenty-five and hails from Windsor, Ontario. He records for Top Rank. His musical interests are playing guitar, writing and composing. His current hit is **BURNING BRIDES**.

4. This vocalist was a second runner-up to "Miss America" in 1958. Her title was "Miss Oklahoma." She was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma, in 1920. Her lovely voice may be heard in an album the title of which is her name. She has the top hit single **PAPER ROSES**.

5. Brooklyn, N. Y., is his birthplace. He's sung in movies, on radio, television and nightclubs. He had the million record seller **AGAIN**. His latest album is entitled **THIS GAME OF LOVE**.

6. These six boys (Terry, Paul, Nate, Jacob, Tommy and Zeke) go under a group name. Their latest album is **FLAMING SENSENADEN**. Their big song now is **NOBODY LOVES ME LIKE YOU** on the End label.

7. They sing. He heads the group consisting of Fred, Angelo and Carlo. They've been on TV and in nightclubs. They record for Laurie. They had million seller **TEENAGER IN LOVE** and I WONDER WHY.
in this issue:

Parties and Politics

Romances and Partings

Tab In Bad Trouble

Frank Sinatra (right) enjoyed a private word with Kennedy.

(R. to L.) Louella and Jimmy McHugh enjoyed hosting Fabian, Judy McHugh, Fabe's brother Bob.

Lana and Fred May enjoyed the party—before the trouble began.
Parties... Politics... Pretty Girls

Janet Leigh tasted at the Henry Fondas' party for the Democratic belligers, giving rise to the rumor that she and Tony were expecting a third little Curtis. But she said "No, it's just a reaction from some pills I've taken for sinus trouble."...

The TV cameras, having a field day with so many movie stars on hand "free," flashed to Frank Sinatra and Peter Lawford (brother-in-law Democratic nominee Senator John Kennedy) almost as often as they did to the politicians...

Edward G. Robinson got the biggest hand from the delegates; Nat King Cole almost as big...

Hope Lange's schoolgirl black dress with demure collar was the most modest outfit worn the entire week the Democrats were among us...

Janet Leigh's whistletail decolletage, worn in mid-afternoon, the most daring...

No one seemed to note or care that Shelley Winters arrived and departed from the opening ceremonies with Tony Franciosa, the husband she had just announced shedding twenty-four hours previously...

When Zsa Zsa Gabor couldn't get a ticket to accompany New Orleans mayor DeLesseps Morrison to the floor of the convention, it was carried as a "news" flash over national television.

My own personal big excitement—when Senator Kennedy, looking as fresh as though he had not been campaigning for months and was not under the strain of the Convention which later nominated him, greeted me at the Phil Regan party with a cheerful "Hello, Louella," and posed for picture after picture...

What a week! Frantic, hectic and exhausting—yes, I've never covered so many parties, shaken so many hands, seen so many movie stars turn out en masse (even such staunch Republicans as the Gary Coopers and Jennifer Jones and David Selznick showed up for all the doing for the Democrats), but never say it hasn't been fun!

Many days saw three or four magnificent parties within the twenty-four hour span and all I can say is that our movietown hostesses can stand up and be counted among the finest in the nation.

On the Saturday before the Monday opening day, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Stein entertained three hundred on the terrace of their hilltop home; the Edwin Pauleys six-hundred-forty at their garden supper-dance; the Peter Lawfords over one hundred at a "little family" affair at their beach home for Senator Kennedy.

Then Perle Mesta—who else—gave a brunch in the Cocomut Grove to which six thousand showed up to shake the hand of "the hostess with the mostest" and meet her political and movie star pals. My boss, William Randolph Hearst, Jr., and his beautiful Austine hosted a wonderful luncheon at the Wilshire Country Club, particularly pleasant because one could talk to and enjoy all the celebrated guests. Gore Vidal, the playwright-politician, took over Romanoff's for a delightful affair, and Phil Regan invited five-hundred and got over nine-hundred into Chasens.

Style note: Most of the screen stars and wives of the politicians wore vivid print or lace cocktail dresses with cocktail coats. Few furs—but much beautiful jewelry...

The Peter Lawfords had the most "Democratic" decoration theme—donkey place cards and a live, honest-to-goodness donkey in the garden, delighting all the Kennedy children (permitted to stay up until 8:00), as well as Judy Garland, Nat King Cole, Milton Berle, the Gary Coopers, Henry Fondas and Tony and Janet who attended the family affair...

I guess I could take the rest of this department telling you about all the wonderful times we've had while the Democrats were in town among my little movie playmates. But space doesn't permit. Besides I'm limp—and a Republican to boot!
Shelley and Tony Part

No one, under similar circumstances, ever sounded as cool, calm and collected as Shelley Winters did when she called me from New York to tell me she had asked Tony Franciosa to move out of her Beverly Hills home and that they were separating. I couldn't help remembering how tearful, hysterical and unhappy she had sounded the time she had called to tell me that she was leaving Vittorio Gassman, her first husband, and father of her daughter, Vittoria. Knowing Shell, I'm sure the change in attitude was not because she loved Vittorio more and Tony less.

It's just that she was more reconciled to the break-up of her second marriage. She and Tony, during the past two years, have been on the verge of parting so often the actual break must have been an emotional anti-climax.

"Tony and I are not parting in anger or after a fight," she said from 3,000 miles away, "I just had to face the situation that we have a different set of values. So I made the decision that it's far better for us to live apart." Now the only male in Shelley's life is the treasured Oscar she won for The Diary of Anne Frank and if you ask me, Shelley will think long and hard before she tries matrimony again.

Tribute to Buddy Adler

Hollywood was deeply saddened by the loss of handsome, white-haired, fifty-one-year-old Buddy Adler, executive producer of 20th Century-Fox who died of cancer of the lung in early July.

Not was there a dry eye among those in the Temple attending his funeral services when the organ softly played Love Is A Many Splendored Thing and From Here To Eternity, the theme songs from his two greatest pictures.

He will be deeply missed and every heart goes out to his actress wife Anita Louise and his two children.

Cupid Takes the Count

Take heart, girls: Bobby Darin ran up a big telephone bill to call me from Honolulu that he and Jo-Ann Campbell have broken their engagement (if it was ever really on!). "Our careers keep us separated," said Bobby from the Hawaiian isle, "the only chance Jo-Ann and I have to see each other is when I play the Copacabana in New York. What kind of a marriage would this be? It just wouldn't work out."

Audrey and Mel are beaming over the birth of nine-pound first son, Sean.

Bobby Darin and Jo-Ann Campbell postponed marriage in favor of their careers.

As for you boys who have a crush on Connie Francis—she too is still heart free, despite talk she could hardly wait to return to Germany to resume her romance with screen star Peter Krauss.

"Sure I had a crush on him when I met him in Europe," Connie told me, "and when I go back to do my special show over Luxembourg Radio, I expect to date Peter. But I'm married to my career—and I mean it."

Producer Joe Pasternak tells me that Connie is going to be just as much of a smash in the movies as she's been making records after you see and hear her in his MGM musical Where The Boys Are.
Why Elvis Stayed Away

I don't care what anyone says, I think the real reason Elvis Presley did not attend the marriage of his father, Vernon Presley, to Mrs. "Dee" Elliott in Alabama, is because the memory of his mother who died just last year is still too deep in Elvis's heart.

I don't mean to imply that there's an estrangement between Elvis and his dad and new step-mother. At heart Elvis is a sweet boy and a kind one no matter how many jibes he takes as 'Mr. Swivel Hips.' I'm sure he wants his father to be happy.

But as much as I like the Presley mentor, good old Colonel Tom Parker, I just couldn't swallow his explanation for Elvis's absence, "The boy thought the wedding should be as quiet as possible. If he had flown down to Alabama, it would have been a riot."

By the way, Paramount tells me that Elvis's GI Blues will have a special premiere in Heidelberg, Germany, for his buddies in the Third Armored Division.

It was while Elvis was stationed in Germany that Vernon Presley met Mrs. Elliott, the former wife of one of young Presley's superior officers.

Frank and Juliet

As of the moment there's no one girl in the life of Elvis. Forget that talk about Juliet Prowse, his GI Blues leading lady. Sure, there was a flirtation on the set during the shooting of the picture. But Juliet's heart belongs to Frank Sinatra.

Frank brought her a string of matched pearls and a jade bracelet from the Orient, not that the girl is influenced by these baubles. But when she and Elvis parted the final day of the picture, they exchanged a friendly kiss on the cheek.

to Tab Hunter:

I know you have been advised by men you consider wiser than yourself to let these "dog beating" charges die down without taking too much of a stand to fight the shocking accusations.

Someone close to you told me, "Tab has explained that he was only disciplining his thoroughbred Weimaraner hunting dog from digging up the garden as he had been instructed to do by an expert trainer of this breed. But how can anyone really fight charges like these—it's like the question: 'When did you stop beating your wife?'"

I can see the point—but I do not agree. I think you should shout from the housetops your denial that you have been cruel to a little animal, as some of your neighbors have charged, even to calling the police and instigating charges against you. I believe it is imperative that you fight back because you should read the letters that have poured into my office from irate people who have listened to just one side.

Nothing arouses the ire of all the people who love animals as much as a charge of cruelty to them. You can't take it standing still and being silent.

I happen to know that the neighbors who live right next door to you are horrified and shocked over the "beating" complaints lodged by some people who live across the street from your home in the Valley. Your next door neighbor has said, "Why Tab loves that dog! I swear he has never been cruel to him. I have a dog of my own and we frequently talk over the back fence about training our dogs and making them well behaved. I'll gladly go to court—if it should reach there—and swear to this."

You have always been known as a lover of animals, horses and dogs. If you are innocent—you must fight back. To do otherwise, could be dangerous to your career.
Party for “Portrait in Black—and Blue”

If ever a beauty was created for triumphs and troubles, it’s Lana Turner.

What started out to be her only happy “party” night since the latest heartaches over Cheryl—the premiere of Portrait in Black followed by producer Ross Hunter’s swank party at Romanoff’s—turned into another “black” headline for Lana. Frankly, it was just a pushing skirmish between her escort, the man in her life these days, Fred May, and a well-known columnist.

May, smouldering over what he considered unfavorable comments about his love, kept yelling, “I love this girl—I love her.” Well, anyway—now we know his real feelings.

Lana burst into tears asking Fred why he had done it—all of which wound up in print as a “fight” almost equally exciting as the Ingemar Johansson Patterson brawl.

But before all this—it had been one of the most glamorous and star-studded social events in months. There were so many beauties in lovely summer gowns dancing every dance in the ornate Crown Room you hardly knew where to look first.

Lana, a portrait in pale pink, was on everyone’s tongue the way she keeps her blonde beauty both on and off the screen. Early in the evening she had seemed so happy dancing cheek to cheek with the good-looking, handsome young May.

At our table sat two outstanding lovelies, the dark, exotic Anna Kashfi (the ex-Mrs. Marlon Brando was producer Hunter’s date) and blonde, lovely Dina Merrill.

You so seldom see Loretta Young at a party that she caught every eye dancing with her brother-in-law Ricardo Montalban and her favorite designer, Jean Louis. Loretta’s gown was a floor length smoky-colored chiffon which swirled and flowed around her slender figure as she twirled.

Doris Day, her hair swept into a smooth “beehive” around her head and wearing an Oriental-type white gown and coat, laughed when I accused her of suddenly becoming a social butterfly. “Not really,” she protested. “Marty (her ever lovin’ husband, Marty Melcher) just comes down to our tennis court and gets the hook to make me go out. He thinks I should. But left to my own devices, I’d play tennis, have dinner early looking at TV, and go to bed every night at ten!”

Redheaded Janet Blair, usually so conservative, caused a few surprised gasps of admiration from the males, by a long dress but just a little above the knee—“the most daring I’ve ever owned,” she admitted.

Jane Powell, another going sophisticated these evenings, was in short red strapless taffeta, still looking “cute” (she’ll hate me for saying that). I never before realized how witty and amusing Pat Newberry, her husband, is. I sat between Pat and Ross Hunter and they certainly kept the conversation lively.

Despite gossip that he is madly in love with Kipp Hamilton, Efrem Zimbalist came “stag.” Susan Kohner wasn’t with her “steady” either. George Hamilton was out of town so Susan’s escort was Jim Shelton.

Ring-siding at the candle-lit tables with centerpieces of pink roses and peonies were the Robert Taylors; George Nader with Pat McCullough; the Robert Cummings; the Vincent Prices; Craig Stevens and Alexis Smith, the Art Linkletter’s, the Charles Coburns, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Bundy Solt, Jeannie Crain and Paul Brinkman, the Ronnie Reagans—truly a star turnout.
Troy Donahue brought his sister to the party, and she interviewed Louella!

Tony Aquaviva is proud of his wife Joni James' success. (That's the real Joni standing on a table in the center.)

Jimmy McHugh's Party for Joni

If all the singers who came to Jimmy McHugh's garden party for Joni James and her husband Tony Aquaviva, had burst into song at the same time, it would have been the most expensive chorus ever heard. Practically every top composer was there, so any record company would have had a field day.

That wasn't all—the younger set was out in full force to welcome Joni before she opened at the Coconut Grove. Fabian, who spent most of his time with Judy McHugh, granddaughter of the host, brought his young brother Bobby, fourteen. Natalie Trundy, who has more freckles than I have ever seen, was with Mark Damon. His frequent date, Jack Benny's daughter Joan, was with another handsome escort, whose name I didn't get.

Troy Donahue brought his mother and fifteen-year-old sister who told me she is a columnist. "I have a column twice a week," she said, "and I'm going to write about you." She's pretty as a picture. Edd "Kookie" Byrnes was having himself a time with Asa Maynor. He's so happy these days, now that his troubles with Warner Bros. are over.

Jimmy Boyd and Yvonne Craig, who should be married by the time this is in print because they planned to marry the week end after Jimmy's party, looked very happy.

David Janssen, who really doesn't belong to the younger crowd although he is only twenty-nine, created quite a dash when he walked in with his Ellie, Patti Page and Joni James talked songs and who recorded what first, Irene Dunne always gets a lot of admiring glances, even from the younger set.

When Audrey Meadows and her sister Jayne (Allen) walked in with Steve Allen and Robert Six, Audrey asked me if I could tell them apart. You know the funny thing is that I don't think they look too much alike anymore.

Guests of honor Tony and Joni (left) chatted with Kookie and Asa Maynor.

Cute, freckle-faced Natalie Trundy was escorted by actor Mark Damon.
$25,000 Roman Orgy
-Hollywood Style

"I wish the fans could see us now," whispered Jack Lemmon in my ear as we sat in a Roman-Grecian decorated cabana beside the flower-strewn swimming pool at the Beverly Hills Hotel which, this night, millionaire-producer Joe Levine and his wife had turned into a $25,000 party-plug for Hercules Unchained.

I knew what Jack meant. This lavish splurge was just exactly what some fans think Hollywood life really is: There were beautiful models (hired for the evening) lounging in white and gold Grecian style bathing suits on gold satin lounges around the pool; Hercules-type young Adonis (also models, of the male gender) were strolling around in gold-colored trunks and little else; floating in the enormous pools were veritable islands of the most gorgeous flowers, so abundant that their fragrance scented the air.

Completely modern, however, were the four bars serving everything under the moon to drink, the gold fountains spraying champagne, and table after table groaning with the finest food and fruits our generous hosts could find.

Rooms overlooking the pool from the hotel were jammed with wide-eyed tourists who must have been saying to themselves—"See? I told you life in Hollywood was like this!!"

Jack Lemmon had come alone (who wants to bring a date to even a fake 'orgy') and he was the delight of the 'Grecian' beauties who asked him for his autograph when they weren't splashing in and out of the pool.

Certainly for lavish outlay—Hollywood may never see another evening like this. Even a big paper moon came over the hibiscus bushes to cast glamour over Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dana Wynter, Barbara Rush, Barbara Nichols and all the other goggle-eyed guests who all said, "This is the party the public would pay to look in on!"

Jack Lemmon came stag to the 'orgy' and delighted the 'Grecians!'

As Barbara Nichols said, "This is the party people would pay to look in on!"

Mitzi Gaynor got quite a lift from two muscular young Adonis.

-Ina Balin

She's already been hailed as the only one of the new actresses to give promise of being a great glamour star along the lines of an Ava Gardner or a Lana Turner. That's how the critics have greeted her sexy and glamorous performance as the "other woman" in From the Terrace with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

Amusingly, Joanne and Paul and Ina are the best of friends off screen. Calling themselves "immigrants from New York," they lived in the same apartment building during the filming of the 20th picture. Either in Joanne and Paul's big apartment or Ina's small one, they spent almost every evening together going over their "lines" over homemade dinners of hamburgers and coffee.

Also like the Newmans, Ina had her professional roots in the New York theater—she was a big hit in Compulsion on Broadway—before 20th Century-Fox grabbed her for pictures. Ina was a little nervous about giving Hollywood a "second" chance.

She had been one of the actresses in the running for Marjorie Morningstar and thought she had clinched before she read in my column one morning that the (then) coveted role had gone to Natalie Wood. A bit bitter and cynical she had returned to Broadway and Compulsion before Hollywood paged her again.

Ina, a dark-haired, exciting-type beauty need not be afraid of having her reviews in Terrace. At the age of twenty-two, she seems to have completely conquered two fields, the stage and the screen.

Born Ina Sandra Rosenberg in Brooklyn, New York, she can't remember when she wasn't stage struck. Used to baby sit to earn money for dramatic coaching when she was just thirteen. She came up the usual route, summer stock, some modeling, then TV, before hitting good roles in Bus Stop, Compulsion and Majority of One.

Too bad, Broadway—it looks like Ina's in Hollywood to stay.
Some stars, like Ava Gardner and William Holden, have pulled up stakes in the USA and moved to Europe to save taxes. Louella's against it.

Louella has found Fabian to be a charming young boy, hard working, and not conceited.

Louella will explain Sandra Dee's attitude about glamour, etc., soon.

Bing and Gary surely are not feuding here: Bing came during Gary's Vegas stint.

"What is your honest opinion of stars like William Holden, Ava Gardner and some others who have pulled up stakes in their native USA and moved to Europe to save taxes? I was shocked to read that Holden refused to star in a picture made in Hollywood and give work to his countrymen—because he doesn't want to spoil his 'residence' set up in Europe," blasts Mrs. Vernon DeVore, Atlanta. My honest opinion? I'm very much against such conduct on the part of American actors.

Mae Belle Marks, Detroit, who says she is seventeen, writes: How can a girl as young as Sandra Dee admit in print that she has spent as much as $1,500 on clothes on a single shopping jaunt? Sounds to me that someone should be helping Sandra save her money.

(1 have an interview coming up in Modern Screen on Sandra which will explain her attitude on investing in glamour—and other things, Mae Belle. Look for it.)

Do you deny that you favor Fabian above Bobby Darin, Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Frankie Avalon and other young singers? snoops Gloria O'Dell of Ft. Worth.

I sincerely try not to favor any of the youngsters. I like them all. I have just found Fabian to be a charming young boy, modest, hard working and not at all conceited—very likeable qualities, you must admit.

Richard Meeks, New York, postcards: Is it true Kim Novak is so ill she will never make another movie? No, no, no! Kim had a siege of hepatitis—but she is much improved and will make many more movies.

You keep saying that the family fight between the Crosby boys and Bing is all settled. How come then that we continue to read magazine stories in which Gary criticizes (a mild word for it) his dad? asks Bill Battenburg, Philadelphia. Don't understand it myself.

Mrs. Adelaide Hanheimer, Brooklyn, writes: Someone should speak to Debbie Reynolds about marrying Harry Karl. How do you mean that—speak for or against it?

My mother tells me that she read that Dolores Hart dates only on week ends and goes to bed at ten o'clock other nights. Is this true or is my mother just trying to sell me the old-fashioned idea that young girls should stay home five nights a week? asks Peggy Potter, Milwaukee. It's true, Peggy, that Dolores dates only on week ends—but that's because she's usually working in a movie and believes in getting her beauty sleep for the cameras.

Dottie Donaldson, Seattle, has a problem: I am a nice-looking girl except for very bad skin. I have been told that movie actresses have many secrets for keeping their skin good. Can you tell me some of them? If your skin is really bad, Dottie, I suggest you consult a good dermatologist in your home town. Don't accept tips on treatments or "sure fire" cures. Get expert medical advice.

That's all for now. See you next month.
I dreamed I covered the Paris Collections in my maidenform* bra

I wore an original, too! New ARABESQUE*- the bra that tops the whole Paris picture! Bias-cut insert between the cups for superb separation, uncanny (almost custom) fit. Noteworthy: flowered circular stitching combines hand-embroidered look with newly defined contour. Excitement... high! Price... low! White, A, B and C cups, 2.50. Pre-shaped ARABESQUE* (with light foam lining) 3.50. At stores everywhere.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. & 1960, MAIDENFORM, INC. NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is the opal and your flower is the calendula. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

October 1—Stella Stevens
Laurence Harvey
George Peppard

October 4—Charlton Heston

October 5—Peter Brown
Skip Homeier

October 7—Glynis Johns

October 10—Helen Hayes
Richard Jaeckel

October 13—Laraine Day
Yves Montand
Roger Moore
Cornel Wilde

October 16—Angela Lansbury

October 17—Julie Adams
Jean Arthur
Rita Hayworth
Montgomery Clift

October 18—Inger Stevens

October 20—Barrie Chase
Dolores Hart

October 22—Joan Fontaine
Annette Funicello

October 23—Diana Dors

October 24—David Nelson

October 25—Anthony Franciosa

October 27—Teresa Wright

October 28—Suzy Parker

October 31—Barbara Bel Geddes
Michael Landon

be ahead in beauty
INSTANTLY

IMAGINE, beautiful, natural-looking hair color in an instant... a woman's dream come true! A color rinse that requires no patch or strand tests! That's NOREEN... "INSTANT" because there is no waiting for color to develop... a TRUE HAIR RINSE because it adds just the right amount of safe, temporary color to beautify all shades of hair, or blend-in scattered gray. Color can be removed only by shampooing. Actually, all hair colorings fade and become dull in a week or so, and should be refreshed after each shampoo. NOREEN gives your hair that lustrous, fresh-looking color instantly... without rub-off.

30c and 60c (plus tax)
At cosmetic counters everywhere.

Noreen of Denver, distributes
Noreen Color Hair Rinse and new Liqui Color,
the instant liquid color hair rinse.
EXCLUSIVE
AMERICAN PUBLICATION
UNCENSORED
shockingly frank
MAY BRITT’S
OWN STORY
my love affair
and marriage
to a negro...
I am blonde, white, Swedish, Protestant, and Sammy Davis is negro, a Jew; instead of hating each other, we love each other. So we have decided to get married, after September 28th next, namely when my divorcement from my first husband has become actual. Every time that a Negro makes up his mind to marry a white woman, a deep, morbid concern is created around them, especially in the United States, where unfortunately very deep race barriers still exist. Then any time that a Negro and a white woman, who are very well known, speak of marriage, the world seems to divide into two opposite factions, both of them well trained and both of them very strong, both of them alleging reasons seemingly valid. But all these unknown people, who want to thrust their nose into other people's life, give the impression of not realizing that, if a Negro and a white woman have made up their mind to get married, this is an evident proof that they love each other. If they have decided to take this step, in spite the difference of race, their love is certainly much greater than that of many other people, who are willing to get married, because they belong to the same race, but perhaps they would not do so, if they were of different race. Now I should like to ask all the betrothed of the same race this question: would you marry your play boy or your play girl, if he or she were of different races? If their answer is positive, I should be led to presume that theirs is a real love, but if their answer were negative, I should say that their love is relative, or in any
case subject to conditions. As we belong to two
different religions, we have made up our minds that
our children may grow and choose the religion they
feel like professing the more, without any con-
straint whatsoever and without any hurry. As both
of us have wished to have our own family for a long
time, both of us want a tranquil, calm, usual life
with a brood of cheerful children around us.
Sammy has told a journalist, who put the question
of children before him, that he did not want to be
anxious about their skin colour: It does not
matter, whether they are black, white or spotted
because we shall be their parents and we will con-
sider them all only as our children. Many people
may have the impression that all this is discon-
certing and excessive, but, joking apart, this is
our way of how to face a marriage. We are quite
aware that, loving each other and getting married
we shall have difficult problems to solve and many
obstacles to overcome. We have already asked our-
selves these questions and they have been the ob-
ject of our considerations. We are quite convinced
therefore, that our marriage will be one of the
happiest. It is possible we may happen to find
hotels, where we are not allowed to stay as hus-
band and wife, there may be some States of the
U.S.A. where we will not be received in the fami-
lies, there may be public places, where we will be
obliged to part, owing to the different colour of
our skin. Well, let it be so, we will avoid to
frequent these hotels, these places, these friends
and it will not be a great sacrifice for any of us.
Some one thinks that, if I marry Sammy, in many
States and towns my films will be prevented from

(Continued on page 78)
a tragic Princess tries to rebuild her shattered life

It had been a strange little party at the Palace that night. Grace, the Princess, had had a headache. Rainier, the Prince, had been moody over some business transaction gone wrong during the day. Their guests, a Count from here, a ship owner from there, their overdressed and underdressed ladies —nobody had seemed in proper spirits that night.

The strange little party was over now.

The guests were gone.

And Grace and Rainier were in their huge bedroom now, quiet, not talking, Grace seated at her vanity, listlessly brushing her hair, Rainier seated in a chair near the bed, looking through a large folder of contracts and complicated legal documents that perched upon his lap.

After a while, Grace’s maid knocked and entered the room.

She told her Princess that a long distance call, from Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A., had just been received at the Palace switchboard.

“Would Madame like to take it in the sitting room as usual?” she asked, in French.

(Continued on page 56)
I'LL NEVER SING
I'm quitting the Lawrence Welk Show as soon as Dick Gass and I get married. He got out of the paratroopers in June and we'll get married this month. That will give us plenty of time to fix up our home. Dick's family moved into a larger house a year or so ago and he bought the two-bedroom home they'd had and he's been renting it out. So that means we have our own home to move into—how many people our age have that? We're going to paint it from top to bottom and Dick's going to make some furniture; he's so handy, he can build or do anything, and I'll make curtains. Yes, Mr. Welk knows I'm going to quit. He's a family man and he's so happy for me. The other girls will get on very well as a trio. Janet and I (Continued on page 54)
A few days ago MODERN SCREEN'S Louella Parsons asked Debbie the big question: "Are you going to marry Harry Karl?"
Debbie answered clearly: "I have no plans to marry. . . . I'm going to think a long time before I marry anyone."
Despite this, Debbie and Harry have fooled (Continued on page 70)
THE TRUTH
ABOUT OUR MAKE-BELIEVE ROMANCE
The whole story of Elvis' feud with his father over Graceland at the Dismalace.
When Elvis Presley returned from the Army in March to Graceland, his Memphis mansion, a profound and disturbing change in his life was in the making. The hullabaloo of his return kept the disquieting element in the background—because all was happiness and gaiety and laughter now that Elvis was home.

The change in his life: his father's love interest, Mrs. Devada (Dee) Elliott, 34, a blonde, pretty, shapely and the mother of three young children, who had met Vernon Presley and had divorced her Army husband.

Elvis, an only child (his twin brother died at birth), had always been close to his parents. He would have done anything for them—and did. They were as close as parents and child could be.

What Elvis was having a hard time adjusting to, when he returned to Memphis after the filming of GI Blues, was that his father was still a young man at 44, lonely and attractive, very much in need of love.

(Continued on page 82)
A few days before public announcement of their break-up, the candid camera records a final, touching family moment on the Arizona ranch of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger: Jean holds back the tears as daughter Tracy, too young to understand why they must part, kisses her daddy good-bye...
A few weeks after the tender parting scene pictured here, little Tracy was striding around grandly in a suite she shared with her mother at London’s Dorchester Hotel. She looked so adorable in her new formal English riding habit that Jean couldn’t resist a proud smile. The fitted jodhpurs on the child’s chubby little legs were so unlike the jeans she was used to wearing on the ranch when she’d ride out on the vast Arizona acres with her father. Sometimes—and Jean smiled tenderly at the memory—Tracy would sit on the same horse with Stewart holding the reins while he guided her hand gently, taking care that the horse didn’t jounce her too hard. Now that she (Continued on page 68)
EDDIE NAMED

The tender, heartfilled story of his adoption of the daughter of Elizabeth Taylor and Mike Todd
Liza Frances Todd was only seven months old when her famous father, Mike Todd, met a spectacular end in a plane crash over Grant, New Mexico. Her mother, the beautiful queen of the American cinema, Elizabeth Taylor, was spared from the same fate by the fortuitous fact of a serious cold which kept her homebound that blustery March day three years ago.

Liza was too young then to perceive the grief that had befallen her and her mother. She was still surrounded by love and attention. If she missed that mock-stern voice of her father’s calling her “sweet monkey,” she could not communicate her loss to anyone. Besides, Mama was there, hugging her to pieces and bathing her tiny face in warm kisses. Liza never knew that those moist kisses were mingled with tears of anguish.

Then there was all the traveling and two big brothers to tease her and please her every whim. Then the first steps into Mama’s arms, the first word “Mama”—for the beautiful lady who played for hours on end with her. The kind soft voice that encouraged a baby to smile, crinkling nose and mouth and bringing a sparkle of love to those magnificent blue eyes so like her late father’s.

Then it was talking time. Words put together like magic. Words that could bring squeals of pleasure and pride from beautiful Mama. Words that Mama said over and over again so little Liza could learn. Mama telling Liza about little puppies and kittens and pretty blue birds, pointing out the floppy tail, the tickling whiskers, the soft feathers and explaining each over and over as if the words had as much meaning for the tiny two-year-old as they did for Mama herself.

That was the secret, of course. Mama felt Liza could understand and Liza did understand. Mama never talked itty-bitty baby talk. She said words of love, of instruction, of happiness, of pride, of soothing, of prayer in her grown-up way so Liza could learn how to grow up too.

Then there was the day that Mama looked so very beautiful in moss green chiffon with lots of people kissing her. Liza wanted to kiss her Mama too. She was like a fairy tale princess, too unreal to be true. But when Mama saw her, she stooped to scoop her up in her arms, crushing the lovely dress and flowers and not caring one single bit. Then Mama took (continued on page 78)
AN EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT FROM CONNIE STEVENS OF HER LIFE AS A TOUGH LITTLE GIRL IN A CATHOLIC SCHOOL

New Jersey, Connie thought, looking out the bus window—they might as well have sent me to China! She remembered her father's words: "It's a good school you're going to, Connie. Daddy's gotta pay a lot of money to send you. But it's a good place, Catholic, with good nuns, and you'll meet nice friends there, young ladies, with manners, and good backgrounds." She remembered her own words: "Please don't send me. I wanna stay in Brooklyn." And she remembered the words of one of her girlfriends: "Just be mean and tough with all those creeps and you'll see how fast they'll end you back."

The bus stopped, in front of the school. And Connie, clutching her valise, got out.

On the porch of the main building she bumped into a girl, about her own age, with short hair, unlike hers, and a pretty dress, unlike hers.

"Are you the new student?" the girl asked, smiling, in that ritzy New (Continued on page 72)
In these troubled times the divorce rate rises every day—especially in Hollywood. We at Modern Screen, who are so close to the problems of the stars and (thanks to your letters) of our readers, find ourselves increasingly distressed by this situation. Is there some small way, we wondered, in which we might help stop this alarming increase of broken homes across our nation? After talking with hundreds of stars—married and divorced—we learned that many, far too many couples begin marriage thinking life together will be all sugar and spice and everything nice—and when doubts and despairs set in (as they must) they assume their marriage has failed. If we could only show such people, we decided, that doubts and despairs are a natural part of marriage, that the best, most lasting and loving marriages are never free of them—then perhaps some humpty-dumpty home somewhere might be put together again, and our small effort would have been worthwhile. With this in mind, we've chosen eight wives among the hundreds we talked with, to reveal the sorts and degrees of problems marriages run into. Your own problems will of course be different, but for the good wife the point is always: problems are what a marriage runs into and not away from! We would appreciate your comments after reading the stories beginning on the next page.
GOOD WIFE
THE GOOD WIFE CAN TRUST HER HUSBAND LIVE WITH A CONFIRMED BACHELOR HELP HER MAN THROUGH EMOTIONAL TURMOIL GIVE UP HER CAREER
Dean Martin says it’s easy to raise seven kids: “The older children pass on the clothes; we keep the crib and the high chair for the next kids; we never throw anything away.”

Dean makes everything look easy, even his second marriage, to petite blonde Jeanne Biegger, in 1949. But for Jeanne, it has been no joke to raise their three children, plus Dean’s four children by his first marriage.

Jeanne was thrust into the difficult and usually thankless role of a stepmother when Dean’s first wife lost custody of Craig, Claudia, Dena and Gail, who then moved in with Dean and Jeanne. (Continued on page 76)
To a lonely girl

Love,

Letter
Dear Someone:

I'm Paul Anka. I'm writing this open letter because I guess you might say I have no one right now to write a "closed," private letter to. I'm hoping that someone who reads this may turn out to be "the" one.

So I'd like to just ramble on here a few minutes and tell you about myself and my feelings....

(Continued on next page)
Isn't it funny how a lot of song lyrics really tell the truth about people's feelings? I like listening to a song because something happens to me—inside. And I like writing songs because I can let out my feelings.

This summer, for instance, I knew something was missing from my life, because I was moody and blue. Now, don't get me wrong. I know I'm lucky in many ways. I'm healthy, and I have the most wonderful family, and adults say I'm very successful. But what was success, I asked myself. Success brings fame, fortune. Is this enough to make a person's life worthwhile? So I wrote a song about the deep feelings in my heart...

I'm just a lonely boy, Lonely and blue. I'm all alone With nothing to do. (Continued on page 63)
"Behind every love-song I've written was a real girl. But now there's no one, and so I've written Summer's Gone." I hope some girl somewhere hearing my new song will understand my loneliness and answer my letter."

— Paul Anka
Bogie is dead, Lauren Bacall keeps telling herself....Jason looks like Bogie and talks like Bogie, but my heart is in the grave, isn’t it? Isn’t it?
On January 14, 1957, the unyielding killer, cancer, robbed Lauren Bacall of the love that shielded her from the cruelties of the world, and took from her the one man in her life, Humphrey Bogart.

The days that followed were bleak and empty, and the memories that haunted her made her finally sell the Holmby Hills house that love built.

(Continued on page 75)
ONE LIVE,
FAIRY GOD—
The most exciting thing in the world (or out of it) has just happened at Modern Screen. We've captured alive and are now holding in our offices a genuine Fairy Godmother—the same one who, you remember, many years ago visited poor, lonely, dusty, little Cinderella, and with a few strokes of her magic wand made her a princess. Impossible? Ridiculous? That's what we thought too, so we put our captive to the test: we took her downtown in a taxi to visit a poor, lonely, dusty, little mouse of a girl who, like Cinderella, was hard at work as a maid in a humble cottage. (The humble cottage belonged to our editor, by the way, and the maid's name was Evelyn.) Well, out came the magic wand and quick as a flash Evelyn became a princess. We knew no one would believe what actually happened, so we took pictures of the extraordinary event, and will publish them in next month's Modern Screen. Whatever you do, don't miss the next issue, or the one after that, or after that, or after that, because every month in Modern Screen the Fairy Godmother (whose earth name is Fran Hodges) has agreed to perform one of her miracles. Meanwhile, turn the page for a personal message from the Fairy Godmother herself...

(Continued on next page)
Yes, my darlings, that's the way it happened... And it's pleased and proud I am to be around as chief Fairy Godmother, free every month to work a whole new batch of magic on some Cinderella who might happen to need my attention.

But, don't be taken in by all that talk of "wand-waving"—I'm a modern, 1960-type Fairy Godmother. All the ingredients for my magic make-overs will be easily available to every one of you—as near as the corner drugstore or your favorite department store, as simple to reach, for as the telephone. I plan to tell you all of my secrets so that, wherever you are, you may use them to do your own miracles.

From lipsticks to lingerie... from home-permanents to high fashion... from perfume vial to undercover style... you'll get the word, how to use our new MODERN CINDERELLA beauty-fashion portfolio to make your own dreams come true.

And, my dears, if there is anything you want to tell me, or ask me, please don't hesitate to drop me a line... I'll be around, working on a new miracle...

See you in these pages next month.
A LOVABLE Bra is a gift of beauty

To each her own... three differently padded contours that give just-right glamour, shaping and new rounded beauty... and at such beautifully low prices!

Small? "Add-Vantage" (left) has medium-firm foam padded cups with new "soft touch" lining to add comfort to contour! White. $2.

Very small? "Add-a-Pad" has full foam pads, removable, that add so much beauty to your contour. White or black. $1.50
"THEY STOLE MY MEMORIES"

Inside Report from England on the most terrifying night of Sophia Loren's life...

Scotland Yard organized a thorough investigation, but the thief remains at large.

When Sophia Loren became the victim of the greatest jewel robbery in England's history, there were people who were inclined to pooh-pooh the whole situation with something like, "Oh well, she's a big movie star, she makes lots of money to buy more."

But, as Sophia Loren frantically sobbed out her story to a Scotland Yard inspector and said, "Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories," there were few who could share her bitter memories. Like that of the oh so shabbily dressed little girl who stood in a muddy Naples street watching a big chauffeur-driven car, carrying an elegantly dressed woman with two magnificent strands of pearls around her throat. As the car drove away and splashed mud on the only dress she owned, the girl vowed that one day she would have a big car and driver—and she would have pearls. Three strands.

And the little girl, Sophia Scicolone, grew up to be movie star Sophia Loren and she kept her vow. Each movie brought new fame, new riches, hosts of admirers—and with each success, Sophia acquired some precious new jewel, that would hold a memory fast in its flashing depths.

So, just this past May 27th, when the headlines in papers round the world screamed the news that over half a million dollars worth of jewels had been taken from the chalet where Sophia was living, called the Norwegian Barn, what couldn't be recorded were the emotions of a woman who felt that she faced the greatest tragedy of her life.
The heartbreak had already begun when Scotland Yard man Eric Shepherd was roused from a sound sleep, at 12:21 a.m., Sunday, May 29th.

"This is Sophia Loren," said the voice on the telephone.

"Yes?" Shepherd's eyebrows went up a fraction.

"My jewels... stolen..." Her words came fast and frantically. The voice was filled with grief—and something else.

Fright.

At the Norwegian Barn, Sophia Loren was standing in a dark upstairs corridor, clutching the telephone. The cord of the bedroom extension was taut, strained to capacity, as she pulled the instrument as far as she could into the hallway. She could hear her husband Carlo and her manager, Bascio Francina, as they searched the loft. She wanted to be as near as possible to their voices and, at the same time, become invisible in the corner of the hall. She was afraid "he," the thief, would return, armed and in panic. She was afraid he would shoot her.

She'd dialed 999, Police Emergency. "What number are you calling from?" an operator had asked. Somehow, she'd managed to remember it. Moments later, she was through to the nearest police station with a Scotland Yard office, telling the details, trying to be coherent.

When her call had been transferred to Shepherd, an automatic alert went out from the Golders Green switchboard—to radio cars, ports of embarkation, police stations throughout the country. The men who handled the police dogs were awakened at their homes, instructed to proceed to the estate. Assuring Sophia that help would arrive soon, Shepherd dressed and started for the scene of the crime.

He arrived at 1:00 a.m. Policemen with their dogs were already at work, searching the grounds. Officers in uniform stood in front of the doorway. Ponti and Francina were in the drawing room, speaking in bursts of rapid Italian. Their search had been futile. Shepherd introduced himself, expressed his sympathy, then asked, "Now, tell me where it happened."

"It was upstairs..."

"Let's go up and look around..."

They were met by the blue-jean clad figure of Sophia. Her eyes were red from weeping. She showed them into the bedroom. It was a small room, with a little alcove at the far end. A blue and gilt Italian chest of drawers stood beneath the only window, a few feet from the door. The top drawer was open. It was evident that the lock had been forced. The window was open, too. Looking out, the superintendent saw a light. "What's that?" he asked them.

"A little house. A gardener uses it. He comes and goes in the daytime," Francina answered. "But no one lives there."

They went downstairs, through the kitchen door and over to the cottage behind a hedge a few steps away. An officer with a dog entered first. The place was empty, except for a few gardening tools. The dog, sniffing the concrete floor, led the way into the largest of three rooms—a room with a window that looked directly up into Sophia's bedroom, a room from which a thief might have watched, where an accomplice might have waited, possibly to signal, with a light, the arrival of a car in the driveway.

They returned to the main house. "Now, tell me what happened," the superintendent asked them. "How was the theft discovered? Tell me everything you remember. Everything..."

Saturday had been a sterling example of good English weather. The cast of "The Millionairress" could especially enjoy it. There was no shooting that day. For Sophia, herself, it was a very special day: Carlo Ponti was arriving from Rome.

Around 10:30 a.m., the members of the household—Francina; Franca, the maid; Maria, the hairdresser—gathered in Sophia's room to discuss housekeeping matters. In the midst of the conversation, Sophia started. "What's that?" They listened in silence. "I'm certain I heard a noise downstairs."

Francina went to the door. "Who is it?" he called.

There was no answer. "Franca, would you go and see?"

But Franca found no one. Sophia shrugged. "I must have been mistaken. Perhaps it was the wind."

A little later, while Franca was preparing lunch, Sophia went over her lines with Francina, who was her artistic advisor as well as manager. Maria sat listening. Shortly after noon, they went down to the dining room. They were there for over an hour. Then, returning upstairs, they (Continued on page 65)
Dear Kathy—

It was so good to see you when you were in New York, even though you had the measles. The only sad thing was that we had so little time alone together. That last day, I'd hoped we might snatch a few minutes for gossip, and what happened?

When I got to the hotel, your suite was filling up rapidly—a close friend, a newspaper reporter, the man responsible for seeing you got

I'm so worried about you, Kathy

to the airport safely, a writer with a tape recorder to do an interview, and telephone calls by the dozen . . . but no time for intimacy.

That's why I'm writing to you. There are so many things I want to say, but when we see each other face to face, other things get in the way.

I was so proud of you!

It seemed natural to see you surrounded by friends. You've always had a great capacity for real friendship, and that isn't so common among theater people as you might think.

You're a thoughtful hostess, too. I noticed how naturally you put everyone at ease, how generously you suggested coffee, sandwiches, cigarettes—anything anyone might enjoy.

Like most mothers, I slipped away to pack your clothes so you could make the plane, so I didn't hear all your answers to the interviews.

I was proud of what I did hear, but not surprised at your fluency. Do you remember your high school principal in St. Louis said, "Kathy has the potential to win a scholarship instead of just passing. She's got a brain!"

In those days I spent almost as much time at school as you. I was forever having to explain your sister Nancy Carroll's tardiness, and your playing hookey.

I never blamed you. It must have been hard to go to school and wait to grow up while your sister was studying drama in New York. She wasn't always entirely sure she wanted to be an actress—but you always knew.

You always wanted to be a star. You've always believed in yourself, never let anything deter you from your goal. So far you've gone ahead steadily, because you put your whole heart and soul into everything you do. You know what I think of your talent: I can sum it up in one word: great! You're that rare combination of a potentially top comedienne with a fine serious dramatic actress. That's why I'm so happy to hear about the experimental theater work you've been doing in Los Angeles.

Television has been the best thing in the world to establish you quickly. But I know you'll get the greatest satisfaction out of a Broadway play. To anyone in show business, success on Broadway is like a writer's winning the Nobel Prize, so I'm happy to hear that you're working at your craft.

You know I watch (Continued on page 61)

AN URGENT LETTER TO KATHY
NOLAN FROM HER MOTHER
"I'll Never Sing Again!"

(Continued from page 25)

I didn't ever expect to see him again. But the following week, I guess he decided to give it one more try. He phoned and asked me for a Saturday night date and I said yes. But Saturday when we came home from the store my throat was so swollen, I had to call him and call it off. He arrived at the house anyhow, about an hour later, bringing me a strawberry sundae, and since my boat was, he had me laughing after awhile.

I dated other boys once or twice after that, but from our fourth date I just knew that I wanted to marry him. I asked him if he really loved me, which he did, and we decided that's all we wanted and we've just grown up that way. We're baseball, football, basketball, boxing and track fans, to name just a few. Dick loves sports too, and I'm not too hard on him, but I didn't want certainly to lose at home where we enjoy children so much, where the leastest thing in life has been caring for the babies and watching them grow.

How the Lennon Sisters started

In a way, it was our growing family that began our career. We started singing in the family place to call another bedroom to our house. We'd had a two-bedroom house and it was beginning to be a lot too small. My dad has a good voice and we'd always sung around the house, so it was easy to sing for club groups and socials. It was Mr. Welk's son Larry who heard us singing at an Elks Club affair—he was my date that night—and he was the one who brought us to Mr. Welk. It's all been sort of a happy accident, especially happy this last year and a half since Dick's been with the parents love sports and we've just grown up that way. We're baseball, football, basketball, boxing and track fans, to name just a few. Dick loves sports too, and I'm not too hard on him, but I didn't want certainly to lose at home where we enjoy children so much, where the leastest thing in life has been caring for the babies and watching them grow.

JUDY SULLIVAN, Student, School of Nursing, Cambridge, Mass., says:

"I cried when I saw those pimples on my face. I'd been asked to the Military Ball and I was sure they'd never go away in time. A friend suggested Clearasil and it worked wonders! My skin was clear by the night of the dance!"

Judy Sullivan

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS

1. Penetrates pimples. Keratolytic action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin.

2. Stops bactera. Antiseptic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples... helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!

3. 'Starves' pimples. Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples... dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples... works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing. And, CLEARASIL is greaseless, stainless, pleasant to use day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69c and 98c. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle, only $1.25 (no fed. tax). Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.

LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

54
Focus on family

I think what’s behind my mother and father’s ability to get along is not only love but a sense of humor and a focus on the family. There’s no such thing as keeping up with the Joneses. This is something that just doesn’t count. I’m glad Dick has a steady job that will be waiting for him at the telephone company when he gets out of the service. I’m even more glad that his sense of fun and well-being doesn’t depend on spending a lot of money.

When we first started dating, there was a big rain storm and loads of cables were out. Dick wasn’t on duty that night so we spent the evening visiting neighbors along Highway 101. It was exciting and it was fun, meeting Dick’s friends who’d pop up and chat with us a moment and tell us what was going on. Other nights we’d drive to the beach, take the tram to Ocean Park pier, watch all the crazy parade of people, such interesting different people everywhere you look; then for another dine, we’d ride the tram to Santa Monica Pier and watch the parade there. Or we’d go to Palisades Park and see some of the people we know, just walking about. Or we’d play miniature golf or see a movie.

Dick’s a person who knows how to have a good time without trying to put on a big splash. And on Wednesday nights, we’d go to visit his grandmother. She’s dead now, and we’re going to miss her so at our wedding, but we had lovely evenings, watching TV, going through old albums of family pictures. This, to me, is how you know you can live day after day, year after year with someone—that while we were dating we didn’t have to do extravagant things to have fun. And many and many a time, Saturdays and Sundays especially, we’ve hauled a couple of brothers and sisters with us. If we’re going to the beach or the San Diego zoo—why not take some of the kids? When Dick was home this summer, we went to the beach one day and took three of my brothers and my little sister, three of Dick’s sisters and a friend’s child beside.

If a fellow can have a happy time and keep all that happy and be calm even when they get bumptious and if you are right with him, enjoying it—then you know you’ve got what it takes to make a marriage work.

Plans and dreams

Now all I pray for is Dick’s safe return home. He’s been a sergeant with the 173rd, and he takes pictures while he’s jumping and he can’t write every day because they go out on bivouacs—so I do quite a lot of praying. But he calls on special days and sends little gifts: a paratrooper suit to each of my brothers, a darling white blouse monogrammed in red, a pink satin heart of candy and a story book doll for my Valentine, and we’re planning and dreaming.

ALL THIS FURNITURE, ALL THESE APPLIANCES, AND A MODERN, TWO BEDROOM HOME... FOR LESS THAN $6,500.

It’s no problem at all to live a whole lot better... for so much less... when you own a spacious, distinctively styled New Moon home. The down payment is surprisingly low, and monthly payments easily fit the tightest budget. Best of all, your New Moon home is completely furnished throughout, ready right now for you to move in.

Stop by your nearest New Moon dealer or write for free literature.

NEW MOON
HOMES, INC.
DALLAS, TEXAS

Factories: Alamo, Mich., Americus, Ga., Hazleton, Pa., Rapid City, S.D.

Without obligation, please send me a copy of your free, illustrated folder.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

big...beautifully built...and the best buy for better living.

We’ll be married right next door at St. Mark’s church. My mother says they’ll never get all the Lenonnos and the Gasses in—the church was crammed for the baby’s baptism and Dick has more friends than anyone I’ve ever known in my life. My sister Peggy will be maid of honor, best man will be either Dick’s brother Mark or his best friend Don Smith. My four-and-a-half-year-old Mimi and Dick’s five-and-a-half-year-old Debbie will be the flower girls; our junior bridesmaids will be Joanne Easer and my sister Janet; the other bridesmaids, my sister Kathy, Dick’s sister Patsy and my dear friend Cleo Clapp who’s been my pal since we were little kids. She’s getting married soon too. Monsiognor will marry us. I asked him because we love him and he’s such a family priest—that’s why he wanted to be here in Venice—it’s a family town.

Oh, and to make it perfect, my sister Kathy’s going to lend us her brand new Lincoln for our honeymoon. It’s a funny story, ”about Kathy’s Lincoln which looks an as though it should belong to the British Ambassador or someone. We were up in St. Cloud, Minnesota, recently and there was a Catholic Family Benefit dinner where we were invited to sing. Merchants in the town presented each of us with a ticket to the dinner and after the dinner, they asked Janet to draw a dinner ticket for the door prize—this beautiful black Lincoln lined in black and white leather! What’s what ticket Janette drew—Kathy’s. It seems like I’m going to have the most wonderful life possible. When we’re on tour, so many people say to me, “Is it true that you’re going to quit singing?” And when I say yes, they say, “Oh, that’s too bad.” But it isn’t, it’s going to be basic, a real way of life, what I’ve been living toward since the day I was born.
A Tragic Princess

(Continued from page 23)

“Of course,” answered Grace, in French. She rose and entered the sitting room next door. She stood by the phone, wait- ing for the call to be transmitted. As she stood there she looked back into the bedroom, at Rainier, He was still reading. He yawned once or twice.

Finally the phone buzzed. Grace lifted the receiver. “Hello,” she said, in English now. “Mother... is that you?” She frowned. “Mother, what’s wrong?” she asked. She walked back into the bedroom a few minutes later. Her body was tense, her face pale.

“Oh?” Rainier asked, smiling a trifle, looking up as she entered. “—and what is wrong now in the City of Brotherly Love?”

“It’s my father,” Grace said. “He’s sick. He’s very sick. He just underwent an operation. They thought it would be nothing,” she said. “But it was cancer.”

She sat down at the edge of the bed. “Cancer,” she said again.

For the next moment or two she was silent, as she thought of her father, John Brendan Kelly, Big Jack Kelly, never-sick-a-day-in-his-life Jack Kelly, strong unbeatable contractor, Brickwork-by-Kelly Kelly, Kelly the athlete, the greatest American oarsman who ever lived, Kelly who’d thumbed his nose at George V of England for not letting enter the Diamond Sculls because he’d worked with his hands and who’d then raised a son—trained a son—who twenty-seven years later would win the Diamond Sculls’ Cup, Jack Kelly, her father, The Unbeatable, down now, with cancer, down and dying of cancer. “Six days, six months, we don’t know how long he’ll live,” her mother had said. “But he’s dying, Grace...”

Rainier asked, “We’ve got to go home,” Grace said, suddenly.

“I?” Rainier asked, almost cutting into the sentence, as if he knew just what was coming. “I cannot, not right now.” He lifted the papers he was holding. “There are problems here I must tend to,” he said. “This is a Principality I run... not a boutique.”


Rainier interrupted her by tossing down his papers. “Albert is sick,” he said. “Is the baby not sick?... And Caroline. What happened to her the last time she was in a plane. Do you remember?”

“Their grandfather is dying... dying,” Grace said. “Don’t you understand that?”

“You talk—” Rainier said—and you get excited with me as if it is that uncle of yours who’s dying instead of your father. What has he meant to you really, your father? What about some of the things you’ve told me about him... the hurts, and the—”

He stopped. “I’m sorry about your father,” he said. “But I cannot come with you. And neither can the children.”

“You want me to go alone then?” Grace asked.

“Exactly,” said Rainier. “You want me to go alone,” Grace said, not asking this time, sitting back wearily in her chair.

Rainier rose. He began to head for the sitting room. “I’ll phone for your tickets right now,” he said. “Of course you want to leave on the earliest plane.”

Grace nodded and brought her hand up to her forehead.

“You’re feeling dizzy?” Rainier asked. Grace nodded.

“You’d like a drink?”

Grace glanced at a small bar, a few feet from where Rainier stood. Again, she nodded.

“I’ll get your maid then,” Rainier said. “What should I tell her you’d like... A brandy?... A cognac?”

Grace didn’t answer.

Instead, her Serene Highness of Monaco looked from the bar, over at her husband—looked at him long, long and hard...

“I want to see my grandchildren”

She tried to smile as she bent over to kiss her father in his bed that next night—but she couldn’t. Because it was not like seeing her father, Jack Kelly, again, but rather it was to her as if there were some strange man in his bed, an old man, a hollow-cheeked man with a thin neck and thin hands and with yellowing skin and with breathings that came hard and warm from his mouth, and with eyes that had obviously once been very blue but which, somehow, as she said not so blue anymore, and with a voice, once so strong and booming, now so weak as it asked, “Grace, is it you who’s come to see your old man in this state?”

“Yes, Daddy,” Grace said, very softly, nodding.

He reached for her hand. He managed the smile his daughter had not been able to manage.

“I’m glad, Grace,” he said, “because I’m a sick man. Awful sick. No matter how much those whitecoats try to fool me, that I know. And because, Grace, before I go—”

Grace shook her head. “Shhh,” she said, “don’t go talking like that now.”

He was breathing strangely, his nose yellowing. “Six days, six months, we don’t know how long he’ll live,” her mother had said. “But he’s dying, Grace...”

Rainier interrupted her by tossing down his papers. “Albert is sick,” he said. “Is the baby not sick?... And Caroline. What happened to her the last time she was in a plane. Do you remember?”

“Their grandfather is dying... dying,” Grace said. “Don’t you understand that?”

“You talk—” Rainier said—and you get excited with me as if it is that uncle of yours who’s dying instead of your father. What has he meant to you really, your father? What about some of the things you’ve told me about him... the hurts, and the—”

He stopped. “I’m sorry about your father,” he said. “But I cannot come with you. And neither can the children.”

“You want me to go alone then?” Grace asked.

“Exactly,” said Rainier. “You want me to go alone,” Grace said, not asking this time, sitting back wearily in her chair.

Rainier rose. He began to head for the sitting room. “I’ll phone for your tickets...”
Grace sat. And she began to talk, telling a little about little things, about this, that, talking just to talk, talking, and on and on, as if by talking she could keep what she now knew to be a room of death alive—even if only by talking.

"That's nice," her father would say, as she talked.

"That's nice."

Once in a while he would close his eyes and seem to be asleep. But then, suddenly, he would open them and he'd say, "That's nice, my girl, my Gracie."

And then he'd say, asking, as if he'd forgotten, "The kids? Are they downstairs, Gracie?"

And each time he said that, Grace would start to tell him about the children not being there, not finish, she would stop. Until, unable to continue talking at all, she stopped completely and let her father talk. Because it seemed as if, suddenly, hard as it was for him, he wanted to talk now, very much.

_The Irish influence_

"Do they say their prayers?" he asked, at one point, after he'd been talking on for quite a while.


"Well," Jack Kelly said, "see that they both do—just like you and your brother and sisters used to . . . Tell me, Gracie, how did it go, that prayer you all used to say, the one at the table? You should remember. You're the actress, the one with the memory in the family."

Grace told him.

"We would sit around the table," she said, "and Peggy would start.

"'Bless us, Oh Lord,' she'd say, and these Thy gifts we are about to receive from Thy bounty through Christ our Lord.'"

"And then Kelly would say, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.'"

"And I'd say, 'Politeness is to do and say the kindest thing in the kindest way.'"

"And Lizzan would say, 'Amen.'"

"And me?" Jack Kelly asked, beginning to laugh.

"You'd say, 'Let's eat!'"

"And your mother?"

"She'd say, 'Poppa, really?'"

"Yes," Jack Kelly said, remembering, "that's right . . . Your mom," he said, the laugh beginning to go now. Gracie, there is a woman who you can learn by. She taught you all to be good for good's sake. And to live clean lives. Active and healthy lives. That's the spirit Margaret Kelly raised our youngsters by. Letting you have it when you needed having it. Trudging you all off to St. Bridget's every Sunday morning. That was her spirit. Her way. And that's the way you've got to bring up your kids, your prince and princess or whatever it is they call my grandchildren over there."

He closed his eyes.

He seemed to be in some pain; Grace could see that. But, still, he talked.

"And exercise," he asked, "are you seeing to it my grandchildren are getting plenty of exercise?"

"Yes," Grace said.

"Too much riding nowadays," Jack Kelly said. "Too many escalators, elevators, cars. Everybody rides. And if they're not riding, they're sitting. . . That's not the way you were champion, you know. And remember, Gracie, it's a family of champions—champions—you just happen to come from."

_Not like the others_

He opened his eyes.

Again he reached for her hand.

"Of course," he said, smiling, "you were the different one, Gracie. Always with your dolls. Making up your plays. Always the little girl, with her dolls, her plays. And her poems. . . .

"Gracie," he said then, still clinging to her hand, "sometimes—it's no secret between us—but sometimes I didn't understand you, Gracie. With you not being like the others; with me wanting you so much to be like the others. . . . And I hope, all I hope now is that I never hurt you for not understanding sometimes."

His eyes looked into hers, almost pleadingly.

"Did I hurt you, Gracie? . . . Did I hurt you much?"

"No," Grace said, shaking her head, "you never did, Daddy."

"That's good to hear you say that," her father whispered, closing his eyes once again, "—even though I know you're lying to your old man. Even though you're only saying this to make me feel good now . . . Because I know," he said, "that there were times—your mother would tell me about them later—times when I hurt you . . . times when I made you feel bad."

Grace looked down, and as she did the times came flashing into her mind; much as she tried to keep them from coming, they came.

"She reminds me of a Kelly," they came, her father's words, "not like a stranger with a name made of putty!

"What's she swishing about now? So I forgot and put a candle less on her birthday cake. So what?"

"My daughter, become an actress? So she can get to be as shallow as the rest of those people?"

"She amazes me, Gracie does. I always thought it would be her sister Peggy. Anything Gracie could do, Peggy could do better."

"Sniveling. Sensitive. Different—darn it, she's different. Can't anyone knock some Kelly into her?"

"But I never meant to hurt you, Gracie," she heard her father's voice again.

"I know, Daddy," she said, looking up.

_A chance to apologize_

"And you know," he said, "sometimes, most of the time, what I said that hurt you was unintentional. But you, you'd never admit this and give me a chance to apologize. You'd just avoid me after that."

It made hard on me, Gracie. I was never one to go chasing after people. . . . And you made it hard on me a lot of the time."

"I know," Gracie said.

"I was a gruff man," Jack Kelly said. "I guess I expected my children to be that way, too. All of them. . . But you," he said, "you were like your aunt, I realize it now. Just like me. Gracie. Lord rest her sweet and beautiful soul. She was the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Gracie," he went on, remembering, "she had a voice, a real talent. She wanted to go on the stage. But none of us would ever allow it. Your mother, she was pregnant with you when my sister died. Twenty-three years old when she died. And someone said the day of her funeral, 'The name sake will have the talent our Grace had and the chance we never gave her.' And that was you, Gracie. The namesake . . Did you know that?"

Grace nodded.

"Like my sister were," Jack Kelly said, opening his eyes once more, "—and like my brother George. Like him you were, and not at all like me."

Again Grace looked down. And again, the thoughts—hard as she tried to keep them from coming—came.

Uncle George came the thoughts, the memories. Mr. George Kelly. Writer.
Pay the Man the Two Dollars!

John Gavin knew his wife Cecily for eight long years before he "set the date." But once they decided, they didn't want to delay another minute.

They took their blood tests and rushed down to the license bureau about a half hour before closing. They signed the necessary papers. Then the clerk said: "That will be two dollars please."

John reached into his pocket—but in his rush he'd forgotten to take any money.

"Got any money with you, dearest?" he asked.

"About $20," Cecily replied. "Why?"

"Well, it seems I forgot my wallet, and I need to pay the man the two dollars."

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I won't lend you the two dollars."

"Honey, don't be silly. I'll give it to you back the minute I get home."

"That's not the point," Cecily replied.

"I'd give you anything in the world... forever. But I'm just not going to pay for my own marriage license."

"But I won't have time to go all the way home... ." "I love you. I'll always love you. But no."

John asked the clerk if he'd accept a check. But the man said, "Nope—two dollars—cash."

"Stay right here, honey," John told his girl. "I'll be right back." And he can-versed every gas station in the area trying to get a two-dollar check cashed. He was turned down cold—by attendants who looked at him as though he was some kind of nut after they heard his story.

Finally—about five minutes before the license bureau closed, he found a fellow who cashed it without hesitation. "Know just how you feel, Bud," he said. "Same thing happened to me 15 years ago."

"How did you manage to solve it?"

"Didn't," replied the man. "I lost the girl."

John stars with Sandra Dee, in Universal-International's ROMANOFF AND JULIET.

Pulitzer-Prize playwright... Sitting at the piano playing Chopin and Ravel for a little girl... Walking with her when he came to sit, right here down Henry Avenue, walking and reciting his poetry to her while the rest of the world rode and walked by, not knowing... "Some day, I will write a play for you, young lady, and you will act in it and we will stand together during the curtain calls, arm in arm... "I look into your pretty eyes, young lady, and I see that same strain of Irish myrrh and melancholy as is mine, mine... "I love you, my niece, my fairy child of East Falls, P.A."

"Like him you were," she heard her father's voice again, and, sometimes, I think that he should have been your father... that you would have been a happier child with him than you were with me."

"No, Daddy," Grace said, pressing his hand. "Don't say that, Daddy."

"I complained about you a lot," Jack Kelly said. "'No spank like the others,' I'd say. But... he nodded... "I know now that it was you who had the real spunk in this family of ours. Going up there to New York the way you did when you were only eighteen, and I'd asked you not to go. And—"and the others—and the theater. The modeling. Then the TV. Then Hollywood. And those grand pictures you made. And that prize you won. Your Academy Award."

"I was proud that night, Gracie," he said, "prouder than I had any right to be. And if I never told you how proud I was... I want to tell you now."

He sighed.

Again the pain hit him, it seemed. "I'm talking too much," he said, his voice suddenly more wan than it had been before, more tired.

"You should rest for a while," Grace said.

"Yes," Jack Kelly said. "And while I do, you talk to me, Gracie, with that cool and soothing voice of yours. And tell your old man, while you're talking, about some of the better things you remember about him." He smiled a little, and he even winked. "Go ahead," he said, "and tell me about some of the wonderful dad I was to you sometimes. I won't be embarrassed."

Grace smiled back. "Well..." she started to say, the word sticking in her throat.

"Well..."

She tried to think. Desperately, she tried to think.

"Oh God," she thought to herself then. "I can't remember. There were things. I knew there were things... But I can't remember."

"Oh please," she thought. "Oh please."

"Oh make me remember."

And then, suddenly, she could hear herself talking. Very calmly. Very softly. In a voice and a wording that were obviously very pleasing to Jack Kelly.

A few good things

"I remember," she said, "playing 'kitchen' this one day. With Alice Walters. We were looking through the old Boston Cookbook and we saw this recipe for vinegar candy. Now I know why we made it. And that night, after dinner, I said I had a surprise dessert for everyone. And everyone said, 'Really; what is it, Grace?' And I said, 'Vinegar candy.' And they all laughed and made faces. All except you, Daddy. You said, 'If you made it, daughter, I'll brave it.' And you had a piece. You tasted it... I remember that now. Yes, I remember that now."

"And?" her father asked.

"And the time I made the turtle soup—do you remember that, Daddy?" Grace asked. She was so thankful that she remembered.

"Tell me about it, Gracie," he said. "Tell me about that night you were alone in the house, I mean— Everybody was out, even the cook," Grace said, "and I told you I'd prepare your supper. And I opened a can of Campbell's pea soup and told you it was—what did I say?—I told you it was a rare green turtle soup, I said, imported directly from the palace of the King of Barcelona."

Jack Kelly laughed. "Yes, I remember," he said.

"And?" he asked then. "And?"

And I remember," Grace said. "'the night you made me sit at the table till nine o'clock because I wouldn't eat my calves' liver. How you wouldn't talk to me at first, you were so mad. How you didn't even talk to me after everybody else had gotten up from the table and just the two of us sat there, alone, just you and me and that portion of calves' liver. I remember how the hours passed. How I didn't eat. How I started to cry all of a sudden. And how you looked at me then, sternly, so sternly that I figured I'd better eat. And I began. And I swallowed it down, piece after piece, a terrible meal. And I remembered how, soon as I finished, I began to cry again. How you got up from your chair as I cried. How that stern look was gone from your face. And how you kissed me... I remember that."

"Why are you crying now, Gracie?" Jack Kelly asked.

"I don't know. Grace said, shrugging, wiping away her tears with her fingers. "Is it," her father asked, "is it because I never kissed you enough?"

"No, Daddy, it's not that," Grace said. Jack Kelly brought a hand up, weakly, to her neck. "Is it because I'm going to die?" he asked.

Grace didn't answer.

No regrets

"I'm afraid, Gracie, in case that's what you're thinking," he said. "In fact, to tell the truth, I'm even a little curious. I've lived seventy years. I'd liked to have lived a little longer. But I've no regrets," he said. He paused. "Don't cry," he said then. "A few tears after I'm gone maybe, Gracie. But no more. And no more now."

"I'm happy now, Gracie."

"Believe me."

"You're here."

"My grandchildren are here—"

He turned his head a little. "Where are they, anyway, huh?" he asked.

"The kids."

"I don't hear them.

"St. Anthony preserve us, but this house is like a tomb lately."

"Even the voices of children are being hushed in this house," Jack Kelly said, sobbing suddenly, falling to her knees suddenly, beside the bed. "The children... They're not here. I'm sorry. But they're not."

"What happened?"

"I wanted to bring them," Grace said. "But my husband."

"He what?" Jack Kelly asked.

"He died."

"I wanted to bring them," Grace said, the tears coming to her eyes again, the sobbing returning.

Her father brought his hand down from his neck and it was as if he were with it. "Get up, Gracie," he said.

She didn't.

"He stay there," he said then. "What kind of Princess are you supposed to be, anyway, kneeling like this, crying like this?"—the tears coming to his own eyes as she said that.

"Look," he said, "look at me, Gracie, and..."
listen to me.

