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JULY, 1963
VOL. 64 No. 1

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COLUMBIA PICTURES
PRESENTS
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IN ASSOCIATION WITH
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AS BIRDIE
LYRICS BY
LEE ADAMS
ONNA WHITE

AS HIMSELF
CHOREOGRAPHER
GEORGE SIDNEY

COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!
R

A

CADEMY APPLAUDS

The Academy Awards are over for another year. I’m certainly happy that Gregory Peck and Patty Duke received Oscars, along with Anne Bancroft, even though I was pulling for Bette Davis. Speaking of Bette Davis, many critics are amazed that “Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?” was such a smash hit. It should be quite obvious, because if one puts two great pros, Miss Davis and Miss Crawford, together and uses an Alfred Hitchcock finale, one can’t have anything else but a smash!

HARREY REICH
San Francisco, Calif.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE

The wedding photos of Tony Curtis and Christine Kaufmann were lovely. I’ve followed Tony’s career ever since he began in the movie “City Across the River” and he is as handsome as ever. I hope his new marriage is as successful as his growing career.

M. MINK
Forest Hills, N.Y.

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY!

Dear Ed de Blasio:
I have completed reading my life story in Photoplay (April-May 1963 issues) that you so beautifully wrote. I want to thank you for taking time to do research, and first and foremost for caring enough about me to do the story. I appreciate it so much, Ed. I thank you.

ANN MARCET
Hollywood, California

TEARS

I have just finished reading Patricia Neal’s pathetic, but brave story. From now on I will certainly feel a tug at the heart whenever I see or read about her.

S. McCLELLAN
Baltimore, Md.

... If Liz does half the things that are written about her, plus work, she couldn’t possibly be a qualified mother to her children. There isn’t that much time in the world. And yet, all, including the experts, accept and excuse her behavior. In her selfish desire to enjoy and fulfill her personal desires, she surely is harming her children’s sense of morals and values. ... 

MRS. R. F. QUINLAN
Phoenixville, Penn.

PLEASE TELL US:

What is the name of the actress who played in “La Strada”? 
Answer: Giulietta Masina.

How old is Cary Grant?
Answer: Fifty-nine years young!

When and who won the first Academy Awards?
Answer: It was 1927-28 and Emil Jannings won for his role in “Way of All Flesh.” Janet Gaynor won hers for “Seventh Heaven.” Best picture: “Wings.” What happened to William Powell?
Answer: Now seventy-seven-years-old, Bill is living in Palm Springs, California, with his wife of twenty-three years, Diana (Mousie) Lewis. He has no desire to return to films.

CHEST-BEAVERS

How dumb do actors think fans are? I’m referring to Tony Curtis and Marlon Brando. Tony seemed highly indignant when anyone mentioned he was seeing Christine Kaufmann. When marriage rumors persisted, he flatly stated he had no plans to marry. The rest is history—he wed Christine practically the day after he said he’d never do such a thing.

But the greatest chest-beater of all is Marlon Brando. Now he even goes on TV to spout out how awful the movie industry is and how he plans to quit because he has to protect his two children and their mothers. Is Marlon quitting today or tomorrow? Oh, no—not for a couple of years—just enough time to let him make a couple of more films for a couple of more million.

Many stars feel they owe fans only a good performance. That’s fine with me—but of late, Tony (“Taras Bulba”) Curtis and Marlon (“Mutiny”) Brando haven’t even done that!

D. CHASE
New York, N.Y.
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R. I. Box 174-A
Grafton, Wisconsin
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Box 234
Meridian, Texas
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Slave to Periodic Pain

Calm wanna love boy think had want said, think wondered. With little said, would new

Fred Robbins Interviews

Jack Lemmon in Hollywood

Fred: Has your attitude toward yourself and life changed since you married Felicia Farr?
Jack: Yeah, I think I’ve calmed down. I was always worried—I had been married once and, unfortunately, it was not a successful marriage, but it was about seven years before I remarried. I had always been afraid that possibly I was too concerned with myself and my career, you know, and I wondered if I would be a good husband? I’m so devoted to my work, and so wrapped up in myself and my own ego. That’s fine, as long as you don’t hurt somebody else. And I felt rather deeply in love and I finally said, “I’m just gonna do it, and that’s going to be the most important thing in my life.” Well, my work has gotten better, I devote just as much time, and I’m happier, and anybody who thinks he won’t be a good mate to somebody because he’s so wrapped up in his work is crazy.

Fred: How did you tell your son about your remarriage?
Jack: Chris was delighted about the whole thing. We’ve always had a very wonderful rapport. He called and said (he’s just eight years old): “Well, I think it’s just dandy, Daddy, but there’s just one thing I want to know. Your house is too small, isn’t it?” And I said, “Yes.” And he said, “Well, you’re going to move into a new house, aren’t you?” And I said, “Yes.” And he said, “All I want to know is, is my room going to be on the first floor or the second floor?” And I said, “Well, we don’t know. We haven’t found a house, yet. But probably it’ll be on the second floor.” And he said, “That’s good, because these one-story houses bug me.” That was his only concern. And now he wants to know—“How soon am I going to have a brother so I can play with somebody?” He’s got a little sister now, and whenever he’s mad at her, or she is mad at him, he keeps muttering, “I wanna play with a boy—play football—” and things like that. You know how boys are.

Fred: Are you going to have more children?
Jack: I think we probably will. I just hope not too soon, because we are just trying to move from my bachelor quarters, where my wife has about three dresser drawers—unless she’s managed to sneak another while I’m talking to you.

Fred: So your life is great!
Jack: Yeah, it is. It’s a wonderful thing. It all sounds very Pollyanna, but it’s true!

Hear Fred’s celebrity interviews on radio’s “Assignment Hollywood.”
If you were a real Spencer you just naturally did your growing up on Spencer’s Mountain.

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The editors of Photoplay Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to Columbia’s production of “Bye Bye Birdie.”

No mere copy of the Broadway hit, this uproarious musical hurls a barrage of color, rhythm, laughter and imagination at good old L-O-V-E. Every kind’s a target: grownup love (Janet Leigh and Dick Van Dyke) or teenage love (Ann-Margret and Bobby Rydell); mother love (Maureen Stapleton) or fan love (a whole small townful of girls and Jesse Pearson, doing a ferocious take-off on Presley). Along with June, laughs are busting out all over, to the tune of “Bye Bye Birdie.”

Columbia; Panavision, Technicolor; Produced by Fred Kohlmar; Directed by George Sidney.
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3. Winners will be selected in drawings conducted by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization. Only one prize to a family.


5. No substitutions will be made for any prize offered and tax liability on prizes is the sole responsibility of prize winners.

6. For a list of prize winners, send a separate self-addressed stamped envelope to Richard Hudnut Winners List, Box #500, New York 46, New York.

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THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

The Broadway stage is a refuge for many Hollywood favorites. The latest movie star to be affectionately embraced by New York critics is Sylvia Sidney, who returned in a comedy called "Enter Laughing," one of the most hilarious shows in years. Welcome home, Prettyface. Speaking of Miss Sidney's new comedy smash, show-biz Insiders (Continued on page 13)
Look naturally lovely in any light!

Sunlight, soft light, artificial light... any light bathes you in beauty when you wear new Woodbury Dream Make-up. For only Woodbury contains Dreamlite, the beauty discovery that keeps make-up always color-true. Outdoors or indoors, it never turns orangey. Wear Woodbury, and look naturally lovely always!

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practically fall into the aisles when the show spoofs an acting school. This school is run by Alan Mowbray, a has-been ham, whose daughter rates the leading lady assignments.

The author and producer of "Enter Laughing" can argue all night long that the characters are fictional and all that. But, take it from the hip along Broadway, they are recognizable.

To the Stars who fly to Manhattan to "catch up with the new shows," by all means put "Enter Laughing" on your list.

To the Photoplay subscribers who visit The Big Town for a holiday or two—take my excited word for it, don't miss this very comical show.

Anyhow, Broadway arena is now where Maureen O'Sullivan co-stars with Paul Ford in another comic show named "Never Too Late." It is expected to run for at least a year, perhaps longer.

Maureen could not count on Hollywood to offer such steady employment. Despite the many films she helped prosper for so many years.

Then there's Joseph Cotten, another fine talent, who decided to challenge Broadway again in a suspenseful opus titled "Calculated Risk." Mr. Cotten's natural pretending kept this show alive during the long newspaper strike—four months—getting its advertising via word-of-mouth. This is called "The Hard Way," and only the very talented find it easy.

Irving Berlin's musical "Mr. President" is enjoying a hefty sale because its co-stars are Hollywood reliable—Annette Funicello and Robert Ryan. The Broadway experts agree that their movie reputations sold the tickets. Plus, of course, Mr. Berlin's fame as a Big-Timer. The critics were no help, at all.

Anthony Quinn of "Tchin-Tchin," Ben Piazza of "Virginia Woolf," Franchot Tone in "Strange Interlude," Rudy Vallee in "How To Succeed" and Peter Ustinov in "Photo Finish" are a few other Movieburg citizens who have brightened the Broadway lights and vice-versa.

Vice-versa, because it is no exaggeration to report that the above mentioned could not be sure of finding roles in Hollywood.

I have not listed all the cinema "names" who braved the Broadway jungle this season and perished in productions, sometimes after only one night.

Tony Perkins was one such unlucky lad, Van Johnson was another. It must have been an agonizing experience for Van. He always dreamed making personal appearances, anyway. Then, after rejecting Broadway bids for many years (he started in a musical as a chorus boy) he signed for a play that flopped hard.

* * *

This paragraph is to patty-cake N. Y. Times film critic Bosley Crowther for his comment in a review of "A Girl Named Tamiko." He caught it at Radio City Music Hall. Mr. Crowther found a good deal of it very odd. He also said he found it hard to be impressed by a lot of it.

"Odd, too," he went on, "is the fact that all the Americans (in it) are silly to downright vicious types, while most of the Japanese are forthright, courteous and charming."

For which Thanks?

Yes, I know some of our desperate Hollywood producers are romancing the foreign film exhibitors, but some of us taxpayers are fed up with their "anything-for-a-dollar" ugly-Americanism. I also know that nothing any of us do (or say) about it, will help stop it. (End of Fierce Glare!)

* * *

Universal Pictures recently squandered a few thousand dollars arranging a closed circuit TV press conference between Tony Curtis and about 300 members of The Fourth Estate. The big idea, of course, was to get these coast-to-coast byliners to exploit Tony's picture "40 Pounds of Trouble."

Some of the tired queries tossed at Mr. Curtis: "Does the makeup hurt your face?" and "What kind of shoes do you wear?"

A few days later, the star attended another press confab, this time made up of teenagers on school papers. Now look at some of their knowledgeable questions: "Is the star system really responsible for Hollywood's lack of production? . . . "How do you feel about a star's participation in politics? . . . "Do you think your public image is having or will have any effect on your children?"

Refreshing, not? Perhaps some of these youngsters will land on newspapers and magazines someday and help improve journalism.

* * *

Item to make you wince: A publisher has come out with a "thing" we won't help advertise by mentioning the title. He took ads in one of those interim papers (during the New York strike) announcing that it dealt with "violations" of Marilyn Monroe between the ages of six and eleven. One of the ad's lines: "It describes the sexual misadventures of the future movie star—forced upon her mostly." How cruel can they get?

* * *

Most of you probably know Zsa Zsa Gabor from her film, TV and front-page image. We caught another side of the Happy-Go-Lucky Hungarian the other day. The scene was laid in the Cub Room in the Stork Club. (Continued on page 93)
get more out of life

GO OUT TO A MOVIE

by JANET GRAVES

THE STRIPPER
20th: CinemaScope; Director, Franklin Schaffner; Producer, Jerry Wald (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer, Claire Trevor, Carol Lynley.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Worldly but not very wise, a vaudeville girl drifts into a wistful romance with a younger boy.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Though its people and plot are familiar, it comes to life through nice authentic touches in the atmospheres of small town and sleazy show business. Sympathetic acting blurs the rubber stamp, too. Richard isn't too naive; Joanne's both hard and childlike; Claire escapes the Mom classification.

LANCELOT AND GUINEVERE
U-I: Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, Cornel Wilde; Producers, C. Wilde, Bernard Luber (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Brian Aherne, Michael Meacham.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The peace of Arthur's kingdom is wrecked by the passion of his queen and his dearest knight.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's the original spirit of the Arthurian legend: gutsy and lusty as old Malory's "Morte d'Arthur," minus the romantics of Tennyson's "Idylls" or Broadway's "Camelot." Jean is a witchy adulteress; Brian is a sadly human king; Cornel's surprising skill as a director even outshines his able acting.

THE YELLOW CANARY
20th; CinemaScope; Director, Buzz Kulik; Producer, Maury Dexter (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Pat Boone, Barbara Eden, Steve Forrest, Jack Klugman.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A conceited singing star is forced to change his tune when his baby son is kidnapped.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Promisingly tough and cynical at the outset, this thriller gradually loses steam, just as Pat—for all his sincere hard work—fails to convince us that he could be a heel, even temporarily. The mystery is never very mysterious, and the villain's seen too early for a wind-up of pure suspense.

HUD
Paramount; Panavision; Director, Martin Ritt; Producers, Martin Ritt, Irving Ravetch (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Paul Newman, Brandon de Wilde, Patricia Neal, Melvyn Douglas.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A boy chooses between two ways of life: an idolized uncle's free-wheeling, a grandfather's idealism.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Its consistent and sometimes brutal honesty wins respect and rapt attention. While Paul's crude egotist and Patricia's warm realist are the most striking characters, Melvyn and Brandon also come across solidly. Contrasting old and new Texas, the picture actually shows a dilemma facing us all.

55 DAYS AT PEKING
AA; Super Technirama-70, Technicolor; Director, Nicholas Ray; Producer, Samuel Bronston (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Charlton Heston, David Niven, Ava Gardner, Flora Robson.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? In China of 1900, a group of foreigners holds off the fanatic Boxers and the dying Manchu Empire.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Blazing battles and imposing sets fill the screen with excitement for some 160 minutes, in spite of stock figures like the gallant Englishman, the strong, silent American, the good-hearted shady lady. Viewed today, the bygone international scene is fantastic and confusing. Who is in the right?
JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS
Columbia; Eastman Color; Director, Don Chaffey; Producer, Charles H. Schneer (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Todd Armstrong, Nancy Kovack, Gary Raymond.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? As the ancient gods of Greece look on, a young hero seeks a magic treasure to regain a kingdom. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The old myths were often pretty rough, but this cleaned-up version just has the cheerful scariness of a fairytale. The special-effects department creates most of the excitement, ranging from a bronze giant to a squad of skeleton warriors. Squabbling among deities adds a hint of sophistication.

TAMMY AND THE DOCTOR
U-I; Eastman Color; Director, Harry Keller; Producer, Ross Hunter (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda, Macdonald Carey, Beulah Bondi.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? When her aged benefactress falls ill, our backwoods gal upsets hospital routine as a nurse's aide. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Everybody who enjoyed Miss Fixit's earlier adventures will be pleased to find this one staying right in line. Clowing with awesome energy, Sandra still looks mighty peart—now she has us talking that way! No going-steady stuff for Tammy; her latest is handsome intern Peter (a bit young).

ISLAND OF LOVE
Warner; Panavision, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Morton DaCosta (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Chased by a vengeful gangster, a con-man flees to Greece and starts an antique-faking racket. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Thank Tony for the best laughs in this light-weight farce. As a timid lush, he makes something out of very nearly nothing. As for Bob, he was a more appealing swindler with all those trombones to back him up. For us stay-at-homes, the real beauty of the fabled islands is an imaginary-travel treat.

BLACK GOLD
Warner; Director, Leslie H. Martinson; Producer, Jim Barnett (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Philip Carey, James Best, Diane McBain, Fay Spain, Claude Akins.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A wild-catter working for a ruthless oilman breaks with his boss to help a girl find fortune. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Though it goes no further back than the Roaring Twenties in Oklahoma, it has the rugged frontier air and the unassuming briskness of a good little western. Skipping any profound character-probing, it concentrates on physical suspense like the breathless business of handling a high explosive.

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LANDER / FIFTH AVENUE / NEW YORK
How would you interpret that electric look zinging between Marilyn Maxwell and Rock Hudson? These two have been "friends" a long time. This summer Rock goes to Europe and it looks as if Marilyn's going too. Could this be a honeymoon?
Frank Sinatra and Jill St. John are the talk of town. Frank must like redheads—Juliet Prowse has red locks, too. Jill spent a week with Frank at Palm Springs. She still is trying to negotiate a property settlement with her estranged husband, Lance Reventlow.

Has Elvis Presley finally found the girl to keep house with? The entertainer invited Priscilla Beaulieu (they met three years ago in Germany) to be his parents' houseguest in Memphis. Pris is the daughter of a U.S. Air Force officer.

It certainly doesn't look as if Vince Edwards is still serious about Sherry Nelson. When he was in Las Vegas for his night-club show at the Riviera Hotel, he dated both Juliet Prowse and Stella Stevens between performances.

There's no love lost between Carol Lynley and her estranged husband Mike Selsman these days. He charges that following a meeting with a well-known producer, Carol came home and told him, "I'll never be a big star as long as I'm married to you. So pack your bags and leave." Carol denies it.

WOW, Sandra Dee created a sensation when she sported a black eye for two weeks. But that was because everyone jumped to the wrong conclusions. It wasn't (Please turn the page)
GOSSIP SECTION

Bobby Darin who slagged her, it was her son, Dadd. Sondy was playing with the baby on the floor when, suddenly, his head banged into her eye.

Darin was in Los Vegas at the time, singing for his supper at the Flamingo Hotel. Attorneys for the pair are trying to work out a property settlement so Sondy can file for the divorce. Sad but true.

Sophia Loren, in town for the Oscar ceremonies, and husband Carlo Ponti felt right at home eating the marvelous Itallian fare at Via Veneto Restaurant. Sophia also visited the Wax Museum to see the statue they did of her portrayal in the Academy Award winning "Two Women."

Gary Lockwood and Joey Heatherton, the eighteen-year-old blond actress, re-discovered each other. They met two years ago when she was on Broadway, and just met again at M-G-M where both are working. He's doing a new TV series, "The Lieutenant," and she's in "Twilight of Honor," with television's young doctor, Dick Chamberlain.

The way Gary acts around Joey one would think Tuesday Weld never existed. What ever happened to Tuesday? She enrolled at the Actor's Studio in New York and re-discovered Richard Beymer.

Debbie Reynolds finally admitted what she couldn't deny any longer—she and Harry Karl are expecting a baby in August. Debbie still doesn't like to talk about it, though, because it brings back the tragic memories of last summer when she lost a Karl heir by miscarriage. Harry wants a boy; but Debbie just wants "a healthy baby—boy or girl."

Scooping Around: Brigitte Bardot turned down Gardner McKay's invite to talk about adventures in paradise over dinner in Paris. ... They gave Marilyn Monroe's old dressing room at Twentieth Century-Fox to Sandra Dee when she's there doing "Take Her, She's Mine." ... Liz Montgomery and top star played movie love scenes far real. ... Judy Garland and Sid Luft are at it again. They really keep their attorneys busy. ... Interesting twosome—Skip Ward and Van Johnson's estranged wife, Evie. ... What's with the Frankie Avalons? ... Both Doris Day and Marty Melcher are attending baseball games together. This should stop those rumors. ... Now that Carol Burnett wed producer Joe Hamilton, Dick Chamberlain still has Clara Ray tugging at his heartstrings. ... Gregory Peck still can't believe he won the Oscar. He tells pals he thought Jack Lemmon would win. ... Annette Funicello really loves those ponies. She goes to the track more often than Vince Edwards. ... Isn't Ingrid Bergman's daughter, Jenny, writing a gossip column for a French newspaper? ... Yvette Mimieux apparently changed her mind about abandoning a divorce, when a certain star jumped the gun by announcing they were romantically. ... Look for Rick Nelson's bride, Kris Harmon, to join the "Ozzie and Harriet" TV family. Kris has never taken acting lessons, but she's a beautiful girl and should photograph like a million. ... Glenn Ford is now dating Ann Miller. ... Marie McDonald's ulcers nearly proved fatal. She was so sick doctors refused to start treatment or operate until she regained her lost strength.

Honeymoon? Rock Hudson plans a

Friends keep predicting a wedding for Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and the lovely widow Gable. But I say wait and see.

European jaunt this summer, and Marilyn Maxwell is packing her bags, too!

When Grace Kelly and her Prince flew to this country in April, she turned down all invites to come to Hollywood.

Alfred Hitchcock is still trying to persuade her to reconsider doing "Marne." He’s even offered to make the film in Monaco. Grace would like to do it; it’s the Prince who’s against it.

Last time I saw Shirley MacLaine, we were both shopping at Seibu. She told me she was off to Japan and husband Steve Parker for a visit of several months.

Dickie-Boy Burton finally talked his Sybil into going ahead with the divorce so he can marry Liz Taylor. The estranged Mrs. Burton goes to Mexico to obtain it. The property settlement makes her a millionaire. Liz wants Eddie Fisher to file in Mexico, too. That way, Dickie and Liz would be free to marry immediately.

Guess Bo Belinsky is really hooked. He and Mamie Van Doren are looking for a ring, tha they’ve set no definite date.

Oddly enough, it was Mamie’s ex, Ray Anthony, who introduced her to Bo. Ray has always been a great baseball fan, and eight months ago told Bo: "I know someone you’d really like. You both have the same personality." So Ray arranged for the pitcher and the actress to go out on a blind date.

If anyone cares, and not too many do, Jayne Mansfield has flipped for another Italian. He’s Nelson Sardelli, a singer she met while appearing in a Biloxi, Miss., niter.

If you thought it was funny watching the Twist, you should see the young set dancing the Flamenco, the latest craze to catch on at the Casa Madrid.

It was heartbreaking to watch Bette Davis'...
reaction at the Academy Awards when Ann Bancroft was announced as winner. It wouldn't surprise me if Bette probably figured she had her third Oscar in the bag.

Another surprise was Ed Begley's win. Omar Shariff had smelled victory, and he looked like a coney who swallowed the cat when Begley's name was announced.

You'd never know it from the way Frank Sinatra and Eddie Fisher greeted each other on the Oscar telecast but actually Frankis is miffed with Liz' ex. Eddie supposedly turned down a singing engagement at Frank's Cal-Neva Lodge.

The Audrey Hepburn-Mel Ferrer marriage is smooth again. They leased a home for three months in Hollywood while she's doing "My Fair Lady."

Wasn't Alan Ladd a little upset when his daughter, Alana, announced her engagement to Bob Westbrook, Jr.? Bobby is a good pal of Ava Gardner's.

Connie Stevens has really flipped over Robert Vaughn—who, in many ways, is like her old beau Gary Clarke.

I didn't think Jim Garner was a Rudolph Valentino, but apparently Lee Remick did. She fainted in his arms while doing a love scene for "The Wheeler Dealers."

All in the same month, Anita Ekberg married Rick Van Nutter, a Californian trying to become an actor in Rome, and Rod Taylor announced his engagement to model Mary Hilem. Rod and Anita, at one time, planned to tie the knot themselves.

George Hamilton's new gal is German actress Elle Sommer. He's even introduced her to his mother. Nice going.

Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette had a big beef. She says they've decided to take a "rest" from each other.

Isn't Sue Lyon-Jimmy Harris dating for real? They were at the Academy Awards together and at the party afterwards. Harris produced "Lolita."

Natalie Wood is dating her publicist, Guy Moccia. She's more than she is Warren Beatty. What goes on here?

Sleepy romance of the year, Don Rickles and Connie Francis. They met while appearing at the Sahara Hotel in Las Vegas. The romance is for real too.

Out the window went Pat Boone's image when he and Nancy Kwan participated in a torrid love scene in "The Main Attraction." Pat doesn't like it either. Chorl's that the film was cut so to make it appear he and Nancy had a wild night together in her bedroom. Wanted the producer to re-shoot the scene. Sorry, Pat, they wouldn't do it.

Stefanie Powers and John Wayne's son, Pat, called it a day. Duke is a little crushed about it. Because he really wanted the actress for a daughter-in-law.

Short Hot Takes: Diane McBain and George Montgomery have resumed.... Angie Dickinson and French actor Alan Delon are on item... Haven't Mike Ronninie and Mary Preminger decided against marriage? He was doing Carlyn Chap-

Vince ("Ben Casey") Edwards traded in white coat for black tie in his Vegas debut (above). Were his dates there with Juliet Prowse reason best girl Sherry Nelson gave him the kiss-off?
man's sister, Carolyn, while in Hollywood to make "Mary, Mary." ... Lana Turner and Fred May are still talking reconciliation. ... When it comes to Cliff Robertson's gigantic date list, Sandy Freeman, a model, is in the number one spot. ... Andy Prine decided not to name a celebrity in a divorce complaint. ... Van Johnson is okay following cancer surgery. ... Ann-Margret and Eddie Fisher looked like lovebirds at the Academy Awards. However, insiders claim this relationship is all for publicity. ...

Was certainly a surprise when Chuck Connors and Kamala Devi got hitched. Apparently she decided that love was stronger than her career. Chuck had wanted her to give up acting if they married. Or is it Chuck who weakened in his stand?

It's no wonder Lois Nettleton turned down dates. The actress (she co-stars in "Come Fly With Me") has been secretly married for some time.

Janet Leigh and Bob Brandt deny the stork rumors, but I wonder? Debbie Reynolds once denied the same "truth."

Tony Curtis won his point. Told Christine Kaufmann that following their marriage she must give up her career. So after she does "Monseur," she's retiring. I believe the stork has something to do with their decision, too.

Marlon Brando opened his mouth again. This time to blast the press. I wonder if he realizes that if he feels the press has treated him roughly, it's his own fault. He refuses to be interviewed by them.

Don't chalk out the Kay Gable-Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., romance. He discovered Kathryn Grayson and she's quite a discovery. They were holding hands at the party Ann Miller gave for Kathryn. But Kay was on hand, though she was with another escort.

Marilyn Monroe's express agent, Pat Newcomb, is now working for the government. It was Pat who was with Marilyn when she met the President and his brother at the presidential birthday party. Remember? Marilyn sang Happy Birthday to the Nation's Chief. And now her song is stilled.

Big break for Jim Franciscus when Warren Beatty pulled too many demands. And was replaced in the starring role of "Youngblood Hawke." Warren acted like a Brando in demanding that he has script approval and the approval of his leading lady. I also heard Warren and Suzanne Pleshette didn't hit it off but that's never a reason to drop a star! No reason at all.

Liz Taylor and her Dickie Boy are willing to star in "Camelot" for Warner Bros. on one condition. Liz wants one-million and Dickie's big-money demand has gone up from $500,000 to $800,000.

Hasn't the Clan really been broken up? Only Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin appear to be members now. And they're not bragging about it either.

It seems to be serious between Edie Adams and Arthur Loew. Edie continues to work practically around the clock to pay off the debts against Ernie Kovacs' estate.

Puzzler of the Month: What actor (he stars in a TV series) was so drunk the night of the Academy Awards that he collapsed after presenting one of the Oscars? ... THE END

**Sex and Your Perspiration**

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work, heat, or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It's the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?

A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here ... ARRID CREAM with exclusive Perstop®. Perstop® makes ARRID so effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop®. Gentle ARRID gives you the extra protection you need. ARRID CREAM stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Protect your pretty dresses with ARRID CREAM Deodorant.

Proved the most effective deodorant you can buy.

New ARRID fortified with Perstop® used daily, stops underarm dress stains, stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM today!

Don't Be Half-Safe! Use ARRID To Be Sure!
George Hamilton and his mother aren't planning another trip to Brazil. When they arrived in Rio a few months ago, a couple of strong men met them at the plane, whisked them off in a car, parked in an old garage and searched their luggage. They were kept prisoners for two hours before being released with a lame story that they thought they were jewel thieves. The men didn't even apologize or say they were sorry. In addition, it cost George $1,500 to attend the festival for our State Department. How's that for good will?

Gary Clarke's supposed to be in a spin over Dolores Hart—but she's pretty cozy with a local doctor named Mitchell Covell. Ava Gardner's developed a phobia of the candid camera. She refuses to attend any of the premieres of "55 Days At Peking" because she can no longer face a battery of photographers. She told a pal she wasn't sure if she'd ever appear before a motion picture camera again. I'm sorry Ava feels this way and hope she changes her mind. Work would do her good, and we want her back in Hollywood.

Vic Mature's coming back to pictures, which should give this town a shot in the arm. He's had quite a time in the construction business and says it's worse than Hollywood. "At least, in the movie business you know who's doing it to you so you can keep an eye on them." He almost lost his shirt in the building business, but stuck with it for two years and finally came out a winner.

Shirley MacLaine's supposed to stay in Japan and play husband Steve Parker's favorite Geisha for two whole months. Well, we'll see how long she stays. They thrive on parting.
Kim Novak discovered English writer Roderick Mann. Now if she gets that Cockney accent right for "Of Human Bondage," all will be serene. The producers provided Kim with a Cockney maid, secretary and chauffeur, but her accent came out so thick even the Cockneys couldn't understand her. Poor Kim!!

That must have been a whopper of an argument that singer Joan O'Brien had with actor Harvey Allen. Just before their altar march she called the whole thing off. Then they patched things up and married. But it wasn't smooth sailing. Joan made headlines again when she took too many sleeping pills.

Below: A sight to behold! Mama Ingrid Bergman strolling down a street with her twin daughters Isabella and Isotta Rossellini. Her son Robertino was with them, but he very deftly managed to wander away from the camera's prying eye.

Above: Rick Nelson's wedding to Kris Harmon was as lovely as any wedding could be. Now, everyone is wondering if Kris will be on the Nelsons' TV show. She's pretty enough, but one thing is sure—she and Rick certainly don't need the money she'd make! But it would be fun.

When Mrs. Tony Curtis has her baby this fall, she aims to retire from the screen. At least that's what she's saying now. But once you're bitten by the acting bug you rarely recover.

The beautiful Carol Lynley married press agent Mike Selsman. I never met him. The first time he telephoned me, he introduced himself and said, "I'm the husband of Carol Lynley and want to give you a story." I said, "Young man, I'm not interested in you but I adore Carol. I've known her longer than you have. I knew her first when she did 'Blue Denim' in New York, so don't try to sell yourself." Well, they had a baby and a few months ago they announced a divorce. Now, I hear he wants custody of the child, although Carol's so crazy about their daughter that when she had to go to Boston to film "The Cardinal," she took the baby, Victoria, along. Like the Deed-Darin split, this divorce might be a bitter one. It's really sad. Carol has worked so hard for so long (she was a model long before she turned to acting), she deserves a better break.

Above: Pal Sophia Loren spent her one day in Hollywood after the Oscar show touring Disneyland and the Wax Museum with husband Carlo Ponti. She's the latest star to be waxed (in a scene from her Academy Award role in "Two Women") for the Museum, which is becoming as famous as Madame Tussaud's. And bless her heart, Sophia brought me another hat from Paris, lovelier than the one she sent me a year ago. I had a heck of a time keeping that one from being stolen—half a dozen dames tried to snatch it off my head. Incidentally, I understand my busy friend is not content just being a good actress. I've now heard she's going to make some recordings. If she does, I'll be first in line at the store to buy one! (Please turn the page)
I always feel sorry for these young girls who make stardom and then marry and have a baby before they're out of their teens. It's tough enough learning to act without having to learn how to become a wife and a mother. This is what happened to Sandra Dee. She and Bobby Darin were brought up in totally different environments. She had the protection of a lovely mother. Darin fought his way up every inch of the way. His was the world of song writers, pluggers, etc., and the things that go with that life. While he was singing "Mack the Knife," she was playing "Tammy." When they had a baby, they wouldn't permit it to be photographed. They were devoted. She told me how she used to get up at 5 A.M. to feed the baby and make Bobby's breakfast before he went off to work. He was very good at his acting job—and at being a father. Then they had a terrific row the night he opened at the Cocoanut Grove. The separation followed. Now I understand he'll fight for custody of the child. Where will it end? Nobody knows.

Above: Anita Ekberg seems very happy being Mrs. Rik Von Nutter. They kept the press away when they wed in Switzerland, but willingly posed a few days later in the garden of her beautiful villa in Rome.

Anita Ekberg's new mother-in-law put a fast damper on all those dreamed-up stories about her son being an Austrian-born film star, fabulously wealthy, and seven-feet tall. She cut him down to size with, "He was born in Pomona, California, he's six feet two, and worked on a newspaper in Hawaii and had a job with a film company on location there." As for his name—Rik Von Nutter—he's just plain old Freddie Nutter to his mother.

Above: Eddie Robinson and Charlton Heston stopped to compare beards at a recent premiere. Beards are the big thing now, but I'm glad Paul Newman decided to get rid of his. (Continued on page 29)

Jill St. John is certainly playing a fast game. She's a beautiful girl, and at the time she separated from Lance Reventlow I told her I thought it was a mistake. Since then she's been playing the field. When Walter Wanger, who's old enough to be her father, flew in from New York, she was at the airport to meet him. She's also been seeing Richard Gully and Frank Sinatra and her ex-husband. If this isn't playing aces wild, I don't know what is—do you?

Above: Danny Kaye and Arthur Godfrey were a riot to talk to—the quips were fast and furious. By the way, Danny got a standing ovation after the opening of his marvelous one-man show in New York City.

Virginia and James Arness, after five separations, finally got a divorce, and Jim got custody of their two children. He charged that she was unfit to raise them because not long ago their twelve-year-old daughter went to the hospital with an acute case of alcoholic poisoning.
Want it dark? Want it fast? You want new Tanfastic Dark-Tanning Oil! This remarkable new oil does two jobs: puts a light coating on the outer skin, penetrates to protect the inner skin. Your skin is prepared to safely receive most tanning rays—you tan really deep, really dark! Unlike ordinary suntan oils, new Tanfastic Dark-Tanning Oil is non-greasy, yet gives your body a glamorous sheen. Stainless, too. So don’t fool with fake tans, get new Tanfastic Dark-Tanning Oil! P.S. Get new-formula Tanfastic in lotion, too!

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Here’s a beautifully-crafted pair of sunglasses, styled continentally, built for years of wear. Yours FREE in every package of new Tanfastic Dark-Tanning Oil while this offer lasts.
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Because you’re part-angel, part-

New light and lethal shades created by Oleg Cassini. This is devastation by calculation! Colors deliberately designed to please a man… by the man who creates such fabulous fashions for America’s most glamorous women. Your eyes hint it, your lips reveal it, you’re feminine to your fingertips in Forever Female Colors by Cutex!

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Lipsticks, 79¢; Polish, 39¢; Pearl Polish, 49¢; Eye Shadow Stick, $1.00...plus tax. Northam Warren Div., New York
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It's the more comfortable kind of sanitary napkin by Scott. More protective, too. Because it has a new shape tapered to follow your body contours...with extra cushioning in the center and a moisture-proof inner shield.
announced, "Anne Bancroft," the camera flashed to Joan. She wore the biggest, broadest smile on record. Joan clutched the Oscar in her hand.

The next day, a bitter friend of Bette's said, "I cringed as I watched." But I say you've got to hand it to Crawford. If there's a star in this town with better showmanship, you name her.

Joel McCrea sold a thousand acres of his San Fernando Valley ranch for a paltry three million. It didn't exactly leave him cramped for space—he has six hundred and fifty acres left.

Below: Fabulous Marlene Dietrich had the world talking about her when she helped out at a Paris circus for charity. Other actresses dressed gloriously, but grandma Dietrich dressed as a circus boy and stole the show from the glamour gals.

Diana Hyland, the cool blonde who's playing Mrs. Norman Vincent Peale in her first picture, aims to be the female Marlon Brando. I met Diana's lovely mother in Cleveland, so I asked Diana in for an interview. She's about as informative as a Secret Service agent. She gave out with a flat yes or no to my questions until I asked if she had gone to the Academy Awards. "Why should I," she shrugged. "It's like the Emmy. If you spend $2000 for promotion you can get a nomination."

Well, I just hope Miss Hyland has lots and lots of talent, she's sure going to need it.

Richard Chamberlain was more than a strong arm to Clara Ray at her Beverly Hilton opening. He helped her out by singing a duet—all about love. But when asked when they would marry, he said, "We both have our careers to think about."

Fred Astaire pooh-poohs romance with, "I'm too busy—I don't need it. I'm a very happy fellow." I thought for a while Barrie Chase might change his mind, but she didn't. He did go up to Las Vegas when she opened there, and she was darned good. After all, she had the great master to teach her.

Sheila Connolly came up with a unique reason for divorcing Guy Madison. She claimed, "He was so devoted to practicing with his bow and arrow that he paid no attention to his family."

That's all the news under my hat now. See you next month.
mousey to marvelous (without changing your natural hair color)

Say you don't want a tint. You don't want a complete change. But you want to do something about the color of your hair...something to give it life and highlights! For you, Clairol® has come up with a new color pick-me-up called “Sparkling Color” Hair Color Lotion. It's made only for hair without gray. Your hairdresser will tell you that it lifts dull brown to rich brown...turns mousey into marvelous...without changing your natural color! Because “Sparkling Color” isn't a tint, there's no drastic color change—just wonderful, warm color highlights. It's not permanent—it lasts through a month of shampoos. And there's no touch-up problem...“Sparkling Color” just slowly disappears, without the roots showing, without anyone noticing. It's not a big production. Nothing to mix. It's just a mild lather—and minutes later it gets rinsed off. “Sparkling Color” comes in 7 sparkling shades. One of them will let you go from mousey to marvelous, without changing your natural hair color!
Photoplay asks eighteen actresses:

WOULD YOU DO A NUDE SCENE
if the role of a lifetime called for it?

1. CONNIE STEVENS: "Because of my religious beliefs, the answer is no—for me personally. Just like posing nude, acting might be a form of exhibitionism. But if you're comparing the two, don't overlook the fact that to be good at either requires talent. The big difference is that acting is far more of a challenge to the imagination than posing—that's another reason why I prefer acting."

2. SARAH MILES: "I would—if the scene is an integral part of the film as it was in 'The Ceremony.' Yes, I posed nude in that movie. But all I did was take off my clothes for one second, and then it was all done and very quiet. I went back to England and suddenly someone decided to use that scene to publicize the film—and then I got the worst of it. When the film comes out and people can see it—it is so beautifully done by a great cameraman that they will see that they can't see anything. I take off my clothes and I (Please turn the page)
get into bed, but it's so dark that not even an outline is seen. It just looks lovely. If only the studio people had made it quite clear that I didn't take off my clothes in broad daylight.... But this way, it's become quite silly and crude, I think. It's very sad. They promised me that no photographers would be on the set, but one was there and he sent the picture around the world. And that's how it started. It's such a shame, really. I didn't do it for the publicity. I did it for the good of the picture."

3. DEBORAH WALLEY: "Under no circumstances would I pose for a nude scene in a movie. That just isn't the kind of 'exposure' that helps an actress' career. On the contrary, it minimizes any real talent she might have and lessens the chances for public acceptance. Even if such a scene is necessary to the development of the plot and it is handled with taste, it's a cinch to be sensationalized when the picture is released. I didn't spend my parents' money and my time in learning to be an actress, only to end up displaying the kind of talent that's measured with a tape by inches. That's not for me."

4. ANNETTE FUNICELLO: "Definitely not. I don't think an actress' career should hinge on such promiscuity. Even for so-called 'art's sake.' Her talent or ability as a performer should be enough to win her the role she seeks. I think that such an act cheapens an actress and lowers her standing in the movie industry. By doing so, I feel she would also lose the respect of her fans and the moviegoing public. If getting a role is dependent on an actress doing such a thing, maybe she would be better off to get into some other kind of business."

5. LAUREL GOODWIN: "I don't think so. I would be embarrassed to tears! That would stop me altogether, aside from any other moral considerations."

6. KIM NOVAK: "Yes, and I did in 'Of Human Bondage.' At first I worried about it and thought maybe I should wear some kind of nightdress. But then I decided nothing—absolutely nothing—should come between me and my audience. My director even suggested that I use a 'body double.' When I asked him what he meant, he told me, 'You have a nude scene and of course you don't want to pose in the nude, so you'll have a body double.' But I told him, 'Why should I use a double? Who's got a better body than I have?' Of course, when I did the scene, they cleared the set of everybody but the people who were working on that scene. When it was over, Lawrence Harvey told me: 'I'm glad I became an actor. This was worth waiting for.' There's only one thing that worries (Continued on page 91)
Is there any torment more painful than the torment of love lost? For Liz Taylor’s fourth husband there was. This is his story, the story of what heartbreak did to one man.

EDDIE FISHER’S PARALYSIS

(Continued on page 76)
3 WEDDING GOWNS FOR LIZ

created by

3 TOP DESIGNERS

which one should she wear?

(Continued on page 38)
As we go to press, Richard Burton's wife, Sybil, says she will never divorce him. But there hasn't been a man, married or not, whom Liz couldn't wed if she wanted to. So with this in mind, we asked three top designers what they thought Liz should wear—and why. What do you think? At the end of the story, there is a ballot. Vote your choice. We want to pass on your recommendations to Liz!

If Liz Taylor ever feels that she hasn't got a thing to wear—for her fifth wedding, that is—she need fret no more. All she has to do is take her pick of one of the three gorgeous creations on the preceding pages—designed exclusively for Photoplay by three of the world's top fashion designers, expressly for Liz' forthcoming marriage to Richard Burton—and her problem's licked.

We're not jumping the gun on a Liz-Burton wedding, either. True, at this writing, both happen to be married—to others. True, no divorce proceedings have actually been initiated. True, our principals are holed up in their adjoining suites at London's Dorchester Hotel, talking to no one but each other. And Eddie Fisher claims he knows from nothing. And Sybil Burton is telling New York reporters that, although legally separated from Richard now, "I won't give him a divorce. He won't be Liz' fifth husband."

But we have sources close to this much-publicized foursome who insist that the no-wedding talk is hogwash—much like the stuff dished out at the time those first reports came through from Rome to the effect that "there is absolutely no truth to rumors linking Miss Taylor and Mr. Burton. They are simply co-stars and good friends." Do you remember those denials?

And, say our sources about the current shrugs and/or denials: "Elizabeth and Richard are more in love than ever—passionately, wildly in love. And there will be a wedding. In proper time. As soon as a certain rather complex detail can be completely worked out . . ." The detail? Money.

To give Burton his freedom, Sybil reportedly has asked him for—and is getting—$1,500,000. (Says a close girl friend of hers: "She should get double, after what she's had to put up with!")

To give Liz her freedom, Eddie reportedly gets a neat $1,000,000 from her "Cleopatra" take. As one of Eddie's buddies put it recently: "You won't see him in the picture, but Lord knows he sweated through every frame of (Continued on page 40)
The gift that carries the message of your everlasting love is a diamond. Silently and beautifully, a perfect Keepsake engagement center diamond tells the story. Its inner fire is your enduring love...its dancing lights—your happiness.

The center diamond of every Keepsake engagement ring is a perfect gem of flawless clarity, fine color and meticulous modern cut, reflecting full brilliance and beauty...forever. And Keepsake rings are famous for lovely design and brilliant fashion styling. Authorized Keepsake Jewelers may be listed in the yellow pages. Visit one in your area and choose from many beautiful styles, each with the name "Keepsake" in the ring and on the tag.

HOW TO PLAN YOUR ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING
Please send two new booklets "How to Plan Your Engagement and Wedding" and "Choosing Your Diamond Rings," both for only 10c. Also send special offer of beautiful 44 page Bride's Book.

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KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS, SYRACUSE 2, N. Y. Ph 7-63
WEDDING GOWNS FOR LIZ

continued

it!" All of which adds up, at any rate, to $2,500,000—Love's costliest wedding dress for Liz. There aren't many that come higher.

But like the old proverb goes: "What's money when you're in love?—and rich?"

And on that note let us take leave of all financial details.

And get on to the wedding itself.

And to the bride—and the dress she will wear. Or, rather, should wear.

A special dress for an unusual occasion.

As envisioned by our panel of designers—the world-famous Sylvan Rich, Lilly Daché and Anthony Pettoruto—and sketched exclusively for Photoplay by one of the world's top illustrators—Jon Whitcomb.

Our first designer, the soft-spoken Sylvan Rich—owner of Martini Designed Inc.—told us: "I think it is a shame—really—that in the films Elizabeth Taylor has made, so little attention has been paid to her clothes. By that I am not criticizing the designers who have worked with her. What I mean is that Elizabeth Taylor has never been set up as a fashion image, an exponent of fashion. Pictures just aren't made that way these days, I guess. Times have changed.

"It was different in the Thirties. Stars of Miss Taylor's stature would definitely influence the world by the way they dressed. A star like Joan Crawford, say—the great individualist, with the great new innovations. A star like Garbo—who introduced a new standard of beauty that is still one of the most important influences on fashion and makeup today.

"Unfortunately, however, Elizabeth Taylor will not be remembered for her clothes.

"But that is off the subject somewhat. And to get on with it now—the wedding dress ... I'd like to say first that in designing I always feel that the individual's personality must be considered—and, particularly when a person is as strong as Elizabeth Taylor, that the clothes should be a complement to her beauty and her natural attributes rather than something that will detract from these attributes. So it should be with her wedding dress. A complement and a compliment.

"With some show business people I have designed for in the past—I stress. With others, I understress. For instance, for Sheila MacRae—Gordon's wife—I go overboard. The girl has much gaiety about her, much joie de vivre, she's a great clothes horse. And so, for her nightclub act especially, I design huge evening coats over dresses—what can be called a costume look—always sure to create a very spectacular effect. While with Barbara Britten, on the other hand, I play things down, so to speak, so that her magnificent lady-like quality is not tempered with. I always give Barbara a little shoulder-covering, for instance. I always do rather soft things with her, so as not to destroy that soft and very reserved quality of hers. It works out well.

"In Elizabeth Taylor's case, then—particularly for a wedding—I would not stress her glamour. I would want to make the dress a background—yes, that's it—a background for her glamour and beauty. Her beauty alone is, after all, so spectacular. She is certainly one of the most spectacularly beautiful women of our era. And I think that the traditional bridal dress is one of the most beautiful costumes a woman can ever be seen in. And that is why I choose traditional for her.

... By the way, this has nothing to do with the fact that Miss Taylor has been married before. This is simply the way I visualize her as a bride. Although in her case I would do something a little more extreme than for basic traditional since she has to have something worthy of the publicity that is bound to surround her marriage.

"Traditional, of course, implies white. In Miss Taylor's case, I would not do her in dead white. I see her as not stark. But rather I would do her in slightly off-white. Or in antique white satin. In a gown cut simply, to fit the figure closely. With the back flowing from the shoulders and ending in a train—long—about four yards long.

"In the headdress, and possibly on the dress, too—I would use some magnificent starched heirloom lace. Very beautiful. Very valuable. From (Continued on page 95)
YOU CAN'T FIGHT IT, VINCE...
THERE'S A 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL.
She's a brown-eyed brunette with a peaches-and-cream complexion and an enchanting figure for a mere sixteen-year-old. She's the kind of girl who turns boys' heads and starts their hearts pattering when they pass her on the street or in the hall at school. But the boys can stare at her till their eyeballs fall out. They can whistle and wolf-call till they're blue in the face. They can wave until their arms fall off. None of these mating calls make an impression on her. It's not that this sweet and fascinating charmer isn't interested in boys. But boys, as such, don't stand a chance with her because she's waiting for a certain man—a certain man who is also waiting for her. Waiting until she grows up just a little bit more.

The man is Vince Edwards.

The girl is Karen Zoine.

Of course you know Vince Edwards, the dour, dynamic and dedicated "Ben Casey" of coast-to-coast television fame. But you've never heard of Karen Zoine, you're about to tell us?

Pay close attention because you may be hearing a lot about her in the months and years ahead. For Karen has her eyes on Hollywood and a burning desire to follow Vince Edwards out to the cinematic citadel. So far as Vince Edwards is concerned, the idea is great. But as he has already told her: "Karen, the best thing for you is to finish high school first—don't neglect your studies. Nothing is more important than a good education. Once you have that, everything else is easy. If you don't finish school, that is something you'll regret the rest of your life."

Karen has taken Vince's injunction to heart. She will stay in school—she will enter the senior class in September at Brooklyn's Franklin K. Lane High School—until graduation next June and then continue her education at (Continued on page 80)
Can a divorce ever be friendly? Carol Lynley thought so—until the day she discovered her husband was fighting for the custody of their child.

"I WON'T LET HIM HAVE MY BABY! I'M NOT AN UNFIT MOTHER!"
Never had Carol Lynley sounded so lost, so broken, so infinitely sad as she did that Saturday morning in late March—the day the newspapers announced her separation from Michael Selsman.

For Carol knew her marriage was definitely over, even though the separation was labeled a “trial” one in the official announcement. (A few days later, she and Michael sued each other for divorce, charging extreme cruelty, and each parent also sought full custody of their pretty little year-old daughter, Jill Victoria Selsman.)

“I’m all right,” Carol insisted that Saturday morning, in answer to my worried question. “It’s just that . . . this whole thing isn’t very easy for me, Jim. . . .” Only a close friend of Carol’s—and I had counted myself one for the past five—could realize the full, aching truth of her words. For admitting the failure of her marriage before the whole world involved not only a personal tragedy, it also carried a bitter dose of humiliation.

When she married Michael, an ambitious young press agent, she had gone against her mother’s wishes and warnings. At the time of the wedding both mother and daughter tried to deny that fact in order to avoid embarrassment. (However, it was not true, as some newspapers reported, that Carol’s mother failed to mail her the birth certificate she needed in order to expedite her marriage license. It was, as she said at the time, held up in the mail.)

But Carol’s mother—now Mrs. Arthur Broderick of Los Angeles—had the good sense not to say “I told you so” when Carol called her and said, “Michael and I are separating. I wanted you to know it before we told the newspapers.” Whatever her inner feelings, she accepted the fact without comment and offered motherly sympathy. And the next day—after Mike had moved out and Carol was alone in the big house in Benedict Canyon, except for the baby and a Spanish-speaking nurse, Mrs. Broderick called her to ask: “Would you like to come over for dinner tonight? We’re having your favorite pot roast. . . .”

To me, Mrs. Broderick predicted: “Now people will probably start saying that I broke up the marriage. But I didn’t.” And she was telling the truth. The difficulties between Carol and Mike were not caused by her mother. They were the result of deep and, finally, fatal differences that existed between the two young people themselves.

These differences existed, like hidden time bombs, the day they married. But the young couple had to live together in order to discover them. And Carol’s increasing maturity—she was only eighteen when she married—not only failed to help the situation, it made her more conscious of its hopelessness, and less willing to endure it forever. Mike steadfastly refused to admit the possibility of divorce until those time bombs finally started going of all around himself and his young wife. And when the smoke had cleared, it was too late, and the marriage that had started so hopefully lay in ashes.

A few days after the separation announcement, I spoke again to Carol between takes of her movie, Columbia’s “Under the Yum Yum Tree,” which she had just started. Actually, for Carol—as for most people, it would have been much harder to sit at home alone and brood about her misfortunes. So the necessity to work hard in order to keep up with her more experienced co-stars (like Jack Lemmon and Edie Adams) was a blessing in disguise, and one which she seized gladly.

Carol was reluctant to discuss the breakup for publication, but felt that if it had to be done, it would be better to have a personal friend write the story. “Please emphasize one thing,” she told me. “Basically it’s just a difference of personalities, plus the fact that we got married when I was very young. There’s no scandal, there’s nobody else involved on either side. People may try to see things in the separation that aren’t there, but that’s really all there is to it: Our personalities were just too different.” I listened without comment as she spoke.

I knew that while that was the basic reason, there was much more to it than that. And so, of course, did Carol. Apparently she read my thoughts, for she added, “Jim, you know the whole story, because you saw it happening. Just write the truth.”

My first question was (Continued on page 82)
Fun To Enter
Easy To Win!

Jerry Lewis “Nutty Professor”

CONTEST

It’s Wild! It’s Different!

555 Wonderful Prizes

“The Nutty Professor” is coming your way—and he’s bringing prizes with him. This contest is for you—if you are or ever have been a student. It’s as simple as this: Have you ever had a nutty teacher? If you have or did, Jerry Lewis knows just how you feel. Because Jerry is so nutty in the Paramount movie, “The Nutty Professor” (and only in his movie life, he told us to say!), he wants to know how many other nutty teachers there are in this world. You know how people always say, “Don’t tell tales outside of school!” Well, tell—all you can think of. Because you can win one of 555 wonderful prizes for the nuttiest thing you ever saw a teacher do.

FOR DETAILS, TURN THE PAGE
Here are the exciting PRIZES

First and second prizes: A seven-day (count 'em, 7) cruise aboard the S. S. Ariadne for you and your guest. It leaves from Miami and you pick the estinations—either Jamaica, Haiti and Bassau or Puerto Rico and the Virgin Islands. Third prize—more vacation! His one a seven-day stay for two at the wonderful Sorrento Hotel in Miami each, Florida. There's marvelous food, pool, the ocean and moonlit, tropical lights. Wow! Fourth prize is for a tape recording buff. Transistorized, pocket-sized and with its own push button like, it's the Mohawk Midgetape Chief 00 Recorder. Fifth through twenty-fourth winners get music wherever they go, with a Channel Master "6" Transistor Radio. Twenty-fifth to 124 prizes: a beautiful piece of costume jewelry by world-famous Emmons—whose jewelry is used at top fashion shows. 125th to 174th prizes: a kit of wonderful Hazel Bishop cosmetics. The kit includes "Fantastick," a new lipstick, slanted to shape your lips, "Creme 'n Powder," an all-in-one fluffy foundation and "Fresh 'n Bright," the instant cheek glow coloring. 175th to 184th prizes: a Riccar Sewing Machine. It's so easy to operate, even for beginners. Lots of parties ahead for 185th to 234th prize winners: to each a case of delicious Planter's Peanuts. The 235th to 334th prizes—a bottle of Tuvache Jungle Gardenia Skin Perfume—the scent of the world's most beautiful women. 335th to 359th prizes: a box of Nebel hosiery—three pairs of sheer nylon stockings. 360th to 365th prizes: a pair of Purofied pillows, for sweet sleep and happy dreams. 366th to 465th prizes: a case of sparkling, delicious Royal Crown Cola. 466th to 515th prizes: six cans of Mar-Hyde spray paint. For leatherettes and vinyl, makes fast-drying color change. 516th to 539th prizes: an Emenee Bongo Drum. 540th to 549th prizes: a Lambert-Atlas Lawnsweeper to whisk away leaves. 550th to 555th prizes: a lovely Mona-Lisa bedspread by Normandy.
FOR YOUR "NUTTY PROFESSOR" ENTRY BLANK, TURN THE PAGE
Here are the rules

1. "The Nutty Professor" contest is open to any resident of the United States and Canada, except employees of Macfadden-Bartell, Paramount Pictures, theater owners, participating sponsors, their dealers and employees of same.

2. "The Nutty Professor" contest ends August 31, 1963, all entries must be postmarked no later than that date.

3. Jerry Lewis and the editors of Photoplay are the judges; their decision will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. All entries become the property of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation and none will be returned.

4. No correspondence will be entered into with contestants concerning the contest.

5. Winners will be notified by mail and their names will appear in a forthcoming issue of Photoplay.

6. Prizes will be awarded for the answers to the statement: "The nuttiest thing I ever saw a teacher do was . . ."; entries will be judged on the basis of human interest, originality, clarity of language and neatness.

7. All entries must be submitted on the ballot (or reasonable facsimile) provided in the July issue of Photoplay. Entry blanks (or facsimile) will also be available in theaters featuring the contest in conjunction with showing "The Nutty Professor," up until closing date of the contest on August 31, 1963.

8. Entries may be typewritten or written in ink or pencil. They should be mailed to: "The Nutty Professor" Contest, Post Office Box 3458 Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.

9. Winner of the third prize—the seven (7) day vacation on the American plan for winner and companion at the Sorrento Hotel in Miami Beach, Florida, must use the prize vacation from April to December 1, 1964.

10. Contest is subject to local, state and federal regulations.

11. In no event will awards have cash surrender value; awards are not transferable and not redeemable.

DEAR JERRY:

THE NUTTIEST THING I EVER SAW A TEACHER DO WAS:

_____________________________________________________________________

_____________________________________________________________________

_____________________________________________________________________

_____________________________________________________________________

_____________________________________________________________________

_____________________________________________________________________

CLIP AND MAIL TO: "THE NUTTY PROFESSOR" Contest; Post Office Box 3458, Grand Central Station, New York City 17, New York.
Three happy words. In big bold print. Certainly the happiest newspaper headline of the month out of Hollywood, we thought... at first: "DEBBIE AWAITS STORK!"

There'd been the pregnancy rumors for a couple of months before this. Followed by the usual denials (movie stars, like the President's wife, seem to have a thing about keeping new-baby news under their, er, hats as long as possible. That's how it goes.

And then one day in early April, on the set of "Mary, Mary"—just two weeks before completion of the film—Debbie grinned that grin of hers and announced to a few persistent questioners: "All right. It's true. Harry and I are going to have a baby. I held back the news because I didn't want any fuss during the picture. I didn't want anybody to worry about (Continued on page 75)
If Dick Chamberlain’s desire to become a star burned deeper than most kid’s it was also more carefully hidden. Hyper-sensitive, he didn’t want to get laughed at, either by the kids or at home. Today, Dick is different. He likes to laugh and to be laughed at—and even considers himself something of a comedian.

But at that time . . . it wasn’t giving anything away to head for the movies every Saturday. That was as natural to a Beverly Hills kid as it is for a country boy to head for the nearest creek. And so he kept his secret. He joined the bike brigade at the movie theater up the street, with his pals from South Elm, by himself, or even with a girl, because Dickie Chamberlain always liked the girls and the girls liked him. He wooed them one at a time—as he does today—and he had his first “date” at six. He can’t remember her name but after her came Arden, the baby doll. Next Arlene, a brown haired pal girl who liked to play games, took over; in seventh grade it was June, who was a cute tease; and finally in eighth, Ann, more on the sweet side but of bittersweet memory to Dick. “I bought her a heart-shaped box of candy for Valentine’s Day,” he remembers. “But when I got up nerve enough to ring her door bell there was another boy already there—with a bigger box. He stayed. I crept home in humiliation and dismay. All that money wasted!”

Whether he sat with a sweetie or just by himself Dick Chamberlain never counted the fifteen cents he spent at the Saturday movies wasted. The kid shows were bargains. He could stare all day long as western after western reeled off, dipping back to the antique days of Ken Maynard and Tom Mix. Sometimes, he went in for cliff-hanging serials and horror epics. “There was one where a maniac went around blowing up buildings and murdering people en masse,” recalls Dick. “That was for me.” If the film got dull the kids took over. Squirt guns were unlimbered and the air was filled with popcorn boxes, tinfoil balls and paper gliders.

Dick knew that if he were up there on the screen such bored protests would never break loose, and he promised himself that in some comfortably remote future that’s exactly what would come about. Flushed with this anticipated triumph he entered a Hallowe’en costume (Continued on page 85)
CONNIE STEVENS sighed and sank back against the plush, pink upholstery of her chair. In some indefinite, mysterious way she seemed to have aged and matured in the past several months. It was almost as if she had donned a mask that transformed her from a pretty, vivacious girl into a beautiful, sensitive woman. Perhaps sensing my thoughts, she smiled and softly said, “I’m different now. I’m not the same Connie Stevens you used to know. Would you like to know why? It’s because I’m suddenly conscious of all the things I’ve done wrong in my life and I’m determined to correct them. You see, I know now that I’ve lived a lie— (Continued on page 56)
CHEATED
CONNIE STEVENS

continued

"Just think for a moment of the success I've had without really trying very hard," she declared earnestly. "Last year I won Photooplay's Gold Medal Award as the most popular actress, though I've never taken an acting lesson. I'm considered one of the top three female singers in the country, yet I've never had a singing lesson. I've won the Motion Picture Exhibitors' poll although I have never been a really dedicated actress.

All these things have come to me the easy way. I've read columns which refer to me as the 'Golden Girl.' I think perhaps that might be a good description of me, only because everything I've ever touched professionally has turned to gold. It's happened so often that after a while I began to take all my good fortune for granted. But not any more. Now I ask myself why. Why should I have been so fortunate? What did I do to deserve it? I never worked terribly hard, I never studied. So, why?

A sorority girl

Connie paused a moment and then added softly, "Do you know that in all the years I've appeared on 'Hawaiian Eye' I never even took the time to really study a script before shooting? Do you realize that I never knew what the completed story would be until after the show was shot? I was like a sorority girl, more concerned with extracurricular activities than with work. Why knock myself out if I could get passing grades? Why work hard if I could pass the test anyway? Like that girl, I never realized until later that the only one I was cheating was myself."

She shook her head firmly to emphasize her next words. "It wasn't right," she said. "I know that now. I cheated myself before, but I'll never do it again. I've changed. I'm a new Connie Stevens. Not only professionally but in every other way. I want different things now—from myself, from life, from love.

Didn't like herself

"Why have I changed? The answer to that is pretty complicated. Gary Clarke, the studio, the people around me—they were all part of it. But it wasn't until I was in Australia last year that I really took a good, hard look at myself and decided I didn't like the person I saw."

Connie's face was grave now, her eyes clouded with pain as she recalled, "I remember how tense I was as I waited in the dressing room before my opening night performance at the Chevron Hilton Hotel in Sydney. The evening was so very important to me! It was to be my debut as a night-club performer, but it was even more than that. It was my chance to prove I was capable of expanding my professional horizons. I had gone on suspension from Warner Brothers over this issue and now, in a few moments, I would have a chance to prove to the studio and to the world that I could be more than just a television actress.

"I was so nervous. My knees shook uncontrollably as I waited in the wings. I was so afraid the audience would notice my legs shaking that I pleaded with the production manager to allow me to change into a floor-length gown. He laughed and told me how silly my fears were while he gently steered me toward the stage. I felt like I was in limbo. I could hear the music announcing my entrance, but the sound seemed a million miles away. I must have floated—or been pushed—because the next thing I knew I was standing by myself on the stage with hundreds of people staring up at me.

"I don't think I'll ever forget that audience. Perhaps they were so extraordinarily nice because they sensed my fright. I grabbed the mike and stammered, 'Hello, all of you. I wish I wasn't so nervous,' and they laughed. They applauded. They called out that they were with me. They were my friends, all of them. They responded to each song I sang with wild, enthusiastic applause.

"All my friends"

"By the time I finished my act and came back on stage for an encore I could actually laugh about the fears I had had. I was filled with a heady confidence, a giggly exuberance. 'They like me!' I told myself. 'I was right all along. I can be a successful night-club singer!'

"My smugness lasted only until the next evening's performance. Opening night audiences, I discovered later, are a very special lot. They understand a performer's nervousness and will tolerate mistakes. (Continued on page 66)
make your own SUMMER MAGIC

On the next 8 pages, PHOTOPLAY has wonderful things in store for you. Hayley Mills, enchanting star of "Summer Magic," Disney's perfect warm-weather entertainment, waves her magic wand to show you how to be a cool-dressed, cool-fed beauty!

(Please turn the page)
For smooth, lovely legs, use plenty of suntan lotion at the beach, rich lotion afterwards. (Be sure to defuzz regularly with a razor or depilatory.)

For hands he'll love, lavish on hand cream. Manicure, using pastel polish for day, deeper shades after dark.

For eyes that sparkle like Jill Haworth's, wear sunglasses all day and protect eyelids with a rich cream. For evening eyes that captivate, sweep eyelines upward at the outer corners. Smooth on eyeshadow in luminous tones. Apply two coats of mascara, then frame eyes with perfectly penciled brows. For shining hair, use enriched shampoos, hairdressings. Protect hair from sun and surf with scarves and bathing caps.

For a stay-neat halo of an evening hairdo (Jill's two-in-one "do" was done by the fabulous Kenneth), mist with a highlight spray. For a pale, pouty mouth by day, use pastel colors; for kissable lips at night, use darker shades and coat with lipgloss.
To be a real beauty this summer, make sure you collect clothes that stay calm, cool and simply wonderful—even when the temperature soars higher and higher. Here, Hayley models two perfect outfits that will make fashion magic all through these warm months. Both are a breeze to make from Simplicity patterns.
Once upon a summertime, Hayley Mills waved her magic wand and announced that from now on, fashions were going to be more exciting, more beautiful, more feminine and more fun than ever before. Instantly, the most wonderful things began to happen—skirts became breezier, waistlines relaxed and enjoyed themselves, sleeves were free to be long or short, and fabrics, forced to hide under coats all winter, suddenly burst into a tizzy of fresh flowers, new textures and bright colors. Hayley was thrilled. "Let's wave the wand again and really make this a summer to remember!" She did and presto, there appeared a whole assortment of accessories to add magic to any wardrobe. The results shown here (as delightful as Hayley's performance in "Summer Magic") are these chic fashions that add up to much more magic than money.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Pull separates like these out of the closet and you'll have a glamorous outfit that shines after dark. Both gently fitted blouse and flared skirt are sparkling white Dacron and cotton ottoman by Gale and Lord. The blouse (Simplicity pattern 4948, 65¢) comes in Juniors' sizes 11 to 15, Misses' sizes 12 to 18. Also included, a full skirt and slim pants. The A-line skirt (Simplicity pattern 4466, 45¢) comes in waist sizes 24 to 32. Added magic: the jet pin by Coro; gloves by Wear Right; pumps by Capezio.

THIS PAGE: When is a shirtdress not a shirtdress? When it's a blouse and skirt, of course. Both team-mates in cotton floral stripes by Riegel are made from Simplicity pattern 4970, 65¢. The blouse has a convertible collar and a cross-cut front yoke. The skirt is gathered. Also included, tapered pants and a short-sleeved version of the same shirt to wear outside and unbelted. Misses' 10 to 18. Added magic: straw flats by Capezio, clutch by Ronay.

For backviews and additional information on these patterns, please see page 94.
frosty foods to keep your appetite up—your temperature down!

Rainbow Dessert can be served in tall glasses, dessert dishes or from a big clear bowl. Rainbow dessert may be made with two to eight layers of flavored gelatin depending on your mood. We made ours five layers, using peach, lime and strawberry gelatin. You may use any flavors you wish.

RAINBOW DESSERT
Makes 6—8 generous servings.
Combine:
1 package peach-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Measure out \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup dissolved peach flavored gelatin-water mixture and set aside. Do not place in refrigerator.
To remaining mixture add:
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup cold water
Mix well. Chill until heavy against a spoon. Then whip until it resembles beaten egg whites. Spoon whipped gelatin into 6 tall glasses so as to form layer one. Chill until firm.

Combine:
1 package lime-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Measure out \( \frac{1}{2} \) cup dissolved lime flavored gelatin-water mixture and set aside. Do not place in refrigerator.
To remaining lime flavored gelatin-water mixture add:
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup cold water
Mix well and cool to room temperature. (Be sure it is really cool.) Add layer two to tall glasses. Return to refrigerator and chill until firm.
To reserved peach flavored-water mixture add:
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup cold heavy cream
Mix well. Chill until heavy against a spoon. Then whip until it resembles beaten egg whites. Spoon into tall glasses to form layer three. Chill until firm.

Combine:
1 package strawberry-flavored gelatin
1 cup boiling water
Stir until gelatin has dissolved. Add:
1 cup cold water
Cool to room temperature. (Be sure it is really cool.) Pour into tall glasses to form layer four. To reserved lime flavored gelatin-water mixture add:
\( \frac{1}{2} \) cup cold heavy cream
Mix well. Chill until heavy against a spoon. Then whip until it resembles beaten egg whites. Spoon into glasses to form layer five. Chill until firm. Top with whipped cream and maraschino cherry. (Please turn the page)
**SUMMER MAGIC**

**cool & quick meals**

**TOASTED COCONUT PIE SHELL**

Makes one 8 or 9 inch crust
Combine in ungreased 8 or 9 inch pie pan:
1 package (7 ozs.) moist toasted coconut
1/4 cup melted butter or margarine
Press evenly over bottom and sides of pie pan. Chill. Fill with favorite chiffon, cream or ice cream filling. Or, for special summer magic, try our Grape Pastel Party Pie.

**GRAPE PASTEL PARTY PIE**

Makes 1 8-inch pie
In a 2 quart saucepan stir until dissolved:
1 package (3 ozs.) lemon flavored gelatin
1 1/4 cups boiling grape juice
Add by spoonfuls:
1 pint vanilla ice cream

**CAN-CAN CASSEROLE**

Makes 4-6 servings
Combine in a 1 1/2 quart casserole:
1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) condensed cream of chicken soup
1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) condensed cream of celery soup
1 1/2 cups water
1 1/2 cups packaged pre-cooked rice
1 can (12 ozs.) boned chicken
Cover and bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 25 minutes. Uncover and stir well. Top with:
1 can (3 1/2 ozs.) French fried onion rings
Leave uncovered. Return to oven and bake 5 minutes longer or until onions are lightly browned.

**HAMBURGER CASSEROLE**

Makes 6 servings
In a greased 2 quart casserole mix together:
1 1/2 cups packaged pre-cooked rice
1 1/2 cups (12 ozs. can) whole kernel corn
1 pound ground beef
1/4 cup finely chopped onion
Drain, reserving the juice:
1 can (16 ozs.) whole tomatoes
To reserved tomato juice add:
1 cup bouillon
1 teaspoon chili powder
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
Pour over meat mixture and mix well. Top with drained tomatoes. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 45 minutes. Remove from oven and stir tomato topping into casserole. Return to oven and bake 5 minutes longer.
SUMMER SALADS

Almost any meal can be made into a festive one by using the seasonal summer salad greens and brightly colored vegetables. Start by combining two or more of the following salad greens—finocchi, savoy cabbage, red cabbage, Boston lettuce, iceberg lettuce, escarole, beet greens, spinach, and chicory. Then, add colorful radish roses, tomato wedges or slices, carrot curls, cucumber circles, thin strips of raw turnip and chopped boiled beets—and onion, if you wish.

To add the touch to suit your family mood, use your favorite salad dressing.

Toss and sprinkle with chopped chives for a different taste. Remember to make the most of herbs—both fresh and dry!
CONNIE STEVENS
continued from page 56

"I discovered how unique they are when I walked on stage the second evening. This time I wasn't hampered by fright or feelings of unsureness. 'You knocked 'em dead last night,' I assured myself and saw no reason to believe I wouldn't be a success again that night.

"I was so terribly mistaken. Before I had sung my first number halfway through I knew something was wrong. By the end of the show I felt as if someone had unceremoniously kicked my legs out from under me. In no uncertain terms, I had fallen on my face. Oh, the patrons applauded, all right, but only because it was the thing to do, politely and half-heartedly. At first I couldn't understand it. Then, as I walked offstage, I turned to look one last time at the audience. Suddenly I knew what was wrong. These people were not my friends. I had no right to expect them to be. They were strangers who had paid to see a professional performer give them all of which she was capable. They felt cheated.

Not like TV

"I returned to my hotel room. Without waiting to change my clothes, I threw myself on the bed. I wanted to lose myself in sleep, but I couldn't. I wanted to close my mind against all the unfamiliar, unpleasant thoughts that screamed at me. I tried to defend myself against the truths that entered my head, saying, 'You're exaggerating everything. Tonight you just had a cold crowd. What about your television audience? They've always liked your work.' But Mr. Truth always had an answer. On television I was safe. No one could complain. No half-hearted applause could let me know what people thought of my performance. Not on TV.

Slapped across the face

"I had waited so long to see what people would think of me as a nightclub singer. Well, I found out. I was slapped across the face that evening by strangers as effectively as if I were a newborn infant being startled into life.

"It was to become my moment of truth. With a sudden awareness I realized I had cheated my audience. I had given them the same thing I was used to giving those who watched me perform on television—just the part of me that took not too much effort. I knew that the fault was no one's but mine. I had never had the courage to dig down inside me and bring forth all that I was capable of, to work as hard as I possibly could so that I would become as good as I wanted to be.

"When I walked on stage the third evening it was like entering a new life. By the time I finished the show I felt drained. I, who had never perspired before in my life, was covered with perspiration. I worked harder during that one performance than I ever had before. For the first time in my career something hadn't gone the way I wanted it and I was determined not to accept my defeat. I was mad! I was hurt! I was out to prove I was good! I sold my audience that night. I walked out on that stage, looked the crowd right in the eye and said silently, 'You are going to like me!' And they did. The thrilling thing was that they did.'

A faint smile lightened Connie's somber face as she returned to the present. "I learned that evening that I could be a nightclub performer," she said, "and I learned something else far more important. I discovered I could never again be content to accept success as something due me. From that moment on I began to be a new person. I was no longer young, flighty 'Cricket.' I wanted to study. I wanted to learn. I wanted to grow as an actress.

The new Connie Stevens

"By the time I returned home a week later a new Connie Stevens was beginning to take form. I had become accustomed to using my free time during suspension as an opportunity to loaf. That no longer was to be. For the first time in my life I felt really alive—wonderfully, vitally alive. I read. I studied. I worked. I wrote two songs and several short stories. I haunted legitimate theaters to study the techniques of actors and actresses I admired. I spent evening after evening in movie houses, often seeing the same film twice so I could concentrate on its technical aspects.

"I worked harder than I ever had before, but I never felt tired. Where often in the past I had been filled with a depression and a deep weariness, now I was always alert and happy. I went back to work at the studio and threw myself (Continued on page 92)
Yes, you. For new Kotex napkins give you a choice of 4 proportioned sizes. Not just different length napkins, but different depths and widths to meet your own special needs. And each has a moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

That's why nothing protects quite like Kotex.

Which proportioned Kotex napkin protects you best?

- **REGULAR**: Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.
- **SLENDERLINE**: Narrowest and deepest. Shorter than Regular. Compact comfort.
- **SUPER**: Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.
- **MISS DEB**: For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

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Last May, Mrs. Sammy Davis told how her husband changed her.
This month Sammy tells:

How May Changed Me As A Man

All you have to do is look at me to see how much marriage has changed me. Man, I’m a different person now!” That’s Sammy Davis speaking with passionate intensity but complete objectivity about his marriage to May Britt—now nearly three long, memory-filled years old. Three years which have taken Sammy and May across a vast divide—separating the unhappy, hectic, troublesome early days of their marriage to the present ebullient, exciting and joy-filled life they share together.

“I wouldn’t trade what I have in this life for anything else you could offer me,” Sammy said with feeling. “I have found the real meaning of happiness in my marriage and that’s all that can count for me.

“It’s made a different man of me. And I can’t say how much I love it.” Sammy didn’t have to say that he changed—it was easy to see that he had. He had changed in a thousand ways, and yet he hadn’t changed at all. That sounds contradictory and perhaps it is. But the truth of the matter is that Sammy is still that amazing and talented young man with the gift for fine rhythmic, agile dancing, melodious song and deft ad libs. But there is more to the new Sammy Davis.

The days of, as he puts it, “Sammy the swinger” are gone. He can still move like a lithe racehorse injected with several hot charges of hyperthyroid, but his course is no longer the freewheeling, swinging, gay party route he once cavorted.

“I’m just a homebody now,” Sammy said with pride, as if he had achieved a life long ambition. “I think it’s okay to have a fling. Everybody does. I’ve had mine—but now I’ve shed it. And I’m glad.”

The credit for this change in Sammy belongs, of course, to his honey-blond Swedish wife who has herself undergone a major metamorphosis since exchanging “I, do’s” with the man she chose to live out the rest of her life. (You read how marriage has altered May Britt in last May’s Photoplay.) In reaching his present heady, delicious state of matrimonial bliss which Sammy describes as “the greatest feeling a guy can have,” he had to lumber over some of the most treacherous terrain any man has traveled in his pursuit of happiness. There were many problems.

What was Sammy’s biggest hurdle
as he started out toward the goal that he has finally reached with May?

"Our careers," Sammy said, referring to both his and May's. At the time of their marriage, back in late 1960, May Britt had a promising future in Hollywood. She had already established herself as a gifted actress in Europe and her star was on its ascendancy here. As for Sammy, he was riding the crest of success as one of the most popular and highly paid entertainers in the country. There were many people then, as there are now, who ranked Sammy as one of the most phenomenal artists ever seen in the realm of entertainment. They say he's another Al Jolson.

"Right from the beginning, I knew our decision to marry would do something to our careers," Sammy related. "I didn't know what May's studio would do, but I didn't expect them to cheer us. Yet I knew I had to talk to May about it, to warn her.

"First off, I had to ask myself if my affection for May, this wonderful human being, was enough to fill the void in her life that would come about for lack of a career. It was a predestined thing that our marriage would bring her career to a kind of standstill until all the public reaction was observed and counted."

Sammy cited the immediate boycott imposed by theaters in the South on May's latest film, "Murder, Incorporated." Some of her previous films were not banned; in fact, a few were re-released. But the handwriting was on the wall—May's future in the South was dim indeed.

"But I felt I had enough love to give May to make up for her lack of career," Sammy said earnestly. "I was honest (Continued on page 102)
YOU'RE THE ENCHANTED FLOWER WITH FLAME-GLO! Your lips are a-bloom with enchanting color...petal-fresh finish! You look so appealing, so kissable...thanks to Flame-Glo's six new come-hither shades! And, to add to the enchantment, lustrous nail enamels to match! At favorite variety store cosmetic counters. Lipstick in gleaming, all metal swivel case, only 39¢; matching nail enamel, only 29¢.

enchanted Flower Colors by Flame-Glo
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S:

The fellow sitting two stools away from me used to be handsome. His face was now covered with a heavy beard which ran across in all directions. I thought to myself: He’s in George Steven’s “The Greatest Story Ever Told,” or he’s trying for a part in the picture. Then I got a far-fetched idea, not so far-fetched: he wanted the employed and unemployed actors at the Schwabadero to believe that he was in “The Greatest Story Ever Told.” This could happen if you knew the new breed at the Schwabadero.

He said something to his friend that startled me and got me thinking. He remarked it was a good thing the wheel was invented before the wagon, the train and the plane. I don’t care how his beard sprouted, or for what reason. Can you imagine a wagon, a train or a plane without wheels? I transferred this thought immediately to the movie business, art, industry—whatever you want to call it.

Suppose there had been talking pictures before silent movies. Suppose an enthusiastic man gets an appointment with a big producer. “Mr. Producer,” he says in a confident manner, “I’ve got an idea that’ll revolutionize the picture business.” One doesn’t mention the word art to this executive. Because, you see, it frightens him.

“Be quick about it,” replied the Big Man. “I’ve got an appointment. But I have to ask my secretary what it is.”

“I know your appointment,” says the enthusiastic man, “but I’m not going to tell you. That’s what you’ve got a secretary for. I want to tell you about my great invention.”

“Get on with it,” is the reply. “Whatever the appointment is, I haven’t much time. I’m a busy man.”

“I want to do away with talking pictures and introduce silent pictures. My great idea has big advantages.”

“Get out of here. What are we going to do with all our expensive sound equipment in the theaters?”

“But think of the many advantages,” said the (Continued on page 84)
THE CURVE THAT THREW THE PITCHER!

You'd think a baseball pitcher would know better! So how come a southpaw hurler whose favorite pitch (consistent with his wacky personality) is the screwball—goes to bat in the game of love and lets a curve throw him?

The curve, of course, is blond, brown-eyed Mamie Van Doren, who has exhibited her stuff mainly in minor Hollywood movie league. Mamie, a right-hander, has compiled an oh-for-two record on the matrimonial circuit, with a brief marriage at age fifteen and a five-year, tempest-tossed marriage to band leader Ray Anthony.

The pitcher who is dazzled by Mamie's curve is Bo (otherwise known as "Beau") Belinsky. In his rookie year, Bo pitched a no-hit, no-run game for the Los Angeles Angels (it's like winning the Academy Award as Best Actor for the first picture you made), and then went on to star in "The Dakotas," "77 Sunset Strip" and "The Lloyd Bridges Show" among others, and to pitch woo off-screen and off-diamond to such pulchritudinous players as Tina Louise, Zenaida Abella, Donna "Prettiest Eyes" Hovey, the Stevens girls—Connie, Dodie and Kay, Carmen Phillips, Gloria Eves, Michele Swain, Zsa Zsa Gabor and Ann-Margret. Not bad pitching.

To find out how the pitcher-actor-playboy let the curve throw him—and to discover what special motion or technique the curve used—we went to the House of Serfas, a restaurant in Los Angeles, separated Bo and Mamie (a hard thing to do!) and asked each (with the other out of earshot) to give a "His" and "Hers" version of their romance, engagement and marriage plans. Mamie was first to talk, a privilege we give to ladies.

How did you meet Bo?

"It was a blind date. My ex-husband, Ray Anthony, sort of played Cupid, you know. Ray called me when he was with Bo, he wanted me to meet them at some club. I said I didn't feel like it, that it was too late. So I said why don't I talk to Bo on the phone. So I did and I said, why don't you call me tomorrow and then we can make a date.

"And so he did. We went out the next night. I had never met him before. That was last September, I think."

Is Bo a pretty good twister?

"As a matter of fact, I didn't twist with him that night. He sat it out. I guess he was all tired out from playing that night. I twisted with Winchell."

(Walter Winchell, Bo's friend and adviser, has appeared in a film with Mamie, "College Confidential.")

Did you like Bo right away?

"I liked him a lot but I didn't have anything on my mind like marriage. And he didn't try to snow me. We were just like a brother and sister team that night. We really were."

After that first night, did you go out several times (Continued on page 97)
His shirt is not stuffed, his tones are not pear-shaped, his humor is not cornball—and CBS Radio listeners are wild about Harry.

Harry Reasoner is one of the easiest-to-take men on the air. He's developed a way with words that makes you sit up and listen to the news. This reflects more than just 20 years of experience as a writer and reporter for newspapers, radio and TV. Perhaps it's his sense of humor, sense of proportion or just horse sense, but you never get the feeling that he's talking to a network full of people, just to you.

Every Saturday on CBS Radio, you have two very special reasons for listening to Reasoner—"This Week in Business" and "It's New." These are two of the 63 exclusive Dimension features you can hear weekly on CBS Radio, ranging from "Dimension of a Woman's World" with Betty Furness to "Better Living" with Douglas Edwards.

On the CBS Radio Stations listed on the opposite page, you won't hear every Tom, Dick and Harry. But you will hear a Thomas (Lowell Thomas, that is), a Richard C. Hottelet and a Harry Reasoner. Along with an Eric Sevareid, a Bob Trout, a Walter Cronkite, a David Schoenbrun, a couple of Charlies (Collingwood and Kuralt) and the rest of the best in the business.

Only on the CBS Radio Network.
Where do you find the best On-The-Hour news, information and entertainment around the clock?

Tune to your CBS Radio Station!

Continued from page 51

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

me working so hard. But now—well, I can’t hold it back anymore. And, besides, I’d like to start on some knitting here at the studio—so I might as well ‘less up, huh?”

There’d been lots of smiling around the studio the rest of that day. Debbie’s a very popular girl wherever she works. And the Warner Brothers’ lot was no exception.

In fact, when Harry came by Debbie’s dressing room at about six that night to pick her up, he said, “Why all the paths on the back of my overcoat?”

And Debbie said: “Oh, because I’m just a big old blabbermouth, I guess—Dad.”

Nine months earlier

And it all seemed so far from them now—that night only nine months earlier, that stilt hot July night, when Debbie had lost the other baby, her and Harry’s first— that night of sweat and uncontrollable weeping and sudden and terrible pain. When the seven-months baby inside Debbie, already dead a week, was removed from her. . . But that was past now.

The mood was one of joy now. As we were joyous the next day when we heard the news. Until, quite by chance, later that day, we happened to be talking with an obstetrician-tried of ours. Who asked us—as he always does—“Well, what’s new in Hollywood?” Who frowned suddenly when we said, “Well, of course, Debbie’s pregnant.”

“Debbie Reynolds?” he asked. “Didn’t she lose a baby fairly recently?” “Last July,” we said.

“Do you remember the medical circumstances concerning the loss?” he asked.

“Yes, a miscarriage,” we said, “—the baby was removed by Caesarean section.”

“And she’s expecting the new baby when?” the doctor asked quickly.

“In August,” we said. He shook his head, and was silent for a long moment.

“Why the gloom?” we asked.

“It’s not gloom—exactly,” said the doctor. “It’s just that, well, it seems to me she’s taking a chance, a heavy risk, not waiting longer to become pregnant again than she has. . . .

“When the unborn child—or the fetus— is in its seventh month, and something goes wrong, the child must nearly always be removed from the mother by surgery. By ‘Caesarean,’ as it is commonly called. And this is where the danger begins. Delivery not in the operation itself. But, rather, in the after-effects.

“You see, in performing a Caesarean, what we actually do is to open the uterus and remove the fetus. Now, the uterus is extremely sensitive, as you can imagine. And tampering with its tissue is very hard on that tissue. And it takes time. Lots of time, for new tissue to grow and replace the old.

“This, then, is why I say there’s a danger in having a child soon after a removal by Caesarean section. Because, in some cases, the new tissue is not able to endure the pressure of a second pregnancy if that pregnancy begins before at least a year after the operation has been performed. At least a year. And a full year! . . .

We tried, for a while after this talk, to put the doctor’s words out of our head. After all, gloom has its place. But not when there was a gay and vibrant and ebullient and life-loving young woman like Debbie is concerned.

But we couldn’t. The doctor’s words wouldn’t budge from our mind.

And we found ourselves wondering after a while if Debbie herself were conscious of the risk our doctor had spoken of. And if the thought of that risk frightened her.

Well, it didn’t take us long, knowing Debbie, to figure out the answers to these two questions.

To the first, we decided: Of course she knew.

To the second, we decided: Of course she was not frightened.

A mouse can send a woman scampering up a chair. A spooky movie can send her home trembling. A strange sound in the night, or even a strange person or the bedside phone. A hundred and one other scary little things can give her all kinds of jitters.

But there’s no frightening any woman who wants a baby.

And Debbie wants this new child of hers. Wants it desperately. And is prepared to fight for it—with every fiber of her heart, soul, and being—so that it might safely be brought into the world.

No secret

It’s no secret, for instance, that ever since her marriage to Harry Karl a little over two-and-a-half years ago, Debbie has, very naturally, wanted a child by this man she loves.

There were, however, certain complications back then. Complications of a non-physical sort. . . It wasn’t exactly simple for a woman in Debbie’s position back then, a woman with two children by a previous marriage. The children were very young at the time (Carrie Frances Fisher was not quite four yet; Todd Emanuel Fisher was only two-and-a-half). They had seen one man go from their lives. They had to live with that. They loved their daddy—Eddie. They loved Harry—or “Hawwy,” as they called him. But they were so young. And Debbie—sensibly—wanted to give them time, at least a year, to get used to this change in their lives; wanted them to feel firmly rooted and secure before they had a new brother or sister.

But she said, “Harry and I—we’d like to have our lives filled in every way. . .”

Later, Debbie told a photoplay reporter that she and Harry had decided they wanted eight children—including her two by Eddie and Harry’s four by two former marriages—which gives us two to go!”

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With Debbie, there has always been a feeling of love for children per se, for all children.

Her own, of course—(Richard Gehman once wrote “soon after the breakup with Eddie a friend asked Debbie how she had managed to get through the first few days. Answered Debbie: ‘I shut myself in my room for three days, and in that time I prayed for strength to get through—not so much for my sake as for the sake of the children.’”)

And her love for other children, thousands of others—witness her role as found- er and two-times president of the Thailians, an organization that raises money for research dealing with mentally-re- tarded children. (The story is told how Debbie wept the day back in 1956 when she first met some of these youngsters, how she said to a friend: “These poor kids need a new clinic where they can be helped. A place with the finest facilities, the finest doctors. And me—I’m going to try to help them get this place. And get them contributions!”)

And, of course, she kept her promise. Says a good friend of Debbie’s: “She’s pretty unstoppable, as you know. Or unsinkable—to plug the ‘Molly Brown’ movie she’ll be making in October. Anyway, there isn’t much that Debbie doesn’t set her heart on that she doesn’t get.”

“Like with this new baby—like especially with this new baby.

“Sure, there’s a medical risk involved. But Debbie’s attitude about this seems to be: When isn’t there a risk—in any pregnancy, or for that matter, in anything in life?”

“And, though she’s lost one child, and not too long ago, she isn’t going to let that stop her. Nor, importantly, is she ignoring some of the advice that was given to her after the last time. I mean, when she worked so much, too much I think, while carrying the last baby—going straight from ‘How The West Was Won’ into ‘My Six Loves’—well, this time Debbie had it arranged so that she finished the picture she was working on (‘Mary, Mary’) a good four months before the baby due-date. Then, and she Harry took a nice leisurely trip to Europe—with lots of rest, plenty of time to relax—with nothing hurry-hurry about the trip at all, in fact.

Besides—remember—Debbie comes from hearty Texas stock. I’m sure that in her time Deb’s heard lots of stories about great-great-grandmas who bore children in covered wagons or out in the fields with or without midwives and with Indians about to attack. If her ancestors could do it, so can she.

“And, knowing Debbie, she’d be the first to tell you that she couldn’t have hav- ing a baby in hospital now, in this modern day and age of ours.

“‘Risk?’ she’d say. ‘Why, don’t you know there hasn’t been an Indian in Beverly Hills in years?’” —ELLA ORMOND

See Debbie in “My Six Loves.” Para.

“How The West Was Won,” MGM, and

Warner Brothers’ picture, “Mary, Mary,”

continued from page 35

This is the story of a man running—run- ning from the woman he once loved, running from the woman who hurt him, running from the dream that died.

And running, running from accepting the truth: He loves her still.

This is the story of Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor today.

If you’re wondering how Eddie has weathered this one-year period of rugged, enforced adjustment after the Roman Scandals of 1962, you have only to look at his string of feverish engagements over the past year. Clearly, Eddie was a man on the run. He filled every moment of his- time with work and more work. He needed to keep busy. He needed his ca- reer. He needed to stop thinking. This was the battle to win himself a new life.

Right now, looking at Eddie—tanned, exuberant, bursting with plans to produce a movie in France with Natalie Wood, having dates with Edie Adams and other attractive darlings in the cinemacenter, you would think he’d doused his torch for Liz.

But that surface show, as you very well know, is not always a true barometer of the climate of the heart.

Let us flashback, shall we, to April, 1962: Eddie arrives unexpectedly in New York as rumors in Rome are flying. His trip is reportedly business. He accepts no phone calls, dunks the press, opens his door only to his doctor. Days pass. No sign of Eddie. Meanwhile, back in Rome, Liz is flaunting her affair with co-star Richard Burton quite publicly. Eddie is panicky.

20th Century-Fox is panicky. Mrs. Burton is panicky. The press is unaudited. They haunt the Hotel Pierre, the elevators, the back exits. They try to pass themselves off as hotel staff.

Finally, Eddie’s public relations outfit—a Hollywood-based firm with an arm in New York, decides that it is time for Eddie to face the music. They call a press con- ference to straighten out the wild rumors and confusion surrounding his trip to New York and the status of his marriage to Elizabeth.

Shaking from lack of sleep, looking very much like a victim of a concentra- tion camp, visibly on the verge of hysteria, Eddie enters the room. The reporters charge at him with questions. He tries to parry the answers. Finally they back him into a corner from which he cannot pos- sibly escape. Is his marriage to Liz over?

Death toll of a marriage

Six thousand miles away Liz enters the skirmish via transatlantic phone. She can save Eddie with a word, “No,” she could say, “our marriage is not over.” But the lady does not choose to say that no. She refuses to uphold Eddie’s denials and the studio’s enforced fiction that all is well in the Fisher household on the Via Appia in Rome. From Numero 7900528 in the pink villa, come the tinking bell of her voice—and it tolls the death of a marriage.

Eddie puts the phone back on the cradle—crushed in ego, spirit and energy. He ends the interview by telling the press: “The lady has changed her mind—I guess there will be no more interviews.” His marriage is televised and re-televisioned all that night.

Hollow-eyed Eddie, in a quandary of uncertainty as to his marital fate, waits for the early-morning papers to see what new developments have taken place on the other side of the world. He is not disappointed in his expectancy. Full-page blow-ups of radio-photos from Rome dominate the front pages of every newspaper.

The photos show Eddie a close-up of his wife in the snuggling, apparently unashamed embrace of Richard Burton—the married father of two.

If Elizabeth’s non-committal conversa- tion over the phone hadn’t already hurt Eddie terribly, these photos—immediately on the heels of that interview—killed that one small glimmer of hope he held that somehow things could still be made well. Now he knew the truth.

A few days later Eddie Fisher went into an emotional tailspin that brought him frighteningly close to a complete nervous breakdown. And worst of all, now it can be revealed, he fought a frightening bout with a paralysis of his left side. The paralysis was, apparently, a result of his emo- tional problems. Heartbreak had crippled Eddie Fisher. Still, he managed to hang onto reality. He knew he needed help.

In deep pain and confusion, he was rushed to a hospital for specialized care. He had not slept for weeks—he had eaten barely enough to keep alive and his friends were alarmed at the weight he lost. His manager tried to protect Eddie over that touch-and-go period, but the press hounded him in an effort to find out just what was going on.

If it were not for the skilled services of Dr. Max Jacobson, that well-known re- storer of scores of famous people, Eddie might very well have gone over the edge. "The effects of relaxing and anti-depressant drugs," Dr. Jacobson coaxed Ed- die into the only possible therapy—that of talking out his conscious and subconscious thoughts. He spoke of all that had happened to him in Rome... all that had happened before he fell into the grip of hysterical paralysis.

Ordinarily averse conversationalist, Eddie began to respond to the doctor’s pro- blanking. He began to understand the na- ture of his ailment and the only hope for its cure. He regained his confidence and then, almost as if in a hypnotic trance, he began to crystallize his tortured thoughts into words. What thoughts and what words they must have been! Violent, hateful, re- vengeful self-praying.

A torrent of feelings poured forth from his pain-wracked mind and body. Dr. Jacobson told Eddie that by stunting any of the humiliation, frustration and hostil- ity he felt over his marriage, he was do- ing real, physical damage to himself. The treatment was for Eddie to talk non-stop until the early rays of many mornings,
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first in New York and later in Beverly Hills. And Eddie talked. He sweated out the poison that infused every pore, that had shrunk him physically and mentally and visited upon him this dreadful, sudden paralysis.

Skillfully, Dr. Jacobson helped Eddie face his hurt. Even when the doctor was summoned suddenly to another patient in Washington, he refused to abandon Eddie. He bundled him onto the same plane and secreted in his hotel where, after consultations with the other patient, he could continue the talking-out process. It was important to be near Eddie to administer medication and, also, to give him the confidence of his personal attendance throughout the ceaseless seizures of pain.

**He still loved Liz**

Through this treatment of realizing all the stored-up hate of these three months of anguish, Eddie found a measure of acceptance and adjustment to the situation he had been forced into. The catharsis of spoken words eased the suffering that overpressed his heart. After this expiration of hate, Eddie knew the truth—he still loved Liz. He found that no matter what the dictionary says, hate and love are really one, and hate is often proof of unquenchable love. Eddie learned then that you cannot hate someone you do not love, and with his new-found knowledge, his paralysis left him as abruptly as it had attacked him.

Nothing—not the pain he suffered nor the rage he felt—could change the deep and abiding passion Eddie felt, still feels and will always feel for Liz Taylor. For she had captured his imagination long before he became famous, long before he became wealthy, long before he married Debbie Reynolds and long before he acted as best man at her third marriage in Mexico. And she captures his imagination even today.

Eddie, it appears, has come to terms with the fact that he cannot douse his torch for Liz—control it though he might by his new maturity.

With this realization under his tightened belt, Eddie turned himself outward again to face the world. He threw himself into his career with a never before felt fervor and enthusiasm—grateful for an opportunity to sing his heart out and to be taken back into the hearts of the public that had forsaken him.

He woke up each morning with happier thoughts. He greeted the world with a bright expectancy. He ate heartily, and he slept soundly without the need of drugs or drink or the fear of nightmares. He explained away any lapses over again or as if he had never seen the big city before. He visited with friends, and they visited with him.

Then it was time to fly to California, to rent a big house with a small pool, to be with his children, to prepare for his re-entry into show business without the showpiece of a wife at his side.

On comeback night at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, Eddie brought the star-studded audience to its feet—and the wildly applauding audience brought tears to Eddie’s eyes. They were the happiest tears of his life—just as a month earlier he had broken down and cried the saddest tears of his life. The recent months of his life seemed to come to a full circle that night. He was himself again!

Next stop, Las Vegas. Then on to Sinatra’s Cal-Neva Lodge in Lake Tahoe. Back to New York and a hurried trip to London. (Not to see Liz as rumored but to confer with Mel Ferrer, of all people, about plans for a joint venture.) After that Eddie scored another success—with that big city—Chicago—doing SRO business for three solid weeks. Then came Labor Day weekend. Eddie had two free days to rest. So he “rested” at Grossinger’s Hotel in New York State by starring in a show commemorating the thirteenth anniversary of his discovery.

From there, he moved to his home—town—Platforn. There, as everywhere else he was mobbed by fans and friends and his appearance at the Latin Casino broke records for the year. It was reunion time again for Eddie and his old school pals and he was able to give them the time and attention he could not have given them his wife been at his side.

During this engagement at the Latin Casino, Eddie did more rehearsals and try-outs for that really big show—the dream of his career—an engagement at New York’s famous Winter Garden.

The dream became a reality on October first. He played to a swank, black-tie opening night sellout. Life Magazine even posted a photographer in Eddie’s dressing room, having been tipped off that Eddie was due for an Eddie’s Broadway opening. The fact was that Liz and Eddie had discussed the possibility of her visiting him on a trip she thought she might make to the States. But it had nothing whatever to do with opening night, and of course anyone who had a thread of interest in Eddie’s personal and professional welfare would have advised against such a foolhardy spectacle.

The realization of his career dream sustained Eddie through the five record weeks at the Winter Garden. And at the stage door, whenever he entered or left, there was always a crowd waiting to get a glimpse of him, to shake his hand, to smile and ask for his autograph. Their acceptance meant a great deal to Eddie.

**Side line**

He was so successful he could even publicly poke fun at himself for the world to see. “You know,” he said, “everybody in show business has a side line. Sinatra has a night club or two, Crosby is in the orange juice business, Dean Martin has an Italian restaurant... and me... I’m thinking of becoming a marriage counselor. I just got a few wise cracks that ‘he got what he deserved,’ Eddie helped direct the arrow to its mark—with a laugh.

As the Winter Garden engagement came to a close near the end of the year Eddie made plans to return to California for a badly-needed rest. The public hadn’t known it, but many times his doctor had to confine him to his quarters, no visitors allowed, so that Eddie could get some relief from his schedule.

Now it was time to relax in California. Now it was time to be with his daughter and son for uninterrupted days and nights. That was how Eddie lived through the year 1962—the year he’ll never forget as long as he lives.

And then came 1963 and the holiday season. Now there was the excitement of parties and dates with Eddie Adams, Juliet Prowse and Ann-Margret. There was a new romantic excitement into Eddie’s life.

Suddenly it was time to plan The Golden Glove, another murder mystery, which he hopes to produce this winter with Natalie Wood starring. He threw himself into work again and, then, he took off for a singing engagement in Puerto Rico. He had learned to keep the days filled with travel, with work, and with fun. He knew all these things were necessary to him... to blot out any possible relapse back into that unhealthy depression when paralysis threatened his well-being and his sanity.

**The Liz habit**

So have the months passed for Eddie, as he works at dousing the torch for Liz. He has succeeded fairly well—considering his addiction to her charms. Even his occasional philandering hearts, he, too, he, too, he, too.

For Elizabeth still has the power to hurt him.

He can’t help himself. Nothing can stop the thrill that fills him whenever he thinks of or talks with her.

And though he may have almost entirely succeeded in keeping Elizabeth from trespassing on his conscious mind, he can’t altogether erase her from his memory. That’s how his heart beats and nothing can change this feeling for her.

Does this mean that Eddie would go back to Liz if she cannot accomplish her avowed desire to “marry Burton if it’s the last thing I do on earth”? Deep in his heart, this must have occurred to him.

And though it is unlikely that a man would willingly once more put himself through hell—all things are possible to a passion like his.

While Eddie dates Ann-Margret, a bright and sweet child-woman and Eddie Adams, an under-standing and worldly-wise woman, they are not substitutes for the bittersweet ecstasy of his three years of marriage to Liz. Neither of them—and no other living woman—can ever kindle in Eddie the fires of passion that Elizabeth stoked within him—though Edie’s heart beats and nothing can change this feeling for her.

On what might very well have been their fourth anniversary this May, 1963, Eddie and Liz might be together again—not as man and wife but as friends discussing picture projects and children.

Or it may very well be that by then the impasse of Burton, Liz and Sybil will have dissolved itself one way or the other. Either Liz will win or Mrs. Burton will. And then what will happen to Eddie?

“Something’s got to give.”

Or someone.

And friends of his can only hope it won’t be Eddie...

—WINIFRED WARD

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some school of higher learning, because she is convinced that what Vince has told her is sound advice. Karen knows how he had done all he could to get an education before he struck out for movieland. It was 1947—the year Karen was born—when Vince was still in school, a student at the University of Hawaii. A short time after that, Vince quit and went to Hollywood to begin his acting career.

And ever since Karen was old enough to remember, she has been a fan of Vince's, watching him through dozens of films—films that led nowhere, really, until he got his big break in television with the "Ben Casey" show.

But even though he never hit it big with the fans until his TV debut, Karen nevertheless always looked on Vince as a star of the first magnitude. In her eyes, there simply wasn't any actor as great as Vince.

More than a fan

Through all her many years of growing up, Karen's overriding ambition was to meet Vince Edwards someday. I wanted to see him and tell him how wonderful he was," Karen confided. "I wanted to see what he was like in real life."

Karen's years-long dream finally came true early last summer when her father, Joe Zoine, took her to meet Vince. It was at the home of Vince's twin brother Bob in Westbury, Long Island, where there was a big family reunion.

It was only natural that Karen would be there since her father is not only Bob's brother—but Vince's as well.

And as the account of human family pedigrees goes, that makes Vince Edwards—Karen's uncle!

Yet, in all her life Karen had never seen her uncle Vince in the flesh. He'd been so busy pursuing his career in Hollywood that on the few occasions he had come home to visit his family, his stays were so brief that Vince never had the opportunity to see Karen.

Now, at last, they had met.

"You've got a beautiful daughter," Vince said to brother Joe.

"I know I have," Joe smiled. "And she wants to be an actress." Sensitive and still somewhat shy, Karen blushed as she overheard her father divulging her ambition to follow her famous uncle out to Hollywood.

"I was a little embarrassed," Karen said, "I didn't want him to think I was trying to get ahead on his name." But her father never got that impression. Her father made it clear to Vince that Karen was determined to make the grade as an actress on her own—that she did not want any help whatsoever from him.

Nevertheless, Vince vowed to do everything he could to help Karen—provided she did what he thought was best for her.

Then he took Karen aside and talked with her at length about her appetite for the glitter, glory, and gold that lies in the world of make-believe. He impressed Karen with the importance of completing her education, and Karen agreed. Then Vince proceeded to tell her: "I'm going to bring you out to visit me in Hollywood—I want to show you around."

Vince even set a date for last August. But there was heartfelt disappointment ahead for Karen, as well as for Vince's mother, Julie, who was supposed to take her granddaughter out to the Coast. Vince had been advised and had been asked to come over for a social call because my family —especially the kids—had wanted to meet Vince Edwards' mother. They had heard and read what a wonderful woman she is, and they were anxious to see her. While the Zoines were there I found the opportunity to ask Karen about her plans, especially those related to school. "Grandma and I will go to Hollywood and stay with Vince for a good part of the summer. It'll be a wonderful opportunity for me to see what Hollywood is like. Vince promised to take us everywhere and show us what makes the town go round. I know I'm going to love it."

I asked Karen what she'd do if she suddenly found herself confronted with an opportunity to take a screen test.

"I'd take it," Karen laughed. Then she quickly added, "But I doubt that Vince would let me. He's a hag about wanting me to finish school. He'd probably put Grandma and me on the next plane and send us home."

As Karen sincerely believes the advice Vince has given her is the best she could get, "I don't think I'm ready yet to take the big step in Hollywood," Karen admitted. "I want to finish high school and then go on and study for an acting career."

She plans to enroll either at Northwestern University, which offers a fine program of Dramatic Arts in New York City, the same school Vince attended early in his career.

Confidence and scholarship

Karen is confident she will have the entrance requirements for Northwestern, or practical course, for her college. Her standing is very high. In fact, when I saw her she had just taken a college scholarship test which is given to selected groups of New York City students with only the highest academic averages. The winners can take their choice of any college or university in the country—tuition free. Karen is taking an academic course which includes geometry, biology, physics, and other cerebral subjects. Her favorite courses, however, are English and public speaking.

"I believe they are the most important subjects for a person who is going to act," Karen said. "It's important to be able to read and speak properly. That's why I have the most interest in English."

Karen also reads a lot, mostly novels. "I like to pick out a certain character in the story. I'm reading and put myself in her part," Karen related. "Then I can live the experience, which is what I would have to do if I were acting."

Because good grades are dependent on a lot of study, Karen finds little time for much else during the school year. Occasionally, however, she will go bowling with her girl friends, or take in a movie. On Sundays she attends St. Fortunato's Roman Catholic Church in Brooklyn.

Marriage?

"Yes," Karen admitted, "but not until I'm at least twenty-four."

On the subject of boy friends, Karen had this to say: "Lots of boys try to date me, but I don't go out with them. In the first place I haven't got that much time, and in the second place I haven't met any boy, that I can say I like a lot."

What Karen didn't say is that she is often too busy at home helping with the household chores—and in recent times with being Grandma's strong right hand. Grandma Julie had suffered a painful broken varicose vein in her leg just before Thanksgiving. She was laid up for months, but, a virtual invalid. Karen, who lives a few blocks away, brought her grandmother food and helped around the house.

"It was the least I could do for her," Karen said. "I can never repay her for all the things that she's done for me."

Mother to Karen and Vince

Her mother, you see, died when Karen was six years old. Beside Karen, there were two other children—Jo Ann, who was eight, and Terry, who was ten. For six long years—until Joe married his present lovely wife, Ginger—the children were cared for by Grandma Julie.

"My mother was as lovingly and tenderly as she raised her own sons and daughters," Joe told me about his mother. "We owe her a great debt of gratitude for being a mother to my children when they needed one the most."

Today Jo Ann, who is eighteen and has graduated from high school, is a beautician in a neighborhood beauty parlor and sometimes acts as a child model.

Terry, who is twenty and also a graduate of high school, is on his way to becoming a New York City policeman. He has passed his written examination and only the physical test remains before he is admitted to the Police Academy.

"He's just like Vince," Joe told me. "Tall, thin, with great strong arms. Not much, of course, for comparison. The resemblance to Vince in height, build, and looks is remarkable. "He looks more like Vince's son than lie does yours," I told Joe. It wasn't the first time someone had mentioned that.

More remarkable, however, is another interest. "My Vinny used to go in for and fires, weight-lifting, and body building," Mrs. Zoine said. "Terry is just the same way. He will not allow himself to miss a single session at the gym. He practically lives there."

Those of you familiar with Vince's background probably recognize the similarity at once.

Terry, though, is a bit of a disappointment.
ment to Vince, who wanted the boy to go to college.
”I wanted him to go, too,” his father said, “but Terry has made up his mind that he wants to be a policeman. It’s an honorable profession and if that’s his desire I won’t stand in his way.”

Joe has that same attitude toward daughter Karen.

“If she should make it as an actress,” Joe told me. “you can be certain that I will never stand in her way. I’ll never be a backstage father, nor will I push her the way some parents do. I believe in giving my children their heads and letting them do what they feel is best for themselves.”

That is why Joe was at first reluctant to let Photoplay write this story.

“I don’t want anyone to think that I’m trying to force Karen into acting,” Joe told me when I suggested doing a story about his daughter. “You talk to Karen,” he said. “If she agrees, then you have my consent.”

Karen thought “It would be fun to see my picture and a story about me in my favorite movie magazine. It'll give me an idea of what it’s like to feel like a celebrity.”

But Karen already knows the feeling. In school, she is a celebrity of sorts because all her school chums know she’s the renowned Vince Edwards’ niece.

What do the kids say?

“Gee, you’re so lucky to have an uncle like Ben Casey!”

“How does he look... Is he really nice or is he grumpy like on television?”

“Is he as good looking off the screen?”

“Do you see him often?”

“I have all I can do to answer them,” Karen said with a sigh. “It’s really hard to explain to the kids that I don’t really know much about my uncle.”

I asked Karen whether Vince was her favorite actor now, as he was all during her early childhood. Her answer almost floored me (wait till Edwards sees this).

“I like Vince a lot,” Karen replied candidly, “but my real favorites are George Maharis and Robert Walker, Jr.”

What does Karen think of Richard Chamberlain, Vince’s chief rival on the stethoscope and suture circuit?

“Dick’s all right,” Karen smiled. “I think he’s nice...”

Karen, of course, is a loyal fan of Vince’s and she wanted to make it clear that “I never, never miss one of his shows.”

When and if Hollywood beckons, Karen hopes to become a dramatic actress in the style of her two favorites—Elizabeth Taylor and Jean Simmons. Actually, Karen believes Jean is “a better actress, cuter, and sweeter” than Liz, but she has a great deal of respect for Liz’ acting ability, too.

Karen herself has had a little experience in acting, but it’s all been in school plays. But she has the desire, courage, and drive to act. And most importantly—the confidence.

Summer vacation is here now. Karen’s heart beats faster from day to day for she knows that she will be getting that phone call from Vince to head for Hollywood for that long-delayed visit.

She is the sixteen-year-old girl who just can’t wait to hear from Vince. 

—GEORGE CARPOZI, JR.

Vince’s in “The Victor,” for Col., ABC-TV’s “Ben Casey,” Mon., 10 P.M. EDT.

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about Jill's custody. This was before Michael asked for custody in his divorce suit. Carol's answer was particularly significant in view of later developments, for it showed that she thought she and Michael had worked that problem out.

"Oh, she's with me. There's no question about that," Carol said confidently, adding that Michael would have liberal visiting rights. She continued: "It's always difficult with a child involved, but...it just seems better to separate now rather than wait until she's older and really understands a lot. It's really not fair to raise a child in a home that's not...uh—regular...

By "not regular" both she and I knew that she meant a home in which the parents are quarreling—as she and Mike had begun to quarrel. When the arguments became frequent and bitter, Carol finally decided that it was better to have Jill raised in a home with only one parent, if necessary—as long as that was the only way to keep the home happy and harmonious. Better than Jill's being involved in constant friction.

Jewish or Catholic?

"When you and Mike were married, you said you were planning to convert to Judaism. And you told me that this was your decision—that Mike himself was not particularly religious and wasn't really as interested in Judaism as you were," I reminded her. "Then later on you told me that you'd changed your mind about a formal conversion, because you already felt Jewish, and that the formalities weren't necessary. You also told me that Jill would be raised in the Jewish faith. How does the separation affect that decision?"

"I still intend to raise her in the Jewish faith," Carol said firmly.

"Which brings up an interesting point," I told her, "since you were baptized a Catholic, and then married Michael in a civil ceremony—by a Justice of the Peace on December 30, 1960—rather than a Catholic ceremony, in the eyes of the Catholic Church you have never been married. So you could marry someone else at some future date within the Roman Catholic Church. How do you feel about that?"

She shook her head. "It doesn't affect me at all, because I'm not a practicing Roman Catholic and am not concerned about those matters. As I told you, I feel Jewishly enough..." she said, absent-mindedly, thinking of the religion that I can identify with.

I told her of her mother's fear of being blamed for the breakup, and Carol assured me, "My mother had nothing to do with it."

On the other hand—as Carol and I both knew—her problems with Mike were not free of the "mother-in-law problem."

Mike's father died—seven years ago, leaving Mike to support his mother and his younger brother and sister. The brother is a college student, and the girl is sixteen. From the very beginning, it became very clear to Carol that Mike was not one of those men who, as any good son should be—he was also determined to keep her near him...

When Carol and Mike were first married, they rented a little one-bedroom apartment at the end of the subway line in New York City, out on Long Island, Mike was then a publicist with 20th Century-Fox, and it seemed that they should make no pictures that couldn't be filmed in New York, because she didn't want to be separated from Michael. "Anyway, I hate California," she said. And I knew this was true! For Carol has always disliked the hot sun. She was born and raised a New Yorker, and she wanted to stay there.

But Mike had other ideas. After leaving his job at 20th and taking a position at Paramount Pictures' New York office for a few months, he again went job-hunting—and this time he accepted a position in Los Angeles, with the Arthur Jacobs publicity office. So Carol had to swallow her distaste for California and, dutiful wife that she was, move to the West Coast.

And so did his mother, his brother, and his kid sister.

For a while, the five lived together in an apartment in Los Angeles. But as soon as they could, the newlyweds rented their own apartment in the San Fernando Valley, where apartments are reasonable—for they were trying to live on Mike's income, as any normal couple would. And Mike's mother and sister took an apartment right across the street.

By now Carol was pregnant. But Mike wouldn't let her reveal the fact. He pointed out that if her pregnancy was known, she would possibly miss out on some acting jobs. And Carol herself was anxious to keep working as long as possible, sensing that this might be perhaps the most important to her happiness than she'd thought. Several months of sitting alone in a Long Island apartment, looking at walls and waiting for Mike to come home from the office every day, had shown her that cooking and dusting were not adequate to hold her interest. In New York she had resumed modeling, and in Hollywood, now that she had moved there—she wanted to act. Carol enjoyed acting.

Baby announcement

"Finally, I began to look more and more pregnant," she told me at the time a very exciting time. "I'd say, Honey, announce it! Please! But he thought we should wait. He's a press agent, and it was very important to him to break the news properly."

By "breaking the news properly," Mike meant telling a columnist at the proper moment. As a press agent who had to keep things quiet, he had reason to be cautious, because he was handling several clients, Mike was very careful not to offend her by giving the story to someone else. He had always made a point of staying friendly, and he wanted to keep it that way.

But finally the magic moment arrived, and Mike informed the columnist—and through her the world—that the Selmans would soon be three. By this time that fact had become perfectly obvious.

Soon after Jill was born—in a dangerous Caesarean operation, after Carol had waited many hours for a normal delivery—I visited the Selmans in their small garage apartment. Carol had called for me in her car, and on the way, while she was talking to me, we talked a lot about the baby. In a few weeks, Carol didn't always get along with her mother-in-law, who had definite ideas of her own on child rearing. But these were trivial things, or would have been, if it weren't for the main problem: Mike's general attitude toward their baby.

We arrived before Mike got home from work, and as Carol prepared dinner she told me that she and Mike had managed to compromise on their tastes in food, which differed radically. Carol ate sparsely, and she was not a particularly good cook. And she admitted it, though she tried her best to prepare fairly simple food—things like meat and vegetables—and when Mike yearned for the Jewish foods he'd been brought up on, he prepared them himself. Since Carol didn't like Jewish food, when Mike had it she'd make herself something else.

"Change the baby..."

At that time, the Selmans didn't have a nurse for Jill. Carol had brought the baby along in a Port-a-Crib when she picked me up, and now Jill was crying quietly while Carol prepared dinner. She seemed very upset.

Soon Mike arrived home from work. He nodded to me, mumbled something inaudible, kissed Carol, and went over to the baby. He picked her up, felt her diaper, and told Carol, "Change the baby!"

He said nothing further, but went directly to the bathroom, slammed the door behind him. He's quite a bug on cleanliness and likes to shower and wash his hands a lot, so I assumed he might be taking a shower.

Carol, who was in the midst of dinner preparations that required her presence in the kitchen and dining area, continued to prepare the food and set the table. After fifteen or twenty minutes, Mike came out of the bedroom, felt the baby's diaper again, and said grimly, "You haven't changed the baby!" I felt embarrassed when I heard the tone of his voice. I sensed it was no joking matter to him. And while I sympathized with his views, I could take time out from her dinner preparations right then to change the baby—who wasn't crying anyway.

Carol, trying to make the best of the situation in front of company, said something about having to get the dinner on the table and attempted to do a job of it. Damn! Mike simply glovered. When Carol told me, a year later, that their "different personalities" had made the marriage impossible, I remembered that moment.

At dinner, I kept trying to make conversation about Mike's job and his plans. He told me that he had just optioned on a novel by a well-known Spanish novelist, and intended to make it into a movie as
soon as he could find financial backing. As far as I could make out, he and a partner had plans for getting a government subsidy in one or more foreign countries with at least part of the picture to be filmed in Spain. Twenty-five-year-old Mike has had no picture experience, so I wondered how he could hope to get financial backing. One way I know is to have a well known star signed up.

So I asked, "Is Carol going to be in the movie?"

"Yes," he said, looking at his blond, blue-eyed, fair-skinned wife. "She's going to play a Spanish peasant woman."

**Apology**

Later in the evening, Mike continued to treat Carol in an embarrassingly unkind manner, until finally—when he went outside for some reason or other—Carol told me, "I want to apologize for my husband's behavior tonight." I couldn't help feeling that it was Mike who should do the apologizing. Perhaps Carol should have put everything aside and changed to fill the moment Mike ordered her to. Perhaps her attempts to make light of his criticisms by treating them humorously merely aggravated the situation. But the fact remained that without his rude behavior toward her, she wouldn't have been put in the position of having to make light of his remarks in order to make them seem less unkind than they were. I thought, "If he treats her this way in front of company, how in heaven's name does he behave when they're alone?"

And again, as I talked to Carol a year later in her dressing room on the "Yum Yum Tree" set, I thought of her words, "...Our personalities were too different." It was true—I saw it, Carol saw it. But apparently Mike thought the situation could go on indefinitely, even though there were times during the Selsmans' brief marriage when they were not speaking to each other.

And there were other problems. With the neighborhood, for instance. One night Mike's sister gave a party which got so wild she felt she had to call her brother to come over from across the street and throw the troublemakers out. Mike and Carol were so terrorized by these troublemakers that they had to move. They lived in a hotel until they found the house in Benedict Canyon.

And there were smaller problems. Smaller problems that began to loom big. With Carol's hairdo, for instance. Mike just never liked her hairdo—no matter how she did it. In a desperate attempt to please her husband, she finally got him to show her a sketch of exactly the way he would like it and got the studio hairdresser to follow it. But that didn't please Mike either.

Moving to Benedict Canyon solved one problem: They were out from under the eye of Mike's mother. But Mrs. Selsman still cast a long shadow over the marriage. And moving didn't resolve the basic differences that caused the disheartening arguments between Carol and Mike.

**Home to his mother**

It wasn't Carol's increasing fame that broke up the marriage. It was her increasing heartache.

That day on the set told me that she was sure she and Mike would have a

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"friendly" divorce, even though she had already been served with a surprise legal paper that she didn't understand. She and Mike had talked their marital situation over the previous week, and when Carol told him they couldn't go on the way they were and that they should separate, he had not tried very hard to change her mind. He seemed resigned to the fact that their marriage had, in fact, come to an end, and was apparently going to accept the situation. He was the one who went home to mother, moving in with his family again.

Meanwhile, she got the surprise of her life. Michael had served her with divorce papers, tying up her bank account at the same time because he declared that all her earnings to date (at least, during the period of their marriage) were community property. Mike wanted to share in her earnings for "The Cardinal" and "Under the Yum Yum Tree," whereas Carol—who declared in her suit that they had no community property—never thought he would even try to claim any more than a share of their house, if that. (She had paid most of the money on the house.)

He also sought custody of Jill—the unkindest blow of all—claiming that Carol is not a fit or proper person to bring up the child.

"I'm really surprised at what Mike's doing—I really am," Carol told me, and I could see that she was stunned by this development. "I thought we'd worked out an understanding, and that there wouldn't be any bad publicity. Now I don't care—now that he's trying to get the baby. My lawyer says Mike can never get Jill, and I won't let him have my baby. I'm not an unfit mother! But just the fact that he's trying is so different from anything we'd agreed we would do."

Yet no matter what Mike Selsman does, Carol is determined to try not to hurt her husband's name as he is the father of her child and she does not want the child to be hurt now or in the future. Mike Selsman, however, does not seem to share this decent, mature attitude. In addition to already having called her "not a fit mother," there is the claim that a top producer-director urged Carol to get rid of her husband. Carol—and everyone who knows her—says this is utterly ridiculous, but "somehow" the item was leaked to a widely read columnist.

To yet another columnist (Mike Connolly) "sentiment" said that Carol was planning to do the movie-star bit by selling her Falcon and buying a Jag and selling her house for a bigger one. Carol denied thinking about an expensive new car, but she told me she was planning to sell the house in Benedict Canyon—but only because now that the baby is out of the crib and large, the baby is too dangerous. There are no sidewalks, and heavy traffic zooms unheeding around the curves in the road in front of the house.

As of this writing, Mike has his lawyer planning to take depositions from a number of important people. Carol, on the other hand, doesn't want to use any more influence against Mike that is necessary to protect her custody of the baby and her property rights. There is information that she could use against him that she does not want to make public, she told me, and will try not to unless she is forced into it. She realizes that she and Michael eventually have to try to be friends for Jill's sake, and it is certainly better to avoid bitterness now as much as possible.

It is a difficult position for Carol, and a difficult time. The only person she's turned to when she's had to have an escort for business reasons is her agent, Ted, to whom she gave her home address on both hers and Mike's. "Poor Ted," she sighed, realizing how much more could be made of that.

Apparently chivalry is dead where divorce is concerned, at least where money and a baby are involved, I thought to myself. I asked Carol, "With this latest development and the prospect of a messy time ahead as you and Mike go through with your divorce suits against each other, do you regret that you ever married him?"

Without hesitation, she said, "Not at all! It's helped to mature me. I didn't know anything at all about the world until I got married. My marriage helped me grow up. And above all, I have a wonderful baby whom I love very much."

And so Carol says she's willing to pay the price for her unhappy marriage, without regrets. But the price, if Mike Selsman has anything to say about it, may still be more than she bargained for.

—James Gregory

You can see Carol in "The Yum Yum Tree" and "The Cardinal," for Columbia.

SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Continued from page 71

bright young man. "No one has to talk."

"So what!"

"So your pictures without speaking, talk a universal language. Remember the world market. It can be larger. All you have to do is supply a new set of subtitles for every country. Even the moon if necessary."

"Go on."

"This thing will be revolutionary. I'll revolutionize the business or industry or whatever you call it."

"It's an industry," quickly explained the boasting giant.

"Okay. You do away with a lot of writing. Practically do away with scripts. You don't need those high-sounding, good-talking but high-salaried Broadway actors. Another thing, if you make a movie in Italy or France you don't have to dub it. Just a set of Italian or French subtitles. And the sound of the actors won't keep the audience awake."

"I think you've got something. Go on."

"I tell you it'll change the whole art. I mean industry. Who wants to hear a lot of actors and actresses talking? You can get that in any play. This'll be different. The movies will be different from plays.

Movies will be an art form in themselves."

"Please don't use that word."

"They'll be cheaper to make. And faster. They'll be different from television where people in plays, pictures and commercials are screaming at you all night."

"I think you've got something different," said the producer, seeing the light.

"But, of course, you must expect some criticism. I do," said the smug man. "There'll be critics who'll say the talking picture is a pure art form and without the talk there's something missing."

"You said a dirty word. But I don't care what the critics say. If the people leave their houses to get away from talking, then talk, all right. We'll appeal with silent pictures. You don't get anywhere unless you gamble. Show me your new invention, secretly, tomorrow."

"Oh say, I didn't mention it, but that appointment you have is with me."

And this is how silent movies, if they had the decency to come later, could have supplanted the old-time medium.

Bits and Pieces: Glenn Ford has matured into a Lover Boy. . . . Wouldn't it be ironic if after the release of "PT-109" people started telling President Kennedy that he didn't look anything like Cliff Robertson? . . . The rush of new buildings in Hollywood and Beverly Hills has me puzzled. At least every other new office building starts with a bank. I figured out that the banks must be making deposits at the banks, or how could they all keep going. . . . With the remake fever, I'm pleased. aren't you, that they recognized what a good dividend they have in "Gone With The Wind" and didn't try to remake it. . . . I wonder if Tuesday Weld would have been as popular so fast if they named her Thursday Weld.

If Laurence Harvey is as good a producer as he was a performer in "Room At The Top," he's going to be one of the most successful producers in the industry. . . . Did you notice I referred to it as an industry and not an art? . . . You can term it an industry or not, but it's a big business and I won't be angry. . . . Eddie and Debbie now talk, but, of course, it isn't the same kind of talk as before he took up with Liz. . . . I don't believe Antony had it as good or was as good as Richard Burton. . . . Richard must be gigging at those producers, who, only a few years ago, told him that he didn't have the sex appeal and that Liz fixed all that and proved them to be wrong. . . . If I had to name two actors who are strictly the product of the movies, I'd name Rock Hudson and Tony Curtis. If I had to name an actress who is strictly the product of making movies, I'd name Doris Day. . . . There must be movies like "The Swan," "Suburban Lights" but sometimes it doesn't seem so . . .

There are at least three fellows who look enough like Troy Donahue to stand at the magazine rack at the Schwabadero and look at movie magazines photos of Troy Donahue. These fellows confuse the tourists but they don't baffle Suzanne Pleshette. She used to steady-date the genuine article. . . . Elvis Presley's contract gets him star billing over title which is why he's not doing the lead in "The Unsinkable Mrs. Brown." . . . There's a certain actress in town, who for love and business reasons, would like her child to be older than she is. That's Hollywood for you.
contest at the Fox-Beverly theater. His
mother spent a week fashioning a pirate's
 costume and, when his turn came, Dickie
 trotted proudly out on the stage. There was
a weak ripple of applause. He stood in the
wings waiting hopefully as winners were
announced. A boy from his school dressed
patriotically as "Uncle Sam" got second
prize. Dick got nothing. He dragged home,
stunned and unbelieving.
"But, looking back," says Dick, "maybe
that was the challenge."
If so, it lay unanswered for a good
long time. Soon after, Dick Chamber-lain
went on to Beverly Hills High and his
world became crowded with other
matters. He was fourteen but already six
feet, one, "a deadpanned, skinny string-bean," as Dick describes himself unglamorous-
ously, "with long, greasy blond hair." As
usual he figured himself a total loss in
the wake of his big brother. As usual, Bill
was long gone—to college—leaving his
glorious record behind for Dick to buck.
Bill had starred in football, basketball and
track, was a social sensation with boys and
especially girls. He was voted "Handsom-
est Man In School" at graduation.
Dick had no such great expectations. He
tackled BHS with one resolve: "I wanted
to go to college," he says simply. "I
knew college was important. I knew I'd
have to get good grades to make it, so I
worked." Dick got the grades—a solid
"B" average all four years. But success
breeds success. Once he got in the main
groove, it was surprising how easily others
opened up. By graduation Richard Cham-
berlain's record was nothing to sniff at,
even stacked up against his brother Bill's.
He sprinted four years on the Varsity
track team—100 and 220—and while he
didn't always win at the interscholastic
meets he usually placed. He made the
"Squires" a lower school service society,
and the "Knights" that came after. He
headed the Drama Club, was president of
A.U.A. (Art, Understanding, Ability) ran
the Student Court as "Chief Justice" and
was a wheel in "Argonauts," a VIP group.

Quiet authority
Still, as one classmate remembers, "You
couldn't say Dick Chamberlain was really
terrifically popular at Beverly High. Re-
spected is more like it. He was the kind
you just naturally elected to offices and
things. He had a sort of quiet authority."

Dick himself recalls, "It was an awk-
ward stage of my life and I was glad to
get out of it. I was in lots of things but
I was never an organization man. I just
went through the motions. I liked dra-
matics and I liked art—I was most at home
there—but that was really about all. Ex-
cept, of course, for the fun."

He had that, but, as usual, in Dick
Chamberlain's own quiet, selective way.
He showed up at the dances after basket-

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ball games in the big school gym, or at the country clubs scattered around where proms and class balls were held. But he was never the life of any big party. Bill Chamberlain’s wife, Pat, remembers that Dick, late in his teens, could come into a gathering at their house and be so quiet that you’d never notice he was there.

Dick was different around his own close set of pals—Dick Hall, Don Tinsley, Billy Ruggles, Vernon Lohr and Travis Reed and their steadies. Naturally Dick had one too. Donna was the kind of girl he always chose—pretty, peppy but femininely sweet. Usually somebody could promote a family car; and if there wasn’t a dance or a movie all wanted to see, they could always drive up into the hills, park and as Dick grins, “neck in the back seat.” But the most fun was roaring off to California’s dry mountain, desert or beach on weekends for picnics and sport. Dick liked the beach best because he’d figured a way to casually stroll off the public strand into the private Del Mar Club and blandly assume the privileges of a member. All it took was a cool head and a bit of acting.

That came naturally to Dick Chamberlain, so naturally, that he wonders how he ever let his movie star dream slumber throughout high school. He did do a couple of school plays but something else seemed more his dish. Among the scores of forget-me-nots which classmates scribbled on Dick’s last copy of the Beverly High’s yearbook, “The Watchtower,” is one which explains, “To a wonderful guy,” it reads, “and a terrific artist.”

The same book summed Dick up in ways that hardly blocked out an actor’s essential ego. He was voted, “Most reserved . . . Most courteous . . . Most sophisticated.”

So, painting, Dick Chamberlain decided, was his major talent and if he would art he’d go after for his life’s work. In a way it was like track, the sport he always preferred to football. Basically, both were solitary and you won or lost by yourself. He liked that idea. After graduation, he enrolled at Pomona College, in Claremont, to major in art. That summer his mother inherited part of an oil well. “It pumped away faithfully all the time I was in college to put me through,” says Dick. “The minute I graduated it went dry.” Everything else flowed as pleasantly for “Chambo” Chamberlain during his dear old college days. He felt at home there as he had never felt before or, truthfully, since, “I loved Pomona,” Dick says simply. Other alumni have felt the same way. One loyal grad, Robert Taylor, was called “Pomona” by his first wife, Barbara Stanwyck, all the time they were married.

Claremont, which Californians call, “The Oxford of the West,” is only thirty-five miles from Beverly Hills. But, except for the mountain backdrop and sunshine it could be in another land. Four college-club there—Pomona, Scripps College for Women, Claremont Men’s College and Harvey Mudd. Pomona’s buildings are classic and ivy clad; old trees shade its quad. There’s little rah-rah; the climate is academic, secluded and detached. In Dick’s day only 1100 hand-picked students roamed its halls.

All of them soon knew Chambo Chamberlain. From the start and in various ways, he was a marked man. At the big Frosh-Soph mudfight Dick had a head-on collision with the Soph captain and broke that leader’s nose. “For some reason,” recalls Dick, “that made me a hero.” He went out for track and made the mile relay team. The Phi Delta Taus made in; so did the Scripps girls and Pomona co-eds, in strictly another way, as he passed with his golden good looks.

“Dick’s only problem was holding them off,” remembers Bob Towne. “More girls were after him than he knew what to do with. You couldn’t blame them. He was as good, maybe even better looking than he is now. And, even in Levis and a T-shirt he always looked as if he had just stepped off Saville Row, I had early morning classes with Chambo and I never saw him with a hair out of place, a whisker or, for that matter, a smudge on his face.”

**Spotlight**

In one way or another the spotlight focused on Dick Chamberlain all his four years at Pomona. If he wasn’t winning a trophy at an art exhibit, he was starred in a theatrical production. And sometimes, of course, the spotlight was there to blame him, as reflected by Dick’s misleading look of innocence. Like that outrageous poster on Carnegie Hall at the Arts Festival.

“It was a work of art,” declares Martin Green, who was in on the prank. “Not the painting—but Dick’s whole cool maneuver. It involved a brilliant plot—switching Dad’s timing with the police, all night work and destroying the evidence. We hung it so high that it was two weeks before they could figure a way to get it down from there.”

The three steady operators—Dick, Martin and Dave Osman—were all “DP’s.” That meant “Dramatic Productions,” although jealous outsiders had a less flattering name for the exclusive, elite group—“Displaced Persons.” As a member, strangely, that’s just what Dick Chamberlain was.

His major was not dramatics but art. He loved it and was good. His paintings won prizes and he even sold some to Pomona students. “Dick had real talent, still has,” says Martin Green, who should know. “He could have been a fine painter, especially in ordered abstractions and geometrical subject matter. He was especially good in grays, blacks and whites.”

But Dick was a dedicated DP for two reasons: Although truly popular for the first time in his life, he still needed a close circle of kindred souls with whom he could shed his reserve and let himself go. As at Beverly High, Dick took in the school dances and events. But it was with Bob, Dave, Martin, Hal and their girls that he really had fun—up at “Stinky’s” joint in the canyon, on ski junkets to Mount Baldy, or at Stan Kornyn’s big house in Covina, where, after a show, they could keep a party going all night, fueled with gin or cheap champagne. DP was a true fraternity, not just a “social” one. Dick has always needed that.

The other reason was longer range and even deeper; As school slipped by, something was happening to Chambo Chamberlain and he knew it. “I was thinking less and less about acting and more and more about acting,” he says. In other words, that crazy kid dream was popping up again out of the past. despite himself.

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NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!
Private Chamberlain left for Seattle with the 32nd Infantry heading for occupation duty in Korea. Next a transport plane dumped him at Pusan and another dumped him at a place called Camp Hovey, 30 miles in from Seoul. It was Endsville in Berkeley County, South Carolina. I don't know why there was anything around there worth seeing or doing I never discovered it," says Dick. "The most uplifting activity was drinking beer." Even less exciting than the scenery or squads was Dick's job—company clerk.

"I had to do all the paper work," says Dick. "Morning reports, company copy and temporary. It's also spectacular court martial records and stuff. It took me eight months before I was really on top of that job." They rewarded him with a corporal's stripes and finally a staff sergeant's. Dick would have settled for his PFC without the headaches. "Until Dr. Kildare," he says, "I had never worked so hard in my life."

The only relief he had in fourteen months was a seven-day pass to Japan on the standard "R and R"—Rest and Relaxation. All Dick had time to see was Tokyo, which is a sort of Oriental Los Angeles with kimonos and crazy neon lights. He stayed at a USO hotel, sat through Kabuki shows, picked up a few gai-kiha tracts, fumbled through kabiyaki and tempura with chopsticks, prowled the Ginza and bought a couple of cameras. In one shop he also picked up one of those cute Japanese dolls, the live kind. She had an American name, "Toni" and spoke good English. "A lovely girl, all right," allows Dick. "But it was hardly a romance. I wanted something of a Japanese home so I pestered her to take me to her. She finally did, but I discovered her parents didn't think much of the idea, or of G's, either. All in all, I didn't have such a terrific time in Japan—or anywhere else in the Army. I felt I was just getting old and learning nothing. I wanted to get started, for God's sake."

Dick spent his final service weeks at Fort MacArthur, right out of Los Angeles. He itched so to get going in Hollywood that before they let him loose he rattled up there after duty, in a dinky Rentak he bought for lessons with Carolyn Trojanowski and Jeff Corey. Then he was free at last long, but loaded with problems.

Seasons of despair

"Briefly, they were, no money, no place to live, no experience and no contacts,--sums up Dick. His first attempts to get all four were pretty discouraging. For three months he lived at home, way down 66th Street near the north end of the burbs, but Dick soon discovered that Tom Wolfe was right: You can't go home again. His family was sympathetic with his ambition but nobody exactly cheered. How could they? He was just one of a thousand others with the same long odds against him. "I didn't want to take a chance on my hard-earned time, and Dick of all people had to have lessons and I had to eat." He also had to pay $60 a month for a Hollywood pad in what Dick calls, "The Dismal Arms." The years 1958-59 are not noted in Dick Chamberlain's memory. They were the seasons of despair. Dick expresses it neatly: "There's nothing so depressing as being on the outside of show business, trying to get in." And that's it.
Of course, it’s also the oldest story in Hollywood. For the brash, the brassy, the thick-skinned, it can be an exciting game. But the sensitive suffer. Dick had never flailed helplessly at thin air before. Always some good things had come his way, whether he really enjoyed them or not. Now nothing, and nobody seemed to care.

“I almost went out of my mind,” Dick admits.

He was only twenty-four but already he lived in a neighborhood of defeat. His apartment house was filled with old people who had grown since had it. The hall was chronically posted with funeral notices. It was dismal cooking and eating his skimpy meals alone, standing in line to pick up an unemployed friend doing nothing most nights except study and read. Even the job he finally found attending the para- lyzed woman, was not what you’d call cheerful.

“Still, I was lucky,” Dick Chamberlain believes today. “All that time I had quite a few people keeping tabs on me and cracking down.” Two were Carolyn Trojanows- kie and Jeff Corey. Low or not, Dick never stopped taking lessons. And they weren’t always encouraging.

Jeff Corey is a drama expert who has helped straighten out such stars as Tony Perkins, Gardner McKay, Diane Varis and Tony Quinn. “The thing I liked about Chambo,” he says, “was his sensitivity and charm. We’re a lot of good stuff. But he had done mostly classical things in college and was inclined to be too lyrical. It was hard to bring him down to earth. I used to tell him, ‘Dick, for Heavens sake, go out in the back yard and rub some dirt on your face!”

Corey put Dick in a class where the “climate was stressful.” Students there were trying to strip themselves down to their own raw juices. “It was painful for Dick,” recalls Corey. “His face turned red and he broke out in sweats. He wasn’t ready for that.” That was when Dick Chamberlain came close to quitting. Wise- ly, Corey put him in another class that week. Dick went away, and there was always shy, concludes Corey, “and it’s too bad. There are a lot of wonderful things about Chambo that most people don’t get to see.”

For a long time a few around Hollywood saw more than a handsome, mannerly, young man who’d like a job acting. Only those who knew his true tow he was a a a own white horse. One was Lilie Messinger, former personal assistant to Louis B. Mayer, late boss of MGM. A friend of Dick’s family sent him to Lilie, who’d “retired” and turned agent. In her day she’d helped hundreds of newcomers get started but now the last client she wanted was a raw unknown. “Things were too difficult in the industry,” she said. “And I promised myself I’d never go through that again.” But when she met Dick, “He was so charming and attractive,” she says, “I couldn’t refuse.”

Wherever Lilie Messinger took Dick, however, others found refusals comparatively easy. Everybody liked him; nobody gave him a job. He was always, “Not quite right.”

Dick, however, takes some of the blame. “I think it was largely my own fault,” says Dick today, “I froze up on interviews. When they asked me to read I got a block that reached clear back to third grade. I couldn’t sell myself. They could see I was no professional, not yet anyway.”

“No, Dick won’t agree,” says Al Tresconi, MGM’s casting chief, who looked him over then, as he had even before at a Pomona College play. “But if you have it in the eyes—you have it. They tell the story. Put it this way: The first time I saw Dick Chamberlain I thought, ‘If nothing else I’ll invite this boy to be a friend of mine.’” Tresconi then went on to tell Dick what a mental note: Good bet for a long term MGM contract.

That’s exactly what Dick finally got, of course, but not until his wide eyes had opened considerably wider by the hot- foots of show business. His very first job was a TV pilot for a “Young One,” turned into exactly one line which he delivered with three other people yelling “Goodbye” to a wedding party. There was a movie, too, “The Secret of the Purple Reel,” and again Dick’s hopes rocketed up only to descend with a thud when they scissored his part to nothing. Then Lilie Messinger went to work for a network—and now Dick had no agent. Now and then he managed to pick up some small TV spots on his own, in “Gunsmoke,” “Mister Lucky,” an Alfred Hitchcock, “Bourbon Street Beat.” “I got by,” he sums it up, “with an occasional loan from home, my chauffeur job and a work crew now and then.” Was he dis- couraged? “It was scary at times, sure,” Dick allows calmly. “But I didn’t expect too much too soon. I knew what I was up against. It all depends on what you want and how badly you want it. I wanted it pretty badly. That’s why I never stopped those lessons. I realized I wouldn’t get steady work until I rated it. When I did rate it . . . well, the break came along.”

Family friend

The break Dick means was when powerful MCA took him on as a client. A friend of his family’s, Jack Bailey (Mister Andy), had been their agent. As agents, MCA thought big and acted the same way. All through 1960, as MGM waded carefully into television, Dick Chamberlain knocked steadily at MGM’s door. He went there first to make a western pilot, “The Paradise Kid,” but in those days you couldn’t flip dials fast enough to see the new TV cowboy. It didn’t sell. Next Dick tried out for a tentative half hour version of “Dr. Kil- dare.” Nobody wanted it at first so that effort was dropped. He showed up again for another pilot, “Father of the Bride.” He wasn’t the type. Then “Dr. Kildare” came up again—a big hour show now with the works behind it. MCA shot Dick right off again. Then had nothing cooking him in to stay. That was December, 1960.

Of course, it wasn’t that simple. It never is. For a time both “Dr. Kildare” and Dick Chamberlain were on trial. Launching a major TV series is something like a blast off at Canaveral. If it goes into orbit, everybody’s a hero; if it fizzes, they come back to earth to blame other actors with far bigger “names” than his, which was minusculous, had tested for Jim Kildare. He also knew that one big reason he got it was because he came cheaper than most. The money wasn’t too important, but the opportunity was. It could be
Chamber-34: yes. wasn't Orlando-Globe; man the a don't Occupation simply long his wanted and a singer the wasn't I gag did. New takes his wanted love just anything,"

Psychologically, he wasn't out for that.

**His setside ease**

Secure on Stage 11 Dick is comfortable, as he always has been in a tight little group who know him, work with him, have learned to like and understand him. "In fact," says his makeup man, Jack Dusić, "sometimes you almost forget Dick's around. Problems? Never. I just put on some 'pancake' and Dick seldom looks in the mirror." The other day, Bill Sargent, an actor friend of Dick's with a small part, found himself without a light in his dressing room. Chambo noticed Bill struggling to dress in the dark, politely asked an electrician for a fixture then installed it himself, rather than make even a minor fuss. That's typical of his setside ease. He's a pleasure to work with.

Yet, rarely a year ago, after Dick was interviewed on TV before a live audience of women, he stepped off the stage, clutched his stomach, and mumbled to Chuck Painter, "I think I'm going to be sick!" Last summer in New York he cautiously timed his arrivals at Broadway shows so that he could walk to his seat in the dark, and leave before the lights went up. "Dick's improved. Now he's more like a woman," in a crowd," believes Painter, who is using a form of "he. But he doesn't like to be ruffled—no surprises, Dick wants to be all set.

Last year when Lilie Messinger sold NBC on Arthur Freed's TV spectacular, "Hollywood Melody," she suggested Dick and got a yes. She called Dick late at night and told him the news. "Oh, my gosh!" he protested. "I don't think I'm ready."

Dick was ready enough to score a vocal hit in his live TV debut, singing "Manhattan" with Shirley Jones—as smooth as if he'd been doing that sort of thing all his life. But only his voice coach, Dick and a few people close to him know how he worked and worried every day until the show went on the air. One bunch was his "Kildare" crew, who sent him a gag wire to break the tension right before his band number: "MY DADDY IS LETTING ME STAY UP LATE TONIGHT TO HEAR YOU SING, CAROLINE." Someone else, even closer, knew about the lonely fights Dick Chamberlain stages with himself to come through cool, calm and perfect in a challenge like that.

"I don't think he could be up to it. He's up to anything," says Clara Ray, "But my heart ached to be there backing him up. Instead Clara was in Houston on a singing engagement. All she could do was send another wire: "GIVE 'EM BOTH BARELS, SWEETIE."

That's precisely what Dick Chamberlain has been doing, of course, every since he started staking an acting career in his solitary, bird dog way. The method's hard to beat; nothing succeeds like success. Yet, some who know him well think it's time Dick scattered his shots in other directions.

"Dick looks like a kid but he's pushing things," he points out. "School ought to be out for him now. He needs fun, a fling; some wild oats. It's right here for him and he rates relaxation. He works hard enough on 'Kildare.'"

"I can't criticize Dick for pushing his break with self-improvement," says another. "More power to him. But if he doesn't work it out, he'll pass over some of the real things in life that make a man grow too."

But yet another disagrees vigorously. "Dick is having all the fun and living he needs but in his own way. Few people understand him. Basically Dick is an artist, also he's intelligent. His tastes are sophisticated. They're tied to art and culture as they have been."

As he grows up, Dick simply doesn't enjoy the aimless socializing, party, nightclub and playboy swinging that attract most empty headed Hollywood bachelors who suddenly make it. It takes all kinds."

Dick Chamberlain explains himself like this: "Right now it's important to me to satisfy myself. As an actor, a singer and an all around performer, I still take the lessons because I realized long ago that I'd never get what I wanted unless I did. After you go around for months without getting a job you tell yourself, 'Wait a minute, something's wrong!' What was wrong with me was that I wasn't worth anything to anyone, so nobody wanted me. I've been extremely lucky. If I break at MGM came after a long fallow period, I'm grateful. But I wasn't sure I wanted to do a TV series when I started. I know now I don't want to do one forever, even if that were possible. The question with me is: After 'Dr. Kildare,' then what?"

"I think I'll end up on the stage," Dick confided. "I've been a hand I love it, and I think my future's there more than TV or even movies. So I'm preparing, that's all. Sure, I like fun and people as well as the next guy. It's a constant frustration with me not to be able to join in more. Only right now I simply don't have the time.

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**Photographers' Credits**

Pg 32 (Connie Stevens); Hayden-Visto, (Kim Novak)
Frank Bez; pg 34: Orlando-Globe; pg 36-37: Sketches; U.S. Steel; pg 38: Life; pg 41: Lee Prope; pg 42-43: Jack Stage-Globe; pg 44-45: Don Omishra; pg 51: Bill Kubin; pg 53: Trinidil-Tolgia; pg 55: Hayden-Visto; pg 57: Raymond Kirby; pg 58-59: Lee Kraft; pg 60-61: Raymond Kirby; pg 62: Art Palmer; pg 68: Annan Photo Features.

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What free time Dick Chamberlain has he spends mostly with Clara Ray. He'd had other girls, before Clara there was Vicki Thal. John Saxon's ex-girlfriend, whom Dick met in his dance class. He has also taken out Anne Helm and Joan Benny, among others. But Dick has always been a one girl at a time man and right now it's Clara.

Clara Ray's own career often takes her out of Hollywood singing on the hotel, fiesta and operetta circuits. But when she's home “Clarie and Dickie,” as they call each other, make a duo. Sometimes Clara cooks Dick a steak at her tiny Hollywood apartment while he works up an appetite on her piano; other nights they do the same scene shifts to Dick's hideaway. When they're feeling grand they drive up and down Sunset Strip (with Dick in the driver's seat) to give away the Vics for Dick's favorite Polynesian food. Once or twice they've shot the bankroll at the Beverly Hilton's Escoffer Room, where you can get a modest little snack for about $25 a copy. Afterwards, if they aren't due for a lesson or an MPT project, they like movies, off-Boulevard productions, or a cold one. Three times a week, they usually head for the beach.

Thursday nights, of course, TV is a must.

Clara always wears the diamond pendant Dick gave her even when she does a "Kildare" show. She gives him potted plants for his sun deck and on his last birthday, after much trial and error, baked Dick a big fudge-iced chocolate cake.

"He must like me"

“I wanted it to be perfect,” sighs Clara. “I spent all day on it, put in a dozen eggs and two pounds of butter. But when I took it out of the oven right before the party it was just wrong. I didn’t think it was so hard that I had to use both hands to cut it. I’d forgotten to sift the flour. But Dick actually ate a piece and said it was delicious. He must like me.”

Clara Ray can speak plainer than that. If she won’t, facts will: Clara is the kind of girl Dick Chamberlain has always fallen in love with—a bundle of femininity, sexiness, talent, and possibility. She’s twenty-four to Dick’s twenty-seven. They like the same things, have every interest in common. To Clara Dick is “A marvelous person, so dependable and sweet and we couldn’t have more fun together.” But when you mention marriage, she gazes demurely off into space. “Why,” she says impossibly, “we’ve never had that on our minds at all.”

Dick’s more explicit: “Marriage? Lord no—not now,” he protests. “I want to be married someday, of course. I think that’s probably the greatest adventure of all—and the most ticklish. Too many people toss it away. I might if I married now. I’m just not ready yet. Say, when I’m about thirty-five.”

Dick’s brother, Bill, is just thirty-five, but as usual way ahead of him there. Bill and his pretty wife, Pat, have three handsome children. Carole, Bill, Jr. and Mike, Like all of Dick Chamberlain’s family, Bill and Pat keep resolutely out of Dick’s career, on the premise that it’s his private party. They don’t share in his publicity and refuse to talk about Dick. The only one who’s been curious enough to visit the “Dr. Kildare” set is his mother, still so pretty that Ray Massey mistook her for an actress. But a big “Welcome” is always out on the mats, both at Laguna Beach and Woodland Hills, where Bill lives. The Chamberlain brothers are closer now than they were as kids. Dick borrows family life mostly from Bill, Pat and the kids.

To “Uncle Dickie.” Bill and Pat’s children are “my kids.” Dick spoils them with presents and teases off to play with them from other get-togethers. He even keeps a pair of roller skates in his kitchen, so he can race them on the sidewalk when he comes out, a stunt which has mixed social blessings for the junior Chamberlains. “There goes that Carole Chamberlain with her Uncle Dick,” sniffed a jealous miss from the Collier Street playground. “He doesn’t even care she’s pretty smart!” Lea Christopher Dick took them with him aboard a float down Hollywood Boulevard’s Santa Claus Lane where they fell promptly to sleep. What the neighborhood kids thought of that is unrecorded.

If Dick Chamberlain does wait until he’s thirty-two to make a home and found his family, with Clara Ray or anyone else, he runs the risk of missing out on a hunk of important living, which even the most glorious career might not make up for. By then, unless they run out of patients, “Dr. Kildare” might still be hogging the TV screen, or Dick Chamberlain might be the toast of Broadway. Either way, chances are they’ll be rich enough. Dick has four times the $400 a week MGM paid when they signed him, plus his cut from recordings. This spring he’ll keep working straight through an eight weeks “Kildare” layoff to star in his first MGM movie. Any day, if he had time, he could take off for the big money singing at Las Vegas, or the prestige clubs and money all at hand. Not long, Martin Green went to Vegas with Dick to catch Carol Burnett in her act. “When she came on Dick clutched the table as if struggling to hold himself back,” says Martin. “You could tell he was just dying to get up there.”

What he makes now Dick sacks carefully away in a savings account. He took more than a quarter-million dollar stake in the shows, although he has no wheeler-dealer financial plans. “We’ll see,” he says cagily. “Frankly, I love money and I intend to save it and keep it.” Dick bought his car, a “second suit” and tuxedo with his first MGM paycheck, has banked most of them since. His only extravagances so far are Martin Green’s paintings. “Dick is always talking about buying a new car or a house,” says Clara Ray. “I don’t think he’ll do either soon. He’s cautious and intelligent about his money.”

The house is one thing. Dick admits, “I want very much. I’d like to find a lot high in the hills with a wonderful view,” and build a place to suit my own needs, like this one. “I guess,” he says, “I’d really be on top of the world.”

But it could be, too, by that time, he’d add up to a crusty old bachelor still looking for the real Dick Chamberlain to step forward. For, Dick faces the trap most super-serious actors face: all art and no reality can come up artificiality. And so far, Dick’s street is distressingly one-way. “More than anyone I know,” says a close friend, “Dick needs the anchor of a wife, the stability of a home, a family.”

If Dr. Kildare could prescribe for Dick
Chamberlain, a wife might be just what he'd order. Not only to banish the essential loneliness Dick has known all his life, but to dispel his fears and crack the blank, boyish mask he wears for the world. It still hides the fascinating man underneath, still makes Dick Chamberlain seem to most people what he is not. For it is the mask—and the mask alone—that keeps people from knowing how much more than a boy he is.

Only the other day, dressed in T-shirt and jeans, Dick wandered into a Laguna Beach drugstore, rifled through the magazine rack and came up with a “Dr. Kildare” comic book. He moseyed over to the counter to pay.

“The comic book,” he said. “I wanted to read it.”

“Overnight?” the clerk asked.

“Overnight,” Dick said.

“Why didn’t you wait for the book to arrive?”

“I didn’t have the money,” Dick said.

“Then how did you read it?”

“It was under the counter,” Dick said.

“I don’t care what it is under the counter. This is a drugstore!”

“Sorry,” Dick said. “I didn’t mean any offense. I would have paid for it if I had the money.”

“I don’t care. It’s against company policy,” the clerk said.

“Sorry,” Dick said again. He left the store without buying the comic book.

“Your son is like you,” the clerk told Dick. “He tries to do it his way.”

“Tried,” Dick said. “I don’t think I’ll try again.”

—KIRTY L. BASKETTE

Dick’s on “Dr. Kildare” NBC-TV. Thursdays 8:30-9:30 P.M. EDT and is starring in MGM’s new movie “Twilight of Honor.”

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—DOLORES HART: “I would say absolutely not. And I don’t care if it’s the greatest part in the world. No role in any picture is important enough for an actress to sacrifice her womanhood—and all that a woman has is her femininity. One of the big fakes in Hollywood is the emphasis upon integrity, yet some people who are always talking about it are often willing to put a role ahead of their dignity. We have responsibilities in being actors and actresses. If you pose in the nude for a role, you may be on the screen for twenty-four seconds at the most, but you have to live with yourself for twenty-four hours a day.”

—DIANE McBAIN: “Absolutely no. If I can’t get by on legitimate acting ability, I’ll retire.”

—STEFANIE POWERS: “No, I wouldn’t. I don’t feel that my type of character or image at this point would call for it. And even if it did, I wouldn’t do it.”

—CARROLL BAKER: “Yes, I guess I yielded to the nakedness trend in ‘Station 6 Sahara’—and for a magazine layout, too. All our barriers are breaking down; we’re reverting to a pagan society. If the First Lady wears tight Capri pants and a swim suit, what are we poor actresses supposed to do to attract attention?”

—SANDRA DESCHER: “I wouldn’t do it for any amount of money. My reasons are both professional and moral. Professionally speaking, I think audiences couldn’t ever visualize you in a June Allyson-type role again if you posed in the nude. Also, I don’t think producers or directors would be able to see you in any other type of role either, once you’d done that.

“Morally speaking, I just wouldn’t want to pose in the nude, even if it was going to win me an Academy Award—which I want with all my heart. It simply isn’t in keeping with my own standards.”

—SHELLEY FABARES: “No, I wouldn’t. I don’t believe in it. I don’t think any career would be important to me. If that was the only way I could get ahead, I’d say forget it.

“If I did make any great advances in my career, I want it to be because I have done a good acting job and can do other good acting jobs—and that’s all!”

—LYNN LORING: “If I can’t get a break in my work without doing that, then the career will just have to be forgotten. No role is that important.”

—ELSA CARDENAS: “No. Because I wouldn’t feel comfortable. It would bother me. If it didn’t bother me, it would be all right. They are going to think I am very square, but I like to be square in this. Also, I catch cold so easy!”

—URSULA ANDRESS: “I don’t think that such a thing will make you a success. And if this is what success is based you, no, thank you.”

—ELIZABETH ALLEN: “If it was a role where I felt it was a good role and if a nude scene were indigenous to my portrayal of the character, I would do it.

“But I would not do it for sensationalism. It would have to be a role that called for an actress as an actress, not as a girl who has a beautiful body. I would be performing as an actress, and the fact that I was nude would be secondary. Also, it would have to be a role that was worthy of the sacrifice.”

—JOANNA MOORE: “An actress’ duty is performed by the role. And if it was in the script and important to the character delineation I would do it.”

—MIKKI JAMISON: “No, thanks . . . nothing’s left to the imagination! However, I have a mad passion to wear a yellow slip in some yellow-lace-slip-type scene someday . . . how yummy! I’ll never forget Lee Remick in ‘The Long, Hot Summer’ in her yellow slip . . .”

—CHERYL HOLDRIDGE: “No. I just couldn’t do it. I don’t think my body should be revealed to everybody like that. I couldn’t pose in the nude. I couldn’t even face the photographer!

“I have too much respect for my body to expose it to everybody’s eyes who wanted to see it. I just wouldn’t do it, that’s all.”

—GREG ALEXANDER

Continued from page 33
Connie Stevens

Continued from page 66

into my first 'Hawaiian Eye' role with a dedication I had never known before. I studied and I worked. Believe me, it showed. That episode was the best I have ever done.

Connie smiled self-consciously as she said, "You know, I started to say before that I had been a fraud, but that's not true. Not true at all. Trying to be objective, I realize that no one is ever the same person from one year to the next. We all change. We grow. I think that's what happened to me. I've grown up. I want different things now, different goals."

"The change that has taken place in me touches many different aspects of my life. I even feel differently about men. A short while ago I wanted nothing more than someone to love. Now I know that is not enough. I know myself better and I know what I need. I must have a man who is as successful as I. He is equal to me in courage, intelligence, glamour and spunk." She paused, then declared strongly, "No, that's wrong. He can't be merely my equal. He must be more. I have to know that the man I love will be just a tiny bit superior to me in every way. I must feel that he will literally be—and deserve to be—the head of our house.

"I no longer believe that a person knows only one true love in a lifetime. I did before, but now I realize that a first love may be a wrong love. The old Connie Stevens wouldn't have minded if the man she cared for was a street cleaner. The new Connie Stevens must have a man who is a success, not for the money his success will bring but because of the qualities a person must possess in order to achieve success—strength, wisdom, intelligence."

A giggle escaped Connie and shattered her serious mood. With the air of a small child uttering forbidden, shocking words she declared, "All this surprises you, doesn't it? I don't sound like the old me, do I? Well, you see, I'm not."

"I've even changed my friends. I've disassociated myself from many of the people who were constantly around me. I had gathered a group of hangers-on and I must shamefully admit that I had learned to accept them as part of my life."

"The realization hit me one day with a terrible shock that these people were encouraging me to become the type of person I had always despised. I knew I must cut myself free of them. I knew I just had to.

The entourage

"I was out shopping that day. I wasn't alone, of course. I never wanted to be alone. I was accompanied by my entourage. I had a large list of errands to do and as we drove up in front of the first store two of the people with me jumped out of the car and said, 'Sit where you are, Connie. We'll shop for you.'"

"It was that way all day. Anticipating my every move, they ran ahead of me to get a clerk's attention, to pick up packages, to save me a few steps whenever they could. Obligingly, they went wherever I wanted to go, constantly flattering me."

"In short, it was a day that was fairly common for the Connie Stevens of old, but suddenly I saw it all with a terrible, blinding clarity. I saw for the first time what I had actually become. I was accepting these people around me because I needed them to make me feel important! I wasn't the only Hollywood performer to be so surrounded, but I couldn't tolerate it any longer. These aren't normal friendships I had developed. They were people acting as my servants and I accepted it as my due."

"I stopped it. As abruptly as that. I couldn't hurt them by completely severing our relationships, but I began to make myself less available to them until they were forced to make lives of their own."

"Now I've found new friends, real friends who are equal to me and to whom I am an equal. No longer do I want people acting merely to cater to me. I want friends who are independent and strong."

Connie's face was solemn, her words uttered with an intensity that seemed a part of this fascinating new personality. She leaned forward and said, "So that you'll understand exactly how I feel. I'm going to tell you about this boy. I'm sorry I can't mention his name. He is one of the most talented young men in Hollywood, but—though I didn't realize it at the time—very lazy. As our closeness grew he leaned on me more and more until I became his strength and his drive. I would urge him on, encourage him to try. I became his Mother Confessor. Finally I knew that the end had to come. I realized that if I really cared for him I would cut him adrift and force him to make his own way."

"Do you know what has happened since we parted? He has become more successful than he ever was. He had always been terribly shy, but now that he does not have me he has been forced to come out of his shell and meet people. He no longer has any strength to use and has had to develop a strength of his own. Our parting was the best thing for us both."

"I want so much . . ."

Unexpectedly Connie's mood changed and she laughed lightheartedly as she veered to yet another facet of her new personality. "You have no idea how different I've become," she declared. "Why, do you know that I'm even planning on renting my own apartment? I really am. I've decided the time has come when I should live alone. I needed people around me before, but I don't any longer. For the first time in my life I feel I can find the things I want more easily if I am by myself."

"What do I want? Many things. I want to become a dedicated actress and a deeper person. I want friends, but only those who are independent. Eventually, I want marriage to a man I can respect and adore. She flung her arms apart in a gesture that encompassed the whole world and cried, "Oh, I want so very much!"

Abruptly she jumped up, as lightly as a kitten bouncing to its feet. "Oh, I just remembered," she exclaimed. "I haven't shown you my latest love."

She ran from the room and returned a moment later with a large leather pouch which she placed tenderly upon the table. "Look," she whispered reverently as she
Connie Stevens. She too-ed her head back dramatically, ran her fingers seductively through her hair and in a voice that sounded almost amazements like Zsa Zsa Gabor said, "But of course, dollink. Vot else?"

Her imitation didn't quite come off. She looked glamorous and alluring, but she couldn't hide the impish sparkle that shone from her eyes. Connie has changed. She has become more mature and sophisticated. But she has not lost the youthful charm, the little-girlish appeal, the charming innate sweetness that her fans have come to know and to love. As much as she might be different, there is one part of herself that remains the same. She still is basically and most definitely Connie Stevens. And for that, we can be glad.

—MARILYN BECK

Connie's latest film is Warners' "Palm Springs Week-End." Watch her on ABC-TV's "Hawaiian Eye," Tues. at 8:30 EDT.

WALTER WINCHELL

Continued from page 13

Zsa Zsa and her new rich husband gave a big party for her daughter on her sixteenth birthday. Her father is hotel tycoon Conrad Hilton.

The place was jammed with the young lady's teenage chums. A very joyful and dignified event. But it was seeing Zsa Zsa as a happy and proud mother that made the eyes feel good.

Most of us who report the Hollywood scene didn't think the Sammy Davis, Jr.-May Britt merger would last. You never saw a happier looking pair. And those children! Simply beautiful. Even May seems to have a new beauty since she married Junior and was forsaken by the Hollywood producers who feared her marriage to a Negro would cost them money.

Sammy, who has never worked harder or steadier, apparently discovered that marriage to La Britt was better for his state of mind and health than being a grownup playboy-member of the clan. He rarely cuts capers with that group now. Except on the Sands Hotel (Vegas) stage where Sammy, Frank and Dean in a recent show were so wonderful—people who couldn't get in were offering $100 bribes to hairdressers just to let them stand.

That Liz Taylor girl! Her he-and-she-nannies with Richard Burton between takes of "Cleopatra" resulted in international publicity money couldn't buy. Even obscure film exhibitors (and theaters) are cashing in on the 20th Century-Fox epic by releasing movies with the name Cleopatra in the title, "Cleo 5 to 7" and "Cleopatra's Daughter," to name just two of the many.

T. E. Lawrence's brother told interviewers in Canada that he didn't like the way Lawrence was portrayed by Peter O'Toole in "Lawrence of Arabia." The fact is that the movie-makers gave his brother the best of it. Some of the historians were pretty mean.

Audiences who flocked to the picture long before the nominations for the Oscars were published, fell in love with O'Toole, who is 6 ft. 5.

The real Lawrence was unusually short. But so was Napoleon, the giant.

Yvonne de Carlo broke in her new act at a nightclub not far from Hollywood the other evening. The critics were unanimously on her team.

She is an exceptionally talented entertainer, you know. She sings and dances with skill. One of us suspects Yvonne got terribly bored and decided to resume the act mainly to entertain herself. Then there's that very-easy-money at Vegas.

"McLintock!" is her fiftieth movie. Golly, it seems as though it were only yesterday that she was "discovered." While leaving a studio (where she failed to screen...
Robert Sherwood's legion of fans (the ones who buy her recordings of "Lazy River" and "You're Nobody Till Somebody Loves You") will be as thrilled as this reporter is about her latest successes.

Her first role in a movie was hailed by critics. So was the picture, M-G-M's "The Courtship of Eddie's Father." She co-stars with Glenn Ford and Shirley Jones. Imagine, Roberta Sherwood, who resumed her show-business career when she was forty-five (following a two-line rave about her song-stylings in our newspaper col'm) clicks big in her first movie assignment.

Daily Variety's man said in part: "Metro has a solid boxoffice contender. Some unusual casting ingenuity went into the making of this picture, for which producer Pasternak is to be congratulated. Both Roberta Sherwood and Jerry Van Dyke, for example, make their film debuts and each makes a strong, vivid impression!"

In 1956 Roberta sang for as low as $10 a night in various Miami Beach and Miami bars and grills. To help support her three children and very ill husband, who was once a Broadway leading man.

Her way with a song was ear-perfume when we first heard her in a small night club near the Roney-Plaza Hotel. We saluted her with these words: "Tip to all Recording execs. Hurry down to Miami Beach and hear Roberta Sherwood sing a torch tune, Get yourself a free goldmine!"

Several recording execs flew there at once and the rest is show biz history.

In "Irma La Douce," Jack Lemmon (speaking about sinful Sallyes) says: "Love is illegal—but not hate. That you can do anywhere, anytime to anybody."

Billy Wilder refers to it as "The Gettysburg Address of Prostitution."

I recently reported that Tennessee Williams, the playwright, gave most of his manuscripts to the University of Texas. To the amazement of the University of Iowa where he was schooled.

A reader reports: "I think there's a very good reason for this. I received my college degree at University of Iowa and studied in the same Writer's Workshop where Williams studied. According to reliable talk, Williams submitted 'The Glass Menagerie' as his Master of Arts thesis. That Workshop considers creative writing acceptable as a Master's thesis. But it was turned down unanimously as 'unacceptable.'"

Not too many years later, Mr. Williams saw his "Glass Menagerie" produced in Chicago where it was a smash hit. It subsequently moved to Broadway and nationwide fame. It was the play that established Williams as a top-notch-er.

This observer has been doing a lot of movie-going lately. He regrets to report that too many of them were pretty bad. Anti-tainment is the word.

"Follow The Boys," for example. A slow-paced piece of non-sense that wasted Janice Paige, Paula Prentiss, Connie Francis and several others.

"Madame," starring Sophia Loren. What a waste of money!

"Forever My Love," with Karl Boehm and Romy Schneider. She was so very good in "Boccaccio 70." His performance in "Brothers Grimm" was believable. In "Forever," you can't believe your orbs. Two more zeros, in our opinion, were "Sodom and Gomorra," starring Stewart Granger and an import called "No Exit."

A picture named "Lovers Of Tenzel" tried to be different—a delightful novelty.

Girls, don't let the rumors get you down about Hollywood being overcrowded with beauty and talent. The latest newcomer to Girlsburg to land in a picture with no previous screen experience is Charlene Holt. Not only land in a major studio's film but as one of the leads, by gum.

Opposite Rock Hudson no less! With recent newcomer to Hollywood, Paula Prentiss playing Leading Lady.

Charlene's debut will be in Universal's "Man's Favorite Sport," Howard Hawks production. It was Mr. Hawks who discovered Charlene only a few Photoplays ago and persuaded her to give up a $50,000 a year modeling job. Besides giving up $50,000 a year Charlene, a native of Abilene, Texas, also had to lose her Southern accent in a hurry—which she did. Practically overnight.

How, some people may inquire, does a girl with no experience as an actress, connect with a leading role in a film starring Rock Hudson?

Well, all this reporter can tell you is that you first have to see Miss Holt. And then you will see what "got" Mr. Hawks.

Besides all that natural beauty (36-24-36) chic and class, she has a ticket-seller known as a glide-like walk.

Oh, Brother! I mean, Oh Charlene! Happy Hollywood, young lady. Your future looks bright. Considering that Mr. Hawks' other discoveries include Lauren Bacall, Carole Lombard, Joan Collins, Joanne Dru, Angie Dickinson and Rita Hayworth.

—The End

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Tuesdays 9:30 PM, EDT.
One white camellia

"And for flowers—well, I almost would visualize her carrying a prayer book instead of a bouquet. Of course, this is up to her—choice of how she wants to use her hands. But I would suggest a prayer-book. With, possibly, a single white camellia attached to it. To me the camellia is symbolic of the Drama, and, consequentially, of the actress in the woman; and, too, it is one of the most elegant of flowers.

"That's the word, yes—the key word here. It would want to make Elizabeth Taylor look extremely elegant for this, her wedding.

"I know, there are people who immediately will say that she cannot look elegant—that she is shortish and voluptuous and that her body does not lend itself to the elegant look. But this is not true. It is true that she isn't the typical model type—you know, the starred figure—the fashion ideal.

"But Elizabeth Taylor is typical of the feminine ideal.

"And there is an inherent elegance in that. And that is the kind of elegance that I would like to stress here.... Our second designer, Mme. Dache—the chic and charming, the impeccable and very-French Lilly, who said to us the other day: "I awoke at 4:20 this morning and I saw it—immediately—this beautiful wedding dress I would design for Elizabeth."

"I saw first the headress. A hooded cape, really, which would cover the lower half of the face. Because she must be a little coy, Elizabeth. A little demure. A little afraid of the world, almost, up to the world because of all the publicity of this past year. Except, of course, that the eyes will show—just those beautiful violet melting eyes, those mysterious eyes—and those eyes will say, 'Yes, I do care—but still I am myself!' The effect is pristine in feeling. In fact, to add to the pristine, we will fasten the cape at the side of the face with a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Yes? For a note of ingenuity. And, to contrast, on the other side of the face an earring will show. Very large. And loaded with jewels. She's mad about jewels, as you know. Jewels—she adores them. So, gold and yellow diamonds.

"About the dress now—I envision it made of silk chiffon. Vibrant orange. With a bodice, draped, Empire, this, too—pristine. And then, again for contrast—for a feeling of the double entendre—I see... the pants.

"Yes. Pants! Which peer charmingly from beneath the dress. Knee pants of—leopard. They must be leopard. To signify the whole Roman affair with Burton. When she wore the leopard so often. In the restaurants, the nightclubs, the cafes. Of course, there was nothing discreet about the way she wore them. She had the whole head of a leopard on her head for a hat—it looked. And she carried a leopard bag, large—carried it all during this 'quiet' love affair in Rome. And the coat—so completely leopard. But now, for the marriage, the effect will be softened. And we will use it only in the pants. And—perhaps—as a border to the headress. Yes—that will be nice, don't you think?

"This dress, perhaps, is not the biggest extreme. Because Elizabeth can wear anything—absolutely anything, my dear. Her clothes are never too quiet or restrained. Her dresses recently, for instance, are very short. And decollete. And the colors are always strong—bright reds, blues, greens. But she never looks ridiculous. She always looks beautiful.

"Do I know Elizabeth? Let me say that I have served her. She has bought things here at the salon. I haven't sized her up, however. I can't in so short a time. But I think she is absolutely exquisite.

"She is, yes, of course, also one of the most-criticized women of our time.

"They say she is spoiled, Elizabeth. But why should she be? I mean to say, how could she not help, but she? She has been spoiled ever since she was a child. She was a child actress, star—and you can imagine what that must be like. Anyway, I think the word spoiled is wrong in her case. I think she is not spoiled—but compose. You know? Endowed by God with everything—form, magnificent face, everyting—so bound to be unique... different... apart from the rest.

"That she acts like a modern Cleopatra as some people say—well, I think it
Imagine Liz saw a must—one thinks. 

"But, of course, in the long run, this is an unnatural role for a man to play—and there was the split-up. With Elizabeth deciding that she wanted things differently. 

"And about this—when people say she does not care about what she does—I think she does care. And that is why I am doing the veil over half the face. To me, you see, she is young. And inexperienced. She does these things without thinking. She is of an emotional disposition and a passionate nature. And that is my idea of the dress—the ingenuity that covers the sensual part. The demure plus the irresistible. The contrast. I repeat—the double entendre."

"So that when Elizabeth stands still in this dress she looks pure, and other-worldly, much as some figure in a painting. "And then the change comes when she moves—a-ha!—she shows everything!"

**Glamorous and sexy**

We spoke lastly to Anthony Pettoruto—hailed by many as the finest of New York's young designers—who told us:

"First of all, I would be completely opposed to Liz Taylor wearing anything traditional for her wedding to Burton. Not because it wouldn't be 'proper'—I don't go along with these people who claim she leads a wicked life; I mean, I have morals like everybody else—but I think Liz is just as 'good' and just as 'bad' as most other people. And not because I'm against seeing her in white—she'd look great in a white linen suit, say, or a white wool suit. But—well, I just don't go for traditional or white in this case because Liz Taylor's Liz Taylor—and she should look as glamorous and sexy as possible, wedding or any other time.

"That's why I've created the Cleopatra wedding dress for her.

"First, the name Cleopatra alone is suggestive of glamour, sex. Second, the whole mood of Cleopatra is certainly very close to Liz' heart right now; and, too, I think people would expect her to maintain some sort of Egyptian feeling for a while. Third—and most important—what better style to signify her love for Burton, the man she met and fell head over heels in love with while making the picture.

"Color? I'd make it yellow. Yellow on yellow I don't know why. It's just the first color that comes to mind for Liz. Though I must admit—for a moment there—I did think of pink first. But then I figured that was just a little bit too cliché.

"Fabric? I'd use flocked chiffon—velvet woven into chiffon, that is—so that the effect is warm, yet transparent.

"As for the headdres—I'm not a hat man myself. But I think that for her wedding, Liz should definitely have her head covered. Something Egyptian-styled, of course. And so here I've designed this—well, babushka with a wire band, I guess is the easiest way to describe it. Of the same material as the dress—and using a velvet band to match the flocking in the dress.

"The dress itself, I thought at first, should be Empire in style. But then I thought no, Liz might be too heavy in the midriff for this. So let's cut the Empire, though let's not cut the decolleté. But instead keep it very very decolleté. Because Liz' bosom is, let's face it, one of her great attributes. And something she's constantly showing away. I mean, I haven't seen her in an alternately dress where there wasn't half that exposed. And I think this is the way it should be in my dress for her. Chesty. Revealing. The kind of thing worn by a woman who enjoys upsetting men. The kind of thing Liz is always wearing.

"One thing that I would want, however—is for the dress to be very uncluttered. And I hope Liz would go along with this, for a change. Because, let's face it, she doesn't have the best taste in clothes. At least, not to me she doesn't.

"I've liked Liz, admired her, ever since I was a kid, let it be said here. I'm only a few years older than she is and you might say we grew up together. I saw her in "National Velvet." I remember—I was about sixteen, seventeen; she was about fourteen—and I was so impressed with her beauty that I actually wanted to sit down and write her a fan letter.

"Also, despite what you hear about her—and who knows what to believe anymore?—I maintain that Liz is a sweet girl. I've seen her a few times, at pretty close range, and the sweet and even kind of serious expression on her face has always surprised me. I mean, I feel that if we were ever to meet, she'd be—well, she'd be nice—and there isn't much more you can ask from a person.

"But to get back to that other issue—Liz and fashion—I think she's sadly lacking here. To me—and I'll be honest—she has emphasized her figure too much when she's been overweight. And, overweight or not, she is generally careless in the way she dresses. Unkempt. Diseveled. Windblown-looking. And, sometimes, she even looks as if she's slept in her clothes. And this just isn't right for a girl in her position. In fact, it isn't right for any girl.

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**LIZ TAYLOR WEDDING DRESS**

**I THINK LIZ SHOULD WEAR (CHECK ONE)**

- **#1** by Sylvan Rich
- **#2** by Lilly Daché
- **#3** by Anthony Pettoruto

Any comments? Any other recommendations for Liz?

Mail to: LIZ TAYLOR WEDDING DRESS, P.O. Box 3462, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.
"But especially with someone in the limelight—well, I feel you should be a fashion plate, a style setter, if you're constantly in the public eye. Girls like Jackie Kennedy, Grace Kelly, Audrey Hepburn—these are fashion plates. If you saw the Academy Award show this year, you'd remember Joan Crawford walking out on to that stage in the dress completely covered with sequins and beads, and looking like Joan Crawford should look, like you expect her to look—that's a fashion plate.

"But with Liz—with all her money, with all her exposure—she just puts something on, it seems. With a defiance that goes against that inner sweetness I feel about her. As if to say to a world that's always chiding her, 'I don't care what I look like—because I'm too confident of my beauty to care!'"

"Well, there may be some justification for this attitude, psychologically—but I don't think it helps Liz' appearance any. And you know—someday, if I ever do meet her—I think I might just tell her this. "Or maybe, after they're married—Burton will. Somebody should!"—Ed DeBLASIO

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Representatives of the Pacific Coast (Continued from page 33)

more? What did he do? What happened?

"He asked me, but I just said no. I told him, 'I'm too tired.' and that I had been twisting the night before, and I didn't get home till five in the morning. And then he wanted me to go to Gene Autry's party—you know he owns Bo's ball team, the Angels. But I was just too tired. I liked him a lot, but I just didn't know what he was trying to do."

You thought maybe he was just on the make?

"Yeah, that was right. I'd heard about him from girls he'd dated, and I thought, 'Well, if he's that way . . . ' I kinda like a nice, sincere guy who doesn't run around. He'd gone with so many girls, you know. And I thought I was just one on a string. So I didn't want to get involved."

But you did finally get together again with Bo?

"Yeah, while I was at the Chi Chi in Palm Springs. I was performing there and he snuck in to see me—after curfew hours, I think. And then he called me the next day. As a matter of fact, somebody had left him a message that I had called him. So he got all excited and called me, but I never called him. So, anyway, that was the beginning."

"We started seeing each other day and night in Palm Springs. Then he had to leave and I had to leave, I had an engagement in Vancouver and he called me and sent me roses opening night. Then he had to go to Palm Springs and I drove up and met him. We were with each other all the time. Then one Sunday night he proposed."

How did he propose?

"Well, he had mentioned it very briefly to me over the telephone while I was in Vancouver. He had mentioned about how he wanted to get me a ring, and—really do it up, because he really loved me."

"Well, I didn't know quite how serious he was, you know? You can never tell over the telephone. And so then I thought, 'Well, when I see him, we'll discuss it then.' And then Sunday night we talked about it, and then we started talking about getting married. Sort of—he said that I was the only girl that he'd ever met that he really liked and—uh—I guess he's kind of ready to settle down!"

Didn't it say in the paper that Bo said, "Mamie's my kind of woman"?

"Well, yeah—that's what he told me."

Do you think he's your kind of man?

"Absolutely!"

Tell me what there is about him that you like.

"Well, his frankness. He's outspoken, and—he's a lot like me. He says what he thinks. I thought I was outspoken, but he takes the cake! Well, like when I say something and I think it's really 'way out, he comes up with a topper. He really breaks me up . . . with something really 'way out! I can give you an example, yeah, but it—it's not too nice."

Maybe he can clean it up a little bit?

"Oh, I don't know. No—not at all! He's too much. I've traveled around the world, and I've never been too much on going out. I sort of live my life alone, I just kind of like it that way. I'm a little gypsy, and I've met all sorts of interesting people in different countries, but I've never really felt this way. . . . And I'm sure that he's gone around too, and he oughta know by now what he wants. Besides, he's very generous, and he has a lot of sex appeal."

That's what they say but he's not that good-looking, really. Is he?

"No, but he's got a way about him that...
the girls just go ga ga over. He's very confident of himself. I call him 'The Little Black Panther.' He's always wearing black. He's got black, straight hair, and he's got those slant eyes. He's really so cute! Black suits, black shirts and so on ... Yeah. He likes black. He's got that real nice skin.

Is his mood ever black?

"No. Never."

In Palm Springs, before he proposed, did you go out a lot with him there?

"Yes, we went day and night, we were out. You know, like I shot pool with him in the daytime. Yeah, that's right. I shot pool with him. You know, over in the key club. Yeah. Don't laugh. I was pretty good. You know, I used to shoot pool a little bit. And he's excellent. We played rotation and eight ball. We did all of it. He played opposite a guy—the champion of Palm Springs—and he beat him. They played the game for a charity. And then I went around and collected the money for everybody to watch Bo play. And then afterward we went home. No, we went to the Riviera and had dinner, and it was, like, one o'clock. And then, like, Saturday night we went out to a little Mexican place where they have three guys to serenade you. . . . They serenaded Bo and me. And then we went back to the Riviera. It was so crowded—they had a convention up there. . . . And then—cause he was late that Saturday morning for work—he didn't show up till one. He was fined five hundred dollars for being late.

"I tried to get him to stay home Saturday night because he was gonna pitch. So, like, we watched TV for an hour and a half and he says, 'Let's get dressed and get out of here!' So we went out.

"I went to a Sunday night, because he pitched. And then when he got back, we had dinner, and then—he proposed to me. Then I got the car and came home, and he took off for San José."

When do you and Bo plan to get married?

"I wouldn't want to comment on that. I have no comment. He's the man. I'm leaving it up to Mr. Belinsky to do all the talking about it."

You seemed to have been taken by surprise when he announced that the two of you were engaged, and it sounded like you were a little peeved that he announced it. Could you explain about that?

"No, I wasn't mad. It was just a surprise to me that he had announced it without letting me know. But he hadn't announced it. It just slipped out, and somebody heard it, and the papers got hold of it and all of a sudden they called me and then I confirmed it. I didn't expect people to find out. We were going to have a nice engagement party and all that and it just slipped out. He still wants to have one, though. We'll know when or where. That's what we're going to talk about.

What memories do you have of your courtship that are particularly pleasant to you?

"Let me see—courtship. . . . Well, golly . . . . In Palm Springs, we went to the Racquet Club and sat around and got tan, and had orange punch drinks. I don't drink. Bo doesn't drink. He does smoke, but I don't. So, like—those things we have in common. He likes to eat a lot. And I don't especially eat a lot! I have trouble keeping my weight on."

Are you a good cook?

"Yeah, you could say, I'm pretty good. What do you cook?

"Well, anything that he likes. Anything that you want to have. I can—I can whip up a good dinner."

Have you cooked for him?

"No."

But you're looking forward to it?

"Uh—no! Well, I don't particularly like to cook. I'd rather have a maid cook. Bo likes steaks. Big red steaks. He has to eat a lot of those."

Do you have a maid now?

"Yeah, I live in a lovely big house above the Sunset Plaza drive overlooking Hollywood. With just the maid and my son. It has a lot of tax deductions.

Do you think when you get married Bo will move in with you, or will you move to another house?

"I think I'll sell this house. I want to start all over. I have too many bad memories in this house. . . . I had it when I married Ray."

When did you get divorced?

"1960."

What was the reason your marriage to Ray broke up?

"We had nothing in common."

What are the things that you and Bo have in common?

"Uh—everything! Anything he likes to do, I'll do. Just anything, like shooting pool in the middle of the night someplace. I'm sure he would do that. I like to do things like that."

Besides Ray—Ray Anthony—weren't you married before? To a young teenager?

"Well, I was married, but my folks had it annulled, so I really don't consider I was married. I'd rather not say the name of his previous."

You were engaged, weren't you, to Tony Santora for while?

"I was never engaged. I just went with him. I never got serious enough to marry him, because I didn't—really love him that much. We broke that up. . . . You know, how long can you keep going with someone without getting married? And I just wasn't in the marriage mood."

What is there about Bo that put you in a marriage mood?

"Well, I mean he's—I think he's ready for it—otherwise he wouldn't have brought it up. And I think the two of us know each other, and we're more or less—suitable to each other."

How old is your son?

"Seven."

What's his name?

"Jerry."

Is he excited about the possibility of having a baseball player as a father?

"Yeah, he's a little too young to know baseball, but he likes the idea fine. He likes Bo a lot, eh?"

"Well, he's only met him once."

What did your son say about Bo?

"He didn't say anything."

Do you have any particular hopes for your marriage, or plans that you want to mention?

"No, I haven't—nothing until I discuss this with Bo. But I am very happy."

She said this, I realized she was looking up at Bo, who had come back to our table. Mamie excused herself and started for the powder room. Bo and I stared after her. This girl certainly has a variety of curves, and I was going to find out just which one she had thrown the twenty-
seven-year-old pitcher. When she disappeared, I turned to Bo and started asking questions.

"Was it love at first sight for you?"

"Great. Perfect. Maybe I really knew the second time I saw her, down at Palm Springs, you know, and— it was just one of those things."

"What was it that you liked about her?"

"Everything! I don't know. She's got a good heart— course, her looks aren't too bad, either! But she's a good-hearted gal, and she's got a real good flair for life, and I like this in people. I can't stand deadheads.

"What do you and she have in common?"

"Well, I think we both have good taste. She's started to become a baseball fan now. I'm gonna convert her. She's gonna come out and view more of the games. She already has been. And—uh—I don't know.

We just like classy things, like to have a good time, and—uh—this is probably the most important thing, you know. What does she know about baseball so far? I don't even care if she knows what three strikes are, you know. I like 'em that way."

You said recently, "She's my kind of woman." What did you mean by that?

"Well, I don't know. She's a beautiful woman, first of all. And beauty is only there to be enjoyed. And like I said, the first time I saw her, I liked her looks, and it was just a matter of knowing what kind of gal she was. And she turned out to be a terrific gal,..."

She told me that after the first time you went out on a date she turned you down a couple of times because she was afraid, maybe, that she'd be just another girl on your list. What do you think?

"Well, you know, a lot of women in Hollywood are like that, they think I have them labeled, more or less. But, I saw her once, that first time, and then she sort of got a little difficult. I didn't want to press anything. I felt, well, maybe I'll see her somewhere along the line. Of course, I straightened her out on this, I think she asked around a little bit, and found that I was a little sincere and she came around pretty good."

Do you think the press has the wrong idea of you—saying you want to go out a lot and everything?

"Well, I'll tell you. They dramatize and blow it up more than anybody else. I mean, I don't think I'm kind of sex manic. I've been with somebody, they're going to blow it up. If I'm out till twelve or one o'clock in the morning, it's four or five o'clock in the papers. Sometimes it gets sort of hectic. But I've got to grin and smile. I have a theory. Whether things are going good or things are going bad, I stay the same—say the same, do the same.

How do you and Mamie's son get along?

"Are you going to teach him baseball?

"Well, I didn't get to know him too well yet. I mean, well, he's a real good-looking kid. I'm not too experienced when it comes to something like this. I've never even thought about it. It's something that will have to be, you know, when the time comes."

About teaching him baseball? Well, I can't say that. Maybe he'll want to be a violin player or something.

How do you like to spend your time with Mamie on dates?

"I like to avoid big crowds. I hate big crowds and we usually try to get together just by ourselves and talk about..."
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In the July issue

of True Story

An exciting new column
by Jack Bailey of people and
events straight from the annals
of the popular ABC-TV television show

WATCH QUEEN-FOR-A-DAY, the Cinderella Show, Monday Through Friday on
ABC-TV. See your local pa-
per for time and channel.
enough to discuss these matters with May. I had to tell her what she had to expect."

May's reply to Sammy was just what he expected from the woman he loved.

"First comes what we have, and then comes whatever artistic thing or feeling that I might have," May told Sammy.

Nothing was so dreadful as the slings and arrows flung by a rabid few at Sammy as he made his rounds of the night clubs during those trying early days. The announcement of Sammy's and May's intention to marry was made in London.

Early terror

"Right away," Sammy related with grimness as he recalled the events of that day, "we became the target of the hate groups. That night we went to a restaurant... May's father, who had come in from Sweden to visit us, came along. And the Nazis came, too."

"I was absolutely shocked. You know, it's frightening to see those guys in uniform, wearing swastikas, parading up and down with signs carrying messages like, 'Mixed marriages are taboo' and 'We do not want a Negro Jew.' They also brought a little dog and it had a sign on its back saying, 'I'm black and I'm not a Jew.'"

It was the same thing in the United States—and not in the Deep South—but in Washington, D.C., and in Hollywood. These were times of real terror for Sammy and May, but especially for Sammy who became the prime target for most of the racial and religious slurs that were hurled by the irresponsible hate mongers.

"I had expected it," Sammy said, "because I didn't think the haters would come over to my side. There'll always be the haters. There were hate letters even before I was married, and they kept coming in larger numbers afterwards. But, thank God, they have stopped at last."

Actually, as Sammy explained it, there is still an occasional nasty letter. But nothing like it used to be. As May had indicated in her story, the hate letters suddenly stopped after the baby came.

With little Tracey Hilliwei to show the world that the love between Sammy and May was meant to be as permanent and enduring as anything in this life can be, not only did the prejudice diminish greatly but their life together—Sammy's and May's—started to change very quickly.

Like May, Sammy became more relaxed, less inhibited.

"The pressure was off," Sammy explained. "Now we didn't have to face those outside problems, the ones that were apart from those which any two married people must ordinarily face. I was glad it came down to that. I never wanted a lot of people to presume they could deprive me of my right to a full life and pleasure with the woman I love—and with the baby that we had brought into this world."

He fooled them all

The changes in Sammy became evident in many ways. No one would have bet a plug nickel on his chances of ever breaking away from the raucous, feverish routine of partying and nightlife that seemed to be an integral part of Sammy's life. Yet he fooled them all.

Actually, Sammy had begun to slow down long before Tracey Hilliwei was born. When the baby came, you could almost hear the screeching of tires as Sammy jammed the brakes on his fast-paced past...
life. Certainly he remained the best of friends with his pals, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop. But they were no longer the hub of his life. Now there was May—and the baby.

Now there was a far greater responsibility on Sammy's shoulders. Far greater than on the overwhelming majority of men who enter the happy domain of fatherhood.

"I knew our baby would have more problems than most," Sammy admitted with candor. "It was clear to me that our baby would have to have more love and more affection than most babies have.

"It's tough for anyone to bring up a baby in this kind of world, but with us I knew, and May knew, that it was tougher."

They faced the challenge determinedly, hopefully, but most of all, with unbending courage. And as the days and weeks passed, whenever he and May stood over Tracey Hillevi's crib and gazed down on their tiny offspring, Sammy felt a growing conviction that his presence in the nursery was the most important thing in the world.

"The three of us together showed me," Sammy said, "that there is nothing stronger than the knot that ties the family together.

"I knew now that my place, as much as May's, was in the home. I realized the job which lay ahead, of raising a little girl and teaching her the proper values of life. I didn't want our little girl to grow up wondering about her place in this world.

"The way I want things to be is that when Tracey Hillevi reaches the age of understanding, she'll already have an idea of the love her mother and father have for her and for each other."

For those reasons, Sammy had to drastically alter the pattern of his past and assume the character and poise of a "domesticated" man. It wasn't as simple as it might seem, for Sammy is not like most fathers who work from nine-to-five and return home in time for dinner and an evening with the family beside the hearth. As an entertainer, much of Sammy's time must necessarily be spent away from home. Sometimes, he's away from his Sunset Strip home for weeks. But when he returns, he spends almost every minute at home with May, Tracey Hillevi, and now with Mark, their two-and-a-half-year-old adopted son.

"My life is full and complete," Sammy said with a glowing smile. "No man could ask for anything more.

"I used to be Sammy, the big spender. No night was complete unless I showed a first-run movie at home for my friends. Even after we were married, I would sit up with May through the night to watch those films.

"But we don't do that any more. Now I'm satisfied with television. May is, too. And it's a lot cheaper. Mind you, I'm not complaining about the money. Fortunately, I'm well off. I never have to worry where my next dollar will come from. But it's a sign of the change—maybe it's a new maturity. Who knows really? Does anyone?"

Marriage to May Britt has forged still other changes in Sammy Davis.

Play it safe . . .

"I hold to a new sense of values," Sammy said. "I hold them with a determination that I never knew I had before. I don't want ever to lose what I have now. So I do everything I can to preserve these wonderful possessions.

"For example, I don't take any more chances with this new-found happiness of mine. I used to fly all the time. No more planes for me. Now I take the train. I play it safe for the family. I know they need me—and I want to be around for their sake, always.

"I've got to be around," he said urgently, "to watch over my family. Together with May, I want to teach the children to be good, and to hope for their happiness as we hope for our own.

"Our world is no longer as hostile as is used to be. It is a quieter, much more peaceful and better place. The first year of our marriage was the toughest. I'm glad that's behind now.

"If anyone could have told me back in 1960 that I would be this happy—man, I wouldn't have believed it.

"If anyone could have told me then that I would have changed as I have—man, I wouldn't have believed that either.

"But there it is. I have changed—and it's the greatest."—GEORGE CAMBER

You can see Sammy Davis, Jr. in his latest, "Three Penny Opera," Embassy.

"I think it's a great idea to film the life story of Liz Taylor. I just can't see Richard Burton playing the part of Eddie Fisher, that's all."

102
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Coiffeur, Enrico Caruso

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Only leading deodorant that doesn’t “stop up” pores. Mum lets your pores “breathe out” vapors and fluids naturally. It stops odor all day without “smothering” your skin. That’s because it’s the only leading deodorant that does not contain strong chemicals that close pores unnaturally. Isn’t new Mum the deodorant you’ve been looking for?

Keeps you sweet all day. Apply new Mum in the morning—it will protect you against odor all through the day. And far into the evening hours, too, Mum will keep working to protect you against odor.

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J oh n Wayne in the John Ford Production

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LEE MARVIN ELIZABETH ALLEN JACK WAR DEN CESAR ROMERO DICK FORAN and DOROTHY LAMOUR

Directed by John Ford - Screenplay by Frank Nugent and James Edward Grant - Story by Edmund Beloin - A Paramount Release

SEE IT AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE
**THE FORGOTTEN YEARS**

I read a while back where Jean Arthur was hiding away in a house by the sea and does not want to see anyone. Why? I always enjoyed her in films. I realize, we do not write our older stars often enough. We are all getting on and perhaps she feels we, the fans, have forgotten her and do not want to hear about her. Since the death of Marilyn Monroe it disturbs me to think that we do not care enough for stars of other years to ask about them.

G. Snyder
Grand Rapids, Michigan

**A FORD IN YOUR FUTURE!**

What's happened to Glenn Ford? Ever since he left Eleanor Powell he seems to be returning to an adolescent period. I always thought he was one of the few stars who had stability, but... He sure is making up for lost time, or is he just trying to hold on to those tender years?

Helen Ackerman
Chicago, Illinois

**TRAGEDY AND THE STARS**

It's strange how tragedy seems to stalk our adored movie stars, especially the children. When you go back over the years and think about Tyrone Power's death and the child he left behind, Humphrey Bogart and his small youngsters, Clark Gable and the son he never saw. Dick Powell's young family, it only re-emphasizes the fact that tragedy neither knows nor respects material wealth and it can strike young, old, rich and poor alike. So why have envy in the world?

Valerie Ewing
Atlanta, Ga.

**PLEASE TELL US ABOUT—**

Ann Blyth:
Ann has been busy these past few years just being Mrs. James McNulty and raising a lovely family. But she's returning to her fans via the summer stock route, and will tour the country in a musical comedy.

Barbara Stanwyck:
Since her divorce from Robert Taylor, Miss Stanwyck has been living alone, concentrating on her first love, acting. Since her last film, "Walk on the Wild Side," she's done a few TV shows. She claims she will never retire, and when a good part comes along—she'll take it.

(Continued on page 6)
FILL OUT THE COUPON ABOVE AND I WILL RUSH TO YOU . . .

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A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE WITH LIZ

I'm not a Rabbi, priest, or a minister, but I do know enough about religion to know that anyone who has done what Elizabeth Taylor has done, has committed a sin, no matter who says she hasn't. All Liz is (to quote a movie she once made) is "A Cat on a Hot Tin Roof!" How anyone can truthfully say she hasn't sinned is beyond me! I will say in her behalf, that she can be forgiven if she would repent for her sins on this earth, and in this world, but if she doesn't it's nobody's fault but her own. If you ask me, if that rabbi had any sense when he was confirming her, he would have booted that sinner into Dante's Inferno.

A reader
Bellmawr, N. J.

IT'S A BOY!

Mr. and Mrs. John Ashley announce the arrival of a son, Anthony Brooks, on Saturday, the fourth of May, 1963.

DEBBIE AND JOHN ASHLEY
Los Angeles, California

GIRLS INTO WOMANHOOD!

Just because many stars are faced with make-believe temptations on the screen, it is really no excuse to say that their transgressions off the screen are a result of their tinsel existence in front of a camera. With the proper parental guidance, decent environment any girl can overcome the temptations that face her.

LOREN GONZALEZ
Albany, N. Y.

It must be difficult living the life of a movie-star and being forced to grow up at a time when most boys and girls are "acting their age." It isn't any wonder that Liz Taylor experienced adulthood so young when you realize that when she was barely sixteen she was playing love scenes opposite Robert Taylor. When I was sixteen, I only "dreamed" of Robert Taylor but had to be satisfied with pimpily-faced youths, who in turn "dreamed" of being Cary Grant or dashing Errol Flynn.

GLORIA PACE
Bronx, N. Y.

FIRST LADIES

It seems to me we've lost Grace Kelly to Europe. Since her marriage to Prince Rainier she seems to be more and more aloof in her behavior, and her entire new look has taken on the image created by European couturiers. Even her appearance on television indicated a pronounced British inflection in her voice and it's difficult to recall that this was the Grace Kelly of not-too-long ago who delighted us with her typical "American" beauty and vitality. The Prince seemed more of a regular fellow than did Her Royal Highness.

ALYCE ZERILLI
Hartford, Conn.

I really think Grace Kelly is jealous of Jackie, so perhaps that explains her apparent desire to steal some of the spotlight bestowed upon our First Lady. She seems to imitate Jackie a great deal. Jackie first toured the White House—then Grace toured Monaco, Jackie comes to New York and visits galleries (and the world knows of her interest in art), Grace comes to New York and visits art galleries and expresses her cultural interests. Oh, yes, I've even heard a rumor that Grace is pregnant!

R. B.
Cleveland, Ohio

IF YOU KNEW SUZIE!

Susan Pleshette is the best thing that's happened to "Follywood" in a long, long time! Now if they'd keep her out of those nothing films, like "Fifty Pounds of Trouble" and give her meatier roles, perhaps we'd flock to the movies more often. But leave it to Hollywood to try and make another glamour girl and neglect the dramatic potential. Why don't these moguls wake up and do as Carlo Ponti did—he turned a sexpot into a dreamboat-of-a-dramatic star.

ANITA TUCILLO
New York, N.Y.

GEORGIE PORGE!

How could such a hunk of a man like George Maharis stay single for so long? I don't think it's quite fair for his ladymanager to keep him off the market, but I'm sure if a femme fatale came his way, manager or not, Georgie would take the plunge.

LOUISE ZATT
Richmond, Queens

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month, the prize—for the first 400 ballots we receive is "The Can-Opener Cook Book" by Poppy Cannon. Elegant, gourmet-type meals that look difficult but are really very fast and easy to make, this book is a must for every man or woman. Hurry—mail the ballot!

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

MY FAVORITES ARE:

MAIL STAR: 1.
2. 3.

FEMALE STAR: 1.
2. 3.

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1.
2. 3.

THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT;

THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:

Name______________________________Age__________________________
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8-63
The story of a band of men left for dead in a flaming sea... and their fantastic epic of survival.

PT109

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Screenplay by: ROBERT J. DONOVAN · LESLIE H. MARTINSON · RICHARD L. BREEN · BRYAN FOY

Produced by: ROBERT J. DONOVAN · LESLIE H. MARTINSON · RICHARD L. BREEN · BRYAN FOY

Presented by: WARNER BROS.
The editors of Photoplay present a Gold Medal for excellence to Universal-International's production of "A Gathering Of Eagles."

An exciting saga of the Strategic Air Command and the men who guard America, the film's impact comes not from the display of weapons, but in its insight into the lives of the men whose minds tell them we must keep a striking force ready, while their hearts hope it never has to be used. As a tough colonel, Rock Hudson antagonizes friends (Rod Taylor, Barry Sullivan) and wife (Mary Peach) in his dedication to a task that is frightening—but reassuring.

A Universal-International film; Eastman color; Director: Delbert Mann; Producer: Sy Bartlett.
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So, enjoy the sun! And get the best looking tan—deep, rich, long-lasting—marvelously smooth. Tan, don’t burn. Get Coppertone. It outsells all other suntan products by far! To save, buy the largest size.

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LIPKOTE: soothing to dry, sore, flaky lips.
SHADE: gives extra protection to children, all people with sensitive skin.

NEW!
Royal Blend
The world’s most luxurious suntan body lotion with 7 beauty benefits. Tan like a sun-goddess with fabulous Royal Blend!
Marilyn Monroe's tragic Exit "and the married man responsible for it" was still getting extravagant newspaper space in the foreign press as recent as "the other day." The author of the articles (syndicated to leading papyri in Paris, Vienna, Rome and other European places) prefaced his piece by stating that he personally had interrogated many (Continued on page 12)
Go from nearly blonde to clearly blonde...without artificial coloring!

Light and Bright brings back blondeness that's all your own. Can't wash out or fade...like a made-up shade. Your hair looks naturally radiant, feels silky soft. And gentle Light and Bright lets you lighten your hair a little or a lot. No worry over shade selection. No mixing, no timing. Just apply, comb through.

...and Richard Hudnut guarantees it...or your money back!
person in Hollywood and New York, who knew Marilyn and her problems. He submitted his sensational story as being Big News. And it was, in a way.

But this reporter recognized a lot of the Marilyn Monroe Story as it appeared in Photoplay and in the Hearst (and other) newspapers for which he writes.

The “big news” offered by the Foreign Correspondent was naming the “married man.” One of the most famous names in our country. Many of us on the papers and in the magazines hinted at the name often. The author of the above mentioned foreign articles merely jumped to conclusions, which is a good way of breaking your neck. Or having a married man (with a ferocious temper) break it for you.

At any rate, there is no proof that the married man was the villain in Marilyn’s life, and a good many of her friends are now convinced that the overdose was an accident.

The day is not far away, incidentally, when suicide by overdose of sleeping pills will be a thing of the past. Pharmaceutical firms are reported on the verge of releasing a sleeping pill that becomes an emetic after a certain number of them are swallowed.

Marlon Brando got his name in the papers again blasting away at The Saturday Evening Post, Time, various movie mags and gossip columnists “like Dorothy Kilgallen.” Mr. Brando found many of us who dig up wordage for various publications to be Ugly Americans and he repeated many of his opinions on the David Susskind “Open Mouth” program for two hours. The N.Y. Times oracle, Jack Gould, reported that the first half was tiresome.

The star certainly is entitled to the great American privilege (a law upheld by many Magistrates) “the right of reply.”

His agony reminds this writer of the time a socially registered intimate of the Hearst Family complained about us to the late Mr. Hearst.

“I wish,” she almost wept over the phone, “you would stop that horrible Walter Winchell from putting my husband’s name in the paper!”

Replied Mr. Hearst: “Tell you what I’ll do. You stop your husband from making the news and I’ll stop Winchell from breaking it!”

Judy Garland’s film, “I Could Go On Singing,” had many entertaining episodes, we thought. Several of her severest critics, however. (Continued on page 72)
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GO OUT TO A MOVIE
by JANET GRAVES

LILIES OF THE FIELD
U.A.; Producer-Director, Ralph Nelson (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala, Stanley Adams, Dan Frazer.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? In the Southwest, a footloose ex-GI meets a small group of nuns escaped from East Germany.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? One of those rare surprises that makes moviegoing a special pleasure, it uses skill, grace and sharp humor to put across its theme of faith, both in God and in humanity. Sidney’s a completely beguiling hero, tough, proud, cynical and hopeful. In fact, all its people are real—not a symbol in the lot.

SUMMER MAGIC
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, James Neilson; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Hayley Mills, Burl Ives, Deborah Walley, Dorothy McGuire.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A girl’s sly scheme lands her hard-up family in a charming Maine house, whose owner is away.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Take a frakly old-fashioned story; kid it just a little; add quaint old-timey atmosphere, seven cheerful songs and Hayley—and how can you lose? You’re bound to find relaxing fun, whether you’re of an age to go for little Jimmy Matthers, young Peter Brown or even not-so-young, not-so-little Burl Ives.

THE GREAT ESCAPE
U.A.; Producer-Director, John Sturges (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Steve McQueen, James Garner, Richard Attenborough.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? The most persistent Allied escape artists are all collected in one Nazi prison camp. A smart move?
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Only history could provide so wild a yarn, a half-comic adventure so tense that its extra length goes unnoticed. Both good at the light touch, Garner and McQueen match their British co-players in offhanded daring. But tragedy is always one step away; the wrangling Nazis are no paper villains.

SPENCER’S MOUNTAIN
Warner; Panavision, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Delmer Daves (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Henry Fonda, James MacArthur, Maureen O’Hara, Mimsy Farmer.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A big Wyoming family battles poverty to get the oldest boy into college.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Homespun, folksy, earthy, this saga of country courage is as accurate a picture of modern America as a Norman Rockwell painting. Fonda, lusty head of the clan, is better cast than the splendid Teton range, a locale associated more with rich ranchers and carefree dudes than with dirt farmers.

CALL ME BWANA
U.A.; Color; Director, Gordon Douglas; Producer, Albert R. Broccoli (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Bob Hope, Anita Ekberg, Edie Adams, Lionel Jeffries.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Space secrets lost in the jungle lure a U.S. Africa expert (phony) and a U.S.S.R. spy (female).
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Don’t come in late, because the monkey business starts even before the story does. From credits to fadeout, the gags never stop. Blustering Bob and buxom Anita are a surefire team, and Lionel adds unexpected laughs as a mild missionary, actually a ferocious Russian agent. (Continued on page 17)
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THE LIST OF ADRIAN MESSINGER

C: Director, John Huston; Producer, Edward Lewis (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? George C. Scott, Dana Wynter, Kirk Douglas, Clive Brook.

WHAT'S ABOUT IT? Murders disguised as accidents bring a secret-service man out of retirement to find the killer.

WHAT'S THE VERDICT? For sheer, slick entertainment, it's hard to beat a classic English thriller, with an elegant up-to-date Sherlock (Scott) riving the eerie countryside and dockside. Curtis, Lancaster, Mitchum and Sinatra give you a bonus guessing game. Try and find 'em!

DONOVAN'S REEF

Paramount; Technicolor; Producer-Director, John Ford (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? John Wayne, Lee Marvin, Elizabeth Allen, Dorothy Lamour.

WHAT'S ABOUT IT? On a South Sea isle, plotters try to keep a Boston girl from hearing about her father's native wife. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Veteran movie fans will feel right at home in this mild romantic comedy. As leading pals, Wayne and Marvin slug it out as cheerfully as Gable and Beery did twenty-odd years ago (or McLaughlin and Lowe before that). And we're back in Hollywood's own idyll of Polynesia, with Lamour to prove it.

TWO DAUGHTERS

Janus Films, Inc.; Director, producer, Satyajit Ray; titles in English (adult)

WHO'S IN IT? A. Chatterjee, C. Bannerjee, A. Aparna das Gupta, S. Chatterjee.

WHAT'S ABOUT IT? In today's India, a child befriends a lonely postmaster, and a man insists on choosing his own wife. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? In each of the two stories that it quietly unfolds, this beautiful film works a double spell. It draws you deep into a far country. Then it shocks you with the familiar, recognizable feelings of its people, no longer strange: a homesick young man; a bride who hates to say goodbye to childhood.

SANJURO

Toho; Tobiscope; Director, Akira Kurosawa; Japanese Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Toshiro Mifune, Reiko Dan, Yuzo Kayama, Tatsuya Nakadai.

WHAT'S ABOUT IT? A wandering swordsman comes to the rescue of bumbling reformers trying to clean up their town. WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The Japanese have another go at kidding their own samurai slashbucklers, remarkably like our westerns. While this sequel hasn't the surprise value of "Yojimbo" (or the swinging score), it's considerably funnier, with all of its useless assistant good guys and its fuzzy, helpless ladies in distress.

Alabama: Birmingham WATV, Gadsden WAAQ, Mobile WKRG, Montgomery WCMY, Selma WGWC, Tuscaloosa WYNX.

Arkansas: El Dorado, KELOD, Key West WKRF, Miami WAT, Orlando WOCZ, Pensacola WFLM, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPS, Tallahassee WTN, Tampa WDAE, West Palm Beach WNJO.

California: Anaheim WQPC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WYZE, Augusta WRDW, Columbus WRGB, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WMBR, Key West WKRF, Miami WAT, Orlando WOCZ, Pensacola WFLM, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPS, Tallahassee WTN, Tampa WDAE, West Palm Beach WNJO.

Connecticut: Hartford-Meriden-Farmington WIN, Waterbury WBRY.

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District of Columbia: Washington WTOP Florida Fort Myers WINK, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WMBR, Key West WKRF, Miami WAT, Orlando WOCZ, Pensacola WFLM.

Florida: Fort Myers WINK, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WMBR, Key West WKRF, Miami WAT, Orlando WOCZ, Pensacola WFLM, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPS, Tallahassee WTN, Tampa WDAE, West Palm Beach WNJO.

Georgia: Albany WPQC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WYZE, Augusta WRDW, Columbus WRGB, Gainesville WGGG, Macon WMZ, Rome WLAQ, Savannah WTCO.

Green Bay: WPAY, Key West WKRF, Miami WAT, Orlando WOCZ, Pensacola WFLM, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPS, Tallahassee WTN, Tampa WDAE, West Palm Beach WNJO.

Illinois: Chicago WBBM, Danville WVN, Decatur WSIO, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAI, Rock Island WQLO, Springfield WTAX.

Indiana: Anderson WIBU, Fort Wayne WANE, Indianapolis WISH, Kokomo WIKO, Marion WMRI, Muncie WILC, South Bend WSBT, Terre Haute WTHI.

Iowa: Cedar Rapids WMT, Des Moines KIAT, Mason City KGLO, Waterloo KKW, Waverly KIOW.

Kansas: Kansas City KAN, Lawrence W-flat.

Kentucky: Ashland WCOM, Hopkinsville WHOP, Lexington WKLX, Louisville WKYV, Owensboro WSO, Paducah WPAD, Louisiana Alexandria KALB, New Orleans WWL, Shreveport KOCU, Youngtown WBO.

Louisiana: Baton Rouge WWHO, New Orleans WSIV.

Maryland: Baltimore WCCB, Cumberland WCCM, Frederick WFMW, Hagerstown WARK, Massachusetts Boston WEEI, Greenfield WHAL, Pittsfield WBRK, Springfield WFMX, Worcester WNEB, Michigan Detroit WJR, Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKOZ, Saginaw WSGW.

Mississippi: Dutilth KDL, Minneapolis WCCO, Mississippi Meridian WQQQ, Missouir Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS, Montana Butte KBSW, Missoula WQEO, Nebraska Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT.

Miami-Dade WSNN, Washington D.C. WJAB.

Michigan: Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKOZ, Saginaw WSGW.

Minnesota: Duluth KDL, Minneapolis WCCO, Missouri Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS, Montana Butte KBSW, Missoula WQEO, Nebraska Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT.

Nevada: Las Vegas KLUC.

New Hampshire: Concord WXXL, Keene WKN, Lawrence WJEM, New Jersey Atlantic City WPFG.

New Mexico: Albuquerque KGGM, Santa Fe KSFF.


North Dakota: Grand Forks KILO, Jamestown KEYJ.

Ohio: Canton WCBE, Cleveland WAKR, Columbus WCMV, Dayton WHIO, Youngstown WNBN.

Oregon: Portland KGW, Salem KVEY, Portland WJEF, Portland WKNV.

Pennsylvania: Altoona WAGT, Hazleton KQ3S, Pittsburgh WPNX.

Rhode Island: Providence WJFS.

South Dakota: Rapid City KOTA, Yankton WJX.

Tennessee: Chattanooga WCDD, Cookeville WHUB, Johnson City WJWC, Knoxville WNOX, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC.

Texas: Dallas KTX, Corpus Christi KSIX, El Paso KJVE, Fort Worth KDFW, Houston KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana KOSY, Wichita Falls KWFT.

Utah: Salt Lake City KSL, Vermont Barre WSNO, Brattleboro WKVT.

Virginia: Norfolk WOCZ, Richmond WWCZ.

Washington: Seattle WAFS.

West Virginia: New Martinsville WJOY, Wheeling WCMP.

Wisconsin: Green Bay WGBY, Madison WCTW.

Wyoming: Casper WYAD, Gillette WYO, Laramie WYDI.

You'll find the biggest stars and the best On-The-Hour News, information and entertainment around the clock on your CBS Radio Station. Tune in!
Some fellows have all the luck—and George Chakiris is one of them. In Japan for his latest film, he took advantage of the local customs—got his paycheck, too.
Richard Chamberlain is plenty worried. The dialogue is so controversial in his film effort, "Twilight Of Honor," that even he blushes at some of the words. So what will some of his fans do? Send him a bar of soap, perhaps?

The other TV doc, Vince Edwards, still hasn’t slipped the ring on Sherry Nelson’s finger. She’s still waiting, though. Sherry doesn’t date anyone else, and what about Casey? "He can if he wants to," says Sherry, "but if I catch him, Dr. Ben Casey will need Dr. Kildare in a hurry."

Once upon a time Glenn Ford tried to set a record by wooing about every eligible beauty in town. However, Glenn is about all wooed out. The latest film cutie to become Fordless is Jill St. John. Even Old Faithful, Hope Lange, won’t give Glenn a tumble. She’s keeping busy with producer Alan Pakula these days.

Keep hearing reports that Marlon Brando’s Girl Friday in "Mutiny on the Bounty," the exotic Tarita, was secretly married around the first of the year to a hotelman. I hear the stork’s been alerted. You’ve lost again, Marlon.

What gives between Jim Hutton and baseball-player-turned-actor Chuck Connors? At Nat King Cole’s gala Coca-cola Grove opening, they seemed friendly enough, until Chuck commented to Hutton, "I hear you’re a big star at M-G-M." Hutton snapped back, "Yep, you heard it right." (Please turn the page)
GOSSIP SECTION

and I don't even know how to play baseball." Pals separated them before it went further.

The Mamie Van Doren—Bo Belinsky engagement could strike out. Why? Because Bel was striking out, losing seven ball games for the Los Angeles Angels by the middle of May. So they told Bo he better pack his bags for the minor leagues. Mamie (as any reporter worth his salt knows) is strictly major league material.

Is it possible that Kim Novak is planning to turn in her card to the Bachelor Girls of America? The lavendar kid is wearing a diamond engagement ring, the man who ringed her is Roderick Mann, a London columnist. They say it'll be a summer wedding. They may say it, but I don't bet on it.

Is Troy Donahue just dreaming? Pal's say it's over between him and Suzanne Pleshette, but Troy claims it's still on. Suzanne refuses to say yes or no.

Wait until you see Doris Day in "Move Over, Darling." This was the last film Marilyn Monroe worked on prior to her tragic death. It was titled "Something's Got to Give," but Doris refused to have anything to do with the project if the studio didn't change the title. Doris doesn't do a nude scene (like La Manree did), but she is going to have a semi-nude scene. She'll be seen wearing fig leaves to cover up enough to get by the censors. Oh, Doris, how you've changed!

Sandra Dee wants Bobby D. back. So you can look for him to head back home. Bobby still wears the wedding band Sandy placed on his finger. Bobby's pals say that if Sandy would promise to give up some bad habits, he would come home in a minute. Sandy's pals say that if Bobby would promise to control his bad habits, everything would be A-Okey. Maybe there's hope yet.

Only member of the "77 Sunset Strip" detective stuff remaining around far next

(Above) Tennessee Ernie Ford really knows about bulls. But Sarah Miles and Laurence Harvey (right) have just as much fun pretending.

Peter O'Toole has a talented family. Daughter Kate's a charmer; actress wife Sian Phillips is scheduled opposite Richard Burton after new baby is born.

continued
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Apollo, Pennsylvania

Ivy Sheeffer, 15
RD #3, Box 337-B
Apollo, Pennsylvania

Ann Clevelan, 18
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Oklahoma City 5, Oklahoma

Mary Lou Piazza
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Lyda Ureta, 16
Enrique Palacios 155
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Patricia Ann Walls, 11
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Calcutta 16, India
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Ann Dobkins, 16
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Joseph Jani, 19
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Petros Aslans Bldg.
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Dolores Forchione, 20
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Lawrence Granatelli, 18
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Lake View Avenue West

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GOSSIP SECTION

season is Efrem Zimbalist. The latest to exit from the Warners lot were Edd Byrnes and Louis Quinn. They join Roger Smith, Bob Logon and Jacqueline Beer in the unemployment line. That's some line.

Another Liz (Montgomery) remains the talk of the Paramount lot where she played Dean Martin's gal in their new motion picture. "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?"

If the ex-wife of Carol Burnett's new hubby Joe Hamilton wanted to yell foul, a judge might listen. Some Mexican divorces aren't worth the price of the paper they're written on. All I hope is that business remains good for the newlyweds. Joe has to meet support payments for eight children.

Short Hot Takes: Beverly Aadland's pride and joy, Momo Florence Aadland, spent fifty-five days in the county jail for letting Bev get out of hand once or twice. Now Momo proposes to write an expose of the county jail, naturally. . . . Speaking of mothers, George Hamilton's, Mrs. Ann Spalding, gave a party for Eve Johnson and during the merrymaking someone looted all the cars parked outside. . . . The psychic Peter Hurkos informed Terry Moore that she should treat her husband, Stuart Kramer, better. She is . . . Natalie Wood and her press agent parted company—personally and professionally. . . . Easy come and easy go for Jack Wrather, Jr., nineteen-year-old playboy son of Jock, Sr. No sooner had the courts ended his marriage to Lana Wood (Natalie's sister) than he shelled out $1,500 for an engagement ring he slipped on Jenny Maxwell's finger. . . . Jane Fonda and Andreas Voutsinos have resumed despite pope Henry Fonda's advice. . . . Reel close shave for Frank Sinatra in "Four for Texas." His barber in the flicker is Anita Ekberg. . . . Carol Lynley and Mike Selsman continue their bitter battle in the divorce courts. Mike's latest move was to obtain an order that Carol couldn't take the baby out of the state. This is no "friendly" divorce.

When publicity queen Jayne Mansfield obtained her divorce from Mickey Hargitay, the story only made a paragraph yarn in Jayne's hometown paper. Recent reports would have you believing Nelson Sardelli has moved into her heart bag and baggage, but don't you believe it?

The main reason Eddie Fisher and Sybil Burton looked each other up in New York was to check notes. When she informed Eddie how much Dickie Boy was giving her to get out of his life, the crooner decided to cool it and not file for the divorce from Liz—at least until the market goes up. But he was kidding . . . he'll probably file in July.

Oscar winner Ed Begley has women woes. His ex-spouse is boiling. Claims that Ed's new girl is wearing the ex-Mrs. B's wardrobe.

Hollywood never got Brigitte Bardot, but they do have Elke Sommer. There's a
 Drake is the talk of the town. Evan Brigitte would blush.

What rich comedy will think a long time before he tries another practical joke? He set fire to his director's chair on the set. What started out as a hot seat nearly turned the stage into a major fire, and had everyone dashing for the exits. The comic didn't laugh for long when the fire department gave him a lecture.

Fabian finally returned to the dating column. He discovered Gary Lockwood's flame, Joey Heatherton.

The appearance of the stork should settle those rumors about the Frankie Avalons. By the way, whatever happened to the gal who threatened to sue Frankie for paternity?

Looks like Ozzie and Harriet will become grandparents again. Ricky Nelson and Kris Harmon have dated the stork, according to a big bird.

Even his best pals are trying to talk Steve McQueen out of racing motorcycles. They fear he may suffer the same fate as his action, James Dean.

Van Johnson's estranged wife, Eve, was evicted from her house. The government sold it for back taxes owed by the Johnsons.

Another Marlon Brando? Richard Beymer passed all his tests and is a full-fledged member of Actor's Studio. It cost him his best girlfriend, though. While Dick was busy burning the midnight oil, Sharon Tate flipped for a dashing Frenchman.

The English suffered a setback in the amour department. Peter Sellers apparently used the wrong line with Stella Stevens. He won her and dined her one evening and she has refused to speak to him since.

Hollywood is doing a double take over Gary Merrill's newly found way of life. The former spouse of Bette Davis joined a church in San Francisco and is giving sermons on Sunday. Believe it or not.

Frank Sinatra was tagged "Man of the Year" by the female press of Hollywood. Why? One member put it this way: "He's good to children and animals."

Gregory Peck decided to go back into his shell when it comes to meeting the press. When the lanky actor won his Oscar he praised the fourth estate for supporting him. However, when a sob sister wrote that he was the "dullest" actor and "dullest" husband in Hollywood, Peck closed the door on any more interviews.

Believe it or not, Connie Francis still has that big crush on Don Rickles, the comic who makes his living insulting celebrities.

The George Peppard's call it a day. George always had kept his wife and children in the background, claiming it was nobody's business but his own. I guess his wife thought it was her business, too.

There's a rumor going around that Natalie Wood really took it hard when she finally told Warren Beatty to take a walk. And didn't she place midnight calls to her ex, Robert Wagner, to be consoled? But R.J. is now in love with Marion Donen.

Puzzler of the Month: What star is becoming hooked on pills to slow him down and pep him up? (Continued on page 84)

Married women are sharing this secret

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23
Undecided is the word for the Sandra Dee-Bobby Darin marriage situation. To date, nobody’s filed any legal action; on the other hand, neither Sandra nor Bobby seems to be making any effort (that anyone can detect) to patch things up. When Darin walked out of the house, it looked as if he was going to cut all ties, but he couldn’t do without his small son. Bobby arranged for the boy (Sandra and Bobby named him Dodd—but call him “George!”), to fly down to Las Vegas with a nurse while he was entertaining there. So, for a while, George was a weekend commuter. Mama didn’t mind, in fact, she approved. It’s tough to predict the outcome of this split-up—mainly because Sandra and Bobby don’t even know it.

Above: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor stole the show at a London art auction. They bid $190,000 for a Van Gogh—and got it—not for themselves, but for their famous jewel-and-art-collecting daughter—Liz!

That seat of honor was occupied by actor Jack Hawkins’ wife, Liz’ place was way down the table, and at Burton’s place, which was next to Liz’, the card read: “Miss Taylor’s Escort!”

I’m getting a bit weary of watching Glenn Ford jump from girl to girl. It seems to me he’s frantically trying to recapture his teens. I don’t say Glenn should act his age, but at least he could act like he’s thirty.

About a month before Carol Burnett and Joe Hamilton flew to Juarez to be married, stories circulated that their romance was over. Since then, many people claimed this was just a smoke screen and that they’d never intended to break up. However, I know that Carol had told Joe it was over. She felt that his wife, who has eight children born of her marriage to Joe, would never give him a divorce. It was when Joe realized Carol was serious about breaking up that he decided to press even harder to get that divorce.
George Peppard’s separation from his wife, Helen Davies, was as quiet as their marriage of almost ten years had been. She was a stranger to Hollywood. George never took her to premiers, openings or parties, and absolutely refused to discuss his private life with anyone. Until recently, he stayed at a Hollywood hotel and spent weekends with his family in Chula Vista. But even when all the Peppards moved into town, Mrs. Peppard was never on the scene.

Below: Bette Davis and daughter Barbara had such a great time in London at the “Whatever Happened To Baby Jane?” premiere, they didn’t want to come home. Latest episode in the drawn-out bitter battle between Bette and her ex-hubby Gary Merrill had her daughter Barbara going to court to change her last name from Merrill to Sherry. Gary adopted her when she was five. Sixteen-year-old Barbara told the court she wanted the name of her father, William Grant Sherry, a one-time boxer who now paints and sculpts for a living in Maine. “I do not discuss Mr. Merrill,” said she, “I have nothing to do with him and this is by choice.”

Though you’d never know it from the way they act when they’re together in public, the romance between Dick Chamberlain and Clara Ray is more a public than a private romance.

Above: Now that Kim Novak has found English writer Roderick Mann, there’s no telling when “Of Human Bondage” will be finished. She’s already had two directors and is working on her third. Laurence Harvey offered the producer a quarter of a million dollars to get out of the picture and let someone else take over, but he was turned down. Kim doesn’t seem to be too concerned about it all.

Early last April, Rod Taylor admitted he’d fallen in love with New York model Mary Hilem, but added, “It’ll be a long, careful, untheatrical engagement.” Well, it wasn’t as long as Rod hinted. Mary came here in late April, redecorated his house, and they were married on June 1st—in a quiet ceremony. Rod’s time sense is a little peculiar, so maybe that explains it. When I asked how long he’d known Mary, he said, “Oh, for ages—six months.” Well, I guess that’s quite a while here in Hollywood.

Above: Three Fondas in one photo is a rare treat. The alert cameraman caught this one when Papa Henry and his son Peter visited daughter Jane on her location (in the middle of busy Forty-Second Street) for her new film, “Sunday In New York.” I hear everything is peaches and cream between Jane and her father now that her romance with Andreas Voutsinas is almost over. Peter, who’s in “Tammy And The Doctor” with Sandy Dee, is married, and is the quietest Fonda. But he’s young—and maybe he needs a little time to catch up with the rest! (Please turn the page)
Hal worked as a makeup man at MGM, but gave it up. Somewhere he has a daughter, Joan Crawford LeSueur, who would be around thirty now, but no one seems to know where she is.

The Edgar Bergens have a celebrity on their hands in daughter Candy. After being crowned queen at Westlake School, she was one of 300 girls from all over the country accepted in the freshman class at the University of Pennsylvania. That Candy can keep her grades up and keep track of all her boy friends proves how smart she is. She gave up Doris Day's son Terry for David Niven, Jr. and Jack Ellis. But there are other fellows hanging around, too.

Kathy Crosby's house hunting. They already have five homes—the most famous is the one in Palm Springs which President Kennedy borrows occasionally. But now Kathy's got her eye on one in swank Burlingame, outside San Francisco. Among other things, it has a ballroom. The upkeep on the grounds alone runs over a thousand dollars a month. You don't suppose she's planning to go social, do you? Well, one thing for sure, our Bing isn't.

Zsa Zsa Gabor's plenty mad and says she'll sue for millions over the story that she's had everything, including her face, lifted. Zsa Zsa says when she first came to Hollywood, Johnny Engstead did a photographic sitting of her, and she can prove she still has the nose she was born with—although it was broken once and she had to have it reset. Well, here we go again! It should be a lively bout!

When Dinah Shore's divorce from George Montgomery was final, everyone predicted she'd marry Maurice Smith. Dinah denied any marriage plans up to three days before the big day. Then, after the Redlands, California, ceremony, somebody asked her why. Said Dinah, "It's a woman's privilege to change her mind!" By the way, when Dinah was home in Tennessee, recently, Senator Estes Kefauver told her she should run for office—that was how impressed he was with the way she gladhanded all those Tennesseeites!

Above: That nice, quiet European trip Debbie Reynolds took while awaiting the birth of her baby proved more tiring than she expected it to be. She's now under doctor's orders to "Take it easy!" and Debbie is following his orders to the letter E—for Easy! Stay with it, Debbie.

Joan Crawford's brother, Hal LeSueur, died in obscurity in Los Angeles. Few people knew of his death until twenty-four hours after his burial. He had been working as a motel clerk, living quietly, and refusing to discuss his relationship with Joan. The people close to him knew that he was Joan's brother, but that was all. For a while

Above: Brigitte Bardot and Sammy Frey are still an item. She says she may never leave France again after her experience with those Italian cameramen who made her life miserable in Rome. BB's not exactly camera shy, but the paparazzi were too much for her.

Marlon Brando almost lost himself a couple of fans when he appeared on TV with Dolores Hart and Hermione Gingold. It was during Marlon's campaign
to destroy once and for all his "mumbles" image and to prove that he could talk. He did, for almost two hours and the girls didn't get a chance to say much. Hermione, who's very rarely silent, almost flipped.

Above: George Maharis and Ann-Margret met at the New York Grammy Awards—and were very cozy till she had to go back to Hollywood. What happened to that manager he's supposed to be so crazy about?

Dorothy Malone, in her divorce action against Jacques Bergerac, claimed he struck her several times forcing her to move from their home.

If Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty aren't married by time you read this, I'll bet my best hat they never will be. If you'll remember, Warren was enamored of Joan Collins right up until the moment when Natalie and R. J. Wagner separated. In the quickest about face I've come across, Joan was out and Natalie was in as far as Warren's heart was concerned. Perhaps Shirley MacLaine's younger brother felt safe with Natalie since she obviously wasn't free to marry and seemed in no hurry to file for a divorce. Her divorce from Wagner is legal now, and I'm wondering if Warren will run away.

Above: I thought I'd lost all my naivete years ago, but I'm still gullible, I guess. After each zany Jayne Mansfield publicity stunt, I keep thinking it will be the last one. I can't figure out how this girl, who has a maximum of everything but talent, can keep dreaming up ways to get on the front page or, if that isn't available, even into the real estate sections of the newspapers. Jayne has almost become a caricature of herself. I think when 20th dropped her contract, she panicked at this loss of security. It's too bad because Jayne, for all her wild taste, is actually a very sweet girl. She'll be a long time living down those nude photos in a national magazine. Marilyn Monroe could get by with posing in the altogether—on Jayne it's just not very pretty.

One thing for sure, Sybil Burton's going to have plenty of room in her new home. That New York apartment (Burton signed the lease) has fifteen rooms. Sybil refused to be photographed with Eddie Fisher when the two ran into each other at a New York night club. She didn't snub Eddie though, she extended her hand, kissed him on both cheeks, and told the cameramen to hit the road.

Above: Prince Philip personally handed Leslie Caron the British equivalent to our Oscar for "L-Shaped Room." I'm sure Leslie was as thrilled with the presentor as she was with the prize. (Please turn the page)
Horst Buchholz is the proudest movie papa around. Ask him about his baby daughter and he'll give you a ten minute description, including, "When she smiles at me, it's an embrace."

Ann Sothern was the saddest girl in town when she vacated her beautiful Bel Air mansion, stored all her possessions and moved into a hotel. "I feel absolutely unwanted," she said. Last I heard, she was considering an offer to be the Ray Millands' house guest. When she took the part of a blousy dame in "Lady In A Cage," she was out to change her image, and from what I hear she sure succeeded. Nobody on the set recognized her in a dark auburn wig and dress right out of skid row.

Jimmy Stewart's wife Gloria says she was embarrassed when her house guests from Chile asked her to recommend a place where they might have dinner and see a floor show. Gloria had to admit she hadn't the slightest idea! That will give you an inkling of what a racy life the Stewarts lead. "We took them to Chasen's," she said. "Some floor show!" The truth is, it's the best show in town because all the celebrities eat there.

Ginger Rogers was the belle of the ball at the party in Greenwich, Connecticut, for all those celebrities who went to New York for the fortieth anniversary of Time. You had to be on the cover before you were invited. When the music began, Gen. Mark Clark tapped Ginger on the shoulder and asked her to dance. "Wait until I tell my son I danced with Ginger Rogers," he said. After that every man in the place had a whirl with her. She didn't sit down all night. Tired as she was, she didn't mind. "What it does for one's ego is beyond belief," she told me.

Scowling Vince Edwards, is all smiles since he did big business during his Las Vegas nightclub engagement. Don't expect him to marry Sherry Nelson until he finishes "Ben Casey." Also, I get the feeling he'll have to promise to pay more attention to her than to the horses.

A raccoon crashed the party Mary Pickford gave for Colleen Moore recently. The animal came calling at the back door and refused to leave until it got a handout. The guests were entertained for an hour by the antics of the raccoon. "Years ago, we used to be bothered by coyotes and a few skunks," said Mary, "but this is the first time we had a raccoon visit us." I'll never forget the time Bob Burns sent me a pig. The darn thing got loose and we looked all over before we finally found him enjoying the garbage at Pickfair.

Shirley Temple celebrated her thirty-fifth birthday—and how old do you feel?—on a TV stage in Hollywood. Red Skelton ordered a big cake topped with a doll like Shirley. "No one has paid this much attention to me since I was starring in pictures," she said. She has no ambitions to do any more acting: "I'm leading the kind of life I've always wanted—wife and mother. I'm just Mrs. Black to all my friends. I do get annoyed sometimes when people tell me how they used to bounce me on their knee. Charlie and I figured that if I'd been bounced on all those knees, I'd never have learned to walk."

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.

Merle Oberon collects houses like some people collect diamonds. She owns homes in Bel Air, Mexico City and Cuenca, and is building another in Acapulco. While she was touring the Orient, she decided to sell her place in Bel Air, California, but when she walked back in the door, she decided it was much too beautiful to part with. And to show you how lucky Merle is, a beautiful old tree outside her bedroom window was uprooted in a storm. Disaster? Not at all. "Now I've got a view to die over," she said. By the way, the secret of her fabulous size eight figure is that she swims every single day of the year.

Vic Damone's a puzzle. He keeps denying he'll marry Texas model Penny Rudd, and even bought a co-op bachelor apartment in Westwood. At the same time, he keeps dating Penny, and even sees her parents. I think it's all just too chummy for a platonic friendship, don't you?

English actor Peter Sellers was a sight to see when he took his two kids (aged nine and five) on a tour of Disneyland, Marineland and Knott's Berry Farm. The children decided they'd like to live here. The recently-divorced Peter took out some glamour girls at night, but he says it's nothing very serious.
SYBIL'S PLAN TO RUIN LIZ!

(Please turn the page)
“Liz won the first round!
I’ll win the fight!”
London correspondent has said that Sybil Burton laughed a hearty Welsh laugh when the battery of high-toned and oh-so-precise English lawyers explained the “master plan” to her: Richard, her husband, would give her $1,000,000. Elizabeth Taylor would give her an additional $500,000. She (Sybil) would leave England immediately—scat! like a cat! on the run! fast! out! She would then, in proper time, have the courtesy to give Richard a divorce so Liz could marry him! If Sybil laughed, however, when she first heard all this—if she said, “Bloody nonsense! Good Lord, what’s to be the next step in this comedy we’ve all been playing?” (Please turn the page)
SYBIL'S PLAN TO RUIN LIZ!

continued

Am I now to be paid off and take my two daughters and be pushed into exile?”—the laughter, the semi-amused wonderings, did not last for long. Because, the following day, Richard himself reportedly had a talk with her. Over tea. In the living room of the lovely little house in suburban-London which they had bought soon after their marriage fourteen years ago, where they had known happier hours than this. Where now Richard told his wife that Liz had said something to him which should not be considered lightly—considering the source. That Liz had said, very simply, “Marry me, Richard, or I’ll die.”

Six words of stark passion, of vague threat, from the lips of a temperamental and sometimes hyper-emotional woman; words which—once repeated now—transferred the living room of the lovely little house in suburban-London into a gray and tomb-like and silent place. As the Burtons sat looking at one another, the tea in the cups they held became colder...colder—though not nearly so cold as the chill that suddenly took hold of Sybil Burton’s heart. She had feared this all along—this threat of threats from Liz. She remembered now Rome, ’62, a similar threat, how Richard had ignored it then—how Liz had suddenly been rushed to the hospital—how Liz’ press agent had talked the next day about “bad chili” while someone else had talked about “bad oysters”—while the majority of Rome newspapers had hinted strongly at sleeping pills and stomach pumps.

Sybil remembered. And she knew now that this was the moment when—for her conscience’ sake, as well as for Richard’s—she would have to give in to the “master plan,” to leave her husband. Just as she realized that, by so deciding, she had somehow come up with a plan of her own—a plan to ruin the woman who had caused her so much heartbreak and humiliation. A simple plan, really. A fool-proof and ironic plan. One which would require only time. And which, when the time came, would hit—with sledgehammer force—the very same Liz Taylor who recently had told a reporter, sweetly: “It’s very hard to admit you’ve done wrong. If mistakes hurt other people, in the long run you will have to pay for them...” That’s what she’d said.

It had not been in Sybil Burton’s nature to plan things—vengeful or otherwise—before Rome, and “ Cleopatra” and the Liz-Richard mess began. She’d been, up to that time, a free spirit who’d taken life as it had come; who’d enjoyed its ups, shrugged off its downs and who’d always, as the Welsh say, “looked forward to a prettier morning.”

Certainly, for the first twelve-or-so years of their marriage, no woman could have been more tolerant of her husband’s wanderings—his affairs with other women. Certainly, no woman could have put up so easily with this fine young actor who also happened to be the possessor of an unkempt soul. And a devil of a temper; this faithless and often-exasperating and demanding and hard-drinking bloke whom many a friend of Sybil’s—and even of Richard’s—maintained she could well do without. But Sybil, it so happened, loved the bloke, loved him desperately. And for an even occasional return of this love, she would do anything for him. Anything. Like forgive him. And console him. And mother him.

This was her greatest mistake, some say. To Sybil, Richard was a little boy at heart—gay and fun-loving and candid and basically good, so good. She knew that Richard’s own mother had died when he was barely two years old. She felt that often he needed, even at this later age, a woman who would make up for his loss, who would baby him from time to time. So she became that woman. Like many a mother, she became very permissive with him. Her unique attitude (Continued on page 94)
Proportioned Kotex napkins.

Now Kotex comes in 4 proportioned sizes. You choose the width, depth, and length that meets your special needs.

Each napkin has the moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering. That’s why, now more than ever, nothing protects quite like Kotex.
It isn't Elvis! It isn't Rock! It isn't Vince! In fact, next to him, they're all babes in the woods when it comes to women!

The girl in his heart is Yvette Mimieux, who at this moment will not even accept his phone calls. The girl in his heart a year ago and his friend ever since, Connie Stevens, won't answer his phone calls either. And Linda Christian, who made headlines a month ago as his bride-to-be, just clobbered a London newspaper reporter who asked for her recipe for Wiener schnitzel—the dish she fed her “intended” when he “proposed.” And a lady who has often been rumored to be his next wife, Hope Lange, doesn’t seem to see him very much any more.

If it sounds like a comedy of errors, it is a tragedy of errors as well; for this man is a sensitive man, an intelligent man, with a (Continued on page 92)
On her seventeenth birthday, Hayley Mills gives her first grown-up interview on love, men and marriage!

(Continued on the next page)
Fred Robbins, nationally known radio and television personality, taped this exclusive interview with Hayley Mills recently in London on the occasion of her happy seventeenth birthday.

FRED: Happy birthday, Hayley Mills. How does it feel to be seventeen, sweet seventeen and never been kissed?

HAYLEY: It doesn’t feel any different, actually. I must say I’m rather disappointed.

FRED: It doesn’t feel any different never to have been kissed, is that what you mean, Hayley—or just to be seventeen?

HAYLEY: Just to be seventeen. I didn’t say anything about the other!

FRED: And you don’t feel any older on this special day? Any wiser?

HAYLEY: No, I don’t really. I don’t think one does. I woke this morning—you have a sort of excited feeling. But that’s just because it’s your birthday. And it’s natural you should be sort of excited on your birthday. But as for feeling older, I am making an effort at it. And wiser? I have my wisdom teeth, but they haven’t done anything for me.

FRED: So many teenage girls are getting married these days. Is it a good time for a marriage? What is your opinion, Hayley?  (Continued on page 90)
Hayley loves being with her family too much to cut herself off from them for marriage now. Of her kid brother Jonathan (above) she says, “We used to hate each other, now we’re very good friends.” Her parents (left) don’t let the limelight spoil her. They let her lead a normal life, untroubled by any conflict between her private life and movies. Hayley says, “That’s where Mommy and Daddy have been so clever.”
Can he find the right love song to win back her heart — or is it too late?

This is a story about three trouble-weary grown-ups and one little girl, a story of two men struggling to find and win their rightful places in the child’s heart, the story of a woman, a mother, trying valiantly to walk the thin line of justice, realizing deep in her heart that in the battle between her husband and the man who was her first love, there can be no victor. (Continued on page 96)
THE SUICIDE THAT BROKE JACKIE'S HEART
Indifferent himself to danger, he wept over the sorrows of others....” Jackie Kennedy heard her husband’s stirring words with ears that moments before had received shattering news. She saw the beauty of the White House flower garden, newly planted and fragrant with hyacinth, through eyes that were rimmed red from weeping.

“He wept over sorrows of others...” Jack’s words—spoken in praise of Sir Winston Churchill, who was being awarded honorary U.S. citizenship in an inspiring outdoor ceremony—were all too fitting for Jackie's own case. For Jackie, too, had been weeping over the sorrows of another—another who, in many ways had lived a life like hers. And that other woman’s sorrow—there was no escaping this—had been caused in a small part by Jackie’s own brother-in-law, Attorney General Robert Kennedy.

The woman was Jackie’s good friend, Charlene Cassini, the wife of former society columnist Igor Cassini, who under the pen name Cholly (Continued on page 98)

Charlene Wrightsman Cassini (at left), the wife of Igor Cassini (far right), who wrote a society column under the pen name Cholly Knickerbocker, was a friend of Jackie Kennedy’s. Like Jackie, she grew up in a world of wealth, but for Charlene, the gold tarnished. A series of unhappy incidents, one involving Robert Kennedy (right) and his Justice Department, caused the young and lovely Charlene to take her life.
Rod was a slow starter—but he’s come up a winner. He starred in a TV series, but it was dropped. Now he’s starring in three top films. He co-starred in a romance with Anita Ekberg, but she married somebody else. While in New York, he met Mary Hilem—and after six months, Rod knew he’d say goodbye to his bachelor days!
"I'M IN A STATE OF SHOCK!"
Sandra the bubbly, Sandy the joyous imp, Sandy whose laughter can be so infectious it lights up a whole set and forces everyone within earshot to join in—this Sandra Dee is no more. Today, she is sobered by life, her child face motionless as a mask, her eyes two dark holes. As she talks, tears hover on the edge of her eyes and on the edge of her little voice. Today, she is the saddest girl I’ve ever seen.

“I’m just in the dark,” she sighed. “I don’t know what’s going to happen. I’ve learned so much in these last months. I’ve learned you can love a man and still have trouble with him . . . more so than if you didn’t love him because then it wouldn’t matter at all . . .”

Slowly, she fingers the wedding ring she still wears and looks out into space. “It’s not easy for Bobby either, you know. He’s in the dark, too. Oh, I want so to be happy. I don’t know what it’s going to take, but that’s what I want . . . happiness. (Continued on page 66)
"Gidget Goes To Rome" is dream-come-true for Cindy, who was discovered on TV. In movie, she even gets to be Cleopatra.

The city: glorious Rome. The time: early one Monday morning. Our rendezvous spot: the lobby of the swank and stuffy Hotel Nazionale, where we waited to meet Cindy Carol—the third and newest "Gidget." Up until this very moment we knew just a little about Cindy. What we did know (through the courtesy of a press release) was that she was eighteen-years-old, brown-haired and brown-eyed. She was born in Los Angeles, California, and her favorite foods were steak and potatoes, her favorite sport water skiing. The release also said she’d appeared on many TV shows (under her real name Carol Sydes)—and that she was chosen for the coveted role in "Gidget Goes To Rome" while appearing on "The Loretta Young Show." At the end of the release were some facts that were quite upsetting. Cindy, it seemed, had arrived in Rome only the night before and today, Monday, she would be spending the better part of the day (Continued on page 88)
Cindy has one phrase to describe her co-star, Jimmy Darren, the sights of Rome and spaghetti. They're all, "The Most!"
LOVE IS A LOUSY POLITICIAN

Some give up fortunes for love, others respectability. Did Governor Rockefeller give up a chance at the White House to be happy with Happy? Read this story and let us know what you think!

(Continued on page 76)
After thirty-one years of marriage, Rocky divorced Mary Clark (left) and married "Happy" Fitler Murphy (above).
You can see him in a crowd. You can reach out and touch him; because he is a great man, famous, known all over the world, and maybe that touch will give you at least a small part of him. . . . You can see him on television—or even in a movie theater—and you will look up to him and think how lucky his wife is to be married to him and how lucky his children are to have him for a father. And maybe you’ll think, “I wish I were his wife.” . . . You can read about him almost any day in the newspapers and magazines, and you will think, “This is a good person. This is a truly honorable man.” . . . But what you will never read, never see, never know is that this man is a killer. He is the man who killed Marilyn Monroe. . . . When their romance began, nobody—especially Marilyn and the man—could have guessed at the ending. For it began with a kind of love. . . . It was the worst time of her life and the best time of his, and so each of them needed someone to share that time with. That was their love, their need, really. It was a kind of love gone wrong. For he is very much happily married. Marilyn, of course, knew that. He had no intention of ever divorcing his wife. She knew that, too. But he had been so on top of the (Continued on page 74)
You had to be very close to Carroll Baker to see that she was trembling. But of course, no one was very close to her. The British wardrobe mistress had slipped Carroll’s bathrobe from her shoulders, and watched as Carroll hastily slid beneath the sheet on the bed. Then she had turned away and carried the bathrobe silently back to the star’s deserted dressing room.

The prop men, the grips, the extras, even the assistant directors and lighting technicians of the big London studio had disappeared from the sound stage. “The set has to be cleared,” Carroll had insisted, and from the door of her dressing room she had watched them depart. Were they snickering (Continued on page 80)
There are those who will tell you that somewhere in Washington, D.C., there is a top secret file on Cliff Robertson. His life was combed with the finest of teeth: his marriage to the ex-wife of Jack Lemmon in 1957; his divorce in 1960; his political background; his religious views; the organizations to which he belonged since his seventh birthday; the names of his acquaintances and friends. Everything was checked for scandal. And then it was re-checked and double checked.

At last, the word shot westward from Washington to California. The President of the United States would not be unhappy to see Cliff Robertson portray Lieutenant Junior Grade John F. Kennedy in the motion picture "PT 109."

When Warner Brothers first decided to make "PT 109" last year, only one favor allegedly was asked. The President would like to approve the actor who would impersonate him on the movie screen.

Every actor under thirty (Continued on page 82)
EXCLUSIVE IN PHOTOPLAY!

The Complete Movie Story of

PT 109

CAST OF CHARACTERS

LT. (j.g.) JOHN F. KENNEDY . CLIFF ROBERTSON
ENSIGN LEONARD J. THOM . . . . . . . TY HARDIN
COMMANDER RITCHIE . . . . JAMES GREGORY
ENSIGN "BARNEY" ROSS . . . . ROBERT CULP
LT. ALVIN CLUSTER . . . . . . . GRANT WILLIAMS

There were those Navy men in the South Pacific area that weather-hot and war-hot month of July, 1942, who'd have told you at the drop of a sea bag that the nice-looking junior lieutenant, the one with the schoolboy grin and the Ha-vad accent—John F. Kennedy—was a guy who should have had his head examined. Here was a guy, they'd have said, who could have sat out World War II in some comfortable and safe Stateside berth—maybe running a nice Wave barracks, even. After all, here was a guy whose father was nearly as rich as the Rockefellers, a guy with pull in Washington—who'd actually met and lunched with (Continued on page 60)
Dramatic highlights of the Warner Brothers' movie, "PT 109." The bow of the Jap destroyer plows into the PT boat. Smashup! Lt. Kennedy (Cliff Robertson) saves his buddy's life. Then, lost and afraid, some of the men want to surrender to the Japs, but Lt. Kennedy refuses. He is determined to save men and himself. And, he does.
Mr. Roosevelt, the President of the United States! And yet—the goof—here he was, stationed in Tulagi Harbor, in the dead center of this watery Jap-infested hell-hole of a South Pacific . . . and at his own request . . . and in the PT boat service!

And when they asked young Lt. Kennedy why he’d negotiated this kind of a deal, he’d answer:

“If I were a poor, illiterate, barefoot dirt farmer without health, family or friends . . . I wouldn’t need a reason for being out here. However, I’m not all of those things. So for damned sure I don’t have to think up a reason for being here. Simple?”

And many a head would be shaken, many a shrug shrugged as the strange-thinking and dauntless young lieutenant would go on determinedly with whatever task he’d been given to do . . . .

It is a well documented fact that Jack Kennedy didn’t even gulp—much—the morning he and his subordinate officer, Ensign Leonard Thom, caught their first sight of the tiny and fragile PT boat they’d just been assigned to take over—the 109.

Kennedy looked the 109 over. He examined the score of nicks and splinters in her hull, caused by friend and foe alike. He examined her decks—littered with abandoned gear, torn mattresses, old comic books, a couple of very lively and at-home-looking land crabs. He made note of the fact that the boat needed a new coat of paint—not to mention new guns and a new set of engines.

And where another man might have sighed woefully and run to the sick bay announcing that he’d just come down with a bad case of double pneumonia and needed at least three months in the sack—Jack Kennedy, instead, patted the deck railing of the 109, affectionately, as if she were a neglected waif. “We’ll get you fixed up! Don’t you worry!”

His confidence, however, was not immediately shared by several of the men who were assigned to his crew. Not shared at all, in fact.

Take, for instance, two of the sailors—motor machinists Leon Drawdy and Ed Drewitch—who took one look at the 109, frowned and had themselves a pow-wow. It went like this:

“What’s the name of the joker in charge of this wreck?” Drawdy wanted to know.

“A j.g. named Kennedy,” said Drewitch. “Looks like all he ever did was to go to school. No sea duty. Not that one. But they say he wrote a book.”
"Then why didn't they put him in charge of a library?" Drawdy wondered. "Just serving under a guy like this, we rate the Purple Heart."

The men's confidence was further shaken when it came time for Kennedy to choose one of the lot for galley-duty.

"Ever do any cooking?" they heard him ask seaman Edgar Mauer, later that day.

"Yes, sir," they heard Mauer answer. "I used to fix up things for my kid brother. Peanut butter sandwiches mostly."

"Nothing else?" they heard Kennedy ask.

"Well—" they heard Mauer answer, "sometimes I fixed peanut butter and jelly."

And then—and you wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't been there—they heard Kennedy say, "Good. You're the new cook!"

The men worried about that one all night.

But the crew's fears about their new skipper were actually very short-lived. Because if there's anything enlisted men respect—and don't get to see much of—is an officer who rolls up his sleeves and does the dirty work along with them. And this young Lt. Kennedy did. So much so that sometimes he'd be so covered with grease and grime and paint and sweat it was hard to tell him apart from any ordinary swabby. And by the time the 109 had been completely refurbished and was ready for top-brass inspection, the men of the crew—all ten of them—had grown as fond of their skipper as he had grown fond and proud of them.

For the next few weeks the 109 engaged in what, judging by future events, could well be called uneventful assignments. There were speed runs. There were briefings aboard; lots of talk, little action. In fact the only real action the men of the 109 saw during those weeks was a rescue mission, involving a Marine parachute battalion trapped by the Japs on a small island to the north. Along with other PTs and a fleet of LOPR's, the 109 succeeded in rescuing most of the Marines. But not before a Jap mortar shell exploded a few yards from the small boat wounding three of the crew—Drawdy, Drewitch and gunner's mate Maurice Kowal.

They were soon replaced by four sailors named Gerard Zinser, Bill Johnston, Ray Starkey and Patrick "Pappy" McMahon. On their arrival aboard, the four new men were stunned to see Seaman Mauer standing at the stern tossing grenades into the water with one hand, holding a long scoop in the other.

"What's he doing?" asked one of the new men.

"Oh," he was told, casually by the old hands of the boat, "that's just the cook—fishing."

So the four new arrivals looked at one another and shrugged. And if you'd have told them at that moment that this particular boat they'd just been assigned to would go down in (Continued on page 85)
Actresses come in two breeds. There are those who are content to live in their little Hollywood niche and never wander out. The performances they give are not based on first-hand knowledge but on a director's know-how. The other breed consists of actresses who have to "see" for themselves. They want to devour every aspect of life to add new dimensions to their talent. Shirley MacLaine is this kind of actress. Here, in her own words, is one of the most exciting stories we have ever printed in Photoplay . . .

Earlier this year, I went to Paris to do a lot of research on French streetwalkers. In Les Halles (a section of Paris), I studied them, talked to them and even lived with them for four nights in a small hotel. I did it because I had to know how they think. Sure, I know what their job entails, but there were many things I didn't know—like how much money they get. But most of all, I wanted to ask them this question: "How do nice girls like you get into a racket like this in the first place?" Well, I asked them and the question was a bit too cerebral for them—in fact, most questions were a bit too cerebral for them. They'd just look at me and say, "Oh, it's a good job" or "Oh, it pays good money" or "Oh, we get a lot of sleep!" and things like that. But being there and actually seeing it—that's what I had to do. Even though I'd read books about streetwalkers, reading wasn't enough. I wasn't going to be satisfied until I actually saw them in action.

Why did I want to do this? Well, it's not because I'm just some kind of a nut! I did it because I was going to play a French streetwalker in "Irma La Douce." And I felt I (Continued on page 64)
Shirley and her husband Steve Parker (that's Jack Lemmon on the right) are great travelers. They both feel that seeing new places and faces is the best education their daughter Sachi (left) can have. It was while Shirley was in Paris that she lived with the group of streetwalkers she talks about in this exclusive story.
could not play the part unless I lived with them. I would have felt like an idiot just standing on the street with a slit up my skirt and twirling a handbag, and asking the first man who walked down the street if he's got any time. Because that's exactly what happens in the picture. And now that I've actually seen them, I know they stand three or four feet apart, and each woman has her own little piece of sidewalk. I know that the man who keeps her is her protector, and he gets all the money she makes and keeps her in clothes, food and a place to live. It's an interesting little jungle down there, I'll tell you that. And Mr. Dunn and Mr. Wilder's script for "Irma" is very true to life. The way it happens in the movie is exactly the way it is in real life. I know that now!

I found that every one of the girls had fallen in love with a guy who was in that business already. And, after maybe a year or so, the man would suggest to her that they need a little more money to live on and so forth, and he suggests this type of business. He has her meet some other woman who is in it, or an older woman with experience; then he sets her up in the business, and she's on her way. And because she's so much in love with this man she'll do almost anything to hold him. That's really the basic reason why these girls became streetwalkers.

It also involves areas that have nothing to do with sex. It's how they grew up as children, and the fact that they were lost, and most of them have IQs of about twelve. These girls have a very strange moral code. All of the girls wear crosses around their necks—they're very strict in some areas. Religion is one. And brother, when they get married, they get married, and that's all there is to it. This business of a prostitute being the best wife in the world—there's a great deal of truth in it. Matrimony to them is holy; absolutely.

**My marriage**

Now, where this particular marriage of mine is concerned—I think being together with someone you love is the most important thing in the world. But I think everything has to be tempered and done with moderation; there's a great deal of truth in that. My husband Steve's business keeps him in the Orient, and I'm there with him about seventy-five per cent of the year. Two weeks of the time we'll be apart, and for a month at a time we'll be together, then we'll be apart for three weeks and so on. When we're apart it is for a reason; either I'm working or he has to go somewhere.

This apartness isn't something we planned, it's something that just evolved. I know we've been the subject of a great deal of gossip and conversation and so forth. But I think it's obvious that our marriage has succeeded very well.

I see too many marriages around me where the people are together so darned much that they couldn't care less about one another—really—and boredom sets in, all the enthusiasm disappears, and they can't look at their partner in any kind of rosy light. It's more like a half-and-
chain—something done out of necessity. I don’t know, it’s as if marriage guarantees that each one owns the other. Well, what is that? I think that will disintegrate two people quicker than anything.

This business of being together all the time, every day, every night—my goodness, how can you look at the two of you objectively if you don’t compare it to something on the outside? And brother, I’ve had a long time to look around; and I wouldn’t change twenty minutes with Steve for a lifetime with anybody else.

I think outside influences have as much to do with an adult’s progression as with a child’s progression. And I certainly don’t want to limit our daughter, Sachiko (Sachi for short), to the confines of her mother and father. I also think it’s very important for a child and each individual member of a family to have his own individuality protected all the time. And that’s when the whole unit can be successful. If each person consistently blends into the other to such an extent that they don’t have any privacy, they also don’t have any feeling of individuality. When this happens, the whole family suffers.

I’m on a picture usually eight or ten weeks, and when I come here to the States I kind of feel I’m on location; sometimes, once or twice during the picture, I’ll fly home to Steve and Sachi—have a Monday off, or something. The rest of the time I’m always with her, usually in Japan.

But last summer the three of us drove all over Europe. I went to Russia first and Steve and Sachi came from Tokyo, because Sachi goes to school in Tokyo. And we picked up a car and drove through Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy. We had a wonderful time. After two days in every country we went to. Sachi was speaking the language. She has been going to school in a foreign country since she was about two years old, so her ear is attuned to the foreign sound. I think that’s what it is. She has a very accurate ear for languages, anyway. And she’s just used to speaking something other than what she grew up with. She speaks fluent Japanese, Siamese, Cantonese, Chinese, Burmese—oh yes—and a little English.

**Home is where we are**

Travel is one of the best educations a child can have. Of course, when she travels, either I’m with her or Steve is with her. And we have a house in Tokyo and one here in Hollywood, and a little place in Hong Kong. So I don’t know what you would call home, except wherever we happen to be.

In Tokyo, Sachi goes to the Nitchi-Natchi School—which is run by Ambassador Reichauer’s sister. It’s an international school—its students come from all over the world. They are taught in about four languages—a different language every day. Sachi can read and write in every one of these languages. She’s learning to ride, too. She’s swimming, skiing, ice skating and carrying on. She doesn’t really miss California or anything when she’s away from it. Whenever she goes anywhere, she goes to something, not away from something; and she looks with great enthusiasm and interest at what she’s going to see next. Steve traveled a lot when he was a child—he grew up traveling—so I suppose it rubs off on me and on Sachi. But
First, when we first started shooting 'Come September.' But when you react so violently to a person there has to be a reason. It was strange to discover that it was love.

"It's hard for someone who went from nothing to marriage. I'd had no life but work, really, and I've never been able to adjust to Bobby's life. I can't. I'm naturally slow-paced and he's a whirlwind. A restless man, he never sits still. I don't think he devours most of his own material. He can make pictures, appear in night clubs, travel all over, do everything a mile a minute. I can't. You should see me now crawling home at the end of the day. I'm so tired I can scarcely bend over to pick up Dood. It's not a little boy, he's something else again." For a moment I thought she was going to smile. She didn't. She just reached and picked up a cigarette. "He's wonderful. Sixteen months old, he talks—'I want,' 'Mamma,' 'Daddy,' 'door,' that sort of thing. Of course no one understands him except Bobby, the nurse and me. We had a myna bird we were keeping for a friend and the baby started mimicking to Boston. She can't stop talking about the baby—her one link with Bobby. 'Dood's a good little boy and very funny. I saw him the other day sitting in the projection room with a cigarette. Just like Bobby, only it wasn't lit and he had the wrong end in his mouth, I didn't want to tell him.' He used to look exactly like Bobby, but he's changed. He's changed his eyes and my nose and mouth, my color hair, blond, very thick and curly. I wish I could give you a picture of him for the magazine but that's something my husband has always been adamant about. No pictures of the baby. I never agreed with Bobby on that and I don't really know why he felt that way, but it's something I can't break away from. I couldn't get over it, couldn't get over it, couldn't argue with his head and about it. I'm not sure yet.

"Bobby loves this little kid the same as I do. He's crazy about him, and the baby's crazy about Bobby. He loves men, I think all babies do, because men have a different attitude. They don't jump at each thing alike. He's got so he doesn't even wipe his face and smoothing his hair. If he gets dirty, so he gets dirty. He loves to watch

with one another unless temps do flare. I rather like the business of getting along; but I also like to have my feelings felt, and I like to know where I stand, too. So I just sort of blend into the two environments.

There are many things that happen in life—things that change from one day to the next. That's half of being alive—each day something new—so you adjust your ideas and your opinions and outlooks. You can't say you've figured life out and that you're going to stick to your plan the rest of your life. You have to keep altering with the times, with experiences, with conditions, and that's what's flexible—not the love. You have to do this or you'll get lost in the shuffle."

SANDRA DEE

Continued from page 47

Right now, I'm happy most of the day. I'm. working long hours day after day, on 'Take Her She's Mine.' In between scenes, we play a game called 'Essence.' I play with Kay (Kay Reed, her hair stylist), I play with Mark (Mark Reedall, her make-up man). Everyone joins in the game and that keeps you busy. And it's a cute picture, and a hectic one, fast-paced, funny. I've had to learn the guitar, learn to accompany myself for the three folk songs I sing—Bobby's racket. But I have to go home at the end of the day. I'm not happy the minute I'm quiet. I'd like to have quiet happiness again.

This wistfully... she's had no quiet happiness since Bobby left, to make night club appearances from which he never returned. It was one month later before Sandra announced their separation.

Still in shock

"We'd been separated for a whole month before that announcement. I was in shock. I couldn't make any announcement. I'm still sort of in shock. A little disillusioned with life, this isn't by choice... You know the only boy I've ever cared for is Bobby. I never really dated until Bobby. All the teenage layouts in magazines were publicity stuff. According to the press reports, I was tallest in the biggest-room-around that ever hit this town—and I never had a date. Weird, isn't it?"

The old Sandie would have grinned and made a pixie face. Today's Sandy articulates the words as if she doesn't know what they mean. "Bobby was my first real date. He gave me my first real kiss off screen. I was the biggest—biggest—picture of anything that ever hit this town—and I never had a date. Weird, isn't it?"

The old Sandie would have grinned and made a pixie face. Today's Sandy articulates the words as if she doesn't know what they mean. "Bobby was my first real date. He gave me my first real kiss off screen. I was the biggest—biggest—picture of anything that ever hit this town—and I never had a date. Weird, isn't it?"

But when I know that I love somebody, that remains constant. How I love them, the way I adjust my love—what's flexible—not the love. You have to do this or you'll get lost in the shuffle."

AS TOLD TO FRED ROBBINS

Shirley stars in "Una La Douce," UA.

Three days and three nights of this fever in a room with a little oven to heat the place so the baby'd perspire... but then it was over and he has never been ill since then. He's a seven-pound baby, seven inches tall and has always been a great eater until lately, when suddenly he's lost interest in his food and is wild for the dog's food.

"He's too much," Sandy says. "He's going to be smarter than I am...!"

Bobby shave. As a matter of fact, Dodd just came back from the Flamingo where he stayed with his daddy from Tuesday to Friday.

The baby has traveled from the time he was born. For a while it looked as if he'd be born in Texas where Sandy was on location with Bobby for 'State Fair,' but they made it happen at time. Three weeks after she was born, he took his first excursion—to Las Vegas. Since then, he's been to New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Boston and back to New York and back to Las Vegas, time after time. This was a little family that was always going to be together. Nothing was going to separate them. Not for a minute. Even when Dodd began to walk and it wasn't so easy to keep him quite on a plane or in a hotel room. But now Sandy is working at Fox, Bobby is playing Las Vegas, the baby goes visiting, and Sandy has eyes like two great dark holes in her face.

Once in New York, she was all alone with Dodd and he had a temperature of 105°, a virus, the New York doctor said. Bobby had gone to Boston for the night, the nurse had a virus downstairs, Kay, Sandy's hairdresser, had a virus upstairs and there was Sandy alone with eleven-month-old Dodd and he was burning up. She panicked. She phoned her Aunt Ollie in Jersey—she and her aunt have always been very close, Sandy's always been crazy about Ollie's boy Serge, and now Aunt Ollie has her own baby girl and she left both—well—to come help Sandy.

"Smarter than I am...!"

Sandra stars in "Una La Douce," UA.

Three days and three nights of this fever in a room with a little oven to heat the place so the baby'd perspire... but then it was over and he has never been ill since then. He's a seven-pound baby, seven inches tall and has always been a great eater until lately, when suddenly he's lost interest in his food and is wild for the dog's food.

"He's too much," Sandy says. "He's going to be smarter than I am by the time he's three. I never knew a child could be such fun. He won't use a fork to pick up his meat. No, sir. Not ever. He'll pick up the meat and put it on the fork. He throws
thought things were at their worst when my grandfather died some months ago.

"But I'm beginning to understand. No matter how much you love someone... And Bobby's the best husband, so protective, it was the time as if he were afraid I'd break.'

I remember when they went to Dallas for "State Fair." They went to Neiman Marcus to shop, and crowds mobbed them. Sandy was about to have the baby any minute and Bobby was terrified. He got the manager to keep the store open one night just for them and they bought all the Deleauges.

"Bobby is able to do anything, more mountains. And isn't it strange the reason I disliked him so in the beginning was that he was so forward and I was so backward. And after a while I loved that. Dominering is just how he is, he can't help it and I like it. Being married to a man who's so positive has its advantages. I never wanted to wear the pants, I never wanted to make decisions. I haven't. Bobby's made them. And he never pushed me too far. He knew when to push. With the baby he's very definite. Careerwise Bobby's definite, too, of course.

"And you know what my father once told me. "Never push life, just let it happen. That's the way you get what you want." Bobby's made me this. I can't remember what I did yesterday. It doesn't matter what I did. There's nothing to do but wait and hope for happiness. I want to be happy. Someday that means having someone with me, being close to someone, having more children. Right now it just means patience.

"And Hollywood has nothing to do with it. I've gotten used to some of anything, you have more demands on you, you have more money, you just naturally change. I don't say I haven't changed since I was fifteen, I say if I had stayed in modeling I'd have changed. Everyone changes. When you are a success you have more enemies and more friends, more of everything. I have few friends my age because I didn't go to parties and there are so few people my age with whom to have anything in common. They're either married and absorbed in that or not married and scattered all over.

Someone brought in some coffee and Sandra drank hers. She hadn't touched the birthday cake. She couldn't.

I thought of the fifteen-year-old "Baby" surrounded by loving care and it occurred to me that I should have told Ross Hunter for years has stood by as mentor. He lives right next door to the Darins. He never knew one thing about Sandy and Bobby until he read it in the paper. Sandy was at a party at his house on Thursday, Ross left the next day for London, the following day he read the story in the paper.

"It's all a lie," Sandy says. "I've been carrying the ball alone. I have to. There's no one to lean on. Any relative or friend of mine couldn't be unbiased and this has to be unbiased. This is a different situation. There's too much at stake. There are three lives. ..."

She couldn't say any more. Tears were too. I've gotten to the twenty-one, experienced woman. She has everything and nothing... and you don't die, you can't die, you just wait.

—Jane Ardmore

Sandy's in U-I's "Tammy and the Doctor," and 20th's "Take Her, She's Mine."
put glamour into your lunch box

This delicious and moist chocolate cream cake—star-tested by Ann-Margret—is the surest way we know to a man's heart!

"I'm no great chef," says the star of "Bye, Bye Birdie," "yet even I can bake this cake."

**CHOCOLATE CREAM CAKE**

Sift together:
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1/2 cup shortening

Gradually add, while beating:
- 1 1/4 cups sugar

Add, one at a time:
- 2 eggs
- Beat well after each addition.

Combine, blending well:
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1 cup boiling water

Mix until smooth. Add to creamed mixture alternately with dry ingredients, blending well after each addition.

Add:
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Beat until smooth. Turn into two 8-inch layer pans which have been greased and lined with waxed paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 30-35 minutes. Cool thoroughly.

**CREAM FILLING**

Combine in a bowl:
- 2 tablespoons sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 1/2 cups heavy cream

Mix well. Whip until stiff. Fold in:
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Spread between layers. Frost with milk chocolate icing. Chill 3 hours before serving.

**MILK CHOCOLATE ICING**

Melt together:
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 cup shortening

Add, mixing well:
- 3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1/2 cup scalded milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

Blend well. Place pan in ice water and beat until icing is thick enough to spread. (Please turn the page)
Put Glamour into Your Lunch Box

Photoplay's Reader-Tested Lunch Box Recipes

Walnut-Bean Loaf

Makes one 9x5x3-inch loaf
Combine in a bowl:
1 can (1 lb.) pork and beans
1 1/2 cups dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons melted butter
or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg, beaten
1 1/2 cups chopped walnuts
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/4 cup tomato juice
Mix well. Place in a greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour.
From: E. Field, Far Rockaway, N.Y.

SAUERKRAUT CANDY

Makes about 24 pieces
Combine in a heavy saucepan:
2 cups brown sugar, firmly packed
1/4 cup light cream
3/4 cup milk
2 teaspoons butter or margarine
dash of salt
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until mixture boils. Continue to cook, stirring frequently until it reaches the soft ball stage (234° F.) or until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Remove from heat and let cool slightly.
Add:
1 cup shredded coconut
Beat until mixture begins to thicken and is creamy. Drop by spoonfuls onto greased cookie sheets or waxed paper. Let stand until firm.
From: C. Fontaine, Green Bay, Wisc.

COCONUT MACAROONS

Makes 2 dozen cookies
Beat until frothy:
2 egg whites
Gradually add while beating:
1/4 cup sugar
3/4 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Beat until very stiff and glossy.
Stir in:
1/4 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups moist shredded coconut
dash of salt
Drop by teaspoonful onto lightly greased baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for 15 minutes or until set and lightly browned.
From: Mrs. J. J. Samet, Beulah, Colorado.

APPLESAUCE-NUT BREAD

Makes one 9x5x3-inch loaf
Sift together:
2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon soda
3/4 cup sugar
Set aside.
Combine:
2 tablespoons melted shortening
1 egg, beaten
1 cup applesauce
Mix well. Add flour mixture and mix thoroughly.
Add:
1 cup chopped walnuts
Mix well. Pour into a greased 9x5x3-inch loaf pan and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 1 hour.
From: Mrs. H. Ashcraft, Cleveland, Ohio.

PUMPKIN COOKIES

Makes 6 dozen cookies
Sift together:
2 1/2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
1/4 teaspoon ginger
1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
1/2 cup shortening
Gradually add:
3/4 cup sugar
3/4 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
Beat until light.
Add, one at a time:
2 eggs
Beat until light and fluffy.
Add:
1 1/4 cups pumpkin
1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix well.
Add dry ingredients and mix well.
Add:
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 cup seedless raisins
Mix well. Drop by teaspoonful onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 8-10 minutes. Remove from cookie sheet and cool on rack.
From: Mrs. J. Kuklinski, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin.

TOMATO JUICE COCKTAIL

Makes 4-6 servings
Blend together:
4 cups tomato juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon celery salt
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Chill thoroughly. Pack in vacuum bottle.
From: Mrs. J. Parks, Barbeton, Ohio.

TUNA SANDWICH SPREAD

Makes 3-4 sandwiches
Blend together:
1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
1 tablespoon pickle relish
1/2 teaspoon salt
Add:
1 can (7 ozs.) tuna, drained and flaked
1/2 cup diced celery
Mix well. Spread on hard rolls or on rye bread.
From: Mrs. J. Lamond, New York, New York.

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to Photoplay Reader Recipes, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
RANCH STYLE BAKED BEANS
Makes 8-10 servings
Place in a large skillet:
2 tablespoons shortening
1 pound ground beef
Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, stirring with a fork to break up meat.
Add:
1 envelope (1¾ ozs.) onion soup mix
½ cup water
1 cup ketchup
2 tablespoons prepared mustard
2 teaspoons cider vinegar
2 cans (1 lb. each) pork and beans in tomato sauce
1 can (1 lb.) kidney beans, drained
Mix well. Turn into bean pot or 2½ quart casserole. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 30 minutes. Serve with a mixed green salad.
From: Jean Hudson, East Orange, New Jersey.

ORANGE COFFEE CAKE
Makes one 9-inch cake
Open and separate:
2 cans (8 ozs. each) refrigerated biscuits
Set aside.
Place in a shallow bowl:
½ cup orange juice
In another bowl, combine:
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
From: Mrs. Eva Stoll, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

QUICK STEW
Makes 6–8 servings
Place in a heavy saucepan or Dutch oven:
1 pound ground beef
Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, stirring with a fork to break up meat.
Add:
2 cans (1¾ ozs. each) dry onion soup mix
3½–4 cups water
Bring to a boil, stirring constantly. Add:
2 packages (10 ozs. each) frozen mixed vegetables
Bring to a boil again. Cover. Reduce heat and simmer for 15 minutes. Combine:
3 tablespoons flour
½ cup water
Mix well. Gradually add to meat mixture, stirring constantly. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Remove from heat. Stir a small amount of the hot mixture into:
4 egg yolks, beaten
Mix well. Return mixture to saucepan, mixing well. Add:
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
Stir until cheese melts. Cool until lukewarm.
Fold in:
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff, but not dry
Spread over crab mixture. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for 50–55 minutes. Serve immediately.
From: Mrs. Betty White, Marianna, Fla.

SEAFOD SOUFFLE
Makes 5-6 servings
Melt in a skillet:
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Add:
1 can (4 ozs.) sliced mushrooms, drained
Cook over medium heat until lightly browned, stirring occasionally to brown evenly.
Remove from heat. Add:
1 can (6½ ozs.) crabmeat, drained and flaked
½ cup mayonnaise
Mix well. Turn into a 2 quart casserole. Set aside.
Melt in a saucepan:
½ cup butter or margarine
Add:
½ cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
Blend well. Gradually add, while stirring:
1 cup milk
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Remove from heat. Stir a small amount of the hot mixture into:
4 egg yolks, beaten
Mix well. Return mixture to saucepan, mixing well. Add:
1 cup grated Cheddar cheese
Stir until cheese melts. Cool until lukewarm.
Fold in:
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff, but not dry
Spread over crab mixture. Bake in a slow oven (325° F.) for 50-55 minutes. Serve immediately.
From: Mrs. Betty White, Marianna, Fla.

PINEAPPLE COFFEE CAKE
Makes one 8-inch square cake
Melt in a saucepan:
½ cup butter or margarine
Remove from heat. Add:
½ cup honey
Blend well. Spread in an 8-inch square cake pan.
Sprinkle over melted butter and honey:
½ cup shredded coconut
Drain, reserving syrup:
1 can (8 ozs.) crushed pineapple
Spread pineapple evenly over coconut. Set aside.
Combine in a mixing bowl:
1 package (10 ozs.) cornbread mix
½ cup sugar
Pour reserved syrup into measuring cup. Add water to make ½ cup. Add to dry ingredients, mixing well.
Add:
1 egg
From: Mrs. Rose Fogle, North, South Carolina.

Have you a special tried and tested recipe which features a “packaged convenience” food as an ingredient? If you have, send it with your name and address to Photoplay's MEALTIME MAGIC, P.O. Box 3483, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for each recipe that we publish.
Carol Channing's argument-starter: "It is not true that blondes are sexier than brunettes. A woman's sex appeal is based on the man she's conversing with at the moment. The sexier the man, the sexier the woman."

Street Scene: Three in a taxi waiting for the traffic lamps to switch to "Go" between 49th and 50th Streets on Broadway. This is the location of the Rivoli Theater where the immense sign shouts that "Cleopatra" stars Elizabeth Taylor. The trio in the cab stared at it for a moment and then straight ahead.

Their names: Mr. and Mrs. Rex Harrison and Mrs. Richard Burton.

How about a happier item? One that tickles the heart? Marisa Pavan arrived in New York from Europe for what was to be a brief visit with her estranged mate, Jean Pierre Aumont, leading man of "Tovarich."

Aumont met Marisa at the airport and whisked her to an apartment in the Hotel Navarro on Central Park South, where he had arranged for flowers, soft lights, wine and a sumptuous dinner for two.

As we were going to press, Marisa was still there with their two children, ages seven and three. The tchit-tchat around Shubert Alley is that they reconciled and that it looks like it will stick. In fact, Aumont is in such a hurry to get home to Marisa each night (after the show) that he doesn't pause to remove his makeup.

Add New Yorkers I enjoy jotting down items about: Socialite Maurice Drier, who carries a solid gold ball on his watch chain. For testing the consistency of his caviar, if you please.

If you happen to be strolling along swanky Park Avenue and you encounter a gentleman impeccably groomed and wearing a large button reading: "Mafia," he very likely is Curt Swift, a millionaire with a sensuous shape.

And New York's most talked-about new playwright, Edward Albee, strolling along 57th Street, wearing trousers too high over his ankles.

Dean Martin, co-star of "Toys in the Attic," spends a good deal of time answering questions about his pal, Francis Sinatra. We overheard a chatter between Dean and, if it was a fact that Sinatra "has so many girls." To which the Las Vegas bandleader dead-panned: "Honey, all I know is that the YWCA takes from Frank!"

Vice President Lyndon Johnson is an amusing speechmaker. We heard him get a lusty holler from over 1,000 persons at a dinner honoring him in Manhattan. It was right after the 114-day newspaper strike ended. The Veep dryly intoned: "All of us high in the Administration are delighted to have the New York papers back on the stands, so that we can get the benefit of their advice and guidance from their editorials."

Far be it from us to try and start a war between designers of female finery. Here and Over There, but did any of the Hollywood and New York outfitters see the following kick-in-the-shins?

The quote reportedly came from Greek designer George Stavropoulos, who has done the apparel for Queen Fredricka of Greece and Greek movie star Melina Mercouri. It's a doozy, look: "What a pity the Academy Awards reveal the movie queens' great lack of culture except for a few like Audrey Hepburn, Olivia De Havilland and Eva Marie Saint. The others looked like old mops and cabbage leaves."

The irony of it: Most of the frocks worn by the celebs at the Oscars were designed by foreigners, including Greeks.

Legalities and other insiders expect "atomic" explosions when (and if) the trial of society columnist Igor Cassini starts. Cassini was indicted for failing to register as a lobbyist for a Central American dictator, now dead. He is the brother of Oleg Cassini, designer of apparel for the wife of the President of the United States.

People close to his famed lawyer, Louis Nizer, wouldn't be surprised if both the President and brother Bobby are subpoena'd as witnesses. The talk is that both government executives gave Cassini the green light for his pro-Trujillo activities. An ex-central appointment reminds us of a grim fact: Influence is a thing you think you have until you have to use it.

Oscar Winner Anne Bancroft's genuine excitement caught by a news photographer when she was told she had won Best Actress Award. Two much-wed actresses were looking at the news photo in Sardi's. "I guess," one guessed, "if a first Oscar must be a thrill. Like a first husband."

Attention, please, all Mary Pickford fans: The star of the long ago silent films is seeking early photos of herself from her Biograph and other movies. She wants them to loan for display by the Canadian Picture Pioneers' celebration of their 60th anniversary.

If any Photoplay readers can oblige please forward the photos to Hye Bossin of Canadian Film Weekly, 175 Bloor St. East, Toronto (5) Canada.

A beautiful woman named Liz Renay will have paid her debt to society (as the saying goes) sometime this summer. She was sentenced to Terminal Island, a Federal prison for females following her conviction in a trial involving Mickey Cohen, west coast gang chief. She will have served two years.
$25,000 CONTEST!

WIN BIG CASH PRIZES IN True Story Magazine's New WRITEaTITLE contest

IT'S THE CHANCE YOU HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

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I met Miss Renay before she got into trouble with the law over Cohen. She was applying for a role in "The Untouchables," ironically. She brought along some of her art—painted by herself. Quite a talent.

I have a letter from one of her teenage daughters about her mother's release from prison. In it she reminds that her mother was chosen as the girl who most looked like Marilyn Monroe. It was a national contest held by 20th Century-Fox. Liz and Marilyn were born the same year, too.

The daughter says her mother will shortly have a book published. It is titled "Debt of Honor." In it the author says: "I know what I did was wrong, but what else could I have done? Can you hurt a man who helped you when you needed it most? Can you then turn your back on him? When you see him with his back to the wall? I was forced to choose the lesser of two evils. There was no way to win."

At the prison gates when Liz Renay comes out she will be greeted by her daughter, Brenda, and husband and their babies—born while youngish Grandma was paying her Debt of Honor.

Pravda ran an article bylined by Negro operatic star Paul Robeson. It told "why Negroes cannot make a living under Uncle Sam, etcetera. The familiar tripe.

Paul has been away from his native land so long perhaps he doesn't keep up with the news about his former Harlem neighbors. Such as Willie Mays, who is having a "very rough time" getting $100,000 for playing baseball with the San Francisco Giants. How about Sammy Davis, Jr? Harry Belafonte? Nat (King) Cole? Diahann Carroll, leading lady of "No Strings" on Broadway? Pravda, in case you've forgotten, Paul, is Russian for Truth.

Memo to Newsmen Everywhere: Reporters who want to interview Tony Randall (and who ask personal queries) had better be in good shape. Randall conducts most of his New York interviews at the Gotham Health Club while working out.

Just about ten years ago Delbert Mann and Paddy Chayefsky received, respectively, $9,000 and $13,000 for the direction and screenplay of "Marty." It made a fortune for its landlords and others. Today Delbert and Paddy each receive $150,000 per film. Plus hefty percentage.

Sophie Loren will portray a 60-year-old woman in "Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow." Whadda Waste!

Here's an item for the Every-Little-Bit Helps Dept.: Movie and swim star Esther (we call her Statuether) Williams recently received a royalty check. It was for a soundtrack her voice was on. The sum: $214.

Movie people and others in show business recently back from The Old Country brought back this enlightening tid-bit: That Princess Soraya "evened things" with her ex-husband, the Shah of Iran, when she announced plans for a film debut on the anniversary of their divorce. It was in March, 1958, that Soraya was exiled from Iran. The deal to make a movie with producer de Laurentis was announced in Rome, March 15, 1963.

Her friends also spread the "news" that Soraya is convinced she was divorced not because she couldn't bear children—but because the Shah fell out of love with her. Doctors, they added, assured Soraya that a minor operation would enable her to become a mother.

Long Deep Sigh Dept.: We note that Maureen O'Hara's beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter Bronwyn appears with Maureen in Warner's epic "Spencer's Mountain." O, dear. It seems like only a few days ago that Charles Laughton presented the eighteen-year-old Maureen in "Jamaica Inn."

Some Hollywood folks are still upset over Hedda Hopper's book which "tells all." One actress complained: "Imagine writing our memoirs instead of her own!"

The End

MARILYN MONROE

Continued from page 52

world at that time that he had to have a celebration of his good fortune. His career had reached a height he never before dreamed it would, and there were obviously better, much better things in store for him. And what better celebration than to have the world's most desirable sex symbol in love with him?

With Marilyn, it was not good fortune but unhappiness that drew her to him. She was getting older, she was afraid she was losing her beauty, she was afraid she'd lose out on her career. Her last pictures had not made the money expected of a Monroe movie—and if she couldn't make money for the producers, who would hire her. And hadn't 20th just fired her?

Most of all, she had never found the love she'd been looking for, the love that was going to make her forget all her past unhappiness, the love that would make her world a beautiful place.

So she went on looking. And not finding, she became more and more desperate. And with her desperation came the endless pills, the drinking, and a dream she'd had before—the dream of ending it all in dying.

And then there was the man.

She needed him. She needed his confidence and his vitality. Because if this man was so confident of himself and of his future, and since he'd chosen her, didn't that mean he believed in her, too? And if he believed in her, then she couldn't possibly be as bad as she thought she was.

Maybe he will marry me!

Besides, to her, there was always the faint possibility that he would marry her and they could live happily ever after.

But it was all a dream, and somewhere deep inside her she knew that.

He explained to her that they'd never marry. He loved his wife, he told her, though he loved her too. And there was his career, he told her, any scandal would ruin it—and he'd never allow that to happen. This was what he'd dedicated his life to. No, he'd never allow that to happen.

And so they spent time together, as near time as they could manage, in quiet, out of the way places, at her home, in friends' apartments, once or twice meeting in the same public place and not acknowledging each other.

You must understand that he is an honorable man. Never before had he been anything but devoted to his wife and family. But he had a need for Marilyn and he allowed himself his indulgence. It was to be his fatal flaw.

And, Marilyn, at that time, was too weak to deny her need for him. And so they went on—reaching closer and closer to tragedy—until the man's conscience began to bother him. Some people knew about their romance, could his wife find out? What would she do—would she leave him?

And, if it became public knowledge, what would happen to his work? Would he be besmirched by scandal just when his life's dream was close to the brink of coming true? He'd better see Marilyn less. He'd better try to stop seeing her altogether.

And the more he tried to stop seeing her, the more desperate Marilyn became. There were the phone calls, the threats, the pills again.