"Your husband," he said, talking very slowly now, very softly, "—what he did may seem wrong to you, I know. But he must know what's best for them, for the children. You see, a father's job isn't an easy one. That much old Jack Kelly knows. And a Prince's—job that mustn't be so easy, either. And I guess a Princess's too. Not so easy sometimes. Hey, daughter?"

She shook her head.

"Tell me, Gracie," her father asked then, "does it ever get too tough on you, being way over there in Monaco, living so far away from everything you know, living there in that big palace, people bowing and scraping all over the place, people—"

The door to the room opened at that moment and a nurse walked in. First, she handed Grace an envelope she was carrying. And then, merrily, she said, "Time for Mr. Kelly's needle so's Mr. Kelly can get some sleep now!"

Grace watched her as she filled a needle with some serum, then brought it up to her father's arm and injected it. Then, after the nurse had left the room, she looked up at Jack Kelly's face again.

The serum had begun its work already, she could see. His eyes were closed again.

His thin body, for the first time, seemed relaxed.

He began to talk again, rambling from this subject to that. But as he talked now it was clear that his voice was becoming husky. And his lips dried, and he licked his lips as he talked now and as, slowly, drowsily, he began to fall off to sleep.

"Your Aunt Grace," he said, at one point, forgetting what he'd been saying before, about Rainier, a Prince's duties, a Princess's; "dead at twenty-three... The name sake... Your name sake."

Then:

"I was proud that night you won your statue, Gracie, you standing there on that stage, all those people clapping."

Then:

"Don't feel about my grandchildren... not being here. I wanted them, but if they're not here—"

Then:

"Gracie?"

"Yes?" she asked.

"Have I told you... how I feel... in my heart, about you... Gracie? Have I ever told you?"

"Yes."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"When did I tell you last."

"I don't know, Daddy," she said. "I can't remember right now."

"Then let me tell you... Gracie?"

"Yes, Daddy; tell me, Daddy."

"Let me tell you... ."

"Yes, Daddy"—she leaned forward, closer to the bed.

"Before it's too late... ."

"Yes, Daddy." She could feel her heart beat strong inside her.

"Gracie?... Gracie?"

"Yes?"

"Gracie?... ."

But he was asleep now.

"Yes?" she said once more, "—what were you going to say to me, Daddy? Were you going to say that you loved me... ?"

But it was no use now; that she knew. Her father was asleep, knocked out by the drug he'd just been injected with, and so she sat back in her chair and she watched him for a little while longer. And, as she did, she became conscious of the envelope she's been holding these past few minutes. She looked down at it.

It was a cablegram, obviously from Rainier.

She opened it, and read it.

CHILDREN ARE ASKING FOR YOU. ALSO YOU ARE NEEDED HERE FOR THE RED CROSS BALL NEXT THURSDAY.

Her eyes darted back to those first two words.

RETURN IMMEDIATELY.

She read them, over and over again. And then, finished reading them, she began to crumble the cablegram in her hand, furiously.

And she whispered, "I won't!"

The man who was her husband

She did, however. After another cable from Rainier, then an overseas phone call from him, and after a talk with her mother and her father's doctor, both of whom convinced her that staying with her father would prove of no use now, Grace returned to Monaco, to her children, to the man who was her husband, to wait for the Red Cross ball and for word of her father's death.

She waited alone, most of the time, she and the children, avoiding Rainier whenever possible.

Finally, only a few days after her return, the news came that her father had passed away.

Grace was on a Philadelphia-bound jet again in a matter of hours. This time, Rainier was with her.

He remained in Philadelphia with Grace for five days and, immediately following the funeral, he flew back to Monaco, alone.

Grace stayed on a few days longer.

Then she, too, flew back.

People who were around them those five days they spent in Philadelphia say they barely exchanged that many words, except for the two or three violent arguments they had.

Word of the arguments caused much speculation.

Some people said that Rainier was angered by the fact that he had been "playfully, but purposely" excluded from Jack Kelly's will.

Others said this was nonsense—that it was Grace's growing "coldness" towards him that had caused the trouble.

At any rate, Rainier left Philadelphia a few days before Grace, and, immediately, Grace began to appear in newspapers all over the world, items liberally sprinkled with the words:

"Rift!"

"Separation?"

"Divorce?"

Quickly, it seemed, was the fairy-tale romance of 1956 heading for an end. . .

Belonging

Grace had been back at the palace for only a few minutes, and she sat now on the terrace just outside her bedroom, alone, still wearing the black dress she'd traveled in, still wearing the tight expression she'd worn these past two weeks.

Rainier joined her after a while, welcoming her back in a few words, then sitting beside her.

"I just spoke to Caroline's nurse," he said. "She tells me that you were upset the child greeted you in French."

"I want her to speak to me in English from now on," Grace said, "—in English."

"I will make that clear to the nurse," Rainier said, "If that is your wish."

"Grace," he said, trying to take her hand.

She pulled hers away.

"Grace," he said, "how is it that this is happening to us, these past few months? Does it happen to all married people after a while, after such a short while?"

Grace didn't answer.
Robert Stack, who portrays the sincere, dedicated, no-nonsense Elliot Ness on TV’s The Untouchables, is, in real life, a sincerely dedicated family man. His greatest joy is spending time “getting to know his children,” as he calls it. He and his wife Rosemary love to drive out into the country for family picnics, family beach parties.

One night Robert Stack and Rosemary were getting dressed to attend a press premiere and the kids decided they’d rather have Daddy at home with them. Or better still, go with him.

“Now kids,” he said firmly, “you just can’t come with us. Do you realize what a premiere is? From the minute you drive up to the theater, everyone stares at you. You have to be very dignified. It seems like miles sometimes till you’re inside. And you have to be all dressed up. It’s quite an elegant affair.”

“Are you elegant, Pop?” they asked.

“When I have to, yes.” Robert Stack answered grimly.

“And you’re going to be dignified tonight, Pop?”

“I hope so, if I can ever get dressed in peace. Now you kids scat.”

“Aw, gee, Pop, we’d be good...”

“Now look. You can’t squirm, you can’t giggle, and the hard part of it is you have to be ready to walk right through that crowd and not lose your composure.”

“What’s composure, Pop?”

“When you’re old enough to know what that means, I promise you, you can come to a premiere...”

And so it was that Rosemary and Robert Stack managed to get off to the premiere, and miraculously, on time too.

They pulled up in front of the theater, the doorman opened the door. Robert Stack, elegant in his impeccably-tailored evening clothes took the arm of his beautiful wife, and smiled a dignified smile as the people crowding the velvet ropes gasped at her fabulous gown. Then suddenly a smothered titter arose from the crowd and everyone stared in the direction of his car.

He turned, puzzled, just in time to watch two empty Coke bottles and a leftover picnic orange roll to the pavement. It was an embarrassing moment.

But his fans smiled indulgently. They just wanted to see Robert Stack. They didn’t care if he was composed or dignified or not.

“At the beginning,” he said, going on nonetheless, “how were we but so happy, so much laughing and joking together and being together... And now, so many angry words. And, sometimes, for long times, no words. Not talking. But trying to lose ourselves instead, trying to get lost from one another all the time in these two hundred rooms... How does it happen, Grace?”

Still, she said nothing.

“I know,” Rainier said, “part of it is your anger over my not sending the children to see your father before he died. I thought I had good reason not to. I realize now I had no reason. And I’m sorry about that—about the children, and about you, not being there when he died...”

He paused for a while.

“And I know, too,” he said, “that it is not easy putting up with some of the life you must put up with, living in a strange little land, attending all sorts of galas, nights after night, being pleasant to people neither you nor I can really stand, but being pleasant to them because they are important to me and to this little bit of land which has been handed down to me...”

He paused again.

“And me,” he said, “What manner of man is he? The whole world asked, when you married me, after so short a courtship,”—this Prince—who is he? What is he like? How can she know what he is like after so short a time, and take so great a chance?”

“Well,” he said, “I don’t know how much you’ve learned about me these four years, Grace. About my good points, I hope you have found a few, at least.

“And about my bad ones—”

He clasped his hands together.

“About my bad ones,” he said, “my temper sometimes, my giving of orders, my moodiness, my suspicion of people; I guess you know those well by now... But, know, too, Grace, that before I met you my life was not an easy one. I’ve told you some things of my life before. I’ve told you of the loneliness of being a boy and a prince at the same time. Of the distrust that came to me of people who catered to me only for their own wants. Of the other bad and confusing things... And strange, isn’t it, that the only way I could fight the life I was being smothered under was by becoming a bully at times, and snapping orders, and being moody, and showing temper—just as I do with you sometimes...”

“All right,” he said then, “as I lay in our bed, thinking of you getting ready to board the plane, getting ready to return here, I began to think what was it that had brought the two of us together. I thought about it for a long time. Yes, I remembered the first attraction we had for one another. The first laughter we shared. The feeling of the first kiss. I remembered all that. But I tried to probe more deeply, for a fuller answer. And I realized that what had really drawn us together was an unbefriending, if there is such a word in English; a feeling shared by feeling shared by both of us that despite all our titles and honors and glamour of living and money and such things, that neither of us had ever really, really belonged to anything. And then we found each other. And we belonged. For a while. For a beautiful while.

“But,” he went on, “as I lay there in bed last night I also began to wonder what it was that is tearing us apart now, slowly, so slowly, but so surely.

“What, I wondered, is causing the angry looks, the angry words, the hiding from one another? I wondered. And I wondered.

“I wondered. And I wondered.

“I probed. And I probed.

“But the answer never came to me.”
"I do not know the answer.

"Do you, Grace?"

He waited in vain for her to say something.

"Only once before you," he said then, "did something really belong to me." He smiled a little. "I have never told you about her before," he said,—"but her name was Carmen. Eleazar will never forget her. It was a few years before I met you, Grace. It was at the opera where we met. I was very tired that night, I remember, and I said specifically to Jean-Pierre, my aide then, that I wanted to see the opera that I didn't want to be with people. When we got to the opera Jean-Pierre said, 'Sir, there's a lady in your loge.' 'I told you I didn't want to see anyone tonight,' I replied. 'But she is here anyway,' said Jean-Pierre. 'Well,' I said, trying to keep my temper, 'Well, where is she?' And Jean-Pierre pointed to a pigeon hiding in the columns of the loge. I could see that something was wrong with the pigeon. I picked her up and saw that her wing was broken. I held her in my lap all through the opera and that night, later, I took her here, back to the palace with me, and I began to tend after her.

"We became great friends, my Carmen, and I, as I tended her, soothed her hurt, took care of her wing. We became, you could say, almost like lovers, always coming at one another at first and playing silly with one another. Rainer of Monaco and the pigeon named Carmen.

"And then one day it became apparent to me that Carmen's wing was completely mended. And I began to notice in her a certain restlessness. She did not seem to like my room in the palace anymore, the big room with its big closed windows. She seemed to want to fly away now.

"I asked her one day if that was what she wanted, whispering the question to her, in her ear, the way gypsies do with animals and birds.

"And immediately, hearing me, Carmen flew to the window and pushed all her weight against it, and I opened the window, then and there, and I let her go.

"She was the first thing that had ever really belonged to me, Grace, loved me for a while. You are the second.

"Now, I sense in you the same restlessness that I sensed in my little pigeon.

"If you stay," Rainier said then, "we will begin all over again. And I promise you I will try to make our happiness more than either of us has ever dreamed of.

"But," he said, his tone firmer now, "also if you stay, you must know this. That when and if we argue again, when someone says something, you must not climb into a shell and make it impossible for me to apologize to you. Do you that, you know. I don't know if you've ever been married, but if you are, you should know, I am not a man who can go out seeking people to apologize. Not even my wife."

"I—" he started. But he stopped.

Because for the first time since he'd begun talking, he saw that Grace had turned her head and was looking at him. And he saw, or at least he thought he saw, a look in her eyes that he had not noticed for a very long time.

Slowly, almost shyly then, he took her hand and he kissed it.

"I hope you stay," he said. "Because I love you, Grace. I don't tell you enough. But I do, with all the heart and blood that's in me. And I tell you now, as if for the first time, hoping that it is not too late...

"Do you know what I mean?"

"I know," said Grace, speaking finally. "I hope you stay," he said again, beginning to draw his hand away.

But this time Grace took it back. And she held it in hers.

"I will stay, Rainier," she said.

## An Urgent Letter to Kathy Nolan

(Continued from page 53)

The Real McCoys every week. I buy every magazine that even mentions your name, although some of your publicity has been pretty weird, and I don't believe everything I read. I honestly believe your success is going to grow and develop into an outstanding career.

All the same, I'm a mother and I worry about you even though you lead your own life very successfully. I've always encouraged you and your sister to be as independent and self-reliant as possible—sometimes I wonder if you're both a little too much so. But I have a home of your own ever since you were twenty, and you've managed it well. I taught you to be a good cook and to keep house properly, so it doesn't surprise me that you'll invite everybody you know for a Christmas turkey dinner—and feed them until they burst.

The last time I visited you was before you bought your house, but I know it's going to be the sort of home you want. When I was in Hollywood, I stayed a month and felt we were very close all the time.

You—more than your sister—I understand each other too well and are extra critical. But when I was in Hollywood, we were really in rapport.

You took so much trouble to be sure I met all your friends, and you planned such fun-ennings. Remember you told me, "You can dance longer and stay up later than I'll never forget that visit. It was such deep pleasure to be with you, to feel close, to be proud of the success in your life.

The women in the family

Still, I worry about you, dear. Like all the women in our family, you have a tendency to overdo. I saw it most clearly on this last trip. You opened the door to me and you looked chic in your beautiful silk print lounging pajamas—but your face was pale and it was apparent.

I know this about you: when you're sick, you won't tell anyone how badly you feel. You're quite a trooper. I remember when things are wrong, anything, you must not climb into a shell and make it impossible for me to apologize to you. Do you that, you know. I don't know if you've ever been married, but if you are, you should know, I am not a man who can go out seeking people to apologize. Not even my wife."

"No belts, pads, pins! Instead—physical freedom I never dreamed possible during that time of the month. All this I owe to TAMPAX®—the neat and simple internal way. So comfortable in place, you're not even aware of wearing it. Can't show under anything. Can't cause odor. Can't betray your secret. In just seconds you insert, change, dispose of TAMPAX. You bathe to your heart's content. Do what you normally do without any question in your mind. Try TAMPAX! Really, its advantages are just amazing!"

* * * *

Get TAMPAX in Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies wherever such products are sold. Only 45¢ for a package of 10.

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass. 61
You telephoned to let us know you were in hospital, and you made light of it. "I got a hit on the head, Mom," you said. "Nothing serious." ...  

Usually, when you get even a minor ailment, you're not wise enough to go to the hospital instead of trying to take care of yourself alone, so I'm used to your phoning you're in hospital—but that day I was psychic. I simply knew it wasn't a little thing. I couldn't wait for your father to come home before calling again. The nurse told me you'd been taken down for a spinal.

That didn't mean anything to me, but your father knows more about medical matters than I, and when I told him the what they'd done, he also couldn't understand exactly how badly hurt she is.

"In that case," I told him, "one of us must be there.

I imagine it was that serious, but I was firm. We delayed just long enough to telephone you that evening, and when we heard your weak little voice, he was as worried as I. We packed and packed, making his reservation and didn't get to bed until 3:00 a.m. We'd decided he should go rather than I, because your sister was having her first baby and wanted Mama with her. But your father was on the first plane to Los Angeles next day, and I didn't draw an easy breath until he phoned that you were all right.

You should never take a risk like that. You've been lucky that those last few years, and you should be more careful. I was really afraid you were going to have a nervous breakdown.

In a sporting club on the French Riviera, Noel Coward introduced Frank Sinatra to the audience in both French and English. Frank mounted to the stage and held the audience spellbound as he ran through a forty-minute routine. He used his own unique lingo, including words like "gasser," "graber," "clyde," and "swamper," to create an audience, "If any of you cats don't dig this crazy talk, just turn to the person next to you and maybe he'll lay the news on you." — Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

But I never knew what you would do next! I never knew you'd really parachuted over the Alps. It was on the last day when Jody McCrea came into the hotel suite. He brought you a silly baby sleep doll, dressed in red and white polka dots, "to put you to sleep even when you're very, very restless."

"That's clever," I told Jody, "but I think you'd better leave a note to explain it." Jody said calmly, "I think you're going to be a very good mother.

These days the world is very much your oyster. You're pretty and popular, young and eager to be on the first trip to the Orient. But I'll never place security and money ahead of love. You'll never marry a rich man because he is rich, but only if you love him ... and he loves you with the same devotion."

I know it's a serious business with you—but, my darling daughter, I know, too, that you'll never be completely happy ... or your life will be a farce. You'll always complain. I think you're going to be a very good mother.
Letter to a Lonely Girl

(Continued from page 42)

I've got everything
You can think of.
But all I want
is someone to love.

How does a guy know he needs someone to love? Well, if you're human, sooner or later something's bound to pound in your heart, and like the butterfly that quivers to be released from the dark cocoon, a guy's love wants to see the light.

True, I've been fortunate in one sense. Traveling the way I do I get a chance to meet a lot of wonderful girls. But the trouble is I meet them for a moment and then it's 'good-bye.' That's the way of my life: here today, gone tomorrow. And a lot of people still link me romantically with Annette, and that's a piece of past history I want to clear up now ... in this story. But, I'm getting ahead of myself.

The first girl; the first song

Let me start at the beginning when I was a freshman at Jarvis High School in Canada. A gal named Kathy sat in front of me in class. She wore her blonde hair in a perky ponytail, and she had bright blue eyes that glinted like jewels. I tried to be perfectly honest, I had a devilish streak in me (still do!), and I used to pull her ponytail. And she'd holler, "Paul, will you please stop acting like a child!"

Her words always cut right through me, but when a fellow's only fourteen years old, he's not experienced in the ways of the world and he doesn't know how to get a girl to like him. So, of course he pulls her ponytail to let her know he notices her. Girls, on the other hand, even at fourteen, seem to be wiser than guys. I guess that's the way that so they could put up with all the stuff they have to take from the fellows.

Since I didn't have any poise and didn't know how to talk to Kathy in a sensible way, I pined quietly for her all that school year. Finally, an idea popped in my head. Writing never frightened me as much as speaking; so why not send her a note. I don't remember what my note said, but I started passing folded pieces of tablet paper to Kathy, and I'd write things like, You're looking good today! Or I'd write, You're a pretty girl at last! And she'd answer, Yeah, I'm busy!

I got the message. She didn't want to be bothered. And then, that spring, I heard she was going steady so I gave up trying to find out if she had a free week end. I just wrote her nutty like, What's black and white and red all over? And she'd write back, A newspaper, and I'd answer, No, a blazing zebra!

We had laughs, lots of laughs, with the notes. And then school came to an end, and it was summer, and I didn't see her until September. Then I got her out of my mind. I guess that's when you begin to realize something's happening to you and your heart. I always wondered about that, what she did when I was swimming or having lunch or riding my bike. And I'd wonder if she liked pistachio ice cream and cherries and ukulele music as much as I did.

Now I've never been a great one for grades at school, but I was happy as a chipmunk when Labor Day came around because I would be seeing Kathy again. Till I never forget the way she looked that first day at school. She wore a blue checked dress, and her blue eyes sparkled like blue-white diamonds. That first week I got up my gumption, after rehearsing what I wanted to ask her night after night, I said, "Kathy, will you go to the prep dance with me on Friday afternoon?"

Her eyes looked into mine, and I melted. I don't think I heard her say yes. I remember seeing her sweet lips mouthing it. I was in a kind of Utopia just looking at her.

That's when I stopped pulling her ponytail. I didn't stop doing it consciously, but I remember now I didn't pull it after that. I guess a guy stops being mischievous when a girl when he likes throws a little attention his way.

The prep dance was from four to six (every Friday afternoon there were prep dances at Ottawa High). When I danced with Kathy, I was in what I called "step-ladder heaven." They say there are seven heavens. Well, I was hoping around on all of them.

We danced wonderfully together, and once I put my lips against her hair which smelled so clean.

I wanted to kiss her but I was afraid she would think I was fresh—and fast.

Then, one Saturday night I asked her to a party at someone's house, and we danced for hours. I can remember the songs that were our favorites. The Crew Cuts singing Earth Angel and the Charms cromming 'Two Hearts, Two Kisses.' Finally, as the party was ending and we were dancing our last dance in the dim lamplight, I whispered in her ear, "Promise me ... that when we're alone, you'll give me a kiss."

And she squeezed my hand and said, "I promise."

One of the guys gave Kathy and me a lift to her house (she lived way out on the outskirts of town; I always had to transfer to three buses when I went out there), and we ducked behind the house to the back door because my buddy was waiting to drive me home. It was autumn, late autumn I guess, because a light snow was falling, the first of the season, and everything looked pure and white and beautiful. A snowflake fell on her nose, and I blew on it lightly, so lightly. And the snowflake drifted away.

"Kathy," I whispered, "I never pass up a promise." And she looked up at me and I kissed her, and I'm embarrassed to tell you this but I started to cry. Don't ask me why. But everything was too perfect: Kathy and the kiss and the dazzling white wonderland all around us.

And suddenly a car horn honked, and I said goodbye and began to walk away.

But I stopped and walked back to her and took her in my arms again and I said, "Kathy, oh Kathy, I love you."

Jealousy

We went steady for almost a month, but Lady Luck was against us. Everything seemed to go wrong. If Kathy talked to another guy, if I talked to another girl, we were at each other's necks. You've never seen such jealousy. And so, one night, I went up to her house. It was a cold night, but we sat out on the front porch in our clad mackinaws so we'd have some privacy. It was time to talk things out. The evening stars looked like a handful of silver dust in the inky Ottawa sky, and there was a frost in the air. Our breaths clouded in front of us, but we held hands, and I said, "Kathy, I like you. A lot."

And she said, "Paul, I like you."

We were silent for a moment. Then I knew I had to say it. "Kathy," I began, "we're still young, and we're acting like we're going to kill each other if we just happen to look at somebody else. We're only young once, Kathy, and we're not having any fun. We're making so many enemies because of the way we act. You're spells bobby pins

Gayla

RUBBER TIPPED

25

world's best bobby pins

GAYLA HOLD-BOB®

© 1960, GAYLORD PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED — CHICAGO, ILL.
super star chart is ready!
Be sure to get your copy and learn thousands of fascinating facts about stars of the stage, TV, and Hollywood.
Just mail 25 cents in coin with the coupon below.

Box 190
Super Star Information Chart
Times Square P. O.
New York 36, N. Y.
Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin.
Please rush my copy of MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART

Name ........................................
Address ....................................
City ....................... Zone ........... State ....

We knew each other so well she always referred to me as "Cousin Paul" and I called her Coz. I asked her for a date after the show, but we met the next Friday night, and she accepted.
I guess girls have built-in radar, because on Friday, after we whooped it up at a party, she told me she didn't like the way I was acting at the party, as if she were my one and only.

I was ashamed and afraid to ask for a date again. So I wrote a pile of love songs and told off to try to forget my loneliness. Later, when I thought about Baby back home, I wrote My Hometown.

We opened a lot of doors to try to get anywhere with my music. And Sol and Joe Bahari of Modern Records let me record Blau Wil de Beest Fontaine. They paid me fifty, and I called home, bursting with joy, but the record turned out to be a bomb.
I went home, my face red. I decided to organize some fun for some fun and excitement. We played a lot of school affairs, and I got a great deal of experience. And during Easter vacation I begged my dad to let me try the big city of New York. He finally agreed. He bellowed. But my mom told him that if it meant so much to me that he should let me try marketing my songs for a couple of days. And so he let me go.

LUCKY
I took the train, arrived in the big city (downtown), and was called the first recording company I found in the classified telephone directory: ABC-Paramount.
They gave me an appointment.

Somebody told me once that if you’re unhappy in your present job in another things. And I was lucky. My songs sold. My mom and dad were wonderful to me. They gave me the money I needed to live in New York. And I concentrated on my career.

Diana was my first big hit, and I began touring, and I met wonderful girls all over the country. And last year I had the good luck to meet Annette Funicello. When I met Annette, I knew she was a very special person. She’s so warm, so sincere.
We met on the West Coast when I was filming Girls! Teenagers! When we really got to know each other very well on a p.a. tour across country. But our relation-ship was ruined by all the rumors. All the magazines wanted us to get mar-ried. Every other day Annette or I would read something about wedding bells ring-ing for us and how we planned to walk down the aisle very soon. And that’s the way I feel. There’s love in my heart, and I want someone to love.

And maybe, there’s someone else who feels the same way I do, some girl somewhere who’ll put her hand on my shoulder now that summer’s gone....
set about putting a lock on the top drawer.

When Francina and Maria returned downstairs, Sophia picked up the manuscript of The Millionaire. But she put it down again a moment later. There was something to be done. She walked over to the dressing table, opened a drawer and removed a black leather attache case. From the case, she took a small box, opened it, and looked at the necklace. She held it up to the light. She loved to look at her jewels. She loved having them near her. They were the pride of her success, they were her steps to fame from poverty, they were assurance that she would never again be poor. She turned the necklace to its box and placed the case in the chest. She turned the lock and slipped the key into her pocket. She picked up her script, stretched out on the bed and began.

On the ground floor of the barn, Francina and Maria sat in the living room. France was busy in the kitchen. Outside a studio driver waited in the Roadster that the production company had provided for its star. He was standing by in case there were any errands to be done in Elstree and had been sent importantly, to drive Miss Loren to the airport that night.

At 4:00 p.m., he was told that he wouldn’t be needed until 5:30. When he returned, he was dismissed for the rest of the day. Ricardo Aragno, one of the script writers, and a close friend of Carlo’s had stopped by and asked to see Miss Loren. But this time I was dressed in blue jeans. This time, I took nothing.

At 8:05, she and Aragno left for the plane. At 8:25, Francina went down the stairs. She stood on the first landing, and Carlo eyed the drawer with the lock. It was open. “You put the lock on?” he asked casually.

“Yes... for the jewels,” replied Francina. He thought idly, “She hasn’t put them in yet.” And he thought nothing further about it. Then he and Carlo returned to the dressing room to join Sophia and Maria. Francina mixed everyone a drink. They sat and talked.

Discovery

At midnight, Sophia said good night and went upstairs. “In the small room, the furniture was close to the door,” she remembered. “You looked at it without even wanting to. The drawer was open. I called to my hairdresser to ask if perhaps she’d picked them up for some reason. She couldn’t. I walked over to the dresser, looked at the lock and called Francina and asked him if he had the jewels. He said that he hadn’t.”

“I saw that the lock had been forced,” Francina remembered. “It was at that moment we realized what had happened. Sophia looked over, holding her stomach as in pain. She had to lean on me. ‘My jewels... my jewels... she cried, over and over, grief-stricken.”

Carlo rushed up the stairs and into the room. He was followed by the frightened Maria and Francina. They heard a noise, somewhere outside the room. “He may still be in the house,” Carlo raged. “Call the police, Sophia, Francina and I will look.”

Now the police were there. But there was little more they could do until dawn. “We’ll be back later in the morning. Try to get a bit of sleep now,” said the superintendent.

How kind they are, Sophia thought.

Before getting into bed, she glanced at the clock. It was 5:00 a.m. She tried to sleep, but sleep wouldn’t come.

The memories

Her jewels. They weren’t insured. She’d been waiting for Carlo to come, to make the arrangements, sign the necessary papers. “Being was only the financial value,” she told Modern Screen later. “Money I can always make. But I cannot buy back memories.”

With the surveillance picture, she bought jewelry. How proud she’d be of the necklace from the first one, Gold of Naples. An inexpensive necklace—but important to Miss Loren because Carlo had bought it for her. There were the diamonds she’d worn when she’d been presented to the Queen of England. Who would have guessed that Sophia Scolone would ever have been presented to a Queen? There were the diamonds, emeralds, sapphires that her husband had given her. His first present to her. He’d never bought a diamond or a pearl to her. His first present to his wife. “My jewels...”

She moaned. “My jewels...” Finally, she fell asleep.

The police returned promptly at 10:00 a.m. They combed the house and the grounds.

It was Carlo who made the most spectacular discovery of the day—in the wall which separated Sophia’s room from the half of the loft where her clothes hung. The spaces between the logs had been filled with a tan putty-like substance, from the loft side. In the corner, just to the left of the headboard he found that the putty had been scraped away. Through the crack, the thief had been able to look straight across to the chest. He’d also had a perfect view of the rest of the room. The thief had obviously been in the house for a lengthy time—and he had found a perfect hiding place.

They fingerprinted the bed, the chest, the dresser. They discovered that the window of Francina’s room downstairs had been broken. They took that, too. They fingerprinted each member of the household, so that they could eliminate the prints when they found them on the pieces of furniture. They discovered scratches on the wood and scratches on floor... scratches that might have been made by someone climbing out.

There were more questions. There was much to be discovered. How had the thief’s mind worked? Had the robbery been planned from the Continent? Had the criminals followed her for days? They must have thought. Only a few knew the whereabouts of the jewels... people close to me, people I can trust. Whatever it must have been frustrating us all. Whom had she seen? Whom had she met? Who might have seen her? Where had she been?
Deanna Today!

How had she spent all of her time? ... She'd landed at Folkstone on the morning of May 17th, accompanied by Frances and Maria would arrive the next day. Carlo the following week. As she stepped off the boat, she carried the black attache case, along with her handbag. They went straight to the customs shed. There, they stood a little apart from the rest of the passengers. But, she thought later, only a little.

"Have you anything to declare?" the customs man had asked her.

"My jewelry," she nodded down at the case she held.

"Are they personal property?"

"Yes."

"All right, then."

She wasn't required to open the case. As she left the shed to board the train, she glanced at the other passengers from the boat. Many of them had been watching her, still watched her. Because I'm in pictures, she thought. She smiled at them as she made her way to the Golden Arrow.

Arriving at Victoria Station, she found a lavish reception. Her co-star, Peter Scriben, met her. She wore a white dress that was half the photographers and reporters in London, it seemed. A crowd gathered to stare at the spectacle. She saw no faces, only the outlines. She was still clutching the case when she walked into the crowded lobby of the Ritz Hotel. She laid her purse on the desk when she registered. She was a little surprised the people thought it odd, they might assume she was carrying important papers. That's what attach cases are for, she thought. Who would dream she had half million dollars in her hand? Who, but a practiced thief?

She took the case with her to her room, selected the jewelry that she planned to wear for the 9:00 p.m. press conference, had the case taken to the hotel safe.

The day following her arrival in England, a studio driver arrived in a Rolls-Royce to take her to the studio at Elstree. It was 9:00 a.m. At 11:00, he returned to pick up Francina and the luggage. They were to drive to the house which the studio had rented for her. "At first she'd asked to stay at the club," the owner remembered. "She liked it so. But this time we were full, and so we offered her the Barn."

"I noticed that day that Mr. Francina sat with Miss Loren's attach case on his lap all the way to the Barn," says the driver. "But like I told Scotland Yard, if I'd thought for one minute that there were even two or three thousand pounds' worth of jewels lying around the house, I'd have gone to the security officer at the studio and asked him to suggest that they put the things in the studio safe. I think the suggestion would have been better coming from him."

But if I'd had any idea of what was in the house, I'd have gone mad!"

The driver unloaded the luggage and took them into the house. Francina, with the attach case, walked the three hundred yards to the country club. He asked for the secretary, Mr. Scriben. When told he wasn't in, he asked whether he might put the jewels in the club safe. No, the gentleman was afraid that was impossible. The safe was for the use of members only. And it was only a small one.

"To be responsible for the safekeeping of things like that is something one thinks twice about," the country-club housekeeper explained to Modern Screen later. "I always feel that things are safer in the bank. I was under the impression that she'd put them in the bank.""I felt dreadful about the robbery when I heard of it. I didn’t go over—so many people were there milling about. So I sent her a little note to say how sorry I

During a terrible storm in France recently a recording executive just barely prevented his car from skidding on the slippery roads of Neauphle-le-Chateau. He decided to interrupt his journey to Paris and have a brandy to steady his nerves.

As he entered the bistro he saw that the place was nearly deserted, and he was glad that he would be able to sit quietly sipping his cognac while recovering from the shock.

He was just debating whether to risk having another brandy when he thought he heard someone singing outside. Whoever she was, she had the most exciting voice he had heard in years.

The recording executive was most intrigued. "Listen," he said to the barman. "Do you know who it is?"

"Yes. That's Madame Charles David. She has a beautiful voice, you know."

"Where does she live?" the executive shouted excitedly.

"Just a few minutes walk from here. She lives with her husband and family in one of the small farmhouses you'll see up the road. . . ."

The recording executive didn't wait for any more. He paid for the brandy, left an enormous tip and raced up the road.

Madame Charles David looked quite surprised to see her caller when she opened the door to him. He was equally surprised because he had expected the owner of the voice he had heard to be much younger and slimmer. He handed his card to her, explained that he was always looking for new talent to sing on his records, and was puzzled when all she did was smile in a very secret way, as if she was enjoying a private joke.

He told her that he wanted her to travel to Paris next day and he would arrange an audition for her in front of his colleagues, but he was certain that they would all like her voice as much as he had done. When she declined his offer he was puzzled, but then he told her how rich and famous she could become if she did take advantage of his offer.

"I'm sorry but I don't want to leave my home and family," she said.

It was then that the executive noticed the trace of an American accent in her voice. So she must be an American married to a Frenchman. That was interesting.

"You'll remember American singers like Deanna Durbin, Jane Powell, Kathryn Grayson and Jeannette MacDonald, and I can guarantee that my company will make you as big an international star as they used to be."

Still Madame Charles David shook her head, and eventually he realized that he wouldn't do any good arguing with her. He would write to her when he returned to Paris. As he walked down the pathway from the farm onto the main road he heard her singing again, and her voice followed him all the way down to the bistro where he went in to see the owner to ask him more about Madame David.

"Yes, she has a lovely voice," he laughed. "Once she used to sing professionally and make films. They used to call her Deanna Durbin then, you know."

In fact, Deanna Durbin was the name of another American singer who had recently moved to Paris. She had made a few records in England and now she was getting ready to make her Paris debut. The recording executive decided to get in touch with her and offer her a contract. He was sure she would be thrilled to work with his company.

And on May 17th, Madame Charles David arrived in Paris and made her first appearance at the Ritz Hotel. She was a sensation and the recording executive was delighted. He knew he had found his new star.
that this awful thing had happened.

Francina returned to the house with the attaché case. It seemed logical to keep them there for the night. The next day was the first day of shooting and she didn’t know which scene she would be playing,” Francina told Modern Screen. “She wanted to be able to make selection, decide that night, which might be the most suitable.”

The days passed. “It was so pleasant here,” Sophia remembered. “It seemed as if nothing unimportant but life . . .”

Yet, on Friday, she felt vaguely uneasy. Finally, she called the club. She spoke to Mr. Scriben. “Would it be possible for me to have a watchman?” she asked him. “I have many things of great value in the house.”

Scriben chuckled. “He told me,” Sophia recalled, “that in England you would sleep with your doors open at night.”

While Sophia talked that Sunday afternoon, the police listened intently. She talked “until I was so tired I just couldn’t talk any more.” She lay on the bed, almost as in a daze. “I couldn’t think about anything but the things in the case,” she says. “There were two or three of us looking into the case in Italy and France . . . They meant that I had been recognized as an actress. They were great honors. And there was the little gold brooch from a fan in Sicily. My first gift when I arrived in Elstree.”

As the police arrived at Elstree was all but unbearable. When he’d heard the news the day before, cameraman Jack Hildyard had mentally begun to reason that the police would be searching another scene, of course. How could Sophia be expected to appear. As director Anthony Asquith said later, “I was ready to shoot around Sophia and give her a chance to recover. I didn’t expect her that day at all.”

She arrived at 7:45, going straight to her dressing room. “Everyone told me how sorry they were,” Sophia said, “that Hugh Samson. But they didn’t keep on sympathizing in a maudlin way. That would have made it worse for her. She carried on like she was the cameraman. But when she came off, she was miles away. She’d go into a real brown study. I felt so sorry for her. Once that day, she turned to me. There were tears in her eyes. ‘Please help me recover my jewels,’ she asked me.”

“I suppose she thought I could help through publicity . . . but I don’t know how. I told her. ‘I can’t kill the girl who took them.’

Scotland Yard men made the first of many visits to the set. They got a set of photographs of Sophia wearing the jewels from the still department. They talked to everyone connected with the film, on and off the set. “They came to me first,” says the driver. “It was a natural fact that I happened to be the one doing to pick up Mr. Ponti, because I was going to take her to the airfield. I didn’t, only because Mr. Aragno came along on the spur of the moment.”

“They wanted to know if I’d seen anyone while I was waiting that day. Well, someone could have stood behind those bushes and I’d never have caught sight of him. I did notice people coming and going over to the club . . . and some of them were wandering across the grass. At the time, the thought crossed my mind that they must be having some sort of function there. Franca said she’d seen a strange car arrive and turn around and go out again, but it must have been while I was gone. As for anyone I could say looked suspi- cious—no. No, you’d got to get it out of your mind that a thief is going to walk around looking like a thief. That’s only in the movies.”

It was on Monday morning that a fisherman named Fred Smith saw a black case as he was helping uncover a cargo of rice by Fisher’s Wharf. He took a long pole with a book on the end of it, reached into the water and caught hold of the case. The string around it broke, and some of the contents spilled out. (They were later found to be empty boxes.) But Smith caught a glimpse of a small gold brooch.

He took it out of the box. Can’t be worth much, he thought. Hmm, interesting . . . spilled Sophia! Sophia! His eyes widened. He went to call the police.

The brooch was taken to the studio. “Yes! Yes! It’s mine,” Sophia cried. “May I have it now? May I keep it?”

The detectives promised that it would be returned to her.

“Most people want to be helpful,” Sophia told Modern Screen. “Most are kind. But the boaster . . . She shuddered. ‘They are the evil people. One of them wired me, ’Meet me at Victoria Railway Station tonight . . .’ or something like that. Whoever sent it promised help, but signed no name.” She brightened. “But others—why they’d written such nice letters. They’ve sent gold rings and bracelets and crosses. And I had a letter from the Sicilian fan saying that he was so happy that Sick had found the brooch he’d given me and that he wished me luck in recovering the rest of the things. So there is something good about even the bad things that happen to you. You can’t always know before how much people love me.

“And then there are the police. They are kindness itself. And understanding. But firm. Each day, the superintendent would appear to report their progress.

A $60,000 reward was offered for the recovery of the jewels. “That is approximately ten percent,” said Francina. “Actually, there was never a precise evaluation. It would have been hard to do. In any event, the reward is as much as the thief might get. The gems were antique.

They came from important jewelry. Every expert would know them. And so they would have to be broken up, made unrecognizable. And when you take those things out of their settings, their value decreases.

There were no replacements for the jewels. “I don’t want anything yet,” Sophia said. “I must wait a bit. If Carlo were to give me it. But I’d have the feeling of starting all over again. I don’t want that. The police here are the best in the world and I must have faith.”

She had the visit of Inspector Shepherd. And each day, as she’d go to meet him, her heart was in her throat. But still, there was hope in her heart.

Finally Sophia left for Rome, the case still unsolved, with uninsured luggage.

“The insurance company just wouldn’t insure it,” she said. “The reason is pretty obvious, but I don’t think anyone would try anything now. Everything is gone.

The child who was called ‘little stick’ has grown up and need no longer fear the jeers and taunts of the gutter. But, the past is not so far behind her that she can keep the wistfulness from her voice when she says of her jewels and her memories, ‘Everything is gone.’

**END**

Sophia’s latest films are *It Started In Naples* and *A Breath Of Scandal*, both Paramount.
had Tracy with her in London while she was working on The Grass is Greener or that they'd dragged her quite so far to go horseback riding, because she loved horses so. At first Tracy hadn't been able to get used to the English saddle. 'But it's not the way Daddy and I ride back home,' she said. Then, after her first experience riding at the stables outside of London, Tracy would come home with Nanny, her face dimpling. "I must tell Daddy how nice it was, Dad. It wasn't so funny. Oh, how Daddy will laugh when I tell him..."

Would he? A shadow crossed over Jean's face as she knew that she and Tracy would be coming home to Hollywood soon. But she knew what the child didn't know—that for a long time she'd been unhappy in their marriage; that she'd tried to save it because there was such adoration between Stewart and Tracy...and that she was getting very tired of living a lie, of pretending that she and Stewart had an understanding when the truth was so very different.

Little girls and their fathers have a special love of their own, she'd heard people say. She'd seen so many little girls' hearts broken when their mothers and daddies could no longer get along with each other. And she'd made up her mind over three years ago, when Tracy was a baby, that she wouldn't let anything deprive Tracy of her father.

The only trouble was that even then there was a shadow on their marriage. Boil over, boil away while they were pretending to be so very happy together, the marriage was beginning to deteriorate.

More familiar than his wife

Nanny came in to take Tracy for her ride in the park. Jean knelt and took her daughter in her arms and said, "Oh, will your daddy laugh when you show him the way you ride now?"

She smiled to herself at the thought of Tracy's childlike assumption that her daddy knew nothing about the English countryside. The more used they were to him, even more familiar, she thought wryly—as the sight of his own wife. For he had been brought up in England, and he'd shuttled between England and other countries. Jean, he'd seen the shores of England almost as often as he and Jean had seen each other.

They'd never dreamed when they were first married that they'd be parted so much. Picture work took them in separate directions all over the world. It was odd, with all their partings that the relationship between Stewart and his daughter was so close. For the child had been traveling with her. But the thing was, a little girl who had fun with her father and could ride on the same horse or side by side with her could be his main close to him, even if they were miles away. Tracy's Daddy was something very special to her.

But Tracy, warm-blooded young woman...how can memories of a husband who is far away be enough when she longs for his arms on a lonely night?

In the long days and nights when she needed him most, destiny had so often kept them apart. It was togetherness, they said, that cemented a marriage.

But in the last four years she and Stewart had been together less than two years. When she married him almost ten years ago, she had been so sure that their marriage could survive everything. She'd adored him then...had been in love with him from the time she was fourteen and he'd walked across a studio lot. It had taken her five years to win him, for he had been afraid she was too young to know her own mind. He had been through the upheaval of one divorce, for which he had known the wrenching experience of being separated from his boy and girl by his first marriage.

It was after Jean's marriage to Jimmy (Jean calls him by his real name) that the two children, James and Lindsay, came to live with them, because their mother became too ill to take care of them.

And being responsible for these children had brought Jimmy and Jean even closer together than they'd been before. More than ever, Jean knew then what she wanted most out of life—Jimmy's child and hers.

When she first knew that she was going to become a mother, she had to break the news to Jimmy Transatlantic. It was not the way she'd dreamed. She'd always fancied herself whispering the happy news to him and being swept up in his arms. But he was in London making a film at the time.

Ray Bolger once played golf with Sam Goldwyn because he wanted a part Goldwyn was casting in a picture. Goldwyn didn't mention the picture for hours. Finally he got around to it. He said, "I'm looking for a great dancer to do a wonderful role in a new picture. What would you think of Gene Kelly?"

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

"What's that you're saying?" he'd yelled into the telephone, baby. When he hung up, he flew home as soon as he could, and he stormed into the house, railing at producers and at the rat race of picture-making that had kept him away from the side of his beloved Jean.

Jean smiled, recalling this.

Strangers wouldn't understand

"Pot Face"—that was what he called her—and only he and Jean knew the tenderness, the love that went into that nickname. Strangers thought it was an odd nickname; they didn't understand the humor that was shared by these two.

The whole family was Bohemian, and had customs that were odd to Hollywood. They called Stewart's boy James "Jamesy"; his daughter, Lindsay, "Lindsey"; and the bag and the children called Jean just plain "Bag."

Most people thought Stewart-Bag was just a tyrant. He was accustomed to railroad and swaggering around the studios. At home, he had his own way 100 percent. But Jean also knew that at home he had two children to care for. She let them romp with his two children. She knew that a man who was so good to them would be wonderful to their own child.

Of course, they were very sophisticated people and Jean knew that Jimmy wouldn't behave like most expectant fathers. He was a man of the world, his sentimental feelings controlled. He wouldn't get excited or stumble into doors or roar if she tried to move a chair. Only she was wrong. Delightedly wrong. He became absolutely unsophisticated when he knew that they were going to have a baby.

Like the way he took over when Jean was developing crazy hangerkings for food. She woke up one morning with an acute hunger and demanded, "Don't I smell bread frying?" she asked wistfully. Almost from the beginning of their marriage, Jimmy, an excellent cook, had taken over the cooking and baking chores.

"Not today," he'd said.

But shortly afterwards she smelled bacon grease frying in the kitchen, and knew that Jimmy was frying bread, just the way he said. It wasn't good for her to continue to yearn for fried bread. He cunningly gave it to her for breakfast lunch and dinner—all she had wanted until she wanted to taste it again. Even the doctor agreed that he'd handled it very cleverly.

She was grateful.

Jimmy could handle everything, just everything. Jean, on the other hand, felt that she was a complete idiot about everything. She gratefully let Jimmy take over cooking.

When the baby was born, Jean was frightened.

"She's so tiny," she said. "I'm afraid if I hold her I might drop her."

"I've been looking at Jimmy while he held his baby tenderly in his big hands gentle and sure. At the beginning he took over the care of the baby. Then just as he'd already taken over the care of the whole house and everything else around.

For all this and more, Jean loved him. She fell in love, that's what I meant."

She thought, "I can't, I must burst with gratitude. If later this was to give her a feeling of being stifled, she had no awareness of it then. She thought only, at that time, "Where in the world is there another baby, so soft, so doting, so doting on the outside, and so soft with the children? And what other man would cuddle me so, make me feel like a child?"

It was a perfect marriage. Even the people in Hollywood who had thought it was a crazy marriage at first—a beautiful, ardent, flighty young girl marrying a man ten years older than she—were now ready to admit that it was okay. They were beginning to understand that Jean, in her own gentle way, was able to handle the blustering actor whom most of Hollywood feared.

But even while Hollywood was making up its mind that perhaps these two, after all, were right for each other, the seemingly wonderful fabric of their marriage was beginning to deteriorate.

It had begun so quietly, so slowly, the deterioration of their marriage. Now that she thought of it, it had begun even before they were married.

Even while she was defending him in her mind, she was reacting unhappily to the way in which he bawled out people on the set, bawled out his children, bawled out his wife to do work for them and Jimmy didn't like the way the work was done, he'd bawl him out as though he himself knew a thing about the job they were doing. It was the same way with directors.

She knew that people in Hollywood thought Old Stewart was "brute." She was always popular with the people she worked with; those who worked with Stewart were often livid with hostility.

At first she figured he was older and wiser than she. And she thrilled like a little girl at his rages, thinking his anger was a sign of his strength.

It was inevitable that when she was east
in different movies opposite other handsome and competent actors that she should compare them in her mind with Stewart. Most of them were wiser in their industry relations. They didn’t fight with their directors, didn’t tell off the set workers, displayed no temper tantrums.

Though she wouldn’t confess it even to herself, she was getting a little tired of the tender moments. Did a really strong man have to have such tantrums? She wondered—and tried to banish the thought from her mind, as though it were a sign of disloyalty.

And then came Stewart Granger’s great inspiration.

Wouldn’t it be wonderful, now that they had three children to look after, to buy a big ranch in Arizona where the children would have a normal life? Eventually they could retire to this ranch.

She was appalled. Why, they were so young. How could Jimmy talk of retirement? And anyway, what did they know of ranch life? They were still in their early forties—fifteen or twenty years from then, they might be ready for retirement.

Jimmy had laughed at her fears. “Retirement?” he had said, “I mean years from now. Not now. Have you any idea of the hard work involved on a ranch? I’ll be knocking myself out like mad. Anyway, a ranch is expensive. I’ll take us years, darling, to pay the mortgage.”

She felt as though she had been struck in the middle of nowhere; she couldn’t stand either the 110° heat outside, or the dullness inside.

Life on the ranch was strenuous for Jimmy, but there just wasn’t enough for Jean to do. There were many times when she found the monotony almost too much to take.

And Jimmy and Jean would get up around seven; then she and Tracy would go riding on the truck and she’d take the child horseback riding before the heat became unbearable. Jean, too, tried to get interested in watching the branding and other activities on the ranch, but they soon palled on her.

To add to the problem of adjusting to the ranch was the fact that there were so many times when she and Jimmy were apart by their work. At such times she would leave the baby reluctantly. It was those relentless partings with饯 that made her feel that somehow she must make her marriage last.

When had it happened, that feeling that it was all over? Was it that certain evening at the ranch, a few months ago, when something happened to finally make her face the fact that she no longer was in love with Jimmy?

The thrill was gone.

The children were asleep, and Jimmy, long legs stretched out, lay an immense-leather hassock, his ruggedly chiseled features and greyling hair highlighted by the fire on the hearth, sighed contentedly and reached out for his pipe.

She let him put his strong hand over her slim one, but the thrill she had once felt when his hands touched hers was no longer there. She stirred restlessly, remembering how she used to tingle at every touch of his. His face was as handsome as ever, the magnificent body was still youthful and vital.

And there was so much more serenity in him than there had been in the old days. She had thought she would welcome the serenity. Instead, she chafed at it. It made her too conscious of the years between her and her baby. She could not help remembering that they had been married, she had changed from a naive young girl to a restless, desirable woman, and Jimmy had changed to a middle-aged man.

Now everybody called her a fascinating woman, and many men had been fascinated by her. That wouldn’t have mattered if Jimmy had been close by at all times to reassure her with his love, his physical presence.

There had been too many times when he was away, times when she ached for a man’s arms around her, but still felt the ache. And finally, achingly so much for love and not having her husband there to assuage the ache had left a void in her heart.

Make Believe

Their marriage had been make-believe for a long time now. How could she go on pretending she might end hating Jimmy—who, after all, was not at fault. He had been very decent letting her travel thousands of miles away from him with Tracy.

Tracy . . . Tracy . . . the little daughter named for one of their best friends, Spencer Tracy. How she had let him off the thought that she might some day be forced to tell her, “No, darling, Daddy does not live here with us.”

That night on the ranch she thought about it . . . thought about her restless life.

She couldn’t sleep. And finally she said to herself, “Some day I must decide whether or not to leave Jimmy. We’re no longer right for each other. But I’ll decide tonight.”

And now, sitting in her suite in the Dorchester, it seemed that the tomorrow she had been staving off these past months, had finally come. She and Jimmy would soon be leaving London. Jimmy was in Hollywood, awaiting her return with their little girl. Then he would take off for India, for a picture. When would they meet? When she was off somewhere. Jean put her hand to her head. It could only drag like that for ever.

If she didn’t tell him now, they’d fall into the same endless pattern . . . the separations, the pretending, the frustrations. This was the time to resolve it, before they came face to face again. When she faced Jimmy, her answer died.

She reached for the phone and put through a call to Beverly Hills. She must tell him before Tracy came home with Nana.

“My darling,” she said when she heard his voice, and then she thought, “How we cling to old phrases even after they’re dead.”

And Jimmy, she said slowly, “Don’t think this is a sudden decision with me. It’s not. I’ve been thinking—for such a long time . . .”

He had seemed shocked. Then he’d asked about Tracy. Yes, he’d be able to see her any time it was possible. She wouldn’t deprive the child.

Then she sat by the phone and waited for Tracy to come back . . .

Jean stars in these three new films—United Artists’ Elmer Gantry, and Universal-International’s Spartacus and The Grass Is Greener.
The Truth About Our Make-Believe Romance

(Continued from page 26)

the public, the press, and to some extent themselves, into making believe they are in love and headed for a lifetime together. But all of the castles they’ve been building are not in the air; some are firmly rooted in the dry California soil.

Some months ago Harry Karl sold a home he had built to last him a lifetime as a happy bachelor. It had two bedrooms and a million-dollar view. In parting with the gem, Karl stood sadly in the street with the new occupant for a last look.

“I hate to give it up,” he said, “to know why are you selling it?” the buyer asked.

“Have to have a bigger place for Debbie and the kids,” Karl said.

Harry’s suite and Debbie’s home

And from his large suite at The Beverly Hills Hotel, Harry Karl began leisurely house hunting. He pored over elegant brochures from the finest realty offices in Hollywood and its environs, beautifully illustrated with photos of Taj Mahal-type cottages and roomy mansions and with text of describing the superb features of the properties offered. And there were stacks of blue prints, expensive suggestions as to what money can accomplish in piling brick on stone to come home.

In another part of the town Debbie Reynolds walked the long length of her living room to a window that overlooked the yard in which her children, Carrie and Todd Fisher, were playing. She listened to the sounds of their play and watched the physical activity they put into it, and she knew, she helped, she thought: “This is the home they have always known. These are the trees and that is the grass and those are the flowers they have in their minds when they ask to go out to play. Can I take them away from these things?”

She let the curtain fall back into place, hiding all but the voices of the children from her, and paced off the carpet to the other end of the living room. She noticed the spots on the carpet where candy had been dropped or milk spilled or where a particularly dirty pair of infant shoes had left a permanent mark. And she was thinking in the edge of the coffee table, beyond repair, and the scratches made by adventurous hands questioning the relative hardness of a marble toy car and mahogany—and the thin, long streaks in the couch cushions resulting from a child’s curiosity about how long a jutting piece of thread would turn out to be if it were pulled from the material with determination.

“Can I,” she said to herself, “take these familiar things away from them? Will they feel displaced, no matter what manner of mansion I replace these things with?”

Debbie threw herself deep into the featherly comfort of a large chair and spread the brochures or blue prints, but on the manner of home she could provide if she married Harry Karl. Luxury would be there in abundance, she knew, and there would be more real things than beyond the hopes of even the most famous of movie stars. Space would be there, more than enough to sleep and feed the five children that might sometimes live there together—and allow them room to romp—and the in-laws and Harry Karl’s grown daughter, son-in-law and grandson if they should all pile in at once.

And there would be servants in every doorway and cars and all the money needed to satisfy the wildest whim of any of them. And trips and resort homes, subsidiaries of the big house, and furs and jewels and fine schools for the children as they grew older. And most important of all, there would be a man about the house, a man to point authoritatively to the stairway at bedtime, take care of Todd when he fell out of a tree, fix the broken head of Carrie’s doll and put them both on the carpet when they were naughty.

“Could I,” Debbie wondered, “exchange these precious things my children have lived with for all of that?”

She knew she’d have to find the answer soon.

And at the Beverly Hills Hotel, scanning the pamphlets and plans, Harry Karl, caring not for the cost of anything, halted for a moment, leaned back and pondered on a well-lived life and a future he was sure he would like. His start in life had been a foundling home. He was taken from it as a sickly baby by a childless Russian immigrant couple who doted on him. Although he grew up to head a million-dollar enterprise, he could never forget that he started at eight years old, by polishing shoes in what was then a cramped repair shop. Although his life was one of ease and luxury now, he didn’t have the one thing he wanted most: recognition and the spotlight.

This he could have, married to a famous movie star...

Eddie’s Worry

At an elegant New York restaurant, Eddie Fisher and his wife, Elizabeth Taylor, sat at Table Number Four, surrounded by a brown-haired girl who had eyeglass, and dined silently. Liz had thoughts about tomorrow’s scenes and the lines she must learn before she went to sleep. Eddie was engrossed in a more pertinent thought:

Did Debbie really love Harry Karl? Would she be happy with him? It was important to him, because the future serenity of his children might be affected if she didn’t love him, would she be happy anyhow with what he could give her?

“How is your steak?” Liz asked.

“Fine,” replied Eddie. Then he laughed.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “I was thinking of something else...”

The romance—if it is a romance—of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is, indeed, a matter of vital concern for a number of people. For the children involved, the couple themselves, the ex-husband of Debbie, the former wives of Harry Karl and his year-old grandson. All will be affected by it, substantially.

Will they marry?

A few weeks ago a press agent called a Hollywood columnist and indirectly mentioned the engagement of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl. The columnist hit the ceiling.

“I am sick and tired,” he snarled, “listening to the phony story about those two. Why don’t you try something else?”

Nevertheless, all the newspaper and magazine reporters who cover the Holly-wood beat are keeping a close watch on developments. For many hours are spent in the grog and coffee shops these press people frequent on speculation as to where, when, how, etc. And if a report concerning the engagement between the legmen of two of the top columnists went something like this:

“Where do you think they’ll do it?”

“If it’s up to her some quiet place, a hick spot. If it’s up to him, maybe Las Vegas.”

“How do you figure that?”

“You know her. Reserved, wants complete privacy and a normal life. And he loves a parade—and publicity.”

“But do you think really they’ll be happy?”

“Why not? They’ll both be getting what they want. Stability, security and a permanent home. He wants a magenta spot on him every time he goes outdoors. He can use hers.”

“Do you think this marriage will be made in heaven?”

“No...”

What Hollywood thinks of the “romance”

The gist of what Hollywood thinks of the union of Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl is contained in that conversation. Take a look at the past of Debbie, for instance. Torn from obscurity by a local beauty contest, she found herself in a world of make-believe she never really wanted. But it was work, better than she could have found in Burbank. And, while the glare of publicity that went along with the job wasn’t much to the liking of a girl who craved a lot of solitude, she was, early in the game, willing to make the sacrifice.

Then, as the years passed and Debbie rose from a starlet being pushed to the top of the heap by every means her studio could muster, and her fan mail proved what was happening, and her salary increased to that of a top star—Debbie was forced to face certain facts. The price of fame is high. She had, by becoming an icon to millions of young people, accepted certain responsibilities she could not shirk. If she had inclinations to be wayward they had to be curbed. If she wanted to place she saw picture in a travel magazine, she had to remember she was not the little girl who lived in a little house in Burbank but Debbie Reynolds, who maybe shouldn’t be there. She had lived a lie and had to face the true fact that she wasn’t able to go places like an average vacationer, because she was Debbie Reynolds, the movie star. She had to be in the headlong days of juvenile romance, getting a crush on the best-looking basketball player in school, steady-dating the kid down the block, living with the teen-age boy from the corner drug store. She was a famous celebrity—and it wouldn’t have been fit.

The price of fame was high—but the rewards were not in proportion. Fame, for instance, is, in the main, a prying eye. It is a chain of bondage after a while. And then the money. The first figure on the paycheck was big.
Harry was always available to the boys with the by-lines for a quote. He contributes handsomely to the Los Angeles Press Club. One of his adopted sons is named Harrison, after a local gossip columnist Debbie Browne. They were married twenty-four years ago, not too long after Debbie was born, and have been divorced fourteen years. They had a daughter, Debbie, who is thirty. He owes nothing, nor does he give anything to his first wife. He does, however, employ her daughter’s husband at a quite respectable salary—and more than likely gives his grandson shoes for free.

Debbie’s fear

And she confides to her closest friends now that she is afraid she may never fall in love again. For Harry, who is a Thalian, and Debbie Browne, experiencing the warmth of his deep concern for her and her children, having someone there to take the heavy load of her responsibilities off his shoulders, being treated like a family member instead of a wife east aside—all this left a glow that seemed very much like love. And it would be so good to feel that wonderful feeling again. Debbie longed to be in love again. But if it wasn’t real...?

Debbie Reynolds is no longer the younger with stars in her eyes. She is a mature woman with concrete values. She devotes a good deal of her time to work with the Thalians, a group dedicated to the care of mentally retarded children. She doesn’t play at this—she works at it and she is related, a sound-thinking executive officer of the group. In business, the business of making deals for movies, that is, she is known as a sharp trader, more than wise to her own value and the value of a star. As a film star, she knows her rank in the firmament and she sees that she gets every bit of respect due her on the set. To some people she is known as a snob, to others a real tough dame. Maybe she is all of these things. And if she is, it is because she was made that way. The ingredients of her former life went into the flask—and Debbie Reynolds, as she is today, came out.

As to Harry Karl, his tale is the reverse of Debbie’s. Some say he has a very large fortune—others that he has only his former wives, not so large. At any rate it is enough to allow him to live in luxury such as few men get to know. His whole background is laced with every bit of likings for publicity and desire for acceptance by the community of celebrities in which he lives as one worthy of mention in the daily blabs. He has had a press agent for years—and he is probably the only show maker in the world with a private press agent. In moments of strife, such as when his ex-wife got into quite startling jams,
"How come?" Sister M— asked back.

And not mad, either. But smiling a little, just like those pictures of the saints. "Because, Concetta," she said, "I am in love with Christ our Lord, and because this is the only way I know to show Him my love."

"What," she asked Concetta then, "do you want your life to be like, when you grow older? What do you want to become?"

"I don't know," Connie said, lying again, since more than anything she wanted to be a singer—but why should she go telling this nun and have to hear her say, "Oh, now, or something stupid and phony like that?"

"Well," said the nun, "there's plenty of time to decide, isn't there?"

If anything is ever wrong...

When Connie didn't answer, she got up from her chair and she said, "Concetta, before I show you to your room and introduce you to some of the girls, I want you to know. Nothing is ever going to happen to you, if you ever want to talk over anything, you must feel free to come and talk with me. All right?"

Connie shrugged. "I guess so," she said.

"And," the nun started, "if, at the beginning, especially, you ever find yourself feeling lonely—"

"Me?" Concetta interrupted. "I'm never lonely."

She said, "When I was a little kid, my very first day of school, in kindergarten, I went alone. Other kids were standing around with their mothers, holding their hands, crying. And me, I was alone, and not crying."

"You're a very independent young lady, aren't you?" the nun asked, still smiling a little.

"Yeah," Connie said, "very independent"—whatever that word meant.

For the next moment, the two of them stood, looking at each other, the nun thinking her thoughts; and Connie thinking whatever she wanted so much more now to say something mean and nasty to this stiff lady in black with all her make-believe niceness, something so mean and terrible that the nun would have to let her have it. A good hard slap in the face; yes, that was what she wanted. Connie knew now, for the nun to get so mad she'd have to bring up her hand, and she'd be glad to say, "You lay a paw on me and they'll hear me all the way over in Brooklyn!"—just one good slap so she could leave this place and go back home from school with a girlfriend's family, with anybody, till she got old enough to be on her own.

Oh yes, Connie knew, this was just the time for her to say something and get the nun that and then get going.

But she knew, too, that she couldn't say anything now, not now this minute, not as the nun stood there with her fingers touching, all of a sudden, very gentle, that by all chance she was wearing around her neck.

Well, Connie thought, looking back up, into the nun's eye, there's still time. And I'll just find a way...

You just wait and see...

For the next few weeks, Connie tried everything to get kicked out of the school. She didn't study; she yawned through her lessons, until sometimes she was so sleepy she couldn't stay awake. And when she wasn't moping she was rude, always looking for fights. She tried aggravating everybody; the girls on her floor, the girls in her classes, the nuns. Sister M— especially, the one she couldn't stand most of all. But everybody, it seemed, forgave her her aggravations and her rudeness, and didn't check. "Poor Concetta," she overheard one of them say one day, "she must be so lonely with nobody ever coming to visit her. It's no wonder she's so nervous and doesn't want to talk to us.

"Poor Concetta, my eye," Connie thought.

"Just give me time!"

More weeks passed.

And still, nobody was kicking Connie out of any place.

How to get kicked out

And then, another day, Connie overheard another conversation. This time the girls were talking about a former classmate of theirs, wondering how she was doing now. It seemed that this girl had been asked to leave the school, because she'd been caught writing something "insulting," by Sister M—, of all people, and in her class.

Mmmmmmmmm, Connie thought to herself, hearing this.

"Mmmmmmmmbow!

Suddenly, she smiled triumphantly. She knew now what she had to do. She sat in Sister M—'s class the next morning. The other girls were sitting, with clasped hands, looking up all attention at the nun, who was explaining something on the blackboard, while Connie, ignoring the lesson, was writing furiously away in her notebook.

I hate this school, she wrote.

I hate the food.

I hate my room.

I hate the girls.

I hate the nuns.

And I really hate Sister M—, who is a pain in the neck and thinks she's so holy.

She looked up when she was finished wondering whether the nun had noticed her.

But Sister M— hadn't; or, at least, she looked as if she hadn't. So Connie kept writing. And this time she pressed down harder with her pencil and wrote slower, and underlined the words really hate and Sister M—.

And this really pleased to see, she got caught while doing it.

"Concetta," the voice came floating across the room, "what are you doing?"

"Nothing," Connie said.

She gave her the book a push and made it drop to the floor.

"Have you been writing something, Concetta, instead of listening?" Sister M— asked.

"Sort of," Connie said.

"May I see what you've been writing?"

Connie cleared her throat and pretended to be embarrassed. She picked her notebook up from the floor. "I'd rather not," she said.

"Concetta," the nun's voice came, "if you don't mind, please bring that book up to me."

Connie did.

Sister M— read what she had written. "Oh, right," said the nun, when she'd finished, her voice very calm, but her eyes kind of sad-looking, of all things—"now you tear this page out of your book and go and tuck it onto the bulletin board out in the hall, and then go to my office and wait for me."

Connie rushed—nearly skipped—out into the hall, and did as she was told. Then, as she were of going on to Sister M—'s office, another nun, an old nun, came over to see what Connie had tacked to the board.

She turned and said the nun, when she read it, "and we'd had such high hopes for you here. Sister M—, especially, always saying those nice things about your potential."

Two girls, walking by now, came to see what the old nun was tsk-tsking about They, too, read what Connie had written.
If you have to be nice, why don't you just go in your room?

Sister M— rushed from where she was standing, over to Connie. She put her arms around the girl. She held her close, and she began to cry, as Connie let her cry it out.

And then, when the crying had stopped, she said, "Would you like me to get you some water?"

"No," Connie said. "Is there anything you'd like?" the nun asked.

Connie said nothing.

"Is there, Concetta?"

Still, Connie said nothing. "Tell me," said the nun, very softly. "Come on... don't be a baby. If you'd like to stay, just tell me.""You need me. I can help you."

"But you're not in hot water? Hey, how'd you know, anyway, that I wanted to stay?"

Sister M— just smiled that little smile of hers.

And Connie, figuring she'd better get back to her classes while the going was good, whispered something about a thank you, and turned towards the door.

And once again she brought her hand up to the doorknob.

And this time, she saw, she could turn it, very very easily...

**Talks with sister**

You would have thought Connie had taken a lease on Sister M—'s office, they were together so much after that incident—that is, when Connie wasn't in class or up in her room doing her homework or spending time with a lot of the girls who'd become her friends. She spent long hours talking with them, or just hanging out by the phone, after hours, nice pleasant hours. But her happiest hours, by far, were those she would spend in Sister M—'s office, whenever Sister M— had the time to spare, and where they both would relax, and talk, talk, talk. They talked about many things, the two of them—religious things, lay things, what you might call everyday things. And through their conversations they had, these Connie will never forget.

Like their conversations that day Connie was feeling blue.

"If you'd say, Concetta," Sister M— said, "like things are wrong, even though I don't know what's wrong. And I get all choked-up feeling inside me. And I'm really not much good, much fun, to be around. And I hope you know what to do till the feeling passes."

"Well," Sister M— had said, "if I were you, I'd use that time to catch up on all the things you're friends to. And, I'd use it to read; that's a perfect time to sit alone with a book, you know. And," she'd asked, "you like to sing, don't you? Let's have some conversations about songs sometimes, singing softly, when I'm passing your room?"