He didn't believe her, all she did was make him almost hate her.

Finally, on a Sunday night August 5, 1962, Marilyn tried again.

She spoke to him on the phone.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded.

"It's over," he answered, "I'll never leave my wife. I can't see you any more."

He hung up on her and she tried to lose herself in sleep. Beside her bed there was a bowl of fifty sleep capsules. There, there was her friend, the thing that always gave her peace.

She gulped down a handful.

The phone rang. It was a close friend of hers, a friend who knew all about the romance.

"He won't take me back," she cried.

"He said he'll never come back."

The friend told her, "I'll come over and talk to you."

But Marilyn didn't want anyone to see her the way she looked. Her eyes were swollen and red. She'd let her blonde hair grow out until the dark roots showed. Her face clearly showed the signs of drinking and pills.

"No," she said. "I've taken a sleeping pill. I'll just go to sleep."

But she couldn't sleep—and next to her was the bottle of pills. If she could
sleep she would feel better. She could
dream about her career, her fame. But
she had no career. Her studio had fired
her. Well, she could dream that somebody
loved her. She could forget about her
father who never wanted her, her mother
who escaped to mental institutions. And
she could forget this man who had left
her, too. It's too late. She couldn't
sleep, she would feel better. She could
dream about her career, her fame. But
she had no career. Her studio had fired
her. Well, she could dream that somebody
loved her. She could forget about her
father who never wanted her, her mother
who escaped to mental institutions. And
she could forget this man who had left
her, too. If she could only sleep. And next
to her was the bottle of pills.

The bottle. It was empty! There were
none left.
She had to get help! She called him.

Maybe she's faking . . .

First, he thought: If this gets out I'm
through. I can't get involved in something
like this. Then, She's faking. She's threat-
ened me before. She'd never really do it.

He told her again he couldn't get in-
volved—that he was a married man. He
hung up.

It all took less than a minute.
The last thing Marilyn heard was the
buzzing of the receiver in her hand.

Coroner Theodore J. Curbhey, in his
official report, noted: "Miss Monroe had
often expressed the wish to give up, with-
draw, and even to die. On more than one
occasion in the past, when disappointed
and depressed, she had made suicide
attempts by using sedative drugs. On these
occasions she had called for help and had
been rescued."

This time she had not been rescued.
It was her housekeeper, Mrs. Eunice
Murray, who first sensed that something
was wrong. The light in Marilyn's bed-
room was still burning at three that morn-
ing. She knocked. There was no answer.
She tried the door. It was locked.

She called Marilyn's psychiatrist, Dr.
Ralph Greenson. He hurried over and
broke in the window. When he found her,
she was dead. The telephone was still
buzzing in her hand.

Now it is a year later. Mrs. Murray has
disappeared, she'd vanished shortly after
Marilyn's death. Pat Newcombe, Marilyn's
publicity agent, has left the Hollywood
scene and is now working in Washington,
D.C. Joe DiMaggio, her second husband,
had remained faithful to her memory—he
had a small bouquet of roses placed on
her crypt every week.

But he is not the only one who is faith-
ful to Marilyn today. There is still the
man. The man who killed Marilyn. He is
the man they can never arrest. He is the
man who is still at-large.

He is the man who is living the death
she so quickly found.

We have lost her, but so has he.
Wherever he goes, whatever he touches,
whomever he sees; he thinks of Marilyn.
His guilt never leaves him, his fear has
become his friend. For once, long ago,
before all this, he was an honorable man.
But he had made a fatal mistake. And
now he is lost—not to all the world—but
to himself.

Some people know who he is. Will they
ever reveal it publicly? Does his wife
know? Would she tell? And he himself,
will he guilt to his tongue loose?
You can see him in a crowd. You can
reach out and touch him. . . . And you
will never know that he is the man who killed
Marilyn Monroe.
And he is the man who killed himself.

—Martha Donaldson
Not since December, 1936, when banner headlines proclaimed Edward VIII To Marry American Divorcée—King Vows To Give Up Throne For ‘The Woman I Love,’ has such a shocking news story involving politics and romance exploded on a surprised world as the announcement of Nelson Rockefeller’s marriage to Mrs. ‘Happy’ Murphy. Typical of the huge, front-page headline treatment given this 1963 version of the Edward VIII-Wallis Simpson story was the one which appeared in the New York Journal-American: Rocky Marries ‘Happy’—Risks His Chance for Presidency.

All news accounts seemed to concentrate primarily on a few scandalous details, once the skimpy actual information about the ceremony (barred to the press, incidentally) was covered. These details were: handsome Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York, youthful at fifty-four, had wed a woman eighteen years his junior—awfully cute, attractive Margaretet Filter (Happy Murphy, thirty-six); Rocky, the father of four grown children (a fifth had died), had been divorced seventeen months before by his first wife, Mary Todhunter Clark, after thirty-one years of marriage; Happy, the mother of four children ranging in age from three to twelve, had, after fourteen years of marriage, divorced her own husband. Dr. James S. (Robin) Murphy, just weeks before she said “I do” to Rockefeller.

The burning question

Yet, despite all the space which newspapers and magazines have devoted to Rocky and Happy’s wedding—and to the honeymoon that followed, there remain many questions that, up to now, have been unanswered.

How long has Rocky known Happy? Where did they meet? When did they fall in love? Was Happy the unpublicized “other woman” when Rocky’s first wife divorced him? Why did the papers keep the romance hush-hush? What do clergymen, politicians, columnists and just ordinary guys and gals feel about the Rocky-Happy union? How does Rocky’s family feel about his new bride? Can Rocky, despite formidable odds, both have Happy and become President? Fascinating questions. And here, for the first time anywhere, are some of the answers.

“The friendship between Happy and Gov. Rockefeller could be said to date back to the day she married Dr. Robin Murphy in December, 1948, at a big society wedding in Philadelphia,” says a former classmate of Happy’s at Shipley School in Bryn Mawr, Pa. “Robin was already highly regarded in Rockefeller Foundation circles.”

Well, it’s one thing to say that Robin and Happy and Rocky and “Tod,” his first wife, moved in the same milieu; it’s another to date 1948 as the beginning of Rocky and Happy’s “friendship.”

Other insiders claim that their romance began at Seal Harbor, Maine, where the Murphys had a summer home near the Rockefeller’s vacation place, and Rocky and Happy played tennis, swam, biked and water-skied together.

This also is untrue.

The actual first meeting between Rocky and Happy took place at the house of David and Peggy Rockefeller (David, with whom Robin had been friendly since he was a boy, is Nelson’s brother) on East 65th Street in Manhattan. You see, Happy and her husband had a house of their own on East 65th Street. The garden backed up into the Rockefellers’ garden. Now because Happy and Peggy were close friends, it was only natural that they ignored the artificial separation between their homes and acted as if it didn’t really exist.

They joined in giving outdoor dinners and cocktail parties. It was at one of these affairs that Nelson and Tod Rockefeller met Robin and Happy Murphy—they were a foursome.

One of the guests who was there recalls that Rocky’s wife, after being introduced to Happy for the first time, was heard to say, “Why, she looks just the way I did at her age!” It is interesting to note that in describing Happy recently a close friend of hers said, “Happy is a lovely, lovely girl, very much like Tod in many ways, but gay, sharp, and friendly, where Tod is conventional.”

Anyway, that was the beginning. The first meeting.

In 1958, with Robin working as a virologist with the Rockefeller Institute, it was only natural that the Murphys should be living in a home which they bought near Nelson’s Pocantico Hills estate in New York’s Westchester County. It was also only natural that Happy would become a volunteer worker for Rocky during his first campaign for governor.

The following year, Nelson Rockefeller, newly-elected Governor of the State of New York, entered the inaugural ball with Happy Murphy on his arm. A photographer snapped a picture of the pair dancing dreamily together.

Rocky appointed Happy’s husband, Dr. Murphy, chairman of the State Mental Hygiene council.

Happy became a confidential secretary on the Governor’s private payroll. Pretty soon the word was out that the way to get to Rockefeller was through Happy.

But it wasn’t until July 18, 1960, that Happy’s name was linked in print to the Governor’s. It was on that date that a newspaper, in reporting the New York chief executive’s departure for the Republican convention in Chicago, listed his nine staff assistants and advisers. And, there, towards the end of the list was the name “Mrs. Margaretta Murphy.”

Replacement

About this time, Mrs. Mary Rockefeller began to be seen less and less frequently in public with her husband. Mrs. Happy Murphy, however, would appear in public with Rocky only when others were present.

Then, in May, 1961, Happy suddenly
resigned from her job as Rocky's secretary. Six months later, Mary Todhunter Clark Rockefeller separated from him.

Recently, in writing of the break-up of Tod and Rocky's marriage after thirty-seven years, Richard Sturges of the New York World Telegram & Sun said bluntly, yet perhaps perceptibly: "Unfortunately, however, the years had not been kind to the then Mrs. Rockefeller as they had been to her vigorous, almost boyish, spouse. The difference in their chronological age is little more than a year (she is the older), but the difference in their apparent age was considerable. All of us have seen the same phenomenon among our friends."

It was just about the time that the Rockefellers were separating that the Murphys were having troubles of their own. The New York Daily Mirror recently quoted an unidentified member of the Murphy household as recalling that during that period (Fall, 1961) the doctor and his wife "had quite an argument—the Governor's name was mentioned—it was touch and go between them for a while."

But later, when Photoplay's columnist Walter Winchell began to print in his newspaper column such items as "The Philly Mainliner linked with a certain Governor is the estranged wife of a medic. Her initials are MM," Margaretta (Happy) Murphy laughed and said, "Let them write what they want; they are all crazy."

Crazy or not, the rumors persisted. Cholly Knickerbocker of the Hearst press, on December 27, wrote: "It was ostensibly Mrs. O'Leary's cow that caused the Chicago fire, but New York socialites are all saying that it is a certain Mrs. Murphy who has thrown the overall in the chowder here. She is currently reported to be in Paris for her divorce."

Knickerbocker's rumor about a Paris divorce—and others that echoed it—goaded Robin Murphy into a reply. "Nonsense," he commented. At the time when his wife was allegedly in Europe, she was actually off on a cruise with him.

**The tempo increases**

But early in 1962, as Mary Rockefeller prepared to leave for Nevada to establish residence so that she could divorce her husband, the tempo of the rumors increased.

In January, the French newspaper Paris-Jour described Mrs. Murphy as "energetic, of overflowing vitality and the type of person who adores life in the country" and predicted she would be "the future Mrs. Rockefeller." This report was read just one time over a New York TV station, but was omitted from later telecasts that same night.

The first full-length article about Rocky and Happy appeared in the February, 1962, issue of Confidential—the only such magazine article until Mrs. Murphy's divorce early in April 1962.

But the surprising thing was that there was not more press mention of the Rocky-Happy romance, or that the picture of Happy dancing dreamily in Rocky's arms at the Governor's inaugural ball back in 1959 had not been widely published.

Yet even if there'd been absolutely no mention in print of Rocky and Happy, social and political circles would have known all about their interest in each other. For as Life recently wryly com-
We'd like to know how you feel about Governor Rockefeller's marriage to Mrs. Murphy. Would you check the boxes below that apply to you.

I THINK GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER WAS

- right to marry Mrs. Murphy
- wrong to marry Mrs. Murphy

I THINK HIS MARRIAGE

- will affect his presidential hopes
- will not affect his presidential hopes

I am □ under □ over 21
I am □ single □ married □ divorced
I am a □ Democrat □ Republican □ Independent

Clip and mail to: Rockefeller Poli, Post Office Box 4119;
Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
The “divorce vote”

What this all added up to or meant, nobody knew. But the Republican politicians did know how they felt and said so loudly and heatedly.

Some suddenly discovered a whole bloc of voters that might swing an election, “the divorce vote.”

“If everyone who’s divorced, or who’d like to be divorced, were to vote for Rockefeller, he would be President,” said an Eastern political leader. . . . “The divorce vote might do for Rockefeller what the Catholic vote did for Kennedy,” suggested a New York Republican newspaper.

But while some were sure he’d gain the “divorce vote” (according to the 1960 census, 3,204,773 Americans were then divorced and 2,264,025 were separated from their spouses), others were equally certain he’d lose the “women over 40” vote.

“When a man gives up a woman his age for one twenty-years younger, it’s going to make a difference,” said Harry Fielding, a Pennsylvania Republican official. . . . “Certainly the dowager wing of the party, those who wear the big hats covered with plastic fruit, clucked and shewed over his divorce—and they are the ones now clucking and shewing over his remarriage,” commented a Rockefeller Republican. . . . “In my opinion, he’ll hurt most is with the women—particularly those of 40 or over. If they see Rockefeller getting away with marrying a younger woman after getting rid of an older woman, they’ll be afraid their own husbands may get the same idea,” warned a New England GOP senator.

A number of Republicans figured that Happy might turn out to be a glamorous GOP equivalent of the Democrats’ Jackie Kennedy.

“If she turns out to be as helpful as Jackie Kennedy, it might be an asset (Bayard Ewing, national committeewoman from Rhode Island). . . . “If this gal is all they say she is, she may help him” (Mrs. Webster B. Todd, former national committeewoman from New Jersey). . . . And, “If he’s going to be President, he needs a First Lady. I don’t see any political harm in it” (Jean K. Toll, Colorado state chairman).

Newspaper columnists had their say, naturally, about whether, in choosing Happy, Rocky was losing his chance to be President.

Sheliah Graham was convinced that Rocky’s marriage “to his ‘Have A Happy’ will completely kill his chance for a Presidential nomination in ’68 and she added him to a group of men who until ’68 when “people will have forgotten about the older Mrs. Nelson Rockefeller” and “he might have some small children running around.”

In sharp disagreement with this “practical” approach was William F. Buckley Jr. who spoke for “those who believe that marriage is a sacramental relationship,” which cannot be dissolved by the kind of divorce “you can purchase at Reno for six weeks’ hypnosis and a couple of thousand dollars,” and who feel it would be “sacrilegious to elevate to a position of the highest prestige a man who has broken a sacredly-preferred oath.”

Furthermore, Buckley, in asserting that “the institution of the family is basic to our culture,” suggested that if Rockefeller “had been a little more wise, a little more prudent, a little more charitable, a little more stoical—a little more something—his original marriage might have endured. . . . A President of the United States . . . is not expected to fail where so many other men have failed in keeping their families together: we expect more of our Presidents than we expect of ordinary men.”

On a completely different level of reaction, Society columnist Elsa Maxwell gushed, “All the world loves a lover. I do.” But as Rocky and Happy return to the campaign wars, it will be public opinion—and not religious or political or columnist opinion—that will decide his political future. In a very real sense, Rockefeller’s prospects as a Presidential possibility may be in Happy’s hands. For as Rocky, fresh from his honeymoon, begins to make the circuit of fund-raising and delegate-winning dinners necessary to build up his candidacy, Happy will be at his side and all eyes will be on her.

She must make the voters forget—or at least forgive—the past, ignore the barbs aimed at her in the present (example: “News that Rocky divorced his wife of thirty-one years and married a younger woman has been withheld from Khrushchev by Mrs. Khrushchev”), and convince them she would be a fine First Lady in the future.

For Happy, this must be a frightening responsibility.

—JIM HOFFMAN
Continued from page 55

a little, walking away? Has someone joked about sneaking back to get one fast look at her, whether she liked it or not? May-
be. It didn't matter. They were all gone, the doors closed behind them, the "closed set" sign had been posed. Every non-
essential man had been banned.

But the essential ones, of course, re-
mained: the director, the chief lighting
man, the cameraman. They were all far
away from her right now, being very busy
about their work. Very professional. A
few minutes ago—or was it a few hours?
—they had all discussed the scene to-
gether, very professionally. "Our problem,
Carroll," the director had laughed, "isn't
to show your body, but how to avoid
showing it too much. "It's a matter of
mood, Miss Baker," the lighting man had
told her. "The scene is going to be great," they had agreed. "The irony of this
doomed girl getting out of bed with noth-
ing on, putting on an ermine trenoche,
and then going out and getting killed by
her lover—it's absolutely marvelous!"

"... handle it with taste!"

And she had been just as professional.
just as composed as they. "Yes," she had
said, "it is very well motivated, I know I
can trust you to handle it with taste!"

But that was before. Now she was not
so sure. Now she did not feel quite so
professional. Now she was not thinking
of motivation, of the part, of the fact that
she was an actress.

Suddenly she was only a woman lying
naked in a room with three men. The mil-
lions who would eventually watch her on
the screen didn't matter, but these three
men did.

The cigarettes she was to smoke in bed
at the beginning of the scene were ready.
Carefully, Carroll lit one. The big thing
was to concentrate—on her part, on the
scene, on anything but the fact that the
three men were looking at her. On any-
thing but the brutal lights, standing ready
to illuminate every line of her body.

She couldn't help the way she felt about
the lights. Because after the cameras
started to roll, after she had smoked the
cigarette, she was going to have to push
the sheet aside and get out of bed. Bathed
in those lights, she was going to have to
walk completely nude across the set to
where the trenocheet was hanging.

Funnily, on the screen the scene would
appear dimly lit; dusky, shadowy. People
might walk out saying, "Listen, for all
you could tell, maybe she was wearing
flesh-colored tights!"

But Carroll knew. And the three men
watching her knew, too.

And after all—they were men. Pro-
nessionals, but still men. Carroll pulled
the sheet around her. What were they
thinking now? What would they be thinking in five minutes, when she stretched
her legs over the side of the bed and stood
up?

Her cigarette burned down. Carroll
thought of her husband. He wasn't here,
of course. She didn't like him to watch
her work; it made her nervous. Today, It
would have made things impossible.
But Jack hadn't come. Maybe he hadn't
realized this was the day of the nude scene
—she hadn't discussed it with him, real-
ly. In fact, it was almost as if there had
been a silent agreement that no one would
talk about it beforehand. Possibly they
were all trying to pretend it wasn't there.

But it was there—it was here, and now.
"Ready, Miss Baker?"

Carroll sighed. "Station 6 Sahara" would
be another of the pictures she wouldn't
be taking her two children to see. They
had seen her in only one—"How The West
Was Won." The rest well, they weren't
pictures for children. Children. Carroll
thought, fighting hard now for control,
children should go to Walt Disney movies.
She, as an actress, preferred to do adult
scripts. After all, she couldn't deny she
was a modern woman—wasn't she?

Embarrassed and unhappy!

But even so, as the cameras rolled, Car-
roll, going through her scene, blushed red
across her cheeks and brow and knew in
her heart that she was embarrassed,
frightened, and very, very unhappy.

Carroll's husband, director Jack Gar-
lein, saw the rushes the next day. Carroll
waited anxiously to hear what he thought.
Had she done the right thing? Would he
be shocked? But Jack said only, "From
what I know of the story, the scene is well
motivated. I don't know whether you
should have done it or not—but that's up
to you."

Her mother was not so diplomatic. "Car-
roll," her mother said on the long-distance
telephone, "you're such a nice girl in your
private life—why do you do things like
this on the screen?"

It was the question everyone was asking
—not only of Carroll but of Kim Novak,
Shirley MacLaine and Arlene Dahl, Jayne
Mansfield, Sarah Miles—and others who
had posed nude for the camera. But Car-
roll Baker was the only one to answer it.

"All our barriers are breaking down;
we're reverting to a pagan society. If
the First Lady wears tight Capri pants and
a swim suit, what are we poor actresses
to do to attract attention?"

Carroll sat in the handsome living room
of her New York apartment. Her voice
was steady; her hands were still. But her
face was flushed as she spoke, just as it
had been the day she walked naked across
the set in the hot London studio.

"When I first went to Hollywood, about
seven years ago. Warners—my studio—
only used starlets to do cheesecake. Cheese-
cake got washed down on! If you appeared
in a bathing suit, you were an actress.
Eva Marie Saint and Lee Remick, who
were starting at about the same time, even
Natalie Wood who was making her come-
back then—stuck to that policy. If you
had on a sports outfit, it was a pair of
slacks or shorts—and not very short
shorts. Today, the First Lady of the Land
is shown baring her legs. Most people
have been unheard of a few years back—and
tight Capri pants. It wasn't just that
Eleanor Roosevelt and Bess Truman and
Mamie Eisenhower wouldn't have looked
well in them—there were simply rules for
women then. For ladies. You wore a
tight girdle so there was no chance of any-
thing, especially showing your cellulite.
Your cellulite went only so low—no lower. But
the modern woman—she's been freed. She
deals constantly with men on fairly equal
terms. She earns the living or helps earn it after
she gets married. All the barriers around
a woman are crumbling. The divorce rate
is climbing. Many women are disillusioned
with the breast-fed image of women for
their lives. Others believe that only today
is important, how much fun I have today—
and to hell with tomorrow. Even women
in Society are affected. It used to be that
they went to any lengths to keep their
names out of the newspapers—it was only
girls from the wrong side of the tracks
who had anything to be celebrities. Now the
whole world is celebrity-mad, and even
Society women want to be famous. So they
pose in revealing outfits—because in our
sex-preoccupied world, that's what gets
attention. That's how it is, I guess.

A work of art

"At home," Carroll said flatly, "I'm straitlaced. I'm strict. I believe in main-
taining the foundations of the home, in
basing my life on a moral and ethical code.
To hate the fact that my children—all chil-
dren—are growing up surrounded by this
whole atmosphere of loose morals!"

Then why had she—so obviously
disapproved of such behavior—agreed to
act in the nude?

"I'm an actress. I want to play roles
that reveal my time—I want to show to-
day's woman as she is. And if it is neces-
sary to do a nude scene—or a realistic
love scene—to show her honestly, then I
must do it."

"I would act nude only when it was
really essential to the script—as it is in
"Station 6 Sahara"—and when it is done
in good taste. Sex doesn't have to be
pornographic. "Baby Doll" was a work of
art. "Sahara" is a good movie.

"There's nothing wrong with the human
body. Isn't a woman's body as important
as her other facets? Is she only a face,
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Net a filter, not a gadget, TAR GARD adapts a principle used in the jet engine. The device in a TAR GARD builds up the speed of cigarette smoke to 200 m.p.h. As the smoke hurtles into the holder, it smashes against a barrier; the tars are literally flung out of the smoke. Up to 85% of the dangerous, high-speed tars are trapped inside the TAR GARD. The cool, flavorful properties go right on through with the smoke.

Smoking is gone; your breath, hair, mouth tastes clean and fresh; your teeth stay whiter; smoker's cough virtually disappears. Every puff is cool and delicious, with barely a worry in a lungful!

See for yourself! Every TAR GARD comes with a transparent holder as well as an opaque black one, so you can see the revolutionary TAR GARD device work its wonders... before your very eyes! And you never replace it or discard it—it's permanent. The price: $2.95. If you aren't enjoying smoking more, and worrying less after 30 days, return it to us and we'll refund every penny paid. Should your tobacco, supermarket or drug store not have TAR GARD, write to: The TAR GARD Company, Dept. A, 105 Mark- ket Street, San Francisco 5, California, enclosing $3 (including 5¢ to cover handling), cash, check or money order. We'll send you a TAR GARD directly.

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2. Enclose 10¢ for EACH PICTURE you list. (To cover mailing and handling costs)

3. If you wish Special Mailing Service... Air Mail (50¢ extra) — First Class (25¢ extra)

4. Hollywood Color Dept. 1888

Hollywood 10, Calif.

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1. Print the names of Your Favorite Stars on a sheet of paper (print plainly).

2. Enclose 10¢ for EACH PICTURE you list. (To cover mailing and handling costs)

3. If you wish Special Mailing Service... Air Mail (50¢ extra) — First Class (25¢ extra)

4. Hollywood Color Dept. 1888

Hollywood 10, Calif.
in Hollywood lined up at the gates of Warners', panting for the role. Figuratively, the line stretched twice around the block and back again. Hundreds of names were submit-

Amidst all this panic Cliff Robertson played “horsie” with his four-year-old daughter. He was thirty-seven years old; Lieutenant JFK Kennedy had been twenty-

When the telephone call came, requesting him to do a screen test for “PT 109,” he said grimly, “You must be making a mistake.” Assured that “There is no mistake,” he tested reluctantly and then dismissed the incident from his mind. It puzzled him, but he accepted it as one of the nonsense things that occur in Holly-

“A phone call

“Much of Robertson’s gentle manner, his hesitancy, is a trick. Beneath what he calls his “laizeness,” his ability to drift unrumbled with the current, is what you might call a steel different from—and yet in many ways similar to—the steel inside Jack Kennedy.”

“Wealth vs. poverty

But if the old house in La Jolla was shabbily in most ways, it was rich in family history. Robertson’s ancestors had come to America half a century before the Ken-

Robertson’s silk suit rustles as he moves. It is pale grey, and its pallid softness gives him the appearance of gentleness, of hesitancy as he laughs. “I said I wouldn’t compare myself to the President, but I’ll compete with him in one area. Caroline is wonderful, but my four-year-

Robertson’s silk suit rustles as he moves. It is pale grey, and its pallid softness gives him the appearance of gentleness, of hesitancy as he laughs. “I said I wouldn’t compare myself to the President, but I’ll compete with him in one area. Caroline is wonderful, but my four-year-old daughter, Stephanie, is every bit as powerful. I’d rather talk about my daugh-

He was raised by his mother’s—

“I wish I had his brains and his good looks. He’s got a fine, fine mind. The more I studied him, the more I realized that I study and dissect every character I play trying to find the key that unlocks. That way, each character takes over my life. And now, JFK has taken over my life. But, with President Kennedy, the outside was easy. I could imitate the way he walked and combed his hair. I could have imitated his accent too, but he didn’t want his accent imitated.

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“The world is hungry to know and to learn”
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GOSSIP SECTION

(Continued from page 23)

Scooping Around: Yvette Mimieux decided not to go through with the divorce. . . . Dinah Shore’s divorce from George Montgomery became final. And then she upped and married Maurice Smith, the tennis player. . . . Rita Hayworth and ex-husband, Jim Hill, are seeing more of each other than when they were married. . . . Wasn’t another behind the split up of the Robert Prestons? This one really shocked Hollywood. The Prestons celebrated their twenty-fourth wedding anniversary last summer while Bob was making “Island of Love” in Greece. They have no children. . . . Edie Adams and Richard Quine have resumed where they left off.

Joan O’Brien caught the annulment of her marriage to Harvey Allen. The actress swallowed too many sleeping pills only four days after their marriage. Unlike Marilyn Monroe, there was someone (Allen) on hand to save her life. I wander if Joan and her old flame, Robert Vaughn, will resume?

Anita Ekberg is fighting the hunger again. She gained thirty pounds and now is on a strict diet.

The round-the-world trek for Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl proved wearying on the actress. So her doc ordered her to take it easy. The baby is due soon and Debbie is very apprehensive. Only a year ago she suffered the miscarriage.

Keep hearing that Brad Dillman and Suzy Parker have doted the stork.

Out with the old and in with the new. So when Rock Hudson erased Marilyn Monroe from his heart, in popped Tippi Hedren, the Grace Kelly look-alike who fights off those winged creatures in Hitchcock’s “The Birds.” In fact, Rock will co-star with Tippi in “Mornie,” the film Hitchcock wanted Princess Groce to do.

Would have been spicier if “My Life With Cleopatra” had been written by Richard Burton instead of Wolter Wanger, the producer of the forty-million-dollar epic. But Wanger’s book is interesting, too.

Ann-Margret decided the publicity was getting out of hand. She stopped seeing Eddie Fisher. To think that only two years ago Ann was ready to give up Hollywood and settle down to washing dishes and changing diapers.

I understand Janet Leigh still refuses to see “Bye Bye Birdie,” the film where most of her footage ended up on the cutting room floor. Janet, honey, I’m with you!

The reason Roddy McDowall was allowed to photograp Liz Taylor on the “Cleopatra” set is because he used to carry her books when they attended classes at the M-G-M school more than twenty years ago.

Here’s one of Marilyn Brando’s bedroom secrets. He sleeps with his St. Bernard dog. That’s a dog’s life? THE END
Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: what a beautiful difference it makes! Any gal who's ever used a razor knows there's trouble with razor stubble; bristly, coarse hair-ends that feel ugly, look worse. Gentle, smoothing NEET actually beauty-creams the hair away; goes down deep where no razor can reach! No wonder it takes so much longer for new hair to come in. So next time, for the smoothest, nicest looking legs in town, why not try NEET—you'll never want to shave again!
... behind the scenes of TV and radio

Every month TV Radio Mirror magazine spotlights your favorite stars in rare moments of relaxation — away from the cameras, lights and microphones of the entertainment world. In every issue you meet radio and TV's top performers in intimate portraits and candid close-ups at home and at play. Such stars as the Lennon Sisters, Dr. Casey and Dr. Kildare, Mitch Miller, Jack Paar, Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens, George Maharis and many others — whose lives are as colorful and exciting behind the scenes as they are on the air. Take a closer look at these fascinating personalities every month in television's oldest and finest entertainment magazine. Get your copy of TV Radio Mirror magazine — on sale wherever magazines are sold!
"I'm not too crazy about having this new ensign aboard," Kirksey said. "It's bad luck having a stranger aboard."

The other man laughed. "Don't be silly, Andy," he said. "That's for ships like Moby Dick. Not this one."

But Kirksey was not reassured. A little while later, the 109 was underway now. Radioman John Maguire was sitting in the galley, drinking a cup of coffee. Kirksey entered. He seemed to be unusually tired. Maguire noticed this, poured a cup of coffee and handed it to Kirksey.

"John, will you take care of my things?" Kirksey asked suddenly.

"What things?" Maguire asked back.

"What're you talking about? And then, noticing the cup shake in Kirksey's hand, realizing the genuineness of the man's fear, he added. "Listen, when we get back—you better sack-in for a while and—"

But Kirksey interrupted him. "I'm not coming back. I'm gonna be killed."

Maguire nodded. "Yeah," he said, "the last four boats I was on there was always a guy who said he was going to get hit."

"They knew too, huh?" Kirksey asked.

"They knew nothing," said Maguire, firmly. "No one died on any of those boats!"

He looked at the frightened man for a long moment. And then, not knowing what else to say, he left the galley and walked into the companionway, where he ran into Lt. Kennedy.

"Skipper—can you give me a minute?" Maguire whispered.

"Sure, Mac, what is it?" Kennedy asked.

"Skipper—maybe you'd better talk to Kirksey. He's afraid they're gonna mail him home."

Kennedy understood. He walked towards the galley, opened the door—saw Kirksey seated alone at the table and joined him.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Mr. Kennedy," said Kirksey, apologetically, but firmly. "I just got this awful rotten feeling I'm not coming back."

"A cold hand on my heart!"

"And do you know, Andy—" Jack Kennedy said, softly, "—but I don't think there's a man on this boat who hasn't had that thought one time or another."

"But you don't understand, Mr. Kennedy," Kirksey persisted. "I don't think about it. I know it. Didn't you ever have a feeling ahead of time something's going to happen—right before it does happen?"

Kennedy nodded. "Yes," he said.

"It's like someone put a cold hand on my heart," Kirksey said. "I got a chill and can't shake it off."

"It can happen, Andy," Kennedy said, nodding again. "You can die. That's what."

When I think about it I try to remember the odds are on our side."

"Yes, sir," said Kirksey, "—but the Japs aren't."

He closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them and looked over at the lieutenant. "Are you trying to tell me I shouldn't worry, sir?" he asked.

"You'd be a fool if you didn't," said Jack Kennedy, smiling a little.

"Then what can a man do—except pray?" Kirksey asked, and there was a sort of heavy pleading in his voice.

Kennedy sighed. "All you can do is your job, Andy," he said, "—like the rest of us."

And there seemed to be nothing more to

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If you've been douching with vinegar or other makeshift kitchen mixtures, you can't imagine the assurance there is in douching with a preparation medically formulated expressly for this purpose.

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Try Massengill Powder. Jars and pre-measured packettes at drug and health and beauty aid counters everywhere.
No one will ever know exactly what thoughts passed through Andrew Kirksey's mind that moment a few hours later when someone yelled: "Ship at two o'clock!"

Several heads aboard the 109 turned. For a moment, and only for a moment, they saw it—the bow of the jap destroyer headed towards them, a huge cleaver coming from out of the dark and bearing down on them.

Lt. Kennedy, standing there in the cockpit of the 109, was one of those who saw it. Instantly, he grabbed for the throttle, then pushed it forward. Then, desperately, he threw the wheel to port and at the same time pressed the button for General Quarters alarm. But it was useless.

Because four seconds had barely passed when the speeding destroyer smashed thunderously into the fragile hull of the 109, when all hell suddenly broke loose aboard the boat, as fire broke out in the engine room, as men were hurled about and sent flying into space like leaves in a high wind, as some of the men were hurled over the side, as others were trapped in the burning innards of the boat.

There was no hope, of course, for the trapped men.

But those in the water—a choppy sea afame with burning gasoline now—had to be rescued... And were.

There were more than a handful of heroes among the crew of the 109 those night. Among the able and highly disabled back to the boat, the wounded doing everything they could to save the worse-wounded. Though all have attested that it was their skipper himself—John F. Kennedy, Lt. (jg.)—who was the most heroic of them all.

First, Kennedy rescued "Pappy" McMahon, barely able to sit on the deck, back to the boat, debilitating the disabled back to the boat, the wounded doing everything they could to save the worse-wounded. Though all have attested that it was their skipper himself—John F. Kennedy, Lt. (jg.)—who was the most heroic of them all.

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Close to cracking

Jack Kennedy swam, and treaded water, for hours, hoping for a glimpse of a motor—any motor. But he did not find a motor—a boat, not far. He began to swim towards the boat. And then he heard the voices, coming from its deck—speaking Japanese. And then, suddenly, a bright searchlight began to scan the water. Kennedy ducked. He made it under water just in time, just as the searchlight hit the water, where he'd been swimming. The light didn't move. It bounced on that one patch of water, steadily now. Kennedy stayed under—struggling to hold his breath. Finally, when he could hold it no longer, he started towards the water's surface. And the light, luckily, very luckily, moved away just as his head came out above the water.

He told Ross and Thom about this early the next morning, when he came stumbling back up the beach on Plum Pudding Island. Exhausted, haggard, his feet bleeding—he told them how about the Jap boat had come, how the American boats hadn't.

And then, like a sleepwalker, he began to move up the beach. Until he slumped down against a palm trunk. And buried his head in his arms.

For the first time, young Lt. Kennedy seemed to be near the cracking point. As he asked now: "Where are they? They must know we're somewhere!"

"Barney," he said then, not even looking up at Ross. "Try it tonight!"

"All right," Ross said. And then the ensign added: "We'll stay with it as long as we can. But if something doesn't happen soon... I'm afraid we're going to tap out. There's a Japanese island over there, not far. Some of the boys feel that's better than nothing."

Kennedy didn't say anything for a moment. But then he raised his head. And said, "That means giving up, Barney."

"To the boys," said Ross, "it means giving up alive."

"No," said Kennedy—his voice weak, but his eyes stubborn. "We're getting out of here, Barney. I don't know how—but we're getting out of here."

"There was another pause. And then, once again, Jack Kennedy buried his face in his arms.

"If we go back, we go back without Marney and Kirksey," he whispered. "That's what beats me... that's what beats the hell out of me."

Ross and Thom watched their lieutenant for a moment.

Then Thom made a signal to Ross.

And the two men walked away—leaving their lieutenant, mercifully, alone.

"Flaw in my character!"

As planned, Ross made the long swim out into the channel a little later that day.

Like Kennedy's swim the night before, this was equally futile.

The men of the 109 were depressed now.

"Mr. Kennedy," one of them asked, "do you think that we'll ever get out of this?"

"Yep," said Kennedy, his strength obviously returning, "we're moving to Olsana."

"I'm telling you, lieutenant," another said, "I can't walk on any more reef. My feet are already cut to the bone. I won't be able to make Olsana."

Kennedy was firm: "You're going to have to make it!"

"Why move at all?" asked a third man. "At least we know there aren't any Japs here."

"We also know," said Kennedy, "that there isn't any food. . . . Listen," he went on, "Olsana is closer to Ferguson Passage. Those boats are coming through tonight. They've got to. The odds are on our side."

"Honestly, you stiff me," said Kennedy, "—it's a flaw in my character."

And then he turned and, as he moved off to start the work party, he called out: "Come on! In the water by noon!"

Nine men holding onto the plank and paddling—Jack Kennedy carrying "Pappy" McMahon on his back—then all stepped out of the boat. They had found no water, no food. But, instead, two natives who stood pointing Japanese rifles at them.

The majority of the men made it clear to Kennedy that they didn't trust these two; they or their rifles.

But Kennedy was hopeful; he knew damn well that hope was the only thing he had going for them all now. "Will you deliver a message for us?"

Then he asked the two, "in your boat... Can you take a message to Remenda?"

The natives didn't answer.

Kennedy moved over to a nearby tree trunk, looked around, picked up a coconut and, with a hunting knife, he began to carve a message. "That's what he said," Ross replied, joining his lieutenant now.

"It could," Kennedy said.

"If it falls into the wrong hands, it's like taking out an ad... telling them exactly where we are," said Ross.

Kennedy looked at the ensign. "Time is running out, Barney," he said, summing up the situation. "Then he handed him the coconut to Remenda. "Take this over?"

Ross read the message:

"Native knows post. He can plot. Eleven alive need small boat. Kennedy"

"Guess it'll do," said Ross.

Kennedy handed the coconut to the natives, silently, took it and made for the Titanic.

Quickly, they slid the canoe into the water and began to paddle away. Quickly, the men on shore noticed that the canoe seemed to be headed straight for Kolombangara, the Jap-held island across the channel.

It might have been the current that shifted them that way; it might have been that the natives were purposely going in that direction.

The men on shore didn't know for sure. They only knew that they must wait. And, tensely, very tensely, they waited.
There was anger during the long wait. At one point when one of the men began to complain and hollered, “It’s getting so I really don’t care what happens to us, lieutenant!” Kennedy hollered back—

“Well, start caring! All of you. Start caring right now. There’s a way out of this. Suppose those natives don’t come through for us. Something else is going to happen. If it doesn’t, we’ll make it happen. Because we’re not going to die out here. We’re going home instead. If we have to get in the water and drag this whole island back, we’re going home!”

**Now is soon enough**

“I know one thing, Mr. Kennedy,” said the wounded “Pappy” McMahon to his skipper at one point. “If I ever do get out of here—there’s only two things in the world I want. My wife, and some dryland motors to work on. . . What about you?”

“Well,” Jack Kennedy answered, “I’m not much on dryland motors, Pappy. But—I’ll dig up something to do.”

And so there were many emotions felt, thoughts through, during the long wait.

Until, finally, exactly twenty-four hours after the two natives had gotten off in their canoe, the wait was suddenly ended. With the appearance on the beach of another canoe—one larger than the two time—maned by six men. And with the appearance of the leader of these men—a missionary-trained, English-speaking, Fedor-sporting native named Benjamin Kevu.

Kevu handed Kennedy a letter, as the rest of the men gathered around excitedly. It was a letter written by a man named Evans. A letter, said Kennedy, as he read the letter. “He’s advising Rendova. I’m to meet him and arrange a rendezvous, Kevu is to take me.”

“In that canoe?” asked Ensign Thom. “But you’ll be spotted.”

“Gentlemen,” said Kennedy, “—book my bets.” Then, turning to Kevu, he asked, “Ready?”

“We should leave as soon as possible,” said Kevu. “The fap patrols are active.”

“Is now soon enough?” Kennedy asked.

And without pausing for an answer, he began to run towards the waiting canoe.

**Okay in Ha-va’d**

The little boat made it to the coast-watcher’s station—safely.

There, Kennedy was picked up by the PT 157.

There were lots of handshakes, there was lots of backslapping.

And then, within minutes, the PT headed out towards Plum Pudding Island—where, a little while later, ten bedraggled survivors of the 199 waved and cheered and laughed and wept when they saw their young lieutenant standing at the bow of the oncoming boat, letting them know with that schoolboy grin of his, calling out to them with that Ha-va’d accent of his, that everything was all right now. That everything was just fine now.

—ADAPTED FROM THE WARNER’S SCRIPT.

**Cindy reported first to the makeup department.**

“Come with me,” she said, taking our hand and smiling warmly at us, “You can ask me some questions up there!”

**He interviewed my interview!**

But the makeup man—a young, Valentino type—began to bubble over, rapturously, when he heard that Cindy had worked with Loretta Young. And it was he who asked the questions.

“Ah, Loretta, Loretta, I work with her a long time ago . . . she is so wonderful. So kind!”

“She’s marvelous,” said Cindy. “Do you know the first time I met her—to try out for her show—she sat talking to me about traffic tickets. Of course, I guess you could say she was interviewing me, sizing me up. But she used such a relaxing technique. Not like some other producers who lean back and say, ‘So I’m off haf you done, young lady?’—and scare the wits out of you!”

The makeup man sighed. “She must have been very pleased when you won this role in ‘Gidget,’ mia bella?’

“She couldn’t have been more pleased,” said Cindy. “And with her name to clear it with her for me to make the test in the first place. That was just before Christmas last year. And after the test, Miss Young said to me that she’d heard from somebody at Columbia that it looked real good for me. Then, on New Year’s Eve, she had a party at her home, and all of us kids were invited. And when I walked in, she came running up to me. And she said to me, ‘The studio just phoned and asked for your full release. You got it? You got it!’ And then she hugged me. And gosh, we were both excited. Say . . . what’s mia bella mean?”

The makeup man looked into her eyes.

“It means . . . my beauty.”

And with that she closed her eyes and began to giggle—while her face, despite the newly-applied makeup, turned a bright and lovely pink!

The color test was about to begin on the sound-stage. Cindy sat on a high
stool, facing a huge camera ready to be photographed for lighting and texture.

The man conducting the test was the producer, Jerry Bresler. Bresler, tall and amiable man walked over and said, "Cindy isn't the typical kind of beauty, is she? But she is exactly what Gidget is supposed to be—a girl every girl loves to have as a friend, a girl every boy loves to be with."

He then explained how the picture was originally intended for Deborah Walley, who became pregnant soon after her marriage to John Ashley and who—because of a history of miscarriages in her family—couldn't travel to Rome.

"So," said Bresler, "we conducted a contest. Yes, it's true—there were 10,000 applicants, from all over the world. Finally I tested twenty of the girls. None was right. And then someone told me about this girl on the Loretta Young show, right in my own back yard, as it were.

He did, too.

"Well," Bresler said, "I'd better get on with this test." He walked to within yards of where Cindy was sitting on that high stool. With a motion of his hand, the crew became suddenly quiet, the huge overhead lights were turned on, the camera was flicked on—and the test got underway...

"Now, Cindy," Bresler began, "as I talk to you now, turn your right profile—yes, know. And we'll chat. Tell me, how was the plane trip over?"

"The most," Cindy said. "They threw all kinds of food at us soon as we got on. Two hours later they tried to give us breakfast. And two hours after that, they came out with champagne!"

"Drink yours, Cindy?"

"I took some. Then I gave the rest to two men sitting across the aisle from me."

And then he asked suddenly: "How does Loretta Young walk into a room?"

"She zzzzzzzzzzzzzzmmm." "What do you think of your co-star in the picture you're about to make?"

"Jimmy Darren?" Cindy said. "Oh, I think he's okay. He looks and acts darling. I can't wait to meet him."

"His wife will be with him," Bresler said, straight-faced.

Without a blink, Cindy retorted, "And I can't wait to meet her!" (Everyone laughed.)

"Were you a tomboy as a kid?"

"I was," Cindy said. "I always used to follow my older brother, Anthony, around. I didn't play with dolls. My sister, Debie—she's six-and-a-half now—he's just the opposite of what I was. Ultra feminine. In fact, her dolls have more clothes than I do."

"Your mother's here in Rome, isn't she?"

"Yes. She came over with me. She's going to stay a few weeks. She'd miss the family too much if she stayed any longer."

"What's she like?"

"She'd do anything for any of us kids. I just love her."

"And your father?"

"Daddy's a schoolteacher. And he couldn't be less interested in show business. In fact, we never talk about it at home. Not that we're not allowed to. It's just that daddy would rather talk about our education and the camping trips we all make together, and things like that."

His main concern, I guess you'd say, is our character. And our education. Like the time he stopped me from liasing. I lipped terribly till I was eight. But with patience—sheer patience—he got me out of this. Just like he got me out of talking too fast. I'd go on and on sometimes, like a speedboat. And Daddy would just ignore me and say, 'I can tell you're talking, Cindy, because I can see your mouth moving—it would be interesting to know what you've been saying.' And I'd say, 'Okay, Daddy, I'll have to take it a little slower.' And, eventually, it all worked."

"And you got into the business through Anthony, I understand?"

"Sort of," Cindy said. "He was trying out for a TV show a few years ago. I kind of plodded along on the interview. And when the producer of the show, Jim Moser, saw me, he thought I'd come along to try out for a small part. Which I got on the spot."

"You went to school, meanwhile?"

"Oh sure—North Hollywood High."

"Did you enjoy yourself there?"

Boys! Boys! Boys!"

"Much," Cindy said. "But only because I never let on that I was acting on the side. It's a public school, you know. And some kids on the shows, well, they're really treated like outcasts. So I never told anyone.

"As I had to take off work to tell I was out on a dentist's appointment, or something like that. And meanwhile I'd pray my friends would never spot me on TV."

"Have you lots of friends?" he asked.

"Oodles of them," she answered. "I'm one of those people—the first kids I met and still my friends."

"Girl friends mostly?"

"Boy friends mostly," Cindy said. "And hey, I don't mean love-dovey stuff. I mean, well, aside from a few very close girl friends I just seem to find boys more interesting. Boys, in fact, are the backbone of the three crowds I belong to."

"That's correct."

"Yep. One is the beatnik crowd. We do the wildest things. You know: wear jeans and you listen to weird music. The second one I call the collegians, since most of those kids go to college. We go out on funsy-type things. I'm usually a replacement—you know—when one of the kids has had a fight with his steady. The third one I call the business kids. From the kids-in-the-business group, Beverly Washburn, Shelley Fabares, Sharon Baird, Dirk and Dack Rambo who are great (and whose real names are Orman and Norman, believe it or not)—and who are among the few actors I know who don't expect you to hold their hands while they cry their hearts out."

There was a short pause.

Then, suddenly, Bresler said, "They serve the best spaghetti at the commissary here—want to try some?"

"Gee, I don't know, Mr. Bresler," she answered. "The man from Photoplay is counting on my interview."

"So we'll ask him to lunch, too. And about those questions—maybe I've done enough asking."

And, a few minutes later, the three of us were on our way to the commissary, where the spaghetti was delightful. Just like the young girl with whom we shared it. . . .

—Ed DeBlasio
HAYLEY: Oh, I feel very sorry for them. I think they're missing such a lot, getting married, and as far as it lasting, well, I don't know about that; it depends upon who you marry and all that sort of thing. But I think I want to avoid it for some time. I mean, frankly—marriage at seventeen—I think it's madness because you're married the whole rest of your life; not that I want to fling around from one boy to another boy; I think when you're married, it's a sort of tie. Until you want to be tied and start darning socks, all that sort of stuff, you know. And so if you suddenly say, I'm going away for a week end, you can't, because you've got to tell the milkman to leave two bottles of milk.

But I don't want to have someone hanging around my neck, you know; I want to enjoy myself and have fun. Anyway, I like being with my family too much now. I don't want to cut myself off from them.

FRED: Your sister Julia got married pretty young and she's happy.

HAYLEY: Yes, she's very happy. But I think she's always been a very independent person and I think it was because when she was my age she went to New York which made her feel more grown-up. I think she was more adult at my age than I am now. She was twenty when she married. So that's quite good.

A monster in there

FRED: It's a very level-headed family, this Mills family, I really think so, and all the way down to the seventeen-year-old.

HAYLEY: Well, to my brother Jonathan—he's more level-headed than I am. I'm not really very level-headed. You should see my room; you'd think there was a monster in there.

FRED: A little monster named Hayley?

HAYLEY: Yes. Very untidy. Look at this room, I mean; it looks like a bomb has hit it.

FRED: This is typical of women!

HAYLEY: Oh, it isn't. Most women are terribly, terribly tidy. I tend to leave things where I put them, anywhere.

FRED: That's charming. I mean, if you were always as neat as a pin and everything had to be in its place, that would reflect on your whole personality. Which is as exuberant and effusive and wonderfully bubbly, you know—that's you.

HAYLEY: As untidy as my room.

FRED: It's a marvelous personality. And you bite your nails.

HAYLEY: Oh, that's terrible. Don't say that, I know.

FRED: Why do you do that?

HAYLEY: I don't know; I've always done it. I suppose it's nerving to a certain extent. But I think it's just sheer habit, and it's a very unpleasant habit and I've stopped lots of times and, and they've got long and elegant; and then something happens to one of them and I give up.

FRED: What's going to happen when you start to have romance in your life and all those nervous little things are going to come along—you'll be biting your nails even worse.

HAYLEY: My God, they'll be up to my elbows. I'd better stop right now.

No place to live

FRED: How did you like Hollywood?

HAYLEY: I liked it very much. I don't want to live there, though, I don't think, because it's very, very filmy, you see; everyone's filmy. And it's so lovely to go there for just a little while, then go home.

FRED: What was it you didn't like about Hollywood?

HAYLEY: Well, a certain amount of unreality about it. I didn't like to live with it all the time; it's too much glitter and everything.

FRED: You like the American guys?

HAYLEY: I think they're very nice, yes.

FRED: Any kind of comparison you want to make with the English fellows?

HAYLEY: No, I can't make any comparison.

FRED: What do you want for yourself; or is it too soon to say?

HAYLEY: Man-wise—oh, I don't care.

FRED: You are not going to be married for a long time, I guess, are you?

HAYLEY: Oh, no. I don't want to rush into anything, either, and nappies and things, you know?

FRED: Do you have any rules about marrying or not marrying an actor?

HAYLEY: Well, you never know who might come along. And if you said, ooh, I am never going to marry an actor, you'd look a bit of a Charlie if you do.

FRED: Well, you are probably the most talked about teenager in the world today. Does that weigh heavily on you?

HAYLEY: It depends on the talk, but not greatly.

FRED: Well, the talk's very good. That's been one of the most remarkable things about you, Hayley. How can you be in the limelight so much and be nice and sweet?

HAYLEY: Oh, I think this is a rather exaggerated thing about the limelight. I mean, there's not an awful lot of limelight. Perhaps at premiers and the pictures and the people; that's all exciting. But the actual work, like today: it's just work; it's just the work I happen to do instead of going to an office and being a secretary or in a shop, you know. But, anyway, I think that because of Mommy and Daddy I just lead a perfectly normal life.

FRED: How do they do it?

HAYLEY: Well, just by not putting any emphasis on things that would make one feel different. This is just my job, like any other person's job, you know? And also I think it's because I've been brought up with it, ever since I was a baby; it's been in the family. So it's sort of natural that I should do it. But I don't think it's anything to get big-headed about.

The real and unreal world

FRED: What about this business of some girls not being able to cope with the unreal world of acting and movies, and they get to believe that this is the real world?

HAYLEY: Ah, well you see that's where Mommy and Daddy have been so clever, because there's never been two worlds. This is just where I come and work. Home is the real world. I've never thought of it in relation to two different worlds. It's all one world; it's my world; the way I live—it's all just one world. When I go home, I'm normal, and I have supper and I relax in the evening.

I have left school now, but I'd go to school, come back for the holidays, go to the farm, ride around on the farm, and I knew in the back of my mind that when the time came I'd go to the studios and work. So it was just quite normal, like going back to an office.

FRED: The real world is those horses
Ladder in her stocking

FRED: How far do you want to go as an actress, Hayley?

HAYLEY: I don't know, really. Well, I'd like to eventually—oh, my, I've got a ladder in my stocking.

FRED: A ladder. We call it a run.

HAYLEY: A run, a run. Oh, yes. If ever I feel I might be able to tackle it, I'd love to try holding a spear or something in the theater, or opening a door, or anything, just to try it, you know, because it must be some marvelous magic thing. I remember when Daddy was in New York doing "Ross." We used to be in the wings all the time. We sat there in this pitch-dark theater while he was rehearsing. And there is something so exciting about it, even more so than the films. And so I'd love to try that one day.

FRED: When you go out on dates a lot?

HAYLEY: No, not a lot, because I work a lot, and we seem to travel a lot. Lately, we have traveled a terrific lot.

FRED: When you go out on dates, do you double-date, or do you go out with one fellow?

HAYLEY: I like going out with a lot of people, actually. You know, real friends. It's more fun, really.

FRED: How old are the fellows that you go with?

HAYLEY: Sort of seventeen-eighteen-nineteen, that sort of age.

FRED: What do you do on a date?

HAYLEY: Oh, it depends upon the person I'm going out with. To a movie, it could be a drive-in, maybe, or dinner, maybe. In England one can't go to a drive-in or the beach, you know.

FRED: Did you like that California routine of being able to go to drive-ins and the beach?

HAYLEY: Yes, it's rather dig-worthy.

FRED: Dig-worthy? That's a new word.

HAYLEY: It is?

FRED: Well, dig of course we know. But dig-worthy is marvelous. It makes sense. Dig-worthy. Great, I dig that.

HAYLEY: Oh, you do? Very good.

You take your heaven and hell

FRED: So, here you are, on top of the world. Can you philosophize about it?

HAYLEY: Philosopher? I don't know. I know I'm very happy. I'm very happy, and I think life really does depend an awful lot on how you treat it and what you make of it. You know, you take your heaven and your hell with you, and all that sort of stuff. And I think it's a most marvelous life, this film life, you know, as long as you keep your head and don't get sort of carried off in the excitement.

FRED: Does it frighten you: the big career that faces you?

HAYLEY: I think it excites me more than frightens me. But there's a certain amount of fear in it. It is a sort of respect-ful fear, like God. Oh, gosh, that's rather a silly thing to say. But you know what I mean? It's a feeling of sort of waiting, sort of holding your breath. But I think seventeen's such a big jump from sixteen. It sounds more when you say "I'm seventeen" than saying "I'm sixteen." So I suppose I had better start pulling myself together and grow up a little.

FRED: About the "Chalk Garden" and the part you play—you play a miserable spoiled brat, don't you?

HAYLEY: Yes, really. But she has a heart of gold, you see. She's only spoilt because she thinks nobody loves her, that's the only reason.

FRED: That is the big moral in "The Chalk Garden"—that you need love in your life?

HAYLEY: Yes. Oh, I'm so excited about this film, to be working with Daddy and Deborah Kerr and Dame Edith Evans. And oh, so much to learn from them.

FRED: They learn a lot from you, too. You know, they are very impressed with you, Hayley. They told me that you were a marvelous new talent, and it's exciting to work with you.

HAYLEY: Well, it's marvelous to be working with them. And it's also so much fun to be doing it with Daddy again, because I haven't worked with him since I was twelve; the first thing I ever did. And then I didn't appreciate it, you know, and I didn't know what I was doing. I just ate sweets and fell down and made a bit of a nuisances of myself. I didn't really know what was going on. I just said the lines and went, you know. And now I really can appreciate it, because he's such a marvelous actor. Working with Daddy—it's sort of like playing tennis against somebody, instead of just hitting them into a hedge where they sort of go in, you know.

You have to want to

FRED: Tell me what girls and boys who write to you do know.

HAYLEY: Oh, they want to know what I like, what sort of horses, that sort of things. And they want pictures.
FRED: Do you get a chance to answer all your mail?

HAYLEY: Well, the ones I read, the special ones, sometimes I answer. And I always try to answer presents.

FRED: Do a lot of them want to be actresses, too?

HAYLEY: Yes.

FRED: What do you advise them?

HAYLEY: Well, I tell them they really have to want to act. Don’t start unless you really want to act.

FRED: Your entrance into adulthood is causing lots of publicity and magazine stories about you.

HAYLEY: Well, it had to come. I had to grow up. I have still got a long way to go, though, I think.

FRED: Are you afraid of growing up?

HAYLEY: Afraid? Uh, well, I suppose a little, because I’m longing to save time, you know.

FRED: Hayley, dear, how does your dad feel about your becoming a full-fledged actress?

HAYLEY: He’s the nicest, most wonderful person about it. He really is—you know. If it wasn’t for him I wouldn’t be anywhere or anything.

FRED: What has he taught you about acting?

HAYLEY: Everything, really. I suppose one knows the sort of things like open your mouth and shut your mouth and smile, you know. But he’s always there, always sort of helping you. He’s marvelous, he really is. He’s so generous—

FRED: Has he ever actually sat down with you and taught you acting, or is it inherited?

HAYLEY: Well, I have grown up with it. I suppose it’s sort of rubbed off. I think everyone has it, if they just know how to use it. Sounds terribly accomplished, doesn’t it? . . . Anyhow, he’s just wonderful.

FRED: What kind of advice has your father given you, Hayley, that you think could be helpful to others?

HAYLEY: He’s given me a lot of advice all through my life. He always said, whatever happens, try to be very sincere, be real. And he’s really the most ordinary person you could meet anywhere. I think that’s terribly important. Otherwise, you lose every feeling.

FRED: You are a very normal girl. It’s a very healthy thing. I wish you the best, and many happy returns, Hayley Mills.

—THE END

You can see Hayley in “The Chalk Garden,” U-I; “Summer Magic,” Buena Vista. Fred’s “Assignment Hollywood” is heard on the air. If you’re in the New York area, you can hear “Robbin’s Nest” over station WNEW, Sundays 8 to 12 P.M.

GLENN FORD

Continued from page 35

good deal of dignity. He is also a man seeking emotional security, a man with emotional warmth and conviviality, a charming lover on-screen and an even more ardent one off-screen. A man who has everything and nothing. A lonely man.

And if you don’t think it possible for a top movie star to be lonely, you should visit some of these beautiful people in their beautiful houses. Picture this: a mature man who has romanced many women but a man whom love has always eluded; a man who is supposedly in love with twenty-one-year-old, talented, bright Yvette Mimieux. Yvette who is, of course, married, has been since she was seventeen, and who, to date, has made no motion to change her marital status. Nor, furthermore, does she have any notion of becoming Mrs. Glenn Ford.

Yvette’s faceless wonder

I doubt if Glenn has ever met Eva Harland Engber who married Yvette on December 19, 1959. Very few people in Hollywood have. To the press, he is a faceless wonder never photographed, and to whom Yvette has never admitted being married, although I understand it was a radiating girl who said her vows to the Reverend Stephen V. Fritchman, Unitarian minister in Glendale, Yvette has mentioned Evan’s name only once—shortly before her marriage she did an interview with Louella Parsons. When Louella inferred that she was very, very young and had probably never been in love, Yvette said, “Oh, I have a boy friend.” After some coaxing she named him, explaining: “He’s a student at USC. I like him so much because he’s studying psychology which I’m interested in and he’s brilliant. He always talks sense, not the silly chatter most young men talk today.” He was in the graduate dental school and fellow students who knew him then agree that he was brilliantly charming.

But that was the end of public knowledge of Evan. She married him and started her climb to stardom in films with a publicity campaign based on silence. “I don’t want to sound mystical, but you have to reserve a part of yourself. Otherwise, you give too much of yourself away and what’s left is just such a one. One door leads to another, and you have to decide where you’re going to close doors. Open too many and there’s nothing left behind where you can hide, where you can live.”

However, it has become increasingly apparent to Hollywood that the door to the little clapboard house she rents in Beverly Hills is less and less frequented by her phantom husband. Glenn spent one Saturday helping her paint the place. Glenn, Charles Boyer and Lee Cobb have all been known to drop by for a game of chess, and Yvette’s appearances about town are either solo or in the company of married friends.

A divorce has been rumored, but it was assumed that if and when that occurred it would be in the same silence and anonymity as the marriage. But the recent rash of publicity as Glenn’s inamorata would make this considerably more difficult. Understandably, the headlines have angered the pale beauty no little.

How can a dignified man with Glenn’s know-how get himself in such a romantic mess? Well, it was comparatively easy. . . .

Friends brought Linda Christian to a gala party at Glenn’s house, after which he had four dates with her—dates interspersed, of course, with Glenn’s usual round of social activities. He was seeing a great deal of Hope Lange, took Rita Hayworth to the preview of “The Courtship of Eddie’s Father,” recently enjoyed the Caribbean in the frequent company of much divorced Rhonda Fleming, has parties at his own home and everyone comes—from Angie Dickinson and Barbara Stanwyck to former wife Eleanor Powell who has become Glenn’s close and dear friend. At any rate, five dates later, Linda suggested she come to dinner at her house and he did. They had cocktails, then dined on a dish made by the lady’s own hands.

That was the night Linda called columnist Harrison Carroll and announced the engagement, then handed the phone to her prospective “bridegroom” and let him chat with Harrison. Glenn now insists the whole thing was just a little gag.

Why Connie’s mad

A few nights later, Connie Stevens had dinner at Glenn’s. It was a charming evening, a foursome. One of the four must have mentioned the occasion to someone who relayed it to someone else because that item broke in the columns, too, complete with the menu. Glenn was furious. He had always valued Connie’s reticence in his behalf when they were dating. Now it seemed that she had betrayed him, that he was being hounded from every corner when actually, he was marking time, waiting for the most important moment of his life.

The Welchman Ford lost his temper. He who dislikes personal publicity contacted Louella Parsons and told her the truth: (1) that nothing bugs him more than young ladies who accept his attentions and then run to the nearest columnist and (2) that he was really, seriously interested in someone but was not free to say whom. In two or three months, he’d have, he hoped, an announcement. . . .

When it ran in the paper it read, “Your eyebrows would fly off your face if you knew the blond actress Glenn Ford was really interested in, and I don’t mean his good friend Hope Lange also assumed. And that started it! Her name sprang up in columns everywhere, putting the lovely Yvette in a most embarrassing situation.

She chooses to have the door firmly closed on her personal life. She has not made a gesture toward divorcing Evan. The press assumed she’d be flying to Mexico for a quickie and Hope Lange also assumed. And that’s what she will. But at the moment she won’t answer his phone calls. Without meaning to, Glenn had opened that door.

And Yvette, who looks as delicate as a fairy tale princess and as bland, is, in reality, a strong-willed girl, an ambitious girl who feels it her destiny to be a star. In a case like Glenn’s, she would have resigned because she had to wear the same dress to school every day. “I locked doors on the world then,” she admits.

“I shouldn’t say I don’t believe in people, but let’s say there were so few things I
believed in as a child. I was disillusioned, unillusioned, by the time I was in third grade. I was in a parochial school where the other children wore such nice clothes and for me this was impossible at the time. Then to make matters worse, I didn’t attend church or Sunday School. It was—mentioned—by our teachers. I felt different, held up to criticism and ridicule. Maybe I felt it more than it was. I hated school and when I insisted I be sent to public school—a one—I never knew my classmates at Vine Street or Hollywood High. I was lonely and bitter and hurt. To compensate and get the right kind of attention, I invented lies, a whole network of fantastic stories, how I was going to be in the Christmas parade down Hollywood Boulevard, how I owned a red and white polka dot dress—One-I’ve seen in a magazine on a girl whom all eyes turned to follow. The lies only isolated me more.”

But that didn’t keep her from knowing what she had to offer and a determination to offer it. Some fifteen-year-olds are too shy to try, Yvette’s self-consciousness took a different twist. She entered contests, got jobs at AR-E-X, but it took a moment, although her parents knew perfectly well the treacherous possibilities of film work, her dad, an emigre from France had knocked himself out in silent pictures and gotten nowhere. They had complete faith, however, in the fact that Yvette cannot be pressured. Pressured, she’ll withdraw, or work. Yvette knows what she wants and what she wants is to be herself. She is very direct.

She didn’t, for example, get along with famed director Vincenzo Minelli who directed “The Four Horsemen.” His shouting and impatience made her give a poor performance, she says. So, what she did was—she retreated from Minelli into her own world, giving him a perpetually blank look.

Glen to Yvette’s rescue

“in Paris, Glenn was so good to me . . . he really knows the city . . . he walked us all over Paris, all the wonderful little out of the way places, such a sunny day for Jean and Dick Brooks, Brigitte Bardot’s ex-husband kept hovering over her. Yvette couldn’t escape and Glenn came to the rescue. “I want you to meet my wife,” he told Vadim. To which Vadim merely shrugged and addressing Yvette, said, “You have a very jealous husband.”

It was all Yvette’s fault. Yvette was nineteen. But so sexy in her own subtle, dainty way. And of course, she and Glenn became friends. Glenn has the capacity for friendship, fairly unusual in a business where ego conflict and players are jealous of their image, their billing, their best profile, and every close-up. Despite his recent feminine fluctuations, Hope Lange continues to be his devoted friend, even though she dates other men than Glenn these days . . . Brigitte Bardot sends him a bottle of champagne every month . . . ex-wife Ellie still watches over him to be sure his shirts are done correctly and his kitchen is well stocked and uncluttered. Glenn’s a prime skirmish over column-talking, Connie has been one of his most devoted admirers.

But Glenn is looking for neither admiration nor mothering. He’s had both. He’s looking for love.

He was a kid who fell in love first when he was in grade school and was elected to impersonate John Cuket opposite his beloved’s Mae Murray at the school carnival. Only one rub—Glenn didn’t know how to dance, and after the first rehearsal was replaced by a freckle-faced rival.

He was a sensitive and self-conscious kid who wasn’t part of any gang in high school and wasn’t any social sensation, worked at a dozen odd jobs to earn a buck while doing most of the housework. Always of a character part, old men, people so different than being them was living another life. He fell in love with the girl who played the lead opposite him in his first romantic part. “I had a tremendous foundation for first love—marvelous parents, a stable home life. And when you play a character your own age, you must have conviction, you can’t drop the role after rehearsal. I’d always had a bone to pick with actors who say they can throw it off. No good actor can.”

He doesn’t. That’s why he has such close ties to the ladies he’s worked with, why they have remained such friends. Mostly. He loves his work, but it’s no fun unless there’s someone to share it with. He’s always looking . . . “I wasn’t meant to be a bachelor. I want a shared life, the kind of life any man wants, expects and hopes for.” He wants romance.

He was the kid M-G-M first turned down with a curt, “Well, you’re no pretty boy, and worse, but who, for his first movie test at Fox, was saddled with so much “cor- rective make-up,” he was too miserable to act. Even the agent who believed in him finally said, “I can’t do a thing for you. Try radio or the stage where looks don’t matter.” He’d been rejected by every studio in town. When he finally made a picture the Hollywood gossip called him “the only woman least likely.”

Glenn, of all the stars in this business, probably worked the hardest to get started, hanging great plate glass windows, installing weather stripping, shinging roofs . . . and dreaming of “completely impossible success and travel, the National Geographic variety.” There was no Jim Byron swooning out of the sky in a helicopter to take over his destiny as he took over Yvette’s. Glenn did it the hard way, joining any show that came West for two weeks in San Francisco, two weeks in Los Angeles, starring on Broadway and finally surviving some of the worst B pictures ever made in a town called Hollywood.

Success and confusion

He wanted to be a fine actor. He is, today, one of the great stars in this business, a man equally facile at comedy and tragedy and yet not quite sure he’s made it. He has grown better looking with the years, a handsome man who makes $300,000 a picture, and has his pick of pictures. The world he dreamed of traveling is his oyster. But emotionally, this is a confused man, a man reaching out for youth to prolong his own, a man who exploded from a pattern
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doing life that was too hard, all-work-and-no play and who hasn't found a new pattern to replace it. He's built a dream house, one of the most distinguished homes in Hollywood, he entertains beautifully, but it's a house that's lonely when you're roaming it alone, and in his effort not to let any of life escape him, Glenn has overlooked the basic rule of the love game.

To this own self be true.

Certainly you play the field searching. But once you've found, you play for keeps and you don't keep on playing the field. If he cares for little Mimieux as he has professed to intimates, then why not wait for her? Why jump from Linda Christian to Ann Miller to Hope to Angie to Connie to Hope to Rhoda Fleming? Or if you want companionship, then keep it strictly that. To jeopardize love by playing at romance is adolescent sport and Glenn is infinitely superior to this.

As it is now, after years of the most decorous public relations, he's at the prey of anyone seeking publicity. Linda says he betrayed her... friends of Yvette's feel he betrayed her... the fact is he's believed only one human being, the one he possesses and doesn't entirely believe in himself—LAURA BASCOMBE


Continued from page 32

LIZ TAYLOR

Sybil's viewpoint

If $40,000,000 have been spent on "Cleopatra," the film—40,000,000 words, at least, have been written about the Burton-Taylor affair, which began shortly after the film got underway.

Sybil, in the few interviews she has given to columnists and reporters, has maintained that she barely read a word of all this—at first.

And this, strangely enough, is true. Liz, to Sybil, was not the most beautiful woman in the world. The most all-consuming man-eater of our time, the femme fatale extraordinary, the girl who had everything—and who always wanted more. But rather, to Sybil, Liz was an actress with whom her husband happened to be working, and spending the greater part of his day. She was the leading lady with whom temporarily, like others before her, he would fall in love... and then, fall out of love, as soon as the play-acting was over. It was only a familiar pattern.

Besides—and let's face it—Sybil was wise enough to the ways of publicity and star-making. It is to realize that Richard could only benefit financially from all this. After all, if certain other "actors"—with pretty faces and no talent—could command enormous sums for picture-making, just because they were images and publicity-happy sorts, why shouldn't her husband—with his not-exactly pretty face but with talent— reap the same financial benefits now that it was all at his fingertips? Thanks—yes, thanks—to Elizabeth Taylor.

But when, suddenly, the publicity grew out of hand—and Sybil would open her morning edition of Il Messagero and see those pictures of Liz and Richard smooching, off the set; when she began to hear from close friends that Richard and Liz had taken an apartment in mid-Rome, that December of 1961, where they would meet after the director had called his final "cut!" for the day; when Eddie Fisher, poor Eddie, flew to New York one day, suddenly, and announced—after a short and mysterious stay in a private hospital—that he was through with Liz, that he was going to get a divorce... then, and only then, did Sybil begin to feel that this was different now. That things had changed suddenly. That the pattern, so steadfast in the past, had gone askew now. That she had met her match in Liz Taylor. That her husband was on his way to leaving her for another woman.

For a while, she said nothing to Richard about this. "It will end, it must end," she thought. "Prettier mornings—they are not far away."

But as time passed—and production ended on "Cleopatra"—and when Richard, who had told a reporter, "Immediately after this film I will make another, on the Riviera probably, and the entire production will announce that Miss Taylor earns a week!"—when Richard suddenly seemed to forget about the Riviera and his low-budget picture but flew off to London—with "Miss Taylor," to begin work with her, again, in something to be called "V.I.P.'s"... Sybil Williams Burton knew, in her heart of hearts, that from now on these prettier mornings would be harder and harder to come by.

The low time

"The most difficult time for me," she told a Photoplay source recently, "was the now-I-have-him, now-I-don't period"—referring, obviously, to the four weeks she
spent in London last spring, when Richard "dated" both her and Liz, and when a favorite parlor sport among the Mayfair set was to keep count on how many hours Richard spent with whom.

In fact, the jokes about the three became rampant—a word that to the Welsh, perhaps more than to most other peoples, is so important and emotion-wracked: family. We are a family, Richard," she would say, "and that is the way we must remain!

But," our source goes on, "it was no use. While Sybil was pleading, Liz was in her suite at the Dorchester—alone—and furious. And when Burton would return to her, she'd say things. And it was when she said those false words—"Marry me, or I'll die!"—that it became clear which of the two women would be victorious in laying claim to Richard Burton!

Victory, however, can be a very sometimes thing.

As we know, Sybil finally acquiesced to Liz demands. One night, without fanfare, she signed the separation papers drawn up by the London lawyers; the following morning she and her two daughters boarded a jet for New York, as good an "exile" site as any other.

On her arrival in New York, interestingly, one reporter noted that "Sybil wore a chic suit and a wan smile, and she carried a large and handsome alligator purse."

What he didn't note, however, was that she also carried a plan with her, tucked somewhere behind the wan smile—a plan, without malice, without legal complications, but with giant-sized scoops of irony. A plan that would eventually ruin the woman who had set out to ruin her.

**Step one**

Like all good plans, Sybil’s is a simple one:

For a while—for as long as she can—she will hold back from giving Richard his divorce. After all, that $1,500,000 (and she could have held out for $5,000,000 if she'd wanted to) did achieve a legal separation—a removal of the wife from the scene—but nothing could force Sybil to divorce her husband.

Meanwhile, Liz and Richard would be kept guessing, feeding on hope without hope. And meanwhile, hopefully, Richard might well begin to grow tired of Liz. And come back home where he belonged.

This part of the plan is based on Sybil's deep-felt belief that, "I'll have Richard back some day."

She knows, for one thing, that Liz and Richard have begun to fight constantly—in their suites at the Dorchester, in restaurants, in theater lobbies, practically everywhere.

She knows, for another thing, that Richard feels guilty about the whole situation—witness his recent quote to a magazine reporter: "You may be as vicious about me as you like. You will only do me justice."

She knows, too, about Liz's possessiveness—how, as one writer put it, "she demands twenty-five hours a day of Burton's time!"—and, she, Sybil, just happens to be an expert on how her husband feels about freedom.

She finds more than anything that an innate streak of decency in Richard will bring him back to her and his daughters.

Sybil's quiet revenge here?

Liz will then emerge the laughing stock of our time. The love goddess who couldn't get her man. The glamour-puss with egg all over that puss. The empress without a consort. The loser—this gal who has never lost anything in her entire life—except, maybe, a diamond bracelet or two.

However, should this part of the plan fail to work out—should Richard himself decide to sue for divorce, or should additional threats force him to do so—then Sybil shifts easily into part two of her plan.

A marriage between Liz and Richard, she knows, is bound to end, let's say, less, than perfectly.

First of all, it's as obvious to Sybil as it is to millions of others that the juice of this current "grand passion" between Liz and Burton is based on the element of scandal—the giddiness that comes from shocking the multitudes—the joy that comes from being clandestine—the shivers of delight that come from being so marvellously and brazenly unorthodox.

But turn this all into that most orthodox of situations—marriage; legalize this union, sanction it, take away the kicks—and then what have you got?

A very nervous and depressed Liz and Richard.

"A Liz," as someone who has known her since her first marriage has told us, "who will wonder why her husband's eye is belonging to rove, why he isn't arrogating her as much as he used to be—who will begin to get so annoyed with Husband No. Five that it won't take her long to begin looking around for the next prospect."

"A Burton," as someone who knows him well says, "who will not quite understand why Liz is beginning to object to his little flings, why—instead of understanding him, his nature, his needs—she's tossing those vases all over the place why, instead of mothering him, she's tossing off phrases that would have any other mother blushing."

In other words, it's clear that after five or six months of such a marriage—all hell will break loose. That Richard will remember with fondness and longing the halcyon days when he had everything a man could want.

And the day he decides he's had enough of Liz—there will be Sybil, waiting to pick up where they left off...

In her innocent, uncalculated plan to ruin Liz, this is the step of steps:

To give Liz—for a while—the burden of being Mrs. Richard Burton!

—Michael Joya
Eddie Fisher

Continued from page 40

There can be only a small, innocent victim.

Eddie Fisher—whose daughter is all that he has in the world, but who can never truly be her father—is a lonely man who knows that he must forge, in snatched moments of time, bonds of love strong enough to survive the day when Carrie learns the hard truth: that when he turned his back on her mother, he wrote out on his own.

And there is Harry Karl—who filled the place Eddie vacated. Harry the head-of-the-house, the provider, the everyday father of a daughter not of his own blood.

Harry who cannot help but sense that his hard-earned place in her heart is being threatened by Eddie Fisher's unsettling presence in young Carrie's life.

Carrie's tragedy

And, of course, there is Debbie Reynolds, no contestant for her daughter's love—for she knows she has that forever—but torn by the hidden conflict that rages about her. Debbie Reynolds who cannot avoid asking herself if, despite the promptings of conscience and generosity, she was wise to allow Eddie Fisher a place in her daughter's life—and there are two children lives at all.

The children, Carrie and Todd, are too young to sense the danger, too inexperienced to know the peril of taking sides, too innocent to understand the complex yearnings and agonies of the human heart. Yet this story of the struggle for their love is their story. It could be their tragedy.

Eddie loves both his children and longs for them both to love him. But he cannot help but love them differently. His son will one day become a man, will have a wife and a family of his own. He must learn how to take care of himself. But his daughter will always be his little girl—whatever she grows or how many children she might someday have. She has to be protected.

She is the something sweet of all his boyhood memories. She is the girl Debbie used to be when Eddie's love for her was strongest. In a way, in fact, she is a little bit of every woman he ever loved.

And this is the child he is in danger of losing...

But let us begin by saying that it is a battle—and a strange one—no blows have been struck, no angry words as yet exchanged. Indeed, Eddie and Harry are not basically fighters at all; neither has a taste for conflict. For a long time they have joined with Debbie in doing everything possible to avoid a struggle. Harry has taken great pains never to intrude upon Eddie's precious visits with his children, never to hint to Carrie and Todd that Eddie has ever been anything but the most faithful and loving of fathers. Eddie has never allowed himself to try to enlist Carrie or Todd on his side in any dispute with Debbie and Harry over their upbringing—not even when Debbie told him she had decided not to keep her promise to raise Todd in her father's name.

And yet the struggle is taking place. How can it exist between two men so determined not to fight?

Sometimes the crucial skirmishes are fought entirely without their knowledge.

Eddie never scolds

Say, for example, that it is Friday night in the Karl household. Harry comes home from his office tired, perhaps irritable. Business problems sometimes plague even a successful man. He joins the children at their dinner, and observes that Todd is pushing his vegetables messily around his plate, spilling his cup of milk onto the table. Harry, who has done a hundred times—every parent must have done the same—"tidy up your plate," half smiling at the boy gently. "If you don't want your food, son, you don't have to eat it—but you know you mustn't play with it that way."

After supper Harry is a little too weary for a protracted romp with the children. Carrie gets only one story read to her in stead of two or three. The same thing happens in a million households across the country—fathers have a right to be tired, and children must learn that their own desires cannot always come first. But Eddie comes to take the children out the next day. And Eddie, for the simple reason that he sees them seldom and only when he can devote himself entirely to them, is never inclined to scold them. Too, he has no need to scold; he acknowledges the fact that discipline is no longer his job. "I'm the ice-cream-and-candy man," he says—and why not? He isn't with the children enough to spoil them.

But Eddie can lose, too. It can happen on a day when Carrie comes home from an afternoon with her best friend Greg Fisher (and Carrie's father and Gower's little boy), carrying in her small hand a crayoned picture of a cat. She has made it for Eddie, has laboriously scrawled "Love from Carrie" in big letters across the bottom. A gift of love for her father. But her father is not there. Eddie is working in Las Vegas—it could be three weeks before his schedule and he sees her and his children. Debbie explains this carefully to Carrie. But children are not content with the logic of adults. Carrie is hurt—Daddy should have been there to receive her offering.

That night when Harry comes home, she runs to him. "You're my daddy, aren't you?" she cries. Harry has no idea of what happened. "Sure I am, sweetheart," he says, smiling in his arms, kissing her warmly. Soon the picture is tucked away in his briefcase to be taken to the office tomorrow, displayed with the fatherly pride Harry wears like a halo when he talks of his kids. And Carrie goes to bed content, Eddie forgotten.

Sometimes a hint of the struggle comes to reach you.

Eddie, thumbing through a magazine, may come across an article that rehearses, in every sofit detail, the story of his breakup with Debbie, his ill-fated marriage to Elizabeth Taylor. For a moment his blood runs cold. Carrie is six; she can read now. Todd will soon be learning. How long before such stories are thrust upon them by other children, who can only guess at how much the truth will
hurt? What will Carrie and Todd think of him then? Will they turn from him entirely—will he lose their love, their trust? No, he tells himself, of course he won’t. They’ll love him. They’ll love him enough to understand. But will they? When was the last time he saw them? Did they really enjoy themselves, or were they only being polite? Do they forget him entirely between visits, resent the fact that he is not there to bandage a cut knee, admire the Christmas tree he helped decorate? Is Carrie’s new dress? Does Harry do such a good job of fathering them that they never think of Eddie—except as a sort of Favorite Uncle? What man can, with such chilling thoughts racing through his mind, resist the temptation to rush to a telephone, to call his children, to tell them of some spectacular plan he has for their next meeting—something that, perhaps, in his secret heart, he hopes Harry never thought of—something so wonderful that the children won’t forget it—or him—for weeks to come.

**Harry’s fears**

And Harry, after the children have been with Eddie, cannot always blind himself to the implications of Todd’s glowing face and Carrie’s obvious rapture. What Eddie bought them... what Eddie fed them... what Eddie said to them... all this the children pour out to Harry in innocent delight. And that, of course, is how Harry feels he has for better or worse, reason to guess that he and Eddie are not the closest, the best of friends. But he can’t help worrying. He rarely sees his own four children; he and Debbie lost their first baby, and though they are having another, Carrie and Todd are still Harry’s family. He loves them, he needs them. And like Eddie, he must feed on too much-able bonds now between himself and the children. He would be less than human if, after hearing them sing Eddie’s praises, he never thought: There’s that tricycle Todd wants—I was going to wait for his birthday, but maybe I’ll get it for him now. If I don’t he might ask Eddie for it. And it’s too good a thing I must depend too much on Eddie’s generosity—after all, they do live here, with me—isn’t it better for them to be happy with this arrangement?

Natural thoughts. But dangerous ones. It does not take much to subtly alter the atmosphere around a child, and children quickly grasp the possibility of playing off one group against the other, of depending too much on Eddie’s generosity—after all, they do live here, with me—isn’t it better for them to be happy with this arrangement?

And even, in the final analysis, if the children must ever choose between the two fathers, Harry must inevitably be their choice. For though Eddie is a kind of Santa Claus, a jovial occasional companion, Harry is part of the fabric of their lives; his personality, his virtues—even his faults—are woven into Carrie and Todd’s existence as Eddie’s will never be.

Even the matter of discipline, which may now cause the children to resent Harry from time to time, will in the end operate to his advantage. Psychologists tell us that one of childhood’s most basic needs is for someone to draw a line and say, “Past this, you may not go.” The child may rage and storm—but instinctively he knows that discipline is the ultimate sign of love and protection, that without discipline he is lost in the overwhelming world of adult responsibility. Someday Carrie and Todd will clearly see that in supplying a strong, steady influence in their early years, Harry was fulfilling one of their deepest needs—while Eddie, in his position as an outsider, could only caress the surface of their childish desires.

But in this story of human conflict, it is not only the victor who is important—but think of the victims. For the conflict that surrounds Carrie and Todd is fraught with dangers.

According to Dr. Tom Noyes (a New York psychotherapist and marriage counselor): “When the relationship between the adults in such cases becomes one of a war for the children’s hearts, the children can become terribly confused and frightened. Even simple, innocent-seeming incidents can affect their self-esteem. If, for example, the divorced father, in his attempt to win their love, constantly takes them on joyrides, on exciting excursions which wise parents offer only rarely—if he brings them into contact with groups of unfamiliar adults to whom he proudly shows them off, surrounding them with attention and praise—his child may end up giving the child’s ego a kind of flattery it cannot get elsewhere. His home, the affection of his mother and stepfather can seem dull and unimportant by comparison.

Special complications

“I have known cases where such over-attention ruined an entire life—where the child grew up unable to be satisfied with the normal ego-gratifications that life provides, and went on seeking what he could never recapture, that magical moment in...
Jackie Kennedy

Continued from page 43

Knickerbocker had named Jackie "Debutante of the Year" in 1947—when she was eighteen years old.

And what had happened to Charlene Cassini was enough to make anyone weep. Charlene had seemed dazzlingly lucky, at first; she seemed the kind of girl other girls envied. Born in 1927, two years earlier than Jackie, hers had been the same glittering world as Jackie Kennedy's—a world of wealth and privilege, of splendidly groomed women and dazzlingly handsome men, people who never had to worry about where their next Rolls Royce was coming from. The world of the super-rich.

Truly, if anyone had ever been born to a golden life of wealth and luxury, it was Charlene. Her father was oilman Charles B. Wrightman, one of the richest men in America and a close friend of Jack Kennedy's—another world of wealth and privilege, of splendidly groomed women and dazzlingly handsome men, people who never had to worry about where their next Rolls Royce was coming from. The world of the super-rich.

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So they were divorced in 1950. And the divorce wasn’t the “friendly Hollywood kind.” Far from it. Charlene charged that Helmut had married her “only for the money that I expected to receive from my father.”

There is no more bitter and humiliating feeling for a woman, particularly a rich woman, than the conviction that someone has married her for the wrong reason. And for Charlene, the bitterness did not fade with the passing years. For when she drew up a will years later, she inserted a strict provision that Helmut “should not at any time” be given custody of their son, Dana, who is now fourteen.

For a while it looked as though Charlene wanted to turn her back on that “golden life” to which she had been born. Although she had more money than she could possibly need, she entered a secretarial school in West Palm Beach, attended classes faithfully, and was delighted when she managed to earn excellent marks.

Perhaps she was beginning to envy those whose lives were humbler, simpler—and happier—than her own.

But soon her old life made its claim on her again—this time through the person of Igor (“Gighi”) Cassini, to whom society was everything. They met and fell in love, and in 1952—after Gighi had been divorced from his second wife—they were married.

Igor Cassini was the Russian-born son of an authentic Count, and therefore entitled to call himself a Count as well, until he obtained his U.S. citizenship in 1940. But in spite of his former title, he was something of a self-made man. After unsuccessfully trying to make his fortune by selling things like insurance and cold cream from door to door, he got himself writing about society for the “Washington Times-Herald” (with a little help from his mother’s connections), and then became the Hearst papers’ Cholly Knickerbocker, top society columnist in the land, with a claimed readership of twenty million.

Some might have called Igor a social snob—partly because those who only knew him through his television program, “The Igor Cassini Show,” which was on NBC Television from 1952 to 1955 and on Du mont for a year after that. His smooth manner of speech, his manner of dropping what seemed like whole telephone books of names of the socially elite—all seemed to make his whole TV show a study in snobbery.

But Charlene had a way of seeing only the best in people, particularly the men she fell in love with—even though she might come to regret it later. And there was no denying that Gighi had charm.

Through Gighi—who was married to Jackie Bouvier—Charlene had heard of Joe Kennedy, Jr., and she was choosing the friends she would carry through life—Charlene, too, became friends with Jackie. And, when Jackie married Jack Kennedy, she became friends with Jack, too.

In fact, Jackie’s marriage strengthened the ties between Charlene and Jackie. For it made Jackie a frequent guest at the Palm Beach home of old Joe Kennedy, a stone’s throw away from the home of Charlene’s father. Jack and Jackie began going to parties at the Wrightsmans’ house, and Charlene became particularly good friends with Jackie’s vivacious young step-

mother, Jayne Wrightsman. Gighi and Charlene were frequently at the Wrightsmans’ house, too, so it was natural that they should become even better friends with the young Kennedys. In the days when Jack was making his name as a Senator, and spending long weeks on the road building his chances for the Presidential nomination, he particularly cherished the breath of freedom he had to relax in Palm Beach with fun-loving people like the Wrightsmans and Cassinis.

Jackie and Charlene had much in common besides their upbringing. Both had enjoyed brief flings at being “working girls”—Jackie as an inquiring camera girl with the “Washington Times-Herald,” while Igor has written his start, and Charlene at secretarial school, even though she hadn’t gotten to use her proudly-won abilities as a secretary; both were excellent horsewomen; both loved parties and the conversation of bright, witty people; both loved children and were devoted to their own.

With Charlene’s stepmother, too, Jackie had much in common. Each had exquisite taste in clothes (Jayne Wrightsman has made the latest best-dressed lists, which of course are topped by the name of Jacqueline Kennedy). And each is interested in antiques (Jayne has assisted Jackie in the redecorating of the White House and gone on antique hunting expeditions with her). The Cassinis were “in”

When Jack Kennedy became President of the United States, he indirectly helped enhance the reputation not only of Igor Cassini but of his brother Oleg, who is Jackie’s personal fashion designer. Oleg found himself with more work than he could handle, designing clothes not only for Jackie but for all the wealthy women who wanted to be able to say that their clothes had come from the First Lady’s dress designer. And Igor was more “in” than ever as a society columnist, thanks to his friendship with the Kennedys.

On a number of occasions Charles Wrightsman lent his Palm Beach mansion to the President and Jackie during their Florida visits. And even when they were staying with Joe Kennedy, they saw a lot of Igor and Charlene. Often when Jack was busy on matters of state, the Cassinis would drive up to the door of the Kennedy mansion and Jackie would hop into the car and join them for a relaxing evening on the town.

On New Year’s Eve, it was customary for Jack and Jackie to spend the evening at the Wrightsmans’ house, where a gala party was held. And on the eve of New Year’s 1962, Jack Kennedy did something that made the evening forever memorable for Charlene’s stepdaughter. Igor Cassini told about it recently in Good Housekeeping magazine.

“Jackie Kennedy danced with her husband, her host, with me and with most of the other men at the party. Then, at one point, she went over to the President, put her hand on his shoulder and directed his gaze to the terrace. There, standing with his face pressed against the windows of the French doors leading to the living room, stood my thirteen-year-old daughter, Marina. The President, perhaps thinking of Caroline in years to come, smiled at his wife and bent down to whisper a few words
Pain and embarrassment

To Charlene, not only were these charges against her husband painful—she must have also been embarrassed for Jack and Jackie Kennedy, who were her friends.

What was worse, friends watching the situation became convinced that Charlene’s father, Charles Wrightsman at whose home Igor had “warned” Government officials about Trujillo’s “enemies,” was more than embarrassed. The friends believed that Wrightsman’s attitude toward both Igor and Charlene cooled considerably after the public charges.

And so Charlene found herself an embarrassment to her friends in the White House and, apparently, an embarrassment to her father as well.

To a sensitive young woman who gave her love and friendship generously, and who asked only that these be returned to her in some measure, it was a cruel blow. Loyally, she stood by her husband, but her heart was heavy with shame and grief. She could only be grateful that Jackie Kennedy gave no signs of turning against her old friend despite what Bobby Kennedy had had to do. But at the same time, Jackie’s loyalty made Charlene’s embarrassment even more piercing.

Then came one more blow—a blow of the kind that can affect the mind with peculiar cruelty when it is already reeling from other misfortunes. A close friend of Charlene’s, thirty-five-year-old Peter Estin, a Vermont ski instructor, was found dead in a New York hotel room of what the coroner described as “visceral congestion.” One of the causes of “visceral congestion” is the consumption of a deadly amount of sleeping pills. His funeral was set for April 8th.

Charlene didn’t go to the funeral, which was held in Boston. But Igor did—and, ironically, he flew in the private plane of George Skakel, who is Bobby Kennedy’s brother-in-law. Igor returned that evening to the apartment he and Charlene shared at 941 Fifth Avenue, across from Central Park. For he and Charlene were scheduled to have a dinner party, and Igor didn’t want to disappoint them.

But Charlene didn’t feel up to it—she gave a toothache as the reason. So Igor went on alone, and Charlene and her stepdaughter Marina began watching the Academy Awards on a TV set in Charlene’s bedroom.

Charlene had been having trouble sleeping lately and had been under a psychiatrist’s care. Her father and stepmother, realizing how hard Charlene was taking it all, had come up to New York to be with her despite any feelings Charles Wrightsman may have had against Igor. And that very day they had spent several hours trying to talk Charlene out of her depression. But she was inconsolable.

That evening she had sent Marina out to the drugstore to get her a new bottle of sleeping pills which the doctor had prescribed. And now, with the Academy Awards program starting, Charlene got up from her bed and went into the bathroom. Then she returned and lay down on the bed again, as Marina sat nearby, absorbed in the show.

Marina watched the Awards through to the very end. Then she turned around and looked at Charlene—and saw immediately that something was very wrong. Terrified, she called the doctor.

Igor arrived home just in time to accompany Charlene to the hospital. By now she was unconscious. And the hospital fought to save her life, the sleeping pill bottle lay empty in the Cassini apartment. Earlier that evening it had held thirty pills.

All through the long night the physicians worked over Charlene’s still, silent body. But it was too late. By morning she was gone. A girl who had been born to the brightest, the most beautiful life, who had watched that life turn black and ugly before her eyes. She had seen the men she loved bring her unhappiness; seen herself become an embarrassment to her friends; seen herself destined to spend her days in a sleepless agony of blinding headaches and heart-sick humiliation. In the end, it had been too much to take. All she could do was shut her friends would remember her kindly.

In the White House flower garden, on the day of Charlene’s death, Jackie Kennedy did remember—she remembered, and tried to hold back the tears. Tears of heartbreak for a friend who had died too young.

No, she mustn’t cry any more. There were too many things to catch, and it was an important occasion of state. Tears were a luxury that no First Lady could afford in public.

It was important to think of other things. Surely, even today, there must be something to be happy about.... And of course there was. Stirring within her was a wonderful secret of her own, a secret the whole world would soon come to share—the secret of a new life, with all the hope that new life brings.

Yes, better to think of that, and to look to the future. For the recent past was too sad to bear.

—James Gregory
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**SLENDERLINE**
Narrowest and deepest. Shorter than Regular. Compact comfort.

**SUPER**
Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.

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For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

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Using a process that was long a closely-guarded secret, skilled pearl farmers insert into the living oyster a tiny particle. Then, back in the cold salt waters of the Far Eastern seas, the oyster slowly surrounds the delicate particle with layer upon precious layer of genuine pearl nacre. It may take up to four years to create such a prize, but the result is worth it!

And now you can have a radiant cultured pearl of your own—set into a graceful ring of sterling silver or heavy gold electroplate, invisibly adjustable to your exact finger size. We will send you this lovely genuine cultured pearl ring—for yourself or as a wonderful “friendship ring”—FREE. It’s our way of saying “welcome” to Best Loved Girls’ Books.

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At Big Savings Of Up To 50%

The authors of these fine books are among the most popular living writers of girls’ books—novelists who know how to tell stories that keep you spellbound for hours. Each selection is a beautiful full-size hardcover volume you’ll treasure for years! And though most of these exciting books would cost from $2.75 to $2.95 each in the original publishers’ editions, you may obtain them through the club for only $1.49 each plus small shipping charge... a saving of nearly 50%!

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THE TENDER TIME
by Denise Cost Bearmon
A vivid, touching tale of first love, in which shy Stephanie Rodgers grows into a very feminine girl—and learns about dances, dates, and the two different kinds of boys.

NATIONAL VELVET
by Enid Bagnold
The beguiling story of Velvet Brown and the horse she rode to win in the fabulous Grand National. Her adventures, on which the famous TV series is based, will leave you breathless with excitement.

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Three shades: jet black, rich brown and brown and black.

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One Wonderful Weekend

Because she didn't have to worry about skin blemishes (thanks to Angel Face Medicated Make-up) here's what happened to her:

Girl on a whirl in New York! Judy and Bill discover the Statue of Liberty, explore the Village, where her portrait is done by a bearded artist. She looks pretty every minute! She's wearing Angel Face Medicated Make-up...utterly natural-looking cover...no medicinal odor! On to lunch at O. Henry's in the Village. Lunch over, they head uptown to do figure-eights in Central Park. A dancing romancing evening begins with a Broadway musical. Judy wears Angel Face Medicated Liquid Make-up—it conceals blemishes now, helps prevent surface blemishes from forming. Perfect for her. You may prefer Angel Face Medicated Cream Make-up—it gives you extra coverage, long-lasting beauty. And where she goes, so goes Angel Face Medicated Compact—complete powder and foundation in-one. Wonderful make-up—in eight heavenly shades! Last, cheek-to-cheek dancing at the Maisonette. Wonderful weekend! Wonderfully right for The Real Thing to happen (and it's so apt to happen to an Angel Face!)
Fred: Well, Rex Harrison, how nice to see you away from the “Cleopatra” “war”. Things are peaceful now.

Rex: Well, I had a peaceful time in the “war” because I had practically completed my role of Caesar before the Roman holiday started. I was there with my wife, and we had a very nice house, and so... I had a very good time in Rome, as a matter of fact... enjoyed myself very much.

Fred: So even though you were part of this “battle” you were kind of on the sidelines, so to speak.

Rex: Well, yes, because, as far as Caesar is concerned, he is in the first two hours of the film, and this went on reasonably peacefully, and during the second half of the film I wasn’t even there very much.

Fred: So, you were almost an impartial observer?

Rex: Yes, when I wasn’t working I’d go to my home in Portofino.

Fred: What does it feel like to be involved in the world’s most talked about film? How do you look at it?

Rex: I think it makes one rather anxious for the film, because I think it’s got to be very good to achieve success after all the advance publicity.

Fred: Would you say the role of Caesar was artistically satisfying for you? Were you pleased with it?

Rex: I think Joe Mankiewicz wrote a wonderful... three wonderful parts. I think Caesar is one of the finest parts I’ve ever played.

Fred: The big romance between Richard and Liz—was it overblown, was too much made out of it?

Rex: Rome is a city where the press is very active... it was overblown.

Fred: What do you think of Richard Burton as an actor?

Rex: Well, I think he’s a marvelous actor... he has a great voice... he has all that Welsh passion.

Fred: What about Liz?

Rex: If you watch somebody like Elizabeth, you can learn a lot. The End
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Yes, simply mail the coupon and we'll send you this beautiful practical gift—a terrific value! The hard, light tan cover of washable, grained leatherette is richly embossed in red and gold. Inside there's a plentiful supply of fine white note paper. A built-in loop holds the beautiful black and gold color, smooth-writing ball point pen right at hand. This unusual gift is a guaranteed $1.50 retail value, but it's yours FREE when you mail the coupon.

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New Yorkers Are Cluck-Clucking About: Zsa-Zsa's new feuds with female newspaper people on both coasts. The Hilarious Hungarian used the "Tonight" show for her soapbox. When the two targets retaliated in print, Z-Z announced she would sue for three million. Zsa-Zsa logic'd that people who live in glass houses shouldn't write colyums.... (Continued on page 14)
First winner of Photoplay's Front Cover Award for showcasing new talent.

WALL OF NOISE

The modern motion picture that looks hot and hard at today's young go-for-the-money generation...

SUZANNE PLESHETTE  TY HARDIN
DOROTHY PROVINE  RALPH MEEKER
SIMON OAKLAND

Written for the screen and produced by JOSEPH LINDON
Directed by RICHARD WILSON  Presented by WARNER BROS.
The editors of Photoplay Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to Universal-International's production of "The Thrill Of It All."

Positively the most hilarious of Doris Day's love comedies, this laugh-loaded romp hands her a new co-star, personable James Garner, and a new problem. She doesn't have to fend a guy off without losing him; here, she's already got him. But can she hang on to husband Jim, a successful obstetrician, after she suddenly becomes a TV-commercial queen? The humor is fast and furious, ranging from wicked satire to rollicking slapstick. Sets and clothes? Lush, of course! Nothing but the best. (Continued on page 10)

U-I; Eastman Color; Director, Norman Jewison; Producers, Ross Hunter and Martin Melcher.
For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich
you only need to "lather once"!

JANET LEIGH, starring in the Hal Wallis production "Wives and Lovers," A Paramount Pictures' release, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme and her hair behaves beautifully! Yours will, too, because—instead of over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage—you only need to lather once with rich, instant-foaming Lustre-Creme shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo
PT 109
Warner; Panavision, Technicolor; Director, Leslie H. Martinson; Producer, Bryan Foy (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Cliff Robertson, Ty Hardin, James Gregory, Grant Williams.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A shipwrecked U.S. Navy crew in War II is led toward survival by the young President-to-be.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? As a true record of collective heroism, it's handled in the only way possible: simply, briskly, relying on the built-in suspense of a sea-going action tale. Cliff gives a highly agreeable performance, avoiding the bad taste of impersonation; but his age seems closer to JFK's in 1963 than in 1943.

THE L-SHAPED ROOM
Dennis Royal, Columbia; Director, Bryan Forbes; Producers, James Woolf, Richard Attenborough (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Leslie Caron, Tom Bell, Cicely Courtneidge, Brock Peters.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Alone and in trouble in London, a French girl is befriended by her rooming-house neighbors.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Out of grubby surroundings, shown with great realism that's touched with humor, arises a gentle, wistful film, romantic without being quite sentimental. Leslie is at her best, far outdistancing her "Lili" or "Gigi" in maturity and depth; and the other players really fill the screen.

COMING BLOW YOUR HORN
Paramount; Panavision, Technicolor; Director, Bud Yorkin; Producers, Norman Lear, Bud Yorkin (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A New Yorker's carefree life is complicated when his kid brother shares his bachelor quarters.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? This cheerful family comedy comes up with enough laughs and sprightly personalities, in spite of the creaky conventions of an old-style stage farce. Frank wakes up a bit from his recent movie coma; Cobb and Molly Picon and wacky Jill do amusing caricatures; youthful Tony has a lively debut.

IRMA LA DOUCE
U.S.A.; Panavision, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Billy Wilder (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Shirley MacLaine, Jack Lemmon, Lou Jacobi, Herschel Bernardi.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Love and the two oldest professions don't mix very well for an ex-gendarme and a Parisian floozy.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Happily outrageous, it makes a long joke out of a topsy-turvy moral code and comic hash out of a couple of old plots. Both story angles generously display Shirley's skill (plus a lot of Shirley!) and Jack's versatility as a clown. Not a musical, it uses the stage-show tunes as a background score.

8½
Embassy; Director, Federico Fellini; Producer, Angelo Rizoli; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimee, Claudia Cardinale.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Trying to get a film started, a director moves in dream memory between his past and present.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Fellini (who has directed 7 1/2 movies before this—hence the odd title) challenges us to stay alert as he plunges boldly, subtly, into the confusion inside an artist's mind. The observer in "La Dolce Vita," Marcello is now the man involved, so his acting has a wider range. (Continued on page 13)
CHANSONETTE* shapes and supports your figure naturally

Special stitching in the cups is what does it. Firming circles give you extra support and uplift—spoke-stitching fully accentuates your curves. Below the cups, a snug 'uplift' band holds the bra securely, comfortably, all day long. Elastic insert 'breathes' whenever you do! Take the cue—try on Chansonette, the best-selling bra in the world! In white or black—A, B, C cups.

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Other styles: Dacron**, 2.50; Lace, 3.50; With all-elastic back, 3.00; Contour, 3.00; Full-Length, 3.50. *Made in U. S. A. **Roadcloth: Cotton, "Dacron®" polyester
Say you don’t want a tint. You don’t want a complete change. But you want to do something about the color of your hair...something to give it life and highlights! For you, Clairol® has come up with a new color pick-me-up called “Sparkling Color” Hair Color Lotion. It’s made only for hair without gray. Your hairdresser will tell you that it lifts dull brown to rich brown...turns mousey into marvelous...without changing your natural color! Because “Sparkling Color” isn’t a tint, there’s no drastic color change—just wonderful, warm color highlights. It’s not permanent—it lasts through a month of shampoos. And there’s no touch-up problem...“Sparkling Color” just slowly disappears, without the roots showing, without anyone noticing. It’s not a big production. Nothing to mix. It’s just a mild lather—and minutes later it gets rinsed off. “Sparkling Color” comes in 7 sparkling shades. One of them will let you go from mousey to marvelous, without changing your natural hair color!

Clairol’s new Hair Color Lotion for hair without gray
MY NAME IS IVAN
Mosfilm; Director, Andrei Tarkovsky; Russian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

what's it about? A Russian war orphan, only 12, insists on crossing front lines as an army scout, for revenge on Nazis. what's the verdict? Unequaled camera poetry takes the edge off the horror in this story of a murdered childhood. As the young-old hero, Kolya is heartbreaking both in the nightmare he lives and the sunny past he dreams about. Humor and sex are tossed in by good-looking Zulkov, a very un-Soviet type.

TOYS IN THE ATTIC
U.A.; Panavision; Director, George Roy Hill; Producer, Walter Mirisch (Adult)

what's it about? Once a ne'er-do-well, a Southerner seeking fortune and married bliss is blocked by a too-loving sister.
what's the verdict? In spite of a promising cast, it's strangled by useless plot and character complications. Dean is effective in his first serious role, but Geraldine is too theatrical. Only Wendy manages to bring the picture to life every time she enters the scene, with her fine calm and subdued intensity. She's great.

IN THE FRENCH STYLE
Columbia; Director, Robert Parrish, Producers, Irwin Shaw, Robert Parrish (Adult)

what's it about? An American girl who goes to Paris to study art stays on and nearly loses her way in aimless affairs. what's the verdict? The familiar theme of the innocent abroad takes a refreshing new twist here, with a story of considerable charm and compassion (and more interest in people than in picturesque settings). Awkward when she's trying to seem very young, Jean rises to greater poise and remarkable new beauty.

GREENWICH VILLAGE STORY
Shawn International; Producer-Director, Jack O'Connell (Adult)

what's it about? Young lovers aiming for careers in the arts are estranged by the boy's wariness of marriage.
what's the verdict? Another corner of modern Bohemia—in the New York style—is explored by a group of young people new to movie-making. Their enthusiasm often gives sparkle to a flat story with a weak ending. Robert's voice reveals he has little acting experience; Melinda, with none at all, is more at ease.

THIS SPORTING LIFE
Continental; Director, Lindsay Anderson; Producers, Karel Reisz (Adult)

who's in it? Richard Harris, Rachel Roberts, Alan Badel, Vanda Godsell.
what's it about? Successful as a pro rugby player, a tough Briton fails to reach understanding with his beloved.
what's the verdict? If you think gentleman cricket is England's typical sport, you'll be surprised at the roughneck version of football exposed in this well-made, ingenious film. The acting is powerful, though Richard's sorehead hero is a British-movie stereotype, and the grimness of Rachel's role reduces sympathy.

KING KONG VS. GODZILLA
U.I.; Color, Directors, Isaoirio Honda, Thomas Montgomery; Producer, John Beck (Family)

who's in it? Ichiro Arishima, Yu Fujiki, Tadao Takashima, Mie Hama.
what's it about? Japan's fate is determined by a running battle between a giant gorilla and a giant reptile. what's the verdict? Kid connoisseurs of film monsters will cheer the return of two old TV pals. (How did King Kong ever make his way from the Empire State building to Fujiyama?) Just as a bonus, there's a giant octopus, too. Adults may enjoy camera tricks and dubbed-in English dialogue, it's unintentionally funny.
Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work, heat, or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotion or sexual excitement. It's the kind that comes at moments when you are tense or emotionally excited.

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
A. Science says you need a deodorant specifically formulated to overcome offensive "sex perspiration" odor. And now it's here—ARRID CREAM with exclusive Perstop®. Perstop® makes ARRID so effective, yet so gentle.

Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?
A. Because of Perstop®. Gentle ARRID gives you the extra protection you need. ARRID CREAM stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Protect your pretty dresses with ARRID CREAM Deodorant.

Proved the most effective deodorant you can buy.

New ARRID fortified with Perstop® used daily, stops underarm dress stains, stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM today!

Don't Be Half-Safe!
Use ARRID To Be Sure! *

Walter Winchell
Continued from page 6

The Rosalind Russell-F. Brisson buzz: That they may part. As this Photoplayboy romped to press the popular Roz and her mate were very much together. . . . New Yorkers were surprised at the report that talented Lisa Kirk and her longtime husband, Bob Wells, would reach The Great Divide. Wells wrote most of Lisa's remarkable songs which won her stardom on Broadway and in London. He was also the Daddy of many of the delightful Dinah Shore TV programs. Intimates hasten to tell you: Don't make any wagers on a total eclipse for these two. They've reconciled before.

*: Judy Garland's daughter Liza made her debut on the off-Broadway stage in a revival of "Best Foot Forward" at Stage Three. This reviewer covered that smash musical in 1941 when most of the youngsters in today's troupe were unborn!

Liza's the ticket-seller for this show. The people out front the night we saw it pounded their hands loud and often for her specialties. Louder and more often, we should note, than for her colleagues.

Judy, we were told, witnessed her image perform and was thrilled no end.

"It seems as though she was born only yesterday," Judy sighed.
It makes this observer sigh a little, too.

The first time we flung orchids at Judy Garland was when she was fourteen.
Tempus Sure Do Fugit.

*: The Oscar that Anne Bancroft won this year did not save her show, "Mother Courage." It folded shortly after she won it. But the Oscar reminded some of us that Hollywood snubbed Annie a few years ago and the day after winning it her phone started clang-clanging with offers from several studios.

"It must be a great feeling for her," observed a pal, "to answer that phone."
"You mean," chucked another, "NOT answering it!"

*: Ethel Merman is probably one of the wealthiest persons in show business. She could retire now and coast through her sunset years. But all the loot in the land apparently wouldn't satisfy "The Merman" as she is nicknamed along the Stork Club-El Morocco Circuit. Not while there is applause to be heard at a show-stopping First-Night.

Ethel is now on a seven-week tour. It started at Buffalo, June fourth. For heading a vaudeville show her guarantee is $185,000, plus a percentage.

Students of Success Sagas will be interested to learn from Prof. Winchell that Ethel Merman's ambition in life (when she started) was to be a singer like Libby Holman. Miss Holman was the Merman of her time. (Continued on page 20)
DORIS DAY and JAMES GARNER invite you to watch Them share

The Thrill Of it All!

She's hoping
He's ready ........ He's wishing
She's willing

A ROSS HUNTER-ARWIN PRODUCTION

COLOR

In Eastman

She's hoping
He's ready ........ He's wishing
She's willing

Universal Release

Guest Star
CARL REINER

A Universal Release

Screenplay by CARL REINER • Directed by NORMAN JEWISON • Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER

A Universal Release
you read it first

Jacques Charrier smiles as his and ex-wife Brigitte Bardot's son, Nicolas, is off to his game of Cowboys and Indians.
When Dick Chamberlain discovered "Dr. Ilidore" producers wanted to marry him off in next year's shows, the doc's temperature was hot enough to burst a thermometer. Dick was just about ready to toss in his stethoscope, and call a George Maharis. However, he finally consented to a compromise. He'll have a steady girl friend on the series.

Debbie Reynolds really must come from show biz stock. Although she has suffered two consecutive miscarriages, Debbie is more determined than ever to present Harry Karl with a baby. Debbie is seriously considering taking a full year off from her career to devote to the project. The latest miscarriage could have proved fatal to the actress. She and Harry were on a European jaunt when the first signs of danger appeared. Fortunately, they were at home in California when the tragedy happened, and Debbie had the comfort of her own doctor.

The big, big plans Joe Hamilton and Carol Burnett have for her career will have to wait a spell. She's expecting in February. It'll mark the ninth time Joe will pass out cigars. He's a sap eight times by his first wife. Marriage has really changed Carol's outlook—or at least that's what her ex-pals are saying these days.

I can't deny Liz Taylor is a talented actress, but I can deny that... (Please turn the page)
I was miserable during time-of-the-month. Embarrassed. Unhappy. Uncomfortable. I knew also that I was missing out on good times, many activities.

My eyes were opened...to Tampax by a friend. She said it can't chafe, can't cause odor, can't even be felt once in place. It sounded wonderful.

Now I'm happy. Tampax is everything she said. I only regret I didn't start using it years ago. Why don't you try Tampax® internal sanitary protection? It's made for young moderns - like us.

**GOSSIP SECTION**

she's a grateful woman. Liz eventually will realize nearly nine million dollars for her role in "Cleopatra," and yet she refused to attend either the New York or Hollywood premières of the epic. Did she feel that she gave an inferior performance? When it was ninety-nine per cent predictable she would win on Oscar, Liz come to the Academy Awards, although she had just been ill.

This time, however, it wasn't her fear of failure so much as the fact that Dickie Burton was making "Becket!" in London. Apparently, since he couldn't attend, she felt ill-equipped to grace the New York and Hollywood openings. Thousends of her fans lined the streets in hopes that she would change her mind and come at the last minute. How wrong they were. The last time Liz changed her mind, Eddie Fisher peaked his bags.

Perhaps Vince Edwards will have to call on Dr. Kildare for first aid. Sharon Farrell was the gleam in his eye when he opened his singing doctor act at the Coconut Grove. Sherry Nelson stayed home to watch the late, late show on TV. Incidentally, Edwards' press agents claim he's another Sinatra. I wouldn't lose any sleep over it, Frankie.

Now here we go again. Jayne Mansfield wants Mickey back. I heard she told the wondering crooner, Nelson Sardelli, he might as well find another hobby.

Jill St. John was in New York with Frank Sinatra, but she came back to Lance Renthoflow. A reconciliation? Well, I doubt it. Lance gave up playing with sports cars and is playing with polo ponies. Jill is still playing actress, they tell me.

Natalie Wood found life too lonely at the beach. She moved back to town. It's Arthur Loew, Jr., who's making Natalie forget Warren Beatty ever existed.

When Shirley MacLaine took a swing at a Hollywood columnist it was because he had printed on item that had been bugging her for months. He'd hinted there was trouble in the MacLaine-Parker household.

That reconciliation alarm that rang when Sandra Dee flew back with the baby to New York where Bobby Darin was quartered proved false. Actually the studio sent her back to plug a film, and since Big D wanted to see the baby again, she volunteered to take him with her. It did mark the first time Sandy and Bobby faced each other since they broke up housekeeping.

Scooping Around: An accident felled Mel Ferrer in Spain. They rushed him to New York for medical treatment. Audrey Hepburn showed grave concern when she interrupted rehearsal chores on "My Fair Lady" and jetted back to be with him. ... Connie Francis and Don Rickles are still a big item. ... The reason a Los Angeles traffic judge threw the book at Dick Chamberlain (barred him from driving on the freeway): Dick twice previously was flogged down by the low who speeding in his souped-up Corvette. ... What has all the young eligibles bottled is why Elke Sommer, the German sexpot in M-G-M's "The Prize," keeps turning down dates. I'll tell them. She already has been spoken for by one of the biggest agents in town. ... Marlon Brando is now on medical record. Doctors found he has four kidneys. ... Stark bulletin. Rod Taylor and Mary Hilem are expecting. ... Anita Ekberg would like to be. Tells chums the only thing she wants in life is a baby. Husband Rik Von Nutter agrees with her, too. ... They're trying to change Tuesday Weld's image (did she ever have one?). They say she's no longer a beatnik, but very sophisticated. Personally I liked the old Tuesday.

...If Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret don't jell a lot of chemistry, I'll eat Colonel Tom Parker's Presley buttons. The two storied filming "Viva Los Vegas" in July. He plays a bus boy in the film and she's his lucky lady.

Aren't Suzanne Pleshette and Troy Donahue planning to greet Sonto Claus with bells—wedding bells that is. Troy, with Suzanne's help, has his new home furnished—even has a king-size bed.

Still the avid baseball fan, Doris Day gave a private screening of "The Thrill of It All" for select members of the Los Angeles Dodgers ball team.

Pamela Mason was set to name three co-correspondents in her suit for divorce against James Mason. THE END
Big Charlton Heston's little family means everything to him: wife Lydia, son Fraser and baby daughter Holly Ann.

They both love lovely Bettye Ackerman—her TV beau, Dr. Ben Casey, and her husband, Sam Jaffe (Dr. Zorba).

Glenn Ford seems to be getting a kick out of his reputation as a playboy. His new girl is Rhonda Fleming.

Tennis stars and co-stars, Deborah Kerr and Hayley Mills (left) will be appearing together in film, "The Chalk Garden." It was almost sudden tragedy for June Allyson when wrap caught on a moving car. She managed to get free just in time.
She fell in love with and married the son of a rich tobacco man. Her mate was killed in a tragedy that stayed on the front pages for weeks.

It also wrecked Libby's career—the high spot come with a song she introduced. Ironically, it's title was "Moamin' Low."

:* *

New York Correspondent: "The Boys From Syracuse," an early Rodgers & Hart production, won favor again with the critics and audiences when it was revived recently. The twenty-five-year-old musical gem cost only $35,000 to produce. "Hot Spot" and "Sophie," two casualties, sent about One Million $ down the Broadway drain in the same season.

But what we started out to jot down was that its new producer, Richard York, is a former waiter at Pablos' Restaurant on East 58th Street. Mr. York got the option rights with money he saved from tips. He also lined up several of his customers as backers. One of them was lyricist Dorothy Field. York quit his waiter's job last January to give all of his sweat, blood and tears to staging the show.

It garnered rave notices at Theatre Four on West 55th Street where they expect to keep selling out all summer—this year and next!

:* *

"Dear Mr. Winchell," passionately writes a reader, "I am always delighted to read about all the celebrated people you run into making your rounds in Hollywood and New York. But honestly, I have never been so fortunate. I just never happen to be at a restaurant, cafe or theater when some celebrity is breathing the same air as I am. Would you please find space in one of your Photoplay pieces to tell of some real fans where to go to see our favorites?"

Well, lessee now. . . .

If it's a weekend, John Edgar Hoover (the famous G-Man) is likely to be seen coming out of the Waldorf-Astoria where he dwells when in Manhattan. You might catch up with Mr. Hoover at Lindy's Restaurant on Broadway near 51st Street. He never fails to feast there when in Our Town. If it is a Sabbath evening—try the executive entrance (on 50th Street) of Radio City Music Hall.

If you see a limousine parked nearby with the license plate J-42 there's your man and autograph.

The Waldorf Towers entrance on 50th Street near Park Avenue is where you stand a good chance of catching a fast look-see of many well-knowns. General MacArthur lives there, as does Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and scads of other famous folks.

The Kennedys? Try Voisin, a very swank restaurant, or the Carlyle Hotel.

Margaret Truman? When she thirsts for an ice cream soda she often gets it at Rumpelmayer's in the St. Moritz Hotel on Central Park South.

Papa Joe Kennedy? In New York he lives at 2 West 55th Street.

If you have the patience to wait outside of Sardi's or the Stork Club you are likely to run into Zsa-Zsa, Bert LaHR, Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy and other show folk pets. Jack E. Leonard and Milton Berle usually dine at Danny's Hideaway on East 45th Street or at Reuben's on West 50th. Lauren Bacall and husband Jason Robards, Jr. prefer the not too famous places such as Harold's Show Spot on West 45th where the cuisine and price are Just Right. Too bad you weren't at the Eden Roc on East 48th Street the night Major Cooper and the other astronauts dined there. That was the night following his reception and parade. Who should come in the same night but Grace Kelly and her Prince!

:* *

The Broadway-Hollywood Line: Arlene Dahl keeps me confused. One day the lovely thing announces she is against brides who reveal cleavage and then you pick up Playboy and there's Arlene, the dahl, posing au naturel! . . . Barbra Streisand (she became a star after clicking as a secretary in the "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" play) now has two Girl Fridays answering her fan mail . . . Cary Grant's comment about a newsmag's snide crack rates added circulation. It said Cary saved "his first nickel." To which Our Hero nimbly niftied: "I wish I had—in case Internal Revenue demands the four and one half cents I pay out of every five I earn."

:* *

They keep showing a film we made with Alice Faye and Ben Bernie in 1936 on the Late Shows. The title: "Wake Up and Live." Amazing how much of the wardrobe in it doesn't seem stale. Only the clothing of the gals appears dated. The score is delightful. But what entertained me most was hearing a line that has become famous wherever they use Safety Slogans, to wit: "Drive Carefully. Save a Life. It may be your own!"

:* *

Two of our top playwrights, Tennessee Williams and William Inge, were among the season's casualties. This happens, of course, to the best writers as they challenge The Big Street.

But Mr. Inge has been belting back at the drama critics publicly, and Mr. Williams complained that Broadway is too much of a big business. That he hated it and couldn't stand it, et cetera, et cetera.

How times change. We can remember all the way back when Tennessee worked at the Strand Theater as an usher and hoped that one day he would scale Mt. Broadway. (End of Long, Deep Sigh.)

:* *

We are relaying the following true tale from Insider's Newsletter because we know several waitresses who will appreciate it. And another girl who depends on good tips—the hatchick at Lawry's Restaurant on La Cienega in Hollywood. (The latter always flatters this correspondent with: "I never miss an issue of Photoplay and your stories.")

The scene: Washington D.C. The heroine: A waitress. She received a notice from Internal Revenue, saying that she hadn't reported enough income as tips; that they should "come to at least fifteen percent of your gross sales."

She remembered the agent's name. He was one of her patrons—always chose her table. So she replied: "You and three other men ate at our place just two nights ago. I remember you very well because your bill was $30 and you left $1.50 tip. So I guess you owe me $3."

It was a futile gesture. She lost the argument and the case.

:* *

Danny's Hideaway, a popular restaurant in Manhattan for show people, just added another room. They call it "The No Long-Er Room."

The walls are covered with famous patrons now in Splitzville. Such as Tony and Janet, Frank and Ava, Bob and Natalie, Bobby and Sandra, Eduardo and Liz.

:* *

The Broadway backers (Angels) suffered through the hattrack in decades. We noted only the other morning that "How To Succeed" would make more money than all the Broadway productions (combined) this season. One attraction called "Pajama Tops" started its tenancy at the Winter Garden by offering two tickets for the price of one. The slang word for it is "Twowers."

But you never can tell. Take "Enter Laughing" which we recently recommended in these pages. Sylvia Sidney is the leading lady. It opened during the newspaper strike which lasted 114 days. The advance ticket money in the till totaled only $2.875. It is now well over $100,000 with ducats selling into February. The backers are wearing Very Wide Grins. —The End

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Tuesdays 9:30 PM, EDT.
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YES, one dollar is all you pay for two full months of hospital protection for you and your entire family if you use the easy-to-fill-out application below.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

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For Each Child Under Age 18: $2.20. 4.30. 8.25.

WHY THIS SPECIAL OFFER IS MADE

Because we employ no salesmen and pay no commissions, we can afford to give you with the tremendous premium savings you get with this policy. It costs a great deal more than $1.00 to issue this SPECIAL ACQUAINTED POLICY, but we’re willing to risk this initial expense to put the policy in your hands so that you can see for yourself how good it is and that you will want to keep it in force.

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FILL IN AND MAIL TODAY! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA

Gentlemen — I am enclosing $1.00 in payment for two (2) months’ insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and for my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant: ___________________________  Sex: ________
Address: ______________________________________
City __________________________ Zone: ______ State: _____
Occupation: __________________________ Height: ______ Weight: ______

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Print full names of members listed in this policy)

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I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true. I agree to accept the policy that may be issued upon this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for payments of any benefits or services unless priority occurred prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it. Dated this Day of ______ 19___

SIGNATURE
(Applicant) Head of the Family or Individual Applying Be Sure to Sign

WRITE—DO NOT PRINT

Please send information about your plans, benefits, rider riders.

Surgical/Medical Expense Rider □  Loss of Wages Rider □
Christine Keeler—Her Naked Life
This is the story of a girl who shook an empire. It is the same story that is to be filmed in Copenhagen, with Christine playing the role she played in life!

It was a muggy, moonlit July night when the fun began around the swimming pool at Lord Astor’s sumptuous Cliveden estate. As an alluring redhead frolicked in the pool, the silvery moonlight revealed that she was revealing a bit more than a guest at such a stately home should. She was nude!

That was back in 1961, and the ripples left in the pool by the nude bather have since grown with sensation piled upon sensation—until today it is a mighty wave that shakes an empire.

Things could have been much different in the Empire today had things been different that July night. Exact recollections of what transpired have been addled, perhaps by time and/or the temperature. But as best as all who were present can recall, the events that propelled a pretty young girl of nineteen from anonymity to notoriety went much the way a classic story of a temptress should go, with the hand of Fate directing from the wings.

Christine Keeler, from the very beginning, was a girl of mystery. The very beginning is one of the big London rail terminals and the time is 1956. She arrives from the provinces, suitcase in hand. A forlorn look of loneliness crosses her pretty face.

Behind her lies a past. It began with her father, whom she had never known. He left her mother when she was three months old. When she was three years old, her mother married an engineer and moved to the town of Wraysbury, just twenty miles west of London.

Even then, Christine knew what she wanted. It was the glamour and the glitter of the city that she was after. Her neighbors have recently reported that, "When she was just a little tyke, she'd climb on someone's knee and say, 'Tell me about London, tell me about the clubs and the bright lights.'"

As she grew a little older her beauty made life in the near-slums more and more impossible. When she was barely into her teens, she had designed a home-made bikini that made jealous girlfriends dub her, the "Goddess of the Gravel Pits."

Soon she was ready for life in the big city. She wanted to become a model. But the long, hard pull begins from the bottom of the heap and Christine became "a corny fifteen-year-old shop girl," as she puts it.

Not long after her arrival in London, Christine moved up to modeling. But the pay wasn't what she expected. And then she was pregnant, with an illegitimate, prematurely-born son, Peter, who died six days after his birth. She, after that, looked to showbusiness and got work in a night (Please turn the page)
CHRISTINE KEELER continued

club—as a waitress. But the shimmering red hair and the slender, shapely body earned her a promotion to showgirl.

“And then I began to meet my first interesting male companions,” Christine related.

One was Stephen Ward, a forty-three-year-old socialite osteopath-artist who numbers among his patients and portrait sitters such widely disparate personages as Prince Philip and Elizabeth Taylor, as well as half the British cabinet.

Included among the latter was John Profumo, forty-eight, the Secretary of State for War and one of Britain’s most brilliant ministers. Called Jack by his friends, Profumo had come into his post, which has cabinet rank, in July, 1960. He was well-qualified for it.

The son of a baron of the late United Kingdom of Italy, a graduate of Harrow and Oxford, and an officer who rose from lieutenant to brigadier during World War II, Profumo had served in Commons since 1940, when he was twenty-five, the youngest member in history. In 1952, he began his climb to ministerial rank. In December, 1954, he married actress Valerie Hobson, who then gave up her twenty-year career on stage and screen. Valerie, who had two sons by a previous marriage, bore Jack a son, David, now eight.

It was almost a year to the day following his elevation to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan’s cabinet that Jack Profumo’s path crossed Christine Keeler’s—at the Cliveden estate swimming pool.

Fate and Dr. Ward had brought Christine and Jack to the crossroads at Cliveden, thirty miles west of London. Christine drove out to see Stephen, who was spending the weekend at his country cottage on Lord Astor’s magnificent estate.

We said it was a very warm night. Around midnight, the moonlight on Lord Astor’s pool lent a shimmering invitation for a dip.

“It didn’t matter about not having our swim suits,” says Christine. “Bill Astor—which is what we called him—always had spares hanging up in cabanas next to the pool, ready for emergency swims such as this.”

Christine picked a suit and put it on, then scurried to the edge of the pool and plunged in.

Suddenly Stephen called out:

“Christine, I dare you to swim in the nude.”

Although this suggestion might shock some girls, Christine had no such reaction. Christine and the good doctor, it must be explained, had been sharing a rather absorbing life together for some two years now.

Christine lived in Stephen’s digs in London. “Like a brother and sister,” she said.

“I jolly well will take your dare,” Christine called from the pool—and off came the swimming suit.

One must understand that Dr. Ward is quite a joker. He was always one for livening things up. This time was no exception.

His big chance came when the whoop of a man’s laughter filtered through the huge iron gate of the wall surrounding the pool. In that same instant, two men in dinner jackets walked through the gate. One was Lord Astor and the other man was Jack Profumo.

“I was terrified,” Christine said. “I called to Stephen to throw me my bathing suit. But he tossed it into the bushes. Then he laughed his head off.”

Christine had only one thought in her mind now.

“I knew I was as naked as the day I was born—and I swam like mad to get away at the far end of the pool.”

The sight of a lithesome nude cutting through the moonsplashed water must have invigorated the dignified war minister after a heavy repast at Lord Astor’s manse. Like a ruddy high-stepper in pursuit of mirthful diversion, the Hon. Mr. Profumo bolted after Christine. But the war minister didn’t pursue his attractive quarry for very long.

“Nevertheless it scared me,” said Christine as she recalled how she ran out of the pool, grabbed a towel, wrapped it around her, then turned to face the (Continued on page 99)
BE A PEN PAL

Find a new and exciting friend JUST FOR YOU listed below.

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Carmichael, California
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New York 14, New York
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Mystic, Connecticut
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Frederikshavn, Denmark
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Jeannette, Pennsylvania
John Cocciolletti, 8
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Jeannette, Pennsylvania
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Trail City
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Xavier Hostel
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Warmsleyburg, Pennsylvania
Joyce Milson, 19
Box 173
Wickett, Texas

VERNADENE HINTZ, 15
Box 9
Doshiel, Nebraska
BILL WLABYKA, 19
9845 S.W. 183 Street
Perrine 57, Florida
CATHY ANNE ROSENFELD, 12
4779 South Irving
Englewood, Colorado
ANTON AUW, 19
23 H.O.S. Tjokroaminoto Street
Djember, East Java, Indonesia
RICKY ANN PATTIERSON, 10
7710 15th S.W.
Seattle 6, Washington
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P. O. Box 139
Beibichem, Jordan
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JUDY COOK, 14
4605 Princeton
Midland, Texas
DIANNE GROETHSCH, 11
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Pittsburgh 23, Pennsylvania
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North Dakota
PAULETTE L. POPULUS, 13
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RICHARD LEE, 14
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MARCIA MANTHER, 15
20031 Alexander
St. Clair Shores, Michigan
ESTHER SAN BA, 17
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If you wish to be a Pen Pal, send your name, address and age to Pen Pal, Photoplay Magazine 265 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.

Now... a “douche in a capsule” germicidal protection that starts immediately — lasts for hours

Here is the quickest, easiest, most convenient way to get the antiseptic action of a douche ... with none of the usual mess or bother. It’s with Zonitors ... the modern feminine hygiene discovery that fits in your change purse, travels with you everywhere, requires no special equipment.

Zonitors are the only vaginal suppositories that give you the same powerful germicidal and deodorizing action of famous liquid Zonite. This amazing effectiveness is due to one of the most potent antiseptic principles ever discovered. Yet they are non-irritating, proved safe and gentle by thorough clinical tests.

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Unlike ordinary vaginal suppositories, dainty snow-white Zonitors are stainless and greaseless. Individually wrapped, each one is a “douche in a capsule”. For peace of mind and personal safety, get Zonitors at your drug store. Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Complete instructions included.
When Shirley MacLaine told me she'd been around the world again—alone, I expressed concern about a female traveling solo. "I'm bigger'n anybody," she said. "Besides I'm a jujitsu expert." A few days later she proved it by stopping by the Hollywood Reporter and belting Mike Connolly. She didn't like what he wrote about her.

When I walked on a sound stage in London to interview Peter O'Toole, the first person to greet me was Richard Burton. He couldn't have been more charming if I'd been his dearest friend. I had a heck of a time talking with O'Toole—Burton saw to that. I asked about Liz' daughter Liza. "She's wonderful," said Burton. "Rums every-

thing—us, her school. She mothers the little girl Elizabeth adopted. And when Liza puts her feet up on the coffee table, there sits Mike Todd." Burton's charm may mesmerize Liz, but I think it's about time she washed him out of her hair.

Marilyn Monroe wasn't forgotten on her birthday. Many fans took flowers to her grave. Whitey Snyder, her makeup man, knew she loved white and purple stock, so he took a bouquet with this note: "Happy birthday, dear Marilyn. Whitey."

Tom Tryon's having a tough go with hepatitis. After returning from Europe where he made "The Cardinal," he was hospitalized for a long spell. From what I hear, Otto Preminger gave him a very rough time. On-the-set reporters tell me Tom was always a perfect gentleman.

Few people hear from Esther Williams, who threw her career out the window and pitched her tent in Rome to be near Fernando Lamas. Her two sons have lived with their father, Ben Gage, for the past three years, and are very good swimmers. Both won competitions with the YMCA in Santa Monica. Ben's working in real estate and does an occasional TV show. His only concern is for his daughter Susan, nine, who's with Esther.
Jeanette MacDonald sold her big house in Bel Air that had such happy memories, divided up her treasures she couldn't use, and bought two apartments on Wilshire Boulevard which she and Gene Raymond will make into one. Gene's mother, who never approved of his marriage to Jeanette—despite its happy years of success—died without reconciling with them.

Above: Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman continue to be the envy of a lot of stars because they've found the solution to that two-careers-will-wreck-a-marriage chestnut. Their solution is simple—Joanne puts Paul's career first. Not many so-called glamour girls in these parts have the guts to do that!

Above: Sammy Davis, Jr. is flying high these days—but not so high he didn't take time to brand those moving-to-London rumors as rubbish! He's staying here!

20th was in an uproar over Walter Wanger's diary about "Cleopatra." They call him "Kiss and Tell," and claim he painted everybody bad but himself.

Below: Carol Lynley, who's a fashion-plate, was caught in this get-up on her "Yum, Yum Tree" set. Best news I've had is that Carol's ex, Mike Selsman, won't fight for their daughter's custody. It's a wise decision—the child would be the only loser in that battle. (Please turn page)
Slave to Periodic Pain

Every month Sue was a slave to functional menstrual distress. Now she just takes Midol and goes her way in comfort because Midol tablets contain:

- An exclusive anti-spasmodic that Stops Cramping...
- Medically-approved ingredients that Relieve Headache and Backache...Calm Jumpy Nerves...
- A special, mood-brightening medication that Chases "Blues."

"What Women Want to Know"

FREE! Frank, revealing 32-page book, explains womanhood's most common physical problems. Written by a physician. Write Dept. 892, Box 260, New York 18, N.Y. (Sent in plain wrapper.)

Under Hedda's Hat

Above: Rod Taylor beamed and his beautiful bride, Mary Hilem, blushed to beat the band, when I toasted them at their wedding. It was one of the nicest ones I've ever been to. Rod has long been a special favorite of mine—and I'm delighted he's found the right girl. He's been hunting her for a long, long time!

Connie Stevens, who's gone from one fellow to another like the man on the flying trapeze, has landed smack dab back with Glenn Ford again. Oh, well, some girls just never do learn, do they? And just where does this leave Rhonda Fleming? If Glenn's romantic antics have me this confused, you can imagine how all the glamour gals feel!

If Jayne Mansfield wanted to close the Hollywood gates on her film career, she couldn't have chosen a better way to do it than by posing for those nude pictures in a national mag and making a picture abroad where she appears in the altogether. By now, everybody has seen what she's got. It's not beautiful or funny any more. Just vulgar. I like Jayne, I always have—but in my business, I simply have to call a spade a spade.

Frances Dee (Mrs. Joel McCrea) is the envy of all us mothers. Her son Jody invited her on a trip around the world with him, and she's again. Papa Joel will stay here to run the ranch with his non-acting sons.

Judy Garland's dressing room door at CBS isn't decorated with her name. A plaque reads "The Legend." Mickey Rooney proved again he's the most talented guy in town at Judy's 40th birthday party. Cecil Beaton, here to do designs for "My Fair Lady," had never seen the Mick perform. Said Cecil, "I seldom use the word 'genius' but there's no other that fits Rooney. His improvisation is spontaneous, brilliant, erudite. He's great and in the Charlie Chaplin class."

I did a double take when I saw Pat Nerney, Jane Powell's ex, with June Allyson at Tom May's birthday party. Pat said to me, "You think I'm a heel don't you?" I've known and loved Pat since he was little, so I replied, "Well, don't you?"

Cliff Robertson bought a house in La Jolla which led to speculation that he planned taking a bride. He says no, that he'll rent the main house and keep the guest house for weekends. Cliff, who has many relatives in California, says that by buying the house, he's simply "putting my roots back here in California where they started." This Californian says, Welcome Back! (Continued on page 30)
This little magazine could be the start of something big—your fall-winter wardrobe. Its 190 pages are packed with The Greatest Fashion Sew On Earth.

But sew or no, look into Simplicity: As practical as a needle and thread and as glamorous as a weekend in Paris.

(See coupon for subscription savings.)

Did you ever see one little hanger hold 43 dresses, 6 coats, 31 skirts, 39 shirts, 18 shifts, 16 jackets, 10 jumpers, 8 suits, 13 evening dresses, 5 aprons, and a man’s robe? A man’s robe? Yes, even a man’s robe.
When ZaSu Pitts died of cancer, we lost a great American and a fine friend. I don't believe she ever made an enemy except in the Communist circles. But she never stopped alerting her fellow countrymen to the danger, and lost many, juicy jobs because of her outspokenness.

Jerry Lewis is higher than a flag on the Fourth of July over his expected baby—the sixth. “What Patti and I want to do,” he said, “is surround ourselves with love. We want our group to be big enough so we don't have to care what the rest of the world's doing.”

Donna Reed and Tony Owen celebrated their eighteenth wedding anniversary and they had something to celebrate. Donna's getting a million dollars for her sixth season on ABC-TV.

Charles Robinson, a handsome six-foot-two Princeton grad, will make it big in films. He's with Sandra Dee and Jimmy Stewart in “Take Her, She's Mine.” When he and his wife arrived here, they were short on cash, so they rented an old house and fixed it up. When it was finished, the owner dropped by and told them he was going abroad and had to sell. They were heartsick because they loved the house, but couldn't afford it. The owner said, “Anyone who loves a house like you two, deserves it. Give me a note for $5,000—no interest—and pay me when you can!”

Carroll Baker settled her suit with Warners without going to court to clear the way for her to play Jean Harlow in “The Carpetbaggers.” Baby Doll will have silver blond hair and a $40,000 wardrobe—and she'll even do a nude scene. Gorgeous Carroll told me her rather unique beauty secret: She scrubs her face with soap, water and a brush.

Above: Gary Clarke escorted Anna Kashfi to a premiere—and the whole town gasped. Guess they never thought Anna could forget Brando, nor Gary, Connie Stevens. Bravo for them! I hope they have lots of fun—they sure could use it!

Jimmy Stewart did no acting while waiting nine months for 20th to reopen. But he and Gloria went on an African safari; he did two tours of duty with the Air Force Reserve; traveled around the country for Princeton (he's a trustee); had a ten-day vacation at Acapulco; flew to Carswell Air Base in Texas to narrate several Air Force training films; took in the Berlin Film Festival; en route home checked oil wells in Ireland (three were dry, the fourth was pumping); then played himself, General J. Stewart, in a TV segment of “My Three Sons.” Nice restful vacation, wasn't it? The day before his picture ended, his greatest friend and partner Kirk Johnson died of a heart attack. My condolences.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement shown here. 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 received as extra rewards. 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!*
discover the comfort of

NEW Confidets

A sanitary napkin with a more comfortable shape! Stays snugly, protectively in place because it's tapered to follow your body contours. There's extra thickness in the middle where you need it...and a moisture-proof inner shield.
what Burton does to Liz that no other man would dare!

(Please turn the page)
what Burton does to Liz

continued

Richard Burton, in a way, is a man who has everything . . . health . . . good looks . . . talent.

And, above all, he has Liz Taylor.

But, because life is a balance sheet of assets and debits, Richard has his problems, too.

And, again above all, his biggest problem is Liz.

It seems the lady has always had this peculiar habit of trying to turn her men, once captured, into her slaves. Think of her ex-husbands . . .

Certainly, in one way or another, each of Liz Taylor's four ex-husbands—to say nothing of her countless boyfriends—was more-or-less her slave. Nicky Hilton was a slave (Continued on page 36)

In these exclusive, never-before-published photographs, Liz and Burton show that none of the passion has gone out of their romance. Time has not yet dimmed their affair, but they have other problems. For Burton is still the only man who dares treat Liz as he does.
what Burton does to Liz

continued
for the 
PHOTO OF THE YEAR 
please turn the page
what Burton does to Liz
continued
continued

to the image of the fairytale princess come to life (until the not-so-fairytale fights began midway through their honeymoon). Mike Wilding was a slave to the flattery of this gorgeous creature. She pursued him to the ends of the earth—or to England, at least (and he married her, and lived happily with her ... until Mike Todd came along). Mike Todd was a slave to the spirit of youth which she gave back to him (from the moment they met, until his death). Eddie Fisher was a slave to the unexpected grandeur which she brought to his up-till-then comparatively humdrum and superannuated Boy Scout life.

As Max Lerner, the distinguished social commentator, wrote recently of Liz: "She is a woman with much of the imperiousness of (Continued on page 96)
They were killed, but they lived on.
They were buried, but they were re-born.
This is the story of a love that brought them

LIFE AFTER DEATH

He died in the twilight of summer when change unbalances the earth and tomorrow brings sheets of ice to a car's windshield. He died in the death of peaches, plums, larkspur, shagbark hickory, sleeveless dresses, beach parties, sycamore trees and goldenrod. He was James Dean—and he died on September 30, 1955.

She died in the changeless eternity of August. Died in the stickiness of talcum powder and bruised ripe pears. Died adrift on an ocean of summer—when the preceding winter had been locked away forever five full months before. She was Marilyn Monroe—and she died on Sunday, August 5, 1962.

They (Continued on page 91)
No scandal! No gossip! For Shirley Jones, life is an orgy of movie-making and having...

BABIES
JUST BABIES!

Two years ago, Shirley Jones proved she could act with the best of 'em—and got an Oscar to show for it. Today, she's proving that stardom, marriage and motherhood can be blended into a design for living free from scandal and gossip. There is no statue to attest to her success as a wife and mother only a very happy husband (singer-actor Jack Cassidy) and two sons (Shaun and Patrick). No one values their successful family life more than the Cassidys themselves, and they work hard to keep it. When she had to go to Rome to film "Dark Purpose," she was determined not to be separated from the whole family. If Jack couldn't go, at least the boys could. At her film's end, Shirley hurried to New York City so Daddy Jack could live in a happy whirl of babies, too.
Wherever Shirley goes, so go her "two little angels"—five-year-old Shaun and eighteen-month-old Patrick Cassidy. In Rome (where these photos were taken), to do a movie, Shirley spent every off-set moment with her boys. Her husband Jack Cassidy would have made the trek, too, but he was busy in New York winning raves for his performance in Broadway’s "She Loves Me." At film’s end, Shirley and company flew to New York for a reunion of the whole talented Cassidy clan.
For Jim Garner, the stakes were big: If he lost, he’d lose his career. He was riding high as TV’s “Maverick.” But when a strike cut off his salary and his studio refused to let him accept other offers, it became a real-life gamble. He rolled the dice and became the first actor to sue his studio—and win. At first, the wanted roles still didn’t come, but now with “Thrill of It All” and “Great Escape,” he’s riding high again!
This is less a story than a portrait. A portrait of a sinner. A portrait of one who has brought shame and suffering upon his wife and children, of one who has violated the precepts of religion and ethics, and one who stands accused before the world that watches him.

And, yet, of one who, in a time of testing, a time of trial, has found his finest hour. It is a portrait of a man. Of Anthony Quinn.

On the fourteenth of June, 1963, Anthony Quinn publicly admitted that he had fathered an illegitimate child, a son (Continued on page 93)
Love Child

by LESLIE VALENTINE
For 60 minutes each day, I want to kill my husband!

The rest of the time, it’s love...
Fred Robbins tapes the most candid interview ever—with Joanne Woodward

FRED: Hey there, Mrs. Joanne Woodward Newman.
JOANNE: Hey. That sounds so southern.
FRED: You want to get back to New York, don't you?
JOANNE: Yes, I do.
FRED: What don't you like about California?
JOANNE: It's what I love about New York, not what I don't like about California. California’s fine, if you like California. I happen to like New York.
FRED: You like that house in Connecticut, don’t you?
JOANNE: Yes. The beautiful house in Connecticut. It was a carriage house; it’s two hundred years old, and it’s been added on to—all sorts of funny little rooms. It’s not big, but it’s got room enough for us and all five children. And we once figured out that we could sleep seventeen people, with a little crowding. And it’s heaven; it has a stream in the back yard and a tree house and a swimming pool.
FRED: What’s your two-year-old daughter like?
JOANNE: Oh, she’s not two; she’s three and a half. I think she’s going to be a poetess; she’s rather Edna St. Vincent Millay. She’s very sensitive and very lady-like, and she doesn’t really like to be dirty. Of course, that really sort of unnerves me. I think, what does that mean? Maybe she has some kind of trauma or something? But she’s entirely different for instance, from the younger child: Lizzie is almost like a boy. I think she thinks she is a boy. She beats everybody up, and runs around. A lovely child.
FRED: It’s fascinating, isn’t it, to see two children from the same family, completely different.
JOANNE: Well, we have five from the same family and they’re all different. None of them are alike.
FRED: What are Paul’s other children like?
JOANNE: Well, Scottie, who is the only boy, is bright, intelligent, interested in mathematics, anything to do with his hands—woodwork, and he’s also taking karate lessons and at twelve can break a board with his hands. Have you ever seen that? It’s pretty frightening. Susan is ten, and she is Lolita. She is so beautiful and so grown up that I can’t believe she’s only ten years old. Steffie is a tomboy. She’s all over the place, and all knees and (Continued on page 89).
"I don't think I can talk about it too much..." This was Debbie Reynolds, sad-voiced and near tears, talking for the first time on a subject that had submerged her and Harry Karl to the depths of depression, the loss of their second baby.

I had reached Debbie by long-distance phone at her home in Palm Springs. It was just a few days after she had returned from St. Joseph's Hospital in Burbank, where she had lost the baby she and Harry had wanted ever since their marriage.

At first, I didn't believe Debbie could talk at any length about her loss. She was so choked up. But I was surprised by the sharp change in her tone. "I know you called all this distance to get a story, so tell me what you want to know... I'll try to answer you," Debbie said. All at once she seemed to want to talk about the latest tragedy in her life.

I thought back to the last time I spoke to Debbie. It hadn't been more than a few weeks since I saw her in New York City, just before she and Harry sailed off on their European trip. I'll never forget the scene. There were reporters to the left, reporters to the right. All firing questions. And photographers—well, they were simply bivouacked in every foot of space that wasn't tenanted by reporters. As flashbulbs popped and questions cascaded on poor Debbie, she tried to chat with me because, after all, it was supposed to have been an "exclusive".  (Continued on page 79)
THE MOST SHOCKING DISCOVERY A BACHELOR CAN MAKE...

It took a girl like Mary Hilem to help Rod Taylor make the discovery. When he did, he married her!

"There comes a time in every man's life," Rod Taylor said thoughtfully, "when he must decide what he wants from a woman—either short-term sex or a lifetime of love."

He smiled. "A bachelor can have a great time with his women, but sooner or later he is going to have to make up his mind whether he is an out and out philanderer or a whole man, the kind who is willing and capable of assuming the responsibilities that he incurs when (Please turn the page)"
After the wedding comes the honeymoon. Mary moved into Rod's old bachelor house and transformed it into a new honeymoon haven. She's determined, though, to only make over his home and not his life. She's even taking an interest in the sports—like archery—that he's interested in. When these pictures were taken, all was calm and happy, but later in the day Mary suffered an accident and a tragedy, but the sorrow only drew them closer.
he takes the love of a woman. It isn’t as some people think, a question of morals.

"A man can indulge in all kinds of emotional and intimate experiences with women and yet in his own mind, and even in the opinion of others, not be immoral. The real pain comes when he makes the most shocking discovery of his life—and make it he certainly will.

"Because the man who knows too many women never learns what love is, only what it is not.

"And if that revelation comes to him too late, he might suffer a defeat from which he can never recover."

And this was clearly the most shocking discovery that Rod had ever made. . . .

He wrinkled his forehead and considered his next words, then he spoke.

"I think I made my discovery for sure while I was making ‘The V.I.P.’s’ with Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor. I realized that one affair after the other was not the cup of tea this Australian boy wanted. I began to understand how easily a man can go from one woman to another yearning desperately for the truth of real love and never finding it. (Continued on page 95)"
Dolores Hart awoke early this late-spring morning. She awoke, and she smiled, for this was to be the most joyous day of her life. Today she would bid her goodbyes to one world and make ready to embrace another. Today she would leave California, on her way to enter a convent...(Continued on page 58)
and her lifelong dream—to become a nun—
would have, at last, its beginnings.

She kneeled for a while at the side of her bed.
Silently, she prayed: “Oh Lord God Almighty,
Who has safely brought me to the beginning of
a new day, defend me this day by Thy power,
so that I may not only turn away from all sin,
but also that my every thought, word and deed
may proceed from and be directed according to
Thy Will. . . .” And then she added a special
prayer of her own: “I thank You, dear God, for
the life You have given me. I dedicate that life
to You from this day. And I offer up my joys,
my ambitions, my all. Give me the strength,
this I ask of You, please, dear God, to be
able to follow my true calling. . . .”

She rose, then, and washed, and dressed. As
she washed, she carefully avoided looking at
herself in the mirror. There would be no mirrors
at the convent, she knew. Vanity, any vestige
of it, must be left behind. And so, this pretty
girl, an actress, a Hollywood starlet, so used to
having all manner of men and women rush up
to her with handmirrors before a scene, so used
to sitting in front of a bulb-framed mirror and
staring to see that the lipstick was properly
applied and that the mascara was not smudged
—now avoided her own mirror. Not looking at
her face this morning. As she would be living
from now on. As she would never look at it again.

She dressed simply this morning—in a plain
dress that was a particular favorite of hers. Her
only dress, really. Since, just the day before,
she had finished giving her other clothes away.
To friends. And charities. Along with the rest of
her possessions—everything.

And now Dolores walked into the garden of
the pretty little hilltop house where she had
lived these past few years. For a look down the

It had been good to her, this town. She had
no complaints. It had treated her fairly. It was
filled with people who had been nice to her. It
was a rich town, filled with every luxury known
to man. There were some people in it who had
traded their souls to taste some of that luxury.
It was a strange town—happy, sad, clean, dirty,

Fortunately, however, Dolores had known
only the best of it. And had she continued in that
town, it was clear that the best would have
mounted for her—she would undoubtedly have
been a true star one day, truly wealthy, truly
happy in the most earthly sense.

This she sensed. But this she could not have
cared less about. Not now, this day, this moment
of this particular morning. As she looked down
at the so-called magic town, as she thought to
herself, simply: “The life you offered me, Holly-
wood, held no meaning for me.”

After a while, her eyes began to rise . . . above
the pink roofs, the lushly green palms . . . to a
patch of sky overhead. And she whispered now:
“Give me the grace to be Thy faithful soldier,
so that by fighting the good fight of faith, I may
be brought to the crown of eternal life by the
merits of Thy son and our Savior, Jesus Christ.”
Then she turned and went back into the house.
To wait for the car that would soon come to
take her to the Los Angeles airport. . . .

Vince Edwards said of Dolores’ decision to
enter the Connecticut convent: “The news about
Dolores came as no surprise to me. A girl that
good and that religious was bound to enter a
convent. I have never known any other girl in
my life as wholesome and honest as Dolores. We
dated a lot when we were both under contract
to Hal Wallis. There was nothing serious. She
was doing important things—and I wasn’t. My
biggest checks came from the unemployment
office. That didn’t bother Dolores. She spent
most of the time boosting my morale and uplifting
me spiritually when I needed it the most. A
lovely, beautiful girl, she will make a wonderful
nun. I know she is truly happy—and I’m very
happy for her. . . .”

Dolores listened intently, that next morning,
as the Mother Superior of the Regina Laudis
Monastery in Bethlehem, Connecticut, spoke to
her and the other girls (Continued on page 84)
"THE HARDEST THING IN LIFE IS TO MAKE LOVE WELL"

In a recent interview, European actress Romy Schneider said, "The hardest thing in life is to make love well." We decided to ask several Hollywood stars whether or not they agreed with her...and why. For their provocative answers, turn the page!
ROD TAYLOR: Do I think the most important thing in life is to make love well? I'll answer that question with this little story:

They tell of a man who once told his wife that he would never leave her because she made love more beautifully than any other woman. She became infuriated and hit him.

"Why did you hit me?" asked her near-unconscious husband.

"For knowing the difference, that's why," replied his wife.

CONNIE STEVENS: I think the most difficult thing in life is to love completely. And I don't believe it has to do either with skill or age.

When I was a small girl of eight I loved a boy so devotedly, I used to cry just thinking of how much I loved him. He was every wonderful thing a girl could imagine about love and happiness. I adored him. I would have done anything he asked me to do. But he didn't know I was alive. I wanted nothing in return for my love. Yet I never got near enough to touch his hand.

As you grow older it is almost impossible to be that generous. Women like to believe that they love completely, but I suspect that it would be unbearable to love that much and not be loved back.

FRANK SINATRA: I once knew a woman who thought her husband was the greatest man that ever lived. Everyone else in the world thought he was a bum. Who decides whether love-making is easy or difficult? Making love exists only in the heart of the love-maker.

ANN-MARGRET: I guess there are men and women who believe that the most difficult thing in life is to make love well. But in my opinion there is something much more difficult. And that is to make love last. I'm not discounting the happiness of being with the one you love, to know for (Continued on page 76)
"I can't protect my daughter from her mistakes," Miss Bette Davis said. "I know she will often be hurt, as she grows up. When it happens, the only way I can help her is to let her know I care. She must cope with the outcome of her mistakes herself. It's the only way. She must learn this."

Bette was looking out of the window of her Bel-Air home on an afternoon so fair that it seemed to deny the possibility of mistakes in such a beautiful world. A faint breeze gave graceful life to trees and shrubs without dispelling the warmth of the sun. Deceitful nature appeared to promise endless pleasure without payment, eternal summer without frost, love without pain.

But the decor of Miss Davis' home, though graceful too, refuted nature's blatant pledge. Old prints, pewter and fine, sturdy furnishings from New England were silent, Puritan reminders that mortal man must suffer, must pay for what he gets and is often prone to stumble.

"I wish we could abolish the word 'children,'" Bette said. "From the moment a baby is born, it is a person and should be treated as such. Given responsibilities, a child will make mistakes, and will pay for them, even as you and I must. But in this way, they will be better prepared for their problems in later life."

The great thing about interviewing Bette Davis is that she really talks. As she spoke of love and human error, some of her words seemed to flow from a tide of emotion, swept turbulently ahead by strong feeling. Sometimes they came in smooth, reasoned order. But, in either case, she spoke unhesitatingly, drawing from her store of intellect and experiences. "Love," she said, "is blind. I have a hunch my daughter will marry when she is eighteen or nineteen and have eight
children, but I can’t tell her whom she should marry. I only hope she chooses wisely. She may not, of course. When one is in love, one can mistake charm and attraction for good character or other qualities, and a mother can’t do very much about it. In fact, adults, too, are often blinded by love.” Miss Davis glanced toward the hall through which her long-legged, handsome daughter, B.D., was passing. B.D. was wearing a black bathing suit that showed a smooth tan, and she looked considerably older and more sophisticated than her sixteen years.

“I am incredibly fortunate as a mother,” Miss Davis said. “B.D. has long been a very mature person with good judgment about people. I don’t tell her whom she can go out with or where she should go; although I always know where she goes and when to expect her home.”

Movietogoers who saw B.D. in a small role in “What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?” know that she is one of the lucky girls whose style comes from breeding. Hers is the quality that can’t be bought. At an age when girls a generation ago could scarcely leave the house after dark unchaperoned, B.D. goes out with a great many eligible bachelors in their twenties.

“I can’t remember exactly when B.D. started having dates because we had no hard and fast rules. I didn’t say, ‘At such and such an age you can go out with boys.’ It just happened gradually. Nor do I object to her dating boys older than she. As a matter of fact, young men in their twenties are much more intelligent dates than younger boys. They are more responsible at that age. I prefer she go with them.

“Fathers more often object to older dates for their daughters, but fathers are much less tolerant of the young (Continued on page 82)
They were wild, inseparable lovers who went everywhere, did everything! But now that Natalie is free to marry Warren...
Is the party over?

(Please turn the page)
Is the party over?

continued
At the very moment this is being written, Joan Collins (you remember her—she’s the gal who was all set to become Mrs. Warren Beatty; that was before Natalie Wood moved into Warren’s life and edged Joan out) and Anthony Newley (he’s the thirty-one-year-old British-born writer-composer-actor-crooner who nightly breaks the hearts of Broadway audiences when he sings the song he wrote, “What Kind of Fool Am I?,” in the show he wrote, “Stop the World—I Want to Get Off”) have been man and wife for several weeks.

At the very moment this is being written, Bob Wagner (he’s Natalie’s ex-husband and the guy who lost her to Warren) and Marion Donen (she’s the ex-wife of Stanley Donen—remember him? He almost married Liz Taylor, post-Nicky Hilton and pre-Mike Todd), are at last free to marry, now that Bob’s divorce from Natalie is final.

So for Joan (who, not so long ago, was the woman discarded) and her Tony— and for Bob (who, not so long ago, was the husband betrayed) and his Marion—the orchestra is playing love songs and the party’s just beginning.

But for Natalie (the woman who ditched Bob and snatched Warren from Joan), and for Warren (the man who gave Joan the gate and stole Natalie from Bob), as this is being written—the love song has turned sour, the thrill is gone, and their party, which blazed from Coast to Coast and from continent to continent, seems over. For them it’s three o’clock in the morning: the ashtrays are filled with burned-out butts, the liquor glasses are empty, and there’s no tomorrow. Their “torrid romance” seems finished... washed up... pfft.

At this very moment... hey, wait—but what about a minute from now... or a day... or a week... or a month. What then?

Who will be going with, and doing what to whom? And why? And where? And for how long?

Oh, no. You don’t get us to fall into that trap. The present is confusing and changing enough. The past, if we examine the hodge-podge of interrelationships, combinations and permutations involving the foursome of Joan, Natalie, Bob and Warren, is a mess. So that in predicting the future we can only say definitely that the future is ahead.

But you say that there must be a pattern to all this, that by analyzing the past and examining the present we can predict the future and figure out what Joan and Natalie and Bob and Warren will do next. That’s logical.

Suppose we start by breaking the past up into units. We’ll call them, for our purpose, episodes.

**Episode I:** The time is far away and long ago. The principal players are Natalie Wood and Nicky Hilton. Natalie, still a youngster, is already a veteran of the romantic wars. She’s been in and out of love with Scott Marlowe, Perry Lopez, Nick Adams, Sal Mineo, Dennis Hopper, Tab Hunter and Jimmy Dean.

Then along comes Nicky Hilton. He’s super-smooth. His little black book is filled with the names of Hollywood’s loveliest, with only one name XXXed out, that of Liz Taylor, whom he married and then divorced.

Soon Natalie is not just another name in his book; she’s the name. He gives her the full champagne-and-dancing-at-Moscambo treatment. But the playboy isn’t playing. This is for real. Even the columnists are convinced, and they predict wedding bells certainly will be ringing for Natalie and Nicky very soon.

Enter Joan. A green-eyed, brown-haired, not-so-gay divorcee. She looks at Nicky. Nicky looks at her. And the sparks fly.

The smoke clears. The not-so-gay divorcee is now happy. The playboy has XXXed out another name, Natalie, from his little black book and has circled Joan’s in red. And the bride-to-be becomes the bride-that-wasn’t and retires to whatever island is reserved for gals who almost were elected Miss Rheingold and for other near-winners like that.

In due time Joan and Nicky call it a night, but not before the columnists had also predicted that their wedding was imminent.

**Analysis:** Easy. In the romantic wars Joan has too many weapons for Natalie and can out-woman her every time. Or, if you’re keeping score, at the end of the first inning (episode) it’s Joan Collins—1, Natalie Wood—0.

**Episode II:** The time is not so very far away and not so very long ago. The principal players are Joan Collins and Bob Wagner.

Joan and Bob had dated on and off since she first came to Hollywood to test for “Lord Vanity” with him. But now, where before they simmered, they’re simmering. To judge by the columns, it’s only a matter of days before they’ll walk down the center-aisle together. This one’s for real.

Enter Natalie. Poof—out goes the flame between Joan and Bob, and their romance is as cold as yesterday’s wedding predictions.

Now the columns are filled with new marriage predictions for Bob—except (Please turn the page)
Natalie & Warren

continued

that Natalie’s name has replaced Joan's as his future bride-to-be.

Exit Joan—but not without one last loud meow. She’s a guest on the “Ed Sullivan Show” shortly after Natalie and Bob have announced they’re engaged. Ed looks into the TV camera, cracks his knuckles to get the attention of his millions of viewers and wishes Bob “lots of luck” in his forthcoming marriage.

Joan bats her beautiful eyes, opens her beautiful lips and ad-libs the lines, “Lots of luck is right. He'll need it with Natalie.”

Analysis: Uh, easy. In the romantic wars . . . uh . . . Natalie has too many weapons for Joan and can out-woman her every time. Or, if you’re keeping score, note that at the end of the second inning (episode) it’s Joan Collins—1, Natalie Wood—1.

Episode III: The time is a few years back. The principal players in this episode are Joan Collins and Warren Beatty.

As Bob and Natalie’s marriage, after an auspicious beginning, slowly runs downhill (her career skyrockets, his fizzes) until it'll be only a matter of time before they reach the point when “debts us do part,” Joan finds love in the person of a brash, handsome heartbreaker, Warren Beatty.

Warren is smitten by Joan when he sees some still photos of her, and then he goes to a showing of “The Big Country,” her film, to get a better look.

Here’s Joan’s account of it:

“We had not met at this stage and Warren went along to the film to decide whether he would like to meet me in person. Well, he was very disillusioned by what he saw. And he came away saying I was not so hot after all.”

But when he does see her in person—in a Hollywood restaurant, he must like what he sees because—even though he is out with another girl—he flirts outrageously with her. She is outraged (and secretly flattered) until she finds out that the girl he's with is his sister, Shirley MacLaine; then she is just flattered—and also pleased.

They see each other again at a party a few days later, but again they don't say a word. Even when she invites a few of the guests to her apartment for coffee after the party breaks up—and makes sure that Warren is given her address and phone number and is asked to come along, she is disappointed. Because he doesn't show up.

Yet when she arrives home the next afternoon, her answering service tells her Warren has called six times. She phones him back just to tell him how surly he’d been the night before, but instead she hears herself accepting his invitation for dinner.

All right. She'll tell him off in person. That is only fair.

But as she sits across from him in the little Mexican restaurant, he beats her to the punch.

“I was very depressed on Saturday and when they asked me to come over to your apartment I didn't want you to see me in such a blue mood,” he explains.

Before she can graciously accept his apology, he boyishly tells her that he was so happy when she agreed to have dinner with him that he rushed out and had “an ice cream cone to celebrate.”

That does it. That and his blue eyes and . . . she can't help it, she feels herself melting.

Then, for almost two years, she knows the joys of love. Her own words chart the course of their passionate romance.

“We're not officially engaged yet. But that doesn't matter either. I trust our love.”

“We are going to announce our engagement soon, but we won't get married for quite a while.”

“We've been engaged a year. That is because both of us like long engagements.”

“Yes, we hope to get married, but I don't know when.”

“Now you be sure and say I love him very much.”

She loves him so much that she can't bear to be away from him and leaves movie sets at a minute's notice (and sometimes without any notice), to fly to his side. An executive at 20th Century-Fox comments wryly, “When Joan is in love she simply takes off and to hell with her work, her career and her studio.”

So the day comes when Joan making, “Esther and the King” in Rome, is so miserable without Warren that once again she boards a plane for New York to be with the man she loves. Even as she heads for Manhattan where Warren is filming “Splendor in the Grass” with Natalie Wood, all the columnists are emphatically heralding an imminent Collins-Beatty merger.

Analysis: Well, a long engagement probably precedes a long marriage. Now, if Natalie and Bob had had Joan and Warren’s good sense to have a long engagement so they could really get to know each (Continued on page 86)
TRESemmé won't tell if you don't

5 conditioners borrowed from Alberto VO5 give TRESemmé colors bright as life...and just as natural

Some hair colorings dry out the hair, make it dull. TRESemmé actually leaves your hair in better condition than it found it. (No extras to buy. Everything comes right in the package.) And the color! Fresh, shining, natural color. Light, dark, any kind you like. Covers gray. Permanent glorious color. Enjoy it. TRESemmé won't tell if you don't.
BE YOUR MAN'S FAVORITE SPORT

Between pretty Shelley Fabares and the new fall clothes, poor Tim Considine doesn't stand a chance of keeping his mind on the game anymore. A perfect example of what we mean: Shelley, modeling three outfits that are sure to distract your man, too. All are ready to sew from Simplicity patterns and wonderful to wear from now right through the fall.
Far left, 5105: While Tim’s recovering, Shelley scores a touchdown in her cotton suede suit, cuffed at the wrist and worn with a cotton calico blouse. Both fabrics, Concord. Sizes 10 to 18, 65c. Calderon bag. Elegant key pin. Left, 5061: Smart move! Shelley knows that at-home separates make a winning combination. Her skirt, an oversized paisley print on “homespun” wool by Renoir. The shirt, shocking pink by A.P. Silk that’s hand-washable. Sizes 10 to 18. 65c. Coro pearls. Elegant belt, Glentex scarf. Below, 5105 again: This time the blouse from the suit is teamed with a matching pleated skirt (also included in the pattern) for a two-piece shirt-dress. For backviews, yardages and ordering information, see page 84.
Here's a new twist on an old favorite! Try a batch of these Blonde Brownies, star-tested for you by blonde Connie Stevens!

Connie, star of Warners' "Palm Springs Week End," has Blonde Brownies and milk when she totes her lunch. At home, she tops 'em with vanilla ice cream and butterscotch sauce.

BLONDE BROWNIES
Makes about 50
Sift together:
2½ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Melt in a large saucepan:
1 cup shortening
Add:
2½ cups (1 lb.) firmly packed brown sugar
Blend well. Remove from heat and cool 10 minutes.
Add, one at a time:
4 eggs
Beat well after each addition. Add dry ingredients gradually, mixing well after each addition.
Add:
1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix well.
Add:
1 package (12 ozs.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels
1 cup coarsely chopped walnuts
Mix well. Spread evenly in a well greased pan (15x10”). Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 30-35 minutes. Cool, then cut into bars or squares. (Please turn the page)
GLAZED ORANGE CAKE
Makes one 10 inch tube cake
Sift together twice:
  3 cups sifted flour
  3 teaspoons baking powder
  Dash of salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
  1 cup butter or margarine
Gradually add while beating:
  2 cups sugar
Beat until light and fluffy.
Add:
  1/2 teaspoon vanilla
  2 tablespoons grated orange rind
Beat well.
Add, one at a time:
  5 eggs
Beat well after each addition.
Add dry ingredients alternately with:
  3/4 cup milk
Blend well after each addition. Spoon into a lightly greased and floured 10 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 70-75 minutes. Allow cake to cool for 2 minutes then pour orange glaze evenly over cake and allow cake to cool thoroughly in the pan.

ORANGE GLAZE
Place in a saucepan:
  1/4 cup butter or margarine
  3/4 cup sugar
  1/2 cup orange juice
Cook over low heat stirring constantly until butter is melted and sugar is dissolved.
From: Mrs. M. Kluge, Phila., Pa.

RIBBON LOAF
Makes one 9x5x3 inch loaf
Measure into a large bowl:
  2 pounds ground beef
  1 cup fine dry bread crumbs
  1 cup milk
  2 eggs, slightly beaten
  3 teaspoons melted butter
  1 teaspoon bottled hot sauce
  2 tablespoons ketchup
  3 tablespoons salt
  2 tablespoons minced onion
Mix well, using a two pronged fork. Divide in half and pat one half in a 9x5x3 inch loaf pan. Place on top of meat mixture:
  6 slices American cheese
Cover with remainder of meat mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about one hour. Cool and slice. Serve between slices of rye bread.
From: Mrs. F. Marquis, Hartford, Conn.

ASPARAGUS CHEESE SOUP
Makes 3 servings
Combine in a saucepan:
  1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) asparagus soup
  1 1/2 cups milk
Mix well.
Add:
  1/2 can (10 1/2 ozs.) Cheddar cheese soup
  1 beef bouillon cube
Mix well. Cook over low heat until bouillon cube is dissolved and soup is hot. Pour into vacuum bottle while still hot.
From: A. Ferman, Tucson, Arizona.

FRUIT BREAD
Makes one 9x5x3 inch loaf
Sift together:
  2 cups sifted flour
  1 teaspoon soda
  1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
  1/4 cup butter or margarine
Gradually add while beating:
  1 cup sugar
Beat until light.
Add, one at a time:
  2 eggs
Beat well after each addition.
Add:
  3 medium bananas, mashed
Blend well. Stir in dry ingredients, blending until smooth.
Add:
  1/2 cup semi-sweet chocolate pieces
  1/2 cup chopped maraschino cherries
  1/2 cup chopped walnuts
Mix well. Pour into a well greased and floured 9x5x3 inch loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for one hour.
From: Mrs. H. Heimer, Miami, Fla.

PLANTATION CASSEROLE
Makes 4-6 servings
Combine:
  2 cups diced cooked chicken
  1 package (10 ozs.) frozen peas and carrots, broken apart
  1 can (1 lb.) corn, well drained
  1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
  1/2 cup milk
  1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
  Salt to taste
  Pepper to taste
Mix well. Turn into a greased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Sprinkle over:
  1/2 cup grated Cheddar cheese
Open and separate:
  1 package (8 ozs.) refrigerated oven-ready biscuits
Arrange over cheese. Bake in a very hot oven (450° F.) for 25 minutes. Spoon into a wide mouth vacuum bottle.
From: B. Bowlin, Kentwood, La.

VACUUM BOTTLE CAUTION
Fill vacuum bottle only to level below stopper. Never fill with carbonated beverages. Do not drink from vacuum bottle. Use cup provided. Do not pack ice cubes in vacuum bottle. They may break the glass liner. Always use a plastic spoon in wide mouth vacuum bottle. Metal spoon may cause breakage of glass liner. Wash and rinse bottle thoroughly after each use. Never place bottle in an automatic dishwasher.

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPLAY READER RECIPES, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
CORN AND TOMATOES
Makes 4-6 servings
Melt in a heavy saucepan:
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Add:
1 small onion, diced
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
Cook over low heat until tender.
Add:
1 can (1 lb.) tomatoes, drained
Mix well. Bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer 10 minutes. Remove from heat.
Add:
1 can (12 ozs.) corn, drained
1 can (8 ozs.) cream style corn
1/2 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
Mix well. Set aside.
Trim crusts from:
3 slices bread
Cut into small cubes.
Add:
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
Mix well.
Add:
1/2 cup grated American cheese
Toss lightly. Place half of the corn-tomato mixture in a greased baking dish. Cover with half of the bread cubes. Repeat layers. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 20-25 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned.
From: P. Lamond, N.Y., N.Y.

PINEAPPLE SQUASH CASSEROLE
Makes 3-4 servings
Combine:
1 package (12 ozs.) frozen cooked squash, thawed
1 teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
Mix well. Turn into a lightly greased 1 quart casserole.
Combine:
1 can (8 ozs.) crushed pineapple, well drained
1-2 tablespoons brown sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
Mix well. Spread evenly over squash. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 20-25 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned.
From: Mrs. H. Sanders, Cordova, Ala.

SUGAR CRUNCH BROWNIE BARS
Makes 31/2 dozen bars
Place in a mixing bowl:
1 package (1 lb.) fudge brownie mix
Add:
1/2 cup commercial sour cream
2 eggs, beaten well
Blend well. Spread evenly in a well greased 13x9x1" pan.
Combine:
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup finely chopped walnuts
Mix well. Sprinkle evenly over batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 20 minutes, or until done. Cool, then cut into bars or squares.
From: H. Brophy, Medford, Mass.

CRUSTY PEACH COBBLER
Makes 6 servings
Combine:
1/4 cup sugar
2 tablespoons cornstarch
Mix well.
Add:
1 can (1 lb. 13 ozs.) sliced peaches
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Mix well. Turn into a lightly greased baking dish. Set aside.
Place in a mixing bowl:
1 cup biscuit mix
Add, all at once:
1/2 cup milk
Stir to form a soft, not sticky, dough. Drop dough in 6 portions over peaches. Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add:
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
Mix well. Divide in 6 portions. Place one on each portion of biscuit dough. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 30 minutes. Serve warm.
From: M. Carpenito, Methuen, Mass.

HELP WANTED
Many readers write asking for recipes which are not in the PHOTOPLAY food files. Would you like to share your favorite recipes with other readers? Do you have recipes using packaged puddings for making cakes and pies? Do you have your own soup recipes which start out with a canned or dry soup mix? What do you do to make canned spaghetti different? Do you have recipes using canned meats in quick casserole dishes? Please tell us.

TUNA DIVAN
Makes 6-8 servings
Cook in boiling, salted water just until tender, according to package directions:
2 packages (10 ozs. each) frozen broccoli spears
Drain. Place in lightly greased shallow baking dish.
Arrange over broccoli:
2 cans (7 ozs. each) tuna, drained and flaked
Set aside.
Melt in a saucepan:
1/4 cup butter or margarine
Add:
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
Blend well.
Gradually add, while stirring:
2 cups milk
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and begins to boil. Remove from heat.
Add:
1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Stir until cheese melts. Pour over tuna and broccoli. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 20-25 minutes, or until mixture is bubbly.
From: Mrs. C. Keck, Bellerose, N.Y.

VARIATIONS
Use cooked chicken, cooked turkey, or cooked ham in place of tuna.

Have you a special tried and tested recipe which features a "packaged convenience" food as an ingredient? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPLAY'S MEALTIME MAGIC, P.O. Box 3483, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for each recipe that we publish.
MAKE LOVE WELL

Continued from page 60

certain that he loves you. And I don’t mean to suggest that the excitement of being in love is not important because these are the emotional treasures that a woman stores in her heart. As a matter of fact, it is these very memories that help sustain her love, perhaps, when it is threatened.

But I think every woman is suspicious of the man who makes love well. (And I imagine a man is equally suspicious of such a woman.) If a man’s experience is obvious it is often an obvious symptom of infidelity. The average woman cannot afford the emotional luxury of affairs the way a man can.

A woman’s passions are precious to her. They are jewels of her soul and once she has given them they are gone forever. But she doesn’t mind giving them if in exchange she knows she will be loved and cared for by the man of her choice.

It is not how much love there is in a man’s past that counts. It is how much love there is in his heart that matters to a woman.

DICK CHAMBERLAIN: The more women I meet the more I suspect that love, the kind of love every woman wants, has little to do with physical compatibility. I know so many happily married couples, and the thought of their happiness depending on each other’s ability to make love well seems incongruous. In fifty years of married life the importance of, as you call it, making love well, would seem to be of little consequence. Yet in another sense, I have seen a man and a woman make love beautifully—in public! All you had to see them do was look at each other. I think the importance of making love well is important only to men or women who demand satisfaction from love. I feel that no one can demand from love, nor should it demand from you...

TUESDAY WEDD: I think this is a man’s point of view that is frequently impressed on women. A woman rarely comes to maturity with the idea that the most difficult, hence the most important, thing in life is to make love well. We love with our hearts and our souls and all the fervor that is in them. I don’t see how you can measure or grade something like that. I suppose you could say that physical compatibility lends a deep sense of satisfaction, but that seems to me the most impermanent of all the true pleasures of loving. To love and to know, really know, that you are loved in return is to me the greatest and rarest thing that can happen to a woman.

VINCE EDWARDS: Someone says that making love well is the most difficult thing in life? That’s a little like saying that the only way to be completely religious is to know how to pray well. A man cares only for how much his woman loves from the heart. No woman can give him more than that. No man should expect it.

CAROL LYNLEY: No one makes love, not real love. It happens between a man and a woman and in a sense there is very little one can do about it. But I do think that a woman loves more generously than a man. I mean, a girl is less apt to be selfish in her love. I guess this is the real sacrifice a woman makes when she falls in love, when she subordinates all her hopes and dreams to the wishes and wants of the man she loves. And most women will do it. I think unselfish love reflects a quality rather than an ability. If you are in love with all your heart and you are willing to give up everything for that love, what else can you give? To me it is not how well you love that is most difficult, but how much you are willing to sacrifice for it.

TROY DONAHUE: I think maybe it is the most difficult thing in life, making love well. But in all truth, a man has more of an opportunity to become proficient at it than a woman. Personally I think it’s a delicate and difficult subject to discuss. And how can a virtuous man or woman know what they’re talking about? A woman would almost have had to be practiced themselves to know whether she qualifies as a competent love-maker. If two people are in love, they’re in love. Why should they bother themselves with qualifications? We ought to turn an old phrase into a new one—"Love and let love."

CAROL BURNETT: Loving is forgiving. Why fight it?

SUZANNE PLESHETTE: To me, making love well implies experience and experience implies promiscuity. No woman, no matter how clever she is, can, for long, conceal experience from the man she loves. No man would welcome that discovery, and I wouldn’t blame him.

JANE FONDA: The physical relationship between a man and a woman in love is, I think, far too personal to try to examine as an ability. What woman who is really in love with a man cares whether he makes love well compared to other men? Physical love-making has its limits. Loving from the heart is infinite. I don’t think men or women should love better, they should love more.

KIRK DOUGLAS: I think it is more for a man to decide on whether the most difficult thing in life is to make love well. To me it is unromantic to attach skill to love-making. Love comes from the heart and the heart has no skill, only feeling. Do you mean that in order to make love well you must be skillfully passionate? Do you suggest that love is a calculated kiss? I don’t think so. I’ve known a hundred busy bachelors in my life, all of them you might call clever lovers. But every one of them who finally settled down, married a woman incredibly unlike the kind of woman he had dated as a single man. I don’t know why and I don’t think any one of them gave it a thought. They fell in love, for real, and skill didn’t have a thing to do with it. —DON DOUGLAS

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We’ll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month, the prize for the first 400 ballots we receive is “The ABC’s of Beauty,” by Barbara Marco, Beauty Director of Macfadden’s Women’s Group Magazines. Every beauty question you might have is answered here for you—alphabetically.

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1574, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

MY FAVORITES ARE:

MALE STAR: 1.  
2.  
3.  

FEMALE STAR: 1.  
2.  
3.  

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1.  
2.  
3.  

THE NEWCOMER I’D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:  
THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I’D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:  

Name: ___________________________ Age: ______

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—Don Douglas
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The CBS Radio Network
Continued from page 50

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

interview for me. But, somehow, the press had gotten wind of Debbie's intention to visit New York, and it was no longer my interview.

Still and all, Debbie—always courteous and thoughtful—did her darnest to answer my questions.

Here is how that session went:

Q. Do you have any fears about losing the baby this time?

A. None at all. The doctor assured me that I can have a perfectly normal child-birth, as I have had twice before. There is no reason now to lose the child. I'm in my sixth month.

Q. You just finished "Mary, Mary" at Warner Brothers. Will hear you were required to do some very strenuous routines. Did they bother you in your condition?

A. Not in the least. They were just as you said—routines.

Q. Wasn't your doctor concerned?

A. Of course he was concerned. He's always concerned with what I do. But not afraid. He felt that so long as I'm healthy, there's no reason to be afraid of activity.

Q. You and Harry always tell me that you want eight children—the four that Harry has from his first marriage, the two that you have from your marriage to Eddie Fisher, and two more you want out of your marriage to Harry. . .

A. Yes, we'd like a boy and a girl. And we don't really care which comes first, as long as the other one follows. Q. Suppose they turn out to be too big of a kind, like a girl and another girl. Will you go for three then?

A. That's a bridge we'll have to cross only when we get to it.

Debbie then threw her head back and broke into a glorious smile. Her eyes glistened beautifully in the reflection of the many lights and exploding flashbulbs.

"Is that all you want to talk about—babies?" Debbie asked.

I told her that I had brought along a long list of questions—numbering exactly thirty—that the editors of Photography had drawn up. The questions ranged over a wide area. They touched on Debbie's and Harry's plans on having children, about how Debbie is raising her own two children from her marriage to Eddie, how often Eddie visits the kids, about Harry's children, about religion, etc., etc., etc.

"Let me see the list," Debbie said, almost demantically.

"You won't tear it up?" I asked, betraying a slight apprehension.

"Of course I won't, silly. I'm just curious to see what the editors want to find out about me."

I handed over the sheet of questions.

"Mmmmm," she murmured. "It'll take a year to answer all these questions. And I certainly couldn't even begin to answer some of them here."

Indeed not. The other reporters, incredibly enough, had given us this period of privacy to discuss Debbie's baby. But they couldn't be held at bay any longer. Even columnist Earl Wilson was champing at the bit to get at Debbie.

"Please let me do this," Debbie pleaded. "Let me take the questions along. . . I'll have time to read them on the ship, and I'll write out the answers. Then I'll mail them back to you. That's what I'll do."

By now the other wolves of the Fourth Estate were beginning to pound Debbie with queries. Things got so hectic that I had no alternative in this impossible situation. Time, too, was against us. Debbie had to sail the next morning.

"Okay, Debbie," I said yielding. "Here's the list. Mail it to me."

Debbie took the paper, folded it neatly, and slipped it into her pocketbook.

Something like six weeks had passed when I talked with Debbie again. Sadly, I must report, Debbie never sent the list back answered. So, as I talked with her now, I asked what happened.

"You'll never believe it," Debbie said, her voice almost normal at last, now that we had gotten off the subject of her lost
Men do prefer

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Don’t blame Harry

“I am so busy having fun that I completely forgot...”

There was a long pause on the phone.

“You know,” Debbie finally said again.

“I really hate to write answers to questions. I much prefer that you ask me in person about these things.”

“All right,” I said. “Then let me ask you some questions about the baby...”

Debbie remained silent for a moment. Then she heard a big sigh.

“Well, I don’t think I mind too much. If that is what you want to talk about, go ahead,” Debbie said suddenly.

“Tell me this, Debbie,” I said, as softly as I could, “what do you think is causing your trouble—the tragedy of losing two nearly full-term babies the way you have?”

“If you want the truth, I don’t know,” Debbie replied. “I have talked to my doctor and to other doctors. None can really pin point the reason. They tell me that I’m healthy, that I can become pregnant again as I have before without any fear, and that I could probably give birth to a normal baby the next time. But they can find no reason for the last two miscarriages.”

Actually, the first time Debbie lost her baby—in July, 1962—it was not a miscarriage. The baby was still-born. It had been in utero almost fully developed. But it had been delivered dead.

This time, it was not quite a full-term baby. Just six months. So it was considered still a fetus.

“Did you do anything on your trip which might have caused the miscarriage?” I asked Debbie.

“Nothing that my doctor didn’t approve of,” Debbie replied. “Of course I was active. Harry and I went to places and had a wonderful time. But I never over-exerted myself. I felt fine all the time—until...”

Debbie’s voice trailed off momentarily.

“But God is very big and very great. You know. I’m a very religious person. My attitude is that if it was God’s will that these babies not be born, then I must accept His will. I’m sure He knows what is best for us.”

It was, in fact, Harry Karl who told me the details of how the baby was lost. “We were in Rome,” he said, “I had finished my business there and we were going to leave in a day or two. Then Debbie got up that one morning and she didn’t look right. I asked what was wrong. She said she didn’t know. But she didn’t feel well. I asked if she was in pain. She told me she wasn’t.”

“I just don’t feel right,” she said. Then, “Harry, I think we’ll better go home. I want Dr. Levy to examine me...”

“I know what.” Debbie apparently feared. “I don’t hesitate. I made arrangements at once and we flew over the Polar route to Los Angeles.”

Harry said that Debbie went to see her physician, Dr. Charles Levy. “The very instant they arrived on the Coast. We got the bad news from Levy.” he said. “He ordered her into the hospital at once and that was that...”

Harry told me that the loss of the baby was sad for him—as well as for Debbie—but that they would not be deterred from trying again.

When I was talking with Debbie, I brought up the question of whether she felt as Harry did about trying for another baby. Or for two, as they had always said they wanted.

I suddenly found myself talking to that bubbly, bouncy, breathless Debbie Reynolds of old once again.

“Yes, of course,” she trilled. “We haven’t changed our plans at all. In fact, we’re as determined as ever, if not more so, to expand our family. I’m deeply in love with Harry and I want to bear his children more than anything in the world. I know that a baby will bring real fulfillment to our marriage. But I can’t say that even without children my marriage to Harry has been anything less than real fulfillment to me...”

I wanted to know how Harry felt.

“Disappointed,” Debbie answered. “And I don’t feel any less frustrated than Harry. I wanted so much to give him a son—he has wanted a boy so badly.”

There was a pause.

“And do you know what?” Debbie continued. “I’m going to give him the boy that both of us want so badly...”

Our interview ended then, but the story wasn’t quite finished. I also had to consult one of the East’s most renowned obstetricians and gynecologists.

Naturally, when I saw him, the doctor could not be expected to comment specifically. Nevertheless, he was able to discuss the case in broad general terms, as it might apply to almost any couple in Debbie and Harry’s position.

Let’s take Harry first. I told the doctor there was some suggestion that Harry, perhaps, might be a source of the trouble. The doctor told me that such a span of eight years between Debbie and Harry, who is, as it happens, in his late forties.
physical inadaptable, we do not set limitations on their daily routines.

"I myself advise my patients to keep on working—if they have jobs—right up to the moment they have labor pains. They are better off when they are occupied. I'm quite certain that the doctor who examined Miss Reynolds must have found her physically capable of withstanding the stresses and strains of picture-making. If he hadn't, he would have advised her to take it easy—even quiet, until she had the baby."

Then, if all this was true, why did Debbie—a healthy woman who twice before bore children—suddenly lose two babies in a row?

"That's a question that no doctor in the world can answer, unless he has examined the patient—and conducted a thorough autopsy on the child. But even then the odds are very much against a positive determination. More than likely, the autopsy will not reveal any clue to why the baby wasn't born."

"Sometimes, tragically, when a baby is overactive in the womb, it will turn and strangle itself by winding the cord around its neck. There is nothing we can do to prevent such an occurrence. It's simply one of those unfortunate things.

"But that is only one of perhaps 5,000,000 reasons why a baby can die before it is born. So much is involved."

Can they have a child?

I asked the doctor for his opinion—based on the background on Debbie and Harry I'd given him—on whether they could eventually have the child, or children, they so greatly desire.

"The facts indicate they are both highly capable of becoming parents. The very fact that Miss Reynolds gets pregnant shows she has a healthy pelvis and that her ovaries ovulate—they produce eggs.

"Unless there are some hidden causes, such as physical diseases like diabetes and high blood pressure, or a number of others that have an adverse influence in pregnancies and childbearing—there is no reason why she cannot bear well-formed, healthy children. And I'm sure that if there were any such malfunction in her system, her doctor would not only have detected it, but also advise her of its existence and treated her accordingly to insure a normal birth."

"Her case, from what I see of it, doesn't appear to be any different from the countless others in this country and elsewhere in the world in which mothers lose their babies before birth—for no apparent reason.

"It's unfortunate, but explanations in the majority of these instances are hard to come by. It's just one of the mysteries that constantly surround the miracle that is childbirth.

"I can see no reason why Miss Reynolds and Mr. Karl cannot have the children they want..."

And that was precisely what Debbie's own doctor told her.

More importantly, that was what Debbie told Photoplay—she and Harry are going to try again. —George Carpozi, Jr.


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Continued from page 63

men their daughters see than mothers are. This comes mostly, I feel, from memories of what they did when they were young. They also dread their daughters growing up. They feel they will lose them.

“Father is very important to a daughter as she grows older. Every girl needs advice from a man. We can only hope that he is a wise man."

“The fact that B.D. has never gone out with a boy of whom I don’t approve isn’t the result of rigid rules. It is more the result of judgment she has developed, based on her early upbringing.”

And, living in Los Angeles, B.D. has to rely more on her upbringing than most girls. This area is a region internationally recognized as a mecca for “kooks” as well as for aerospace geniuses. Even the natives refer to California as “the nut state,” and I’m sure the environment does require some motherly supervision.

A young girl might meet anyone from an award-winning physicist to a shoeshine, unwashed, unemployed poet wearing one earring and a chip on his shoulder.

**Courtesies and Manners**

So far, through discrimination, good luck, or both, B.D. has found friends her mother accepts.

“In our household, manners have always been important. I have been a very strict New England mother, doing my strictest training during the first ten years. Now I can relax. B.D. knows that I approve of her and trust her.”

Bette Davis’ pride and joy in B.D. must compensate for the disappointments she experienced in marriage. Three of her marriages ended in divorce and one in death. In light of her own heartbreaks, she must be sympathetic as B.D. approaches marriageable age.

“Adults all know,” the star said, “that a marriage is at best a gamble. But B.D. has seen so much that I think she will protect herself against the mistakes that I have made.

“If she were to tell me that she planned to marry a man I thought would make her very unhappy, I would tell her so. An older person does know more than a younger, just from having lived longer. A mother must have enough courage to say what she feels, even though the child may hate her for doing so.

“If you’ve never been hated by your child, you’ve never been a parent.”

“If I disliked a boy B.D. wanted to marry, I would state my case, but I wouldn’t try to separate them by physical means. I could lock her in her room and it wouldn’t do any good. After all, I couldn’t keep her locked up forever.

“A mother can’t save her daughter from emotional hurt any more than she can protect her from serious physical injury.

“To illustrate: B.D. is a fine horsewoman. Her great love is jumping horses, and jumping is dangerous. But it would be wrong of me to forbid her to jump because of my own fears. If she chooses a sport that is dangerous, she must meet the consequences courageously.

“As for emotional hurts, B.D. has realized since she was a baby that, as my daughter, she has two special problems where beaux are concerned.

“She is very aware of the ambition of some young men who pursue her only to further their own careers via her mother. She has developed a sure instinct for identifying this type.

“On the other hand, some nice boys whom she’d enjoy knowing avoid her for fear their motives will be suspected. I have had both of these problems all my professional life.

“Neither am I concerned about the financial status of B.D.’s boyfriend. If my daughter chooses to marry a man who can’t support her in the beginning, she’ll also work—I’m sure of that. She will not want or expect financial help from me, although B.D. will have a small income of her own. It’s healthy when a woman doesn’t have to ask her husband for every pair of stockings.”

Miss Davis believes that the relationship between men and women is gradually changing in areas that make the woman’s role more difficult. A working woman often faces the schizophrenic task of treating men as rivals while still attempting to retain her womanliness.

Has she prepared B.D. to compete with men, or has she warned her against it?

“I don’t think B.D. is interested in having a career as an actress, despite the fact that she was in ‘Baby Jane’ briefly,” her mother said. “She played the small role just for fun. Nor is she interested in college at this time, so I really believe her life will be as a wife and mother.

“Any mother is fortunate who has a daughter with drive and ambition, although she certainly faces special problems. In the first place, the girl must learn not to apologize to men for this fact.

“Many women feel constrained to ‘check’ their brains when they are around men. This is wrong. The woman who understands ambition and has a brain may well be the best wife of all, because she can more nearly understand a man who is...”
ambitious and responsible himself.

"Fortunately, I don't believe B.D. is likely to marry just anyone who proposes to her. I think she will be quite selective in her choice of a husband. Even now, she doesn't feel she must have a date every night as a sign of her popularity. Too many girls feel they must go out all the time, no matter with whom.

She has security

"By giving her approval and trust, I've given her security and the confidence in herself to choose her friends carefully. A great deal of the dating that goes on today is from boredom. Many young people don't stay at home because their parents are never home.

"There are also many parents at fault, particularly mothers who are almost violent in their determination that their daughters date a lot in order to be popular. Girls usually 'go steady' for fear they will miss out on something, or not be asked to all the parties.

"In their frantic fear of being dateless," she continued, "girls are spoiling boys to death. They are taking the initiative. Any boy who is fairly attractive can have his choice of three dates a night and may not even have to ask for them. Girls will call him and even come to his house and pick him up."

"Many girls rush into dating and marriage for the same reasons that many boys rush into colorless jobs: security for the future.

"It's the great tragedy of this generation —youth's terrible drive for security. Youth should never play it safe. Youth is the day of chances, and of the courage to gamble."

Bette Davis paused, and gazed out into the sunny afternoon, while her reporter reflected over her words. Her life has been a great example of what she had discussed. Not just on the road to stardom, but in her constant struggle to be a great actress, she has never refused a gamble, or sought the easy way.

And in the role she considers most important of all, that of being a mother, she has the same conscientious spirit and firm determination to be the best, at whatever cost personally. It is, of course, always more difficult for a working mother to be a fine parent than a non-working mother.

It has long been fashionable to consider actors poor parents—certainly with justification in some cases—but Miss Davis stands as one of many to refute such ideas. She would need to look far to find a person more capable and intelligent, or whose deep experience with life could more qualify her for guiding and helping a child, or a woman more devoted to her children.

Bette Davis as a mother... brilliant casting! Just how brilliant became most apparent to me when I read that in December, B.D. would marry Jeremy Hyman, vice-president of Seven Arts Productions.

"Sixteen seems young to marry," said Bette, "but B.D. is a very mature girl.

And I know why, I thought to myself: A daughter of Bette's is bound to be able to have a successful marriage—even at sixteen. After all, she's had the best advice a mother can give. —NANCY ANDERSON

See Bette in "Dead Ringer" for Warners.
gathering in the main room of the lovely old building. "The period of postulancy must be a period of testing and examination," said the Mother Superior, in gist. "We will study you girls and learn about you—and you will study us. I want you to know early what you are giving up in the world. The vow of chastity, I emphasize, is a choice made between human love and divine love. Poverty is the detachment of heart more than a privation of comfort. But I stress obedience as the hardest of the three vows. You must give up your will for the will of God as manifested to you by those appointed to lead you to God. It is not the big things you will find hard. It is the giving up of self in everyday life."

Dolores listened as the Mother Superior explained next how the period of postulancy would last for six months, how the black veils the girls would soon be given would then be exchanged for white veils, the sign of the novitiate—how a number of the girls present would drop out, inevitably, before the six months were over—how it was a sad but true fact that not everyone could cope with the rigors, emotional and physical, of convent life.

It had been no secret to Dolores these past few months that there had been those who had opposed her entering the convent.

"She's Hollywood-bred," they'd said.

"Trained to fantasize. Trained to play one role one month, another role the next. Trained to show emotions that are only surface, skin-deep. Trained to glamour that is indelible and to habits that will be difficult to relinquish!"

Thankfully, such opposition had been in the minority.

Thankfully, there had been those who had known Dolores and who had supported her desire to enter the convent.

A nun at Corvallis High School, for instance, from which Dolores had graduated. Who now wrote to high Catholic officials: "She has always wanted to play good girls on the screen. She considered it a challenge because she felt it was much harder to portray a nice girl—and much harder to live like one off-screen. She used to say that a good girl has much more old-fashioned guts, if I may use the vulgarism, than her opposite. And she's right.

"Hollywood hasn't changed her. She stops in here often. She always says, 'I have too many of you Sisters who are interested in my career. I'll never do anything to embarrass you, I promise.' And she didn't."

This letter. Others. They helped swing the tide for Dolores.

And as she sat here now, this first day of her postulancy, in the large room of the Connecticut convent, with the others—she begged, silently: "Let me not disappoint those who have placed so much trust in me. And, above all, let me not disappoint Thee."

**Two men in her life**

Elvis Presley said of Dolores: "I first met Dolores about six years ago, when I played her co-star in her first picture. She was then, and is, the nicest girl I've ever met. She had every virtue—kindness, courage, good breeding and there was not one mean bone in her body. She was always playing jokes on me. We worked together fine. I wish her all the happiness that I know this move will bring her."

Ty Hardin: "I used to date Dolores. We were never serious. She was Catholic and I'm a Texas Baptist—the two just don't go together. But she sure is one of the nicest people I've ever known. I have found in my own life what joy there is through Christ— and I'm sure Dolores has, too. She has my wishes and my prayers. I know they will be answered, for there aren't many Texas Baptists praying for Catholics!"

**Her Protestant childhood**

She had not been born a Catholic. As a little girl she'd lived mostly with her grandparents in Chicago and had been initially raised in the Protestant faith.

"But," recalls Dolores, "one day, when I was about eight years old, I found myself in a Catholic school. How I got there was sheer accident. To get to any of the other schools in the neighborhood, I'd have had to cross three sets of streetcar tracks, but not the Catholic school."

It was an unsettling change for the little girl at first. The ritual, the daily Masses, the prayers in Latin—all of this confused Dolores at first. But, eventually, as she says, "I began to find myself growing to love this new religion, and growing more and more dependent on it.”

Dolores was nine when everyone thought, suddenly, that she was going to die. She'd come down with a case of strep throat, she'd reacted badly to a then-new miracle drug, her body had swollen enormously—she'd been conscious, but she hadn't been able to move or speak.

"I remember," says Dolores, "how one day, lying there, I could hear some of the family discussing my funeral arrangements in the next room. The next day, I remember, a little friend of mine came over to the house and I heard her say to my grandmother, 'Don’t cry, because after Dolores is gone I will bring over my toys and play here and then you won’t be lonesome anymore.' The whole feeling was one of death—up until a doctor gave me a second drug and, slowly, I began to recover. But even before this ... I wasn’t afraid. I realized, you see, that my life wasn’t really mine, that earthly life was only a small part of eternal life. I'd learned in my classes that God loved me and was going to take the best care of me, because He had created me for some reason. So, whatever happened to me, I knew it was God’s will ... and entirely for the best.”

When Dolores was eleven, she was converted to the Catholic church.

And her faith since then, as she says, "has helped me.”

More than once, in fact, it has been through nuns—their kindness, their understanding—that the help has been given.
There was, for instance, the time when Dolores was thirteen, when she longed to become a valley ball player at school. "Something happened, however, and I didn't make the team. My dreams of prizes and glory all went out the window. My pride was hurt. I might have been very unhappy—had it not been for my faith and the patient teaching of the nuns, who showed us that everyone has his limitations and must accept them."

Priests helped Dolores back then, too. "I was in my senior year of high school," Dolores recalls, "when this boy I was going with asked me to marry him. I nearly said yes. I wanted to say yes. It was quite the fad at school, I guess, to have an engagement ring before you graduated and—above all other other girls—were quite caught up in this fad. Fortunately, however, a priest suggested to me and the other girls that we attend a retreat before we gave our boyfriends our final answers. At the retreat, the priest really set us straight on the subject of marriage. He talked about the responsibilities we'd be facing, the seriousness of the step. 'Just imagine,' he said, 'what would happen to the starry nights of bliss while you're all involved in those two o'clock feedings, keeping the house clean, washing out dirty socks!' Oh, we resented what the priest said. At first. It seemed that he was shattering all our illusions. But it didn't take long for most of us to realize, after a while, that he was right. That we just weren't ready. That life was young, we were young—and that there were other things ahead for us first."

For Dolores it was Hollywood..."A multi-colored blush"

Hal Wallis, the producer, tells of his first meeting with Dolores: "Some friend had sent me Dolores' picture. My assistant, Paul Nathan, confirmed that she looked as good in person as her picture. I phoned her mother and asked for Dolores."

"As soon as she came into my office, she broke out in a multi-colored blush. In our business, you don't find many girls who blush. I knew that this was somebody different, somebody whom Grace Kelly appeal—somebody with class."

"In all her years in Hollywood, she never changed. The last time I talked with her she was blushing. A beautiful girl, inside and out. I hate to lose her—but she's got a much better offer now, and no one is happier about it than I..."

The years in Hollywood were bittersweet for Dolores. On one hand, she was the girl who had everything. She worked steadily. She was extremely popular. She dated the cream of the town's good-looking bachelor set. Recently, she had met and become engaged to a young Los Angeles businessman named Don Robinson—soon she would marry him, soon life would be perfect. Except that somewhere deep inside Dolores, in her soul of souls, there lived the feeling all this time that something, one thing, was missing from her life—lost in the glitter that had become her life. It was a sad period for her, as those who were really close to her will now tell you."

Says one friend: "Despite the smiles, despite the outward gaiety, there were times when—alone with Dolores—one sensed a vast unhappiness. Or perhaps..."
disillusion is the better word. She became disillusioned, for instance, with many of the people in movies with whom she had grown up professionally. Their hasty marriages disappointed her. Their hasty divorces hurt her. Their fastness— their desire to speed through life— was beyond her comprehension.

"She said to me once, and I'll never forget it:

"Why do so many of these people live as though they expected to die before the day ended? Why do they act as though they have to get in every pleasure possible at once—try everything quickly—as though they may not get the opportunity tomorrow or the next day?"

"Then Dolores shook her head, and said:

"I know that the length of my life is entirely in God's hands. He may take it today, or He may let me live another sixty or seventy years, so that I'll have to live with the results of whatever I've done for a long, long time. I just can't live for the moment with the assurance that I won't have to answer for my conduct on this earth."

"It's a matter of opinion,

"but I can see it clearly,

"and I have come to this conclusion:

"If I only could have

"called a halt to these useless activities,

"and if I had

"stopped to enjoy the moment,

"how much better it would have been for me."

"I should have had a better understanding of life,

"and I wouldn't have been so interested in acting.

"I would not have been so moved towards

"the world of art,

"but I would have

"enjoyed the moment,

"and I would have

"seen that life is short.
Bob loves Marion, Marion loves Bob; the columnists churn out beautiful prose proving that for this beautiful couple life can be beautiful.

Analysis: The party's in full swing and it's . . . it's beautiful.

Episode VII: The time is here and now. The principal players are Joan Collins and Tony Newley.

Back in April, by an extraordinary action of Judge Francis Glazebrook of the London Divorce Court, the way is cleared for them to marry immediately.

The court hearing is very cozy. Tony's wife of nine years, 27-year-old blonde actress Ann Lynn, of Craven-Terrance, Baywater, London, accuses her thirty-one-year-old husband of having committed adultery with thirty-year-old Joan Collins. Then Mrs. Newley freely admits to having committed adultery herself.

Statements are read to the court by Ann's lawyer, one from Joan and one from Tony and signed by each, confessing to adultery. A third statement, a medical report, is also submitted to the judge.

Ann's counsel, using legal mumbo-jumbo, says to the presiding magistrate: "I invite you to say that, in all the circumstances disclosed by Mr. Newley and Miss Collins, this is a proper case for expedition of the decree absolute."

Translation: given the special circumstances, forget the usual three-month waiting period before the divorce becomes final and grant it now.

Judge Glazebrook agrees and immediately grants a decree nisi, effective right away. The New York Daily News, in commenting on the decision and obviously referring to the medical report submitted in evidence on behalf of Joan and Tony, states, "Divorces are seldom expedited in England except in cases of emergency, such as a baby being expected."

So Tony took a day off from the theater and he and Joan went up to Connecticut and got married. Now in New York, Tony, when not performing in "Stop the World— I Want to Get Off," holds forth in his twenty-ninth-floor penthouse apartment, where he and Joan are very domestic.

She loves Tony and Tony loves her and their marriage will be "forever" and . . .

Analysis: The party's official and legal and it's . . . it's beautiful.

Episode VIII: The time is here and now.

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The principal players are Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty. The party, which bubbled from Coast to Coast and boiled from continent to continent, is now over. The love song has turned sour, the thrill is gone, and for Warren and Natalie it's always three o'clock in the morning—as ashtrays filled with burned-out butts, liquor glasses empty, and no tomorrow.

"Love is the most important thing there is in life," Natalie says at the height of the romance.

"I don't think I should talk about marriage when I won't be free for five months," Natalie tells a columnist back in December, 1962.

"I don't feel I'm ready for marriage," Warren says all along the way. "I am confused about marriage."

Then comes the day that Natalie's decree of divorce from Bob Wagner is final. At long last she and Warren are free to marry.

But instead they split. Their torrid romance is as dead as the cigarette ashes in the ashtrays. It's finished... washed up... done... pfft.

Who got tired of whom? Well, you pays your money and takes your choice among what columnists say.

If you read John Miller, you'll learn that "Natalie's mother wasn't too thrilled when she met Warren Beatty—which is why they cancelled their marriage plans."

If you read Alex Freeman, you'll learn that "Natalie Wood is furious with Warren Beatty. No sooner had she told him that their romance was over, than he gave her private phone number to another guy."

If you read Lee Mortimer, you'll learn that "the real reason behind the reported ending of the Natalie-Wood-Warren Beatty romance could very well be the leader of the Rat Pack himself."

If you read Suzy, you'll learn that "Natalie Wood, who has brushed Warren Beatty aside, attributes her courage to make the break to analysis." That's not the kind of analysis we're presenting in history, but psychoanalysis, hers not his.

You notice, of course, that all the above items seem to indicate that it is Natalie who called off the wedding and it is Natalie who told Warren, "Stop the party—I want to get out."

But there are those columnists who claim that it's Warren who skipped out on Natalie.

Miss Graham, who tells us why Natalie won't marry Warren, also makes mention of Warren's "off-hand treatment of a pretty young lady star by the name of Natalie Wood."

While columnists hint that the break-up is caused by Natalie's turning to another man—especially Arthur Loew—there are many column items which claim that Warren has eyes for another woman (or, to be accurate, other women): socialite Alicia Darr, Purdom Clark, showgirl Nan Whitney, Carol Rossen.

Natalie herself is not without comment on all of this. For one thing, despite Suzy's item, Nat denies she visits a psychoanalyst.

"And if I did," she adds, "it wouldn't be because of Warren. Actually, we have not broken up. He's just out of town. Sure, I go out with Arthur Loew. Who doesn't? Arthur is an old friend, after all, and I'm sure Warren doesn't mind."

When a columnist had her so lonesome for Warren she was flying to his set, she said, "I never visited Warren in Baltimore where 'Lilith' is shooting. I haven't seen him in two months. I just figured it was an out-of-town location so I left him alone. I didn't bother him. I still love him. I think he still loves me."

haven't been in love a long time. I talk with him often on the phone. We are still friendly."

If you talk to Natalie's press agent, he'll back her up. But if you talk with some of her friends, you'll find quite a different story. No one has much of a good word for Warren. Insiders speculate that although Natalie's marriage got lost in the process of finding Warren, that although she is the bigger star and their ocean-hopping romance has given the young actor more publicity than any of his films have—restless Warren is about to say "Get lost." If he hasn't already. Natalie is a firm believer in marriage. Warren seems to be a firm believer in the value of various ways to help his career.

ways more pleasant—until he gets bored—than working. Warren is a strange one to figure out, they say, but as insiders hint discreetly, once you begin to understand what he's up to, you don't want to believe it.

Her twin sister, Shirley MacLaine says, "We just have no communication. And I used to be very friendly with Natalie at one time. Now I don't have any communication with her since she's been going with my brother. Kinda crazy, isn't it?"

Yes, kinda.

Analysis: Maybe Warren ditched Natalie because he just doesn't want to be tied down. No, "I'm not really sure what I want to do or where I want to live," he says. "I like California but what I'd really like to do is sit there and do nothing. I lead a very disorderly life. I get into things, I jump from one thing to another. I jump to Paris, London and New York."

Perhaps Natalie ditched Warren because he's so sure of himself, so cocky, so confident, she says she was "thrilled" when Jack L. Warner offered him the role of John F. Kennedy in "PT 109" and suggested that before he said yes or no he should visit Washing-

ton, meet the President and soak up some atmosphere.

Was Warren flattered? Excited? Cooperative? Agreeable? Not on your life. To the head of Warner Brothers, "If the President wants me to play him, tell him to come here and soak up some of my atmosphere."

In short, there are parties and parties—the wild, let's-live-tonight—cause-there's-notomorrow kind that sizzle, flare, skyrocket and then burn out; and the other, quieter, lasting kind where the thrills are spaced out over a long period of time and are bound together by a wedding band.

The Future: Simple. Now that we've logically and scientifically examined the patternless pattern, we confidently predict the following will happen: Warren will take Marion away from Bob; Joan will divorce Tony and name Natalie as the "other woman"; then Joan will console Richard Burton after Bob runs off with Liz Taylor.

Absurd? Well, when you read all this in the papers, don't say we didn't warn you. —Jim Hoffman
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JOANNE WOODWARD

Continued from page 49

arms now. We don’t quite know what she’s going to be like.

FRED: How often does he get a chance to see them?

JOANNE: Oh, they’re usually with us every weekend, and for a month in the summer.

FRED: The kids get along real great, all of them?

JOANNE: Well, as well, I suppose, as in any large family. They’re marvelous with the babies, with the two younger ones. They’re just great with them, as built-in babysitters.

FRED: It’s funny how it all works out, isn’t it, when there are children from another family.

JOANNE: I think the children make the adjustment much better than the grown-ups. I didn’t realize, until I had children of my own, how bright children are, and how sensitive they are.

FRED: I want to get kind of a portrait of this wonderful marriage between Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman, between two really successful people, who have a healthy, as normal as possible, married life in an artistic world.

JOANNE: Well, I think first of all you have to know, and make the decision in the beginning what you want, and what is the most important. In our instance, Paul’s career is most important, in terms of career; our marriage is the most important, I think, for both of us, and our children; and the fact that we want to be with our children. We don’t want to leave them, and we don’t want to leave each other.

I just turned down a picture that I wanted to do very much, because it was being done in London; and Paul, of course, would have nothing to do in London; but he would go with me, of course. But I suddenly had visions of him sitting there, for three months, with nothing to do, and no go-cart tracks. You know, if he couldn’t go go-carting once a week, he’d go out of his mind. So, I thought, I can’t do that. I said I cannot impose that on my husband. It’s all right if he imposes it on me; that’s fine. I think I have a rather southern attitude about that. I don’t mind sitting around, as I have often done—well, not often, but one long location, when we were on “Exodus;” and I sat for four months with him in Cyprus, and actually I loved it. But Paul doesn’t like to sit around; and it’s not a man’s place. A man needs, you know, to be working, and to be supporting his family.

FRED: So you mentioned go-carting. This sounds like—there are a lot of nutty things that you do together.

JOANNE: Well, actually, the go-carting is not something we do together; this is something Paul does with the children. And I mean all of them, or at least the four oldest ones. Nel, at three and a half, gets on that go-cart with Daddy and is screaming “Faster, faster!” around the track. Have you ever seen a go-cart? You know what they are? And the older children, of course, love them. Scottie, the boy, has a little go-cart of his own. But I just stand by and watch.

We don’t do that many things together, in terms of sports. Because I’m not athletic. The things that we do together that we enjoy are things like antique hunting and walking in New York; taking trips up to Vermont and New Hampshire, going skiing—or Paul skis. I sit by the fire and I wait for him to come home.

FRED: Is he a good skier?

JOANNE: Yes. He’s a good skier. He really doesn’t ski properly, but he’s very good at it. He always is, at all sports, no matter what it is.

FRED: I can testify to that. Remember when we were in Jamaica together, and he amazed me with his ability at tennis, having not played in many years.

JOANNE: Well, he never really played. He never really learned how. In fact, he’s about to take it up again. I’m about to become a tennis widow.

FRED: Who are your friends, Joanne? Whom do you see most of the time, when you’re home in Connecticut?

JOANNE: In Connecticut? Well, the person we see most of the time is my closest friend, James Costigan, who is a writer, and who lives in Wilton, which is just ten minutes away. That was one reason we bought the house in Westport.

And, in New York, Gore Vidal and Howard Austin, who are both very close friends of ours, and Rip Torn and Geraldine Page, and Lee Strasberg and Paula Strasberg and Susan Strasberg. We’re really great loners, though; we don’t see that many people, that often. We actually see more people out in California. I think, than we do in New York.

FRED: Jo, we were talking about this wonderful life that you and Paul are enjoying wherever you make pictures. And then you look at a Liz Taylor, for example, and the kind of life that she’s had. How do you look on a person who’s raised in that artificial world and somehow never got out of it, and is therefore the victim of that artificiality. Would you say that’s about the right analysis?

JOANNE: I would say so. And I think the only feeling that you can have is one of compassion, which I’m sure that Elizabeth Taylor would probably resent no end; but that is how I would feel about it, because it has no sense of reality. And I hesitate to think what would ever happen to anyone like Elizabeth Taylor or someone else who is in the same position, if suddenly they had to be faced with an enormous reality. How would they then cope with it? It would be very difficult. I would think.

FRED: Is that because she has been raised in the cocoon of moviedom, and never been exposed to reality?

JOANNE: I would assume so, because she’s been a star since she was a child. It’s interesting, though, when you compare the two. I watch television with my little girls, and they had, you know, all the Shirley Temple movies on, which I enjoyed infinitely as much now as I did when I was their age. But isn’t it interesting that Shirley Temple, who was raised in the same kind of atmosphere—indeed, in fact, even more so, I should think—grew up to be a normal, attractive woman, who married and had children, and—seemingly, I don’t know her, but—she seems to have a quiet, calm life. Perhaps it also has to do with the individual.

FRED: I want to give her her career at that point, before she was an adult—she’d have the same thing.

JOANNE: Well, perhaps if she had done what Shirley Temple did, or what her mother, I presume, very wisely did—as I recalled she stopped making motion pictures when she was twelve or thirteen, didn’t she? And she studied and had some kind of normal young girlhood. Perhaps if Elizabeth Taylor had done that, and had some kind of exposure to what the world is like outside of the movie studio, that would have been different. Unfortunately, she never did, because she was ravishingly beautiful.

FRED: The same principle, I think, held with Marilyn Monroe, who never could face the real world.

JOANNE: I don’t think it’s really the same principle, because Marilyn was exposed to the real world, in a horrifying fashion, for many, many years before she became the leading lady. And can you imagine that kind of contrast from the background that she came from? And the poverty and the unhappiness, to have then been catapulted into just the opposite direction. It must have been a great deal to have been able to cope with. I’m sure that there must have been other problems. I’m talking off the top of my head, because I didn’t know Marilyn, except as a nodding acquaintance, and I know Liz very slightly. So, it’s only a supposition.

FRED: How do you cope with fame?

JOANNE: Well, I think there are certain adjustments that Paul and I don’t have to face much that she would. But perhaps, because we lead a fairly cloistered life anyway; and, because we live in New York, the reaction is not the same, often, as it is if you live elsewhere. It always comes as somewhat of a shock to me when we are recognized, because fortunately no one ever recognizes me. If I’m
FRED: It must tear you apart. JOANNE: I don't know if it tears me apart, but it's irritating. So, I don't watch. FRED: Gee, to watch your wife doing a strip. That's a weird feeling, you know. JOANNE: You're beginning to think about it.

FRED: Millions of people are going to see you, you know; but on the other hand, look at the pride he could show. JOANNE: I don't think he looked at it that way, somehow. I should have reminded him of that.

Joanne is in “The Stripper,” for 20th, and Paramount's "A New Kind Of Love." Fred's "Assignment Hollywood" is heard on coast-to-coast radio. In the New York area, you can hear "Robbins' Nest," over station WNEW, on Sundays, 8 to 12 P.M.

**MARILYN MONROE**

Continued from page 41

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were in antiquity. The Greeks were sur-
rounded by gods, heroes, demons, nymphs,
and satyrs. The medieval man was sur-
rounded by God, the Holy Family, devils
and witches. We no longer have these Saints We live in an age of science and technique. It
is no longer an age of poetry or religion,
and we have lost our fairy tales.

A myth...

In death, James Dean received the love
that had—before—eluded him. Death-col-
lectors savored the details of his fatal au-
tonobile accident. They wrote letters to
each other—and to him. In the past eight
years, over 1,000,000 letters addressed to
him have been stacked in the hallways of
movie studios and magazine offices. Tear-
stained; the letters promised him love,
marriage, and even promised the death of
the letter writer to be traded for his death.
Most of all the letters refused to believe
in his death and begged him to prove what
they knew to be the truth—that he was
hiding because he had been hideously dis-
figured in the accident.

A fairy tale...

It was the day they entombed Mar-
ilyn Monroe. Outside the cemetery walls,
a thousand people waited docilely for Joe
DiMaggio's private, bitter grief to exhaust
itself. "Let them in," he said when he was
safely walled away from them by marble.
Warned that they would strip the toy-
sized mausoleum of its hundreds of thou-
sands of visitors, he begged them. "Let
them have their souvenirs."

Between the death of James Dean in
1955 and the death of Marilyn Monroe in
1962 how many movie stars died and were
forgotten? Tyrone Power, Gary Cooper.
Clark Gable had been 'The King' of
Hollywood for twenty years, but his film
swept the fact of his death. Ward Bond
was star of one of television's Top Ten
programs when he died, but no myths grew
up around his name. Humphrey Bogart,
Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn. They were
flattered. Adored. Subjects of dream fan-
tasies. And now they are forgotten.

Dean... is the twin of almost
everything. Why does the sudden, love-
less boy live on? And the girl-woman?

Dr. Lawrence Greenleigh, another prac-
ticing psychoanalyst and a former psychi-
atric consultant to the Peace Corps, says,
"Clark Gable and Gary Cooper weren't
cheated. When they died, there was nothing
more real to them than what they
wanted out of life. Marilyn Monroe and
Dean—a generation before them—
Rudolph Valentino, seemed cheated out of
effortful time. Their searching wasn't en-
ded. They died young and dissatisfied."

Hints of answers

"We can never really find the answers,"
says Dr. Grotjahn. "We can only find hints
to where the answers lie. Marilyn Mon-
roe and James Dean teach us something
we don't want to know—that no one is too
young to die. And it is possible our young
people are more frightened of the sudden
death of all of us than our generation was.
So they try to prove that death can be
overcome. They say, 'He is not dead.' And
she—'She lives eternally. She is only
sleeping.'"

James Dean is caught forever on film as
a half-wild animal—wounded, driven, re-
lentlessly searching. Leather jacketed and
speed crazy in real as well as reel life, he
is the eternal adolescent. Mumbling, in-
articulate, he talks with his sleek, mobile
body. His rebellion against authority is all-encompassing. His anger is an endless
roar. It is shocking to realize that at the
time of his death James Dean was already
almost twenty five years old.

If there are similarities between James
Dean and Marilyn Monroe, there are also
differences. She, too, was motherless from
early childhood. She, too, was still adoles-
cent, a girl-woman when she died at the
age of thirty-six. She, too, seemed inexpressi-
ably vulnerable as she begged for love.
But no one who knew her hated her.
Her anger was always quiet, turned in-
ward against herself.

Dean was hated and his anger was di-
rected towards the world until—in the end
—it, too, turned on himself and he died in
an accident that was as much suicide as
Marilyn Monroe's gentle death.

It is Marilyn Monroe who interests Dr.
Grotjahn the most. Whether her death by
sleeping pills was deliberate or a miscal-
culated attempt to frighten someone, he
sees in it and its aftermath the subtle in-
terplay of love and hate, the relationship
between love and death.

"The manner of her death did not vi-
olate her beauty. People who saw her after-
wards say that she was never more beauti-
ful. So she is not dead—only sleeping. And
that is the symbolic meaning of the fairy
tale, 'The Sleeping Beauty.'

The relation of love and death is powerfully symbolized by
'The Sleeping Beauty' where the princess is not to be given life by her mother—but
by the first man who kisses her.

"Many people are longing for a hero
and many others long to tear down a hero.
The mental health of movie stars has to be precarious because they are so passion-
ately loved and hated. The parking lot
attendant arrogantly mistreats a movie star's
car just because it belongs to a movie star.
The autograph seeker says insultingly, 'My
cleaning woman has a niece. Will you sign
your name?'

"Now that Marilyn Monroe is dead, we
can really love her. There is no need to
envy her any longer. Think of the relief
of every girl who wanted to be like her.
She symbolized something very important
for us—that any girl can become a movie
star. Her suicide gave all the little girls
reassurance that their uninteresting lives
are better than hers. Her death gave them
the feeling that it isn't worth it to be a
movie star. Now they can really mourn
her, partly out of guilt for their uncon-
scious hatred."

Dr. Greenleigh echoes Dr. Grotjahn's
thought. "What does it take to be happy?
In a sense Marilyn Monroe by her suicide
showed them that success as an actress
is not enough. And so she reassured them
about their own unfulfilled lives."

Dead and undead

Having died, she is still undead. Long
buried, he is still alive. What can be said
about the people who wrote 1,000,000 let-
ters to dead James Dean?

A peculiar fact that keeps alive a
symbol that meant something to each in-
dividual involved," says Dr. Greenleigh.
"It may be a substitute for a loss of a real
person in the fan's life, a person who has
died or gone away. Or it may even stand
for the loss of the image of the beautiful,
perfect mother who existed for the very
young child. It's also a vicarious dying and rebirth. The part of a person the hero represents has died, yet still lives.

"But a cult is something more. It's a pride to people whose lives are empty. When something becomes a cult, it's not a personal grieving any longer. We all need heroes for various parts of ourselves. The social isolation people now have makes them borrow heroes. They don't know their neighbors and they can't turn to each other so they turn to a Dean or a Monroe.

It is natural, of course, that the world should do so. The religious heritage, the moral standards of mankind are in the keeping of society—which is simply another way of saying in the keeping of all of us.

But for any one of us to judge truly it is not enough to know the facts—we must understand the man.

"You should judge a man," Quinn once said, "by what he wants to give to the world and to life. You should judge him in his own culture and on his own level."

This, then, is a portrait of Anthony Quinn. A portrait in his own culture and on his own level.

He was born in poverty and in danger. His birthplace was Chihuahua, Mexico; the year was 1915, a time of turmoil and revolution. His father was Frank Quinn, half Irish, half Mexican, a fighter with the revolutionary army of Pancho Villa. His mother, Manuela Oazaqu Quinn, daughter of an ancient Aztec family, right- ly feared for her life and her son's. When Anthony was not yet two months old, she strapped him on her back and walked five hundred miles across Mexico to the American border. In this country she supported herself and her baby by the only means open to a Mexican woman—pickling fruit and berries, following the harvest from place to place. Anthony was several years old before his father joined them.

(In Paris, where Quinn met the press, a reporter asked why he felt compelled to acknowledge a child another man might have denied. "I grew up without a father for the first few years," Quinn replied, "and I know what complexes grow from it. I don't want this child to have to go to a psychiatrist because he wasn't wanted.

When Anthony was twelve his father died. The boy left school to wash dishes, dig ditches and work in a mattress factory to support his family.

The future stretched bleakly before him. He was poor and without education. Already he dreamed of becoming an actor, but he had nothing with which to implement his dream. He was not handsome; his eyebrows were bushy, his nose crooked, his mouth too small. A defect in the structure of his tongue gave him a speech impediment that only an expensive operation could remedy. He was painfully aware of local prejudice against Mexicans; even his Irish name did not save him from insult and abuse. The world was not a kindly place for Anthony Quinn.

Wants to want child

("I want this child of mine to feel loved, and wanted," he said in Paris. "I don't want him to grow up feeling a sense of rejection.

When Quinn was seventeen, he talked a surgeon into performing the necessary tongue operation on credit. And he took over his own education, reading voraci- ously, haunting museums and theaters. At twenty-one he became an actor, playing a Cheyenne Indian in "The Plainsman." In the quarter-century that followed, Quinn appeared in nearly one-hundred movies, more than any other major star. He became an "actor's actor"—equally convincing as an Indian, a Mexican, an Eski-
mo, a Greek guerrilla, a cowboy, a bunch-back, a king, a punchdrunk fighter and a circus strongman. He won a pair of Academy Awards—for “Viva Zapata” and for “Lust for Life” (in which he gave a brief but unforgettable portrayal of Artist Paul Gauguin. Accepting that Oscar, Quinn told the members of the Academy: “Acting has never been a matter of competition to me. I am only competing with myself. Thank you for giving me a victory over myself.”

In his chosen work, Anthony Quinn never took the easy way. On the set of “The Plain Man” he met the adopted daughter of the DeMilles.

Three weeks after meeting Katherine DeMille, he married her. Now on the Paramount lot he could have had any role he demanded. All he had to do was ask.

A man’s honor

And so he did what he had to do. He walked away. Turning down the offer of a $150-a-week contract, more money than he had ever seen, he left Paramount. He did not, he said, care to be known as the boss’s son-in-law. He preferred a hard struggle, to be won or lost on his own.

“What is a man’s honor, his responsibility to himself and to society, and the respect that is due his dignity,” Quinn said.

Tony and Katherine had been married four years when their only child died, accidentally drowned in a pond. Anthony Quinn had been tragically wrong. His life seemed for a time to stop. His friends said they wouldn’t have been surprised if he had refused to have more children, he had been hurt so deeply.

But he and Katherine had four more children, and he told each one of them: “Don’t ever play it safe. If you do, you’ll miss all the fun, and you’ll end up, if you’re lucky, in a happy position have done, deny the child and its mother. He could—as many movie stars have done—pay heavily in cash to support his child in return for a guarantee of secrecy. In the eyes of the world, the child would have had no name, no father, all signs of illegitimate children, anonymous and lost. And Anthony Quinn would never have had to face an accusing world.

All he had to do was trade his child’s hope for his own safety.

He chose instead to face the world, to inflict the unwelcome, necessary pain on his family, to denounce himself—and by so doing, to save his son.

“When it comes to important things in life,” Anthony Quinn has said, “I consider myself a kind man. I really do not care what anybody else thinks—I try to find the truth and live by it.”

This, then, is Anthony Quinn’s portrait. If he has repented, he has not said so; if he wants forgiveness, he has not asked for it. But this is a portrait of a man who can stand tall before the world, knowing that at the moment of truth, he chose the way only he honestly could say. “I have done a lot of looking and thinking in my time,” said Anthony Quinn once. “I think I have something to say. What I do, I hope I have the guts to be honest.”

This, above all, is the portrait of an honest man. —THE END

See Anthony in “Lawrence of Arabia” and “Behold A Pale Horse,” for Columbia.
"The man who kids himself into believing that he is experiencing love from nightly visits to a variety of sexy bedrooms is kidding the hell out of himself. Love can exist only in a man's heart, never in his physique."

"Shortly after I finished making 'A Gathering Of Eagles' I went back to Hollywood. It may sound a bit strange but I was sick of dating a parade of girls whom I'd forget—and who'd forget me, too. I was at the point where I just couldn't accept the impermanence of the quickie romances that couldn't survive an hour after the passions of the moment." I wanted emotional security. I wanted love—warm and real.

"And then one evening I walked into that well-known crowded room and I knew I'd found the girl. She was all of the woman I had ever hoped for and she was starting out at me. From way over on the other side."

Rod grinned. "I'll never forget that moment," he said, "but Mary Hilem, the girl who started it, the woman I've married, can't even remember it. Let me tell you. I wasn't ready for that!"

**Just in time**

"But I got over it in time to marry her. Though we were both feeling cautious for a while. I was married once before in Anstella and it didn't work out. You know, you fail at something like a marriage once and the memory of it lives in your thoughts.

"I think I was simply concerned about whether or not I can make the woman I love happy. Loving a woman is one thing. Contributing nothing but the best to her life is another. Mary deserves that."

Rod and Mary were finally married in Westminster Community Church in Los Angeles. It turned out to be the happiest and the saddest day of their lives.

At 10:30 that night Mary and Rod called her father in North Carolina. It was to be one of the most important calls Mary ever made.

But they were to realize its importance later. Right now they were only thinking of their honeymoon. They were to have only Sunday because Rod was due on the set early Monday. But Mary, the new mistress of the Taylor house in West Los Angeles, was quickly set about making a home that Sunday. In a utility room just off the kitchen she spied a few bottles of soft drinks.

Rod just might like them cold this afternoon or tonight, she thought. She picked them up, brought them to the refrigerator, opened the door and placed them on the wire rack. Suddenly, without warning, the shelf gave way...and with a great crash the bottles hit the floor and exploded.

Pieces of the small glass fragments burst through the air like shrapnel. Then, one of the razor sharp pieces caught Mary on the upper eyelid and in the next moment she was desperately trying to stem the blood from an open wound.

Rod, hearing the noise rushed to her side, saw what had happened and minutes later was rushing his bleeding bride to a nearby emergency hospital. It took four carefully placed stitches by the doctor to repair the lid.

Rod's estimate of his wife's calm was more than apparent at that time. Mary showed no hysteria and although frightened, managed not to panic at the sight of her own blood.

But the real test of the new Mrs. Taylor's courage was only seconds away. Though neither Rod nor Mary could know it then...the doctor had barely finished completing the dressing on Mary's eye when the nurse in the hospital told her she was wanted on the phone to answer a call of the urgent type."

"Who could be calling her at the hospital?"

The next voice she heard was that of her mother speaking from North Carolina.

Her mother, in great grief, told Mary that her father had just died of a sudden heart attack.

"Somehow I kept her quiet. With the tears barely showing, she told Rod the unhappy news. Then she went back to her new home. She was a bride of less than twenty-four hours but in a silence alive with the memories of her beloved dad, she packed her bags for the long trip home and the funeral."

There was no chance for Rod to go with her because of his commitments. Mrs. Taylor and her sister, her maid of honor, made the trip together...alone.

It was probably the most tragic honeymoon for a Hollywood bride on record.

And, after the honeymoon, has the tragedy that already touched their lives touched their marriage, too?

"If you think it has," says a close friend of Rod's, "you don't know Rod and you don't know Mary. God knows Mary suffered great shock at the passing of her father. And it was a terrible blow to Rod. But Mary's last memory of her dad is his love for her. She spoke to him the day before the phone only minutes after the wedding ceremony. Some of us even think it was his way of saying that Rod and Mary couldn't wait to get married as it was that life just couldn't wait for them. You can call it coincidence and speculation if you like, but stop and think of it for a moment and you realize that Providence indeed had a hand in giving a father who was about to die the joyful knowledge that his daughter was no longer the man she loved. Had the wedding been held when they originally planned he'd have never known it."

And had he never married again, as Hollywood thought he planned, no one would have been surprised. But this way, when Rod set about making sure that he would marry Mary, the news caused Hollywood to inhale with a quiet gasp.

"I was waiting for a girl who hit me right in the heart," Rod said. "A girl who would charm me out of my indifference. A girl who offered me more love than any other woman."

Rod Taylor
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SIZES 38 TO 60

Catherine of Russia as she inspected her guardswomen, reserving the right not only to pick but to squeeze dry and throw away... one of those beautiful, historic, fateful ladies who draw men irresistibly toward them.

As Richard Burton well knows today, he is the latest of these men who has been drawn to our modern-day Catherine, or Cleopatra, or what-have-you.

The difference, however, between Burton and the others is that he has vowed that nobody—but nobody—is going to squeeze him dry, or make him lose control. Not even la belle dame Liz.

She can enthral him with her beauty—why not?

But with her wiles—never!

Because Burton knows that if he loses his maleness, he loses everything; that if Liz succeeds in emasculating him, making him her slave, if once—just once—he bends to lick her slippers, he will be just another man to be added to an already over-long list.

And to this he says: The hell I'll be!

Yet for all his determination, he almost slipped, succumbed to Liz' master plan to get him as a husband when the "London Sketch" printed his alleged quote on his wedding plans. "I want to marry Elizabeth Taylor and I will marry her. There have been all kinds of rumors but this is what is going to happen. No ifs, No buts. She wants to marry me. I want to marry her."

The newspaper then quoted Liz as commenting, "I'm so happy that Richard has told you." And if to guarantee the whole thing, Dick Hanley, Liz' secretary, said the report was "fully correct."

The press of the world got into action. They were hungry for confirmation, for more detail, for more quotes. A Photo-play reporter phoned Burton at the Dorchester in London and got the following exclusive conversation: "I did make that statement. I want to marry Elizabeth. I'm going to... She has everything I want in a woman. She is quite unlike anyone I've ever known. She makes me not want to know any other woman, believe me sincerely... Love? Like nothing I've ever known... I think of her morning, noon and night. I dream about her and I think she dreams about me, too. It will be my greatest happiness—forever, of course...

"Divorces will come, they have to. I know Sybil will go through with it. Sybil and I are working it out. She has been given a handsome settlement."

We mentioned the reported figure of $1,500,000.

Burton laughed and said, "Can't say, you know more than I do. That sounds like a generous offer to me. Maybe you reporters have the inside, ha ha.

"Liz can be more generous than I; she can afford to be... I don't know if she is giving Fisher half, I know they have a business partnership—I think so on Cleopatra.''

"I fell in love with her. On the set. At once. Seeing her was like seeing the true Cleopatra, a mirage, the beauty of the ages coming through up the Nile—and not even a barge built yet... We sort of drew to each other like a magnet, hot to cold. Like the pull of gravity, Zing."

We asked about Liz' four children.

"I will love the children like my own."

We mentioned that we had seen Sybil.

"How is she? I will see my children as often as possible. I think Sybil likes it over on that side of the Atlantic. You know she has friends: it's like a second
"The Age. Address. retracted. This. makes it clear that while, at the moment, she may be first among women—she is only a woman. And women are subordinate to men. As she must be to him. And he also reportedly lets her know, often, without mincing words, that he is not going to cater to her. More than that, he again reportedly keeps her guessing about his future love life, talking often about his past conquests and intimating that a true romantic never stops shopping around—and so why should he be expected to.

"In short," says someone who should know, "Richard's strategy is to keep Liz nervous and guessing, and to give her no time to plot any strategy of her own. And thus does he alternate between that weird mixture of indifference and ecstasy. Ecstasy because he is truly in love with the woman. Indifference because he knows that this is the only way to keep that love in tow—on his terms."

It is interesting to note here that at the beginning of their relationship Liz obviously thought that Burton would, like the others before him, capitulate to her wishes and what might be termed Taylor-made Standards of Romantic Conduct.

In Rome, for instance, hadn't Burton—by nature supposedly rather tight with the buck, the poise, the line—bought a brooch, a fifty-carat emerald set with diamonds and sapphires, that set him back exactly $129,000. . . . 46,000 pounds . . . 80-million lire? (That "set-back," as reported by someone who was there, is why Burton exploded, "My God, that's a fortune!"") To which Liz said, quietly, "I like it." To which Burton, after a very perceptible pause, whispered, "All right, we'll take it."

And, again in Rome, when a pretty blonde young thing from New York with whom Burton was reportedly having a "romance" at the time was constantly showing up on the "Cleopatra" set—at Burton's invitation—as if to keep both Liz and Sybil hopping, hadn't Liz managed to see to it that she was first, if we are to believe the well-documented story, "exiled" from the set, and then "exiled" from Rome and Richard's life?

Yes, at the beginning then, it looked indeed as if the pattern was to be the same—Liz gaily humming her siren's song, her lover dancing to the tune. Except that, as any musicologist will tell you, along with the Italians there are no other people on earth who know as much about music as the Welsh. And Richard Burton was a Welshman.

It didn't take him long to realize that something was definitely off-key here. . . . especially offensive to his sensibilities. Why, he was dancing to a Sonata for a Jerk!

The Sonata obviously needed vast revisions. So he took over. Suddenly. He began to call the tune.

And, her feet reaching down nervously from her long-occupied pedestal, touched each one with finality to her ears—offensive to his sensibilities. Why, he was dancing to a Sonata for a Jerk!

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ing over and over again that he did not think he would ever leave his wife for any other woman.

Instead of sweeping Liz off her feet—as Mike Todd had done, when he'd told her one day, "Listen, Honey, from now on you don't have to worry about anybody but me!"—Burton had actually made it quite clear to Liz that, despite their grand passion, he wouldn't mind it a bit if she went out with another fellow or two from time to time.

Later, when the grand passion became grander—and so stayed Hamlet for more than one hundred consecutive performances Burton—instead of being agog over the fact that his girlfriend was the most celebrated and highest-paid film star in the world—would make it rather clear, observers say, that he considered Liz to be just one of those Hollywood actresses. He considered her an average, middling woman, you but, still, a gal who had quite a bit to learn. (As Walter Wanger said: "When Burton talks about the theater and art, Liz—despite her Oscar—is the student.")

And as if to compound this artistic come-down on Liz' part, Burton next began to commit that horror of horrors—to insist on her complete submission.

There was a time, those in the know will tell you, when one never mentioned the subject of "overeight" in front of Liz. That she had a tendency towards plumpness, that she adored rich foods, that candid and unretouched photographs of her often showed her standing on awkwardly large and practically weightless—this was all true, but it was a strictly forbidden subject to mention. So touchy, in fact, was Liz on the subject that she once sued a London newspaper which dared to suggest that her weight had had something to do with the original production delays on 

And then along comes Richard Burton. And what does he nickname Liz?

"Fatty"—according to a leading columnist.

And how does Liz react?

"She smiles," and seems to consider it a term of "endearment."

But a smile in front of a newspaperman doesn't necessarily linger once the newspaperman is gone from the premises. And indications are heavy these days that all is not a happy-time for Burton and Liz when they are alone together.

In their present predicament, of course, no one would expect them to stand around grinning at one another like idiots all day. The emotional pressures of the last year have been great, on both of them. Burton has given up much that was dear and important to him. Liz, reports have it, has had more than one quarrel with her father who, obviously, has not approved of the current goings-on.

To quote Max Lerner once more: "If you have given up everything and everyone else, shut out the rest of the world for the sake of one encompassing relationship, you come to demand from it what no human connection can deliver. Along with the 'ows and ecstasy, there are storms and furies, letters returned, charges of cruelty, volcanic outbursts of temper, reassurances, guilt, contrition, and ecstasies of passion to start the cycle all over again."

In other words, while Liz and Burton love quite a bit—they also fight quite a bit.

And the extent of their fighting is being reported by this commune PHOTOPLAY received at press-time from one of our European correspondents:

"The sedate Dorchester hotel—where I am staying—was quite unhappy recently with their two famous guests, Richard and Liz. Guests phoned and complained about the noisy, ungodly battles that were raging in Liz' and Burton's adjoining suites into the late hours of the night.

"The verbal gist of one battle seems to have been something like this: "Liz—You big hool—...all you want to do is read Shakespeare when you're around me. Well, I've had it. You and Shakespeare! Go back to Sybil—she's literary enough to stand for that jazz. But I'm not!"

"Burton—Oh, shut your blasted mouth before I jam my foot down it. Jolly well can do it, you know!"

"At various parts of one of their arguments Liz hurled several expensive lamps that were around the room in her suite at Burton. No one seems to know if Liz was on target or not, but one thing is certain. The suit was left a mess.

"One of the hotel employees told me: 'She about put one of the lamps through the wall, but she didn't, thank God.'"

"The quieting Miss Taylor down, but it was only temporary. I knew that we could expect them to fuss up again—and I wasn't wrong. The very next night there was another donnybrook, but it was of a much shorter duration, and I dare say of far less destructive extent."

Who paid the tab?

Continues our correspondent: "I found out that management sent a $250 tab up to Liz for the damages. Reportedly, she called downstairs in a rage and protested the charge, saying, 'It was all my fault!' They complained, 'Someone else broke things up here too, let me tell you!' Those may not be precisely the quotes, but that's the best my informant can do.

"The best we can do, meanwhile, is to wait and see what happens next."

"There are those who think that Burton will finally succumb to Liz and become another number on her list, another of her out-and-out slaves. After all, they reason, even slavery may be better than dodging lamps and other heavy objects.

"Others insist, however, that Burton will never give up his masculinity—that, if anything, he will stand up Liz first.

"Liz herself, of course, has no public comment on the subject. And certainly not on the cruel joke played on her.

"And as for Burton's reaction to all this—it is perhaps best summed up in a short interview he had the other day with David Lewis of the London Daily Mail.

"'In ten years time,' asked Lewin, "how would you like to see yourself, Richard?'

"To which Burton replied: "Sane!"—Ed De Blasio

Liz and Burton are together now in 20th's "Cleopatra," and M-G-M's "The V.I.P.s."
two visitors with her acute embarrassment still showing.

"Lord Astor made the introductions. "I felt like a fool, standing there clutching that rather inadequate towel around me, my hair in strings, and water pouring off me," Christine related.

As if that wasn't enough of a sticky wicket to be in, Christine all at once was terrified to hear more voices. Following the gentlemen out to the pool—at a more sedate pace—were Lady Astor, who is the once-famed model Bronwen Pugh, and Mrs. Profumo.

It was Mrs. Profumo's eyes which narrowed into a straight stare at the indelicately clad Christine.

"My dear, don't you have a bathing suit?" Valerie asked haughtily.

Christine's reply was the English version of "glub."

"I couldn't possibly tell her that Stephen had thrown my bathing suit away, let alone explain how I took his dare to swim nude." Valerie offered her own swim suit to Christine.

"So," Christine says now in looking back, "I not only met her husband, but I also took her bathing suit!"

Blame it on Fate

That was how it started. Christine admits she hadn't planned things that way. "It was just fate, like so much of all the trouble has been Fate," she observes now.

Christine didn't feel like swimming after this and so she got dressed. Lord Astor then invited her and Stephen to join his guests in his famous country home where Christine admits, she noticed that the war minister had eyes only for her—and she for him. Later, after some friendly chitchat and a round of hi-jinx which involved dressing Christine in a suit of armor, Jack invited the visitor to accompany him on a guided tour of some of the rooms in the house.

It was in the gun room that the Hon. Mr. Profumo introduced Christine to one of the practical theories of warfare known as tactical envelopment. Christine puts it a different way.

"He walked me into a corner and grabbed me—and I liked it."

The war minister and Christine declared a "cease-fire" before the siege got out of hand, but they mutually promised to renew the encounter on more accommodating terms.

That opportunity didn't come up for some time. Meanwhile, after this get-together, there was another gathering at Cliveden at which Christine and the war minister got to know each other better. Christine was driven out this time by the Soviet assistant naval attaché in London, Captain Yevgeny "Eugene" Ivanov, whom Christine had met through the good doctor some time before.

Ivanov had visited their apartment in Wimpole-mews frequently. Most of the visits were social, but on occasion Dr. Ward performed orthopedic therapy on the Russian.

He seemed in fine fettle, however, when he got to Cliveden with Christine, for Yevgeny had no trouble engaging Profumo in a water piggy-back fight. But Christine, who was wearing a bathing suit this time, chose to clamber upon not Ivanov's but Profumo's broad shoulders.

Still and all, despite her attraction to Jack, it was the hairy-chested Ivanov who held Christine's engrossment. And it was with him that Christine drove back to London after the party.

Before leaving the war minister asked Christine for her phone number and the question when he could see her again.

"Talk with Stephen," Christine replied in a hurry. "He'll tell you how to reach me."

On the ride back to Wimpole-mews, Christine noticed a bottle of vodka stashed in Ivanov's glove compartment, and when she pulled up in front of the apartment, the bottle went inside with Ivanov and Christine.

A few days after that, Jack called.

"So nice to hear from you, Jack. Why don't you . . . spin over here?"

He did.

We drank, chatted, and fooled around in general, Christine related about her first experience with the man who ranked higher than all the generals of Britain. "He was so gentlemanly, so honest, and so nice . . . I was very fond of him. I could feel myself warming up to him."

The war minister invaded the apartment on a frequent "schedule" after that, but he never stayed long. Magic words that Christine spoke would invariably prompt Profumo's hasty departure:

"Stephen will be back soon. . . ."

Until finally, on his third visit.

"It happened just like this," Christine said, "napping her fingers. "One minute we were talking and laughing, and the next there was an electric, potent silence. Then without a word we embraced and he kissed me."

"And I was returning his kisses with everything that I suddenly felt for him . . ."

Christine and Jack played their game with typically British dead pan flourish. There were times when Stephen and Yevgeny would leave the apartment together only a minute before Jack would arrive.

"Once they almost brushed against each other, that's how close it was," said Christine. "Once it got even closer."

"There was that amazing evening," Christine recalls with a chill, "when Jack was in the apartment and an army colonel showed up unexpectedly looking for the doctor. He had a kink in his shoulder and could raise his arm."

"I had to let him in and when I introduced the war minister, the colonel couldn't believe it. I never saw a more remarkable recovery. The colonel snapped a smart salute with what had been his ailing arm, about-faced, and marched out."

"Jack nearly died."

Somehow, Christine goes on to say, she could never reconcile the fact that her
lover was the war minister of Great Brit-
ain. That sentiment springs purely and
simply from Christine's attitude toward the
male of the race.
"I cannot bow down to a man just be-
cause he has money or position. I've got to
like him. And I like Jack as a man!"
As men go, Christine now had three—
Ward, Ivanov and Profumo. As
enjoyed by Christine, Dr. Ward was a
man with an extraordinary sense of
humor; I loved to stir up a sensation—and
the nude Christine bit at the Cliveden
estates swimming pool might well remain as
the highpoint of his achievements in this
area. But he pulled other stunts that ranked
up there, and one of these was to put a couple
in the clothes of Christine's neck and take her
along the street on a leash. It was the sort of
private joke that would leave any stranger
gaping in the street after them.
Ivanov often came along on these jaunts,
which inevitably led to some pub. They
would sit and drink as if nothing unusual was
happening. The patrons nipping their
gin would gaze incredulously at the odd
trimvirate. There are reports that
some invertebrate gussies left their past-
time and took the pledge after encoun-
tering this strange group.
"Ivanov would roast with laughter about
it all," says Christine.
Jack Profumo was quite different than
either Ivanov or Ward, says Christine.
"Jack was a real lover, but not much for doing anything else," Christine
confides. "Occasionally, however, he
would take me for a drive in a big, black limous-
ine borrowed from the Minister of Labor,
Mr. John Hare. The car had a silver hare on
the hood as a mascot."
Despite Christine's and Jack's extreme
discretion in their relationship, a day fin-
ally came when the patrons nipping
their gin would gaze incredulously at the odd
trimvirate. There are reports that
some invertebrate gussies left their past-
time and took the pledge after encoun-
tering this strange group.

"Who's Christine Keeler?"
He wanted to know from the war
minister who Christine Keeler was and what
role she was playing in Ivanov's life, since
he was such a steady visitor to the Wimpole-mews flat. After that Profumo and
Christine kidded about Ivanov, but the war
minister never seemed to fully trust the
Russian.
When the whole sordid epilogue was
written on this obloquy which might polish
off the Macmillan government, the truth
came out that lover-boy Ivanov was after
more than Christine's ample charms. He
was trying to get Christine to pump
Profumo for the date nuclear warheads were
to be supplied to the Germans.
This revelation came in a heated debate
before a shocked House of Commons as
Macmillan stood ashen-faced and dabbing
a handkerchief to his eyes, listening to
Labor Leader Harold Wilson bare the de-
tails of the spy plot and the hanky-panky
that suddenly seemed to turn the British
Empire into a moral wasteland and London
into a Babylon-on-Thames.
A "triumphant success for the Soviet
espionage authorities," shouted Wilson.
"This sex and security scandal indicates
it is the work of a sordid underworld
work... There is something utterly nau-
seating about a system of society which
pays a harlot five times as much as it
pays its Prime Minister."
Some observers feel Macmillan brought
on his own troubles, for he had had ample
opportunity to clean out his own house
long before the mess reached its present
proportions. That was back in March,
when the Labor Party expert on defense,
bolstered to his feet and charged there wasn't one member of the House who had not heard rumors
about a member of the cabinet. He did not
mention John Profumo by name, but he
didn't have to.

House Leader lain Macleod at once sent
for the war minister, and the next day
Profumo went before Commons, stood
shakily on his feet, and admitted he had
been on "friendly terms" with Christine.
Yet he professed there had been "no im-
portancy whatever."
He also denied he had anything to do
with Christine's failure to appear at Old
Bailey as the West Indian Negro, John
Edgecomb, thirty, who had been charged
with trying to shoot up the diggings at
Wimpole-mews in anger at Christine and a girlfriend, Mandy Rice-
Davies, a tall blonde who, like Christine,
euphemistically called herself a "model."

Scarlet women
Mandy was now living with Christine
and the doctor, who was slowly coming
into Scotland Yard's sights allegedly as a
block maintaining a stable of scarlet wom-
en—busy with the proceeds of prostitu-
tion, rather than an apology.
The shooting occurred last December
fourteenth, which ostensibly was some-
time after Profumo's interest in Christine
had faded. A newspaper later was told
that Profumo had stopped seeing Chris-
tine because of her interest in Edgecomb
and the West Indian Negro, "Lucky"
Gordon, thirty-one. But Prof-
umo's link to Christine did not become
public as yet.
That didn't happen until April eight-
enth. Then all hell broke loose. This was the
day Gordon attacked Christine
outside the flat of a girlfriend she was
visiting, obviously to silence her as a
witness. Rice-Davies, her buddy, Edgecomb,
Gordon was arrested.

Scotland Yard then quickened its
inquiry. Mandy Rice-Davies had the arm
of the law put on her for a traffic offense
and was brought in for the grill. Later
she revealed that she gave authorities
everything they wanted—including a poem she had written "about the men
Christine and I met."
As the probe led to Dr. Ward, he
openly accused Profumo of indiscretions
with Christine—and the fuse on the pow-
der keg was lit.
The final explosion came when
Profumo returned to the House of Commons,
and in an unprecedented admission told
the members he had lied when he denied
"impropriety" with Christine. He offered
his resignation. Macmillan, who had
stood behind Profumo until that terrible
moment, then dictated a curt acceptance.
John Profumo's brilliant political
career now lay in the junkheap of fallen
facades and ruined reputations.
He made his last public appearance at
Old Bailey when the judge slugged him
with a seven-year jail term; Gordon drew
three years.

Captain Yegevyn Ivanov was recalled
by his own government to Moscow be-
cause, among other things, his usefulness
as a spy was at an end. There, at this
writing, he is being given "psychiatric treat-
ment"—which in Russian means he's in
jail.
As mentioned before, Ward had the
arm put on him, too.
In addition to all this, hundreds of
millions of dollars were lopped from the
value of stock market shares because of
the blow Macmillan's government suf-
f ered in its severely weakened chances of
re-election.
And many influential Britons covered
in palpable terror lest their names be ex-
posed in what rapidly became the great-
est probe into call-girl activities ever con-
ducted in London.

Even as this story went to press, more
than two hundred high-society huck-
sters had been interrogated by Scotland Yard,
and a six-hundred-page dossier on the
girls' manager and clients was compiled.

Christine's discovery was also con-
ected in a way with the uncovering of a
call-girl ring that had been operating at
the United Nations in New York for
about eleven years.
The notoriety, of course, has made
Christine "big business." She has formed
her own corporation: Christine Keeler Limited. (Wag's question: "What's so
limited about her?" Answer: "That 'Lim-
ited' is a perfect example of British under-
deratement!"?) Then it was announced
Christine would be a leading lady in the
movie version of her life: "The Christine
Keeler Story." The film was scheduled
to begin production in Copenhagen, Den-
mark, in late June, but Christine was still
tied up with the London investigation
then, and was unable to leave the coun-
try, much as she'd probably like to!

If it isn't one thing... . . .

Besides, there were rumors that Christine
was (unaccountably?) having trouble
getting at England, without which she
wouldn't have been able to act.

There were those, too, who felt that
the movie shouldn't ever be made—but
the backers had no intention of calling
off the production. The British have no
immunity to scandal—why should they
get "what's coming to them?" A
British— who can run scandals the way no other nation
can—must recover from this last blow
which follows so many others.
First, the loss of the colonies.

Then the decline of the Church as an
influence in society.

And now Christine Keeler. One nude
dip in the pool by a woman of easy virtue
and—pfft. The whole empire topples.

—GEORGE CAMBER
Now! A soft, lasting permanent that holds month after month!

Goodbye tight permanents. Those extra months of magic owe their all to Fashion Quick's exclusive hairstyle-holding neutralizer. Let's you change hair styles as often and as easily as you change your mind! Even through trim after trim.

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NEW YORK • PARIS

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Now beautiful hair feels beautiful, too, even after spraying, when you use Breck Hair Set Mist. It's so light and fine you can hardly see it... and it dries far faster than other hair sprays... never splatters into heavy, wet drops that leave the hair stiff and sticky.

Breck Hair Set Mist gives you control with softness... keeps hair beautifully in place, yet soft as moonlight. And for the hair control you need use Super Hold for firm control, Regular Hold for medium control, Gentle Hold for light control. Breck Hair Set Mist lasts longer, too.

Available wherever fine cosmetics are sold.
Yes, now Kotex napkins come in 4 proportioned sizes.

Choose the length, width and depth that meets your special needs.

Each has the new moisture-proof shield.

That's why nothing protects like Kotex.
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Just circle code numbers of the 5 introductory books of your choice. You will receive these 5 books at once, and will be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping. Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York.
The new "Dark-Eyes" is not new...it is 28 years old...but there are new features. An added adherence-to-hair quality for easier, quicker application—"Dark-Eyes" now goes on in the wink of an eyelash! And two super-soft brushes now perform the "Dark-Eyes" beauty miracle all over—to simply, so neatly, so pleasantly!

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"Dark-Eyes"

"Dark-Eyes" REALLY IS Swimproof Soap-and-water-proof Raindrop-and-weep-proof
Water makes mascara run, but "Dark-Eyes" will not run nor smudge. Ends all the bother of daily eye make-up...goes on once, STAYS ON for four to five weeks until lashes and brows are normally replaced by new hairs. "Dark-Eyes" permanently colors...doesn't curl...gives your eyes a natural, refined looking, BORN BEAUTIFUL loveliness, NEVER sticky, heavy, obviously "made up"...ALWAYS soft, dark, luxuriant...all day, all night, round the clock!

Completely SAFE, use with confidence—contains no online dye. Three shades...jet black, rich brown, light brown.

(for the hairs to which applied)
Is Your English Holding You Back?

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?"

"If so, then you're a victim of crippled English," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists right in their own homes.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?
Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence - handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?
Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation - also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?
Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home - in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?
Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?
Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?
Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?
Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?
Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET
If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 362, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.
Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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**THE WILD WILD WILD ONE!**

**UNTAMED CORAL by CUTEX**

Vibrant color that echoes the cool pink of coral sands—the orange glow of sunsets. Untamed Coral goes wild with this fall’s muted shades. Just one of many, many fashion-wise Cutex colors for your lips and fingertips.

**IT’S PENSHIP!**

Sometime ago I wrote your magazine requesting that you put a friend’s name and mine in the Pen Pal section. We were truly amazed to receive so many letters from all parts of the world. Altogether, I received 365 letters!

Mary J. Zahn
Mansfield, Ohio

**WE NUDE IT!**

After reading Carroll Baker’s “Nude Scene” story, I was thoroughly disgusted, and shocked. Any actress who would agree to pose in the nude needs a set of morals, along with a little self-respect. What is to become of the movies of today? Where will the line be drawn?

A Fan
Ontario, Canada

I think it is quite sick to speak so piously of the evils of nudity, and in the next breath, gush about doing a scene in a “clinging yellow slip.” Having been a nudist for years, it appalls me to see these silly girls pass on their thoughts about their “sacred modesty.” If they think their bodies are “dirty” when nude, I think they need to get the dirt out of their minds!

Mrs. Norma Brown
Pacoima, Cal.

We have had nude art for centuries and the female figure has not changed appreciably. Now, any sophisticated adult knows this. I don’t imagine a man with any real intelligence is interested in these “art forms.” He knows from personal experience just what the naked female looks like. Why would he be put himself on a level with “Peeping Toms” and under-graduate adolescents? No wonder Hollywood is in serious trouble.

Barbara Dymont
California

**CALLING ALL FANS:**

Chuck Connors Fan Club
Rita H. Haid, President
50 Third Street
Lake Ronkonkoma, New York

**THANKS FOR THE MEMORY**

I wish to thank Eddie Fisher for his wonderful war work. His earnest and beautiful singing was much appreciated. Please accept these belated thanks. My son was seriously wounded during the Korean War and hospitalized in the Army hospital in Tokyo. Mr. Fisher used to sing in service hospitals for patients who were very ill and those who loved them. I shall always remember and be grateful.

Mrs. Ethel G. Jury
Dewey, Oklahoma

**PLEASE TELL US ABOUT:**

GARBO: The great lady is living very quietly in New York City and is often seen shopping and browsing in local stores. She has no desire to return to the screen. We must confess she is still as beautiful as ever and would put many of our younger beauties to shame.

Dorothy Lamour: Dorothy lives in the East with her husband and their two children. She can currently be seen in “Donovan’s Reef” with John Wayne.

Virginia Mayo and Michael O’Shea: The O’Sheas are parents of a red-haired daughter. They have returned to acting via summer theatres in “Fiorello.”

**LIZ’ WEDDING GOWN**

The traditional wedding gown (#1) designed by Sylvan Rich was the gown most readers thought Liz should wear—though most specified it should not be white. Second choice (less than 100 votes behind) was Anthony Pettoruto’s gown (#3). Many thought that Lily Dache’s (#2) exciting outfit was perfect for Liz—but bet she’d never wear it. The editors want to thank the 25,046 readers who voted in Liz Taylor wedding dress poll.

**LONG LIVE THE KING!**

I’m not sure just how you meant your remark about Chamberlain and Edwards knocking the glamour boys off the top, but NO one . . . NO one is knocking our Elvis off of anywhere . . . and if you want some proof, just try us Elvis fans . . . we'll show you who's on top . . .

Elvis Presley Fan Club
Spokane, Washington

Write to Readers, Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
I dreamed I was

WANTED
in my Maidenform* bra

'FRAME-UP'* new bra with 3-way support
Embroidered panels frame, outline and separate the cups. Extra-firm supports at the sides give you extra uplift. Stretch band at the bottom keeps the bra snug and securely in place. It's a 'Frame-up'—in A, B, C cups.

IT'S A STEAL, AT $1.59
The editors of Photoplay Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to 20th Century-Fox's production of "Cleopatra."

With a blare of publicity that put moviegoers in a "show me" mood, this $40,000,000 epic proceeded to show us. Bragging worthy of Barnum would still have underrated the size and magnificence of the crowded sets. While Liz and Burton do an affecting study of female strength and male weakness, Rex Harrison and Roddy McDowall stage a more brilliant acting display, translating ancient passions into modern terms. See it and get into the conversational swim yourself.

20th; Todd-AO, De Luxe Color; Director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz; Producer, Walter Wanger.
Everyday panties don't have the special features you may need to avoid embarrassment. Kleinert's Protective Briefs have an exclusive soft Feathernap waterproof panel that stays soft after countless washings. And they'll keep you smooth, keep your secret because they're stretch knit of dainty Helanca® Nylon lace. Comfortable, stretchable, one size. In white only. $2.00. See other Protective Briefs by Kleinert's from $1.00.

Who would have thought of it but Kleinert's.
THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

The Scandal of the Year Trophy, of course, goes to former British War Minister John Profumo and his friend Christine Keeler and that cast of characters you prob'ly read about. Their he-and-she-nannigans remained Topic A all over the globe, according to the public prints, shoving into the background such juicy tch-tchat as the Duke and the (Continued on page 12)
THE LOOK IS FRESH...YOUNG...UTTERLY HEAVENLY

...SO PUT ON YOUR Angel Face

...and you'll look radiant as an angel. Angel Face is the complete make-up...powder and foundation in-one...that covers every tiny freckle and flaw. Angel Face Make-up holds light to give your face a look that's sheer heaven. In 8 heavenly shades. From 69¢ to $1.25 plus tax.

Her lipstick is Pink Sugar by Angel Face.
New Helene Curtis Bright Idea is the first "sponge-on, shampoo-out" hair coloring and styling lotion—all in one! It heightens—brightens—intensifies your own natural color! Blends in gray...and, there are four glorious shades to glamorize gray! Bright Idea is so easy to use. There's no mess, no rinsing, no waiting. Just squish on with its own sponge top. Comb through your hair. Set.
I love it...

Bright Idea is a splendid styling lotion too. Not too heavy, not too light. Just right to make your hair take—and hold any style. Both color and style last from one shampoo to the next—yet, the first time you shampoo, all the color washes out! Try Bright Idea today! And when you're thinking about permanent tinting, ask your professional beautician about Color Essence. Both from Helene Curtis, the name professional beauticians depend on.

$1.50 plus tax

Available at cosmetic counters everywhere

6 NATURAL SHADES  4 GLORIOUS SHADES TO GLAMORIZE GRAY

I love this new, easy-to-do miracle that colors & styles your hair all in one fell swoop!
Duchess of Argyll divorce case—which disclosed that both sides were no bargains and enjoyed their own lab-de-dahs—and the Liz-Dickie thing.

The Christine Keeler story broke at a good time—if you asked some scared people at the United Nations. The New York newspapers were getting wise to similar sinfulness involving diplomats who were entertaining Sinderella right at the UN.

It was in the UN press room that I heard correspondents talk about another Prime Minister—more eloquent than Mr. Macmillan. The one-time PM, the story alleges, sent his long-time amour out of the country. When she made her unscheduled return, he refused to see her.

She committed suicide.

The Profumo-Keeler to-doodle, of course, aged a great many well-knowns on both sides of the Atlantic. Because they were acquainted with some of the principals. Three Hollywood male stars, for instance. All their front names begin with the letter “D.”

Time mag’s observation on the Profumo-Keeler story was the quote of the season, to wit: “Mrs. Patrick Campbell’s celebrated axiom about Edwardian London: ‘You can do anything you please here, so long as you don’t do it on the street and frighten the horses.’

Several Broadway and Hollywood people were at the Stork Club still shaking their heads over the British scandals. Said one married man: “I tell you, having two women is a worsome thing. When you have two women you have two of almost everything. Two dressmakers—two dentists—two doctors—two poodle-clipping shops—two this and two that. . . .”

“I know,” interrupted another married man grimly, “but the thing that eventually drives you nuts are those two dinners!”

Publishers everywhere are breathless with excitement waiting to see what happens over “Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure.” Because the publisher of an allegedly sinful publication was found guilty in Philadelphia of corrupting your morals and mine, or something like that. He could be fined $140,000 and serve 240 years. (240 is correct, Mr. Printer.)

One of New York’s most respected book publishers, G. P. Putnam’s Sons, got on the erotic novel bandwagon with “Pleasure.” Old-timers, who smuggled it into the U. S. from France 50 years ago, will remember it as the long-baummed “Fanny Hill.”

Stewart Granger, the movie star, apparently is one man who knows that Hollywood and Broadway forget you when you stop selling tickets at the box office. Mr. Granger still lures patrons when the film is at least half as good as he is. He wisely invested, sometime ago, in a fine collection of porcelain. He recently sold it at auction—netting $175,000.

Poor Mickey Rooney. Winding up with nothing after earning $12 Million in his movie career. Most of it, of course, went to taxes and to numerous wives in settlements and yellimony. And Mickey can laugh about it!

He even has a whole routine of gags and quips about his predication. You very likely will chuckle or laugh along with him at some Vegas night spot or other place. Suggested last line while he’s taking bows: “The Rooneymoon is not over!”

By the time this essay appears on the stands “No Strings” will have ended its long run on Broadway for a national tour. Diahann Carroll was its leading lady until Barbara McNair inherited that assignment. Both ladies are favorites of mine. In fact, they will confirm that this reporter’s orichds sent them from the Far West joints right to Broadway. And both girls confirmed what I said—that they are Big-Timers.

It was at the Capri, a bar and grill on La. Ginega Blvd. (H’wood) that I first enjoyed Miss Carroll’s way with a song—and That Figure! “How long have you been singing here?” I asked her.

“Just tonight,” she chuckled. “I heard you came here Monday nights and I made up my mind you would hear me sing. I asked the owner to put me on for no money.”

Following a sugary report in the column, the producers of a new Broadway musical called “House of Flowers” signed Diahann. She stopped the opening night show twice.

Television, recordings, personal appearances and then “No Strings” followed. Oh, yes, a husband and a child, too.

The first time Barbara McNair’s song-styling caressed these ears was at the Silver Slipper in Las Vegas—a late spot. Her class and beauty surrounded her like a halo. I wired the paper in New York to insert a last moment “orchid” for her. She landed on the networks soon after and toured Europe and other foreign places where they adored her.

And now she is leading the lady in “No Strings.”

Call it Hokum or Corn or what you will. Lawrence Welk’s audiences love it. Welk and his big troupe were a wow at Harrah’s, Lake Tahoe, with his easy-on-the-ears music. But someone apparently counseled him about “applause insurance.”

He ended the act with his choral group dressed in the colors of The Flag—singing “God Bless America” with the flag waving in the background.

It rated a standing ovation every performance.

June Wilkinson, the busy star of “Pajama Tops,” is another member of show biz who shrugs off the critic’s needles as she continues to help Fort Knox prosper. June is expected to net close to $40,000 from a Playboy likeness on a Satinchrome pillow. The pillows sell at $7.95.

“A Gathering of Eagles” stars Rock Hudson, who is 6ft4. We suggest Sidney Skolsky, of our Hollywood branch, include the following movie-boner in his copy.

Rock is seen arriving at Beale Air Force Base in a T-33. The Air Force, however, would term it illegal for Rock to fly that compact plane. Rock’s legs are too long!

France Nuyen’s wedding in mid-Manhattan was the sort of wedding you’d see in the movies. Such a lovely bride! Her proud groom, Dr. T. Morrell, stepped aside when they came out of the obscure church on the lower East Side, so that his bride could oblige children who requested autographs.

None of us were aware that she had found bliss with this man until one night on the Johnny Carson “Tonight” show. When France introduced her man as “my fiance” when they paused to be interviewed at the premiere of “Cleopatra.”

Connie Francis, the recording and screen personality, has probably had more proposals of marriage than most young ladies her age. She’s 23. Every time the column notes that she may marry this or that, I pause to wonder. Because Connie has always begged off—announcing that she has so many contracts and commitments to fulfill in show business—that it would be unfair to any man “who made me his wife.”

Well, that’s so much pruglificity, and Connie knows that we all know it. One day—The Right Guy will come along and leave her limp—and she will tell all the booking agents and managers to Get Lost.

The fellow one of us thought she would wed this year is a Broadway songwriter. He is busy putting his blues into songs after his bid for her heart and hand was respectfully rejected.

Walter Winchell narrates reruns of the television series, “The Untouchables.”
this new *maidenform* girdle can’t ride up or pull down because this action insert’ moves as you move!

you’ll never yank at a girdle again!

Maidenform’s new Concertina* girdle always stays in place! The unique section of elastic mesh in the back adjusts as you move. The rest of the girdle stays precisely where it belongs! And new Concertina** is made with lycra, so it’s soft, lightweight, and machine washable! (Power net elastic: nylon, acetate, “lycra” spandex. Satin elastic: acetate, cotton, “lycra” spandex, nylon.) 10 front-and-back panel styles, from 7.95. 3 front-panel-only styles, from 6.95. Many, in black as well as white.

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Will they or won't they? In London, writer Roderick Mann was at the airport to kiss his best girl Kim Novak goodbye when she winged home to Hollywood. A few days later, he flew to Hollywood, too—and guess who was on hand to welcome him? When I asked Mann about a wedding, all he'd say was, "Kim is great in 'Of Human Bondage.'" Kim said evasively, "If I marry anyone it will be Roderick!" Does anyone hear wedding bells? I don't.
My heartfelt condolences to President and Mrs. Kennedy on the loss of their infant son. The baby, which Caroline and John-John had happily predicted would be a boy, was born prematurely August 7 and baptized within minutes. The lungs of the four-pound, ten-ounce Patrick Bouvier Kennedy were not sufficiently developed to function properly. His father sped with him from Hyannis Port to Boston, where a team of specialists and the latest modern medical equipment combined in a desperate fight to save the infant's life. But the child succumbed at 4:04 A.M., August 9. The President left his vigil and returned to comfort his wife.

I hear Natalie Wood and Arthur Loew, Jr., want to start keeping house together around Christmas. Arthur birthday-gifted her with a diamond. To think it wasn't too long ago that Natalie's love was all for Warren Beatty. They say Nat woke up from her sweet dreams when Warren didn't want a marriage contract to seal their romance. Only goes to prove that cornball expression about having your cake and eating, too. Incidentally, Nat sent Bob Wagner, her ex-husband, a wire to congratulate him on his recent marriage to Marion Marshall.

Bobby Darin is not very well these days. His doctors warn him if he continues working day and night, anything can happen. Sandra Dee met him in New York recently to talk reconciliation; however, the situation remained touch and go as before. (Please turn the page)
Apparantly Sherry Nelson ran out of winners to give Vince Edwards. Doc Casey is still going to the track but these days it's on the arm of Sharon Farrell (she's Andy Prime's ex-spouse).

Connie Stevens introduced Jim Stacy to her parents. However, I may be wrong but so far I'm not falling for publicity that they are planning wedlock. Jim in many ways is like Gary Clarke, and Connie kept Gary without a definite yes to marriage for a record run.

They may yet do it, but at the last minute Kim Novak changed her mind. So Roderick Mann was left practically waiting at the altar. I still maintain director Richard Quine was and probably still is the only love at her life. When Richard started dating others like there was no tomorrow, Kim and Roderick hit the headlines.

"Twilight of Honor" will be a big surprise to Dick Chamberlain's loyal fans. The film's subject matter is strictly "adults only!"

I'm sick of hearing that Ava Gardner is a changed woman. Ava papped into Hollywood to do a bit role in "Seven Days in May," and immediately put out the "I Want to Be Alone" red flag. The set was closed at Paramount even to the water boys. Ava, however, apparently wanted it known she was around because her pals would advise the press whither she went. I didn't think Rock Hudson was her type, but the two spent a day at the races together.

A big romance sprang up between George Peppard and Elizabeth Ashley while they were filming "The Carpetbaggers." I can see why. I've seen the photos of their love scenes—enough to make even those experts, Taylor and Burton, blush.

Scooping Around: Dick Chamberlain and Clara Ray broke off. Another case of careers being considered before love. . . . Another item in the last love department. Robert Mitchum's son, Jim, (he looks like his father) had a brief fling at serious romance with Karena Conrad, a sexy-looking actress. They even said they were going to marry, but decided against it when another came between. . . . Vera Miles has joined husband Keith Larsen in becoming a member of the Mormon Church. . . . Hope the rumors about Doug McClure and Barbara Luna aren't true. . . . Tuesday Weld's new beau is Andy Prime.

Hollywood is holding its breath on the British sex scandal. So far Christine Keeler hasn't implicated a number of celebrities making their homes in movieland. They say she hasn't talked about them because she has been offered some big film deals.

What goes with Bill Holden and Capucine, the European beauty? When they were in town Bill escorted her to several parties, but still maintains that his marriage is okay. His wife must be real understanding!

The new George Hamilton is on a health kick. He says he plans to date only healthy girls, too. His first date under his new policy was to go horseback riding with Myrna Fahey, a healthy—and pretty—girl.

The rewards of playing JFK: Cliff Robertson got to meet the President's mom at "PT 109" opening.

Bob Wagner made Marion Marshall his Mrs. in New York. His ex-wife, Nat Wood, sent best wishes.
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Newest feud. It's between Tuesday Weld and Chris Noel. They filmed "Soldier in the Rain" together, and Chris let it be known that she was Gary Lockwood's new girl friend.

Dean Martin—I can't picture him in that role, but looks like he'll become a grandfather in 1964. His son Craig, and the latter's wife, Sandy, have doted the stork. Craig wants no part of show business. He's working as a used car salesman in the Son Fernando Valley neighborhood.

Jerry Lewis' son, Gary, too, isn't having everything handed to him on a silver platter either. Jerry is working for tips as a parking lot attendant at Jerry Lewis' Restaurant.

Better late than never. Bob Fuller finally confirmed his marriage to Patti Lyon last Christmas. Congratulations.

They say Cliff Robertson and Ann Lupton will tie the knot any day.

Wow! It's really getting spicy. Pamela Mason named a secretary as a co-respondent in her divorce complaint against her husband, actor James Mason.

Another heated spot between Judy Garland and Sid Luft. He moved out. She flew to Vegas to cool off for a few days. As I've often said in this column, with Sid and Judy it's kisses one day and attorneys the next.

Although Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini battled bitterly over the custody of their children after the divorce, this rare photo shows they have found friendship is the best settlement for kids.

Kay Stevens appears to be the one who's making Joe DiMaggio forget the tragic death of Marilyn Monroe.

Short Hot Takes: Sal Mineo is like a stranger to himself these days. Shoved the beard he wore for eight months making "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Jill Haworth is still the girl to whom Sal may pop the question... Glynis Johns flew out of Robert Preston's life... Kim Novak's former school chum and now stand-in, Borbora Mellon, left the actress to marry a California boy... Brigitte Bardot and Gardner McKay ended their so-called romance... So close to the altar but now splitsville are Jack Wraith III and Jenny Maxwell. Jack and Lana Wood (she's Natalie's little sister) had quite a few problems before they settled the divorce issue... Doris Day does smoke cigarettes... I hear the good news that Raymond Burr's health is much improved of late.

Over London way, they're still talking about how David Susskind was tossed off the set of "Becket" for making some unglamorous remarks about Liz Taylor. Liz isn't in the film, but Richard Burton came to her defense.

A small army of attorneys is still trying to get the books in order so that Liz can divorce Eddie and Sybil her ex-Dickie Boy.

Guess the rapid dating pace caught up with Glenn Ford. He's staying home these nights watching television. I guess I would too after dating so many beauties; for instance, women like Linda Christian, Hope Lange, Connie Stevens, Jill St. John, Stella Stevens, etc.

Lana Turner and Fred May are still acting like lovebirds. However, there's been no official reconciliation up to now.
Pretty Talk by Cindy Parker

"New You" news!...Post-game glamour...Face up to a fading tan

Q. I'm tired of the old me—I'd like a whole new look for fall—what's "in"?

C. W., LEONIA, N. J.

Hot off the fashion wire: pastels—pink, blue, green each with just a tinge of gray—are "in" for fall...mohair sweater dresses are making the scene...culottes are cuter than ever...long, cuffed pants are news...the shift is here to stay...waistlines go up to empire or down below the waistline, seldom in between...jumpers are back...a fake hairpiece (you can buy them in the 5 & 10), twisted and piled high for evening, is sensational...pastel shades for lips and fingertips are a must...my favorite for fall is Cutex "Fashion Coral," a luscious, luxurious peachy cream. Put these all together and this will be your Best Fall of All!

Q. Help! What can I do about a fading tan?

B. R., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

A. Get rid of it—today! But do it in the most natural, really-you way—with Angel Face Compact Make-up. Angel Face gives you the look of a perfect complexion (even if it isn't) ... covers every flaw you'd like to forget! And lasts and lasts and lasts ... you never (fashion forbid!) know an off moment! Comes in a darling Date Case. Choose a rosy shade for now—perhaps Blushing Angel. Later, when your tan is all gone, choose a pale shade like Ivory Angel. Kiss summer good-by—it's going to be a great fall for you, you Angel Face!

Q. After a Saturday of football watching, I'm just limp! What can I do to perk up for my Saturday night date?

L. W., BOISE, IDaho

A. Give yourself a glamour bath! It's the best pick-me-up and turn-me-beautiful I know. Fill a tub with warm, sudsy water. Stretch out, feet higher than your head (prop them on the faucet). Relax for 5 minutes. Follow with a tingling toweling...then a really luscious bath powder—like Pond's lush "Dreamflower Talc" with its gentle deodorant and heavenly fragrance.

Q. I have very pale eyelashes. Can you tell me how to make them visible?

C. McR., TAMPA, FLORIDA

A. I can practically guarantee it! First, latch on to a good automatic mascara. I love the one Cutex makes. Using an upward stroke, brush on mascara from the inner to the outer tip of your lashes. Add a touch to your lower lashes. Let dry. Now add a second coat. Another tip: always choose a mascara that emphasizes your eyes—Cutex Navy Blue for blue eyes, Dark Green for brown or green eyes. Follow this, and see how lush your lashes can be!

(The End)
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S:

You have to be a kind of a double-feature character to stand out among the characters at Schwab’s. Clegg Hoyt is such a character. The ordinary characters point him out. He’s special!

Now that I’ve called attention to Clegg, you’re certain to notice his name in the cast of some TV show and get a look at what he looks like. He is of average height, but double-feature around the waist. He isn’t good-looking by a long shot, but he has a pleasant face to match his personality. People take a liking to Clegg; people like Rod Steiger, who had Clegg staying with him at the beach and took him to Europe with him. This was before Rod met, romanced and married Claire Bloom. I think Clegg was best man, too.

What I want to tell you about first is that European trip. There’s Rod Steiger and Clegg Hoyt in London; it isn’t costing Clegg a penny and he’s traveling first class. He’s in the other bed in the hotel room, and before turning out the light he says to Rod, “I wonder what’s happening at Schwab’s?” Rod tells him to forget it. He’s slightly annoyed—he has listened to this same question during dinner at a fashionable restaurant, at the theater and during the day while visiting famous places and people. Who cares about Schwab’s?

Next morning, Rod and Clegg are up early, because they’re on their way to Paris. First words from Clegg, as they arise, are, “I wonder what’s happening at Schwab’s?”

“You’ll have to cut that out,” says Rod. “There’s many an actor who’d like to visit Europe for free without wondering all the time what’s happening at Schwab’s.”

That whole day, Clegg makes a real effort to restrain himself. He manages to maintain a low batting average. But in the early dawn, as they’re readying to hit the sack, and Rod is discussing what a wonderful day and night they had in Paris, Clegg comes back with, “Yes, but I wonder what’s happening at Schwab’s?” What a wonderer!

This is too (Continued on page 76)
Married women are sharing this secret

...the new, easy, surer protection
for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in
the wonderful, surer than ever germici-
dal protection Norforms suppositories
now give you. Norforms' highly per-
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eliminate (rather than cover up) embar-
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And what convenience! These small
feminine suppositories are so easy to
use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing
or measuring. They're greaseless and
they keep in any climate.

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Above: Sue Lyon and producer Jimmy Harris are still an item—and will be for a while, anyway—they're making a new picture called, "I Want My Mother." Sue's theme song seems to be "I Want Jimmy." They're engaged to be married. Do I think that the wedding will come off? Well, Sue's young—but he's young-at-heart!

Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin are sure working at a reconciliation. Only time will tell if it takes. They loaded up a trailer with all kinds of camping equipment, and took off for the wilds of Northern New York for a couple days of togetherness. They love each other, are mad about the baby, but have their differences. She was brought up in an environment of love; Darin had to fight every inch of the way. He was an experienced young man when they met; he was her first romance. When not working, she got up at five each morning to cook his breakfast; later he complained her cooking wasn't up to mother's. Well, she was trying. I wonder if jealousy isn't at the root of their troubles? Her success is greater than his.

Some of the most beautiful gals are planning to drop by Stanford University. Queen Elizabeth's cousin, Prince Williams of Gloucester—a handsome, twenty-one-year-old crack polo player—is enrolled in the School of Business Administration there.

If Natalie Wood-Arthur Loew, Jr., romance runs true to form it won't lead to the altar. Arthur's been a friend in need to Liz after the death of Mike Todd; to Janet Leigh when she parted from Tony Curtis. Debbie Loew leaned on him after Ty Power's death and he married her. But it didn't last.
Since director George Sidney is masterminding Ann-Margret's career, she's all signed up for the next three years. She'll do two pictures with Sinatra, five for Columbia, two for M-G-M and two for 20th. George Burns gave her her first big break when he put her in his show in Las Vegas. After a screen test, she did “Pocketful of Miracles” and “State Fair.” She's got good sense, too. When people call her a star, she denies it. “I hope I will be a star some day. Bette Davis is a star,” Ann-Margret was born in Stockholm, Sweden. Her father, Gustav Olson, works as an electrician with Lucille Ball. “In Chicago my father drove me to my dancing and music lessons even though it meant traveling forty miles each way,” she says. “He didn't push me—he encouraged me.”

Below: Carol Burnett and Lu-
cille Ball are not only two top comedienes—they have quite a few other things in common. Namely: they've each had a first marriage that didn't work out; both have second marriages that are happy. And more important—both are red-heads.

Above: Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti aren’t married—by Italian law. Nevertheless, they're busy making lavish renovations on a fabulous three-million-dollar villa they bought near Rome.

Above: Malibu has again become the mecca for our biggest stars. Katharine Hepburn has again taken the house there she first occupied years ago. Lauren Bacall and Jason Robards summered there. Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker are moving into one of the apartments in the building they own. Vera Miles and her husband moved from his Malibu home back to the one Vera owns, which is in Encino. (Please turn the page)
I always thought Jim Garner would become a big star if he ever got out of “Maverick,” but didn’t think he could do it so soon. In less than two years he has four starring films (“Thrill of It All,” “The Great Escape,” “Wheeler Dealers” and “Move Over, Darling”), plus his own company. I call that pretty good.

When Rock Hudson got a look at Jim Garner and Doris Day in “Thrill of It All,” he said to producer Ross Hunter, “Why did you let me turn down that picture? Why didn’t you hit me over the head and make me do it?” Said Ross, “Well, next time you’ll have to listen.” And you can bet your life Rock will!

Above: George Hamilton and Tony Perkins both took me to lunch in New York, and I had a really fine time. George finally finished the picture “Act One” in New York. He told me he was in every scene, but had no romance in it. His co-star Jason Robards, Jr., who plays George Kaufman, has a wife, but Hamilton, who’s the romantic one, had no one to make love to—on film.

Carol Lynley’s tracking down the source of those ugly rumors being spread about her. She doesn’t have to look far. One of the wildest was that she was breaking up the marriage between a top actress and her husband. A dame called me from Chicago to tip me off, so I put in a call to Carol. “Don’t I have enough troubles over my divorce, without this?” she said. It’s happened before. When she made “The Cardinal,” she was supposed to be romancing director Otto Preminger, also a married man. Somebody’s out to do Carol dirt. I just wonder why?

One of the nicest parties was the one Bette Davis gave to announce the engagement of her sixteen-year-old daughter BD to Jeremy Hyman, who arrived from London the day before with a heart-shaped diamond ring in hand. They invited only their old and dear friends, only those who’d known BD—from the doctor who delivered her to the nurse who took care of her when she was a baby. The wedding takes place here in December; they’ll make their home in London. BD’s a lucky girl. Jeremy is charming, has a divine sense of humor, and has more than enough of the world’s goods to make any girl happy.

When Jackie Gleason and Steve McQueen walked on the set of “Soldier in the Rain,” there was a big painted sign reading: “The Gleason and The McQueen.” The chemistry between those two is the kind we used to get between Spencer Tracy and Clark Gable, or Vic McLaglen and Eddie Lowe. Whoever thought up the sign gave the stars a feeling of warmth and good will.

Jim Mitchum was a gentleman, but had to admit that the announcement of his engagement got out of hand. “We’d been dating a month and people began writing things.” But he called his mother in London to tell her the engagement was off!
We've screamed about new faces. Well, Josh Logan gave Bob Walker the starring role in "Ensign Pulver," and I want to predict he'll be a big star. He's sensitive, intelligent, has a sense of humor and is handsomer than his father, with those great big eyes of his mother, Jennifer Jones. And he has tons of talent.

Above: That's Casey (Vince Edwards to you) at the bat. He was filming a TV segment about a ball player (played by Sammy Davis, Jr.), so Vince belted one!

Jane Fonda's setting her own standards for glamour. When the Royal Ballet, featuring Rudolf Nureyev, was here, Jane showed up all in black, wearing Russian boots. Jane's in love with the legend of the movie queen. Designer Orry Kelly goes along with that—and made her the same outfit he did for Ingrid Bergman in "Casablanca." Jane says if she can find one happily married couple, she might take a chance herself, but there are none. She learned to drive and took off alone in the direction of fabulous Big Sur.

Loretta Young had the time of her life in New York; she was escorted everywhere by her handsome son Christopher Lewis. Everyone thought he was Loretta's brand new, young beau.

Above: Rose-Marie snuggles her TV co-star the great Dick Van Dyke. When Columbia signed Van Dyke for "Bye Bye Birdie" on a long-term deal, they didn't know what they were getting. Since making "Mary Poppins" for Disney, Dick's trying to get out of his Columbia contract. Disney and many of us believe he's the hottest comedian in motion pictures today. When he visited his home town, Danville, Ohio, all the schools, banks, everything was shut tighter than a drum. Everyone went to the big party at the high school that night. No one—not even Dick—knew they previewed "Bye Bye Birdie" that same night.

Half the producers here are looking for parts for Barbara Stanwyck. They're crazy about the girl, but haven't come up with the right one yet.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.

I turn my back on...

the old fashioned
the conventional
the dull
the dispirited

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Here's the story the newspapers didn't tell about Marie Cui—and the paternity suit she filed—and lost—against Marlon Brando!