"Yes," Connie had said, "I love to sing."

Then sing aloud," Sister M— had

---

**The nun's farewell**

Connie sat waiting in Sister M—'s office a little while later. She'd been waiting only a few minutes, but it had seemed like days. She wished the nun wouldn't hurry up and come, so they could get this over with. She didn't feel as good, all of a sudden, for some reason; her head was aching and her stomach was making noises, and she wished—oh come on, come, come, come—she wished—that they could get this over with.

Sister M—, when she finally did come back to the office, said nothing at first. She just sat down in her chair and looked at Connie with those suddenly sad eyes of hers.

"Well, you gonna kick me out now?" Connie said after a minute, figuring that maybe she was the one who was supposed to start the conversation.

"No," Sister M— said, shaking her head. "I'm not going to kick you out, as a matter of fact, Connie... I'm going to let you out."

"Same thing," Connie said.

"No," Sister M— said again, shaking her head. "It's not the same thing, Concetta. Bad girls, really bad girls, get kicked out of here. But good girls, really and basically good girls, like you—"

"I'm not so good," Connie found herself saying.

"—But good girls like you," the nun went on, "well, it always gives us much sorrow to find out they don't want us, and that they don't want to stay with us."

Then the nun said, "We'll have to notify your father, and tell him that you want to go. Where can we locate him right now, Concetta?"

Connie told her.

"All right," said the nun. "I'll phone him in a little while. He can send somebody out to pick you up... and then you can go."

Connie took a deep breath and rose and started to head for the door.

"I'll go over a few days, the nun said, as she did.

"I know," Concetta said, placing her hand on the doorhandle.

"And," the nun said, "meanwhile, if you want, you can keep on coming to classes. Or you can stay in your room. Or do anything, Concetta..."

"And," she went on, smiling a little again, "and meanwhile, if you want, why don't you come on coming to classes. Or you can stay in your room. Or do anything, Concetta... Do you understand, my dear?"

Connie's hand tightened on the door-handle.

She tried to turn it, but she couldn't. Because it felt heavy in her hand now, and her hand felt very light, both at the same time, and she couldn't... she couldn't..."

"You'd like to stay..."

"She stood there for a long moment, saying

And then the ache in her head got worse, suddenly, and her stomach began to feel more and more upset. And she began to cry, suddenly.

"You!" she screamed then, looking up from her hand, and over at the nun. Yowwuuuuuuu!"

Sister M— got up. "What's the matter?" she asked, all concerned. "What in the world's the matter?"

"You!" Connie screamed again. "Why do you have to be so nice like this? Why can't you be mean like me? Why do you have to go making me feel so bad... now?"

She was bawling by this time; not crying, but bawling.

"I don't deserve it," she said, the bawling growing louder, "—you being so nice to me.

She leaned against the door.

"Why," she bawled, "why don't you just let me go in peace?"

Sister M—, from where she was standing, over to Connie. She put her arms around the girl. She held her close and she began to cry, as Connie let her cry it out.

And then, when the crying had stopped, she said, "Would you like me to get you some water?"

"No," Connie said. "Is there anything you'd like?" the nun asked.

Connie said nothing.

"Is there, Concetta?"

Still, Connie said nothing. "Tell me," said the nun, very softly. "Come on... don't be a baby. If you'd like to stay, just tell me."

"You need me. I can help you."

"But you're not in hot water? Hey, how'd you know, anyway, that I wanted to stay?"

Sister M— just smiled that little smile of hers.

And Connie, figuring she'd better get back to her classes while the going was good, whispered something about a thank you, and turned towards the door.

And once again she brought her hand up to the doorknob.

And this time, she saw, she could turn it, very very easily...
sister, a mother, and her private saint. They lasted, these conversations with Sister M—, for the two years Connie was at the school.

And they ended on that morning following Connie’s graduation night, when the last conversation they would ever have together took place . . . the one which began with Sister M— so mad, suddenly, at first . . .

The walk in the rain

The nun had been waiting in Connie’s room, pacing the floor, looking out the window sometimes. Waiting.

And then, when Connie did come in, she said, “No,” and went right on. “We’ve been worried sick . . . And look at you, soaking wet. Your beautiful new dress—Your hair—Where you’ve been, Connie?”

“In the rain,” said Connie, “walking.”

“Since last night?” asked the nun.

“Yes,” Connie said.

“But why, Concetta? Why?”

“Beverly,” said Connie vaguely. “I like the rain. It’s like life is, really. It’s good and it’s bad. It makes the flowers grow, and it gives people colds . . . And me, I wish I had a fever.”

“Concetta!” said Sister M—, sharply.

“I know,” said Connie. “It’s a sin to say, But I do. I do.”

“Why?” she was asked.

Because,” said Connie, “the night of all my nights—my graduation. And did she come?”

“Who, Concetta?”

“What’s that, who’s,” said Connie. She pretended to laugh. “Oh boy, how I felt. I didn’t think it would ever hit me like this. But last night, after the ceremony, seeing all the other girls with their designer clothes, I thought they would go when she was bigger, a canopy bed, she said. And all I could do was stand there and envy this little baby, because she was the only one . . .”

And, Sister, I wonder, was it a sin to envy this baby like I did?”

“If you envy her still?” Sister M— had asked.

“No,” Connie had said. “I’ve thought it over since—she’s only a little baby, and I can only wish her the best.”

This, she had said, much to Connie’s happiness, “it was a sin at the time. But it is no longer . . .

And then there was the time they’d talked about Brownie.

“He was my dog, when I was a kid,” Connie had said, “the most wonderful little mutt in the world. He ran away one day, and I think he got killed. Anyway, I asked around, but I only heard that he would go to heaven, at least; if there was a place in heaven for dogs, even mutts. And she said, ‘Don’t go bothering me with such foolishness. Brownie has enough to do worrying about the human soul, let alone dogs’. And, you know, even though that was years ago, I still think about Brownie. And I wonder, Sister M—, but do you think there might be a place in heaven for dogs?”

Very simple and direct, the nun had nodded. “I do,” she’d said. “At least, I’d like to think it is so. If I didn’t find my booch up there if and when our Lord allows me in .”

And that had settled the matter of Brownie and his whereabouts for Connie, much to her satisfaction.

There were other times together, other conversations.

And they all of them had made Connie feel so good, not only because she finally had somebody she could talk to, really talk to; but because when she talked with Sister M— she felt she was talking with a woman who was to her a friend, long. He got a job in Beverly Hills, Califor-
A Widow's Torment

(Continued from page 45)

Lauren made up her mind, packed her bag, took her two children, Steven aged eight, and Leslie, a perky four, and moved to New York. Far from the shop talk and shadowed dreams of a Holly- wood career was home for her—except when Lauren and Bogie sang in a brief-bottle pair of voices that would have made Bogie laugh a thousand times over.

"They're great," laughed Bob Wagner. "It's good to see her smile again."

It's like old times," Natalie added. Lauren looked no younger, nor did she smile that night as a smile long overdue. And the man who put the smile on her face is a man who has successfully come through a school of hard knocks.

It is less of the will to win, like Jason's, as Lauren. When Lauren, like Betty Bacall, has known moments of great sorrow. His idol, Jason Robards, Sr., was a talented stage star who went blind at the height of his career. He worshiped his father and the thought that his idol, now blind and weary, would never be on a stage again saddened him beyond all sadness.

"My dad was a great actor," Jason said, "and it was sad to see him die inside each day."

Finally, after years of darkness, the man who came to grief was his son. Jason Robards, Sr., got his sight back, and to Jason, Jr. it was as if the heavens had opened to him.

Jason had a tough ride himself. After Navy service, during which a ship he was on was torpedoed, he came back to a theater that was not overly anxious to welcome home any more actors.

But he plugged, and after his Equity Library Theater stint in Petrified Forest, he did a number of live television shows in which his work was noticed. Finally, his name was a household word on Broadway in Eugene O'Neill's Long Day's Journey Into Night.

The raves were all his, and he followed Journey with The Disenchanted, playing the worn to the bone that Scott Fitzgerald, the legendary writer of the '20's, seemed to have become in his last days.

But Jason's marriage was not working out too well. They were fights, separations, and a growing apartness. His energy seemed to be channelled into areas that could only be harmful to a creative talent. His drinking bouts became almost as common as Bogie's. Then...

He met Lauren.

Lauren, having moved into the stately Dakota apartments on Central Park West, was cold and aloof. She had stepped onto the New York social whirl, found little time on her hands, but still there was a great void in her life. She could not find a man to replace Bogie. Then...

She met Jason.

She recalled the day when she was only nineteen and the worldly-wise Bogie had swept her off her feet and married her.

"I wasn't exactly what you'd call a woman of the world." But when she met Jason, she had had a taste of the world of glamour, and had known the thrill of international adulation.

The same feeling that had hit her with Bogie when she was a fresh-faced unk- nown of 19, hit her again.

She has found many happy moments in the company of the completely uninhibited Jason Robards. In New York, a party is really a party only if a hit hits. Then, he swings into high gear, taking over the singing, dancing, and merry making. A party brightens with his appearance, and so does Lauren.

Jason has that hell-for-leather attitude toward life that her beloved Bogie had.

Lauren has met the challenge of lonelines and appears to have come out of her self-imposed shell.
The Good Wife

(Continued from page 39)

Jeanne had to forget all hopes for resuming her career as a model. Besides, she soon had her own Dino, Ricci and Gina to manage.

Many times, when the stepchildren were going through the usual adolescent rebellion, she wondered if they were thinking, "You're not my real mother; you're only my stepmother!" But she held her temper, mastered all her patience and offered all her love in handling each little crisis in a big family.

One day, when Dean found life oppressive and stormed out, only to return and promise to try a little harder the next time. Things got better after he spoke with Jerry Lewis, and he said then, "Now I can give more time to family life."

All seven kids, plus Dean, Jeanne and three servants, live happily in a big 11-bedroom Hollywood home. When Tony goes out to work, Jeanne runs the house and keeps the kids in line, and still has enough energy left to do occasional partying with Dean. For him, she is not only understanding wife. But perhaps more important, at home she plays her greatest role, a loving stepmother, and does it well.

Gloria Stewart

James Stewart was 41 when he finally married, in 1949.

As Hollywood's most eligible bachelor for a time, he had dated many stars from Marlene Dietrich to Olivia de Havilland. But he kept avoiding marriage.

"I couldn't stand having anybody around me all that time," he explained. But his rear in the U. S. Air Force changed him, and when he returned to Hollywood, he was more of an extrovert. At the Gary Coopers' house, he met and fell in love with Gloria McLean Hatrick, a divorcee with two children. They married and two years later, their twin daughters were born.

Jimmy's marriage has worked because he wouldn't compromise. He wouldn't marry on impulse. He held off the aggressive Hollywood actresses; he resisted the glamour girls looking for a star husband. He waited, and kept looking, until he found the Right Girl.

Of course, he had to make a lot of adjustments. He had to adjust to a couple of lively stepchildren, to having his own children's being scrutinized by noisy, happy kids in the house, to having a wife and new responsibilities, not easy for a long-time bachelor. In Hollywood, he left, and in finding Gloria, a well-poised, beautiful socialite who knew Hollywood too well to want to become an actress. She runs their big house efficiently, giving the kind of formal parties he likes, and has established her charity for the Kingdom of Nepal. With her encouragement, he has come out of his shell enough to become active in civic and school organizations and the Boy Scouts.

"I like family life," he says. Gloria signs, "He's the ideal man: patient, kind, thoughtful."

Jimmy gambled in the firm belief there was One Girl for him and she was worth waiting for ... and winning.

Janet Curtis

When Janet Leigh married Tony Curtis it was her third marriage. She didn't know it then, but it was destined to be her toughest ... and happiest.

On the surface, at the beginning, things looked as if they would be better roles; Tony moved up at Universal studios; they started saving money, and they were working out their cultural, religious and personality differences. Then, suddenly, the pressures of Hollywood began to tell, and he became depressed, dis- tressed, emotionally ill, and had to go to a psychoanalyst for help.

In this crisis, when the man of the family is down, Janet knew instinctively her role. She stayed home, started raising babies, became more the wife and less the actress. She and Lydia stuck to plays that required going on location away from Tony. She encouraged Tony in his new self probings, his budding intellectualism. She gave him a deeper love and a greater understanding as he wandered down the dark, tortured paths of analysis, tearing at the roots of childhood memories and re-living past agonies.

She summoned all her patience to tolerate a third marriage she was well aware of angers, self-reproach, frustration. She stood fast by her man, as all loving women have done through the ages when their man was threatened.

When competing with him—as many actresses do with their actor husbands—she submerged herself so that Tony was undisputed boss and big star of the family. She did not want to develop competing, got top roles, earned huge salaries, took his place among Hollywood's articulate young leaders.

Their marriage worked because she did not go public, nor did she love her mate through sickness, as well as in health, as they had promised each other solemnly in the marriage vows.

Lydia Heston

Chuck Heston fell in love with Lydia Clarke when they were speech majors at Northwestern University. Two years later, in 1944, he joined the Army and went into the Army for three years, they married.

When he returned, they started the heartbreaking job of looking for acting work together in the same play, sometimes they didn't. In 1950, they won the Theatre World Awards as "most promising actor and actress of the year."

Their marriage worked during their lean years because, as Chuck said then, "We both want the same things—each other, and work in the theater." The test came when Chuck's career started to make money, and he was not going to help him, trying to keep up the pace. Instead, she reacted as a wife instead of as an actress, and she deliberately slowed down her own career, to help Chuck. She sought non-playwork, so they could survive while Chuck pursued new acting jobs. They lived in a one-room cold-water flat "overlooking a garbage can."

But "we can work and still live together happily provided they are both interested in each other's work."

She took occasional acting jobs, at Chuck's urging, but when their first baby, Fraser, arrived, she went into semi-retirement.

"Jason's his own man. And Betty knows it. He doesn't need to do Bogie to make everything seem right. And, if he had to, he'd change his physical resemblance to Bogie, just to make...." Anyone who knows Jason knows this.

The actor who said it had known Jason through the hard times, but he also knew and liked Lauren. He was hoping the comeback with Bogie and Jason wouldn't be any stumbling block to the new happiness Lauren and Jason seem to have found.

It is the funniest, though cherished, taunts that Bogie ever tossed out was when he said:

"I had to marry her. She chased me until I had to go back to the wall. I did what any gentleman would do—I gave in."

Lauren has always laughed at the old line.

In a private joke between Betty and her Bogie. Now, she has left the way open for a fiercely independent man to laugh at the same line, a line Bogie coined, but held no copyright on. A line that any gentleman would be wise to think over. For, as Jason knows, when a man's got his back against the wall, giving in can be more fun. Especially if he gives in to Lauren.
Because Chuck has been on location so much and because the baby arrived when he was away, their marriage has en-
dured many and long separations. Too,
she has virtually given up her own career.
Yet theirs is a happy marriage. Chuck
seems calm, considerate, loving, and in-
sists, “A successful marriage is part of the
possible; I never argue with my wife.”
She admits the constant traveling
and their three homes make life exciting.
If she had had her way, she probably
might have wrecked their marriage.
By deliberately falling behind, she
wont the marital race.
Roselle Como
“I’ve always wanted to be on your
show,” the gorgeous girl said when the
studio crew wandered away and left her
momentarily alone with her manager,
Comstock.
“You’re a fine singer,” Perry said.
She smiled, as she sized him up apprecia-
tively. He was over 40, his black hair
was graying, he had a wife and three kids.
But he was still handsome, a power in TV, and
rich. “After the show,” she whispered.
“You don’t come over to my place
and spend the week-end in my
bath.”
If Roselle Como had known of this con-
versation, she wouldn’t have worried—
she trusted her husband.
“Sorry,” said Perry. “Can’t. I’ve al-
ready promised it to Bob and his
brother-in-law Dee to go for spaghetti . . .
then we got to hurry home . . .
tomorrow’s Sunday . . . early mass.”

After the show, Perry did just what he
said he’d do. The next morning he
and Roselle, and Terry and David, went
to church.
Their eldest, Ronnie, would have
gone, too; but he was away at Notre Dame.

When Perry and Roselle were
in Hollywood in 1933, he was a touring band vocalist who peri-
odically went back to barbering when
things got bad. When he finally made the
time in New York, he and Roselle
agreed they couldn’t keep on doing a
business-couple living in a glamorous fish-
big. So their marriage worked because
they accepted a discipline, backed by a
strong religious faith. They settled in
the suburbs, permitted very few show-busi-
ness cronies to come to their home, avoided
night clubs and premieres, and tried to
lead a “normal” life—going to church,
playing tennis and golf, and taking the
meals in the kitchen while strumming a
mandolin, sitting around and watching TV,
playing with the kids in the yard.

The best thing for you, your
home, your family. These things were
mine when I was making $15 a week
as a barber. They are still the only things
that count for me.

Shirley Parker
In these days, when Togetherness is
supposed to be the core of a good mar-
rriage, Shirley MacLaine has built her mar-
rriage on Apartness.
In six years of marriage to Steve Parker,
they have been apart most of the time.
She works in Hollywood; he makes movies in
Tokyo. It all began when they met in the
Orient four years ago to make good on
his own and then head off being called
“Mr. Shirley MacLaine.” Shirley remained
in Hollywood and even had their baby
alone—she drove to the hospital unescorted
when the time came.

When Steve’s away, she goes alone to
the Sinatra-Martian “clan” parties, leaving
herself open to malicious gossip. Yet her
marriage stands because her friends,
who are Apartness advocates, insists
she’s a happy wife. In a man-
trapping community, where a wife doesn’t
trust her husband as far as she can throw a
Martini glass, she’s managed to be a
happy wife for months at a time. Yet she
doesn’t seem to worry; she doesn’t seem
to care what people think of her marriage.
She’s admitted that Steve is so different.
“His views are so opposite,” and the
only thing we have in common is that
we both like to be alone at times.”
But they love each other fiercely, and they
phone each other once or twice every three
weeks and write daily.
This curious relationship is being held
by distance rather than closeness, and by
the hope that today’s sacrifice is tomor-
row’s reward. Shirley’s biggest fear is that
they’ll be together all the time—six months in Honolulu,
six months in Tokyo.

Dorothy Mitchum
Bob Mitchum met Dorothy Spence at 16
and married her at 27, when he was an
odd-jobs man, restless trying to find
the right occupation.
She’s helped him with him through
failure and success. And surely sometimes
she must have wondered if success is
better for their marriage, because Bob’s
being famous has made it imminently
for him to Live It Up unnoticed. Bob, natu-
really unconventional and rebellious, makes
headlines with his brags and frank talk.

Bob has admittedly been in and out of
jails all his life. They went off doing
drug and in jail on a marijuana charge made
the front pages; his involvement with booze
and broods is well known. He is hardly
the type of man you’d expect a woman to
marry. Yet his marriage has held fast. He
and Dorothy have raised three fine kids;
he is devoted to them, and he is a loving
husband to Dorothy in his own fashion.
She says that marriage isn’t that
every wife should try to do?
She expects from him only what she
knows he can give. Her realistic approach
has saved this marriage for 20 years. She
has taken his family life around
him, to his shortcomings as well as his
beauty—instead of trying to push for
a safe, colorless husband whose main virtue
is keeping out of trouble.

Shirley Boone
Pat Boone dated Shirley Foley ten
months before he got up enough nerve
to kiss her.
They steadily-dated two years, when
suddenly Shirley’s family had to move to
another city. The only way they could
stay together was to marry. But their
parents thought they were too young.
Nobody had faith in two 19-year-olds
marrying, especially when the boy was
still going to college and had no money.

But Pat and Shirley had faith in their
love and their marriage. So they eloped with
the help of a sympathetic minister, who
gave them their first gift, a Bible.
Pat did the impossible by finishing col-
ellege, making his own national, and
Shirley proved she could run the little family
on $40 a week as well as $40,000 a week.
When fame came along, Pat resisted the usual temptation to be
comes a star, and he stayed close to the “square” virtues of
faithfulness, churchgoing, giving to charity,
working for religious and moral causes.
He and Shirley periodically repeat their
marriage vows, to remind themselves that
“you never get anything good out of
breaking a promise to God.”

Their marriage has lasted because they
have gone far in compatible backgrounds, they grew
through adolescence together and matured
together, they worked side by side, they
struggled together, they weren’t afraid of
problems, they prayed together. And Pat,
Shirley knew she would take any

END
out a little silver comb and started to comb Liza's hair—right there at that big party with the big white cake on the table with all the other pretty things. Mama made Liza feel like the party was for her.

Then Liza saw Eddie kissing Mama and the three of them were in a huddle of love. Liza giggled, it made her so happy. She reached out her arms for Eddie and clung to his neck with sheer joy. He said lovely things to her in a tender voice, but the other mock-ster voice she couldn't quite remember. That older voice that was there, and then suddenly, wasn't there anymore.

This was the man who put her on top of a car. He let her go chasing after boys for fun rides when they were on a vacation in England. This was the man who swung her up in the air, calling her "baby doll," "sweet princess" and "pumpkin." This was the man who held her tiny hand so very gently in his. The man who sang at the top of his voice just for her.

Mama had said once, "Daddy has gum." A handsome stranger walked over to his knees, put her fragile little hand on it and asked, "Daddy, gum, please, gum, Daddy." And Daddy just sat there, eyes riveted on Mama—both of them breathless. Then Daddy said, "Here's the gum for Daddy's girl," and hugged her so tight it hurt.

That could have been the moment that Eddie overpowered the obstacle with his size, and Mike Todd's daughter as his own. It could have been later when they lived in New York. It could have been one night when Liza was a child waiting with eagerness for his hug and kiss. It could have been one morning when a little person that looked just like a big person took into the bedroom and said, "Daddy, look at him with my nose." Or it might very well have been the day Daddy held her up in front of the big picture of Carrie Frances and Todd. Daddy had played a game with her and asked her who the sweet faces were. And Liza knew.

Liza said, "That's Carrie Frances and that's Todd." And Daddy said, "That's right, Liza, those are Daddy's babies." And his voice sounded awful funny.

Then Liza said, "Liza is Daddy's baby, too," in a worried little voice and Daddy squeezed her little back, "I'm sure of it, Jail." He seemed so reassured that she had a daddy too.

After that, Mama and Daddy used to have long talks about Liza. Mama and Daddy had talked to Michael and Christo-pher and they had understood why Eddie was Liza's Daddy.

They never called Eddie "Daddy"—only Liza could. And how she loved her Dad.

Then Daddy told her one day that he was Liza Todd Fisher. And she repeated it, Liza Todd Fisher. She knew something special was happening because Mama and Daddy were so happy. And there was a nice man there from California who said it was all official. He said very solemnly, like a lawyer would. "This is Liza Todd Fisher," and suddenly her Daddy was bowing from the waist and asking her to dance with him even though there was no music on the record-player.

But, therefore, she did so firmly. She didn't even lose her footing once. She felt safe in her Daddy's arms even if she could not comprehend the complexities of the love that had wrought happiness for her out of tragedy.

When she is grown, Elizabeth and Eddie will tell Liza about the father she never knew. And Liza will know that she too has given happiness to her adopted Daddy, who had to bear silently the pain of separation from his own babies.

May Brit's Own Story

(Continued from page 21)

being performed and I shall be forbidden to work: should this happen, I should go back to Europe to work, where these race discriminations do not exist or are not so deep.

Some other people foresee that, marrying Sammy, the demand for my services as actress on the cinematographic market will suffer a heavy blow. I will find work with more and more difficulty. And also this is a risk that I feel like running.

It is true that I am fond of my work, but it is true as well that I would give it up for Sammy's love: because I love him more than any other thing in the world.

And Father says that he had an American girl, perhaps my point of view would have been quite different. But I have been brought up in a family and in a country where a complete race tolerance exists and where the color of the skin does not represent a barrier.

Perhaps it is due to this that I was not afraid of the judgment of my family about the decision I had taken. In fact my father came to London where Sammy had accompanied me: they made their mutual acquaintance and they took a liking to each other. They understood each other and they said: "to hell with it" to all the rest.

Sammy is for me a very good boy: honest, open-hearted, sincere, dynamic, always ready to make fun of everything and everyone. In America and in Europe, when his performance begins and the searchlights brighten up his face, the public remains as if they were hypnotized. And they laugh during the 90 minutes of his performance. They are moved, enjoy themselves. It is just as if he had a radar, suitable for getting the spectators' moods every evening and just as if he could read all their minds.

This is the sixth sense that only great actors have and Sammy, who is a dancer, 78 singer, mime, actor, juggler, possesses it in the real complete sense of the word. I am sure that when people see him at work they find him beautiful and nice, because behind his grimaces, his burst of laughter, his imitations, his plays, there is the man who has understood the secret of overcoming the obstacle of the race barrier, to start from nothing and reach the stars, to be a star in the most absolute sense of the word, in spite of his origins and in the narrow mind of many people.

The Americans have nicknamed him "the running man," because he is always in a hurry, he is always busy, always active, always in a mood for joking, for amusing other people.

His biographer says that all his life has been a continual defiance aiming to prove to other people and to himself that his star was as white as the one of all the other stars, and in the narrow mind of many people.

Sammy's performances are almost never over later than two o'clock in the night, but he usually never goes to bed before eight o'clock in the morning.

Two lonely people

After the stage, the rejoicings, the jokes, his friends' uproars, for him the manner of life that he had got used to, so old and so new, is so desirable. Then it is that he feels loosely more than any other moment. Sometimes he says to his friends or to his audience in a loud voice: "This evening, was the most merry at home." Everybody thinks that this may be a witty remark to conclude the night, but most times it is a friendly invitation that few people or nobody understands.

On one of these occasions I was near Sammy and for one moment I hoped that the invitation would be addressed only to me, because I felt that he was, and I could not disclose my feelings with anyone. I too needed much love. So we began by walking about the largest and the most charming city in the world, where many a crowd might be already in excitement, meeting men washing the streets, sleepy workers going to their work, poor people, who after having slept in the park, resuming their beggar life.

Talking, keeping silent, walking, enjoying ourselves to follow this or that nice scene, or this or that character, we began feeling that we were quite happy together. This was a complete unique thing, that we were no longer so lonely and sad. Contrary to what happens for most human beings, our love began at daybreak, when I left them.

Now I know that when we go back to the United States, anything may happen. Sammy will do his best not to rouse hatred of violent men, who intend creating trouble all around us. Sammy is a quiet boy, who has never hurt anyone and who wants to live in peace, loving his fellow creatures.

The incident, which took place in London, where some violent people tried to provoke him to anger, has tranquilized me in this sense. They had gathered in other places in the place where he was working, carrying placards with outrageous writings against him and against me. Sammy did not want to hide himself in order to avoid that hostile manifestation, because he felt confidence at their back door: he had not asked the police to dispel these demonstrators, because everyone is free to profess his own ideas politely and without noise.

Therefore at the fixed time he went to his work, crossed the crowd of demonstrators and went to prepare his scene. It was a happy moment, because Sammy was not the happiest man in the world, because he did not expect to find so much intolerance even in London.

But, in fact, for every demonstrator who insulted him, there were many other English people who have written to us, apologizing for their fellow country people who had ill-treated us.

May's last film is Murder, Inc., for 20th-Fox: Sammy's next is Warner Bros' Oceans 11.
Trevor the opportunist

ELMER GANTRY

Burt Lancaster portrays the opportunist ELMER GANTRY, a revivalist who is all set to tackle saving souls in the big city.

SONS AND LOVERS

Mama's boy grows up

- D. H. Lawrence's outstanding novel, which was autobiographical, here becomes a beautiful film. It opens in a Welsh mining town where a young man can dream but often can't keep his head above the ground (it's usually down into the coal mines for him!). Dean Stockwell has a talent for painting and a strong-willed mother (Wendy Hiller) who wants this favorite son of hers to make something of himself. His father (Trevor Howard), begrimed, embittered—and often drunk because of his wife's obvious contempt for him, favors another son who is soon killed in a cave-in. Dean paints, and dreams with the help of Heather Sears, a young neighbor who loves him but it is somewhat hampered by her puritanical upbringing (her mother watches her carefully and is always telling her how vile the flesh is). In flight from her, and from his own mother's possessiveness, Dean is attracted to feminist Mary Ure who is office manager of a small factory that makes ladies' corsets. (Dean has bypassed a rich man's offer to finance a painting education to get a job in the factory.) His romance with Mary, who is separated from her husband, propels him toward a knowledge of freedom. The illness of his mother is his final push into the adventurous, lonely world of adulthood. Essentially, this is the story of an unusually sensitive boy's

(Continued on page 80)
THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY ARRIVED IN OCTOBER

When Jean Simmons was a seventeen-year-old starlet in Britain, there was such a shortage of clothing that everyone was issued a book of clothing coupons. For the ordinary person it was difficult enough to find clothes to wear; for the entertainers, it was a nightmare.

Jean had already appeared in several films, and achieved some favourable notices. But she knew that if she were to get anywhere big, she would have to be seen in the best places. And getting different clothes for all these appearances was quite a problem.

One October evening she received a call from her drama teacher and agent who had just been given a number of tickets for a very important film premiere and planned to take a group of her most talented artists. Needless to say, each girl was supposed to look magnificent.

The clothing coupons were taken out, and there were just enough to buy a simple evening gown. At such short notice there wasn’t time to get a gown made but there just wasn’t a huge range in the fashionable shops. Everything was supposed to be for utility wear, not for film premieres.

But Jean finally found a gown, pink, flecked with white, and it made her look very much the film star.

As she was about to step from the taxi she had taken to the London theater, she saw some of her friends waiting for her. One of them was wearing exactly the same dress as her own. At that moment, another friend arrived—also wearing this pink-and-white dress.

Jean ordered the driver to turn round, and look out for a store where she could buy some trimmings to disguise her dress. But soon she was forced to realize that all the shops were closed—and it was too late to drive home and change into something else.

Then the driver spotted a shop still open. He drove near it. It was a stationer’s shop—and Jean’s heart fell. How could magazines, postcards, books or calendars help her?

But, perhaps . . . ?

The wizened old shop proprietor eyed her, and asked what she wanted. She told him the whole story—and he shook his head. He couldn’t think of anything at all.

Suddenly he shouted that he had an idea, if she was willing to risk making a fool of herself. He’d received his stock of Christmas decorations that day, and if she could use anything like tinsel, he would get it for her. . .

Ten minutes before the film started Jean Simmons arrived at the entrance to the cinema, looking happy and radiant. She stepped from the taxi-cab, and waved to her friends who stared at her in disbelief. Curious fans gazed at her and smiled—while photographers rushed towards her and started clicking away.

Next day pictures of seventeen-year-old Jean Simmons appeared in most of the morning papers, and in one the caption read The Christmas Fairy Arrived in October.

It was an appropriate caption too, because Jean Simmons disguised the pink-and-white dress with garlands of glittering tinsel, and gorgeously technicolored snowflakes!
Deborah Kerr
Robert Mitchum
Peter Ustinov
Glynis Johns
Michael Anderson, Jr.

**THE SUNDOWNERS**

*top-notch saga*

This movie is certainly of Academy-award winning caliber. It has a solid, unusual plot and, without straining, goes deeply into the human heart. Filmed in Australia, it is the story of a family whose head (Robert Mitchum) has a restless need to wander. Out of devotion, his wife (Deborah Kerr) and their son (Michael Anderson, Jr.) pitch in and help him on one sheep-herding drive after another (hence the term, sun-downers—they pitch their tent wherever they are when the sun sets). The marriage is good; the love obvious, but as her boy grows—and she gets older—Deborah’s tensions about settling increases and she tries to maneuver Mitchum into earning enough money for a farm. Attracted by this family, a humorous, perennial bachelor (Peter Ustinov) becomes their matross and aide. Mitchum goes to work as a sheep-herder after a big drive, but even staying in one place for a few months is too confining for him. Ustinov keeps his interest alive by arranging a sheep-herding contest. Losing that, but winning a beautiful racehorse while gambling in a local pub cheers Mitchum. He figures that with his son as rider they can win races all over Australia. However, he has also won enough money at gambling to buy a farm. Deborah finally has to go home down. Trying to tie Ustinov down is a lively, charming pub owner, Glynis Johns. Neither Mitchum nor Ustinov tie that easily. Go see this film—the countryside is beautiful, you’ll learn a lot about sheep and, you can count on it, a good deal about men.—**CINEMASCOPE, WARNER.**

INHERIT THE WIND

*the animal in man . . .*

In a small American town where the Bible is taken as the literal truth a young biology teacher (Dicky York) has the nerve to lecture on Darwin’s theory of evolution to his class. Since his action violates the state law he’s arrested. This incident would probably have been ignored if a big city newspaperman (Gene Kelly) hadn’t played it up, and if a three-time Presidential candidate (Fredric March) hadn’t announced his intention to prosecute the case. Through Kelly’s efforts, one of the outstanding lawyers of the century (Spencer Tracy) agrees to defend York. The townspeople, outraged at the thought that man may be related to monkeys, don’t welcome him kindly. York’s own illegitimate half-sister, daughter of the local minister, deserts him temporarily, but the main drama occurs in the courtroom where two brilliant performances (by March and Tracy) bring the issue of man’s right to think and even to be wrong into the open. Knowing that this film was based on the famous Scopes’ trial (whose participants were Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan) gives it added excitement and significance.—**UNITED ARTISTS.**

THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER

*magic classic*

A special filming process whereby Gulliver can seem like a huge giant when all around him are as tiny as ants—and vice-versa, makes this film delightful. In other words this is not an animated cartoon, its characters are real people. Gulliver (Kerwin Mathews) wants money instead of livestock for his services as a doctor. Much against the wishes of his fiancé (June Thorburn) he goes to sea to make his fortune (she stays away on board). Unfortunately, he loses his farmowings on the way. Where he comes to, he’s in the land of the Lilliputs. The king and his entire court can fit into the palm of his hand, but Gulliver is a kind giant who only wants to help them. Dipping his hat into the sea he catches enough fish for a year; uprooting “forests” he extends their farm-lands which he furrows with his fingers; capturing their neighboring “wild” animals everywhere in a bathtub leads them to victory in war. However, the Lilliputs turn against him and he makes his escape. Next time he wakes he’s the ant surrounded by giants in a kingdom as backward as any in the Middle Ages. He there finds his fiancé living happily at court in a magnificent doll’s house. Life isn’t easy for “ants” who are smarter than giants, nor is it easy when a squirrel looms before them as large as a mountain. Another twist of fate and Gulliver and his girl are back to normal size in their own country. Was it a dream? It’s really a story of every human being’s feelings of omnipotence and insignificance, and a biting commentary on the puny, often stupid desires of mankind.—**COLUMBIA.**

13 GHOSTS

*Rosemary De Camp
Charlotte Herbert
Jo Morrow
Donald Mirlyn
Florence Eldridge

. . . and a handful of creepes

Donald Woods works in a museum. Too bad he can’t live in it, because the finance company is always repossessing the furniture wherever he works, and since Donald is usually the one to suffer the losses. Uncle Zorba dies and leaves him a mansion (complete with spooky housekeeper Margaret Hamilton). Would you believe it? The house is haunted. Thirteen ghosts (the management will provide you with lenses to see them) are constantly rattling around horrifying everyone. After the ground floor is done, one day, 10-year-old Charles Herbert finds a letter saying he owes $100 bills at his feet. You mean Uncle Zorba was rich, too? Zorba’s lawyer (Martin Milner) apparently thinks so. At first Marty just seemed liked an able fellow enamored of Woods’ attractive young daughter, Jo Morrow. Now, I don’t know.—**COLUMBIA.**

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

**PORTRAIT IN BLACK**

*(U.S.): Lana Turner is the wife of Lloyd Nolan, but would rather be the wife of Anthony Quinn. Quinns a doctor—everything can be arranged! Nolan is dispatched with a long hypodermic needle and a teeny little alliance. Only, it’s not so perfect, ‘cause Lana gets a letter congratulating her on the murder. Nervous-making, yes? The letter-writer projects include Lana’s step-daughter Sandra Dee, maid Anna May Wong, Jack Lemmon, John Cullum, Nolans lawyer Richard Basehart, and Sandra’s boy friend, John Simon. More murder, more problems, before the letter writer is revealed.

**PSYCHO**

*(Paramount): Janet Leigh, an unlikely thief, is one, to the tune of forty thousand dollars. Janet3 and her odd-looking brother John Gavin have a bar stop to rest at a motel run by Tony Perkins and his mom. Tony’s mom doesn’t like girls, the motel is vacant and has a room full of stuffed birds, and, ultimately, Janet disappears. So does an investigator sent to find her. Gavin and Janet’s sister (Vera Miles) pursues the investigation further. It’s all a bad dream. 

**MURDER, INC.**

*(20th-Fox): This was a business that lived up to its name. Hoods named Lepke (David Wayne) and Reke (Peter Falk) are organization men. Stuart Whitman is a guy who owns Fiske’s famous food, and thus agrees to be his chauffeur for some transactions. When whiskers of May Britt gets dragged into the mess, but it all gets cleaned up when new Assistant D.A. Henry Morgan comes along.
(Continued from page 29)

Elvis filled Vernon's life to overflowing as a son—but there is still that God-given need for a loving wife and a real home life. Vernon knew his father, and he missed terribly. He knew it from the time his father met and began dating Dee in Germany. And Elvis knew it was serious when Dee came to Graceland for a visit with him and his father, and grandmother returned home after his formal discharge from the Army.

Then on Elvis' two-week vacation at Graceland before he arranges to return to Hollywood, it happened.

Elvis had met Dee Elliott in Germany and again when she came to visit at Graceland. Elvis liked her, and realized how much she meant to his father, but try as he would, he still could not think of this attractive young stranger as his mother.

In April, Vernon Presley had announced that he would marry Dee, that they would wait till Elvis was free to serve as best man, and then they would have the church wedding on that his bride-to-be always dreamed of.

All this registered on Elvis, but something in him did not believe it.

When he finished his Hollywood chores, he wanted to get home that he overcame his fear of flying and took a jet to St. Louis, rented a car and sped on from there, his mind on nothing but two weeks of solid rest.

It did not occur to him that he was now free, that the moment he walked in the door plans of three months' standing would go into operation.

It did not occur to him until he looked at his father and realized that all the talk had meaning, that the marriage would take place, and that he could not go through with it.

"I'm sorry," Dad

Vernon Presley knew his son very well. It was hardly necessary for Elvis to say a word. "I'm sorry, Dad," was the best Elvis could do.

And Vernon Presley understood and said only, "It's all right, son. Don't worry. Everything will be all right."

The day Vernon Presley drove to Huntsville where his bride-to-be and her three children were staying. There, Vernon and Dee took out a wedding license and, and were quietly married by Circuit Judge Harry L. Pennington that very night.

Meanwhile, in Memphis, Elvis was staying up late and sleeping all day to try to drive away the hurt and loneliness in his heart.

On July 4—a holiday he and his mother and father had always enjoyed together, he remembered back through the years of his childhood as his mother sat beside him, could not restrain the tears. He slipped away from his friends, got on his motorcycle and drove to Forrest Hill Cemetery, where his mother Gladys Presley is buried. There he knelt and prayed.

He prayed that his father really understood that he wished him happiness and wished him love. He prayed that Dee Presley understood and treated her well as his father's wife, but could never accept her as his mother. He prayed fervently that Graceland, his mother's house, a house he thought of as almost holy would never be disdained... That no one would misunderstand why he had not gone to the wedding.

And like so many prayers that come truly from the heart, Elvis' was answered, before it was spoken.

For Dee Presley had already opened her heart to Modern Screen.

It had occurred a week before Elvis came home, a week and a half before her wedding.

"I only hope," said Dee Elliott, "that when he comes he finds a girl who loves him as much as I love his father."

Dee had never talked to a reporter before (EDITOR'S NOTE: to this date Mrs. Presley has refused to give any other interviews) and seemed anxious to tell the world of her love.

"After we left Elvis of our plans to marry, Dee, "took me out to one of the cemetery at Memphis to visit his mother's grave. When I saw him looking so sadly at his mother's grave it just made me cry. I wondered if I could ever be an adequate stepmother."

"I understand about being left alone without a mother. My own mother died when I was only four years old. The only thing I can remember is kissing her in her coffin."

"My father remarried and I grew up under the guidance of a very sympathetic stepmother. It took her a long time to win me. It will take me a while too."

How did it come about that the former wife of an Army sergeant, ex-trainee nurse and hotel hostess found herself caught up in a romance with Vernon Presley?

Actually, stated Dee, the story went back to an early fall morning in 1958 in Bad Nauheim when she was invited on an invitation to attend a morning coffee party given by Vernon Presley's mother.

At that time Mrs. Elliott was living with her husband, the sergeant, who was on two year tour in Germany, and Vernon Presley had taken up quarters at Bad Nauheim, while his son completed a tour of Army duty at Friedberg, a picturesque town not far from Bad Nauheim.

First meeting

Well, that was their first meeting, but this time there was no flash of lightning to indicate that night was right. It was nothing like that Mrs. Elliott's own restrained comment on their introduction: "When I met Vernon I liked him immediately."

Bad Nauheim is not a resort city, but the American Army colony is not so large now and there were other occasions when the two were thrown together.

And the marriage had waited long before she met Vernon Presley, she said, "My husband and I had decided on a divorce sometime before, but we hadn't made any announcement to our friends," she said.

"We would have separated long before, but I had my three sons, aged 4, 6 and 7, to think of, and I didn't want them to be without their parent as I had been," she explained.

At any rate she and the sergeant decided to call it quits and she returned to America and filed for a divorce.

Her next meeting with Vernon came in the summer of 1959 when he returned to his luxurious home at Memphis for a two-month visit before returning to Germany. Vernon Presley, on a vacation, was a welcome guest at Graceland during part of his stay in this country.

By the time this visit ended a real romance had bloomed and their life had been set on a course that would inevitably lead to the altar.

In the fall of 1959 they were together again, this time in Germany. Mrs. Elliott flew to Bad Nauheim and spent four months in Europe, much of it spent as a guest of Elvis' grandmother.

She was on hand at Washington two months later when Elvis made his triumphant return to America after his Army duty in Germany.

It had occurred by his son, Mr. Mrs. Elliott in the Capital, and it was at this point that the press spotted her and began to speculate in print about the possibility.

From then on Dee's life was transformed from the tranquility of a private existence to the turmoil of dodging into shadows to escape the spotlight beamed on the Presley's.

She divided most of her time between Huntsville, Alabama, where her brother is employed at the Army's missile center at Redstone, and Germany, points where she was chased by the curious public, and the more curious press.

False reports

But her very reluctance to meet with the press and share the public spotlight led to many false reports being circulated about her, she says.

"(The newspapers) have even got my religion wrong," she said. "They refer to me as a 'former member of the Church of Christ.' This is not true. I love the Church of Christ and I am still an active member."

"There were even reports that I love wild nightlife, and that's just pure nonsense. Both Vernon and I are teetotalers, and I don't think that we could even be married without any clomor, it would be better for all of us."

"Daddy's getting married doesn't bother me one bit."

"Daddy was with my mother for 26 long years. He never left her side as far as I know. Now she has passed away and he is all alone."

"If he can find happiness in some way, I'm all for him. All of the time he was in Germany with me, he was a miserable unhappy bum."

"She (Mrs. Presley) seems to be a pretty nice, understanding type of person. She treats me with respect just as she does Dee."

"She knows she could never be my mother. I only had one mother and that's it. There'll never be another. As long as she understands that, we won't have any trouble."

"Daddy has got some pretty horrible letters since this thing came out. But he is my father and he's all I've got left in the world. I'll never go against him or stand in his way."

"He stood by me all these years and sacrificed things he wanted so that I could have clothes and lunch money to go to school."

"I'll stand by him now—right or wrong."

And that ends the story.

On July 16 Vernon and Dee Presley announced their secret wedding, and the world registered shock that Elvis had stayed away.

But the world did not know that three thoughtful, loving, considerate people were doing their very best to bring happiness to each other.

Elvis stars in Paramount's G. I. Blues
ernight... a beauty lift in 5 danger zones! Woodbury Dry Skin cream carries moisture deeper, helps prevent dry skin in 5 zones where dryness can rob you of youthful beauty. Quickly, easily, its exclusive blend softens lines and wrinkles. Wonderful cleanser, too! Night, give your complexion a refreshing Woodbury beauty lift!

WOODBURY
Salem refreshes your taste
—“air-softens” every puff

- menthol fresh
- rich tobacco taste
- modern filter, too

Take a puff... it's Springtime! That's what smokers say about Salem, because its smoke is as softly refreshing as the air of a springtime morning. Salem's special High Porosity paper "air-softens" every puff. And its fine tobaccos make Salem the rich-tasting cigarette that refreshes your taste: Smoke refreshed, pack after pack... smoke Salem!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
DIE ASKS DEBBIE TO MARRY AGAIN!

puts children’s happiness first

“WE ARE NOT ASHAMED!” Marilyn Monroe & Yves Montand
Wonderfully new!

**Kotex is softness**

*Kotex napkins now have a gentle new covering...*

*incredibly soft yet wonderfully strong.*

*The new pleated ends add greatly to your comfort,*

*the Kimlon center assures complete*

*and lasting protection.*
Spectacular 30th Anniversary Offer from the famous Dollar Book Club

OF THESE NEW, HARD-BOUND BEST-SELLERS

Choose Any 4 for 99c:

Amy Vanderbilt’s Everyday Etiquette—Complete modern guide to the “correct thing” on all social and formal occa-
sions by the famous expert.

Around the World in 2000 Pictures. Fabulous 2 vol-
umes in cloth with 914 photographs—see the wonders of Home, Paris, Rome, Rome and many other exciting, far-off places in 768 pages of vivid photos and interesting facts.

California Street. New bi-

Columbiana—Viking Encyclopedia. 2 vol. Over
1,250,000 words, 11,000 arti-
cles, 1,440 pages. Up-to-date information in every field of knowledge. Valuable for reference and study.

The Darkness and the Dawn. Meet the color-bound novel of Attila the Hun by Thomas B. Costain. A colorful hit since “The Black Book”!

Dr. Tom Dooley’s 3 Great Books in one, including The Night They Burned the Amazon, Adventures of the young American doctor who won fame by his work in the jungle hospitals.

Family Book of Home Entertain-
ing. Successful hostess Ideas for parties, dinners, recep-
tions, cocktail bars, bar-
becues—for every special oc-
casion. 62 delightful pages.

Hammond’s Family Reference Atlas. Brand new 2 col-
color page book covers U.S., Can-
da, all foreign countries, 128 pages of latitude color maps.

SPECTACULAR 30TH ANNIVERSARY

800

The Scandals, Loves, Intrigues

of Swanky Nob Hill

in a daring new novel by

the author of “Duel In the Sun”

SAN FRANCISCO society was rocked

for the Gone with the Wind-like

predictable 50s girls. Alexandra eloped

on the night of her engagement party and

proceeded to make her name a hydronym

of the gossip columnists of two continents.

Her sister Sharon unhappily issued one

of Alexandra’s refused suitors, Pamela,

the third sister, wanted only to be her-

self with the man she loved—but couldn’t

lots down the shameful secret of her

birth. Read the dramatic story of this

fabulous family—and the glittering, sim-

tarily manicured Nob Hill — in New

Busch’s new California Street.

NOTE: The Book Club editions shown are sometimes re-
duced in size, but texts are full-length—not a word is cut!

EXECUTIVE SAVINGS

Of course, you are not committed to keep these
books...you may return them within 10 days. And you
get all the books, plus extra-value savings,
for only

when you join and agree to take as few as 6 best-selling
novels out of 24 to be delivered within a year.

MAIL THIS COUPON—SEND NO MONEY

Dollar Book Club, Dept. DMD-X, Garden City, New York

Send me at once the 4 books checked below and bill me only 99c FOR ALL 4, plus a small shipping charge. Also enroll me as a member:

2. The Lincoln Lords (20) 3. Sewing Made Easy (95)
4. The Darkness and the Dawn (19) 5. Pilgrims in Paradise (125)
5. Teller—2 vol. (50) 6. Modern Family Cookbook (128)
6. Columbia-Viking Encyclopedia set (61) 7. Dr. Tom Dooley’s 3 Great Books (82)
7. Hardcover copies of Interior Decoration (128)
8. Made by same author, of Interior Decoration (128)
9. Dr. Tom Dooley’s 3 Great Books (82)

Include my first issue of The Bulletin describing the new forthcoming one-dollar special offers and other bargains for members. I will notify you in advance if I do not wish the following month’s selection of the. I do not have to accept a book every month—only a year. I pay nothing except $1 for each selection I accept (Plus a small shipping charge) unless I choose an extra-value selection at a somewhat higher price.

Mr. Mrs. Miss

Address ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Receive all books, 7 days and membership will be canceled.

Offer slightly different in Canada. Address 185 Bond St., Toronto 2, Residents of Alaska and Hawaii write for special membership arrangements. D-100-B
NOVEMBER, 1960

STORIES

Debbie Reynolds 20 Should I?
Marilyn Monroe
Yves Montand 22 The Man Who Almost Destroyed Marilyn Monroe’s Marriage by Doug Brewer
Tab Hunter 26 As God Is My Witness, I Did Not Beat My Dog!
by Beverly Linet

Deborah Kerr 28 We Paid $300,000 For The Freedom To Love Each Other
by Victor Anthony
Tommy Sands 30 A Soldier’s Love Story
by George Christy
Bobby Darin 32 I’m Gonna Die Young
by Rose Perlberg
Audrey Hepburn 40 The Miracle At Buergenstock
by Victoria Cole
Brenda Lee 42 “Oh Lamb Of God, Hear This Sinner” as told to George Christy

Ingrid Bergman 44 I Refuse To Grow Old
by Tony Stevens
Rock Hudson 48 I Was One Of Rock Hudson’s On-Location Girls
by Hugh Burrell
Frankie Avalon 58 My First Pickup
as told to Rosamond Gaylor

SPECIAL FEATURES

34 Modern Screen’s First Cinderella Story
50 The Case Against Censorship

FEATURETTES

56 Elvis and Charity

DEPARTMENTS

Louella Parsons 11 Gossip Extra
4 New Movies
8 Inside Story
67 November Birthdays

Cover Photograph from Nat Dallinger of Gilloon
Other Photographers’ Credits on page 70

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DEBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant

MICHAEL LEFCOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, ass’t art editor
GENE HOYT, research director
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover
FERNANDO TIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York
The most desirable woman in town and the easiest to find...

just call... BUTterfield 8

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS
ELIZABETH TAYLOR
LAURENCE HARVEY
EDDIE FISHER

This is Liggett... who called Gloria whenever his wife was away!

This is Danny... who knew that no one man owned Gloria... for she must hold many in her arms to find the one she loves!

COSTARRING
DINA MERRILL • with MILDRED DUNNOCK • BETTY FIELD • JEFFREY LYNN • KAY MEDFORD • SUSAN OLIVER

SCREEN PLAY BY CHARLES SCHNEE and JOHN MICHAEL HAYES • DIRECTED BY DANIEL MANN • A PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION.

JOHN O'HARA'S BUTTERFIELD 8

• the best-seller that tells Gloria's story
• from first man to last!

IN CINEMASCOPE AND METROCOLOR
Lashbrite brings you the art of eye makeup

a different you for every fashion look!

EXOTIC EYES... need a thin brush stroke of Lashbrite, non-smeary Liquid Eyeliner blended upward. Try Black, Brown, also iridescent colors of Turquoise, Green, Violet, Blue, Gold, Silver. 49c

VELVETY LASHES... a flick of Lashbrite's Swirl-on Mascara does it. Waterproof, too. Carry it everywhere in its elegant brushed gold case. In Jet Black, Blue or Velvet Brown. 79c

BEWITCHING EYES... created with Lashbrite's Shadow Tones in three fancy-free hues plus Silver and Gold for dramatic effects... all in one palette. 99c

Golden-Cased Eye Shadow stick in five fabulous iridescent colors. 59c

Billionaire Yves Montand could have any girl, but he wants Marilyn, and he has a delightful scheme to win her.

LET'S MAKE LOVE... with Marilyn

Marilyn Monroe
Yves Montand
Tony Randall
Frankie Vaughan
Wilfred Hyde White

LETS NO MAN WRITE MY EPIGRAPH

Burl Ives
Shelley Winters
James Darren
Jean Seberg
Ricardo Montalban

a boy of the slums

- If the girl's Marilyn Monroe and the boy's Yves Montand the picture doesn't need much of a plot. And not much of a plot is exactly what you get in this frothy comedy with music. Montand is a billionaire businessman who can have any girl in the world—and has had a majority of them. But he knows they love him for the diamond bracelets he distributes like popcorn. He has become such a notorious playboy that an off-Broadway group has written a play about him. Jumping into his Rolls-Royce he is taken to the scene of this crime where he finds Marilyn wearing practically nothing and knitting (it keeps her hands busy during rehearsal). He is so enamored of her that when he's mistaken for an actor auditioning for the playboy role he goes along with the gag. He wants Marilyn to love him for himself. Since she appears to be in love with the show's singer (Frankie Vaughan) Montand has a job cut out for him. Desperate to make good in the part, he hires Milton Berle, Bing Crosby and Gene Kelly to give him private instructions in their respective arts. This works out very well because Montand has also bought 51% interest in the show. It's a slick movie, all right, and Marilyn's singing is delightful. You keep wishing Montand could have displayed more of his many talents and that a couple with this much fire had been given better fuel to burn.

—Cinemascope, 20th-Fox.

- The young James Darren doesn't know what he's up against—his father died in the electric chair and his mother (Shelley Winters) works as a "B" girl in a cafe to support him. Nevertheless, Shelley has some good friends there on the seamy South Side of Chicago and, one Christmas Eve, they all decide to become Jimmy's godparents. You can't call any of these people solid citizens—a punch-drunk ex-fighter, a prostitute, a dope-addicted singer (Ella Fitzgerald), an alcoholic ex-judge (Burl Ives), etc., make up the "family." Happily enough they do him good and he becomes an outstanding piano student. Shelley worries because he gets into fights defending his late father's reputation. Jimmy doesn't tell her that he's defending her reputation. Finally hauled up before a judge Jimmy is surprised when a stranger (Ricardo Montalban) pays him $500. Ricardo has been romancing Shelley and, just lately, has introduced her to the use of drugs. Jimmy has just fallen in love with Jean Seberg, a girl from the other side of Chicago, and is about to audition for a music scholarship when he learns how Ricardo has victimized his mother. In a rage Jimmy breaks into Ricardo's florist shop (he peddles drugs in the backroom) and waves a pistol at him. Luckily, Jimmy's godparents are sober enough for the finale.—Columbia.

(Continued on page 6)
Many doctors know coughs really start in your Cough Control Center.

Now, Vicks cough syrups calm your Cough Control Center, let you sleep.

New Vicks "Cough Silencer"
stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center ... without narcotic codeine ... lets you sleep all night!

Did you know that nagging coughs are actually controlled in the brain ... at your Cough Control Center? Congestion and irritation in your throat and chest overexcite, aggravate this Control, make you cough.

Until recently, only medicines containing narcotics like codeine could reach this Cough Control Center. But, codeine can have sickening side effects. Can be habit-forming.

Now Vicks announces an amazing new cough silencer called Silentium, that works in your Cough Control Center ... calms, quietens, stops nagging coughs, safely, surely ... without narcotic codeine. Lets you sleep the whole night through!

Get Silentium in two Vicks cough syrups: Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with the wild cherry flavor children love; and for Silentium in extra-strength, new Vicks Formula 44. Buy both, stop nagging coughs!
How could a girl resist Martin Denny? He sweeps you away to a tropic paradise and the gay glamping...with his new Catch the way he Hideaway" and other albums too—like QUITE VILLAGE and SILVER SCREEN. But the man who really tickles me (makes me laugh, I mean) is Dave Barry. I have a ball with Dave and his new album LAUGHS FOR LOSERS...loaded routines like "The Unfair Sex" and "Dis—the Best Policy" recorded from an actual Las Vegas night—ten laugh-honesty is you've met Dave Barry! There's another funny man in my love life—Spike Jones. Just wait till you hear his latest Liberty album 60 YEARS OF MUSIC AMERICA HATES BEST.

You'll laugh as I did when I hear some of his "zany" take-offs on tunes like "Three Little Fishies" and "Hut Sut Song." More surprises than a carload of crackerjack boxes and just as nutty! If you're a Spike fan like I am, you'll want his OMNIBUST album too. P.S. Like to be in a tic mood? Leave it to Liberty albums...Julie London, Liberty Records, Dept. MS-11, Los Angeles 28, California.
clothes (she needs something to overcome her shyness with boys) and 10-year-old Robert Eyer needs masculine influence. A fight about one of Shirley's new dresses sends Preston, who has just lost his job, flying into Angela Lansbury's beauty shop (she's a sympathetic widow). Dorothy's unhappily married sister (Eve Arden) arrives with her unhappy husband (Frank Overton) to console her. Dorothy and Preston reconcile only to split again when she resists his affectionate advances. Meanwhile teen-ager Shirley is having problems of her own. She's finally found a beau (they met when he narrowly avoided running her down with his car) but he has a Jewish name and is asked to leave the country club where they've been dancing and smooching. This snub is enough to make him commit suicide. Preston has moved to a hotel and found a new job. Will Angela Lansbury get him—or will Dorothy McGuire bring him home alive?—WARNE.

**SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO**

- A hit on Broadway, *Sunrise At Campobello* retains all the qualities which made it an inspiring story of courage. It also retains the original star (Ralph Bellamy) as Franklin Delano Roosevelt. On a summer afternoon in 1921 the Roosevelts—Greer Garson plays Eleanor—and their five children are happily swimming and sailing near their summer lodge in Canada. That night FDR is stricken by polio. A clash soon develops between FDR's close friend (Hume Cronyn) and his domineering mother (Ann Shoemaker). Mother wants FDR to rest and retire at Hyde Park; Cronyn believes that a political career and dreams of achievement will speed his recovery. Eleanor, who is extremely shy, forces herself to enter public life in order to keep her husband informed. Meanwhile, he delves into business and spends much time building up his physical strength. A final clash with his mother about his future prompts him to rise from his wheelchair in a brave attempt to walk. In 1934 FDR is asked to give the nominating speech for Al Smith at the Democratic Convention. To do this he must be able to stand on his feet for half an hour and must take ten steps from his seat to the lectern. As his friend Cronyn informs him, they are the biggest ten steps he'll ever take in his life. Go see it—WARNE.

**HELL TO ETERNITY**

- This movie is based on the life of a then eighteen-year-old Marine who captured nearly 2,000 Japanese single-handedly during World War II (it's remarkable what can happen if you speak the language). The young Guy Gabaldon (Richard Eyer) is a pugnacious kid born in the slums of Los Angeles. One day he steals some potatoes and the school athletic coach (George Shibata), a Japanese-American, escorts him home. It turns out that Richard's been living alone in abject poverty. Shibata takes him to his own home where Guy discovers the warmth and security of a happy family life. He learns to speak Japanese and grows up into a husky, sensitive specimen of a man (Jeffrey Hunter). When (Continued on page 56)
The word is—Tampax! Tampax® internal sanitary protection. Read what girls just like you have said about recommending it to a friend:

"Of course I'd tell a friend about Tampax—just as I'd tell a savage that electric light is better than an oil lamp."

"I tell my friends that using Tampax is like mowing from the horse and buggy age to the automotive age.

"I'm just rabid on the subject. I can't stand to have a friend of mine in that cumbersome belt-pin-pad harness."

Do users think Tampax is a step ahead? They most certainly do! A step ahead in freedom, in comfort, in convenience! Tampax can't be seen or felt, once in place. Tampax prevents odor. Tampax is easy to insert with satin-smooth applicator, easy to dispose of, convenient to carry. And Tampax meets the needs of every girl with 3 absorbency sizes: Regular, Super, Junior, available wherever such products are sold.

TAMPAX Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.
NEW PEARLESCENT MAKEUP

Touches your complexion with moonlight
Sparkles your lips with iridescent color

A whole new concept—a makeup that lights up your complexion with the shimmering beauty of pearls. Puff on new glittering Pearlescent powder; instantly your complexion looks flawlessly caressed with moonlight. Touch on new creamy Pearlescent lipstick; your lips are moist with an iridescent sparkling beauty that he’s bound to find more than a little disturbing. Find out for yourself—pearls are a girl’s best friend!
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! It takes only minutes!

And Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, that's a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

Instant Whip® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*TM @1960 Clairol Inc./Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada
MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA
PARSONS

in this issue:

Fun Party for George Burns and Bobby Darin

The Truth About Marilyn and Yves

Debbie Makes an Announcement

Glamorous Rosalind Russell (left) joined Louella and her escort Jimmy McHugh for George Burns' and Bobby Darin's Greek Theater gala opening.
Esther and a New Beau?

The first rumor that Esther Williams had said farewell to her boyfriend of three years, Jeff Chandler, was surprising news since all Hollywood believed they were preparing to marry. In fact, Esther and Jeff hinted they were headed in that direction. Their romance started when they made a picture together in Rome and continued to be one of our most steady flames.

Then came word that Esther had fallen hard for another of her leading men. Just as in the case of Jeff, this leading man also was married. He was with her in her TV Spectacular, Esther Williams at Cypress Gardens. I speak of Fernando Lamas.

The gossip didn’t seem possible until, out of the blue, redheaded Arlene Dahl sued Lamas for divorce on the ground of extreme cruelty. Then Esther and Fernando were seen together in quiet corners at smaller restaurants.

Whether this romance will continue no one can say, but as this is being written the Latin lover seems to have fallen hard for the movie mermaid.

Jean and Stewart Reach a Settlement

Although I had known for a couple of years that the marriage of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger was in shambles, they persisted in denying it. Then, out of the blue, from London Jean announced that a divorce was contemplated—and about three weeks later she slipped quietly into Nogales, Arizona, her legal residence, and filed for a divorce.

Why all the long-drawn-out shenanigans? In the beginning I think the British Stewart was determined that his lovely English bride of over nine years would not get a divorce with his approval. He seemed on the verge of a nervous breakdown every time I called to check him over persistent reports that he and Jean were through.

This may have been partly due to the fact that Jean’s screen career is soaring and Granger’s has slipped in recent years. He was very unhappy about not working more.

Finances were another hurdle. They had bought jointly a 10,000-acre ranch in Arizona stocked with the finest cattle and the investment took a big chunk of Jean’s earnings.

There was also the big difference in their ages, Granger being forty-one when he married the young teen-age actress in London.

These tensions mounted over the years and even the birth of their loved little daughter Tracy after six years of marriage did not bring the happiness they hoped for.

It seemed for a time as if this marriage had reached an impass that might drag into years of Jean going her way and Stewart going his without benefit of real freedom—when suddenly a fine thing happened. MGM signed Stewart for three big pictures and the frustrations he had felt, and the bitterness, seemed to melt away in the glow of contentment he found in again being a busy and active man. A settlement was reached between him and Jean—and their friends hope there is contentment ahead for both of these Britishers, now American citizens.

Backstage Drama

The vivid redhead star stood in the wings of the Redhead show at the Dallas State Fair waiting for her cue music that would bring her onto the stage. But first she paused to read again the telegram which had brought such a big smile to her face: ARRIVING OVER THE WEEK END. LOVE, KEITH.

Once again she quickly read the message which had made her so happy before shoving it into the hands of her dressers. Then Taina Elg whirled onto the stage to the sound of much applause.

Two hours later, sitting in her dressing room, removing her make-up, she switched on the small radio on her dressing table to a news broadcast.

"Flash from Hollywood," came the voice of the announcer, "Keith Larsen, TV star, and blonde actress Vera Miles were just married in Las Vegas in a surprise move that caught most of Hollywood off guard. The newlyweds will return immediately to the bride’s home in Thousands Oaks in the San Fernando Valley where they will join Miss Miles’ son by a previous marriage to Gordon (Tarzan) Scott, and two daughters by her marriage to Bob Miles."

As they say in the scripts—Cut. And that’s about all there is to this strange little story except that when Taina returned to Hollywood someone connected with Keith’s TV show Aquanaut, who probably was unaware of the situation, offered her the lead in his next chapter!

Shrugging, she said, “Everyone will say that I refused it because of other reasons—but honestly the role wasn’t up my street.”

Although their marriage was long on the rocks, Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger persisted in denying it.
Kelly married his pretty dance assistant Jeannie Coyne in a surprise ceremony at 2:00 in the morning in Tonopah, Nevada. Gene had waited until his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry was visiting from her school in Switzerland so she could be present at his wedding. Jeannie and Gene (euphonious, aren't they?) have been dating quietly for some time. Their close friends suspected they were in love—but even so, the marriage came as a bit of a surprise.

Kelly

How time passes—much too swiftly, Tommy Rettig, the first little boy star of Lassie, now has a 7-pound, 13-ounce little boy of his own. Tommy and Darlene have named their first Thomas Eugene—and Tommy says, "Yes, as soon as he's old enough we're going to get him a dog!"

Debbie Says
She'll Marry Harry

When Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher were in Hollywood they saw none of their friends. They attended no social events and Eddie told pals his sole reason for being there was to see his two children, Carrie Frances and Todd.

When he visited them, Debbie Reynolds, his mother of these two beautiful children, said it a point to be absent. She had no wish to meet Eddie for whom she still holds some bitterness although she never admits it, nor does she show it by word or deed.

Those who claim to know say that Debbie will be mistress of the beautiful home that Harry Karl, shoe manufacturer, has recently decorated for her. She dates no one else and she says he is very good to her parents and children.

He gifts her with beautiful furs and jewelry and she says no one has ever been as good to her as Karl. That, if anything, can win a woman's heart. She said they'll marry as soon as Harry Karl's divorce is final.

Gene Kelly (center) with his two favorite girls—his recent bride, Jeannie Coyne (left) and his fourteen-year-old daughter Kerry, home from abroad.

Lucky Nat's ever-lovin' husband R. J. gifted her with a birthday surprise.

Birthday Party via Long Distance

If I had been there myself I couldn't have had a more vivid impression of Natalie Wood's twenty-second birthday fiesta than I received long distance from New York from Nat herself.

"The most wonderful surprise was Bob's having my mother (Mrs. Marie Gurdin) plane in from Hollywood the afternoon of the party—and then he hid her until time to spring her at the party! Then Natalie lapsed back into referring to her doing Bob Wagner as the usual "R.J." as she happily rattled on. "R.J. took over the wine cellar at Pierre's—just like they do for parties in Paris and all those kegs and bottles around, sure puts everyone in a convivial mood—to understated it," Natalie laughed.

"If mother and the party weren't enough—old R.J. also broke out with a big diamond set in the middle of a heart for my birthday gift—am I lucky or not?"

Natalie continued to run up her 'phone bill as she went on with the details of the celebration. "Remember Frank (Sinatra) gave me my twenty-first birthday party last year at Romanoff's. He couldn't be in New York—but I can tell you he's just as thoughtful and original, 3,000 miles away as he is on top.

"He had twenty-two bouquets of flowers made up—and one was delivered every hour during the evening. Also, he hired 22 musicians who marched in playing and singing, There's Nothing Like a Dame. How about that?"