Love, for the beautiful Marie Cui, is still tender, but not nearly so many-splendored as the song would have her believe. "Marlon Brando is the father of my baby," says Marie, but the Los Angeles Superior Court decided that, based on blood tests, Marlon could not be the father. Marie says the baby "was conceived in Los Angeles as a result of intimate relations with me and Marlon Brando and said child was born in Manila, Philippines." Her heartache is vaguely disguised by the cold words of legal prose: "After I became pregnant, defendant sent me to his doctor in Beverly Hills who is the same doctor who delivered defendant's oldest child. Defendant also paid said doctor for my prenatal care, but after plaintiff (the baby) was born, defendant refused to see or talk with me. . . ." Here for the first time is the full story as Marie revealed it to Photoplay just before the court made the blood test results known. She did not tell her problem with shame or without passion, but only with the humility of a woman who gave herself in love to a man she adored. . . . In 1957, Marie Cui, an exotically beautiful girl of nineteen, was well on her way to success as an arduously trained ballet dancer in Manila. Impresarios of the dance, even movie producers, who had seen her perform were impressed with her devotion and dedication to the art. Marie was experiencing the quintessence of enthusiasm, and her mind and body were exhilarated with visions of the wonderful accomplishments that were hers to attain in the future. She was dancing then in a movie being made in Manila by a local film company. Then Marlon Brando, "America's greatest actor," visited the set during a stopover en route to Japan to film "Teahouse of the August Moon." To Marie, Marlon represented the pinnacle of her dreams. In person he was everything she had imagined—strong, handsome and overwhelmingly professional. The sight of him turned her knees and heart to jelly. But because of her inherent modesty, Marie had underestimated the impact of her own appearance on others. Suddenly she discovered that she had made an impact of equal force on Marlon Brando. He asked Marie for a date and she—almost not (Please turn the page)
able to believe what was happening, said yes. His slow drawl of a smile, his soft, high-pitched voice, the touch of his hand, all these things told the sensitive Marie that somehow the gods had ordained that he would be attracted to her lithe and shimmering beauty.

Marie and Brando spent three days together before Marlon continued his journey to Kyoto, Japan. Three days so laden with love and passion that, for Marie, even one would have been enough to remember all her life.

But what Marie Cui thought was the end was only the beginning.

A short time later she received a message from Brando in Japan. He was yearning for her. Somehow, though in terms of eternity they had known each other for only a second, she had seized his heart and affected his soul.

Would she come and be with him, he asked of her, for a while in Japan?

Marie was on the first available plane.

Her striking, supple figure became a familiar sight around the "Teahouse" filming locations and she was a constant Brando companion in the hours after the day's shooting. And as it happens to every woman who loves a man, Marie soon began to learn all about the man she adored, good things and not so good:

That she was not the first woman he had loved. That he was in many ways inarticulate. That he traveled with the greatest minds of culture and had a passion in him for knowledge. And a near-insatiable yearning for love and understanding from women.

It was a need in Brando that Marie understood and which she hoped to satisfy with her unselfish love. So began a romance which on the surface demanded all of Marie Cui but not quite so much of Brando. In the next five years a hundred events took place which would have warned a woman of less love and loyalty of the inevitable end.

But Marie was beyond reality. She accepted Brando on his own terms. She suffered quietly when he married Anna Kashfi, a half-Irish, half-Indian actress on October 11, 1957, and again at the eventual birth of Brando's first child.

Marie ached for Marlon during the "terrible" ordeal of his divorce from Anna. When Brando acknowledged a later marriage to Maria Louisa Castenada (Movita) in Mexico in 1960 and a son from that union, Marie stood fast, beseeching her gods to give her understanding and hope.

And all during this five-year period Marie's devotion never wavered. Whenever Marlon called her name, via friend, wire, letter or phone, Marie responded by going to him. From Hong Kong to Tahiti to San Francisco to Hollywood, it didn't matter where. It only mattered that he needed and wanted her.

On one occasion Marie and Marlon dated in public and visited a San Francisco night club. As happened so often, Marlon was unable to resist the urge to play the bongos with the band. The crowd thundered its applause, and in view of the whole world Marlon returned to Marie at the table. Her heart filled with pride at what she felt was an open confession by Marlon that she, Marie Cui, was the woman in his life. Her smile beamed a radiance it had never beamed before.

The next day newspaper columnists commented on Brando's performance and his "Chinese" companion. (Marie is only half Chinese, however. She is also half Filipino. She is tall and her ballet training has given her a stature and walk so regal that many have remarked that she seemed like "some queenly princess from a fairy tale.")

In December, 1961, Brando called her from Manila to Hollywood. He had separated from his wife. Marie flew to his arms. Brando found an apartment for her and once again they began the search for "truth," which Marlon often dedicates himself to: "the beauty of humanity" and the exhausting quest for the eternal "loveliness of love.”

But this time Brando seemed to stumble a little on the trail to truth. He vacillated with Marie. Sometimes his sudden apathy toward her made her feel as though love had jammed a full quiver of arrows straight into her heart.

During other phases he would take her out every night to parties at the homes of friends, to the movies and to some of the finest and most talked-about restaurants for dinner. At these times he made no secret of their relationship. And at these times, Marie was happy.

Yet most of Marie's time was spent in loneliness. For days she would sit in the apartment waiting for the phone to ring. There were times when she felt she could bear the agony no longer. And then, out of the night, would come Brando's plea. Marie told herself that her torment only made their love greater, more worthwhile, because she understood that no man, especially one like Brando, could give all of his life, all of his heart, to one woman.

But the reality Marie had so successfully eluded for five years (Continued on page 94)
His name is John J. Kennedy, Jr. His daddy calls him “John-John.” He’s a little boy—he’ll be three, come November. His daddy also happens to be President of the United States. One would expect him to be a most happy little boy. Yet, as many people have noticed, and as many photographs show, he often seems to be a (Please turn the page)

Why daddy is his biggest problem!
sad little fellow. Pouting. Lonely-looking. As if already, somehow, conscious of the enormous problems that lie ahead for him (and they are many). As if searching much of the time for someone who is rarely there. Take, for example, the airport photographs on these pages: they were shot one day not too long ago, when the President had to fly on one of his innumerable trips. Earlier that day it had been decided that little John should be allowed to accompany his daddy to the airport. Naturally, understandably, the child thought that he, too, was to go along with his father—all the way—up in the big plane—and zoom and away, together!

But at the airport it was all made very clear that this was to be another separation for the two. JFK boarded the plane; John-
John was led back to a waiting limousine. And the little boy reacted to the situation the way little boys have since the dawn of time.

He began to bawl...

There are, undoubtedly, those who will say, "So what?" to this. "After all, he's only a little tyke. Things will get better as he gets older. He and his dad will become closer as time passes." These people might point to the Roosevelt boys and the fun they had with their dad back in their White House days. As witness this quote from writer-historian Alfred Steinberg: "Mealtime produced such contest of joking and hectic arguments that servants were often observed with straight faces...while their stomachs rolled with inner laughter. High officials who dined with the entire family were often (Continued on page 101)
DID ELVIS GIVE CONNIE THE BRUSHOFF?
YOU BE THE JUDGE
Once again Connie Stevens heard the hateful clink of a coin coming back at her. She fished her finger into the phone's metal pocket to retrieve her dime. The famous Stevens temper had already risen—now it was compounded with frustration and disappointment.

"Oh, oh, oh . . . !" She gave the wall of the booth a good kick—a substitute for the language she knew she shouldn't use. "Oh, if only I'd written . . . but I never imagined . . ." She was muttering to herself.

She dropped the dime into the slot again. A new idea: this time she dialed Western Union.

"I'd like to send a telegram," she told the voice that answered. "To Mr. Elvis Presley." This was her last resort—a telegram!

When Connie had accepted an invitation to tour Mississippi in May, she'd told her friends—and herself—that it made sense to plan a stopover in Memphis. Why? Well, it was the logical place to spend May 1—in rehearsing and organizing her material for her Mississippi (Continued on page 91)
You don't catch John Wayne's family singing the "location blues" when he's off making a picture—whether it be "Donovan's Reef" or his forthcoming "McLintock!" For where he goes they go, and love it—as witness his wife Pilar playing with their baby, John Ethan (above left). But nobody enjoys their presence more than the big man himself. Daughter Aissa (left) snuggles against her hero, Daddy. At right, Duke shows the baby son how it feels to ride tall without a saddle. Far right, he embraces his son Pat, one of his four children by his first marriage (Wayne has been married three times). Best of all, for John and Pilar, it's just like home as, the day's work over, they sit in the kitchen and play cards. And sometimes Duke and the love of his life (his "haven," he calls her) take hands and go for a walk—away from everybody.
It begins with "M"

the 4-letter word that rules Liz' life

(Please turn the page)
the 4-letter word that rules Liz’ life

Elizabeth Taylor is thirty-one now, and for over fifteen years the girl who could wheedle anything with those huge purple eyes has seemingly lived a life of desperate, desire-ridden progression from want to want, not from enjoyment to enjoyment. “A million dollars to her,” a friend of Liz’ had to admit ruefully, “is like a pastrami sandwich to anyone else.”

Hers seems forever a kind of feverish, eager yielding to one of the deadliest of all the seven deadly sins: greed. A ravenous, devouring greed to have her cake and eat it, too. Never mind how. What Liz wants can be summed up in one simple, very common four-letter word: MORE.

... Is this too harsh, too cruel a judgment on the girl who once burbled to her mother, impressed and thrilled after a visit to a fortuneteller, “Mother, she told me my mission on earth was to bring happiness to people!”

To others—or was it to herself? After all, it was the incredibly beautiful Elizabeth who pouted, after fourth husband Eddie Fisher had begun to bore her to distraction and those purple eyes were measuring Sybil Burton’s husband, “I can choose any man I like. I don’t see why everyone is making such a fuss.”

Liz is the girl who always had to hurry after love; the girl who, at fifteen or twenty-five or thirty, apparently clung to one self-enchanting way of life: that there was no use being beautiful if it was only for one man. No point at all.

Has Liz been aware of this—or even confessedly cognizant of that four-letter word that so ruthlessly rules her life? “There seems no outward sign of it,” said a Los Angeles psychiatrist noted for his unerring dissection of the minds and emotions of Hollywood stars. On his desk lay a thick dossier of the life and times of Elizabeth Taylor, assembled for him by this reporter. “This,” Doctor X went on, tapping a recent picture of Elizabeth, “shows a woman whose deliberately veiled eyes defy anyone to penetrate that special universe she has staked out as her own.” It was a universe that began to be molded by her—or for her—when Elizabeth was yet a child. She was, as magazine writers have detailed the weary story, always and forever, Elizabeth the Queen. At the ripe age of two, tiny Elizabeth was already a seasoned and sophisticated traveler who dined at New Orleans’ famed Antoine’s in a high chair, eating Oysters Rockefeller and pompano in a paper bag. In her very early teens, when she was already the cherished treasure of mighty M-G-M, it seemed to the schoolgirlish Elizabeth that the curves of Esther Williams and Lana Turner and other lovely
older ladies were attractions that she, too, had to possess. So she liberated a special stretching device used by her brother Howard (he had ambitions to become a gymnast) and zealously applied herself. Several years and 10,000 stretches later, Liz emerged from the Taylors’ basement gym with one of the most awe-inspiring collections of curves in town. Perhaps nature would have developed them anyhow, but Elizabeth was in a hurry to have “more, more, MORE,” and she just couldn’t wait. And only a day or so after her first real date, at fifteen, with young M-G-M actor Marshall Thompson (“Mother, he kissed me; he kissed me!”), Liz was already dreaming of an expanded and richer life. Shyly, she asked Marshall “if he would not like to go steady.” The “going steady” lasted a little more than two weeks. . . . “In the simplest possible layman’s terms,” Dr. X remarked, “I’d say that the pattern of Miss Taylor’s future life here begins to emerge. Apparently—or so it seems from what you’ve said and from what I’ve uncovered in this dossier here—Elizabeth was unbelievably shattered by the traumatic discovery that her girl friends dated, but that she, (Continued on page 85)
How lucky can you get?
That’s exactly what I, Fred Robbins, was thinking when I got my assignment to go to Italy’s Isle of Capri to do a taped interview with the world-famed sex kitten herself—Brigitte Bardot!

Quickly, I (Continued on page 74)
Mrs. Gladys Eley sat staring out at the night as though contemplating the great maw of black and darkness. It was about 2:00 A.M., although in the ten years she had spent living in that room, time was no more than the changing positions of two hands on a clock. She bowed her head after a moment, clasped her palms together and pressed her hands to her breast in prayer. She asked God to please understand what she was about to do.

Then she quietly took the nurse's uniforms she had obtained, tied the two together with an uncertain knot to make them form a thick but serviceable rope. She raised the window in a small closet adjoining her room and, almost fearfully, looked over the sill to the ground. It was only eight feet down, yet it seemed a long way to this frail, white-haired woman of sixty. She very thoughtfully considered the drop for another few moments.

She took two books, fastened them lightly to the "rope," and shook them gently to the grass below. Then she carefully tied one end of her escape line to a heavy (Continued on page 77)
Marilyn Monroe's mother, Mrs. Gladys Eley, is a religious woman and resigned to the fate that has kept her locked away for ten years.
SUZANNE PLESHEETTE

TROY DONAHUE:

"why do they keep asking us when we’re getting married?"

(Please turn the page)
I've been in the movie star reporting business for eight years now. In my time, I've been told off by the best of them. A perennial starlet (blonde), for instance, once blasted me for reporting to the world that she liked to shoot pool. It didn't seem to matter to her that half our photo layouts showed her fracturing the old billiard balls.

A famous redhead once got sore at me because I had the nerve to print her age. That was two years ago, which—if I can still add—now makes her . . . whoops!

A TV "doctor" blew up at me not too long ago because I invaded his childhood "privacy"—and found out from some of his old hometown buddies that he used to like to eat meat-ball heroes. So what were they serving back on Hometown Avenue those days, huh, Doc? *Pâté de foie gras* hero-ettes?

Yep, my earth-shattering scoops have made me about as popular in Hollywood as Barry Goldwater at a union picnic. But believe me, dear friends, never was my subtlety so coolly received as the recent day when I asked Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette: "Are you two ever gonna marry? And if so—when?"

**Wrong question**

It was as if I'd just asked Nikita Krushchev if he happened to have a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* I could borrow. As if I'd asked Popeye to fix me up with Olive Oil. Or Oliver Twist if he could spare a dime.

Man, it was like ask that and get ready to run for the hills. Beverly, that is.

Which brings us somehow to Troy. Donahue, that is. Who owns a pretty little Cape Cod-type house nestled in the heart of the B-Hills. Which he's forever working on, fixing up, decorating, re-decorating.

Which has nothing much to do with our story except that there are people who will tell you, quite sincerely, that this is the house that will one day serve as Troy and Suzie's honeymoon abode. A lovely setting it is.

Sweet sincerity, sweet news—except that before a honeymoon it's customary for two people to get married. And so there I was, asking the question—"When?"—first of Suzie, then of Troy. . . . "I'm tired, tired, tired, tired," answered Suzie tiredly, "—tired of people asking me when Troy and I are getting married. It becomes ridiculous."

Said Troy to the same question, a little less tiredly, "I'm pretty tired—you know?—of being asked the same question over and over again. As Suzie says, 'If you go steady six months in Hollywood, people think you're mentally ill if you don't set a date.'"

**But it's two years**

But, I reminded Troy, he and Suzie had been going together for two years now. "Hmmmmmm," wondered Troy, "I wonder what Suzie would say to that?"

So I asked her. "Worse than mentally ill," she answered, "they accuse you of being old-fashioned. As if it's a weird and terrible thing for two people to really want to get to know one another."

The mood was getting serious now. I began to delve. "Do you like what you've gotten to know about Troy these past two years?"

"I love and respect him more than any man I have known," Suzie said, adding, "—naturally with the exception of my father whom I love dearly."

"How about you, Troy?"

"I've never met Suzie's father," he said.

**Further explanation**

"Ahem . . . Most of all," he added, "I love Suzie's love of life. This rubs off on me. I've discovered things in life that I never knew. Little things. My garden, my house give me great pleasure now. I even hear the birds singing outside.

We paused to listen here. We heard a Cadillac go by on the street outside; then somebody plugged (Continued on page 72)
why Eddie had to steal his best friend's girl!

(Please turn the page)
why Eddie had to steal his best friend's girl!

continued

Renata Boeck was once the exclusive property of handsome, wealthy Bob Evans (above) but now she's Eddie Fisher's girl. The beautiful German-born model flew to Las Vegas where she sat ringside (left) every night while Eddie sang the same songs to her that he used to sing to Liz.
Eddie Fisher, who has just barely recovered from his brutal public rejection by Liz Taylor, is now embroiled in still another triangle. Eddie, who has had half-a-dozen Hollywood actresses hot in pursuit ever since he became an "eligible" Hollywood date, has apparently elected to scorn the charms of such beauties as Edie Adams (who really is devoted to him) and Ann-Margret (who really is scooby-dooby-doo about him) for the flawless, if inarticulate, beauty of a German-born model, Renata Boeck.

This third triangle of Eddie's triangle-scarred life started when he was introduced to Renata Boeck (pronounced Buck) late in June of this year. That night she was on the arm of Bob Evans, who gave up his Hollywood career last year. The occasion was a testimonial to Milton Berle. And because Renata was so regally beautiful and obviously outstanding in an outstanding collection of show business personalities, Eddie noticed her—but good!

Eddie also noticed that Renata was quiet and reserved and had something that hauntingly reminded him of Liz—a certain aloofness. This aloofness is something that Renata's sister-models at the Plaza Five modeling agency apparently noticed, too. They say she is "distant," "hard-to-know," and "impossible to be friendly with." "She does not appear to like girls," said another observant co-worker. In this respect, too, she greatly resembles his soon-to-be ex Liz, as you know, distrusts all women and surrounds herself with a male secretary, male hairdresser, male agent—presumably to compensate for the lack of "father love" in her life.

And also, like Liz, Renata is the kind of honest and forthright girl who simply won't stay with a guy after she falls in love with another man.

And Renata has, indeed, fallen heart-over-head in love with Eddie Fisher. What's even more interesting is that she fell for Eddie while she was still going with Bob Evans. Yes, while she was surreptitiously tete-a-teting with Eddie, she was still on hand at Bob's very sumptuous Sutton Place pad—where she had been, shall we say, a guest for the past ten months. (Continued on page 82)
There's a line in a Noel Coward play which Richard Burton might very well utter to Liz Taylor on their night of nights, their Wedding Night: "There isn't a particle of you, my dearest, that I don't adore—and don't know..." First: it's a romantic line, overflowing with whispered passion. Second: someone else wrote it—as publicists Nat Weiss and Jack Brodsky pointed out in their recent "Cleopatra Papers": "Mankiewicz described them—Liz and Burton—as 'two actors who don't know how to get offstage' because there's been no scriptwriter around to show them how. Mank used this to illustrate his thesis that these people only know about life from what they read in their scripts." (Continued on page 95)
"I'd be a bum without her!"

JACK LORD'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WOMAN

"My wife is one of this world's great people, a tiny French woman with a nineteen-inch waist — and strength like a rock! In a very subtle, very feminine way, she has opened doors in my life that had always been slammed in anger. In a marvelous way she has steadfastly refused to see the flaws in me. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself trying to live up to her ideals of me. For the ten long wonderful years of our marriage, I've been trying to be the kind of a person that she thought I always was. You know those lines of Kipling's: (Continued on page 79)"
The handshake that rocked the boat!

This is the story of "Happy" Rockefeller's meeting with the Duchess of Windsor; the story of how one woman's future is written in another woman's past.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my," whispered a be-jeweled society matron to her escort, "here comes the Duchess of Windsor. And the—the King—I mean her Duke! What'll Happy do? Oh, I wouldn't miss this for all the world. Hurry—hurry..." and she pushed her escort (Continued on page 56)
the handshake that rocked the boat!

continued

towards the top of the gangway, where Governor Nelson Rockefeller and his new First Lady, Happy, were greeting society figures, entertainment people (including Joan Fontaine and Tony Perkins, who were, however, not with each other), diplomats, politicians, civic leaders and a sprinkling of titled Europeans as they boarded the S.S. Rotterdam at Manhattan's Pier 40.

But the bejeweled one was too late. Already most of the 650 guests had pushed themselves forward to the dock-side—in such a mass that the ship practically shuddered and rocked and all but careened over. They stood packed, breathless, waiting—watching—as the Windsors approached the Rockefellers.

This was what the crowd, some of whom had paid $1,000 on the black market for regular $125 tickets, had come to see. The chance to gamble out beyond the three-mile limit on the Rotterdam's five-and-a-half hour pleasure cruise to Ambrose Lightship and back—that was an inducement, of course. They had plunked down real dollars for phony money and a try at winning minks and art works and diamonds—all donated prizes—with the hard cash going to the New York City Cancer Committee of the American Cancer Society. The opportunity to dine on tournedos sautéed with foie gras and truffles, Caviar Beluga, turtle soup, vegetables, little cakes and coffee; to drink vintage champagne and choice liquors; to get away from the oppressive city heat—were also
With these words, “I thee wed” your husband’s vow is taken...to comfort, honor and keep you—foresaking all others.

Together you form the family. With the coming of children it is complete.

Love of children and the desire to provide for them adequately, prompts many women to plan for the number of children and their spacing.

This message is sponsored by EMKO—a family planning product proved effective and completely safe by leading medical authorities and accepted for advertising by leading medical journals. It is an aerosol foam—pleasant and easy to use. It is spermicidal and odorless. Women appreciate its daintiness and privacy. There’s never a sign it has been used. Ask your doctor or druggist about EMKO; available at all drug stores.

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incentives. The fun of sharing the dance floor with others equally wealthy and famous (or infamous) as themselves—that would be a pleasure, definitely. But it was the possibility of being able to peek and eavesdrop as the central figures in the century’s two most renowned romances met for the first time—that had really lured the celebrities out tonight in fantastic numbers.

What would happen when Happy and Wally met face to face? They both knew all about gambling for high stakes! What would Happy Rockefeller, who may have changed the odds on her husband’s chances to become President of the United States, say to the Duchess of Windsor, who had once banked on being Queen of England, and lost? And what would the eyes of the former Mrs. Wallis (Wally) Simpson, whose marriage to Edward VIII (David Windsor) cost him the throne of England a quarter of a century ago, reveal as they searched the countenance of the former Mrs. Margaretta (Happy) Murphy, whose marriage to the previously divorced New York Governor, just one month after her own divorce from the husband of her four children, might cost Rockefeller the Republican Presidential nomination?

The Duke and the Duchess are now in front of the Rockefellers. Happy smiles nervously at first. But then, as they all chat together for exactly two minutes (some of the onlookers actually clock them), she relaxes. Her grin is open and friendly. The Duchess of Windsor smiles easily; she has smiled so many times through the years (in the beginning it was difficult, and sometimes her eyes showed the pain that her lips tried to deny) that it’s almost automatic. The Duke’s mouth crinkles in that sad-sweet way it always does when he’s called upon to show pleasure in public. The Governor’s smile is boyish and hearty: the smile of a bridegroom who’s delighted at this chance to show off his new bride.

What words do they exchange during their 120-second conversation? No one knows. The onlookers and (Continued on page 87)
Even the lone American Nazi picketing outside Los Angeles’ Wrigley Field (his sign read: “To Mix Races Is Jewish”) must have been impressed by the roars of approval coming from the crowd of 35,000 Negroes and whites at the freedom rally. That crowd included May Britt, Dorothy Dandridge, Mel Ferrer, Tony Franciosa, Rita Moreno, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. They were applauding the Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., leader of the Alabama “Non-Violent” desegregation movement, as he declared, “We want to be free whether we’re in Birmingham or in Los Angeles.” And they were applauding actor-singer Sammy Davis, Jr., who embraced Dr. King and presented him with his own personal check for $20,000—a week’s salary from his Las Vegas engagement—in support of the “Freedom Rally for Birmingham,” and told the audience, “This should prove to you good people once and for all that my leader is your leader!” They were also applauding Negro comic Dick (Continued on page 60)
FIGHT FOR INTEGRATION
Gregory, who sparked shouts and laughter when he said, "I can't tell you what a pleasure it is being back in a mob again. . . . You know, you people are looking at a convict."

The crowd was heralding Dr. King as the personification of its ideal of freedom and human dignity. In applauding both Davis and Gregory they were acknowledging that it is possible for two radically different men from completely dissimilar backgrounds to use almost opposite methods in reaching a common goal: the social, political and economic emancipation of the Negro people. It was the same goal.

When Sammy said, "This should prove to you good people once and for all that my leader is your leader," the emotion in his voice gave the impression that he was a man who had been criticized—in his opinion unjustly—and now he was publicly replying to it.

There had been criticism, lots of it. The anti-Davis sniping had come to a head when Sammy was in London, just before the rally, when reports had trickled back to America that he'd said he was going to become a British citizen one day.

That came as a shock to many.

"Running away when the going gets tough," some of the leaders of the integration movement concluded; and they were quick to make a comparison between Davis and Gregory: at the very time that Sammy was "giving up" the fight, Dick had cancelled his nightclub engagements to join his fellow Negroes in braving snarling police dogs in Greenwood, Mississippi, and club-wielding cops in Birmingham, Alabama.

But the comparison was made without having all the facts.

What actually happened to Sammy in London?

Well, Sammy did say that he plans to live in England with his wife May and their children, because "Here, there is freedom." Sammy did tell reporters that he dreams of an English country house with flowers and friends around him, and he did offer to buy the period estate of John Mills, Hayley's dad.

This was just after an unprecedented reception Sammy received for his one-man show on BBC-TV. When the program ran overtime, the switchboard at the studio was lit up by calls from Britishers who usually insist on punctuality but who were now insisting on unpunctuality and threatening to boycott the station if Davis were cut off before he was finished. He was a solid hit.

Sammy himself said, "I regard that show on Sunday night as the best TV work I've ever done here or anywhere else—and that includes back home, too. There was a tremendous spirit of cooperation and warmth and sympathy between every single member of the crew and it gave me the kind of incentive—a kind of lift-off—that I've never experienced before. I want to work in that kind of atmosphere again; I want to work in Britain a lot more."

But expressing a desire to live in England six months of the year, and scouring around for a house, and praising British freedom and flipping with joy because of the reception given to a TV show are not the same as saying you're going to put America out of your life and become a British citizen. What Sammy did say, while appearing in Scotland, is, "I want to learn to act in a little theater, and Glasgow's Citizens' Theater seems to be just what I am looking for. It's something you just cannot do in the States. I don't care how small the part is or how much they pay me." If he'd say something like this in Hollywood, he went on, people would figure he was washed up.

What he did say was that he was sold on life in London after hearing a six-year-old boy call his father "Sir." "I want my children (Continued on page 97)
TRESemmé
WON'T TELL
IF YOU DON'T

5 conditioners borrowed from Alberto VO5 give TRESemmé colors bright as life...and just as natural

Some hair colorings dry out the hair, make it dull. TRESemmé actually leaves your hair in better condition than it found it. (No extras to buy. Everything comes right in the package.) And the color! Fresh, shining, natural color. Light, dark, any kind you like. Covers gray. Permanently glorious color. See it. Enjoy it. TRESemmé won't tell if you don't.
WHAT ARE YOU, WARREN BEATTY?

IN THIS BLISTERING ANALYSIS, WARREN BEATTY ANSWERS ALL THE QUESTIONS HIS CRITICS HAVE BEEN AFRAID TO ASK HIM!

The other day an ostensibly self-assured, cocky Warren Beatty, a casual grin on his face, resumed his movie career. He had not made a picture since September, 1961, when he completed “All Fall Down” at MGM. Was he really so sure of himself now? Was he rusty? Was he frightened? Did he care what his co-workers are saying about him? In this rare interview, Warren has a lot to say, frank, shocking, no holds barred. And so do the people on the set of “Lilith.” As for being rusty, Warren’s own reaction is: “You can’t kill talent. If you have it, you have it. It doesn’t wear out. Nor can you destroy it by not calling on it.” His director, Robert Rossen, feels that “after one and a half years of inactivity, this boy is like a young horse who shies at the sight of a saddle. He’s uneasy. Let’s face it, Warren is rusty. He has to ease (Please turn the page)
himself into acting and regain his confidence . . . Is the boy any good? Of course he is. I wouldn't have paid the stiff price for him if I didn't believe in him as an actor. And I can't really blame him for wanting to be paid as much as the best. He sees what Natalie Wood is making and he knows that his sister isn't working for chicken feed either, and he is a proud boy who insists on equal terms. After all, they are in the same crowd. And if he ends up driving a hard bargain, well, that's acting."

As he was speaking, a lonely figure appeared from the direction of the house and walked slowly to the trailer window, and past it. Several yards beyond it, Warren Beatty turned and just as slowly walked past the trailer again, looking at the ground. "I suppose he wants to talk to you," I said. "I guess so," Rossen said, excusing himself, "I'd better go out to him."

The two men stood on the sidewalk talking, Warren Beatty pointing to a sheet of paper, Rossen talking back and waving his arm to prove a point. Somehow, they looked like a college student getting sidewalk instruction from a college professor. After a while Beatty nodded and walked off towards the house with the film crew, and Rossen came back. "Where were we?" he said to me.

"What did he want?" I asked. Beatty had been worried, Rossen explained, about an added line the girl's husband was going to say to him in the scene. It was about his mother having become insane before her death. Dropped casually, unin-
Now

20% more absorbent.

Most considerate.

Most protective.

Modess... because...
off his earlier earnings. Having received all of $15,000 for his first movie, "Splendor in the Grass," opposite Natalie Wood, twice that much for his role opposite Vivien Leigh in "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," and four times as much for "All Fall Down," with Eva Marie Saint, he had grossed over $100,000 in less than two years. Not bad for a young man, even in fabled Hollywood.

He had read and turned down over fifty movie scripts, including "The Leopard" and "PT 109." He picked "Youngblood Hawke" at Warner Bros. as his next vehicle, stayed with it through the preparatory stage, walked out on director Delmer Daves and co-star Suzanne Pleshette on practically the very eve of filming. The studio then rushed in a total unknown, James Franciscus, to replace him. It was then that Beatty reported for duty in "Lilith," which was a picture he had previously agreed to do following "Youngblood Hawke."

And how did Warren handle it? "I called Rossen," he tells you, "and told him my schedule had been changed, that I was ready for him. When could he start? He said he could start tomorrow. So I said okay, let's go." Warren Beatty was ready.

The next day Beatty collected his meager belongings, dropped off the key to his rented Hollywood house at the office of his business manager Ed Traubner, told the car rental office to pick up his rented car in front of the house, and had his press agent, Mike Selsman, drive him out to Los Angeles Airport. The period of inactivity was over. He was reporting to work—at an estimated $20,000 for each of the next ten weeks.

Behind him, in the Hollywood he had invaded not much more than two years earlier, young Beatty had left practically nothing, if one doesn’t count Natalie Wood.

"Warren doesn’t believe in owning things," agent and buddy Selsman explains. "He’s always told me that an actor has to be free."

In line with this philosophy, Warren has refused to acquire anything of value, even such minor things as a radio or record player. When he discovered that the house he had picked to live in—on St. Ives Drive, with a commanding view of Hollywood at his feet—didn’t have a television set, he didn’t give it a second thought. He didn’t even bother to rent one.

The house did have a phonograph and a couple of radios, and a swimming pool, and that was good enough. As electric bulbs burned out he didn’t bother to buy new ones, with the result that when he left there was electric light in only two rooms. "He does buy books and magazines," Selsman says, "but he doesn’t think of them as property. He leaves them behind. But he isn’t messy. House owners never sue him for damages after he leaves. And he eats or drinks anything. Let’s say he’s casual. . . ."

The word casual kindly applies to almost everything Warren Beatty had done during his period of inactivity. He casually escorted Natalie Wood around town, to Hollywood gala soirées, premieres and other affairs; he casually signed autographs. And just as casually he declined to be drawn into conversations concerning his relationship with Natalie—"Why don’t you ask her?"—or about his sister Shirley Maclaine, who is three years his senior.

By the time Beatty was gone he had left a strange imprint on movie-town. He had become a real life Jimmy Dean of "Rebel Without a Cause," had made few friends and a lot of enemies. He has succeeded in agonizing the high and mighty at the movie studios by snubbing them, their edicts and their offers.

Why did he stay, then, all this time in a town he had seemingly set out deliberately to snub? According to some, it was part and parcel of a young actor’s strategy to get recognized. Indeed, as time wore on, the former TV player who had done anything from "Playhouse 90" to "Dobie Gillis" was beginning to get offers ranking in price with those submitted to a Montgomery Clift and a Tony Perkins. His unique quality, a blend of the aforementioned Clift and Dean, made him stand out and desirable among others of his age. He knew it, and made the most of it. But both Traubner and Selsman vehemently deny any intention on Beatty’s part of "sitting out" for a higher price.

"Warren received well over one-hundred scripts," Selsman assures you, "and he read them all, from cover to cover. He’s one actor who reads the submitted scripts. And quite a few of them had a pretty lavish deal attached. . . . But Warren didn’t like any of them. The price had nothing to do with it. Eventually, he liked the two properties Robert Rossen owned, ‘Cocoa Beach’ and ‘Lilith,’ and they reached an agreement. Warren makes a point of believing in a director. He had seen Rossen’s movies. He thought a lot of them. So, when this came about, and ‘Lilith’ was first to roll, Warren went into action. It was as simple as that. That’s all, as simple as that."

Over in Rockville, the Maryland town where "Lilith" was being filmed, Warren Beatty was seemingly the same totally uncompromising actor let loose in a beautiful countryside of rolling hills, forests and lakes. If what he had worn in Hollywood had

WHAT ARE YOU, WARREN BEATTY?

continued
been a mask, it had in the year and a half grown to his face. I had gone to Maryland to watch young Beatty before the cameras, and I began to sense the truth when, on the day following one of lavish hospitality to press photographers, not only they but even the film company's own staff man was barred from the movie set, because on that day Beatty was doing a "difficult" scene.

Beatty, playing the part of the hero of the morbidly sensual J. R. Salamanca story about love in an insane asylum, has wandered off to see his old girl friend. He is welcomed into the house where he meets the girl's husband, senses the girl's loneliness when left alone with her but refuses to accept her veiled advances.

On this particular day the shooting was limited to the first phase of the encounter, the boy's wandering onto the porch of the beat-up, drab house. A light drizzle was coming down to give the scene the right mood. "No picture taking today," the assistant director screamed at a press photographer who was spied venturing onto the scene. "Why?" the press photographer inquired. He was told: "Orders." Out on the sidewalk, Beatty was slowly walking up and down. His face was expressionless. The crew was setting up the movie paraphernalia. The assistant director watched the photographer disappear down the street. "That's better," he said.

"Yes, I gave the order," Robert Rossen said quietly as he looked out of the window of the automobile trailer turned into a mobile study for the picture's director. From the window, we could see the crew at work on the lawn in front of the street, and up on the roof, setting up lights and reflectors. "I want to give the boy his chance. I want him to feel unencumbered and free. No Peeping Toms. No interruptions. And I'll take him through this sequence slowly, step by step, in three (Continued on page 103)

If You Think that All Make-ups are Artificial Looking—

... then try Sheer Magic! It's the new matte make-up by Campana. It's creamy foundation and powder all in one. Never greasy—never drying. Goes on quickly, easily, and the effect is stunning. You're groomed to perfection but don't feel or look made up—it's so light. Sheer Magic gives you a non-shiny, fine powdered look without using powder. Your complexion is so un-artificial looking, people will believe you were born with it. Try this new matte finish make-up today—Sheer Magic!

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If making lunches for your away-from-home eaters is getting you down, it’s time you started to take advantage of all the wonderful canned and packaged foods that can make this such an easy chore. These convenience foods are a blessing at any time—but especially so when you’re in a hurry or just plain looking for something different or glamorous for your lunch-toters.

Look for all the handy canned sandwich spreads, the variety of cheese slices and the many kinds of baked beans which taste like a picnic when pan-browned frankfurter rings are added. You can also buy tasty main-dish meals like chili, spaghetti and meatballs, stew and hash which need only to be heated and packed in a wide mouth vacuum bottle. Nourishing soup, be it a dry-soup mix or canned soup, heated and packed in the vacuum bottle, adds a special touch to the sandwich meal. Give the lunch an extra home touch by packing a relish, ketchup or dressing in a small plastic pill bottle. Ripe or pimento-stuffed olives and pickles also make good go-alongs.

And don’t forget dessert—such as canned fruit, packaged puddings and flavored gelatin. These pack and travel well in baby food jars. Dried fruit, such as raisins, prunes and apricots, also rate high, and most toters love an additional surprise treat of cookies and candy.

Pictured on the opposite page are menu suggestions which feature convenience foods and have the appeal to satisfy your hungry toters!

---

**upper left**

Pea Soup and Crackers
Deviled Ham Sandwich
Sliced Cheese Sandwich
Pound Cake
Raisins
Coffee, Tea or Milk

**center left**

Deluxe Macaroni and Cheese
Casserole
Hard-Cooked Egg
Tomato and Lettuce Salad
Doughnuts
Apple
Coffee, Tea or Milk

**center right**

Baked Beans with Pan-Browned Frankfurter Rings
Ketchup
Pineapple-Cabbage Slaw
Brown Bread
Orange · Candy Treat
Coffee, Tea or Milk

**lower left**

Chili with Ketchup
Cheese Wedge
Carrot Sticks
Pepper Rings
Cookies
Pear
Coffee, Tea or Milk

**lower right**

Spaghetti and Meatballs
Lettuce Wedge with Salad Dressing
Pickles and Olives
Banana or Fruit Cup (not pictured)
Candy Treat
Coffee, Tea or Milk

*Please turn the page*
Put glamour into your lunch box

Photoplay's Reader-Tested Lunch Box Recipes

**ORANGE-OATMEAL COOKIES**

Makes 4 dozen cookies

Sift together:
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

Set aside.

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1 cup shortening

Gradually add, while beating:
- 2 cups sugar
- Beat until light.

Add, one at a time:
- 2 eggs
- Beat until light and fluffy.

Add:
- 1/2 cup grated orange rind
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 3 cups rolled oats

Mix well. Add dry ingredients and beat until well blended. Drop from tablespoon onto greased baking sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F) for 12-15 minutes.

From: Mrs. Wilson, Detroit, Mich.

**BAKED FRENCH DOUGHNUTS**

Makes twelve 3 inch doughnuts

Sift together:
- 1 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 2 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg

Set aside.

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 5 tablespoons butter or margarine

Gradually add:
- 1 egg, slightly beaten
- Beat until light and fluffy.

Add dry ingredients alternately with:
- 1/2 cup milk
Mix well after each addition. Fill greased 3 inch muffin tins half full with batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F) for 20-25 minutes. Remove from tins immediately. While still hot spread each doughnut with a well-blended mixture of:
- 6 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon

Cool on rack.

From: Mrs. Kopperud, Wauwatosa, Wis.

**PEANUT BUTTER-ORANGE SPREAD**

Makes 1 cup

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1 package (3 ozs.) cream cheese

Add:
- 1/2 cup peanut butter
- 1 1/2 teaspoons grated orange rind
- 2 tablespoons orange juice

Blend well. Spread between slices of white or dark bread.

**QUICK SPAGHETTI**

Makes 6 servings

Place in a deep saucepan:
- 1 package (1 1/2 ozs.) onion soup mix
- 1 1/2 cups water
- 2 1/2 cans (8 ozs. each) tomato sauce

Bring to a boil over medium heat. Cover and reduce heat. Simmer for 10 minutes.

Mix together and set aside:
- 1 pound ground beef
- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- 1/4 teaspoon basil
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- 1/2 can tomato sauce

Heat in a skillet:
- 1 tablespoon salad oil

Add 1/2 of the meat mixture and cook until lightly browned, stirring with a fork to break up meat. Add meat mixture to tomato sauce and continue to simmer. Form remainder of meat mixture into balls the size of walnuts. Add uncooked meatballs to tomato sauce and simmer uncovered for 25 minutes stirring occasionally until meatballs are cooked through.

Cook according to package directions:
- 1 package (1 lb.) spaghetti

Drain and rinse with cold water. Drain. Top cooked spaghetti with tomato sauce and meatballs. While still hot pack in a wide mouth vacuum bottle.

From: Mrs. Dellbrugge, Cinn., Ohio.

**DEVILED HAM-BANANA SPREAD**

Makes 1 cup

Mash:
- 1 medium banana

Add:
- 2 cans (2 1/4 ozs. each) deviled ham
- 1/2 cup finely chopped celery

Mix well. Spread between slices of your favorite bread.

**NO-BAKE FUDGE COOKIES**

Makes 5 dozen cookies

Mix together in a saucepan:
- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup cocoa
- 1/2 cup milk

Add:
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine

Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a rolling boil. Cook two minutes more. Pour chocolate mixture over:
- 3 cups rolled oats
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup chopped pecans

Mix well and drop from teaspoon onto waxed paper. Cool to room temperature.

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOWAY READER RECIPES, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
TOFFEE PUDDING SURPRISE
Makes 6 servings
Place in each of 6 serving dishes:
1 marshmallow
Set aside.
Cook according to package directions:
1 package (3½ ozs.) butterscotch pudding mix
Pour hot pudding over marshmallows in serving dishes. Cool, then chill.
Place in a saucepan:
½ cup semi-sweet chocolate morsels
2 tablespoons water
Place over low heat and stir until chocolate melts and mixture is smooth. Spread over top of chilled pudding in serving dishes. Chill.
From: Mrs. M. Decker, Miami, Fla.

DOUBLE BANANA CREAM PIE
Makes one 9 inch pie
Prepare and bake:
1 9-inch pie crust
Cool.
Arrange on bottom of pastry shell:
1 medium banana, sliced
Set aside.
Combine in a mixing bowl:
½ cup heavy cream
1½ cups milk
1 package (3½ ozs.) instant banana pudding
Beat with a rotary beater until smooth. Pour over banana slices in pastry shell. Chill. Garnish with whipped cream and sliced bananas.
From: Mrs. Sherrer, Bay City, Tex.

CHICKEN SUPREME
Makes 6 servings
Sprinkle in bottom of shallow baking dish:
½ cup packaged herb seasoned stuffing mix
Set aside.
Cook according to package directions just until tender:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen French cut string beans
Drain well. Spread evenly over stuffing mix.
Over beans spread:
1 can (12 ozs.) boned chicken, diced
Sprinkle with:
½ cup slivered blanched almonds
Combine:
1 can (10½ ozs.) cream of mushroom soup
½ cup milk
Mix well. Pour over all.
Set aside.
Combine:
1½ cups herb seasoned packaged stuffing mix
½ cup hot water
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
Toss lightly. Sprinkle over all. Bake in a hot oven (400° F.) for 20-25 minutes or until bubbly and lightly browned.
From: Mrs. A. Urdang, South Orange, N.J.

CREAMED POTATOES AND PEAS
Makes 6 servings
Melt in a saucepan:
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
Add:
1 cup milk
Cook according to package directions:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen peas
Drain. Add to sauce. Mix well.
Cover according to package directions:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen peas
Drain. Add to sauce. Mix well.
From: Mrs. Francia, Iron Mountain, Michigan.

CHUCK ROAST
Makes 6-8 servings
Wipe with a damp cloth:
3-4 pound chuck roast
Set aside.
Combine:
1 envelope (1¾ ozs.) onion soup mix
½ cup red wine
Mix well. Let stand for 5 minutes. Stir. Spread mixture on roast. Wrap in double thickness of aluminum foil and seal tightly. Place in a shallow baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 3-4 hours.
From: E. Schnabel, Santa Ana, Calif.

FRANKFURTER VEGETABLE MEDLEY
Makes 4-5 servings
Cook according to package directions:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen mixed vegetables
Drain off all but ½ cup liquid.
Add:
1 can (10½ ozs.) tomato soup
Mix well.
Set aside.
Combine:
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese
Toss lightly.
Set aside.
Cover with boiling water:
6 frankfurters
Let stand 10 minutes. Drain and cut in ½ inch slices.
Place half of the vegetable mixture in a lightly greased casserole. Cover with half of the frankfurter slices and top with half of the bread crumb mixture. Repeat layers. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 25-30 minutes, or until bubbly and lightly browned.
From: E. Lichtenberger, Auburn, N.Y.

VARIATION:
Use canned luncheon meat or leftover meat in place of frankfurters.

Have you a special tried and tested recipe which features a "packaged convenience" food as an ingredient? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOBPLAY'S MEALTIME MAGIC, P.O. Box 3483, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for each recipe that we publish.
in an electric lawn mower somewhere and whrrrrrrrrrrrr. But no birds.

"I firmly believe," said Troy, continuing, "that life is what you make of it. So many people grumble about it. They grumble when they are losing it, too. All I can say is that life is wonderful to me. Suzanne is wonderful."

"Have you two ever fought?" I asked, not-so-innocently, remembering last April and the hot battle rumors of the time.

"We've never had a major quarrel," Troy answered. "When we decided last April that perhaps we shouldn't see each other for a while, it was a friendly decision. We didn't even set a time limit. Then, a few days later, Suzanne called me about a chair she'd found in a shop that she thought would fit perfectly with the other furniture in my living room. We went to look at it. Later we went out to dinner."

"Of course," said Suzanne, "there's always some gossip monger who'll spread a rumor, on the average of once a week, that Troy and I had battled. I even heard once that he had smuggled me. I suppose I'll hear a rumor next that I belt him!"

Helplessly, we now remembered the much-publicized Lili Kardell incident of a few years ago. As so, obviously, did Suzanne.

"I never believed for a minute Troy could do such a thing," she said. "He didn't hit her. I believe he was a victim of circumstances. I didn't know Troy at the time, but later he was man enough to explain the entire episode to me, and I know he was telling the truth. A phony he's not."

Said Troy of the incident: "I never hit her (Lili), but I erred in believing that she believed in me. Today I have very few close friends. I want it that way. I was surround-
ed by so-called friends long enough. All they were doing was using me. Suzanne helped me see this! She straightened me out on this score!"

Suzanne, let it be said here—and seriously now—has helped straighten out Troy on lots of scores during these past two years.

Before they met, he'd been a fairly mixed-up young man. A sudden and over-
whelming popularity had thrown his normal stability off-balance. He'd begun to stray around, cock-eyed with confusion. He'd taken the inevitable apartment over-
looking Sunset Strip, he'd thrown the ine-
vitable wildish young-star-in-Hollywood
parties—and he'd gotten himself smack into inevitable trouble. There'd been talk, even as he was starting to make it, that his career was kaput. There'd been rumors that his studio bosses had warned him to settle
— or else. Co-stars whispered about
him. Interviewers disliked him. It had been no ease that half of Hollywood would have paid benefit prices to see young Troy fall flat on his handsome face.

Suzanne, on the other hand, had been Miss Stability itself. Always, The daugh-
ter of rather affluent New York parents (her dad's an exec with ABC-TV), the product—more importantly—of an extremely happy household, she'd had the added advantages of being extremely pretty, extremely bright—and was, as they'd say in pure New Yorkese, "a dolling of a
girl with what a head on her shoulders!" She'd been, furthermore, a hard worker, a talented actress—and it had been clear to those who knew her that she was going to make it a big one day.

Her first meeting with Troy, report has it, had been something of a shambles: Suzanne had been shopping in a Beverly Hills department store. Troy had happened to be in the store at the same time. He'd be-
gun to flirt with Suzie. Suzie had been in a hurry. "May I help?" he'd started. "No thanks," she'd said. And that was that!

Says a friend of Suzie's now: "Looking back, I can't think of a more unlikely pair getting together, even for a few minutes. Troy was an immature kid at heart. Suzie, even though the same age as he, was a woman; all woman, real woman. It was as if Narcissus had just gotten a crush on Lady Hamilton. It was the big giggle of the month. Crazy!"

But Hollywood has its own crazy way of bringing "unlikely" pairs together. And one day the Brothers Warner announced to Suzie that they were signing her to play the femme lead in a picture to be called "Rome Adventure"—that filming would take place in romantic Italy—and that her love interest in the picture was to be Troy Donahue.

The rest, of course, is location history.

"When Troy got back," says a friend of his, "he was a different person. He seemed settled, mellow, confident of himself for the first time. I wondered how. And then, then, one night soon after, I saw him with Suzanne. And I realized right off that he'd fallen for her—hard—that in order for a guy to feel worthy of a chick like this, he'd have to have changed."

The columnists naturally noticed, too. And it wasn't long before the Troy-Suzie items began to hit the papers.

"Troy likes Suzie," it all began, in effect. Then: "Troy loves Suzie."

Then: "Troy on the verge of proposing to Suzie."

Then: "Troy, did you propose yet?"

Naturally (since a year had just passed, and no action) what followed next was: "Troy and Suzie secretly married."

Followed by: "Troy and Suzie insist they are not secretly married." Followed by: "Troy and Suzie respectfully request to be let alone."

Followed by: "Oh yeah, Troy and Suzie?"

Which brings us back now to where we started. And to my recent and incessant talk with them on will-they-or-won't-they.

Here's how it will be

"Look," said Suzanne, "frankly, and it is frank, we haven't set a marriage date. Perhaps we never will. Who knows? I feel, and it's a sincere feeling, that I would be ecstatically happy as Mrs. Troy Donahue. I have no apprehensions about this. But it takes more than feelings.

"When and if it happens, however, my parents in New York will announce it. That's the proper way and we want to do proper. I want a large wedding. There will be no secret invitations. I'll wear a white wedding gown, Troy a tuxedo."

"Right!" said Troy, who then added: "Look at our careers. We just don't have the time now. I wouldn't like to marry one day and have to report back to work the next. Neither of us has been married be-
fore. Why rush? We're both young."

"The important thing is that we are completely understand one another. Everyone who has been making a big thing out of the fact we're not married following nearly two years of steady dating doesn't under-
stand or want to understand us. Our feel-
ings for each other are beyond saying that we're just merely in love. It goes much be-
yond that. We respect each other. You can't have love without respect and vice versa. We have both...

Interestingly, just before we went to press, I received the following note from a gossipy friend of mine who signs himself "Informal":

"Stop everything! Warner Bros. have just announced that they are teaming Troy and Suzie in a picture to be called 'Dis-
tant Trumpet.' The two will be constantly together for the next few months. I predict a wedding—definitely—by Christmas!"

To which I can only reply:

"Dear Informer: I hope you're right. A few more interviews like the last—and I'll start hearing birds!!" 

—Ella Ormandy

You can see Suzanne in "Wall of Noise," and she will be appearing soon with Troy in "Distant Trumpet," both Warner Bros.
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by WOROBLE MFG. CO.
BRIGITTE BARDOT

Continued from page 41

packed my trusty tape recorder and boarded the first plane possible—I wanted to get away before anyone changed their minds. Four thousand miles later, I arrived on Capri. Five days later, I flew back to New York. What happened in between could well be the plot of Brigitte’s next movie—if she wants to give up those sexy French plots for a good old American comedy of errors.

Watching Brigitte make a movie (she was on Capri to film Joseph E. Levine’s “A Ghost at Noon”), is a movie in itself. I knew, because I watched her for five days.

My first morning there, I arrived on the set bright and early. La Bardot would certainly do the interview today. I tested my trusty tape recorder and sat down. I sat and sat and sat! When quitting time came, I was still sitting. It was then that Brigitte’s charming girl Friday, Christine Briere, smiled and said, “Mr. Robbins, perhaps she will do your interview tomorrow—perhaps, maybe!”

The next morning was a repeat of the day before. That afternoon, for one moment, it looked as if I was in luck. Brigitte started to walk over to where I was sitting. Along the way, someone stopped her and suggested she go water skiing. Never mind the four-thousand miles I traveled to see her! Forget the hours I’d sat in the broiling sun! Forget the fact that the interview had been set up by the producer, Joe Levine! Forget all that. I certainly did! Brigitte went water skiing.

The next day La Bardot came to the set in tears. The paparazzi (Italy’s unrelenting corps of news photographers) had been tormenting her and her boyfriend, Sami Frey—who was on Capri with her. The paparazzi accused them of breaking a camera and threatened to go to the police unless Brigitte and Sami paid for the damage. She was terribly upset and talked of going back to Paris at once.

It was all anyone could do to get her to film that day—and I didn’t need Miss Briere to tell me I wouldn’t get my interview. “But, perhaps, maybe,” she said. “Brigitte will do the interview tomorrow. Perhaps.” So I put more suntan lotion on my already sunburned face and rode back to my hotel. It was then I began to hum an old song. Maybe you know it—it goes, “I was on the Isle of Capri that I met her, beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.” But that’s the song I didn’t meet her—and there wasn’t a shade tree for miles—walnut or any kind.

All kidding aside, Capri is one of the most beautiful places on earth. The scenery is too much. If I had to sit and wait for anyone, anywhere, I couldn’t pick a more gorgeous spot. A cooler spot, yes—but not a more gorgeous one. And while I waited, I discovered a few things about Brigitte—some good, some not so good—but all fascinating—in fact, I’d say fantastic.

Brigitte is treated like a queen. You should see how she comes to work—in a private motorboat! The crew, the director, the rest of the cast—everyone—would be on the set for hours. The set for “A Ghost at Noon” was the roof of the abandoned Villa Millaparte, which sits about two hundred feet above the sea on a sheer cliff. The quickest way to get to the roof location is a half-hour ride by boat and then a climb up five flights of steps carved into the cliff. The only other way is by a long, exhausting trek up and down the cliffs.

So, if the cast and crew had assembled there at 9 A.M., let’s say, about 11 A.M. (one day it was after 1 o’clock in the afternoon), a gleeful cry would go up from one of the crew. “Voila, Bardot est arrivee!” Brigitte is coming! Quelle excitement!

Ah, she comes to work!

Like “Cleopatra” sailing down the Nile, Bardot’s boat—a sliver of mahogany with a silver tail—would be visible on the clear blue water, two hundred feet below. The boat would come through the Faraglioni, the two famous rocks that have become the “trademark” of Capri. The brilliant sun sparkles on the water like diamonds, the blinding flashes occasionally hiding the boat from view. But it came closer, closer. I could see Brigitte, her blonde hair streaming in the wind, her dark glasses, her pink face. Every pair of eyes was glued on her.

The film’s director, Jean Luc Godard, welcomes her like visiting royalty; handles her like some delicate flower. Her co-star, Jack Palance, gives her a warm hug.

Between takes she climbs back down the five flights of stairs and sits in the corner of her boat, by herself. Or else she sits under a sun umbrella on a corner of the villa’s roof, which is even larger than a basketball court. She is very aloof, and talks only with those she knows well—especially Sami Frey and her girl Friday, Christine Briere. I’ve already told you about Miss Briere—she’s the one who keeps saying “Tomorrow, Mr. Robbins, maybe... perhaps!” As for Sami, gossip columns have told you about Brigitte’s romance with him. And it is for real—they’re engaged to be married.

Not only the star, but all supplies—cameras, film, costumes, food, water—had to be brought to the remote villa by boat each day. And they had to arrive before Bardot did. Her arrival time was set by someone else, possibly her ex. It depended on many things—not the least of which was how many people mobbed her at the Marina Grande, from which her speedboat left for the location. And mob her they did, day and night. Did she mind? She certainly did. She complained about her lack of privacy, the tourists, the curious. But not once did she attempt to disguise herself in any way. There was not a scarf on her head—always the famed Bardot blond tresses were being whipped up by the wind. I was in Rome with Elizabeth Taylor and she made many shopping trips, with no trouble at all. I’d seen the late Marilyn Monroe walk all over New York with a scarf and dark glasses and be unrecognized by her adoring fans. But Brigitte decided to go topless, and I figured it was a disguise in Capri. Yet she hates being mobbed.

The paparazzi are another problem. All day long, half a mile across the water from the villa, they hide in the bushes on the cliffs like mountain goats. As they inch closer, I’d swear they were going to plunge into the sea—but they never did. Their telescopic lenses would be trained on Brigitte, and they were clicking, clicking, clicking. It would be enough to drive me nuts. Bardot is in their sights wherever she goes, constantly bothered and annoyed. Only when she is inside her hotel or hiding behind the wall of the Villa is she out of camera range. Only, too, in her native Paris or her beloved St. Tropez is she left somewhat alone.

After three days of waiting on the set, I gave up. I decided it was not far from Brigitte’s (she, Sami and her retinue had taken over a small hotel on Capri). Maybe I could go over to her hotel in the morning before shooting, or at night, or any other time to do the interview. But again, I was told, “Brigitte will do the interview on the set. Maybe... perhaps... it will be tomorrow.”

After four fruitless days, I was burned up in more ways than one. I figured I couldn’t sit around much longer. That night, I wandered into a small boutique to decide once and for all if I could afford a sweater I’d seen there. I also wanted to pick up something for my wife—who wasn’t too keen on the Bardot interview in the first place.

As I was trying to make up my mind, down the small, winding stairs that led from the main shop to the fitting rooms, came Brigitte, followed by Sami Frey. As she passed me, she put her hand on my arm, smiled and said, “I’ll see you tomorrow.” Well, some sweet, lovable member of the paparazzi snapped a picture just as Brigitte smiled and put her hand on my arm. Within hours, that photograph was printed up and sent around the world. The caption? Well, I was identified as “Jicky Dussard,” and in case you didn’t know it, I’m supposed to be Brigitte’s “cute red-hot romantic.” Just call me Jicky!

The next day, I got my interview. The first American interview she’d ever done—
Just insert one tiny tablet in vagina...works instantly without water!

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With the many changes he has been making in his "image," it seems that Pat Boone wants to be anybody but Pat Boone. . . . I wonder what the real Cleopatra would have thought of "Cleopatra" and Elizabeth Taylor. . . . I think it's a bad idea, having the stars of Hollywood on the sidewalk of Hollywood Blvd. They're stepped on enough without this added opportunity. . . . They don't make a movie about the West as well as the kids who see a Western on Saturday afternoons. . . . I recall a time (B.C.-British Columbia) when the top executivies of two major studios said that Richard Burton was a fine actor but he didn't have any sex appeal, that the gals didn't go for him. . . . The number of drive-ins are getting less and less in Hollywood and the number of tall buildings (tall for Hollywood) are getting more and more. . . . Why should stamps cost more money, but can't drive-in go into a machine? . . . The actresses who wear the least clothes in public always take the most luggage with them on a personal appearance tour.

That's Me With A Capital I

I had the impression, while watching "Four For Texas" being filmed, that Anita Ekberg could have taken Frank Sinatra in a boxing match. . . . Whenever I hear an actress say, "I like to walk in the rain," I don't believe her, but I do believe that she's trying to be a Garbo in some department. . . . The fact that Vince Edwards is a big hit as "Ben Casey" has changed him. He now loses more money at the track. . . . I think it would help Eddie Fisher if he stopped trying to be Al Jolson. . . . Suzanne Pleshette will be one of the screen's greatest actresses. There's only one thing that [her] story begins, and his time is Troy Donahue. . . . Hermione Gingold declared, "I've got all the schooling any actress needs; I can write well enough to sign contracts," and I know Joan Crawford from long ago and far away, and I would have bet that she'd never become a business executive. . . . I wonder if Joanne Woodward thinks of Paul Newman when she plays in a movie with Marlon Brando. . . . A Lena Horne album still shows that you can't have to use her as a picture. . . . I'll tell you a secret. When Debbie Reynolds was first starting, she wanted to be another Lucille Ball. For all I know she still does. . . . Debbie's married life with Harry Karl is so peaceful and contented that she should send Liz Taylor a note of thanks. . . . I wonder if Tuesday Weld feels better on Tuesdays. . . . Montgomery Clift claims that money doesn't interest him when it comes to filming a picture, he's more interested in the script. Yet, without caring, Clift manages to get $250,000 a picture. . . . Did you ever notice how much Frank Sinatra is like Monty Clift when he's acting or selling a song? It goes back to "From Here To Eternity," when both were in this picture and Clift was aiding Sinatra. . . . Jayne Mansfield will take off her clothes for popularity, yet she told me, "The crowd that hangs around for autographs. Honestly, I love them and all, but honestly, they're so uninhibited. The way they tug at me, I have to go and take care of my bruises.

So why doesn't George Chakiris really give out with a dance in a picture! . . . Dean Martin admits he had his nose fixed. Dean would like to have his hands fixed if he could. He believes they're too large and rough. . . . I know the romance is fading with Elvis Presley and his latest when he no longer calls her by a pet name. . . . I'm almost as surprised by Ann-Margaret's sudden and big success as Ann-Margaret is. . . . If you happen to think about it, you'll become aware that in all his movies, Cary Grant always allows himself one beefcake scene. . . . Here we are, and where is that stranger feels at home quickly. Especially if said stranger is working. . . . I'm pleased that Gregory Peck finally won an Oscar. He did have a difficult time keeping the door to his den open. . . . I don't know why, but Tony Martin always looks better to me when Cyd Charisse is standing next to him.

Mamie Van Doren told me that white is her favorite color because it makes her feel so pure. . . . Audrey Hepburn is the only actress I can think of quickly who is trying to put on weight. . . . In this town, when an actress talks about a faithful husband she means one that pays his alimony right on time. . . . I wonder why Ricky Nelson refers to his wife Chris as "the old lady." Is that any talk about an expectant mother? Guess it's just a bunk of America. . . . Tome is a slow sleep walker. And I couldn't think of a nicer girl to meet on a sleep walk. . . . Lana Turner believes that love is the best beauty treatment for any woman. . . . At a party, Kim Novak, talking about a certain actress, said, "She rubs me the wrong way. I can't even like her when she's agreeing with me." And That's Me With A Capital I Sounding Off. . . . The End
chair and, that done, put the other end through the window. With an agility that belied her years she climbed over the sill and with the strange new strength of her small hands, she lowered herself until her feet were only a few inches above the earth.

She picked up the books and quietly but quietly walked out through the gateway of the Rockhaven Sanitarium in Glendale, California, and with a firm last step disappeared into the night.

She walked to the west. For how long she did not know. For time to time she would stop in front of a church, inspect it carefully and then slowly turn and continue on.

When she was tired she went into the next church and rested. With her spirit and body renewed she started out again.

**Woman in white**

Dawn came, the sun rose and burned its way through the morning into the afternoon. Only a few curious passersby noticed the slight woman in white nurse-like dress. She did not notice them. Her eyes were only for the thing she sought and she could not find it. She spoke to no one but went from church to church clutching the books under her arm.

The sun finally finished with that part of the little woman's world, descended, leaving the dusk and the night once more. The small woman was tired now. She had had nothing to eat or drink. Her fruitless search had wearied her and she was growing cold.

Then she saw a church that looked more like a well-kept home. She studied the sign on the lawn which told her it was the Lakeview Terrace Baptist Church and that Rev. J. Brian Reid was its pastor.

Inside the dark church she prayed for a few moments and then, as if she had been there before, she walked through a doorway to the rear of the building and stopped before a closet. She opened the door and a soothing, welcome draft of warm air drifted out from a water heater.

She nodded her head, went in, closed the door behind her, curled up on the floor in the darkness and fell asleep.

At 9:15 the next morning Rev. Reid, on his way to his study in the rear of the church, found the woman sitting on the steps.

She arose as he approached and with just the bare trace of a sad smile said, "If you are Rev. Reid, I've been waiting for you."

The pastor said he was Rev. Reid. "She was very calm and cool," Rev. Reid said. "And she was, without reservation, the kind of a person to whom your heart goes out."

The minister asked if there was anything he could provide for her in the way of help or counsel. He would like to help.

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"I am looking for my church and I cannot find it," she said. Deepening lines of anxiety had come unexpectedly to her face. She shook her head and stared at the new daylight around her. She watched a bird dropping its bill clean on a tree branch.

She turned back to the minister and in words that seemed as a prayer, said, “I need someone to be with. It is very lonely.” She dropped her soft gray eyes to the ground and then let them fall on the two books she had under her arm. The thicker of the two was a worn, leather-bound Bible. The second was a Christian Science handbook.

"I am Mrs. Eley," she said. "Mrs. Gladys Eley and I am studying to be a practitioner in my Church."

She looked back toward Glendale, twelve miles away.

"I had to leave there. You know, I could not study properly and I have fallen behind on my way to God." She hesitated for a moment. "It was cold during the night and I saw how peaceful and inviting your Church is. I had no place else to go."

"When I went inside I knew it was a true place of God, for He spoke to me, You see. He knew I was cold." She smiled. "It was warm and in there by the heater." She looked back at the Church. "God is always ready to help us when we need Him," she murmured quietly.

She thrust her head and staring directly at the pastor said, "Could you also help me find my daughter? The one that is alive?"

Rev. Reid nodded. "I will do what I can to help you, Mrs. Eley. But perhaps we’d better go inside and I will call your friends." They started in to the study.

A daughter “gone”

Mrs. Eley did not speak, but she shook her head sadly. "I had another daughter," she said suddenly. "But she has gone to God. I pray for her spirit."

Then, quickly, she asked. "Do you know Marilyn Monroe? The actress, was my daughter? I am her mother. Marilyn . . . she has left . . . they told me about it after it happened. She was very, very lovely. They say everybody liked her. People all over the world watched her in pictures." Mrs. Eley shook her head again. "But I don’t think she was happy. She used to come to see me, but she won’t come anymore."

"People ought to know that I never did want her to become an actress. I was always against it. I did not see her much when she was a little girl because I was ill. They said she was pretty, even then.”

She fingered the white uniform she was wearing.

"She was kind, too. They say that before she left, she thought about money for me. Every month, they say, from what she had they gave me something.” Tears threatened to come to her eyes.

"She did not have to do that. She must have known God would take care of me. He takes care of us all in the end. I do not want the money. I wish they would take it and give it to someone else, to people who need it more than I do or use it for some other purpose.

"People should know about that. I didn’t want her to be an actress in the first place. Her career never did her any good.” Somehow, she fought the tears back.

"It would help, Mrs. Eley, if you’d tell me where you came from,” the pastor asked gently.

"I knew you’d want to know that,” Mrs. Eley replied. "I don’t want to tell you. I’ll have to go back. There is no one there I can—"

Mrs. Eley dropped her eyes and clasped her hands.

"I’m from the Rockhaven Sanitarium," she said, just barely above a whisper.

The law takes over

The minister called the sanitarium. Yes, Mrs. Eley’s disappearance had been reported to the Missing Persons Bureau. They would send for her.

Rev. Reid dialed the police. He was connected with Officer John Sherwood of the Footlock Diet of the Los Angeles Police Department. He explained carefully that he was with a Mrs. Gladys Eley, who had apparently wandered from the Rockhaven Sanitarium in Glendale. Sherwood dispatched Officer James Wilson to the church in a police car . . .

Two police women greeted Mrs. Eley at the station. Officer Sherwood talked with her for a while and explained gently that she must go back to the sanitarium.

"Your daughter was a very beautiful and lovely woman," one officer told Mrs. Eley.

"Yes," Mrs. Eley replied quietly, staring at the activity around here.

The uniforms and brass buttons and the shields of the officers seemed to frighten her.

"Don’t be afraid," said another policeman. "You mustn’t be afraid. You are safe. After all, Marilyn, your daughter, was once married to a policeman."

Mrs. Eley looked at him. "Yes, I know," she said.

Just then Louis Diesbeck, a photographer from the Glendale News-Press, appeared with his camera.

Mrs. Eley shook her head. "No, no," she said tearfully, "you must not do that. I am a Christian Scientist. My religion forbids me."

Diesbeck smiled. "It’s all right, Mrs. Eley, I am a Christian Scientist, too. I won’t do anything wrong."

Diesbeck’s photo was the first clear picture of Marilyn’s mother the world has seen in more than a quarter of a century. Just before the representatives of Rockhaven came for Mrs. Eley, a strange thing happened. Flanked by members of the Rockhaven staff, Mrs. Eley stopped in the doorway of the police station for an instant and turned to look at the swarming crowd of reporters, policemen and television cameramen who had sped to the scene.

She let her gaze go from one to the other as though making a plea to each person.

One reporter remembers it vividly. "I’ve seen that look on a thousand faces, but I never expected to see it on the face of Marilyn Monroe’s mother," he said. "That look says—Please, for God’s sake, help me.” It was a look he’d never forget.

The reporter wasn’t the first or only observer to make similar remarks. In our discussion of Mrs. Eley, Rev. Reid himself was most concerned with Marilyn’s mother’s plight.

He said: "Here is a sweet, kindly and Godly woman who has been put away so that she will not get in anyone’s way. All she needs is what every individual in the world yearns for, to be loved and wanted.

Can we help her?

"This is what breaks my heart. No one can do anything about it because I presume that she was committed by a due process of law. Perhaps the publicity and this story will suggest that Mrs. Eley’s case be studied a little more carefully.

"Mrs. Eley’s only apparent concern at the time was that she was going to have to go back to the sanitarium. But the impression I got was that she dreaded going back to loneliness.

"She showed no anger, no resentment, no bitterness, no violence. She displayed no psychotic symptoms of being out of her mind. She wasn’t vicious or any of the things that you might note in a mentally disturbed woman.

"She was only very obviously lonely and in search of someone to care for.

"I feel that if Mrs. Eley could be welcomed in a home, a real home where there is a family, where she could be shown some respect, where she would feel that people want her around and if she could be made to feel that she was doing some good and helping someone, she would be a happy woman. She is not any more disturbed than any other human being in the same situation.

"All of this, of course, is my opinion and although I am not a psychiatrist, I have been trained in psychology.

"Mrs. Eley’s case has been very much in my heart since I met her. I hope something is done about it before too long.”

A lonely woman

The real purpose of Mrs. Eley’s “confinement” has never been made quite clear. The usual report has been that she is “mentally disturbed.” So it must be presumed that the true reasons for Mrs. Eley’s commitment to a sanitarium are deeper and more serious than the exposure during her “escape” revealed.

But today, restricted legally within the bounds of sanitarium grounds, Marilyn Monroe’s mother is a lonely, longing desperately for a pitifully trivial opportunity to communicate in her own way with God and yearning, with her heart in tears, for the chance to love someone who loves her. With God’s help that day may come.

But until it does she can only wait, for all she has left is hope. —WYRT PRESTON
Continued from page 52

"She showed me the way to promotion and pay. / And I learned about women from her."

"I also learned a few things about myself—a guy who'd gone through life setting everything with my two fists—a guy who'd slugged his way through a hundred brawls and somehow had always gotten by . . . who shipped to sea (at fourteen the first time) came up the rough way, through the hawse pipe, learned to hold his own in a scrap and never did learn to curb his temper."

Jack Lord—TV's own Stoney Burke—leans back in his chair, stretches out his long legs and his sailor blue eyes dream back to the sea, which was one of the great influences on his life. Something in his blood, actually—his dad was the executive of a steamship company, and in Jack's boyhood was running five ships in the China Sea. He told fabulous tales of the sea to which Jack and his brother listened rapt. And he had a fantastic library which they read.

"My mother was a real Irish matriarch," Jack said, "in most marriages, you find one strong and one weak. Not in this marriage. They each had their own function, their own strength to add to the tandem. Maybe that's where I got my ideas of what a marriage should be. And they had no objections about my going to sea."

The sea came first

To sea, at fourteen, in school vacation . . . and at fifteen . . . and after high school he went to Fort Trumbull Academy at New London, Connecticut, and earned a third mate's ticket in the Merchant Marine. Sure he was going to college—but first the sea!

"On ship there are men who are saintly and men who are bastardly," Jack says. "There's always some bully who wants to push you around and always a guy who'll defend you if you need it. I spent five years at sea, free, reckless, ready for anything. Hundreds of ports of call and every one of them a new world."

He was on a ship that broke down in Cape Town, South Africa, and rather than ship back, he hired on as a steelworker in Persia, ten bridges between Khorramshar and Tehran.

He was an able-bodied seaman on one of the first ships that went through the Mediterranean when it was reopened after World War II. This ship was the Kelly Hall, a Liberty ship, ten thousand tons, passing down through the Suez and headed for the east coast of Africa. In the tropical heat, the refrigeration system broke down and all the meat on board spoiled overnight. Then all the dry stuff was invaded by weevils, so that the ship was really crawling. The only edible food was canned and they didn't have too much of that. The crew got together and ap-

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pealed to the captain to put into port and get some decent food supplies. Captain Kidd—a good loyal company man.

"I'm eating this food," he said, "and if it's good enough for me, it's good enough for you." They were en route to Durban, passed Mozambique, there were plenty of ports available, but the captain refused to stop. So the night before they landed at Durban, to make sure they got fresh supplies, the men broke into the store-room and threw everything overboard—the rotten, fetid meat, the weevil-infested flour and cereals, everything. Captain Kidd promptly charged them with mutiny—he wired ahead to the American consulate and arranged for every man jack of them to be thrown in jail upon landing.

Very few of the crew were actually sentenced to jail, and Jack, a member of the Seaman's United Protective Union, went off scot free to new adventures.

Once a month, Kidd court-martialed. Luckily, he had won $2,400 the week before in a crap game in Bahia, Brazil—there'd been a Navy gun crew aboard and he'd cleaned them out. Then he'd loaned the guys back their money so they could go ashore. At the court-martial, an ensign appeared and vouched for the fact that Jack couldn't have deliberately missed the ship, it was an accident. He could prove it. He owed Jack $600, others owed him as well, and he'd certainly not give up that kind of money!

"A two-fisted sailor man!"

There were plenty of fights. As Jack says, "the men who follow the sea never really come to terms with the world, for the most part they're guys running away from themselves, the lost people. It was great when I was a kid, but you have to grow up. And when you do, looking back, you feel a great compassion for these men, they have no direction and no future, just freedom."

But when he first came off the sea, he kept right on with the two-fisted part of the sailor life. It wasn't a matter of booze—this man didn't drink. It was always a flash of temper. Self will. He'd gotten himself a job in the swank Cadillac agency on West 52nd Street, a good secure job at a good secure salary with pension plans, the opportunity of learning about financing and the opportunity to deal with people of great means—a job for life. He was top salesman on the floor when one day he threw a potential customer out of the showroom. Bodily. Not only a potential customer, a duke. This arrogant gentleman had strutted about the showroom and at one point, examining the cars, said haughtily to Jack, "Hold my cane!"

"You hold your cane," said Jack evenly.

"I'm not a cane holder."

The duke waxed obnoxious. Jack heaved him ho.

It caused quite a flutter in the staid Cadillac emporium. The General Motors executive in charge summoned Jack upstairs.

"Just exactly what did you do?" asked the boss.

"I threw that guy out."

"And what right have you to throw out a customer?"

"None. He was obnoxious and nasty, I thought he needed to be thrown out."

And expected to be thrown out himself. But the old man paced the floor muttering, "Damn it, what am I going to do with you?" And nothing happened. The boss had grown up in a rough area of New York City, as Jack had. He understood.

"I've been blessed with people," Jack says. "You know, they say that angels watch over sailors, drunks and fools. I was a sailor, and I guess my guardian angel was on hand. Not too long after that, I found another guardian angel—Marie.

"My last fight was shortly after she and I were married. I was still working at Cadillac, was driving in Manhattan at high noon one day and this taxi driver bumped me. Now this is the kind of a guy I was. I stopped, got out, advanced on that cabbie with blood in my eye. He must have sensed my antagonism, he reached through the window and threw this punch at me. A big tough, 240-pounder. I pulled him out of that cab and there in the middle of Broadway and 42nd Street at high noon, worked him over. When I finished he was a wreck. I know. I paid his doctor bills."

"It was nothing new to me—just one more scrap—only this time I had to tell Marie. It was very difficult telling her. I've never been in another fight since."

As a matter of fact, Jack's life was changing at this point. He was moving into quite another sphere and channeling his energy into a fight—but not with his fists—for his life. Not the life of the sea which he'd had; not the life of the Cadillac agency, he'd had that too; but a secret life he'd kept locked up in him since childhood, when his dad had taken him to see every show on Broadway.

Ten blocks away from the Cadillac agency was his dream—the theater. But how to get there? One day, the manager called Jack onto the floor to meet a tall, painfally shy man who was looking at a 75 limousine. Gary Cooper. Jack was shaking like a bird dog and his easy flow of conversation was suddenly paralyzed. The two of them walked around the show room. Cooper said nothing. Jack said nothing. After a while it occurred to Jack that this guy was, like himself, a car spook. He started talking about cars, about an old Cadillac he'd taken apart and put together, about a Pierce he'd once had, and a Duesenberg. "Duesenberg" proved the magic word that unlocked things.

**Fellow Duesenbergers**

Coop lighted up, his blue eyes sparkled, "I just came back from Plattsburg," he said. "Went up to see a Duesenberg I once owned."

The movie star had traveled five hundred miles to see an old car!

From that minute on, the two men became friends, it was a friendship that was going to last until Gary Cooper's death. That first day Jack asked him what he'd never dared ask anybody, "How did you really get started in show business?"

"Well, you have to have a galvanized gun," he'd said, "so to speak."

"I've gone for an answer." He'd gotten his start by scraping together enough money to have a test made, on a horse. He hired the cameraman, bought the film and sent the test around.

Jack made his own start. He went to Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse and said, "I want to be an actor. I think I should learn how to act." Meisner wanted to know why... where he wanted to go and why... and after a four-hour interview Jack was admitted to the evening class. A couple of months later he quit his job at Cadillac. December, 1952. It was a major decision and Marie very definitely helped him make it.

"We hadn't been married very long and it was asking a lot, for me to go to her and say I'd like to drop an $18,000-a-year job for nothing, a venture into the strictly unknown, and against such odds. There are very few women who will sacrifice security—it's a necessary thing for most women—for all women. They should have it. But I had a dream and I was afraid of being trapped by my comfortable job, my comfortable hours, my comfortable income. So I told Marie and she said fine, she was all for it. I told you she was tough. She is. And she believed in me, kept believing, even though it took me a year and a half to get my teeth into anything substantial.

Jack's first real job was with Ralph Bellamy on "Man Against Crime" which he did for peanuts. His break in the theater with Kim Stanley in "The Traveling Lady" on Broadway paid $500 a week, but it wasn't the money that mattered, it was the open door. In nothing flat he was in Hollywood to make "The Courtmartial of Billy Mitchell" with Gary Cooper.

"Well," Coop said when they met on the set, "the guy who likes Duesenbergs!"

Marie and Jack make their home now in Hollywood in a two thousand-square-foot apartment which is their ivory tower.

"It's furnished with things we love, our books, our photographs, our art collection. We've got everything in the world to each other."

"I talk everything over with my wife.

Jack Lord says he was a scrapper before he married Marie and turned peaceable.
I don’t go around the corner without her and I don’t do anything without her. She’s a true friend. This great relationship, this marriage, is the most important thing I ever did in my life. What I was looking for, all those years in every port. Everyone’s looking, I think, consciously or subconsciously. You’re always hopeful you’re going to open that door and she’ll be there.” And Jack was a charmer, never at a loss for romance—that’s probably why he missed that ship and was court-marshaled. But once he found what he was looking for, he didn’t hesitate. This chic girl with her dark eyes and hair, her flair for costume design, became Mrs. Lord as quickly as he could manage it. From that moment he was on his way to his life: work uniquely his and a mate uniquely his.

“I was thinking the other night,” he says, “there are times in this business when no one believes in you except yourself—and there are times when you even lose faith in yourself. Any actor worth his salt has these moments of doubt, and anyone who says he doesn’t is a liar. This is a business in which you’re knocked down so often and so hard, you’ve got to be able to get up on the nine count. It’s what Coop called the ‘galvanized gut.’ I’ve got it and scars to prove it.”

His wife “gentled” him

But he’s also developed a gentleness and calm which, he says, he owes to Marie.

“You can’t imagine how my wife worked on that gentleness.”

And there were the three men he admired—all dead now—who were the combination of toughness and gentleness which, before Marie, he would never believe existed. They were Coop, and actor Walter Hampden and lawyer Joseph Welch.

With Coop it was a “basic, genuine humility, an inside goodness—like the pure in heart shall see God. There wasn’t a mean or vain or petty bone in the man’s body. In a business where personalities clash and conflict, he was always above it—perfectly capable of fighting, but not needing to. He was never down on the level where the carnal minds seem to operate. And knowing him was a reassurance that nobility and honesty do pay off. Marie adored Coop, as I did. Marie was a starry-eyed little girl around him.”

Walter Hampden was seventy-four when Jack made a picture with him and found him “stimulated and stimulating. He and gentle.” Then he met Joe Welch, who had just put Senator McCarthy down at his hearings and come off the conquering hero. Now he was to make his first appearance as an “entertainer” in a three-part “Omnibus” series. Jack played John Marshall and Joe Welch did the narration. He and Jack had an immediate rapport and treasured their friendship to the day of Welch’s death in 1960.

“Now that I think of it,” says Jack, “the men I’ve admired most were gentle guys who were really rocks. And I thought you had to take people apart!” Now he knew what Marie was talking about.

Jack Lord is a lucky man. He found himself a girl who believed in him and made him believe in himself. A talented designer, she was perfectly willing to give up her business as soon as she was earning a living in show business. Now she works
much harder than she ever did for herself. While he's working she is up every morning at 3:30 to brew coffee and muffins for his "longhoreman's breakfast," his big meal of the day. He rises at 4 and by 4:30 is devouring eggs, sausages, potatoes and hot muffins.

"She's a homemaker as my mother was," says Jack. "She has created, decorated and maintains our home, orders the food, cooks for me, does many many other things. The tailor police goes with me to the tailor for fittings, coordinates the colors, answers most of my personal correspondence, works a good deal harder than I do. She rarely comes on the set. But always the last day we have lunch—it's sort of a ritual."

Jack is ready for the big screen again. He turned down a major part on Broadway to make his next move—either the lead in "Gold Finger," another James Bond story, or "Watch Over Your Land," C.O. Bolton's novel to which Jack bought the film rights. He and his Marie are just back from a trip to Europe where they discussed co-production with Dino De Laurentis in Italy and Tony Richardson in England.

What an itinerary for their first trip to Europe together! The Cannes Festival, a month in Rome, then Paris and Madrid; a drive up through the Loire Valley and welcome guests at a chateau in which their friend Terrence Young owns a twelfth interest, and Andre Alexis Lichine, top wine authority and the greatest chef in Europe, holds sway.

Success, of course, has changed their lives, "but only in superficial ways," Jack says. "The basics don't change. We can have a lovely home, Marie can have help, she can get her clothes at Valentina and Balenciaga and Dior instead of designing her own, but by the end of the trip, I'm thinking of buying a new suit for myself. But in their clothes or her own designs, this is the most chic woman I've ever seen in my life. You should see her walking down 57th Street in New York. A dozen people will turn to look at her. She wears hats well, has a great figure, she's very small, five foot two inches, tiny-waisted, but what the French call false magre—meaning it'll fool you, that little figure."

Yes, Jack's quite aware that there are actors who fall in love with every leading lady; he feels that they've never known happiness, they've never built a solid structure, there's always been a flaw, that's why their marriages crumble. He's never married. There are standards he's set for her, she's helped him set; this marriage is the rock on which he's built a life and a career.

"She is the one with faith and I never discount it. I kid her about it, but I want it to be true. She's got great spirit, this girl, and I want more than anything to become totally the man she thought I was from the first. I had no stability, no goals, no direction. She's my stability, my goals, she's everything.

"You know the truth? Without her, I'd have been a bum."

—Jane Ardmore

Eddie Fisher

Continued from page 49

While Bob was busy during the day, working in the office of his clothes manufacturing company, Renata and Eddie would chat on the phone or see one another. He would always return her to her plush, borrowed surroundings in time for her to make her after-work date with Bob. Then, as Renata and Bob had their date, Eddie would be busily singing for his supper at the posh Royal Box night club in the Americana Hotel.

Renata managed this bit of dovetailing very neatly. So well, in fact, each of her suitors was blinding her with attention, promises and gifts. One of Eddie's gifts to her was a very rare jade pinky ring which had, holy of holies, been given to him by Liz—who had been presented with it by Mike Todd. The ring, which looks very much like any costume jewelry in mock jade that is currently the vogue in fashionable shops, is nevertheless a very priceless ring. Reportedly, it had been taken from a mummy case in Egyptian excavations. It is the only ring of its kind in existence. Liz gave this ring to Eddie as an engagement present—while he was still married to Debbie. For Eddie to give up this intimate symbol of Liz meant only one thing to those close to him: he had at last kicked over Liz's traces.

Eddie's got a problem?

While Renata was blithely and artfully juggling the handsome garment manufacturer and the persistent song purveyor—and confiding to each the details of the other's pursuit, smart enough to show a little reluctance and reticence to each, Eddie was wrestling with an ego problem.

What Eddie came to grips with was: though he was handsome and rich and pursued by several glamour girls, he still had competition in the form of a very handsome, very rich manufacturer-turned-actor-turned-manufacturer. This created exactly the same jealousy that Renata was perhaps hoping for. Eddie, after that devastating jolt to his male ego in Rome, now was faced with another competitive love situation. Even though the stakes were smaller, Eddie had to act out the situation that crippled him a year ago last May. He simply could not fail again. And so Eddie pulled out all the stops—wooed, won and spirited away his best friend's girl.

Now Renata is a European-reared female with great knowledge and intuition about men—even spoiled, pampered, famous men—and she readily saw the difference between the two men. Thus, after ten months of Bob's hospitality, and at Eddie's very persuasive insistence, she deserted the messenger of Hollywood Evans.

While he was tending to the myriad details of his successful business, Renata was packing her cosmetics bag, with its myriad of tricks, for a secret airport rendezvous with Mr. Fisher. Destination: Las Vegas. Always practical, she remembered to inform the Plaza Five model agency that she might be available for work in September.

Imagine Eddie's elation! He has succeeded where he had recently failed. He has successfully "kidnapped" this beautiful piece of pastry from his competitor—just as King Richard snatched Queen Liz from him. He installs Renata in a rented house just a swift Cadillac ride away from his own digs at the Desert Inn, where he is not only singing for pay, but for his freedom from Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher. (This, incidentally, is the same white Cadillac that Eddie had lent Ann-Margret when she was his favorite date. Could she have returned it in a fit of pique?)

Eddie could have installed Renata in an adjoining suite to his at the Desert Inn just as Liz had installed Dickie at the Dorchester in London. But Eddie—and you have to believe this as gospel—really does have a "fetish" about clandestine relationships. He never cheated on Debbie; he never cheated on Liz. He will not allow a woman to share his home unless she shares his name.

Who is this unknown beauty who mesmerizes Eddie into forgetting the agony of Liz's behavior? No one really knows much about Renata besides Bob and Eddie. She was, they say, an airline hostess until some traveling Romeo hipped her to the modeling racket in New York. Since that time, she has appeared on and in-between the covers of Vogue, Mademoiselle, Glamour, McCall's, Seventeen and Ladies Home Journal. Because of her "Mick Ger" man accent, Renata's many assignments on TV have been non-speaking parts. Currently, she can be seen in the Newport cigarettes and Coca-Cola ads on television. (Eddie worked for Coke for three years.) Photographers who have taken pictures of Renata say she has a great talent for turning on "pouting innocent" and "Mona Lisa" on cue. They also add that she understands everything they want to convey sexually in the ads. "She's got this quiet tiger approach—you know, the paw is ready to destroy, all the while the smile wreathes the beautifully immobile face."

Which man's the marrying kind?

Obviously, Renata is schooled in the feminine mystique. She was able to keep two men in love with her simultaneously. She apparently had no remorse about a double play with her emotions and her intentions. And she obviously made the decision to leave the man who seemed less inclined toward marriage. By her inarticulate, helpless approach, Renata defeated her American-beauty counterparts in getting Eddie to declare himself in the marriage market. Quite simply, Renata has convinced Eddie that he is far, between himself and Bob, the better man. Would she have defected otherwise?

And so, Eddie's ego is reborn. The dead, lifeless man who was paralyzed a year ago is now opulent and triumphant once more. No longer is he tramped down by that Shakespeare-spouting Welshman. Eddie is alive for the first time since 1962, feels he is a whole, virile, potent man. He feels
that, despite the fact that Bob Evans is as rich as himself, and handsome, he has been able to refuse the prize.

As for Bob's ego—that is another problem entirely. Bob has always been sought after by women, but his marriage to Sharon Hugueny was not a success. Both he and his partner brother (also with one broken marriage behind him) seem to prefer very young beauties. In any case, it was Bob and his herculean ego which brought this triangle to the light of black-and-white print. He screamed in headlines when he returned to his luxurious home and found that Renata had flown.

It did not take him long to put the blame on Eddie. He also told the press that Eddie was ungrateful. That he had stuck by Eddie in his two crises with Debbie and Liz and this was Eddie's way of paying back his friendship and loyalty. Renata, after all, had been confiding details of Eddie's courtship to Bob—presumably trying to re-ignite his diminishing ardor. When this did not happen, and when Eddie's smash engagement at the Americana came to a conclusion and she was faced with the loss of his attentions, she had to play a bold hand. It looked as if Eddie would ask her to marry him. It looked as if he would consent to meet her parents in Germany after his divorce from Elizabeth was an accomplished fact. So she packed and fled and continued in day-light hiding in Las Vegas and nightly exposure at a special table-for-one at the Desert Inn where Eddie was singing.

The big question

Will Eddie marry this shrewd model? Will he, after so fantastic an adventure as husband to Liz Taylor, be content to face the future with just a "beautiful face?"

While Eddie may content himself with the fact that the twenty-two-year-old Renata will be photographable from any angle for at least ten years to come (while Liz is rapidly losing out to the battle of the bulge and jowls) can he be secure in Renata's love? Just as he "stole" her from another man, can she be stolen away again? By someone richer, more popular than himself?

A very close personal friend of Eddie's assures us the wedding to Renata will never come until he maintains that Eddie's ego needed feeding and Renata fed it fabulously. Eddie has shown the world, but particularly Burton and Liz, that he too can "steal" a woman from under the very nose of a best friend, just as Burton stole his beloved wife.

So, perhaps unwittingly, Eddie has brought the circle full round. He has relived the traumatic experience that sent him into a paralytic tailspin. Only this time Eddie has projected himself in the role of the aggressor and the winner.

Renata Boecker, whether or not she will ever become the third Mrs. Fisher, has helped restore Eddie to himself in a way that no one could.

That is why Eddie had to steal his best friend's girl—to prove to himself that he is still a most attractive and desirable man. To prove to Elizabeth Taylor Hilton Wilding Todd Fisher that he can "still cut the mustard." —KIM RICHARDS

Eddie Fisher records for Ramrod Records.

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If you've got specific questions about anything in the news (and who hasn't these days?), just send them to Walter Cronkite on CBS Radio and he'll get you the answers from Stuart Novins in Moscow, Douglas Edwards in New York, David Schoenbrun in Paris, Charles Kuralt in Rio, Marvin Kalb in Washington or any other CBS News Correspondent anywhere.

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The CBS Radio Network
LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 39

The favored, lavishly-endowed young movie star, could not capture a young man of her own. The boys stayed away in droves. When school chums, out of kindess, tried valiantly to include Elizabeth in their social life, young lads stared at M-G-M’s darling and uncomfortably turned away. Going to be given for actor Roddy McDowall (he was to be with Liz later in “Cleopatra”), Liz was heart sick because nobody could dig up an escort for her. “I just stood around,” Liz once confessed, “with egg on my face.”

“This was a deeply-felt, cruelly-hurtful experience that Elizabeth apparently never forgot—or forgave.” Dr. X explained. “When her older brother Howard had to beg his friends to date his sister, it came as an overwhelming blow to her self-esteem. Then, at last, when boys did begin hanging on the phone, Elizabeth flirted from romance to romance like a happy humming bird. Each new love was the “greatest,” except that it ended inevitably and quickly with the appearance on the scene of a fresher and more fascinating man.

“This was Elizabeth’s way of taking revenge on a cruel and unfeeling world for all her once-dateless years.

Playing the hellion

Long ago, when Elizabeth was still a teenager and used to talk about her future in the movies, her eyes would flash purple sparks. “What I’d really like to play,” she would gasp excitedly, “is a monster—a hellion.” Overhearing her one day, a powerful M-G-M executive told an associate, “This child has the temperament as well as the beauty to become a great star. And when she begins to show it, oh, brother!”

Still another man who was then close to the Taylor family chuckled. “What the boys have done to Liz in not datering her is nothing compared to what she will do to the boys. At first it may be done unwittingly. But if it becomes easier, there seems little doubt that Elizabeth will take full advantage of her devastating charms to play ringmaster to a generation of willing and performing males.”

Prophetic? “It seems so,” the psychiatrist smiled. “On the other hand, Miss Taylor did not, I think, calculatingly set out to make herself into an international femme fatale; she was conditioned to it, almost subconsciously, by the peculiar, hothouse climate in which she was reared. From the time she was small, everyone deferred to her: parents, friends, the moguls at her studio. When she became handsome with a new toy or a new dress or a new present—and she wore very easily—she was given a dozen others. Sensitively, she loved wearing her schoolchums’ clothes, while her own dresses hung new and unworn in her closets. Later, let’s say, she yearned to ‘wear’ other women’s lovers or husbands.

“Children showered with gifts, you know, lose all sense of values; they assume that if a bite is damaged or a doll broken, new dolls and bits will instantly and magically take their place. As adults, then, they simply cannot understand why, if one love shatters, they cannot grab two others. But one thing such bevedied people never learn is that those who would have more and more, in the end can never have enough.”

Certainly Elizabeth never seemed to learn. Not this time, anyway. What she did discover was that once she really got going in the amorous sweepstakes, she could progress from chumpkins to men like a 1,200 mph jet storming the sound barrier. One day she was concerned only with her pet chimpunk, Nibbles, her dogs and cats and horses; the next, she suddenly was all ame with her real powers.

She was young, but not youthful—tossed into the fight ring’s main event almost before she was really ready. “It was tough going for her,” said a classmate, “because she had a lot more ground to make up than I do. She’s not, until after she married Mike Todd did Elizabeth seemingly fling all caution to the winds. Todd, of course, was the man who “belonged on a runaway horse; a fellow who would pass out salted peanuts at his own hanging if he owned the beer concession.” Some of Todd’s own imperial flamboyance must have rubbed off on Liz.

“Miss Taylor, I gather, has always acted with spectacular non-conformity.” Dr. X observed. “But beginning with Todd, she turned far more aggressive in her romances. Photographs of her around that time show that even her necklines, already revealing, became defiantly lower and lower.”

Once, when she and Todd had one of their Homeric battles, Liz phoned their mutual good friend, Eddie Fisher, in the middle of the night, and tearfully wheeled him into dashing over to console her. After Todd’s death in that plane crash, it was Eddie who had to be at Elizabeth’s side’s last, the Chicago funeral. And when she wanted Elizabeth to join her on that eyebrow-raising weekend at Grossinger’s—the one that led inevitably to his breakup with Debbie Reynolds—it was Elizabeth who seemingly couldn’t understand why “there was all that fuss.” “I liked Eddie then,” Liz reputedly said, “but I wasn’t really in love with him.”

Love is last month’s Cadillac

Was it the latent male-devouring element in Miss Taylor that was then emerging with rampant ferocity? Dr. X did not think so. “I know that Miss Taylor was pictured as a heartless woman, selfish and cruel—the very devil.” He was called “ruthless in her disregard for the feelings of those who stood in her way.”

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oblivious to her children and indifferent to the wreckage she has left behind her. 'But this, I believe, was not altogether true. Miss Taylor is loyal—when she has time. She would not knowingly hurt anybody—if she thought about it. But her own imperious needs come first, always. This is what she was taught, and this is how she acted. An incorrigible romantic, any old love to her was like a week-old toy, or yesterday's dress or even last month's Cadillac that must be discarded. Why not, when there had always been new clothes, new diamonds, new Cadillacs or even Rolls-Royces in pink-ribboned packages just around the corner?"

From the time man was created, there have always been human beings with blind spots of one kind or another. The housebreaker who steals can see no wrong in what he does: the sin is in being caught. The drivingly-ambitious businesswoman who knifes friends on his way up feels himself justified; he had to battle his way up the career ladder somehow, didn't he? And Liz—what of her? Wasn't even the world's most lavishly beautiful movie star entitled to a few shreds of happiness?

"Mike's dead, and I'm alive," Liz cried once. And fourth husband, loyal, devoted, tailwagging Eddie Fisher who used to retire dutifully at nine o'clock in Rome because "that's what Elizabeth did when she was working"—what of him? "Well," murmured Liz, after the lusty, earthy Richard Burton had become her lover, "I do feel sorry for Eddie, really."

True, Welsh Mr. Burton, always finding fresh excitement in making love to his leading ladies on stage or off, in new flirtations, has been known to say, "Never trust a Welshman; they gave the word 'welsh' to the world." In his own way, Burton, too, has always lived his life seeking "more, more, MORE," just as Elizabeth has. No one could ever push him from the limelight; he had to be the star. "Acting," he once quipped, "becomes tedious only when some other performer has the center of the stage." Or loving, for that matter—even an Elizabeth Taylor.

"Perhaps the fascinating Burton was the "new toy" Liz sought so hungrily, after the old and quickly-tattered love had been flung into a corner. There are, of course, some who hold that in Richard Burton, Liz Taylor has at last met her match. No other male love fortress had to be stormed so repeatedly or so long. But Elizabeth has always been the avid huntress in each of her romances—always believed that this new man is at last "the man I can really love and cherish."

Not long ago, in Paris, Elizabeth and Burton were lunching with a visitor. The lunch over, Liz rose to leave. She picked up her emerine-lined raincoat and gave Richard an affectionate kiss on the forehead. "Imagine loving a Welsh coal miner!" she sighed ecstatically.

"Liz," a friend remarked, "has always conned herself into believing that she is desperately, achingly in love. She has always been the pursuer in all of her affairs: from Nicky Hilton, to director Stanley Donen, to Monty Clift, Rock Hudson, Michael Wilding, Todd Fisher and now Dick Burton. Does Liz wait for these men—and others—to make the initial approach? The record belies it. Somehow, Liz creates the gossamer fancy, then inflates it into a grand passion by herself. I could be wrong, but I see her as a dedicated self-deceiver. This may be the chief reason why she has never found lasting happiness."

"Then again, Liz always wails that she is the one who is horribly hurt. But Liz, almost all the men, she has done for. She is the huntress and always has been. This is her nature—the genes she can't escape. Quite possibly it isn't altogether her fault, no more than the fact that she has raven hair and purple eyes. But her fault or not, her life from the beginning has followed one predetermined and male-dictated path. Her is a baby eternal, love chase that can never end."

"Let's face it, she's dull!"

Now, four times married and mother of four children (one adopted and three of her own), Elizabeth may still be battling that vast and terrible emptiness she felt when she stood around at parties, unwanted and alone, 'with egg on my face.' "Elizabeth is an awfully nice girl," a young actor who dated her once said. "She doesn't put on airs and she isn't stuck up. She's regular. But, let's face it, she's dull. She's just a sweet girl who happens to be more beautiful than anybody else."

Dull? Elizabeth the Queen? Well, she'd show 'em. If "showing the world" meant "flouting conventions, jeopardizing her career, flinging herself headlong into folly" or being damned for "erotic vagrancy" . . . well, again, what was the point of being beautiful if it was only for one man?

Said the late Jimmy Dean, when he was starring with Elizabeth in "Giant." "When Taylor makes up her mind, she's full of indescribable energy. I think that's what she admired in Dick Burton, admired and despised Elizabeth, and had nothing but contempt for her."

"Maybe he did; it was a long time ago. Perhaps Dean, too, found Elizabeth "dull." But Liz, her second husband Mike Wilding once sighed, "needs only to snap her fingers, and she can have any man in the world."

Almost.

"And yet," said Dr. X, our psychiatrist, "the toys—or the men—Miss Taylor doesn't care for or no longer wants, she wads up in her hand like a piece of waste paper and simply tosses away. Alexander the Great went because there were no more worlds for him to conquer. Miss Taylor doesn't care. She's with an actor or a poet or point ed out," Dr. X went on, turning to this reporter, ""All I want is MORE, Miss Taylor seems to say, 'and I am going to find it.' She has demonstrated that she can have almost any man in the world, even the staunchly-married Richard Burton."

"But while that four-letter word still seems to rule Miss Taylor's life, people can become as sick with a surfeit of 'too much' as inescapably as those who starve on nothing. And 'more,' always 'more,' can in time lead even an Elizabeth Taylor, beautiful and desirable as she is, to disenchantment and disaster."

"For merely being ravenous can never be enough—not in a love chase that never knows the ending. The cynical observation is true in this case; that there are two great tragedies in life—one is not to get your heart's desire; the other is to get it."

—JEFF CROWN

Liz appears with Burton currently in 20th's "Cleopatra." and M-G-M's "The V.I.P.s."
eavesdroppers are too busy shushing each other to catch even a phrase.

But later, when the reporters move in on the four principals, there are statements.

"She's very charming," says the thirty-six-year-old Happy of the Duchess. 
"She's an extraordinary person," says the sixty-six-year-old Duchess of Mrs. Rockefeller. And then she adds that she feels it's "right" for Happy and Rocky to be married because "they're very much in love."

"I hope they will be very happy, as we are after twenty-six years of marriage," says the Duke, gazing fondly at his wife.

**His expression tells all**

Rocky's voice says nothing, but the ecstatic expression on his face says everything.

But the Republican politician who thought it was a "damn fool thing" for the Governor and his wife to meet and greet the Duke of Windsor and his wife, is less restrained. And an ex-Rockefeller supporter snips, "Sure, the Duchess of Windsor thinks Happy is great—but does she vote?"

And although the initial confrontation of the Rockefellers and the Windsors fails to produce any visible explosions, there are subsequently enough fireworks to keep the guests buzzing all evening.

"Gosh, will you look at that? The Governor and Happy are chatting with Abe Schiller of the Hotel Flamingo. He's the one who helped Nelson's first wife get her divorce. I'd love to hear what they have to say to each other."

"Oh, oh—now the Governor's done it! He asked the Duchess to help draw the door prizes and he called her, 'Your Royal Highness.' That's a title they never gave her in England."

"Did you notice that the Windsors and the Rockefellers didn't eat together? Nelson arranged for himself and his wife to be behind a partition in a small private dining room. And while the others were gambling, those two were off alone, strolling on the deck. You wouldn't think they were just married—which they are, of course. I mean—you wouldn't think they've known each other for over ten years."

"What could Nelson have meant when someone asked him if he wasn't going to try his luck at roulette or blackjack or bridge—and he answered, 'I don't gamble any time, charity or otherwise'? Could he have been referring to running for President?"

At three in the morning, the Rotterdam steals back into port and discharges her distinguished passengers. The Rockefellers, arm in arm, go happily down the gangplank, as if eager to embrace the future and make it theirs. But the Windsors descend more slowly, the Duchess a step or two ahead of the Duke, their thoughts,
presented to the Prince. When she reached Burrough Court, she was introduced not only to the Prince of Wales, but also to his younger brother, Prince George. Two curtseys instead of one.

But the Prince of Wales cocked his wind-rumpled, golden head to one side and gave her an encouraging smile that magically drove the sad, wistful look from his eyes. She did a deep curtsey—once to each Prince—and it was over—and she could enjoy herself.

The next day at luncheon she was seated next to the Prince and, although she was petrified, she realized that he was talking to her and that somehow she was answering. Months later, recalling their conversation, David insisted that the romantic topic of their tête-à-tête had been the American and British notions about central heating.

She didn’t see the Prince again until the spring of 1931. At a reception in a private house, David passed through the room where she was. As he went by he whispered to his hostess, “Haven’t I met that lady before?” Shortly afterwards, he came over to her and her husband, Ernest, and said, “How nice to see you again.”

But it wasn’t until June of the same year that the Prince said something to her that wasn’t either perfunctory or just social. It was when she was presented at court.

She stood in the front row with Ernest, watching the King and the Queen and the members of the Royal Family pass by, just before the ceremony. She heard the Prince of Wales whisper to his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, “Uncle Arthur, something ought to be done about the lights. They make all the women look ghastly.”

At a reception after the ceremony, the Prince complimented her on her gown. “But, Sir,” she said with a straight face, “I understood that you thought we all looked ghastly.”

Like a little boy caught stealing from the cookie jar, he grinned in embarrassment. He said, “I had no idea my voice carried that far.”

The Prince was deeply involved in redecorating his country place, Fort Belvedere, near Windsor Great Park. As Ernest Simpson and Wallis invited him to drop by their apartment for a nightcap, he said, “I’d like very much to see your flat one day. I’m told it’s charming, and seeing it might give me some ideas for brightening up Fort Belvedere.” But he said he’d like to visit if she’d invite him some other time.

To herself she shrugged off the Prince’s words as royal good manners. For months they did not see each other. Then, out of nowhere, came an invitation from the Prince for Ernest and herself to join him for a weekend at Fort Belvedere.

That evening, after dinner, the Prince invited his guests to play Red Dog with him, a card game she hadn’t played in years. She told her host that she wasn’t sure she remembered the rules, and he offered to coach her. But after several hands he smiled and said, “I don’t think you need any more instruction from me. I’d better look after myself.”

Following the game, he danced with her—but with some of the other ladies present, too.

She and Ernest visited the Prince several more times in 1932, and a few times in the early part of 1933. When the Simpsons went back to the United States for a brief business trip, the Prince sent a personal message wishing them a safe crossing and a speedy return to England.

When they got back to London, the Prince gave a dinner party for her at Quaglino’s, a famous restaurant, on her birthday. And after dinner he presented her with a rare orchid plant. “He assured me that it would bloom again within a year if I faithfully followed certain instructions as to its care,” she later wrote in The Heart Has Its Reasons, her memoirs. “I set the plant in the sunniest window at Bryanston Court [her apartment]. For a year I watched it; nothing happened. Meanwhile, the Prince had become a frequent visitor. And one afternoon the plant came beautifully into flower exactly as he had predicted. I was afterward to feel that there was something symbolic about this.”

Royal Fourth-of-July!

Now it was her turn to give a party for the Prince. A Fourth-of-July dinner party at which she served a typical Southern-American meal: black bean soup, grilled lobster, fried chicken, a cold raspberry soufflé, and, as a concession to British tastes, a savory of marrow bones. The Prince enjoyed the meal and asked for the raspberry soufflé recipe. “There were more visits to the Fort, which the Prince called ‘my Get-Away-From-People house’; and then one day a personal telephone call came from the Prince, who had always before contacted her through an intermediary. Now he invited the Simpsons to a dinner party he was giving for some friends. It was at this party, while the others were dancing, that he first let down his guard and talked to her about the Monarchy and its problems.
She asked questions occasionally, made a few brief comments, but in the main she listened.

As the others were returning to the table, he said, "Wallis, you're the only woman who's ever been interested in my job."

Now events began to move rapidly, too quickly for her to be aware what was happening. His Royal Highness took to dropping into her apartment for cocktails—and then for potluck dinners. By chance he picked the nights when Ernest had brought paperwork home from the office, and soon her husband found it was easier to concentrate on his work if he excused himself and retired to his own study. And on weekends the Prince singled her out more and more as his dancing partner.

One afternoon a woman friend who herself had had a crush on the Prince of Wales, remembered Wallace's point-blank if he were "keen" on her.

"I think he likes me. He may be fond of me," she replied. "But if you mean by keen that he is in love with me, the answer is definitely no." The denial was no sooner uttered than a series of incidents proved her wrong; he seeks her advice regarding menus, offers to pay expenses, and sui for Fort Belvedere, despite his butler's horrid objections; he gives her a cairn puppy, Slipper; he invites her to spend August with him at Birkritz (Ernest will be in the United States on business), with her Aunt Bessie as chaperone, and she accepts; the often slip away from the other guests at his villa and dine alone; he tires of Birkritz and takes her on a yacht cruise. (Aunt Bessie has gone on a motor trip through Italy.)

A fusing of images into one emotion. Love. "Perhaps it was during these evenings off the Hapsburg coast that we crossed the line that marks the indefinable boundary between friendship and love," she later wrote, "How can a woman ever really know? How can she ever really tell?"

Yet perhaps as symbolically significant as his previous gift of an orchid that burst into bloom after a year's waiting is what he gives her—a diamond and emerald bracelet for her necklace.

Many scenes. One emotion. Love.

Fort Belvedere. The Prince and a companion play a light, haunting, lyric tune on bagpipes. When asked what the tune is, the Prince—with a quick glance at her—answers, "Auld Lang Syne." (God help me! I wrote it myself. It's called 'Majorca'."

Buckingham Palace. The State Ball marking the Silver Jubilee, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of King George V's ascension to power. With David she dances past the days where the King and Queen are seated. She feels the King's eyes fixed searchingly upon her.

The house of a friend. Early January, 1936. The phone rings. It's for her. David's voice: "It's all over," King George is dead and David is now King of England.

St. James's Palace. The accession of the Privy Council, the first ceremony marking a new reign. From the balcony overlooking Friary Court, she prepares to watch the medieval ceremony. She hears a familiar voice. David's. He explains, "... the thought came to me that I'd like to see myself proclaimed King."

Right after the ceremony. The band has just finished playing "God Save the King" when he tells her, "Wallis, there will be a difference of course. But nothing can ever
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change my feelings for you." Kingly love. Bryangston Court. She tells David that there's another woman in Ernest's life, and that she will seek a divorce. The King arranges for a solicitor to handle the details.

The garden at Fort Belvedere. David says that he's invited Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin to dinner at York House and insists she be present. "It's got to be done," he explains. "Sooner or later my Prime Minister must face the future."

She pleads with him, "David, you mustn't talk this way. The idea is impossible. They'd never let you." But he replies, "I'm well aware of all that, but rest assured, I will manage it somehow.

York House. The dinner with the Prime Minister goes well. Later, Baldwin admits he was "intrigued" by the encounter. But Mrs. Baldwin's comments, according to one writer, were less favorable: "For her, and for women like her throughout the Empire, Mrs. Simpson had stolen the Fairy Prince."

Aboard the yacht "Nahlin." She joins David for a summer cruise along the Danube, Constanza, Adriatic, and Bosphorus. At a tiny fishing village on the Adriatic, thousands of peasants sing to them of the love of a King for the woman of his choice.

The King's study at the Fort. David shows her a letter from his private secretary, Alexander. It makes three points: 1) the British press won't keep silent much longer on the subject of his friendship with Mrs. Simpson; 2) the Cabinet may resign, a general election would then have to take place, and the chief issue would be the King's personal affairs. This would cause inestimable damage to the Crown. Mrs. Simpson must go abroad without any further delay.

"I'm going to marry you!"

She tells the King that she'll leave the country immediately, but he asserts, "You'll do no such thing. I won't have it. They can't stop me, or you. I'm going to marry you. I'm going to send for Mr. Baldwin to see me at the Palace tomorrow. I'm going to tell him that if the country won't approve our marrying, I'm ready to go."

In the months that followed, David remained steadfast to his purpose: either he would resign with her as his wife—and by his side—or he would not resign at all.

When he was with her or when he was exposed to public view, he was always calm, firm and courageous. But in private, alone, he suffered terribly.

One night, according to writer Pierre Berton, the King walked to his room at the Fort with his legal adviser, Sir Walter Monckton. "Well, I'll leave you now, Sir," Monckton said.

"No, don't go, Walter," the King beseeched. "Do you mind just sitting here until I fall asleep?"

The solicitor sat in silence as the King prepared for bed. Then suddenly David buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

On December 11, 1936, the inevitable day of abdication came. Over the radio she heard David's voice saying the words that she'd hoped and prayed he'd never have to say: "I now quit altogether public life."

Then, although he was officially address-
changed the subject—and the dinner went on. They could all relax again.

Rocky and Happy have also experienced much of the same kind of antagonism, misunderstanding and ostracism that the Windsors knew before them. Echoing the Supreme Head of the Church of England, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who blasted David more than a quarter of a century ago by saying, "He had a craving for private happiness, American ecclesiastics and politicians, men like Prescott S. Bush, for instance, former United States Senator from Connecticut, can thunder, "Have we come to the point in our life as a nation where the Governor of a great state—one who perhaps aspires to the nomination for President—can desert a good wife, mother of his grown children, divorce her, then persuade a young mother of four young-ers to abandon her husband and their four children and marry the Governor?"

Savage satire

Reminiscent of the savage satire that filled the British press just before the Windsors knew them, the kind of column coverage the Happy-Rocky marriage sometimes receives. Art Hoppe of The San Francisco Chronicle, for example, suggests a new TV series to be entitled, "The Rocky Road to Happiness," starring Rocky Nelson and Hystericl O'Brien.

Sample scene:

ROCKY: There is a terribly important question I want to ask you, fella.

HYSTERICL (fluttering her eyelids): Please do, Dearest.

ROCKY: Thanks a thou, fella. Well, it's . . . that is . . .

HYSTERICL (blushing): Please go ahead, Dearest.

ROCKY (blurtin out): Well, do you think if I married you, I could carry Vermont?

Parallels to what happened at the Windsors' wedding: Most of Rocky's family were conspicuous by their absence at his nuptial ceremony; subsequently, the minister who united Rocky and Happy, the Reverend Marshall Lee Smith, also came under fire from his superiors, the members of the Hudson River Presbyterian, and was admonished for violating the constitution of his Church by performing a marriage ceremony for a person (Mrs. Murphy) divorced less than a year.

But the Rockefellers are convinced that time and Happy's winning personality will overcome major criticism and minor annoyances such as night club gags (Eddie Fisher: "Well, I suppose you read they got married—congratulations, Rocky and Happy"); song takeoffs ("Just Mary and me, and Happy makes three, so cozy in our blue heaven"); an obvious reference to the fact that under the terms of her divorce agreement, Mary, the first Mrs. Rockefeller, retains the top two floors of the Governor's three-story Fifth Avenue penthouse, while Rocky and Happy live in the twelfth floor apartment beneath hers; embarrassing fluffs (when Rocky escorted his Happy to a $100-a-head crowd of 3,000 persons packed into New York's Waldorf-Astoria for a Republican dinner, he was chagrined, to say the least, when State Chairman Freddie Young introduced her by saying, "I know you all want to meet this very charming lady—may I present Mrs. Happy Murphy—ah—Rockefeller").

There was not a previous sign. The details of Happy's custody agreement with her ex-husband, Dr. Murphy, regarding their four children will be made public any day—and may placate some critics. The staid Social Register lists both Rocky and Happy in their blue book of Who's Who in Society. A staff member explains: "If a woman is in and a man is in, they automatically stay in when they marry. They only go out if there's scandal, and, of course, there's no scandal in this case"; and Walter Winchell is able to report about the Governor and his bride: "The talk about them: someone observed, 'has died down.' Yes, nodded another, 'there's nothing so dull as a happy marriage.'"

Rocky, in commenting on the race for the Republican Presidential nomination, is able to say confidently, "I'm not scratched." And Happy, sounding a little like the Kingston Fair, says he's not sure she wants her husband to be President. "I don't know," she explains, "whether one would want to have the man she loves to have such awesome responsibilities."

—JAE LYLE

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ELVIS

PRESLEY

Continued from page 33

tour. Memphis, she said to anybody who questioned the stopover, is a large city with rehearsal facilities and comfortable hotels.

But she didn't mention another of its distinguishing characteristics: that it's the hometown of Elvis Presley. And that he just happened to be in Tennessee in May, between pictures.

Almost two years ago, magazines and columnists gave lots of space to a suspected romance between Elvis and Connie. But the stories weren't pure invention.

Connie and Elvis were behaving in a way to make fans wonder just how much they really did mean to each other. When any girl dates Elvis it's news. And with Connie it was more so, because Glenn Ford was reputed to be his rival. Connie was having one of her recurrent tiffs with Gary Clarke, and Hollywood was betting on who'd be her next steady—Elvis or Glenn!

Connie had visited Elvis when the "Kid Galahad" company went on location to a romantic, remote mountain top at Idyllwild. In a pine-scented setting, they had the perfect opportunity to fall in love. But the truth is: they didn't. Connie didn't come down from the mountain with stars in her eyes or a new rhythm to her heartbeat. Elvis didn't ask her when she'd like to begin redecorating Graceland.

As a matter of fact, neither had a free heart to give away. Spats or no spats, Connie knew she was still Gary Clarke's girl. And Elvis was still sentimentally attached to Anita Wood, the pretty Memphis girl he'd courted for more than three years.
No, Connie and Elvis weren’t in love—not with each other. They just loved to be together—each loved many qualities in the other. But being in love and loving aren’t the same thing.

Now, in the Memphis phone booth, Connie emptied her purse on the shelf and sorted out coins to pay for the wire.

“Only I’d written to say that I was coming!” she moaned to herself again. “But I’m such a terrible letter writer!” Besides, how could Connie Stevens expect she wouldn’t be believed when she said she was Connie Stevens? Now she’d have to wire him, and waste another hour she could be spending with him!

**But why Memphis?**

It had all seemed so simple when she’d planned this stop. And as her plane had approached Memphis, she’d been humming a little tune under her breath in happy expectation. Just what was she expecting, she’d wondered.

After checking into a hotel, Connie made a few important business arrangements about her personal appearances the next day. Then she hurried to a phone booth. She deposited a dime and dialed Information.

“Information,” The pat voice had the same inflection as in every city of the nation.

“I’d like the number for Elvis Presley,”

Connie said. “I know his number is unlisted, but I’m a friend of his from the West Coast, and it’s important that I reach him.”

“I’m sorry,” Information’s answer came so automatically that Connie realized instantly: Connie had heard the same story from thousands of girls. “I don’t have the number for Mr. Presley.”

“But,” Connie insisted, “I really am a friend of his from the West Coast. Really I am. I’m Connie Stevens. I’ll only be in Memphis one day, and it’s terribly important that I get in touch with Elvis.”

“Terribly important, Connie?” she suddenly asked that she’d used almost the same words twice. She surprised herself with their urgency. Just how important was it, really, that she see the tall, reserved Tennessean whose unaffected gallantry, honesty and good common sense had impressed her so favorably. And she remembered her habit said one afternoon at the height of the excitement over the Ford-Stevens-Presley triangle.

“I feel deeply honored to be Elvis’ friend,” she had confided. “The first time he asked me for a date, I couldn’t imagine why he wanted to go out with me. Frankly, I was prejudiced against him, because I couldn’t think of anything but his looks in common. But after a while while I knew he was one of the finest people I’d ever met. He’s naturally kind and thoughtful and good. Best of all, in spite of his huge success, he’s unassuming.”

If anybody could appreciate the hard work that had brought Elvis from poverty and obscurity to wealth and stardom, it was Connie. She’d been poor, too. And had worked hard. She knew, all right, the character and endurance it took to make the climb as Elvis had.

Elvis, for his part, had liked Connie more every time they were together.

“You know,” he said admiringly to a reporter, “she used to clerk in a blouse shop. She’s a sensible, hard working girl—and a real pretty one.”

Someone had observed that, to be ideally suited to one another, a man and woman should be alike in fifty percent of their background and temperament, and opposites in the other half. Connie and Elvis fill this prescription exactly. She is a big city girl, born and bred to the hustle of the metropolis. Elvis, even though his family moved to Memphis when he was in junior high school, is a country boy. The soil, not the sidewalks, was the foundation of his youth.

Connie is Catholic. Elvis is Protestant. Elvis’ parents were devoted. Connie’s were divorced. These are some of the opposites.

But in other respects they are remarkably alike. A little joke defines a Hollywood aristocrat as “a fellow who can trace his family all the way back to his father.”

Truthfully, to many in Hollywood’s restless, shifting population, family connections mean nothing. But both Connie and Elvis know and value their kin including cousins several times removed. In the lean days, when they had little else to give them a feeling of security, each had drawn strength and love from their families.

**Marriage—but to whom?**

Connie and Elvis are each determined to forge a lasting marriage—for reasons that are different and reasons that are the same. Connie’s hunger for one permanence is, in part, her reaction to her parents’ divorce. Elvis, on the other hand, is influenced by his parents’ perfect relationship that ended only when his mother died. He doesn’t want to settle for less. He’s looking for that kind of marriage.

Religious conviction is a common ground on which Connie and Elvis found their philosophy, even though their religions aren’t the same. To each, marriage is extremely sacred. In the north Mississippi country where Elvis was born, divorce is rare, and it’s frowned on just as surely as it is in the South.

Connie and Elvis have another compelling common denominator—their love for music. To each, singing is a way of life.

Now, as Connie pleaded with the Memphis Information, was she aware of the logic behind their mutual attraction? Could she beg the impersonal voice, “please, you have to believe me.”

She had an idea. “Look—do you watch television? Do you watch ‘Hawaiian Eye?’ I’m the girl who plays Cricket on the show. Listen and maybe you’ll recognize my voice.”

She sang a few bars.

“Does it sound familiar?” she asked wistfully.

“Look, honey,” Information said, suddenly becoming personal and kindly. “Every time a movie magazine comes out with a story saying Elvis is dating one girl or another, dozens of girls claim to be the one in the story and they ask for his number. If a girl’s dating him, why doesn’t she know his number?”

“Last time I saw him,” Connie explained. “I had no idea he’d be in Memphis.”

But she realized the explanation sounded thin.

“Honestly,” Information continued, “girls call and claim to be his fifth grade teacher—you know, the one who first en-
courage him to sing. Or they say they used to live next door to him, or they knew him in Germany. I feel real sorry for some of them. They cry.”

Connie wondered whether she was going to cry, too. In disappointment. In anger.

“Another time I knew ‘em—last year in Memphis, I think. Connie Stevens,” Information went on, “I couldn’t give you Elvis’ number. I can’t give it to anyone—not even to Elvis if he was trying to call his house and forgot his own number. That’s how it is with unplastered groups.”

Suddenly she said, “But let me give you my supervisor. Maybe she can help you.”

Unheard by Connie, another girl at the telephone company switchboard chided Information.

“Passing the buck, aren’t you?” she laughed.

“Well,” she said, she’s Connie Stevens, and she does sound like her.”

“Yeah, and I’m Elizabeth Taylor!”

Little Connie won the Hollywood Press Women’s Golden Apple Award this year as most cooperative actress, because she was the girl who would talk about anything within the bounds of good taste. She was the reporters’ delight who said, “I can’t talk about that. I can’t talk about him. Just so it’s not too far out”—but that was before she broke her engagement to Gary in February.

When Connie went to Memphis, she was on the rebound—highly susceptible to love. Gary’s absence left a big, achingly empty spot in her heart. At first she held her Easy Livin’ boys busy hanging on the door all day. And all kinds of people would go bothering him, pretending they work for Western Union.

He added proudly, “I used to play football with him. But you can’t imagine the trouble he has, trying to get any privacy.”

“I’m beginning to get the picture,” Connie snapped. She was mad at the telegraph clerk, mad at Elvis, mad at herself for being so disappointed.

Say, ‘Ma’am,’ the young man said, ‘here’s an idea. You could send the telegraph to one of your friends, and maybe he’d take it right over. Maybe I could make a little story out of it, and maybe you wouldn’t be so mad.”

Never mind,” Connie broke in, “I don’t have time to go through all that.”

And, she added, her dignity with the whole situation getting the better of her, “Don’t call me Ma’am, I’ll bet you’re older than I am.”

After she hung up, Connie was sorry she had been so short with the clerk. After all, he did have a way to reach Elvis.

She drew another dime from her coin purse and started to deposit it.

“I’ll call again and apologize to that boy at Western Union,” she thought. “Then I’ll ask him what he can do to help.”

Suddenly, a chilling thought struck her.

“But suppose Elvis doesn’t want to see me? Must he know I’m in town—somebody has had a gets missed! Is he trying to brush me off?”

She answered herself, “I guess he couldn’t know. But...”

Slowly, Connie dropped the dime back into her purse, and pulled out a lipstick instead. Carefully, she painted her lips a warm pink. Then, head high, she walked out of the booth.

—NANCY ANDERSON

Connie’s in “Palm Springs Weekend,” WB, and Elvis in “Fun in Acapulco,” Par.

A lonely boy and a girl

Connie and Elvis—so lonely—so eager for the loneliness to end! If a phone rang, if a young man said “Hello,” and a girl said, “Elvis, this is Connie,” what might not happen next?

“This is the supervisor,” a new voice from the telephone told Connie. “May I help you?”

“I hope so,” Connie said. She went through her whole story again.

The supervisor’s name was Jim Burt. She was told.

“I’m sorry,” she said, “but we can’t give out unlisted numbers under any circumstances. Why don’t you send him a telegram? I’ll return your dime.”

So the dime clinked into the coin box, and Connie dialed Western Union.

Information, the one who had talked so long and patiently with Connie, was on her coffee-break now and was telling her friends about the most recent bid for Elvis’ number.

“The thing is,” she said, “I half-way believe it is Connie Stevens. And if it is, I wish I could give her his number. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if she came all the way here to see him—and they fell in love right here in Memphis—and eloped over the Mississippi line and got married?”

“What an imagination!” scoffed one of the girls. “Do you think if Connie Stevens was in town Elvis wouldn’t know it?”

“Maybe he does know it,” broke in another. “Maybe he doesn’t want that girl from Germany to meet her.”

“Or maybe he and Anita are making up and he doesn’t want any interference from other girls. I bet that was Connie Stevens—and Elvis is giving her the brushoff!”

They talked of Elvis with the familiarity of natives who are proud of a local institution.

Meanwhile Connie, still in the phone booth, was dictating the telegram that was to reach Elvis soon and make everything all right.

“I’m in Memphis today,” she began, “and would like to see you. I’ll wait for you to call me at...”

“Excuse me, Ma’am,” a young man’s soft Southern voice interrupted. “But if you’ll only here be today, Mr. Presley won’t get this telegram till you’re gone.”

“Well—”

“Because we have orders not to call wires out to Graceland—or even deliver them. We mail ‘em out.”

“You what?” Connie nearly shrieked.

“I never heard of such a thing! Why can’t you deliver a telegram to Elvis?”

“Well,” the young man said, “I guess it’s because he’s been getting all sorts of wires and letters and people that want about, just so it’s not too far out”—but that was before she broke her engagement to Gary in February.
Continued from page 28

suddenly thanked her, with a terrible whom, July 4, 1963, world she had lived in. For in May, 1962, Marie found that she was pregnant.

Brando, Marie says, was very solicitous and extremely kind and understanding. He sent her to his doctor in Beverly Hills. He remained her companion and seemed even more gallant than he had been. As if to prove his devotion he bought her a silver necklace which Marie wore proudly for all to see.

At Universal studios, where Marlon was making "The Ugly American," Marie was again a constant visitor on the set. Every day Marlon, after arriving at the studio for early morning call, would leave instructions for a gate pass for Marie. Marie would appear at 9 or 10 A.M. and watch the rest of the day so she could be with Marlon again that night from the very moment he was free.

On one occasion, Marie came on the set with several friends from the Philippines. During a break Marlon took them around, introducing them to actress Sandra Dee and other famous players on the lot.

It was when Marie's pregnancy became so obvious she could no longer conceal it, she states, that Marlon suggested she return to Manila. The thousands of miles that soon separated them began to work a change which Marie in her heart almost knew would come.

And it did.

"Marlon, for reasons I do not understand, did not answer any letters," Marie points out, "and somehow my phone calls to him were not returned though I left many messages."

The last weeks of her pregnancy, which most women know as the wonderful approach to the love and joy of birth, were for Marie a torment that was almost unendurable. Her only consolation was the hope for her baby. And in the last few days before its arrival she tried to forget her heartache and devote her mind and her body to the tiny life within her.

Yet she waited in vain for Brando to reply to her letters. "There were no answers," says Marie, "only the great silence."

She bore her baby in tears on February 27, 1963, in Manila. She named it Maya Gabriella Cui Brando.

In the months that followed she again went through the terrible anguish of frustration trying to reach Marlon in any way possible. Still the "great silence."

Finally, Marie says, "I decided to bring the child to Marlon. I felt that if he could only see the baby he would love her as I did." On July 4, 1963, Marie arrived in Los Angeles with the baby. But the gulf between Marie and Marlon still seemed as wide as the ocean she had just crossed to be near him. She couldn't get him. Her calls were brushed aside with "Mr. Brando is busy," or "I'm sorry, he is not.

Would you care to leave a message?"

The messages, says Marie, were not answered. After nearly two weeks, Marie remembers, "I finally reached Marlon."

"I'm sorry, Marie," she remembers him telling her, "but I'm tied up right now. I have some people with me. Give me your number and I will call you back."

So Marie Cui remembers the apathy of the man she claims in the baby of Maya Marie. Waited for Marlon's call for two days. Sympathetic friends finally convinced her that, if only for the child's sake, she should seek legal advice and take steps to name Brando the father of the baby.

She went to the office of Attorney Bernard Cohen. "Marlon Brando is the father of my baby," Marie told him. It took two weeks to work out her story of her love for the actor, which incredibly had survived what she termed Marlon's indifference to her problems and those of her child. She could not, for example, work in the U.S. because she was a Philippine national without a permit.

Since Brando was so completely buffered from those he did not wish to see, a private investigator was hired to serve Brando with legal papers concerning Marie's suit.

Detective William Lowe found Brando in St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, where the actor had gone to be treated for a kidney infection.

"I was rather surprised," says Lowe, "after I found Mr. Brando, to realize that I was serving papers in a paternity suit to a man in the children's ward of the hospital." Somehow Brando had been placed amidst all the babies and youngsters of the hospital. "Brando looked great. Lowe pointed out after the exchange, "except for a three-day beard."

When the suit made headlines, Marlon said nothing. He spoke out neither for nor against the woman who claimed he had fathered her baby. When the two met in the hospital for the court-required blood tests, Brando said, "Hello, Marie," as if they were meeting under far less potent circumstances.

Then, on August 6, Superior Judge Edward T. Somers, speaking for Marlon's lawyer to dismiss the paternity suit, since the blood tests disclosed that Brando could not possibly have been the father of Marie's little girl.

Two hours after the court handed down that decision, Marlon reportedly called Marie and told her that "none of this business would make any difference. . ." He also hinted that he would be in touch with her soon.

Marie, heartbroken over the court's ruling, and still insisting Brando had fathered her child, returned to Manila.

Said her lawyer, "She used to be the typical geisha-type, quiet and subservient, but now she's a woman scorned. She's alone with the baby."

Whether Marlon and Marie will see each other again—or not—one bit of mystic philosophy comes to mind. It is from the great and mysteriously revealing book, "Songs of the Anointed One." The saying goes, "The joy of love lasts only for the moment. The pain of love lasts forever."

—Alan Somers

Marlon's latest film is "King of the Mountains," produced by Universal-International.
And third: Burton, deep down, will undoubtably believe the full meaning of the line to be true!

He will, however—and alas—he is more-than-slight. Because, despite those nearly year-and-a-half-long love affair, there is still a whale of a lot Richard Burton doesn't know about his Liz.

And it's a pity in a way that Eddie Fisher—who was married to Liz for three years and does know all about her—won't be around to fill him in on those few missing "particles."

Quite a little script that scene might make.

For instance, it could easily read something like this—

EDDIE: Good evening, Richard.
BURTON: Good evening, Liz. And don't look at me that way. I call absolutely everyone "liz."

EDDIE: I just dropped by to congratulate you.
BURTON: That's jolly sporting.
EDDIE:—And to see if there was anything I could do for you and Boot. That is what you call Elizabeth, isn't it?
BURTON: Yes. Boot. For "beautiful." We call each other that, as a matter of fact.

EDDIE: You will be tender with her tonight?
BURTON: As if I were her first husband, and not her fourth.

Eddie (a slight correction): Fifth! I was fourth.
BURTON: Hmmmm. Yes. Right.
EDDIE: And you'll keep paying her all the attention she's been used to getting from you? And more now?
BURTON (aghast): M-O-R-E-E-E-ES??
EDDIE: Yes. You see, what you've been through has been only the beginning—
BURTON: But I've done everything for her!

EDDIE: Not enough.
BURTON: I've bought her things. At least, a thing. I bought her a magnificent brooch. Spent tens of thousands of pounds on the bloody pin—
EDDIE: But I read somewhere that you gulped when you gave it to her. And didn't smile. You've got to spend money cheerfully with Elizabeth.
BURTON (chauvinistically): I'm Welsh. EDDIE: I don't care if you're from East Azerbaijan. Just keep giving—and smiling.
BURTON: And I suppose I should have smiled last month, in Paris, at that bloody fashion house, sitting for hour on hour on that bloody buttercup chair, while she tried on gown after bloody gown—
—with those other women, silly frumps, staring at me? (Blowing up now.) I've done—more than enough!
You're turning color.

EDDIE (pleased): That's what Tammy Grimes once said about me. "Turn him and you see fifty patterns. Every time you meet him, you see a million different colors." Observant girl, Tammy!

EDDIE: But you were turning only one color—beet, angry red. I'm only trying to give you a little friendly advice, Richard.
BURTON: I'm sorry. You were saying—

EDDIE: Don't expect Elizabeth to be another Sybil, that's all.
BURTON (curious): How do you mean that?

EDDIE: Sybil. I've heard, is a very good cook—who, if you came in at two in the morning, were hungry, asked for something, would run into the kitchen and—without question—whip up something for you.

BURTON: Right.
EDDIE: Well—first of all, in most houses where Elizabeth has lived she couldn't tell you where the kitchen was if the next seven meals depended on it. Kitchen! The word alone is to make one laugh. Ha! (He laughs. Then—) And, anyway, at two in the morning she's got other things on her mind. And you'd better be there at two in the morning!

BURTON (a painted smile): But—suppose I've gone out with the ahem, boys of a night—do you know what I mean?
EDDIE: I know exactly what you mean—and forget it.
BLISSFULLY (the smile goes): Give up all of my extra-curricular amouring? And become one of those . . . those model husbands??

EDDIE: Even your rich Pontrhydyfen baritone. Richard, doesn't do justice to that childe. . . . Let's put it this way—simply. You've got to, from now on, become the most incredibly perfect of human beings.

Now I don't, of course, that you should make my mistakes.

EDDIE: How's that, huh?
EDDIE: Well, maybe it would have been better if I hadn't been so permissive with her. Elizabeth considers herself a queen—yes; but maybe I overdid the page-boy bit a little too much. Always kowtowing. Always agreeing. There are times, I guess, when I should have changed pace—just for the sake of pacing. Elizabeth, you see, is very easily bored. And if you sit around saying "I love you, I worship you, you're divine. Your Cinematic Majesty!"—then, slowly, you notice that her mouth is making oval figurines. Like she's yawning.

BURTON (with some pride): I don't think you know me on this score. Edw'in, old chap. I rarely tell any woman that I love her. And I'm not above a little sequele with 'em, either, when the occasion arises.

EDDIE: Yes. I read about those broken lamps at the Dorchester. . . . But what I mean is that Elizabeth is spoiled, is fragile, is somewhat adolescent, is dominating. If, emotional, is volatile, does need a certain amount of pampering. But, too, you have to surprise her sometimes, to keep her from getting bored by the pampering. If she expects all sunshine, bring on the rain. If she feels like a cruise on the Corinna, tell her it's rowboats or nothing. Steak? Burgers! Burgers? Peasant! (To) Just keep surprising her, confounding her—and stay on top as long as you can.

BURTON (impressed): Very good. Very good. And tell me, old chap—

EDDIE (interrupting): I hate to interrupt you, Richard. But I happen to be three years younger than you.

BURTON: Of course. So sorry... But
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Burton appears with Liz currently in 20th's "Cleopatra," and M-G-M's "The V.I.P.'s."
educed where that sort of thing can rub off on them.

What he did do was sign a three-year pact with BBC-TV under the terms of which he will do a minimum of six forty-five or sixty-minute shows, all live, at about $12,000 an appearance (far below his usual fee). He really dug England!

**No escape**

But to maintain, as some of his detractors in America did, that Sammy was fleeing to Britain to escape from the fact that he is a Negro—this charge is pure nonsense. Just the opposite: Sammy made a point of leaving his wife back in the States and explained, "I didn't want her to undergo the same humiliating experience again.

He was referring, of course, to the last time he had been in London, when May was with him. That's when Sir Oswald Moseley's storm-troopers had chanted, "Mixed Marriages Are Taboo—we Don't Want A Negro Jew"; and that's when Sammy had broken down and cried, "I never expected to see it in England. This could never have happened in the United States unless, maybe, in the South, like Mississippi."

And even this time, a vicious attack was made against Sammy. Sir Gerald Nabarro said, "It is black versus white. If anyone disagrees with me, I say to them: Would you be happy if your blond, blue-eyed daughter came home with a buck nigger and said she wanted to marry him?" (When Sir Gerald went on to rail against the prospect of "coffee-colored grandchildren" the association was clear: May Britt was the "blond, blue-eyed woman, Sammy Davis was the "buck nigger," and the "coffee-colored grandchildren" would be their children's children.)

Sammy was asked for his reaction to the attack. His reply was calm, reasonable, devoid of personal venom. "The race problem is very much there with every Negro. But I joke about it, because it is always better to joke about things like this. That way you do what you can to improve the situation. As soon as you ridicule something, laugh at something, it gets easier. This is the great democratic way of dealing with any serious moral issue."

"I respect the American Southerner who fights for what he believes in. But I have no use for the bigot, the extremist on either side. The word "nigger" is rotten and stinks to high heaven, whoever uses it. It is impossible to hope to be accepted as an equal in any town if you are colored. And I say that from the most advantageous point of view."

"Here I am, a success. Doors are open to me, or to any successful Negro, that are closed to the average guy. You try each time to create as much good will as you can."

"Sometimes they say, 'Gee, he was nice.' And that makes it just that little bit easier for the next guy. . . . I mean the next colored guy."

After Sammy made this statement Sir Gerald backed down. "I did not mean to be offensive—only complimentary," he said. "'Nigger' was used instead of Negro, and buck was used in the sense of conveying masculinity."

But extremists in the United States, many of them members of Sammy's own race, were unaware of the attack and Davis' counter-statement. They spread the new lie that Sammy was "running away when the going gets tough," and they dredged up the old charges that Davis' conversion to Judaism had been just a publicity stunt and that his being buddy-buddy with Sinatra and the Clan and his marriage to May Britt proved that he was anti-Negro and actually wanted to be white.

Far away and long ago, Sammy answered all these charges—by his words and through his actions.

To the charge that he became a Jew just to get publicity, he replies softly, "Inside of every man there is a need to try to reach God in his own way . . . I did not change to Judaism because any of my friends influenced me, although some people say, 'He's around Jews so much he wanted to be a Jew.' The thing that I found in Judaism that appealed to me is that it teaches justice for everybody . . . There's an affinity between the Jew and the Negro because they've both been oppressed for centuries."

To the charge that he married May Britt because he was anti-Negro and pro-white, he replied simply, "We fell in love," and let others make lengthier statements. Others like Negro singer Eartha Kitt who, when taunted by her own people for marrying a white man, accused her attackers of advocating "reverse racism.

"Those people are angry at me because I am married to a white man," she said, "but being married to a white man doesn't make me less Negro or a fighter for civil rights."

To which Sammy would have added a sincerely heartfelt "A-men!"

**For all Gregory cares**

(It is to Dick Gregory's credit that he has come strongly to Sammy's defense in this matter. When people ask him what he thinks about Sammy and May's marriage, he answers: "For all I care, Sammy Davis could have married a grizzly bear. I couldn't care less who anyone in this room married. If two people are in love that's their business. . . . In his night club act he sometimes defines a Southern bigot as a "person who thinks Mr. and Mrs. Sammy Davis are just about the nicest couple ever—if it wasn't for him." . . . When Negroes ask him, "Would you want your sister to marry a white man?" he sometimes snaps back: "She married a dope addict the first time, but I didn't object. I would leave that up to her." And at other times he replies: "I wouldn't care, but her husband would raise hell." . . . His definitive statement on the problem is contained in the state-
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HUMOR for troubled times
Dick Gregory spoke with humor—to soften the situation, to point up the absurdity, to differ with skin-color dividing Americans. "The trouble with the University of Mississippi—James H. Meredith problem is that it took sixteen thousand soldiers to put a man in school. It's probably the first time in the history of the world that an army joined a man..." Then the U.S. marines had to stay so the public schools could better grades than he did. And one thing for sure—Meredith didn't get the exam answers from the other kids.

And for Dick Gregory, there was also Birmingham.

Birmingham had been in the throes of a mass uprising for twenty-nine days! Police Commissioner Eugene ("Bull") Connor had sent club-wielding cops against Negro children and vicious police dogs against Negro adults. ("I want 'em to see the dogs work.") Bull shouted to his officers. "Look at those niggers run.") On the thirty-third day Dick Gregory was in Birmingham and, coincidentally, the tide turned.

"I didn't do much down there," Dick says. "An hour and a half after I arrived, I was in jail." (He was arrested when he marched at the head of a group of eight hundred children protesting segregation.) As for Connor, he was found to be an incorrigible cop. Dick could've given him a white eye.

Shortly after he was released from jail, following four days of imprisonment, he showed reporters the water-damaged pants on his arms, as called his jail term the "most miserable experience of my life" and said "I was hit all over, including about the face" by five cops "using billie clubs, hammers and sawed-off pool sticks. I remained as much nonviolent as I could and didn't fight back. You leave the world when you get to Birmingham jail. I never wanted to go to jail. But I've never been so glad as when I saw the spirit of those kids."

Later, when his injuries had been given medical attention, Gregory was able to salvage some humor from his experience. "It wasn't bad but I think we were in Birmingham, haven't been hurt. There were five hundred in a cell designed for fifty. Sort of wall-to-wall us. You can get used to Southern jail food. The first day the food is slop, the second day it's garbage, the third it seems like home cooking, and by the fourth you're asking for the recipe."

Today, almost as an afterthought, he
says, “If there’s more trouble and I can be of any help, I’ll go back. It’s something a man has to decide for himself.”

Two different ways

It’s something a man has to decide for himself—how best to fight for human dignity; and yet, to a large degree, Dick Gregory’s and Sammy Davis’ different ways of aiding the struggles of the Negro people were decided by their own early experiences.

From the age of three, when he first toddled out on stage as part of a family act, Sammy has known applause (and at least partial acceptance) from the white world. On the Orpheum Circuit and when he grew older, in burlesque, the other performers, white and black, made him feel at home.

The stage was his home. And any special feelings he might have had about being colored disappeared after Frank Sinatra became his friend and convinced him he could be more than just another hoofer—that he had the talent to become a singer and a comedian and an actor, too.

But from the time that it was Frank’s no-nonsense actions towards bigots that made Sammy feel that there was a true friend: in Boston, when a radio engineer slurred a Jewish musician, Sinatra cracked him with a bottle; and when a counterman in a diner refused to serve a Negro, Sinatra hauled off and slapped him. “Frank made me overcome my greatest handicap, my inferiority complex about being a Negro.”

Dick Gregory, on the contrary, has always been an outsider to the white world. (Recently when he was being interviewed backstage at Harlem’s Apollo Theater, he said flatly and sadly, “I have never had a white friend.”)

As a child in depression-ridden St. Louis (he was one of six children), the only way he was able to handle the white world was to run from it, fight against it or try to laugh at it.

One of Dick’s earliest memories is of the huge work hike back at white injustice. “I was shining shoes—I was six years old—and they were calling me ‘nigger,’ ‘shiner,’ ‘monkey’ and everybody was participating in it until this one white guy kicked me in the mouth. Then the fight started—because at this point I quit being a ‘nigger.’ I quit being a ‘shiner’ and I quit being a ‘monkey’ and I turned into a kid. But the guy kicked me and this was when the fight was on—this was when I became human.”

Sometimes when you’re colored you fight—and sometimes, because you’re colored and poor, you run. “When I was seven my father took me out of school and I never been back since. When I found out I was poor and on relief, I was so ashamed I wouldn’t walk in the streets when my mother sent me out for a loaf of bread; I ran a mile through the alleys to reach the store two blocks away. Didn’t want anybody to see me. It gave me good legs.”

And sometimes when you’re a Negro and you’re surrounded by bullies, colored or white, and they’re picking on you because your hand-me-down clothes are funny and your father has cut out and not come back and your body is skinny and undernourished, you can’t run and you can’t fight. That’s when you discover that if you pick on yourself, laugh at yourself, they’ll quit picking on you and start laughing at you—and then with you. ("Once I got them laughing," Dick recalls today, "I could say anything.")

So sometimes you run and sometimes you fight, but always you laugh—even when it hurts; and then, somehow, it doesn’t hurt quite as much.

Dick went from an all-Negro grammar school to an all-Negro high school. Naturally enough, he became a championship runner on the track team. But, inasmuch as the Negro program was not integrated, his running records were not given official recognition. That bugged him.

“When school was out,” he recalls, “I set up a march on city hall. I just wanted our records recognized, but I had to say we were running in crowded schools. It made national news and they said the whole thing was Communist-inspired. But the city officials were so ashamed they integrated the track meets right away. And I said to my boys: ‘Let’s run the hell out of ‘em,’ and we did. And the next year St. Louis integrated all the public schools without waiting for the Supreme Court decision.”

He got a track scholarship to Southern Illinois U (technically integrated, actually segregated), “but Carbondale, Illinois, wasn’t much better than Greenwood. Mississippi, then, despite a governor named Adlai Stevenson. Negroes were forced to sit up in the peanut gallery at the movies, but he helped break that down.

Surviving the Army

For both Dick and Sammy, service in the United States Army crystallized their attitudes towards themselves and the world.

Sammy, for whom the world up to that time had been the stage, where he had received acceptance from white audiences and white performers, discovered in military service what Dick had known all his life—that it’s hell to be a Negro.

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He was able to say—and make Southern white soldiers laugh at him and at themselves when he said it: "If I can go to the four corners of the earth to lie on the cold ground and shoot at a man I’ve never seen in order to guarantee certain rights to a foreigner, then there is something wrong with the way we don’t fight for those same rights in Mississippi."

Today, when some drunk in a night club yells "nigger" at Gregory, he doesn’t look back with his fists, as he did years ago when he was six, but calmly says, "According to my contract, the management pays me fifty bucks every time someone calls me that. I’ll do it, I won’t do it, and stand up and say it again—in unison?" Today, when some member of the audience gives Davis a hard time, he doesn’t try to poke him, as he did back in the army when he was seventeen. "The other night there was a guy sitting ringside," he says, "and he started hatred in his face. I gave my whole show something extra because I wanted to get him, and finally I did. I heard him turn to his friends and say, 'I don’t care what anybody says, I say this guy’s okay. That’s the only way I can fight.'

The goal is dignity

Different roads; different methods; the same goal. Human dignity.

“I think Dr. King’s nonviolent movement is the only movement in the South.”


“We need only about twenty-five more men like Martin Luther King, on both sides of the color spectrum, and this thing would be over. I’m disgusted with extremist’s on both sides of the racial question. They just inflame people. Just to talk to Martin Luther King is a thrill. He’s the Ghandi of the human race.”

Who says that? Sammy Davis, who had done benefit after benefit for Dr. King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference and has contributed many thousands of dollars to the cause.

The last word? He about Sammy quoting the advice his father gave him long ago: "Sammy, you must always judge a person as he is. I think it’s a must miss a Negro, or a white man, can make—to judge—no—to pre-judge. The color of a man’s skin has nothing to do with what is in his heart.

Or, perhaps the last word should be Dick’s. Just after he came back from taking part in the voter registration struggles in Greenwood, Mississippi, he painted this picture of what had happened.

“We’re marching toward the court house. We pass maybe five hundred people on one street corner and nobody says go home. I look in their faces and I see no hate. I see faces looking at a parade. Faces interested in what’s going on, like watching a missile test, and maybe hoping nobody gets hurt. The only name-calling came from the police. And maybe that was more ignorance than hate.

‘What we did have, there in that little Mississippi town, was white people who gave us pencils and paper along the march, so we could write what was happening to us. And a car would come by, in the late evening, and a white hand would reach out and give a Negro man or woman some tobacco or snuff, or an article of clothing. There were moments when you thought the gulf between us was not so great.

“As one man said in our meeting the last night, we don’t want to outrun the white man, and we don’t want to walk ahead more just want to go down the street together, if we happen to be going at the same time.

“When the Negro’s house is on fire, man, and those white cats get in there, I don’t think they go any slower to get to the Negro area to put the fire out than they do in a white area; they go in and they take a chance on losing their lives—they’ll go in through that window and pull those kids out and you only go back to being a Negro when you enter that hospital. But while they are getting you out of that building, you are human.

Or, Dick might have said, they don’t go any slower to get to a Negro’s house when they’re trying to save the life of a child who’s gasping for breath and for life itself. For when Dick was demonstrating in the South, white men, firemen, were at his home in Chicago doing everything possible to save the life of his son, two-and-a-half years old. Richard Claxton, Jr. Dick’s wife had called the fire department when she discovered that her son was having difficulty breathing. The firemen arrived quickly and administered oxygen to the child. To them he wasn’t a black youngster or a white youngster, but just a kid in desperate trouble. But despite all their efforts, Richard died on the way to the hospital.

After flying home for the funeral, Dick Gregory returned to Jackson. He had to. For the sake of his dead son. For the sake of his two daughters, Michelle, and Lynn, and, of his wife. For the sake of his own conscience. And for the sake of the kids everywhere, white and black, who, though alive, were dying a little because of the venom of race hatred.

—JIM HOFFMAN

Sammy’s in “Three-Penny Opera,” Embassy. Hear him, too, on Reprise records.
Continued from page 31


The facts of political life to Franklin at dinner, or another son would blurt, "That isn’t right, Ma," with wild arm-swinging gestures to emphasize Eleanor’s ignorance.

Fun days, indeed, at the White House. But different days—before jet travel, for one thing; before a President was expected to be away from the White House as much as in it.

Also, the Roosevelts were already in their teens back then, and very much able to take care of themselves. JFK’s little boy is only three—and three is a very impressionable and helpless age. And things, rather than getting better for the lad, might well get worse. Especially should JFK run for re-election in ’64 (as he undoubtedly will) and win a second term, aggravating the father-son separation pattern for an additional four years.

When it all started

This pattern—incidentally and ironical-
ly—was set even as young John was being born.

To go back: The date was November 25, 1960—a Friday. At 9 o’clock that night, President Kennedy bid his eight-months’ pregnant wife Jacqueline goodbye, drove out to Washington airport and boarded a plane for Palm Beach, Florida, where he would rest at the Kennedy estate from the recently-ended and grueling campaign. At 11 o’clock that night Jacqueline suddenly felt her first labor pains, summoned a doctor, and was rushed to the hospital. At 12:22 the following morning, her son was born.

The President, of course, returned immediately to Washington. "By Saturday dawn," as one reporter noted, "he was at his wife’s side and looking down at his son for the first time, smiling when he noted the high crop of hair with which the boy had been born."

As another reporter wrote: "The moment seemed to presage well for the nation—new blood, new life, a youthful leader looking down at a new babe to take along on the trip to the New Frontier."

It was, obviously, a warm scene, and a lovely one and a dramatic one. Yet it cannot be denied that it came some six or seven hours later than it might have come.

Nor can it truthfully be said that the "new babe" has since been "taken along" on trips to the New Frontier—or many other places, for that matter.

No one can, of course, blame the President for this. It is practically an understatement to say that his job is the tough-
est in the world, that his moments of leisure are few, that his constant peregrinations to all parts of the globe are a painstaking and necessary part of the job.

But the fact remains that it must be confusing indeed for a little boy to be forever told that daddy is "in the office" or "in Los Angeles" or "in Rome" or "saying hello to the cousins in Ireland," when what the little boy craves more than anything in the world is some of his father’s precious time for himself!

This problem, interestingly, is not uniquely that of a parent of a young son; it is, rather, a contemporary phenomenon which today concerns many American families.

As Alfred L. Baldwin of the Department of Child Development and Family Relationships, Cornell University, has noted: "One of the accompaniments of the technical changes of the last hundred years is the separation of industrial production from the consumption unit, the family. Consequently the major portion of the father’s time is not spent in contact with other members of his own family... Some children seem to show the effects of father absence in their relations to women, and some aggres-

sive; some submissive. The father has pro-

gressively moved out of the house, and his power in everyday decisions must be weakened by his greater absence. And it may even abrogate all of his traditional authority over the child-rearing process."

Writes another child-behavior expert, Dr. Everett S. Ostrovsky, in his excellent book, "Children Without Men":

"The father (ideally) aids the child in many areas; understanding his own sex-
role, establishing his identity as one of the components of the family structure, forming his attitudes toward authority, anticipating and responding to the expecta-
tions of both his parents, giving him emotional security and inculcating in him a feeling of his own worth. The father can also help the child set up goals and ideals which will aid him in his adjust-
ment to the outside world... In general, however, the father tends to take a greater interest in his child’s upbringing when the child has become older and the father-child relationship can take place on a more adult and companion-like plane.

"But”—Dr. Ostrovsky wonders—"isn’t this often too late?"

Thus, the problem is clearly a nation-
wide one; serious enough on Main Street—but, as some fear, terribly serious in the house over on Pennsylvania Avenue. And for the young man of that house...

Which brings us, for the moment, to the young lady of that house—the pretty and irrepressible Caroline.

You can’t compare children

There are those who will ask: "So what’s the problem with the brother, when the sister has turned out so well—always gay, laughing, smiling, clowning—certainly one of the little girls around—and certainly faced with the same what-you-call problems?"

The answer to this, very simply, is that there is undoubtedly a basic difference in personality, character, makeup and mood between the two.

For siblings, let’s face it, are often as
days of shooting." Little wonder the boy thought a lot of Rosser’s methods.

“Then I went to talk with Warren Beatty, he was sitting in his dressing room cubicle at the far end of a huge green company trailer. He was alone. The day before when I came to see him, a cardboard dangling outside from the door-knob read, ‘I’m sleeping, Don’t Disturb.’ I ‘disturbed’ him just the same, to find him in company of three young girls.

They were not my cup of tea, but he seemed to enjoy their company immensely. The girls had arrived on the Rockville location by themselves, identified as ‘Mr. Beatty’s Friends,’ had taken a room in the same gigantic roadhouse-motel the entire movie company, including Beatty, had been staying in. The uneven foursome then spent the evening together. Beatty didn’t expect to be busy the following morning but sudden rain caused Rosser to switch scenes and to tackle the visit sequence at a moment’s notice.

“Come in,” he said. We had only recently renewed a vague acquaintance which dated back a couple of years ago, high-lited by our once being placed side by side at a Hollywood banquet. On that occasion he was accompanied by Natalie Wood and during the several hours we spent together at a round banquet table for ten—the others included Janet Leigh, Tony Franciosa and his wife, Barbara Rush and her husband, and Maximilian Schell—Warren spoke perhaps twice. He and Natalie just sat, occasionally whispering to each other. When the waiter came over to collect the banquet dinner tickets, Warren squinted at him in surprise, demanded, “What is that?” Being one of the hosts, I happened to have a couple of spare $25 tabs on me and gave them to him. They came with our invitations,” I said. “Oh,” he said. He handed the tickets to the waiter and turned away, to Natalie. So far as he was concerned, the incident was closed. From across the table Janet Leigh winked an understanding eye. Schell smiled.

“I’m so bloody tired,” Warren Beatty muttered. He was sitting on the edge of the dressing room couch having just completed his lunch—a plate of spaghetti and ham. “I didn’t go to bed much before 3:00 last night.”

“I’ve been here since dawn and it’s lunch time and, believe it or not, we haven’t filmed a single scene yet.” He told me on the couch, throwing his arms behind his neck to cushion his head. For a while he just lay there, staring at the ceiling and saying nothing. A crew member peered in, and he asked the man to bring another plate of lunch—for his visitor—and two orders of tea as well.

Warren levels


“It’s part of being a star,” I said. “Isn’t it?”

“To tell you the truth,” he said, “I dislike this movie fame.” His lips curled into a contemptuous smirk. “There’s a cheapness about it. It even smells bad. It has nothing to do with your merits as an actor. It’s a freak. Unfortunately, it’s important, too. You find it out, sooner or later, and if you don’t, they tell you. Gradually you learn to think of it as a necessary evil, necessary career-wise. So

WARREN
BEATTY

Continued from page 67

was that they should spend enough time with their father, for very obvious reasons.

“But when, because of the President’s incredible work-load, Jacqueline saw that for Jack to spend barely any time at all with the children was an impossibility, she did what any intelligent woman would do under the circumstances. She brought the father into the children’s life even when he was away. She did it by references to him and his activities—explaining his job, his travels, his problems; by little surprise visits to his office from time to time; by planning, when he was away, for his home comings—making these very special occasions; in general, by easing the emotional climate and making an often invisible father a warm and natural figure.

“She’s a wonderful woman, Jacqueline. She’s a bright and strong woman. She’s very conscious of the problems facing Caroline, and her little brother John-John. But never fear—she knows exactly what’s going on and what to do about it.

“And please, please, don’t go worrying about those pictures of little John ‘pointing,’ as you say. Sure he pouts sometimes. That’s part of his nature, part of his privilege as a little individual. I just wish, though, that you had been along with Jacqueline one day a few weeks back when, their daddy in Europe, she took Caroline and John to a little fair over in Maryland. Why, the boy especially was the most delighted-looking youngster you’ve ever seen—laughing it up, playing it up, having the jolliest old time.

“Why didn’t you get to see any pictures of this?

“Because Jacqueline wanted to spend a pleasant day alone with her children—much like a private citizen. So she requested that photographers desist from taking any pictures. And the photographers, bless ’em, honored her request.

“Had they been there that day—flashbulbs popping, camera going for one more picture, then another, then another—who knows how long the smile would have remained on little John’s face?

“But Jacqueline, as I said, knows what she’s doing.

And, more and more—for her children’s sake, for her husband’s sake, for the whole family’s sake—he’s doing things exactly the way she wants!

—Michael Jova
Faith and doubt

"You lost faith in your director?"
"I told you, I never knew Dave's before."
"But you knew him?"
"Yes. And I liked his work. That's how we got together."
"He's an excellent director."
"Is he?"
"Why, do you have doubts in him too?"
He pressed his lips together in an adagio gesture, then relaxed again.
"We'll see."

We remained silent for a while. The man brought in his lunch and tea for two, and some fruitcake, and Beauty sat up to sip his tea and eat the cake. I knew he was not comfortable with the realization that behind his self-appraisals hid a man who didn't quite know who, and what he was. However agonizing his self-appraisals, he wouldn't show any of it to the world.

So, his defense had to be attack.
You could have waited longer than just a year and a half, couldn't you?"
"I could," he said nonchalantly, stretch-
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MARRIAGE & TASTE

By Hedda Hopper

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Sex and Your Perspiration

Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?
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Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?
A. Doctors say that this "sex perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. The reason? It comes from bigger, more powerful glands — and this is the kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

Q. How can you overcome this "sex perspiration"?
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Fred Robbins Interviews
CONNIE FRANCIS

FRED: What kind of letters do you get from teenagers, Connie?
CONNIE: Well, they ask about boys, mostly. And parents. Parents are a big problem when you’re a teenager. They ask about clothes, dieting, beauty secrets—and oh, yes, how to get into show business.
FRED: Why do you think teenagers look up to their favorite performers as authorities?
CONNIE: It’s a certain identification that every teenager has with a celebrity. I’m very grateful for it because not every performer has this identification.
FRED: Why do you have it?
CONNIE: Well, I’ve never been a glamour girl—and I think they think of me as a sister or a friend they’ve gone to school with. And this identification is a big responsibility. I know many artists don’t feel it is, but I do. I’m hypersensitive about doing things I feel are right.
FRED: Do you think they’d ask for advice if you were married?
CONNIE: No, I don’t. It’s just that like them—I’m looking for love—I’m looking every day of my life.
FRED: Why is it getting more difficult as you get older, to find the guy to marry, doesn’t it? I mean, being a star.
CONNIE: It is difficult. You know, I’m not averse to marrying a so-called “average” guy—in fact, I’d probably be happier with that type. But there’s a problem. When a woman earns a great deal of money, when she’s successful, she can marry one of two types—a man who can accept it—or one who resents it. And, generally speaking, the type of guy who accepts it, the kind who’ll say, “Well, I’ll look after the baby, and I’ll see you at 10 o’clock tonight and carry your luggage to the studio”—well, that’s not the kind of a guy I’m interested in marrying. I want someone who’s a real man—and they’re hard to come by.
FRED: You’ll have to marry a guy who has a responsible position so you’ll feel inferior even though you may earn more?
CONNIE: That’s right. It’s not a question of matching dollar for dollar—but he must be a man who is successful in his field.
FRED: How important is love? Does a career make up for it?
CONNIE: No, there is a definite void in my life, because I’m a very affectionate person.
FRED: Where do you think you’ll meet the guy for you?
CONNIE: I don’t know. I like doctors, I like creative people, too, but I would prefer not to marry someone in show business because there’s a feeling of competitiveness. I don’t care how much in love you are, there’s always that, “How much money did I earn this year? How much money did he earn? Who’s getting top billing? Who’s getting introduced first?”
No, I don’t want to go through that.

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Look at the two puzzles on this page for a few moments. Can you solve them? You should be able to... because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a straightforward, honest challenge to your skill and common sense! Yes, skill and common sense are all you need to solve the puzzles in this wonderful “National Name” Game... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 100 great cash awards totaling $40,000.00! There’s no red tape when you enter... no long wait for payment of prizes—this is a quick action contest!

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What a very pleasant surprise to receive a copy of "The Can-Opener Cook Book." Thank you so very, very much. Enjoying cooking as much as I do, I know I'm going to find much pleasure in trying out the many recipes contained in the book. I was truly delighted that the coupon I sent in to vote for my favorites was one of the first four-hundred you received.

MARJORIE HONEY
Aurora, Ill.

ANTHONY QUINN

I can't tell you how very moved I was by the picture of Anthony Quinn holding his infant son. I know, of course, that many will condemn him, but to me he is a beautiful man. It is not the accepted nor the right thing in our society to father a child outside of marriage, but when it happens, it is how the parties involved face the situation that matters in the long run. Usually, the parties are too busy thinking of themselves to give thought to the innocent bundle they have created. It's a dreadful shame that there are thousands of men who have "gotten away with" fathering children, and have left the woman to shoulder the entire burden. That Anthony Quinn is willing to stand by and accept his child in spite of everything he will have to take from those who set themselves up as judge and jury, is a rare and beautiful thing.

MRS. B. POULIAT
Mt. Clemens, Mich.

I was very touched by your story about Mr. Quinn and his love child—until I heard about his fathering another child with the same woman. If this is true, then I have little sympathy for the man. We should all forgive the mistakes of others, it's true, but it's difficult not to condemn someone when his sins are repeated. I can only think now of what must be happening to the woman who shared the early years with him, his wife. Not only must she accept his infidelity, but expose her hurt and embarrassment to the world.

VIVIAN ZERILLO
Bronx, N. Y.

BEATTY BEATS IT

I don't feel at all sorry for Natalie Wood. After flying all over the globe with Mr. Beatty and giving the appearance of being Mr. and Mrs., she should know better than to think that he would marry her.

HARRIET WINOKUR
Memphis, Tenn.

Why blame Warren Beatty for the split with Natalie? Can he help it if the girls fuss over him? No one put a gun to Natalie Wood or Joan Collins and forced them to go out with him. Let's put the blame where it really belongs—on the girls.

B. K.
Washington, D. C.

DOLORES "HEART"

Although I will miss Dolores Hart, it was inspiring to read about her beautiful faith. What makes it more wonderful is that a girl, who had everything we teenagers dream of, gave it all up for something more precious. It is such stories that make this world a more tolerable place to live in.

LOUISA CRISTOL
Los Angeles, Calif.

HOLLYWOOD GREAT!

Thanks for the great picture of Jimmy Dean. I thought Hollywood had forgotten him, so it was surprising and wonderful to again be reminded of such a talent.

LAURAN CAPPIELLO
Newark, N. J.

DEBBIE'S LOSS

As a woman and mother of three children my heart goes out to Debbie Reynolds and her loss. When you read a story like hers, you forget it's a glamorous star you're hearing about, but only the sad experience of a young woman, who has everything but what she wants most of all—a baby.

BETTE SZAKALA
Pittsburgh, Penn.

MOMMA KNOWS BEST

I showed my mother your story "What I'm Telling My Daughter About Men." My mother is a darling, but she'd never give me the freedom Bette Davis gave BD. My mother would think the world was coming to an end if I wanted to marry at sixteen, like BD is doing. But I'll bet that marriage will work, because Miss Davis let her daughter grow up with the right to make her own mistakes. If you ask me, that's the only way to make big girls out of little ones!

ROSE EVANS
Chicago, Ill.

WITH THANKS

The Film Library of the New York Museum of Modern Art is very delighted with Photoplay's generous gift of photos and clippings. The original collection made our Stills File an important archive. This latest gift brings the Star File to date and much more complete. We are very grateful.

WILLIAM ClUTZ
The Museum of Modern Art
New York City

KISSES SWEETER THAN WINE

I read all the answers supplied by the many stars interviewed in your story, "The Hardest Thing is to Make Love Well." Now, I'd like to hear from the guys and gals on the RECEIVING end of their kisses.

JOY GRIMALDI
Long Island, N. Y.

Considering Rod Taylor's jump into matrimony, I'm sure he had no trouble "making love well."

K. BERTRANZ
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Hey, you people left out Charlie Chaplin, Tommy Manville, George Jessel and Linda Christian.

ANN CHATEAU
New York City

LIZ AND BURTON COVER

As a mother of five young daughters, I must say I was surprised to see that shocking cover of those two people in such a pose. Have you no shame?

ALICE DELBERT
Brooklyn, New York

I feel very sorry for Sybil Burton and Eddie Fisher to have to see a photograph like that on the cover of such an important magazine. It must hurt them deeply. I'll have to admit, though, it was a wonderful cover, and it's why I bought the magazine.

HILDA GUIDDEN
Miami, Fla.

I know "what Burton does to Liz that no other man ever dared!" From your cover picture, I would say it was artificial respiration.

A FAN
Los Angeles, Calif.
now! makeup made strictly for 'temperamental skin'
(7 out of 10 women have it)

If your skin is temperamental (marvelous on some days, maddening on others!) 'Natural Wonder' is for you. It visibly improves your skin—fights blemishes because it's actively antiseptic (non-greasy, too). 

*Looks* so fabulous, even your cattiest friend won't know its medicated! Wear it *today* to help prevent problems *tomorrow*. Makes sense, doesn't it? (Liquid, tube and pressed powder—in seven shades!)

**Revlon 'Natural Wonder'**

New medicated treatment makeup... from the world's most renowned cosmetic research laboratories.
PHOTOPLAYS
GOLD MEDAL
MOVIE OF THE MONTH

The editors of PHOTOPLAY Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to M-G-M's production of "The V.I.P.s"

Though it's set at the London airport, for all loyal movie fans it's a homecoming to Hollywood pictures of the glamorous, glossy good old days. The story is harrowing only for the characters, fog-grounded passengers battling love woes and money worries. Four plots involve: Liz, Burton, Louis Jourdan; Rod Taylor, Maggie Smith; Orson Welles, Elsa Martinelli; Margaret Rutherford. (Continued on page 12)

M-G-M; Panavision, Metrocolor; Directed by Anthony Asquith; Anatole de Grunwald, Prod.
SEE YOURSELF IN A NEW LIGHT...the sunlit look of Creme Puff. It could only have been conceived in California where light does such wonderful, warming things to the skin. Max Factor re-creates its soft flattery in Creme Puff...all velvety powder and creamy foundation you puff on at once. Your skin looks clear, alive, natural. Wear the sunlit look...for young, luminous beauty, nothing holds a candle to it! 12 sunlit shades. In chic pastel compacts or jeweler's Case-Mates, $1.50 to $5.50. Refills, $1.00.

Max Factor
THE CARETAKERS
U.A.; Producer-Director, Hall Bartlett (Adult)

what's it about? The new head of a mental hospital insists on progressive methods, in spite of opposition.
what's the verdict? If you enjoy TV's assorted medical shows, you'll probably be satisfied with this highly colored story of emotional illness and its treatment, though it's hardly reassuring to anyone in contact with the real thing. Players—patients and staff alike—act away like mad from beginning to end.

GONE ARE THE DAYS!
Hammer Brothers; Producer-Director, Nicholas Webster (Family)

who's in it? Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, Alan Alda, Sorrell Booke, Beah Richards.
what's it about? Wishing to start a church, an ingenious Southern Negro schemes for money to buy the property.
what's the verdict? While it's too obviously based on a stage play ("Purlie Victorious"), the lines and the acting supply the vitality that the technique lacks. Wildly funny and seemingly fanciful, it makes humor a sharp weapon. Ruby's a delight to eye and ear, overplaying her accent till each word sings.

WIVES AND LOVERS
Paramount; Director, John Rich; Producer, Hal Wallis (Adult)

who's in it? Shelley Winters, Janet Leigh, Van Johnson, Martha Hyer.
what's it about? A writer's first hit starts a marital war, as his head swells and his neglected wife rebels.
what's the verdict? At its start and finish, this domestic comedy leans too much to gabbling and just plain hollering. But sequences in between are well worth the admission price in hilarity, thanks to bright lines and Shelley's still brighter acting. Slimmed down and dressed up, she's a prime picture-thief.

THE CONDEMNED OF ALTONA
20th; CinemaScope; Director, Vittorio de Sica; Producer, Carlo Ponti (Adult)

what's it about? Marrying into a rich German family, an Italian girl uncovers a living relic of the Nazi past.
what's the verdict? With its arresting theme and powerful cast, it grips the attention—and then lets the grip slowly loosen, while all the life is talk-talk-talk-talk out of a fantastic story. March and Schell come off best; poor Sophia has to play author's mouthpiece too often; Wagner's way beyond his depth.

RAMPAGE
Warners; Technicolor; Director, Phil Karlson; Producer, William Fadiman (Adult)

what's it about? In the Malay jungle, a zoo trapper's quest is complicated by a trigger-happy hunter and a girl.
what's the verdict? Take it as adventure, with lush scenery and graceful beasts. Take it as romance, a triangle of interesting personalities. But never mind the vague symbolism. And don't get nervous—remember, movie animals have always been fine judges of character, good or bad. (Continued on page 14)
I dreamed
I painted the town red
in my maidenform* bra

SWEET MUSIC* with triangle inserts for extra uplift!
The special triangle insert in each spoke-stitched cup emphasizes the uplift and gives you all-round firm, shapely support. Embroidered panels ‘frame’ each cup, defining your figure beautifully! Sweet Music can’t cut or bind because the ‘comfort band’ beneath the cups is contoured and elasticized. No wonder Sweet Music is one of the most popular bras in the world! A, B, C cups.

2.50

Also available with all-elastic back, 3.00; Lace, 3.95; Contour cups, 3.95; Full-Length, 3.95. ©1963 by MAIDENFORM, INC., MAKERS OF BRAS, GIRDLES, SWIMSUITS
A NEW KIND OF LOVE
Paramount; Technicolor; Producer-Director, Mervine Shavelson (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A Parisian collision between two Americans: a footloose girl-chaser, a man-shy career woman.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Taking a holiday from grim drama, the Newmans invite audiences to join them in easygoing fun. Joanne's double chase, as ugly duckling and gaudy swan, gives her an advantage over Paul. It's an engaging romp, with more style in the gorgeous clothes than there is in the leisurely story-telling.

FOR LOVE OR MONEY
UI; Eastman Color; Director, Michael Gordon; Producer, Robert Arthur (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Kirk Douglas, Thelma Ritter, Mitzi Gaynor, Gig Young.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A millionair_s employs a lawyer to find suitable husbands for her three unmanageable daughters.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Seems this is the month for drama stars to try clowning. Kirk is less lucky than Paul. Joanne and Shelley, since his vehicle is too complicated a contraption to run smoothly. You keep hearing the plot-wheels click. Anyhow, it's pretty to look at and good for chuckles, and isn't that plenty?

WALL OF NOISE
Warners; Director, Richard Wilson; Producer, Joseph Landon (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Ty Hardin, Suzanne Pleshette, Ralph Meeker, Dorothy Provine.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A horse trainer who tries to bring idealism to race-track life is led astray by an illicit love.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Relying on all the familiar excitement of "the sport of kings," this competent drama shows up its followers as a sneaky, unregal lot. While Ty and Ralph are direct enough as occasionally good guy and generally bad guy, Suzanne and Dorothy are hampered by the film's attempt to be so sexy.

THE RUNNING MAN
Columbia; Panavision, Eastman Color; Producer-Director, Carol Reed (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Partners in a life-insurance swindle, a "dead" man and his "widow" meet in Spain, are pursued.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Ingenious plotting and picturesque locales make this a generally entertaining suspense yarn. But its impact is lessened because we have nobody to root for. Laurence's character seems unpleasant almost from the beginning; Lee's remains indecisive all the way; Alan's is deliberately mysterious.

THE LEOPARD
20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color; Director, Luciano Visconti; Producer, G. Lombardo (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale, Alain Delon, Paolo Stoppa.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? With regret but with dignity, a Sicilian nobleman of 1860 bowls to coming social revolution.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? His early, comic swashbucklers forgotten, Burt shows true authority in this excellent version of the best-seller. To find the utmost in beauty and meaning, it lingers over each scene, gearing its pace to life in an ancient land, the old ways then threatened by the birth of our own modern age.

THE HAUNTING
M-G-M; Panavision; Producer-Director, Robert Wise (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Julie Harris, Richard Johnson, Claire Bloom, Russ Tamblyn.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? To a young spinster, the scientific inspection of a "haunted" house seems adventurous—at first.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The horror stories filled with monsters and dripping blood are just kid stuff in comparison with this skillfully made thriller. Out of sounds, shadows and the depths of the human mind, it builds scenes that are downright terrifying. Its sophisticated approach gives the expert players a break.
new slant on lipstick

Her lipstick is WHISPER PINK by Cutex

new! Fashion Wand by CUTEX

JEWELER'S CASE—Long, slim, so smart to use—Fashion Wand, the slender lipstick by Cutex. Works like a dream, swivels perfectly. Always the right slant—for outlining and for filling in.

PERFECT FORMULA—Cutex's own new secret blend gives a lovely new luster with luscious creaminess ... yet is firm to resist breaking.

DIVINE COLORS—Six flattering colors to go with all the new fall fabrics. High, high style—slim, low price. Smart you, to buy all six—and matching Cutex Nail Polish, of course!

In: Whisper Pink, Nearly Nude, Clear Red, Untamed Coral, Pink Cameo, Coral Ice. Each 79¢.
Now change your shoe color...as easily as your nail color!

Change yellow to red...red to black...even change black shoes to white! Match anything you wear. Now you can choose from 120 fabulous fashion colors. (Exciting new Mix & Match is the secret!) Color leather shoes, fabric shoes...any shoes! Instant shoe coloring by Lady Esquire won't chip...peel...streak or rain away! Sound like magic? It is! Try it and see!

On purchase of "7-color" Starter Set by Lady Esquire. Contains 2 bottles coloring, Mix & Match, Conditioner-Cleaner. $4.00 value, only $3.00. Take this coupon to any store participating in this offer. Offer expires November 15, 1963. Valid in Canada at slightly higher prices.
THE VACATION THAT TOLD US WE'D BETTER GET MARRIED!

By CONNIE STEVENS
(with comments by her husband-to-be JIM STACY)
It was the most fantastic time I've ever had. I've always dreamed of traveling through Europe wild and free. Not as an actress or a star, but just as me, like any American girl tourist swinging from place to place making friends with all kinds of people, singing and laughing and learning all about life. Just having a ball.

Well, Jim and I made it. You should have seen us on our Vespa, flying through the streets of Rome, up and down the hills. Jim's a great driver—but the traffic! And I'm holding on for dear life saying, "Jim, don't look now but I almost lost my leg."

JIM: She looked so cute with her kerchief tied under her chin, no makeup and her bare legs flying and her skirt blowing in the wind. She rode side saddle and she was really a great sport. I suggested the Vespa. I knew it was the only way to see Rome.

We even went to the Pope's Coronation. Oh, this is a story! In Manchester, we'd gone to mass, Jim's Catholic, too, and the people were very polite but there was a little commotion because somebody did recognize us. And so we were introduced to the father who was head of the rectory. Father Cavanaugh. We had tea and a little brandy with Father Cavanaugh, and you know what he said to me? "You're a wow!" he said.

And when we told him we were going to Rome for the coronation, he wrote his friend Father Cunningham in Rome. So in Rome, we went zooming up a hill on the Vespa to the church where there was a group of priests talking and I jumped off and said to one, "Do you happen to know where Father Cunningham is?" He watched me jump off the motorcycle and he laughed and said, "Yes, I think I can find him for you." And he was Father Cunningham. And this darling man gave me his ticket for the coronation and somehow managed, late as it was, to get another one for Jim.

"But what are you going to do?" I asked him. I really felt bad about accepting his. (Continued on page 20)
ELVIS GOLDEN RECORDS VOL.3

3 VOL.3
ELVIS' GOLDEN RECORDS

IT'S NOW OR NEVER
FAME AND FORTUNE
SURRENDER
ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT
LITTLE SISTER
ANYTHING THAT'S PART OF YOU
STUCK ON YOU
I GOTTA KNOW
I FEEL SO BAD
HIS LATEST FLAME
GOOD LUCK CHARM
SHE'S NOT YOU

RCA VICTOR
© The most trusted name in sound
CONNIE & JIM continued

"I'm going home where I can take my shoes off, put my keester in a big easy chair and watch it all on TV," he said. He'd had duty all day and was tired, poor man.

So we went to the coronation. Mr. Stacy said we should get up close as possible. There were only a few hundred thousand other people with the same idea all jammed into St. Peter's Square. Jim had the camera and was taking pictures like crazy. I got stuck in the middle of seventy Sisters all speaking different languages. It was a riot. Here I was in a pure white dress with a white scarf on my head, I looked like a spotlight; and suddenly Jim's missing. He's way up in front with all the cameramen, taking pictures and waving to me.

JIM: You should see the pictures. I used the zoom lens and still all you can see is this white spot and white arm waving among all those black-robed Sisters.

The next thing I know, CBS and NBC are moving in with their cameras and there's Mr. Stacy, sixty feet in the air on a platform grinding away with his little camera. They'd put on the lights for the network cameras and he'd get in a shot. It was so exciting... For that matter, I can't imagine any of this trip without Jim and when I started planning it, I didn't even dream of his going. He was going into rehearsal for a Tennessee Williams play and I was going to Europe with my cousin Carol, who suddenly up and got herself married, how do you like that? Jim and I were at the wedding and all, having a great time because we'd been dating for several weeks, every minute. And four days before I'm leaving, he calls me... and tells me... JIM: Walt Disney'd got hold of me and said there was some publicity to be done over in London for "Summer Magic." I didn't give the play a second thought.

The next thing, we were flying to London. Of course we had some business things to do. I rushed right from the plane to this benefit for the blind, we got a great reception there, and Jim had publicity interviews set up, but in between we went tearing around London. We stayed with old friends of mine, so we really felt like insiders, not outsiders. No big hats for me this trip, no fancy clothes. Mr. Stacy lowered the boom. When we went to "Midsummer Night's Dream" we were just spectators up in the balcony and we almost fell out of it with excitement. This was the first time either of us had ever seen Shakespeare and it was fantastic! Can you imagine hearing about Shakespeare all your life and your first time it's the Stratford-on-Avon company, and the staging and costumes—everything so magnificent.

JIM: Don't forget Wimbledon.

How could I forget! We took pictures of everything. Movies—we have reels and reels of pictures—but you know something? The only time I got a really exciting moment on film ever was at the bull fights. Luis Procuna was fighting brilliantly but he goofed and I got the shot. I was stunned, I just kept the camera on him and it's all there. Jim gave me the camera and I know how to work it even if he thinks...

JIM: It's a Bolex with a zoom lens. Everything she takes she's zooming in on. We had arguments on top of arguments over that camera. We fought all over Europe. She insisted she knew how to work that camera and I knew she didn't. (But he looks at her with the softest bluest look imaginable and Connie just bubbles.)

We went to see Sophie Tucker and oh, I was dying to go backstage and tell her she's wonderful but this panics me, I hate to bother a great start. But I kept wishing she'd spot me, like Ella Fitzgerald did at Basin Street and ad libbed me right into her song. And we went to the Royal Tournament, a wonderful spectacle, the army and navy compete in games and maneuvers, disassemble a cannon on one side of an imaginary river, ship it across and reassemble it on the opposite side. (Continued on page 22)
new, low-cost SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE hospital plan protects YOU and YOUR FAMILY against staggering medical and prolonged hospital expenses

PAYS YOU $100.00 A WEEK FOR 52 WEEKS

YOUR POLICY PAYS $100.00 A WEEK (WHICH IS $14.28 PER DAY) FOR 52 WEEKS ($5200) FOR ANY ONE CONFINEMENT. HALF BENEFITS ARE PAID FOR CHILDREN UNDER EIGHTEEN ($2600) AT REDUCED RATES. ALL BENEFITS ARE PAID DIRECTLY TO YOU IN ADDITION TO ANY OTHER INSURANCE YOU CARRY!

YES, one dollar is all you pay for two full months of hospital protection for you and your entire family if you use the easy-to-fill-out application below.

AFTER THE SECOND MONTH, you pay the low premiums listed below which are 25% to 45% less than you would pay for the same coverage elsewhere.

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Don't let prolonged hospital expenses rob you of your life's savings. Hospitalization expenses now are at an all time high. Since sickness or accidents come when least expected, you owe it to yourself and your family to be protected with Service Life's new, low-cost hospital plan! This sensible plan protects your savings, gives you peace of mind, the extra money you need just when you need it the most.

This policy helps you afford the best care...the kind that assures a fast return to good health. You may choose your own Doctor of Medicine and enter any hospital equipped for major surgery and providing 24 hour nursing service.

Hospital benefits are paid for accidents starting the day your policy is issued. Covered sicknesses are those originating 30 days after policy date; TB, cancer, heart disease, female conditions, back impairments and sickness requiring surgery are covered when originating six months after the policy date.

The policy provides a full 31 day grace period. You may renew this policy to age 75 with the consent of the company. THESE ARE THE ONLY EXCLUSIONS: The policy does not cover suicide, venereal disease, intoxication, criminal acts, military risks, mental disorders, dental treatment (unless for fractured jaw), maternity (except by Maternity Rider at small extra cost) and test cures.

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Since 1923, policyholders and beneficiaries have benefited from Service Life Insurance Corporation, domiciled in Nebraska as a legal reserve company, more than $18,500,000 on all forms of coverage in all states have been paid.

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Fill in and mail today! Takes only a minute to complete for family protection! Do it now!

THE SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF OMAHA

Gentlemen—I am enclosing $1.00 in payment for two (2) months' insurance and I hereby apply to The Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, for a Family Hospitalization policy for myself and my dependents, if any, whose names appear below:

Full Name of Applicant ___________________________ Sex ______________
Address ___________________________ Date of Birth ____________
City ___________________________ Zone ______ State______
Occupation ___________________________ Height ______ Weight ______

ONE POLICY MAY INCLUDE AS MANY AS ARE IN THE FAMILY (Applications for 1 person may be issued to adults only). (Please print full names of members whom you wish included in this policy).

FIRST NAME MIDDLE NAME LAST NAME DATE OF BIRTH MO., DAY, YR., HEIGHT, WEIGHT SEX
1. ___________________________ ___________ ___________ ___________ ______
2. ___________________________ ___________ ___________ ___________ ______
3. ___________________________ ___________ ___________ ___________ ______
4. ___________________________ ___________ ___________ ___________ ______
5. ___________________________ ___________ ___________ ___________ ______

Signature ___________________________ Date ___________

I have read the foregoing questions and I represent and affirm each answer to be true, knowing that the failure to answer them accurately will result in the denial of this application. I also agree that the company shall not be liable for any payment of any benefits upon sickness, disease, or injury, arising prior to the date of acceptance of this application. I reserve the right to return the policy within 10 days and receive my money back if I should decide not to continue it. Dated this _______ Day of _______ 19 _______.

Signature ___________________________ Date ___________

Please send information about you—Maternity Benefit Rider Surgical/Medical Expense Rider Loss of Wages Rider

P

Write—Do not print

Page 21
The first team who completes all this and shoots the cannon wins. How we screamed and yelled . . .

JIM: And how Connie used that zoom lens!

Then we flew to Rome to meet more friends. (At that moment Connie clutched her chest and screamed.) Look! They've given me an air conditioner! Jim, right behind you in the wall. I'm going to have a heart attack! An air conditioner in my dressing room. I've arrived!

JIM: So far as this interview's concerned, you've arrived in Rome!

Yes—well, we told you about the coronation. And next day we climbed on the Vespa and went skimming twenty miles out of town to visit the catacombs. Before it was time for them to open, we walked around and found a tiny shrine in a vineyard that overlooked some ruins. I'll never forget that day, will you, Jim? It was so lovely. At first we felt kind of holy, talked in hushed voices, grew serious and ethereal, alone in this enchanted place. Then we started running around through the trees. We were on top of the world! Well as we felt we knew each other before we ever started on this trip, our knowing each other really started at that shrine.

JIM: Which doesn't mean we didn't have some marvelous battles. Here we are together all day—we've only known each other a month and a half but figuring up the time in hours, we've been dating for eight months. So here we are seeing each other sixteen hours a day and suddenly one night in Rome when I suggested we dine at a certain place, she says, "Let's not take this for granted, we're still dating, you know." And I'm darned if she doesn't swing it so that five minutes later, I'm phoning her from the lobby asking her for a date. I really did it. Here I am with the responsibility for luggage, for planning our itinerary, and our plane tickets and she's talking about dating!

I think not taking each other for granted is very important! I didn't want the romance gone. (Then they exchange smiles and you know the romance isn't gone.)

We were told the best restaurant in Florence was a little place called Sustanza. They seat you family style and for the first few minutes I was a little embarrassed—as I always am for fear people will stare at me. I don't mind people looking and maybe saying something about the show, but there are people who stare you down looking for faults and flaws—are your shoes dirty, have you a glass eye or a wooden leg, what's different about you than on screen? Just before we left home, I'd had a terrible time at Disneyland. Jim was making an appearance there. I went with his parents, and suddenly I'm like a fly on a pin and people are crowding around wanting to know what Rock Hudson's really like and the whole thing unnerves me.

JIM: I didn't understand this at first, why Connie suddenly ducks and starts off in another direction fast. It used to annoy me. Then I realized . . . she's shy in a way.

I was shy at Sustanza and then in a few minutes, we were jabbering away with the people at our table and everyone was picking things off each other's plates, tasting different dishes and acting as if we'd known each other forever. The lady across from me had scampi, a whole plateful, they looked absolutely divine. Jim told me not to touch those shrimp but I sampled one, and wouldn't you know . . . I got ptomaine poisoning. Poor Jim, he was out looking for a doctor at two in the morning.

JIM: Have you ever tried finding an English speaking doctor in a strange country at two in the morning? Take it from me, you can't. I'd follow every suggestion, then rush back to do what I could for Connie, and go out again doctor hunting. At six in the morning I see this man walking down the hall with a satchel in his hand. The way I rushed up to him I must have looked pretty wild. I told him how sick Connie was and emphasized the pronto . . .

A man knocks and I think it's Jim and say, "Come in." Well, he does. Six o'clock in the morning and this apparition looks exactly like Peter Sellers, really scary with his glasses. "Who sick?" he said. "I meet young
**JIM:** All my fault. It's the first time I've ever been accused of giving anyone low blood pressure.

He gave me some pills, gave Jim instructions to see that I took them. And they worked. In a few days I was well again and on the train so we could see the Italian countryside en route to Greece. We rode in the coach and some of the people were peasant folks, they hadn't the slightest idea who we were and yet, the strangest thing, they did ask if we were in motion pictures. We looked it, they said. And then, there were exchange students on the train and they did recognize me, peasant dress and all, and were in and out of the compartment. After Southern Italy, we flew to Athens. At the airport there, in the peasant get-up, I'm spotted by two hundred teenagers on tour from Hawaii. They heard me talking to the customs man and then it was a riot.

We had terrible troubles at the Greek customs. The Greeks do not speak English and do not want to. That's the reason I've been mad to go there. They have no TV and I figured if there was anyplace where they didn't know who I was, Greece was it. I was so right. They did not know, they couldn't have cared less, it was hot and sticky, there was a gale blowing so hot I couldn't breathe.

**JIM:** The language barrier is fun sometimes but you can get tired of it. I was carrying the luggage and it was hot and I was trying to look urbane and in charge of the situation.

We stayed at the Grande Britannia and I kept putting cold towels on my neck and chest, trying to breathe. We drove down to Piraeus and had dinner at the Royal Yacht Club, went to “Sight and (Please turn the page)

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**Pretty Talk**

by Cindy Parker

**Make-up Magic for you . . . Lovelier Lips . . . Stopper for Splitting Nails**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Q.</th>
<th>Is there a medicated make-up for me? I'm past my teens.</th>
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<tr>
<td>A.</td>
<td>You bet! Got a date with a divine man . . . panicked about pimples appearing? Then Angel Face Medicated Cream Make-up in a tube is for you! Gives you all the extra coverage you crave . . . in shades made to match you! It's medicated, too—even helps prevent future surface blemishes from forming. But has no medicinal odor to give you away . . . even as close as a kiss! Smooth it on—look and see—yes, it's really you—really beautiful! (And see the special offer below!)</td>
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<th>Q.</th>
<th>My lips are too thin. Is there a way to make them look fuller? (I wear very pale lipstick, too.)</th>
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<tr>
<td>A.</td>
<td>Oooo—what that new “Fashion Wand” Lipstick by Cutex can do for you! To go from thin to thick: powder your lips to erase your present lip line; then, using Fashion Wand, draw your upper and lower lip lines to the very corners of your mouth. Fill in. As you do, lower the lower lip line just slightly, for a pouty, pretty look. To go from thick to thin, powder again; then give yourself a new lip line by drawing a perfect Fashion Wand line inside the lines of your lips. Fill in heavily at the center. And if you prefer those new fashionably pale shades, run—do not walk—and see the new natural Fashion Wand shade, “Nearly Nude.” It's so rare, so bare, it almost isn't there—a very male-attrac ting pale!</td>
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<th>Q.</th>
<th>Is there anything I can do to prevent splitting nails?</th>
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<td>A.</td>
<td>Yes. Invest in a special Cutex product. It's called “Strong Nail,” and that's just what you'll have when you use it! It helps strengthen nails and protect against splitting, chipping and peeling caused by dryness. Apply it two coats at a time. It's colorless so you can wear your regular shade of nail polish over it, too. Smart idea, no?</td>
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**special offer!**

Want to try Angel Face Medicated Cream Make-up FREE? Just send 25¢ for each shade you want to cover postage and handling.

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<tr>
<th>MAIL TO: Cindy Parker, Dept. P-11, P. O. Box 121, Trenton 10, N. J.</th>
<th>Quan. Shades Your Complexion</th>
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<td>Enclosed is $——— for ——— shades</td>
<td>( ) Natural Medium (no rosiness)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Name __________________________ Age ___________________</td>
<td>( ) Ivory Fair to Pale</td>
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<tr>
<td>Address __________________________</td>
<td>( ) Tawny Medium to Olive</td>
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<td>City __________________________ Zone _ State ___________________</td>
<td>( ) Blushing Medium (with rosiness)</td>
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**LOOK FOR “PRETTY TALK” EVERY MONTH IN PHOTOPLAY!**
Connie and Jim continued

Sound" and saw a brilliant presentation of the Persians conquering Greece and the Greeks reconquering the Parthenon. Old Jim got so carried away he left his seat and watched the performance standing at the very back; high on a rock with the wind blowing, he actually seemed to have a toga on. It's pitch black with little lights illuminating each player and Jim silhouetted against the sky—quite beautiful. The next day we went back to visit the Acropolis by day and it was wonderful but what a walk! What heat! And no water.

JIM: We looked at each other that night and said, "We're taking the first boat out tomorrow."

We missed the Hydrafoil, took a little cattle boat and arrived at this island, Hydra, which is unbelievable. We stayed several days, diving off the rocks into the Mediterranean, found a little cove all our own—it was everything we'd wished for. The whole town scrambles up a hill, is all white-washed and we paid thirty cents a night for a meal.

JIM: You sat at a rickety old table with the dogs all there at your feet ... and the kids ... and the food is exquisite: stuffed cabbage, stuffed tomatoes with rice, eggplant in batter, a little chicken, but mostly lamb. Kebob.

We came back to Athens on the Hydrafoil boat and this is an experience—you travel seventy-five miles an hour and you just sit up over the surface of the water. We went below and both of us fell asleep and then when we wakened, Jim was trying to get a good view out to sea and he cracked his head on the window. Cracked it open! Here he was with a great big gash and blood all over and he can't understand why I'm nursing him.

JIM: Connie made a big fuss and mothered me. I loved it.

After that, we parted. I wanted to go back to England and visit friends in Blackpool, and Mr. Stacy wanted to visit Barcelona and see the bull fights. We couldn't agree on that, so I went on to England like I planned.

JIM: It was terribly important for Connie to assert her independence, prove that she wasn't a bit dependent on me. She's a doll. And once we parted, we were terribly lonesome for each other. One night I called her from Barcelona and an hour later she called me back.

The whole trip was the greatest thing that could have happened to the two of us. We were sharing an adventure, Jim and I, getting to know each other. You can date a boy for years and not get to know him the way you do someone you're traveling with every day, through fun times and troubled times, when you're having a ball and when you're tired and weary. When I was so sick in Italy, I knew Jim was someone I could depend on absolutely. He took really good care of me and I couldn't have been less glamorous.

JIM: Oh yes, I really got to know Connie. I saw her happy and angry and well and sick, all glamour or without makeup—really herself.

What we're saying now is that our lovely time will go on and on and on—because we're getting married. That's right! We're getting married on October 12, in the San Fernando Valley Church. I've always wanted a church wedding, with all my relatives and friends around. I know that when Jim and I went on our trip, there were rumors that we were married, secretly. But that's exactly what they were—rumors. No marriage of mine will ever be a secret—I'm the kind to shout it from the housetops.

JIM: And when we go on our honeymoon, Connie's not about to leave me to visit friends in England while I go on to the bullfights in Spain. We're taking our honeymoon together.

That's right—we're honeymooning in Hawaii and Mexico. And as Jim says—together. But I'll say one thing for this adventurous European jaunt of ours, it certainly proved that we'll enjoy spending the rest of our lives together. I guess you might call it the vacation that told us we'd better get married.

—As told to Jane Ardmore

Connie's in "Palm Springs Weekend," WB. Jim's in "Summer Magic," BV.

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We'll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month the prize for the first 400 ballots we receive is "Living Free," the bestselling sequel to "Born Free," by Joy Adamson. It's the absorbing story of Elsa the lion and her charming family of little cubs. Mail in your ballot today to win this book.

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

**MY FAVORITES ARE:**

**MALE STAR:** 1. 
2. 
3.

**FEMALE STAR:** 1. 
2. 
3.

**FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE:** 1. 
2. 
3.

**THE NEWCOMER I'D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:**

**THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I'D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:**

Name .................................................. Age ........
Address .................................................. 11-63
Jack Lemmon is the landlord of an apartment house that's packed with the prettiest tenants in town! And he's got the pass-key to all that YUM-YUM! Yum! Yum! Yum!

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

under the yum-yum tree

in yummy color

co-starring

CAROL LYNLEY · DEAN JONES · EDIE ADAMS · IMOGENE COCA · PAUL LYNDE · ROBERT LANSING

AND THE YUM-YUM GIRLS

Screenplay by LAWRENCE ROMAN and DAVID SWIFT · Based on the stage play by LAWRENCE ROMAN
Produced on Broadway by FREDERICK BRISSON and ROGER L. STEVENS / Directed by DAVID SWIFT · Produced by FREDERICK BRISSON
The photographers were waiting in Portofino when Greta Garbo, still trim and beautiful, alighted from Sam Spiegel's yacht. This is the picture they almost got.

Julie Andrews was never as happy with her stage and screen roles as she is in her role of a lifetime—playing mother to her very own fair lady, Emma Kate Walton, born in London on November 27, 1962.
The odds are that Eddie Fisher will beat Liz Taylor to the altar. Eddie has finally established residence in Nevada to obtain a divorce from Liz. Why? Eddie is in love again. The object of his affections is Renata Boeck, the sexy German model. Renata came to Hollywood for a short "vacation" in July, but has been at Eddie's beck and call since. Now, Renata is wearing a $5,000 jade ring which Mr. Fisher gave her to seal their togetherness.

Kim Novak kept her mouth closed when she and Roderick Mann, the man she was supposed to marry, came back to Hollywood on separate planes. Kim declined to comment on any wedding plans, but Mann, the English journalist, had something to say. On his first night in town he asked Dusty Miller for a date. So naturally this smoked out the silent Kim, and she announced she and Roddy were fini. Why? One associate confides it was because her psychiatrist advised against the merger. My advice to Kim: Marry the psychiatrist.

Could be that Cary Grant and actress Dyan Cannon are scheduling matrimony. Cary's divorce from Betsy Drake was final August 13. Cary was a regular backstage Johnny when the actress was around for "How to Succeed in Business, etc." at the Philharmonic.

I'm glad to report both Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin are (Please turn the page)
GOSSIP SECTION

now acting like adults. Both admitted wrongs in their first fling at marriage. Both resolved to correct them now that they are back together. To doubly insure a solid marital foundation they decided to have another baby. All I can say is, I wish them well.

If anyone cares, Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay are back together. There's another little Hargitay on the way, too.

The Martins and Morells (no relation to McCay) engaged in verbal bickass. It all started when Claudia Martin eloped with Gavin Morell. Dean Martin burned with indignation over losing his eighteen-year-old daughter to a striving actor she met in a drama class. Jeanne Martin (Dean's present wife) also voiced her disapproval. Dino's first wife, Betty, blasted back. The first Mrs. Dino stated in no uncertain terms that Claudia was her daughter, and she not only had her permission but blessings to marry Gavin. However, the fact remains that the marriage may not be legal in the eyes of the California courts. (Gavin had obtained a Mexican divorce in order to marry Claudia.)

Now, to make things entirely on the up and up, Gavin's first wife (the mother of his child) filed for a divorce in Santa Monica.

I wonder if Troy Donahue knows that while he was in the wilds of Arizona on location for "Distant Trumpet," Suzanne Pleshette and Dick Chamberlain stepped out on the town. Where did they end up? Well, it certainly wasn't o place you'd expect to find the All-American TV medico. It was a strip club on the Sunset Strip. Well, I guess Dick could say he was just doing some research on an anatomy.

If any of you were beginning to think that Connie Stevens would be always a fiancée and never a bride—that's because she hadn't met actor Jim Stacy yet. She'll become Mrs. Stacy in a Catholic ceremony on October twelfth, if their present plans go through. It's their first marriage—and lost, I predict.

It was a close shave for Jane Allynson. She and Dick Powell's barber, Glenn Maxwell, called off their marriage when an attorney informed the widow that a new husband could cast her a hunk of loot as Dick's estate isn't officially settled. So June decided to wait. Meanwhile, Glenn went back to cutting hair at his Newport Beach shop.

What's going on at the "Viva Las Vegas" set? Elvis Presley and Ann-Margret hit it off like Liz and Dickie Boy, but the director wasn't too impressed with the crooner from Memphis. He had directed Ann in "Bye Bye Birdie," and it's no secret that he admires her talent. So it may mark the first time Presley had to take a bock seat in one of his films. I heard they cut four of his numbers.

Poor little Natalie Wood. It looked as if she would break into tears when she accidentally encountered Robert Wagner and the new Mrs. Wagner, Morlion Marshall Donen, at Barbara Streisand's Coconut Grove opening. Natalie was with her Arthur Loew, Jr. Just think, if Not had met Warren Beatty she might still be Mrs. Robert Wagner. But insiders say Loew would marry the actress on a moment's notice. She hasn't given him the notice yet—but I bet she will any moment now.

Scoping Around: By the time Jackie Gleason and Steve McQueen finished "Soldier in the Rain" they weren't exactly pals. Steve had tried to establish himself as a Greater One to the Great One. . . . It's official. Barbara Luna will obtain a divorce from Doug McClure. . . . Want to see Polly Bergen boil? Ask her if she's emulating Jackie Kennedy in Polly's latest, "Kisses for My President," Polly is a Republican. . . . Anna Marie Alberghetti and Claudia Guzman called it quits. . . . The reason why Ava Gardner lingered so long in Hollywood: Frank Sinatra. . . . All Hollywood is wandering how much longer Tony Curtis and Christine Kaufmann can maintain their "isolated" marriage. . . . Either Bob Conrad has the most liberal-minded wife in the world or the two have decided to go their separate ways. Bob took off solo for a two-month fun trip of Europe. "I plan to live it up," he boasted to a pal. . . . It's Warren Beatty and Claudia Cardinale burning the romantic fires. . . . Keep hearing that Barbara Streisand and her handsome hubby, Elliot Gould, have called it o day. . . . Lana Turner and Fred May decided not to try it again.

Ty Hardin and his German frau, Marlene Schmidt, were having problems. So Marlene, a former Miss Universe, packed her bags and flew home with the young Hordy offspring to her mother in Germany. Ty's trying to patch things up, but he's seriously honpered: she can't speak much English, and his command of the German language is nil.

My pet gripe is a star who says down with publicity, but on the other hand encourages it. George Peppard falls in this category. I remember when a newshound asked him if it were true he and his wife had parted. George made a face and walked away. Later, the porting was confirmed. George maintains he's at liberty to do as he pleases when he's off-camera. What he means is that when he takes Elizabeth Ashley to a fashionable yet public place like the Coconut Grove, it's not the public's business. I feel that actors who feel their public life isn't public—should stay home—or get another job!!

Here's the latest chapter in the Dolores Hart story. Her mother, Horriet Gordon, is obtaining a divorce from a prominent restaurant owner. Dolores remains in the convent in Connecticut. She writes to Hollywood friends that she has found real happiness at last. However, she assumes a realistic attitude. It'll be two years before she takes her final vows, and if she isn't 100 per cent sure still by then, she won't.

How to protect an idol. M-G-M did it by editing all of Dick Chamberlain's scenes in "Twilight of Honor." They eliminated all of the objectionable dialogue.

It's a good thing that Lance Reventlow and his date, Sharon Pringle, didn't buckle their seat belts. Lance was at the wheel of a sports car in the Hollywood Hills when the vehicle went over a cliff. The two were thrown clear of the car upon the first im-
post. Then the tiny cor tumbled five hundred feet to the batman. What was left of the cor wouldn't have filled a CARE package. However, Lance suffered a serious back injury. They say he'll be on crutches until Christmas. Sharon sustained cuts and bruises, and a hard time from her mother, Peggy Pringle. Sharon and Lance had been dating for two weeks prior to the accident. Sharon is a pretty teenager, and the granddaughter of the late Victor McLaglen. Peggy has sent her back to a girls' school in the East.

When I speak of Lance, I must speak of Jill St. John—his estranged wife. Jill came to the hospital to see him, but only for old times' sake. It appeared at one time they would reconcile, but Miss St. John feels differently now. Oddly enough, it was Cary Grant who was the most concerned about Lance. You see, Cary was once married to Barbara Hutton when the latter's son was still playing with toys instead of real cars.

Poor Diane McBain. Her role in "The Caretakers" was reduced to practically a bit part. Could those rumors about a certain producer-director have been the reason?

Don't ever say boa to Jack Ging. One night at the Peppermint West (Follywood's top twist spot), Mr. Ging came in with his wife and mother. It was a jammed night and even the men's room was packed. This didn't bother Jack. He and the spouse started twisting. The mather spotted an empty rinside table, but failed to spot a reserve sign on it. She sat down, and a waiter asked her to leave. Jack came dashing over and defended his mom.

Puzzler of the Month: What twenty-year-old beauty is making the Hollywood scene with well-known but elderly celebrities, and secretly tipping off a columnist? THE END.

When Bob Goulet met Carol Lawrence, she was the star. By the time they wed, his career topped hers.

Which Bill has the Toni? Handsome newcomer Tony Bill and his wife Toni still smile at that familiar line!

Roger Smith is wide awake, but it looks as if his date has folded for the night. I think he'll ask her out again anyway—she's his daughter Tracey. It was good to see the Smiths out on the town again after that long siege of family illnesses.

Put it in the special care of hospital-proved Dermassage

... the professional-type lotion that relieves excessive dryness fast! Dermassage helps heal weather-irritated, clothing-chafed skin—gently soothes and comforts tender, itching skin. Great for massaging tense, aching muscles, too! Wear your skin soft, smooth and supple...

... get medicated Dermassage lotion. It's hospital-proved!

TRY NEW SUPER-MOISTURIZING DERMASSAGE SKIN CREAM

Just apply... It liquefies before your eyes!
Above: No, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis (or should I call her Christine Kaufmann?) have not taken to drink—they’re just making like wine tasters for their film, “Monsieur Cognac.” Back from their trip to the Russian Film Festival, the Curtises went back to their cloistered life. Christine long ago told the world she’d give up her career to be Tony’s woman. Well, I always knew she was a smart little girl, and that statement proves it! Now, isn’t it time for a baby?

I was horrified when Princess Yasmin Khan, daughter of Aly and Rita Hayworth, showed up in a Sunset strip night club—with Pamela Mason—and was hypnotized by Pat Collins. Yasmin did nothing to be ashamed of under hypnosis, she showed anger, delight, fear and did a ballet dance. But that this child was permitted to take part in a public exhibition is just too much. I’m sure you all remember those lovely photographs of Yasmin with her father when she was learning to ride and handle a pony cart in France. Aly adored her, but for the last years of his life, Rita didn’t permit her to go to France and visit him. But he came here several times a year and our toy stores were always richer when he left.

Omar Sharif took a house here for six months and will divide his year between Hollywood and Europe. He and his wife are the number one stars of all the Arab countries.

Everyone’s delighted that Rosemary Clooney and José Ferrer reconciled, because they have five lovely children. They just got in under the wire. Their California divorce decree was to become final in a few days.

Above: Nat “King” Cole and his lovely wife add to any affair they attend. He’s such a great performer—I’ve never heard him sing a bad note! Not ever!

Under Hedda’s Hat
Elvis Presley and Ann-Margaret may not be in love, but they're sure giving a good imitation of it—on and off the screen. That picture of them—with his head in her lap—is very appealing. Elvis says she's really got magnetism; Annie says, "He's wonderful." Even Colonel Parker, who refuses to discuss his boy's private life, admits that Elvis had the time of his life making "Viva Las Vegas."

Above: Shelley Fabares and Lou Adler are still a steady duo. I understand she's not as career-conscious as she used to be. Could it be she has marriage on her pretty mind?

Gilbert Roland was in seventh heaven when his two beautiful daughters by Constance Bennett came from New York to visit him. One is twenty-three, the other twenty-one. He took them to their first bull fight in Tijuana, to Disneyland, Marineland and all the fine restaurants. He introduced them to his friends (which are legion), and then flew them on the inaugural flight of the Iberia Airlines to Madrid and Majorca. Gil, like Cary Grant, never grows old. Gil also told me Connie still has her leg in a cast from that ski accident over in Switzerland.

Vince Edwards is almost as skillful at skirting the girl question as he is at surgery. I asked about Sherry Nelson and he said, "We're in a state of thinking about it."

"What you mean," said I, "is that Sherry's in a state of shock because you're dating some other beauties."

"I've been doing that for years. Frankly, I'm married to Stage 8 at Desilu."

Below: Joan Crawford is a star and will be a star when she's ninety-nine. Who else looks, acts and talks as she does! (Please turn the page)

Above: Here's how Audrey Hepburn will look as "My Fair Lady"—Liza Doolittle. She looks the spittin' image of Julie Andrews—doesn't she? Don't believe that Audrey will do her own singing in the film. She has a nice voice, but she's smart enough to know it's not quite the voice for the role.

Barbara Hutton's son Lance Reventlow and Sharon Pringle had a narrow escape when the sports car he was driving went out of control on Mulholland Drive and plunged down a steep incline. Both were thrown out before the car hit the bottom of the ravine. Jill St. John was the only visitor allowed to see him during his convalescence. This accident should keep him out of racing cars for some time to come—but—it probably won't.
Frank Sinatra told me he'd taken up golf because "I ran out of girls." Dean Martin chimed in with, "Yeah, he ran out of girls but wanted to keep swinging." If you believe that it was a female shortage that sent Frank to the links, you'll believe anything. Golf has calmed him down. He no longer walks the floor at night—he sleeps. He's so tired he has to. And he has more irons in the fire than in the golf bag. He and Jack Warner are partners in so many ventures, I can't keep track of them.

Above: George Maharis hit town to plug his records and made a beeline to Tuesday Weld. When I asked about his romance with his manager Mimi Weber, he said there was none, "We're like brother and sister!"

Anita Ekberg was a bit huffy when I saw her on the "4 For Texas" set. She didn't care for something I'd written about her new husband Rick von Nutter, but she soon simmered down. "You didn't waste much time getting him to the altar," I said. "Why waste time?" said Anita. "You find what you want—you grab it. I don't want to lose him."

She says she couldn't live anywhere except Italy which is why she's building a house there.

Among all of Candy Bergen's many beaus, the one she seems to prefer is Peter Mann. Pete is playing a disciple in "The Greatest Story," and wouldn't come to a party for Bette Davis' daughter BD and her fiance Jeremy Hyman until he'd shaved off the whiskers he grew for the role. Many handsome sons of famous actors were there, too. David Niven, Jr. (he's a darling). Ray Milland's son Danny, who's six-feet-five, brought his sister. Bette's eleven-year-old son Michael danced the twist with all the girls until he was so exhausted Bette had to take him home and put him to bed.

Below: Hayley Mills charms everyone (including me!) on the set of every film. Even her co-stars love her and forgive her when she steals the picture from under their noses. She did just that to her father in "Tiger Bay," and I hear she does it again in "Chalk Garden." But the nicest part of all is that she's still unspoiled. (Continued on page 34)
For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich you only need to "lather once"!

SHIRLEY JONES, starring in "Dark Purpose" a Universal release, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme and her hair behaves beautifully! Yours will, too, because—instead of over-washing your hair, stripping away the oils, leaving it dry and hard to manage—you only need to lather once with rich, instant-foaming Lustre-Creme shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo
When Bing Crosby heard that Lucille Ball, Jack Benny, Milton Berle, Joey Bishop, Bob Hope, George Burns, Georgie Jessel, Art Linkletter, Groucho Marx, Phil Silvers, Jimmy Stewart and Danny Thomas were recording an album titled "My Favorite Story" with all profits going to the Motion Picture Relief Fund, he phoned Bill Smith of 20th, who put the deal together, and said: "I want in." And so he'll be the emcee and either sing an introduction or talk one about each of the stars. These records should make about $300,000 for the MPR Fund.

Mike Todd once said, "I may not be a millionaire but I've always lived like one." Gene Barry took a leaf from Mike's book, bought a $250,000 home in Beverly (next to Debbie Reynolds) and a thirty-six-foot cabin cruiser. "When you're poor, you're told to appreciate the simple things in life," said Gene. "Well, I've learned that in order to enjoy the simple things, you need financing."

Four of Hollywood's biggest all-time glamour girls are candidates for Alcoholics Anonymous—but they haven't joined yet. And all but one is husbandless.

Olivia deHavilland had no comment on the rumors about her marriage to Pierre Galante, and her attachment to Luther Davis. She just boarded a jet to Paris. Her son Benjamin went home a few days before. It was the only way Livvy could get him away from American television. The straw that broke the camel's back was the day he ordered waffles for breakfast, went into the sitting room, turned off the air conditioning, closed the drapes, put up a "Do Not Disturb" sign and settled down in front of the set. He was so fascinated by the program, he spilled maple syrup all over himself. A few hours later his mama had Benjy Paris-bound.

Arthur Godfrey, the greatest salesman since Barnum, did so much for Warners that they invited him out for a scene in "4 For Texas." They gave him the royal treatment. When he entered a huge stage-dressing room, he found a luscious female, wearing a low-cut gown, reclining on a sofa. Next came a steady stream of helpers from wardrobe, make-up and the press to offer their services. And then they gave Arthur one line to speak. Next time they send for him, it had better be for a good part—or they'll have me to deal with, that's who.

When John Wayne reached Madrid, Spain, things began to pop. He didn't like the script of "Circus," so they changed writers and director and got a new cast. David Niven bowed out (but got paid his entire salary), and Rod Taylor stepped in. Rita Hayworth was signed to play a trapeze artist, and Joe Cotten, a ringmaster. Joe's wife, Pat Medina, was delighted—her father is Spanish. Even though he's lived in England for years, he still speaks with an accent.

Cary Grant's mother is the only girl in his life at present. When he visited her in Bristol, England, they had a gay old time motoring through a countryside, dining and entertaining his cousins at tea. "She's wonderful," says Cary. "She's eighty-six, refuses to be waited on and lives alone. And, Hedda, she has more pep than I have."

Fess Parker always lands in a pool of money. He thought the "Davy Crockett" shows were dead, but Disney revived them. All the kids who'd thrown out their coonskin caps had to go out and buy new ones.

Dan O'Herlihy's pals were dancing in the streets of Dublin when they found his TV show had been sold in England, Scotland and Ireland. They stopped celebrating when they found out he plays a Scotsman.

Cliff Robertson's making all the columns with Anne Upton, divorced wife of actor John, but I hear his heart is with somebody much more prominent. Cliff's cagey, so who knows? Besides, he's got to preserve his JFK image now, doesn't he!

There was no big blow up between Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty, the flame just flickered out. She still sees a lot of Arthur Loew, Jr. He's bright, has no overpowering problems and is terribly good for her.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
A sanitary napkin with a new shape tapered for comfort and better fit

Confidets

Confidets give you the greatest comfort and protection you've ever known

1. Tapered to follow your body contours. Wide in front, narrow in back for better fit. Confidets don’t slip, bunch, chafe . . . or show revealing outlines.

2. Accident-proof inner shield. A full-length polyethylene shield that moisture cannot penetrate.

3. Extra thickness where you need it most. Confidets have extra thickness in the middle where greatest absorbency is needed.

4. Layer upon layer of soft absorbency. Holds eight times its weight in moisture, as proved by laboratory tests.


All the protection of a super pad with even less bulk than a junior size— that's why one size is right for everyone.

SCOTT MAKES IT BETTER FOR YOU
Say you don't want a tint. You don't want a complete change. But you want to do something about the color of your hair...something to give it life and highlights! For you, Clairol® has come up with a new color pick-me-up called “Sparkling Color” Hair Color Lotion. It's made only for hair without gray. Your hairdresser will tell you that it lifts dull brown to rich brown...turns mousey into marvelous...without changing your natural color! Because “Sparkling Color” isn’t a tint, there’s no drastic color change—just wonderful, warm color highlights. It's not permanent—it lasts through a month of shampoos. And there's no touch-up problem...“Sparkling Color” just slowly disappears, without the roots showing, without anyone noticing. It's not a big production. Nothing to mix. It’s just a mild lather—and minutes later it gets rinsed off. “Sparkling Color” comes in 7 sparkling shades. One of them will let you go from mousey to marvelous, without changing your natural hair color!

SPARKLING COLOR®

Clairol's new Hair Color Lotion for hair without gray
The hand of fame touches people in different ways. It liberates some, imprisons others. Some react by becoming free of pettiness, selfishness and deceit. Others react by becoming prisoners of self-love, victims of irresponsibility. There are no better examples of this contrast than President and Mrs. Kennedy and Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, the two most talked-about couples in the world today. Whatever they do makes headlines—and the headlines they make are as different as the lives each couple leads.

The Kennedys live for each other, not for the ecstasy of being “in love.” Still, their love glows—brightly, quietly—a light of inspiration.

Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton live for Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. Theirs is the fire of passion, living for its own blaze and burning those who happen to come too near.

How does one couple—why does one couple—let the hand of fame lead them to service and taste, while the other lets it take them into shame and waste? The answer is the subject of an unusual four-page PHOTOPLAY report. These timely articles, written by world-famous authors Fannie Hurst and Hedda Hopper, are must reading for every intelligent person. To begin their stories, please turn the page.
MARRIAGE & TASTE

by Fannie Hurst

To find out why one love grows despite fame-
PASSION & WASTE

by Hedda Hopper

the other, despite shame, please turn the page
Youth has come to live at the White House for a minimum period of four years, with option of renewal from us, the voters and the landlords.

Probably nowhere in the world could the images of Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, presently of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., U.S.A., be more appreciated than in youth-worshipping America—which spends annual billions of dollars fortifying itself against graying hair, crow's-feet, middle-age spread. And more billions on beauty parlors, health farms, diet foods, plastic surgery and reducing pills. Even the President himself, cognizant of the appraising eyes of the nation, admits to going on a strict diet for several days before each of his televised press interviews.

Regardless of parties or politics, Mrs. Kennedy, born of what is undemocratically known as the "privileged class," appears—to the general public, at least—to have everything. Although in her early thirties, she might be almost any one of the teenagers who emulate her. Walk along a city street and you will find yourself passing a stream of replicas of Jacqueline Kennedy. Some of them are fairly successful imitations, more of them are not. The majority border on the grotesque.

And still they come! Ladies in pill-box hats. Ladies in over-size coiffures on exactly the wrong heads. Tall girls in further elongating shifts. Reproductions of Jacqueline Kennedy (Continued on page 78)
Elizabeth Taylor has a record in the game of love and passion that easily makes her world champion. At thirty-two, she has had four husbands, countless romances, and a public and passionate affair that has scandalized the world. She has steered her sex toboggan down a dangerous run, taking curves with reckless abandon, playing in luck all the way. Husbands have stepped aside at her whim and even obligingly helped hurry a divorce when time was of the essence. She shed her second husband, Michael Wilding, one day, married Mike Todd the next. With Eddie Fisher, the entire wife-switch took exactly twenty-seven minutes—twelve for his uncontested divorce from Debbie Reynolds, and fifteen minutes for the marriage ceremony that united him with Liz.

Nothing, no one, seems to be able to slow down Liz. The road she's traveled has had many obstacles, but she manages to reduce them to small bumps as she keeps going at her fast, furious pace.

Surprisingly, love-loving Liz was slow to learn the facts of life. When she first heard about the birds and the bees, she didn't get the message. She was a big star by the time she caught on to what sex was all about, and she began to make up for lost time. If anyone had suggested that she'd be the world's Queen of Hearts even before she hit thirty, I'd have certainly said they were crazy.

The Taylors (Francis, wife Sara, son Howard and daughter Elizabeth), came (Continued on page 80)
If you saw Natalie Wood at LaScala Wednesday night of this week...or Thursday...or Saturday, saw her with the tall, lean, young man, wealthy and sophisticated, if you
saw them together, you'd see the change in Natalie. And you might wonder what sort of man she is counting on to make her forget Warren Beatty. (Continued on page 92)
Many people have said many things about Vince Edwards since his rise to stardom. But on one subject everybody agrees: Vince is a great lover—of good food. It’s his Italian heritage. Now PHOTOPLAY has borrowed his favorite recipes for you who are also lovers—of luscious eating. Vince has never taken food for granted—that’s part of his poor-boy beginnings. Still, even then his mother, Mrs. Julia Zoine, never failed to set a fine table. That’s another thing about Italian cooking, it is delicious and inexpensive. “My mother made pasta dishes—spaghetti and ravioli that were out of this world,” Vince remembers with a gleam in his eyes. “They were standard Italian fare—but my mother made them from recipes that had been handed down in the family, and they were terrific.” Or, as Dr. Casey might say “Hospital food  (Continued on page 106)
In Cambridge, Maryland, and Los Angeles, California, in Birmingham, Alabama, and New York City—in towns that almost no one ever heard of and cities that are world-famous—American Negroes are demanding the end of discrimination in housing, education and employment.

Actor James Whitmore has named this “The Dignity Explosion.” In less than two years it has blown up the self-satisfied surface of American life. Every white American will have to join The Dignity Explosion—or oppose it—before this year ends, because a generation of American Negroes will no longer be satisfied with anything less than (Continued on page 48)
"DIGNITY EXPLOSION"

BURT LANCASTER

JAMES WHITMORE

MARLON BRANDO

ANTHONY FRANCIOSA
real equality. The decision that most white Americans make will remain a private one, known to a few friends or—perhaps—only to themselves. Because a movie actor has no really private life, he can make no private decisions. Over a dozen movie stars have already publicly joined “The Dignity Explosion.” Charlton Heston made his position clear more than two years ago when he picketed segregated lunch counters in Oklahoma City, carrying a sign he had lettered himself: “ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL.” Marlon Brando did his picketing recently in front of a Southern California housing tract that refused to sell homes to Negroes. Paul Newman joined a sit-in demonstration at California’s state capitol in favor of a fair housing bill.

In exclusive interviews with Photoplay reporter Aljean Meltsir, here is what Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward, Burt Lancaster, Marlon Brando, James Whitmore, Anthony Franciosa, Ina Balin had to say on the crisis in American life:

Paul Newman: “Some people say that there is some personal gain involved in my stand on civil rights, that I’m doing it to get publicity. Other people warn me to stop because it will ‘hurt’ my career. Am I any less a citizen for being an actor? Any kind of immorality condoned by the community must be actively attacked by everyone. A dope addict, a gangster, a pimp, can see a house that he wants and buy it. A Negro doctor or engineer can not. How can we question the immorality of other nations when we have this blight of Negro inequality hanging over ourselves? It is a very poignant struggle that the American Negro is going through now, and I don’t see how anyone can fail to be moved by it. There has been a kind of explosion in our country this year. Sometimes problems are called to people’s attention rather spectacularly like this. A person—like most white Americans—who lives and works in a white ghetto has to have such a problem called to his attention before he can act. This explosion has shown us the problem. Now we—all of us—must act.”

Paul’s wife, actress Joanne Woodward, adds, “Paul speaks for me also. I feel as he feels and join him in everythng he says.”

Burt Lancaster: “Last summer I joined hundreds of thousands of other Americans—including Marlon Brando, Peter Brown, Tony Curtis, Mel Ferrer, Tony Franciosa, Charlton Heston and Billy Wilder—who believe in equal opportunity and freedom for all. I joined them because I wanted actively to express my support for the Civil Rights legislation before the Congress and to urge its passage. I joined them because I recognize the events of the summer of 1963 as the most significant I have lived through, and I wish to be a part of these events. I also wish to be a part of this time when promises we made to ourselves a century ago will finally be kept.

“People have told me that I’m being used by the people who desire Negro equality. They’re right. Because I am an actor and my name, consequently (Continued on page 84)
The oldest is 74, the youngest 18 — and the eight in the middle add up to the world’s wackiest adoption plan. To find out who they are — turn the page
"Yes, I've made up my mind. I'm going to adopt nine—no, ten—boys," said Pat Boone. I was so startled that I took my eyes off the diamond at the Polo Grounds, where the New York Mets were being clobbered by the Chicago Cubs. I stared at Pat—but I'd never seen him more serious. So I mumbled the only thing I could think of. And stupid, too. "Well, which is it—nine or ten?"

"Ten. If it works out all right, we'll adopt the others later on."

I actually stammered. "Your wife—Shirley—she is in favor of all this?"

"Sure," Pat said. "She hasn't met them yet—but we've both wanted boys for so long, to give us a balanced family! After all, we've got four daughters. Shirl will be delighted."

"I'll bet," I murmured dubiously.

"You know, we made arrangements a while back to adopt a boy," Pat continued, never taking his eyes off the action on the field. "A young girl had contacted us—she was divorced and couldn't support the child she was expecting. So we offered to adopt it. Well, it was born—right on my birthday! But everything got fouled up. Instead of being a boy, it was a girl. And at the last moment, when she held that little infant in her arms, the young mother decided she wouldn't—she couldn't give her up. We were very glad she made that decision. Still, it was tough on Shirl."

"But won't it be a lot tougher on Shirl to take care of ten boys than of no boys?" I asked.

"Oh, we'll make do," Pat answered. "We've got a five-bedroom house, but still, we'll have to double up. There's a big playroom upstairs where the boys can fool around. It's almost big enough for them to play baseball in. If they can't catch or

That's Pat with his oldest adopted boy, Casey Stengel, at left. Above, Big Jim Hoffman shows youngest Met, Ed Kranepool, his new dad's picture. Ed said, "Tell Daddy to send me my allowance." Two days later, the kid went back to the minor leagues—no allowance! Pat's ten (circled) are always that day's lineup plus Casey.
field the ball the first time, they can always get it on the rebound off the wall. My daughters—Laurie, Debbie, Linda and Cherry—can play, too, they can hit grounders and flyballs to them. And if the boys really knock themselves out playing ball, we can always convert part of our swimming pool to a whirlpool bath. That's the best thing there is for sore arms, you know."

"But what if some of them are the bookish type and get tired of athletics?" I asked.

Pat wasn't fazed. "We have a prayer room or a meditation room or a crying room—whatever you want to call it," he replied. "The oldest boy—the tenth one—he'll probably use it a lot."

Suddenly, Pat jumped to his feet in the box and yelled, "Let's go, Mets!" A Met batter streaked down the base path and made it safely to first. "Hey, ya creep, down in front!" a guy in back of him yelled. But Pat just shouted, "That's my boy. Go!" A minute later, the next Met batter popped out and Pat slumped back in his seat. "They're better than they think, better than they play," he said sadly, waving a Mets banner at them.

But I was still stunned by the news that Pat was adopting ten boys. I didn't even have the sense to ask him who they were, or through what agency he was adopting them. Instead I mused, "Ten boys, hmmm. Statistically, then, a few of them will have the same trouble as the players out there—lack of confidence. What'll you do about that? How will you help them solve that problem?"

"A few of them!" Pat echoed my words. "All of them! And I'll handle all of them the way we do our oldest, Cherry. She's ten. And when she plays the piano in a pupil recital, she's got to be the best—if she hits a wrong (Continued on page 89)
THE LOVERS WHO CAN'T LIVE
Sandra Dee & Bobby Darin:

TOGETHER — OR CAN THEY?

—please turn to page 102
Some second thoughts on Dr. Ward, his playmates

The scandal that turned

It began with a boast, this particular aspect of the London sex scandal, a boast that hit every front page this side of Moscow. That’s the way it is with scandal: Once it gets going you can’t stop it. It becomes a monster, a roaring vacuum cleaner that sucks up the clean and the dirty, the innocent with the guilty. Hollywood knew it was in for it the minute Dr. Stephen Ward began talking to the world press. “I have treated everyone from Averell Harriman to King Peter of Yugoslavia,” he boasted. “Seven rajahs have been my patients . . . the biggest stars. Ava Gardner, Frank Sinatra, Danny Kaye, Elizabeth Taylor . . . a host of diplomats and peers.” He said it long before he was dragged into court and accused of living off the earnings of prostitutes. He said it long before suicide became his final orgy.

This casual, almost accidental mention of Liz Taylor’s name was the first time she was linked to the doctor, yet columnists persisted in trying to drag Liz into the case, if only by comparing her to Christine, and Burton to Profumo. Said Sheilah Graham: “The sick comedians have forgotten Liz and Dick in favor of Christine Keeler, whose name is now well known.” Said Frank Coniff: “Miss Keeler emerges as one of the great femmes fatales of history, and Walter Wanger can be grateful he was at least spared her in last year’s ‘Cleopatra’ circus.” Said Robert C. Ruark: “You can have ‘Cleopatra;’ I’ll buy—you should pardon the expression—Christine Keeler.”

To sum it up, said Walter Winchell: “What a world. A guy in England lost his job for the same thing that made Burton a bigger star.”
But soon an "active" actor in the sex drama took the play away from Burton and Liz. When Dr. Ward was put on trial for "knowingly living wholly or in part on the earnings of prostitution at his apartment," one of the witnesses against him was Christine's good friend, eighteen-year-old call-girl Mandy Rice-Davies, and it was Miss Rice-Davies who involved the noted American actor, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

Fairbanks' name was dropped into the trial when Prosecutor Mervyn Griffith-Jones asked Mandy who paid the rent on an apartment which she shared with Christine.

"I didn't pay for it," Mandy said. "When I first moved there, I paid the first month's rent, but after that Lord Astor paid for it by check." She said she had slept with Astor, who was introduced to her by Ward, but it happened two years after she moved into the apartment. Next she was asked if she had had intercourse with any man at the flat.

"Yes," she said, "with Peter Rachman (a property speculator now believed dead)."

"Anyone else?" was the next question asked. "Yes, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr."

Subsequently, James Burge, Dr. Ward's defense counsel, suggested in his questioning that there was something Mandy wanted very much out of the case. Money. By selling her story.

"The more sensational you can make your story, the more money you get?"

Mandy had to admit it was quite true. "Is that why you mentioned Douglas Fairbanks?" he said. "Why did you mention him?"

"Because I didn't like him," Mandy said. Later, when Dr. Ward (Continued on page 84)
On December 1, 1962, Maryline Hutton returned to Los Angeles from a week in New York. Jim Hutton met her at the railroad station and asked for a divorce.

The Huttons had been married slightly less than four years. Their daughter was three years old, their son exactly one year younger. They had both wanted "lots of children quickly." Heidi and Timothy were to be the first of six. And only a miscarriage had prevented them from having a third child.

They had never discussed divorce: yet Maryline found that she was not surprised. "He was no longer the man I'd married," she says, "and I thought, 'Why not?' That's exactly what I said to Jim—'Why not?'"

In the final minutes of his marriage, Jim Hutton's impregnable cockiness was missing. He found it hard to remember that he was making $1,200 a week and had co-starred in five movies. And he found it hard to forget the ex-GI who—two days after his Army discharge—had married a girl he hardly knew and two weeks later had flown to California because he wanted to become a movie star. Now they (Continued on page 87)
PAUL NEWMAN'S 2 DAYS
IN A NUDIST COLONY! →
When I reported to the set of M-G-M’s “The Prize,” I wasn’t a bit nervous—until a man asked me to take off my clothes. And just when I had finally composed myself, I learned that not only would I be naked, but that my scene would be with Paul Newman—who was the film’s star.

It was enough to give a girl goosepimples—anywhere you looked at them! It all started when my agent called to ask me if I could speak any Swedish. I was born in Vienna. I am half Viennese, one-quarter French and one-quarter Swedish. I came to the United States ten years ago, and although I speak what I believe is good English, I still have an accent. I told my agent I could say enough Swedish to get along. Then he asked, “Now I want to be sure of a couple of other things. Your card says your measurements are—Bust: 37, Waist: 21, Hips: 36, Height: 5’4”, Weight: 113. Are those figures still correct?” I said they were and he told me to report to M-G-M Studios the next morning.

... There were many girls there that morning, all very beautiful. I didn’t think I was going to have a chance for whatever the part was. But after a while some of the girls simply disappeared. There were twenty of us left when I was told to go to the office of the producer, Pandro S. Berman. Mrs. Berman greeted me and said, “Ah, you seem just perfect. I will call my husband for you.” She called Mr. Berman and he came in wearing slippers and carrying his shoes. Mrs. Berman introduced us, but when I tried to shake hands with him, he laughed and said, “No room. I am carrying my shoes.” That’s how nervous I was. He looked me over very professionally and nodded to Mrs. Berman. “Maria will do nicely,” he said. . . . A few days later a director’s assistant called and told me to report on the set the following Monday morning at 8:30 for makeup—with a bikini. Such calls are not unusual in Hollywood, so I did not think much of it. I had been chosen for a scene with five other girls, all of us to have speaking parts. I was pleased about that because it means better pay when you have lines. We made up, then waited for a while. Finally the assistant came in, looked us over for a moment and then said: “Okay, take off your clothes.” We stared at him as though he were crazy. “What!” I said. He said, “You are going to appear in a scene that takes place in a Swedish nudist camp and you simply can not wear clothes. We’ve already passed up a hundred girls for one reason or another, but mostly because they just haven’t got underneath what it looks like they’ve got from the outside. I’ll put it very bluntly, but I am serious. We don’t think any of you girls are wearing falsies, but we’ve simply got to know for sure, since you will be seen naked.” I thought it was pretty sneaky not to tell us about that at the very beginning, but then I realized that if we had known of it all along, we probably wouldn’t have shown up. He saw the doubt on our faces and he added, “Look, girls, this is strictly legitimate, but I understand how you feel. Now why don’t you talk it over among yourselves for a few minutes. I’ll come back and get your answers. But please decide as soon as you can, because we are already falling behind schedule. I’ll be back in ten minutes.” He left. The girls were silent. I don’t know what they were thinking, but I now considered it very carefully. As I mentioned before, although I have been in this country for years, my philosophy toward life is still very strongly European. It was only when I came to America, for example, that I discovered that the nude body of a woman—in the flesh or in pictures—is generally considered indecent by a great majority of Americans. This is very difficult for a European to understand because nowhere on the Continent is anything bad ever thought of the naked female—unless it is displayed obscenely or in very bad taste. So you must understand that I have never felt anything shameful looking at a nude man or being nude myself as long as the circumstances were not evil. On the Riviera, for example, hundreds of thousands of Europeans swim in the Mediterranean completely naked, with the sexes mixed, and no one gives nudity a second thought. Yet, I was in America and I did not want to do (Continued on page 98)
In Paul Newman's new movie, "The Prize," he runs into a nudist colony to escape being captured by terrorists. But he ends up having to escape the irate nudists, too.
Is James Garner full of bull—
Or just bursting with boldness?
Is he stupidly shallow
Or deeply honest when he says:

"I'VE NEVER MADE A MISTAKE IN MY LIFE!"

Jim said it on the movie set of "Move Over, Darling," his black eyes flashing to me across the dressing room, daring a contradiction: "I feel I've never made a mistake. What d'you think of that for a statement?" From a guy who doesn't like to make statements! Who hates publicity, shuns it, wants to keep himself to himself, loves the camera, loathes the limelight. What did I think? Well, I thought... how about that crooked little pinkie on your right hand, Jimbo, that took the rap time after time when your temper got out of hand, and you had to bust something with that right (Continued on page 99)
Carol Lynley shows you how to humor your figure with the newest knit fashions

Think pretty... and you're bound to come up with a giddy fashion idea like this pink jersey dress from Junior Theme. At the very heart of the matter, team a cotton action bra and brief free-stride panty girdle, both by Gossard.
Pour silk jersey separates—one part white, one part black—over a perfect figure for evening. Arbe Originals. Molding the shape beneath—a long-leg panty girdle of Lycra plus long-line bra that add up to an all-in-one look. Maidenform.
Free Purse Case inside Modess Packages

Carry two Modess napkins neatly, discreetly. Just tuck them inside his fashionable golden case and into your purse. Free, inside specially marked packages of Modess...
Show-stopper Carol, (see her in "Under the Yum Yum Tree" and "The Cardinal" for Columbia) invites a double-take here in a double-breasted, double-knit suit of mallard blue; Stanton Jr. Petites. Holding the sleek line in check—a sculpted bra and long-leg girdle. Both hidden persuaders are lace-veiled, by Wings.

Cotton knit casuals to put your figure in the limelight. Both slacks and turtleneck shell, by Smartee, are coordinated in pale blue. Behind the scenes—shapemakers built for action—like the tubable, stretch-strap bra and panty girdle with a stretch back panel for added freedom. Both are by Lovable.

For more information on these fashions, see page 81.
“let me love you tonight!”

gary clarke

Sprawled comfortably in a battered oak chair in the living room of his modest rented house, Gary Clarke toys with the penknife in his hand, flicking it now and then into the stained coffee table in front of him. Behind Gary's head, mounted high on the fireplace wall, is a trophy he likes to point to as "a wild goat I once shot over on Catalina Island."

The goat, distinguished by a pair of huge sunglasses hung on its nose, and an unlit cigarette dangling from its mouth, cocks a reflective shoebotton eye over the scene it surveys.

"No, I haven't yet managed to do all the things I really want to," Gary says, "even though the part I play on 'The Virginian' is a pretty good one. But the thing that really bugs me is The Label."

The Label! Still all patience,
Gary (Please turn the page)
makes an arch of the penknife blade in his hands. He sits in silence for a moment. "My image?" he says finally. "Actually, it's still undefined. Maybe it will be clearer in, say, a year or so. But the public still doesn't know who Gary Clarke really is. All they know is, 'Oh, he's the kid who used to go with Connie Stevens, remember?"

"Well, that's one way of describing me, but it's still only a label. Even at the PHOTOPLAY Awards, when I was voted 'The Year's Most Promising Actor,' I was introduced as, 'You know, Gary Clarke . . . the fellow who almost married Connie Stevens.' That really hurt. I can only hope now that the thing will go away, burn itself out. All I can do is let that label die."

There are, anyway, other women in Gary's life. "Connie," he says (but only with the greatest reluctance), "still has my ring and my love, but the time for marriage is over. The main reason we didn't get married was that I wasn't going to be just 'Mr. Stevens.' Even now, for all his dates with young singer-actress Pat Woodell, Gary still shies away from talk of marriage. "Pat and I date a lot, and we're very (Continued on page 95)
Hurray for Lovable’s “Back-Stretch”!
At last I’ve found a panty girdle that knows how to keep its place on me!

So I bought two.

FIRST TIME EVER! UNIQUE, ONE-PIECE STRETCH PANEL SELF-ADJUSTS FROM CROTCH TO WAIST! NEVER BINDS, NEVER SLIPS DOWN, MOLDS YOUR DERRIERE BEAUTIFULLY!

Sit or stand, stretch or bend, walk or run. Do what you will, you'll never get “Back-Stretch” to leave your waist or bind in any way! Just see how the miracle panel of Antron® and Lycra® s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s comfortably with every move you make! And lightest Lycra all around, too...to feel like nothing on, control like nothing else! Panty girdle, $5; long leg, $6; extra long leg, $7.

THE LOVABLE COMPANY / NEW YORK 10016 / LOS ANGELES 90016 / ALSO IN CANADA / GIRDLES, BRAS, PANTIES, GARTER BELTS
Edie Adams' Courageous Story:

THE EIGHT STRANGERS WHO KEPT ME FROM DYING

After Ernie Kovacs died, Edie had to be both mother and father to Mia, Betty and Kippei.
Edie Adams is known as a singer. She's known as a comedian. And she's been known as a wife and mother. The one thing she doesn't want is to be known as "The Widow Kovacs."

As Edie said recently, "Listen, ever since I signed to do eight specials for ABC-TV, I decided it's for sure I didn't want people clucking, 'Ooooohh, poor, sad Edie. We've gotta watch her to see how the poor, pathetic thing is doing. How she's managing to bear up through this terrible tragedy.' Let's face it, if that's all they're looking for, once they've seen it and me, they won't tune in again. Right? The public won't buy sob-sister stuff on a long-term scale. They'll only buy a carefree, gay, happy, glamorous image. And even if it kills me, that's what I'm going to give them."

Courageous words, spirited words. But it took eight men, strangers to her, to bring Edie Adams to this decision.

For she had been too distraught to care about life ever since that rainy night last January, when the car her husband Ernie Kovacs was driving skidded into a pole, killing him instantly. For months after, Edie "wandered around all alone aimlessly. I was beaten. I was negative. I cried. I moped. I felt so sorry for myself all the time. I wouldn't even go near his den for five months. I wouldn't go out in company no matter who called. I was being forced into bankruptcy to pay Ernie's debts, but I just would not fight back. Then one day eight men, total strangers—I'd never even seen any of them before—sat in my living room and began directing my whole life for me. They began cutting us up. I listened numbly while they (Continued on page 104)
holiday salads & relishes

Whether you make turkey, ham or a hearty roast as the main dish, these tasty salads and relishes will add a delicious sparkle to your holiday meal!

**TOMATO RIBBON SALAD**

Makes 8-10 servings
Combine:
- 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin
- 1/2 cup cold water
- 1/2 cup tomato juice
Let stand 5 minutes to soften.
Combine in a saucepan:
- 5 1/2 cups tomato juice
- 1 lemon, sliced
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 6 cloves
- 2 sticks cinnamon
Mix well. Bring to a boil. Simmer 10 minutes. Strain. Add softened gelatin and stir until dissolved.
Turn half of this mixture into a mold or an 8-inch square pan. Refrigerate until firm. Let remainder stand at room temperature.
Combine:
- 1 pound cottage cheese
- 2 tablespoons cream
- Dash of salt
Mix well. Spread over firm tomato mixture to within 1/4-inch of edges of mold. Cover with remaining warm tomato mixture. Chill until firm.

**FROZEN APPLE SALAD**

Makes 8-10 servings
Drain, reserving syrup:
- 1 can (8 1/2 ozs.) crushed pineapple
Measure syrup and add water to make 1/2 cup.
Combine in a saucepan:
- 2 eggs, beaten well
- 1/2 cup sugar
- Dash of salt
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- Syrup-water mixture
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Chill thoroughly. Fold in:
- 2 apples, washed, cored and chopped
- 1/2 cup finely diced celery
- Crushed pineapple
- 1 cup heavy cream, whipped
Turn into a 9-inch square pan and freeze until firm. Cut into squares and place on lettuce. Top each square with an apple slice.

**SPICED CRANBERRY RELISH**

Makes about 4 cups
Wash and pick over:
- 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries
Pare and core:
- 1 tart cooking apple
Put cranberries and apple through food chopper.
Add:
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 can (8 1/2 ozs.) crushed pineapple, well-drained
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1/2 teaspoon ginger
- 1 teaspoon rum flavoring (or 1 tablespoon rum)
Mix well. Chill overnight. May be served on lettuce or in small lemon cups made from 1/2 lemon.

**HOLIDAY JELLY**

Mix six 8-ounce glasses
Combine in a saucepan:
- 2 cups sweet cider
- 2 cups cranberry juice
- 4 cups sugar
Bring to a boil over medium heat, stirring constantly. Add:
- 1/2 cup liquid pectin

**FROZEN CRANBERRY SALAD**

Makes 10-12 servings
Wash and pick over:
- 1 pound (4 cups) cranberries
Put through food chopper.
Add:
- 1 cup sugar
Mix well. Cover and refrigerate 1 hour.
In another bowl, combine:
- 1 can (1 lb.) crushed pineapple
- 1 package (1 lb.) miniature marshmallows
Cover. Let stand in refrigerator for 1 hour. Next, combine cranberries and pineapple.
Fold in:
- 1 pint (2 cups) heavy cream, whipped
Turn into two 9-inch square pans. Freeze until firm. Cut into squares to serve.

(Continued on page 76)
Photoplay's Reader-Tested Lunch Box Recipes

CRANBERRY MOLDED SALAD
Makes 8-10 servings
Drain, reserving syrup:
1 can (6 ozs.) crushed pineapple
Set aside.
Combine:
2 packages (3 ozs. each) cherry flavored gelatin
2 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar
Stir until gelatin is thoroughly dissolved.
Add:
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup reserved pineapple syrup
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Mix well.
Add:
1 cup ground raw cranberries
1 cup finely chopped celery
1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
Crushed pineapple, well-drained
Mix well. Pour into molds or large bowl. Chill until set. Pack in a wide mouth vacuum bottle.
From: L. Branham. Langley, Ky.

DEVILED HAM AND TUNA SPREAD
Makes about 2 cups
Combine in a bowl:
1 can (7 ozs.) tuna, drained and flaked
1 can (4 1/2 ozs.) deviled ham
1/2 cup diced celery
1 hard-cooked egg, chopped
Mix lightly.
Add:
1 tablespoon mayonnaise or salad dressing
Season to taste
Mix well. Spread on slices of your favorite variety of bread.

TURKEY CHEESE SPREAD
Makes 1 1/2 cups
Combine:
1 cup diced, cooked turkey
1 hard-cooked egg, diced
1/2 cup diced green pepper
1/2 cup grated American cheese
4 strips bacon, cooked and crumbled
Mix well.
Add:
2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
Salt to taste
Pepper to taste
Blend well. Spread on slices of your favorite variety of bread.

CRANBERRY NUT BREAD
Makes one 9x5x3" loaf
Sift together into a bowl:
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon baking soda
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar
Add:
1/4 cup shortening
Cut in with a pastry blender or 2 knives until mixture resembles coarse cornmeal.
Mix just until dry ingredients are moistened.
Fold in:
3/4 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup ground raw cranberries
Spoon into greased 9x5x3" loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for one hour or until golden brown.
From: Mrs. M. Johnson, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

Texas Hash
Makes 4-6 servings
In a heavy skillet melt
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add:
1 large onion, chopped
1/2 cup chopped green pepper
Cook until tender.
Add:
2 pounds lean ground beef
Salt to taste
Pepper to taste
Cook until meat is thoroughly browned. Drain all but 2 tablespoons fat.
Add:
1 can (1 lb.) whole tomatoes, mashed
2 cups cooked rice
1/2 cup chopped pimento
2 tablespoons chili powder
Mix well. Cook over low heat until mixture is thoroughly heated. Turn into an ungreased 2 quart casserole.
Top with:
4 slices (1/4 lb.) American cheese
Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about 40 minutes.
From: Mrs. F. Ash, Portsmouth, Ohio.

CHOCOLATE DELIGHT CAKE
Makes one 10-inch tube cake
Combine in a bowl:
1 package (1 lb. 5 1/2 ozs.) chocolate cake mix
1 package (4 ozs.) instant chocolate pudding mix
2 cups soft shortening
1/4 cup cooking oil
3/4 cup water
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat until well blended.
Add, one at a time:
4 eggs
Beat well after each addition. Pour into a greased and lightly floured 10 inch tube pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 60-70 minutes. Remove from oven and place upside down on a cake rack until completely cooled.
From: Mrs. E. Sacco, Tewksbury, Mass.

MENU SUGGESTIONS
Deviled Ham and Tuna Sandwiches
Lettuce Wedge and Carrot Curls
Chocolate Delight Cake
Coffee, Tea or Milk

Texas Hash
Mixed Green Salad
Orange Cookies
Coffee, Tea or Milk

Vegetable Soup
Cold Cuts and Cheese Sandwiches
Apple Cookies
Coffee, Tea or Milk

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPLAY READER RECIPES, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
FRENCH FUDGE PIE
Makes one 9-inch pie
Sift together:
1/2 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Combine in top of double boiler:
1 cup sugar
1 cup miniature marshmallows
1/2 cup butter or margarine
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until chocolate and marshmallows have melted and mixture is blended. Remove from heat.
Add a small amount of the hot mixture to:
2 eggs, beaten well
Beat well. Gradually add remaining hot mixture, beating constantly. Beat well (about 2 minutes with electric mixer or 500 strokes by hand). Gradually add dry ingredients, mixing well.
Add:
1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 teaspoon almond extract
Mix well. Spread evenly in a buttered 9-inch pie pan. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) for 30 minutes. Cool, then chill. To serve, top with vanilla or coffee ice cream.
From: Miss Brooks, Spotsylvania, Virginia.

BARBECUED LAMB CHOPS
Makes 6 servings
Prepare according to package directions:
1 package (21/4 ozs.) spaghetti sauce with mushrooms
Add:
2 teaspoons barbecue spice
2 tablespoons vinegar
Dash of bottled hot sauce
Mix well. Cool. Wipe with a damp cloth.
6 shoulder lamb chops
Place in a shallow pan. Pour cooled sauce over and around chops. Cover and refrigerate 3-4 hours. Turn chops several times. Drain chops, reserving sauce. Place chops in broiler, 5-6 inches from heat. Broil 8-10 minutes on each side, or until tender. Baste occasionally with reserved sauce.
From: Mrs. E. Doyle, Memphis, Tennessee.

CALYPSO PUNCH
Makes 6 servings
Combine:
3 ripe bananas, mashed
1/2 cup quick strawberry flavored mix
1 quart milk
Beat until smooth. Pour into six glasses.
Top each serving with:
1 scoop strawberry or vanilla ice cream

MENU SUGGESTION
Hero Sandwich
Applesauce Graham Cake
Coffee, Tea or Milk

mealtime magic
Photooplay's Mealtime Magic From a Package

ORANGE NUT BANANA BREAD
Makes one 9x5x3” loaf
Combine in a mixing bowl:
1 egg, beaten
2/3 cup mashed ripe banana
2/3 cup water
Blend well.
Add:
1 package (14 ozs.) orange muffin mix
Stir just until blended.
Add:
2/3 cup chopped walnuts
Mix well. Turn into a loaf pan (9x5x3”) which has been greased and lined with wax paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 45-50 minutes, or until done.
Variation: use chopped raisins in place of walnuts.
From: Mrs. R. Edwards, Alexandria, Virginia.

APPLESAUCE GRAHAM CAKE
Makes 6-8 servings
Combine:
1 can (lb) applesauce
1/2 cup finely chopped almonds
1/2 cup honey
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
Mix well. Set aside.
Set out:
30 squares graham crackers
Place 6 squares graham crackers on a serving plate, forming a rectangle, 5x7 1/4 inches. Cover with 1/4 of the applesauce mixture. Repeat layers, ending with graham crackers.
Chill 4-6 hours.
Beat until stiff:
1/2 pint heavy cream
Spread over top and sides of cake. Refrigerate until serving time.
Note: You may use dessert topping in place of heavy cream.
From: Mrs. Blinde, Arvada, Colo.

BROCCOLI SOUFFLE
Makes 5-6 servings
Cook according to package directions:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen chopped broccoli
Drain very well. Set aside.
Melt in a saucepan:
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add:
3 tablespoons flour
Blend well. Gradually add, while stirring:
1 cup milk
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens and boils. Boil 1 minute longer, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Stir a little of the hot mixture into:
4 egg yolks, beaten
Blend well. Add remaining hot mixture, mixing well.
Add:
Cooked broccoli
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon lemon juice
Dash of nutmeg
Mix well. Cool. Fold in:
4 egg whites, beaten until stiff, but not dry
Turn into an ungreased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Place casserole in a shallow pan partially filled with hot water. Bake in a slow oven (325°F) for 1 hour. Serve immediately.
From: Mrs. Hartley, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Have you a special tried and tested recipe which features a “packaged convenience” food as an ingredient? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPLAY'S MEALTIME MAGIC, P.O. Box 3483, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for each recipe that we publish.

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paper circulation. Glamour boys who have crashed into sensationalism by way of splintering standards of behavior. Lothari-
os of the entertainment world who travel with entourages of young men. These are the pinup idol of girls and culture "C." These objects of the public. The Goddess of Service vies with the age of kicks.

But America must be sound at heart, or the high standards of dignity and taste of the family life of the youngish Ken-
dey's would not evoke the warm reaction of the entire nation as it does.

Mrs. Zilch of Vandalia, who buys her dresses "off the racks" and, with her hair in curlers, trundles her cart to the super-
market, may not be sure whether Laos is a nation or an insect. But she is drawn toward her First Lady with a "sisters
under their skin" feeling when Mrs. Ken-
dey, in the glittering midst of a journey around the world, observes pensively that it would be an even more wonderful ex-
perience if her husband had been along. "I do not want to travel without him."

"Sophisticated togetherness"

The alacrity with which the nation took unto its bosom the synthetic word "togetherness" is evidence of its welcome to
the resuscitation of family life in this harassed period. At heart, America loves the wholesome, and Mrs. Kennedy's
environment has never been what you might call the grass-roots-meat-and-potato-
toes kind.

"Well bred," Mrs. Kennedy, worldly, sophis-
ticated, manages to convey that cozy image of family togetherness. To quote one ex-
pert reaction: "What makes the Kennedys
unique is that they are perfect examples of
what psychologists call inner directed
people with a sense of spiritual values."

In the administration, the First
Lady took over the housekeeping task, or
rather labor of love, renovating the 1600
Pennsylvania Avenue mansion with the
same housewife impulses of our Mrs.
Zilch, as she plunges into her problems of
house cleaning, drapes, color schemes,
paint jobs. Mrs. Kennedy, however, works
on the delicate aspects of furniture, restoring, researching, always
aiming at sharpening the historic signifi-
cance of this home of thirty-three suc-
cessive Presidents.

To be sure, all along the line, First
Ladies have made changes in the White
House to suit their individual taste, no
little of that taste destined to be relegated
to the basement by the next residents. But
Mrs. Kennedy, far more ambitious, has set
about attempting to tell the White House
story in terms of its period, furnishing and
art. The White House is Americana. The
mores of the nation are in its timbers. It
is the responsibility and joy. Mrs.
Kennedy does both.

Down she went into the dusty recesses of
basements, seeking, unearthing, re-
storing relics that had been banished.
Flatware from the Monroe era; moulder-
ing presidential portraits; a footstool with
a Theodore Roosevelt storage tag. In ad-
dition, her researches have crossed the
nation, rare period furniture, objets d'art, generous financial gifts from
patriotic citizens have aided and abetted
restoration.

One of television's finest hours was the
Joceline Kennedy-Charles Collingwood
tour of the refurbished White House, the
First Lady revealing in-depth knowledge of the historical procession of thirty-three families along the transmission belt of
time.

Resultantly, the word "culture" spread like fire, and many more with a capital "C."
The First literary event under the aegis of
the White House is on, Robert Frost—
whose poetry is salt of his native soil, and
always will be, though he is now gone—
was invited to participate in the inaugural
ceremonies. Authors, musicians, artists,
and opera and ballet stars are invited to White House festivities without necessarily
being expected to perform for their supper.
Belafonte, Steinbeck, Malraux, Bernstein,
Casals, Hellman, Wilder, and many more.
Plans for a national culture-center are set
in motion.

The combination of a politician,
statesman, best-selling author, Pulitzer-
prize winning President, and a lady with a lively
mind, succeeded in quickly stimulating a
cultural climate.

On the other hand, the nation enjoys
a pleasant sense of identity with its Presi-
dent when it learns that he cut his finger
while slicing bread for an afternoon snack.
But the first lady's one admonition: go to
lope to Swift to Goethe to Tolstoy to Will-
ton has done him no disservice. President
Wilson's erudition may have been more
profound, but he wore it like a dark
cloak that isolated him. The Culture (cap-
it "C") please) which today permeates
the White House, is a happy circum-
cstance in a period when affairs of state
have never been more somber.

Despite its shy mistress, the White House
these days is something of an Open House.
Max Lerner, returning from a lengthy so-
journ abroad, observed that among the
most exciting phenomena were especially
appreciated, following his Enumeration
momentum, is his democratic right to openly discuss what is wrong with the administration and
to look in on the private lives of Presi-
dential candidates and Presidents elected.

Behind glass walls

And look into their lives we do! Cen-
turies ago, we had the Ice Age. Today we
are living in the midst of the Glass
Age. Glass, in our highly urbanized civilization, has become a major building material. In
vertical-city America, skyscrapers rise to
glacial glassy heights. But for that matter,
the White House might have been made of
all the leading. The scandal over privacy it has assumed any of its first families.

Mrs. Kennedy, squirming a bit, describes it as "life in a fish bowl.
"It is true, and to the good, that the old
squeamishness concerning a pregnant
woman appearing in public—as if there
were something Kennedy's reluctance the
must" of telling all to the world, merging
her private life with her public life, is in
all probability contrary to her preferences.
One can visualize the discussions with po-
ticipating ladies which may have taken
place before the announcement of the
impending birth was finally made in her

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to the right of you, to the left of you.

Neither is it surprising to find yourself
turning to look after a tall, wide-shoul-
dered young man striding along. Could
that be the President? It could, so far as
resemblance is concerned. Never before have we had a President and First Lady
remiscent of a quarter-back and his
senior-prom date.

To be sure, practically no First Lady of
the land has ever escaped critical scrutiny of her clothes, her decorum, her
decor. Dolly Madison, close runner-up to
Mrs. Kennedy in charm, was under fire for
over-dressing; Mrs. Eisenhower for
dressing too coyly for her age; Mrs.
Roosevelt for apparent indifference to her
clothes. Her daughter Anna once fondly
remarked of her parent: "There is a
hopeless discrepancy between my mother
and her clothes." By no stretch of the
imagination would Mrs. Roosevelt, with
all her inner beauty, have qualified for
one of those "best-dressed" lists.

On Jackie it looks good!

It is to be prayerfully hoped that the
engaging pictures of Mrs. Kennedy in
slacks, or water-skiling in a bathing suit,
will not spark her female admirers to
catalyst. We already have the sorry
spectacle of the poor dears who cannot
see themselves as others see them,
pre-
tending their waddling posteriors and
dared-tires of spilling flesh to the tortured
public.

Mrs. Kennedy in a bathing suit or slacks
may be a slim delight, but ladies, let your
conscience and your bathroom scales
be your guide.

Since the enduring lunacy of the ladies
apparently knows no limit, the rush may
next be to the plastic surgeons for the
titled "Jackie nose."

Mrs. Kennedy's "clothes-horse" im-
portance, however, has been magnified out of
all proportion. Well-bred, gently reared,
nicely educated, she is further imbued with what is known as "style" and a flair
for simplicity—the expensive kind—and
is directly responsible for the understated
elegance of today's high fashions.

But the sobriquet "clothes-horse" im-
plies certain limitations which are not hers.
In addition to her chic, her intellectual
alertness has been a shot in the arm to
the cocktail-partying, dinner-partying,
social merry-go-round whirl of diplomatic
Washington. "Clothes-horse" does not
explain the whole woman or reveal the "little
woman" aspect of the First Lady. Her
over-all preference, by her own statement,
is a relaxed home atmosphere, whether in
the White House, Cape Cod or wherever,
for her husband, children and herself.

The unsavvy Taylor-Burton headlines,
the shabby stories of shabby lives, of mul-
tiple marriages, infidelities, divorces,
broken homes, displaced children, swell new-

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Fan Mail

Arthur Godfrey gets more stuff in the mail than any other radio personality.

He gets:
- snapshots of babies;
- kosher salami;
- smoked turkeys and preserved kumquats;
- recipes for everything from stuffed artichokes to lasagna;
- jokes;
- blankets and liniment for his horse, Goldie;
- compasses, bows & arrows, and insect repellent for his hunting trips;
- snakes, baby chicks,
- Texas horned toads;
- patchwork quilts and paintings for his home;

and, of course, thousands and thousands of letters.

They tell him:
- "My three-year-old insists on dancing to your great Dixieland band."
- "All your bits with Buddy Hackett are the most."
- "The bean commercial you did with Danny Kaye really cracked me up."
- "Your show helps speed up my housework."
- "Your program is a very relaxed, bright spot in my day."

And they also tell him off. (Arthur likes to say what he believes. And he does. So sometimes, instead of presents, he gets brickbats).

If you've never written to Arthur Godfrey or sent him anything, you're either very even-tempered or you haven't been listening. He may delight you or irritate you, but he's never dull.

Tune him in, weekday mornings on your CBS Radio Network Station and hear for yourself.

And if you disagree with him, sound off.

But don't be embarrassed if he answers you on the air.

The CBS Radio Network
fifth month of pregnancy. Within the months that followed, an “heir apparent” became glowingly apparent. America went through the remainder of the pregnancy with cheerful expectation—and sorrowed with the Kennedys over their ultimate loss.

Thus, not only their mother, but the Kennedy children share the problems, pitfalls and advantages of the fishbowl they call home. As admired a mother as she may be, the fact remains that Mrs. Kennedy belongs to the privileged minority. The problems of obtaining a baby-sitter, while she and her “hubby” have a night out, are not hers nor have they ever been. She adores her children but is in no sense a “typical” mother. She is free to travel, leaving them in the hands of capable nuns. She can vacation without them and does. But in spite of her whirligig activities outside the periphery of her husband’s political world, she nevertheless manages to put the President, her children and her personal life first. During her comparatively brief occupancy of the White House she could catch her personality brightly into the national mind as a knowhow hostess and home-maker—even in a glass house.

Whether Mrs. Kennedy has helped establish the trend, or the trend has conditioned her, the home is once more becoming the nucleus of the family, after years of disintegration. With television the modern fireside around which today’s children gather, it is safe to assume that Mrs. Kennedy determines the degree of Caroline’s and John-John’s exposure to it. By her own avowal, she is not attempting to rear her youngsters “by the book.” In the present-day permissive climate, she dares to admit, that she remains that unmentionable—of all things—a disciplinarian.

A man’s measure—his family

The entire Kennedy “clan,” as they do not like to be termed, is an amazing unit of solidarity. As the First Lady’s father-in-law Ambassador Kennedy observes, “We had togetherness before the word was popular. The measure of a man is not the money he has but how well he has used it. That is what he has reared.” He and his wife have done so badly.

The First Lady, also from a champagne-and-violets background, has good reason to strive to emulate her in-laws in rearing her own children. So, for that matter, has the President himself. Brought up as he was to the supposedly lap of luxury, he must easily have become a playboy instead of a world leader. Indeed, at the moment, he is in the throes of a devastating love affair with Caroline. That he is inclined to “show her off” is as openly evident as his paternal pride.

Mrs. Kennedy’s reasons for not participating in politics are frequently queried. They seem to be quite simply a matter of preference. Her sitting room in the White House overlooks the rose gardens and is directly in view of the windows of the office where her husband, as President, must make tremendous decisions. But she rarely ventures into the climate of affairs-of-state, apparently preferring to watch the children at play in the rose garden. Just as in windows the country over, millions of mothers are watching their Caroline’s and John-John’s at play. Sisters under the skin—from Washington, D.C., to Seattle, Washington, from Cottage Corner, Vermont, to Fancy Prairie, Illinois. Few of them wear thousand dollar gowns, or have ever dined with kings, but most of them wear Mrs. Kennedy’s trials and joys as a mother.

It is providential circumstance that the President and his family present this wholesome picture of our national behavior. It demands an inner strength, even when the mise-en-scene is 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, to meet the problems and work that lie in it. To love in it. To thrive in it!

Happily, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Kennedy have that strength.

Mrs. Kennedy does not think of herself in terms of the higher wisdom. Despite her modernity, she seems to still regard her position as marginal to a man’s world.

On another occasion that continues to have great appeal both to men and a surprising proportion of women.

Following a small White House party, she observed: “We had Franklin Roosevelt, Jr. and the British Ambassador to dinner. It was fascinating to hear those three talk. And the women listen. On another occasion, following the Casals concert, the Leonard Bernsteins were here, and that was fascinating. I think of the times we are living through, both of us young and with health and wonderful children—and to live through all this.”

Thus we have the paradox of a starry-eyed, Sorbonne-educated, horseback-riding, culture-conscious and water-skiing wife of a President.

Her philosophy would indicate that she prefers to think of herself as wife and mother, rather than First Lady of the Land. Both appellations may well be worn proudly!

—Tiz

Continued from page 41

telling her what to do and say and screening the boys who wanted to be friends.

Mama’s constant watching was so successful that when Liz attended her first premiere at fifteen, the studio had to dig up an escort for her. It broke the ice. After that, the males flocked around in such numbers, her bosses were kept busy beating them off.

She met Glenn Davis at a Malibu beach party and it was love at first sight for both. (Beaches must make Liz romantic; she fell in love with Bill Pawley on the beach at Star Island on Biscayne Bay, and who can forget those sensational candid camera shots of Liz and Dick Burton on the long boat trip? Glenn Davis was an all-American football star and Liz wore a little gold football he gave her on a chain around her neck while he was in the service. But Uncle Sam kept him away too long. By the time Glenn was flying home, bringing her a ruby and diamond miniature of his class ring to make up for the engagement official, she was in love with William Pawley. Jr. Said Liz at the time, explaining, “Glenn and I were never officially engaged, it was more like going steady. It was just romantic.”

He doesn’t like ice cream

She and Glenn were scheduled to attend an Academy Award ceremony together the night he got home, and, at her mother’s request, I prevailed on Liz to go through with it. She and Glenn sat directly behind me—a silent, miserable pair who smiled dutifully when cameras pointed at them. The next day, Glenn left on a fishing trip with his father, and Liz announced they were quits. Glenn married Terry Moore a short time later—but their marriage was a flop.

Bill Pawley, Jr., had all the romantic ingredients. He was rich, the son of an ex-Ambassador, a pilot and war hero who’d flown the Hump for three years, and an all-round sportsman. On top of this, he was tall, dark, blue-eyed and handsome. When Liz was describing him to me she said doubtfully, “But he’s so cold.” So consequently did Liz dislike Hollywood and ice cream and wouldn’t go out dancing to be stared at and photographed—so they stayed home. After he went back to Florida, the boys who’d been hanging around waiting for a chance with Liz took her dining and dancing. When she went to visit the Pawleys in Florida, Bill gave her a house and car. When the contract was formally announced. At the time she broke it she said: “Bill was so jealous.”

Nicky Hilton, the twenty-two-year-old son of millionaire Conrad Hilton, went on the wagon when he met her. They were married in the Catholic Church—the first Hard of the Hollywood set of MGM. She gave her a Helen Rose wedding gown, Conrad Hilton gave them a European honeymoon, and Nick gave his bride a block of Hilton hotel stock. They took off for Europe without taking time to count.
a ton of presents. Everyone said: "This is for keeps!" But all the bride saw of the old world was gambling casinos. And while Nicky was busy gambling, his beautiful bride was left to her own devices. Within a month she knew the marriage was a failure. She told me: "After I married Nicky, I fell off my pink cloud with a thud." During the divorce, I asked her what became of the hotel stock he'd given her for a wedding present. "I don't know," she said without concern. "I never saw it."

She became the loveliest divorcée in the world and began a life of high adventure. She had a little apartment in Westwood and every bachelor for miles around tried to make the grade. Stanley Donen lived nearby and proved most successful at drying her tears. He was in process of getting a divorce, and when things began to look serious, Liz was sent to England to make "Ivanhoe." Later, in speaking to me about Donen, she grouped him with Monty Clift, Jimmy Dean and other "close friends."

She was nineteen when she met Michael Wilding. He was double her age and in the midst of a romance with another girl. That didn't stop Liz. She proposed to him and wouldn't take no for an answer—even when he said he was too old for her. She became a close pal of Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger, and the four made merry in the big Bel Air house the Grangers rented from Marion Davies. On trips to Las Vegas, Liz wore a huge sapphire ring. Wilding stoutly denied they intended to marry. Liz said: "No matter what anyone says or thinks, I love this man and am going to marry him. I love him, I love him!" Liz phoned him daily until he agreed to marry her. Bobby soxers mobbed them after the civil wedding ceremony in a London registry office. Liz waved her orchids and shouted: "This is the beginning of a happy ending!"

They honeymooned in the Alps. Both were lazy and neither gave a hoot about working. But her films had made millions, so M-G-M had her back with a bigger and better contract by the sly trick of giving Mike a three-year acting deal. After she signed the contract, she broke the news that she was expecting a baby in a few months. Liz was surprised when her bosses weren't jubilant. They put Mike to work and put Liz on suspension. For the first time in her life money began to figure in the picture. That suspension cost her $150,000. She used up her savings of $45,000 because Mike had invested all his in a $75,000 home. They loved to go around barefoot much of the time, and they lived on a diet of divorce rumors, even though Liz had another child. Eventually, they brought Mike's father over from London to share a $150,000 hilltop home they had bought but had not paid for.

**Barefoot "security!"**

When I arrived for an interview one day Mike sat by the pool barefoot and unshaven. He'd been turning down offers of work, and Liz was beginning to talk about "security!" and was concerned, for the first time, about becoming a good actress. As Mike and I waited for Liz to dress—it took her an hour—he regaled me with much information. Michael, Jr., was four and Chris, who was crawling around the floor with little on except a diaper, hadn't yet had his first birthday.

"Liz never gets enough sleep," Mike said. "She's always sad when someone wakes her up. And she's always late—late for everything. We keep missing planes. She never gets annoyed, she just waits for the next one. I've seen her spend hours over her makeup when we were going out to dine on some little dark hole of a restaurant. She can spend an hour getting her mouth just right. Her talent for tadtiness is equaled only by her genius for forgetting things. She forgot to bring her divorce papers to England when we were married, so we had to cable for them."

When she was working in "Giant," gossip, seeming trouble in the marriage, were naming both Rock Hudson and James Dean in what they felt was a triangle in the making. There was no mention of Mike Todd, whom Liz had already met. When the break with Wilding was finally announced, Todd made his move. After a short time, he told her bluntly: "I want you to quit running around with other guys. I intend to marry you, and nobody else is going to lay a hand on you." No man had ever cracked the whip before; Liz loved it.

Liz wasn't the only one with an unfinished love business. There was the matter of Marlene Dietrich and Evelyn Keyes with whom Todd was supposed to be having romances. When he told me with a perfectly straight face: "Liz is the only woman I've ever loved," I asked: "What about Evelyn Keyes? Didn't she invest six years of her life in that fond notion?" "Oh," said Mike, "that's different. Evelyn knows I'd never marry her—I told her so." Evelyn came in by plane from Europe a couple of days after that, and I noticed he rushed down to the airport to meet her and, undoubtedly, to reaffirm his intent.

Like Liz, Mike Todd was no newcomer to love. I've often said the list of Todd's female friends would just about encircle the globe. His first wife died. Gypsy Rose Lee was once rumored to be the next Mrs. Todd. Mike talked Marlene Dietrich into doing a part in his picture, "Around The World in 80 Days," without salary, and she looked after him like a mother.

Never once was that superb showman Todd unaware of the value of marrying the most beautiful woman in the world just before his picture was to be premiered. Liz was twenty-four and his sixth sense told him this beauty was a moon goddess, a sensuous, willing prosectly for his post-graduate course in the art of lovelaking. But he didn't rely on moonlight and roses; he let diamonds, emeralds and rubies do the talking, and he turned up debts that totaled millions in the past and had cleared them all up. Liz' engagement ring was a $92,000 diamond, so heavy she could hardly lift her hand. The first time she flew to New York with Mike Todd, her "dearest and best friend" Monty Clift had scarcely recuperated from a severe accident and needed sympathy, but Liz took off without a backward glance.

Avermund Hirsch Goldbogen didn't ask Liz; he told her. When the Wilding divorce didn't materialize with the haste he and Liz wanted, Todd sweet-talked Wild-

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**BE A KNIT WIT**

*Continued from page 67*

The PHOTOPLAY fashions shown on pages 64 through 67 are available in better stores throughout the country. For easier identification, we suggest you carry the photograph along when you shop. If you cannot locate the clothes undergarments in your vicinity, write to the manufacturer at the address listed below:

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New York 18, New York

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498 Seventh Avenue
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**Mallard blue double-knit suit**

Stanton Jr. Petites
1400 Broadway
New York 18, New York

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When I got home, Liz poured out a long, garbled story of her life and times with Mike. Her two children by Mike Wilding were there, and Liz kept sending them out of the room. It was no story for their tender ears.

Mike Todd, Jr., and Liz had business conferences about the estate. When one of them took Liz to the East Coast, I happened to be there on the night that the Arthur Loew, Jr., figured in the picture in those days, too. Madly in love with her, he's gone to the airport to see her off that night. He looked as sad as an abandoned puppy—but kept a stiff upper lip with all those news cameras focused on him. That night Liz sat up talking with me until she was numbed, and I left the ring was on her finger. She held her hand out to me and said, "They'll have to cut off my hand before I'll remove this ring."

The Hollywood press always knows more than it tells, and there was a sort of conspiracy of silence regarding Liz. Eddie Fisher and Arthur Loew, Jr., Liz's youngists were staying at Arthur's house when she made her second trip to New York. She and Eddie were bolder this time, they took in the popular night spots. East Coast papers reported it. When the two spent Labor Day weekend, 1958, at Crossinger's (the scene of Eddie's marriage to Debbie Reynolds), the widow Todd's tears were well dried out. Their week-end was supposed to be a session of taste and convention, and someone phoned Debbie to ask if she knew her husband and Liz were together. The sky fell in. Shocked and irate, Debbie talked off the top of her head and headlines blazed on both coasts. Later, Debbie learned to say "no comment"—to the relief of industry critics, who realized at last they were going out the window.

Eddie relocated to Beverly Hills alone, trying to run along top of the fence which divides public scandal from safe ground. The job was too much for his social talents. His nerves were ragged from trying to pacify Debbie and keep an amicable footing with the reporters camping outside his front door. A few days later, he flew to Los Angeles International airport, smiled her dazzling smile, said: "All I have to say is hello!"—and drove away.

Within days, all hell broke loose. The scandal became an industry affair with three top box-office personalities involved.

Debbie proved amenable; she had her children to consider and her career. Eventually, she brought suit for divorce in the Los Angeles courts, and everyone heaved a sigh of relief—they thought time would write the big fade-out.

But Liz had made up her mind to be Mrs. Eddie Fisher, and the year's wait for a final California divorce was out of the question. So Eddie filed for a Nevada divorce which requires only six weeks. Liz became a Jewess, and twelve minutes after Eddie's divorce, they were married in Las Vegas in a Hebrew ceremony under a chupah, or canopy of carnations and lilies. Eddie wore the little white satin skull cap of yarmulka, and the rabbi gave them the traditional seven blessings which, as events proved, they needed. Liz, a dream in moss green chiffon, carried green orchids. Mike Todd, Jr., was Eddie's best man. A news announcement said the bride would break the tradition of wearing the something old and something new— Eddie and Liz were married in a stylish, international atmosphere. Liz had tossed old customs over her shoulder a long time before. Her father and mother were at the ceremony. At its conclusion, Sara Taylor said: "They looked like two angels!"

Eddie had gotten his divorce at a closed hearing, giving secret testimony as to his reasons. Everyone went on pins and needles wondering what he'd sworn down. He'd sworn down. Another judge described the divorce as "a disgrace." Leaving the courtroom Eddie muttered: "If the public only knew the truth, the real reason for the split up.” The public thought they knew, and future events proved them right. To prove he was a citizen of Nevada, Eddie joined a bowling league, which will be to the advantage of Nevada, registered his car in Nevada, and bought Liz a $68,000 Nevada pink cottage overlooking a golf course.

Two hours later, they flew out of the state and were en route to Europe, regaling themselves with ham sandwiches.

### A pass for the milkman

When Liz signed a million-dollar contract to make “Cleopatra” for 20th, Eddie wasn’t singing so you’d notice it. He went along to carry suitcases, take care of tickets, mind the dogs and children, etc. etc. In England, they settled down to a three-month stay at Englefield Green, a fifteen-room house, surrounded by a stately wall of ivy-covered wall, walled with extra long, sharp spikes, and guarded around the clock by police. It looked like the wall Hitler threw up to guard fortress Europe. Visitors carried passes issued by the Fishers listing name, occupation, height, color of hair and eyes and weight—even the milkman had to have one. A reporter tried to come into the Kremlin.” Liz gave out a couple of interviews in which she said: "All I want is to become a housewife and mother.” When a reporter said: "That’s what you told us eighteen months ago," Eddie gave a signal, guards moved in—end of interview. "Are you still on your honeymoon?" one corresponded asked. "We expect to be on our honeymoon for thirty or forty years," said Liz. Eddie facetiously added: "Give or take a little either way—in years, I mean.”

Eddie put that barbed wire fence around the wrong house; it should have ringed the villa for the Apennine Way, a $3,000-a-week nest from which Richard Burton tossed him out. But Eddie's crystal ball didn't tell him that Burton would move in. Another actor, Steve Boyd, was to play Mark Antony, before England’s legs, smogs, bogs and brutal rains laid Cleopatra on her back. The queen ever got more headlines than Liz as she battled for life against double pneumonia.

By the time she returned to “Cleopatra” the second time, it was being filmed in sunny Italy. Liz had grown plum from laying around in the sun at the Beverly Hills Hotel and eating everything in sight. She had a tracheotomy scar, an Oscar (given belatedly by a sentimental Hollywood), and Eddie Fisher had a new role—a sort of court jester. On the sets, he screened everyone who tried to approach the goddess of the Nile, and sat, between takes, on a small chair near her throne to protect her. The inevitable third man showed up, and showed Eddie to the role of family friend.

Italy’s paparazzi have telephoto lenses and soon the world was flooded with candid camera shots of Liz and Dick loving it up. Liz was getting threats, so guards were put on the sets and at the gates of the villa. Eddie was put out to grass with a couple of singing engagements. He was in Portugal when he was hospitalized in Rome after what press agents described as “an attack of poisoning from eating beans.” She was in a coma six hours. The illness followed a duly-reported series of fights. Liz had shouted at lover-boy Burton in a cafe and stalked out. The cameras caught a confused Burton, his mouthing, and when they were spending a weekend at a seaside spot, they quarreled. Liz jumped into her car and drove back to Rome alone. The word “barbiturates” crippted into press dispatches. Fisher flew in from Portugal, but Burton, who had been summoned back from Paris, reached her side first. It was a fine kettle of fish, then. In until Eddie winged back to New York to spend a couple of days in a sanitarium. A studio had gone broke making the most expensive picture of all time. It had to be finished—personal problems or no. Burton persuaded his wife Sybil to stay out of the way, but sent telegrams in Washington urging hisundyng deplorably thinking that he couldn’t translate them. Then he and Liz luxuriated on the beach at Ischia, Liz wearing such sketchy bikini that, in some poses, she appeared to be nude. Mark Antony and Cleo waxed bronze and healthy; Burton lost his sleek warrior look, and Liz seams were about ready to burst. Never a girly gal, Liz, she goes in for chili beans and beer, pasta and champagne, and the picnic basket was always at hand. In New York, Eddie Fisher looked ghastly. He said he wanted no money from Liz. He just wanted to forget the whole thing. He just wanted to

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sneak and see his little children again. Liz, who’s had everything life can give and who’s gotten anything and everything she’s ever wanted, now wanted to become Mrs. Richard Burton. But someone was rocking her boat. A Welsh girl named Sybil. Last name—Burton.

Not a famous beauty, Sybil is an opponent to be reckoned with. An actress at the Old Vic when she met Burton, she gave up her career to become his wife and the mother of his two daughters. She had successfully weathered so many of her husband’s romances with his leading ladies, folks were convinced no one could take her husband away from her.

Then along came Elizabeth Rosemont Taylor Hilton Wilde, or Eddie Fisher. When the scandal was at its hottest in Rome, Sybil stoutly maintained there was “nothing to it,” her husband would return when “Cleopatra” was finished. A few years before, Sybil had gone through a bad stretch when her passion-loving spouse nested with a young star of the theater. When the final curtain went down, Burton scurried home to Sybil.

As Sybil predicted, Burton did go home. But he didn’t stay. He shipped out to London to make “The V.I.P.s.” The leading lady? Liz. For the film, she got her usual million and fringe benefits; Burton got another year of notoriety, undoubtedly boosting his take-home pay.

For living quarters, the lovers luxuriated in lavish, adjacent suites at London’s Dorchester Hotel. Sybil sat it out at the Burton home in Switzerland, with an occasional jaunt to London. If Burton would sneak out to see his wife and daughters, many a lamp would fly when he returned to the Dorchester that night.

When “The V.I.P.s” finished shooting, Burton bounced right into “Beckett.” Liz, never one to hang around a movie set, especially when she wasn’t getting a million for it, turned up almost daily to watch Dickie go through his paces. She even donned a blond wig to do a walk-on, for free.

Eventually, the inevitable announcement came: “Sybil and Richard Burton have agreed to a legal separation. Divorce has not been considered or discussed.”

Sybil left London and settled down in New York City. Burton’s brothers and sisters got into the act, too, giving their staunch support to Sybil. But after Lizzy rounded them all up for posh London lunches, the Burton clan wasn’t so sure Liz was so bad. And Sybil, back in New York, said nothing except: “No divorce is contemplated.”

But Liz couldn’t bear her all the way over in London.

When Burton signed to do “Night of the Iguana,” with Deborah Kerr and Ava Gardner in Mexico, the Burton bank account was bulging. Some suspected he was working like a horse to get the money to pay off Sybil. Others felt the tight-fisted Welsman wouldn’t divorce Sybil because he wouldn’t part with the money. In the midst of this speculation, a London reporter said Burton had told him he was in love with Liz and was going to marry her. The next day, hard-drinking Dickie calmly admitted he’d said it, but that it was all a joke. He wasn’t going to marry her. Liz, for the first time in her life, was caught with egg on her face. She wiped it off—and followed Burton to Mexico.

Liz was supposed to make a film in Hollywood while Dickie was in Mexico, but she waved her bejeweled hand and had her film postponed till February, 1964. She had to go to Mexico to keep an eye on lover boy. The “Iguana” location site is hellish, remote and hot. It would take days and dollars to bring in those chili beans she’s so fond of—but she dallied after him anyway.

Eddie Fisher once said he wouldn’t “stand in the lady’s way,” if she wanted a divorce. Friends now wonder if he’ll stick to that. Recently, to prove he could still “cut the mustard.” Eddie stepped way out of bounds and stole a pretty-faced German model named Renata Boeck from wealthy ex-actor Robert Evans, one of the few people who stood by Eddie when leagues were turning against him.

And where will it all end—this story that reads like a dime-store novel? If Liz has her way, she will become Mrs. Richard Burton. I do not believe she will have her way. I find it hard to believe anything except that Liz has been taken for a ride by Burton, that he has no intention of marrying her.

If there is a wedding this year, only one person in the world will be more surprised than I—and that’s Burton himself. Marriage is a joke to him. What he has had with Liz is not love, but a thing of passion and waste. Their marriage would be no better.

—The End

Liz appears with Burton currently in 20th’s “Cleopatra” and M-G-M’s “The V.I.P.s.”

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THE DIGNITY EXPLOSION

Continued from page 48

means something to the public. I am being used. But if my name and my views can make one person join a Civil Rights demonstration or make one person listen to a panel on Civil Rights and go away with a new sense of responsibility, a new understanding of Negro problems—the Negro's right to life in America, the second-class citizenship which he is 'enjoying' at this moment—then I'm very happy that I am able to be used.

MARLON BRANDO: "There was a time when all Negroes accepted sitting in the back of the bus. But for some reason—after a hundred years—one Negro woman said. 'I don't want to sit in the back of the bus.' One psychological stone pushed another that pushed another until we're now facing a landslide of violence.

"Prejudice exists in the motion picture industry. I have seen people refuse to hire a Negro because there was a sexual overtone in the scene, and I have heard the excuses that were given. 'We will lose 40% of the market.' We have a moral obligation to the bankers. These are not necessarily bad men. They're ignorant, absolutely ignorant. Some of these people will have to be forced. Some of these studios will have to be demonstrated against.

"The question of money hears much more importantly on these issues than most people think. The stars—actors such as Chuck Heston and Burt Lancaster—can do be enormously effective. I, for instance, can say, 'I will not work in this picture unless there are a fair representation of Negroes. I can observe—all through the picture—crowd scenes, and I think I can be of enormous influence in getting fair representation.

"We must act now. I think we're late. I think all of us are late to join in this movement. It's going to get away from us and it's going to end tragically. But we can do something now. We must do something now if we care about our country."

JAMES WHITMORE: "There is a ferment that is taking place in our country today. It is a ferment that is long overdue. I call it The Dignity Explosion, the volatile explosion of dignity suppressed too long.

"It seems to me that dignity is something that is peculiar to the human species. This particular revolution that is taking place in America is a strong manifestation of human dignity. It is saying that there is a reason for living beyond barriers of race and color.

"I think it's very hard for those of us who are able to 'have dignity' to realize what it means not to be allowed to stand straight and in a dignified manner. I don't come from a minority. I'm a white Anglo-Saxon, and my ancestors were solid middle-class Methodists, and no one has ever denied my right to be a human being. For hundreds of years, some have denied that right to the American Negro, and—suddenly, shockingly—a boiling point has been reached.

"My eternal thanks goes to the essential wisdom of the Negro community for turning toward the leadership of people like Martin Luther King rather than toward those who advocate violence, battlefields in the streets and complete disengagement from the white community.

"We have been forced by the Negro community to face the Negro's indignities. It has ever been thus. The person who has been hurt has to tap the other person on the shoulder and say, 'Do something.' If we do not, we will be denying ourselves our own dignity—and the call of conscience."  

ANTHONY FRANCIOSA: "It is more than clear that there is a large gap between the theory and actual practice of democracy.

"What are we going to do about it?

"We can no longer afford the luxury of covering the problem with excuses."

The fight to achieve full equality is not just that of racial and religious minorities. It is the top priority item for every individual. But each of us—a human being—has a responsibility to play a key role in the fight for freedom.