If you're asking me—it couldn't have happened to a more excited or appreciative girl, Natalie. Even if you have hit the big-time stardom in your New York picture Splendor in the Grass, you still sound like the slightly slinky and down-to-earth girl you were when you left town.
Bob Taylor's Stepdaughter Elopess

Another teen-ager making Hollywood headlines was Manuela Theiss, 17-year-old daughter of Ursula Theiss and stepdaughter of Robert Taylor. Without a word to her distraught parents, Manuela had eloped to Tijuana, Mexico, and married Lail Baum.

Ursula was too crushed to talk about it but Bob told me:

"We had thought this whole thing was over as far as Manuela was concerned. She had been seeing Baum for some time against our wishes but lately it seemed to be over." I asked Bob what business the bridegroom is in.

He laughed, "He seems to work among the potted plants in a nursery most of the time. He told me he had an Actor's Guild card—but I never knew of his having an acting job."

I had heard that Ursula and Bob planned to have the marriage annulled as Manuela under age.

"Definitely not!" he retorted. "Ursula agreed with me that Manuela took this step with her eyes open—and if there is a lesson to be learned—let her learn it.

"On the other hand, we have no intention of giving our permission for her to be remarried to Baum in the United States."

"She just telephoned us from Mexico—to annul her marriage—and we haven't heard anything since—not even where she is."

By this time, I sincerely hope the situation had improved for all concerned. Bob has been a wonderful father to Ursula's children by previous marriages as well as to their own two beautiful youngsters and I know he would like to act as wisely as though Manuela was his own.

Swank Young Set Event

The visit of the young Detroit heiresses, Anne and Charlotte Ford, charming daughters of the Henry Fords, inspired the party hosted by Merle Oberon and Bruno Pagliai at which Maria Cooper (Gary Cooper's young beauty) acted as assistant hostess.

All of Merle's parties are delightful. Even though her home is famed for its paintings and objets d'art and her silver and crystal service is exquisite, she makes a point of seeing that her affairs are not stuffy or formal.

Dancing was the order of the evening at which the young Ford girls met many of their Hollywood contemporaries—and the music put everyone in a toe-tapping mood from the start.

Hollywood's young "aristocrat," Susan Kohner came (surprisingly) with John Saxon but whispered to me not to make a "note" of it as George Hamilton, her extra-special fellow, was working.

Mark Damon spun by with Joan Benny. Jack Benny's daughter, and his date. The very handsome Gardner McKay staggered it—much to the delight of many of the belles.

Fabian had been invited—but couldn't attend, much to his regret, due to a persistent sore throat. "But I shall be represented by my fourteen-year-old brother," Fabian told me over the telephone before I left for Merle's.

I took particular notice of the fact that both of the Nelson boys, David and Ricky, devoted themselves to Anne Ford, one of the prettiest and most intelligent young girls I have ever met.

Tony Curtis, who kept insisting he was one of the few "veteran" actors invited, captivated the evening for laughs when, bearing the Good Humor wagon passing by, dashed out and bought 100 chocolate-covered ice cream bars for all the guests. The "older" set also included Janet Leigh, of course, the Gary Cooper fans Ernie Kovacs and Yves Montand.
“Arthur Miller to Divorce Marilyn Monroe Naming Yves Montand”

...this, Yves himself told me at Merle Oberon’s party, was the shocking headline printed in a Paris newspaper.

He was, and is, seething about this “libel” which he says has brought on intense embarrassment between four fine friends. “My wife Simone (Signoret), Arthur, Marilyn and I have been fast friends ever since I appeared in one of Arthur’s plays in Paris,” the fascinating but very distressed French charmer told me.

“Although Simone knew this to be the worst untruth, she is in Paris completing her new film, and the headline has been so humiliating to her. We have talked almost daily over the telephone. Marilyn is unhappy, but I am furious—it has been such a headache. Only Arthur is unperturbed because he is an unperturbable man when confronted by a lie.”

Yves believes the gossip that he and Marilyn were “infatuated,” to give it an understatement, began with the sexy photographs they posed for to exploit Let’s Make Love.

“It’s hitting below the belt to print things that have no semblance of truth,” said the hot-under-the-collar Montand—and I’ll admit I agree with him in this case. I usually stick up for my newspaper contreversies—but that headline was pretty strong stuff.

—Capucine

She’s no “cute” or “doll” or baby beatnik. On the contrary the five-feet seven-inch former model who hails from France is more in the tradition of a Garbo, a Dietrich, or the former great beauties of the screen. In this wave of obviously over-sexed and over-exposed glamour girls, she’s a welcome relief.

The one-name beauty moves through the delightful Song Without End, the classic music treat with Dirk Bogarde portraying Franz Liszt, like a series of animated exquisite posters. Then, surprisingly, she went from this lovely period piece into the lead opposite rugged John Wayne in North To Alaska with equal effectiveness.

Off screen, she maintains consciously or unconsciously a feeling of mystery and excitement of the same variety she projects before the cameras. Yet she has a quiet and appealing sense of humor.

Born Genevieve Lefebvre in Toulon, France, she changed her name to the single Capucine after she started to click big as a leading model in Paris. Asked why, she laughed. “I’m a name dropper!”

She lives so quietly since she was discovered by the Famous Players Agency and brought to Hollywood from New York, where she had transplanted her success as a model, that she’s practically never seen at the nightclubs or premiers. But already she is a character in movietown’s more social circles.

She is crazy about children and dogs in the order named. She brings her toy poodle, France, on the set of North To Alaska and formed an immediate and surprising friendship with Fabian (also in the movie) because “he loves my dog, too.”

To the public eye her ash-blonde hair is always immaculately groomed and her grey-blue eyes carefully made up. “But when I am alone and relaxing,” she admits with that surprising humor, “I am really a mess. Most models are—it’s such a relief from always being dressed up.”

Childbirth: Ultra-Modern Method

I’ve talked with new mothers soon after the birth of a baby. But I’ve never talked with one who had watched the whole thing in a mirror and who was on the telephone exactly one hour later as was a very excited and happy Terry Moore (Mrs. Stuart Cramer III).

“I’ve just gone through the most wonderful experience of my life,” said Terry from her room in Good Samaritan Hospital to which she had just been returned from being delivered of a 6-pound, 13-ounce boy who had chosen to arrive three weeks ahead of schedule.

“I watched the entire delivery in a mirror,” went on the excited redheaded movie star, “I had prepared myself by reading Childbirth Without Fear and taking all the exercises recommended. I feel just great and so happy. Everything they promised in the book is true!”

All I could do is just shake my head with wonderment over these new mothers. Just the night previous I had seen Terry and Stuart at Ginny Simms’ cocktail party. They had told me they were going on to the theater to see Vivien Leigh in Duel of Angels.

At 2:30 the following morning, Terry awakened her husband and at 9:30 young Mr. Cramer arrived.

“I just hope that any young wife who is afraid of childbirth hears about my experience and prepares herself for this miracle by being well and happy and interested during the birth of her baby,” said the astounding Terry.

Then someone grabbed the telephone and told me the new mother should really get some rest.

I should think so!
The Fun Party of the Month

Guess you could call it the Hollywood version of the old-fashioned hayride. I've never seen so many stars having such a gay carefree time as they did riding three luxury buses from Gracie Allen and George Burns' house in Beverly to the outdoor Greek Theater prior to George and Bobby Darin's opening.

Gracie and George and Mary and Jack Benny got the idea of transporting their large group of pals via bus—and believe me they did it up with all the trimmings. Each bus was equipped with a bar and some very healthy "snacks" plus those delicious box lunches ready and waiting.

Rock Hudson, beaming like a kid, and with Pat McCallum in tow (what goes here—more and more Rock seems to have settled on Pat as his favorite date?) sat in the front seats behind the driver. Rock ate not only his own cold fried chicken—but all of Pat's as well.

Ronnie Burns made no bones about being with his favorite date and called Carol Everne "my best girl" when he introduced us.

The Kirk Douglases were so happy that Anne's mother, Mrs. Pauline Michael, visiting from Paris, had the opportunity of enjoying such a different kind of American party.

Bobby Darin (left) thought it was pretty funny when Pat McCallum (center) told him how Rock ate all his fried chicken—and hers.

Their old friend Mary Livingston (right) contributed good ideas that made the Burns and Allen party the fun party of the month.

Pamela (Mrs. James) Mason is so proud of her grown-up-looking Portland.

Anne and Kirk Douglas had a gay time at George and Gracie's party.

Those dignified ladies of stage, screen and TV—Greer Garson and Rosalind Russell acted like teen-agers during the entire ride—and then reverted to glamorous movie queens when they got off the bus and were deluged by all the fans at the Greek Theater Dana Wynter and Greg Bautzer lamented that their eight-month-old son Mark wasn't "quite" old enough to be brought along—but they just happened to have some pictures of him!

Portland Mason, looking all of eighteen "chaperoned" her parents, Pamela and James Mason, and among others having a fine old time were Carol Channing and Barbara Rush. Big night—lots of fun.
I dreamed I was

WANTED

in my Maidenform bra

Name: Star Flower*  
Reward: Just wearing it!


Last seen: In stores everywhere. Looking ravishing.
A cautious Kim is being very careful before she leaps into marriage with Dick Quine.

What's the matter with Kim Novak that she is afraid to marry the man she admits she loves—Richard Quine? Don't you think she needs psychiatric counsel about her love life? asks Virginia F. Weidmann, Spokane. Not necessarily. Kim's just being very careful before she leaps, which is much better in my book than marrying and divorcing, divorcing and marrying.

Wish you would plug the career of John (Mr. Lucky) Vivyan as ordainly as you did for TV's David Janssen, hints Jon Beers, Ft. Worth. It's my opinion that the next great male star of the screen is waiting his break in the movies standing in the wings of TV. The F.S. on your letter reveals that you are a girl with the unusual name of Jon. I thought your enthusiasm sounded quite feminine, my Texas friend.

Sixteen-year-old Kathryn Carter, Milwaukee, writes: It's all right to say that tall girls are in vogue and that Capucine and Suzy Parker among other newcomers like Julie Newmar are the new 'glamazons' of the movies—but take it from me, it's tough to be a girl towering 5-feet, 11-inches, over most of your dates! There was much more to your semi-comic, semi-sad letter, Kathryn—but don't go into a spin because of your height. Stand up straight and look the world in the eye—you may eventually find yourself looking straight into the eyes of a six-foot male who will be proud of you. . .

Just one question, postcards Willie Mae Van Ness, Detroit: What has happened to Millie Perkins? She's still very much around—still under contract to 20th Century-Fox and as this is written, about to go into a new picture. Don't ask me why she and Dean Stockwell persist in living and acting like they are on the lam from the FBI.

Dodie Weaver (no relation to the celebrity) who hails from Albany, has been making her own private poll of the stars who are "polite" enough to answer "nice" fan letters: Tuesday Weld is the best. She actually answers questions I have asked her and seems interested in my problems. (This isn't the first fan praise I have heard about Tuesday.) The absolute worst is Susan Hayward who has not only ignored my letters for two years—but those of five other fans I know. Don't forget that when Susan isn't actually working in Hollywood she's now a happy housewife living in Georgia and may miss much of her mail.

You'll never make me believe that Elvis Presley fell for Juliet Prowse, snaps "Tiny" of Tallahassee. It was just a press agent's dream for their picture. If you read what I wrote in this department last month you'll know that I more or less agree with you Tiny. . .

Nice to hear from a mature fan such Oliver Williams (sas he is fifty-two, a movie fan and proud of it) who writes: Just saw a wonderful and beautiful Song Without End and was transported into another world of music, sight and sound. There is nothing wrong with the movies that motion pictures such as this will not cure. I agree with everything you say, Mr. W.—and thank you for writing such an intelligent letter about a really fine picture it was almost like a professional review.

Am I the only one who thinks that Fabian career might take a more dignified turn if he used his full two names—Fabian Forte? He there ever been a big star with just one name asks Ginny Greer, Tampa. Well, —Cantil flas comes quickly to mind. And both Gret Garbo and Rudolph Valentino became world famous by just their last names. Besides who wants Fabian overly "dignified?"

Thats' all for now. See you next month.
A touch of smoke
a hint of fire...

Vintage hues by **Cutex**

From Mediterranean hillsides, the warm, mellow tones of ripening grapes... the flash and fire of a fair Italian contessa. Cutex captures both the colors and the mood in its thrilling new "Vintage Hues" for your lips and nails. Wear Cutex "Tawny Port" for a smoldering bronzy look. Wear "Ruby Grape" when you need a red that's rich and luscious. It's a vintage year for color... and Cutex brings you the choicest reds of all!

**Tawny Port** and **Ruby Grape**...
This question whirls and burns in Debbie's troubled mind. Should I? Should I marry Eddie, a visit which he thought might very well be his last as the "only father" to Todd and Carrie. Eddie had a serious talk with Debbie for on November 6th Harry Karl's divorce becomes final, he will be free to marry (Continued on page 75).
Everyone knew the papers were referring to Yves Montand and Marilyn Monroe. Every day there were new digs, new insinuations. But today Marilyn could take it no longer. She sat in the living room of Bungalow 7 of the Beverly Hills Hotel, clutching the newspaper, the nails of her right hand still clawing into the column item she’d just read: *What blonde box-office queen, whose husband is away, is acting very cozy with what leading man, whose wife is away?* “Again,” she thought. “Why don’t they leave us alone?” After a while, she flung the paper to the floor. She got up and she walked to the phone. “Mr. Montand,” she said into the receiver, her voice tight, tense. “Yves Montand. (Continued on next page)
THE MAN WHO ALMOST DESTROYED MARILYN MONROE'S MARRIAGE
Reunited in Paris after the hubbub about Marilyn, Yves Montand and wife Simone Signoret sat tensely in airport cafe, walked thoughtfully by the Seine as Yves explained over and over, "I love only you." In their own home at last, Simone believed her man, flew into his arms. Later to the world she said simply: "I had faith in my husband. I waited. He returned."

He is staying in Bungalow Nine." She waited impatiently while the operator tried to connect the call. "Sorry, Mrs. Miller," she heard the operator say after a few moments. "Mr. Montand does not seem to be in." "But he must be,"

(Continued on page 60)
A terrible accusation has been leveled against Tab Hunter. The editors of Modern Screen are proud that Tab has chosen our pages in which to answer his accusers.

**MY DOG!**

by Tab Hunter

- "I didn't beat my dog. I've never beaten *any* dog or horse or animal in my entire life.
  "As God is my witness, this is so.
  "For the past two months—ever since the manager of the building across the way from me called the police and accused me of cruel and inhuman treatment of my two-year-old Weimaraner, Fritz, I've been broken-hearted.
  "I didn't have to defend myself or deny these charges to my friends or to the people who knew me.
  "They know my love for animals. And they have been just as upset as I have because they know there is no truth to these accusations.  

*(Continued on page 78)*
Love sometimes carries an impossibly high price. Sometimes it's stolen and cherished in the darkness. Other times it's paid for with fortunes or with debts.

Two years ago Deborah Kerr celebrated her twelfth anniversary as Mrs. Anthony Bartley. Had she pictured herself as an unhappy wife? Never. When a friend once asked her about herself and her life, Deborah replied, "I've been lucky. I have what every woman needs. My children, a devoted husband and my work."

She spoke the truth, as she knew it then. Her life as Mrs. Anthony Bartley was quiet, sedate, contented. Her home in Hollywood with its spacious gardens and sweeping view of the Pacific Ocean, rang with the cheerful sound of her daughters' voices. "I live for Melanie's and Francesca's happiness," she told friends again and again.

No one suspected a marital unrest, least of all Deborah herself.

Although, there was one clue.

On the door of her studio dressing room, she had installed a "mood barometer." The barometer, designed in the graceful curves of the Baroque era, had a dial which was adjustable to Deborah's changing (Continued on page 73)
A SOLDIER'S LOVE STORY
For days now Tommy Sands had been in a fog. The non-coms would issue orders and sometimes he'd have to ask a buddy to tell him what they had said. Words, moments, impressions all blended together because his mind throbbed with one hundred thoughts about Nancy.

For two weeks they hadn't spoken on the telephone, and it was as if his whole world was on the verge of collapse. He was on maneuvers on a lonely dusty (Continued on page 80)
I've got this feeling

I'm gonna die young

I've

"Bobby Darin, listen to me, and don't forget what I'm saying. Com
...so what I've
gotta do gotta do fast

Doctor raised his eyebrows and peered down at the young man, stretched out on the bed. The young man's face was very pale, but he managed a cocky half-smile.

"Okay, Doc, okay. Anything you say, Doc. Anything you (Cont. on page 81)
I was left out... a mess! Evenings were spent with TV. But I met a Fairy Godmother. Now I get stares, whistles and dates! I feel like Cinderella—I am Cinderella! (*it could happen to you*)
"Fairy Godmother," said I, "it would take real magic to make me a princess." Said she, "that's just what I'm using."
“Your hair needs a vigorous brushing and a good shampoo to give it life...a new red-tint rinse to add highlights.”

“Try the blue-green eye shadow...a deeper tone liner and mascara. Then groom the brows with a tiny brush and use a curler to turn long straight lashes upward.”

“Try a new medicated formula in the creams, lotions and foundations to improve your oily skin and those blemishes.”

“Carefully shape your lips staying within their natural outline. Then add the magic of the new high-bright red-red lipsticks.”

“And for that square jaw-line, use white make-up stick...blend two or three inches down from the ears toward the chin before final powdering.”

The Cinderella styling takes shape.

If anyone had ever told me that I could be beautiful—and no one ever did—I’d have said they were crazy. But the girl you saw on page 34 is me, the mousy me you see opposite as I used to be. Honestly, I never dreamed that anything so unbelievable could have happened to me, and I can only try to tell you how it feels to be a Cinderella who found a fairy godmother.

I’m 19, and sort of a mother’s helper for the Myers family to earn my way through college. They’re lovely people, sophisticated in that New York way of editors, artists, writers and the other exciting people who make up their wonderful world, which I love to watch, but a world I never dared aspire to. I was so terribly shy and self-conscious that I just (Continued on next page)
But I doubt no more. Any girl can be beautiful. Goodbye.

I loved the lilac tones of this wool jersey dress with its own jacket. Jr. sizes 5-15. The costume, $19.98.

A perfect "little" dress, also wool jersey in lichen green. Note those deep sleeves! Jr. Sizes 5-15, $12.98.
Lucky me! Paul asked for another date—this one at the St. Moritz. I couldn’t bear to talk to any of their friends when they’d come to the house. As a matter of fact I couldn’t talk casually even with the girls on campus, let alone the men! But I was at home with the Myers children, and when I was with them I was happy . . . very happy. I would tell them the saddest stories about the saddest girl who was all alone in the world: she had no friends, no one to love her; she was ugly and pitiful; she had no pretty clothes, no beautiful jewels; she worked hard, studied and sometimes had time to read books, exciting ones about people she would never know. How the children loved those stories, and, of course, I was the heroine of every one!

One afternoon some guests arrived and, as usual, I quickly rushed to the garden with the children so that I wouldn’t have to say even “Hello” to any of them. Suddenly, as I was telling one of my tales, I was aware of someone sitting near me. I looked up and there was a (Continued on page 72)
What were the real medicines that turned tragedy to triumph for
To visit the beautiful resort of Buergenstock on its high mountain in Switzerland, you would never think of it as a setting for heartbreak or despair. Gaze at the miles and miles of fluttering scarlet and purple wild flowers, breathe the pure, invigorating air, bask in the smiling friendship of its kind villagers, and you are convinced this is a paradise, a heaven (Continued on page 68).

Audrey Hepburn, the girl who feared she was too fragile to have a baby.
—My name is Brenda Lee and I want to tell you about the most thrilling thing that ever happened to me in my whole life. It wasn’t when my recordings Sweet Nuthin’s and I’m Sorry made the Hot 100 lists in Billboard and Cashbox magazines, although this was probably the second greatest, for a fifteen-year-old girl.

The greatest thrill I’ve ever had came when I was saved. Saved from sin and the curse of the devil. Saved because I finally mustered up enough courage to march down the aisle of our First Baptist Church back home. Saved because I became a Child of God after all the terrible things I’d done.

Before I was saved there seemed to be a devil in my soul. I knew what I was doing was sinning, but I couldn’t help it and I almost didn’t care. My biggest sin was against my pop.

He was a handsome man with coal black hair, deep-set burning eyes and a ruddy complexion.

His name was Rube, and he (Continued on page 79)
The French people spare no one when it comes to caustic comment, not even Ingrid Bergman who, since her marriage last year to producer Lars Schmidt, resides in a rambling stone villa in the country town of Choisel, outside of Paris. "Who does she think she is?" one of France's top screen actresses blurted the afternoon Ingrid appeared at a theatrical cocktail party held by her friends in Paris to celebrate Ingrid's Emmy Award for her remarkable performance in the TV production of *The Turn of the Screw*. "It's after six," the French actress continued, "a time when everyone who's anyone gets dressed to the hilt. Only our honored guest bounces in looking for all the (Continued on next page)"
A SPECIAL CONDENSATION
of the Exciting, Controversial New Biography of INGRID BERGMAN
world like a parlor maid. Not a touch of make-up. Her hair's pulled back and tied in a spinster's knot, and there's a milk-fed expression on her face. She comes in wearing that hideous duffel coat that's designed for a child, and look at all the men. They're gasping. They think she's the living end."

What the French actress said was true. Ingrid bowled the men over. Every man in the smoky cocktail salon preened when Ingrid entered the room. She smiled, chatted with them. Finally, one of the flashily-dressed women, a diplomat's wife, walked up to her.

"Miss Bergman," she said, "your coat? May we help you with it?"

Ingrid, for a moment, looked perplexed. "Oh," she said. "I'd forgotten."

The diplomat's wife clapped her hands, her long manicured fingers glittering with jewels, and summoned a servant who took Ingrid's brown suede, sheepskin-lined duffel coat to the cloakroom.

The popular French actress picked up the thread of her sassy conversation with her ladyfriend. "Now where on earth do you suppose she picked up that stupid coat?"

"What does it matter?"
I Was One of Rock Hudson's on-Location Girls

Rock and Erika met one Sunday recently in Acapulco. Erika, there for the weekend, relaxing, had just completed touring Mexico with a Spanish-speaking road-show company of The Redhead. The twenty-three-year-old Erika spoke perfect Spanish, even though she was an American citizen. She'd lived in Mexico for thirteen years, alone now, after her Danish father (from whom she'd gotten her slight European accent) and American mother went back to the States. Rock was relaxing, too; he'd just finished all location work on his latest picture and would leave, that evening, for Mexico City and two additional weeks of interior shooting. News of his being in Acapulco was plastered all over the papers that Sunday (Continued on page 69)
WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE THAT
IN RECOGNITION OF MODERN SCREEN'S INFLUENCE
AS THE WORLD'S LEADING FILM PUBLICATION
AND IN RESPONSE TO THE INTELLIGENT CONCERN OF
ITS READERS ON THE SUBJECT OF NEW "ADULT" MOVIES
THE MOTION PICTURE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA
REPRESENTING THE NINE MAJOR U.S. STUDIOS
HAS SELECTED THIS MAGAZINE IN WHICH TO PRESENT
FOR THE FIRST TIME TO THE PUBLIC AT LARGE
THE CASE AGAINST CENSORSHIP
PLUS A PRINTING IN FULL OF THE INDUSTRY'S PRIVATE
CODE ON SIN AND SEX
The August issue of Modern Screen carried an article entitled For Adults Only. It brought forth a flood of mail from readers, many of whom agreed with the theme of the article—that movies today present too much adult entertainment, and that perhaps some form of "adult" classification should be adopted by the motion picture industry to advise movie patrons concerning films treating mature subjects.

We appreciate this opportunity to present our viewpoint on these subjects and to reply to some of your very thoughtful letters you wrote in response to this article. The editors of Modern Screen were good enough to share them with us.

The article discussed ten films which the editors implied were too adult for those of tender years. The films mentioned were: Who Was That Lady?, Blue Denim, Because They're Young, A Summer Place, Home from the Hill, Pillow Talk, Happy Anniversary, The Best of Everything, Suddenly Last Summer and The Fugitive Kind.

Though the majority of letters received agreed with the publication's views, more than a few readers contributed some interesting personal comments. In connection with the film, Who Was That Lady?, one young film fan said: "What was so terribly 'sordid' about that film? In the movie Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh played the parts of a young married couple—just as they are in real life. Everyone who saw the film realized this. And if I can be frank for a moment," she added, "what is wrong about a married couple being shown together in a bed?" (Incidentally the bed scenes shown in the two photographs in the article did not appear in the picture as released.)

Blue Denim also was listed in the article as a shocking film—especially for teen-agers. A fifteen-year-old girl from Portland, Maine, wrote: "The advertisements gave a good idea of what the movie was about. The action, dialogue and story-line were all handled carefully and with good taste. I personally feel that all teen-agers should have seen this movie."

Another young writer from Illinois told the editor: "I thoroughly disagree with your opinion that these movies are ruining teen-agers. Everyone of the movies mentioned, and I have seen most of them, pointed out to teen-agers the problems that result from being over-emotional about their feelings and desires. All of the movies mentioned taught a lesson to teens. I feel they are presented in such a fashion as to teach a moral." This young lady sounds like a thoughtful and mature person for nineteen years of age.

If the plea from those who wrote to the editor asking for more wholesome family entertainment is an honest and sincere one, the question arises as to why the public, supposedly hungry for such films, does not give better support to these subjects at the local theaters. Many a fine picture suitable for the entire family has failed to succeed at the box-office. Frequently these have been expensive color films that have been widely advertised and yet never earned their production cost, not to mention any profit for the producing company. So despite the fact that many of the letters received by the editors appeal for more fine family films, moviegoers seem to flock to pictures based on powerful, dramatic subjects portraying true-to-life stories. One cannot expect any film company to continue to produce family films, if these pictures do not gain support at the box-office.

The year 1960 has seen more family-type pictures released than have been noted for some time. How many have you seen? Over the Christmas holidays you had: Journey to the Center of the Earth, The Last Angry Man, 1001 Arabian Nights (the feature-length Mr. Magoo cartoon) and Disney's dramatic Alpine story, Third Man on the Mountain. The Easter season saw Dog of Flanders, Scent of Mystery, The Snow Queen, When Comedy Was King and Please Don't Eat the Daisies. This past summer there were a host of fine family films to choose from, including: The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, Hound Dog Man, Kidnapped, Toby Tyler and Pollyanna. And certainly no one could object (Continued on next page)
The Case Against Censorship, continued

on moral grounds to *Ben-Hur*, *The Story of Ruth*, *Hercules Unchained*, *Sergeant Rutledge*, *A Visit to a Small Planet*, *Conspiracy of Hearts*, or *Bells Are Ringing*.

Yes, there have been many fine, wholesome films that offer many wonderful hours of family fun.

(Family films for 1960 are listed on the next page.)

It seems unfair that any writer should condemn the entire output of the movie industry by using a handful of films as examples. Many of the titles mentioned as examples of "adult" films were spectacularly successful at the box-office. Obviously the majority of movie fans enjoy seeing films with mature themes.

There have been great sociological changes in our society since the end of World War II. The theater, books and magazines, and even our daily newspapers treat subjects that twenty years ago were considered hush-hush and taboo. The motion picture has been well behind other mass media in their approach to mature themes.

When skillfully treated, almost any subject can be presented without offense. Provocative books like *From Here to Eternity*, *Peyton Place* and *Suddenly Last Summer* have been brought to the screen under the Production Code as effective dramatic films. They have been well received by theater patrons. The industry, in presenting this material on the screen with consideration and in good taste, is meeting a definite demand for well-handled adult themes.

The article also broached the subject of classifying films—in other words labeling certain films as adult entertainment. Again, a majority of you, in response to *Modern Screen*’s article, favored some sort of classification. However, a number of young people felt this wouldn’t work at all—that any such classification of films would merely incite the curious teen-ager to attend those films labeled *Adult*.

Classification is used in a number of foreign countries, but not always with complete success. In England the "X" or "Adults Only" rating has resulted in the production of a number of very daring films. As long as a film was going to be classified "For Adults Only" some producers decided to go all out with little or no restraint.

Classification of films by any government body is another form of censorship and is not the American way of solving anything. We in the United States have always fought to maintain our freedom of expression and freedom of choice. We like to examine the facts and make up our own minds.

As far as young children are concerned, it is not only the right, but it is the responsibility of parents to make their own decisions in selecting motion picture entertainment for their children.

There are many sources of information about film content and audience suitability available. Newspapers usually review films and describe their content. Many magazines carry a listing of current films and some rate the films for various age groups. The Film Estimate Board of National Organizations (FEBNO), made up of representatives of eleven national women’s organizations, publish a monthly *Green Sheet* which reviews and rates films for adults, adults-and-mature-young-people, family-and-children-under-twelve-years. The *Green Sheet* may be found on library and church bulletin boards. The Legion of Decency of the Catholic Church releases regular ratings of films for the members of their faith. Certainly any parent who is interested can find information about films. You can always consult the theater manager before sending your children.

The motion picture industry—through the Motion Picture Association of America—operates a voluntary code of self-regulation called the Production Code. Every film carrying the Production Code Seal has been carefully reviewed from the first script—right down to the final release print. The Code is based on sound morals common to all peoples and all religions. The Code Seal has never been given to an immoral film.

[Editor’s Note: You will find the code reprinted in full on page 54. We suggest you decide for yourself whether Hollywood has lived up to it.]

As Production Code Administrator, Geoffrey M. Shurlock, said recently before a Congressional Committee in Washington, "In the long run it is not the subject matter but the treatment that counts. And it is with treatment that the Code operation is fundamentally concerned. Hollywood film producers have proved themselves skillful and trustworthy enough to take outstanding, if sometimes sensational material and, applying the Code machinery, develop inherent drama and engrossing character delineations, to come up with entertainment that is mature, morally acceptable and of world-wide appeal."

We have appreciated the interest so many of you have shown by writing your feelings about *Modern Screen*’s article on "adult movies."
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>A Dog of Flanders</th>
<th>The Bellboy</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bobbikins</td>
<td>The Last Angry Man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Journey to the Center of the Earth</td>
<td>1001 Arabian Nights</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Masters of the Congo Jungle</td>
<td>Third Man on the Mountain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swan Lake</td>
<td>Kidnapped</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Killers of Kilimanjaro</td>
<td>Snow Queen</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Please Don't Eat the Daisies</td>
<td>Ben-Hur</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Scents of Mystery</td>
<td>The Story of Ruth</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toby Tyler</td>
<td>Hercules Unchained</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Comedy Was King</td>
<td>Sergeant Rutledge</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</td>
<td>A Visit to a Small Planet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Boy and the Pirates</td>
<td>Conspiracy of Hearts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Circus Stars</td>
<td>Bells Are Ringing</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pollyanna</td>
<td>Swiss Family Robinson</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raymie</td>
<td>Sunrise at Campobello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Dog Buddie</td>
<td>Spartacus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stop, Look and Laugh</td>
<td>Cimarron</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Twelve to the Moon</td>
<td>The Alamo</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chartroose Caboose</td>
<td>I Aim at the Stars</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dinosaurs</td>
<td>Song Without End</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jungle Cat</td>
<td>101 Dalmatians</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>For the Love of Mike</td>
<td>Three Worlds of Gulliver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lost World</td>
<td>Cinderfella</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sign of Zorro</td>
<td>The Time Machine</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
GENERAL PRINCIPLES:

1. No picture shall be produced which will lower the moral standards of those who see it. Hence the sympathy of the audience shall never be thrown to the side of crime, wrong-doing, evil or sin.
2. Correct standards of life, subject only to the requirements of drama and entertainment, shall be presented.
3. Law—divine, natural or human—shall not be ridiculed, nor shall sympathy be created for its violation.

PARTICULAR APPLICATIONS:

I. CRIME:

1. Crime shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crime as against law and justice, or to inspire others with a desire for imitation.
2. Methods of crime shall not be explicitly presented or detailed in a manner calculated to glorify crime or inspire imitation.
3. Action showing the taking of human life is to be held to the minimum. Its frequent presentation tends to lessen regard for the sacredness of life.
4. Suicide, as a solution of problems occurring in the development of screen drama, is to be discouraged unless absolutely necessary for the development of the plot, and shall never be justified, or glorified, or used specifically to defeat the ends of justice.
5. Excessive flaunting of weapons by criminals shall not be permitted.
6. There shall be no scenes of law-enforcing officers dying at the hands of criminals, unless such scenes are absolutely necessary to the plot.
7. Pictures dealing with criminal activities in which minors participate, or to which minors are related, shall not be approved if they tend to incite de-moralizing imitation on the part of the youth.

II. MURDER:

(a) The technique of murder must not be presented in a way that will inspire imitation.
(b) Brutal killings are not to be presented in detail.
(c) Revenge in modern times shall not be justified.
(d) Mercy killings shall never be made to seem right or permissible.

III. DRUG ADDICTION OR ILICT SEX:

(a) Tends in any manner to encourage, stimulate or justify the use of such drugs; or
(b) Stresses, visually or by dialogue, their temporarily attractive effects; or
(c) Suggests that the drug habit may be quickly or easily broken; or
(d) Shows details of drug procurement or of the taking of drugs in any manner; or
(e) Emphasizes the profits of the drug traffic; or
(f) Involves children who are shown knowingly to use or traffic in drugs.

IV. VULGARITY:

(a) These should not be introduced except where they are definitely essential to the plot.
(b) Lustful and open-mouth kissing, lustful embraces, suggestive posture and gestures are not to be shown.
(c) In general, passion should be treated in such a manner as not to stimulate the baser emotions.

V. SEDUCTION OR RAPE:

(a) These should never be more than suggested, and then only when essential to the plot. They should never be shown explicitly.
(b) They are never acceptable subject matter for comedy.
(c) They should never be made to seem right and permissible.

IV. PROSTITUTION AND WHITE SLAVERY:

1. The subject of abortion shall be discouraged, shall never be more than suggested, and when referred to shall be condemned. It must never be treated lightly or made the subject of comedy. Abortion shall never be shown explicitly or by inference, and a story must not indicate that an abortion has been performed. The word "abortion" shall not be used.
2. The methods and techniques of prostitution and white slavery shall never be presented in detail, nor shall the subjects be presented unless shown in contrast to right standards of behavior. Brothels in any clear identification as such may not be shown.
3. Sex perversion or any inference of it is forbidden.
4. Sex hygiene and venereal diseases are not acceptable subject matter for the aerial motion pictures.
5. Children's sex organs are never to be exposed. This provision shall not apply to infants.

V. OBSCENITY:

1. Dances suggesting or representing sexual actions or emphasizing indecent movements are to be regarded as obscene.
2. Obscenity in words, gesture, reference, song, joke or by suggestion, even when likely to be understood by only part of the audience, is forbidden.

VI. BLASPHEMY AND PROFANITY:

1. Blasphemy is forbidden. Reference to the Deity, God, Lord, Jesus, Christ, shall not be irreverent.
2. Profanity is forbidden. The words "hell" and "damn," while sometimes dramatically valid, will if used without moderation be considered offensive by many members of the audience. Their
VII. COSTUMES:
1. Complete nudity, in fact or in silhouette, is never permitted, nor shall there be any licentious notice by characters in the film of suggested nudity.
2. Indecent or undue exposure is forbidden.
   (a) The foregoing shall not be interpreted to exclude actual scenes photographed in a foreign land of the natives of that land, showing native life, provided:
      (1) Such scenes are included in a documentary film or travelogue depicting exclusively such land, its customs and civilization; and
      (2) Such scenes are not in themselves intrinsically objectionable.
VIII. RELIGION:
1. No film or episode shall throw ridicule on any religious faith.
2. Ministers of religion, or persons posing as such, shall not be portrayed as comic characters or as villains so as to cast disrespect on religion.
3. Ceremonies of any definite religion shall be carefully and respectfully handled.
IX. SPECIAL SUBJECTS:
The following subjects must be treated with discretion and restraint and within the careful limits of good taste:
1. Bedroom scenes.
2. Hangings and electrocutions.
3. Liquor and drinking.
4. Surgical operations and childbirth.
5. Third degree methods.
X. NATIONAL FEELINGS:
1. The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful.
2. The history, institutions, prominent people and citizenry of all nations shall be represented fairly.
3. No picture shall be produced that tends to incite bigotry or hatred among peoples of differing races, religions or national origins. The use of such offensive words as Chink, Dago, Frog, Greaser, Hunkie, Kike, Nigger, Spig, Wop, Yid, should be avoided.
XI. TITLES:
The following titles shall not be used:
1. Titles which are salacious, indecent, obscene, profane or vulgar.
2. Titles which violate any other clause of this Code.
XII. CRUELTY TO ANIMALS:
In the production of motion pictures involving animals the producer shall consult with the authorized representative of the American Humane Association, and invite him to be present during the staging of such animal action. There shall be no use of any contrivance or apparatus for tripping or otherwise treating animals in any unacceptably harsh manner.
ELVIS and charity

In our August issue we ran a story entitled, "Have I Failed as a True Christian?" We chose this story because we wanted to show how stars can be misunderstood, how one misstep can, sometimes, forever erase a man's good reputation. As an example, we reprinted a letter from a reader about an encounter she had with Elvis Presley, in which he turned down her request that he appear at the Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis. The mail response to this story was enormous. Most of the letters defended Elvis vigorously and completely, and we were very glad to know that the loyalty of Elvis' devoted fans and friends was too deep to be affected by one not-too-pleasant incident. To bring the story to a real conclusion, we want to share with you the following letter, which so perfectly describes our own feelings about Elvis Presley.

Crippled Children's Hospital School
300 LAMAR AVENUE
MEMPHIS 14, TENNESSEE

July 27, 1960

Mr. David Myers, Editor Modern Screen
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mr. Myers:

An article, "Have I Failed as a True Christian?" referring to Elvis Presley in your August issue of Modern Screen, has come to our attention.

The ladies Board of Managers of Crippled Children's Hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, and the people of Memphis feel most strongly that Elvis Presley has been more than generous with his time and has graciously supported all charity work in Memphis. He has made numerous contributions to this Hospital and has been most cooperative whenever he has been called upon.

All the entertainers who come to Memphis have been exceptionally wonderful about visiting our Hospital and we are most grateful for their giving of their talents to entertain and provide happiness for our children. We would like to request that you publish this letter so that friends and fans of Elvis would know that his generosity is sincerely appreciated.

Very truly yours,

Crippled Children's Hospital School

Mr. W. L. Taylor
Member of Board of Managers

cc: Mr. Elvis Presley

Memphis, Tenn.
Atten-SHUN!

Here is Elvis Presley's newest album. It's the original cast soundtrack of "G. I. Blues," his new Paramount Picture, now available from your RCA Victor record dealer. Get it today.

Paramount Presents
ELVIS PRESLEY
IN
G. I. BLUES
A HAL WALLIS PRODUCTION
Co-starring
JULIET PROWSE
Directed By
Norman Taurog

Tonight Is So Right for Love
What's She Really Like
Frankfort Special
Wooden Heart

G. I. Blues
Pocketful of Rainbows
Shoppin' Around
Big Boots
Didja' Ever
Blue Suede Shoes
Doin' the Best I Can
My First Pickup

by Frankie Avalon
(as told to George Christy)

I dropped a dime in the wall juke-box, and I sat back in the empty booth and listened to Little Anthony and the Imperials take off with *Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop*. I was lonely. Sure, it was exciting making a movie in Texas with John Wayne, but I hardly knew anyone in the town. Every day (Continued on page 59)
I was up at the crack of dawn to go in front of the cameras, and when evening came I was beat. I'd have dinner at the Fort Clark Ranch where we were staying in Brackettville (somehow it reminded me of Schofield Barracks in the flicker of From Here to Eternity). Then I'd play a little ping pong with Sonny Troz, my guitarist who was "standing in" for me, finally go to my room and play my trumpet or listen to records before I fell asleep.

But this was Saturday, our last day off, and I had driven to San Antonio with Sonny. He wanted to buy some ranch clothes at a fancy men's store, and I just wanted to take it easy so I ducked into a soda shop for a pineapple milkshake. I wore the white ten-gallon hat John Wayne gave me because it shadowed my face and this way people wouldn't recognize me.

SITTING THERE in the soda shop booth though, I was wondering about the girls back home, what they were doing, and I was wishing I had a date.

Suddenly, in the booth in front of me, I saw a girl's head pop up quickly, look at me, then drop down like a jack-in-the-box. I put another dime in the juke box and I heard her voice say, "Hey, play that song again. I like it!"

I punched the number for Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop, and I got up and walked over to the booth where the girl's voice came from.

She looked me in the eye for a second; then she looked away. "You...you're Frankie Avalon," she said, her voice shivery with excitement. "I'm...I'm a big fan of yours," she told me and I found myself looking at her pretty wavy auburn hair and her soft brown eyes. She wore eyeglasses but, to tell the truth, I didn't really notice them. There was something about her face that I liked. It glowed.

"Mind if I sit down?" I asked.

She nodded her head.

"Gee, Frankie," she said, looking at me, "I'd...I'd really love your autograph because nobody will believe I saw you. I wanted to scream when I recognized you. I don't know how I controlled myself."

I reached for a paper napkin from the metal container. "If you have a pen I'll sign the napkin for you."

"Darn," she said. "I don't."

"Well," says I, "I'll ask the soda jerk."

"Oh no, don't. He'll notice who you are and then there'll be a riot! I could tell you wanted to play it cool because of the way you were wearing your big hat."

I liked her, not only the way her pink cheeks glowed but the way she talked.

"That's a wild sweater," I said, looking at the striped white sweater that brought out the pink in her cheeks.

"It's my Frankie Avalon sweater," she said. "I bought it because it reminds me of the sweaters you wear!"

I didn't know what to say. She seemed to say such nice things—and to mean them. I was bowled over.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Vir..." she started to say. But she caught herself and said, "Why? You'll never remember it. You meet so many girls every day in the year."

"But I want to know!" I insisted.

"Why don't you call me KoKo?" she said. "From the song—Shimmy Shimmy Ko Ko Bop!"

"Okay," says I. "It's KoKo then, if that's what you want."

I ASKED HER if she'd show me around. I wanted to see a little of San Antonio. Her eyes lit up. Then, in an instant change of mood, she seemed downhearted; "I can't. I'm supposed to meet someone."

"Oh."

"He's a good friend, a classmate."

"What year are you in school?"

Obviously, the lady doesn't know

Perma-lift Magic Oval Panties

Pantie #3832—Controlling long-leg Magic Oval Pantie with lovely lacy front panel—$8.50.


"Perma-lift" is a product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles—Toronto
“Senior!” she said proudly. “But we’ve got too much homework. It’s killing me.”

“Are you meeting your friend here?”

“Yeah,” she said. "We know he’s better go!"

“Don’t forget,” she reminded me. “The autograph!”

“But I don’t have a pen or a pencil and you can’t want me to ask the soda jerk.”

She paused, then announced, “I’ll go up and borrow one.”

She returned with a ballpoint and I signed the napkin. To KoKo, the first rose I met in San Antonio. Best o’ luck—Frankie Avalon.

“Thanks,” she said. “I’ll treasure this.”

She looked at the white napkin reverently. I was touched because I could tell the autograph meant a lot to her.

“What... what are you doing later, KoKo?” I ventured.

“I don’t know,” she answered. “I’m waiting for my friend. I don’t know what he wants to do. I’ll stay here, then I asked the $64,000 question. “Is he your steady?”

She smiled.

Her eyes sparkled.

But she didn’t answer me.

“Well, I’m going to leave now. Nice meeting you.”

She looked into my eyes and there was a sweet wistful expression on her face that melted me.

I wanted to reach out and touch her wavy brown hair but I knew I shouldn’t and I looked back.

“So long, pardner,” I muttered.

“So long, Frankie,” she said, and the way she said Frankie it was as if she was singing lyrics to a song. It was beautiful.

I LOOKED AROUND the busy street, wondering what to do, where to go. The Tenderloin, and the San Antonio skyline was bright. But I was blue because I was alone again. KoKo was cute, and I wished she didn’t have any plans.

But it just wasn’t my luck.

I began walking down the street, glancing into the gleaming shopwindows, and I heard someone rushing behind me.

I turned.

It was KoKo.

“Hi,” she said softly, the ribbed wool sweater looking even prettier in the sun light. “I was thinking about what you said. I’m calling your friend now, but I thought... if you were free later... well, I’d meet you.”

“But won’t your boyfriend be upset?”

“Let me worry about that.”

“I was going to walk around town, that’s all.”

“Why don’t we meet in an hour back at the snack shack?” she suggested.

“Only if you don’t get into any trouble with your guy,” I emphasized.

“Don’t worry.”

“Tell the truth. Tell him you met someony that’s better and that he’s asked you to show him the town.”

She smiled, then nodded. “See you soon, huh?” she cooed and her brown eyes seemed to be smiling, too.

WE MET and she told me her boyfriend was having trouble with his car and that he had to take it to the garage for a check-up. “Anyway,” she explained, “he’s not my 100% steady. We sort of go together but I wish everybody didn’t take the word ‘steady’ so seriously. We like each other a lot, but we’re not going to stop seeing other people. It’s not fair when you’re young. Don’t you agree?”

I wish I did.

We took a bus and she began to point out the sights of the city to me: department stores, hotels, the city jail. She told me a couple of jokes, some daffynitions I got a kick out of. A tennis racket was a bunch of holes strung together and a dime was a buck after taxes.

When we got there. KoKo was home for supper?” I asked her as we got off the bus.

“T’m... I’m going to call and tell Mom I’m going to be late.”

“Do you and Sonny and can have something to eat with Sonny and me?”

She looked directly into my eyes, and I shivered all over. “Maybe,” she said.

She walked to her house. But I remained in the corner drug store and said her mom would let her stay out. We picked up Sonny at the men’s store, and KoKo and he got on bike.

We ate in a noisy cafeteria: hamburger steak and chocolate cake and milk.

Then we went for a spin in the company car, Sonny and I had, a blue and white ’59 Chevy, and we sang Be My Guest and Just Ask Your Heart and Mack the Knife. KoKo sat between us in the front seat, and, boy, did it feel great to be with a girl number, but I couldn’t.

I was wondering,” KoKo began, her voice soft and inquiring, “if I called Joey—he’s the friend I was telling you about we all met in school. Wouldn’t that be fun? Joey plays the piano and a friend of his plays the drums, and you play trumpet, Frankie, and Sonny plays guitar. We could have a jam session. Be great, wouldn’t it? We’d all just love it, Frankie.”

I didn’t want to disappoint her, but I had to say it. “We don’t have our instruments here.”

KoKo her bright brown eyes flashing, pooh-poohed my comment. “We could borrow some, couldn’t we?”

We spent the next hour searching for a musical store, and finally we found one. The old, hunched, white-haired proprietor was Italian, and I exchanged a couple of words with him in Italian and he flipped.

WE RENTED a guitar and trumpet. KoKo promised she’d return them both on Monday. When we left, KoKo said, “He’s a nice man, but you know, Frankie, he didn’t recognize who you are!”

“What’s wrong with that?” I asked.

“I just thought maybe you’d feel funny. Doesn’t every star like to be recognized?”

“Depends”

We drove to Joey’s place and made some mighty wild music. KoKo shimmied and clapped.

She took turns dancing with each of us. We bopped, rock ‘n rolled, calsycoped.

Then, Joey’s parents came home from the movies and we said hello to them.

Sonny and I had a long drive ahead, almost one hundred and thirty miles, so we decided to call home. And that’s when KoKo was holding Joey’s hand as we said goodbye, and I kept wishing I had the nerve to ask her for her telephone number.

I told my mom she had a pretty face.

Sonny and I got into the Chevy and we started the drive back. When we got to the Fort Clark Ranch, the lights were out. We both bought a drug and we went to our rooms to fall asleep. I was exhausted. But I couldn’t stop thinking of KoKo. The more I thought of her, the more I realized that I was in love. Because now, as I thought back, I realized she wasn’t pretty. Yet she made herself seem pretty with her vitality and the way she flirted with her bright brown eyes.

Just in the space of one afternoon and evening KoKo came into a part of my heart. It’s sad to think I might never see her again. I keep wishing I had asked her for her phone number, but I couldn’t. It just didn’t seem fair to Joey. But if anyone out San Antonio way knows KoKo please tell her thanks for the good time and for the phone number and for the stories and for the way she ever call it’s sure I’d sure love a date. I’d take the next flight for Texas!}

END

Frankie’s in United Artists' The Alamo.

The Man Who Almost Destroyed Marilyn Monroe’s Marriage

(Continued from page 25)

Marilyn said. “He really must be in—”

“Sorry,” the operator said again.

Marilyn took the receiver. And she turned and she ran to the door of her bungalow, and then outside, and into the lovely little garden there, and across it... rushed into the bungalow, to the middle of the room.

“Why Marilyn?” he asked again, closing the door behind him. “I had to talk to someone,” she said, finally. “I had to talk to you... Do you see what I mean? I’m deep in the papers—”

“Bub,” he said, “they must write something. Especially about two people who work together and are pretty close. Is that the custom here...? ... And besides,” he said, “Simone was in France, and Arthur in Ireland, they know it is not true.”

“Bub, did you say? Marilyn asked. “Do they?” She brought a trembling hand up to her face. She rubbed it hard against her cheek.

You can’t imagine. Simone knows me very well indeed. Some types, maybe they play with love and with marriage. But Simone, she knows those types. She took one look at me years ago and said to herself, “I can hold him, and she was right. When she reads foolish stories in the newspaper she laughs. Do you think she knows me too well?”

“Not at all,” said Marilyn. “You can’t know anyone too well.”

“You don’t really think Arthur believes this nonsense?” said Yves waving in dis- agreement.

Marilyn turned her back to Yves and stood a moment in thought. “I’ve seen,” she said slowly, “wonderful people, unknown, special, I thought she was very good, and Yves, she ever call it’s I’m sure love a date. I’d take the next flight for Texas!"

SHE DIDN’T ANSWER him at first. She
bitterness . . . Oh, how I hate them all.”

“I know,” said Yves, lightly, “something you would not hate right now . . . A drink?”

“Oh how I hate them,” Marilyn said. Yves shrugged. “Today you hate them, yes,” he said. “But tomorrow, you will see, tomorrow you will forgive them.”

“No,” Marilyn said. “No, no, not me. Not for what they’re trying to do.”

“Yes, you’ll see,” he said. “You especially, Marilyn. For hatred, it is not for you. Just like for me, it is not for me. I think we are the same way. About such a thing as hatred.”

He paused for a moment.

“HATRED,” he said then. “I thought once that I would never stop hating . . . It was a long time back. During the war. In France . . . Shall I tell you about it?”

Marilyn didn’t answer.

“It was hatred for the Germans I had then,” said Yves, going on, anyway. “The pigs from the East, as we would call them. Hatred because they killed our people and conquered our country and laughed at us, the French, their old enemy, their new slave.

“I remember the last day of the war, how I hated them,” he said. “I was in Paris that day. I was at the Etoile, with many other people. We were cheering. We thought they were gone, finally, the Germans. But they were not. Not all of them. Because all of a sudden from the windows of some of the buildings around us the Germans, those who stayed behind, they began to open fire on the crowd. And I see women standing near me fall, and men, and little children. Fall. Fall dead.

“Soon after, I join some of the soldiers who arrive now to get rid of these last Germans. I help them, walking with them, a captain and five or six of his men. At this time the streets are practically empty. I am walking up the Champs-Elysees now. We are near the Normandie Theater, I remember, when we see him—a young boy, blond, a Nazi—standing in the doorway of a building. He is alone. He seems to have no gun. He looks frightened. The captain I am with says to the Nazi, ‘Hey, pizza, come here.’ Then, while the captain holds his gun on him, he asks me to touch the Nazi, all up and down, to see whether he has a gun.

“So I begin to touch him. And, you know, I find that now I am shy to touch him. Because suddenly he becomes not a Nazi to me, but a human being. One half hour before he is probably with the others, killing everybody, I know. But now that I know the war is over nearly, now that I stand here face to face with another human being, I feel that the passion is gone. And with it the hatred. The terrible hatred that makes us fight one another all the time, and have to kill, insult, hurt . . .

He stopped.

Marilyn had brought her hand down from her face.

He smiled.

“How about it,” he said, “now maybe you will stay and have a drink with me. . . . Look,” he said, walking over to a small bar, pointing to a lone bottle on top of the bar. “I have not so much whiskey— but enough. And in here, this thing, there is ice. And I will make us both a good whiskey on the stones.”

“On the rocks,” Marilyn said.

“Eh?” asked Yves.

“On the rocks, we say,” said Marilyn. “—not the stones.”

She couldn’t help it; she began to laugh. “Ahhhh,” said Yves, as she did. “That is better. To see you laugh like this. Much better than to see you with your face long, like a horse . . . like this.”

He made a face.

And Marilyn laughed some more.

“Come,” Yves said, suddenly, laying down the glass he’d just begun to lift, “if it’s laughing you need, I have something to show you that will make you laugh for real. Here. In the kitchen. Come.”

MARILYN FOLLOWED him into the other room.

She watched him as he placed his hand on the refrigerator door, and then as he turned to face her.

He kissed the air and then opened the refrigerator door.

“I make myself this,” he said, pointing to a dish.

Marilyn looked.

“What is that?” she asked.

“An omelet,” Yves said, “with onions.”

“And you put it in the refrigerator first?”

“Of course,” Yves said. “This is picnic-style omelet. The way I used to have it when I was a boy. On the special day. The Sunday in the summer. The day when my town would take what little money he had and bring us, all the family, in the trolley car, to the beach. And there, first, we would swim and play in the water. And then, at twelve o’clock, to the dot, we would all run to where my mamie was sitting, holding the bag in which she had packed the cold omelet. And we would eat. There on the beach. With the blue, blue water next to us. And the yachts going by. And the sun smiling on us. And us, with our wonderful omelet and our bottle of wine . . . just like the biggest millionaires on earth we felt we were.”

“You make it sound lovely, and deli-

Married women are sharing this secret

. . . the new, easier, safer protection for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients in long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms’ deodorant protection has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no “medicine” or “disinfectant” odor themselves.

And what a sensation! These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They’re greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Now available in new packages of 6, as well as 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to Dept. MS-611 Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name
Street
City Zone State

61
cious," said Marilyn smiling at his story.

"It is lovely and delicious," said Yves.

"Now, how about you? You will stay with me and share some of the omelet?" Marilyn asked, "and we'll talk about the old days."

"But only once you let me have my head for a while," she started to say.

"Well, I know," Yves said. "You will stay with me for picnic-dinner tonight. And I am hesitate to the invitation. And then you will work, like the woman should, and put the dishes on the table while me, stay at home." He looked at Marilyn, teasingly.

"Am I understood?" he asked. "Am I?"

"But he stopped suddenly. "There was no insinuation," said, "so let's forget it."

"You are hungry, aren't you?" I asked, "and you have been singing."

"I have been singing," she said. "But that's not what you are asking me, is it?"

"Yes," said Yves. "I saw many times in my life when I had much less to eat."

YVES SMILED BACK. "Moi aussi," he said. "Me, too . . . you know," he said, "I think that when I was young it was food, or the absence of it, that gave me my whole story—my humor. It's funny, isn't it? But it is true . . . You see, the very first time I ever went to an audition, it was at a cabaret, in Marseilles. And it was at lunchtime. I don't care who owned the cabaret that afternoon but me and the owner—and his lunch. Hole, I have never in my life seen such a lunch as he was eating. He was eating like a bird. I remember, like it was not real; the soup, the fish, the meat, the salad, the cheese, the everything that he was eating. I stared so hard, in fact, that I did not begin to smile until the owner asked me said, 'Well, sing if you are going to sing.' So I began to sing. But all the while I am still staring at the food and getting hungrier and hungrier. And, you know, as I am getting hungrier, my voice, it starts to get better. So better, in fact, that I am hired right away. And ever since that day, before I sing, I never eat too much now. It's as if I am remembering that hungry day. And remembering what a blessing it was that it brought me, being hungrier."

"Yes," said Marilyn, softly.

"And what are you thinking," Yves asked, "with your face so thoughtfully like that all of a sudden?"

"I thought, 'Oh, now, once when I didn't have any,' said Marilyn."

"A droll story," asked, Yves, "like many others."

"No, not really," said Marilyn. "It was the first time in my life I was ever actually going hungry. I mean, as a kid there'd never been much food, in most of my life, I mean."

"But, at least, came mealtime and there was always something, something to stick in your mouth, and to swallow . . . But the fact is, I was a peasant, and I was in Hollywood, just beginning. I was in hock for everything I owned. And there was absolutely no money for food. So I snuck away from the studio, and I went home, and I was taking quick sip from her glass.

"He asked me many questions, Yves went on. "But, you know, I don't think he was that interested."

"Why not?" Marilyn asked. "What did he tell you?"

"Well, said Yves, "he says to me at one point, 'You are French, Mr. St. Tropez. Would you tell me all about your bachelorhood and all the women, eh? And he winks at me. 'Well,' I say to him, 'despite what you may think of me, and all Frenchmen, but especially me, I worked hard at my job when I am a bachelor. And when you work the way I did, the only thing you can do is eat,' and I don't have much time for eating."

"Yves smiled. "Poor writer," he said. "He was so disappointed."

"And he says to me another time, Yves said, "—he says, 'Tell me, Mr. Mon- tandem, and all about the sad incidents in your life which you remember best.' And I say to him, 'I won't; I refuse to remember them.' So then, he says, 'Tell me about some of the beautiful moments.' So I think of one. I tell him about one time, in France, when I am working on a picture. 'Am I right?' he asks, and how after the picture is finished the crew chis in and buys me a present. It is not the watch. Or the wallet. Or the usual thing. But it is another crew. 'You see,' I say to the writer, 'the crew had overheard me once tell somebody that as a boy I never had any toys, that everything I owned was much was to learn."

"Yves, Marilyn asked, "—what did you tell him about me?"

"About you?"

"They always ask. 'What's she like?' They've asked everybody else I've ever worked with. If they haven't asked you yet, they will."

SHE PAUSED for a moment, and took another sip from her wine. But

"What will you tell them, Yves," she said, "—when they do ask?"

"About Marilyn Monroe," he said, "not particularly. I just know that she is an extraordinary courageous woman. For her is torture this job, I will, and she does it with the most conscientious and courageous she can. And if she show up on the set a lot of them times, you boys are always writing about that with a chuckle, about the big star who always keep everybody waiting. But that is not because she is slow, or because she can't act, or because she don't know, it is because she is so shy, but because she is frightened and it takes her time to get over this fear and to get ready to work."

"And how does work, I will say," he went on, "that's she is an amazing creature to watch. She has a wonderful thing—an extraordinary instinct for acting. She is always bringing things into the theater, the pictures."

"Also," he said then, "I will say that she is not only rich in beauty, this girl. But that she is rich in her heart. She is a person of a peace, and he does good things. I will think of her that night, long ago, when she sat with the obnoxious gentleman, and how she could not eat. I will think of the last day, with nobody know- ing it, she thought, when she sent a big check to the widow of one of the electrical men who died while we were making a picture. I will think of these things and I will say that she is a good person. That also she makes me feel very good just to be with her. That—I am very happy."

"Now," he said—he began to smile, suddenly—"when they ask you, Marilyn, about me . . . and I have enough of the ego to believe that they will what will?

"Marilyn looked down into her glass.

"The truth," she whispered. "That's the truth."

"That," she said, "—that you are the finest actor I have ever worked with," Marilyn said. "That you are wonderful to be with. That you are very attractive. That you have the face of a peasant, and of a king, in one . . . That you are a man."

Again there was an awkward silence.
Woman's 'Difficult Days' and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this "emotional perspiration" and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it's here... a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion... during "difficult days" when she is more likely to offend.

It's wonderful new AARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop, the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, AARRID with Perstop penetrates deep into the pores and stops "emotional perspiration" stains and odor... stops them as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub AARRID CREAM in... you rub perspiration out. Rub AARRID CREAM in... rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved AARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet AARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating... completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So... to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of "emotional perspiration," use this special kind of cream deodorant. AARRID with Perstop stops perspiration stains... stops odor too, not only during the "difficult days" but every day.

Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like AARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use AARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49c plus tax.
Simone is nominated. Maybe she will win an Oscar... she won't. But is she nervous for herself? No. Not Simone. She is nervous for me. Because me, I am to appear on the same show that night. I am to appear in film. In fact of thirty million people watching the TV... But me, while I have been starting to make the picture with you, I have not practiced the dancing for months. When I rehearsed the picture, I thought she rehearsed it with me. For hour, and hour, and hour. Right up until it's time to go to the theater she stands with me, here, in this room, just me, my hat and cane, dancing with me, making me calm, saying I will be great, so not to worry. Her night. And she is thinking only about... Now that is a wonderful woman, I think. Don't you think, Marilyn?"

She nodded.

"You must miss her very much," she said.

"Yes," said Yves, "I do... Just like right now you must miss your Arthur... You know, Marilyn," he said, "I am sure I don't have to tell you this—but your Arthur is to you very much. Oh, he loves you all right... I tell you, Marilyn. I was sitting on the set with him one day. You were doing a scene. You were very good. But I was something very compliment to Arthur about you. And him, instead of saying anything, he just continue to look at you, to watch you. And I think to myself that this is really the good emotion, the best emotion; because when you are the most happy, and proud, just as when you are in the bigtest place, then you say nothing, no?"

Again, Marilyn nodded.

"Do you want another drink?" Yves asked, noticing that she had already finished her second.

"No," she said.

"Do you mind to talk with me a little more?" Yves asked.

"No... I want to talk to you," Marilyn said.

Then, Yves said, "answer me a question, as I have answered yours... How did you and Arthur first meet?"

"On the lot one day," said Marilyn, "at Fox."

"That's all?" Yves asked.

"I was walking with another actor, on our way to the commissary... We have been married three years ago. I was working in my second picture. I was walking, and I saw him."

"SO YOU MET and you got married."

Yves laughed.

"No," said Marilyn. "We met. And I began to talk to Arthur, right away, about his play... I said them all. I didn't want him to think I was just another Hollywood blonde."

"He did not ask you to marry him right there?" Yves laughed, again.

"Arthur was married at the time," Marilyn said. "He had a wife and two children, living in Brooklyn. I could tell it wasn't a good marriage. Maybe it had been marred by the war. But still, there was a wife and children, and..."

"And?"

"So after a while Arthur went away. And thought I'd never see him again. I felt very sad about this, but I tried to cover up my sadness by going out a lot. I went with many men. Finally, I met one I thought I could love. We got married. But it wasn't a good marriage. We tried. But it wasn't good."

"And?"

"We got divorced. And I, I decided to change my whole way of life. I left Holly-wood. I went to New York to study. Act. And while I was there, at a party one night, I met Arthur again."

"He was still married?"

"Still. But now it was really going badly between him and his wife. So we began to see one another, quite a bit. More and more. And then, four years ago, in June, in Connecticut, we got married."

"You've been much in love?"

Marilyn looked to her right, at the photograph of the chateau on the table.

"For the first time in my life, I felt. You had loved him from the beginning," Yves added, "from that first time you met him?"

Marilyn nodded. "Yes," she said.

"Why?" Yves asked.

"I remember," Marilyn said, "as I stood talking to him, as I looked up into his face, I could see that it was a sensitive and compassionate face. I never had much compassion from anyone in my life. I guess I figured I would find it in Arthur."

She thought for a moment.

And, she said, still looking at the chateau, "I trusted his face... Does that sound silly?"

"No," Yves said.

"I really trust it. In my life, too, before things I never been able to trust people much. They were always either kicking me out of places, or trying to drag me into something. And then, suddenly, looking into Arthur's face. I saw something there that I knew I could trust."

"Trust," Yves said. "That is very important, in love, isn't it?"

"Yes," Marilyn whispered.

"And in a person."

"Yes."

"And in a marriage."

Marilyn looked away from the photographs and over at Yves again, looking at him through the darkness that had fallen on the room, gradually.

She stared again into his eyes.

And she said, "Yes, in a marriage, trust is very important. On both sides. Trust."

She sat there, very still, very quietly, for a while. And then she smiled."

"What are you thinking?" Yves asked.

"I tell you one thing, what I am thinking," said Marilyn. "That it is good for us to talk like this once in a while. About the husband, away, the wife away. To remember to each other the things about them that we love. Things we take for granted. Those miles of separation make us forget just a little sometimes..."

"Now you tell me, Marilyn," he said.

"What have you been thinking?"

"How strange," she said then, "—how strange and mixed-up a girl can get to be, to feel, sometimes. For a while. For a month or a week, a day or an hour, a minute sometimes... That's what I'm thinking."

"I don't understand," said Marilyn. "It's better sometimes," she said, "that a man doesn't understand everything a woman says."

She continued to smile.

And Yves began to smile, too.

"What else are you thinking now?"

Marilyn opened her eyes.

"Right now," she said, her voice vital suddenly, happy suddenly, "I'm thinking about how you're all together— you and me, and Arthur and Simone."

"When you made the spaghetti?"

"Yes," Marilyn said. "How you both came... and then finished the floor. And ate. And laughed... How we liked each other so much. All of us."

"That was a good time, that night," Yves said.

"I want to do it again," Marilyn said.

"When Arthur comes back. When Simone comes back."

"We will," Yves said.

And I'll make spaghetti again," said Marilyn. "I'll go all the way. You'll think I was born in Rome by the time you're all finished eating... I'll make an antipasto and meatball and real garlic bread. And there'll be spumoni, of course. And apples and that gorgonzola cheese. And..."

"Hey," Yves said. "Stop that. You are making me too hungry."

"And— Marilyn started to go on.

"Hey," Yves said again. "That's enough now... Besides, our meal, in the refrigerator... Maybe it's getting too cold now."

Marilyn threw up her hands. "Let's go eat then," she said.

Yes, said Yves. He pointed at her.

"And then you, you go off with you to sleep after we've eaten. And me, I go to sleep, too. We have a big scene to do tomorrow, remember? The scene in which I'll... I'll..."

"It's spank," said Marilyn.

"No matter," Yves said. "If you don't let me eat and get some sleep tonight, I'll give you whatever-it's good tomorrow or whatever. "Let's get some rest, so you will not forget it."

They got up from their chairs.

And Yves pulled the switch on a lamp close by where he stood.

The room brightened suddenly, with new light. Marilyn turned towards him, and she took his hand.

"You're a very good friend, Yves," she said.

"I hope, too," he said, "that I am still a good omelet maker."

Marilyn still held his hand as they walked, laughing, to the kitchen...
friend replied. "The men don't care. Here we are, dressed to beat the band, and in the struts looking like she's just finished cleaning her living room, and every man in the place hops her side." "I'd like to know her secret," the actress confided. "Who wouldn't?" her friend frankly replied.

And so the gossip goes, year in and year out. What is Ingrid Bergman's secret? This woman who has three marriages behind her, Dis-grace of the world by flaunting an illicit love affair in the public's face, who has four children (one fully grown-up and married), who is shrewd, and who doesn't appear at a party without make-up—what is it about her that charms men the world over?