"For some the role will develop in stages, with the first step being to face the ingrained, irrational prejudices which have developed in us over the years. In all of us, the time for small talk, platitudes, expressions of good will and brotherhood is past. Very past. The trumpet of freedom calls us now!"

INA BALIN: "In the summer everyone tries to get the darkest suntan possible, but a boy with naturally dark skin is strange and different. What nonsense that anyone should be judged by the color of his skin! Sidney Poitier and Harry Belafonte are among my best friends because they're scholars of human beings, not because they are or aren't Negroes. When it comes time to go to war, no one says, 'We're not going to let you die for America because you've got black skin. And no white southerner bleeding in Korea said to a Negro corporal, 'You can't save my life because you're a Negro.'"

"I don't want to tear myself in a newspaper the other day of something happening in Alabama in the summer of 1963. It was the most awful picture I have ever seen. A Negro woman was lying on the ground with three white policemen standing over her. One of them had his knee in her chest, pinning her to the ground, and a fourth policeman was laughing.

"A man who looks himself like that because we're not animals crawling on all fours. We're human beings. And, if we're not better than that picture, we're in very bad shape, and the world is in very bad shape. Because we're sending men to the moon when we can't even cope with people on our own planet." —The End

STEPHEN WARD

Continued from page 55

himself took the stand. Griffith-Jones put him through a searching cross-examination in which the osteopath-artist stated that he "rather thought" Mandy might have been telling the truth. He denied absolutely that he'd served as a procu- rer for the actor and asserted that he'd in- troduced Mandy and Christie to the titled and moneyed Fairbanks solely be- cause "I thought they were pretty. I asked Fairbanks if a film test could be ar- ranged and I think there was a film test."

Unfortunately, there was nothing Fair- banks could do in Britain at the time to answer Mandy's charges against him, for under English law a person whose name is mentioned in a court case is not per- mitted to comment on the proceedings un- til after the trial is over. But the fifty- three-year-old actor, through a public rela- tions firm in New York, emphatically denied Mandy's accusations.

But there was no law forbidding Fair- banks from filing a suit. A $250,000 suit in a Montreal weekly, Midnight, and its publisher John Vader, for running an article entitled: "My Weekend with Christine, by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as told to Donald Cole."

Yet there is little he can do to repair the damage that has been inflicted upon members of his family. Sheilah Graham, writing in her newspaper column, pointed out that "one of the saddest results of the Dr. Stephen Ward case is the fact that the fifteen-year-old daughter of Douglas Fairbanks has left her school, because she was so embarrassed by the whole thing. And it is true that Mandy said she invented the whole thing."

While Fairbanks was in the newspapers a day or two (at the time of Mandy's accusation, during cross-examination of Ward, and when the prosecutor gave his summation), Liz Taylor's name, usually coupled with Christie's, kept popping in- to print. Time magazine, for instance, ap- peared to do journalistic flip-flops in order to involve her in the case when, at the end of a long article on Christie, it stated: "At the Cassius Clay fight at Wembley Stadium last week, there was a sudden flurry as a glamorous woman swept to her ringside seat. Is that Christine Keeler?" asked a spectator. 'No,' said his neighbor. 'Only Liz Taylor.'"

It was left to Mandy Rice-Davies, how- ever, to put Liz' name in headlines in connection with the London sex scandal. The pouting, teen-age call-girl, who seems
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ratting on him," she said tearfully. "I had to speak my mind. It seemed the only way out. Had I known what was going to happen, I would have kept my mouth shut. After I talked, other girls did."

Having thus somehow absolved herself of responsibility and guilt, the star of the evening blinked into the klug lights and took another swig of champagne.

Again Mandy's acting efforts had the desired effect. The next day's papers were filled with headlines like "Mandy Upstages Absent 'Cleo' and Burton" and "Liz Skips the 'Cleo' Opening-So Mandy Takes Top Billing." A good night's work and a good day's publicity for any aspiring star!

No sooner was Mandy out of the headlines when Liz found herself sharing the front pages with another headline of the sex scandal. Dr. Stephen Ward, whom the jury had found guilty, was hanging on to life by a thread after attempting suicide. And the newspapers persisted in underlining the parallels between the efforts to keep him alive and the efforts Liz's doctors had made to keep her alive back in 1961 when she lay critically ill at The London Clinic.

In reporting on the breathing machine that was being used to pump air into Ward's lungs, one paper set the pattern for this comparison by reporting: "The breathing machine is called the Barnett Ventilator, similar to that which was used two years ago to save one of Ward's patients--movie star Elizabeth Taylor--from pneumonia."

The breathing machine was the same: the disease was the same; and soon other similarities were emphasized. Oxygen was being used in an attempt to bring Ward around, as it was in the very sanatorium machine was used two years ago to save one of Ward's patients--movie star Elizabeth Taylor--from pneumonia.

But Liz Taylor lived, while Stephen Ward died. And the newspapers, searching for another comparison to use in writing about his death, suddenly turned to another actress.

Marilyn Monroe.
One headline read: "Ward's Death Ruled Similar to MM," and backed it up with one flimsy sentence: "Witnesses testified at the inquest that traces of nembutal—the sleeping drug that killed Marilyn Monroe—were found in Ward's blood stream." Other papers, using less macabre headlines, nevertheless supplied gory details about the exact nature of the substance found in Ward's stomach at the time of the autopsy as compared to the findings after Marilyn died. (Ironically enough, Marilyn's name had slipped into the trial itself when Justice Sir Archie Marshall was delivering his charge to the jury. At one point the judge mistakenly referred to Mandy Rice-Davies as Marilyn Monroe, correctly himself, the usually severe sixty-three-year-old Justice sighed, "I'm going back to my youth.")

It was columnist Max Lerner, however, who pushed the comparison between Ward and Marilyn to its extreme. "There is a curious parallel of some sort with the death of Marilyn Monroe, whose retrospective film anthology is now being shown throughout Europe," he wrote. "Both Marilyn and Ward killed themselves in the same way. Each has become a cult figure as a rebel against society and a victim of the power forces in the society. The parallel stops there, yet remains haunting."

More involvement
Ward's death did not bring a halt to the involvement of screen stars and entertainment personalities in the London sex scandals, though some items were slight.

Actress Marita Hunt joked, "I'm all for Doctor Ward. If that weren't people like me to introduce influential men to these nice, clean prostitutes, there's no knowing who these men would associate with."

More than twenty British artists, writers and actors sent a wreath of flowers to the society osteopath's grave, carrying a note, "To Stephen Ward, a victim of British hypocrisy." Among the signers was playwright John Osborne, ex-husband of actress Mary Ure who, when she married actor Robert Shaw after divorcing Osborne, gave birth to a baby daughter six days after her wedding.

* Actor Robert Mitchum announced he would head a charity drive for S.R.N.T.- Runners Society to Replace Needy Tarts With a New Doctor.

There was one last mention of Liz in connection with the London sex scandals. A columnist wrote: "With the Dr. Ward case disposed of, I suppose Liz and Dick will be getting in the news again, one way or another."

Yet it is ironic that Liz was ever dragged into the case at all. When she was scheduled to make "Butterfield 8," she made her opinions of call-girls known to the world. After reading the preliminary script, she announced she would not do the role because it was "pornographic" and her part "too much like a prostitute.

The script was softened somewhat and, to double the irony, the film won her an Oscar.

The moral to the stories of Mandy Rice-Davies and Christine Keeler? Well, let's listen to the voice of Christine: "From being a corny fifteen-year-old shop girl, I now know diplomats, film and stage stars, some of Europe's wealthiest men and members of the royal family."

Is this not the same phony vision of glamour and easy riches that makes Hollywood itself so attractive to some girls? For columnist Richard Starnes the answer is yes: "We celebrate and enrich Hollywood motion picture players whose morals would cause a wave of revulsion to sweep any normal barnyard. Who can knock Christine for resorting to her sole earthly talent in an attempt to escape a drab, limited existence? All around her she saw, or thought she saw, that the wages of sin were pretty good. She had every reason to believe that her behavior was the accepted route to wealth, comfort and excitement. For as her father had said, that, as we said at the very beginning, is the cruel way of scandal. It turns into a vacuum cleaner; a metal-cold monster that grubs the clean and the dirty, the innocent and the guilty—and somehow Hollywood is always caught up in the suction."

—Paul Anthony
They tore open wounds that had been tacitly out of bounds until that moment and got pleasure from each other's pain.

"Maybe you should stop pretending to be so important," she shouted. "You're still just an actor. You're not a star yet."

When they were too exhausted to fight any more, he left their rented beach house and slammed the door behind him.

A week later he came back.

"I'm sorry, Maryline."

"I know."

"If we try again, do you think it's going to work?"

"No."

In a few months, the divorce that began last December 1 will be final. They will be as free of each other as people who share two children can be. At the moment they feel relief. Or, at least, Maryline feels relief and thinks that Jim does also. "You can only guess how Jim is feeling because he never tells you how he is really feeling."

**Why are they divorcing?**

They are no longer angry at each other, but their divorce was not started in anger. Nor was it started in lust. There is no other man waiting for Maryline. There is no other woman for Jim to marry the day after his divorce is final. Neither Jim nor Maryline are people who dabble in adultery. They are decent people, the kind who volunteer to keep your dachshund and the two canaries when you go on a month's vacation. The kind who worry about their children and collect for the Community Chest. The kind who get at least some of their kicks wading in the ocean at sunset with two children riding piggyback on their shoulders.

"Hollywood destroys marriages," Maryline Hutton says. "The system of treating actors as gods is responsible. After a few years of pampering, an actor has to change, to become a worse person. You're entitled to so much because you're a star. Can I bring you a cup of coffee, Mr. Hutton? 'Is there any errand I can do for you?' Your coat's a little wrinkled. I'll press it for you.' Until finally you throw your coat to somebody without being asked and say, 'Press it.'"

Maryline and Jim Hutton had other problems, of course. Their personalities clashed a half dozen times a day. He is extravagant. She is frugal. She uses left-over roast for hash. He buys lunch for fifteen people. He is moody—higher than the wind or enveloped in suffering. She is less happy and less sad. She is less complicated, too. He is never very sure of who he is—and she is very sure indeed.

The marriage was nearly every marriage, but they are not great enough to cause disaster under ordinary pressure. When the marriage is subjected to the overwhelming pressures of Hollywood, it breaks. Just as water pressure will crush a man into jelly at 1,000 feet below sea level, the pressures of Hollywood crush a marriage until there is nothing left but fragments of dreams.

"Overnight stardom has a lot to do with ruining character," says Maryline Hutton, bitterly.

Jim Hutton's ego will always be hungry. Maryline Hutton will always step back too far, rather than take a chance of being consumed. In a quieter time, in a more stable place, a proper balance could have been achieved. And so the destruction of their marriage began on its fiftieth day—December 29, 1958—when they got off the plane and stood blinking in the 80° warmth of Los Angeles International Airport.

In the sea of sun-tanned flesh that swirls outside the motion picture studios, Jim Hutton was too tall, too thin, too slightly askew for instant acceptance. Motion picture executives buy well-known brands of refrigerators and television sets. They buy recognizable brands of people, too. Jim Hutton was not sleekly golden like Troy Donahue or Tab Hunter. He was not a big-chested, nearly American like Rock Hudson. Even after M-G-M bought him, in April, 1959, they were unsure why they had fished him out of that sea, along with half a dozen others. He was a small part and then forgotten for a year.

He was happy that year. He and Maryline slept until noon, then lay in bed until 4 P.M. talking of all the past and all the future. He put his hand gently against the baby in her stomach, remembering his own father whom he had seen only once, and a mother from whose dominating personality he had been forced to run away. He rarely said, "I." He rarely even thought "I." We went swimming in the Pacific Ocean at 2 A.M. and ate onion sandwiches as a late snack just before dawn. He, occasionally, he asked, "I'm going to make it, aren't I?" Maryline's "Of course, Jim." was answer enough to satisfy him.

**Where the boy was**

Then—in June, 1960—producer Joe Pasternak found him among the rows of actors eating lunch in the M-G-M commissary. Mr. Pasternak needed a tender comedian for "Where the Boys Are," and Mr. Pasternak's thirty years of movie making had given him an expert eye. Hutton was sent to wardrobe, makeup, publicity, then deposited in Florida for a week—all expenses paid. And the reviews of his performance were more than he could have hoped. The years of flattery, of love-hate, of pressure had begun.

Power corrupts. Fame corrupts also. Actors, by the very nature of the sensitivities that make them actors, are more susceptible than other people. Their balance is fragile and delicately precarious.
The first taste of fame made Jim Hutton ravenous.

The changes were hardly noticeable at first, but they were there. He never went to the commissary for lunch any more; a steak was brought to his dressing room. The first item in a newspaper column mentioning his name was a windfall, something joyously shared with Maryline and toped by a few hundred dollars. But a few months later he was nervously searching the papers each morning, only to be upset if his name was missing. Maryline couldn’t understand what was happening to him. And he couldn’t understand what was happening to her.

It was near the end of their second year of marriage now, and Maryline had pulled together into the last phases of her life before she had met Jim. She was a private person—too private a person for his needs. She needed time of her own, hours of being "I" rather than "We." She wanted, needed, to share everything with her and he was hurt because she would not share everything with him.

She was of the sort, fallen in love with Jim at first sight, had fallen in love with his charm and his attentiveness. "He was marvelous with a woman, someone to lean on." Now, with the painful knowledge of flaws that comes to everyone who learns enough about another person, she discovered that he also needed to lean on someone else; he was a bitter man, his vulnerability had been exposed to all women.

It was a time for readjustments. But Hutton had an easy way of avoiding painful readjustments. From the moment he left the beach house in the morning until whatever time he returned at night, he hardly had to be human at all. He was superman. He was a movie star, pampered, flattened.

For a wonderful four months he was the house pet of a famous movie star clique, encouraged to join their games of insult-the-waiter and make-the-lowest-noise.

But eventually Hutton had to return home—to toys and noise and crying children. He hated himself for getting angry at the thing he was supposed to enjoy. He thought of being treated like a movie star. He tried to figure out what he was going to do about pressures he couldn’t cope with, but he could only cry, "I just don’t know who I’m supposed to be. I’m supposed to be one thing with the studio, another with my agents, another at home—and I can’t." He was already learning some bitter Hollywood lessons. He discovered that the movie star and his friends were flattering him only because one of them hoped to become his manager. When Jim refused, he was dropped.

He was halfway up the Hollywood hierarchy. He was snubbed by people more important than he was, and found himself—to his return—starting to snub people less important than he was. He became suspicious of meeting new people. If he was not sure how important they were, he had to fight against becoming boastful, a name-dropper, a movie star. Only if he were sure they were more important could he relax. For a few dreadful months he was even suspicious of his old friends, afraid that they liked him only because he was "in the business" and that, paradoxically, they looked down on him because he was an actor. Like a fever, this phase, at least, came to an eventual end. "He was difficult to live with when he wasn’t working," Maryline says. "I understood this. But it was worse when he was working. Would the next day, the next scene, be all right? It was as though the quickness of his success made him realize how quickly it could end. When he was working, nothing was right. Dinner wasn’t right. The house wasn’t right. The clothes weren’t right. Actors have such tremendous egos. They have to be built up constantly. At first, it’s enough to have them built up by their agents and the studio. Then they demand it at home. I’d get exhausted saying to Jim, ‘That was great.’ over and over and over again. His ego kept demanding just a little more. Finally I told him, ‘Stop it!’"

In the middle of last November they took a trip they had been planning for a long time. With another couple, they went to New York for two weeks. By choice, they traveled by train. It was dirty, the service was bad—and everyone except Jim adored it. He seemed to ache with the pain of the years of the past three years. He couldn’t eat or sleep.

In New York they were crammed—via sleeping bags and cots—into the apartment of an old Army friend. Jim expected to be the leader—after two years as a movie star he was used to being the leader. Maryline watched his anger grow.

There was a long walk and his appetite was hungry. "Perhaps we belong with these people rather than with me." Then he flew home. She came home a week later and he met her at the station.

The enormous waste

The children don’t seem to be curious about whether their father will come back. Jim and Maryline, like all decent people, are trying to do their best for the children. "It’s a great temptation to buy them things," Jim admits, "but I restrain myself." Heidi is old enough to use the situation. When Maryline is strict, she says, "I want my daddy." If Heidi is perhaps more talkative because she is afraid of being sent to Timmy’s, she is more relaxed. He can suck his thumb now, away from the pressure of his father’s standards for a son.

Maryline is a den mother for neighborhood children, something that Jim would never have allowed because it invaded his privacy. She has her thoughts and her time to herself. She says, "I’m glad I’m married any more. And yet I have no regrets that I was married to Jim, because we have two wonderful children and we had a great time and it was a great learning experience. I only regret that we couldn’t stay married. I never thought that I’d be a divorcee."

Jim, who “had a ball” during his first month of freedom, is finding it less enjoyable now. He resents the necessary caution of checking on all girls he dates to make sure they are not merely out to blackmail a movie star. Quite often he comes out to the beach "just to talk." He and Maryline find that they can be friends now that they are not under the pressures of living together. It is an enormous waste that this is the most that can be said of them and of their marriage.

—James Earl Lint

Jim’s in “Period of Adjustment,” M-G-M.
note, you'd think she was Mickey Mantle striking out with the bases full. I told her, 'Look, Cherry, if you make mistakes, it only proves you're human. The main thing is do your best,' in which she did, and the apple was all the greater because she wasn't perfect—she made fluffs but she didn't let them throw her.'

"And the same technique will work for your—your sons—if they lack confidence?" I inquired, wondering a little.

These kids have problems

For the first time, Pat Boone turned his gaze away from the diamond—where the Mets second baseman had just muffed an easy groundr— and looked directly at me. There was a tinge of sadness in his voice and he said, "Well, I'm not sure. It doesn't always work. And with the kids I'm adopting.

"There's—there's something wrong with them?" I asked, not knowing just how to phrase the delicate question.

"Not wrong, exactly," Pat said softly. "It's just that—well, I guess you'd call them kind of underprivileged."

"Slum kids?"

"Worse than that," Pat explained. "They've spent all their lives in the cellar! They just don't know what it's like, not being on the very bottom. Not that they aren't good kids—it's just that they don't know what it's like to hold up their heads and win. They're scared. You can't even call them losers. They're habitual non-winners.

"They remind me of April Love—the horse, not the picture. My friend, actor Arthur O'Connell, and I bought this colt together, and we immediately named him April Love. He was a beauty—good blood line, fine potential speed.

"Arthur made the trip from New York to Lexington, Kentucky, to get him. He treated that colt like a baby—even slept with him in his stall. Arthur would put him on his neck and whisper, 'You're going to be in races. We want you to win. But the main thing is for you to have a happy life.' Like a father trying to give his child confidence...like me talking to Cherry before her piano recital.

"That first year, as a two-year-old, April Love was always far back in the pack. Our jockey reassured us, 'All his energy's gone into growing. He'll beat 'em all next year."

"When next year came, the horse suffered a bone chip in his leg. We sent him to the beach at Malibu, and for six months he frolicked in the surf and sand. We'd whisper to him how good he was, explain that winning didn't matter, it was just being in the race that counted.

"It didn't work. All he got from those months of frolicking was a wonderful sun tan. Finally," he added, "we sold him to rodeo star Casey Tibbs for one dollar."

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Before I could say word, Pat rose to his feet, shook his hand, made arrangements to see me the next day and hurried off to Ralph Kiner's post-game TV show.

Just like father and son . . .

As he strode down the aisle towards the tunnel that leads under the stands, Casey Stengel, the Mets seventy-four-year-old manager, put his head down the overcoat and waved at Pat. For a second the actor and the septuagenarian huddled together, laughing, clasping each other affectionately—like father and son.

I hurried to a bar. I had to think. Ten boys. Pat Boone was going to adopt ten boys. And I'd been so stunned I hadn't even asked the right questions.

Two whiskies later I was wondering whether it would be fair to PHOTOPLAY if I phoned the wire services and gave them the scoop. Naw, my first loyalty was to the magazine; after all, the editor was paying for my drinks.

Then I got skeptical. Maybe Pat had been pulling my leg. Maybe it was, but at that moment the bartender flicked on the TV set. And there was Pat repeating what he had just told me, that he was "adopting" ten guys.

Several drinks and ten hours later I joined Pat on the air-conditioned chartered bus that was taking him on a whirlwind personal appearance tour of theaters in Manhattan and surrounding areas in the company of the showing of his film, "Main Attraction." Pat looked fresh and wide awake, not like a guy who was taking on the responsibility of bringing up ten additional children.

"You don't look so good," he said.
"I don't feel so good," I muttered. "But forget about me. Let's get down to cases. Who are the ten boys you're adopting?"

Pat blinked and said blandly, "You must be kidding. I told you all about them yesterday. And you saw me with the oldest boy.

"The one who'll use the meditation room to cry in?" I asked, biting again.
"Yeah. Casey Stengel." And with this, Pat walked out a team picture of the New York Mets and said proudly, "They're my boys! Of course, I'm adopting only ten of them—three outfielders, four infielders, a catcher, a pitcher . . ."

... and Casey," I chimed in foolishly. Then angrily, I added, "But you can't legally adopt them, and besides it's all a hoax and . . ."

Then I'll do it illegally," Pat broke in. "And it isn't a hoax. I dig these boys the most. Didn't you hear me tell Ralph Kiner all about it last night? Why I'd give my right arm if they let me work out with them and maybe let me take a crack just once at playing centerfield. In an actual game."

With one arm you'd be a natural for the Mets," I said.

"What dya mean?"
"Why, they're awful. The worst," I snapped. "Look—right here on the sports page! Even Casey, their manager, mind you, admits it. He says, 'I got some guys whose arms are okay, but their heads aren't.' If I could take the heads from one and the arm from another . . ."

"That's Casey double-talk," Pat laughed. "They're not that bad."
"You're right," I agreed. "They're worse! They're awful. Look. I've been collecting horrifying statistics and frightening stories about them—from the columnists, the sports pages, the obituary notices, even. And from books like Jimmy Breslin's 'Can't Anybody Here Play This Game?' It all adds up to the fact that they're a disgrace to baseball."

Pat tried to interrupt me, but I wouldn't be interrupted.

"Do you know that Bill Veeck called them 'without a doubt the worst team in the history of baseball'? Do you know that Richie Ashburn quit the game saying that he'd rather commit suicide than be a benchwarmer for the Mets? Do you know that Joe E. Lewis gets his biggest laugh when he says, 'I never drink to the Mets. I drink because of the Mets'? Do you know that the Mets' pitchers are selling their own yarn to tape their games like you do TV shows so that their goals and errors can be wiped out and once in a while the ending can be changed to let the Mets win one? Do you know that Dick Young wrote a column in which he said, 'Most of the boys are playing as if their Blue Cross had lapsed'? Do you know that Bob Hope once quipped, 'I like the Mets. But I like baseball, too'?

"Do you know that sometimes when one of the pitchers is being shelled by the other team and Casey motions to the bull pen for a reliever, no one responds because they're afraid to come out? Do you know that Toots Shor, who loves everyone, says, 'I'm old enough to have a drink when the Mets. I want him to know life. You watch the Mets, you think of being busted out, with the guy from the Morris Plan calling up every ten minutes. It's a history lesson. He'll understand the depression when they teach it to him in school?"


What a record!


"Last year the Mets lost the most games ever dropped by a major league club in one season—120. Their pitchers allowed opposite teams to score a record 869 runs in a season—192, while at the same time breaking the National League record for wild pitches—71."

"To be honest, it must be pointed out that the Mets did lead the league in certain departments: they gave up the most earned runs to the other teams—801; their pitchers hit the most batters—52; they committed the most errors—210; one pitcher, Jay Hook, gifted opposing teams with the most earned runs—137; another pitcher, Craig Anderson, lost 16 games in a row; and two of their pitchers, Al Jackson and Roger Craig, were 20-game losers."

"At the beginning of the 1963 season Mayor Payson, the philanthropic lady who owns the Mets, said, 'Well, let's hope it is better this year. It has to be. I simply cannot stand 120 losses this year. If we can't get anything, we are going to cut those losses down—at least to 119.'"

"Perhaps the definitive word on that disastrous first year came from Casey himself. "They're the middle of the season," he announced in desperation: 'I intend to trade anybody on this ball club. And we intend to start trying to make deals with other clubs right now.' To which—accord—
You can do this every day
or
You can relax—and use

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To Jimmy Breslin—the other nineteen teams in major league baseball chorused. "The hell you will!" Anyway, after the Mets had fumbled their way through that final 1962 game, Casey said, 'The public that has survived one full season of this team got to be congratulated.'

"But you are leaving out the most vital statistics of all," Pat said softly.

"What's that?" I growled.

"In 1962 the Mets had the highest attendance in history by a last-place club—922,530. And I was, and will always be a Mets fan. You might say I've been a Mets fan all my life. So I'm adopting them!"

"But why?" I persisted.

"Maybe Jimmy Piersall, the Mets outfielder, had the answer when he said on Johnny Carson's show, 'The Mets fans? They're great. You know, they're just like me. They're sick. They're lifetime losers.'"

"Piersall knows what he's talking about. When he hit the 100th home run of his career recently, he celebrated by running around the bases backwards. Later he said: 'I just kept thinking—hope I don't fall down. Maybe I should have. It might have been funnier.' Now he's looking forward to getting his 1,500th base hit; then (and I'm quoting him) 'I'll just turn cartwheels.' Meanwhile, I'm looking forward to seeing him try something else: a guy who says, 'I still want to catch a ball with my hands behind my back,' can't be all bad.

"But you're on the top of the heap and they're at the bottom," I persisted, as the bus pulled up in front of a New Rochelle theater. More than a thousand fans were waiting.

Pat smiled and waved, then sat back and waited for the cops to clear a path to the stage-door entrance.

"Scratch any fellow who thinks he's successful," Pat said, "and you'll find a Met underneath. For ten years, from the time I was ten until I was nineteen, I was a Met. I entered every talent contest in Nashville, local and national. I never won. I never placed.

"So I kept telling myself I was doing it just for fun. Yet, after I'd been knocked out of an audition in the first round I'd hang around, button-hole a talent scout and ask him for his opinion of my chances. "Always I'd get the identical message, in slightly different words, 'Forget it, kid. There's nothing unusual about your voice. It's pleasant, nice, but there are thousands of others just like you. Why knock yourself out? Give up.'

"But, like the Mets, I didn't. Maybe it was pride, or curiosity, or force of habit, or blind faith or deep-down cussedness. But I still entered every contest.

"Then, out of the blue, I won a Nashville contest. I got a trip to New York and went on the Ted Mack show. And I won three times. Next was Godfrey—again I won. I was on my way. It was like the Mets sweeping a four-game series with the Dodgers.

"So I went back to Texas—I was going to school there—and Shirl was expecting a baby. First year I auditioned all over Texas for every radio and TV station. Nothing. It was like the Mets dropping ten games straight.

"Finally, I got a job as a Fort Worth hillbilly—supposedly Texan. I was out of the cellar now with no place to go but up."
The door of the bus opened. A police escort whisked Pat down an alley and into a dark corridor that led backstage. In his dressing room, Pat picked up from where he'd left off on the bus.

"Everybody's a Met!"

"We all make goofs and blunders in our lives," he said. "But if we play our heads and hearts out—like the Mets—we'll still make mistakes, but eventually we'll win. That's why I root for them. I see myself in them—what I was. What, but for the grace of God, I might still have been. And what, for all I know, I may yet become again.

"The Mets are the eternal underdogs. The underdog is an underdog of all. The dachshunds of baseball.

"They're like Leona Anderson, who calls herself 'the world's worst singer,' like Fabian, who admits he can't carry a tune; like those fumbling and well-intentioned goofs, Harold Lloyd and Charlie Chaplin; like that ugly, swayback nag, Silky Sullivan, who sometimes, somehow, came through to win; like Rocky Graziano, who had trouble with the law and yet went his way back; like Jack Paar and Ed Sullivan, who, because some people call them 'no-talent' guys, win everybody's sympathy and support.

"They're like everybody. Like you and me. That's why the Mets are my boys.

"As I left the theater I heard a burst of applause for a way out of the form. It was so loud, I wondered if maybe he'd tripped coming out from the wings. That would be a good Met play.

"I took a cab back to Manhattan and out to the Polo Grounds. In the dugout I cornered Ed Kranepool, the Mets' eighteen-year-old infelder-outfielder who'd been getting the wilds of the team. It was easy to pick him out from the "shop-worn" veterans; he was the one with the peach-fuzz on his cheeks, the one who doesn't shave.

"I showed him a picture of Pat, explained to him that the actor-singer was "adopting" him. Casey, Piersall and the other Mets.

"I asked for his reaction.

A big grin creased his face. He said, "Please tell Daddy to send me my allowance."

As I write this I'm also watching the Mets on TV. Ed Kranepool's no longer with them; he's been shuffled off to Buffalo for further seasoning. The Mets have lost ten straight games and are trailing in the eleventh. But we're not licked yet. The magic still has some. Maybe we'll lose only 119 games.

Sometimes, when I've had a few beers, I open to the sports page, turn it upside down and read the standings of the clubs. That way the Mets are on top.

Gotta sign off now and write to Pat. There's a rumor going around the club that Pat's going to retire, now that he's struck out with Mamie Van Doren. Wonder how this fits in with Pat and Shirl's adoption plans?

—Jim Hoffman

See Pat in "The Main Attraction," M-G-M; 20th's "Never Put It In Writing." His next is "Strictly Personal," for Seven Arts.

NATALIE WOOD

Continued from page 43

After that wild and rootless romance what might happen to Natalie on the rebound?

For Natalie who loves love is in love again. But this time you needn't worry. She's in love with a man who does have a sense of responsibility, who has a well-rooted life to offer, who can be kooky, sophisticated, witty and wise, and who all his life has specialized in picking up the pieces. Arthur Loew, Jr. He rescued Janet Leigh after her young marriage broke—this was before she'd met Tony, when she was struggling to establish her career and needed moral support. It was to him Elizabeth Taylor fled the night she returned from Mike Todd's funeral; she and the children stayed at his lovely home in the Hollywood Hills until she went east on that memorable trip during which she made the rounds with Eddie Fisher, and it was Arthur in whose care Liz left the children while she was gone. He's a man who picks up the pieces. He's intelligent, he was born to wealth (the grandson of film tycoons Marcus Loew and Adolph Zukor), he knows how to use that wealth. He's a sensitive human being who has showered kindnesses on such diverse but troubled hearts as those of young Joan Collins, Pier Angeli and Eartha Kitt, all at times when a friend in need was a friend indeed.

And of course he married Debbie Powers, Tyrone's widow who was left shatteringly by Ty's death two months before her baby was born. Arthur was wonderful to that baby and to the other child, Gerald Zukor Loew, his son with Debbie. But that marriage didn't work out. Their tastes weren't easy to blend. The significant fact out of this marriage is that even after a long estrangement with Debbie, Arthur went to court and legally adopted Ty's son. He went to court with Debbie and explained: "We have consulted with child psychiatrists and pediatricians, and they agree the boy would be happier belonging to a family."

So he adopted young Tyrone and has continued a devoted father to both boys.

At thirty-seven, this is a man of the world in every sense. For Natalie, after sharing the mix-master world of a confused boy like Warren Beatty for a year and a half, the uprights and plod of Arthur Loew must seem like a happy vacation. He loves the cosmopolitan aspects of living, as she does—good food, fine wines, chic night spots, great talent. He shares also her keen interest in art and in the motion picture as an art form. At least twice a week they view movies, run for them at either her house or his or over at agent Jay Kantor's, who, with his date Kitty Bernard, often makes a foursome. It's hardly news that Natalie is a studious actress, a growing one, a girl constantly striving for new heights. Her work with Kazan on "Splendor in the Grass" and "West Side Story" has opened up a whole new phase of her career, a whole new phase of the making of pictures. Arthur recently signed as a producer at Universal-International where a whole new wave of activity is in progress. His first picture at U-I, now in the writing stage, is "Under Two Flags."

They have two worlds in common. But what is more important is the easy blending of personalities.

Natalie and Warren had their passion for acting and their passion for each other, but in the matter of daily living they were totally disparate. Natalie is impetuous, volatile and gives herself. Warren is studied, easy-going and takes love as it's offered—he always has—without ever giving himself away. Natalie is actually older than Warren—not in years, of course, but in poise, in her ability to handle herself well wherever she is and under any circumstances. I think she was constantly hurt because this boy, whom she adored and whose talent she revered, exposed her constantly to the embarrassment of his sloppiness, his rudeness and inequality—to her, to the world, to the press, to co-workers. "All right, so I'm not buddy-buddy with the crews. I don't get paid to be friends with them and they don't get paid to be friends with me. Making pals of grips and electricians is not an actor's job on the set. I think there's a tendency among some stars to make a popularity contest out of it."

She didn't argue with him. She watched him with those warm, loving black-coffee eyes of hers but she knew better, this girl who started in pictures at four (to his twenty-four), who has spent her life on movie sets and valued the warmth, the affection and friendship of people with whom she worked day after day.

Boy and man: the difference

Arthur's innate kindness and consideration of people is like balm to her now, so is his sophistication, his ability to guide her. Arthur makes up their minds, he has finesse, he has taste (which extends to the sable coat he reputedly gave her last week). He was born with money, he doesn't have to struggle like Natalie does. He was born with the financial and social know-how Nat herself struggled to achieve. But above all, he's a man not totally concerned with self. He doesn't have the actor's ego—which in Warren's case has assumed such amazing proportions. Arthur Loew is not concentrated on self. He is a man capable of sharing, he loves making people happy.

Our question: Natalie and Warren: wedding this minute with Arthur than she ever was with Warren, who never had the slightest intention of marrying her and made no bones about it.

"It's not that I think marriage hurts a career," he explained. "That point of orientation a woman gives a man can only help him be more productive. A man needs a woman as a jumping off place and I would like children... but it's a need that's not strong now. I don't feel I'm ready for marriage. I'm in my twenties. These are pretty good years. Right? How many good years have I got? The important thing for me now is to have a lot of fun.
get a lot of satisfaction from my work."

This was when he and Nat were off for their European trek...to the Cannes Festival, to Paris, to London. Hardly a flattering statement when a girl is inseparable from a guy, and is right there watching him with those honest eyes, those eyes brimming with love. Her friends worried about her being hurt. Her mother worried. Everyone who loved her worried.

Natalie, for all her dynamism, is a soft, vulnerable girl, a shy, polite, respectful girl who is still sometimes frightened. Famed director Elia Kazan says, "My impression is that child actors tend to be extremely insecure in some areas and secure in others. Natalie is still a little used to being made up like a doll and having some adult come along and tell her, 'Get the hell over there and do this.'"

Like all child actors, she never had a childhood. She assumed responsibility at the age of six and from then on was constantly fighting for more money, better contracts, better pictures. She never dated a high school kid in her life. By the time she was a teenager, she was dating a wide variety of Hollywood gentlemen, some old enough to be her father.

But when you're making decisions as a child, there always comes a time when you rebel against responsibilities and yearn for the carefree life you should have had and never did. Natalie's always denied this. She has said over and over, "I wasn't aware of missing anything as a child, so why should I miss anything in retrospect?"

But Karl Malden, who has worked with her through the years and loves Nat, says, "I once asked her if she hadn't missed a lot of normal things as a child actress. She was eighteen then and it turned out had never been or of course it hadn't. Can you imagine? So I got a couple of others and we all took her out on a picnic. She had a wonderful time." Amazing? Yes.

After many dates, many friendships, many infatuations, Natalie confided to me that she was in love and had, as a matter of fact, finally discovered what love was. She showed me the elephant's hair ring he'd brought her back from Japan. Oh yes, she was in love and she and R.J. (Bob Wagner) had no plans. They were just going to let it happen, treasure their happiness, hope for a happy ending—marriage.

"We're not going to do any stories about this, Laura. There's a flippant attitude toward romance when it concerns people in pictures. We're not going to turn this lovely thing into a circus. It doesn't mean much to anyone else and it means everything in the world to us."

She had changed, she was a different Natalie, she had a tender, quiet look I'd never seen. She and R.J. didn't make the Hollywood rounds, they skipped the conspicuous spots, spent their time with her folks and his folks and out on his boat. They'd read and talk, cook, watch the rain or soak up the sun. "You have to change when you fall in love," she said, "You aren't thinking of yourself any more. You're thinking of yourself in relation to someone else."

Instinct. The right instinct. And she followed it. Gave herself to love, to marriage—because of course it happened. She had made a marriage, just as she'd hoped it would—after it was a good marriage for four good years. Natalie rejected parts that would have taken her away from Bob, they kept together, lived quietly, spent a lot of time on his boat, the one place where they felt they could have privacy. "Marriage changes your whole being," Nat told me. "You have a tremendous amount more confidence because someone really believes in you. If you do make a mistake, he helps you see, so it was a mistake, so you won't make it again. I've never felt so secure."

You've heard all the speculation—what would have happened to this marriage if Bob's career hadn't hit the skids? What would have happened if Natalie hadn't been thrown into those torrid love scenes with Warren in "Splendor in the Grass"? But I think, actually, that Natalie was changing, growing away from Bob. That lack of childhood had caught up with her. You can't become an adult until you've been a child. Natalie had adapted herself to grownup life. She was wise, controlled, but she hadn't solved some of her basic problems, hadn't found who she was. That's why she went in for psychoanalysis. That's why when Kazan told her to throw herself into this character, "Be free, be bold, shock yourself," she did. She put herself totally into the part. It was the beginning of a new Natalie, an end to marriage, a beginning with Warren. Without question, Natalie loved deeply. She only knows one way. "Whatever I do I do completely."

Instinct again. This was what her heart said, so of course it would turn out well. It would mean the beginning of a new life, the new love would mean a new marriage and a more mature sensuality with a mate who was far more impetuous, unpredictable and intense than Bob; a nonconformist, a rebel with a cause. The cause couldn't have been more important to Natalie's way of thinking. The cause—acting. "Isn't he a wonderful actor?" she'd say to everyone she met. And put up with his restlessness, his nose-picking and hair scratching, his fiddling with any object that came to hand, his vocabulary of four-letter words dropped like staccato obscenity into every conversation.

In New York a reporter questioned him about his piano playing and Natalie had to leave the room to keep from laughing at his explanation. "Piano? Yeah, I slop around on it...hit the tree with it."

After her carefully planned life with Bob, there was something intriguing about this total lack of plan, this rebellion against all the accepted rules. "I'm sloppy, yes. Not dirty. I just enjoy being sloppy. I don't like details," Warren said. "Obstacles can eat you up. I think side-stepping them is better than trying to deal with them."

This has to be the statement of a very young boy, a frightened and insecure boy who, as William Inge says, has been so intent on his career nothing else has mattered and now he's waiting for the rest of his life to catch up with him. Since life is a series of problems and conflicts and obstacles, he's pretty busy sidestepping, marriage, although it would be, as he knows well, an anchor, a jumping off place—he hasn't sufficient assurance to tackle. Or perhaps he isn't ready for love, isn't ready to settle down with one woman now. Since he isn't, it's lucky for Natalie that he eluded her. It's lucky for Natalie that he
had to spend some months in New York filming "Lilith" and that somehow, at the last minute, she changed her plans and did not go with him. Those who know Warren, even those who like him, feel that a good angel must have been sitting on Natalie's shoulder. For she was running up a one-way street to this boy, both arms outstretched with love, and he had no intention of meeting her. Passion yes. Marriage no.

And on the rebound, shattered by her unfulfilled dream, sadder than I've ever seen her, Natalie fell into good hands, kind hands. Arthur Loew is a man who doesn't side-step every obstacle but is quite able to meet them head-on. Natalie's known him for years and in the beginning, when they started showing up at La Scala or Au Petit Jean or this party or that, it was just "an old, old friendship." Even the columnists bought that for a while. Warren was working in New York. Natalie was avoiding the terrible eastern heat, why shouldn't she have dinner with Arthur? But the weeks passed, the twosome persisted and Natalie began to change. She seemed gay, somehow, freer, she and Arthur were sitting so close, obviously so engrossed. And the laughter... so spontaneous.

**He's what Nat needs**

One night she was talking about her acting career and he retaliated with the story of how he'd first come to Hollywood, fresh from the University of Arizona. His dad, who was vice-president of Loews, Inc., promptly installed him as production assistant at the studio. "That's the job all sons or sons-in-law used to get. You either did that or sold popcorn in the theaters."

Both jobs were about the same—but popcorn makes me sick, so I settled for the studio. I worked on the Lassie pictures... combed Lassie for two years... and I started eating dog food they sent me to another producer. For him I read scripts. My family decided to get me out of town so I went on location with a picture called "Ambush." I combed horses and grew a beard. There weren't any actors around so I got a job as a soldier fighting Indians. I ad libbed, 'I wish there was a cigar store behind those Indians.' It sounded like a gag out of 'Paleface' so that shot was out of the picture. I decided anyway to be an actor, it was the ham in me. So you see, you're not the only dedicated actor in this family." He appeared in three films, "Key to the City," "The Yellow Cab Man" and "Mystery Street," the wealthiest bit player in town with an office to sleep in, a part-time secretary and a convertible.

He has Natalie in stitches, this tall, lean man who can laugh at himself, at her and at the world. This sophisticate is at home in any situation and who gives of himself. Quite a change of pace from Warren.

Natalie was on the rebound when she started going out with Arthur Loew. But the love that has grown between them is not a rebound love. Arthur has shown Natalie a whole new world, and the happiness they're finding together shows in their smiles. If their friends are right, they will be married before the end of the year. Arthur is just the man Natalie needs. People around Hollywood used to say, 'As a lover, Arthur's a born loser.' With Natalie, he'll find himself lavished with love and laughter. These two are good for each other.

—Laura Bascombe
happy together," says Gary. "She's a wonderful singer and a wonderful girl. Pat's only nineteen, but in her new TV series, 'Petticoat Junction,' she's going to be a big star."

"But marriage now?" Gary shook his head determinedly. "I have no plans—none whatever. Anyway, I do see other girls."

Or, at least, he used to. Comedienne Kay Stevens, for one, and Austrian actress Maria Perschy for another. In the Universal Studio commissary one day (Revue Productions' "The Virginian" is filmed on the Universal lot), the blue-eyed Miss Perschy was introduced to a tall, smiling fellow in Western garb. It was Gary Clarke. "He asked me for no less than five dates," Miss Perschy said later, wondringly, "I knew TV worked faster than the movies, but I didn't think there was that much difference in the two!"

**Nice to the kids**

"Gary," says his seventeen-year-old brother Mike, "was always a pretty cool cat. All the neighborhood kids looked up to him. He played football with us, taught us magic tricks and comedy diving, and protected us when older boys tried to give us a bad time.

"Why, I still remember the time when Gary was making his first movie, 'Drag Strip Riot,' and driving that fancy white Corvette. When the car wasn't needed in the picture, Gary brought it around and gave all of us younger kids a ride, just so we could get a big thrill."

But you won't hear such stories from Gary. What he does regale you with are the kind of wry tales that few actors will tell on themselves.

Still green in Gary's memory is the night when, fancying himself ripe for Bigger Things, he went over to the Pasadena Playhouse to try out for a new play. He was still Clarke Fredric L'Amouraux in those days—his real name—and, acting was an ambition he couldn't quite afford. He earned his real living working behind a turreted lathe as a machinist at San Gabriel's Grimco Machine Shop.

Many a time, when he'd get a chance to read for a part in a little theater play, he'd ask his mother to phone Grimco and say he was sick, or he'd beg a friend to send a wire urging him, "to hurry to Montana or Utah where his father had had a terrible car accident."

"My Dad seemed to have a lot of car smashups," Gary chuckled, "because I was forever running around trying out for some new play."

This one night, though, young L'Amouraux and a friend hustled over to the Pasadena Playhouse after work, where our hero was to be read for a part in "Bernadine."

"I was a pretty cocky kid, then," Gary smiled, "and I remember I walked up to the director and announced, 'I'm Clarke CLARKE, WABASH, ILL., a seventeen-year-old. Occupation,...."

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Unfortunately, the director was something less than overcome. "Just get your self a chair, young man," the director ordered. "We will listen to you in due time."

Unfortunately, too, it was strictly a pro crowd of experienced actors and actresses, as Clarke could see immediately. Those other people, he says, were "clearly, awfully good. I got more and more nervous about myself. In fact, I all but fell apart.

When, finally, it came his turn to read, his voice, he remembers, "went way up in the air like thi-iiis—it was just a squeak," and the pitting director could only advise him "to go in the other room and relax. We'll call you again when we're ready."

So Clarke and his friend went into the other room and waited. A half hour passed, then an hour and still another hour. By then it was almost 11 P.M. "Listen, Clarke told his chum, "go in there and tell those guys I'm ready... I'm ready now."

The memory still breaks him up. "I followed my pal into the rehearsal hall," he says, "and there was just one lonely light bulb burning. Everything else was dark—there wasn't a soul around. The director and his staff had forgotten all about me and had all gone home. The next day I'm to learn what feeling about an inch high. 'Well, movie star,' the guys in the shop razzed me, 'how'd you make out at Pasadena? They sign you up for Hollywood yet?'"

Blows like these, says Gary, made him painfully aware that he was still a nobody. "For all too long," Gary admits, "I seemed to be not only a nobody but a nonentity. I just was not one mediocore day after another. I was getting pushed two steps backward for every one I managed to forge ahead."

The boy who was to become Gary Clarke grew up on the East Side of Los Angeles, in brawling, gang-ravaged Boyle Heights. It was a sometimes savage area, where moving gangs of rivaling races battled with each other. "You didn't dare poke your nose into the rumbles that went on around you," Gary says, "because if you got too inquisitive, you might get your own head shot off."

There was increasing tension in the L'Amoureaux family, too, and finally a divorce. Ultimately, Mrs. L'Amoureaux and her brood (the younger kids were Pete, Mike and Kathy) migrated to suburban Glendale, where life was a bit better. "Gary was always the family protector," says young Mike, "until he got married at eighteen and set up housekeeping on his own." And added responsibilities!

He married too young

The girl was a classmate of Gary's at high school. Both kids were too young, too unworlidy. His parents pleaded with him not to marry, but like so many adolescents, he wasn't listening to his mother and father hadn't done too well with their own marriage," Gary says, "so I couldn't see how their advice could help me.

The teen-age marriage broke up after four years of quarrels and recrimination—quarrels that were lacerating to the young couple. Eventually, Gary's father remarried his former wife and remarried, and the boys—Jeff, Denise and David—were happy in their new life, with a stepfather who had given them warmth and security. "I see the boys often," Gary says, but "for their sake and their mother's, I'd rather keep that part of my early life out of the public eye."

"Drag Strip Riot," a teenage-quickie movie for the drive-in trade, was Clarke Fredric L'Amoureaux's first real break. It gave him a part as a drive-in manager in the working role.

His next movie was in other small-budget films like "How To Make A Monster," "Date Bait" and "Mistle To The Moon," and went from there to employment checks and scrambling for almost any kind of decent work.

I took part-time jobs that would leave some time free for studio interviews," Gary remembers, "and I worked in a supermarket for a while. I worked as a door-to-door salesman, peddling pots and pans. All too often there was only the $40 a week I got at the unemployment office, and I'd send $25 of that off to my boys. I worried because I knew this wasn't nearly enough."

But luck still dogged him for all too long, until there came what seemed to be another break. Gary turned professional singer, with no more real experience than singing in his school choir. "I can't read music," he confesses with a wry grin. "I can only tell when the notes go up or down. Actually, my singing career in night club was over.

A trio composed of several of Gary's friends faced a minor crisis when one member got into a fight with a night club stage hand. The bellicose crooner was booted out of the trio; Gary was recommended as a substitute, and made his first professional singing appearance at the Denver Hotel in New York.

That stint ended, he soloed with Bill Norris's Upstarts at Lake Tahoe's Wagon Wheel; Hollywood's Moulin Rouge and at the Stardust in Las Vegas. He also sang in a show starring Louis Prima and Keely Smith at the Desert Inn at Vegas.

"That was my singing year," Gary says. "It was a year when I'd dreamed of. I still wanted to be an actor, but getting up and singing in front of a real live audience—my big number was 'Mack the Knife'—gave me self-confidence. And, Gary adds with a grin, "I got a lot of audience reaction of one kind or another."

Last year, 1959, the crowds enjoying his shows at the various night spots are often dotted with lonely, middle-aged females hungry for a bit of 'glimmer.' One of these women began showing up nightly at a ringside table at the Stardust, applauding vociferously each time Gary sang. Soon the others in the show began ribbing Gary about his "conquest."

"I really didn't know what to do," he confesses. "Now and then I took a drink with the lady, as I did with other customers, or chatted with her as pleasantly and as innocently as I could. But this didn't seem to be enough. Finally one night I said to her, 'You know, that if I weren't her friend, she'd have nothing to live for. Let me love you tonight . . . I'm a very, very wealthy
woman,' she said. 'I have three swimming pools, and if you won't be nice to me, I can drown myself in any one of them.'

'I was so embarrassed, I said the first thing that popped into my mind. 'Now, Mrs. X,' I said, 'don't try to drown yourself—you might clog up the drain!'

'I'll never forget it...!'

'Sure it was a flip answer. But I was really shook up. Let me tell you something. I will never forget that woman's desperation and loneliness. You know the saying: 'I pitied myself because I had no shoes... until I met a man who had no feet.' Every time I start pitying myself, I remember that woman. She owned expensive shoes, but she had no feet to stand on. I'll never let that happen to me.'

Back in Hollywood, Gary signed for a role in the "Michael Shayne" TV series. Jubilantly he told himself, "At last I'm on my way." But again he never quite made it.

It seemed to be still another dead end. Most of the time, he recalls ruefully, he was "merely emptying wastebaskets", or murmuring deathless lines like "Well, Mike, what do you want me to do next?"

"Yet, as rough a time as I had on 'Shayne,'" says Gary, "it did push me farther along the road. I made some progress, and I learned. Even from the dead ends, the mistakes, the goals and the hankups that you have, you learn. You learn something, and you retain it, and you draw from it later."

Ironically, the people who brushed Gary Clarke aside, or talked of Connie Stevens marrying him "when his career got going a bit better," were unaware that Revue Productions signed him to a non-exclusive contract as late as March 1961. Gary was more than "just a nobody," or the fellow sailing along in Connie Stevens' light. There were "Wagon Train," "Laramie," and "Wells Fargo" episodes in which Gary appeared, and he was chosen for the role of "Steve" in the ninety-minute, big-budgeted "The Virginian" against a dozen better-known names.

"I feel that I'm a very competent actor, a good actor," Gary says earnestly. "I know I have miles to go, but I do have something to offer, if I can just get a chance to bring out what's inside. Sometimes, even on 'The Virginian,' I get a littlebugged, and I seem to be doing more things than tagging along after the show's bigger stars. But you can't let things like that get you down, or you're dead. Last year there were only two stories revolving around me, this year, I hope there'll be more.

There is also his December recording contract—the platters he is hoping "to extend his range." Yet nobody can say Gary is now, that Gary really has it made. There are, of course, more and more letters like the one from the young North Carolina fan who wrote, "I watch you every Wednesday night, and I dream of you twice a month."

But so far, neither "Town and Country nor Better Homes and Gardens" is about to utilize their millions of readers with a photographic visit to the Gary Clarke pad. If this is neglect or indifference (actually, it isn't), it is a condition that Gary faces with a smile of equanimity. And if Gary's somewhat nondescript, two-bedroom house is not yet featured on those Movie Stars' Maps—well, Gary figures, that's the way the ball bounces. For one thing, his house is all but impossible to find, hidden away as it is in a narrow, gravelled cul de sac in the not too fashionable hills off Mulholland Drive. It is also, as Gary quips, as untidy and cluttered as most bachelor pads.

"Well, now," Gary chuckles, "everything in this place is authentic Early Salvation Army. You see this old oak chair I'm sitting in? Steve Ihnat—that's my buddy who shares this house with me—picked it up in the back room of a used furniture store for seven dollars. That huge desk with forged iron hinges that looks like a pirate's chest was donated to us. And that fumed oak dinette set in the hall—our treasure—was practically stolen from the Salvation Army for ten bucks. Man, Steve and I were like a couple of bandits when we went out scouting around to furnish this place of ours."

He lugs his own laundry

Of course, there is still that $5,000 Italian-styled Avanti sports car sitting at the top of Gary's steep driveway, but he also uses the jet-black speedster for picking up his weekly laundry. The Avanti seems to be Gary's only present concession to the glamorous Filmtown life. ("I hate those Hollywood parties," Gary says, "where some guy will pound you on the chest and say, 'First, let me tell you about my pictures, before you talk about yours.'") Inside Gary's living room, the bookshelves share space with a childhood encyclopedia, a hi-fi rig, a portable TV set, an ancient folding camera at least fifty years old, and an accumulation of books ranging from Stanislavski's erudite "To The Actor," to a rain-battered copy of "The Rover Boys And Their Electric Submarine."

But the startled visitor, most of all, is captivated by two unexpected sights: that antlered and bearded head of the wild goat hanging above the fireplace, with those sunglasses shading its eyes and the cigarette dangling from its mouth, and a battered portable typewriter on the coffee table, holding the half-completed page of a TV script.

The goat, Gary admits, almost cost him an eye when the big, high-powered gun he was shooting recoiled, splitting his forehead and giving him a still visible scar. And the partially completed script in the typewriter?

"I'm writing a teleplay for 'The Virginian,'" Gary says. "The only reason I'm doing it is the scarcity of good Gary Clarke parts. I think it's a helluva story, and I hope Revue will buy it from me—if I can twist their arm."

Well, as a script writer Gary may be a far better actor. But there are steadily increasing signs that the gears are beginning to mesh for The Kid from Boyle Heights. Gary's new personal manager is Bob Marucci, famed for his spotting of 24-carat talent and the development of a couple of boys named Fabian and Frank Avalon.

What is Marucci doing for Gary? "Why," says Gary, in a comedy gung-gung voice, "He's gonna make me a big star!" Seriously, though, Bob and I are going to map out a goal and aim for it. He thinks I should be ready for feature pictures—for real big things. Anyway, I'm putting myself in his hands. He's already
Paul Newman

Continued from page 60

anything wrong. Since all this was to take place at one of the world's great movie studios, I could just tell that it would be all right. But I vowed that if there was one single instant of what Americans call "hanky-panky," I'd walk off the set.

It was not quite as easy for the other girls. We talked for all the ten minutes and although their decisions were more reluctant than mine, they finally agreed.

The assistant was very pleased. He gave me a number of pages from the script and told me I was to speak the lines in Swedish. I saw that I would be shouting at a man and that I would have to yell, "Tell him to shut up!... Be quiet!... Throw him out!"

That was fine until I saw that the man I was to shout at was Paul Newman! And he would be standing right next to me with nothing on but a towel.

Another thing I was worried about was that one of my customers—many of them are actors—would be in the picture with me. So I see, between parts in movies, I work as a waitress in the famous Schwab's Drug Store on the Sunset Strip. I could just imagine going to a table and having one of the men say, "Ah, Maria, I almost didn't recognize you with your clothes on."

Now I really was nervous!

Rehearsal

The set was a little hall in a nudist camp. We were all to sit on wooden benches. Running through the center of the rows of benches was a small aisle. Down this aisle was to come the masked Mr. Newman. We started rehearsals.

At first someone suggested that we wear very brief bikinis, but the tops would show on the film and that would, of course, completely eliminate any belief from the audience that it was a nudist camp. We gave up the bikini bras. But we were allowed to wear flesh-colored briefs.

It helped in another way, too. The benches were cold.

There is a law that breasts cannot be completely uncovered. So we had to wear "pasties."

They are the worst things ever invented. I would rather have gone without them.

You see, you really paste them on very gently, but you cannot use paste. They fall off. You must use, not a special glue, but real glue. And that darn stuff hurts!

Frankly, I felt more embarrassed with the "pasties" on than I would have without them, because you are still nude and because the "pasties" are flesh-colored they give a very unnatural appearance.

Shortly after we took our seats I heard Paul Newman's voice from the back of the set and the next thing I knew he was rushing down the aisle with a towel around his waist.

Now you must realize the tension of the situation. It was definitely not an everyday affair.

We are all in the center of this big set. Some one hundred members of the crew, all with their clothes on are standing and watching. In the middle about a dozen men and six girls, everyone naked, sitting close together, with other naked men and girls on the fringe of the group.

Everyone, even Paul, tried to relieve the taut atmosphere. When he first came in, he said, with a big smile, "Okay, girls, you don't laugh at me, I won't laugh at you." Naturally we all laughed at each other. It helped to ease the tension.

Atmosphere of nudity

One of the men in the scene suddenly jumped up and began dancing around the room. "Ah, Maria," he said, "the feeling is good to be free! Look Ma, no clothes!"

Actually he did have on a very tight bikini-like pair of trunks. But the atmosphere of nudity was in the air.

"Man, it's great to be back to nature!" the man continued.

One of the girls, very bravely asked, "What nature do you mean?"

"Guess, Baby, guess," he said and his remark brought down the house.

Now one of the things I had to do in my role, and the camera comes right in on me, is to stare at the towel Paul is wearing as he comes down the aisle.

I get very angry in this role, and I pause and stops and says, "What are you staring at?"

Then I say, "Clothes! You are wearing clothes!"

It took two days to do the nudist scene. At first, even the most sophisticated of the cast experienced obvious embarrassment at appearing naked. Then, without realizing it, as everyone became concerned with his part and job, there was nothing to it.

In a way, the man who jumped up was right. There was a marvelous, clean, crisp feeling of freedom. I was no longer hampered by clothes and it was much like
the sensation you get when you step out of the shower or have taken a long luxurious bath.

Except for those darn "pastes!" We all complained about them, but there was nothing we could do.

In the middle of the second day I went into a dressing room and saw that one of the girls was practically in tears.

I asked her why she was so unhappy.

She told me that she was afraid her husband was going to find out what she had done. I said, "You haven't done anything." She shook her head and said, "He will divorce me if he ever finds out. He is very, very proper and if he learns that I've been appearing nude like this before half of Hollywood he'll go out of his mind."

I said, "Why, are you doing this?"

She said, "We need the money."

"Well," I said, "it's very simple. Just don't ever let him go to see 'The Prize.'"

She thought for a moment. "I hope they cut out all the scenes I appear in," she said sadly. "I love him very much but he would never understand."

It was the first time I ever heard an actress pray that they would cut her entirely out of a movie!

All in all, everyone involved behaved themselves beautifully. To assume that anything really wrong took place or that any of the scenes were in bad taste would be completely erroneous and an unfair accusation.

For I was there all of the time and I assure you that the studio people, the cast and the crew were perfect gentlemen.

But the happiest moment of all for me was at the end of the shooting. The director, Mark Robson, told me, "Miss Schroeder, you were just fine." A compliment like that from the director is worth everything.

When you go to see "The Prize," I don't think you will be in the least embarrassed at the nude scenes. As a matter of fact, I think you will enjoy them heartily and perhaps even as much fun as we all did in making the movie.

—As Told to Whit Preston

See Paul and Maria in "The Prize." M.G.M. Paul is also in "A New Kind Of Love," soon to be released by Paramount.
school on horseback. He gave the impression of a kid who'd grown up with a chip on his shoulder, who'd been "on his own since he was thirteen." Those were the facts and moods that came out in early interviews, and writers wrote their stories with varying degrees of sympathetic understanding—understanding which curled Garner's hair.

I was at thirteen, halcyon! When I was thirteen, my father moved to California looking for work and left me in Norman, Oklahoma, with seventy relatives, including two grandmothers, a flock of aunts and uncles, my brothers Jack and Charles, a real barnful! On my own! What a joke. I was just restless and hangerning for more excitement, but Dad had his hands tied.

"When I was sixteen and went into the Merchant Marine, it was 1944 and every boy my age wanted to get himself a piece of the war. We didn't have much sense. I stayed in a year, came to Hollywood to stay with my dad for a while and intended to ship out again. But Dad talked me into going back to school. Hollywood High. I played football until I ran into the same trouble I'd run into back home: my grades dropped so low I couldn't play.

Modeled bathing suits

"About then, a modeling agency called the school looking for guys equipped to model bathing suits. The Phys. Ed. teacher picked me, so suddenly I was making ten bucks an hour and going to Palm Springs for five days on assignments. It was unsettling for a seventeen-year-old.

"My teachers weren't making that much money! How could they teach me? Why should I pay so much?" I quit and went back to my hometown in Oklahoma and this time made good enough grades to play some serious football—until I busted my knee."

Jim was always trying to make action substitute for what he really wanted, self-expression. His older brother Jack was the funny one, the entertainer, "the one who took the attention, the conversation and the girls away from me from.

With self-expression so difficult for him to achieve, it's no wonder he backed away from becoming an actor. "I'd read about actors in the magazines," he admits. "The stories were so maudlin they turned my stomach—night club crawling and multiple love affairs. That's all they seemed to do."

Cared? Scared of the actor's life would be more accurate. Scared of the night club crawling and the multiple love affairs. As a matter of fact, to this day the Garners keep away from night clubs, keep away from premiers. Jim doesn't even drink. "Quit drinking years ago," he'll tell you. "Figured it's not good for you. I've seen too many of them here ruined by the sauce. I don't believe it around any more."

James Garner is a strong man who has nothing to be afraid of, yet is still afraid. That's why his life really began with Lois, why his family means so much to him, why the Garners are a closed corporation. They have friends, but not many ("I say, rather than close friends than many"). For the most part, Jim and Lois are people who live quietly together. They don't spread their emotions thin; they give themselves to each other and to the children.

Says Jim: "For twenty-eight years, I never knew what I was looking for. I guess I'm still looking. I guess I'd always wanted roots. I was unhappy. It was my second year in Hollywood and I couldn't have been more obscure. I had no goal, no idea what I wanted to do. I had seen a lot and done a lot and there was little left. Lois was the turning point."

He met her just after completing a day's work on a movie titled, "Shoot Out at Medicine Bend." They met at a pool party where Jim was horsing around in the pool with a dozen youngsters. ("I've never met a kid I didn't like.") He was the monster they were trying to drag under water. Lois sat quietly watching the game, and what attracted Jim was her understanding and her sadness.

When they talked, he discovered that her little girl, Kim, then eight, was in Children's Hospital with polio. Lois was a native who'd lived in and near Los Angeles all her life, wasn't a bit impressed with actors, had tried acting herself and found it disenchantingly hard work. She was a private secretary at Mark Stevens Productions. Jim describes her as "a sort of lovely edition of Audrey Hepburn, only full-bodied like Sophia Loren."

He was in love with her within an hour. Six weeks later they were married and he adopted Kimberly and helped teach the child to walk again.

He not only taught Kim how to walk, he taught her to ride horseback. Today he's proud of her crack riding, her fine dancing. He's crazy, too, about his five-year-old Greta. When she was a baby, he walked her to sleep every night until the doctor made him stop. "She's only been six months old, Doc," Jim said, "why not spoil her a little?"

Now he knows better, and Greta is not spoiled, any more than Jim was as a kid. He's drawn on his own experience and realized that you have to learn to take it. "I remember at six having a race with my dad at the Nine Mile Corner. He was in a Model T, and I was on my horse. I was beating him, too, until that horse of mine stumbled and fell. Dad kept right on going. I got on again and tried to catch him. I lost the race," he remembers now, "but not my self-respect."

He won't be bested

Jim is the kind of man who won't be bested. Take his fight to the finish with Warners. In May of 59 he made a new contract with the studio. "Maverick" was going great guns. A year later he was notified that his weekly check for $1750 would not be coming to him because of the actors' and writers' strike. In addition, Warners wouldn't allow him to work anywhere else. If he ever showed his facet, he'd lose his half. Garner sued and he won—only terminating his contract, but freeing himself from a series he felt had overexposed him.

"At Warners they owned me, I felt like a side of beef hung up in a refrigerator. From time to time they'd slice off a piece and bring it out for dinner."

Though each day is a fight to stay on top, Jim can work hard all day and then leave the actor at the studio and take himself home. "I'd be a nervous wreck otherwise. There's no temperamentality; there's a husband and a father. "When I'm not there, the place falls apart. And
there's no keeping up with the Joneses. "I'll never know what 'em.' There's no talk of show business at home, no reading of scripts. 'Just livin'...'. The house is complete with white carpets, Japanese and Danish modern furniture. "My wife must give money away, I don't know what she does with it!"

If Jim's uncomplicated approach to life hasn't changed, Jim's status has—and with that change in status he has come up against a responsibility he abhors—publicity. "I'm not a great windbag," he says. "In fact, being interviewed makes me feel funny." It's an invasion of his shell, the shell he has never entirely emerged from, that he's still a little afraid to emerge from for fear of "mandarin" stories about the mother who died, or the stepmother he sassed, or the adopted child he taught to walk, or any of the other deeply felt moments of his life.

How phony stories start

"Publicity is the main thing I don't like. I'd rather play golf than take publicity stunts. I'd rather dig a ditch than do an interview. The premiers, going to a preview and watching yourself with the press right there—that's part of what I don't like. Phony stories...they're my pet peeve in the whole world. That's the thing that really bugs me. I think I should hate something and that's it."

So he won't do interviews and that leads to "phony stories. "And right there," I told him, "right there you're making a mistake—the one you say you've never made."

And it is a mistake. But all he says in rebuttal is: "I've always looked at this as a career and a business. I want to be in it as long as I can. I'm doing this thing I'm best equipped to do...to make my life and my wife and our children's lives as secure as I can. In no other business could I make this kind of money and enjoy it so much. And yet, this is really the most insecure business in the world. You're subject to the whims of the public. I've taken gambles. When I left Warners, people said, 'He's ruined his career.' I had to have the courage of my convictions, do what I think. And like I say, I feel I never made a mistake. If I had, I wouldn't be where I am right now—and that's pretty good!"

What Jim is really saying is that despite every mistake he's ever made, every foolish gesture, every fear he's had—even the fear that the public might get to know him—his life has been divinely guided.

I know what Jim means. He senses that everything he's done, every move he's made has helped him become today's Jim Garner and made possible today's career. He's right. We are the sum total of our lives, the right, the wrong, the noble and the not-so-noble. We are our own summation. And he is his. —Jane Kessner


"You'll never know what it's been like without you!"
DARIN & DEE

Continued from page 53

It was a long five months...five empty, lonely, unhappy months. Months when Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin, separated from each other, stood at the brink of a marriage break-up.

Now that time is over and they are together again.

The Darins are reconciled—but their problems remain.

They are in love—but not even love was the answer before.

They are trying to make their marriage work—but they have already tried almost to their limits.

This, then, is the story of Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin...a story of love and hope and need and effort...but a story that may not be ended.

In order to understand what lies ahead for them, you must first understand what it was that separated them....

To be a woman...

"It's not the kind of thing you can blame on either one of them," one close friend said. "You can't say he's wrong or she's wrong. They are just very different..."

"Sandy has been waited on—spoiled...all her life. That wasn't her fault. But Bobby has had to work hard for everything he's ever had. He's used to responsibility—and he wants her to get used to it, too.

"Some people said they fought because he wanted her to quit the business—but that wasn't true. It wasn't her having a career that he minded; he thought she didn't want to be a woman. And that was what burned him up.

"He wanted her to run the house...to go shopping and see that the bills were paid...to handle the kid by herself. She could have maids and a nurse, that was all right. And when she was working it was a different story, because that would be too much. But when she wasn't working he wanted her to be in charge of the house.

"Instead, she went to him for everything. And her mother. And her studio. She was surrounded by people doing things for her.

"She's a big star. Of course her studio wanted to keep her happy. Her mother loves her. It was very hard for her to accept the fact that Sandy's grown up. And all those people were always ready to do anything for her.

"She's very sweet, very clever, very small. But she's also strong and, in a way, Bobby expects too much from her. Still, he went as far as he could. He can't give and give and give. A marriage can't be all one way.

"After a while he just 'yessed' her, said yes to everything she wanted. And then he got disgusted. It was too much for him. He had to go out of town anyhow. He figured that that was a good time to tell her, 'Let's see what you can do on your own.' Anything he did he did to make her independent—to make her stand on her own two feet. He tried to scare her, but I know he never wanted to divorce her. He told her as soon as she could do things on her own, he'd be back."

"She wanted him to come back—she loves him very much. But she was angry. I don't know if she started divorce proceedings, but I do know she saw a lawyer. I can tell you though, she only did that as a threat—to get even with him. Because I know she really missed him. And he was so lonely without her, so blue. He's always loved her, and even though he saw the baby at times, he missed Dodd very much."

Tomorrow, not today

"And there they were—two people in love and separated. It was like they say, they couldn't live together and they couldn't live apart."

Just two weeks before they reconciled, Sandy told this reporter: "I would love to straighten things out and so would Bobby. But I don't know where it's going. We both want it to work so badly that we're afraid. We just have to wait. I'm not ready to go back to him. I might be ready tomorrow, but I'm not today."

"I wasn't accepting my responsibilities. I never even picked the furniture for our home. I had Bobby do it. Bobby took a lot on himself because I didn't."

"That's why being on my own is good for me. I'd never been alone before."

"But I'm trying. Now I can even cook—and I'm a good cook, too."

"I want to tell you this, the fights we had weren't the reason for our breaking up. I fight with everybody. And Bobby is just the most patient person. He took more from me....He doesn't even raise his voice to me."

"Of course, I still love him. I hope we reconcile, but we might not. He's more ready than I am. And there was more reason for marriage than I was."

What, then, happened in two weeks to make Sandy "ready"?

Sandy was in New York to publicize "Take Her, She's Mine," and Bobby was there, too. Slowly, quietly, they began dating. For the most part, they avoided going together, but people began to see them together. And the gossip started—they were together again, they weren't together again. But Sandy and Bobby made no comment. They were afraid to hope, afraid even to think.

And then, suddenly, Bobby collapsed. "He was working very hard," Bobby's brother, Charles, said. "He's got his own music company and he was working day and night there in the office. He'd start at 10 A.M., leave the office at 9 P.M. and then go to a recording session till six in the morning, then he'd have an appearance at Freedomland, and in the Bronx he sang in the rain for two days in a row. The doctor told him he should take off, he was running down, he was refused. He just kept going. Till he collapsed and was so bad that they had to give him oxygen."

"When Sandy heard that he was sick she rushed to his side. By that time, she was due back in Hollywood. But she wouldn't leave him. She stayed and took care of him. Then, when he was well..."
And Bobby's brother-in-law adds: "Sandy idolizes Bobby and she needs him. And the first time Bobby ever even saw her he told me, 'She's going to be my wife.' They both just hit—for keeps."

"For keeps."

"And there are so many other things—she's always on a diet. She wants to stay slim, but Bobby thinks she doesn't eat enough. He worries constantly about her health." (To this Sandy said, "I don't really eat so little, it's just that Bobby eats so much.")"

"And she wants him to be with her twenty-four hours a day," the friend continued. "She'd be happy if he could even stay on the set with her while she's working. Sandy never wanted him to travel. She didn't want him to be away from her, and she didn't like to travel with him. Of course, he had to make night-club appearances all over the country. So she'd go along, but she didn't like it.

"Those trips can be very tiring and monotonous, too. One time he had to be in Chicago for two weeks. For the first week and a half between shows he'd stay only in his room with her. That was the way she wanted it. They never went to the hotel's night club or pool, they never saw anybody. She kept trying to coax him to do something besides staying in the room, but she wanted to be with him and only him. Finally, he blew up and went out alone. Then he had a good time. You can't—no matter how much in love you might be—be with one person all the time."

"But she never liked his friends. And that wasn't only because she didn't want to share him with anybody."

**They're both trying . . .**

"Today they seem happy. She's not relying on her mother so much and she's even doing some entertaining, just like before, and Bobby is trying. He's given up night-club appearances so that they won't have to travel. From now on, after he fulfills his present commitments, he'll concentrate only on recordings and movies. I, personally, don't think this will work out for him. We'll see. I know that there's nothing he loves more than working, and he's a live audience—on a night-club floor. . . .

"But they are in love and they both have to make sacrifices. Do I think it will work? I don't know. I see how different they really are from each other. I'll tell you this: In spite of all that love I think they would have broken up if it weren't for the baby. 'It's a bigger influence on that marriage than most people realize.'"

It's very obvious that Dodd is terribly important to Sandy and Bobby. When you talk to Sandy she tells you proudly that the baby says "Mama," "Papa," "cup," "here." "With the baby," she says, "Bobby and I are the dirty culprits. The nurse, everybody else, spoils him rotten. We have to be a little strict—by his own good."

"For his own good. . . ."

And Bobby's brother-in-law adds: "Sandy idolizes Bobby and she needs him. And the first time Bobby ever even saw her he told me, 'She's going to be my wife.' They both just hit—for keeps."

"For keeps."

"And there are so many other things—she's always on a diet. She wants to stay slim, but Bobby thinks she doesn't eat enough. He worries constantly about her health." (To this Sandy said, "I don't really eat so little, it's just that Bobby eats so much.")"
coldly talked about taking away my house and my furniture. Then they decided they'd sell whatever other assets I had left. At one point I remember asking them why could the kids just keep a few articles that were so precious to them. Like, for instance, one horse which they loved so dearly.

“One of the men answered, ‘Well, we really don’t as a rule like to make children unhappy, but...’ This triggered me. It was like a cold shower when I got through to them that they were about to nail up the door. Suddenly, I thought, ‘Hey, whoa. This isn’t real. I’m God. I’m taking away the only security the kids have left.’

Then I rebelled. I turned into a tiger. Suddenly, I was furious and I shouted, ‘You know what I want. This is the all. I’m really taking the kids out. I really want the kids out of there. I’m really doing the job. I don’t wait nothing. Give me time.’ So they patted my hand and left.

‘Maybe it’s my Pennsylvania Dutch background, I don’t know, but I’ve always been good in a crisis. I really have. Suddenly I reared up and I’ve been going ever since. Or trying to, anyway...’

**Glamorous tiger**

When Miss Edie Adams arrived at the restaurant to meet me, she out-Dietrich'd Marlene. Every ounce oozed pure glamour. She was positively smashing. She sported a sable coat. Full length, yet! She wore dark glasses and tons of gold jewelry. Her luscious brows were penciled up to here, her blond hair was plucked out to there, and, true to Big Star tradition, she was A) exactly one hour late and B) a 'hairdresser dropper.'

‘Sorry I’m late,’ she apologized. ‘I overslept. I guess it must be a reaction to... everything. And then, of course, I had to go to Kennedy to have my hair done. He did me at his apartment. I tell you, if Kennedy hadn’t telephoned me, I’d probably still be asleep.

‘He did my hair specially last night, too, you know, because I had a date to go to Lincoln Center and I wanted to look well. He also did Mrs. Kennedy last night. He’s the chicest hairdresser in town. He was dining out, so he combed me in white tie and tails.’

And what’s with this full-scale glamour bit?

‘If you really want to know, it’s because I need it,’ sighed Edie. ‘It’s pure and simple. I don’t know why it should be that way, but I need showbusiness for therapy and money. I had a great teacher in that department. Ernie was a great one for believing that if you’re a star you’ve got to dress the part even if you haven’t got it. And you’ve got to put on a big splash and look gay and prosperous even if you’re not. Well, honey, that’s one phase of this business I’ve learned well. If I’m now living the life of a movie star, I’ve got to look like one whenever I’m in public. And that means spending a lot of time on myself. Going to the hairdresser every single time I’m going to be seen. All this jazz is part of the job.’

Part of the job, too, has been getting herself an agent and a manager and a public relations man and a lawyer and taking the tiger by the tail. She cut her second Decca album called, “Through These Swingin’ Doors.” Then she made a couple of TV Specs and won a couple of awards for her gay movie, “It’s A Mad, Mad, Etc., Etc. World.” She made a second movie in England. She’s got another baker’s dozen piled up waiting. She’s already turned six Broadway shows (“Because I can’t afford to make so little money”) and will this year earn roughly in the neighborhood of $200,000 each, even when you smooth it out by Hollywood standards, is a pretty classy neighborhood.

Edie’s main problem is trying to be the man in the family. She finds the going rough. Her husband’s method of including his wife in things was to give her lengthy legal papers to sign. She’d sign them blind- ly in her early years. She’s been named vice president of some corporation she didn’t even know existed. Ernie kept no files. No records. Yet he was the sole guardian of their financial empire. He gave her a checkbook which had no total. Edie never knew from nothing.

Today, suddenly, she’s not only the mother but also the girls; Betty, Kippei (Kovacs’ daughters by his first marriage) and her own little Mia. Suddenly a whole family looks to her for all decisions. She’s the sole breadwinner. The responsibilities of several human lives rest on her shoulders.

Nowadays Edie goes, so goes a whole family. For her it’s really frightening worry isn’t in being bankrupt financially, but instead in being bankrupt emotionally.

**Everybody’s entitled to Edie**

“Let me put it this way,” she said softly, “I have to be many things to many people, particularly in my home. I’m a general mother superior and a few other things besides. Everybody makes demands on me in my time and everybody’s entitled to it. But there’s just not enough of me to go around.

“When you’re used to being a part of somebody else with no responsibilities whatever and then to find you’re carrying the whole bundle, it’s hard. And down deep I have that constant worry that the roof is not really going to fall. I have a feeling that one day I’m going to do a slow take, but if I fall apart so will the whole family. I mustn’t think negatively for two seconds. If I do, it’s like falling into quicksand. I find it’s very tough for me to be a man. I like being a girl. I like belonging to somebody. I like having that somebody take care of them. But that’s one of the reasons Edie never pushed her career after they were married. She admits that there is the probability she could have been a real big star before. This is something they fought about a great deal before their marriage. They’d have been Mr. & Mrs. a full three years earlier if Edie hadn’t been so germ- minded and if this subject hadn’t caused..."
so much argument between them. However, once they tied the knot, she realized she was "playing with human lives now" and that she'd already "passed the point of no return." She realized there can be only one end to it all. With that in mind, she was always Ernie first. "That's why I gave up trying to push myself," she smiled wanly. "I couldn't fly around the country and still have Ernie—and he was my whole life.

"Before plunging back into showbusiness even occurred to me," said Edie, toying with a small paperweight. "I left school at 16 and enrolled in UCLA. I took a course in Advance Federal Tax Accounting. See, ever since Ernie... er... since last January... I had to rearrange everything financially. We'd been living on 9 per cent. I figured if anybody has the knowhow to be in a 91 per cent bracket, he should have enough sense to rearrange himself back into the 51 per cent bracket.

Edie Kovacs has been betwixt headlines for the past year and a half. What does go on in her seventeen-room home in Beverly Hills or her little one- and a half room hideaway on lower Fifth Avenue, nobody knows. But on the surface, she appears calm, cool and like everything's coming up roses. She's been caught up in a legal battle early this year, triggered by her mother-in-law's charge that she's mismanaged Ernie's estate, even cracked, "That's last week's headline!"

And then there's her earlier court battles, like the one she fought for custody of her stepdaughters. When you ask about it, Mrs. Kovacs' charge that the children were being raised in that "fancy Hollywood manner," the second Mrs. Kovacs makes a sound that's a ladylike version of a Bronx cheer.

"My foot!" snorted Edie. "Those poor babies of mine have had so much grief. Look, maybe I've had troubles, but I straighten out fast when I think about those kids. They're my children, my baby teens and yet Betty and Kippei have already had a very rough life. To appear in court and hear yourself called 'fat' and 'overweight' because it's the other side's way of trying to prove you're 'tense' and 'neurotic' as a result of the life you've been leading, and then to have to say things against your own mother is a very traumatic thing.

"And, listen, I don't intend to say anything about their mother, but all I know is that first she sued for $500,000 and second she wanted the kids.

"These girls are my life. I've raised them since they were babies. They're my children!"

"The girls get three dollars a week now. And that's it. I'm putting aside a trust fund for them, but naturally we had to make a gigantic reshuffling job financially. Ernie used to spoil them so much. He bought them expensive presents. He never said no regardless of how much they wanted it. If I could do was complain mildly and hope he'd know what he was doing. Now there's no more getting extra money when they want it. No more charging unlimitedly at department stores. As a result they've learned to buy far more wisely. They've become so great about clothes. The other day when we bought them something, Kippei said, 'No, Mother, it's too much money.'"
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VINCE EDWARDS

Continued from page 44

was never like Mom's." Here, then, is Mrs. Zoine's own recipe for BAKED LASSAGA • Fry 1 small, diced onion and 1 clove garlic in butter or oil; when the bottom barely covered with a little oil or fat; do this over a low flame until slightly brown. In the same manner, brown 1 pound of chopped beef or an equivalent amount of chopped spare rib meat or other pork.

Put meat, onions and garlic in a large pot, add 1 large can of peeled Italian tomatoes (strain their juice if you desire), 2 small cans of tomato paste and a cup of water. Let simmer for 2½ hours or until meat is tender. Salt and pepper to taste. If sauce is acidy, add 1 tablespoon sugar. If you care for spice, add a pinch of basil, parsley or oregano.

While this is simmering, prepare cheese mixture as follows: place 1 large can Ricotta cheese in a mixing bowl; break in one egg, add 1 teaspoon salt, dab of pepper and mix thoroughly.

Cook 1 pound of Lasagna (broad pasta) according to directions on the box (about 15 minutes); remove and strain.

Cover entire bottom of a baking pan with some of the cooked tomato-and-meat sauce. Over this, layer a layer of the Lasagna (about 4 strips). Then a thin coating of the cheese mixture. Repeat; sauce, Lasagna, cheese mixture, continuing the layers until all ingredients are used.

Place pan in oven which has been pre-heated to 350° F. Bake for about 20 minutes. Serves five or six. (Note: If my recipe doesn't agree with your stomach, call my son, Dr. Ben Casey, for treatment.)

The tender parental request that goes, "Shudup and eat your spinach," is familiar throughout America. However, no one ever had to urge Vince to get his vegetables down. "I've always liked them," he says, "Fresh, not canned."

And the truth is, twin brother Bob Zoine also remembers, "Vince was a big eater." Bob wasn't. Vince gained weight, was the picture of health and began to outgrow his clothes. Bob stayed skinny, inherited the hand-me-downs, and had to listen to Vince say, "Here, you carry my books with yours, then the wind won't blow you away!"

In his teens, the future Dr. Casey became interested in health foods, much to his mother's confusion. One day when she was going to the grocer's, Vince called out, "Mom, would you get me a jar of wheat germ?"

"Get what?" Zulia Zoine stopped in her tracks. "Do germs come in a jar now? I'd be ashamed to ask!" However, when she reached the grocery store, she took a deep breath and asked, "Do you have... wheat germ?"

"Sure," said the grocer, taking a jar off the shelf and handing it to her.

Vince knew what he was doing. He was giving up poosdoors for swimming pools. He wanted to become a swimming champ.

He was studying diet theories and going in for body-building exercises. He still exercises regularly, but today he's reluctant to make a big thing of his health food eating. "Some people take it the wrong way," he says. "They label you a crackpot."

"But just what does it involve?" we asked.

"Eating organically grown fruits and vegetables and meats," he replied. "Foods that aren't contaminated with preservatives and sprays. Even as a kid I rarely ate white bread or used white sugar."

When Vince is reluctant to talk about something, no one is more reluctant. So we checked a culinary expert. What was this about sprays, especially on fruit? "Noxious sprays go beyond the skin and start to seep into the fruit," the expert said. "When the fruit is eaten, the sprays are eaten, too. They can alter the body chemistry and this isn't good. But now there are organic fruit sprays and white sprays that it didn't have before. The new Food and Drug Act gives more protection to the consumer."

And about wheat germ? "It's the unpolished natural husk of wheat that's generally discarded in the making of many breads. It's a heavy, coarse, brownish-looking substance left in, it would make the bread look unappetizing. So the natural goodness is bleached out of the wheat, the vitamins destroyed. When you see the word 'enriched' on packages of white bread, they've re-added vitamins."

We concluded that if Vince were a crackpot, everyone should be so nutty—and healthy! Back in his teens, he won a state wrestling championship. When he transferred to the University of Hawaii, in 1948, he was the only Occidental on the swimming team.

Today Vince has a dream. It goes like this: He rounds up a group of friends. The party clams aboard a chartered jet and flies to Honolulu for a week of surfing, swimming, canoe races, dances beneath a full Hawaiian moon. Of course, eating! Vince's culinary world has included Island food since his first visit.

Try this Hawaiian recipe for ROCK-LOBSTER TAILS • Boil six large rock-lobster tails, as directed on the frozen food package. Then cut under the shell and remove the meat.

Melt 1 tablespoon butter, add 2 teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated preserved ginger, 2 tablespoons grated onion. SAUTE until the onion is tender. Stir in the juice of 2 oranges and 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, a pinch each of pepper and nutmeg and a cup of flaked coconut. Simmer for 15 minutes, stirring constantly.

Now place the lobsters, meat side up, on a broiler pan and spoon the coconut-curry mixture over them. Broil about 4 inches from the heat for approximately 8 minutes, or until the tails begin to brown. After the first 2 minutes, baste with ginger-ale, then baste frequently with the pan drippings. Rice is excellent with this dish.

A bad appendix took Vince out of the competition for a berth on our Olympic team. However, he'd also been appearing in college theatricals. He'd decided that
he wanted to be an actor. He returned to New York to enroll in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts.

A Treetop Named Desire was Broadway's biggest hit at the time. Visiting friends backstage, Vince met Nick Dennis. When "Treetop" closed, Nick, his wife Helen and their children left for California. "You ought to come along," Nick told him. "Try your luck out West."

Vince agreed. "I don't know if things look good, Greek. Maybe I can raise some money for a trip."

To Nick, things looked perfect for a fellow like Vince. Producers were searching for new faces—where could they find a handsome one? "This is the place," Nick would tell him. Vince should be hired.

By this time, Vince had departed for Hollywood, he'd appeared in Mr. Universe, and had been signed by Hal Wallis. So it would be an exaggeration to say that the biggest lure was Helen Dennis' cooking. But then, as now, Helen would prepare all sorts of special Greek dishes for their friend Vince. "I love Greek food," he'll tell you today. "All those eggplant dishes and those syrups desserts!"

And you? Find out with this recipe for GREEK STYLE BAKED EGGPLANT:

1. Halve 2 eggplants lengthwise. Cut 4 slashes in the meat of each. Cook for 3 or 4 minutes in olive oil. Set aside.
2. Put 1/2 cup of olive oil, then 1/2 chopped onion, 1/2 clove minced garlic. Add 1/2 chopped tomatoes, 1/3 cup chopped parsley, 1/2 teaspoon salt, a large pinch of pepper. Cook for 5 minutes.
3. Fill the eggplants with a mixture of each eggplant with a slice of tomato. Sprinkle with olive oil and bread crumbs. Place in a baking pan, adding 1/3 cup water and 1 teaspoon olive oil. Bake at 350°F until tender (about 1 hour).

Cool. Serves 5.

A Greek honey of a dessert calls for filo sheets (paper-thin sheets of pastry, much like strudel dough) which you can buy ready prepared in specialty shops that carry Greek foods. Try this delicious BAKLAVA:

1. Filo pastry sheet, 3 1/2 cups liquid, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 1/4 tsp. cinnamon, 1 1/2 cups allspice, 1 1/2 cups sweet butter. Butter 8-inch square baking pan. Place a filo sheet in it. Brush filo sheet with melted butter. Add a thin layer of the nut mixture on top of all sheets. Cook for 5 minutes at 325°F. At the end of the first 25 minutes, spoon the following syrup over the phyllo pastries: 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cups water, 1/2 cup honey, 1/2 teaspoon of cinnamon stick, 2 teaspoons vanilla. Place over, and on top of, a sheet of filo pastries. Bake for 5 minutes. Repeat until all pastries are baked. Let cool in the pan for 10 minutes. Serve warm or cold.

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the sauce. You'll need 1/2 cup soy sauce, 3 tablespoons sugar, 1/4 cup canned chicken broth. Heat and stir until sugar is dissolved. Set aside.

Your sirloin (11/2 lbs. or 3) should be sliced paper thin (this can be done for you at the market). Now cut into 2 inch strips. In addition, you'll need 2 peeled onions, sliced very thin, 1/2 lb. large thinly-sliced mushrooms, 1 (5 oz.) can sliced bamboo shoots, 1/2 lb. sliced spinach, 1/2 cup cooked rice, 6 scallions sliced into 2 inch lengths, 1 stalk green celery, sliced thin, vertically, and cut into 2 inch lengths. If cooking at table, arrange attractively on platter.

To cook: Put a 2 inch square sauce pan in hot skillet. Remove when the pan is hot. Marinate Sauté onion and spinach until golden, add all but meat and spinach. Add sauce and cook for 8 minutes over high heat. Add meat and spinach and simmer for 2 minutes, then place the mixture into sauce with butter. Simmer until vegetables are tender (about 3 minutes). Give the mixture a quick salad-like toss. Serve with rolls and garnish with lettuce.

After a year in the Orient, Vince returned to Hollywood for "Too Late Blues." You know the story of Ben Casey's discovery. What you may not know is how he gets through his fourteen-hour day. Foodwise, that is. For pick-me-ups, "I eat snacks on the set," he says, "Pineapple with honey, cheese and fruit.

When working (and when isn't he?), he's up before sunrise and has morning coffee. At 6:30 a.m. he has strawberries with yogurt, Akmak (an Armenian wafer bread) with almond or cashew butter or whole wheat bread with honey, coffee. Other mornings, it's carrot juice or orange juice, eggs. Akmak with spread, coffee. Lunch at the studio may be a steak and salad. Dinner (at home) is apt to be carrot juice, black bread, a hamburger and salad.

Dining in or out, the king of California salads, fit for a "King of Hollywood," is the CESAR SALAD. Marinate overnight one slice clove of garlic in 1/2 cup salad oil. If you prefer more garlic, use it. Remove garlic from oil before preparing salad. Prepare 2 cups croutons, dip in oil, set aside.

Into a garlic-rubbed wooden salad bowl, tear 3 quarts mixed greens (lettuce, romaine, endive). Add 1/2 cup oil, plus any remaining garlic oil, 1 tablespoon Worchester sauce, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon fresh-ground pepper, 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese, 1/4 cup crumbled blue cheese. Toss salad to distribute seasoning and cheeses.

Break 1 uncooked egg into the greens. Squeeze or pour juice of 3 lemons directly onto the egg and toss again until each leaf is coated with the egg mixture. Add croutons. Toss again. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

Aside from pasta, Vince loves steak as it's served at Raita's in Italy. If you'd like to try a similar one, just heat butter in skillet, add onion slices if desired, add a touch of hard wine, pop in your cut sirloin, sizzle a minute on both sides and serve. But the recipe is just that the Raita serves with the steak—ITALIAN POTATO BALLS. Boil 11/2 lbs. peeled potatoes in salted water until soft, mash with cream cheese and 2 egg yolks and 4 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese. Sauté 1 tablespoon very finely chopped onion in butter until tender. Add to potato mixture along with salt and pepper, blend until smooth and roll into balls about the size of a small egg.

Beat 2 eggs well. Coat potato balls with flour, then egg, then bread crumbs. Fry, a few at a time, until golden brown. Serves 6.

The night before Dr. Casey left Italy for home, George Hamilton gave a surprise party for Vince and others in the cast. It featured almost every Italian delicacy imaginable, including, in the antipasto, PROSCIUTTO AND MELON. Cut 1/2 lb. sliced prosciutto into 1 inch strips. Halve cantaloupe, scoop out seeds and cut each half into six wedges. Remove rind. To serve 6, place 2 wedges on the side of each plate. Cover the remaining pieces of prosciutto. ZABAGLIONE. You'll need a large saucepan of boiling water. In a bowl, beat 3 egg yolks, 2 tablespoons sugar syrup (or castor sugar), 1 cup Marsala. Place bowl in pan of boiling water, or pour mixture into top half of double boiler. Whip the mixture continually, over low heat—it will curdle if too hot. First it will rise in a froth. When it thickens, pour into glasses and serve immediately.

The Hamilton dinner was quite a sendoff, complete with champagne! Leisurely, too—it lasted three hours!

Vince plans to return to Europe next year, to make a film in France. "This year," he grins, "I saw France from a distance of three thousand feet.

Although he knows French cuisine, he'll finally have the opportunity to try it on home ground. Until then, as they say in France, bon appetit; in Italy, buon appetito; and in the U.S.A., "Eat hearty."

—EMILIANA HUGHES

Vince Edwards is in "The Victor" for Columbia Pictures, stars in ABC-TV's "Ben Casey" on Wednesdays from 9-10 P.M. EDT and is a Decca recording artist.

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This sample puzzle, like all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, we see the clue stating "His real name was Samuel L. Clemens". Checking any standard reference source shows that the famous Mark Twain's real name was Samuel L. Clemens. Now we examine the cartoon. Here it shows the cowboy saying MARK, and he also men- tions the word WAY. The letter "T" and the letter "N" appear. What else can the answer be but MARK TWAIN?

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BRANDO’S BEAUTIES

Perhaps it would take an analyst to understand why Marlon Brando constantly becomes involved only with Eurasian-type beauties. It’s so strange because I have never read that he was dating any other kind of woman. For a man who dislikes publicity he sure knows how to avoid it.

T.R.
Rochester, N.Y.

Marilyn

The story of Marilyn Monroe grows more tragic. How could someone so beautiful, talented and loved, end up the way she did? When you read of her mother’s life and subsequent “end,” perhaps it was Marilyn’s fate from the very beginning.

Elena Sandow
Chicago, Ill.

THE SOUTH

Even though I was born and raised in the south, I heartily agree with your integration story. It was interesting and factual, and I’m happy your magazine believes in freedom of the press as well as freedom for all people.

Grace Swifty
Montreal, Canada

Why don’t you people stay out of politics? There’s been too much written already about the racial problem and I don’t need to read about it in Photoplay. If worse comes to worse, I’ll even suffer through more stories about Liz Taylor and Richard Burton.

C.J.
Seattle, Wash.

EDDIE FISHER

Eddie Fisher deserves a break. After the raw deal he got with Liz, I hope his new found love will bring him a little happiness. Now, more than ever before, he needs a gal who will bolster his ego. Liz sure gave it a beating!

Barbara Cohn
New York City

Vote Today—A Gift Is Waiting For You!

We’ll put your name on one of 400 prizes—and all you have to do is fill out and mail this ballot. This month the prize for the first 400 ballots we receive is “Life Without George,” by Irene Kampen, the funny tale of a husbandless house on which Lucille Ball’s riotous TV series is based. Be sure to mail your ballot today to win this book.

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader’s Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

MY FAVORITES ARE:

MALE STAR: 1.
2. 3.

FEMALE STAR: 1.
2. 3.

FAVORITE STORY IN THIS ISSUE: 1.
2. 3.

THE NEWCOMER I’D LIKE MOST TO READ ABOUT:

THE FAMOUS PERSON, NOT IN SHOW BUSINESS, I’D LIKE TO READ ABOUT:

Name.................................................................................................................Age
.........................................................................................................................
Address...............................................................................................................
It's where the boys are — and the girls are... that swingin' vacation weekend when American youth descends on America's swankiest playground!

Palm Springs Weekend

...and look at all the swingers who are in it!!

Starring
TROY DONAHUE • CONNIE STEVENS • TY HARDIN • STEFANIE POWERS • ROBERT CONRAD • JACK WESTON • JERRY VAN DYKE

Written by EARL HAMNER, JR. • Produced by MICHAEL A. HOEY • Directed by NORMAN TAUROG • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Get the wild, new Warner Bros. sound track album featuring Troy singing for the very first time!
Revlon re-shapes the compact for all the dashing women of the world 'la parisienne'

Wafer-thin (with the look of gold) designed by Van Cleef and Arpels. Filled and refillable with 'LOVE-PAT' the complete compact make-up!

You'll never carry an ordinary compact again...once you've seen 'LA PARISIENNE'! Looks at least twice its little-nothing price...in glamorous gold-tone metal, etched in the manner of fine European jewelry...accented with sleek black or chic white! And inside is 'LOVE-PAT' (powder-and-foundation in one). Covers completely, yet looks miraculously un-madeup. All this luxury for just 1.75. (Wild!)

Refills 1.10. All prices plus tax.
The editors of Photoplay Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to Warner Brothers' production of “Mary, Mary.”

All the gaiety and charm of a play that captivated theater audiences have been reproduced to delight the movies' wider public. Sparkling as ever, playwright Jean Kerr's lines are relished by a lively cast: a different Debbie Reynolds, as a once-plain girl now glamorized; a humorously baffled Barry Nelson, as her former husband; and, as new romances for the pair, a poised Michael Rennie and Diane McBain. It sees both sides in the battle of the sexes. (Continued on page 10)

Warners; Technicolor; Based on stage play by Jean Kerr; Producer-Director, Mervyn LeRoy.
The look is fresh... natural... utterly heavenly

The Look—fresh, young in this heavenly suit, done in a brilliant "notice-me" gold—topped by a hat borrowed from an angel's halo.

The Face—utterly heavenly, because Angel Face Compact Makeup covers every tiny flaw. It's complete make-up, powder and foundation in one... stays on for hours. Seems to soften the light to give your skin the radiance of an angel. Angel Face Compact Makeup comes in 8 heavenly shades. (69¢ to $1.25.) And the final heavenly touch—Angel Face French Coral Lipstick. Sample size yours for only 25¢ (to cover postage and handling). Write to Angel Face, Box 227PA, Trenton 10, New Jersey.
ALL THE WAY HOME
Paramount; Director, Alex Segal; Producer, David Susskind (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Jean Simmons, Robert Preston, Michael Kearney, Pat Hingle.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A close-knit family, in taking the impact of a death, shows the strong continuity of human life.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A play and a novel (James Agee's "A Death in the Family"), both Pulitzer Prize winners, provide a story of warmth and dignity for a lovingly made film, though overemphasis on 1915 props doesn't suit a theme that's timeless. Jean's beautiful performance glows in memory long after the fadeout.

THE WHEELER DEALERS
M-G-M; Panavision, Metrocolor; Director, Arthur Hiller; Producer, Martin Ransohoff (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? James Garner, Lee Remick, Patricia Crowley, Jim Backus.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? When oil won't gush, a Texan flies to New York to promote a little working capital—a mere million.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Like our old pal Maverick, this Garner hero knows how to live rich without money and how to make money without working. Jim's sprightly comic touch gets fine assistance from a lively cast. But the Texas gags wear thin; the financial finagling may confuse and bug poor, honest taxpayers.

TWILIGHT OF HONOR
M-G-M; Panavision; Director, Boris Sagal; Producers, William Perlberg, George Seaton (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Richard Chamberlain, Nick Adams, Joey Heatherton, Joan Blackman.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Defending the confessed killer of a respected citizen, a lawyer fights violent local prejudice.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? TV fans will find here the sort of entertainment they are used to; lawyer Chamberlain is as appealing, modest-mannered and dedicated as Dr. Kildare. The sordid case and blunt talk recall "Anatomy of a Murder," but sharper lines are drawn between good and evil, and the tone is lighter.

KNIFE IN THE WATER
Panavision; Director, Roman Polanski; Polish Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Leon Niemczyk, Jolanta Umecka, Zygmunt Malanowicz.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? By inviting a young hitchhiker on a day's sail, an arrogant newspaperman and his wife meet trouble.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Though this provocative, expert movie comes from an Iron Curtain country, the familiarity of its people and ideas is astonishing. As the discontented married pair, Leon and Jolanta could be from American suburbia—or Italy's dolce vita crowd. And rebels like Zygmunt are everywhere.

UNDER THE YUM YUM TREE
Columbia; Eastman Color; Director, David Swift; Producer, Frederick Brisson (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jack Lemmon, Carol Lynley, Dean Jones, Edie Adams.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? College sweethearts bent on platonic premartial housekeeping find their landlord is a wolf.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? With a plot gimmick that is sheer fantasy, this sex farce drums up some giggles at the start. Jack is an energetic comedy villain; pros like Imogene Coca mug away with him; Carol and Dean show fresh charm. Under heavyhanded treatment, the whimsy turns flat and tasteless. (Continued on page 12)
Go from nearly blonde to clearly blonde...without artificial coloring!

Light and Bright brings back blondeness that's all your own. Can't wash out or fade...like a made-up shade. Your hair looks naturally radiant, feels silky soft. And gentle Light and Bright lets you lighten your hair a little or a lot. No worry over shade selection. No mixing, no timing. Just apply, comb through.

...and Richard Hudnut guarantees it... or your money back!
THE SUITOR
Atlantic; Director, Pierre ETAIX; Producer, Paul Chaudon; French Dialogue, English Titles (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Pierre ETAIX, Karin Vesely, Laurence Lignieres, France Arnell.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A bookish Parisian bachelor suddenly notices women and begins a disastrous wife-hunting jaunt.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Back to the wonderful old days of silent comedy goes star-director ETAIX, to rediscover the international language of laughter. Yes, the picture talks—but not much. Its gags are hilarious, well-timed, often touching, in the Chaplin-Keaton-Langdon style also revived by Jacques Tati.

SUMMER HOLIDAY
A1: Cinemascope, Technicolor; Director, Peter Yates; Producer, Kenneth Harper (Family)

WHAT’S IT ABOUT? English boys who buy a London bus to tour Europe pick up girl singers and a runaway American star.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? A breezy British musical trimmed a frail story with plenty of nicely staged song and dance numbers, though there may be a bit too much accent on rock rhythms. Already established as a teenage idol, the incredibly handsome Cliff shapes up as a slick young showman handling all routines neatly.

THE INcredible JOURNEY
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, Fletcher Markle; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

WHO’S IN IT? Badger, Tao, Luath, Emile Genest, Rex Allen (Narrator).
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Two dogs and a Siamese cat find their way home across two hundred miles of Canadian wilderness.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? A simple story outline (based on a best-seller), magnificent scenery and three endearing stars qualify for a good family-entertainment rating, with special emphasis on youngsters. As in many Disney films, animals out-act people and display all the human feelings that pet-owners fondly imagine.

THE CONJUGAL BED
Embassy; Director, Ferreti; Producers, Chieck.
Sunsone, Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Marina Vlady, Ugo Tognazzi, Walter Giller, Riccardo Fellini.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Ready to settle down, a bachelor takes a virtuous young bride, who turns man-eater after the wedding.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Called a companion piece to “Divorce—Italian Style,” this wry film has no such neat satirical balance. At first, it’s ferociously funny; then it’s too angry at women to make complete sense. The message? Maybe: A middle-aged man shouldn’t marry a young girl. Or: Some men are weak.

ANY NUMBER CAN WIN
M.G.M.; Director, Henri Verneuil; French Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Jean Gabin, Alain Delon, Viviane Romance, Carla Marlier.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? A businesslike veteran crook enlists a youthful ex-cellmate as partner in a Riviera casino robbery.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? It’s smooth, efficient and suspenseful—but we’ve been through the carefully planned holdup too often, in French, American and English movies. The Italians even gave it the burlesque treatment, in “Big Deal on Madonna Street.” And last summer’s real British train robbers topped them.

“X” THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES
A1: Color; Producer-Director, Roger Corman (Adult)

WHO’S IN IT? Ray Miland, Diana Van Der Vlis, John Hoyt, Don Rickles.
WHAT’S IT ABOUT? Experiments with a chemical that intensifies vision endanger a scientist’s eyesight and sanity.
WHAT’S THE VERDICT? Scientific research is the riskiest profession, according to fiction thrillers—look what happened to Doc Frankenstein. Ray fares no better in a rambling, meaningless yarn. With frequent use of abstract color patterns, it produces more eyestrain than terror.
You can't give any luggage for less...unless it's a lot less luggage.

Sure, you can spend less. But you won't make as big an impression. Streamlite looks much more expensive than it costs. It's a smart, classic shape...tapered. The outside is covered with a rugged vinyl that is scratch and scuff-resistant. Tongue-in-groove construction seals out dampness, moisture, dust. The interiors are beautifully tailored, spacious. So don't spend a barrel of money. But get the most you can for what you spend. Give Streamlite. For men: Brown Olive, Colorado Brown. For women: Saddle Tan, Leaf Green, Rawhide Finish.
THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

Broadway's glorious neon has a rippling charm. The enormous rhythm of commonplace glitter sways across the streets—reflecting red and yellow splashes... An immense array of light moving with incredible ferocity—winking, blinking and jiggling... A restless and bewildered tempo played with rainbows and shadows. (Continued on page 16)
Safe?

Safest!

(only a shield is guaranteed
to keep perspiration from your clothes)

Kleinert's Stay-Rite shields are moisture-proof, absorbent, comfortable. They keep your clothes free from perspiration, clean and safe. That's why Kleinert's guarantees "When Kleinert's shields have been properly attached, they will not only refund the purchase price of shields proved imperfect, but will assume responsibility for any resulting damage to clothes". Slip on easily over your bra, stay put. Stay-Rite shields, only $2.00. Other shields from 39c to $3.25.

Who would have thought of it but Kleinert's.
Nevertheless, the vari-hued lights have a certain fascination. They dance with the eyes. And always there is the noisy shimmer of the honky-tonk—the babble of voices—the incessant roar—serves as background music for an erratic, electric pulsebeat.

Here is the mazda brass band playing in the night. Singing its fiery song. And happily.

The theme songs of the theaters . . . Silk swishing down the aisle . . . The soft rustle of swaying taffeta . . . Bracelets clinking and tinkling . . . Programs crackling . . . Playgoers cackling . . . The rush and the crush . . . An explosion of merry energy bursts out of the walls of the daily routine and the lights are pearly, glistened for entertainment—Compelling ripples of lovely torsos . . . The castanets of high heels on the lobster marble . . . The intermission crescendo . . . The clash and clash of numerous conversations . . . Playgoers hippity-hopping over knees struggling to reach their pews . . . The magical musical rush of tumultuous noise out of the asbestos hem is lighted . . . The melody of applause and the happy thunder of laughter—and the lyrical grace of a rising curtain.

Times Square ignites its blazing tempo . . . The exciting pyrotechnics of sounds explode hot fragments . . . Loudspeakers in front of music shops pinwheel the latest burst of tumult. As the crowd tumbles outside . . . The roman-candle headlines . . . There is the firecracker gab of sidewalk vendors . . . The flea circus barker are rocketing shrill screams . . . The penny arcade carnival jamboree is alive with an exultant heat . . . Pinball machines are gulping coins . . . Steel balls roll in a panic of glee . . . Lighted gleam—bells ring . . . And the sharp songs of the shooting galleries—a tumultuous chaos enshrouding One & All—in a tyrrany of noise . . . The silly symphony of sounds reaches a crescendo . . . And King Frenzy rules.

At show-break time (11 P.M.), The Big Street reaches the apex of its atomic dance. The tempo leaps suddenly. Broadway's high-powered rhythm whirls and whoops on every corner. It jumps, flames and explodes . . . The streets are crammed with chromium-plated electricstix—roaring, thrudding and opening their huge neon eyes while they execute their glacial block-to-block routine . . . Over a thousand different sounds—clanging at the tops of their voices.

The hurdy-gurdy zooms and zings . . . The tom-tom pace is on the march.

The music of the city has as many instruments as people . . . It is the ageless siren-song of swaying hips . . . Names shimmering in lights . . . Whispers in the dark . . . It is the melancholy symphony of entertainers falling at the theater's feet. It is restless ambitions and the tantalizing moans of a blues singer in the night.

It is the rocknroll groups pounding out their jungle jangle . . . It is mendicant mumbling and shuffling . . . A comic juggling jokes and the intense energy of jigging hookers . . . It is talent and beauty . . . Honesty and deceit . . . Liars and flattery . . . It is youth dancing with a pocketful of dreams . . . And the defeated crawling in the shadows . . . It is the temporality of success . . . Or the souls of a brokenhearted doll crying herself to sleep.

New York's most impressive music, ironically enough, is silence . . . It comes during the early ante-midnight hours . . . When Broadway is practically muted and nearby residential areas are stillled . . . The winds shake all the clinging melodies out of the corners of buildings . . . Everything is placid and dreamy . . . All the soft, sighing sounds come out of hiding . . . It is soft-shoe time . . . And a shadowy sonata plays its hushed melody . . . A solo for a violin . . . The fragile vibrations play the heart like a virtuoso . . . The chorus of repose chants its love songs . . . The spirit-dances—and the mysterious music of joy is transmitted.

It is a time when the City is so quiet—you can almost hear the laughter of the gods.

Every time we feast at Sardi's with someone from Hollywood we submit the following story. Hoping that the listener will always remember it when someone's colors dip—or a friend who once was On Top is on the tobgog.

Directly over the main entrance—after you've been seated—there is one portrait much larger than all the other celebrities on the crowded walls . . . The likeness is that of James J. Walker, once the most popular man in New York—when he was Mayor.

His Honor, toppled from his throne following an investigation, found out in a hurry that many of his fair-weather friends were frauds who dropped him fast. But not Vincent Sardi, Sr., the landlord of the very popular restaurant in the theater arena, who never took down Walker's picture.

It is still there and Walker went out of style several decades ago.

A heart-warming anecdote, we think, about a place where most of the natives believe: The Hell With the Fellow Who Comes In Second!

Elizabeth Taylor is the highest paid actress in history, but she has had her professional failures. At the age of eight she was signed by a movie studio. A year later they fired her, the studio chief declaring: "The kid has nothing. Her eyes are too old. She doesn't have the face of a kid."

Miss Brazil is, indeed, a lovely looker, but if you ask the Broadway veterans (who knew their Ziegfeld, Shubert and George White taste for beauty) which of the two girls would have been selected by those showmen—they'd be sure to reply: "Miss Denmark."

That reminds me of one of the most beautiful girls I ever met, Brooklyn's Jackie Loughey, who was "Miss U.S." not too many contests ago. You've probably seen her in a film or two or on tv.

Jackie is one of the few contestants who wound up with $600. Her name is in the Who's Who of tv's "Dragnet" and many films. When he sold "Dragnet" for over $5 Million, most of it went to the tax department and for a settlement with former wife Julie London.

Today Mr. Webb is back in the Blue Chips as a Warner Bros. executive.

And his Jackie is lovelier looking than when she was "Miss United States."

The Cinderella Girl this year appears to be Barbra Streisand. Her only stage experience was in a trial comedy called "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" (last year) which was saved by her talent and magic. The show lasted nine months. Without her it might not have survived that many weeks.

Many of the magazines and newspapers have tried to describe Barbra. Some of the pieces captured her personality but you have to be out front when she performs to really "catch" her.

Her interviews know they won't inure her feelings by reporting that her nose is unattractive. And that she could star in a show or film titled "Ugly Duckling." Barbra shrugs off The Whole Bit. When she smiles she is beautiful and when she belts out a torch song you are her prisoner.

She has never given any thought to having her nose hobbled or prettified. Why? She landed in a Broadway show with that face and ran away with all the notices. That face also won her the leading role in an upcoming play about long-ago star Fanny Brice, who was no beauty. Just a beauty of an entertainer. And Barbra's other Last Laugh is that when she was in "Wholesale" the handsome leading man, Elliott Gould, fell in love with her and married her.

Walter Winchell narrates the reruns of the television series, "The Untouchables."
Why must
my skin
be dry?

Your skin should not be dry, need not be dry. Let Sardo bathe away dry skin, make your skin soft and smooth as you want it to be.

Would you like to help your skin recapture the fresh bloom of girlhood softness? You can. And so easily. Without messy creams. Without sticky lotions. Just by making your regular bath a Sardo bath.

Loss of natural skin moisture from within is the reason why skin gets dry. Sardo prevents this loss by locking in precious moisture. Sardo helps regain and retain skin softness and then protects your skin against dryness.

After a Sardo bath your skin wears an invisible veil of protection to help keep it soft and smooth. Sardo protects your skin even against the drying effects of winter. Protects against redness. Against roughness. Against painful chapping. Elbows, heels and knees are protected, too. If already rough and red, these sensitive areas are quickly relieved by Sardo’s lipodermic action.

Many women who once had dry skin say they will never bathe without Sardo again. Find out why. Tonight, see and feel the proof on your own skin. You’ll step out of your Sardo bath with the smoothest, softest-textured skin you ever dreamed of having.

*Unsolicited letters from Sardo users testify over and over again that Sardo really fulfills its promise of softer, smoother skin.

Sardo
BATHE AWAY DRY SKIN

A medically proven lipodermic formula created after years of scientific research

At all good drug and cosmetic counters.
"I SAID 'YES' TO HIM TOO SOON!"

A Photoplay Scoop!
The only interview Kim Novak has given on why she didn't, couldn't, wouldn't dare marry Roderick Mann

"It was just too soon. You can't tell if it's really love, that soon. You have to know one another better. And I found I wasn't right for Roderick, nor he for me," Kim Novak said, in an exclusive interview about her broken engagement to British newspaperman Roderick Mann. "It takes time to realize whether or not you love someone, because you don't know how you respond to each other in all different things. I said 'Yes' too soon. That (Continued on page 20)
"I SAID 'YES' TO HIM TOO SOON!"

continued

certainly was my mistake, and I take full blame for that. God knows I didn't do it on purpose, but it was very wrong of me. I should have waited longer. But I was so sure...in the beginning," Kim added slowly. 'It seemed so right...and that was probably because I wanted to be in love.

'The fact that I was so lonely and miserable through the making of 'Of Human Bondage' made me more vulnerable, I'm sure. The picture was such an ordeal, and I was over there in Ireland all alone.

'There were so many complications on the picture, and I wasn't to blame—contrary to what's been said. But it looked as if I was, and everyone was blaming it all on me. And I was so frustrated and unhappy. For someone like Roderick—someone understanding, kind and sympathetic—to come along in the midst of all this foreign element—was so welcome.

'And I said 'Yes' before I knew how unsuited we were. There were many things. Many differences. Some of them seemed unimportant to Rod, and if it's really right, love will surpass such things. But obviously it wasn't that strong. Otherwise these things wouldn't have mattered. But they did matter—terribly—'

Kim knew she would be criticized for not going ahead with wedding plans. "I can hear people saying, 'What's wrong with her?' 'Is she afraid of the responsibilities of marriage?' But I couldn't go ahead just to keep people from talking. I'm not going to get married for that reason.

"I'm sure many people thought that I just panicked at the last moment," Kim went on. "But this is not true. Regardless of what anyone may think, I'm not afraid of marriage. But I am afraid of divorce—my religion, which is so important to me, would not permit me to divorce. Look how close I came to marriage, I almost jumped right into it."

Dressed casually in a shift, Kim looked very young and vulnerable. She had driven down from Northern California in her station wagon the night before, with her Great Dane dog, Warlock, beside her. She was at her home in Bel Air for one day to keep some business appointments and discuss film offers with her business manager, Norma Kasell, and her agent. Her car was loaded down with canvases and paints. The week before she had been exploring the big tree country in Northern California, stopping to paint a scene wherever she found the inspiration. Reorienting her life. After our interview, she and her dog were to head back up the coast to her picturesque little house on a rocky cliff overlooking the Pacific, near Carmel.

"It was so good just to have someone to talk to in Ireland," Kim said. "You see, I had no real friends there, no one I knew and trusted, no one I could just talk things out with. I went alone to Ireland without my agent, business manager, secretary, not even a hairdresser that I knew. That is how they preferred it and I wanted to cooperate, so I agreed. I was away from home, in a foreign country where all the film people not only knew each other but their livelihood and work depended upon their sticking together—the producer was the man who started Larry Harvey in films and his dear friend and defender. The cameraman and crew were hired on Larry's previous film which he produced, directed and starred in, and therefore, might conceivably work on his future films. They couldn't defend me even though they knew it was unfair. I understood this. I liked them and they liked me but there was nothing they could do to help the situation.

"Not that all the problems were with Larry alone," Kim added, "they weren't. But Larry was naturally more concerned with his own problems and because of his situation was able to have them adjusted—often at my expense. Looking back now, I'm grateful for making 'Of Human Bondage.' It taught me discipline. Maybe this is speaking out a little too much, but I had to accept such misunderstanding—such everything—I feel there's nothing I couldn't tackle now. Nothing.

"I hadn't wanted to make 'Bondage,' really. I couldn't understand why they were remaking the picture when it was done by Bette Davis—and so well. But this was to be a different interpretation, there was much pressure brought to bear on me, and I agreed to do it, finally.

"From the beginning everything was so wrong that it got to seem that I was complaining that the whole world was wrong. It was just unbelievable! I was blamed for everything, and it wasn't justified, I swear. I must say I've never had such a case of 'Poor Little Me,'" Kim said with a little (Continued on page 85)
take a closer look

...behind the scenes of TV and radio

Every month TV Radio Mirror magazine spotlights your favorite stars in rare moments of relaxation — away from the cameras, lights and microphones of the entertainment world. In every issue you meet radio and TV's top performers in intimate portraits and candid close-ups at home and at play. Such stars as the Lennon Sisters, Dr. Casey and Dr. Kildare, Mitch Miller, Jack Paar, Troy Donahue, Connie Stevens, George Maharis and many others — whose lives are as colorful and exciting behind the scenes as they are on the air. Take a closer look at these fascinating personalities every month in television's oldest and finest entertainment magazine. Get your copy of TV Radio Mirror magazine —
Still longing for a child of her own, Sophia Loren shared her thirty-first birthday cake with some orphaned children.
Natalie Wood washed Warren Beatty out of her hair, but apparently can't keep him out of her mind. They say Arthur Loew, Jr., has proposed to Natalie so many times that his knees have blisters. Just when Natalie is about to consent, Warren pops into town, and Nat wavers.

Me thinks that Richard Burton's biggest problem isn't talking his wife's attorneys into a property settlement—it's trying to free himself from Liz Taylor. Richard Bay is strictly her property, and she guards him around the clock. Why, he even finds it difficult to obtain permission to go to the men's room. And such jealousy, too. Dickie wanted to hire a female secretary, a very, very, gorgeous blonde. So what happened? He now has a male secretary, and Liz made the selection. I wonder if Dickie thanks her for all this attention?

Glenn Ford loses again. Hope Lange and Alan Pakula (he produced "To Kill A Mockingbird") up and got engaged right under Glenn's nose. So who's left for Glenn now? Look far him to make a return to smoke the peace pipe with ex-mate Eleanor Powell.

Gee, is Dick Chamberlain ever spreading his romantic wings. One week it was the sexy Karen Steele, the (Please turn the page

Christopher and Michael Wilding, Jr., Liz Taylor's young sons (above), visited the London set of "Becket," to watch a friend of their mother's emote. Recognize Burton as Archbishop? Meanwhile, Hollywood got its chance to see two other stars of the film these grownups worked on, "Cleopatra"—Roddy McDowall and Rex Harrison out of costume (left).
next he made a bid for Ann-Margret. So now Elvis Presley hates doctors.

If Dyan Cannon ever writes a book, it'll probably be titled "How To Succeed With Cary Grant Without Really Trying."

They say he popped the question, and she didn't coach him, either. However, Dyan wants to get the fling of a career out of her system before putting on an apron. Boy! If I had an acre of Hollywood for every time I've heard an actress toss that line, I would own the town. By the way, Dyan appears in "How to Succeed in Business, etc."

Those Shirley MacLaine-Robert Mitchum rumors boiled when they lunched in a corner booth at the Beverly Rodeo's swank Chez Voltaire room. Can't a leading man take his leading lady to lunch? Or can he? Bob plays one of Shirt's five husbands in "What a Way To Go!" Oh, yeah, he's getting plenty of ribs about those gold lamé diapers (bathing trunks, to some) he has to wear in one of the film's dream sequences.

The price you pay for love. Barbara Luna whipped out at Doug McClure in her divorce suit, demanding all the community property instead of the customary fifty per cent. They say she'll never obtain it. Doug has two aces up his sleeve.

If Jerry Lewis and his Patti don't have a girl on the current stork call, he'll probably be so shook that he'll go back with Dean Martin. The Lewises have five boys. Jerry wants a girl so badly that the theme of his opening TV show of the season was "Think Pink." Following the telecast, Jerry invited most of Hollywood to "Think Pink" with him by tossing a pink party at the Beverly Hilton Hotel. The flowers, candles, tablecloths, wine, dessert were all pink.

Sue "Lolita" Lyon isn't following the script. According to the film, she should fall in love with an elderly man. When she started dating Producer James Harris (more than twice her age), everyone figured it was type casting. The Harris days are over, and she's in love with Hampton Fancher, III, the actor who's supposed to have a loaded bank account. They would be married now with the exception of one small detail. Hampton has to divorce his first wife. I recall when the actor and Joan Blackman were madly in love. He kept telling Joan they would be married when that minor detail was taken care of. It never was. So, Sue, my dear, I just thought you should know.

Poor, poor, poor Frank Sinatra. Are those Big Boys from the Nevada Gaming Commission picking on you, because a room was entertained at your Cal-Neva Lodge? bet Frank felt like running home in tears to mother. He didn't, however. He ran to New York and Jill St. John ran after to hold his hand and dry his tears.

Scooping Around: Tipped that Yvette Mimieux did finally divorce her husband, the secret and mysterious Ervan Harland Engber. So that's why George Hamilton decided to make her his girl. And his brother Bill is Kay Gable's new interest. . . . Rock Hudson is between romances. . . . If Marie Thomas (she's the doter of Danny Thomas) and Ron Harper do decide to marry now that their play has closed, I hope no one will think an appropriate gift is a pair of boxing gloves. Their quarrels have not always been private. . . . Annette

Sue Lyon wasn't happy over having to leave actor Hampton Fancher, III, for Mexico and "Iguana."


A rare family portrait of a rare family: The freckle-faced charmer is Sachicko, daughter of Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker.
Funicello decided not to marry her horse trainer. I can see why too. Annette's horse only runs when it's in the direction of the barn. . . . if Debbie Reynolds and Henry Karl want a baby so badly, why doesn't she take a year off and have one? So she's active again. She's even resuming her nitery career, and plans to make three films in 1964. This leaves a stark pretty tired, I'd say. . . . Perhaps it's nothing but gossip, but they're saying that Jim Garner's wife was much happier when he was only a television star. . . . Lucky Richard Boone only hit a parked car when returning from a studio party. The impact sent his head through the windshield, and surgeons spent two hours on his face.

Big Bill Holden finally made it official. He and his wife Ardis have decided they'll be much happier not sharing the same house. Will Bill marry the vivacious Capucine when he's free? If he does, Charlie Feldman will have something hot to say. It was the producer who discovered Capucine, and once wired and dined her. And those were the days Bill and Charlie were best pals.

Puzzler of the Month: What member of a husband-wife entertainment team is so unhappy he starts drowning his sorrows with vodka minutes after he gets up? THE END

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A real Hungarian serenade has put birthday boy Buddy Hackett (he's thirty-nine) and wife in a trance. He's there for "Millie Goes to Budapest."

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Pretty Talk by Cindy Parker

Eye-deas to please a man... What's your type?... Tender treatment!

Q. The man in my life has seen my wardrobe a million times. Can you give me a new look (without a new wardrobe, please)?

S. F., Keene, New Hampshire

A. Why not add excitement with imagination and lots of accessories? Try a heavy gold bangle bracelet high on your arm. Wear a hairbow... it's so in vogue... either lots of tiny bows, or pin your hair back into one large one. Dress up a dress with a fake leopard or lizard skin belt. Dye a pair of shoes a splashy bright color. Or really dazzle him with different shades of eyeshadow! Cutex has the prettiest Pressed Powder Eyeshadow (that's the newest way eyes should be color-shaded!) I've ever seen. Comes in a clever Combination Package that's really an eye-compact. Contains three shades—a beautiful blue, a warm green, and a bold violet. Wear each by itself or one color over another... blue over green... violet over blue. You'll have eyes he'll idolize! P.S. Doesn't cost a bundle, either! Look for this Cutex Pressed Powder Eyeshadow Compact in your 5 & 10.

Q. I'm not really sure what my complexion is, so how can I choose the right make-up for me?

K. K., Red Bank, New Jersey

A. Do you tan easily? You're olive! Do you blush quickly... flush when excited? You're medium with rosiness! Are bright colors in clothes, particularly red, best for you? You're medium with no rosiness! Are you the snowy-white type? You're fair to pale. Your make-up should match your skin type and look as natural, as if it's you. Take Angel Face Compact Make-up, for example. Blushing Angel adds needed rosiness to a medium with no rosiness. Tan Angel and Tawny Angel are for olive types. Ivory Angel is heavenly on the fair lady. Natural Angel is perfect for medium with rosiness. 8 shades to choose from—one just right for you!

Q. How can I get my complexion really clean without using something harsh or medicated?

J. L., Van Nuys, Calif.

A. Here's a beauty treatment you'll love to do and love the results you see. 1. Lavish on Pond's Cold Cream. Pond's goes deep into pores, digs out the dirt that soap water can't touch; doesn't dry out your skin; never irritates the way some medications can. 2. Tissue off cream. 3. Next, hold a steamy hot wash cloth to your skin. Do this two or three times. 4. Rinse with cool, clear water. Use an astringent after. With the steam and Pond's Cold Cream, you'll be a dream!

Look for "Pretty Talk" every month in Photoplay!
FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB’S:

“How do you feel about an actress punching a columnist when he writes something about her she doesn’t like?”

This is the question that was put to me and a TV panel by the moderator, Dennis James. Of course, I answered that I didn’t feel good about it and I didn’t think actresses should go around punching columnists. I sure don’t want to be socked! Who does? Even prize-fighters try to avoid being hit when they are in the ring.

I was the only columnist on that TV panel of fifteen, and twelve out of the fifteen (including me) voted that an actress shouldn’t punch a columnist. I carefully looked over the three who had voted Yes, but I couldn’t figure out their angle. The whole question had come up because a few months ago, Shirley MacLaine had entered the office of columnist Mike Connolly, asked to see him, and after the customary “Hello,” let go with a roundhouse right. It landed solidly on Mike’s face, and Shirley took off with the speed of a jet, not waiting to see if Mike was floored, or giving him the opportunity to counter-attack if he so desired. All Shirley wanted was to punch Mike. Mission accomplished, she left.

Later, after the television program, I gave much thought to this question, and had many more answers. For example, I’d much rather be punched by an actress than an actor. I’d rather be punched by Elizabeth Taylor than Richard Burton; by Joanne Woodward than Paul Newman; by Sandra Dee than Robert Mitchum.

I have gotten along fine with Shirley MacLaine. In fact, she is one of my favorites. The only physical contact we’ve had was kissing each other, politely, when we meet. I look upon this as one of the great pleasures of meeting Shirley. I recalled when she had visited me at my office at Schwab’s, watched a little television with me and then gave me a piggy-back ride as we descended the flight of stairs which leads from my office to the store proper. A (Continued on page 82)
Fred Robbins Interviews
ANNETTE

FRED: When are you going to get married?
ANNETTE: I don’t know.
FRED: What kind of a guy do you want to marry?
ANNETTE: Most of the time we have so little in common, but I’d like to marry a non-professional, if I could meet him. But I come in contact with only professionals.
FRED: How can you marry a non-professional if you have nothing in common?
ANNETTE: I’ll find someone. I think one problem is the fact that they all think I make so much more money than they do, that I would never want to date them. They figure, “Why would she want to go for a hot dog with me?” But these are the things that I love . . . going to a drive-in show, or eating a frankfurter or hamburger. But if I could find someone exactly like my father I’d be the happiest girl in the world.
FRED: What are the qualities your dad has that you’re looking for?
ANNETTE: He’s probably the most gentle man I know . . . he’s very warm, very friendly. You love him the minute you see his face. He’s fabulous! Usually people in Hollywood are so involved in themselves . . . self-centered. But you can’t help but be, because you’re trying to get ahead and you have all this fame, and people staring at you . . . so that’s why I’d like to marry a non-professional . . . the problem is whether I’ll find him or not. Well, I’ll keep looking . . .

FRED: How do you handle the guys who make passes at you?
ANNETTE: Well, I always try to be polite about it . . . if I’m trying to get rid of them, I’ll just excuse myself . . . there’s ways of being tactful without seeming rude . . . but many times you just have to put it right to them and say, “Look, would you leave me alone.” Some people can’t take a hint.
FRED: Why is marriage so important to you?
ANNETTE: Because I want a big, big family . . . being Italian and Catholic, I think that’s one of our traits. Loving big families.
FRED: You really haven’t been bitten by the acting bug at all yet—or have you?
ANNETTE: I think I’m starting to be now, because I want to go into dramatic coaching, and I want to have a good meaty role. I think until I fulfill this, I won’t be satisfied.
FRED: Will you give up your career when you get married?
ANNETTE: Maybe not when I get married, but once I start raising a family, I will.
FRED: It looks like your folks have given you very, very good principles and training. You haven’t gone Hollywood, have you?
ANNETTE: I hope not. My parents would kill me if I ever did.

Annette can be seen in A-l’s “Beach Party.” Hear Fred on radio’s “Assignment Hollywood.” In the New York area, you can hear him on WNEW’s “Robbins’ Nest.”
to keep a marriage on solid ground when your husband is as popular as Paul is. He is mobbed wherever he goes—especially over in Europe.

Elvis and Ann-Margret hold hands in public and give out a glow when together, but they give out little information. She did admit she'll be going out with only Elvis in the future. She's admitted she'll be going out with only Elvis in the future. She's ordered a wardrobe lavish enough for a trousseau and will take her father and mother to the London opening of "Bye Bye Birdie" on November 1st. She's settled her parents in a home in Benedict Canyon, so this leaves her very little unfinished business where they're concerned.

Elvis had planned a trip to Hawaii to buy a pad there for himself, but changed his mind at the last moment and headed for Memphis in his air-conditioned trailer—with five of his bodyguards. A sixth drove the $50,000 (1964 vintage) Rolls-Royce El just bought with proceeds from "Viva Las Vegas." He'll be back in Hollywood this month to start another picture.

A weather report on the world's biggest love deal might read: fair and warmer, but humidity high and possible squalls. Says Sybil Burton: "Positively no divorce for at least two years." Richard Burton now says: "What I have done is to move outside the accepted idea of monogamy without physically investing the other person with anything that makes me feel guilty. So I remain inviolate and untouched." Eddie Fisher's contribution to the overall picture: "You can believe me when I tell you I am really in love." Renata Boeck is a real beauty!

Liz' apartment at the Dorchester in London will be redecorated while she chaperones Richard and Ava Gardner through "Night Of The Iguana" in Mexico. Liz wanted to live on a yacht, and wanted the Zaca (Errol Flynn's boat) which is now in Majorca, but which Patrice Wymore really prefers to keep in Jamaica. The triangle is neatly placed for a quick divorce: Liz could get a quickie in Mexico, or Eddie, who'll divide his coming months in Nevada between Lake Tahoe and Las Vegas, could do the divorcing. When will all this happen? I don't know—because I am one of the few who still believes that Burton will never marry Liz.

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Now that they're reconciled, Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin have settled down in New York, far from Hollywood complications and the people he feels have disturbed their marriage. Bobby's publishing business is located in Manhattan and he plans to reorganize his life and career along different lines.

While Pat Boone was in Europe he allowed his six secretaries to take turns living in his Hollywood manse. Pat has managed to keep the human touch in spite of fame and wealth. He drove back from the East Coast, stopping off in Florida to see his mother and father.

Above: I don't know what the beer bottle was telling Paul Newman, but it's where he's getting all his good marriage and career advice, more stars should start listening to beer bottles!

Troy Donahue keeps Suzanne Pleshette's interest sharpened by occasionally dating pretty Diane McBain. Both Suzanne and Troy still swear they have no present marriage plans. Hmmm!

Above: Frank Sinatra flew in from New York on the same jet with me. He was with his current best girl, Jill St. John. When we landed, he and Jill got into a smaller plane and took off into the wild blue yonder for parts unknown. Hmmm to this, too.

Lauren Bacall accepted a picture offer, and I was surprised. She has a full-time job at home, what with taking care of her two children by Humphrey Bogart, her child by Jason Robards, Jr., and his two by previous marriage. This is quite a change for Lauren. She has little time for parties or night clubs these days.

You don't hear so much of Warren Beatty since his split with Natalie Wood. She got him more print mileage than half a dozen press agents could have. He asked $150,000 to star in "Ensign Pulver" and must have done a double take when he read the prize went to Robert Walker, Jr. Bob has wanted to play Pulver as long as he can remember, but never dreamed he'd get the chance. He was happy to do it for Josh Logan for $15,000.

Below: Judy Garland was happy to have daughter Liza as a guest on her TV show, but she wasn't happy with all the talk that Liza'll marry soon. Mama put her foot down hard over that! (Please turn the page)
Rod Taylor and bride hit the front pages in his hometown, Sydney, Australia. The Prime Minister and the Lord Mayor extended official greetings. But the airline lost his luggage on the way over. As Rod put it, "Local boy popular but naked!"

The girl who's snagged two of our top movie names isn't a star, or even an actress. She's Shirlee Adams, pretty air line hostess who dates Henry Fonda when she hits one coast and Gardner McKay on the opposite side of the U.S. Her job has its advantages, doesn't it!

Roz Russell found so many Hollywoodites in Honolulu when she vacationed there that the main drag looked like Beverly Hills. Roz, who flew to the islands, played a joke on a couple of friends who came by boat. She dressed herself up in a mu-mu, big hat and ukulele and joined a picket line outside their hotel. When the pals walked through to register, Roz screamed "Capitalists!" at the top of her lungs.

Rock Hudson, Doris Day, and Jim Garner all turned down offers of $10,000 for one day's work in TV commercials. They held to the idea such a step would be a blight on their glamour. But Barbara Stanwyck agreed to come on and sing the praises of instant coffee. Such notables as Edward G. Robinson, Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Gary Merrill and Julie London all were in favor of the TV offer. A couple of them said it helped get them movie offers.

Sue (Lolita) Lyon denies she's engaged to marry Hampton Fancher, III, but she saw a lot of him before going off to the Mexican location of "Night Of The Iguana." Well, we will see!

Maximilian Schell managed to have a romance with Nancy Kwan without a lot of fireworks, but beaing Princess Soraya around has been a different thing. Schell, while costarring with Melina Mercouri in a picture made in Istanbul, was asked by her husband, actor-producer Jules Dassin, not to bring Soraya on the set. Newspapers got wind of it and reported a feud between the two women. One paper told of a quarrel in which the two girls were reported exchanging sharp words. Said Melina: "Nothing but lies. I was never introduced to Soraya. She is always surrounded by such a crowd of admirers and photographers that my husband feared his set would be trampled and his work delayed, so he asked that she remain away from it."

Above: Handsome Keir Dullea told me he had to learn to ride a horse for "Mail Order Bride." He liked the horse so much, he's going to buy him and stake him out on Staten Island so he can keep riding when he's home in New York. But the way Keir's career is going in Hollywood, he may never get to New York. Right now he's in Spain.

Jane Fonda won't be coming back to Hollywood until Christmas time. She's just made a picture in Paris, will visit Russia and come home via the Far East.

Above: George Peppard and Elizabeth Ashley were a red hot duo during "The Carpetbaggers" filming, but now that it's in the can, some say the romance is too. Liz had to go to New York for a Broadway play—and if the separation doesn't cool the romance, nothing will. Me? I think they'll marry when both are divorced—unlike the other Liz.
Bing Crosby and his Kathy are taking their brood to northern California, and buying a home in the swank Burlingame colony. Bing has things figured out down to the last item: his mother will run the house and handle the budget; he and Kathy will be able to work when they want to and come back to normal living afterwards. Meanwhile, his kids will be out of the dizzy professional climate which has left his four older boys with only one solid marriage among them. Gary, once the maverick of the four, and Barbara Stuart recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary; but the other three boys have separated from their respective wives.

Below: Barbara Eden, much to husband Mike Ansara’s delight, is about the busiest girl in town. She makes one film after another and does a fine job in every one of them. Now there’s a record. (Please turn the page)

Carol Lynley isn’t dating, although she’s separated from Mike Selsman. There’s no settlement as yet, or suit on file. But Carol recently got Mike to retract his statements that she isn’t a good mother, and he now says he won’t sue for custody of the baby. Carol has put her Benedict Canyon home on the market. She’ll choose a different type home in a district where there will be children for her daughter Jill to play with.
Our stars are sinking a lot of money into Australia. First Art Linkletter and Steve McQueen bought cattle ranches there. They talked so much about it to Jack Lord, he made a couple of trips down under and bought himself an 18,000-acre place with some of the “Stoney Burke” profits (he owns 25% of that TV series). Now it’s Rhonda Fleming’s turn to look it over with an eye toward investing.

Blond Susan Oliver did better than other competitors when she went to Moscow as one of the American delegation to their film festival. She studied Russian via sleep records, learned enough of the language to sing a song, and got herself a job at the Leningrad Stadium, playing a guitar and wearing a Western costume complete with tight black pants, shirt and big Mexican hat. One hundred thousand Russians jammed the place and she collected a salary for it, too.

Didn’t 20th steal a page from Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay when they created that fantasy scene of how a rich night-club star lives for “What A Way To Go”? The set had an all-pink house, pink pavements, pink swimming pool, pink costumes, even a pink Rolls. It was Jayne who cashed in on the pink frenzy for years. When that publicity stunt wore out she got lost on an island and was almost bitten to death by mosquitoes—but nobody believed it was for real. Her separation from Mickey and romance with an Italian director was also taken with a grain or two of salt. Her Latin lover refused to get a divorce Italian style. Now a chastened Jayne, back with her Mickey, is expecting a baby. Any new publicity ideas will doubtless be welcome!

Shirley MacLaine wouldn’t let her daughter Sachie work in her current picture, “What A Way To Go,” playing Shirley at age of nine. So she did the little-girl scene herself, and very convincingly. “I turned down an offer for Sachie to play the child in ‘How To Kill A Mockingbird,’” she told me. “Her father and I talked it over together and decided if she started acting she might not want to quit. I was tempted since she’d only do a short scene in this picture, but didn’t want her to be late for the opening of school.” Everyone’s eyebrows went up when Shirley, who doesn’t go in for the big splash as a rule, bought a $100,000 yacht which sleeps twelve. But Steve Parker is having it sent to Japan and is building a dock for it, so she’ll have to go there to use it.

When Gig Young and Elizabeth Montgomery (Robert’s daughter) were divorced last January in Juarez, I thought she’d be first to marry again, but Gig beat her to the altar by marrying Elaine Whitman. She’s a real-estate operator who found him a house in Coldwater Canyon, helped him redesign and re-decorate it. They’ve known each other for six months. Gig also told me he may be doing a play on Broadway this very winter.

When former restaurateur Mike Romanoff finally got himself a top part in a movie, he laid down some hard and fast rules. He was not to be called by his own name in the picture “Shock Treatment,” which is set in an insane asylum, and he was not to be referred to as a restaurateur. But someone at 20th must have a keen sense of humor because although Mike’s part runs through the picture, he hasn’t a single line to say. He plays an inmate who thinks he’s mute.

Bob Mitchum says he’ll look around for a California farm when he gets a moment off from work, but not with any idea of moving to the West Coast for good. “Dorothy and Petrine and our sons all love our farm in Maryland, as much as I do,” said Bob, full of contentment, “so we’ll still headquarter there.”

Bob Hope told me that when he and Pola Negri found themselves together in an elevator in New York’s Hampshire House, Pola cut him dead. “She passed me by like I was a bellboy; but the girl with her sort of smiled at me and that took me out of the deep freeze. I must say Pola looks great, though.” Incidentally, it’s Walt Disney who is bringing Pola back into movies in “The Moon-Spinners” with that scene-stealer Hayley Mills.

That’s all the news for now. I’ll write more next month •
WE ANSWER THE CRITICS WHO SAY: “CAROLINE KENNEDY IS BEING SPOILED!”

(Please turn the page)
The cabinet members and advisors sitting in conference with President Kennedy at his Palm Beach retreat last December 29 realized the tenseness of the meeting—even before JFK ordered no outside interruptions. The President’s medical-care bill had been voted down by the 87th Congress and he now wanted to make sure it passed in the next session. Suddenly there was a scream followed by the sound of a little girl crying. John Kennedy bit his lower lip. (Continued on page 80)
For obvious reasons, I can't reveal my name. You may not understand this now, but you will by the time you've read my story. Just let me begin by saying that sometimes my father gives me a swift pain. Like yesterday at breakfast. He finally came out from behind his paper and fixed me with his special, patented "we-didn't-act-like-this-when-I-was-young" look. So I said quickly, "I gotta cut out for the library, Dad, they're sure piling on the (Continued on page 98)
Meet Pat Collins — the sensational new hypnotist who has celebrities like Lloyd Bridges and Sal Mineo doing things they never dreamed they'd do — in public!

(Continued on page 68)
By eight o'clock that morning the sun was already high and everyone knew that in addition to all the other problems, it was going to be a hot, sticky day. And this could be dangerous, because in the heat everything that had been planned so carefully could easily fall apart. People would be uncomfortable, people could get sick, tempers might flare, violence might be triggered. And then all the hope that had been built on this day would dissolve into hopelessness. And in the midst of all this stood a group of Hollywood stars anxious and expectant, glad to be involved, but perhaps apprehensive. Because they all knew that for whatever they might gain today, they could lose something else, something that was important to them, too. And so the day began—a day of fear, a day of hope. A day of drastic change.

All across the country people began turning on television sets—and perhaps you who are reading this now were one of them—for even if you were only curious, even if you didn't know it at the time, it was a day that will change your life. For this was the day...
Shoulder to shoulder, Americans of every race, color and creed joined together for the Freedom March. By train, bus, car, plane; on foot and on roller skates they came to the nation's capital. Significantly, the march ended in the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument, where a ceremony included songs by Odetta (bottom left). Years ago, actors and actresses would not have joined such a controversial event, but today, they put a good cause before box-office success. Typical of these are Marlon Brando (top left), James Garner and Paul Newman (shown marching with Diahann Carroll, center left). Charlton Heston (top right with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Belafonte) was one of the first actors to fight for a right he believed in. At the March, he was joined by Anthony Franciosa (center right). Sammy Davis, Jr. (at bottom right), won everyone's applause when he said to a Senator who praised his great night-club act: "Senator, I hope I can say your act is great—when the Civil Rights bill comes to Congress!"

of the March on Washington, D.C. for Jobs and Freedom. From all over the country more than 200,000 people poured into the capital of our nation.