Her movies, in spite of strong religious pressures to ban them because of her love affair with Italian director Roberto Rossellini, gross millions of dollars. Her romantic appeal, like Cary Grant's, grows greater with the years. As little as she has been around, she keeps coming up with new roles and her list of admirers grows longer. Even teen-agers, who know little of the many great roles she's portrayed, list Ingrid as their favorite film actress regardless of the film she appears in less than a film a year.

What is it, then, this mystery that makes for such exciting Bergman magic? Her inclusive and steadfast charm, perhaps. Her appeal to the dreamer who has yet to reveal itself if one examines the high points in her life story.

AN ONLY CHILD, Ingrid was born in Sweden of humble parents on the 29th of August at the time of the First World War. One year later, 1916, she was posing for photographers and cooing in her mother's arms and lap. When she was two, her mother died, and in another year's time her father passed away from heartbreak. An elderly Aunt Ellen cared for her, but in a while Aunt Ellen died. Saddened and torn by her early orphaned status, Ingrid went to live with her great-uncle Otto whose five children tormenter her for being "a tall and leggy, awkward." She lived in agony in her uncle's strange household to the time never remembered. She was another by her pampered, loving height. The boys laughed at her, told her she'd never marry. Finally, with that little money Justus Bergman left to his daughter, she was sent to the Lyceum school for Girls where she again, was looked fun at.

One day when a gym teacher was sick and Ingrid's gym class was called off. And the students sat around the gymnasium wondering what to do. "I'll . . . I'll act out a story for you," the shrewd Ingrid said. She was confident and passionate, within her heart, she wanted to be friends with all of the girls at school. She wanted their teasing to stop. But the girls laughed aloud at Ingrid's proposal. Ingrid looked at their ridiculing eyes, lengthened her fists together and walked directly to the head of the back at the end of the gymnasium. Muttering to herself that she'd prove she could entertain them, Ingrid stood on the stage and began her first story, reading ghost stories. With little tale, she leaped in the eyes of the audience—looking contemporaries. But nothing came to her mind. Ingrid couldn't remember any of the plays or the books she had read. Still, she wanted to show the class she could please them. Closing her eyes, she asked God to help her, and began making up the tale of a lonely girl who was impatiently waiting, praying, for a man to come, a man with a soft voice and a horse and a princely white steed, a man who would take her away in his arms, away from the dreary loneliness, away from all the scary strangers.

The girls spellbound, enraptured. For many hours afterward Ingrid was to amuse and entertain her fellow-students with her make-believe stories.

In due time, however, she was faced with the imminence of her graduation from the Lyceum School. There was the problem of her life thereafter. What should she do?

WHAT LITTLE LEGACY her father had left her had gone to those first five years of schooling. There was no money for further education. Ingrid's only hope, and an almost impossible one at that, was a scholarship at the state-owned Royal Dramatic Theater School. Over two dozen judges chose a handful of scholarship winners.

She entered the scholarship competition. After her delivery of the speech of the deranged boy from Rostand's L'Aiglon, the judges sat silent, immobile, without expressing so much as a "thank you." She was one of twelve who were chosen.

Two days later she was notified she was chosen. She had so affected the judges with her performance they were stunned and a文物保护 Chloe Hope to congratulate her. And two months after she was chosen, the met who was to lift her out of her pitiful loneliness. Ingrid Lindstrom, the young girl who had thrilled ever, his attraction turned out to be a spotless white uniform of a dentist. To the teen-aged Ingrid, the uniform symbolized security, a sense of status. At sixteen she began going with Dr. Peter Lindstrom, ten years her senior. For an orphan girl who had been teased and tormented by her peers, it was a wonder to her. Do. Lindstrom's kind attention, thoughtfulness and soft-spoken manner were like a soothing balm to a whimpering heart. It wasn't love at first sight. But their friendship grew. And long before the night when they decided to marry, Ingrid had told an uncle that men like Peter be played a strong interest in her work and in her personal life, a man who had both his feet on the ground, who would guide her out of her false loneliness and lead her into the field of bliss and happiness her love-starved heart craved.

They married on July 10, 1937, in a Lutheran church in Sweden. A year later, a daughter, Pia, was born. At the time of Pia's birth, Ingrid's film, Intermezzo, was the rage of Europe. Hollywood producer David O. Selznick's representative, Kay Brown, called Ingrid's manager, George Clue advocating an English version of it. But the shrewd Mr. Selznick, after seeing a print of the Swedish film, not only bought the story but signed its star into a contract as well.

"I'm flattered to go to Hollywood, darling," Ingrid told her husband. "I'd like to work in American movies, but I don't want to leave you and Pia. The baby needs me, and you have so much to do with your work that you need me to look after you."

"Don't worry," Peter comforted her. "You won't be there forever. Just for a while, and then you'll come back to us." She went to him and embraced him for a long time, but within, she trembled because she sensed Peter didn't need her, could get along without her.

IN HOLLYWOOD, at the swanky party Selznick gave to introduce her to the Hollywood elite—Cary Grant, Katharine Brown, to the story of her life, or the story of their life. It would be a story of..."
Hepburn, Greer Garson, Livvy de Havilland, Gary Cooper and all of Hollywood's top directors, Ingrid sat in a corner by herself all through the long evening, looking tired and worn. The excitement and slickness of the Hollywood stars. The world-renowned director, Ernst Lubitsch, shook his head over Selznick's folly. "It's nothing but a big peasant," he lamented.

Selznick asked her to change her name, but Ingrid refused. She wanted to keep it in honor of her father. She told him she was going to work on improving her English. She wrote Peter that it was difficult living without him. She needed his manliness to quiet her fears. He couldn't put her right, "to finish the film and return to your love."

She returned to Pia and Peter as war began to ravage central Europe. Selznick's English version of *Intervisio* was released in America, and it was a huge success. Both press and public acclaimed Ing. Hepburn's "spear quality" talent. Selznick cabled her to return to Hollywood, and Peter beseached her, "Take Pia and go. Don't worry about me. I'll join you in time. But don't let the war reach us here."


Finally Peter came to America to continue his studies for an M.D. at the University. Ingrid began to worry that he'd have to have him so far away, to be so desperately alone in Hollywood, without an escort in a place where everyone has an address. Peter, to his and Stanford University at Palo Alto near San Francisco, He agreed, and she flew to him every week end.

"My Robert,

I'm afraid I told him, "the work you're doing is so much more important than my work. And I want to be near you to help you." She tried to assure her guilt by way of preparation, by rejection of Peter, by rationing and downgrading her acting ability.

But Peter didn't give a care for Hollywood. He chose to withdraw from the spotlight around his wife. She was star. She should bask in the limelight. And suddenly his was no longer the stronger shoulder Ingrid needed to lean on with her career. He stood her up, her in shadow, while film after film of Ingrid's broke box-office records—*Notorious* with Cary Grant, The Bells of St. Mary's with Bing Crosby.

TODAY, PERHAPS, it's easy to say that Ingrid should have given up her career which she hoped would give her a shadowy background. But Peter's willingness at the beginning of their marriage to have her leave their home in Sweden for the sake of his career, Joseph Henry Steele, asked her if she had her choice between her work and her home—would she give up her career?

"At the beginning, I wanted her, her teeth in harsh retaliation.

"How could she throw all her success to the winds now? Within herself Ingrid had built her career on a mound of achievement. Everyone loved her, and this mass love gave her more of the confidence she needed. The lonely orphan girl from Stockholm had come to be the world's dream girl, the man who rode the beautiful white charger, the man who could save her from anything—where was he?"

Her love for Peter had died. They were more like cousins once removed now. One autumn evening in 1946, two years before she was to meet the man who could disregard her name, she turned to Peter Lindstrom, as they sat by the glowing fire in the living room of their Hillhaven Lodge. "Peter," she said, unflinchingly, "I want a divorce."

Peter's mouth dropped. His penetrating eyes searched her; his brow wrinkled in puzzlement.

"No," she continued, "it's not another man or anything like that. It's just that I can't hold this little love in common and why should we deceive ourselves? I'll always love you, but our love is no longer what it was. We should both be free to love again."

Peter didn't answer her. She brought up the subject again; he ignored it. In a few months she accepted the leading role in a film which was being readied for Broadway. She hoped the separation would help them. Several evenings before the play were to open, he realized that he was LONESOME FOR MY GIRL— and signing it, YOUR P.

Moved to tears by his wire, she waited breathlessly for his arrival, and they went night-clubs the night he arrived. Columnists had begun to hint at the break-up of their marriage, but Ingrid and Peter's night in the town" wiped away all suspicions.

After her play opened, Peter returned to his medical work in California. Ingrid became involved with the theatrical cliques in New York.

Still, the separation didn't help patch up the differences of their marriage. It made her realize that the two of them could no longer be happy—forever.

When she returned from New York, she was certain it was over and left the home he had given her.

"But he'll probably misunderstand and think I'm interested in him," Ingrid countered.

PETER CHIDED her for "dark thoughts." Finally, she listened to Peter sat at her desk and began:

Dear Mr. Rossellini,

I am enclosing "Open City" and "Paisan" and enjoyed them very much. If you need a Swedish actress who speaks English very well, who has not forgotten her German, who is not very understandable in French, and who in Italian knows only "ti amo," I am ready to come and make a film with you.

Ingrid Bergman

Rossellini wired back that her letter arrived on his birthday; it was the most pleasant present he had received. It was for Ingrid to make the movie with Rossellini after she filmed, *Under Capricorn*, for Alfred Hitchcock in London.

Ingrid was staying at the George V Hotel in Paris. Dr. Lindstrom was to negotiate Ingrid's end of the business deal, and there were to be producers and business representatives present.

The meeting was very business-like. A financial agreement was reached. Peter flew back to California. Ingrid returned to Sweden.

But she couldn't forget Rossellini, the smiling, chubby-faced artist who seemed uneasy among the businessmen. His manner, she said, and after he kissed her hand she shook with nervousness, awed over being introduced to a genius. He seemed nervous, too. And the two of them couldn't stop looking at one another, trying to sense each other's character through their sidelong stares.

When Rossellini didn't raise the film money in Italy (as had been agreed upon), Peter and Ingrid invited him to move into their small California guesthouse to work on the movie. When Peter tried to raise the capital, Ingrid and Roberto couldn't resist seeing each other every day, talking "art" and discussing music and all the other subjects they had in common. They took long walks together exploring the wild life. She told him the ideal she dreamed about. Instead of a white horse, he had a movie camera. Roberto returned to Italy in February. In March, Ingrid left Peter and began filming * Stromboli*. And at Rome's airport the mid-night of her arrival, Roberto waited for her and embraced her, kissing her on both cheeks. Conseguent: She was poor LITTLE PAPA, but also poor Little Mama.

Within a week's time, Ingrid couldn't contain herself. Ecstasy shuddered in her heart. She was torn between love and marriage. She wrote Peter:

It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. But how can I help or change it? I know this letter will reach our house, our Pelle (the name they had selected, for their next child), our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part, you stand alone and I am unable to help you. Poor little papa, but also poor Little Mama.

(signed) Mama

Ingrid applied for a Mexican divorce. While waiting for it, she gave birth to Roberto's son on February 7, 1950, at the Hotel Cortina in Mexico City. Letters arrived from people the world over, bearing vile obscenities and outrageous threats about her illicit love affair with a married child which they named Renato Roberto.

Ingrid, contrary to what people rumored, did not forget her daughter, Pia. Ingrid writes to Peter via transatlantic telephone: and before Ingrid gave birth, she wrote Pia a ten-page letter. Ingrid asked her closest Hollywood friends to contact Pia before the birth and to stay with her while the headlines screamed the news of the child born out of wedlock.

THREE MONTHS AFTER Ingrid gave birth, she and Roberto were married by proxy. Sweden refused to recognize her Mexican divorce. Italy wouldn't permit a civil ceremony unless Sweden agreed to the divorce. The judge married them in Mexico while they knelt in a side-street Roman chapel, praying for guidance and forgiveness.

They married the farmers of the earth, clapped them. The American public after enduring lavish adulation, rejected her for her sin. Ingrid was a bad woman, out of their image of the happy homemaker.

Her film with Roberto turned out to be a colossal flop; the world was thrilled. The penalty she must pay. Frightened by the overpowering hatred she encountered everywhere, Ingrid worked with Roberto in seclusion on planned pictures, then fearing to make films while she looked after the baby.

Meanwhile Peter Lindstrom married Dr. Agnes Ronanek of Pittsburgh. Ingrid gave birth to their daughter, Isabella, in 1952. After Peter's marriage, Ingrid wrote to a friend, during the filming of her fifth failure with Roberto:

*If it wonderful news about Pet- er's wedding! I am so happy for him. Maybe he won't have so much time to hate me any more. I received a very sweet letter from Pia for my birthday. She said she has sent me a gift. Beset with agonizing financial head-
aches, her fortune squandered on Roberto's films. Ingrid found herself worrying about having enough money to buy the babies' new shoes. She confided to friends that the "style of her work with Roberto was unattractive" and in a July 1955, Italy's famed movie critic, suggested Ingrid and Roberto "retire into dignified silence."

Years passed. Ingrid's accomplishments were nil. Frustrated, she returned to her American agents that she would consider making a non-Rossellini film.

Hollywood had no stories for her. In Paris she landed the role of the sexually rejected wife in the French stage version of Cat On a Hot Tin Roof. She turned it down, "It's not me," she said, "People would laugh." But she agreed to play the roman-"s"ter's wife who gives her love to a troubled student in Tea and Sympathy.

Roberto cursed her for accepting the role—she called it. All the same, he jumped at the chance to make some documentaries in India later that year while Ingrid studied French for the production of Tea and Sympathy. Meanwhile, Ingrid accepted an offer from Jean Renoir to star in a movie to be photographed in Paris.

During the shooting of Paris Does Strange Things, her American agents flew to Ingrid and asked her to accept the starring role in 20th Century Fox's million-dollar film, Anastasia.

She asked Roberto's advice. He labeled the movie "junk." Roberto was depressed. Rainy weather had delayed his work in India. The May, Roberto left for India, and Ingrid agreed to star in Anastasia against his wishes.

Her acting in Anastasia was acclaimed by all the critics. They went on to receive the coveted Film Critics Best Actress Award. She replied from Paris that she would fly to New York to accept it.

Author Ernest Hemingway, visiting Paris at the time, told Ingrid, "Why don't you let me fly with you to New York? If anyone's missing me, I'll fight them for you."

"No, thanks," Ingrid laughed. "All that I've been through now. I think I can take care of myself."

SHE NOT ONLY WON the Film Critics award; she received the Academy Award for her performance in Anastasia. And Cary Grant, in accepting the award for her, said, "Dear everyone, if you would like to hear me via radio, all your friends here send you congratulations, love, admiration and every affectionate thought."

Two months later, Ingrid Rossellini telephoned Ingrid from Bombay. "There's going to be a scandal," he announced furiously, "but don't believe a word of it. It's all blackmail."

The news of Roberto's passionate love affair with dark-eyed, twenty-seven-year-old Sonali Das Gupta broke in front-page newspaper headlines around the world. Sonali was pregnant, the reporters insisted. Ingrid vehemently defended her husband. "All of this hoopla," she told a reporter. "I'll fight these people in court!"

That month, her agent, Kay Brown, flew to Paris to ask Ingrid to read the script of Indiscreet which Cary Grant wanted to star in. She agreed, and signed a contract. Miss Brown had planned to transact business with Ingrid in Paris, also to tend to other details with a Swedish production. She was busy.

"Since you and Lars," she told Ingrid, "are the two nicest Swedes I know, I want both of you to know each other."

At Kay Brown's dinner party, Ingrid met Lars. He was tall, handsome, blond. There was no immediate attraction between them, other than he was wonderful company, unafraid, easy to listen to—and so calm, after the fiery temperament she learned to put up with from Roberto.

When Roberto returned from India, Sonali Das Gupta followed him. The scandal was true. Ingrid met him at the airport. Pretended nothing had happened. The end of the month, they both flew to Rome to conclude a legal separation.

Roberto filed for an annulment, and early that March, Lars invited Ingrid to visit Sweden with him. After her holiday in Sweden, she flew to London to begin work on The Inn Of The Sixth Happiness.

Lars planned her daily. He wanted to protect her from the mess in the Roman courts over the custody of her children with Roberto. He was the Rock of Gibraltar. Ingrid stood tall. Ingrid's heart. There were no heroes about Lars; he was without a white charger. He was a simple man, someone she respected, a man with standing of her spirit. Perhaps, a white charger, after all, was a childish dream.

With Lars' concern and affection, Ingrid battled the Italian courts for custody of Roberto's, Ingrid and Isabella. And on December 21, 1958, she gave in to the pleas of her heart and married Lars Schmidt at Caxton Hall in London. The only invited guest was Cary Grant, a friend who had stood beside her through thick and thin. . . .

WHEN CARY MET HER, some months later, in Paris, Ingrid was waiting for him at the bustling train depot in her station wagon. "Cary, Cary," she spoke his name as if she were singing a song. "I've never been happier." They drove along the narrow country road to her villa in Choisel. "I'm not going to be hurt. I'm ready to go."

"And always got into trouble. I know now that when I look at myself in the mirror, I'm not the kind of woman who can put on the brakes when it comes to living. I have to love. And I'm not afraid of it."

"God has been good to me. He has given me Lars. He feeds my life and understands more of the difficulties part of living. Understanding. That's where we always fumble and stumble."

They talked of Ingrid's children, their acceptance of Lars. And then Ingrid said, "The simplest knowledge I have comes from my errors. I've learned a woman must be honest to herself, to her heart. I have no regrets. That's my secret. I would teach everyone to be honest and to not be afraid. People say I'm too old to begin, that I am."

She sat behind the steering wheel, guiding the large car carefully along the winding dusty road. She wore no makeup; her shining blonde hair fell loosely to her shoulders. She wore an old white shirt and rumpled blue jeans. She was barefoot.

"Cary Grant," Cary Grant said, looking at her, "you are the most beautiful woman in the world."

"I looked at him for a second. Her eyes smiled and twinkled. Then she laughed. "Cary, Cary," she said, "I'm a mess. Just look at me! But I'm happy and I'm in love."

"How do you do it, Ingrid? How do you keep so young? You're like a beautiful and wonderful child."

"Shrugging her shoulders, she pushed the car into the flower-bordered driveway of the medieval stone villa at Choisel. "I guess," she said, "in spite of all that's happened to me, I simply refuse to grow old!"

Ingrid stars in United Artists' TIME ON HER HANDS.
The Miracle at Buergenstock

(Continued from page 41)

on earth. But for two people, a man and a woman in a mountaintop chalet in Buergenstock, wracked with anxiety, nervousness and fear, this was not always so.

Only a few years ago, when Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer, trudging to settle in Buergenstock, they dreamed of having the happiest household in the whole of Europe. But their hopeful dream turned into a narrowing nightmare.

Why?

Because of their great desire to create a child of their own. Even before their marriage in a chapel in Switzerland, Audrey told her friends, they traveled with their wedding china and silver so that something might have a personal touch in the various strange homes they lived in. Finally, they settled in a charming chalet in Switzerland with its ivy-covered walls and green shuttered windows, the time they had waited for so anxiously through the years of travell­ing had arrived. They had a home, roots of their own, and it was the moment they dreamed of: to begin their family.

And while, though, Audrey had been a wonderful mother to Mel's four teen-age children from his two previous marriages: Pepa, Mela, Christopher and Mark. Audrey referred to them as "our" children, sent them gifts from her world travels, held parties in their honor whenever they were together.

But Audrey yearned for the day when she could say, "This, Mel, is my child!" And when the doctor at the famed Lucerne clinic told her one day, two years ago, that she was with child, her heart thrilled with happiness, she was too fragile, too delicate to carry a child.

She brooded morning, noon and night.

One morning as Audrey finnicky nibbled at her breakfast, she turned to boiled eggs, Mel suggested she visit a devotional friend in Los Angeles.

"But I'm so tired of hospitals and doctors with their long faces," Audrey answered.

"Why don't you call Sister Luke? She'll be the one who'll know what you can do. She's been through the toughest time and nursed you so lovingly all through your spinal injury when you fell off the horse."

"I love Sister Luke," Audrey said, sigh­ing. "But she's not a nurse. She's been at the scene from the moment you were carried to the hospital."

"Then, Mel smiled, "you agree with me that you should see a doctor...? I want us to have a child, my darling. And the only person who can help us is someone who really knows how to help you."

She promised to arrange an appointment before he finished his sentence.

The doctor, a gynecologist recommended to her by Sister Luke, turned out to be a fairy godfather. An aging man, with pince-nez perched midway on his nose, he was determined to help Audrey. He forewarned her that it was a long fight and he summoned her for the consultation.

"You lost your child," he began, his blue eyes bobbing brightly behind the pince-nez, "because of lack of hormone activity within your body."

Audrey gasped, frightened, wondering if this meant the end of all her dreams.

"This is not an uncommon failing," he continued, "and it can be cured. Carrying the child is the first step. What we must do is step up your hormone production with injections. If you will listen to me and rest—and this means that you must stop working completely during your pregnancy—there's no reason in the world why you can't have a baby."

It took a moment for his words to reach her heart. She wanted to leap out of the hard wooden chair and kiss the kindly old man both of them—"Doctor," she managed to say, her voice quavering, "you've just made me one of the happiest women in the world."

The INJECTIONS Began, and after several months' time the doctor asked her to come in for the final examination that would reveal the outcome.

When he voiced her wishes, Audrey quietly prayed and consequently she didn't hear his last words: "...You must remain here, napping every afternoon, not straining yourself in the slightest. The least strain will endanger the life you are carrying in your body.

"I can't go. I want to see my husband," she said. "We're leaving tomorrow for Rome where he's to make a movie."

"You can't leave. I won't allow you to travel."

"But I must," she insisted. "It's out of the question, the doctor snapped. "Why, the traveling alone could destroy your child."

She tricked him home to tell Mel. "Why don't we both go and talk to the doctor?"

"Yes," Audrey cried. "And you must tell him, you must tell him."

At the doctor's office, the discussion raged for over an hour. "I will only allow you to go," the doctor finally told Audrey, "if you promise me that we will not leave without you."

The flight to Switzerland was easy, peaceful. At the chalet Audrey rested quietly, forgetting all the shadowy ghosts of memories that had once haunted her there. She walked leisurely in the mornings through the fields of wild wind flowers accompanied by her Yorkshire terrier, Fantie. Her doctor had written of the technique that enabled her that they had chosen her the outstanding actress of 1939 for her performance in The Nun's Story, inviting her to Rome to accept the award. She turned the award away and she wrote him that she was honored but that she could not leave her home where she was under doctor's orders to await the birth of her baby. When she was nominated for the coveted Academy Award, again Audrey refused the invitation to appear, knowing she must safeguard the health of the child staring within her. Finally, this summer, the long nine months came to their end. And on the morning of July 17th she awakened at dawn and asked Mel to drive her to the Lucerne Maternity Clinic. For this it's now the time for the baby," she told him, her lovely brown eyes radiant with happiness.

Mel drove her slowly over the country roads to the clinic where Rita Hayworth gazed at her with a smile. The man, where Ingrid Bergman had her Roberto, and where, late at that afternoon, Audrey Hepburn gave birth to her first child, a nine-pound nine ounces boy named Sean. For this, under the supervision of Swiss obstetrician, Dr. Carlo Gianella.

Now, Audrey's and Mel's chalet, once a house of laughter, was a house of the gurglings of healthy Sean and bursts with a joy and thanksgiving that may make it... the happiest home in Europe.

You Good-bye." Now ten, very this." him shapes, about announcement to to asked. color sound of news morning. Rock Hudson's On-Location Girl

(Continued from page 49)

morning. And Erika, when she read the news at breakfast, swooned.
"I've got to meet him," she said. "I've got to.
"How?" the girlfriend she was rooming with laughed.
"I don't know exactly," said Erika, "but I'll figure a way." She picked up her cup of coffee and swallowed. "I know!" she said, suddenly. "He's staying at the Pres- identi. He'll tell me what you just did." Erika looked abashed. "It was the only thing that came to my head," she said. "I'm sorry if it disturbed you.
"And me," Rock said. "Once a girl came up to me, took a look at me and started to bowl. Now that disturbed me." He smiled again. "But you," he said, "you didn't disturb me a bit. He looked up at the sun for a moment. It was a scorcher.
"How about it?" he said then. "Take a swim with me? Out to that raft? . . . Okay?" Erika opened her mouth to say some- thing.
"Nothing happened."
"Okay," said Rock, taking her hand.
"Come on, let's go . . ."

THEY SAT ON THE RAFT, very silently those first few minutes, Rock look- ing at Erika, Erika looking away from him.
Then, finally, she brought her eyes around to his.
"You know," she said, "I am and have always been a great admirer of yours."
"No kidding," he said.
"Yes . . . seriously," she said. "I have seen every picture in which you ever ap- peared, with the exception of Taza, Son of Cochise, made in 1954. I was sick in bed that day. But I will see it one day . . . And, also, I know everything there is to know about you, since I've read every word that has ever been written on your life."
"Well —now—"
"Yes, I do," said Erika. "I know what you like to eat, what colors you prefer, the kind of clothes you like, what your greatest embarrassments were, your greatest disappointments, your great- est moments of pride. I know everything about you—even though I can’t believe some of those things I read."
"Like?" Rock asked.
"No," said Erika, "I don‘t like those things at all."
"Like for instance, I mean," Rock said.
"Oh," said Erika. "Well . . . I read once that when you first arrived in Holly- wood you couldn’t walk down stairs without- out tumbling and you had a squeaky voice . . . Now that isn’t true, is it?"
"Sort of," said Rock, squeezing her voice.
Erika nearly laughed.
"And once," she said, "I read that the first scene you ever made in your first picture had to be done over thirty-eight times because you made so many mis- takes... Is that true?"
"No," said Rock. He made a face. "It was about nine times.
Erika did laugh now.
"Tell me," said Rock then, "haven’t you ever read anything good about me?"
"Oh, yes," she said. "You have a dog named Tucker you love with all your heart."
"Yep, that’s true," Rock said.
"And you are a wonderful son to your mother. I read there is no better son in Hollywood than you are."
And that Erika was flabbergasted. She'd gotten the call from him that afternoon, Monday, and she was finished dressing now, waiting. She couldn't believe he'd really come, though. True, that had been his voice on the phone. "Seven o'clock pronto," he'd said. But still, she wouldn't believe he'd really come. And if he did, she wondered, that picture of him in the fancy frame on the little table near the piano—should she put it away? Would it look too silly wondered, his own picture, looking back at him square in the eye; and would he think of her as a ten-year-old type, having his picture sitting up there in the living room? No, she thought then, why should she put it away? That photo had sat on that table for three years now, and it would continue to sit. Yes, she made up her mind, it would stay. . . . The doorbell rang suddenly. She heard his voice. "Hello in there," he called. Oh, my god, she thought. She patted her hair. She adjusted the strap of her dress. She began to walk towards the door. Midway she stopped, turned, ran back to the piano, and he'd moved the picture into a drawer. Then, once again, she walked towards the door. She opened it. He stood there, grinning. His hair flowers. He'd really come. "Hi," he said. "It's just like in the movies," Erika wanted to bust out and say. So she did.

**PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS**

**The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:**


"Well," Erika said. "I'm sure it's in the book. . . . See you, Miss Carlsson. . . ."

"Ohhhhh," Erika moaned, "don't, Mr. Hudson. Please don't make jokes. Don't spoil everything for me I have ever thought about a picnic. Please."

And she made a quick turn then, and off she swam.

**ROCK SAT ON THE PLANE** that night, doodling with a pencil on the back of his ticket folder.


"Who's that the fellow seated near him, an assistant director on the picture."


He told the director the story of their meeting that morning.

"She sounds unusual, all right," said the director.

"No, I mean . . . there's a quality about this girl . . ." Rock said. "She's very '70 naive, and very smart, both at the same time. She's open; she says what comes to her head. She's not like those other girls he'd known these couple of years. She didn't talk about careers—his, or her, they didn't ask about. Doris Day, and Kirk Douglas, and Jane Wyman, and what are they really like, all these people you've worked with?" Best of all, she didn't wait for that moment that Invarianca called. She waited till the end of the evening, when that one big question most always came: "I know it must be hard for you to talk about it but how has it affected you, your divorce, I mean; how have you felt these two years since you and your wife broke up? Have you been lonely—terribly, terribly lonely? . . ." Instead, Rock noticed, that Erika talked about things that happened to interest them both. Music, Art, Books. The sea. People. What kind of things makes people tick . . . He did this about her. He liked this fine. . . .

The next morning, Tuesday, he picked Erika up and drove her out to the studio. She'd liked the afternoon, when it was over, and as he led her to lunch, Rock asked, "What did you think of all this?"

"The watching-you part was fine," Erika said. "But the repetition, the same things over and over again, to me it's a big bore." Rock roared with laughter.

"Shouldn't have said that," Erika asked.

"Never change," said Rock.

They went to dinner again that night, and the following night, and the night after that.

On the Friday, since Rock had no work-call that day, they got into a car and drove out to the Jardines Flotante, the floating Gardens, where they spent the day sitting in one of those gardenia-bedecked gondolas, holding hands, sniffing in the perfume around them, talking some more, sobered?

On the Saturday, on a sudden urge, Rock bought two plane tickets to Acapulco, where they spent the afternoon on the beach where they'd met, the night dancing.

On Sunday afternoon, back in Mexico City, they went to the bullfights. And it was after the fights, and as they were leaving the arena, when Rock told Erika about the conference he had to attend, that called morning for later that afternoon.

"On a Sunday?" Erika asked.

"When a picture's on location," Rock said. "They're liable to call 'em at three in the morning. Come on," he said then. "I'll get you a cab, you can go home and change. And then tonight," he said, "tonight, Erika, do you know what I'd like to do?"

"What?" she asked, as they continued walking.


"I mean special for you," said Rock. "Other nights I'm the one who's been suggesting places to go, things to do. Tonight it's you that have to pick." Erika was silent for a few moments.

"Well?" Rock asked.

"Well, Erika said finally, "what I would like to do—" She shook her head. "No," she said, "it's really not at all proper in this country. And I don't even know if it's proper in yours."


"I was thinking," said Erika, "that maybe you might come to my apartment for dinner. I would like to cook for you, you see, Erika."

Rock interrupted her. "It's a date," he said. And—he took her hand, he winked —"if it's any good, I may just come again. I've always wanted to cook for you, I'm getting darned tired of eating in restaurants all the time. . . ."—he smiled—"for your own sake, Erika, you'd better not make too many mistakes." I'll try," she smiled back.

IF EVER A GIRL has tried hard not to make a good meal for a man, he named that Erika Carlsson. For those two hours between the time she got home and the time Rock was to come, she puttered around her kitchen like half a dozen Waldorf chefs in one. Rock liked a big fruit cocktail to start. She made a big fruit cocktail. Rock liked scallopine with
mushroom sauce. She made that. He liked au gratin potatoes and carrots with just a little sugar glazing? To his order. Red wine, not too light? Lucky there was a bottle. Caramel custard for dessert? Yes sir. He beat the eggs and up it came.

Finished with all this, she set the table, jumped into a shower, set her hair, and got dressed.

She was just finished dressing when the doorbell rang. She ran to the door.

She opened it. "Hi," she smiled.

"El. Rock didn't smile.

"A few minutes earlier," Erika started to say, "and you would have found me with my hair—"

She stopped.

"Rock," she asked, "is something wrong?"

"Yes," he said. "Yes, about tonight..."

I won't be able to stay for more than just a couple of minutes, Erika." Something at the conference?" she asked.

Rock nodded. "They decided we're to go to Aquas Calientes and re-shoot some scenes. The whole company."

"For tomorrow only?" Erika asked.

"For the rest of the week," said Rock.

"Oh... And then?" Erika asked.

"And then," Rock said, "we go to Hollywood to finish interiors, instead of finishing them here... And then, that's it. The picture's wrapped up and I'm off to Spain to start another one."

Carroll Baker: Regardless of what anyone else might say, I am my own severest critic.

Sidney Sheldon in the New York Post

"I see," Erika said. "I see..." She smiled again, tentatively this time. "But tonight," she said, "won't you be able to stay at least a little while? I've made your favorite kind of scallopine, Rock," she said. "And there's wine, red, but not too light. And the—"

"Erika," Rock said, "—the car's downstairs, right now, waiting for me. I went from the conference to my hotel room to pack. My apartment in the car downstairs. We've got to take off right away..."

He looked away from her for a moment and to a corner of the room, at the fancy-set table then. "Did you go through much trouble, Erika?" he asked.

"No," she lied.

"I was looking forward to it," he said, "—tonight, the rest of the week."

"I was too," she said, not lying this time.

For a while, neither of them said anything. And then Rock reached into his pocket for a package.

"This is for you, Erika," he said, handing it to her. "Open it, go ahead.

I wanted to get you something," he said, as she did. "I saw this in a window. The place was closed. I figured the owner might live upstairs, though. So I banged on the door. He laughed a little. I banged so hard, he must have thought it was a fire... So he came down... And I was able to get you this."

Erika had opened the package by this time. "Oh Rock," she said, "it's beautiful. It's much too beautiful."

"May I put it on you?" he asked. She nodded.

He took it, this gold and pearl necklace he'd bought her, and he put it around her neck.

He brought his hands down to her shoulders then.

"I'm sorry that it all had to happen this way," he said, very softly.

"Me too," Erika said.

"We had a lot of fun," he said.

"We did," said Erika.

"I— he said, "I haven't enjoyed being with anybody, anybody, as much as I've enjoyed you this past week. Not for a long time, Erika. Not for a very long time."

She looked at him, and her feelings showed. "Will you write to me?" he asked.

"Where?"

"I'll send you my address, in Spain, as soon as I get it."

"Of course," she whispered. "Of course I will write."

"And will you cook me a dinner again?"

He asked then.

"When?"

"I'll be back sometime," he said.

"I will," he said.

A car horn tooted downstairs.

They listened for a moment, as if to see whether it would too again.

It did.

Rock brought his hands down from her shoulders, down around her waist now. "Good-bye, Erika," he said.

"Good-bye," she said.

He kissed her.

The car horn tooted a second time.

Rock held Erika close.

He didn't move.

"You're glad you had better go," she said, after a while.

"Had I?" he asked.

"Yes," she said—she forced a little laugh—"or else, they'd come up here with guns, like in a cowboy picture, and take you away. The way they did to you in Winchester '73, which was made in 1950..."

"It was?" Rock asked.

"Yes," Erika said.

"Well—" he said, and kissed her again.

"Rock, you'd better—"

He kissed her once more.

And then, suddenly, he turned and left.

SHE STARED at the door for a moment, a long moment.

And then she went to the little table near the piano, opened the drawer, removed the picture frame inside and placed it back on the table.

She looked at it, this photograph of Rock.

She wondered how long it would be before he came back.

She wondered if he would ever come back.

She closed her eyes.

She began to remember that scene on the raft, that very first morning.

"How about it?" he'd said. "Will you come and have dinner with me?"

"Don't be cruel," she'd said.

"I'm not kidding," he'd said.

"Please, Mr. Hudson," she'd said, "—don't make jokes."

She remembered the following night, then the doorbell ringing him standing at the door.

"Hi," he'd said.

"You came, she'd thought.

"You came."

She opened her eyes.

She looked at the picture once more.

She began to nod.

"Yes," she found herself whispering.

"—maybe you will come back to me, Rock. Maybe you will...

And if you do," she whispered, "I'll be waiting for you—"

She brought her hand up now to touch the necklace he had given her.

She tried very hard not to cry... END.
Cinderella

(Continued from page 39)

woman whom I don't recall having seen before. She smiled and begged my pardon . . . said she was "encharmed" watching me and the youngsters, and could she hear the story? I said, "Tell them the same—that's the way they like it best: she becomes beautiful, falls in love with a rich, handsome man and all that kind of thing . . . just Cinderella stuff." Somewhere, I wasn't self-conscious until she introduced herself as the new beauty and fashion editor of Modern Screen. For one thing, I felt the pressure of a million eyeballs on me and there reflecting me as I am at my dreadful worst, in the eyes of someone who is everything I'm not.

"I'd like to meet Hodges," she said. "You must be Jerry?" No voice came so I just nodded. She continued to look at me, and then she spoke again, "You know, you have the most lovely eyes, Jerry. I am thinking . . . what a great story you could be if you would let me make you over. I'd love to show you what to do to make the most of the qualities you have . . ."

Me? Attractive? And then she went on.

"I could show you how to make your whole face quite beautiful, just with those eyes. And how to do it in such a special and becoming to your hair which should be shining and prettier than it is . . . it's a very nice color, really, but I'd love to brighten up the red I think I see." My drab, lifeless looks had it ever been anything else? I hide behind it!

"You mean you'd dye it?" I asked in a panic. "You wouldn't cut it, would you?"

"Oh, no, Jerry, no. But I could do something with a tinted rinse . . . you'd see what I mean, and I'd like to cut it just a bit to make it more manageable, easier to take to a new styling."*

Imagine! Here was I actually talking about me. Then I just spilled over . . . in a shower of loveliest words, I think the things I hate about me, my terrible figure that's undersized and lumpy, my skin that's sallow and blemished, and on and on. It was enlightening talk, and I had to tell some other one than the children how it feels to be plain and unpretty. Could she make me over? Would she? Please, God, let her say yes.

"Jerry, I have a proposition—how would you like to be 'Cinderella' for us? I bet I can make you into a brand-new girl, perfectly charming in any way you'd like. I'll do it tomorrow morning. There's a sketch for you, too. It's all right with you, isn't it?"

That's the way this story started . . . the rest is here with the pictures to prove that there are "miracles." I'm thrilled to be telling you of that one fabulous day, my fairy godmother and all. And at this writing, I want you to assure yourself, just as Fran (we're now great friends!) reassured me, that everything they showed me how to do was true.

On that day, I was up early to get to Modern Screen's offices by 8:30 to meet Miss Hodges. With her were Barbara and June Carter, and a photographer. We were so kind and understanding. They snapped many "before" pictures . . . me, just as I was. I had plenty of moments when I said to myself, "Nonsense, there is any place but behind in a camera. When we finished, we went into Miss Hodges' office where there were loads of charming things hanging on a rack. Still skeptical, I approached that "fitting" (as they call it) timidly, but as each outfit was tried on, and fitted so wonderfully and looked so terrific, I could begin to see what Miss Hodges had taught me. I learn to dress to bring out my best points. I'm 4'11", which I've always resented, but to find that so many things were perfect, I realized I'd never shopped for the right size. I'm an almost perfect size 7, I found, except for those lumpy hips which disappeared under a new pendant girdle which they fitted on me. When I went to the mirror they called the skirt lengths this year just barely covering the knee-cap to be smart. We went so fast that I hardly had time to be afraid, and everyone that came in said such nice things. I even asked if I could help him up the skirts!

By 9:30 I was finished, we were packed and was in a dash. The first stop was Albert Carter's Salon on 58th Street. Going over in the cab Fran chatted about new hairdos and ideas she had for me. She had realized that she really meant I looked much older than my nineteen years. I don't think at that minute I was quite ready to leave the "fitting place." I'd always had my hair, but Miss Hodges said again that there would be no dying or cutting, and besides I couldn't jump out of the taxi! She and I were both very nervous and never finally decided on would be the one that I, or anyone for that matter, could easily adapt or copy at home . . . True! I can.

For a Girl, who'd never had "the works," I began to like all of this attention. One girl did the shampoo and another had my scalp (scrubbed) another stood by advising me on the new color-rince, which did scare me a little. In between, Justin would snap a picture and Miss Hodges conferred with Mr. Carter, the expert, the stylist who was to "do" me. They all talked with their hands, peered and analyzed until I felt about like a bug on a pin, but finally it was done. Only yesterday I'd have died at the stares of all the other ladies in and out of dressers. I guess Roy knew exactly what he wanted and had me look every part. I thought I had combed and rolled with the deftest of hands.

All it seemed to me was a maze of curlers, those wire tube ones which I've found so difficult to take out. I was getting some as I was getting excited, I'll admit, at having a style created especially for me. More pictures, under the dryer, and out . . . back to the chair again. And the quick red . . . and there, suddenly it was happening! I could see it with my own eyes that my hair was beautiful! I began because I had looked and looked at myself before, but Fran seemed to know exactly what to do.

Earlier, at the hairdresser's, we had discussed the state of my face. My skin is oily and had had blemishes most of the time. While this was under control, it was introduced to a wonderful new medicated cream, and later a medicated lotion, both of which seemed to work even in a short time. After the take-up, Fran applied the lotion again, soothing and refreshing, and then she used a medicated foundation cream in a tint just a shade darker than mine. "Ivory" (it sounds so much better than "sallow"!). Then she did a trick with a white make-up stick, running a few strokes of it along my cheeks, just like from the base of my eyebrows which seem to disappear in the pictures. Fran said this is good for evening make-up and I've tried it myself. It's wonderful! (Yes, I've even had dates lately!)

My Brows needed a bit of shaping and cleaning up, and I loved the little soft brush made especially for eyebrow grooming . . . it gives such a natural look, and seems to add shine. For years, I've wanted to use it but was afraid because I didn't know how, so I was careful to watch that operation carefully and use it often now! Barbara andJune Carter assured me that I was the prettiest and I'm going to believe them. So when they put on the eye liner, I really began to sparkle. I seemed to feel flirty and by the time I was through with the mascara I was practicing side-long glances! Justin stuck his head in the door, and I flirted at him, and when he said my lashes were fringy and I would look "like Liz Taylor's!" I did a real flip! They were a gorgeous, new shade of satin red. I have to admit it—I felt like a doll—a real doll.

And now for the acid test . . . me as a matron! It was loved that I'd spent one terrific day of it, but I don't think I'd care to do it forever. Justin was like a director talking to me, teasing me, making me laugh, and never got the hang of posing in no time. It is something like acting . . . as a matter of fact with make-up on and behind lights I suddenly was an entirely different one. It was fun to begin to understand what makes actors act. Barbara helped along the way, and both she and Fran were such delightfully quick changes. Along about four o'clock Justin suddenly jumped in the air shouting, "I'm having a ball! This girl's great!" That, and I closed my head and silently said, "Please—"

At 5:00, when we'd all about had it, Fran, who had rushed around all day herself said, "How about going over to the City and eating something to eat and maybe get a good picture of that last date dress." So, off we trooped, me looking just gorgeous and my friends just as thrilled. The doorman literally swept the door open and held it for me with a deep bow, and there I was, in Sardi's, for the first time.

The Captain ushered us upstairs to the famous celebrities' Corner, and I heard several whispers such as, "Who is she?" Then, while I was trying to act as if this was the sort of thing I did every day, nice, friendly people—horrors side by side. The waiter came over with a bottle of champagne and with it a note . . . and this you may never believe, but you must! "Miss Hodges, I know you and I join you?" Signed, Paul Anka. I looked across the room, saw him and did something I could never have done before . . . I indicated what to do—"I knew in my heart, I'd never be afraid again.

But that was just the end of a day and
The beginning of a brand new me. When I got home and walked in the door, you should have seen the looks on everyone's face—sheer disbelief! I just felt so good and so bubbling I could scarcely stand it myself. I wasn't "Jerry" any longer.

I suddenly was Evelyn, and Evelyn I've never been. Maybe you don't think this any miracle...maybe you're thinking that any girl could do as much for herself, and I know you're right. It is such a strange and wondrous thing. All of a sudden you are an enough fairy godmother to go around. But for lucky, lucky me, it was...and the real miracle is not that I'm more attractive to look at...it's that I'm more attractive to be with. I have loads of good friends now...I'm no longer alone.

P.S. I have several wonderful new stories for the children which they like just as much or maybe better.

Editor's note: Well, that is Evelyn's story, and those of you who are "too little" to read it for the first time should be able to see if you can find something to help you. That is our hope. Next month, we will tell you Suzy's story.

She is one of those very "too tall" and "too fat" girls—wait till you see what we've accomplished with her! See you around here next month. My best to all of you!

Fran Hodges

We Paid $300,000

(Continued from page 28)

moods. She would set the dial morning and afternoon so that her friends and fellow workers would know her mood. The moods she had chosen for her dial were: very loving, tender, affectionate, bossy, sulky, nervous, malicious, dangerous. And for years she had been alternately "sulky" or "nervous" within the cramped confines of her dressing room. Or so she marked her "mood barometer." On the set, though, she was her usual charming and friendly self, talking with everyone, and she was held in high esteem by all her co-workers, as "the English lady who's never uppiey."

When she arrived in Vienna that May of 1938 to film The Journey with Yul Brynner, she had just completed three movies in a row—with no vacation in between. She had rushed from the last day's shooting of An Affair to Remember to France for Bonjour Tristesse, then hurried back to the United States for Separate Tables.

Without one day of rest she arrived, pale and bone-thin from exhaustion, in Vienna. Her co-star, Yul Brynner, took her to dinner at the Imperial Hotel and asked her the evening but she turned him down. "I'm so weary," she confessed, "that I can hardly think. I better get a good night's sleep so that I'll have my strength in the morning."

Yul, who's very sensitive and perceptive about women, remarked, "Deborah, is something bothering you?"

"No," she answered curtly. "I'm just tired." Then she asked to be excused.

But, for Yul, it was very easy to put two and two together. Deborah Kerr, a married woman for a dozen years, was the breadwinner of her family; and yet, during the past five years she probably felt more like an old maid than a wife. Her husband was a slipperly shadow in the Hollywood limelight. Deborah attended parties and premieres alone and unescorted. She joined groups of friends. But as a wife she was lonely. Is there a woman in the world who wears a gold wedding band on the third finger of her left hand who actually enjoys "stepping out" by herself? Although Deborah's work demanded it, her husband Tony refused to take her to Academy Award dinners and the press galas. The Hollywood colony looked upon her as a lost, sad soul, in spite of the fact that she made statement after statement that her marriage was a happy one.

In Vienna that May the lilacs bloomed in the doorways, and chestnut trees blossomed with buds of rosepink and milk-white. Every morning on the set Deborah was greeted by screenwriter Peter Viertel who gave her the rewritings of her scenes. Often he told her how beautifully she was portraying her difficult role.

She had met in Hollywood get-togethers; they were casual acquaintances. She had heard of Peter's warm and wonderful mother, Salka, who was Greta Garbo's first manager, and she had often felt inspired by everything from Hollywood hypocrisy to the lovely rhododendrons in her backyard. Wherever she went on the set, he looked after her, bringing her a tray of tea and coffee, surprising her with a bunch of beautiful violets he'd picked from the roadside.

Mike Kellin, whose current screen role is in War and Ship in the Army," was discussing the peculiarities of film executives. Whenever Kellin was scheduled to leave Hollywood, Kellin would phone each studio head and say: "Y'know? Mike Kellin is leaving town...as a result, said the actors, "They got panic-friendly producers who heard of me—and four times I was yanked off planes to be signed to a movie deal."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

One day, as they were walking from the studio, he stopped suddenly. "May I tell you what I feel?" he asked.

"Of course," she answered. "You should be honest with friends."

"You are as beautiful as the spring in Vienna," he said softly.

It took a moment for his words to penetrate, to reach the target of her heart. She looked into his piercing eyes and she began to cry.

Then he whispered, "Even when you cry, you're beautiful. I...love you."

His strong arms embraced her, crushing her, and she looked into his dark eyes as his lips came closer to hers. Tears streamed down her cheeks. The flowering chestnut trees blurred all around her.

"I'm a married woman," she answered.

"I'm not," he answered.

He kissed her gently then, and she froze. She looked at him, scared and petrified. What...what have you done? she blurted. "I'm a married woman." She stifled a sob and ran to her hotel room where she sat by the window, unable to stop her tears. She gazed at the deepening Vienna dusk, wondering why she had allowed Peter to hold and kiss her in the shade of the chestnut tree on the public
country road. Had she gone mad?

Her telephone rang. Pulling herself together, she went to answer it. She hoped it was human, and not the caller from the bank.

It was Peter on the phone, asking her to stop by "that little cafe on the side street where we'll be alone."

"I can't," she fibbed. "I must study my lines.

"One drink, then," he suggested. "Just have one drink with me.

She refused.

"I want to see you so much," he said.

"I love you," she lied.

Taking a long deep breath, she said, "Peter, we must stop seeing each other. You're married, and I'm married, and I don't think that's what you had in mind.

"Deborah," he whispered, "you're wrong. I know somehow we need each other.

She said good night to him. But she couldn't fall asleep. She tossed for hours, wondering why she allowed Peter to embrace her, why she had responded to his kiss. Was . . . was she hungry for love?

UNTIL THAT EVENING, Deborah believed that her relationship with her husband, Tony Bartley, was faultless, more or less. But the latest events left her certain it was not.

Now, suddenly, after Peter's nearness and his kiss, the beat of her heart quickened: there were murmurations of awakened emotions she had long forgotten. Could it be the springtime in Vienna . . . or was it Peter who was making her feel alive again?

After another week she knew it was Peter.

It was Peter who gave her sprigs of lily-of-the-valley or a handful of violets every morning, saying, "They looked so beautiful in the morning sun that I wanted you to have them." It was Peter who cared enough to talk with her on the set about her children, her future. It was Peter who presented her with a yellow-gold ring with a ruby heart (how many years since Tony had ever given her a present!)

Finally, unable to hold back the longing in her heart, she gave in to his invitation to dinner. And each evening they ate schnitzel or goulash at the quaint outdoor cafes and listened to the strolling side-walk musicians; she would usher in the Stadstoper—the State Opera House; the Atuerberg Winter Gardens, the Kunsthistorisches Museum with its many Breughel paintings. At the Hofburg where the Austrian crown jewels were on display, Peter said, after pointing to a crown of fiery rubies, "That's how everlasting my love is for you—like the fire in those jewels."

How could she help herself? She hadn't planned to fall in love. She didn't want to fall in love. But Peter's love awakened her dormant marriage, and finally confessed to Peter, was prosaic, dull.

At the end of the filming, she flew home to Hollywood. She refused to date Peter. She told him everything: how she had met someone for whom she cared.

The word leaked out to their friends and to her agents, and Deborah's romance with Peter Victory made headlines in Europe and America. She was ashamed and crushed, afraid that her children would suffer. "More than anything else," she said to Peter, "I want you to think everything through so that they won't be hurt."

But Tony had stopped listening to Deborah. He had decided to launch the offensive with their separation. Deborah was stunned when he suddenly took their
two daughters to Europe and had them made wards of the British court. Naïve and embarrassed by the publicity of her romance, she didn't know how to tangle with the painful thorn of divorce.

In the British newspapers, Tony accused Peter of having stolen the affection of his wife, and he demanded $300,000. Deborah couldn't believe it. Finally she called him on the transatlantic telephone, and he repeated his demands. The British press, however, was more interested in destroying her happy home. All the British journalists defended Tony since he was an ex-war hero.

PETER'S WIFE, Virginia, filed for divorce, asking for $12,000 in yearly alimony. The divorce was granted. Months later, Virginia filed a suit to recover $500,000. Deborah deferred it. She didn't want Tony to know how she felt about winning. Her heart was in Virginia's tragic death. But she knew she couldn't stop loving Peter, in spite of all the anguish and embarrassment. For weeks she talked with marriage counselors, lawyers, advisors, all of whom helped her decide that she would pay Tony Bartley $300,000 for the freedom to love the man who gave her spirit strength and happiness.

After Deborah agreed to pay Tony the gargantuan divorce settlement, the scan-
dals came out about Tony, how he wasn't the ideal husband she'd pictured him to be, how he had enjoyed a "private" life all his own while he was married to Deborah, squiring pretty girls to dinner and out-of-the-way hangouts. But it was all too late. Deborah had signed the divorce agreement. She was too happy to pay Tony for the right to her freedom. And Tony took every cent.

Peter then began building a stone bungalow at Tries, Switzerland, after Deborah's divorce was granted on the 15th of July, 1959. The decree specified she was to wait a year before marrying. And all through that year, Deborah and Peter waited. Then the day arrived when they flew to each other as often as they could. Finally, when the British court allowed Deborah custody of her daughters on weekends, she and Melanie and Francesca flew every Friday evening to Klos- ters from London, where Deborah was filming The Grass Is Greener with Cary Grant. Deborah got to know, and adore Peter's daughter, Christina, and Peter got to know and love Deborah's daughters.

Of course, every time Deborah and Peter took a lighted candle to their windows and whispered, "The date they chose was a Saturday, July 23, 1960. The 22nd of July was Deborah's final day of shooting in London. She arrived that Friday evening for her wedding at Kloren, the Zurich airport, where she was met by Peter. They were welcomed later at the Chesa Grischuna cafe by warm friends: Yul and Julie, Bing, Brigitte, Phil, Mel Ferrer, Ashley, Lita, Olin, John, Shaw, Elsa Schiaparelli. They enjoyed a candle-light supper with wine while Swiss violi-

ners played lilting European love songs.

The following Monday, the day of the wedding, turned out to be gray and drizzly. Dozens of reporters arrived. But by 10:00 that morning Deborah was in a paroxysm of joy, tears streaming down her face.

The ceremony was due at 11:30.

Peter's young secretary, Ann Hutton, raced to the post office in her sports car. The dress was air-mailed special-delivery from the famed salon of Givenchy in Paris.

But the postmaster shook his head, "No, this package is not to be opened.

Ann drove back to tell Deborah, "Maybe I'd better go with you," Deborah said. "He must have it there, somewhere.

Ann zoomed to the village post office where the postmaster shrugged his shoul-
ders. "No, Miss Kerr," he nodded, "there is no package for you. You can see for yourself."

DEBORAH QUICKLY LOOKED through the clatter of parcels waiting to be picked up by village residents. There was a blue one, a pink one, a beige one, and a white one. Deborah, "This is it!" she shouted with joy. "My wedding dress."

"But the label says it's for Mr. Viertel, the postmaster. We can't let you have this without his written permission."

Again, Ann drove off. She found Peter who signed the postmaster's release form. Deborah rushed then to the Chesa Grischuna, changed hurriedly into her em-
broidered peppermint-pink wedding dress, the peppermint-pink picture hat, her matching embroidered court shoes.

The rain was pounding. In the meanwhile, spectators surrounded the main street and the Gemeindehaus (City Hall). With-
in the hallowed halls of the Gemeindehaus, another crisis occurred. The official wed-
ding documents were not back from Chur, the capital of Graubunden, and Mr. Hans Joos, the alderman who planned to marry them, announced, "Without the papers I will not perform."

Hundreds of spectators with umbrellas mobbed the street now. The festively-
dressed guests arrived in dark limousines and limousines with heads of rain. When Deborah arrived at Gemeindehaus with her daugh-
ters and Irwin Shaw who was standing in for her as a witness, the crowd sighed over her beauty, and the dark rainclouds lifted. And, suddenly as if by a miracle, the sun shone through with a brilliant burst of light.

At exactly eleven-twenty-eight, the wedding took place by special messenger.

Hans Joos called the gathering to order.

Peter, in a dark blue suit, walked with his bride, and asked the alderman to take his hand. Christina, bow-
ing, gave Deborah a wedding bouquet of pink carnations. In a moment, as the sun-
shining glistened on Deborah's stained glass window in the Gemeindehaus, Hans Joos began the ageless ceremony that pro-
nounced Deborah Kerr and Peter Viertel man and wife.

Suddenly, Rice laced the air. Deborah and Peter kissed, and as they walked to the front door of the Gemein-
dehaus, Peter kissed her again, whisper-
ing, "You're the greatest woman I'll ever love you forever."

Her heart nearly bursting with ecstasy, Deborah thanked God for the new richness in her life with Peter by her side.

NEXT MONTH'S
MODERN SCREEN
makes public
the whole story
of the threat
to kidnap
Liz Taylor's
children...

On sale November 3

END

You can see Deborah in Paramount's The Sundowners.
Debbie, and Debbie will have made her decision.

Eddie cares deeply what her decision will be. He cares deeply about the man who will replace him as the day-to-day father of his children. Were Debbie a bit
er person, she might say to herself that Eddie chose to leave her and her children, and therefore has not the right to even an opinion as to who they marry. But she will marry. But Debbie is not a bitter
er person; Eddie is still the natural father of her children, and Debbie is listening carefully to his feelings on her marriage-to-be.

Eddie is worried. He has confessed this worry to those who are close to him. He is worried that Debbie may decide not to marry. He more than any other human being knows how deeply Debbie was hurt by her marriage to him; he knows that she has good cause to be frightened of marriage, and that when the fateful
moment of decision arrives next month, she may say no to a husband for herself and a father for her children. With all of this concern he can express, Eddie wants Debbie to understand that she must not fear marriage—that, on the contrary, she must fear is the profound emptiness for herself and her children so long as there is no father there to make their house a real home.

SOON, EDDIE KNOWS, the children will be in school—there will be questions from playmates like, “Who’s your daddy?” There will be school parties and report cards to sign. But there will also be little times when Daddy should be there. He, Eddie, cannot be there, and he hopes and prays that someone else will be.

Debbie has agreed to confide with his opinions of Debbie’s suitors; but, right or wrong, he does not want his children
to go through the confusion of a broken home another time. And so, in his heart of hearts, Eddie knows that Debbie not only to marry again but to marry the man who will be mature enough to be a solid and selfless father. He knows maybe that Debbie would like to marry personally: Leon Tyler, Glenn Ford, Walter Troutman, Bob Neal, Michael Dante, Jorge Guinie, Bob Peterson, Carleton Carpenter, John vibrantly, Harry Karl. And as a father, concerned with the security and happiness of his children, he has confided to intimates that he approves of Harry Karl and will not be hurt if he should marry her. Harry Karl—the man who, despite his wealth, loves most to take Carrie and Todd to Disneyland and buy them poppies at night helping them build little doll houses on the rug, helping them all feel again that they are a family. If Debbie marries Harry a great and terrible burden will be lifted from Eddie’s heart.

But, there is another man whose feelings Debbie is also listening to now—a man who has been with her longer than Eddie, and who in many ways has been even closer to her. A man who through thick and thin, through his own hopes and disappointments, has always been there waiting beside Debbie. That man is Leon Tyler, and as deeply as Eddie hopes Debbie will marry, Leon hopes she will wait. As deeply as Eddie feels Harry Karl will make an excellent husband and father, Leon feels that by marrying Harry Debbie will destroy the essence of the human being she really is. No one knows the real Debbie better than Leon Tyler. No one in the world is more en-
titled to speak now or forever hold his peace if he can show any just cause why Debbie and Harry should not be married.

For a long time during the period when Debbie and Leon had attended Burbank High, they were sweethearts. At the time, Debbie was an independent young man who wouldn’t go with a boy, but went more steady with Leon than with anyone else.

He worshipped her. She was a tiny bundle of energy, and he loved her the way she clowned around. His mother, Mrs. Maud Sperel, and Debbie’s mother, Mrs. Maxine Reynolds, were neighbors in Burbank and they were both pretty, capable women who went to church together, had the same type of family background and thought alike.

Debbie’d already been signed to a movie contract, but she was earning only $65 a week, and no one thought she was going to be a great star. Leon had acting ambitions, too, and because he was a talented dancer, the kids thought he would be the one to make it in pictures.

If Leon had become a star, he and Debbie might be married today and happy so. But though Leon loved Debbie, he didn’t really propose. He saw Debbie’s star rising and rising, and he knew that he couldn’t compete to become Mrs. Debbie Reynolds. One evening, as they were sitting in Debbie’s back yard in Burbank, they made a pact: “If neither of us falls in love and marries before 29, we’ll marry each other.

THE LOVE LEON FELT for Debbie was so great that he could rejoice in her happiness and support her when she was unhappy. He could share every mood, every emotion of Debbie’s. It is an enduring love from which the heat had vanished—but there are marriage counselors who say that this is the greatest love of all. And with it goes the deepest of understandings.

Leon has always turned to Leon. He’s been by her side through everything that happened through the years, through the good and the bad.

Leon was with her six years ago when she had a party in Burbank, and she was clopping around when a slight, dark-haired young man walked in. When the party was over, Debbie came over to Leon, the clown expression gone from her face. Looking very thoughtful, she said, “Did you see that boy?”

“You mean the singer—you mean Eddie Fisher?”

“Yes. Well, I like him. A lot. I think I’m in love with him. I’m going to marry him.”

After she married Eddie, Leon often went along with the two of them on dates. When things began to go badly between Eddie and Debbie, he saw the strain Debbie was going through. And he suffered untold agonies himself, seeing the girl he’d always loved going through her own private hell.

I tell you, the world did its best to get her to talk about how Liz had broken up her marriage, she wouldn’t talk to the world; she wouldn’t talk to reporters, but she’d call Leon. And when she was unhappy, she was unable to sleep. To Leon she poured out her heart. She knew that he was her most sympathetic friend. And if by chance she wishes sometimes to be left alone, he could have been more than a friend to her, he puts the thought behind him.

“The movies are a funny business,” he said. “Debbie got there first, and I didn’t want to be a Mr. Reynolds.”

Now Leon—still in love with Debbie—watches unhappily as she goes out on dates with Harry Karl. Not because he’s jealous. Long ago he gave up any idea, any hope of ever marrying Debbie—
But with Leon, it's altogether different. One night, only a short while ago, she and Leon made a date. "What are you going to wear, Leon?" she asked him. "A blue sweater, maybe red Bermuda" she showed up wearing an almost identical costume—big, bulky blue sweater and red Bermudas. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. She looked like a teenage—pre-glamor, pre-Harry Karl Debbie.

"Let's have laughs," she said. She and Leon double dated with another couple—an old Burbank school friend, Ray Stevens, and his wife, Carole. They went bowling. Debbie was a riot, clomping all over the place. Her eyes danced. She took off her shoes. She was like a kid. Then they went to some little "dives" around Sunland and in the Valley.

"She was a three-ring circus," said Leon wistfully. "In the bowling alley she hoisted a big ball, then pretended it was too heavy for her, and as she tossed it, she fell down the alley with the ball. Debbie was her old self, clowning, laughing, her pony-tail flying. It made me feel as if she was eighteen and I nineteen again, and I thought back to the days when we had sold our souls to them and laughed at the idea of either of us ever having enough money to afford anything like that."

And then I started to drive Debbie home, her face was glowing.

THEN, AS SHE WAS LEAVING for her big, beautiful home, facing a formal date with Harry the next evening, Debbie shifted slightly. She looked up at Leon tenderly and said, "I had such a wonderful time. I'm lucky to be with the man I'm going to be married to." She took to have fun like this any more. I loved it. This is the kind of fun I enjoy. I've had the best time tonight I've had in years. Thank you, Leon dear."

And then she walked into her beautiful home. The next night she was the glamorous Debbie Hardy Karl knows and loves.

But Leon says, "Can Harry really understand this girl? Or will he try to remake her—and break her? It would be tragic if he did. For Debbie has a priceless gift of fun and laughter."

Why does Debbie continue to see Harry? Why, perhaps, will she marry him, when there is so much in her bubbling personality that is alien to his nature?

Leon thinks she wants a man to respect and look up to, emotionally, financially and socially. "I think she's rationalizing. Harry seems to fill the bill on those things Debbie thinks she needs. She's had one bad experience in marriage. She was so badly hurt by it, she doesn't want protection and dignity. She thinks Harry will give her that protection. She doesn't need his money—Debbie will make millions through the circus, and there's an aura of power around Harry. People bow to him—the maître d's to whom he gives big tips, his hundreds of employees, the people he really needs society to whom he is a big spender. I think Debbie's been glamoured and confused."

"I'd rather see her wait for a while until she knows for certain. Maybe. Perhaps that's why she likes to go with Harry. It's always one party after another, or traveling to Palm Springs or Las Vegas, or to California. When she's with Harry, they're always with one people or doing something—moving, moving, moving, so that Debbie doesn't even know what Harry is like deep inside."

At one time, this she took Leon's hand in her own, "You see, I have many acquaintances, but I can count my friends on the fingers of one hand."

Debbie feels that Harry likes her for herself. He doesn't need her money. She feels he doesn't need her fame, and isn't attracted by it (although many people in Hollywood disagree with her about that). One of her old friends in Burbank warned her, "Harry don't have any sense of humor.""

SHE QUICKLY DEFENDED HIM. "He has a dry sense of humor. Maybe it's not like ours. He's a different kind of man—but he has a worldly humor."

When any of Burbank friends warn her about Harry's weak points, she rushes to his defense. He does so many things for Debbie. How do they "get together and dress?" says Leon. "He comes to the house, loaded with gifts for her children. More than anything else, this strikes home with Debbie."

Once, she told Debbie and feels Harry is wrong for her said, "Debbie, if he's so fond of children, what about his own? Although he pays a hefty sum for the support of his three young children (as decreed by the courts) he seldom comes to see them!"

At this, Debbie flared up and defended Harry all the more, insisting that he loves his children, and is the best of them whenever possible—and that it isn't always possible.

On Sunday mornings, Leon is often at Debbie's house rooming with her children. He doesn't come loaded down with as many expensive gifts, but the children's faces light up when they see him. They care for Leon. He is the only man in a way with children; he teaches youngsters in a Valley school and he knows how to get down on the floor with little Carrie and Todd and John without their crying.

Many of Debbie's Burbank friends hope that she doesn't marry Harry. "He doesn't really understand her or us," they say. They let their clowns and clowns sometimes he acts startled, as if he can't quite get with it. At a party she gave recently, she invited Harry, some of her movie friends, her family and the Burbank crowd. She and Leon did a rock-and-roll dance together and they were a riot. She was the bouncy, clowning Debbie we used to know before her heart was broken by Eddie. Everyone was laughing.
having a good time. Except Harry, who kept to himself and had very little to say. He seemed stiff and repressed at the party. "He's not really Debbie's type. In her own way, she likes to have a good time. She has a good time when she's with Leon. But her way is not really Harry's way."

"Leon's ways are Debbie's ways," says Leon's mother. "My son is a brilliant, kind boy, a graduate of Los Angeles State College. He teaches school and also helps in his father's store. He's got a good heart, and Debbie loves her boys."

Harry—of being with Leon, of mending with her Burbank friends, of being the clownish and happy "Miss Burbank." She hostsess his parties, and she always has fun. Royce, the family's designer, and Debbie's best friend, evening Debbie didn't try to mix oil and water—the Harry Karl crowd and the Burbank crowd. Leon was there, and several times in the hour. Harry was not, Leon, who used to be a profession dancer, and Debbie danced a lot. Debbie murmured to him. "This is like the ride around the Palladium. . . remember. . ."

No wonder Harry is frequently uneasy about her friendship with Leon. "It's just friendship," Debbie assures him. And it is. But it is a deep, deep friendship—and Harry dreads the gulf it places between him and Debbie. He knows that the girl Leon has is a pretty girl—yet both inhabit the same body. Perhaps Leon sums up this strange triangle better than anyone can. "There's a very deep friendship between him and me. Not long ago, I was bedridden, as the result of an old injury flaring up again—it was originally caused by an auto accident on a mountain highway near Palm Springs. She wanted to fly in to visit me at St. Joseph's Hospital. I told her not to come, but she came anyway. It was wonderful to see her."

"Some time previously she had invited me to a party she was planning to have in her home in Holmby Hills. When I spoke to Debbie on the phone before she flew in, I told her I didn't think I'd be able to make the party."

"When Debbie came to see me, she cheereved me up, as only Debbie can. I don't care much for the party, it was a wonderful story."

"It was a wonderful story. It's a story that did it or the miracles of modern wonder drugs, but by the time the date arrived for the party, I was well enough to go."

"I enjoyed it, but still weak from my recent illness, I tired easily, and started to leave early."

"When she saw me leaving, Debbie left the group of people she was with and said, 'Oh, Leon, don't leave yet. We've hardly had a chance to visit.' Ignoring the old people, she sat down on the couch. She said, in the sweet, sincere way she has, 'Leon, if you need any money for doctor bills or hospital bills, as an old friend to another old friend, I don't want anything to happen to you.'"

"And I don't want anything to happen to Debbie, either. I mean I don't ever want things to happen to her."

"I'm not in the same category with Debbie any more. A lot of our dreams had to go out the window when she became a big star. But there is still something very, very wonderful that exists between us. And in my heart I can only ask Debbie, in the name of that wonderful bond that there has always been between us, not to marry, without thinking it over very carefully. Debbie, don't marry anyone who doesn't love the sprite that you are. For you have always been a little sprite—and if Harry or any other boys try to charm you, a lot of laughter and gaiety will go out of the world."

"Think it over, Debbie. . . ."

END

Watch for Debbie in The Rat Race and The Pleasure of His Company, both for Paramount.
I Did Not Beat My Dog

(Continued from page 27)

"When the situation happened, I was advised to keep quiet and 'let it pass' because both Fritz and I faced light charges like these. It's like answering the question, 'When did you stop beating your wife?'

"And frankly I did not know how to defend myself against something of which I was entirely innocent.

"There's a ruling in the U.S. Constitution that a person is innocent until he is proved guilty. "But in the minds of many animal lovers throughout the country—who read the initial accounts of this story in the papers—I'm guilty—period.

"After the police came to my house, the newspaper printed a 'so-called statement' from me in which I was quoted as admitting that I was cruel to my dog and offered to 'give him away if that will help matters.'

"But I have never made such a statement. I'd sooner cut off my right arm and give that away than to part with Fritz. "At first I was only heart sick and bewildered by what happened. I'm still heart sick but now that the shock has worn off a little I can face it more steadily.

"And I'm not fighting for my 'good name,' nor for my career.

"I'm fighting for the public faith—which I knew had been badly shaken. Unjustifiably shaken.

"I KNOW THIS because of the many letters I have received.

"Cruel letters, many unsigned, which give me no chance to answer.

"I've received letters which weren't addressed at all. Just the headlines of the story, pasted on the back of a three-cent post card.

"I don't hate these people for writing such letters.

"I think perhaps I would be equally irate if I had read a story of a similar nature about someone else. Anyone who loves animals would.

"But I do think I would have waited for more evidence—more proof that the charges were irrevocably true—before I would have condemned the individual involved.

"And that's the only consideration I ask for.

"That the truth be heard. And the reasons for the accusations understood."

Tab was at the breaking point as he said this. The last few weeks had been torment for him.

"I love Fritz. I love all animals. I've taken my share of kidding for being so gone on animals.

"In fact I even bought my house in an 'unfashionable'—for a movie star—district of the city because it had plenty of grounds in which a dog could roam—without being in any traffic hazard, and because the stables were located nearby.

"This is quite far enough, I was miles away from the studios—or from the fashionable Bel Air party circuit.

"I bought the house soon after I got Fritz. Dogs were not permitted in the building I was living in at the time. And I wanted a dog.

"I've loved pups since I was a baby but was never able to afford to have one of my own. Three mouths are enough to feed. Mother would say. 'We simply can't bring in a fourth.'

"I begged for a little pup. Very little, 'who wouldn't eat much,' the answer was always the same. We couldn't afford it.

"Then I found an under our house. A little dachshund wandering in the streets and pleaded with mother to let me take care of him. his owner was found. I was afraid he'd die of the cold and starvation just on his own. He had no tag, no identification and for weeks we make every effort to find his new master. He was never claimed and finally, mother told me we'd have to send him to the pound.

"I remember crying bitterly and promising the dogs would share my meals with him and do anything to support him and take care of him.

"I think I threatened to run away from home—if he wasn't a pound. Mother eventually gave in—and in doing so told me something I have never forgotten: 'Take good care of him, Art, and give him love. We have God to look to—but animals have only us to look to.'

"TAB ALWAYS REMEMBERED this advice. And the relationship between him and his dog Fritz was begun. This would out of a book. We have spoken to his friends, his neighbors, his veterinarian, his trainer and others who have seen the two together, but not this relationship."

"Two years ago come December, a friend of his, connected with the Artesia Stock farms, phoned him and asked if he still remembered his dog.

"You're so right I am, Tab replied.

"'What's on your mind?'

"A beautiful pup, Millie replied. "A Weimaraner. Pedigreed. The whole thing. He belongs to two friends of mine who are getting a divorce. Both are moving into apartments—and both are too emotionally upset to take care of their dogs. They asked me to see if I could find him a home. I thought of you first off."

"When can I see him?"

"When do you want to?"

"Tonight."

"Tab took one look at the pup—and knew this was the dog he had wanted.

"'Tell them I'm Fritz, after my first pup,' told Millie.

"'You have no choice in the matter,' she replied.

"'His name is on the papers.'

"'I don't care what's on the papers,' Tab said stubbornly. 'His name is going to be Fritz.'

"'Why don't you look at the papers?'

"He did—and learned his pup was Fritz. El Greco Fritz.

"He took him home that night.

"And the next day started looking for an apartment or house where dogs were permitted.

"Since he was bucking a "no pets allowed" problem where he was living, he decided to move into his agent Dick Clayton's house over the Christmas holidays. This would enable Fritz to have plenty of room in which to romp and also help out Dick who was looking for a guardian for his German Shepherd, while he was out of town for the holidays.

"On Christmas Eve, while Tab was dressing for a party, the two dogs were playing in the garden. Sam jumped over a hedge and Fritz followed him, but being just a puppy, stumbled.

"Whimpering, he limped into the house and held his forepaw up to his master.

"Tab picked up the puppy and carried it gently to his car.

"His party was forgotten.

"His date was forgotten.

"For two hours he drove through Hollywood and the San Fernando Valley searching for a vet who was home.

"Finally he found one—and stayed in sur-

gery with the doctor while the injured paw was being taken care of.

"AND AT MIDNIGHT—when the chimneys in the Valley heralded Christmas, Tab lifted the cup of coffee he was drinking to keep awake, and toasted his small compa-

"'Merry Christmas Fritz.'

"After that—dog and man were almost inseparable.

"Wherever Tab went, Fritz came along, if he was permitted.

"On Sunday mornings, he'd say to his pup: 'The stables, Fritz. We're going to the horses today.' And the pup would grab Tab's foot and pull him until he was at the front of the pick-up truck to await his master. Once at the stables, Fritz would romp about the horses. When they got bathed, Fritz would yowl until he too was given his bath.

"There were certain places, however, to which Fritz could not come along.

"Last week we were on the Orient on a buying trip for his new shop. The Far East, and left Fritz in the excellent care of the Happy Glen Dog Training School in Apruque.

"On his way home he stopped off in Hawaii for a week's vacation.

"The first night there, he called Dick to see if there were any urgent matters in Hollywood requiring his immediate attention and if everything was going smoothly in his absence.

"'No trouble, businesswise,' Dick told him, "but I'm terribly worried about Fritz."

"Tab panicked.

"'What's wrong with Fritz? Is he ill?'

"Not really ill—yet," Dick replied. 'More like him being gophers around. He's going to go out and will hardly touch his food and refuses to take water. He's completely dehydrated. We think he feels you have gone off and deserted him.

"'I'll take the first available plane back. I'll wire you when I'm arriving. Can you meet me at the airport?'

"Will do.

"When he got off the plane, Tab didn't bother to go to his house, but drove instead directly to the kennels.

"When he saw Fritz he hardly recognized him. His eyes were glazed and his coat dull.

"Mr. Frederick von Huly who owns the school has one of the best reputations in the country, but there was just nothing I could do. In all my years of handling animals I rarely have seen a pup so homesick.

"Tab took Fritz home immediately, stopping only briefly at a local super-market to pick up some of his favorite foods.

"Once at home he set out two large bowls for Fritz—one of food and one of water.

"Fritz nibbled at the meat—but despite Tab's coaxing still wouldn't take water.

"So Tab dipped his hand in the bowl, and placed his wet fingers on Fritz's tongue. He kept dipping, and the bowl was soon half empty, and kept this up for the next few days until Fritz, secure in having his master back with him, ventured to the waterbowl alone.

"Shortly after his return to the Orient, Tab hired a wonderful Mexican housekeeper named Ninafa, to look after his home and pets. Fritz was fond of her, whenever he had to be away for short periods of time.

"There never has been an hour," says Tab, "when Ninafa hasn't kept Fritz's water bowl full and dry. She has a special care of him too. And Fritz has always had complete freedom of action within the fence that runs around my property."

"Considering his deep affection for this animal, how did the manager of the apartment building across the way dare to lodge a cruelty complaint against him, and con-
Hear This Sinner

(Continued from page 43)

was a construction worker. My mom, Grace, was—and still is—a housewife. My dad, Fred, was a muley—riding man. Our riding was all around his work, and he'd take the kids along—where he died, God rest his soul.

I used to fight with him something terrible, the reason, I think, was that he was not at all alike with our dark brown eyes anduburn hair. I'm forty-four, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I'm a little short, and probably a bit overweight—where is he going, God rest his soul?

I used to fight with him something terrible, the reason, I think, was that he was not at all alike with our dark brown eyes anduburn hair. I'm forty-four, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I'm a little short, and probably a bit overweight—where is he going, God rest his soul?

I used to fight with him something terrible, the reason, I think, was that he was not at all alike with our dark brown eyes anduburn hair. I'm forty-four, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I'm a little short, and probably a bit overweight—where is he going, God rest his soul?

I used to fight with him something terrible, the reason, I think, was that he was not at all alike with our dark brown eyes anduburn hair. I'm forty-four, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I'm a little short, and probably a bit overweight—where is he going, God rest his soul?

I used to fight with him something terrible, the reason, I think, was that he was not at all alike with our dark brown eyes anduburn hair. I'm forty-four, eleven-inches tall, and my mom's about an inch taller. I'm a little short, and probably a bit overweight—where is he going, God rest his soul?
ing to the graveyard behind the church while the choir sang *Abide With Me* so sweetly my heart almost broke. They low-
ered over the grave, and I went against my own will and
unknown to me, and I gave my life for you. Oh, Jock, I love
and my Aunt Rene said, "Pray, child, pray. Pray for his soul to go to heaven."
I prayed, but I could never forget all the
habits and the way I got along. All the nights we yelled and hollered because I wanted the
radio playing while he watched his favorite wrestling and boxing matches on TV. And the day in the middle of the night, all nervous and sweaty, because my father's face appeared in the darkness, and
I'd say, "Pop, I'm sorry. I'm sorry for any trouble caused you." But he wouldn't say anything, and my heart would thunder and I'd cry.

I PRAYED every Sunday at our First Baptist church, and every time I'd hear our
choir sing a sad hymn I'd think of
Daddy and all the terrible trouble I caused him. One winter night, after we had
moved to Nashville, my mom and
sisters and my brother and I went to church.
It was so cold that the moon looked like
a hunk of ice, and when we stepped inside the church I'd never forget what hap-
pened. A child was singing, *Jesus Is the One*. She sang it so sweetly that tears came
to my eyes. And up at the altar the
preacher told us how this five-
year-old already had to the urge to
be baptized, to be cleansed and born anew.
"Does anyone here wish his soul saved, his soul cleansed, his soul baptized in the
name of Jesus Christ?" And he
looked into my face and I said, "Yes, Sis-
ter," and the preacher looked at me and
I said, "As a matter of fact, I want to
be baptized right now.
He'd heard our Baptist preacher in Georgia give the "altar call" before, but I was never moved. I always looked to see who felt
sinful enough to much down the aisle.
Well, all of a sudden, from out of some
dark corner in my heart, a voice, faraway and holy, cried, "Go... go forth, sinner.
Step forward and be saved!"
I didn't know what to do. I looked at
my mother who had her eyes closed as she
sang a hymn. I closed my eyes and sang, but the preacher wouldn't call.
*Go forward. Be saved. Now!*
I had sinned against my father. I knew
that. I had defied the Ten Commandments. I had to do a lot of things I didn't want to, and I would cry.
The voice prodled at me like a prickly thorn, and I started to shake, knowing my
time had come. Then, the strangest thing
happened. As soon as I stepped forward
I started to shake and tremble. I told
the preacher, the most glorious feeling
came over me. It was as if trumpets were
sounding in heaven and calling me to hold hands with the angels. I knew then God
wanted me to be baptized. And I walked forward with pride and confidence and
with the most thrilling feeling in my heart
that I've ever had.
"I want to confess all my sins," I told
the preacher when I reached the altar.
And the preacher looked up and cried,
"O Lamb of God, hear this prayer!"
I knelt before him, and I listened to him
pray, and I prayed with him while the
heavenly sound of trumpets called and I
saw the clouds, the whole face of our
Good Lord, Jesus, smile upon me.
I couldn't wait then for the day of
my baptism.
On that day I wore a white dress, and I
walked into the river up to my waist, and
the preacher stood in the water beside me.
"In the name of the Father, the Son and
the Holy Ghost," he said, "I baptize thee,
Tommy, in the name of the Child of God."
And he touched my head gently and immersed me
into the water.
I came out of the water, soaking wet
and I didn't lose faith. And one day I
had the most beautiful sight I'd seen. The sun shone on every-
thing, and the hills around the river were
emerald green. And I thanked the Lamb
for the "call" to His baptism and true Christianity. I thanked Him for saving me...
I'm Gonna Die Young

(Continued from page 33)

say, "You're the boss." And he winked at him.

The doctor didn't smile, and shook his head 
carefully, as if he didn't want to go on to what 
that stage tomorrow night. He jerked his 
head in the direction of the door. "You 
wouldn't be doing any shows or singing, 
anything but resting for good three 
weeks. But I know you won't hold to that. So 
the most I can say is take it easy. Just slow 
down. You know the score. You were lucky this 
time, but next time..."

"Don't worry, Doc. Don't worry," the 
young man wise-cracked. "I'll be around 
to sing at your funeral!"

The doctor didn't smile. "I hope so," he said 
grayly. "I hope so." And he turned 
his heel and left the room.

Bobby Darin lay quietly as the door 
shut behind him. He lay there and listened to 
the sound of his own breathing, and he remembered 
how he could almost hear it—the haunting, 
telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt 
and slowly, in little pricks, he began to 
break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs 
weren't new. He'd been living with them 
for a long time, ever since the four 
awful attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when 
he was a kid. It was made worse by the 
attacks. He didn't remember 
too much about those years, the 
first seven. They telescoped now into 
and smear, and he held his breath 
and he almost heard it—the haun 
ting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt 
and slowly, in little pricks, he began to 
break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs 
weren't new. He'd been living with them 
for a long time, ever since the four 
awful attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when 
he was a kid. It was made worse by the 
attacks. He didn't remember 
too much about those years, the 
first seven. They telescoped now into 
and smear, and he held his breath 
and he almost heard it—the haun 
ting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt 
and slowly, in little pricks, he began to 
break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs 
weren't new. He'd been living with them 
for a long time, ever since the four 
awful attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when 
he was a kid. It was made worse by the 
attacks. He didn't remember 
too much about those years, the 
first seven. They telescoped now into 
and smear, and he held his breath 
and he almost heard it—the haun 
ting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt 
and slowly, in little pricks, he began to 
break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs 
weren't new. He'd been living with them 
for a long time, ever since the four 
awful attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when 
he was a kid. It was made worse by the 
attacks. He didn't remember 
too much about those years, the 
first seven. They telescoped now into 
and smear, and he held his breath 
and he almost heard it—the haun 
ting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.

He released his breath in a quick spurt 
and slowly, in little pricks, he began to 
break out in a cold sweat. The murmurs 
weren't new. He'd been living with them 
for a long time, ever since the four 
awful attacks of rheumatic fever he'd had when 
he was a kid. It was made worse by the 
attacks. He didn't remember 
too much about those years, the 
first seven. They telescoped now into 
and smear, and he held his breath 
and he almost heard it—the haun 
ting, telltale sound of his heart murmur, 
frantic whispering that said his heart 
wasn't functioning properly, wouldn't be 
normal. Ever.
whole scene again, how it had all happened earlier tonight. He hadn’t been feeling too well all day and felt tired and now he was groggy. He’d tried to catapult during the afternoon, but something was always interfering with his rest: phone calls, interviews, jokes and fight talk from his conductor and accompanist when someone had misplaced some music and mild hysteria had set in. Then he had gone on stage, quite tired, against all of his better judgment, and when he got on, he’d suddenly felt very dizzy. After that song he’d taken a drink of water, and walked around the stage, making jokes and fight talk with his conductor and accompanist. His head was spinning, and quite dazed, he supposed that if he’d been able to get ahold of the nucleus of truth, he might have found the nucleus of truth. But it didn’t. The audience started to blur before his eyes; his arms and legs fell heavy and his head seemed to sway and pound and he could feel the sweat pouring down his face, streaking the make-up and trickling into his collar. But he pushed the ideas aside, made a quick bow. Then he staggered back stage, breathing heavily and clutching at his collar.

His manager had taken one look at him, felt his forehead, and gasped, “My God, Bobby, you’re burning up!” He’d ignored his half-hearted quip, “Well, very die hard about it.” Then, a “brave face,” shouted him right up to the room, and called the doctor. Two doctors had come immediately and examined him as he lay on the bed, hyperventilating, sweating and shivering. They’d diagnosed it as glandular fever, a virus that was going around town at the time, given him a high fever of suffa and ordered him to rest. Period.

He smiled a little bitterly. The Copa—that shining banner to which every aspiring entertainer plus his parents. The Copa—symbol of “having arrived” in show business. Yes, he had finally made a big time, the Copa—and what was he doing? Lying in a hospital bed, shivering with the virus, and the stern warning that it could lead to complications.

It was only a little over a year since he’d been an aspiring entertainer plus his parents. He’d been an aspiring entertainer plus his parents. The Copa—symbol of “having arrived” in show business. Yes, he had finally made a big time, the Copa—and what was he doing? Lying in a hospital bed, shivering with the virus, and the stern warning that it could lead to complications.

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of the told and repeated “streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

The kid had been born under a lucky star. The kid had been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

He could fool most outsiders with this clean-cut, 1,000-give-a-damn attitude, but he couldn’t fool the few people who really knew and loved him. And most of all he couldn’t fool himself. Not when he got out of breath after singing two numbers, and the crowd cheered him not to rest after climbing a steep flight of stairs.

Still, he’d try. When a worried friend would admonish him, “Bobby, you’ve got to take it easy. You’ve got to take it easy.” His mother that I’d never live to be 14. They never told me. I’ve had laughs in their faces. Now they say I may never live to be 30. I laugh in their faces. So you see, there’s no story. There’s nothing to tell.

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?

They said it couldn’t be done—and Bobby Darin had done it. He had done it beyond the shadow of a doubt. He’d been able to take this sudden appearance in the big time line-up in the hushed tone of awe that one reserves for the reenacting of a miracle, or at least for the reenacting of this streak of luck. The kid must have been born under a lucky star. How else could he have made it so fast?
LADIES—Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.

HERE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE 125 BEAUTIFUL NEW STYLES NOW READY FOR DELIVERY

Get this opportunity!

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept.E-50541, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Yes, I want the opportunity of earning $23 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to me by you. Without cost now or ever, please RUSH everything I need to get started at once.

NAME________________________________________AGE________
ADDRESS________________________________________
CITY____________________ZONETSTATE__________

If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 39, P.Q.
Clear away “complexion cloud” . . . fast! When grime and make-up cloud your complexion, Woodbury Cold Cream penetrates deeper to clear off dirt, flaky dryness . . . leaves your skin fresh as sunlight. No cleanser, even at three times the price, clears your skin better.
URGENT—A frank letter to DEBBIE from HARRY KARL's ex-wife

Marilyn Monroe in agony—Marriage ending!

Exclusive interview with YVES MONTAND—"the other man"
Sta-Puf keeps towels fluffier... woolens softer... clothes smoother, fresher!

So soft to touch, so smooth and fresh! Sta-Puf® Rinse restores downy fluffiness to all matted-down fabrics. Woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, ordinary muslin sheets like luxurious percale. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick. And diapers and baby things dry soft as baby’s tender skin! Much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, requires little or no ironing. Be sure to try Sta-Puf in your next wash. Available at grocer’s everywhere.

Finish with Sta-Flo® Liquid Laundry Starch for crisper wash-to-wash freshness.
ELVIS!

The special Thanksgiving attraction at your favorite theatre!
Use world-famous, glamorous Nestle Hair Color
RINSES IN...SHAMPOOS OUT

Nestle Colorinse—quick, easy-to-use. Glorifies your natural hair shade, lights-up every strand with beautiful color-highlights. Removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage. 12 shades stay color-true till your next shampoo. 35¢

NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colorint intensifies your own hair shade OR gives you thrilling NEW color. Colorint also beautifies gray and white hair...blends-in gray and faded streaks. Stronger than a rinse...but not a permanent dye. Colorint lasts through 3 shampoos. 10 exquisite shades. 35¢

NESTLE COLORTINT

DECEMBER, 1960
AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

STORIES

Pat Nixon
Richard Nixon
Jackie Kennedy
John Kennedy
Yves Montand
Hayley Mills
Marie McDonald
Debbie Reynolds
David Janssen
Elizabeth Taylor
Eddie Fisher
Janet Leigh
Tony Curtis
Lana Turner
Sandra Dee

20 The Love Story Of Pat And Dick by Edward DeBlasio
22 The Love Story Of Jackie And John by Edward DeBlasio
24 An Exclusive Interview With Yves Montand by Louella Parsons
28 Hayley! by Beverly Linet
30 A Last Minute Letter To Debbie by Marie McDonald
32 I Was Too Poor To Have Dreams by Doug Breuer
35 Liz' Journey Through Terror by Hugh Burrell
40 Our Heartaches And Our Blessings
42 A Home For Two Desperate Women by Rosamond Gaylor
44 Conversation With A Goddess by Louella Parsons

SPECIAL FEATURES
47 Modern Screen's Second Cinderella Story by Fran Hodges

FEATURETTES

Kirk Douglas
Poulette Goddard

4 It's All In The Viewpoint!
8 No Snob, She!

DEPARTMENTS

Louella Parsons

9 Eight-Page Gossip Extra
4 Inside Story
5 New Movies by Florence Epstein
6 December Birthdays

Cover Photograph by Sherman Weiskind of Topix
Other Photographers' Credits on page 63

DAVID MYERS, editor
SAM BLUM, managing editor
TERRY DAVIDSON, story editor
LINDA OLSHEIM, production editor
ED DeBLASIO, special correspondent
BEVERLY LINET, contributing editor
ERNESTINE R. COOKE, ed. assistant

MICHAEL LECOURT, art editor
HELEN WELLER, west coast editor
DOLORES M. SHAW, asst. art editor
GENE HOYT, research director
EUGENE WITAL, photographic art
AUGUSTINE PENNETTO, cover
FERNANDO TEXIDOR, art director

POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 54, No. 12, December, 1960. Published Monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Dejaureg, Publisher; Helen Wersi, President; Executive Vice-President, William F. Callahan, Jr.; Paul R. Lilly, Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bruce L. Holland, Vice-President; Fernando Texidor, Assistant Vice-President; Carolene R. Owen, Secretary. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25¢ in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada 52.50 one year, 8.00 two years, 8.50 three years. Subscription for Pan American and foreign countries, 8.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1960 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers assume no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 396692.
Many doctors know coughs really start in your Cough Control Center.

Now, Vicks cough syrups calm your Cough Control Center, let you sleep.

New Vicks "Cough Silencer"

stops nagging coughs

New discovery works in your cough control center . . . without narcotic codeine . . . lets you sleep all night!

Did you know that nagging coughs are actually controlled in the brain . . . at your Cough Control Center? Congestion and irritation in your throat and chest overexcite, aggravate this Control, make you cough.

Until recently, only medicines containing narcotics like codeine could reach this Cough Control Center. But, codeine can have sickening side effects. Can be habit-forming.

Now Vicks announces an amazing new cough silencer called Silentium, that works in your Cough Control Center . . . calms, quiets, stops nagging coughs, safely, surely . . . without narcotic codeine. Lets you sleep the whole night through!

Get Silentium in two Vicks cough syrups: Improved Vicks Cough Syrup with the wild cherry flavor children love; and for Silentium in extra-strength, new Vicks Formula 44. Buy both, stop nagging coughs!
IT'S ALL IN THE VIEWPOINT

- It happened while Kirk Douglas was living at Palm Springs and commuting to Hollywood. The studio rented a chauffeured automobile so their star could unwind each evening. But let Kirk tell it:

"It started out great, too, the first night. I was real tired, and I fell asleep on the back seat, curled up under a big blanket. What luxury!"

"But suddenly I realized we had stopped. The car was still there (fortunately, since I was still in it), but the chauffeur had disappeared! I spotted him through the window, at a roadside restaurant, grabbing a sandwich and coffee while he thought I slept. I noticed a bar at the end of the building, and I was thirsty. I crawled out to have a quick beer.

"Only trouble was that I didn't make it quick enough! When I came out the door two minutes later, there went my departing car and chauffeur, hi-tailing it for Palm Springs! So back I went for another beer, thinking the guy would miss me in a short while and figure out the situation. But he didn't get the message till he pulled into my driveway—and no me!

"That started him on a 40-mile return trip to the restaurant, but meanwhile I had hitch-hiked a ride home. We finally got things straightened out. with chauffeur, car, and Kirk Douglas in the same place again, just in time for him to drive us (my wife Anne and me) to a party that night.

"Of course I told the whole story there, and wound up by asking how anyone could be so dumb as to drive off that way without checking to see if I was in the car. Later I wandered out to the kitchen for some extra ice cubes. Nearing the kitchen door, I heard my chauffeur's voice. He was visiting the maid, and regaling her with the same story I had told my friends about the mixup.

"Did I say the same story? My chauffeur ended it by asking the maid, 'Can you imagine a movie star being dumb enough not to let me know he got out of the car!?'"

THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies. For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 56.

Q I read that Debbie Reynolds has rented a house in the Bahamas for next winter. Does she intend this to be her honeymoon house?
   —F.D., St. Louis, Mo.

A Not unless her Mama and two children are going along on the honeymoon.

Q Any truth to the rumor that Gina Lollobrigida and Rock Hudson are filming 'Come September' in Italy?
   —I.K., Daytona Beach, Fla.

A Yes.

Q There is a report that Elvis Presley has taken Aly Khan's old home in Santa Monica to get some privacy from all his girl friends who know the location of the Hollywood hotel he stayed in. Is this so?
   —R.R., Burbank, Calif.

A No Privacy with his girl friends.

Q Now that they are so busy on TV, do you think that Barbara Stanwyck and June Allyson will ever again work in movies?
   —G.F., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A They'd like to think so.

Q Can you tell me why Stewart Granger is so terribly bitter over the divorce from Jean Simmons? Is it because of all the alimony he has to pay?
   —F.D., Crowley, La.

A No alimony problems involved. Friends say Stewart agreed to have Jean get complete custody of their little girl when Jean swore there was no other man involved. After the divorce she admitted her attraction to Richard Brooks.

Q In your recent story by May Britt about herself and Sammy Davis, Jr., she stated by saying; "Sammy is Jewish and Negro—I'm Swedish, Protestant and white." Now there's a rumor that she intends to convert to Judaism for Sammy's sake. Is this so?
   —W.T., Fairbanks, Ala.

A Yes.

Q Since Liz Taylor has paid all her doctor's expenses to come to London and Egypt while she is making Cleopatra—does this mean that at long last she is pregnant?
   —F.F., Elizabeth, N.J.

A Never a well girl, Liz wants her own physician nearby for all and any emergencies—including a possible pregnancy.

Q Is it true that Yves Montand is getting all the roles that other Hollywood stars turn down because his asking price is so cheap? What is his asking price anyhow?
   —R.R., Madison, Wis.

A $300,000 per film now. Considerably less in his first two Hollywood films.

Q Did Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. really threaten to walk out of Warners' 'In Like Ed' Eddy Byrnes, Clint Walker, and James Garner, unless he got permission to do By Love Possessed with Lana Turner?
   —F.F., Spokane, Wash.

A Efrem used reverse psychology. Agreed to stay four years longer if he got permission. It worked.

Q I've read conflicting reports: was Gene Tierney flooded with offers for TV and movies after she returned to Hollywood for a GE Theater... or did she get no offers at all, as another columnist stated?
   —R.G., Wilmington, Del.

A Two offers for TV roles at 20th—who hold her contract.

Q The papers revealed that the new star Capucine was Dirk Bogarde's house-guest in London for the premiere of Song Without End. Was this considered the right thing to do?

A Bogarde has a large house and a number of houseguests. He's also a pal of Capucine's fiancé. It couldn't have been more platonic.

Q How come Cary and Barbara were able to marry in a religious ceremony when she had been married and divorced once before?
   —K.J., Dayton, Ohio

A Barbara got an annulment of her earlier marriage so that she'd be an acceptable member of the Crosby Clan.
The Swiss Family Robinson, here led by father (John Mills) and mother (Dorothy McGuire), join in a prayer of hope and thanksgiving, after their shipwreck.

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

by Florence Epstein

life on a desert island

- This movie is based on a well-known novel by Johann Wyss. It’s the story of a family bound for New Guinea and a life of pioneering when their sea voyage is interrupted by marauding pirates (led by Sessue Hayakawa). Sinking fast, the family build a tub-raft and head for the nearest island (the movie was filmed in the British West Indies so the scenery is lovely). The island is deserted but the father of the family (John Mills) is a fighter from way back; his wife (Dorothy McGuire) is his most ardent supporter and his sons provide bravado (James MacArthur) and ingenuity (Tommy Kirk). The kid of the family (Kevin Corcoran) immediately runs off into the jungle and comes back with a baby elephant. Mama likes comfort so the family astound her by building a split-level tree house where she can live more or less like a lady until help arrives. Naturally no one arrives but Sessue Hayakawa and he chooses a camp site on the other side of the island where he dups two prisoners. One of them (teen-ager Janet Munro) is rescued by James and Tommy. Now war with the pirates seems inevitable. This doesn’t damn their spirits in the least. Most of the adventures in this movie seem more amusing than dangerous; essentially it celebrates the beauties of a “natural” life. — Technicolor, Panavision.

G.I. BLUES

- romance of a swinging baby-sitter (Elvis)

- Elvis, naturally, is back, and if you want to know what he was doing those two years in the army, this is what he was doing (except for the romantic scenes, the baby-sitting scenes and the puppet show scenes which are fictional). In this movie he serves—as he did in life—in the U.S. 3rd Armored (Spearhead) Division in West Germany. Defense maneuvers, as pictured, are guaranteed authentic. Juliet Prowse’s two modern dance numbers don’t need any seal of approval. As for the story: one of Elvis’ buddies is suddenly transferred to duty in Alaska and Elvis is drafted, by his remaining buddies, to test his romantic prowess with Juliet. Juliet is a café dancer. If Elvis manages to stay till dawn in her company his buddies will enrich him by $300. The complications are: Juliet is forewarned by Sergeant Arch Johnson—and Elvis, when he sees her up close, falls in love. How is he going to overcome that first bad impression so that he can marry the girl? While worrying the problem he introduces ten new songs and sings some of his old ones, too. — Paramount.

(Continued on page 6)

PERIODIC PAIN

Don’t let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water . . . that’s all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the “blues.”

“WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW”

a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept. F-120, Box 260, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).
DECEMBER

BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is the turquoise and your flower is the narcissus; and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

December 1—Mary Martin
December 2—Julie Harris
December 4—Deanna Durbin
December 7—Rod Cameron
December 8—Sammy Davis, Jr.
December 9—Dina Merrill
December 10—Dorothy Lamour
December 11—Betsy Blair
December 12—Connie Francis
December 13—Van Hefflin
December 14—Jack Benny
December 15—Jeff Chandler
December 17—Richard Long
December 18—Betty Grable
December 19—Kirk Douglas
December 20—Dennis Morgan
December 21—Jane Fonda
December 23—Ruth Roman
December 24—Ava Gardner
December 26—Steve Allen
December 27—Marlene Dietrich
December 28—Lew Ayres
December 30—Jo Van Fleet
December 31—Tim Considine

new movies

(Continued from page 5)

SPARTACUS

spectacle in Rome

• Spartacus (Kirk Douglas) comes of a family of slaves and his fate is to be sold to Peter Ustinov, the wealthy head of a gladiator school at Capua. En route to Rome the aristocratic general Laurence Olivier stops at Capua and demands to be entertained. Ustinov orders two gladiators to come forth and fight to the death. One fighter is a giant Negro (Woody Strode), the other is Spartacus (Kirk Douglas). Jean Simmons (a slave given to Douglas to keep him happy) watches terrified as Woody proves the better fighter. But Woody refuses to kill his friend (which is the end of Woody; Olivier finishes him with a knife in the neck). Kirk Douglas is appalled by Woody's death, soon leads a slave revolt and escapes into open country with Jean, now his beloved. As a slave leader his army grows, piles up victories and causes a crisis in the Roman Senate. There, Charles Laughton, political leader of Rome, struggles with Laurence Olivier over their differing theories of how to subdue mobs and rule the people. A full scale war has begun against Rome and Olivier's slave (Tony Curtis) escapes to join Douglas' army. As he marches towards Rome, three armies, led by Olivier, converge on him and his 90,000 men. After a bloody slaughter, Douglas is defeated. Olivier wants to see his corpse personally but he has already become anonymous and takes his place among 6,000 prisoners. Jean and her newborn baby are taken into Olivier's house where she maintains a stand-offish attitude that enrages him. He can't understand how Douglas, without wealth or political power, could win not only the love of a beautiful woman but also the loyalty of a great army. When he eventually learns that Douglas is still alive he takes his revenge.—TECHNICOLOR, UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL.

THE WORLD OF SUZIE WONG

East-West romance

• The world of Suzie Wong (Nancy Kwan) comes as quite a shock to artist William Holden. He's a free soul but not so free he can enjoy living in a house of "yum-yum" girls without feeling a certain embarrassment. Holden has arrived in Hong Kong with a little money and a big dream—he wants to see if he really is an artist. He is no sooner aboard a ferry that will take him to his des-
Please send me, at no cost, one copy of “How To Control Your Weight,” the booklet issued by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. containing the new weight charts for best health. It also contains charts of calorie contents of average servings of about 250 food and beverage items. Thank you!

Send to: (Please print.)

____________________________________
Name

____________________________________
Street

____________________________________
City

____________________________________
Zone

____________________________________
State

This offer is open to the first 5,000 who send in their requests.

destination than he rips a sketchbook out of his pocket and starts to draw. Into his view floats Suzie, a Chinese beauty of rare elegance. She objects to being sketched, it's beneath her station. She says her father is a rich man and she is now on her way to marrying the boy of his choice. Dashed, Holden puts away his pad. A few hours later he has installed himself in a second-rate hotel. The price is right, but the atmosphere is unusual. It turns out he's the only male tenant; everybody else is a "yum-yum" girl, including Suzie whom he sees on the arm of a sailor. Well, there are other girls in Hong Kong—nice English girls like Sylvia Symons who is the daughter of a banker. Then there's his career which he thinks he can further by having Suzie pose as a model. Having Suzie as a model entails having her ex-boyfriend (Michael Wilding) crying on his shoulder; also having Suzie as a model makes it hard for him to put her out of his room. Suzie keeps insisting she's a good girl who took up her trade because it's a respectable Oriental custom. Holden would like to believe her since he's falling in love with her. But, after all, she's Chinese and it never occurred to him that he'd marry a girl of her race. And she has a baby (which she didn't mention) and there's that lovely Sylvia. The exteriors were filmed in Hong Kong—a place that "sparkles," says the studio cast sheet, "with life and vitality; it is opulent and poverty-stricken, an orchid on a volcano; eye-filling, ear-splitting, nose-assailing,"—and all in Technicolor, on a wide screen.—PARAMOUNT.

THE SAVAGE INNOCENTS

Anthony Quinn

Yoko Tani

Carlo Guistini

Marco Guglielmi

Peter O'Toole

* The Savage Innocents is an unintentionally brutal film. Its aim is to dramatize a little known segment of the world—life among the Polar Eskimos. In this sense it has the fascination of a documentary. Isolated, primitive, the Polar Eskimos' world is bounded by the igloo, dependent on the hunt, necessarily devoid of the humanizing aspects of easier societies. A nod of consent gets a man a wife, a rare visit from a friend prompts the husband to gladly offer his wife as a "laughing" companion. As Inuk, Anthony Quinn certainly gives a convincing performance. He's self-sufficient, strong but lonely and yearns for a wife. The arrival of two sisters and their old mother at a friend's igloo fills him with glee. He can't decide which one to marry. When the bachelor friend decisively pushes off with one of the girls Quinn thinks that's the girl he wants. Catching up to the bridal pair he realizes he's mistaken. The brutality of the film arises when the Eskimo world merges with the world of the white trader. Learning that the white man will pay with a gun for fox skins, Quinn stops hunting bear and walrus and accumulates hundreds of fox skins. With his wife he travels six months to reach the trading post. There he meets "civilized" Eskimos in western dress, is introduced to the drafts of a wooden shack, the raucous noise of a juke box, the debasing effects of alcohol, the sordid atmosphere that symbolizes the white man's world. There, too, he is spotted by a missionary of the most earnest and fatuous kind who visits Quinn and his wife in their igloo and attempts to convince them that they are sinners who must repent to be saved. Confused and angered by what he considers an insult (the missionary refuses to accept his wife as a "laughing" companion), Quinn accidentally kills the missionary and becomes an outlaw. Some fascinating scenery and probably accurate information about the

(Continued on page 8)
no snob, she!

The reporter was frantic.

He'd come from an out-of-town paper, especially to do an exclusive interview with Paulette Goddard. They'd had an elegant luncheon in a famous restaurant and he'd filled his notebook with copious notes on her charm, her glamour, on the exciting life she lived, on her fabled furs and jewels and works of art. Miss Goddard had been so co-operative. What a story he'd turn in!

What made the biggest impression was that along with her sophistication, her glamour, she seemed somehow down-to-earth. She had a quality that made her seem... well, "like everybody else." She'd probably answered most of the questions he'd asked, time and time before, but she never appeared bored.

Now as he sat down at the typewriter, in his hotel room, container of coffee at hand, ready to begin, he reached for his notes and knocked the coffee all over them. He grabbed them up, but too late—half were unreadable. Well, he could do most of it from memory, she'd made such an impression on him, but those names: Those painters, those places all over the world where she'd traveled, those people from the international set who came to her parties... How could he ever get those straight?

Yes, he'd just have to call her. He hated to bother her, but she'd been so nice, so sincere-seeming, and it was just a few—but very important—names he needed. Lucky he knew a newsmen in town who kept a list of celebrities' unlisted telephones and addresses, or he'd really be stuck.

Meanwhile, he'd better tell the maid about the coffee on the rug...

The maid came in just as he was putting in his call to the big-city newspaper where his friend worked. She began straightening up the room as he said pleadingly into the phone, "He's out on an assignment. Look, could you do me a favor—I know he keeps a list of hard-to-get numbers and addresses of important people—this is an emergency and I just must reach Paulette Goddard. It practically means my job. That's right, Paulette Goddard. Yeah, I'll wait...."

A few moments later he groaned, anguished, "You mean, there's nothing... you're sure?... Paulette Goddard?... you're sure there's no listing for her?"

He hung up and glared at his notes in despair.

Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder. It was the maid. "Excuse me, but I couldn't help overhearin' you, and well, I figured why not look in the telephone book, like everybody else." She put the book in front of him and pointed. "Would this be what you're lookin' for?"

And there it was, right there in the book: Paulette Goddard, 320 E. 57. Plaza 9-4233.

Like he always said, nothing snobbish about Miss Goddard!
MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA
PARSONS

brings you
the Wedding of
the Year!
Nancy and Tommy: The Wedding of the Year!

The lovely bride wore a white satin toque with a short illusion veil over her dark hair, and she wouldn't have been her dad's daughter if she hadn't managed to be original, even when she was following tradition. Proof is the "something old" she wore with her bridal outfit.

This was a pair of real lace panties, which were, of course, not visible. Nancy had cherished these since she was twelve, when she had received them as a Christmas present. Even at that pre-teen age, she knew they were too fragile and valuable to wear for any routine occasion. So for eight years she treasured them for her dream wedding, and when the dream came true, the pants got their chance.

The lovely bride wore a white satin toque with a short illusion veil over her dark hair, and she wouldn't have been her dad's daughter if she hadn't managed to be original, even when she was following tradition. Proof is the "something old" she wore with her bridal outfit.

This was a pair of real lace panties, which were, of course, not visible. Nancy had cherished these since she was twelve, when she had received them as a Christmas present. Even at that pre-teen age, she knew they were too fragile and valuable to wear for any routine occasion. So for eight years she treasured them for her dream wedding, and when the dream came true, the pants got their chance.

The lovely bride wore a white satin toque with a short illusion veil over her dark hair, and she wouldn't have been her dad's daughter if she hadn't managed to be original, even when she was following tradition. Proof is the "something old" she wore with her bridal outfit.

This was a pair of real lace panties, which were, of course, not visible. Nancy had cherished these since she was twelve, when she had received them as a Christmas present. Even at that pre-teen age, she knew they were too fragile and valuable to wear for any routine occasion. So for eight years she treasured them for her dream wedding, and when the dream came true, the pants got their chance.
Tommy and Nancy gave Louella this photo scoop, the only shots taken of the actual ceremony. Aren’t they lovely?

The most solemn moment—a man placing the ring on the finger of his beloved, the woman to love and honor above all others.

Nancy and Tommy stood tall, heads high, as they listened to the ceremony, sure and happy in their love for each other.

Frank’s gentle smile reflects how proud he was to escort his young daughter. Later, his eyes filled with sentimental tears.

With this ring... I thee wed...
And then, bridal veil lifted, vows exchanged, Tommy kissed his bride.

After her first dance with Tommy, Nancy danced with Frank as a fond daughter.

Her "something borrowed" was her sister Tina's pearls. For "something blue" she wore a blue silk garter that her closest school chum, Beth Potruch, had given her. Beth was Nancy's maid of honor, wearing a pink chiffon, full skirted dress, also designed by Don Loper, with a matching toque. Beth carried a pink and white bouquet and all the members of the bridal party had pink and white matching corsages, while Nancy's bride's bouquet was entirely made up of the most magnificent white orchids.

In the immediate wedding party were all the family—Frank Sinatra and Nancy, Senior, Frankie, Jr., and Tina, the family's private secretary, Gloria Lovell, and Jack and Mrs. Entratter. Tommy had his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Sands, there, his half-brother and his wife, and Ted Wick, his personal manager. But if the ceremony was simple, the reception afterward was not.

The moment the doors of the Emerald Room in the Sands Hotel were opened, the crowd swarmed in. The champagne began to flow. In one corner, the orchestra of Jonah Jones started playing. In another, Morry King and his violins began individual serenades. Such baseball heroes as Joe DiMaggio and Leo Durocher crowded around young Nancy, congratulating her and Tommy, and being properly bedazzled by the priceless diamond earrings her father, Frank, has given her, and the exquisite pear shaped diamond on the platinum chain that Tommy had presented to his bride.

Nancy had given a wafer-thin evening watch to Tommy—but not without difficulties, and not without her father's assistance. The watch which Nancy eventually purchased was a duplicate of one Frank has, and which young Nancy has always admired. If you want to
know the truth of it, there's nothing about her father that Nancy doesn't dote on, and that
goes double as far as Frank's love for her is concerned.

This may sound sentimental to you, but I
can't help it. I honestly believe that some of
Frank's love of his oldest daughter stems
from his memory of the unspoiled time in his
life when she was born.

He wasn't the Frank Sinatra then. He and
his young bride, Nancy, were so in love. They
were having a rough time, financially, but
nothing mattered less to them than money. They had occasional opulent weeks
when Frank made a whole $25. They had
other weeks when it was a good thing they
were Italians and loved spaghetti, for which
they couldn't even afford meat balls. Little
Nancy was born during this happy time. By
the time, Frank, Jr. came along, fame was
rolling for Frankie. By the time Tina was
born, the Sinatra marriage was all but over.
Say what you want about Frank, he has
always been a wonderful father to his children,
all of whom he loves, but little Nancy is
definitely the flawless apple of his eye.

Thus, when just before her wedding she
confided to her father that she had unavail-
ingly hunted all over Los Angeles for a watch
like his for her bridegroom, Daddy went into
action. It was after hours in the jewelry shops
but a thing like that can't stop a devoted
father named Sinatra. Frankie had them all
opened up, or perhaps I ought to say love
laughed at locksmiths. Anyhow, Tommy got
his watch.

It was Frank, Sr. who expressed it best
when Tommy took Nancy into his arms for
their first dance together as Mr. and Mrs.
Sands. "Stardust," murmured Frank, looking
at their radiantly happy faces, and I'm sure he
was proud of his daughter and his new son-
in-law, when he noted how politely they were
behaving, even at this most bemused moment
of their young lives.

Because, once around the floor, Nancy and

The groom lightly brushed a tear of
happiness from his wife's cheek.

Tommy, very correctly separated, and Tommy
stepped across the room to dance with the
mother of the bride and Nancy with the father
of the groom. Then they switched again,
Tommy dancing with his mother, Grace, and
Nancy with her father, then as they separated
from those partners, the dramatic moment
came.

Frank Sinatra stood there, facing his ex-
wife, Nancy. It certainly can be no secret to
him that she still loves him, and on this
particular day, she looked very beautiful. She
was wearing a gold satin dress, with a matching
mink-collared jacket. Near her stood lively
Tina Sinatra, wearing a yellow organza dress
that was the prettiest. At her side was Frank,
Jr. who is a double of his father and who
seems to have inherited his musical talent to
an extent that may well make him surpass
the original.

There's no telling what Frank must have
been thinking as he looked at Nancy, Senior.
He's always told everyone how great a mother
he thinks her. But I'm sure there were other,
deeper emotions in that wandering heart of
his, there at his daughter's wedding. Later
that night in the Copa Room at the Sands he
told the audience, "I'd like to take just two
minutes to say I am one of the happiest men
in the world today. My daughter, Nancy, mar-
rried a wonderful fellow named Tommy Sands
and I wish them all the happiness they both
deserve so much."

He said nothing like that, however, as he
danced at the reception with Nancy, Sr. What
was touching to the observers was that they
both smiled and talked so lightly, not like
lost sweethearts but with the careful good
manners of any lady and gentleman, dancing
together at any party. Besides, they have
always remained good friends, and Frank is
very generous with her.

It was Frank, with his characteristic smooth-
ness who, somehow right then, threw the
party open to everyone. Gary Crosby was
there with his bride and he started dancing.
In an instant, everyone was on the floor, danc-
ing with whomever they chose and protocol
was forgotten. People smiled at one another,
repeating young Nancy's remarks about how
she had to start furnishing Mr. and Mrs.
Tommy Sands' apartment immediately after
their one-day honeymoon.

That was all the time Tommy could get off
until his separation from the Army in Novem-
ber, after which the blissful couple are going
on a real honeymoon trip to the Orient.

Said Nancy, her eyes shining like star
sapphires, "I have to learn to cook and to
keep house. After all, I'm a married woman
now. I'm Mrs. Tommy Sands. That's a lot to
live up to."

The gorgeous tiered wedding cake was cut carefully
by Tommy and Nancy, to insure future good luck.

Then ... Nancy and Tommy were
alone; time belonged only to them.
Juliet Prowse

When Barrie Chase, Fred Astaire's favorite dancing partner, walked out on Can-Can because she felt the role was too small for her, she couldn’t foresee that two characters would be merged into one very strong one.

Neither could Twentieth Century-Fox foresee when they signed an unknown leggy girl named Juliet Prowse on the recommendation of Hermes Pan, the choreographer, that they were signing a girl headed for stardom and Frank Sinatra’s heart.

Juliet isn’t a bit beautiful. By most standards, she’s too tall. But in her 34-24-35 way, she has what it takes, by which I mean sex, humor and a joy of living that blazed right past the distinguished company of Frank, Shirley MacLaine and Maurice Chevalier in Can-Can and just about knocked Elvis out of his G. I. shoes in G. I. Blues.

Elvis was dating her, all during the making of his picture but made no mistake: her heart belongs to Frankie. Paramount, after seeing Juliet in it, is willing to pay a mint to buy her from Twentieth, but Twentieth is not listening.

Juliet Prowse is her real name and she was born twenty-three years ago of English parents in Bombay, India. She’s danced ever since she was three, has always been a hit, has traveled all over the world but has always been too busy to marry, but she has a boy friend in Italy, Sergio Fadini about whom she is quite serious—or was, at least until she met an Italian in America, named Sinatra.

For her originality, her chic, her impudence, her ability as an actress, I nominate her for stardom and of a very high grade, too.

Rita’s Daughters

Little Princess Yasmin, daughter of Rita Hayworth and the late Aly Khan, will be a very rich girl when she reaches the age of twenty-one. Aly adored his beautiful little daughter, and very touchingly in his will told his two sons to give her love and protection always.

Yasmin, who lives with her mother, is a whiz at playing golf. Her step-father, Jim Hill, the producer, tells me that she beats him at the game regularly. Rita adores golf and there is practically not a day goes by but that she is on the links.

Rebecca, Rita’s daughter by Orson Welles, has taken off some of her baby fat and is growing tall and attractive. There is a great devotion between the half-sisters even if they are so completely unlike one another both in looks and temperament. Rita is a wonderful mother to both of them.

A whiz at golf, young Princess Yasmin’s first love is still her pony.
Jean Is Dining Out...

Whether or not it will be wedding bells for producer-director Richard Brooks and Jean Simmons when her divorce from Stewart Granger becomes final, I wouldn’t be knowing. I do know that Jean took a somewhat unique method of letting Hollywood know how deep her interest was in Brooks, whom she met during the making of Elmer Gantry.

She phoned me and several other columnists and said, “I want you to know that I shall be dining tonight at “Au Petit Jean” with Richard Brooks and that after this I expect to go out with Mr. Brooks and other escorts.”

Nobody has yet seen anything of these “other escorts” and I doubt that we will. Stewart Granger, by the by, is very bitter over the whole thing.

A newly-divorced Jean Simmons had a unique method of announcing that director Richard Brooks would be a rather constant future escort.

Winter Wedding Bells for Debbie

Debbie Reynolds will marry Harry Karl. She dates no one else and as she says herself she likes him better than any man she has ever met.

“Harry is a fine man,” Debbie told me. “He makes me very happy. He’s good to my children and he is wonderful to my mother and father and my brother. He has given me lovely presents but it isn’t because of material things that I have come to be so fond of him.

“I have all the money I want to buy myself gowns and jewels. What is important to me is that I have a real home and someone who will love my children and I think Harry and I would be very happy.”

Knowing Debbie, I know she’ll do nothing about marriage till late this winter, when Harry’s divorce from Mrs. Joan Cohn becomes final, but then you can start listening for wedding bells.

Lana Turner seems so happy these days because she’s found Fred May; not only will he be a loving husband, but a good father for Cheryl, too.

Lana and the Right Man

I was very pleased that Fred May called me personally to tell me he was marrying Lana Turner. I do think that at long last Lana has found the right man, not only for herself but for Cheryl who definitely comes first in all of Lana’s thoughts and plans these days.

It was Fred himself, who is such a nice, sincere man, who told me that before Lana would consent to marrying him she discussed the whole situation with her daughter. He confided to me that Lana had said that if Cheryl didn’t approve of him as her step-father, everything would be off between them.

But Cheryl, who is being allowed to live with Lana now, and who is growing prettier every day, highly approved of Fred, and she is so right. Fred May is a man of real substance, not only in terms of his fine character but he is also rich and mature enough to appreciate the demands of Lana’s career.

I’m certainly wishing all three of them happiness. Lana and Cheryl have had a very rough time but their troubles have only made them love one another with deeper understanding.

Wedding bells will sound for Debbie when Harry Karl is divorced.
A youthful, lovely Greer Garson is proof that maturity doesn't hurt!

An older reader believes that fan-magazine neglect of such mature stars as Barbara Stanwyck and Shirley Booth damages the movie business.

And Spencer Tracy is another long-established star who holds on to his fans.

Louella certainly doesn't dislike reader's favorite pop singer, Rod Lauren!

**LETTER BOX**

"Have just seen Pollyanna and enjoyed it so much. I felt I should sit down and write you. It was because of your article that I wanted to see it, and Pollyanna did exactly what you said it would. It entertained, put a tear in your eye, a smile on your face, and a song in your heart. Why can't we have more films of this nature? It's just what the world needs today, instead of violence, depression, sex and murder. Signed: F. Ewing Folsom. How right you are, F. Ewing Folsom.

Mrs. Arthur White of Casper, Wyoming, writes: I'd like to add my voice to the ever increasing chorus of protest against the lack of mature actors and actresses. I know these people are not dead. Tell me, Louella, do I have a point, or am I just an old fogy living in the past? I sincerely believe that this program of neglecting the stars of Hollywood is seriously hurting the motion picture business.

I guess you do have a point, Mrs. White. We do try to write about both the older and the younger stars, since our readers seem to like all categories.

Elizabeth Jean Brady of Austin, Iowa, snaps: I would like to see you print something about Steve Elliot. To me he is a top singer-in show business. And why do you neglect Rod Lauren? Why, why, why don't you tell us something about Robert Fortier, who is starring in CBS's The Full Circle? Is it because they are young, or do you dislike them?

No, indeed, Miss Brady. I may be a little jealous, but I certainly don't dislike them. What are Rock Hudson's favorite foods, colors, pastimes, and what kind of car does he drive? asks Margaret Santillipo, of Brooklyn, New York. Then goes on to ask: What is the truth behind the Lucy-Desi split-up?

Dear, dear Margaret; I would have to fill the magazine if I answered all those questions, and I don't think Editor David Myers would like it. I'll try to answer your letter soon...

From Mary Weston, of Detroit, Michigan, comes a very nice compliment. She writes, I enjoy your column more than anyone else's, and 'I Nominate For Stardom' is one of my favorite features. What I like best is that you never take cracks at Marilyn Monroe, so will you please assure me that all that gossip about Marilyn and Yves Montand is not true?"

Read my interview in Modern Screen with Montand (see page 24), Mary, and I'll tell you all...
I dreamed the leaves fell for me in my *maidenform* bra

And what stirred up this lovely storm? SWEET MUSIC*, the bra with the *spoke-stitched* cups for fashion's newest "rounded look". A, B, C cups, 2.50. Also in the SWEET MUSIC family tree: SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC LACE CONTOUR, A, B cups, 3.95; SWEET MUSIC ELASTIC, A, B, C cups, 3.00.
It looks like lipstick. It feels like lipstick. It is lipstick. But what a difference an A makes. Lipstack. Lipstack. *Tussy Lipstack* is more than just five shy lipsticks nestled in a stack. It's the most blatant bit of encouragement that ever crossed a woman's lips—with the possible exception of *yes*. Mix cocktails with Contraband. Walk Youngtime Pink in the park. Take each color as it comes. Be brave. Be bold. Experiment. Mix. Blend. Have fun. Dream. Scheme. *Cream* all your lips with one Tussy Lipstack. Five out-and-out suggestions made proper with Perma-Dew, the softening secret only Tussy knows. Five lingering lipsticks in one lithe lipstack so you can change your lips as smoothly, as slyly—as deftly, as *endeearingly* as you change the subject. All for a mere $1.75 plus tax at stores smart enough to know what's on a woman's mind and what should be on her lips.
Years ago a slim, pretty young blonde went to Hollywood with dreams of stardom in her heart. Like most starlets, she dreamed of going into a darkened theater one day and seeing herself up there on the screen; and she dreamed of going to a magazine stand, picking up a copy of Modern Screen and seeing her own picture there, in full color! As it turned out, this slim little blonde named Thelma Ryan had to quickly abandon her dream. She just didn’t make it as an actress. Oh well, she would marry, raise a family, and lead a normal life. But again Thelma Ryan was wrong: though she married and had two wonderful little girls, her life was hardly normal, for the man she married was a lawyer named Dick Nixon. Now, in the crazy way that destiny often works, Thelma Ryan’s old abandoned dream of being a star in Modern Screen has come true. There she is (in full color, too) on the following page! A surprise for her, certainly, and probably a surprise for you too—but the kind of surprise you can expect more and more of in this magazine. For Modern Screen is not just another monthly collection of articles about top box-office-rated male and female “properties”—Modern Screen is a magazine of people, the magazine of people, real people, exciting people, people caught in the ocean of experience at high tide, stars not only of the screen but of life itself, stars like Mrs. Richard (Thelma Ryan) Nixon and Mrs. John (Jacqueline Bouvier) Kennedy, who open this issue of Modern Screen because right now, despite everything that’s happening to Liz and Debbie and Marilyn, they happen to be the two most exciting and excited women in the whole wide world! Do you agree? Do you want more surprises like this in Modern Screen? Turn the pages, read the stories of Pat and Jackie, and then let us hear from you.

Sincerely,

David Myers
Editor
Pat Ryan was seventeen, the daughter of a Nevada miner, when she went to Hollywood. She was full of hope and dreams. She stayed for a month. It was a disillusioning experience. She got one job, as a walk-on in a picture called Becky Sharp. She got twenty-five dollars for the job. But after that, there were no more jobs to be had. And one day, after a lifetime of dreaming, she decided to give up her “career” and become what she knew both her parents had always really wanted her to become. She would be a teacher.

She worked her way through college, as a librarian, a counter girl, a bookkeeper, a typist, an X-ray technician. And when, finally, she graduated, she got a job as commercial subjects teacher in the California town of Whittier, just outside Los Angeles. She became, quickly, this thin and pretty blonde, one of the most popular teachers at the school, and one of the most popular young ladies in town.

She dated lots, those who knew her recall. It seemed for sure at one time that she would marry a certain very good-looking merchant in town.

But then she met the young lawyer, and then her heart began to shift affections.

Not rapidly; not at all rapidly. Local gossip has it that while the lawyer was head over heels in love with Pat, she herself played it slowly, coyly, even teasingly at first.

“There’s a story,” she said recently, “that my husband, before we were married, would drive me to dates with other young men in Los Angeles and then would wait around to drive me home . . . That’s true,” she laughed, “but I think it’s awful mean to report it.”

One night, however, after about six months of indecisive going-together, Pat’s pet collie died suddenly and when the young lawyer phoned to ask if he might take her out, she wept into the phone: “No, no, I don’t want to see anybody ever again!”

(Continued on page 61)
It was a night in 1951. Jacqueline Bouvier was twenty-one. She lived in Washington, D. C., and worked as a reporter-photographer on the Times-Herald. She had the reputation of being one of the prettiest, quietest and best-dressed young women in the capital, and (because of her job, mostly) of always arriving late at parties. She arrived late, as usual, this night.

"I wish you'd hurried it up a bit, Jackie," her hostess said, taking her coat. "There was a young man I wanted you to meet. And now you're here and he has to leave."

"Who has to leave?" Jackie asked, politely, if not with much curiosity.

"Him," the hostess said, a flutter in her voice, as she indicated a tall, sandy-haired, good-looking young man who stood on crutches on the other side of the room.

Jackie recognized "him" immediately as Jack Kennedy—Congressman, candidate for the Senate, Purple Heart hero (he'd injured his spine, badly, in World War II).

"Come on," said the hostess to Jackie, taking her arm, "at least you two can get to say hello. . . ."

Jackie blushed as Jack looked her in the eye.

"I don't mean this as a line, Miss Bouvier," he said, beginning their first talk together, "—but haven't we met before?"

"Well, sort of," said Jackie. "That is, I covered a press conference you once gave. There were about fifty reporters. You shook hands with most of them. But you only got to nod at me."

"Bad luck for my side," said Jack, beginning to laugh. "I—" he started then.

But at that moment someone came over to him and whispered something.

"No," Jack said.

"Yeah," said the other party, pointing to his watch.

"I'm sorry," Jack said, turning back to Jackie. "I don't want to go, but I've got to."

"Of course," said Jackie. (Continued on page 54)
THE LOVE-SCANDAL OF THE DECADE

AND HERE IS THE UNVARNISHED TRUTH STRAIGHT FROM THE LIPS OF "THE OTHER MAN".......

In an exclusive interview for Modern Screen with Louella Parsons, Hollywood's greatest reporter, Yves Montand, for the first time anywhere, frankly tells all about his "love affair" with Marilyn Monroe.
"I more than "like" Marilyn. I tell you this because I trust you, Madame. She is an enchanting child. And I won't say that if I had been free I wouldn't have fallen in love with her.

"But for eleven years I have been married to a wonderful, understanding woman. Simone and I have been very happy. There will be no divorce."

The speaker was Yves Montand, the fascinating Frenchman with the over-abundance of sex appeal, the man for whom "all" women fall with a more resounding crash than for any male since Rudolph Valentino held sway with his animal-masculinity.

But it was not about "all" the women falling for Yves that had brought him to my house at the early hour of eleven o'clock in the morning on a sunlit day of early September. It was the avalanche of gossip about "one woman" supposedly falling for him—Marilyn Monroe, who else?

(Continued on next page)
HOLLYWOOD'S BIGGEST
LOVE-SCANDAL (CONTINUED)

But even at this unlikely coffee-break hour, the dev-
astating M. Montand was the complete charmer, his
correct grooming of a business suit and evidence of a
fresh shave, failing to disguise his attractive all-male
virility. No wonder the women in (Continued on page 72)
Her nerves twisted into hysteria, her heart about to break, Marilyn faces her husband in the Westside Hospital, her eyes pleading with him to forgive and forget, her tormented mind wondering: "Can we go on as man and wife, as though nothing had happened?"
She was twelve years old. And she had been awake all night pondering her future.
Ever since she was a very little girl, friends of her daddy used to pick her up on their laps—and say:
“And what are you going to be when you grow up?” Her answer was alway the same.
“I’m going to be a mother when I grow up.” “And that’s all?” “That’s all.” But the night before she wondered whether that was all she wanted to be—really.
For Hayley, the baby daughter of
(Continued on page 73)
a last minute
on the eve of
from Marie Mc
of Harry Karl
his children
Dear Debbie:

I have heard that you are going to marry Harry Karl, and I want to wish you happiness on the eve of your marriage to my ex-husband.

I was married to Harry for twelve years. Harry has some fine qualities. But like most husbands, he has his shortcomings and needs a certain kind of understanding. I am sure no woman knows Harry as I do. I was married to him twice. Debbie, if you know just what I went through when I was his wife, I believe you'll learn how to handle him so that you won't have the heartaches I had. You yourself, Debbie, have gone through the unhappiness of one divorce and you deserve a happy marriage. That is why I am telling you the intimate story of my married life with Harry Karl.

I first met Harry about thirteen (Continued on page 57)
Blindly, David Janssen groped through his lifetime for a woman, a love and a friend.

It was three years ago. David Janssen was a bachelor then. He was lonely. He was unhappy.

"Booze, broads and borrowing," he once said, "and not exactly in that order—that's the story of my young life."

He was only twenty-seven three years ago, but he'd been around Hollywood for such a long time by then that he knew all the answers, all the inside
"As a child, lost in my mother's dream, I never thought to ask if there was anything in life I wanted."

stories, all the shenanigans and counter-shenanigans. And you'd have thought he was an old man had you been able not to look at him but to read his mind instead.

Nobody out-and-out accused David Janssen of being a wise-guy; at least, not to his face. But he was considered cynical, to say the least. He had few, very few, friends. He found it hard to trust people. He found it hard to get to know them. He found it hard to talk to them.

He was on his way up as far as his career was concerned. He was the star of his own TV show. He was getting five-hundred to a thousand fan letters a week. Everybody was nuts about Richard Diamond, Private Eye and the guy who played him. Producers were dickering with his agent about good fat parts in several good fat movies.

And yet, somehow, David Janssen was unhappy.

What was missing?

A wife?

He'd discount this idea pronto. What was a wife, he figured, but a woman and what was a woman but a dame? And dames, Hollywood style, with (Continued on page 64)
This is a story of fear.
The worst fear a woman can know.
Fear for the lives of her children!

LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR
Mid-Atlantic, aboard the Leonardo Da Vinci, Little Liza's birthday, a cake, laughter, peace. Somewhere in London... a sick mind...possibly homicidal, threatening the most horrible of all crimes...kidnap!

The children were excited. For one of them to have a birthday was usually reason enough to set them off. But to have a birthday in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, on this great huge spanking-new ship... "And then Luigi said—" Michael Jr., who was the spokesman for the group, started to say. "Whoa," Eddie Fisher said, looking over from his deck chair. "Who's Luigi?"

"The chef man, down in the kitchen, in the big white hat," Michael said. "And Liza and Christopher and me went to see him a little while ago"—the others nodded—"and he said that he was going to make a big birthday cake for tonight. And—"

He cleared his throat. "Mommy?" he asked.

LIZ JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR
continued
LIZ' JOURNEY THROUGH TERROR continued

Could Liz forever walk in suspicion, avoid crowds, hide her children, teach them fear?
"Yes?" Liz Taylor asked.
"Eddie?"
"Yeah?"
"Miss Bee?"
"Yes, Michael?" asked Bee Smith, the nurse.
"The chef man," Michael went on, "he wanted to know if it would be all right for us to eat with you tonight. In the big dining room . . . He said since it was a birthday and I was big, he guessed it would be all right for me. But he said he wasn't so sure about Chris here, because he's only six. And about Liza, either, even though it's her birthday. Because she's only three!"

The three grown-ups looked at one another.
They pretended to be very serious about this whole thing.
"Will it be all right?"
Michael asked then, tentatively, hopefully.
"It'll be all right," Liz said, finally, "—if you all have an extra long nap this afternoon."

"Oh boy," said the children, and they laughed and clapped hands, still laughing as they ran off now, to the other side of the sun deck.
As the grown-ups watched them.
Laughing, too. . . .
Eddie, after a while,
(Continued on page 67)
(Thanksgiving with
Tony and Janet)

These are
our

HEARTACHES and
This is a Thanksgiving story about Tony, Janet and the kids. It’s a different kind of Thanksgiving story.

It all took place one night and one day early this past October.

What, you ask, has October got to do with Thanksgiving?

Like we said, it’s different, all right...

It begins on a Friday night, at eleven o’clock, or thereabouts. The Curtises (minus Ginny, the nurse, who had a few days coming to her, and decided to take them now) had just arrived at their new weekend place in Palm Springs. Jamie, the baby, one-and-a-half, was already asleep in her crib. Tony and Janet were unusually beat. (Continued on page 58)
Has it really happened? Has Fred May’s love really erased Cheryl’s nightmare past, Lana’s empty future? Is there at last a home for two desperate women?

Not many people driving along U.S. Highway 60 in Chino, California, recognized the family group riding along the bridle trail that skirts the road before it curls into the woods.

The teenage girl, her dark hair flying as she cantered smartly ahead, her legs long in the stirrups; the mother, young-looking and pretty, her skin tanned and healthy, only wisps of blonde hair showing from under the bandana tied (Continued on page 53)
I watched this happy eighteen-year-old girl as she rose, went
to the window, and looked down at the world of average people, the world to which she could never return again... And I thought of the loneliness and heartache that would stalk her path from this moment on... Only to Sandra it has come earlier than to most of the beauties who blaze in the spotlight. Love, with its many (Continued on next page)
CRITICISM, INNUENDO, PAIN...
THIS IS THE PRICE THE YOUNG GODDESS HAS ALREADY PAID FOR HER HEADLONG DASH INTO WOMANHOOD

(continued) disappointments and ecstasies has not yet touched her. But already there are the cries of:

She’s ruining her health in foolish dieting to keep her figure. . . .

Extravagance! This girl, little more than a child, is spending every nickel she makes on glamour clothes and living like a movie star earning ten times her salary. . . .

Those are a hatful of charges against a youngster who just four years ago at the tender age of fourteen had arrived in Hollywood, well known as a child model in New York, and had clicked big in her screen debut in Until They Sail.

I loved Sandra as the “little girl” sister in this war drama starring Jean Simmons and I wrote glowingly of the baby-faced little blonde newcomer in my column.

The day the item appeared, I received a bowl of roses from Sandra with a charming hand-written note: “Your kind words made me so happy. A girl really isn’t in movies until she’s been mentioned in Louella Parsons’ (Continued on page 70)
MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA STORY. THIS IS SUZY, OR PERHAPS I SHOULD SAY THIS WAS SUZY ABOUT TWO MONTHS AGO... TWENTY YEARS OLD AND PRETTY IMPOSSIBLE WHEN SHE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TWENTY AND BEAUTIFUL...A CARELESS GIRL WHO HAD LET HERSELF GO TO POT (151 POUNDS WORTH!)...LONG-STEMMED FIVE FEET, TEN) BUT NO BEAUTY. STRAGGLY HAIR PULLED BACK IN AN UN-CHIC KNOT DID LITTLE TO IMPROVE HER FACE. HUNCHED SHOULDERS, A WORRIED LOOK AND THE WRONG CLOTHES ALL DOING THEIR PART IN MAKING A SORRY SIGHT WHERE THERE SHOULD HAVE BEEN A PRETTY GIRL. HERE WAS A GREAT CANDIDATE FOR MODERN SCREEN'S SECOND CINDERELLA. HER STORY IS FOR YOU AND YOU AND YOU.

"I'm so Big and Fat!"

"I Can't Stand Me"

"Please... Help Me!"

"I Hate Myself!"

"I Look Just Horrible!"
"I've graduated to size twelve, terrific after having worn size sixteen for years, don't you think? Fran really laced into me for the kinds of things I wore and I'll admit now that they were pretty shapeless bags. Shorts and slacks I should never have worn but I did and was kidded unmercifully, so when I got into those slim velveteen pants (they're emerald green and that smash sash is royal purple rayon satin—whew!), I knew I had it made. And when I think of me in a ruffly shirt (this one is Dacron and washes like a breeze) I feel for the first time like an honest-to-goodness girl. This is the way I now like to look after work, especially when I'm entertaining at home ... I seem to be doing so much of that these days—the new me, you know. Fran wised me up to a long-legged panty girdle for a slick look ... (I don't know why I didn't have sense enough long ago.)

"I wore the black velvet dress to a party given in my honor. It's a perfect holiday dress, just dressy enough. Fran said we were celebrating the debut of my waistline which is a mere twenty-five inches. I had been dying for something in fur, so the white bunny muff was a lot of fun for very little money. My date is Bob Grosz, a young executive on Madison Avenue and we see each other a lot. We were having a dreamy time ... I could have danced all night and almost did! (Note: I broke my diet just a little but the food was so good. Back on Metrecal next day.)

"I'm absolutely thrilled to death with me now! And I want to thank Fran Hodges, my Fairy Godmother, for what she helped me do with myself. I don't think I could have lost those twenty pounds without her encouragement but I know now that I can finish the job of losing another five. Besides, I love my new hair and so do all my friends and I've had hundreds of compliments on my new clothes which really become me. (Oh! How I ever went around that old way!) But what still puzzles me is how she really changed the looks of my face ... my eyes are wider apart, I could almost swear!

"I can laugh about it now but I was dying when that first haircut picture was taken! I was frightened to death when Bernard took that first slash. But Fran was so right in insist- (continued on next page)
happened
to me!

magic
really
works!
For the first time in my life I really feel like a girl!

... This one is a cinch to take care of, easy as pie to roll up and to shape myself. I guess you can tell that I'm pretty pleased with what I look like today. I can't get used to the fact that it's me, big old Suzy . . . Miss Metrecal of 1960, Miss New Look of forever."

Hey, Suzy, stop a minute! You're running away with the story, and there is so much to tell our readers, things they will need to know so that they can do the same if they have similar problems. And I say, if our glass slipper fits, put it on!

I'm Fran Hodges, Modern Screen's staff Fairy Godmother. Suzy was sixteen when I met her on a trip to Chicago, about four years ago. She was in the shooting up stage, rather gangly as is expected of an adolescent, all arms and legs. She had a cute pixy face and a warm smiling personality . . . giving promise of a lovely young woman. You can imagine how stunned I was when she came to (Continued on page 52)
These fashions available at all Ward Stores everywhere.

Muff of white rabbit fur, $5.45 (plus 10% Federal Tax).

This page: very 'right' informal date dress of cotton velveteen, with full skirt, snug waist, banded in rayon satin, scoop neck and bracelet sleeves. Also available in jewel tones. $17.98, sizes 10-16.

Facing page: Cotton velveteen tapered pants with sash in contrasting colors. Shown here in emerald and available also in jewel tones. Sizes 10-16, $8.98. Ruffled dress shirt in DuPont's easy-care Dacron, white only, sizes 10-18, $4.98.
call on me here in New York in July looking as she does in the "before" pictures. She sensed my real shock and in a burst came those revealing words, "I hate myself!"

I knew she meant it. Well, she'd said it to the very one ready and able to do a bit of fairy godmothering for such a princess-potential.

"Suzy," I said, "I don't know how you got into this sorry state, but, if I were you, I'd get out of it fast. There's no excuse for your not being a pretty girl, no excuse for such heft and certainly no reason for dressing so unbecomingly. Please, let me help you to help yourself."

"I'll do anything, Fran. . . honestly, anything to lose weight . . . then maybe I can start to do something about the rest of me. Please tell me what to do!"

"Well, Suzy, the first thing is wish to want to do it . . . you must want to lose those extra pounds so badly that you are ready to change your attitudes toward the eating habits that put them on. Then, the word is "diet," but dieting isn't worth a fig unless you're really ready to go on it, and when you are . . . why, just go!"

We discussed various special diets, and how to combat those compelling urges to overeat, especially between meals (Suzy admitted to being a nibbler) but I truly didn't think I was hitting pay dirt. But the very next day I got an excited call from Suzy telling me that she had made up her mind — was going on The Diet. Her idea of facing up to the fact that she was overweight was to do it big and the diet that had captured her imagination was Mead Johnson's Metrecal 900 calorie diet, the quite wonderful product originally developed in powdered form, a formula carefully balanced for complete nutrition and appetite satisfaction. Each can includes the scientific amount of food — carbohydrates, fats, proteins, sugars, vitamins and minerals for sustained health, and what is really fun is that Metrecal comes in your choice of three delicious flavors — vanilla, chocolate and butterscotch — to preclude any monotony. Suzy simply put the contents of a can in a blender with the amount of water prescribed, shook it up thoroughly to the consistency of a milk shake (no ice cream, please!), or you could use an egg beater to the same effect.

I asked her if, by any chance, had checked with her doctor. She had and gotten this reply, "Why haven't you done this before? Of course, you're O.K. — go ahead." So, on her own, Suzy had out to buy her first week's supply of Metrecal, and was on her way. What tickled me was the merry attitude that she was maintaining; especially since she had been such a hungry bore turned into fun. When I asked her if she'd be Cinderella, she was so excited.

"Do you think I'll ever make it?" she asked, and to her great surprise (not mine) in about a week the miracle had started to happen, the relentless scales had started their downward trek, 151, 150, 149, 147, 145. Is there such a miraculous feeling as to what could have been such a hungry bore turned into fun? When I asked her if she'd be Cinderella, she was so excited.

I know that some of you are questioning that 150 pounds is not too much for anyone that tall. Well, it is, according to the recent findings of the American Society of Actuaries. Suzy's five foot, nine inch height coupled with her rather small bone structure is better off carrying around 118 to 131 pounds! (If you'd like to keep careful watch on your greatest health, note the offer of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company whose booklet "How to Control Your Weight" is available and can be ordered simply send in the coupon on Page 7 and receive your copy free.)

Before I turn her story back to Suzy, I want you to know that Mead Johnson, or maybe you are really overweight, seriously so, but whatever your weight problem is, I recommend that you take steps now to "get into shape" . . . you're bound to feel better and you'll look better. Do read what Suzy has to say.

"This was the most wonderful summer I've ever had . . . you've no idea how good it is to feel slim. I know it isn't really a miracle, though it was in a way . . . finding that I had energy and was able to stick to it.

The best thing I found was that I could have extras and I ate plenty of lettuce and salad things. I always had sticks of celery, green peppers and carrots on hand (these are now a habit with me) and I had a real dinner every now and then. Now, I find I just eat less of everything and I have my Metrecal for breakfast and lunch five days a week.

"I was still unhappy with that shapeless hair of mine and that so-called French roll but I couldn't think of anything else to do with it, so off Fran and I went to Stella Ming's to meet Bernard who was to do my special hairdo which you've seen and heard about.

Then, I learned about the new very pale make-up which makes the greatest impression and which is supposed to put all the accent on the eyes, with plenty of whoop-de-do going on! I always thought my eyes too close together and now I found that was the fault of my brows which were very heavy and grew too far over the bridge of my nose. With Fran telling me what to do, I did the tweezing and finally got them lined up alongside corners of my eyes. That was the big job . . . evening the rest, both from the top and below, didn't take long and the effect was tremendous. I learned to put on (medium light brown for me); short outward strokes so you don't get that painted-on look. I love the eyeliner for that extended look at the outer corners, and for the line just at the edge. It was tricky at first but now I'm an old hand and get it perfect every time. I use a greayt blue shadow for daytime just on the lids, and for evening, I use a bright blue shadow and liner, and mascara which certainly makes my eyes look much bluer and I must say all this was a real eye-opener (pun intended!)

We learned, too, what to do about my mouth which seems to give a smallish effect. Mostly I'm supposed to smile oftener and that's fairly easy now, but I did learn the trick of outlining the upper lip with just a fraction. I use a lip brush and a darker red tone for the outline, and fill in with a lighter tone. I like the effect and I wield a mighty good lip pencil.

"But the best fun of all is having a new figure able to carry off some pretty clothes. I've discovered the midriff . . . I, who'd gone around for years in "shifts" thinking that those little tops I'm in love with my waistline, and I'm in love with every full or shaped skirt I can find now that I know the hips beneath are only 36 inches. I'm taking my "hair" very seriously, just as short as I told — just skimming my kneecap. You should hear the nice things they say about my "stems." And I can wear pants and the new culottes, and every cute fashion there is, and every wild and crazy color to match my new freed spirit. I feel so good!"

As Suzy's fairy godmother, I want you to realize that you, too, can know that she was a wonderful Cinderella . . . a real inspiration to me and to all of us around Modern Screen. I saw her just yesterday, a radiantly beautiful girl, who confided she was going steady. I have an idea there'll be news of a definite sort by Christmas . . . I hope so, for she worked hard to help my wand make its magic!

Fran Hedges

Instructions for Cinderella Hairdo

Designed by Bernard, Stella Ming Salon

Cut hair to four or five inches in length (three inches at back hairline). Check natural part to start from rollers. Use medium rollers as sketched, and clips for back and cheek curls. Dry thoroughly, remove clips and rollers. Lift each curl, and from underside, tease hair in quick pushing motion with the comb from ends toward head. Now, brush hair back and down, smoothing surface. With comb adjust cheek curls, and lift individual strands in various directions for casual effect. Finish with spray to hold.

The creators of Metrecal, the easy way to new eating habits, has brought out their successful product in liquid form, which is surely the final simplification. It is now available in 8 oz. cans, each containing 225 calories of the food drink. Four of these cans are a day's supply . . . so carry along your mocha break (just add a half teaspoon of Instant Coffee to the Chocolate-flavored Metrecal), and your lunch (add a six-ounce can of tomato juice to the plain vanilla-flavored), and your four o'clock pick-up — just plain butterscotch. Maybe you have just a few extra pounds,
A Home for Two Desperate Women?

(Continued from page 42)

around her head, and the dark-haired, firm-jawed and protective-looking, riding close by as though he loved and cherished them very much.

On a weekend away from the confines of El Retiro School, FJ was with his mother, Lana Turner, and Fred May, the man who, in marrying Lana, has undertaken to protect both Lana and her daughter.

Even Lana’s friends were surprised recently when they learned that she and her long-time admirer had obtained a license to marry. They knew that Lana had been married steady, but they remembered that she had originally planned to marry him last March. Then, on the eve of her marriage to Fred, juvenile authorities sud- denly placed the boy in the care of the school.

That evening, Fred had come to see Lana. With tears in her eyes, Lana had told him, “Darling, I can’t marry you now. Oh, I still love you—it’s not that. But I can’t ask you to take on my burdens with Cheryl. A bride should be happy. I can’t ask you to take care of two girls. I’m tired of the fighting that has arisen because of maybe’s troubles—Lana wouldn’t listen to his pleas that they get married.

Not many men would have the courage to stand up, fight, and take care of two girls. But through the kind of hell Lana has had to face because of her daughter. Most men would have run thousands of miles to get away from such a problem as Lana.

Lana offered to release Fred. But he wouldn’t leave her.

HE WAS HURT when she suggested he go. “What sort of man do you think I am?” he said. “Do you think I’d walk out of your life just when you and Cheryl need a man most.”

Lana smiled faintly and felt relieved, knowing that Fred wanted to share her burden with her. Nevertheless, she in- sisted that under no circumstances would she and Fred not get married. Lana was determined to remade her life. The court had held that she couldn’t offer Cheryl a home. Juvenile authorities evidently believed everything about Lana they’d read in the headlines. She made up her mind she’d stay out of the headlines and prove she was capable of being a good, serious-minded mother.

She and Fred went on together, the dark-haired, patient man and the beautiful woman who had been the object of love of a man who was never a man like this—who asked for so little and was willing to give so much.

FJ was dependable. He’d built up a suc- cessful business, and he’d made thirty-eight to buy a ranch in Chino where he bred thoroughbred horses. He was a steady influence in her life. A man as reliable as sundown was a sun- light in a life suddenly full of shadows.

Through months of turmoil he was at her side. When newspapers and magazines published stories about Lana’s activities for the girl’s troubles, he fiercely de- fended Lana.

“Honey,” he’d tell her, “what do those people know? I know my Ralph, he’s the one you are. When writers print that kind of hooey I wish I could knock their teeth in.”

Lana smiled in spite of herself at the thought of Fred knocking anyone’s teeth in. She’d ceased to be attracted by violence. She had known a whole lot of trouble, man, and had paid in fear, trembling, and the menace to her daughter’s future, for having been infatuated by such a man. In Fred she had found three things—vi- olence—only good nature, kindness and un- derstanding.

Actually, Fred had not been kidding when he said he wished he could knock down some of the columnists and writers who criticized Lana.

He proved that he meant what he said one night at a party that was given to the opening of Lana’s picture, Portrait in Black.

It was a gay party. Lana was in better spirits than she had been in months. Only a few stories of the past were brought up. She was making her first appearance with Fred steadily, and the world seemed to be accomplishing a great deal. Lana was getting closer to her daughter; Cheryl, warming to the great love and devotion of her mother—a love and devotion she had once doubted—softened. She grew less bit- ter, more amenable to the rules of the school. She would never run away, she promised Lana. She had no need to now. She knew her place with Fred.

It was a happy day for both Lana and Cheryl when the juvenile authorities made their first big concession.

Lana thought about the word she’d heard from the probation officer. “Your daughter will be allowed to go home with you one weekend a month.”

Tears sprang to Lana’s eyes. To be able to, finally, to have her daughter, was worth such a short time. The officer smiled gently and said, “I don’t blame you for being happy. I wonder if you realize exactly what that means.”

Lana’s happiness was making progress. This is a big step forward for your girl—being allowed to go home once a month. She herself earned the privilege. We don’t give it lightly.

It was a happy day for both Lana and Fred. They went to El Retiro on a Friday after that to pick up Cheryl. On the drive home, she and Cheryl chatted gaily. To herself, Lana thought, “Fred, you are the only man who’s ever been too far away—I can’t even come home with me for more than a weekend. Maybe.

There was a quiet celebration at home, but you couldn’t miss the joy in the faces.

Lana’s mother was there. And Fred came over. Fred, looking stable, serene and regular.

After dinner, they sat before a fire. It was a moment of relaxation and confi- dences. “I’m trying to talk your mother into sending me away for a long time. I think the candor that Cheryl loves. Too many people have treated Cheryl as though she were a juvenile delinquent. She appreciates it when someone treats her as an adult. “When you get older, darling, that’s what he went on, “our home will be your home. In fact, I hope we’ll be able to offer you such a good, wholesome home, the authorities will let you leave the school and live with us.”

SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME in her life, it seemed to Cheryl that there was a man in her mother’s life (outside of her father, Steve Crane, whom she loves) to whom she was also an important person—FJ. In a way she’d known of love and insecu- rity she’d known began to vanish.

She and Fred chatted easily. She asked him about the creatures she loves so much, the cows, the horses, the acres of land.

“How is my favorite, Rosena? she asked. “And Pawsie, has he breed yet?”
Life came into Cheryl's impassive face. Before her confinement to El Retiro, Cheryl had spent many pleasant weekends at the Circle May ranch, where there are over one-hundred and sixty horses which Fred keeps for breeding purposes. Cheryl and Fred had always gotten along well. He knew how to talk to teenagers. He has two teenagers of his own by a previous marriage, who often stay at the ranch. Cheryl too had slipped into jeans and T-shirt and sped down to the stables. Her eyes widened at the sight. A foal was being born. It was the first time she'd ever seen a foaling. The ranch foreman, who was helping the mare, let Cheryl stroke the frightened animal to comfort her. It was dawn when Cheryl looked up, her eyes shining. It had been quite the wonderful night of her life.

TODAY WAS A GOOD NIGHT, also. She could see the warm looks exchanged between her mother and Fred. There was love there. Jack said she could feel lots of it directed toward her as well. Cheryl asked Fred, "Fred, when can I come out to your ranch again?"

"We'll plan it for a weekend you can come here. There's lots going on at the ranch now. Rowena is waiting for you. So is your room. Everything is waiting for you."

Lana watched Cheryl and Fred. Cheryl looked happier, her eyes no longer haunted, her face no longer strained. This was the way she'd dreamed of her daughter looking, young and carefree, anxious to go to the ranch, close to nature and normality.

The weekend at home over, Lana drove Cheryl back over the long road that led to El Retiro. Cheryl started to hum softly. Finally she spoke, "Mother, I've had a wonderful time with you. And I think Fred is a darling. Some day I want to go to the ranch and go horseback riding and do lots of things around the ranch. It will be a wonderful life, couldn't we?"

"Some day it will happen. It really will, darling. Just be patient," said Lana.

The future did seem brighter. Fred was like a father.

She knew now that they wouldn't have to wait any longer to marry. She would tell him that the first time when she got home. The very first thing.

END

Lana's latest picture will be by Love Possessed, United Artists.

The Love Story of Jackie and John

(Continued from page 23)

"I'll see you again, though," Jack asked, "won't I?"

"Oh ... sure. Yes," said Jackie.

She was glad he turned around right after that "know," and started to say goodbye to some other people.

It was terrible the way he was making her blushing.

They walked through the soft darkness of the garden, the party—the laughter and the music—behind them. They walked slowly, both of them silent. They walked until the path ended; then Jackie and Jack lay down his crutches as they sat.

"Why'd you look me up ... after a year, a whole year?" Jackie asked, suddenly. "Why'd you invite me out tonight, here, to the party?"

"Because I liked you," Jack said. "Because I remembered you."

That's very flattering, you know," said Jackie, "coming from a United States Senator."

"Let me ask you something," said Jack. "Yes?" Jackie asked, clasping her hands.

I mean, would you want to come out here, and leave the party? That was a pretty good party in there."

Jackie looked down, at her hands. "I guess it's that I don't like crowds much," she looked up suddenly, concerned. "If you want to go back—" she started to say.

"No," said Jack. "I can always sit out anywhere. But I thought we could have a nice quiet talk about ... about Mr. Eisenhower. Or Mr. Nixon or Mr. Stevenson, and his chances in '56."

Jackie thought for a while in order to see whether he was serious or not. He wasn't.

"Or," said Jack then, "you can start now by telling me about yourself ... I want to know about you."

"Me?" Jackie asked. "What do you want to know about me?"

"Everything," said Jack.

"Well," said Jackie, "I was born in New York. I went to school there. I went to Vassar for a while, too, then to the Sorbonne, then back to Vassar. I couldn't stand it there. I went back the second time, from France, the way they treated us like a bunch of children. At Vassar, I mean ... So I left."

"Th-huh," said Jack.

"Now," continued Jackie, "I work on a newspaper; as you already know; I read lots; I devour books—mostly books dealing with the Eighteenth Century; that's my favorite, the Eighteenth Century. I used to paint; used to love it, but I wasn't much good at it, so now I just look at other people's work—I'm forever going to galleries." She paused. "I'm not a very good cook; mainly because I don't eat much myself, I guess. I like the color blue, and I like the navy-blue or navy-blue, but real blue, like the color of the sky on an almost-perfect day ... And what else? I don't like jewelry. I don't like hats. I don't like crowded places. I'm used to spending my whole life in... frequented in Spanish, Italian and French ... And that, I guess, is me.""

"Pretty good," said Jack, "except you left out a few vital categories."

"Like?" Jackie asked.

"Like do you enjoy swimming?" asked Jack.

"Kind of," said Jackie, shrugged.

"Do you like to play football?"

"What?" asked Jackie.

"Do you know any good jokes?"

"I forget them all," she said, "the minute a day."

"Do you like clam chowder?"

"Honest answer?"

"I don't care for chowder," said Jack groaned.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Just that you've checked out all your fun for this weekend," Jack said. "Here and there."

"I'm going to come visit my family, and now I think you're going to end up having a dull time there. Why, you don't answer yes to any of the questions I've asked."

"This weekend?" Jackie asked, worried suddenly. "Ground rules?"

"Ground—rules—for—a—Kennedy-weekend."

Jack said, nodding. "Very famous in Massachusetts."

Then he recited them:

"First thing you do for a swim."

"You sit with the family and tell at least three good jokes.

"Then, you say 'Terrible' when you taste the clam chowder at lunch—the pride and joy of all New England.

And you must be your response when asked to participate in an early-afternoon game of touch football. Now, about this game.

On and on Jack went, laying ground before ground.

And then, when he was finished, he took Jackie's hand suddenly in his, and he asked, "Will you come, this Saturday?"

"Saturday? ... This Saturday? ... Yes, I guess," Jackie found herself saying.

"You want to know something?" Jack said, then, "You, Miss Bouvier, happen to be the most beautiful girl I've ever met."

"Really?" asked Jackie, vaguely, as she sat there, happy on one hand that this man she'd been thinking about for over a year now had asked to meet a weekend and give her time, but worried on the other hand about the family she'd soon have to meet, and about what they'd think of her.

The Kennedys—all twenty-eight of them—fell in love with Jackie Bouvier that weekend in Hyannis Port. And, best of all, and most of all, Jack fell in love with Jackie.

Back in Washington, following the weekend, he saw her almost constantly.

And, finally one night, he asked her to marry him.

The wedding took place on September 12, 1953, at St. Mary's Church in Newport, Rhode Island. The reception was held at Hammersmith Farm, an oceanside estate owned by Jackie's mother and stepfather. And all of the guests agreed it was a perfect marriage.

But, it didn't go well for the Kennedys; not at the beginning.

Deep down, Jackie had expected some sort of normality in her marriage. Not as far as her outside activities were concerned: she'd never forgotten the social functions she'd have to attend, the hand-shaking sessions, the receptions, the teas—the giving up of many, practically all, of the glitterer activities she had loved so much.

But she had expected another kind of normality. She'd wanted, most of all, to have her husband with her in it. She got the home—but her husband, Jack, the Senator, was rarely in it. In fact, he was becoming so popular with Democrats all around the country that, as far as those times when Congress was actually in session, he was rarely even in Washington.

Jackie tried to joke about this at first.

"My husband," she said once, "thinks nothing of buying a shirt in California, a toothbrush in Kansas, and a tube of toothpaste in Pennsylvania. I think it's funny, don't you?"

For a while, Jackie even tried to do the traveling bit with Jack.

She tried getting used to closing up the house at a moment's notice.

Getting used to trains, buses, planes, more planes.

She tried getting used to packing, unpacking.

54
"No," she started to say.
"Jack— are you all right?" he asked.
"Jack—" she started again.
But she continued looking at him, and she stopped.
"No," she thought to herself. "Not now. I won't try anything now. But someday soon. Very soon..."

THE DOCTOR, a friend of the Kennedys, wasn't surprised that Jackie looked shocked. He'd had a hunch Jack hadn't told her about the operation yet. He'd thought it time somebody did.

"You see," he said, "when your husband was a kid he hurt his back playing that dangerous touch football they're always playing up there at Hynannis Point. Then in the war—well, you know the story, Jack on the PT boat, the Jap destroyers ramming into the boat, slicing it in half, Jack landing on his back again... He's been in bad shape ever since. Now, slowly, things are getting worse. There's a chance, Jackie, that if he doesn't go through with this thing he may end up a hopeless cripple... He doesn't want that. He wants anything but that."

"And, if he does go through with it?" Jackie asked.

The doctor paused for a moment.
"Jack is suffering from an adrenal depletion," he said. "Adrenaline protects the body from shock and infection. An adrenal insufficiency greatly increases the possibility of infection and hemorrhage during surgery. Jack that... and his chances of surviving the operation are extremely limited."

Jackie gasped. She tried to say something. She couldn't.

"You've been pretty tense these past couple of months, Jackie," the doctor said. "I know a morphine can do it to a woman... But I want you to snap out of it, Jackie. For Jack's sake. That's why I'm telling you what he hasn't told you... I want you to cheer him up as much as you can now. He's not saying anything, but the pain, the mental anguish, together they have him going through hell... And I want you to relax now, to try to be your old self. For these next few days, at least, Jackie."

"Nothing will change," she asked.

"Monday's Day," the doctor said. He looked over at his calendar. He nodded and circled a date: October 20th, 1954.

"The operation's Thursday," he said. That night they talked.

JACKIE HAD JUST TOLD JACK about her talk with the doctor that morning. Jack shook his head.

"He shouldn't have said anything. It wasn't right. I should have told you," he said.

"Oh, you would have put it off, till tomorrow, till Wednesday," she said, and she took his hand. She tried to smile. "I know you," she said.

"I wanted to tell you my way, though," he said. "There were so many things I wanted to tell you... my way..."

"There's nothing to tell me," she said, "except that you're going to have an operation and that everything's going to be all right. I want you to relax now, to try to get your old self back..."

"There were other things, though," he said.

"What things?"

"I wanted to tell you what a wonderful wife you've been, a wonderful sport... I know," he said, "I know that it's been hard on you, Jackie. I know there've been times you almost..."

"Jack—" she wanted to tell him what a wonderful wife she was, what a wonderful sport, how much she loved him, how much she loved his family. But she didn't have the words. But she didn't have the time."

She forced herself to laugh a little. "But I've been a real brick about this whole thing, haven't I?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, laughing a little, too, "yes..."

"You know," she said, then, after a moment, the laughter gone, "this has been a strange day for me. I tried to work today. But for the first time in a long time I couldn't. I sat at my desk and I started to think. Not about the operation. But I started to think about my brother. About Joe..."

"Have I ever talked to you much about Joe, Jackie?" he asked.

"A little," she said, "but I wanted to say.

Jack smiled, and he put his head back on his pillow.

"He was the eldest of us all," he said.

"And he was the best... He was hard..."

"And he was brave... He had brains and charm and guts... And we loved him. Idolized him. Thought of him as our own private saint, we did..."

"He died, you know, when he was just a kid. I remember, he used to say that he would grow up someday to be President of the United States. I'll settle for nothing less than that," he said.

"He meant it, too. If he'd lived, Joe would have gone on in politics, and he would have been elected to the House and to the Senate..."

"Yes. He never got the chance, though. The war came... He was a Navy pilot. He flew out from England. He finished one tour of flight in a single afternoon. But he stayed for a second tour. He wanted to be there for D-Day, he said..."

"Then, after that second tour, Joe was elected to come home again. But he..."

MODERN SCREEN'S 1960-61 SUPER STAR CHART

is available!

Be sure to get your copy and learn thousands of fascinating facts about the stars of the stage, TV, and Hollywood.

Just mail 25 cents in coin with the coupon below.

Box 190
Super Star Information Chart
Times Square P. O.
New York 36, N. Y.
Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin.

Please rush my copy of MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART

Name: ____________________________
Address: _________________________
City: ___________________________ Zone: ______ State: ______

55
Wonderful news for you who need gentle, firming control are the light-weight foundations that are persuasive in smoothing out the imperfections of hips and thighs; bras that lift and contour the bust line. Seeming scarcely more than wisps, the dainty garments shown here will emphatically improve your young figures.

**Perma-lift's panty in power net accent with nylon lace panel. Available in white and black. S. M. L. $7.50**

Matching lace bra with circular stitched cup, 32-38, A, B, C, $3.95

**Formfit's new Instant Skippies air-weight knitted elastic for a silken stretch from almost nothing to you. Brief, $3.95, pantie, $5.95. Both S. M. L.**

Also, their nylon lace “life” bandeau, circle cut, elastic marquisette banding, 32-36 A, 32-38, B, C, $3.95

He got them to take the luggage off. And the next day he got into his plane and set off on a mission.

"He must have been up there an hour, over France, when the plane exploded."

"Joe was killed."

"They never found a trace of his body..."

"Me, Jackie," he went on, after a pause, "me, I wasn't the same as I am today before Joe died. I'm like Joe today—at least I try to be. But before he died I was a shy guy, shy and quiet. Nobody in the world could ever picture me as a politician. Everybody was sure I'd end up being a teacher, or a writer."

"BUT I WENT INTO POLITICS because Joe died. He was gone and I was still here and it came very naturally to me that I would take his place... After a while, I got to love politics. It became my whole life—the way it would have been Joe's... But at the beginning I didn't do it for myself..."

"I come from a strange family maybe, Jackie. We're very close. And we have a hero. We loved Joe while he lived. And we honor him now that he's dead... And just as I went into politics because Joe died, if anything happened to me, if I died, my brother Bobby would run for my seat in the Senate. And if Bobby died, Teddy would take over for him."

"That's the way it's got to be, Jackie." He turned to look at her again. "That's the way it's got to be."

"I know," she said.

"I may die, you know, Jackie," he said then.

"Please, Jack—" she started to say.

"And if I do," he said, "I just wanted you to hear this story, in case you wondered about me, why I spent so much time doing what I had to do... I know," he said, "that it's been hard on you—"

"Please, Jack—"

"I know there've been times, like when you lost the baby—"

"Jack!" She began to sob suddenly. "I don't care about me anymore. Don't you understand? I only want you, Jack. I only want you to live. I want you to live."

"I'll try," he said, "with every bit of strength that's left in me." He smiled again. "Don't you go worrying about that, Jackie."

He smiled.

"I'll try," he said, "... for you, for me, for the family we hope to have someday, for the good life I owe you, my Jackie... my sweetheart..."

And later, much later, when Jack was asleep, she got on her knees, and she prayed, with tears in her eyes, that the miracle would be... It was.

Jerry Lewis, now a writer-director-actor-producer, is in a unique position: As a member of the Screen Writers Guild he had to stop writing "The Lady's Man," when the writers called a strike. As an actor in "The Bell Boy" he voted for the Screen Actors Guild strike, even if it's against himself. Barney Balaban, head of Paramount, phoned to ask how he felt. "As a producer and director, great," said Lewis, "but as a writer and actor—not so good."

*Leonard Lyons in the New York Post*
years ago at a party at Ann Miller's home, was married to Vic Orsatti then, and nun's date was a tall, quiet man with sad eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses, and a slight, diffident manner. He was home. Everybody at the party was having fun except this man. He sat alone most of the time and I kept thinking he looked like a forlorn soul. I had watched him, every time he walked by, saw him sitting alone in the library and I started talking to him, not because I was interested in him, but out of sheer sympathy. I was dazzled by his amazing talent for attracting sympathy, it's one of the things that draws people to him and makes them stick with him.

OUR PATHS DIDN'T CROSS for several months after that, and in those months many things happened to me. Vic and I were divorced and I returned to my own home that to MGM and co-starring in a film with Gene Kelly when Ralph Freed, one of the people on the picture, came over to me and said, "There's a guy who's divorced and he would like to date you now that you're free. He's too shy to call you unless he knows you'll be receptive to his call.

I recalled the shy man with the sad eyes and said, "Tell you what. I want to give some bubble gum to the children of friend of mine. If he sends me a box of pieces of gum, I'll go out with him."
The next day Ralph brought me not one, but one hundred boxes of bubble gum from Harry. That's Harry Karl for you. I'd wanted to make an impression on a girl he goes all out, whether it's bubble gum or diamonds.

I dated him, of course. And we started to see each other from the time until we were married one year later. Harry Karl in a courtship is something to see. He's overpoweringly attentive to the girl. He's overflowing with his thoughtfulness. When I said I wanted to go here or there, Harry had the tickets. When I said I wanted this or that, Harry got it. He lit my cigarettes, poured the cream in my coffee, made the bed, did his work, and had his staff errands for me. I'm a woman. I was very impressed. And besides, those big, sad eyes used to tear at my heart.

I understand he's that attentive to you, Debbie, and I hope that your disenchantment doesn't come after the wedding as mine did.

We didn't even have a home of our own when we got married. We moved into the guest house of my parents' home in the Valley. We couldn't afford a home of our own even then. Harry had a large business debt to pay off. To help him pay off that debt, I continued working. With my movie salary and personal appearance tours, I was earning in the neighborhood of $3500 a week. This was a big help during a period in Harry's life when he needed financial help.

We were married at this time. I was busy with my career, Harry had his own routine. It was a routine, I was to discover later, that continued even when it brought us to the same place. We'd get up early in the morning, go to his office, work there till noon, then take off for one of his clubs, the Friars of Hillcrest, where he'd play cards until evening. Then he'd come home, his energies spent, silent and preoccupied. At first, I didn't mind this. I was busy with my work and I didn't realize that Harry was away quite so much of the time, nor that he was so glum and indifferent. He seemed more preoccupied.

But I didn't realize either, until much later, that Harry apparently was just as much in love with the glamour of my career as he was with me. That was something I discovered afterwards, something happened to open my eyes to this.

WE HAD MOVED into a home of our own in the Valley and after we were settled in it, I had a great desire to be just a housewife and mother. I'd been in show business, mind you, and had an exciting career. I'd been known as pictures as "The Body" and had starred in many films. I had dozens of scrapbooks bulging with clippings. I wanted to say goodbye to all that now that I was married, and start to have a family.

When I mentioned this to Harry I was appalled at his lack of enthusiasm. However, there was one woman who hadn't an exciting career. I'd been known as having a baby that I didn't let his own coolness to the idea deter me. I was the happiest girl in the world when the doctor told me I was going to have a baby.

But Harry didn't feel that way at all. He didn't display much sympathy when I was ill, and he became bored with my morning sickness. Because he's one of the many men who run into difficulties during pregnancy (eventually I was to have six miscarriages), my doctor insisted that I remain in bed. How I wished at the time that life was more of interest to him. It may be due to a great sensitivity within him. I discovered during my married life with him that he loves his women to move in a perpetual cloud of glamour. He gets to be repelled when the woman is incapacitated or in need of sympathy.

He fell in love with me because I was Marilyn Monroe, a movie star who was glamorous on and off the screen. But watching me as I lay in bed, fighting to preserve the life of my unborn baby, apparently was not what he had bargained for. I was a housewife, and his first need was a warm and comforting husband. I can understand what made him behave the way he did, but it didn't help matters. He didn't understand the earlier and earlier for his office; return later and later from his clubs.

When it finally occurred to me that he was probably avoiding me because he wanted a gay, not a bedridden wife, I defied my doctor's orders and got out of bed and joined Harry on a trip he was making to Spain, France.

Eventually, I lost the baby.

Harry, meanwhile, had begun to prosper. He became bored with our simple Early American house in the Valley, and wanted something more pretentious. One day he brought me to see a vast English Tudor style house on Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills and said, "This is going to be our home." Possessions mean different things to different people. Harry has always been withdrawn by nature and has always had a streak of me loneliness. Possessions mean something quite different to me. I realized I could no longer live with him. In Harry's defense I must say he never intended to upset me; he is a man who means well. But his attitude of indifference and his gloomy moods were beginning to

I WOULDN'T let my babies out of my sight. I'd run the nurse out of the nursery and sleep with myself, my hand in Deedee's, just to feel her close by and hear both my babies breathing as they slept. I didn't realize it then, but I believe that one of the reasons I clung so to my babies was because I was not able to control the way they were brought up and the feeling of being needed that I didn't find with Harry.

As I became more wrapped up in the children and house, Harry began to be indifferent. It was a habit of his I was to grow to understand later: domesticity in a woman bores him. Once the glamorous woman was no longer so interesting in him. Even if that woman is his wife.

When we had first dated, my natural gaiety and spirit was as a stimulus to him. But once we were settled in a house, and he had two babies in the nursery, he didn't try to conceal his boredom. When he'd come home, he'd go up to his room, have dinner sent up on a tray and have it in bed, then lie in bed and watch television all night. He'd remain in bed, have his meals there and be fastened to the TV set all week.

This kind of thing almost drove me out of my mind. The house was gloomy enough; this was an added pall. I discovered I had a gay personality. Harry will always adore you; he retains your gaiety and spirit of fun.

In order to pep up things around the house, he would ask friends over without telling Harry, and after they'd go to bed, he'd go up to Harry (usually still ensonced in bed watching TV) and tell him that friends had dropped in. Then he'd say, "Harry, you didn't tell me!"

I must say, however, that when he entertained our friends he was a very gracious host.

Many times, in order to win Harry's companionship, I would force myself to be laughing and gay and dare him to join me in a moonlight swim in the pool. I had to use my wiles all the time to draw him into new things. He was not able to be continually keep him intrigued. I became so exhausted trying to stimulate Harry's interest that I finally had to give up. Besides, I had begun to assume his type of lethargy, and my personality suffered. Friends noticed I wasn't as vivacious as I used to be. I hope you never have to go through this. Do happen, your identity is one of your most delightful traits.

Not only was Harry's moody behavior reacting on my personality. I began to develop the same gloomy moods. I realized I could no longer live with him. In Harry's defense I must say he never intended to upset me; he is a man who means well. But his attitude of indifference and his gloomy moods were beginning to
I thought he had changed. Courting me again, he seemed so charming and sociable, quite different from the glum, uncommunicative man I had been married to. We went to a justice of the peace and we married the next day. But shortly after our marriage, something happened to make him revert to the old Harry. I’d suffered an injury while I was dancing on stage, and I had to go into the hospital, with a cast placed on my leg. Instead of displaying the devotion I longed for, Harry reacted as he had when we were married the first time: he tried to duck the unpleasant situation. Suddenly, he was off on a business trip to New York. Lying alone in the hospital, I had to face the realization over again that Harry always seemed to run from a woman when she was at her most glamorous; he couldn’t offer himself when she was sick or in trouble.

When I returned home, I had to rest. That meant I had to cancel my nightclub bookings. Again, Harry became the cold, silent husband so deadly familiar to me. Again, his retreat to his room where he would remain in bed for an entire week end, staring silently at the TV set in front of him. When the children wanted to see him, they had to go to his room and share him with the television set.

Just when things began to press in on me again, I made a happy discovery. I was pregnant again. I was determined to have this baby.

This time I followed the doctor’s advice to a T. I stayed in bed—even if Harry did have to go off on his business trips or find relaxation in his clubs. I had plenty of time to be alone and think. And I thought a lot. One day the reason for Harry’s actions became alarmingly clear to me. It was like some kind of payback: he had become self- and attracted to a glamorous woman, a woman who was beautiful, famous, at the peak of her career, desired by other men. Once some of his qualities vanished, his interest waned. This was the case with me, anyway. When he first met me, I was a star, had many beaux. After I married him, I gave up, and settled down. He became disinterested. After I divorced him and embarked on a night club career, he became intrigued again all over, pursuing me over half the world. But now when I was ill, my career on the shelf again, I scarcely saw Harry.

It was so clear. I was afraid the emotional strain might cause a miscarriage again. Months before our baby was born, I consulted a lawyer about a divorce.

When our baby, Tina Marie, was born, Harry had to be notified in Las Vegas, where he had gone to keep a date with Zsa Zsa.

Tina was such a tiny infant she had to be placed in an incubator, her existence in peril. I called Harry in Vegas to tell him about the danger his own baby faced, but apparently he was too busy in Las Vegas to come home. Tina was born in September; in January Harry saw his own baby daughter.

It has been three years now that Harry and I have been divorced. Financially, he has been a good father to our three children. But how I wish he could find the time to see them more often than the two or three times a year he has visited them. The man who looks exactly like him, and I’d hoped that seeing his face in a delightful miniature in hers might make him feel closer to her. I am sure that some day it will.

Since our divorce I have returned to my career and I am happy with my work and with my children.

Much has also happened to Harry. He has become involved in a headlong friendship with you, Debbie. I have heard that you and Harry are planning to marry soon, and I hope you will be happy. Don’t let it mar you as a young woman, Debbie. That was a mistake I made. Perhaps you can profit by my experience when I was married to Harry, avoid repeating his mistakes, and thus have a happy and enduring marriage.

I wish you the best.

Best wishes,
Marie McDonald

Debbie has two new Columbia pictures: she stars in Try, Try Again and has a guest spot in Pepsie.

These Are Our Heartaches and Our Blessings

(Continued from page 41)

Only Kelly, their four-year-old, was her usual wide-awake and bright-eyed self. "Daddy, you gave me the day off today, Daddy," she said, looking up at him, in yarning, "it’s way past your bedtime."

"Do I have to go to bed?" she asked.

"Please, Kelly," Janet said, "we’ve had a hard day, been working all day, Daddy."

"A day with Daddy, especially—he’s been working every night till way past midnight on his picture. And we’ve had a tough drive. And we’re tired. So please...

They took her into her room and tucked her in.

"Now," Janet said, lowering her head: "Our Father... . Our Father.

"Who art in heaven... ."

"Who art in heaven. . . ."

"Hallowed... ." Janet started to say.

"Yeah—adopted," said Tony.

"Yeah—adopted," said Tony.

"Yeah—adopted,

"Oh, that’s right," said Kelly. "But—I want to hear how you tell it, Daddy.

Between yawns, reluctantly, Tony told it. "Half right now?" Janet asked then.

"Enough for one night? Are you ready now to go to sleep?"

"Oh yes," said Kelly, "just as soon as we finish singing."

"Singing?" Janet asked. "Tonight? Here?"

"We always sing at home," Kelly said. "And if this is our home, too. And shouldn’t we all love our homes, like you told me that time, Mommy, and sing in them for happiness?"

"Mmmmmmm," Janet said. And before she knew it, she was juggling her young daughter in her current medley of nighttime hits: I’ve Got A Crush On You, Ma-tilda, My Funny Valentine, My Darling Clementine, The Girl That I Marry and You’re Going To Hang Out In A Tree.

"Now—" Janet started again.

"Okay," said Kelly, "just as soon as you hear my new song. I learned it for you especially today, from Sue Ellen next door, so’s we can sing it at her party next month."

Without further ado, she began: Zoe Cavanaugh, Thanksgiving, Thanks-giv-ing-in.

"The Pilgrims were all glad to be livin’... They’d ’scaped from the Indians, the... They were so happy, they couldn’t wait to eat their turkeys..."

She stopped.

"Very nice," Tony said, beginning to clear, sticking the kid in her arms.

"No, Daddy, there’s lots more," said Kelly. "I was just taking a breath."

Desperately, Tony began to dance a grumpy Charleston, on the spot, in hopes of distracting her daughter.

It half-worked.

"When’s Thanksgiving?" Kelly asked.

"The last Thursday in November," said Janet.

"And why do we have it?" Kelly asked.

"To give thanks," Janet said. "To pause
and thank the Lord for all our blessings... In our case, we thank him for giving you and Jamie, and for all the other wonderful things he's given us.

"And," added Tony, "if you want to see a preview of Thanksgiving, right here tonight, you just be a good girl and go to sleep now, and let me and Mommy sleep late in the morning... and we'll be the two most thankful people in town.

"You're funny, Daddy," said Kelly.

"Will you?" Tony asked, bending down and kissing her. "—Let us sleep late tomorrow? As a big and special favor to me? To Mommy?"

"Sure, Daddy," said Kelly. "Sure!"

"THAT WAS SOME SONG Sue Ellen taught her," Janet laughed a little while later, as she sat fixing her hair for the night. "I'd hate to have heard the next twelve verses." Tony said, from bed.

"She is adorable, though, that child of ours," Janet said.

Tony nodded. "She's the end," he said.

"And she's a good child, too," Janet said proudly. "Just like Jamie is... Of course, they do have their days. But they're certainly not like some of these other kids you keep hearing about. Always cranky. Always fussing."

"Not our dolls," agreed Tony.

Janet clipped the last of the curlers to her hair, rose and walked over to a panel on the wall. She pushed a button, which connected with the inter-com system in Jamie's room. Then she pushed another button, which connected with Kelly's room.

She listened for a moment.

The silence in both rooms was lovely. "Sleep well," she whispered then, and she got into bed, alongside Tony. "Sleep well, darling."

Tony already was sleeping, very well.

Janet lay her head back on the pillow. And she smiled as once more she listened to the silence about her—lovely, so lovely. And then, she too slept.

At five-thirty the next morning, promptly, it began.

Pandemonium!

"It was the beginning of one of those days," Janet says, "on which Doctors Spock and Gesell had been around. It would have run back to their offices and taken down their diplomas... At five-thirty came the screaming, from Kelly's room. She's at an age in which nightmares are uncommon. And, let me tell you, she was having one now..."

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Tony asked as he and Janet rushed into her room.

Kelly bounded up from bed and threw herself in Tony's arms.

"The big fat beetle was sleeping with me, Daddy," she cried, the tears streaming down her cheeks.

Tony continued holding her. He looked over her shoulder. There's no big fat beetle here anymore, Kelly," he said, after a moment.

"He's hiding now," said Kelly, confidentially. "You just look for him, Daddy. And you'll find him."

Tony put her down and began to search the room—under the bed, under the rug, behind the curtains, the closet, the bathroom adjoining the room.

"See?" he said, when he thought he was through. "No beetle."

"Did you look in the drawers?" Kelly asked, pointing to a bureau.

Tony walked over to it. He opened one drawer, then another, then another. He had just opened the fourth and final drawer, when suddenly, something shot up and hit him in the eye.

HOW TO LOOK YOUR BEST... FEEL YOUR BEST... ALL YEAR!

FIVE FACT-PACKED GUIDES TO BEAUTY AND HEALTH

Prepared especially for you by top beauty and health experts under the direction of your editors.

Because you're a woman, you want to look your very best... feel your very best. You owe it to your family and friends. But most of all, you owe it to yourself. That's why we've prepared these five important booklets. Each contains authoritative beauty and health care information that every woman should know.

SIZING UP YOUR FIGURE

How to make the most of your figure. Proper clothes for your figure type, do-it-yourself exercises, proper foundation garments. Hints on wearing slacks, sweaters, shorts, evening dresses.

Colds

All you need to know about colds. What are they? What causes them? Can they be avoided? Can they be cured? Is it only a cold? What to do when you have a cold.

ALL ABOUT ACNE

What acne is. What causes it. What you can do to cheer up your complexion. Sensible diet advice. Special make-up information for problem skin. A practical guide

IT'S TIME YOU KNEW ALL ABOUT MENSTRUATION


YOU AND YOUR HAIRDRESSER

How you and your hairedresser can work together for a prettier you. How to use color for added beauty. Do's and don'ts at the beauty salon. What a new hairdo can do. The best ingredients for your hair. What to do between visits.

HERE'S HOW YOU CAN GET YOUR BEAUTY-HEALTH GUIDES:

Your friends will probably want a set of booklets, too. Tell them about this valuable, exciting offer and include their orders with yours.

DELL PUBLISHING CO., INC.
Box 190, Times Square Post Office, New York 36, N. Y.
Please send me the following beauty-health guides: (Check those you want.)

Sizing Up Your Figure (15c)... Colds (15c)... All About Acne (15c)...
You and Your Hairdresser (25c).... What You Should Know About Menstruation (15c)....
Enclosed is... In cash... check... No stamps or C.O.D.'s accepted.

NAME...........................
ADDRESS...........................
CITY........................... ZONE... STATE...........................

MS-12-40
“Aaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhh!!” he shouted. He looked down to the floor then, and saw a green rubber frog rolling away from him.

“That’s Freddie, Daddy,” Kelly said. “He always jumps when he gets mad.”

Tony looked up and over at his daughter. He tried to force a laugh. “Well,” he said. “—and wasn’t that funny?”

Daddy will frighten Please someone,” she said, “please stay with me for a little while.”

Tony and Janet went into the huddle. One of them should stay, they knew. But who? They chose for it.

Janet lost.

Smilingly, spiritingly, Tony began to head back for the big bedroom.

HE’D ALMOST MADE IT, too, when he heard the noises, coming from the other room.

“Honey,” he heard Janet’s voice call then, “will you see what’s wrong with Jamie? She’s crying.”

Ten minutes later, Tony stumbled back into Kelly’s room. Jamie was in his arms. “She’s still crying,” he said. “What’s wrong with her?”

“Mouf, mouf,” the baby muttered, between sobs.

Janet looked into her mouth. “Poor thing,” she said, “—she’s teething.”

“But she’s teething before,” Tony said. “She’s had plenty of teeth in her time.”

“Maybe she’s another,” Janet said. “Tony, just take her to her room and put some lotion on her gum. That’ll soothe her, and then she’ll go back to sleep.”

Tony asked. 

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh,” Janet heard him shout a few minutes later.

“Honey,” she called, “what happened?”

“Jamie bit me,” Tony called back, “that’s what happened.”

Janet shook her head. “Honey, easy when you put on the lotion,” she said, “and then just put her down. And she’ll go back to sleep. She crossed her fingers. “You’ll see.”

“Needless to say Jamie didn’t go back to sleep that morning, nor did Kelly, nor Tony, nor did I,” Janet says, remembering. “At about seven o’clock, when the commotion had quieted down, I decided I’d make breakfast. Things went pretty well for that next forty-five minutes or so. Oh sure, I’d been up half the night applying a spoonful of corn flakes and banana into Tony’s hair. And Jamie gave her high—chair a shove at one point, while she was in it, and nearly gobbled it all up as she was about to fall over. But, I mean, it was relatively quiet, breakfast was. And things stayed quiet till all the way up to about nine o’clock, or so.

By nine, Tony had gone back to bed for a while. Janet was on the phone, ordering some groceries from a nearby market. The children were outside, in a sand-box.

Suddenly, again, there came a scream, long and loud.

Janet hung up the receiver and raced out into the yard. She said she saw was Jamie, lying on the grass, blood trickling from her lip.

As Janet rushed over to her bawling child, she asked, “What’s wrong with Jamie?”

And there was Kelly, sitting in the sand-box, pretty as an angel, quiet, as a church mouse, watching.

“Kelly,” Janet called, “what happened?”

“Jamie fell and broke the fence there and hurt her mouth,” said Kelly.

“She got out of the sand-box herself?” Janet asked, as she got on her knees and began to lift Jamie from the grass.

“Yes, Mommy,” said Kelly. “And I didn’t follow her. And I didn’t push her.”

“Are you sure?” Janet asked.

“Well,” said Kelly, “maybe I was there for a minute. And maybe I touched her.”

“Kelly,” Janet said, “you know that Jamie doesn’t like to be— She doesn’t like to be jiggled.”

“Jamie!” she called then, watching the little girl who had just managed to slip from her arms. “Where are you going, Jamie?”

Jamie didn’t answer. But it was obvious that she was headed for her sister.

“Ja-mie!” Janet called.

“I didn’t push you on purpose, Jamie,” Kelly said that.

Jamie had reached the sand-box and Kelly by this time. For one moment, she looked her big sister square in the eye. And then, the next moment, she lifted her arm, made a fist and she hauled off and sluggered her one.

“Mommmmmmmyyyyyyyy,” Kelly began to scream again.

“My mowuuuuffff,” Jamie screamed, conscious again of her boo-boo.

Tommmmmmmmmmmmmm, Janet called. “Help.

Tommnnnnnnnnyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy
The Love Story of Pat and Dick

(Continued from page 21)

Later that night, the lawyer stepped up at her desk.

He handed Pat a package.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd have bought you another collie."

"But since I only had six dollars on me, this was the best I could do."

Pat opened the package.

Inside was a small woofwood, of a dog, a collie.

With it was a note which read: "May I have the pleasure of being your new friend?"

Pat knew now that this man, "this sweet, wonderful fellow," was the man for her.

As only a woman can, she got him to propose officially to her later that night.

And when he did she said, breathlessly, as if surprised and delighted, "Why yes."

There was only one slight hitch, the lawyer told her then. "My mother's a little worried about you having a Hollywood background. It won't make any difference for us either way. But I'd like you to meet her and show her what you're really like ... Okay?"

"Oh boy," said Pat.

HANNAH NIXON SAT ALONE with Pat in the Nixon parlor that next afternoon.

They were the next man and woman on a small couch. On a table in front of them were two cups of tea and an aging scrapbook.

"I know my Richard must be in love with you," said Mrs. Nixon, beginning, her voice very manner-of-fact, her eyes never once off Pat. "In the past whenever he came back from his travels he talked not of romance but about such things as what might have happened to the world if Persia had conquered the Greeks, or what might have happened if Plato had never lived.

But after his dates with you, Miss Ryan, well, he talked only of you.

There was something about the way she'd said things that made Pat, to move a little, uncomfortably, in her seat.

"Now," Mrs. Nixon went on, "since you're going to marry Richard, I guess there's a lot you'll want to know about him."

First of all, let's see; yes, there's food to be discussed. Most foods don't interest Richard, you know. But there are two things he likes. One is cherry pie. One is rum roast bread. You're going to have to learn how to prepare them, Miss Ryan? Pie and rum roast?"

"Yes," said Pat, "I do."

"Hmmm," said Mrs. Nixon. "Now—about clothes. I'm afraid you're going to have to do a lot of Richard's shopping. If his brother Donald needs a new suit, Richard will buy it. But if Richard needs one, he'll get me to buy it. He does without it. That's a job you'll be having to take over, Miss Ryan. Will you mind that?"

"Oh no, not at all," said Pat.

"You'll find," said Mrs. Nixon, "that Richard is a hard worker. But work for him has not been connected with making money. I have never heard him express a desire to make an instant fortune. Does that matter to you, Miss Ryan, if your husband is not a financial success?"

"It would have a few years ago, when I was younger, siller," said Pat. "It doesn't any more.

Mrs. Nixon smiled, a tiny bit.

Then she said, "I hear you're an orphan."

"Yes," said Pat.

"I'm sorry," said Mrs. Nixon. "—Your mother passed on first?"

"Yes," said Pat. "When I was a young girl. Her heart gave way."
"What do you think?" Dick asked Pat after they'd read it.

"I think it's great," she said. "It's a real big honor. You should be mighty proud."

"I probably wouldn't win," Dick said, even if I do tell them yes."

"Well, Dick," Pat said, "If I'll probably get is back to Whittier, quicker than we'd planned... And if you lose, we'll get our- selves a little house there and we'll have our baby there, you'll open up a law office again, and—and meanwhile, Dick," she said, "a political campaign. I bet he'll be an awful lot of fun..."

It was night, in California, several months later.

DICK HAD WON THE NOMINATION a few days earlier. The campaign had offi-
cially begun.

But now, this night, Pat lay in the hospital room, about to be taken to the de-
delivery room, where she would give birth to her first child.

"I want my husband," she said, grog-
gily, to the nurse who stood alongside her. "Where's my husband?"

"I phoned him, dear," the nurse told her.

"Now don't you worry. He'll be here. Soon..."

Dick rushed into the room a few min-
utes later.

"Darling," he said, taking Pat's hand, "I just got the call. I was at the Elk's, in the middle of a speech. I wanted to get here, To hold your hand... To give you this."

He bent and kissed her.

"Dick," Pat asked then, "are you going to stay—while I'm inside?"

He didn't answer at first.

"Dick?" she asked.

"I shouldn't, honey," she said then. "I should get back."

She closed her eyes.

"Pat," he said. "I've started this thing. For better or for worse. There are more than four hundred people back there, in that room, waiting to hear what I've got to tell them. If I'm going to do this thing at all, Pat, I'm—"

He stopped. And, after a moment, Pat could hear a chair being pulled up next to her bed.

She opened her eyes.

She saw that Dick was seated next to her.

"I'm sorry, honey," she heard him say. "I'll stay. Of course I'll stay here with you."

Nothing more important to me than you. Pat... I don't know what got into me just now."

She looked up at him. She forced a smile as best she could. "No, Dick," she said. "I'm the one who's sorry. If you've got to go back, I'm willing to have you."

"Please, Dick," she said, "go back to your speech."

"I understand," she said.

"Believe me, Dick, I do understand."

As she said that, she continued to force her smile; while, under the bed-
sheets, she clenched her fists, tightly, partly because of the pain inside her, partly because of another pain... a pain she knew would never leave her and over which, she knew, neither she nor her husband would ever again have any con-

DICK尼克 won the '46 election. And he and Pat and Tricia (the first of two daugh-
ters) moved to Washington.

For the next six years, first as a Con-
grressman's wife, then as a Senator's, Pat learned fast that a perfect politician's wife must be serene, well-controlled and always smiling.

BACK IN THE EARLY DAYS, however, Pat's only concern was her usefulness to-
wards her husband. Was that what she was doing the right thing for Dick? He seemed unusually happy here in Washington. His star was rising. Was she right in there, doing a job that helped him in the hun-re's little ways that she could?

Finally, one night in July of 1952, it appeared to Pat Nixon that yes, she had done a good job.

Dick stood on a platform, waving his arms, smiling at the thousands of conven-
dee delegates who had just nominated him for the next Vice-Presidency of the United States of America.

And next to him Pat stood.

Yes, it seemed to Pat, that night—every-
going had been worth it.

Because everything in Dick's life was just perfect now... But then, another night, shortly after, things began to change. A few hours earlier, a story had broken in the news-
apers and on TV. Dick Nixon had been accused of illegally accepting funds and gifts (quite a bit of money, it was re-
ported, as well as a dog named Checkers) from wealthy Californians. Within these few hours since the story had ap-
peared, public reaction had become nearly hysterical. There had been cries from the Democrats, the Republicans, too, for General Eisenhower to throw Dick off his ticket.

PAT HAD READ THE STORIES, heard the accusations. She'd tried to rub them from her mind. She sat there now, this night, in her living room, with her mother-in-law, silently, still trying.

When, suddenly, she heard the cars pull up the driveway—first one, then another, then a third.

A few minutes later, the front doorbell rang. Pat didn't move.

"Aren't you going to answer?" asked Dick's mother.

"No," said Pat. "Not tonight. I'm not... Dick's inside, writing his talk. The children are asleep... I'm not going to have any-
body disturbed tonight."

But then, after a while, when it seemed as if the bell would never stop ringing, Pat rose, and headed for the front door. She opened it, quickly, nervously.

"Mrs. Nixon?" a reporter called. "Yes?" she asked.

A flashlight popped.

She blinked.

"Yes?" she asked again.

"We'd like some shots of your husband... and a statement.

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's in his office. He has a speech to give on television to-
morrow. He's busy."

"How about the dog then? Can we get a picture of him?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's in his office. He has a speech to give on television to-
morrow. He's busy."

"Aw, c'mon, Mrs. Nixon. The whole world wants to see this pooch."

"I'm sorry," she said. "He's in his office. He has a speech to give on television to-
morrow. He's busy."

"What do you say, Mrs. Nixon?"

"C'mon, Mrs. Nixon."

"It's our job, lady. We've got to get that picture."

Pat found herself nodding. "All right..."

"All right... but please, be quiet as you can. The girls are sleeping. I don't want to wake them."

"Sure thing, ma'am."

"Don't worry, Mrs. Nixon." She opened the door wider. "Please..."

"Please?" she started to say.

But they were already far past her, on their way up the stairs. They thumped up the stairs. And they shouted to one an-
other. They acted like kids on a park. They watched them, helpfully.

"Mama," she heard a voice call out to her, suddenly.

She looked up, to the top of the stairs. She was there. In the doorway stood her two little girls, in their pajamas, their faces covered with fear.

"Mama," asked Tricia, the older one, "is anything wrong?"

Pat stood there, staring at her girls.

"Mama!"

"I don't know, Tricia," she said, finally.

"I can see the reporters called out to the girls. "Is this the door to the dog's room?"

"Yes," the girl said.

The men barged into the room.

"Mama," Julie, the younger daughter, called now. "What do they want with Checkers? What do they want with my doggies?

"Nothing, sweetheart," Pat said. "They're just going to take his picture. That's all... Go back to your room now. Both of you. Go back to bed now, don't go any further than the girls."

She turned from the two girls as they stepped back and closed their door. And then she walked back into the living room and over to a window.

"Dear, is something wrong?" her mother-in-

law asked.

"I CAN'T TAKE IT ANY MORE," Pat said, staring out of the window now."

"I know," her mother-in-law started to say. "It's hard on us all sometimes. But..."

"I just can't take it any more," Pat went on. "I can't stand it... I can't hold it any more."

"What are you going to do?" her mother-
in-law asked.

"I'm going in to Dick, and talk to him."

Pat said.

"What are you going to talk about?"

"I'm going to ask him to quit, to quit," Pat said. "I'm going to tell him that I want to leave him, that I don't want him at home where we belong. Not here. Not there, where they scandalize us, and hurt us so much. Not here."

She turned from the window and she faced her mother-in-law.

"You're his wife, Pat," the woman said. "You know best."

"Yes," Pat said. "I'm tired of this."

She took a deep breath. And then she began to walk towards her husband's office.

Dick looked up at her. He'd been work-

ing hard and long and his eyes were tired-

looking, very tired-looking.

"Yes, Pat?"

His voice was weary.

She stood there, in the doorway. She looked at him for a long time.

And as she did, she saw that there were tears in his eyes. She had never seen him cry before.

Not once, since that first time they'd met. "Yes, Pat?" he asked again.

In dreams, sometimes, she saw him, they threw aside everything she had meant to say.

"I only wanted to see how you were, Dick," she said, instead. "—And... to tell you..."

Then she walked over to where he sat and she put her arms around him.

"Go on," she said, again. "Then she, too, began to cry..."
Will Jack Lemmon Remarry Cynthia?

A Modern Screen "Back-of-the-Book" Special

On a sun bright day, a young man with a nervous grin on his boyish face led a trim young blonde girl by the hand up three short steps. He opened the door for her, and squeezed her hand tightly to reassure her that they were doing the right thing. She reassured him with a warm look. He braced his shoulders, and strode forward. In a few long moments, he was answering the question:

"Do you Jack Lemmon take Cynthia Stone to be your lawful wedded wife?" His answer was clear and strong.

"I do."

The passersby scarcely took notice on that warm May 7th in 1950, when a happy pair of youngsters raced out into the Chicago, Illinois sunshine. The world passing by that they were, and always would be, man and wife. "Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lemmon," they chattered happily, "nothing can ever change that. Nothing!"

The honeymooners made it back to New York on a cloud of joy. Their cup seemed to overflow, and when Jack hit it hot on a few television shows as an actor, Cynthia encouraged him, and with his natural talents spurred on by the bride, Jack veered up the world of grease paint and make believe.

As his star began to rise, Cynthia felt a little left out of things. Conferences, rehearsals, her husband's absence at their time together. But, Jack, calling on his starhusband manners, excused himself from many of the conferences, that others around him had set up, and gave of himself more dutifully to Cynthia.

"We'll call him Christopher," Jack proudly announced, when a bouncing baby boy joined their party.

In December of 1956, Chris Lemmon saw his daddy leave, and his mommy cry, but he could not understand the why of either act. A judgment in Los Angeles understood it better. He had granted Cynthia Lemmon a divorce, but to him it had seemed such a shame since both parties to the divorce had seemed so friendly and attentive to each other.

When Cynthia married actor Cliff Robertson in August of 1957, Jack practically wished on it. He had been very close to Cynthia and had remained close even through their trials, and now, she let Jack have complete visitation rights to see Chris. "We're still friends," Jack said. "And Cliff understands."

Cliff Robertson, a thoroughly nice guy, did understand. He and Jack became fast friends. Both were on Cynthia's side.

A while later, Cynthia gave birth to a little girl, who was christened Stephanie. Cliff and little girl seemed closer than ever at this point. Jack practically dotted on the little girl, as well as her son, Chris.

But, soon after Stephanie's birth, Cynthia announced she was leaving Cliff. A marriage that had looked good was over. No explanation. No hints. Just the announcement, and that was that.

Perhaps it was the separations caused by Cliff's movie assignments on location. Or, perhaps it was this: "She never really stopped loving Jack."

Be that as it may, in the spring of 1959, Cynthia left Cliff, and so bitter was their split that she now saw unlimited visiting rights to Stephanie, as she had granted Jack with Chris.

Jack, in the meantime, had become one of the hottest personalities in pictures. His romp with Kim Novak and Jimmy Stewart in Bell, Book, and Candle, followed by his daffy dame impersonation with Tony Curtis and Marilyn Monroe in Some Like It Hot, had sent his stock soaring.

He was in great demand by every studio. But, he played it cool. He didn't want to get bogged down in a mess of second rate scripts. With all his skyrocketing, he found lots of time to visit with Cynthia, Chris, and little Stephanie. "Cynthia and I have always been the best of friends," Jack said, "but people began to notice the glow that lit up within him."

They went out to shop together. They talked about the children. And, Jack, good friend that he was, tried to iron out the differences between Cliff, his pal, and Cynthia, his beloved ex-wife. It was no go. Cynthia had shut Cliff out of her life.

Jack went into The Apartment for Billy Wilder, and it was the first time he'd ever been asked to carry the starring role in a film. Cynthia wished him the best of luck knowing full well that it was a turning point in Jack's career.

Jack and wife Felicia Farr, began to see more and more of Cynthia. They both rejoiced in his new success as if it were their own private party. Talk of Jack's marriage against the girl-friend became to become less and less a topic. Instead, the wise money was beginning to re-examine Jack and his chances of winning Cynthia back again.

The tensions that had built them up in 1955, when Jack was still on the borderline between supporting player and star-actor, had erased themselves by his personal success. And, he and Cynthia had spent very much in love, had shared many laughs, and had always remained the best of friends, a fact not shared by very many ex-husbands and wives.

Cliff came back into the fray, and tried to take back Cynthia, their son, and the business. When Jack called Cynthia often. He wanted to find out about Chris, and baby Stephanie, whom he'd come to love as one of the family. They talked often, and for long periods of time. The endures they used long before with each other, occasionally cropped into the conversations. "I've got to go to New York, Cynthia," Jack announced one day. "I'm going to act in Face Of A Hero on Broadway."

Cynthia was happy for him. She knew Jack had always wanted to return to Broadway, ever since she'd gone through the opening night jitters with him when he played in Room Service, a revival of the famous Marx Brothers farce. "I'll miss you, Jack," she said.

He knew she'd miss Cynthia too. They had recaptured many of the fun moments they'd known in their early wedding days. And, Jack had been happy to see the smile return to Cynthia's lovely face.

"I'll be back, Cynthia," Jack said, and she knew he would be.

Jack has indicated that he and Cynthia can make it for keeps this time. Everyone who knows and loves them watches hopefully. And, Jack and Cynthia, they just live each day as one. One at a time until the day they can say, once again, and for keeps, "I do."

This time, we know the "I do" will stick for good. Because, that's Lemmon's choice.
I Was Too Poor To Have Dreams

(Continued from page 34)

their big bosoms, their curves, their slick-combed hair, their pouting months—they moved him all right. But only so far. "In the long run they're actresses or would-be actresses or... or something, you know. They're not real people, just like men. And who needs two of those in the same apartment for any length of time?"

HE HAD NO IDEA AT THE TIME—three years ago—that there was a girl for him, a girl named Ellie, a girl he would fall for and who would fall for him, a girl who would change his mind about the subject of marriage, and even change him.

He had no idea of her existence three years ago.

He only knew that he was in one hell of a state.

And, sometimes, when he really pondered his fate, he would wonder about things, life, might have been for him if he wasn't an actor; if Hollywood were some faraway place the ladies in the neighborhood read about, and not the place he lived and worked in, and he would wonder how things, life, might have been if the trouble hadn't started between his folks back in Napanee, Wisconsin, and their then little kid of four; if his mother hadn't been beautiful and restless and if Mr. Ziegfeld had never told her to look him up should she ever decide to enter the glorious world of show business...

"And he told me I should," he remembered her voice cry out that night, back in Napanee, Florenz Ziegfeld—she said. The greatest producer of them all. He'd been there in Atlantic City; there, at the Contest. He'd come up to her when the contest was over and had said, "If you think personally, Miss Graf, that you should have been elected Miss America. But know this," he said, "anytime you want to come work for me, you can, Miss Graf."

And that had been Florenz Ziegfeld speaking, Ziegfeld! He remembered his mother's voice that night.

And he remembered his father's silence. And he remembered how it was that next morning, the morning after the trouble, standing on the platform at the Napanee railroad station, saying goodbye to his father, then getting on the train with his mother—just the two of them and those things, his suitcases and his bag—after that, after they'd parted, he looked up at his mother and had seen that she was crying and he'd asked her, "Mama, where are we going?"

They were going to New York, he remembered, meaning to say that they'd have an interview with Mr. Ziegfeld, in his own private office. And then Mr. Z. was going to give her a part in one of his shows, he'd said, and maybe, maybe, into what she'd always wanted to be—a star of the New York stage.

David remembered how his mother had cried, and the train, and everything, and the trip lasted, over an hour after she'd said that...

His mother, strong and determined a woman as she was, had been very unhappy those times. His own mother, who had gotten to see Mr. Ziegfeld, all right. And he had given her a part in one of his productions, a big and fancy musical. Only it was a very small part and it was with one of the great impresario's touring shows, and not his New York company.

54, so he remembered, for those next five years they'd traveled around the country, the mother (she'd divorced her husband in this time) and the son and their two big tan suitcases, from city to city, town to town. But Ellie, the little-girl, was happy. And so was he, come to think of it.

It would be, David remembers, that they would get to a hotel in a new town and he'd walk down the street during the whole time, and also be looking for a flower shop. And their two big tan suitcases. And the place was far from the railroad station. And there wasn't a cafeteria within blocks. And for the first time in a long time David felt something like what he knew other kids must feel like. And no, he was not complaining.

THINGS GOT EVEN BETTER after his mother re-married.

He'll never forget the night, when he was thirteen, a couple of years after the wedding, when his mother came into his room and sat alongside him on his bed. She'd just put her new baby daughter to sleep in her crib. She was smiling. "David," she said, out of the clear blue, it seemed, "would you like to give up picture work?"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Just that," his mother said. "I'm proud of the work you've done, Dave. Maybe a little selfishly—but I am proud. I've seen some of your films. But she said. "Do you understand what I mean?"

"Sort of," said the boy.

And now, his mother went on, "more important. "Daddy asks us your own dreams... What are they, Dave?" She took his hand. "Your dreams?"

The boy thought for a while. Then he told her to her, gradually. He would like most of all, he said, to go to a school, a real school. He didn't like those one-room classrooms at the studios, he said, where he was being taught. Now, I'm only sorry, he said, in the place—just him and a teacher. And then after school, real school, he said, he would like to go to college and study something in engineering, aviation engineering or chemical engineering, something like that. He knew, he said, that college was expensive, that he might be going to have to be selfish if it meant not paying his parents to pay his way. But, he said, he liked sports and maybe if he worked hard enough at them he could get a scholarship to a good college, and with a scholarship, he said, well, everything would be all wrapped up and taken care of.

When he was through, he asked his mother, "Is that all right thing for me to want?"

"Yes," she said. "And you mean it," he asked, "about me being an actor? I don't have to be?"

"No," she said. "You don't have to be anything you don't want to be."

She bent to kiss him.

"Goodnight, Dave," she said. "It's getting late. It's time for you to be getting some sleep."

And he noticed, as she said that, that her smile was gone and that there were tears in her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

She didn't answer at first.

"Mama?" he asked. "Mama? . . . Is something the matter?"

"I ONLY DID WHAT I DID," she said then, "because I, too, had a dream once. I'd been determined to make something of myself. When that failed, I wanted to make something of you. I'm only sorry, if I've hurt you in any way. I'm sorry, Dave."

He sat up, and he put his arms around his mother.

"Don't be sorry, Mama," he said.

"Please, don't be. . . ."

David entered Fairfax High in Hollywood the following week. He became,
shortly, one of the best athletes the school had ever known. By the time he was in his senior year he had copped most of the athletic prizes being handed out, as well as scholarships to two of the best colleges in the state.

And then, less than a month before graduation, it happened—

David was asked to meet the last one of the year. He'd just won the most impressive event of them all, the pole-vault jump. The coach had given him his medal and he was running back towards the locker room when a photographer came rushing up to him.

That was a sweet jump, kid," the photographer said. "Fancy doing it once more so I can get a picture for my paper?"

"Sure thing," David said.

He turned and headed back to the starting line. He looked over at the photographer, who had his camera in position. "Give him a good picture now," he said to himself. He took a few steps and then ran. He ran swiftly, beautifully, surely. His eyes were on the jump point straight ahead and he didn't see the soda bottle somebody had around his ground a few minutes earlier. The pain that came to his right knee was so intense when he hit it after tripping over the bottle that he passed out without thinking. The damage was to be permanent. It was as if he knew it then, that moment, even in his blacked-out state.

"My scholarship!" those who stood around him remembering him. "My scholarship!"

A few days later, he limped into his coach's office.

"Coach," he said, "I've been a little worried. Do you think the colleges will take me now, with my knee like this?"

"I've been hoping, too," David replied. "You should have made both the schools. They both say that they'll let us know the score within the week."

But they never knew the score.

It was then that David decided to start all over again and work at the only thing he knew—acting. He had no money. He had no preparation for anything else. He found himself thinking that he was an actor now. A good one. So he went back to all the old studios where he'd worked. Strange, though, nobody seemed too overjoyed to see him. Universal-International did put him on their payroll finally, however. And the long grind began.

FOR SEVEN YEARS, minus two in the army, David toiled and struggled—and nobody gave a damn. Other guys came to this town of the fifties, they knew. Some made it big. Some didn't make it at all. But him, he just kept rolling along. He played bit parts in a couple of dozen pictures while he worked his way up. There were three and four-day deals, the kind where the director's only concern is getting you into the picture, then getting you out.

Anyway, it was steady employment, at least. Up until that time before David hit Hollywood and David got canned. He'd started at one hundred dollars a week and ended at three hundred, and this had been enough to keep a roof over his head. But things began to happen—debt—to a guy earning a few c-notes a week! In Hollywood, what with agents' fees, new cars, new clothes, entertain-
ing, banking—boozing—"it happened," Man, David says, "it happened to me."

So, came 1956 and he got the ax from U-1 and, he figured, it was time for him to do or die—back to basics.

And, for a time, it looked like ladies would be in order.

First, there was the matter of a picture called Lafayette Escadrille. David's part was that of Tab Hunter's commanding officer. Played well, the part could easily have overshadowed Tab's. Unfortunately for David, he played it so well that after a few days of rushes word came down from the Warners' offices: "Tell the Janssen part. Build up Hunter's. Hunter is studio property! Bill Wellman, director of the picture, tried to fight the edict. But it was done.

The next incident came when Wellman was approached by David Selznick to direct his upcoming A Farewell To Arms. Fine, he gave David the call—under condition: He didn't want Rock Hudson for the lead, he wanted David Janssen. "David w-h-a-t?" Selznick asked. The deal was quickly given.

Finally, however, in the spring of '57, things changed for David and he got his first real break—the lead in the Richard Brody show. The show began as a summer replacement. But it became obvious, after the first few weeks of ratings, that it would, in quick time, become one of the top ten in the whole city.

As success stories go, it would seem right here that David Janssen was riding on Cloud Nine now, these first few months of his success. But, to tell the truth, he wasn't. He was making good money now, really good money; but he'd borrowed so much and borrowed so much that he was still in debt.

And, though he had some stature now, some reason for happiness, he discovered suddenly that aside from his mother and his uncle Ted and Jill, there was nobody else with whom he could share it. He had no friends.

OUTWARDLY, HE LIVED IT UP all right. He drank with the best of them. He laughed with the funniest of them. He dated the most luscious of them. But, basically, he had no friends. In incidents in his childhood he had made him steer away from relationships. "A cynicism of mine," he says, "—intbred; maybe; I don't know—caused me to approach some- thing in my life's seeming friendship from a negative point of view." He found himself always inclined to think: "There's a reason behind it. There's a catch. What don't I know?"

This is a Hollywood disease, easy to catch. And you fight it, or you don't. And David didn't.

And so, there he was at twenty-seven, with things going pretty well for him. And, there he was, with his problems, a lost and lonely kind of guy.

The three people really close to David—his mother and his sisters—would tell him that what he needed to solve these problems was, in simple limer, a "Nuts." "Nuts," David would say. "I've got enough to worry about. I need something," he'd say. "But I don't know what.

In interviews—and a whole rash of them started after the Diamond success—he would be asked the traditional ques- tion: "When you do get married, what's the considerations?"

"Nuts," David would say. "I've got enough to worry about. I need something," he'd say. "But I don't know what."

And, yet, he knew deep down that something was missing in his life. Not a wife, of course. . . Or so he thought! He met Ellie on Hallowe'en night, at a party.

He almost never did make that party. He'd worked hard that week, that day. He'd been invited to the party by some girl a few days earlier. But now, this night, pooped, he'd forgotten completely...
about the invitation and had gone to bed instead.

Suddenly before ten o’clock, the girl phoned him, woke him. She was sorry, she said. She couldn’t make the party.

“Well,” David yawned, “that’s the way it goes.

But, said the girl, she had a girlfriend who was just dying to go. Would he take her?

David said no, he’d rather not.

The girl persisted. “Please,” she said. “I promised you’d take her. She’ll be furious with me if you don’t. . . . And besides, Davie, she knows everybody there. And once you bring her it isn’t that you have to stay with her all the time . . .

The girl went on and on.

Till finally David realized that sleep—the thing he wanted most that night—was out.

And so he said, “All right, all right.”

And, groggily, he started to get out of bed . . .

Sure enough, when they got to the party, his “date” disappeared. And David walked straight to the bar and ordered a drink.

HE WAS ON HIS SECOND DRINK, or his third, when “like they say in the song lyrics, I saw her standing there, across the crowded room.”

She was tall and brown-haired and lovely-looking.

She stood alone.

She noticed David looking over at her at one point.

She smiled, and looked away.

David waited for her to look back.

She didn’t.

He found himself staring at her, waiting. He became fidgety. (“All of a sudden,” he says, “I was clobbered by this shy, if you want to call it that, feeling. I felt she had to look back at me again to show she was interested.”)

When she made it obvious that she wasn’t going to look back (“I’d seen him sitting there looking at me,” Ellie says. “I’d done that before. But I don’t know what to do.”), David put down his drink, walked over to her and asked her if she’d care to dance.

She said yes, and in the first few minutes while they danced, for him to say something.

“Well,” Ellie said, “—in case you’re interested. My name is Ellie. I’m from New York. I worked as a model once, then as a buyer for a department store. I came to California a few weeks ago, liked it, decided to stay.”— she shrugged— “that’s the story of my life.”

She waited for David to say something.

He didn’t.

Ellie began to wonder: Was this one of those silent attractions? Or was the Hollywood actor just plain bored?

They continued dancing. David continued to say nothing.

They went for a drive after the party. (David’s date, to no one’s surprise, had gone home with someone else). He said nothing.

They parked by the water. David turned on the car radio. They ordered scallopine for a hamburger and a cup of coffee. David was silent.

“Don’t you like to talk?” Ellie asked, finally.

“No much,” David said.

“I see,” said Ellie. She smiled. “Well, strange as it may sound, I just want you to know that I’m having a very nice time anyway. . . . Really!”

There was something about this girl that made him more and more fidgety.

(“She was so damn nice and normal, just
to look at,” he says, “that I figured if we started saying anything to each other, the whole thing might be spoiled.”)

“What do you want to hear, anyway,” he found himself asking, then,— “the story of my life.”

“Sure,” Ellie said.

“Are you interested,” David asked, half-smiling, “or are you just being polite?”

“Of course I’m interested, you dope,” Ellie said. “If I wasn’t, I’d just wanted to be polite, I’d have been back at my hotel room a couple of hours ago.”

David continued looking at her.

Then he said, “Well—” he said.

And he told her his story.

HE STARTED AT THE BEGINNING. And by the time he’d come to the end—a few hours later, “It was way past dawn,” he remembers—he had talked to Ellie the whole time. “I felt like we’d been there before. He talked about his ups, his downs. His misses, his hits. He had even begun to have inroads in discussing his problems with someone for the first time in his life—the small problems, the medium ones, the big ones.

And when he was through discussing these things, talking, he knew only two things: (one) that it was dawn and he had to get this girl back to her hotel; (two) that he wanted to, had to, to see her again that afternoon.

“I learned something about David that morning,” Ellie has said. “He didn’t ask me, ‘Is it all right if I see you tonight?’ He said, ‘I’ll call you tonight!’—like whatever shyness he’d felt at the beginning, pool, was gone.

“It was the same,” she says, “when we got married. We’d been going together for almost a year now. And all of a sudden one afternoon he comes over to see me and talks about marrying me. He said, ‘I’m going to marry you!’—just like whenever he’d felt at the beginning, pool, was gone.

“It was the same,” she says, “when we got married. We’d been going together for almost a year now. And all of a sudden one afternoon he comes over to see me and talks about marrying me. He said, ‘I’m going to marry you!’—just like whenever he’d felt at the beginning, pool, was gone.

“We left—” he started.

He paused.

He scratched his head and said, “You know, questions like this take time to answer. . .

So he took time.

A lot of time.

Until suddenly, from the other end of the room we heard a click. It was Ellie, opening the door that led from the den. She poked out her head.

“David,” she said, “I don’t think that you can’t think of anything else nice to say about me. . . . Hmmm?”

Then she winked at us and closed the door again.

“My wife!” David called out.

“Why,” he said, “why, Ellie Janssen is the most sen-sa-tion-al gal who ever lived. Yes, and I love her madly.”

“Madly?”

“I hope I said that loud enough,” he whispered to us then, laughing.

“I mean, if we still want to see that scallopine tonight . . .”

END

David stars in Allied Artists’ Donzi and Ring Of Fire for MGM.
closed his eyes, just blissfully relaxing. And Liz turned her head and looked over at Bee Smith, the nurse, who never for a moment had her eyes off the children.

Bee. Liz, it's going to be so sad losing you.... She still couldn't believe it, that the woman was going to leave them. She'd always figured that she would walk away, as Liz had been her own. She was in her mid-sixties when she'd come. Liz remembered, just before Michael was born. She'd taken care of Michael's, then, Chris, then Liza; taken care of them all, and loved them all, as if they'd been her own. She was in her mid-sixties when she'd come. Liz remembered. And she was in her seventies now. And she made it clear, just before this trip, that she was getting old now and that it was time for her to go live with her own family for these years she had left. And rest. She'd tried to leave them just before the trip. But Liz had asked her, as a special favor, to stay with them, to come with them, for just a while. She and Eddie, Liz had said, would give her a break (the break she needed) in her anyway; they all knew that and would send her home from London by jet plane, just as soon as she'd helped them select another one, an English woman. Bee Smith had said no at first. But she'd changed her mind at the last minute. And now here she was, on her way to Italy first, before they set off to spend just a little while more with her beloved "grandchildren." "It's the only thing," Liz said, suddenly softening toward the woman at the woman—"the only thing that puts a crimp into this trip."

"What is?" Bee Smith asked.

"You having to leave us," said Liz.

"Well," said Bee Smith, "don't you go thinking about that now and spoiling a good time for yourself. This trip's supposed to be a holiday for you. And so Italy. And Italy's thinking about anything till you get to England and have to start worrying about learning all those lines for your picture."

She grinned, squeezing Liz's hand.

"Right, Mr. Fisher?" she asked.

"Right," said Eddie, his eyes still closed.

And Liz smiled a little now, too, and she reached over to take Bee Smith's hand in hers, and she squeezed it and held it for a long moment.

IT COULD HAVE BEEN at that same moment when the person in London sat down to write the letter. It arrived on Monday, August 5th, at the sprawling mansion just outside London, which Liz and Eddie had rented for their six months' stay. Like all other mail that arrived for the Fishers, it was sent into London proper and to the Twentieth Century-Fox studios. There, routinely, a girl in Publicity opened it in order to see whether it should be filed or, if important enough, sent on to Liz and Eddie in Italy.

As it turned out, the girl did neither. She brought it instead to Scotland Yard. Within a few minutes' time, four top detectives were poring over the letter, reading its strange message over and over again:

"Watch out for your children. They are beautiful, but they must be mine. What are they worth to you? Ten thousand Pounds? Twelve thousand? You'll hear from me again."

"Pray I don't do nothing drastic. Pray for me. I am a sinner."

When they were through going over the letter, the detectives agreed that it was the work of a first-class crankpot. Nothing more. Still, they figured, they'd look into it. And they should notify the Fishers. And so one of them picked up a phone and asked to be connected with the S.S. Leonardo DaVinci, at sea. Eddie, who received the call, was undecided about whether to tell Liz about the letter or not. They had received so many letters since that day they'd known they were coming together—abusive letters, obscene letters, insulting letters. They had tried, as best they could, to ignore them. This, he knew, should be ignored too. But still...

HE TOLD HER ABOUT IT. FINALLY. They were walking up on the Boat Deck. And, quite by chance, Liz had been running, too. It had been a bit of a workout. She'd been out for her morning run, and she'd been thinking about the letter. Of course, she was sad to hear it."

"Then what are we worried about?"

"Even in Italy, at first, Liz did not realize the impact of the news of that letter had on her. There are things we hear in life, frightening sometimes, though not immediately, so that they are embedded in the back of the brain and sleep there. It takes something small, something sudden, to awaken them. This is the way it was with Liz and the letter."

It was a Sunday, their first in Rome. They were leaving the Olympic Games—Liz, Eddie, Bee Smith and the children. They'd had a ball that day, the boys especially, and they were still all talking and laughing away as they walked from the sports palace and near to the car.

"Anything hungry?" Eddie asked at one point. "They're now ready for some more of that good Roman spaghetti?"

"But before anyone could answer, a pack of pheasants suddenly spotted them and swarmed around them. The photographers began snapping away."

"Really," Liz said, after a few minutes, "we've got to go now. The children are fatigued."

"Just a few more. Un altro. One more round," came the photographers' usual cry.

Liz smiled.

"Just one more round," she said.

IT WAS DURING THIS ROUND when the roly-poly Italian, who'd joined the gathering crowd a few minutes earlier, who'd been at the Games and who'd maybe drunk a little too much wine while watching the final events, decided to act. "Ueeeeeeii," he called out, "—me, too. I wanna get into the peck-a." He rushed forward and stood alongside the photographer. He grinned and brought his hands up to his ears. "I make like the monkey, eh?" he said.

The little boy laughed.

The rest of the crowd roared. "Reppa, boy, you look like a nice kid," the man said to Michael then. "What you think, huh, if I take you and I buy you an ice-cream, over there? Maybe the
nice men with the camera even take the peetch’s of me buying you the ice-cream.

He started to take the boy’s hand.

Liz saw him.

“You,” she called out. “Don’t you touch him. Get your hands off that child.”

The crowd roared, suddenly.

“I was going to ask the permission, Signora”—the man started to say.

“You get your hands off him,” Liz cried.

“Of course,” the roly-poly Italian let go of Michael’s hand and lowered his eyes.

“I sorry . . . mi displaice,” he said, as he bent away to go.

“Why’d you do that?” Eddie asked, after they’d gotten into their car and had begun to drive away. “The guy was having some fun, you see. His aim’s got a lot to be desired.”

“I don’t know,” Liz said. She breathed in deeply. “I just don’t want anybody touching my children, maybe . . . Is there anything wrong with that?”

THEN, TWO THINGS HAPPENED—

the day they arrived in England and the mansion near London that helped put Liz OVER the edge and worst of them all.

One was a story, in the newspapers, out of Australia. It concerned a twelve-year-old boy whose father, a poor man, had recently won one million dollars in a lottery there. The son had been kidnapped. They’d found him murdered, his body dumped in some woodlands.

The other was that important and dis- tempting to Liz at the moment, was a let- ter, addressed by the same person who had written the first letter. It differed from the other by one blot: was that Lisa had dis- covered, was pushing closer and closer. They were getting out of hand; they were excited, and rushing. “Eddie . . .” Liz mumbled. He didn’t seem to hear her. He was busy, a few yards away, signing some autographs of his own.

“Eddie . . .” She closed her eyes for a moment. And then she opened them. And she looked again at the faces around her. There was a heavy thrumming in her head, that was wrong. Suddenly—she didn’t know why exactly but wildly, wildly she wanted to cry out to this mob.

“Who are you people?” she wanted to cry.

“And what do you want from me, from me?”

She looked into the face of one woman who stood not more than three feet from her, and her face was blotted by a strong-looking and smiling. Liz looked at the pencil she was waving, at the sheet of paper she held.

“Liz,” she said, “I wanted to ask, suddenly.

“Are you the one?”

Then she looked into another face, and another.

“Is it you?” she wanted to cry.

“Are you the one who wants to hurt my babies?”

She handed back a book she was hold- ing.

She reached for Eddie’s hand.

Her face had turned ashen pale.

“Liz,” Eddie asked, “what’s wrong?”

“Let’s get back inside, away,” she said.

“I don’t want to go to any party.”

“Liz —” Eddie started to say.

He followed her inside . . .

There, she shut the door, and she clung to his hand.

“Eddie,” she said, “I want us to go up- stairs and pack. Right now . . . I don’t want to live here. I want to go to Lon- don.”

Eddie had not the least bit bad, when they made it clear that they didn’t want a Jew invading their country, they said; not even a Hollywood Jew, they said. She reached for a cig- rette that lay on the night-table, next to their bed. She lit it. And then she went back to looking at the fog.

It was not them, at first, when she heard Eddie come in.

“Can we take the children with us, to Egypt, next week?” she asked, still looking at the fog.

“We can take Liza, sure,” Eddie said.

“But not the boys?” Liz asked.

“No, I don’t think so,” he said.

“Why not?” she asked.

“Because it wouldn’t be right, I don’t think,” he said, “draggling them out of school like that.”

THEN I’M NOT GOING TO EGYPT,” she said.

“You’re not,” he said, shocked.

“I didn’t want to go in the first place,” Liz said. “I didn’t feel bad. Not the least bit bad, when they made it clear that they didn’t want a Jew invading their country, they said; not even a Hollywood Jew, they said. She reached for a cig- rette that lay on the night-table, next to their bed. She lit it. And then she went back to looking at the fog.

It was not them, at first, when she heard Eddie come in.

“Do you know,” Liz, she asked, “what they are? They are getting permission for you to get into that country. Strings were pulled. Big strings . . .

“Do you know,” Eddie asked. “how this is possible? Not yet. It’s only weeks of location, all set up? A couple of million bucks riding on those two weeks alone? A couple of hundred people with jobs riding on it.


those letters? Is that why you don’t want to leave?”

She said nothing at first.

“Liz?” he asked.

Her voice was soft when she spoke again. And the tears in her eyes. Of course it is, Eddie,” she said. “I’m so afraid. I know everybody else is taking it as if it were nothing. But Eddie, I’m so afraid for them.

“You shouldn’t be,” Eddie said. “They’ve got the best protection. You know that.
And they've got Scotland Yard, watching them every minute. They've got Bee—she's agreed to stay longer than she'd planned, hasn't she? She's even stopped looking around for another girl for the time being, hasn't she? And then you must do your worst... Why, the children, they've got—

"I don't care what you say they've got, Eddie," Liz said, cutting in, her voice still soft. "We're not going. And I want," she said, "I want for us to tell the children that we're not, first thing at breakfast. If they've had any worries of their own about this, if they knew anything about this, I want their minds put at rest, too...

Michael, especially—he's old enough to hear things, to know what's going on—" Liz paused. "And what are we to tell them, in case he does know?" Eddie asked. "That his Mama and Eddie are afraid?"

"Yes," Liz said, "if that's the right word."

"But it's a terrible thing. I don't care what kind of word it is," said Liz. "We're going to tell them."

Eddie shook his head. "Honey," he started to say, "listen, I know how you feel—"

Liz jumped up from the bed suddenly. Suddenly her voice rose. "Don't say that," she said, "you don't know how I feel! I'm their mother. I have my own set of feelings for them. I'm their mother."

"And you—" she started to say.

She brought her hand up to her mouth and she bit it.

"And me," Eddie said, loudly now, too."I'm their father, too. I'm their father, too... Liz. They may not be of my flesh, or of my blood. But they happen to be the children I'm with every day. They happen to be my wife's children. I happen to love them... And I'm concerned about them, too, as much as anybody else on this earth. Anybody?"

He paused.

AND THEN, HIS VOICE SOFT once more, he said, "Look... Liz. When I was a boy—I haven't thought of this for years, but it comes back to me now—when I was a boy, there was this kid in our neighborhood. He was a normal enough kid, when he started out in life, I guess. But he had two very abnormal tendencies. And he was afraid of them. He was afraid of his fear, afraid that he'd ever, once in his life, get hurt. And so, if he was out playing with us, a gang of boys, and a fight started, the whole gang of us would come out of our house and grab him away from us. 'Stay away from that lousy mob,' she used to say, or you'll all get hurt.

And, after a while, the only thing that kid himself did something out of line and the teacher said something nasty to him, his father would come up and holster at the teacher, and ask him not to dare to criticize their son... for their son must not be hurt!

"I remember," Eddie went on, "we went to the same junior high school together, the same high school. And I remember, how just after Korea the two of us were called into the Army, the same day. I'd talked to him the night before. We'd meet, we decided, on the spot. And we were going to kick it next morning and report in together.

"Well," Eddie said, "that next morning, I got there, to the corner, I waited. I waited half-hour, and the boy came, and he had this kid, and this kid, he didn't show. I couldn't figure why. I didn't learn why, in fact, till about a week after I went away. That's when I got letters from my mother. She told me it was terrible about this kid. A few minutes before he was supposed to leave the house to meet me, she said, he began to hang and wound, and scream and kick. He was afraid to go into the Army. Every guy on earth, when the time comes, is a little afraid. But this kid, he was this afraid. He carried on so bad

that morning that his own parents couldn't quiet him down, and they had to come from the hospital eventually and take him.

"He stayed in that hospital for a few years, Liz. Now he's out. He's my age, exactly, and he sits home all day now with his mother and his father. He's a young man. He's a broken vegetable, really. He doesn't work. He doesn't go out. He just sits home."

"He's afraid..."

"It's a different evening you're talking about," she said.

"But it isn't," Eddie said. "It's the story of a boy and his parents and fear. It's the story of a legacy. He was taught this fear, this kid I knew... They gave him a lesson. And he learned it well..."

Liz turned and went to a closet, on the other side of the room.

"Where are you going?" Eddie asked.

"To take a walk," Liz said, reaching for a coat, putting it on. "To get lost, maybe, in the fog."

"Why are you going?" Eddie asked.

"Because I don't want any more talk," Liz said.

"YOU'VE MADE UP YOUR MIND about this whole thing?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," said Liz, "picked up her handbag. "And you want me to have a talk with the children tomorrow—with Michael and Christopher?"

"Yes."

"And you want me to give them their first lesson in fear?"

"Yes," Liz said. She shouted it now. The tears came, and she shouted it. Sobbing, she ran from the room. She ran down the hallway.

"Mrs. Fisher," a voice called out. It was Bee Smith, the nurse, looking out of the door of her room. "Elizabeth!"

Liz ran past her, ignoring her, ignoring everything.

When, finally, she got to the door, she put her hand on the knob, and she started to turn it.

"Fear!"—the word came to her mind, suddenly.

"Is that what we want for them?"

"A legacy of fear?"

After a while—a long, a very long, while...—Liz turned, and she began to walk back up the hall, away, back towards the bedroom. "Eddie," she whispered, when she got to the door.

He was sitting on a chair, his hands clasped tightly together.

He rose from the chair and he waited as she came to him.

"Eddie," she said... "Eddie," as she fell into his arms, as she began to cry again, as he began to kiss her hair, and to soothe her.

BACK IN HER LITTLE ROOM, meanwhile, Bee Smith smiled. She'd seen Liz walk back to her husband from that door. And this made her happy.

She guessed, from what she'd seen and heard and just that, it would be all right for her to start interviewing girls for her job again.

But tomorrow—she thought—tomorrow was probably going to be such a lovely day. And she, wondered, if maybe instead, it wouldn't be more pleasant to go walking with her "grandchildren" and take them to see the fog roll down into the town with the big clock on it, and that pretty river called the Thames.

Well, she thought, as she sat back in her chair, she'd see about all that in the morning.

The fog was lifting now.

Everything was going to be lovely again...

END

Eddie and Liz both star in BUTTERFIELD 8, MGM; Liz stars in TWO FOR THE SEEWSAW, United Artists, CLEOPATRA, for 20th-Fox.
column.” Hmmmmmm, I thought—a nice thoughtful and pretty smart little girl!

But when I actually met Sandra, not too long afterward, at the home of producer Ross Hunter (who has since guided the little Dee to her biggest hits and has become her closest friend and mentor) I was surprised at how very unsophisticated and refreshingly young she was, not at all the cagy prodigy.

AMBIDEXTROUS, YES! The driving urge to become tops in her profession marked this child even before her young mother, Mary Douvan, permitted her to wear the slightest trace of lipstick or to stay up past ten o’clock.

But with all her “dedicated” interest in her work, Sandra, at fifteen, was the widest-eyed movie fan I ever saw. You’d never suspect that she spent her days in intimate contact with big movie stars on the studio lots. Her particular “crush” was Cary Grant. She referred to “Miss” Turner (Lana) as “gorgeous” and to Jean Simmons as “sassy” and popular.

At this time she had an autograph book which she produced at the drop of a celebrity. She saved programs from premières and fan letters—more than a few of them to Cary Grant. She was required by law to attend school on the studio lots and just like other girls, she mentioneduarage books.

And so those brief years of typical Hollywood childhood passed quickly by. Now and then I would see Sandra at Ross Hunter’s “party” and in her social affair attended by the younger set. It was noted she was “dating” Mark Damon, John Saxon, Edd Byrnes, Mark Goddard and sundry other young eligibles, but these items always sounded like ice cream soda sippings to me. Occasionally I felt her dates were studio inspired. Most of her escorts were in Universal-International, her home studio.

The change from childhood to girlhood came gradually. Already Sandra had scored dramatically as Lana Turner’s daughter and “cat’s eye” in Portrait In Black. Her little girl figure had rounded into curves encased in beautiful clothes designed by Jean Louis who also did Lana’s. Sandra was the life of the party, and flirtations were already being exchanged. Lipstick appeared on her soft curving mouth and flat shoes were replaced by high pointed heels on her smartly shod feet. No longer was the autograph book brought out.

In place of the movie child—suddenly there was the movie star.

But I had not realized how sweeping was the change until Sandra planed back from Italy, where she had been starring in Romanoff and Juliet, for a brief week of rest and conferences in Hollywood before returning to Europe for Come September. A week of rest! It was enough to see me—and the girl who walked into the “playroom” where I have interviewed so many of the glamour girls of the screen screen. Sandra sat—official place in my book as one of them!

SANDRA LOOKED SLEEK and beautiful in a blue silk gown with matching blue shoes—her only jewelry was one ring. She said her luggage had been lost in transit and she had neither jewelry nor clothes! (A week of rest—it was all located—so no harm done.)

But even this temporary misfortune didn’t glim Sandra’s glow. She was like a 70 little magpie chatting about Italy, Paris, London (this had been her first trip to Europe). She talked “girl talk” of the loose Parisians which she did not like. She spoke of her hairdresser of the places she had been and the sights she had seen. With all her bubbling enthusiasm there was a new maturity about her and her figure was that of a model’s. Which reminded me—

“Sandra, do you remember when I paddled you in print after that terrible experience of having to be rushed to a hospital because of your very drastic Sals dieting? You aren’t doing anything that foolish to keep thin now, are you?”

“I promised you I wouldn’t, remember. And I have kept my word,” she smiled. “I have come to my senses. I eat what I need without starving myself or taking drastic elimination medicine.”

“Are you sure?” I pressed on. “Ross Hunter told me you still actually do starve yourself.”

She laughed, “That Ross! Unless I eat huge platefuls, Ross thinks I’m not eating anything. I don’t require as much food as he believes I should eat.” I looked at her slender wasp-like waist. “What’s your weight measurement?” I asked.

“Nineteen inches,” she proudly replied. “Sandra,” I put in quickly, “I’m going to level with you and do an interview with some pretty hard-hitting questions the way I do with the grown up glamour stars. I know you’re wise now and mature in your thinking—and there are many things your fans would like to have you answer straight.”

As she had listened her beautiful young “doll” face became serious. “For one thing you mean about my real father, John Zuck,” she said quietly.

“Yes, exactly.” I answered. “About the stories printed that when you appeared in your birthplace, Bayonne, New Jersey, that you refused to see him and did not contact him…”

Indignation flashed in her eyes but her voice was soft and level as she said, “I think it was the way things developed and others who have criticized me what each one would have done in my place.”

“How CAN I LOVE A FATHER I haven’t seen since I was five years old? I have never in all those years since my mother and I left Bayonne received as much as a postcard from him. I didn’t even have a half-brother until one of the magazines printed that I had refused to see my father and brother!”

The words were fairly tumbling from her lips beginning to tremble. “Was there anything that prevented my father from telephoning me? I was appearing for the studio in Bayonne and I was in the newspaper and they printed a story and contrary to all those reports that wouldn’t see him, he never even telephoned or wrote or sent me a telegram.

“You must remember that my wonderful studio home, Miss Douvan, called me, and my mother married years ago, is the only father I have ever known. I wouldn’t know John Zuck if I met him on the street.”

She caught her breath, again very much like a little girl. “I have no ill feeling or hatred toward anyone in the world,” she said. “But I have never tried to defend myself against these unjust accusations—that is—until now!”

I had a feeling Sandra was going to cry so I quickly said, “Thank you for trusting me, Sandra. I will try to make my readers understand your position as I understand it. I agree with you—your father should have tried to reach you some way during those years when you were growing up.”

Sandra had complete control of herself. “I don’t want to sound like a sob story. I am grateful that my mother, Mary Douvan, made a new and happy life for me…or what was then life for a little girl. It was impressionable and that as a little girl I grew up under the guidance of a kind and devoted man like Eugene Douvan.

This, I knew for a fact. Mary Douvan, who is as dark and pretty as her daughter is fair, is one of the most popular young matrons in Hollywood. Although she has been widowed for the years since Douvan’s death, and Sandra is her whole life—Mary is a far cry from the typical stage or movie “mother.”

Time after time I have seen Sandra and Mary whispering, talking and even laugh- ing together like a couple of teenagers. Although Mary advises her daughter—she does not keep her behind the ropes of silver. In fact, Mary once laughed to me, “My bedroom in our new house looks more like a movie star’s than Sandra’s—and they don’t have half the silk!”

This new home is described by both Sandra and Mary as, “What every fan thinks a movie star’s home should be without being showy!” Which brought me to another topic—the way Sandra spends money.

“Your home your imported sports cars (for yourself and Mary) your imported expensive clothes, that full length white mink coat you bought before leaving for Europe—Sandra, do these things mean that you are spending everything and saving nothing?” I asked her and she knew my questions would be blunt.

NOW, SHE LAUGHED OUTRIGHT “Even if I were foolish enough to want to spend all my money—and believe me, I’m not, I would not be permitted to. Under California laws I’m still a minor and require that my income is used for twenty-five per cent of my salary. This is held in trust until I am of age at twenty-one. My mother and I have decided that this is a very good thing for me. And this is why I let my father manage twenty-one. We’ve decided to set aside this same amount of savings whatever my salary amounts to.”

By movie standards—actors in the star brackets are now getting anywhere from $250,000 to $1,000,000 for a single picture—my salary at Universal-par was moderate. I’m not up in the big money bracket. So when the conversation came to income tax, charities and other deductions are taken out—my take home pay isn’t too big.

For a “legal minor,” I’d say Sandra takes more than that on Sandra’s shopping jaunts she has spent as much as $1500 for clothes in a single session (a story that shocked some people). But she actually is following the advice of her father, upper crust and “boy wonder” producer, Ross Hunter.

Not long before talking with Sandra, I had dined with Ross at Romanoff’s and he told me:
I've told Sandra over and over like a Dutch uncle that the public wants movie actresses to be real. The public wants to see Pass the Peanut—whipping up cakes she can't cook, pretending to be an expert on household tips. If the fans want household tips, let them buy Ross. Ross really was on a soapbox. "One of the most terrible things that ever happened to screen stars is this fad for being 'average.' People are becoming an expert producer of such movies as Imitation Of Life, Pillow Talk, Portrait In Black. I believe that a big part of that success is that the girls are real, beautiful and exciting women wearing expensive clothes in costly backgrounds."

"Do you have to work hard to sell Sandra on this philosophy, Ross?" I chuckled.

"No!" he admitted with a big smile.

I repeated this conversation to Sandra and she admitted she had listened to Ross and believed him, whatever he said.

"Even so," she dimpled, "I was scared when I bought that full-length white mink—and I had cause to be. Ross was just a bit overenthusiastic, as usual, and thumb together indicating a smithie—" taken aback. He reminded me, it's one thing to be glamorous—but first keep out of the poorhouse.

Sandra was completely enjoying herself as she added, "So—before he could lecture any more—I was given a new contract by U-I with a higher money on seven percent and—each year it goes higher. Even Ross had to admit the poorhouse isn't right around the corner for me."

I LOOKED THOUGHTFULLY at this young goddess as she suddenly rose, walked to the window and looked down at the world of average people, the world in which she had decided she would never be able to live—and thought of the sadness, unhappiness and even tragedy that has stalked the paths of the women who have trod it. One has been closely associated with Sandra in movie making—Lana Turner.

"Sandra, is it you too young and happy—or have you ever looked around you at the private lives of these exciting actresses you admire so much? Have you wondered if the heartaches and trials and the big things that have happened to them are worth it? I mean, will you be willing to go through the same fate, if need be, for the same heights?"

Again I was almost bowled over by the insight of this girl who still looks and sometimes acts like a teenage novice.

She answered in that soft voice of hers with a little boyish look of the big, heartaches that come to girls and women are based in unhappiness in love. Movie actresses, particularly, seem to be unaware of or unhappy in love—at least, the ugly their first loves.

"So far—love hasn't happened to me although it has often come to girls even younger than I. I've had a lot of the big heartaches that come to women and exciting women are based in unhappiness in love. Movie actresses, particularly, seem to be unaware of or unhappy in love—at least, the ugly their first loves.

"Who knows what it will bring when it comes? I want to love and to be loved—and any way says differently isn't telling the truth." I didn't want to interrupt her for she seemed eager to talk about this subject which fascinated Lilendale.

"I hope I won't be badly hurt by love," she went on, "but who am I to expect that heartaches will never cross my path? I can tell you this: If real love comes along, something I know in my heart is real and wonderful—I won't test it, or question it or dodge it because it might not last forever. I will welcome it for whatever it brings."

Recalling that some love experiences can be pretty bitter and unwonderful, I asked Sandra how she would have been able to pass through some previous heart troubles and worries. But, on the set, you'd never guess her unhappiness—except for an unguarded moment or two when she didn't think she knew anyone was looking.

"What I like so much about her is that she never seems to wallow in self pity. She wears courage like a Jean Louis gown!"

I repeated what I had previously asked, if Sandra and Lana had talked about 'the price of love' in the glamour world.

"Not exactly in the way you mean," Sandra replied. "After all—while Miss Turner does not treat me like a little girl and we are very good friends, and one of my older brothers is her own daughter. She'd hardly speak disquisition to either of us, her screen or real daughter!"

"DO YOU KNOW CHERYL CRANE?" I asked.

Sandra said, "I've met her. Cheryl has come out of the set when we are working and when she is with her mother, surrounded by the people her mother works with, Cheryl seems happy. You can tell just by watching where she is and what she does that she loves her daughter deeply and she is a devoted and loving mother"—Sandra said this as though she defied anyone to challenge her statement.

One more important question remained to be put to my young friend.

"Sandra, you are a child of divorce—of a broken home. Do you think it has had any effect on your life, any lasting—"

She shook her head emphatically. "No. None at all. I know this isn't what a lot of people think. I know that I can speak entirely from my own experience. I believe that real happiness can be built up over the lessons we learn from unhappiness. My mother has told me she has seen me with my own eyes—and heart. If we learn wisely from mistakes and unhappiness— we appreciate even more the happiness that comes into our lives." Talk about "out of the mouths of babes!"—Sandra was proving with each new thing she had said to me how truly she is "grown-up."

WE HAD ENJOYED a long and to me illuminating talk. It was time for Sandra to leave. There was much for her to do before taking off for France. As one, my telephone calls had been backing up as they always do when I "close off" for an hour or so.

I gave Sandra a little hug and bade her goodspeed. I said that this baby star well and hoped that life and love would be good to her.

"To come up of it—I think I shall file many a clipping of every interview carefully. It may be very interesting to bring it out in say—five years—and see what the fates have brought to Sandra against these hopes of hers when she was inexperienced—but a willing glamour girl!"

Sandra stars next in Come September and Tammy Tell Me This, both Universal-International.
No wonder the women in his pictures fall for him, I thought—but enough of that.

It was of Marilyn, at this time lying ill in the Westside Hospital following a collapse that had suspended her movie The Misfits. Perhaps it was because I wanted to talk about Marilyn and Yves.

"You are aware that the gossip is rampant," I said, referring to stories printed in this newspaper yesterday under the headline: SIGNEOR TO DIVORCE MON- TAND OVER MONROE. And ever since Marilyn’s illness, called “exhaustion,” had stopped newspaper stories, the American press was having a field day of the wildest rumors.

"Yes"—he shrugged, smiled, spread his hands in a typically French gesture. “How could I not know?" He hesitated long enough to say that he would enjoy a cup of coffee with me. But he seemed eager as I got to the heart of this situation involving former friends himself and Simone, Marilyn and Arthur Miller, her playwright husband.

"LET ME TELL YOU THE TRUTH as best I can," Yves went on in his remarkably improved English, almost letter perfect since the last time I had talked with him.

"When I signed on for the co-starring role with Marilyn in Let’s Make Love, it was most important for me. It was to be my first American picture and naturally I hoped it would be successful.

"But on every hand I was warned about it. My agent at that time, told me that she was always late on the set to the point of driving her co-workers crazy. That she was nervous. Jittery. Unnatural. Believe me, this did not add to my own peace of mind. Here I was a newcomer in a strange company, I spoke little English—let us not even barely spoke English at all—had my own problems to confront and with before we even start the picture I am confronted with such difficulties in my vis-à-vis. Ahhhhhhh," he gave a long sigh.

"I thought to myself, I’ll take my machinegun—I won’t put up with such nonsense.

"So what happens the first day I report to the studio? A nervous little girl shows up—no, it was not our first meeting as we knew one another socially—but the lead-co-star—actress—woman is someone entirely new.

"Great star that she is—she was trembling, ill at ease, and consuming more coffee than any of us. I was quite new to one’s system. Always drinking coffee, cups and cups of coffee to steady her nerves. I am touched—who wouldn’t be? In- stead of being angry and impatient my heart goes out to her. With all of her fame—how can she be so unsure of her- self, so at the mercy of other people?

"I thought—what could I do? I decided to talk with her. We had conversations I kept reassuring her not to be afraid. You can be on time if you want to," I told Marilyn, ‘But if you are late—don’t be shocked. Drink all that coffee to give you confidence.’

"As the picture progressed, I continued to feel protective toward Marilyn. In later conversations with my wife, I ad- mitted I became fond of her. But is this falling in love?"

It had been a long uninterrupted discourse from my visitor and he looked at me now as if for a bit of understanding on my part.

Unknown to him until this moment, I had brought with me from my office a newspaper printed in newspaper other than my own quoting him as saying that if Marilyn had been more “sophisticated”—this emissary from Paris—then perhaps I would never have happened. I handed it to Yves.

He took it, puzzled, read RENOS. Then he put it down on the table between us.

"There is a lot of truth in this," he said. It embarrassed no situation, this printing that he was not sophisticated. I want very much that she should not be hurt.

"Have you tried to visit her since she entered the hospital?" I asked.

"No—I should like to. But what good will come of it? Just more talk, talk, talk," he answered quietly. "I will send her a note.

"IS IT TRUE that she came down from Reno to see you before her illness?" I pressed on. That fact had been printed in still another story.

"Yes," he said, "and we did not meet"—and he did not amplify that statement.

I asked, "Yves—there any one incident you think brought on this eruption of gossip?"

"Perhaps so," he responded. "I think all the talk started when Marilyn came to see me off at the plane, bringing some chilled champagne, when I was returning to France the first time.

"We sat in the car and drank the champagne—and some reporters heard about it. My name was printed in the French newspapers and naturally—it upset my wife very much." Of course, I talked with her—explaining, trying to understand. She is a wise and seasoned woman, Simone. I felt if she knew the truth—even the gossip could not hurt her. I love my wife and did not want her to be distressed over a mere misunderstanding. I did not—and do not want a divorce!"

I could not restrain a little smile of amusement. Yves took it so for granted that I would understand such completely Continental-male point of view.

Although he did not say it, his manner implied that one understood that when a man (and this one is really a woman) worked in close proximity with beautiful women, a bit of romance and gallantry might be the outcome.

I remember Marilyn telling me about Yves when I interviewed her several months ago on the set of Let’s Make Love, a story recently printed in Modern Screen.

She was asked, "Yves will be the next sensational star of the screen. He is all male!"—and she had laughed a little bit.

I wondered how much more of his lovely feminine co-stars had held this same thought? Most of them, I wager, with the exception of Gina Lollobrigida, whom I believe quite like for Montand during the making of their Euro- pean picture, Where the Hot Wind Blows. I’m not trying to imply that there was anything beyond the dictated of the script. His role was that of a gangster in Lollo’s movie.

I didn’t mention this point.

Who is this man who, practically overnight (in one delightful charming performance, has achieved stardom on the Hollywood scene and who, with a burst of gossip, has become one of the biggest names in the entertainment field?

He is none other than Yves, and has been every kind of a worker from a longshoreman to a song and dance man.

"When I was two years old my parents moved to France—so I really have more of a French than Italian background—and it is not surprising that I am more often referred to as French than Italian."

DURING THE NAZI OCCUPATION, his real name, Levi, was a dangerous one for anyone to use. "Yves was the disguise I had chosen to help me get away with my work."

"But my Jew is not why I left Paris. It is not within the scope of this story."

Until his marriage to the talented Simo- ne Signoret, his name was linked with the first of three great actresses and—no, I hear—such ladies as Edith Piaf, and became one of the most exciting singers since the beloved Maurice Chevalier. He did a one man act always wearing brown slacks but even in that he was a charmer.

"Let’s talk about my marriage to Simone, Signoret. My marriage was linked with the first attractive lady and then the fourth with whom he worked. To which Yves says “Yves” had nothing whatsoever to do with beautiful women in your career, day and night, without feeling something. That has always been true—and still is.

"We were married in Reno, Make Love ended although it had been hard work. I have just completed Sanctuary at the same studio, I was sorry to au- revoir my French chums, and he added with amusing promptness—and all the others on the picture."

Within a few days he would be leaving for a tour in Simog and set ready to start his next film, Time On My Hands (formerly Aimez-vous Brahms . . .) with Ingrid Bergman.

It was widely speculated that Simone would be waiting for her hus- band in Paris—but just that day I had heard that she had taken off for the Venice Film Festival.

Yves nodded. Yes, Simone was in- vited to attend and decided to accept as soon as she would be busy on her new pic- ture and she will be tied up with fittings and rehearsing. Simone and I are only a week away from meeting in Paris.

The last remark was pointedly definite.

He told me he was looking forward to working with Ingrid, "a beautiful actress."

"But a bride—and happily married," I laughed, "so don’t fall in love with her."

Yves laughed too. "My time will be occupied with the picture, of course. I am still only twelve days from the time I leave Holly- wood to the time I start the picture with Miss Bergman. I shall pack my script and go to study and rest. I am looking forward to the rest—and quiet." This I didn’t doubt! Did he plan to come back for more American pictures—and would he care to make another with Marilyn, the “enchant- ing child?”

“Of course. I enjoyed working with her. I think she is very, kind, simple, without guile for all her world fame. I hope in speaking so frankly to you, I have said nothing that would complicate our relationship and beyond the dictates of the script. His role was that of a gangster in Lollo’s movie. I didn’t mention this point.

Who is this man who, practically overnight (in one delightful charming performance, has achieved stardom on the
Hayley

(Continued from page 28)

top British star John Mills and Mary Hayley Bell Mills had grown up in a world that was a mixture of the brightest literary and theatrical circles—and the quietness and quaintness of the old English countryside.

Her god-parents were among the most famous figures in the world. And when "Uncle Larry" (Olivier) would visit the farm, he'd take her piggy-back riding.

And "Uncle Noel" (Coward) would send her pretty toys from all over the world.

But in the morning—way before breakfast, she'd run down to the barn, feed the baby colts, and in watching them with the mares, learn the marvels and mysteries of life.

AND HER HEART WOULD ACHIE with the longing to grow up fast, so she too could have babies all her own.

Her sister Juliet, four years her senior, wasn't in that much hurry to grow up.

At sixteen, Juliet was an experienced actress: one who had been on the stage periodically since she was a baby.

And although Hayley had seen her father in movies on the stage and thought he was "quite wonderful," she couldn't understand her sister's pre-occupation with all "that make-believe stuff," or how she could have the patience to be locked up in her room with a script, when she could spend that same time riding over the countryside, or taking care of the vegetable garden, or playing with the animals.

Then—suddenly, the night before, a big change came over her.

A friend of daddy's, director J. Lee-Thompson came to spend the weekend and confer with John about the script of their new movie together, Tiger Bay.

They were talking about it at dinner.

"We can roll tomorrow," he said, "if we can get the proper child. But we've tested two dozen and can't find one that's just right."

"We want someone fresh and beguiling—and without precocious mannerisms... Someone like... well, someone like your little Hayley."

Hayley played with her potatoes and roast beef, and as he kept talking, her eyes grew wider and wider.

Then she went to her room and "thought and thought and thought..."

At 6 A.M. she went down to the barn—and thought some more.

By the time she went in for breakfast—she had made up her mind.

She still wanted to be "a mother" when she grew up, but she also wanted to be an actress.

She asked Daddy about it at breakfast.

"I want to be Gillie, Dad-dy, I know I can do it. Honest I can. If you'll let me."


"It's my decision. And it means giving up your summer vacation and going to bed early every night and learning lots of lines."

"Then, Dad-dy."

Mills was apprehensive. After breakfast he discussed it with Thompson.

Do you want to take a chance with a completely inexperienced child? he asked.

"I never even knew Hayley wanted to act—and frankly Lee, I don't know if she can."

"Well, she has the quality and the charm. I'll take the chance—if it's all right with you. After all you're the star of the picture."

After two weeks of shooting, John told his friend: "Well, I was the star of this picture. From here on in, I'm just a supporting player."

HE MADE THE SAME CONFESSION to his daughter:

"Hayley, when this picture is released, no one will even know I am in it. I can't see how you can possibly believe that you are the greatest child actress in twenty-five years."

"Oh Daddy, do you really think so?"

"I don't think so... I know so."

The picture ended almost too soon for her.

And then it was time to return to school.

"But Daddy," she said, "I want to act ever, Daddy. Do you think I will soon again."

"Again, Hayley, but not soon. Not until next summer."

"But next summer is so far away. I should be forgotten by then..."

"I promise you will not be forgotten, once this picture is seen."

She returned to classes at the Angelo Catholic school, where her sister had attended before her.

She wished that Juliet was still there so they could share her feelings and her delicious anticipation with her.

There had only been one year in which she and Juliet had been at the school at the same time. But their favorite thing to do was to have Hayley and it was the most wonderful fun of all. She had lost of other friends—but somehow she couldn't tell them about it.

They would ask; "What did you do this summer, Hayley," and she would answer, not untruthfully, "Oh... I played."

She never mentioned the picture to anyone.

She concentrated on her school work, and daydreamed only a little about next summer.

And then suddenly Tiger Bay was ready to be premiered in London.

Mills wrote Father John, the padre of the school and made arrangements for Hayley to get off to come to London for a few days.

Mary and John opened the London flat, and made a real holiday of it. It was especially wonderful because it meant a reunion with Juliet who was then appearing in the London stage in Five Finger Exercise.

There was a new party dress and a dinner celebration and all the trimmings, but she still went through the evening in some kind of a daze.

The applause at the end of the picture was real enough.

So was Daddy's. "You're a star, darling."

But still she couldn't believe it.

She spent another sleepless night—her first since making the "big decision."

And she got up early in the morning to wait for the paper boy.

The rest of the Mills family were sleeping soundly as she turned from one drama page to another.

HER HEART JUMPED at her reviews. The marvelous praise—the lines and lines and lines written about her.

Then her heart sank.

For in their overwhelming praise and enchantment of Hayley, John Mills was all but forgotten.

She heard stirring in the other room and hurriedly gathered up all the papers and hid them under a chair cushion.

Mills came out from his bedroom.

"Up so early, Hayley. After all that excitement I thought you'd sleep until noon."

"Oh, I wasn't very sleepy." John looked around the room, and outside the flat.

"Hmmm... the papers should be here by now. Wonder what's delaying them. I'm anxious to see the notices. Aren't you?"

Hayley became terribly absorbed with some specks of dust which had gathered on the coffee table.

"Well, let's go to breakfast. Starving?"

"Yes, Daddy."

Throughout breakfast Mills got up to see if the paper boy had arrived.

"Can't understand it," he muttered. "On this of all mornings, the delivery should be so late."

Hayley became terribly absorbed with a speck at the bottom of her glass of milk.

After breakfast they returned to the living room.

Mills sat down on the big easy chair—which this morning wasn't easy to sit on at all.

He pulled up the cushion and saw all the newspaper piled beneath it... turned to the cinema pages.

"Hayley?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"Why didn't you tell me the papers had arrived and you read them?"

"I'm sorry, Daddy. But I'm afraid they are all about me. And... and, well I didn't want your feelings to be hurt."

"Hurt? Hayley, I'm delighted. I told you they wouldn't know I was in the 73
picture. And you see—it says right here that you are the greatest child discovery in twenty-five years. I'm very, very proud of you."

When she returned to school, her secret was no secret any longer. Word spread like wild-fire about her performance in Tiger Bay, but what amazed the faculty and her school-mates was her ability to keep silent about it—and her talent was unafflicted. She was by her success and her wide spreading fame.

Because within weeks her fame was spreading—for and wide.

Tiger Bay was submitted as an entry in the Berlin Film Festival and she coped The Golden Bear Award for the best performance of the year.

Did someone say— and knew that his long long search for an actress to star in Pollyanna was at its end.

He discussed the possibility of placing her under a long term contract to him with John Mills.

"THIS IS WHAT HAYLEY WANTS," said Mills, "and I won't stand in her way—but her education comes first.

"We're doing our utmost to keep Hayley just the way she is. We want to be proud of her in every way, not just for whatever she achieves in her career." Hollywood.

A compromise was made. Hayley would do one picture for him every year of the schoolgirl, and he would try to arrange the schedule to fit in with her summer vacation. The rest of the time she would remain in England. But could same arrangement be made for Pollyanna—which would of necessity run into the school term?

Mills contacted Father John, who immediately said, "We realize that Hayley is one of the exceptions of this life and we are prepared to welcome her back here whenever she can get away.


"The family was separated—but only in a physical sense.

Each day Hayley wrote her father—and her sister.

particularly her sister. And there was so much to write of the wonders of California.

"Oh my dear!" she'd exclaim. "It's simply marvelous. The hamburgers—and the roast beef which is an inch thick and not at all like the roast beef at home which is so thin." (Oh, my dear) is an expression that has picked up and sprinkled in all her correspondence.

She'd write of the new friends she had made, and of the odd studio school—school in trailer, and the marvelous clothes she had seen and bought.

And, oh, my dear, she'd write, "have you heard Elvis Presley's latest recording? It is smashing."

For at thirteen, Hayley fell smaslingly in love with Elvis Presley.

Boys in the movies was important to her. She felt herself much too young for such nonsense.

But this was different. Between scenes, she'd rush to her dressing room and play his latest recordings.

Her conversations were sprinkled with "Elvis" this and that.

Her bitterest disappointment was that he was in Europe, and there was no chance for her to meet him and get his autograph.

Laurence Olivier ("Uncle Larry") would take her to lunch—but as much as she adored "Uncle Larry," he couldn't compare with Elvis.

He was her own first love.

Life was quiet that first summer in Hollywood. Outside of the Disney studios, she was virtually unknown. She was taken to Disneyland, and had a perfectly marvellous time.

The only staves that greeted the "party" were aimed at her guide—a man by the name of Walt Disney.

HER ONLY PROBLEM was that she was shooting up like a reed, and there was a race against time to finish the picture before the "outgrow" the role. Within a year she had shot up to 53—"a good inch taller than Juliet.

"Oh, my dear," she would write, "if I keep growing any taller, I shall be taken for your older sister."

When Pollyanna was completed the entire family with the exception of Juliet was reunited in Tobago where John was making Swiss Family Robinson. Tobago was like a vacation—even if there was school. In Tobago Hayley and Jonathan went to a negro school and the only other white pupil was the brother of Janet Munro who worked with John. But doing their lessons in so many different places was very, very hard.

If Hayley had been sensational in Tiger Bay, her Pollyanna was phenomenal.

Wrote one critic. "Young Miss Mills' contribution to its (Pollyanna)'s unexpected delights is fresh and funny and beguiling and utterly unspoiled. Markish, goovy sentimentality has been the outwear of our young boy. It is mercifully free also of the "cute brat" manreerisms which have marred the work of so many screen juveniles in the past including the last casts of the box office sensations. We predict Hayley will become the greatest box-office sensation of them all.

The release of Pollyanna came recognition—and problems.

It was great fun to be asked for autographs—but all that—but for reasons Hayley still can't understand, people insisted upon talking to her as if she was four years old instead of a budding young lady of fourteen.

"Oooh, how you have a cute little thing," they'd say. "Wrinkle your itty bitty little nose for us like you did in the movie."

It infuriated her—and made her just a little bit more moody. And she was for reasons other than anticipated.

"Talking down to" Hayley is akin to talking down to Albert Einstein.

And yet she can in no way be termed precious.

Mary Mills has brought her two daughters up with rare intelligence and understanding.

She feels Hayley is still "too young" to wear make-up, and "date," but there is nothing she has "kept from her."

HAVING BEEN BROUGHT UP ON A FARM since babychood, Hayley learned about the birds and the bees in the first book she read.

When she was twelve, Mrs. Mills translated this knowledge into human terms. She didn't, however, say, "You must never think that or the other thing." Instead, she sensibly explained the dangers of pre-marital sex and left it at that—with complete confidence in both her daughters' intelligence and development.

"I wanted," she said, "my children to know about these things normally and naturally from me. I didn't want them to learn about these things, but be a back fence, any school, or from uninformed companions. Too many mothers make that mistake.

When Hayley explained her curiosity about "cocktails." Mrs. Mills let her taste one knowing full well she'd hate it—as she did. Now—even on special occasions, Hayley is barely able to take a sip of diluted wine with the family. The problem of smoking too soon was handled in the same way.

Although she has many close girlfriends both in England and now in Hollywood, Hayley's closest "friend" is, of course, her sister Juliet.

The four-year age difference between them doesn't seem to matter, nor are Hayley and Juliet jealous.

"People ask me all the time," says Juliet, "or at least want to ask me, if I'm jealous of Hayley, because I've been acting since I was thirteen, and she became a big star within a year.

"Of course, I'm not. How can I be? I love my sister. Besides Hayley is a cinema star and I'm just a stage actress—so there is no competition between us.

"There never has been any really. Not because of the four-year difference in our ages—because we don't talk of that really—but because we're different.

"Hayley is pixie and I've never been pixie—and she is quite good for me. She gets angry and gets into a terrible fit and it lasts just a minute. When I get angry—I brood—unless Hayley is there to snap me out of it. And we're forever playing marbles. She's my friend—than just a sister.

"So used to share the same bedroom—but now that we are both working and famous, we have our own rooms. Except on the weekends. Then she comes into my room to spend the night—and we talk forever—about millions of things too much about boys. And if I don't want to get married for a long, long time—and Hayley hasn't discovered boys. But we talk about everything—boyfriends, schoolmates and laugh over the office sensations. We predict Hayley will become the greatest box-office sensation of them all.

The release of Pollyanna came recognition—and problems.

It was great fun to be asked for autographs—but all that—but for reasons Hayley still can't understand, people insisted upon talking to her as if she was four years old instead of a budding young lady of fourteen.

"Oooh, how you have a cute little thing," they'd say. "Wrinkle your itty bitty little nose for us like you did in the movie."

It infuriated her—and made her just a little bit more moody. And she was for reasons other than anticipated.

"Talking down to" Hayley is akin to talking down to Albert Einstein.

And yet she can in no way be termed precious.

Mary Mills has brought her two daughters up with rare intelligence and understanding.

She feels Hayley is still "too young" to wear make-up, and "date," but there is nothing she has "kept from her."

THIS PAST SUMMER in Hollywood when Hayley was working on her newest picture, Petticoats (in which she plays identical twins) was one of the pleasantest for all the Mills—and there were a dozen week-ends for Hayley and Juliet to get together for girl-talk.

But of them all, one particularly stands out.

Hayley and Juliet were in absolute hysterics over the offer Hayley received to play Lolita. An offer, incidentally that was promptly rejected . . . for many a long, long time that Hayley had to return home to school.

But in the midst of their frolicking, Hayley turned suddenly very serious.

She asked a rare earnestness.

"What do you think it would be like to be a flop?"

Juliet thought for a while—but never having been a flop or in one, was stumped for an answer.

"Oh, I don't know," Hayley, she answered. "I really can't say. I should imagine that it would be frightfully depressing."

"Yes, I would imagine that it would be Hayley's week."

"Oh, Juliet, you don't think I'm just a flash-in-the pan, do you?"

We should say not!"
Now—Pablum and BiB infant foods simplify your baby feeding problem

Developed by doctors, these growth foods fill 4 specific needs in any nutritionally balanced infant feeding system.

Have you wondered when shopping for baby foods, “Am I sure my baby is getting properly balanced nutrition?”

Our nutritional specialists have designed Pablum® and BiB® infant growth foods to help you answer this important question. When you choose from the wide variety of Pablum cereals and BiB juices, you can be sure you include each of the following basics of nutrition:

1 HIGH ENERGY—Each ounce of Pablum Oatmeal, Barley, Rice or Mixed Cereal contains more than 100 energy-giving calories. And Pablum Rice Cereal is hypoallergenic, is often prescribed for babies with allergies.

2 HIGH PROTEIN—Pablum High Protein Cereal is 35% protein—more than twice as much as in ordinary infant cereals.

3 HIGH VITAMIN C—Only BiB juices are fortified with natural Vitamin C. Less than 1 ounce of any BiB juice contains all the Vitamin C your baby needs each day. And it’s all natural Vitamin C—no synthetics.

For variety in taste, there are seven BiB fruit juices, including Prune-Orange, a natural laxative used for its regulating effect.

4 IMPORTANT MINERALS—BiB vegetable juices, Tomato-Carrot and specially reconstituted Tomato, supply important minerals like calcium, phosphorus, and iron. Iron is particularly important to build red blood cells and guard against anemia.

So next time you stand before the baby food shelf in your store, choose with confidence. Choose an assortment of Pablum and BiB growth foods—five Pablum Cereals and nine BiB Juices developed by doctors for your baby.

Mead Johnson & Company
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS
Now you can look naturally lovely in any light!

They'll never suspect your lovely complexion comes in a compact!

Choose the warm, glowing Woodbury powder shade that flatters you most, and in bright lights or dim, you'll look radiant and natural. That's because velvety, fragrant Woodbury has exclusive "Dreamlite" to keep it color-true!

Mirror compact, 59¢. Vanity box, 43¢.