Their plan was to show Congress, by sheer strength of numbers, that they wanted equality in jobs and human rights for all people. They were made up of Negroes and whites and famous people and unknown people. And they included a group from Hollywood. Many stars had wanted to take part in the march. They believed in the cause and they want to show it.

They said they were demonstrating as private citizens, but they hoped they'd influence their fans. They said they didn't care if the publicity would hurt or help their careers, and they knew some damage had already been done at the box-office. But they were committed now—and for this day and all days to come—they would have to place their commitment before their careers. Photoplay knew this—and that is why they sent this reporter to watch them, to find out what they felt and why they felt they had to involve themselves in this (Continued on page 76)
CONNIE STEVENS’ WEDDING

What Jim Stacy Has That Gary Clarke Didn’t!

(Please turn the page)
Imagine them coming slowly down the aisle, Connie's bridesmaids in their pink and red dresses, their great bouquets of red and pink roses, stephanotis, baby's breath and ivy... Imagine the bride, beautiful little Connie in her long, beaded, ivory gown, with its fingertip veil, the crown of stephanotis, no hair showing, just the clean, scrubbed, girlish face, eyes sparkling, moving slowly for once in her busy life... on her father's arm down the center aisle, light spilling in the high windows of St. Francis de Sales Church, touching the hundreds of friends who have come to watch the nuptial high mass uniting her forever with handsome—"He may not be the best-looking guy in the world but he seems so to me"—James Stacy. All eyes are on Connie.

What is she thinking, Connie, the lovely, radiant bride?

Isn't this a miracle! I never in the world thought I'd ever find someone just right for me. Never in my wildest dreams.

For six and a half years she was in love with Gary Clarke, and once that romance was over, she just thought marriage wasn't for her. She turned to her career with renewed energy. She thought she'd just be a big movie
star and never marry. Have a million romances. Have fun. Play the field. Live it up.

Today I feel like the most fortunate girl on earth. I'm happy, really happy. This is what I've wanted all my life. Someone to love completely, someone to love me. That's what life is all about, that's what counts.

He is standing, waiting before the altar, a dark, curly-haired fellow with a sensitive face and twinkling blue eyes. Jim Stacy, the man with whom she's going to share her life.

What does he have that Gary Clarke didn't have? What is there about him different from any other boy she's ever known? He's strong. He doesn't have to throw his weight around, he just clearly is going to be head of their house. He's as independent as Connie, and because she loves him, she's willing to be guided now for the very first time in her life. More than willing.

One person recently said to me about love—it's not heaven or hell, it's a little bit of both and more of the middle of the road. With Gary, I was either up on a mountain peak or ready to die. This is a far more mature kind of love. I feel as if I'd grown up. I've found I don't mind being criticized or told what to do—when it's Jim who does it. I'd never stand for that before. But I trust his judgment. He makes it quite clear he'll be head of the house. And I like it—I really was surprised, I must admit. We're very much alike in temperament. We sometimes have exactly the same thoughts. Yesterday it was so hot I said, “Let's fry an egg on the sidewalk”; and he said, “Of
What
Jim Stacy Has That Gary Clarke Didn't!

continued

course,” as if he'd been just about to say the same thing. That's a silly thing—but you see what I mean, we're in tune. He's full of life and that's wonderful, glorious, really, to be able to depend on someone else to keep the show going. His sense of humor is much keener than mine. He's more full of hell, and so far as independence goes, we're exactly alike. We can get like two bulls, pawing the ground. But I'm slowly diminishing my independence. It's lovely to have someone else take responsibility.

Above all, I'm free with him, free to be myself and he understands that self. He treats me like a woman . . . (I always felt that Gary treated her like a china doll) . . . if I don't understand something and squawk about it, I get an answer. He doesn't just walk out of the room and leave me to fuss. It may not be the answer I want to hear, but it's an answer. He never leaves me in midair, never leaves me without communicating.

This was what Gary Clarke didn't have. Gary is talented, Gary is bright. But he's known a great deal of personal confusion—and why wouldn't he? A boy who had the responsibilities of an early marriage, children, and a career that wouldn't budge for a long time. He'd faced a lot of living Connie couldn't possibly understand. He so disliked argument that he sidestepped issues instead of meeting them. The slightest altercation between him and Connie, and he immediately associated it with the problems of his former marriage.

Jim Stacy's not afraid of anything, including Connie. Born of a Syrian father and an Irish mother, he inherited a wonderful mixture of imagination, dreaminess and spunk. For example, he turned down some pretty good football offers to hitchhike across the country and ship off on a freighter for Europe where he worked his way through fourteen countries. And he tried his hand at advertising copy writing (still wants to write a top-flight novel) before he decided that writing was a pretty lonely business, and anyone as gregarious as he had better try acting. And he's fought his way along, always vitally aware of himself and of the world. He's stacked up (Continued on page 87)

WHAT GARY HAS TO SAY ABOUT THE WEDDING

How did Gary Clarke feel about Connie Stevens’ marriage? I didn't know what Gary would say for publication. Or whether he would say anything. But the public who'd followed their romance for seven years would want to know. On the other end of the phone, there was abrupt silence.

Then, "I wish Connie all the happiness in the world," Gary said finally. "You know that. You know the whole story. But why do people want to bring me into it now? Look, two people are getting married. And, given a chance, I'm sure they'll be very happy. They will raise a fine family together. And they will have a happy life together. I've had a lot of queries from the press and from people we've known. A lot of calls. A lot of letters from fans. All wanting to know how I feel about Connie's marriage. How I feel about Connie. What I'm going to do now.

"Why can't people just let Connie get married in peace? Why keep reviving what's over and done with?" Gary said earnestly. "It isn't fair to Connie. And it isn't fair to Jim. It takes a lot for two people to be happy in this business, anyway. Why bring up the past even before their new life has begun? This is the beginning of Connie's new life. Of their life together. Why involve me? Why bring me (Continued on page 88)
ONLY
PHOTOPLAY
HAS THE STORY!

BURTON TWO-TIMING LIZ!
Secretly Asks Wife: "COME BACK!"

(Please turn the page)
To the seaside town of Aberavon—not far from Port Talbot, South Wales, where Richard Burton’s sister Cecelia lives—did Burton take Elizabeth Taylor one day early last September. To the scene of his boyhood fun he led her—where one could still stroll along the wide boardwalk and smile down at the groups of happy-faced biddies who sat on gay-colored beach chairs, in small, tight, semi-circular clusters on the sand, so as to protect their already ruddy complexions from the stinging breezes that swept in from the Bristol Channel, behind them; where for nine pence one could still buy a small but succulent beef-and-kidney pie, not to mention a cup of piping hot tea or a warmish and darkish glass of beer; where for another few pence one could still ride the bang ’em cars, the creaky and timeworn caterpillar, and, of course, the wonderful, ancient carousel.

“Give it a go?” asked Burton of Liz at one point—indicating the carousel and smiling. Liz nodded, not smiling. “Get aboard, then,” said Burton. Silently, Liz climbed on.

Suddenly a tin organ began piping its merry and empty little tune; suddenly the carousel began to move. “Aren’t you coming, Richard?” Liz called, a bit nervous.

“No,” he called back, laughing, “—you take this one alone, sweet.”

And so she stood there now, clutching to a cold pole—roundabout, roundabout the carousel moving—catching small glimpses of him every twenty seconds or so—
him standing there laughing, waving, as if without a care in the world... though she knew that in his heart of hearts there was no laughter this moment, not really... that he was acting now... superbly... like the most glorious of Hamlets—having a love affair with his own fears, and guilt... and yet horrified by them. And with her continuing to catch sight of his face—fleeting... there he is... (tin music)... there he is! And with her wondering, hurt and silent, if this old toy on which she now stood was not somehow a parody of both their lives this past year and a half of their much-celebrated love affair... this constant movement... this not always merry merry-go-round ride they’d been on, together... ever spinning, ever moving, never stopping for a moment... and yet an aimless and directionless journey. To where?—she wondered. And to what end? They had arrived in Wales—Liz and Burton—the preceding Tuesday. And she, for one, had been happier then. After all this time—though she had met Richard’s brothers Graham and Ivor Jenkins in London, plus a scattered assortment of cousins and distant relatives—Richard was now taking her home to meet Cecelia. Or, more widely and affectionately known as “Sis”—the oldest of the eleven Jenkins children. Who had taken care of young Rich ever since he was two, when their mother had died. Who had been from that time, (Please turn the page)

Wherever they go, and especially at showbiz parties filled with other glamorous ladies (left), Liz tries never to let Burton out of her sight. Such constant surveillance is a new thing for free-wheeling Rich. Meantime, in New York, a new, radiant Sybil Burton manages to have a ball with couples from home or “old friends” like Roddy McDowall (above). At right, Liz performs a “family” function at the wedding of Burton’s niece Carolyn Cook. Anxious-to-be-a-family-bride Liz even loaned the bride her big Rolls-Royce.
therefore—though only seventeen or eighteen years older than Richard—as a mother to him. Who now lived with her husband, Elfred James, a retired miner, in a handsome house—"a lovely present from my brother." And who would obviously be the one to give her "official" blessing to any forthcoming Elizabeth-Richard marriage—since, as someone in Port Talbot remarked to us, "for a Welshman to take a girl home is akin to getting engaged to her!"

It is no secret, of course, that for many months now Liz—like the rest of the world—had been confused about Burton's actual intentions towards her. Quite confused.

There had, after all, been the days—the good days—when he had insisted, after a ten-hour stint at the studio working on "The V.I.P.s" that, instead of retiring to their suites for a leisurely pick-me-up, Liz sit with him—full-glare—in the lobby of their London hotel, the Dorchester, so that all the world could see her—and him—together—happy—Richard Burton with his prize, his pride.

And then there had been the days—the not-so-good days—when, after a row, he'd downed perhaps one too many—without Liz—and had said in his anger to whoever would listen (and once there was a reporter present): "That woman has no feelings. No feelings at all!"

There had been the day—it was just last summer, early—when, with Liz standing alongside him, smiling and content on that day, sipping champagne, he'd proudly announced to reporters that
"yes, we’re getting married—this wonderful girl and I."

And then there had been the day—the very next day—when he’d announced, abruptly, to the very same reporters that he’d only been “jesting,” that he actually had no immediate plans to marry Liz Taylor—or anyone else; for that matter. (“I am still a quite married man, don’t you know," he’d declared.)

There had been, at the time, those people of cynical mind who’d thought that this sequence of scenes and announcements and counter-announcements had been a grandly-played though weird sort of gag—cooked up by Burton and Liz in order to keep the admittedly-nosy world guessing. But the truth of the (Continued on page 91)

While Burton plays “Daddy” to Liz’ brood (here he takes Maria home from a hospital), he’s away from his own girls Katie (above) and Jessica.
As he walked out onto the stage of the Royal Box at New York's plush new Americana Hotel, the twin spotlights hit him smack in the eyes. It was a little like being in a police lineup, except that there were hundreds of strangers out there in the dark room instead of a handful of detectives and cops, and they were not there to pick him out as a criminal suspect, but to judge him as a singer. Or were they?

He was Frank Sinatra, Jr., and this was his opening night in the Big Town. His previous opening night performances—in Vegas and Atlantic City and all those other places—had been strictly from Podunk. This was the big-time; tonight was for keeps: win the works or go for broke. But surely he didn't rate forty-five photographers and reporters—those guys milling around in the lobby. Besides, they hadn't beaten a path to his dressing room and they weren't wasting much of their film on his picture.

Most of the crowd out there behind the blinding blaze of the spotlight (as Milton Berle used to say, you knew someone was there because you could hear breathing) had showed up primarily because they were curious to see if he could make it big in his own right, or if he were just a blurred carbon copy of his famous dad. Or had they?

He knew they were there, all right, not because he could hear breathing, but because he could hear whispering—the buzzing of tongues. And, even if he couldn't see their
GANGSTERS! SON DEFENDS FATHER

eyes because of the spotlights’ glare in his own, he knew that they weren’t fixed exclusively on him. They were moving back and forth like spectators’ eyes at a tennis game, turning from empty table at ringside to singer on stage: table to stage to table to stage—moving eyes keeping pace with wagging tongues.

It wasn’t just that his father hadn’t arrived yet for his son’s opening night. It wasn’t just that the empty table—reserved for “Frank Sinatra and Party”—stood out like a sore thumb in the over-filled room. It was just—it was just that they were saying that his own father was afraid, afraid to face the music.

No, not the music of Tommy Dorsey’s orchestra which was backing him up tonight just as it had backed up his dad twenty years ago, except that Tommy was dead and now Sam Donahue was giving the beat. It was the bitter music contained in those headlines in the papers out in the lobby, the same headlines that had brought the photographers and reporters on the double to get a statement from his dad if he showed and that had hyped up attendance here to the overflow point: Sinatra In Hot Water Over Ganglord’s Nevada Visit. . . . Sinatra on the Spot—May Lose Gaming License—Accused of Playing Host to Gangster in Nevada . . . Sinatra in Jam over Hood Pal. . . . It was just—aw, nuts!

Frank Sinatra, Jr., nineteen, a huskier version of his famous father, cigarette held casually in his right hand (did the fingers tremble a bit, or were they just responding to the beat of the music?), closed his eyes (was this his usual stance, or was it to blot out the image of the empty table visible on the outer perimeter of the ring made by the spotlights?), leaned his dark-haired head back, opened his lips and sang. The words, the phrasing, the shading, the vocal mannerisms were similar to his father’s; but the emotion, the feeling in his songs, was shyly, uniquely his own.

As long as he kept singing, as long as he kept them listening to him, their eyes wouldn’t probe and stray and their tongues wouldn’t pry and wag. As long as he kept them listening to him, they wouldn’t buzz about the headlines. . . .

The Charges: A formal complaint, issued by the Nevada Gaming Control Board, charged that Frank Sinatra knowingly played host to a notorious underworld figure. That he had as his guest at his Lake Tahoe resort, the Cal-Neva Lodge, July 17 to 28, one Salvatore Giancana (also known as “Momo” and “Sam” and “Mooney”) of Chicago, who had been previously identified by the board as “one of the twelve overlords of the Mafia.”

Giancana is one of the eleven persons listed in the Nevada commission’s “Black Book,” whose mere presence in any gambling casino in that state is considered sufficient grounds for revoking the license.

Specifically, Sinatra was charged with allowing Giancana to stay at one of the chalets adjoining the casino. The complaint said “although chalet No. 50 at the time of the visit of Sam Giancana was registered to a female performer then appearing at the lodge . . . said Sam Giancana is known to have been entertained, harbored, and permitted to remain there and receive services and courtesies from the licensee (Sinatra). . . .” Gaming board chairman Edward Olsen, who filed the complaint, refused to identify the female performer.

It is known, however, that Giancana, fifty-four, thin and balding, was seen at the resort in the company of Phyllis McGuire, thirty-three, youngest of the McGuire Sisters who were performing at the lodge at the time the gang leader was there, and that he was photographed with her. Giancana, a widower (his wife Angelina died eight years ago and he is the father of three daughters), calls Phyllis “my girl friend.” He first met her at Las Vegas and since then, in addition to visiting her frequently at her New York City apartment at 525 Park Avenue, (Continued on page 82)
How do you ask two people who used to be married to each other but are now divorced how come they’re living together again—without benefit of marriage license? And how do you ask Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay equally impertinent and intimate questions? Well, you pay up your insurance policy; make sure the table between you and the former Mr. Universe is wide enough so he can’t reach over and grab you; then pray Jayne doesn’t hold you (which, of course, would be nice under other circumstances) while Mickey tears you apart like he rips a phonebook cross-wise. Then you take a deep breath and you fire away!

And just as you get out the first word of the first question, Jayne excuses herself to have her hair done for the next show at Atlantic City’s 500 Club, or something. You’re temporarily alone with Mickey—without Jayne’s softening, restraining presence. And this is the way the interview goes:

**QUESTION:** How come you and Jayne are living together after she divorced you?

**MICKEY:** That divorce she got in Mexico—she found out that because of legal technicalities it didn’t go through. At least her lawyer thinks it didn’t. You better ask her about that yourself.

**QUESTION:** How did you feel about Jayne’s taking that divorce action?

**MICKEY:** If your wife wants to divorce you, there’s no way you (Continued on page 66)
The Mystery: Is there a new Jayne Mansfield and an old? Who can tell? All through her career in Hollywood and night clubs, Jayne has wavered back and forth between her “images.” The old Jayne posed for tantalizing pictures like that at left. The new one came out—for a while—in high necklines and a demure brown wig. And which Jayne walked out on Mickey Hargitay several times? Now, after a fling on the Riviera with Nelson Sardelli (far upper right), she has come back to Mickey. They’re a happy family again with their two sons, Zoltan and Mickey, Jr. (upper right), Jayne’s daughter Marie from her first marriage—and there’s even a new little Hargitay on the way. What’s more, the new Jayne is taking instruction so that she can convert to Catholicism. How can one girl be so many women, do so many varied things and still know who she is? Jayne tells this and more in an exclusive interview.
If you think this sounds like a new Dick Chamberlain, you're right!
To read about his secret desires, turn to page 94
Anthony Quinn tells world-famous reporter Sheilah Graham the latest chapter of his extra-marital romance with Jolanda Addolori.

“I must be free to marry the mother of my child!” Anthony Quinn’s face was somber. There were tears in his eyes. I didn’t need my glasses to see that the rugged, forty-eight-year-old star was suffering deeply. His big, dark, Mexican-Irish body was slumped dejectedly. I had come to talk to him on the set, in Paris, where he was starring with Gregory Peck in “Behold A Pale Horse.” I beheld a very distraught man.

Nine months ago, Tony Quinn became the out-of-wedlock father of a son, Francesco Daniele. The mother is Jolanda Addolori, an attractive under-thirty Venetian whom Tony first met when she worked as wardrobe woman in his “Barrabas” epic in Rome. After that, he took her to the deserts of Jordan as his secretary when he was playing a wild Sheik in “Lawrence of Arabia.” He found Jolanda sympathetic. First she became his secretary, then his mistress, then the mother of his child—and now he is anxious to marry her, to make her his bride.

“My wife Katherine must try to understand (Continued on page 96)
After the birth it still looked as if the twenty-year marriage of the Quinns (above) might weather the storm. Now Tony wants to be free.

Baby Francesco Daniele, born out of wedlock last March, was publicly accepted as “my son” by Tony, who has four children by his wife Kate.
Not since Humphrey Bogart has there been such a star as Steve McQueen—a man who has tried everything once—even the forbidden

(Please turn the page)
They say many things about Steve McQueen. Those who don't like him say he is stubborn. Those who do, say, “He isn’t stubborn. He simply knows what he wants and won’t take anything less, that’s all there is to it.”

All admit, however, that McQueen is straightforward, talented and so imbued with ambition that his every waking hour is a relentless, sixty-minute assault on life. Yet, he is gentle until aroused. Then he is ruthless. But some nights he screams in his sleep.

In a rare moment of introspection recently, Steve looked back on his life and was so shocked at his past that “I damn near cried.” That he (Continued on page 64)
On screen Steve McQueen's rage to love explodes in scenes with Natalie Wood above and below left from "Love With a Proper Stranger." In real life his love is incandescent. Steve knew a good thing when he first saw Neile Adams (above with Hedda Hopper). You've never read a love story like theirs.

"I am riding out the rage in my life," is how Steve explains his compulsion for high speed and daring.
survived it at all he considers a phenomenon. "But that I emerged without irreparable damage to my mind and my body is a miracle," he said thoughtfully. There are a few close friends of McQueen, however, who say that it will be an even greater miracle if Steve doesn't kill himself one of these days as a speed demon.

"I've looked at the world through blackened eyes, through the sights of a rifle, through the portholes of ships, through the peephole from a gambling casino, through the bars of a jail. I'll make it now," Steve says. He once looked at the world through a Christmas holly wreath while he was confined to a (Continued on page 89)
Today, famous Ban odor protection comes to you in a cream. Stops odor for 24 hours. Also helps keep you dry.

Now Ban brings you
a full-strength cream deodorant—with no cream mess

Make the amazing “feather test.” Rub some gentle, pink Ban Cream onto the palm of your hand. Notice how quickly it disappears on your skin. Now, press a feather onto the spot where you rubbed in Ban Cream.

One puff proves Ban Cream leaves no stickiness! Blow! The feather floats right off. Proof that new Ban Cream is not sticky or messy. In fact, new Ban Cream is as messless as a fine vanishing cream.

Two ways to take the worry out of being close! Now you can get Ban odor protection in Ban Roll-on and new Ban Cream. Both have been perfected by Bristol-Myers' research. Choose either Ban. Confidently.
can hold her if she doesn’t want to be.  

**QUESTION:** How did you get back together again?  

**MICKEY:** We’d signed for a night-club engagement before she went to Mexico and filed for divorce, so we had to go through with the contract. We met at the club four weeks later, and when she got back we were married, and the divorce was not going through, and since then we’ve been back together. Our three kids are here, too.  

**QUESTION:** But she did try to divorce you—how do you feel about that?  

**MICKEY:** I have no hard feelings. I don’t degrade her for what happened in the past. I’m convinced that deep down she didn’t really want to divorce me.  

**QUESTION:** How did you learn you two were no longer man and wife?  

**MICKEY:** From the radio, half-an-hour before she was back in L.A. from Mexico. I went home and said to myself, “That’s that.” I never thought she’d do it. Especially when I loved her so much. When I decided I wanted her to be the girl I lived with the rest of my life. This was just a misunderstanding between us. No real bitterness. I love Jaynie as a girl, not a movie star. They don’t make girls like her these days. Sure she has plenty of fire, drive and ambition, but she’s also very good with kids.  

**QUESTION:** And you think your relationship—let’s call it marriage—is okay now?  

**MICKEY:** I’m sure it will hold up from here on. The amazing thing about Jayne is that she is spontaneous and innocent, despite all. Let me tell you what she did when we were working at the Mamar Club in Columbus, Ohio. Between shows we’d take a breather in back of the club. We’d step out to a space between the club and a large newspaper building. And each time, the complete night shift of the paper—hundreds of guys—would lean out of the windows, yell down at us and cheer.  

The night before we closed, Jaynie said to me, “You know what I’m going to do? I’m going to put on a bikini and go out and really greet those guys. They can’t come to the show, so the show will go to them.”  

That’s what she did. Put on a bikini and climbed in back of my convertible. We drove slowly around that big building, with the top of the car down, and the guys whistled and yelled their lungs out and almost fell down on us. There was such a commotion, the police came. But when Jayne explained to them that she was just giving the boys a show for free, the cops phonked back to the precinct house that it wasn’t a riot, just Jayne Mansfield! And then the squad car followed us slowly around the block. Later the officers asked Jayne for her autograph.  

**QUESTION:** But do you think it was “innocent” and “spontaneous” when she posed for those nude pictures that appeared in *Playboy*?  

**MICKEY:** Would you like your wife to get out there and take her clothes off? I didn’t like it. Not at all. I said to her, “Everybody knows you’re the sex symbol, that you have a great body. It’s not necessary to pose like that at this stage of your career.”  

But then I questioned myself. “They’re beautiful photos,” I said. “Any other husband would just have to have his wife look as she does. I’d rather see these than pictures of murders. Am I ashamed of these pictures? No. Embarrassed? No. They’re beautiful. Beautiful.” That’s what I finally said to myself.  

But if the layout had been submitted to me for my okay—I must admit I’d have torn them up.  

**QUESTION:** Were you present when the photos were taken?  

**MICKEY:** No.  

**QUESTION:** Anything further on those famous photographs?  

**MICKEY:** Only that in some parts of the United States the Jayne Mansfield issue of *Playboy* is now selling for $100 a copy.  

**QUESTION:** What if your church would frown upon Jayne for posing for such shots? Or upon your off-again-on-again marriage?—how you’re-not-relationship? What then?  

**MICKEY:** I was brought up as a Catholic and consider myself a Catholic, but I have some beliefs of my own. My God is in and with me. He will understand and forgive and go along with the situation. As long as I live up to the Ten Commandments and do unto others what I hope they’ll do unto me, God will approve. And I’ll be happy, too.  

**QUESTION:** But suppose the law decides you and Jayne aren’t married and the church decides you can’t marry again?  

**MICKEY:** It would make no difference to me. My priest, mother, or God than I love with my God and my situation better than others do. I may not carry a cross in my hand, but I will fall on my knees in church, but still I’m a Catholic.  

**QUESTION:** But how about Nelson Sardelli—the man who was in Mexico with Jayne when she got her divorce? The man who told everybody he was going to marry her?  

**MICKEY:** He meant no more to her than her hairdresser. (He motions to the dressing room where, indeed, Jayne is having her hair done.) He wanted his picture to be printed with hers in the paper. He was pushing, he made sure to say to her, “I love you, I’m going to marry you”, when reporters were around.  

**QUESTION:** Why did Jayne divorce you?  

**MICKEY:** Jaynie is the kind of person who needs a person next to her who will help carry her through her career, whether she agrees with him or not. (He then gave a long, involved example of how he’d helped her five years ago when she was all set to sign with a Las Vegas night club. She was $2,500 a week and he held out for nearly four times as much and a lot of extras. She accused him of trying to ruin her career, but he stuck to his guns and got her every thing she wanted her to have.) Psychologically, maybe she resented my efforts for her. She likes my support, but she also likes to make up her own mind. Maybe, in a crazy way, my trying to help her spoiled our happiness. Then, too, I guess she began to take me for granted.  

**QUESTION:** Does it hurt, playing second-fiddle to a star?  

**MICKEY:** I could have been a movie star, too, but I never wanted to be. U-I offered me a seven-year contract back in 1956, after I’d won the Mr. Universe contest and was living in Maine West’s show at a thousand a week. But I turned it down. There’s no contest between Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay.  

**QUESTION:** How does it feel to be called “Mr. Mansfield”?  

**MICKEY:** I laugh it off. Heck, I used to sign autographs “Arthur Miller.” I know who I am, I don’t need to push in front of her.  

**QUESTION:** But didn’t your own career fold up after Jayne divorced you?  

**MICKEY:** After our separation and apparent divorce, I still had my TV show. I could have continued on the air for years. TV put me at the number-one rating of all television shows in Los Angeles. For that matter, I could go on the air in a completely different type of show. And I still manufacture exercise equipment.  

**QUESTION:** But what do you want to do?  

**MICKEY:** I love to build things. To play with real estate. I’m building seven homes right now.  

**QUESTION:** How did your kids feel about the divorce?  

**MICKEY:** I don’t think the kids were aware of the separation. (This differs sharply with what columnist Dorothy Manns wrote when, during a previous break-up she spoke of the "broken heart" of the then eleven-year-old Jane Marie, Jayne’s child by a previous marriage. "The day he moved out of the house," Miss Manns reported, "the child wept bitterly. She clung to her stepfather and dissolved in tears, saying, 'You'll always be my daddy, Mickey.'" And during a still earlier separation, Jane Marie had somehow got through to Louella Parsons when the columnist was ill in the hospital and had begged, "Please let us come down to see you. Please talk some sense to my mother.")  

**QUESTION:** How do you think your children react when they hear about or see the nude photos Jayne posed for?  

**MICKEY:** Kids of today are broadminded. They see their mother in the nude more than anyone else, so what difference can it make? At this point Jayne returns with a sparkling new hair-do and Mickey tackles a vitamin-filled health soup.  

**QUESTION:** Is it true that you have been taking instructions from a Monsignor in Los Angeles and that you will soon convert to Catholicism?  

**JAYNE:** Yes. I feel as a Catholic feels right now.  

**QUESTION:** What caused you to turn to Catholicism?  

**JAYNE:** It happened when I got lost in the Bahamas. That’s when people laughed at me because they thought it was a publicity stunt. Well, the absolute truth is I
almost lost my life. And I really prayed—for the first time in years. I thought of my parents, my new-born kids, my life. And I knew I needed something more. I wanted something more.

QUESTION: And Catholicism is the answer?

JAYNE: For me, yes. You know, I’m in Europe about six months of the year. There I go to mass every Sunday and to church every day of the week, even if it’s just kneeling on the steps. Here I always slip out to church between shows.

QUESTION: But those nude Playboy pictures—how do you square them with your new-found faith?

JAYNE: They were distributed without my consent, approval or agreement. They were taken by a staff photographer on the set of a movie. They were supposed to have been screened by the publicity man. (For the record: Hugh Hefner, publisher of Playboy, disagrees with Jayne and says, “The pictures were arranged with her and her agent before the motion picture cameras were set up...The pictures were taken by our own people...with her full consent and cooperation.”)

QUESTION: Has your religion brought you closer to your family?

JAYNE: I’ve always been close. To Jane, who’s twelve, and Miklos, who’s four, and Zoltan, who’s two, I’m also mad about our ten dogs and eight cats and our mynah bird and our fish. And, of course, about Mickey. I can’t seem to go anywhere with out my children. If you bring a child into the world, you’re not just that child’s mother, not a nurse. In my last twenty pictures, there was only one when I didn’t have my children with me. I’m soon to make a new picture in Greece, and they’ll go with me.

QUESTION: Are you or are you not still married to Mickey?

JAYNE: It’s an interesting situation. My lawyer is questioning the validity of the divorce. Something about the papers not having been filed correctly. Mickey and I kind of hope they’re not valid.

QUESTION: Why didn’t you divorce him?

JAYNE: Our personalities are different. I am easy-going. I avoid arguments. I don’t stand unpleasantness or discord. Mickey is wonderful, devoted, a good husband, but he is a Hungarian! He flares up and boils over. Also, he’s very strict with the children. I’m soft with them. Yes, it started with the kids. Although people do say they’re the best behaved kids they’ve ever seen.

QUESTION: But weren’t there other men? Bomba before the divorce and Sardelli afterwards?

JAYNE: It’s funny about me and men. Once I start something with a man, I can’t just stop it and get rid of him. Every man I’ve been with remains very much in love with me long after I’ve lost interest. If I want to break it off, it if I insist it’s over, they hang on. I hate it. It’s not pleasant.

QUESTION: I don’t quite understand.

JAYNE: I’m not jealous. I’ve never been. I’m faithful but I want my freedom.

QUESTION: I still don’t understand.

There seems to be a contradiction in what you’re saying. Isn’t there?

JAYNE: I don’t know if I understand either. Let me put it another way. My life is difficult—little sleep, always in front of the public. I’m a goldfish. The way to beat it is to divorce my public self from who I am. To laugh at the performing me. Jayne Mansfield, the big star, is funny to me.

QUESTION: But what does this have to do with Bomba and Sardelli and your divorce from Mickey?

JAYNE: I guess I’m answering that the roundabout way. I have high standards, definite principles and I’m extremely religious. And my being a mother is completely different, in another world, from my life as a sex symbol.

Like when I was invited to speak at Ohio State before some big brains, marriage counsellors, psychologists—guys like that. They gave me some hi-falutin’ topic—The Outlook For American Education As Compared To The Outlook For European Education—and expected me to give them kids’ talk. Well, I held your attention in a question-and-answer free-for-all for more than half an hour. At the end they applauded. And told me I’d taught them something.

QUESTION: About Sardelli and Bomba?

JAYNE: I’m a very warm person. I adore Italian people. Sardelli had heart. He had soul. Bomba—I was going to marry Bomba. I seriously took up Catholicism then. He was forty-one, elegant, mature, with impeccable manners and taste. However, my conversion gave me an entire new outlook on life. In December, Bomba came to see me in New York. But suddenly I thought of Mickey and the children—and I knew my place was with them. That was the end of that.

QUESTION: So in a sense it might he said that your conversion to Catholicism saved your marriage?

JAYNE: Yes. Although I did try to divorce Mickey. And it was religion that brought me to Sardelli. He’s a fine person, a religious person. Once he was going to be a priest. He may become one yet. He said to me when I leave me, I’ll enter the priesthood.”

QUESTION: But wasn’t he with you when you divorced Mickey, and weren’t you going to marry him?

JAYNE: I never said I was going to marry him. Never.

QUESTION: In what other ways has religion changed your life?

JAYNE: It governs my life. It guides my thinking and acting. It’s something very nice. I like it. It gives me peace. With my crazy hours, most churches are closed when I’m up and around. But if I can just kneel on the steps and hold Someone’s hand, His hand, things have a way of working out.

QUESTION: But doesn’t this give you an excuse to act any way you want at other times—knowing that when you go to church you’ll be forgiven?

JAYNE: Absolutely not. I don’t say, “Now I’m holy, therefore I can sin.” No. I’m religious because I need it.

QUESTION: But how do you fit your views into the kind of life that being Jayne Mansfield forces you to lead?

JAYNE: A woman should be all things. I’m a mother first, and a good mother. Then I’m an actress. And finally a sex symbol. Each is divorced from the other.

QUESTION: But to get back to those Playboy pictures...

JAYNE: As far as physical attributes and sex are concerned, one can’t help it if one is given by nature and by God a certain physical stature and being. And I don’t want to change mine. Besides, those pictures were sneaked to Playboy, I knew they were being taken, but I was told they were only for foreign consumption. Europeans have a much more adult outlook on nudity than Americans.

QUESTION: Were you paid for the photos?

JAYNE: Not a cent. I’ve had a $20,000 offer for four years from Playboy to pose in the nude, and I’ve always turned it down. (On a previous occasion, Jayne asserted that she’d refused the offer “because nudity just doesn’t mix with motherhood...

. . . I’m the mother of three children and hope to be the mother of seven more. It would rub me the wrong way if someone told my little boy, ‘I saw a picture of your mother naked.’”) Mickey, who was present, nodded. “They know what’s there, any way!”

QUESTION: How has your divorce affected your children?

MICKEY: I’ll answer that. I don’t think divorce upsets young kids. Children are strange. As long as they’re fed, dressed and allowed to play, that’s all they worry about. Divorce is the worse thing that can happen to a man and his wife. But even worse than that is staying together for the children’s sake.

I think my father would have suffered the most at the news. He’d heard about it. Jane, my older brother, Frank, my younger brother, Thank God, kept it from my dad, and he died thinking we were happily married.

But to get back to your question: I feel the worse thing that can happen to kids is to see their parents unhappy. I do my kids a favor—if I can’t get along with my wife—to get a divorce,

One of our troubles is that Jayne and I wanted a large family. Quickly. We had Miki, then Zoltan, then too much time went by without another baby. If she’d been pregnant, there’d be no divorce. She adores kids—she wants three, four, five, even, ten babies. And I knew she wanted lots of kids when I married her.

That reminds me. Do you know that we go back every year to the Wayfarer’s Chapel in Santa Monica where we were married in 1958? On January thirteenth. We go at the same hour to the same priest and use the same candles for the same ceremony. That Reverend Knox—maybe he’s still saving those candles for us.

QUESTION: You said “every year”—did you go this year?

MICKEY (sadly). No.

QUESTION: Will you go next year?

MICKEY: I guess I better ask Jayne a question. “Jaynie, will you marry me?”

JAYNE: (blushes—no kidding!)—and then her eyes soften incredibly and almost brim with tears; then she catches herself, self-rightes, says. “I’m not alone with Mickey, the this is an interview, and that she must be Jayne Mansfield). I need another drink.

—Jim Hoffman

Jayne’s in “Dog Eat Dog.” Famous Players.
If Hollywood's voluptuous blond brain-charring hypnotist, Pat Collins, had been around had a boy year and a half, she would have burned at the stake with thousands of hysterical onlookers screaming in joy and salvation at her painful passing. And there were times in her early years when Pat herself would have preferred death, even at the stake, to life. Because this was her life: She was disowned by her father, forbidden by her mother, abandoned by her father before she was a year old; raised as an unwanted child in a Chicago orphanage until she was five; scorne, used and abused by a parade of faithless foster parents until she was twelve; married and divorced at sixteen and paralyzed from the waist down at seventeen.

Today she is one of the most beautiful and glamorous women in show business—she looks like a blond Sophia Loren—and is a fantastic smash as a hypnotist. To Pat, this is all a miracle of miracles, after such a start.

"I have reserved an empty space in my mind and heart for my father," says Pat. "I never knew him, I wouldn't know him today. I don't know why he refused to love me when I was born. I don't know what happened between him and my mother, because my mother didn't keep me long enough to let me find out. She dumped me at the door of an orphanage when I was a baby. They raised me.

No one wanted her

―My memory of the orphan home is vague. I faintly remember times when I was brought before pleasant adults who looked me over and then turned away. I was always said.

The mood to talk about her childhood is rare with Pat. "Things are so great for me now," she said, "that I hate to dissipate the present with the past—I can't remember, really remember, a happy moment as a girl. All I recall is a swarm of inattentive fathers and a band of thin-lipped mothers whose reasons for taking me into their homes I'll never know.

"When I was twelve," Pat continued, "I finally came into a home where my foster parents turned out to be kind and understanding, and I soon realized that their affection for me was genuine. Believe me, by then I knew the difference.

"A year later I fell in love. These people were two years older than I, and he'd been around all the time, but one afternoon, just before my fourteenth birthday, I looked at him. Before I turned away I was in love. I think what happened was that these parents had given me something I'd never known before—their love. Then, and only then, was I able to love someone myself. It sounds strange, but I'm sure that was it, and I couldn't help myself. I hid my feelings for more than a year—it was strictly a brother-sister, buddy-buddy relationship. But then he told me he loved me. You can imagine what that did to me!

"Suddenly, in all this ecstasy, we realized what a problem it was going to be. I mean, I was growing, he was growing, in the same house with the same parents. I told my foster parents about it. They were very upset. They said we were too young to really experience a lasting love. They were right, but their advice didn't help. Soon after my sixteenth birthday we eloped. We lied about our ages and got married.

I don't think we were together more than a month when we understood the mistake we had made. We blamed everything for our unhappiness except the real cause—that we simply weren't mature enough to cope with the responsibilities of marriage. But two months later I discovered I was pregnant. Oddly enough, Pat was happy about the coming baby. For all the unhappiness she had gone through with her teenage husband, she convinced herself that something good had come of their love after all. She told the boy the baby would not keep them tied together, she'd manage, somehow, without him.

Pat raised her baby, and in a few months, a divorce.

"I thought things would be easier in some ways," Pat said. "I was certain the Fates couldn't possibly be unkind to a young girl who loved her baby. But the real shock of my life was ahead of me.

"I said earlier that I could not remember any happy moments as a girl. But there were times when I tried to understand what happiness was. Those were the times when I went to the movies. I scrounged pennies to make the price of admission and to this day I don't regret it. For up there on the screen were my joys, my excitements, my loves and that particular kind of emotional misery every woman enjoys, although we hate to admit it.

"The stars? I loved them all, they represented fulfilled, quick dreams. And more—the movies taught me the rule I've tried to live by: Every single thing you really want in life seems improbable, yet none of them are impossible. If anyone knows that, all they have to do is look at me.

"I was seventeen, my daughter was just learning to walk. I was on my way to an audition as a singer, when my own legs collapsed under me."

When Pat came to, in the hospital, she learned that she was paralyzed from the waist down.

"I couldn't believe it," she remembers. "I thought it was a bad dream, that I had fallen into some movie and I would awaken soon in the middle of it. But it was all very real. I was in a hospital bed, and my legs wouldn't move. A parade of doctors examined me. Nothing organically wrong, they decided—a matter of nerves suddenly went dead.

"God punished me . . ."

"But they were wrong. I knew what the reason was. I was being punished. God struck me down for some terrible thing I had done in my life. For weeks I lay in bed and I couldn't remember, trying to recall anything I had said or done that warranted such vengeance. I couldn't think of a thing except once I had found a dollar bill in the street and hadn't worked very hard to find the owner.

"At the end of two months I was cried out. Doctors probed my legs and looked searchingly at each other and shook their heads with a solemnity that terrified me. I might as well have been dead, because the one hope I had was gone. You see, the movies had given me something else. An ambition. But such an impossible ambition that I was embarrassed to even think about it, let alone tell anyone. I knew I wanted to be an entertainer. I wanted to sing. My voice wasn't bad and my figure had filled out in the right places and I had come into my teens with one asset that's hard to believe—a sense of humor. I loved to laugh and I loved to see others laugh. That was my plan. If I couldn't sing well enough to be a professional, at least I could do my best as a comedian."

"And now I was the butt of the biggest joke of all: I was seventeen years old, a female paraplegic with no hope of recovery, no money, no relatives, no husband, and a baby girl barely a year old."

She tried, heartbreakingly, to prepare for life as an invalid. The doctors and nurses were very kind, but their kind words carried awful overtones of futility. Pat was so desperate that she hated to wake up in the morning.

"And then one morning I did look up," Pat says, "and saw a smiling intern. He wasn't handsome, but he had that dedicated young-doctor look. And I thought to myself, here's another one who's going to inject me with hope because he thinks he's smarter than everyone else."

"I stared back at him as he said, 'Good morning, Miss Collins.' The smile on his face was disarming. Because in a flash I saw: the real strength of this man was not in his smile or his rugged appearance or his bedside manner. His power was in his eyes and his voice."

The doctor told Pat he was from the Illinois Research Hospital. He had been given permission to treat her, if she agreed.

"However, I must warn you," the doctor pointed out, "that my treatment will be unusual. I want to use hypnosis to help you."

Hypnosis? Pat didn't understand. The doctor explained. "It's been successful in some cases such as yours. I'll put it very simply: I believe that the nerves which allow you to move the muscles that enable you to walk are not dead, but frozen. I think hypnosis may thaw them out. I make no promises. But there will be no pain. As a matter of fact, you may even find it invigorating. Will you trust me?"

Pat smiles when she recalls her answer.

"I said, 'Yes, doctor, of course.' Yet in my mind I had already decided to refuse him. I dreaded another hope, another failure, deeper despair. But I guess he had already hypnotized me just by asking!"

"For three weeks straight he came every day. Sessions after session. Nothing happened, except I enjoyed his company and the treatment.

"I had always thought, as most people do, that hypnosis involved a trance, and you never knew what you were doing until someone told you about it later. Not true. I was conscious every second, the only real sensation I felt was a slight lightness, of being less dragged down by
the weight of hopelessness. That was good.
"But with my legs—nothing. I marveled at his hope. I had none of my own.

The miracle happened

"And then one day in the middle of the fourth week it happened. At the doctor's suggestion, and without even thinking—I moved one of my legs. I couldn't believe it! I thought it was just a spasm. I tried it again and the leg moved again. I could have screamed with excitement. But instead, for the first time in months, I cried."

From that point, Pat's recovery was phenomenal. In five days she was on her feet and walking.

Once out of the hospital, Pat could not escape the fascination of hypnotism. Sacrificing the time and money she could have spent on furthering her show business career, she enrolled at the Illinois Institute of Hypnosis. There she studied and worked with psychologists, psychiatrists, physicians and her fellow students.

"But I had to have money to pay for my tuition and books and to support myself and my baby. I sang in small night clubs around Chicago—thank heavens there are so many. I was learning show business at night and going to school in the day. Oddly enough, hypnotism had not only given me back my life, but with it a new strange sense of confidence. "I didn't think I was the best singer in the world, none of that nonsense, but I now had a feeling of competency, a sureness about what I was doing and wanted to be."

"I'd like to point out, however, that under hypnosis you will never do what you know is wrong or don't want to do. You will only do those things which you haven't had the nerve to do. Many people who felt that they "might" do something improper are actually disappointed to find out that they are not nearly as subconsciously "wicked" as they think. The point is, no hypnotist can make you do anything that is contrary to your sense of what is right."

"For nearly eight years I went on leading a double life. My work and study during the day, my profession as a singer-comedienne at night."

"Then, a few years ago, two fellow performers, Phil Ford and Mimi Hines—two of the funniest people alive—suggested that if I could use hypnotism as an entertainer and stayed within the bounds of good taste, it might be a very unusual act. I decided to try it."

But not even Pat's agents and managers were prepared for the sensational effects of her hard-won ability to hypnotize. She was a smash from coast to coast. Everywhere she was booked, her performances packed the clubs. "I haven't had so much fun in a night club in ten years," audiences kept saying, marveling at it all.

They'll "believe" anything

Pat's performances in Hollywood often draw as many name stars as a premiere. Lloyd Bridges, "went under" for a glittering audience at the Sunset Strip Interlude, where Pat appears when in Hollywood. For ten minutes Bridges happily "swam" around the tables, fully convinced he was underwater with the mermaids.

One of the most amazing reactions of Pat's power occurred when Sal Mineo asked her, before the hypnosis, to try to

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get him to play the drums which he had not touched since he made his sensational appearance as a jazz drummer in "The Gene Krupa Story," several years ago. Sure enough, once under Pat's spell, Sal sat down at the drums and wowed the audience with a performance he could not repeat later when he was no longer under the Collins influence.

Cary Grant is a frequent member of Pat's audience.

"But," says Pat, "he goes under and just sits at the table and does nothing except relax. Isn't that a shame?"

When Jill St. John "goes under," she can't wait to do a very sexy dance which many viewers say is strictly stripper stuff, although Jill sheds nothing but her inhibitions.

Tuesday Weld, under hypnotism, runs or dances. Even in a trance she's a rebel. The night she came on stage, with two other girls, Pat told them all to do a Cleopatra like swing and sway. The three started. Tuesday stopped, her eyes on fire. She then pushed both the other dancers off the stage, mumbling, "When I dance, nobody else dances."

Linda Christian, fresh from her highly publicized spat with Glenn Ford, was made to believe that a man sitting next to her was Glenn. Linda turned and told "Glenn" in no uncertain terms, that he was "a rat."

Pat's "power" can also enable a person to become so rigid that his body can bridge the backs of two widely spaced chairs—as she did to Steve Allen.

Marlon Brando accused Pat of being a fraud, but a ringsider vowed it was Brando who was the fraud. "He claims to be an actor," said the patron. It brought down the house.

One producer has seen Pat perform more than twenty times. She feels there's a humorous irony in all this. "As a kid I went to the movies and let the stars hypnotize me. Now I hypnotize them!"

And though she is a ravishing blonde, women like Pat. Hundreds have taken an almost confessional approach when they meet her. They spill their hearts out.

"And in nearly every case," Pat observed, "they end up discussing sex, and one sex problem in particular: their difficulty in relaxing during relations with their husbands or sweethearts. A conclusion from me would hardly be scientific, but from the number of women who have sought my advice on sexual happiness, I wouldn't be surprised if most women in the United States aren't deathly afraid of sex. It's amazing how few, even mothers of four and five children, really understand that sex relations between a husband and a wife are perfectly legitimate. But, of course, I have to tell them that I cannot help them, and only a psychiatrist can relieve them of this unhappy anxiety."

What about Pat's love life?

"I haven't zeroed in on one particular man yet," she smiled. "But it will happen, and I can hardly wait."

"You know," she added, "I think back to those terrible days when I lay in that bed unable to walk, and I remember it was so easy to think of my paralysis as a punishment. Now I don't know."

"They say the ways of God are many, wondrous and wise. I wonder if that was one of them. That somehow I had been taught to love life by first being made to be afraid of it."

—ALAN SOMERS

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Tis the season to be baking Christmas Cookies! You'll want to make batches of them to keep on hand for hungry visitors—including ol' Santa Claus himself!

**GINGER BOYS**
Makes 8 dozen cookies

Sift together:
- 2 1/2 cups sifted flour
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Set aside.

Combine in a saucepan:
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 4/4 cup shortening
- 2 teaspoons ground ginger
- 1 cup molasses

Mix well. Cook over low heat until shortening is melted. Remove from heat. Gradually add dry ingredients. Mix well after each addition. Place cookie dough in bowl and chill for several hours or overnight. Roll out, a little at a time, to a thickness of 1/4-inch on a lightly floured board. Cut into gingerbread men or other desired shapes. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) for 8-10 minutes.

Pack cookies for friends and relatives in pretty boxes and colorful paper!

**SERBIAN HONEY NUT BALLS**
Makes 3 dozen cookies

Sift together:
- 2 1/4 cups sifted flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

Set aside.

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1/2 cup butter or margarine
- 1/2 cup shortening

Add:
- 1/2 cup honey

Beat until light and fluffy.

Add:
- 2 teaspoons vanilla

Mix well. Add dry ingredients, gradually beating well after each addition. Add:
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Mix well. Form balls of the mixture and place on greased cookie sheets. Bake in a slow oven (300°F.) for forty minutes. Roll in confectioners' sugar while still warm or dip in a glaze made by combining:
- 1 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- 2 tablespoons light cream
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Beat to desired spreading consistency.

**MAPLE NUT CRINKLES**
Makes about 3 dozen cookies

Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1 cup butter or margarine

Gradually add:
- 3/4 cup sugar

Beat well after each addition. Beat until light.

Add:
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon maple flavoring
- Dash of salt

Beat until light and fluffy.

Add gradually:
- 2 cups sifted flour

Beat well after each addition. Shape dough into 1-inch balls. Set aside.

Combine in a bowl:
- 1 egg white
- 2 tablespoons water

Beat until frothy.

Mix together in a separate bowl:
- 1 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts
- 1/2 cup sugar

Dip balls of dough in egg white mixture. Then roll in sugar and nut mixture.

Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 15 min. (Please turn the page)
RUSSIAN COOKIES
Makes 4 dozen cookies
Sift together:
1 cup sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
Gradually add, while beating:
1/2 cup sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
1 egg yolk, beaten
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
1 tablespoon light cream
Beat until light and fluffy. Add dry ingredients, Mix well. Chill for several hours. Roll out to 1/4-inch thick on floured board. Cut into 2-inch circles. Spread each with a rounded teaspoon of grape jelly. Cover with meringue topping. Place on greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 10-12 minutes.

MERINGUE TOPPING
Beat until frothy:
1 egg white
Dash of salt
Gradually add:
5 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
6 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts
Beat until very stiff and glossy.

TEEN JOLLY ROGERS
Makes 2 dozen cookies
Sift together:
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
1/2 cup butter or margarine
Gradually add, while beating:
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon rum extract
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Beat until light and fluffy. Add dry ingredients. Mix well. Chill for several hours. Shape into small balls. Dip in:
1 egg white, slightly beaten
Roll in:
1 cup finely chopped walnuts
Fill centers with red currant jelly or mint jelly.

* Decorate your tree with cookies. Cover cookies with plastic wrap and tie with colorful ribbons.

JELLY COOKIE SQUARES
Makes 40 squares
Work with a spoon until soft:
2 cups butter or margarine
Gradually add, while beating:
2 1/4 cups sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
4 egg yolks, beaten
Beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add:
4 1/2 cups sifted flour
Beat well after each addition.
Add:
1 teaspoon vanilla
Grated rind of one lemon
Mix well. Set aside 1/3 of the dough. Pat remaining dough evenly in a 15x10x2" pan. Spread with:
1 jar (10 ozs.) currant jelly
Roll out remaining dough on lightly floured board. Cut, lengthwise into strips. Place strips, crisscrossing, over jelly. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) for 40 minutes. Cool slightly. Sprinkle with confectioners' sugar and cut into squares.

PRESS COOKIES
Makes about 3 dozen cookies
Sift together:
2 cups sifted flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
1/2 cup butter
1/4 cup shortening
Gradually add, while beating:
1/2 cup sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
1 egg yolk
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add dry ingredients, beating well after each addition. If dough is too stiff add:
1-2 tablespoons milk
Put dough through cookie press onto greased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 8-10 minutes. Decorate with colored icing, chocolate, melted chocolate and butterscotch morsels, coconut, bright cherries, raisins and walnuts.

* Send colorful cookies to shut-ins!

BON BON COOKIES
Makes 2 dozen cookies
Sift together:
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
Dash of salt
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
1/2 cup butter
Gradually add:
3/4 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Beat well each addition until light and fluffy.
Add:
1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix well. Add dry ingredients gradually. Beat well each addition. Wrap tablespoon of dough around red or green maraschino cherries. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 12-15 minutes. Cool slightly. Dip in a confectioners' sugar icing which has been tinted green or red with food coloring.

CONFECTIONERS' SUGAR ICING
Combine:
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 tablespoons hot milk
2 teaspoons vanilla
Mix well. Divide icing into two parts. Add to one part:
3-4 drops red food coloring
Mix until coloring is completely blended.
To the other part add:
3-4 drops green food coloring
Mix until coloring is completely blended.

HAZELNUT COOKIES
Makes about 50 cookies
Place in top of double boiler:
1 bar (1/4 lb.) sweet chocolate
2 tablespoons shortening
Melt over hot, not boiling water. Remove from heat.
Add:
1/4 pound finely chopped hazelnuts
1/4 pound finely chopped almonds
3/4 cup sifted confectioners' sugar
Mix well. Cool to lukewarm.
Add:
2 egg whites, beaten until stiff peaks form
1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
Dash of cloves
Mix well. Form into balls and place on greased cookie sheet. Press flat with the bottom of a glass which has been dipped in granulated sugar. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) for 12-15 minutes.

* Use pop corn when you mail cookies. Line bottom of box with pop corn. Top with layer of cookies. Repeat and end with pop corn as top layer.
PATIO BAKED BEANS

Makes 4-6 servings
Combine in a saucepan:
- 1/2 cup dark corn syrup
- 1 teaspoon instant coffee
- 1/2 cup water
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
Cook over low heat until well blended and mixture is heated through, about 5 minutes. Set aside.
Place in layers in a 2-quart casserole:
- 1 medium onion, sliced thin
- 2 cans (1 lb. each) pork and beans
Pour corn syrup mixture evenly over beans. Cover. Bake at 350°F. for 45 minutes. Remove from oven.
Top with:
- 4 strips bacon, cut in 1" strips
Return to oven. Continue to bake, uncovered, for 30 minutes longer.
From: Mrs. M. Gray, Dallas, Texas

BACON-BOLOGNA SANDWICH SPREAD

Makes 1 1/2 cups spread
Combine in a bowl:
- 1 cup ground bologna
- 1/2 cup cooked crumbled bacon
- 2 tablespoons sweet pickle relish
- 1/4 cup chopped onion
Mix well.
Add:
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
Blend well. Spread on slices of white or dark bread.
From: Mrs. Wilson, Pontiac, Mich.

BANANA-CINNAMON DOUGHNUTS

Makes about 2 dozen doughnuts
Sift together:
- 4 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 2 tablespoons cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Combine in a bowl:
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1/2 cup sugar
Beat well.
Add:
- 3 eggs, well beaten
- 1/2 cup mashed, ripe banana
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat well.
Add dry ingredients alternately with:
- 1/2 cup buttermilk
Beat well after each addition. Chill dough for one hour or longer. Roll out on lightly floured board to a thickness of 1/2-inch. Cut with a floured 2 1/2-inch doughnut cutter. Fry in deep oil or fat heated to 375°F. turning once, until golden brown on both sides, about 3-4 minutes. Drain on paper toweling. Dust with confectioners' sugar if desired.

PINEAPPLE-HAM SANDWICH SPREAD

Makes about 2 1/4 cups spread
Combine in a bowl:
- 2 cups ground cooked ham
- 1/2 cup crushed pineapple
- 1/4 cup finely chopped celery
Mix lightly. Add:
- 2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
Mix well. Spread on slices of your favorite variety of bread.

CINNAMON CRUNCHIES

Makes 16 squares
Sift together:
- 1 cup sifted flour
- 1/4 teaspoon salt
- 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon
Set aside.
Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1/2 cup shortening
Gradually add, while beating:
- 1/2 cup sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
- 1 egg yolk, beaten
- 2 tablespoons milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add dry ingredients, beating well after each addition. Spread evenly in a greased 8-inch square pan. Set aside.
Beat slightly:
- 1 egg white
Brush evenly over batter.
Combine:
- 3 tablespoons sugar
- 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/4 cup finely chopped pecans
Mix well. Sprinkle over top of batter. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 30-35 minutes.
From: S. Takenaga, Arlington, Cal.

TOMATO SOUP CAKE

Makes 1 8-inch square cake
Sift together:
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Combine in a bowl:
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 cup sugar
Beat well.
Add:
- 1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) tomato soup
Beat well. Gradually add dry ingredients, beating well after each addition.
Add:
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup raisins, if desired
Mix well. Pour into greased and lightly floured 8-inch square pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 45 minutes.
From: Mrs. B. Hunt, Austin, Tex.

MENU SUGGESTION

Patio Baked Beans
Carrot & Celery Sticks
Banana-Cinnamon Doughnuts
Apple
Coffee, Tea or Milk

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPLAY READER RECIPES, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
The long day starts

For the stars, the day really began at a 9 A.M. press conference at Washington Airport. But for me, the day began much earlier. I had to be at Police Headquarters at 6 A.M. to pick up my press pass. This was very important, because I would not be allowed near the stars without a pass pinned to my blouse. All the other reporters had theirs—big, easy to see and properly accredited.

The officer at the stationhouse was very polite when he said he couldn’t explain why, but through some snafu there was no pass for me. He mumbled something like, “Sorry you had to come to Washington for nothing.” I was sorry, too. It was perfectly clear that I would get no story that day. How’s wrong can you be?

I thought I’ll try to get into the press conference, anyhow. I knew what was going to happen there: the stars were to make one joint statement, and that would be all. No individual interviews. But I was wrong again.

There was a guard on duty at the airport conference room, but I walked right past him. I opened the door—and bumped into Paul Newman. It turned out that the stars were coming in on different planes—some from New York, some from Hollywood, Burt Lancaster came from Paris—and some of the planes were late.

So now there was time for individual interviews.

I asked Newman why he was involved in this, “I don’t have control over my destiny,” he said, “but that doesn’t mean I’m not going to stick my finger in where I think it’s needed. I want—need—to be committed to something I believe in, that’s why. And this commitment represents democracy in its best, its deepest sense. I believe in it all here today because we are all terrified of what 200,000 people with a desire to be felt, a desire to influence Congress to pass civil rights legislation.

“But this is not an angry pressure group. These people are joyous and optimistic. I’m happy to be part of it.”

As to the publicity, “I don’t think it will help,” he said. “My box-office will probably be hurt. When Marlon Brando and I were in Alabama, his movie, ‘Mutiny on the Bounty,’ was scheduled in a movie theater, but it was yanked. And I have gotten some bad mail. I think it might hurt me with the older people, but maybe not with the young ones. Some people say I’m using this to get publicity, but there’s nothing I can do about that. Except point to my record—I’ve been involved in this for a long time, you know.

“In my industry there’s never been discrimination on the part of creative people. I’m not coming here as an actor, I’m just an outraged citizen. It is the problem of every citizen to make himself felt. Of course, acting is my profession, but freedom is my cause.

“I can go down South any day for a charity—and that’s fine. But not if I’m interested in the Negro and white community. Then they call me an outsider.

“When I was in Alabama, with Brando, I admit a lot of people came out to see us because people wanted to help. I hope this leads other stars to take a greater part in political movements.”

Just then a young Negro dressed in overalls came over to Paul. “A person of your caliber is not exposed to the real sorrows of our people,” he said. “I wish you could see the real violence in Alabama—then you could let the people know. Mr. Newman, you’re not really important. You’re only important because you’re human. And I’m human. And that’s my importance.”

Newman looked at the boy for a minute and said nothing. Then he put his hand on the boy’s shoulder and murmured, “I’ll do what I can.”

I turned back to Sidney Poitier. He smiled. “Well,” he said, “I think we’re present at the unfolding of a new era. This March today is certainly an expression of what the Negro community and, to a large extent, the white world feels has gone on for too long. No Negro enjoys complete freedom. Often I can’t live where I want to. Often, I can’t work—I can’t exercise my skills. That little gain, has been made. But you can’t consider them as ends in themselves. We can’t honestly evaluate progress until complete equality is available to all Americans. And I don’t mean just Negroes and whites—I mean Mexican Americans, Puerto Ricans, Chinese—all the minorities.”

Director Joseph Mankiewicz came over.

“There is something we can do to help,” he said. “We can keep our pictures from playing at segregated theaters. Brando, for instance, is a producer. As such, he can refuse to allow any of his pictures to be shown any place that discriminates against minorities. A Brando movie brings in money. If the theater owners are hit in the pocketbook, they’ll cut the color line.”

“To defend this country . . .”

Burt Lancaster nodded his head. “I’m in Europe a lot and I find that I constantly have to defend this country. The European people are very concerned about this matter. We cannot afford to let our country look bad in the eyes of the world.”

I asked if he thought that he could influence his fans.

“I hope to influence people,” Lancaster said. “If it hurts me—if I lose fans—I’ll worry about that later. But in terms of my conscience, this is something I must do.”

“Look,” Robert Ryan said, “I feel this way: The only thing that can affect my career is what pictures I make. If I’m still around, after all the bum movies I’ve been in, then nothing can hurt. But I think what goes for me is true for all of us here. It’s too late to worry about things like that. It’s too late to do anything about it. My children and my country come first.”

“That’s right,” Sammy Davis said. “You do feel this so much more because of your kids. Years from now, when my kids say to me, ‘What did you do?’ I want to have something to tell them. This isn’t my problem because I’m Negro—it’s everyone’s.”

But that moment there was a flurry of excitement as Charlton Heston, Marlon Brando, James Garner, Tony Franciosa and the rest of the Hollywood contingent came in. “We’re just going to read our statement,” Heston told the reporters. “Then we have to leave for the March.”

“We punish ourselves”

“As artists and human beings,” he read. “We rejoice in the knowledge that human experience has no color and that excellence in any endeavor is the fruit of individual labor and love. And we believe that artists have a valuable function in any society, since artists can shape the national consciousness to itself. But we also know that any society which ceases to respect the human aspirations of all its citizens courts political chaos and artistic sterility. We need the energies of these people to whom we have for so long denied full humanity; we need their vigor, their joy, the authority which their pain has brought them.

“In cutting ourselves off from them, we are punishing and diminishing ourselves. As long as we do so, our society is in great danger, our growth as artists is severely menaced and no American can boast of freedom, for he cannot be considered an example of it.

“We are here, then, in an attempt to strengthen the chains which bind the ex-master no less than the ex-slave, and to invest with reality that deep and universal longing which has sometimes been called the American dream.”

The statement had been written by James Baldwin, but Heston added some words of his own: “The actors and the drama are in Washington this week. And the name of the play is democracy.”

And with that, the press conference was over.

All the reporters were then asked to leave so that the stars could get on their bus for the Washington Monument. But reporters are notoriously slow to leave a press conference, so they were individually shown out of the doors.

Nobody asked me to leave.

I suddenly realized that without a press pass pinned to my shoulder, nobody knew I was a reporter. They apparently assumed that I was one of their group.

Someone said, “The bus is here, Everybody get on, please. Hurry up, we’re late!”

Hurry up, I said. My breath and got on the bus. It looked like I was going to see the March like no other reporter was going to see it.

“Hey, Sammy,” someone laughed, “move to the back of the bus!”

Sammy Davis laughed, too, and went to the back.

“That’s right,” someone said with a mock (Continued on page 79)
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Southern accent, “You-all stay back there where you be-long.”

It got a big laugh and we started out. We didn’t go directly to the Washington Monument as planned. It was late so to save time we got off the bus fairly near to the scene of the ceremonies, the Lincoln Memorial. We lined up three abreast, MP’s lined up on either side of us. And we marched to the Memorial.

It was a good thing the MP’s were there, too. When the crowds saw the stars they tried to break through our line in a very frightening time. The people were glad to see the stars, glad to see people like Newman and Brando and Heston taking part in what they felt were their troubles. They tried to thank them, but in the mob we were pushed and shoved and the MP’s tightened around us protectively.

Friendly but frightening

“How you doing, Marlon, baby?” they yelled.

“Hey, there’s Robert Ryan!” I was marching next to Robert Ryan. He looked very calm and confident, smiling at the crowd. Then I heard him whisper, “This is terrifying. I’m scared to death.”

Finally, we got to the Memorial.

“We Shall Overcome,” the theme song of the March, opened the ceremonies. Then Odetta sang, “He’s Got the Whole World in His Hand.” It was very hot. Susan Strausberg reached into her huge pocketbook, took out a portable electric fan and settled down.

Up on the podium, the Reverend Fred Shuttlesworth said, “Freedom belongs to anybody. It belongs to everybody. And until everybody has freedom, nobody is free.”

Sammy Davis nodded his head vigorously and took out his camera to take a picture of the Reverend.

“We’re going to walk together,” the Reverend cried. “We’re going to moan together. We’re going to groan together. And everybody is going to be free. Free, Free! Tony Franciosa yelled, “That’s right. Reverend. Tell like it is.”

Rita Moreno put her hands on her shoulders. “Oh, God,” she said. “Wasn’t that lovely?”

The speeches went on, and the singing, and the day got hotter and longer. Some body came around and handed out bottled of soda. Susan Strausberg reached into her big bag again and brought out lunch, which she shared with everybody near her. She was the only one in the group prepared for the discomforts of the day. Dick Clark, who was on the podium.

“I had to get out of jail to come here today,” he told the crowd. “I never thought I’d day’s I’d give out more fingerprints than autographs.”

The stars laughed more than anybody else, they clapped more, they were more moved. And they took more pictures. One by one they took out their cameras and photographed the other stars.

Burt Lancaster and Harry Belafonte were on the podium, now. Lancaster said that 1500 Americans in Paris marched to the American Embassy in support of this March today. “This is one of the most amazing demonstrations for human dignity that I have ever seen,” he said.

Belafonte’s wife, Julie, sitting next to me, said, “Look at Harry. He’s so hot. He’s literally going to bust a gut. I worry so about his health.” She added, “You know, coming here, my plane was struck by lightnings. There was a scare! But we got here.”

A. Phillip Randolph, the union leader and a leader of the March, was the next speaker. “This is a new beginning—not only for the Negro, but for all America,” he said. Rita Moreno called out, “Don’t worry, it’s all coming!”

Just then a group of Senators and Congressmen arrived. The crowd applauded and chanted and this stunt started. “Pass that bill. Pass that bill. We want freedom now!” One of the Senators saw Sammy and yelled, “Hey, I saw you work at a night club last week. You were great.”

“Thank you,” Sammy called back. “I hope I’ll be able to say the same of you when the Civil Rights bill comes to Congress.”

Martin Luther King made one of the closing speeches. “When we allow freedom to ring—when we let it ring from every city and every hamlet, from every state,” he said, “we will be able to speed up that day when all of God’s children—black men, white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics—will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual. ‘Free at last. Free at last. God is a-gentry. We are free at last.’

Now, for the group of stars, the March was over. They had to leave a little early to avoid the crowd. Like all the other Marchers, they were hot, tired and hungry. But they were happy. The day had gone off beautifully, and they had helped.

A glorious day

Now they were going to a party at the home of New York’s Senator Jacob Jacobs and they asked us to join them. By then I had confessed I was a reporter.

“Sybil Burton was at the party? I didn’t know she was invited too?” she asked. “I wanted to march, but I was afraid people would think it presumptuous of me, since I’m not an American.”

“I had the best time at the March,” Lynda Heston said. “I stayed with the real Marchers and not with the Hollywood group. We were told that there might be some trouble, but you there was. It was a perfect day.” She meant the violence that everybody feared and nobody would talk about. But she was absolutely right—there had been no trouble.

And now the day was over. It was time for me to go back to New York. But it’s not over,” Harry Belafonte told me. “This is only the beginning.”

How this day will affect you. Because now the changes are beginning. If you go to a segregated theater, you won’t see the stars who are committed to civil rights. When you turn on your television set, you’ll see Paul Newman or Tony Curtis asking you to join their cause. And there’ll be more—much more.

Because these stars believe in this movement, and they take part of it whether it helps them or hurts them, makes you like them or dislike them.

For as Lena Horne said, “This is a new revolution, and—white or black—you’ve got to either be involved in it, or be left behind.”

And these stars just don’t want to be left behind. —Mickie Siegel
CAROLINE KENNEDY

Continued from page 34

turned and stopped the conference. "Take care of Caroline!" he shouted.

The nurse hurried over to Caroline Kennedy, who had been told to play with her new Christmas toys and not bother her father. Instead she went running through an adjacent patio, where she slipped and fell.

A half hour later JFK was listening attentively to Anthony Celebreze, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, discuss Medicare. Suddenly the President's head bolted sideways as a door opened. This was, he had insisted, a closed meeting.

"Daddy, I want . . ." Caroline began. Her father cut her off sharply and told her to change into her bathing suit, go swimming and leave him alone. And he meant what he said this time.

What punishment the President or Mrs. Kennedy decided for their energetic daughter's misbehavior will remain a secret.

Nevertheless, I immediately began investigating around Washington for proof to answer those critics who say that Caroline Kennedy is being spoiled. I wanted to find out just how spoiled five-year-old Caroline Kennedy—who not only realizes her father is President of the United States, but curtsily remarks, "He's a good politician, too!"—really is! If she is.

**Caroline's nurse talks**

The only non-relative who can reveal the mystery is Maud Shaw, Caroline's nurse, who lives in the White House. She is under rigid orders to never mention Caroline publicly. But Miss Shaw, who is British, flew to England for a three-week vacation recently and cautiously discussed Caroline's conduct with relatives.

"Little John Kennedy, Jr." Miss Shaw remarked, "is no trouble at all. But Caroline certainly keeps my hands full!"

"Is Caroline fidgety when you read her nursery rhymes?" Miss Shaw was asked.

"Nursery rhymes?" Miss Shaw repeated. "Caroline doesn't want to hear any nursery rhymes or bedtime stories. Wants to hear about astronauts. One time she refused to go to bed. Said she had to wait till John Glenn came down from the sky."

There is at least one high-ranking government official who looks more dejectedly at Caroline's behavior and attitude. When the Kennedy family was aboard the yacht Honeymoon, Caroline kept stuffing herself with grapes. Uncle Bobby—Attorney General Robert Kennedy—looked irritably at Caroline as she spat seeds on the deck around him.

The State Department laughingly maintains that Caroline makes their foreign policy job even rougher. More than one foreign minister has been asked by Caroline—"Why don't you have any hair?"

Most VIP's simply laugh at Caroline's humor. There was one chief-of-state, however, who did not think she was funny, and even JFK appeared embarrassed. Last fall the Presidential policy of welcoming chiefs of state at the airport was switched to the more elaborate south lawn of the White House. The first man to receive the twenty-one-gun salute was Ahmed Ben Bella, premier of Algeria. It was a vital meeting that could have eased the strained relations between the U.S. and the newly independent African nation.

Ben Bella, his face solemn, stood rigid during the ceremony. Suddenly President Kennedy's face flushed. Caroline and the twenty children who attend her kindergarten class on the third floor of the White House had disobeyed the teacher's orders and were standing on the balcony mimicking the Algerian premier. Caroline squealed and yelled, "Attention," "Eyes Right," "Forward March," and "Boom, Boom."

The kindergarten teacher isn't the only person who cannot control Caroline. Skilled veteran secret service men have been given the slip by the little blonde who tells you she doesn't like people bossing her. Caroline's most evasive performance came last September when three secret service agents were assigned to guard Caroline while the first family were aboard the yacht Juneau P. Kennedy, watching the America Cup Race.

Caroline and a seven-year-old boy were playfully scampering around on the same deck where the President was sitting. An agent borrowed a lighter from a colleague, lit a cigarette and looked up suddenly to discover that Caroline was miss-ing. The guards searched frantically, Caroline, however, was not on the deck.

Caroline was discovered finally on the next level talking to a sailor. When the secret agent took Caroline by the hand, she said, "How would you like somebody following you around all the time?"

**She enjoys the challenge**

Caroline, it seems, not only prefers her own way but enjoys the challenge of breaking away from superiors. "She loves adventure so well," one guard has said, "that she is liable to jump over the side of the boat and try swimming in the middle of the ocean."

The guard's evaluation is no exaggeration. Caroline's desire for adventure nearly caused her to drown shortly before she was four years old.

She was attending a birthday party in Bethesda, Maryland, for one of her cousins. The mothers told the children they could go swimming in the backyard pool. But Caroline changed into her bathing suit faster than everyone else did, including the older children, and ran into the shallow end of the pool.

She grabbed a surfboard and began to paddle. She splashed out to where the water was four and one half feet deep, a foot over her head. Then she started to stand up on the surfboard. She flipped over. Caroline could not swim then. One of the mothers, Mrs. William Saltonstall, dove into the water fully dressed and grabbed Caroline after she had already gone under. Caroline was not disturbed by the fact that she almost drowned. She wanted to "go back in swimming."

"And, anyway," Caroline asked, "what was that lady doing in the water with her clothes on?"

Even Caroline's room in the White House has been fodder for her critics. Since the President's residence is supposed to be America's most formal building, Mrs. Kennedy has decorated a lavish room for Caroline. It is pale pink with white woodwork and pink-flowered curtains. She has a junior-sized bed with a canopy lined in pink ruffles.

Nevertheless, a nurse says Caroline is not too neat with her toys, and keeps the room fairly cluttered. Famous people around the world bring Caroline dolls when they call on the President. When she was younger, she enjoyed tearing them apart, so she was only shown the dolls until she outgrew that phase.

On March 6, 1961, President Kennedy became so irritated at the dolls scattered all over a room that he went down to pick them up. He hit his head on a corner of a table, suffered a cut and had to wear a bandage for several days.

Caroline's room is also a miniature pet shop. Once when Mrs. Kennedy showed the children's rooms to visitors, they found Caroline's two ducks swimming in a bathtub. Shortly afterwards, Caroline led a search through the spacious White House for her two hamsters, Debbie and Billie. The President was displeased by the incident, fearing the furry rodents might run across the feet of visiting dignitaries and frighten them.

Caroline has a habit of kissing cats and

"Let's play house and you three can be my ex-husbands!"
Caroline's famous parents have made her the best-known little girl in American history. Any time her hair style is changed, it affects the American style. You have to go back to the youthful days of Shirley Temple or the kidnapped Lindbergh baby to read about anyone who attained a fraction of Caroline's publicity, past president's children included. Other children lived in the White House—but they never captured the public's interest as cute Caroline has.

When the Kennedys moved into the White House, they realized Caroline, then three years old, would be subjected to heavy publicity. No one in Washington, however, ever expected Caroline to reach today's popularity. Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy emphatically maintained that she would do all she could to prevent her daughter from being photographed and, thus, spoiled.

"Too much attention is bad for her," Mrs. Kennedy has said. "And I don't want her raised like a social and secret service man. I want to raise Caroline normally, and we treat her that way. It's how other people treat her that's important. She's recognized and that's a strange thing at her age. It's sad, pretty sad, when she's only five. And her cousins—she plays with them, and they're older—tell Caroline to be about someplace else.

And so the First Family worked toward Mrs. Kennedy's intentions. Shrubbery and flowers were planted around the White House fence to prevent photographers with long range lenses from taking informal pictures of Caroline at play. When a couple of newspapermen attempted to photograph Caroline at ballet school, Press Secretary Pierre Salinger threatened to bar them from press conferences for following the President's daughter.

"Caroline," he insisted, "is going to have her dancing lessons in peace."

Those who know Caroline and her parents answer Caroline's critics by saying she is not spoiled, she's simply precocious. She is brimming over with vigour and curiosity, eager to learn everything she can about this fascinating world. Not many five-year-old girls could look out a White House window, notice a line of marching pickets and ask, "Mother, what did Daddy do wrong today?" Not many little girls—she was only four then—could analyze a painting of her father on the cover of Time magazine and observe, "Daddy, where did you get such spooky eyes?"

The President's daughter has a bright, alert mind, far beyond her years. Caroline can, for example, carry on conversations with practically anyone.

When she first moved into the White House, she discovered the telephone switchboard and began calling her grandparents and cousins around the nation. (This even caused a White House spokesman to answer charges that Caroline was spending taxpayers' money to play on the phone by announcing that the long-distance operator always puts Caroline's calls on President Kennedy's credit card. The White House operators now have orders not to place any more long-distance calls for Caroline—unless the President or Mrs. Kennedy approves it.)

Caroline answered the White House phone recently. "I'd like to speak to Mr. George Bundy (Mutual Security Advisor)," the caller said.

"This is Caroline," she answered. "Wait, I go get him."

Although Caroline had never met Bundy, she broke into a presidential meeting, pulled Bundy's sleeve and said, "Telephone for you.

Caroline always keeps phone messages straight. Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, who has been JFK's personal secretary for ten years, attests to Caroline's advancement and behavior. "I can say she's a sweet, well-mannered little girl," Mrs. Lincoln tells you. "Never any bother when she's around. Oh, she'll drop by my desk and ask if I've seen 'Daddy.'"

Caroline is not the first child to be fascinated by the White House telephone. Another was ex-President Howard Taft's son Charles. Now sixty-five, he describes one of his boyhood memories: "When I was ten or eleven years old, the switchboard operator at the White House even let me answer the phones when she ate lunch.

A spoiled woman who also raised children in the White House, the late Eleanor Roosevelt, said of Caroline. "She's a problem, sure. In her position, her behavior is embarrassing to a President. Regardless, you don't have to talk down to her like most children. She can carry on a conversation if she wants to."

President Kennedy himself commented on Caroline's popularity and conduct. "Caroline didn't have any trouble adjusting to the White House," the President said. "She loves it. She likes to talk, too, and I'm afraid one of our problems is that she would hold press conferences if we didn't stop her."

And so we say to the critics of Caroline Kennedy, yes, many of the reported incidents indicate that this child does not behave exactly like the little girl next door. But that's the problem. The child next door—no matter how many loving relatives dote on her—does not have her every bit of mischief reported to an eager world; she is not stared at and pointed at and photographed every time she goes to church. Her cute sayings stay within the family circle. She is her daddy's girl and her mother's pride and joy—not the property of an entire country of which her father is, during the formative years of her life, the Chief-of-State. Caroline spoiled? It looks like it, often. But with a father who believes in the strong discipline traditional in his family and a mother who insists, "I want to raise Caroline normally," Caroline can't help but grow up to be a credit to her parents—and to the nation that would love to spoil her. —BETSY CULLEN

***************
INVEST IN U. S. SAVINGS BONDS NOW EVEN BETTER
***************
piggback ride! I'm not very heavy, despite the fact I'm always trying to take off weight. Say, Shirley MacLaine must be strong! She must pack a good wallop. I wouldn't want to be hit by her, especially when she's angry.

Then I tried to remember if I ever had been punched by an actress for something I had written while covering the Hollywood Beat. I could only recall the other side of the coin; when I was on the other side of the street. I didn't exactly hit another columnist, a lady, but I did put my anger into motion.

It happened during 1940. I was out of work, after working a year for Hearst. Louella Parsons had said something very mean about me to William Randolph. I had been out of work for a few months and was burning about Louella. I didn't have a column then, and in this respect I was like Shirley MacLaine.

One night I entered Chasen's, alone. Louella was in a booth with Margaret Ettinger and the late and fine magazine writer, Alva Johnston. They both invited me to sit with them in their booth. They were unaware that I was burning about Louella. I refused their kind invitation a few times. But they were insistent, and instead of making a federal case out of the past incident, I joined their booth.

I found myself sitting next to Louella.

For many minutes I pretended Louella wasn't present and spoke past her to Margaret and Alva. However, it is difficult to ignore both Louella and my remembrance of things past. Then Louella, trying to be nice, I presume, made a casual remark to the effect that I wasn't a bad fellow, after all. This did it. I felt more angry than a Shirley MacLaine. I wanted to throw a roundhouse right at her, but I realized this would make the situation worse. I couldn't hit her in a restaurant filled with her colleagues.

So I leaned over and hit her on her arm— the right arm, the fleshy upper section. Louella gave a meek ouch. Margaret and Alva thought it was a gag. But I had given vent to my emotions, as the saying goes, and since then Louella and I have been cordial friends, and I started doing a column again.

But this was one time I was on the other side of the street, the side without a column in which to answer anything written or said.

Again, I tried to recall if I had been punched—or even slapped—while conducting a column.

Then I remembered.

It was during the late '40's. I had a column again. I was walking in the back-yard and then the driveway to the curb-stone of my house—lapping up all the information, such as a guy out of nowhere, a gun was poked into my stomach. A female voice said, "You've got to stop writing jokes about him." I managed to look up and see. It was Frances Goldwyn. She still held the gun and continued to speak, "Sam didn't sleep at all last night. You've got to stop writing those jokes about him." She meant it.

Since then, Frances and I are friendly whenever we chance to meet, and I don't believe Sam takes those Goldwyn jokes too seriously, regardless of who writes them. I'll say this, though: whenever anyone talks about Hollywood marriages and defies me to name one that has lasted not only for many years, but one in which the wife is genuinely in love and will go to any length to protect her husband, I have a truthful answer. I name the Goldwyns.

And I know what I'm talking about! The other week I went out to 20th Century-Fox, and Shirley MacLaine, with about twenty chums and boys, was rehearsing a dance number for "What A Way To Go!" Shirley wore rehearsal clothes, and I couldn't avoid seeing and admiring her legs and thighs. Shapely and sexy. As good, if not better, than any of the chorus girls. What stems!

When there was a break (intermission), Shirley walked over to the sidelines to greet me. I kissed her on the cheek. We chatted about various subjects for about fifteen or twenty minutes. I noticed Shirley's hands, arms and shoulders. Shirley is really built. She's solid.

Now Shirley returned to work. And this solid all-woman was graceful and speedy. She moved about fast and in the proper rhythm as she rehearsed the dance number.

So Shirley MacLaine can do most anything, I thought as I watched her. She can play a comedy role or a dramatic part or sing or dance or throw a punch!

In fact, as I continued to watch Shirley dance around, I thought to myself that she could take on Sonny Liston and last longer than Floyd Patterson.

That's for sure, mister! —The End

FRANK SINATRA

continued from page 53

joined her last year in London, where she and her sisters were performing in a club. Later, Sam and Phyllis toured Spain and Italy together. Although Interpol (the international police organization) keeps close tabs on Giancana when he's abroad (just as the FBI checks on him constantly in this country), there are rumors that Sam and Phyllis (divorced in 1956 from TV announcer Neal Van Síls) managed to give the authorities the slip during their 1962 European trip and get married.

In any event, when Nevada investigators started nosing around the Cal-Neva Lodge last summer, it is alleged that Sam and Phyllis flew off to Frank's Palm Springs ranch for a few days in the sunshine.

"Sinatra used vile language . . ."

Board chairman Olsen's complaint further charged that when the singer talked to him (Olsen) about Giancana in a telephone conversation on August 31, 1963, "Sinatra used vile, obscene and indecent language, in a tone menacing in the extreme, (constituting) a threat. It was designed to intimidate and coerce the chairman and members of the State Gamling Control Board to drop the investigation."

The board said Sinatra's partners at the Cal-Neva—Henry Sanicola and Sanford Waterman—were blameless in the housing of Giancana. (Reportedly, Frank is in the process of buying out his partners' interests in the lodge.)

The complaint also alleged that a Sinatra employee at the Lake Tahoe casino tried to bribe two gaming board auditors. It has also been stated that Sam is now the Cal-Neva payroll as an "advisor," attempted to force money upon two audit agents . . . who were then engaged in their official duties of verifying the gross win at the gaming tables" at the club.

In asking that Sinatra's license be revoked, the complaint asserted "Frank Sinatra . . . has for a number of years past maintained and continued social associations with said Sam Giancana while knowing his unsavory and notorious reputation, and has openly shielded and sanctioned to continue such association in defiance of Nevada gaming laws. (When Sam's middle daughter, Bonnie [then twenty-five], was married in Miami Beach a few years back to the secretary of a Chicago Democratic politician, Frank was reportedly one of the guests; and, according to New York Journal-American columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, "When he (Sam) was involved with the Villa Venice of Chicago, which later was closed, because there was a little gambling going on in connection with the night club [although of course Frank and Sam didn't know anything about it] Frank persuaded members of the Clan, big names like Dean Martin and Sammy Davis, Jr., to headline at the Villa Venice at very reasonable fees.")"

The Stakes: Sinatra's fifty per cent interest in the Cal-Neva Lodge and his nine per cent interest in the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas (he invested $50,000 in the Sands Hotel investment that has since increased in value seven times over) add up to assets of three million, five hundred thousand dollars in Nevada alone. (His estimated total wealth, accumulated during the past ten years since making a comeback in "From Here to Eternity" after sinking to a career and financial low, is $10,000,000.)

Loss of Sinatra's license at the Cal-Neva would automatically, according to board chairman Olsen, amount to loss of license at the Sands, Not that Frank couldn't unload his interests in both enterprises without suffering too great a financial loss, but psychologically and in terms of prestige it would be (to use one of Sinatra's favorite phrases) a "kick in the head."
The Beef: Who is Sam Giancana that his presence at the Cal-Neva should cause state authorities' blood pressures to shoot up so high?

He is—according to stock pigeon Joe Valachi, now singing to Federal agents about underworld activity in the United States, the Chicago head of "Costa Nostra" ("Our Business" or "Our Thing"), a loose confederation of gangs in at least eight states. Although when Valachi joined the organization in 1930 he took a blood oath (his finger was pricked) to die rather than betray it, he is in the process of "fingering" Giancana and a host of other ganglords.

Valachi's information, added to that of the FBI, provides the following profile of Sam's rise to gangland power:

1. Suspect in three murders before he was twenty.
2. Getaway car driver for the old Chicago 42 Gang under the leadership of Paul (The Waiter) Ricca and Tony (Big Tuna) Accardo.
3. Draft rejective in 1941 because of "strong anti-social trends and a psychopathic personality."
4. Ex-convict who did time for burglary and other stuff back in his days of mischief still.
5. "Enforcer" in 1943 for Accardo. Just before Ricca went to prison for ten years for a $1,000,000 movie extortion plot, he selected Giancana to be his avogad (or representative) while he was away. (The selection of Accardo was made at a meeting in Ricca's palatial home in River Forest, a large suburban community, attended by Sam [Golf Bag] Hunt, Jake [Greasny Thumb] Guzik, Murray [The Camel] Humphreys, and the nominee himself.)
6. Boss of the Chicago "family" of "Costa Nostra" in 1959, after Accardo was also indicted and convicted of income tax evasion. Accardo's conviction was later reversed and federal "heat" was still on him. He became an "elder statesman" of the gang, and Giancana continued to reign supreme.

Anti-Sinatra: When word got out about Frank's alleged association with Sam Giancana, the reprisals against the singer, verbal and otherwise, were both swift and despicable.

Nebraska's Governor Sawyer declared his state's gaming industry "must keep a clean house or get out." He said the industry "cannot afford anyone who isn't big enough to play by the rules," adding that "threats, bribery, coercion and pressure would not be tolerated."

Columnist Dorothy Kilgallen asserted that "show biz experts are betting that Warner Brothers will change the title of Frank Sinatra's projected picture, 'Robin and the Seven Hoods.' Under the circumstances, it's not so humorous."

The president of two radio stations in Massachusetts and Connecticut, Lawrence Reilly, has ordered banning Sinatra's records from the air, after the Nevada mess hit the headlines, on the grounds that "we don't want to be identified with him."

President of the United States John F. Kennedy, at the Inaugural Gala produced by Frank in Washington back in 1961, hailed the singer as "my good friend Frank Sinatra." Now columnist Leonard Lyons reports JFK shrugged his shoulders when he "learned of Sinatra's odd nationalities" and said, "He was Peter's (Lawford) friend, not mine." And columnist Charles McHarry reports that Sinatra now has trouble when he tries getting the White House on the phone.

There were others—people with long memories and a low opinion of Sinatra—who dredged up old charges (spread mainly by the late Lee Mortimer, New York Daily Mirror) that many of Frank's pals, over a number of years, are among the nation's most notorious hoodlums.

These charges boiled down to the following: 1) Sinatra is the owner of stock in a Las Vegas casino regarded by some as an underworld operation. Sinatra has been chosen by certain interests to take over the entire amusement industry. (Mortimer, April 3, 1960); 2) "Willie Moretti, alias Moore, kingpin of the Jersey rackets, and cousin of Joe Adonis, discovered the struggling lad from "Costa Nostra" in the Frankie gun. . . ." The mob got Sinatra a job in the Rustic Cabin, a Jersey roadside retreat, at thirty-five dollars a week. (Mortimer, August 51); 3) Moretti (gunned down in the streets in 1951) threw two lavish weddings for the daughters of his cousin, mobster Frank Costello, at the Essex House in Newark. Later, a Crook Productions, a force content in independent film company Essex Productions; and the question asked is whether he had a financial interest in another Essex House in San Fernando Valley's fashionable Encino; 4) In an article in the American Mercury entitled "Frank Sinatra Confidential: Gangsters in the Night Club," Mortimer, April 34, 1947, the crooner's name appeared on a Pan American flight manifest from Miami, Florida, to Havana, Cuba, along with those of Joe and Rocco Fischetti, cousins of gangster Al Capone. Frank, Mortimer said, was carrying a "heavy suitcase," and the three men were heading for a meeting with the international vice king. Charles (Larry) Luciano, Mortimer continued: "The same week Sinatra and the flying Fischettis visited 'Lucy' in Cuba, the Feds reported that two million dollars in small hand bills had been delivered to Luciano in the hand luggage of an entertainer." (Mortimer, August 1951); 5) Sinatra, at twenty-three, was grossing a million dollars a year. Were members of the Mafia brotherhood (the sinister underworld cabal) using him as a front and hitting off huge chunks of his dough?

Pro-Sinatra: There were others—people with long memories and a high opinion of Sinatra—who countered these charges one by one.

They pointed out that while Frank had once said, "If it hadn't been for my interest in music, I'd probably have ended in a life of crime," he has the interest in music and he isn't a criminal. As for the specific accusations made against Frank in the past, they refuted them. Details:

1) The Sands Hotel being an underworld operation—They quoted Rat Pack chronicler Richard Gehman, who in turn had quoted a "prominent Las Vegas citizen" as telling him: "It is hard to believe that a city so in the thrall of law-enforcement would tolerate mobsters unless they were so far underground they could not ever be detected." Besides, a Frank is now finding out the hard way, there's the watchful Nevada Gaming Control Board, . . .
Sinatra as Willie Moretti's protégé—They repeated Sinatra biographer Don DWCiggins' exploding of this myth: "Mobsters don't gamble on long-shots, and Sin¬atra, of course, was not involved.

The few dollars he was earning, or could earn, at the Rustic Cabin hardly seems worth the trou¬ble to put in a fix.

Sinatra's financial interest in the Encino Essex House—It just wasn't so, as policemen found out when they investi¬gated.

Sinatra's "friendship" with the Fi¬schetts and Costello—They recalled Geh¬man's explanation of this: "It was ex¬tremely difficult, some years ago, for any of the Toots Shor mob not to meet Frank Costello, for that gentleman was in Shor's nearly every day when he was not in jail, whether Toots wanted him there or not.

A reporters' daughter bought a drink by Frank Costello, who asked me how the writin' business was."

Sinatra's carrying two million dollars to Luciano—They put forth Frank's own denial of Mortimer's charge: "Picture me, skinny Frankie, lifting two million dollars in small bills! For the record, two million in dollar bills weighs five thousand pounds. Even if I had the twenty pounds of strength, I still would have required a longshoreman to lift it. Actually I stepped off the plane in Havana with a small suitcase in which I carried my sketching materials, oils and personal jewelry. (Luciano, now dead, was actually hurt, not helped, by Frank's visit and commented, "I had a nice deal going for me. I owned a piece of the dice operation. I played golf in the afternoon and went cabaretting at night.

Then, as Leonard Lyons points out, the Sinatra publicity, following that one-day visit, resulted in U.S. pressure on Cuba and blasted the vice king back to his na¬tive Italy for good.)

Sinatra as first a pawn of and then a threat to Wall Street—They subscribed to the opinion of Capt. James Hamilton, of the Los Angeles Police Department's Intelli¬gence Division, that "Nobody has ever become a Mafiosa because of wealth, position or power. You have to be born into the fraternity, or at least marry into it."

Finally, although they admitted that Frank has at one time or another hadCollection (occasionally violent) with Lee Mortimer (perhaps that's why Lee kept crying "gangster") and with assorted publicity men, parking lot attendants, newspapermen, hotel clerks, gate crash¬ers, racists and the like, they also empha¬sized that there's a big difference between being a hot-headed guy who fights at the drop of a hat, and being a mobster.

His friend Bing Crosby once said of Frank: "I think that he's always nurtured a secret desire to be a 'hood. But, of course, he's got too much class, too much sense, to go the route—so he gets his kicks out of barking at newsmen and so forth.

And there were others—close friends as well as admirers—who de¬fended Frank against the new accusations that were leveled against him.

Louis Sobol, by implication asking why Frank had been picked out by the Nevada gambling commission as its scapegoat, wrote: "What the local gambling fra¬ternity can't understand is all this fuss about Sam Giancana's stay at Cal-Neva Lodge when it is no secret he has financial interests in several casinos in Nevada and has occasionally lodged in Vegas hotels, too."

Both Las Vegas newspapers printed edi¬torials supporting Frank and attacking the commissioners.

Sammy Davis, Jr., speaking at a press conference in Melbourne, Australia, where he was performing, called the charges "hog-wash." Sammy said, "I admit Frank is no little Lord Fauntleroy, but these charges are ridiculous."

Attorney Greg Bautzer stated, "I don't think it should be possible that an individ¬ual can lose a property right by virtue of having a friend. I can even have a con¬victed individual as a friend if I desire and there's no law that says I cannot."

Son defends father

But it was Sinatra's son, Frank, Jr., whom newspapermen called upon to de¬fend his dad—and to explain why his father had skipped the New York open¬ing. With the applause of the crowd still ringing in his ears—he had silenced their whispering all the time he'd been out there on the stage and he had shown them he could really belt out a song—Sinatra's son was asked to clear the air of the swarm of reporters. He didn't flinch or duck, but answered their questions directly.

Why hadn't his father been present?

"I spoke to Dad on the phone, and he was crying badly. He was very tired.

He'd been working all afternoon on his record business. He thought he'd stay home until he felt better.

Did his father fail to appear because of the Nevada situation?

For a moment the boy's face flushed, then he controlled himself and said, "I've discussed it with my father and he said when he's ready he'll make a statement."

Two nights later, Sinatra did show up and he did make a statement. But first he had charged that "Hall of Shame" near St. John by his side, and listened to his son. And Frank, Jr., seeing his father's face at ringside, sang his heart out.

When the show was over, Sinatra pound¬ed his hands together in applause. For a moment he looked almost startled, as if he might be clapping all alone, but as he glanced around, apparently no one in the room was applauding, too, and he grinned as he saw that their eyes were not on him, but on his boy.

Photographers pressed through the cheering crowd, but he waved them away. Later, when he posed with his son in the lobby, he explained to reporters why he'd turned down the photographers inside: "I didn't want anything distracting my son."

And now, as he beamed and hugged his son to his side, his voice was filled with pride. "He sounds just like his old man," he said. Then he shook his head as if that's not what he wanted to say at all. "As a matter of fact," he corrected him¬self, "the kid sings better than I did at that age. But I got a good chance, a hell of a good chance. I think he's more ad¬vanced than I am now—way ahead of me because he's a studied musician, which I'm not. I think it's a matter now of serv¬ing an apprenticeship."

But now the reporters started firing questions fast and furious, but the older Sinatra didn't flinch and the younger Si¬natra didn't move from his father's side.

What about the gaming board charges? "I don't know what they're talking about. There's nothing I can say. I won't know anything until I get back to Los Angeles and talk to my lawyers.

Would he give up his holdings?

"We'll fight back!" (Later, columnist Earl Wilson asserted that Sinatra told a friend that he did not threaten the Ne¬vada gaming board; he merely said to one member, "You're a bunch of bums."

This is where he'd come in

At that moment a pretty, middle-aged woman walked up to father and son. Ig¬noring Frank Sinatra, Sr., she held out a menu, giggled, and then asked if Frank, Jr., would autograph it for her—and if he'd add the words, "With Love."

Sinatra grinned—this is where he'd come in twenty years before, when he slipped away into the night, with Jill on his arm.

Two days later and the Nevada cauldron was bubbling faster than ever. Sam Gian¬cana's whereabouts were unknown to the press; Phyllis McGuire was reportedly resting in her sister Christine's home in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, suffering from a heart attack; and Sinatra's law¬yers on the Coast were drawing up the charges against their client and reading their reply to the Nevada commission.

Where was Frank?

Well, he showed up at the General As¬sembly Hall of the United Nations in New York City, where he emceed a show for three thousand members of the UN staff. Was he there?

Well, after being introduced by Secretary General U Thant as "the great lifter of spirits" (a diplomatic touch—friendly, but not committed), which brought an appreciative laugh from the audience and a mock look of disdain from Sinatra, Frank asked the rhetorical question, "Do you want to light a cigarette?"—lighting a cigarette at the same time, and then he set the tone of the evening by saying, "It's essen¬tial to relax—with the stress and the hot spots around the world. Vietnam. Congo. Lake Tahoe."

Then, as the audience was still laugh¬ing, he stepped forward a bit and said in a stage whisper, "Anybody want to buy a casino? I didn't want it anyway. I've got four hundred dollars in six banks."

Anyway, Frank Sinatra was already fighting back—with good humor.

But it turned out that he really didn't want it. He was going to pull out com¬pletely, he decided. As we went to press, his Las Vegas attorney, Harry Claiborne, revealed Sinatra's intentions: To divest my¬self completely of all and involvement with the gaming industry in Nevada."

And Frank Sinatra, Jr.—there wasn't any reason for him to say anything further, because he'd said it all already—before.

"I'm proud of my name. I'm proud of my father ... What I've learned from him is to abhor prejudice, to respect the other guy, and to be honest and uncompromising with principle. When it comes to principle, my father never wavers."

There was no reason for Frank Sinatra's son to say anything further—so he closed his eyes, leaned back and just kept sing¬ing.

—TONY ANTHONY

Frank appears in "Come Blow Your Horn," Paramount, and "For Texas," Warners.
laugh. And into all this controversy, one day, strolled British newspaperman Roderick Mann, to interview Kim. Six feet, a handsome man with dark hair graying at the temples, and radiating charm. To Kim, at this point, he might have walked right out of King Arthur. Here was a strong shoulder and an understanding heart.

“It was so good to have someone to laugh with and have fun with, and who wasn’t connected with the film,” she said. “And I’ve always tended to feel a warmth towards writers. I love people who are sensitive and can express themselves.”

“Kim seemed so much more about me than I knew about him—all the things I didn’t like—these personal feelings—and perhaps instinctively he stayed clear of many things, at first, that he knew had kept me from marriage. He knew where other men had failed in trying to possess me. So at first he probably tried not to make the same mistakes. But you can’t play it safe, you have to revert—and be like you really are.

“We talked about being married in London. But little things started happening. As soon as the film was over, I realized this wasn’t right.”

Disenchantment began to set in for Kim. Rosiness gave way to reality.

The conflicts begin

The differences began to show up—in temperament, in backgrounds, customs, countries, emotional needs. There were conflicts between Roderick’s typical British reserve and Kim’s more Bohemian volatile temperament.

“I’m an emotional person, as you know,” Kim said now. “I react emotionally to anything. My voice—my pitch—everything changes. I get excited about something, but it’s not a matter of being angry, you see. I’d get very heated talking politics. And right away Rod would take it that I was angry. ‘Why are you upset?’ he’d say. ‘But I’m not upset,’ I would say. ‘But you are—you’re so emotional about it.’

‘You don’t understand. That’s just my way. I don’t mean anything by it.’

‘Well are you always going to be like that?’

And as Kim told it now, “I couldn’t say ‘no, I’ll never be that way again.’ That wouldn’t have been honest to him. But I started trying constantly to be aware of talking more personally everything. And I started to get very tense inside. Because I’d been holding back so much.

“Or take the fact that Rod loves a formal cultivated lawn, while I love things that grow wild and natural. That’s why I love Carmel—it changes with the sea and it’s wild and free and reckless—and that’s what I am. Rod likes the sea, but at the same time, he’s looking, ‘Oh, wouldn’t they take long Sunday walks around Kim’s hotel, just outside Bray, Ireland. The Old Conna Hotel was a former estate that had been converted into an inn. ‘It was such a romantic place,’ Kim remembered, “with sheep and goats and horses grazing in the meadows. In the distance there was the sea. Everything that I love. But it had been like a prison to me because of the pressures of the film. Then when Rod came into it, it was like someone letting me out of the prison. Then I learned to enjoy this beautiful place.’

Here, in this lovely pastoral setting, Roderick Mann gave Kim an engagement ring, an antique emerald ring shaped like an angel with wings with little diamonds around it.

“I’m not usually given to being that impulsive—about serious things,” Kim says. ‘Then on the other hand, when I saw my Carmel house the first time I felt, ‘Oh this is for me!’ And I right away bought it. And that’s how I felt about Roderick at first. To think at the first signs of things being beautiful, ‘Oh yes! It’s forever.’

“But they knew so much more about me than I knew about him—all the things I didn’t like—all these personal feelings—and perhaps instinctively he stayed clear of many things, at first, that he knew had kept me from marriage. He knew where other men had failed in trying to possess me. So at first he probably tried not to make the same mistakes. But you can’t play it safe, you have to revert—and be like you really are.

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A. To celebrate the introduction of her six new Pan Am shades, Harriet Hubbard Ayer is offering either the long or regular slant-tip lipstick for only 75¢.

B. No matter what your hair color, it’s a Bright Idea to add highlights with Helene Curtis’ new temporary coloring and styling lotion. Nine shades, $1.50 ea.

C. Decorate your holiday haircut with one of Tip-Top’s festive ornaments. Shown here, a poinsettia at 29¢; lots more available at your favorite store.

D. So safe, so gentle, yet so completely dependable—that’s 5-day Deodorant, the soft cotton pads saturated in pure daintiness. Economy size costs 89¢.

E. Eve might have smelled Dreamflowers in the Garden of Eden—now Pond’s captures the essence in dusting powder to lavish on after every bath. $1.00.*

*plus tax.

it look great to have a lawn there.’ And you know what a lawn means to me? Work. Mowing it. Routine. Well, all my life I’ve tried to get away from routine. In England we’d be riding along and Rod would say, ‘I’d love a fabulous lawn.’ I’d agree, but I’d point out the field where everything was growing wild and beautiful. ‘It just looks messy and dirty to me,’ he would say. And I’d say, ‘Well, I think it’s gorgeous.’ And my viewpoint on lawns, and Carmel and casual living is my viewpoint on all of my life. I believe in living and not living, I don’t want to change anything or anybody. But by the same token I don’t want to be changed, you know.”

Their differences may have seemed small, but they added up to threatening a whole way of life that Kim loves. This is Kim, Roderick Mann’s precision-thinking would seem thwarting to a free spirit like Kim. He preferred formal dining and evenings out. Kim is happier with a few close friends before an open fireplace. She’s a loner, not given to partying.

Home to Kim is a small brick house built like a miniature castle with two little turrets, that perches high on a rocky ledge jutting out over the ocean. The changing Palace is almost part of her living room, it sprays on her bedroom window at night, rocking her to sleep. She gets her mail out of a rural mail box and has no phone.

With Roderick Mann, Kim could almost envision a changing of the Guard at her little place. Their differences were a mounting source of mutual irritation.

“Opposites may attract.” Kim says now. “And I think that’s certainly true. But I don’t go along with the theory that it’s what makes you right for one another. I put first things first. I love things to be clean and neat. But if I have an idea for a painting or a poem, I want to do it right away. And if I don’t make the bed or do the dishes, or whatever—fine!”

“I can’t be that way”

“But the more I knew Rod, the more I realized that he was the kind of person where life had to be just so. Which is fine. I don’t have anything against it. I can admire someone like that. But I can’t be that way myself. And one should try to find someone who’s like that. Otherwise, eventually, we’d get on each other’s nerves.”

“I didn’t expect him to change his views, but I wanted to have mine,” was Kim’s summing up. And with a thirty-eight-year-old bachelor who’s traditionally British and a decisive journalist, this represented complications.

“I was afraid for Rod to accept this,” Kim went on warily. “Men always have to prove their manhood. Any time I would challenge Rod’s thinking or have a different viewpoint, Rod took it as meaning I thought less of him as a man. That I didn’t respect his views. Well I did, and I told him I did. But you see, I think this charged him.”

Disturbed about the uncertainties in their relationship, it was inevitable Kim would compare Roderick Mann with Richard Quine.

Kim and Dick Quine faced different problems. Heavier life-problems. Religious problems. The matter of Dick’s ex-wife and his three children. The healthy relationship with Dick’s children that was so important to Kim, that she had no chance to effect, no change to get to know them.

Despite it all, they couldn’t seem to do without one another. When Dick was directing a picture in France, they were so lonely, Kim flew to Paris.

“I went over there hoping maybe the problems could be worked out,” Kim said. But apparently they were insoluble.

“Dick is probably the only man I’ve ever really loved,” Kim said now. “I know that, when I look back on everything. But you cannot go into marriage with such an overbalance of problems.”

With Kim and Rod there were additional problems. Where they would live. Whether Kim would go on with her career. With Roderick’s work he couldn’t conform to Kim’s schedule. What then?

“But I think if it’s really love, things fall into place,” Kim said.

A troubled Kim flew in from London to Bel Air. Roderick and Kim had worked out their plans—if any—and do some Hollywood assignments for his London paper. They quarreled, and Kim headed for her home in Carmel.

“I wanted to get away altogether and think,” Kim says now. “I wanted to just see how it was when I was back in my own surroundings again. See if it really was because I was lonely over there.”

Admitted—a mistake!

Back home, Kim realized she had definitely made a mistake. She returned Roderick’s ring. “I thank God I found out before there was real unhappiness,” she said. “Who needs the problem-marriage? I don’t, believe me. I don’t need this financially, nor do I need it emotionally. Some people say this is some kind of problem. On the contrary, I feel there’s a problem when you settle for someone who isn’t right for you. If you cannot find security within yourself, you can’t expect someone else to give it to you. If marriage is right, it’s a sharing of things. You both have strength and you both have weaknesses. But you’re more on the same level.

“I want to marry. I want to share, and I want to inspire. And I know some day it’s going to be right. But if I don’t find the man who’s right—if it all goes by—I’ll still have no regrets. Because believe me, I think there’s nothing lonelier than a person who’s married to the wrong mate.”

Kim says her ill-fated romance with Roderick Mann wasn’t make her more hesitant about marrying. “But I do know I should never rush into anything. I’ll know the right man when I find him, and I won’t let him go. I haven’t found him yet, and won’t settle for less.”

Kim gathered up her belongings: some scripts, the keys to her station wagon and her dog, for the trip back to Carmel. She added one last word:

“One begins to lose heart—in the search,” she said. “You go along and you think, ‘Oh, why isn’t something right?’ I’m ready to do it—I’m ready for a good marriage. I’m ready to share—whatever I am—and I’m wanting to. And then you can’t find the right man.

“But I don’t believe in forcing anything. If the time isn’t right, the time isn’t right. And when it is right, it will be. I’ve just go on believing that.”

—MAXINE ARNOLD

Kim’s in “Of Human Bondage,” M-G-M.
hundreds of TV credits and a hit in "Summer Magic." Now he's definitely on his way.

Gary always hesitated taking on the responsibilities of marriage. He wanted Connie, but the minute the publicity pressure started in with the wedding, the minute problems began cropping up, they were no longer able to communicate. He became moody and withdrawn. Connie felt lost. She couldn't reach him.

**This is Jim**

Pressure doesn't bother Jim. As a matter of fact, he wants responsibility. He's been a free-wheeling agent all his life and he's developed the muscles for it. When he and Connie are out together and fans become too insistent, he has a way of taking the pressure off her. She signs the autographs graciously, but when the pressure gets too heavy, he just says "thank you, but no more. They talk over every single business decision she has to make—the first time she's ever been able to do this. Now she's discovered that someone who has your interests at heart brings into the discussion a lot of facets you hadn't even thought about—although you may think you're pretty smart. Jim is the smart man in it. If he says he's going to do something, he does it. Now. Not four days later like I do. He looks into every detail. I depend on him.

And there he stands, smiling, serene. The girls have taken their places at the altar, Jim's brother, Louis Elias, is shaking slightly, aware of the ring he's holding. Connie exchanges smiles with Carole. Certo Stevens, herself a bride of just three months, and Connie's closest friend. So strange... if it hadn't been for Carole, Connie'd never have met Jim Stacy.

It was when she and Carole were down in Palm Springs for the filming of "Palm Springs Weekend." Connie was still feeling droopy after the break-up with Gary. Every night there'd be groups of fellows and girls going out to dance or drive. There were pool parties. Connie insisted Carole go with the crowd and Jim Stacy was part of the crowd. He started dropping by the house. After they came back to Los Angeles, he continued dropping by the house, to chat with Carole, Connie thought, although it wasn't a romance. Jim knew all about Carole and her Darryl Stevens.

Then one night, this "Gaslight Club Party" came along. Connie was dying to go and she'd decided she'd just tag along with some married friends of hers if necessary. As a matter of fact, she was dressing when Jim drove up to return a book he'd borrowed. She saw him from the window, grabbed up a robe, and it didn't take her three seconds to bounce down the steps and catch him in the driveway. Did he have a date for the Gaslight Club Party? No? Would he take her? He certainly would.

For five weeks after that, they really had a... went down to Tijuana for the jai-a-lai games, went water skiing, swam, talked, went to Carole and Darryl's wedding... never dreaming, not even dreaming... and then four days before Connie left for Europe (originally Carole was to have gone with her), Jim phoned. He was going with her! Walt Disney had suggested he go over to London to do some publicity for "Summer Magic," and he promptly canceled out of Tennessee Williams play he had planned to do.

**When did love begin?**

It was the most fascinating time I've ever had. I've always dreamed of roaming Europe wild and free, not as an actress or a star or with studio help, but just me, like any American girl tourist. Flying from place to place, meeting all kinds of people, singing and laughing and learning about life... Well, Jim and I made it.

And when did love begin?...

... in London seeing Shakespeare with Jim for the first time?... at Wimbledon, sitting in the center court taking pictures of everything?... When we went to see Sophie Tucker and "Talk of the Town", and scrambled all over the floor trying to snap one of the "Sophie Tucker Little Lover Pills" she threw to the audience?... In Rome, flying up and down the hills and through the traffic on our Vespa?... At the Pope's coronation?... Or the day we visited the catacombs?

Where did love begin? The fact is, love may have begun, but Connie was too busy having fun to analyze it. Gary wasn't easy to get over, she'd been telling herself, kicking herself, forcing it to be over—but was it? She'd say it was, only if she thought she'd be there still in that loyal heart of hers. And it was so important for her to assert her independence. In Rome she actually made Jim phone her for a day and a half, but she wasn't just to take their romance for granted. Then the last week in Europe, when Jim wanted to attend the bull fights in Barcelona, she insisted on spending a week with friends at Blackpool. But they had a great time together, real fun. Wherever they went, they turned everybody on. Whatever they did was great!

And where did love begin? When did she know? In Kansas City, after she came home, when she was doing something she'd always dreamed of—starring in "The Wizard of Oz," packing in the crowds and receiving tremendous audience ovations every night. And I felt lost, really I did. I got a great charge out of the performance itself, but once it was over missed Jim. Terribly. We ran up three hundred dollars' worth of phone bills between the two of us. Isn't that ridiculous? I did a lot of thinking in Kansas City. And the old romance was over and out of my system forever, I knew that for sure.

**Jim makes an offer**

And then she came back and there was this offer from Australia for a night-club appearance, and wonder of wonders, the studio said she could go and then the night she and Jim were talking about the Australian trip, they'd been to dinner and they'd been together all day and now it...
"Continued from page 46

into it?" Another pause. The answer, of course, was the years they'd shared. Years in which they'd grown up together. Struggled through the tough dream to success together. There was the matter of their plans to marry, their broken engagement last January. The public had just coupled them too long. If Gary said nothing, there would still be questions unanswered. Speculation.

"I suppose it's only natural for people to wonder how I feel . . . after all this time," Gary said finally. His voice more relaxed and resigned. "So, okay—once and for all—

"I want Connie to be happy. That's what I've always wanted for her. Happiness. I hope this is right for her. And if Connie's happy—then this is right for her. And this is what I want for her too."

You know, it seems people are never expected to have a happy medium. Society won't let them. If they're married to somebody or going with somebody and it doesn't work and they split up—people seem to think they either have to hate one another . . . or still be in love. Which isn't true.

"I'll always care . . ."

"Now, I haven't seen Connie for six or seven months. And my only thought is . . . that I hope she's happy. I want that for her, and I'm sure she wants that for me."

"I'll always care for Connie . . . as a person. I'm not in love with her, but I still have love for her . . . that way. And now she's getting married, all I keep thinking is . . . I hope she's very happy.

"She'll always be a special person to me. When you've grown together so long when you spend seven years with somebody—you become part of another's life. And this was an important part of life. It was the beginning of a new life for each of us. A struggling life in show business that we experienced together.

And because of that period of time spent together and the things we went through together, Connie could never, say, be a 'picture' in the past. Even when I'm sixty or seventy years old, I can't imagine somebody mentioning her and me saying—Connie Stevens? Oh yeah—we went to drama school together. You know, that kind of thing. We went through seven years of life together. They'll always be an important part of my past."

In recent months, Connie and Gary have been completely out of touch, however. And he hadn't known she was getting married until he read the announcement.

"No, I didn't know Connie planned to get married," he said now. "But there's no way I could have known. Since we broke up, our association had dissolved over a period of time. Connie had been to Europe and traveling around a lot. She'd met someone else. I'd met someone.

"In six or seven months, I've only talked to her on the phone once. She called my roommate, Steve Ilmet, who's a good friend of hers, and I answered the phone. We both said, 'How are you? That was all."

But Gary hadn't been surprised by the wedding announcement. "Knowing Connie as I do," he said, "when she's spending that much time with someone, then she cares. She's serious."

Asked his opinion of Jim Stacy, particularly relative to the marriage of Gary and Connie, Gary said, "I don't know Jim. I never met him. But what I've heard about him has been very complimentary."

A number of people have remarked about Jim Stacy's physical resemblance to Gary, but this he countered with, "I don't think that's true. He's bigger than I am, and he has a darker complexion.

"The day Gary and Jim ever came to meeting was an award dinner both attended, I was sitting at a table with Ozzie Nelson," Gary recalled, "Jim was seated at a table below ours, and he was leaning up talking to Ozzie. Later Ozzie remarked, 'He's a nice fellow—he plays football.' Everybody was dancing and milling around, and we didn't meet."

"But I understand he's a very nice guy," Gary added. "Steve's been out with Connie and Jim. He's been dating Connie's cousin, and he says he's a very nice fellow. A couple of other friends who've met him have said the same."

"And if Connie is happy—then I'm sure Jim is the right man for her."

Gary had known about the two of them. "No, toward the end . . . something happened to us," he said, "I could never begin to say what happened. But I'm sure whatever happened to us . . . happened for the best. I feel now—as I left then—that we did the right thing when we broke up. We weren't ready for marriage. But that's too immature."

"I was immature in various ways," Gary went on. "Among others, my inability to handle my personal life in conjunction with my new career. I got a personal manager, Bob Marcucci, and a business manager, which was about the smartest thing I ever did. I gained maturity in the past months. I think I'm coming around," he said. "Life helps do this. Experience after experience. I was dating around a lot for awhile there after Connie and I broke up. This probably had something to do with the maturing process."

"Then I met a certain young lady . . . and the timing was right. I was more ready. You have to be happy within yourself. You have to be secure within yourself . . . before you can be secure with others."

Undoubtedly Connie had matured too. "As I've said, I haven't talked to her—but a lot of developing can take place in a matter of months," he said.

Gary's new girl

During these months both Connie and Gary have been building a new life. The first two months after they broke up, Gary had dated a number of glamorous young eligibles, like Maria Persche, Anna Capris, and others, as I knew. But as Gary pointed out now, "That all stopped when I finally met somebody I really became interested in." He refrained from mentioning her name here.

"I'd rather not," he said. "We'll talk about her later. We didn't start dating until months after Connie and I broke up. She is in no way involved, and I think it would be unfair to bring her into this."

Were they serious?

"Serious enough that I don't care to go out with anyone else," Gary said. "We have a great deal in common. She's a talented singer, and she has her own television series. She's a very mature young lady, and I'm very happy with her."

"And now a new life is starting to form for Connie. Some girls may find happiness in a career, but I don't care how much of a career Connie has, I'm sure her life would not be fulfilled without a home and husband and children. She's a wonderful person, Connie, is a warm and giving person."

"From what I hear, Connie and Jim Stacy are very happy together. Everything about Connie and me has been said . . . and said . . . and said again. It's about time they stop being said."

"Connie's been a special person in my life, and for Connie I wish special happiness. May God be with them both . . . in their new life together."—DIANE SCOTT

See Gary on "The Virginian," via NBC-TV, Wednesday 7:30-9:00 P.M., EST.
As young as he was at his first remembered beating, the boy’s hardly-formed mind did manage to become conscious of one simple ambition to survive.

It’s been said that had Steve simply submitted to the unreasonable dictates of his stepfather, he might not have had such a bruised boyhood.

Steve manages a slow grin at that. “It wouldn’t do any good with that man. It didn’t matter at all. He apparently beat me for the sheer sake of pleasure it gave him—which included the joy he obviously derived from my pain. I was young. I even thought of bearing the beatings, vowing simply to hold on until I was old enough to run away. But I just couldn’t. It wasn’t in me. I started to fight back.”

McQueen didn’t know it at the time, but that deep-down, unexplained compulsion to “fight back” when he was a boy probably saved him as a man. For it is now quite clear that had he not rebelled, he would have grown up to be an adult with the body of a man and the mind of a vegetable.

A few years ago, during a long talk with McQueen, it was obvious that he still bore a hatred for his father that was so deep it threatened to adulterate Steve’s life and his relationships with others. And, at the time, Steve admitted that it worried him.

“I’m beginning to realize,” he said, “that I was suspicious of every person I met. I felt everyone was out to get me, no matter what I did, no matter how I behaved. That is why I’ve been a loner most of my life.”

But in the years that have passed since then, McQueen, although hardly philosophical about his boyhood, has localized the unfulfilled vengeance that still burns in his heart.

“I cannot indict the entire human race for the despicable conduct of one man. I know that now. But it still grabs me inside to hear another guy talk of the marvelous things he did as a kid. The good times he had with his parents and his brothers and sisters. It really gets me. I can’t help it.”

This is the way a man talks when the only things he can remember from the age of three to fourteen is eleven years of being beaten, cursed, flung into dark rooms without food or water, of seeking escape only to be punished, apprehended and heartlessly thrown back at his tormentor who would mete out even more terrible punishments than before.

“I think I was just about twelve when I started to hit back,” McQueen recalls. “My fists were small, but they were insane with desperation. You know, it relieved me a great deal just to connect with something, to feel my knuckles go hard against his body with the hysterical hope that the blows might hurt or even break the skin and draw his blood.

“I would have borne any punishment—anything, just for the pleasure of knowing that I had given back even a little of the pain. I was justified, inflicted on me. God, how I wanted that.”

By the time Steve was fourteen he was stronger and somehow he had developed an animal-like skill, a craftsmanship that must have come from instinctual depths. By developing a survival pattern right for the jungle, he learned that civilization had put a label on him. He was “incorrigible.”
It happened when Steve was fourteen. His stepfather had just hit him in the face. The blow had turned his head on his neck so hard that Steve, now knocked-out on his face, began to fall and hit one of the walls. At the moment he was, unhappily, at the top of a flight of stairs. In the next few seconds his body began to somersault down the stairs with sickening thumps and crunches as his body crashed against the edges of the steps. His arms flapped and flailed in space frantically seeking some hold for the hands. There was none.

He hit the floor at the bottom with a thud and for a moment lay in a heap, his chest heaving for breath, his vision blurred and his body bruised in so many places he did not know where he hurt most.

He lay there for a moment, his nose and mouth mashed into the carpet. The respite allowed his head to clear. He stared stupidly at the line of the floor and the legs of the furniture.

He managed to get to his feet, drunk with pain and hate. He leaned against a banister post and began to cry. Then he looked up and saw his stepfather still sneering down at him.

"In that instant," Steve remembers, "I made up my mind that man would never hit me again. It didn’t matter whether I lived or died anymore. The only thing that did matter was that I would never, never bear the pain of his fists again."

At first Steve’s voice was low and sobbing as he looked up at the man and said, "You ever touch me again and I’ll kill you."

Then, from some reservoir of stamina his chest swollen with breath and he screamed: "You hear me?! Hit me again and I’ll kill you!!! I swear to God, I’ll kill you!!!"

For the first time in his fourteen years, Steve McQueen had been seized by fury, the wild and shrieking rage that, when it takes place in the heart of a boy, turns him into a man.

His stepfather, obviously frightened at being turned on, called the juvenile police and had Steve committed to the school at Chino as an incorrigible.

For the first few weeks at the school he was exactly what they had called him, incorrigible. He made several attempts to run away. Each time he was picked up by the juvenile officers and returned.

**Kindness? What’s that?**

Finally one of the Chino counsellors decided to work on Steve.

"He wanted to teach me the meaning of the simplest word in our language," Steve says. "And that word was—kindness."

Steve shook his head at the memory, "I didn’t know what the hell he was talking about. He said there were people in the world who cared what happened to me. Imagine that? I decided the real reason he was at Chino was because he was crazy. The idea that anyone cared what happened to me wasn’t just stupid to my mind, but incomprehensible."

"McQueen’s people finally agreed to take me and let me work on his farm in Missouri, a town called Slater. I worked from sunrises to sunsets. I must have been growing up, because I began to feel a need for people my own age and I couldn’t stand the desolation of the ranch." He ran away.

For the next three years Steve was a teen-aged derelict. He joined a freighter crew on a voyage to Central America, worked as a look-out "for a floating crap-game, blind man’s bluff," he later explained. He then went from there to New York City and wound up in a cheap rooming house in Greenwich Village.

"The community was swarming with intellectual phonies," Steve says, "and I didn’t understand any of them. But I did react to one thing, the right to do as you damn please, to say and think what you feel without interference. I liked that part of it."

But Steve had an irresistible urge to move, and on his seventeenth birthday he joined the Marines after a slight delay over the question of how old he really was.

**Something worth working for**

Steve stayed with the leathernecks for more than two years. They not only gave him a gun. They gave him a driver’s license.

"I learned a great deal about cars. Take care of them, they’ll take care of you," Steve says. "I was clothed well and fed well. I worked hard at being a good Marine because for the first time in my life there seemed to be something worth working for. I gave the one thing I discovered, that really changed my point of view on life, was justice and the meaning of it. I knew that before I knew kindness. I understood justice. You did something right and you were rewarded. Do something wrong and you were punished. It made sense."

"Toward the end of my hitch in the Corps, I began to think of what I’d do in the future."

"As vacuous as the life in Greenwich Village had been compared to my other memories, it was the only relatively pleasant period of my life."

"Once out of the Marines, I returned to New York City."

A few months later and quite by accident Steve was with two rooming-house neighbors who had happened to sit down with famed drama coach Sanford (Sandy) Meisner. The teacher sensed, in an instant, McQueen’s natural and unflagging sensitivities and the seething, awkward, but interesting emotions that stirred McQueen to talk. Meisner suggested McQueen seriously consider drama as a career. It was all McQueen needed.

Two years after a literally desperate "career" as a starving young actor, McQueen was accepted by the Actors Studio. Less than a year after that, Steve replaced Ben Gazzara in "A Hatful of Rain" on Broadway.

"It was almost easy," Steve says, "when there is someone to show you the way."

His relationships with others, many of whom cared a great deal what happened to Steve McQueen, aroused a hundred dormant emotions in him. Ideals, creativity, the inexplicable satisfaction he now began to feel after difficult rehearsals, the warmth of the audience, the hard muscle laughter he found with other men, shop talk, politics—the whole world cloudbursting on him, the quick joys of the heart, the fascinating earnestness of life in its true light and the zest and gusto of living.

One evening he and Gazzara were putting away a spaghetti dinner at a steak house near the theater.

"I looked up with my mouth full of pasta," McQueen remembers, "and stared straight at the loveliest face I’d ever seen."

The face stared back for an instant and then she smiled. The face kept going, but I knew in the split part of a second that if I ever let that face go without meeting it, I’d be the unhappiest man in the world. Don’t ask me how I knew, I knew."

McQueen got up, crashed through the jammed room and bought "the face" just as she reached the door.

He stopped her cold. He said the first words that came to his lips and they were: "All I want is the chance. One honest try."

The girl smiled back at him. He didn’t have to explain. She knew what he was asking and she nodded her head, "All right."

Call him back stage at The Pajama Game tomorrow morning, she said.

Neile Adams was small, sprite-like, with pixie hair, sparkling doe-shaped dark eyes, a sculptured figure and a laugh that rang out like little temple bells.

"By the way, you’ve got sauce on your face," she tinkled as she walked out.

So the romance began. There were many dates and many partings. Show business tried to split them up. Steve in New York and Neile in Hollywood for months. But their love was too long and too deep for even a continent to stretch it to breaking.

**A yearning heart of steel**

There was another bond that held them. Neile, too, had never known her father. An Englishman named guerrilla in the Philippines during the war and killed by the Japanese.

Neile and her mother spent nearly three years as prisoners of war and somehow had survived the unspeakable miseries and torments of a Japanese concentration camp.

"But at least I had known love," Neile says, "Steve, I learned right in the beginning, had never known it. His heart was like steel and yet I sensed the terrible yearning in him to be tender."

"I will never forget the night Steve and I were walking down a New York street. Neither of us had much money at the time and I really hadn’t known Steve for long. It was our fifth or sixth date."

"I knew that Steve was attracted to me. I guess every woman knows or senses how she’s doing with a man. I was certainly attracted to him."

"I had been telling him about some of the things that had happened to me during my childhood and I had just mentioned an incident about a crush I had had on a boy when I was very young."

"Then I said I was so heartbroken over it that if my mother hadn’t loved me and I hadn’t loved my mother so much, I might never have gotten over that case of puppy love."

"The instant I said love, Steve tightened up. He suddenly walked slower and kept looking over his shoulder."

"Then he said, ‘I have to ask you a question. Please don’t laugh.’"

"I thought for sure he was going to tell me he loved me or, wilder of all after so short an acquaintance, ask me to be his wife. It was a moment of sweet suspense."

"I told Steve I wouldn’t laugh no mat-
her what he asked me. But I wondered...  
"Then he looked up and said, 'What is it like to love someone? What does love feel like?'

"All of a sudden I was crying, I couldn't stop myself. Poor Steve thought he had said something wrong.  
"It wasn't that. It just broke me up inside to think of the years and years of his life he had gone without loving and without being loved. To me it was the most heart-splitting tragedy I'd ever heard of.

"From that moment on I really loved Steve and I've never stopped. Not because I know he needs love or because I feel sorry for him, but because I want to try and make of all the lose days of his living when he had yearned so desperately for the warmth and affection so cruelly denied him.

"The happiest part of all is that Steve is worth it."

They were married in 1956. Steve, at long last, knew he would never go hungry for love again.

To make things even better, Steve's career, though it didn't zoom meteorically, began to move. From walk-ons and bit parts he went to featured roles and finally with his appearance in the TV series, _Wanted—Dead Or Alive_, his talent as an actor became so obvious to producers and directors that his shift from television to movies was automatic. And it was not only a successful transplant, but it also brought about certain changes in Steve.

To rid a heart of hate

For a time his reckless compulsion for speed was the talk of Hollywood. McQueen would race anywhere there was a stretch longer than a quarter mile. Straightaway or curve, it didn't matter. His cars, always low-slung for road-hugging on turns, zipped and swooshed by slower drivers, especially away from the hills of Hollywood.

He still does it, but not so often. There was a deep, emotional reason for Steve's craving for speed.

The longer a man hates, the longer bitterness and distrust is in him, the longer it takes him to rid his heart of it.

Steve's outward appetite for speed and daring was, in a way, the expiation of the hostilities that had built up inside him for so long. And though the sport has at times endangered his life, it has allowed McQueen to get rid of much of the hard-jawed resentment he felt toward those who had robbed him of a normal boyhood.

Says Steve, "I am riding out the rage in my life, because I don't want it to hurt those I love."

But there is the unexpected reward Steve derives from "rare races." He discovered that perfect strangers stood in awe of his daring, his disregard for his own safety.

They were fascinated, as one McQueen fan put it, "This man has a wild heart."

Steve liked that. True, he was respected and admired as a gifted actor. But Steve's ego feeds a little on the fact that he receives idol-worship from those who envy and admire his "incorrigible disregard for danger."

"McQueen would race the devil if he got the chance," an admiring said of Steve.

McQueen heard about it and smiled, "I know, I think I would," he commented with a grin.

But there are signs that Steve is leveling off. At thirty-three he is beginning to welcome, eagerly, serious responsibilities, professional and personal.

He recently bought a multi-acted home in Brentwood City, the wooded Bel Air of Hollywood, and it will be there much to the future of his two children.

More than anything, he wants to make something for himself, not just as a personality, but as a human being known for his compassion, sense of justice and a driving, articulate love for life.

"I want to make it just for myself, my wife and my kids. Troy Leslie and Chad, but because somewhere right now, there are kids going through what I went through. Maybe if they know that I survived, they may find hope in their misery. I can't say they will ever forget what is happening to them; but if they hold on, they'll get through and learn to live with bad memories; yet learn to love in spite of them."

This all happened to Steve. He knows it did. Because every once in a while, in the middle of the night, he wakes up screaming.

—WHIT PRESTON

Steve will next appear in "Love With A Proper Stranger," a Paramount release.
facing a bush and lazy meadow, scrawled on by the remnants of an abandoned mine shaft, a bleak memory of the Depression days when South Wales was one of the most impoverished lands in the world, when Lis and Elfed and young Rich had lived in a tiny house up on grim Taibach Hill, when to feed three mouths properly of a day was a challenge, a dare, an almost impossible sometimes and, and sometimes, a downright, absolute impossibility.

At home with Richard and Lis

Lis had recalled those days to Liz now—an intently listening and interested Liz. And then, after a while, they'd gone on to talk about more happy things. In friendly and casual fashion.

And so had that first afternoon those first few days . . . passed—pleasantly, very pleasantly, for Liz.

Long calm days with Lis, at home.

And long lusty evenings out with Rich—pub-crawling with him. Visiting his old haunts; with his old friends, the miners, the tavern owners, the old women, the miners, the tavern owners, the bar wenches he had told her so much about. And happy to see him so happy now—back with his people, who worshipped him . . . and whom he adored.

Not minding when—playfully, loudly—he would begin to "insult" her, publicly, as had become his wont lately (—as in the Playboy magazine interview with writer Kenneth Tynan, when he said, typically: "All this stuff about Elizabeth being the most beautiful woman in the world is absolute nonsense. She's a pretty girl, of course—and she has wonderful eyes. But she does have an endowed ('at her chest—and she's rather short in the leg')."

Laughing heartily along with the others when he told story after story about himself, and her:

"So there we were—just last week. Watching the ponies run—at Sandown Park. Elizabeth, I and good old Stanley Baker. (It was a happy Liza.) And comes the moment Elizabeth says to me, 'I want five pounds each way on such and such a horse.' And I, of course—I didn't look around at her. I simply said to Stanley, 'You give her the money, chum.' And Stanley answered, 'Oh no, man—not on your life. I may never see her again. You're the one who's supposed to be with her the rest of your life. You give her the money!' And with that—and very reluctantly, I don't mind adding—I counted out ten pounds from my wallet and handed them to my high-betting friend here!"

Ha-haaahaa! Ha-haaahaaa!

And the laughter, uproarious, resounded through the pub now.

Liz joining.

Liz laughing . . .

This was the happy Liz in Wales. But in London—days later, as before—there was a different Elizabeth Taylor. A frightened woman—afraid of what was beginning to happen, subtly, between her lover and herself; a woman—always possessed—who now began to cling more desperately than ever to the man she thought more and more was beginning to tire of her—whom she feared was, in turn, beginning to grow afraid of her.

For Burton, according to intimates—ever the free soul, coming and going as he wished, apologizing to no one for anything he ever did or said—he came gradually to the realization that Liz—unlike Sybil, unlike any of the countless other women in his life—would never let him go, leave his side, give him time to himself.

A typical day in their lives during the time Burton was filming "Becket" went very much like this:

Liz would awaken at about 9:30. Have breakfast in bed. Then bathe and dress—between 10 and 11. Have a quick session with her personal secretary, any problems. And then leave her Dorchester suite and get into her Rolls for the drive to the studio where Burton was filming, arriving just in time for lunch.

Because Liz doesn't like to eat in studio commissaries—and because she doesn't like to eat with Burton with anyone (most actors, while filming, normally have lunch with a co-star or two, their director, perhaps their producer, etc.)—she would then suggest that they drive together for a leisurely lunch at a nearby restaurant, where she had already made a reservation.

Lunch over, she would then return to the studio with Burton, spending the rest of the afternoon there, watching him work.

Then, at about 6, the day's work over, they would return to London, usually stopping off for a drink on the way; they would then change clothes—Liz usually into a new Dior or Givenchy she'd picked up on one of her frequent but very brief trips to Paris (forty-five minutes from London by jet). And then they would dine more often than not at the Salisbury—their favorite pub, on colorful St. Martin's Lane (dinner usually consisted of beer and cold roast pork). And then it was off to the theater—or perhaps a party—or, if Richard had had a visit with one of his old cronies, Welsh actors usually whom he had known from his pre-Liz, pre-"Cleopatra", pre-superstar days.

It is from several of these cronies, in fact, that we learned of the fears and the doubts and, indeed, the torments that were by now beginning to overwhelm Burton.

The change in Burton

Normally a master raconteur and joke-teller, his friends noticed that he talked less and less of an evening now, that he often appeared "morbid and preoccupied."

Normally merely a "good drinker," they noticed that now he was beginning to belt down the booze too fast and too often.

As one of them has said: "Towards the end of an evening, he would often tend to become more and more irritable with Liz—reminding her that he had to be up early the next morning in order to get to the studio on time, that he had lines to learn—accusing her of wanting to live it up when he needed rest, time to think, time to be alone."

The story is told how, prior to leaving for Mexico and work on "The Night of the Iguana," Burton had a change of heart and told Liz he didn't think it advisable that she come along.

"It'll be hot there," he reportedly said.

"We'll be doing rough locations for two months. We'll have trouble finding an adequate place for you and the children. Why don't you—"

But Liz didn't give him time to go on. Interrupting him with one of her violet-eyed personal "insults"mit to say: "I thrive on travel—and I'm coming."

And that was reportedly the beginning.
of an argument that is probably best left unprinted!

According to other friends of Burton's, however, these were just surface excuses for arguing.

Because the core of Richard Burton's trouble lay deep within him, coming to a head, ironically, but sharply, during the period late last summer when Elizabeth's children—Michael and Christopher Wilding, Liza Todd and the little German girl Liz has adopted with their nannies from Liz' chalet in Gstaad, Switzerland. To spend some time with their mother. And, of course, with Richard Burton.

At the beginning of this visit, say friends, Burton couldn't have been more delighted with the children this time. He arrived with them, read to them, took them on picnics, invited Liz to bring them to the set.

"But then," says a friend, "it must have suddenly hit him that by playing father to Liz' kids he was more and more reminded of the fact that he was no longer a father to his own children, Kate and Jessica—by now long in New York with their mother."

And so the guilt continued to pull at him. And so the doubts continued to grow.

The arguments with Liz grew louder, and more violent.

"It as if Burton were ready to shout out to Liz: You are consuming me, and I don't want this."

Liz had grown away from him every day that everything that I love and want in life. My children, my freedom. My very essence, my manhood!"

One day— in the midst of one of these depressions—Burton had drinks with a close friend, just back from New York. With purposeful roundabout, Burton asked the friend how Sybil was getting on. "Did you run into her? Hear anything about her?"

And the friend answered, "If you're worried about her, Richard, you needn't be. Syby's doing smashingly, having a whale of a time. She has a lovely apartment, twelve rooms, bath, a swimming pool, overlooking Central Park. She enjoys taking the children out by day—being with them. And at night she goes out—constantly—to all the happenings—the night-club openings, the picture premiers. And she has become a celebrity in her own right now—stopped for autographs here, there, everywhere. Recognized as soon as she enters a restaurant. Exceedingly well liked, Happy."

The news delighted Burton, at first—but later, when he thought about it, he must have been pleased that for the first time in her life, Sybil was "getting along fine" without him. Without her husband!

Two-timing Liz

That night, alone in his suite—one of his few moments away from Liz—Burton did something that no other man had ever done to her before. For who had ever dared two-timing Elizabeth Taylor? He picked up his phone. He asked the operator to get him New York—Sybil's number.

And without wasting any words—point blank and to the point— he asked Sybil to come back to him—just for a month or so—at least—and with the children.

Sybil's reply was equally to the point: "Don't be ridiculous, Rich."

It is not hard to imagine Burton, at this moment in his life, sitting there, three thousand miles away from his wife, holding the receiver in his hand, stunned. Always, always in the past this was all that he'd had to do. Now Sybil. Ask her to come back. And running she would come.

But now, for the first time, he realized that things had changed. That the woman who had stood by him for fourteen years—forgiven him, taken him back with warm and wisely embraces—was no longer willing to put up with the scene. That she'd had it—once and for all. That she'd learned to live away from this husband she had loved so much. That gone were the days of the urgent SOS's, the quick trips back—the vows that "this will never happen again, my darling—believe me."

Nor is it hard to understand why, so soon after Sybil's phone call on Burton's part, his attitude towards Liz suddenly seem to change.

Says a friend, "These past few weeks he has been absolutely a different man with her. On one hand, one might say that he has capitulated to her. While on the other hand, one might wonder if he hasn't come to realize that he should continue to play 'rough' with Liz—he is just liable to end up losing her, along with Sybil."

At Liz and Burton's Toronto stopover, en route to Mexico and "Iguana," Liz told reporters, "I'll be Mrs. Burton in three months."

Burton made no comment there, but in Mexico City the other day, Burton and Burton's lawyer, Mr. Marvin Alanab, announced, "Liz and Richard Burton have been divorced."

Meanwhile, in New York, Sybil's attorney upheld "no divorce contemplated."

As we go to press, word comes that Burton has just signed a contract with a New York publisher to play his famed "Hamlet" on Broadway, beginning next March and through next January.

Married to Liz by that time or not, that will give him some three months in the same city with his children—and with his perhaps-by-then former wife.

Would it be unlike Richard Burton to pick up his phone one day then— and from three thousand miles away, but from the same house, same block— ask Sybil if he mightn't see her for a while?

Would it be unlike Richard Burton—perhaps after arguing with Liz Taylor over the tension that will undoubtedly continue to plague him and their lives together—to then, once again, ask Sybil to take him back? Two-timing Liz again?

We feel that the answers are obvious. Especially since the questions posed are based on the practically unimpeachable information we have been receiving these past few weeks.

Apropos of this information, Photoplay phoned "Sis" James, trans-Atlantic, the other day to ask whether she might be able to shed any light on the situation.

We began to ask our questions. But Mrs. James said that she would not talk about any personal matters concerning her brother. The only thing she would say was that "Richard is a kind and generous man, always thinking about the family. His happiness naturally comes first in my mind."

Not far from house, meanwhile, over in seaside Aberavon, the carousel continues to spin to empty music.

Still roundabout, roundabout—and in aimless and directionless circles.

—Doug Brewer

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He rolled the words around on his tongue, as if the slab of rare beef on his luncheon plate couldn't possibly satisfy the new hunger they were building in him. "I could use a few weeks of real high living," Dick Chamberlain confessed. If he was conscious of shattering his image—that bowful of salt-free Pavlum that has been his for the last two years—he was enjoying it. "First stop—Acapulco," he decided, visibly surprised by the subject of Mr. Squeaky Clean Takes a Vacation.

Right in the midst of M-G-M's noisy commissary, he transported himself on the wings of his imagination to the uninhibited land of anything-goes. His muscles rippled as his little body, bronzed by the hot Mexican sun, slashed through the urgent surf. He heard the rattle of dice and his palms felt the clank of chips. The sparkle of champagne and a woman's eyes stirred his blood to a roar.

"I could take about ten days of that," he exploded. "Then—New York."

Now a different kind of excitement and mood took hold, as the skyblue eyes looked beyond another horizon. "See all the plays there are. Go to all the nightclubs.

He sighed with sheer rapture. "Just to walk the streets and feel the city's throbs. That place is my spiritual home. A few uninterrupted weeks after Acapulco, just strolling around New York. That's heaven."

He brought himself back to earth and the reality of lunch in the commissary with remarkable ease. But his new image—was this the real one? Or what?

Talking like shivers

"Dick Chamberlain," a teenage sophisticate told her mother with a casual shrug not too long ago, "is the boy you want to marry."

The shrug, as she conjured up Vince Edwards as contrast, turned to a hot shiver that made her mother's blood a little cold. "Vince Edwards is the man you have an affair with."

Now, today, this boy-next-door type that brought back into style the nice guy who never gets into any trouble was talking like shivers, not shrugs. For the first time, Dick was talking of drinking, gambling, courting.

It raises a big question. Was Dick too good to be true? Or was he just too busy to be anything but good?

The answer suddenly seems self-evident. He now seems perhaps too true to be good, as the pressures of the last two years—the sudden stardom, the hard work to stay there, the tight rope to maintain his balance in the overwhelming success—turn his thoughts to The Vacation.

He's ready, but not able. Not right now. He's in no hurry. He's learned that his dreams not only can but do come true, life-size. So it's no big deal, he can wait.

Right now he has the challenge of his soon-to-be-released first starring motion picture. He's preparing to cut his second album—and his teeth on a new singing style.

He still has all those lessons, almost every night—singing, dancing, coaching. Mostly, he's up to here with the new "Dr. Kildare" series.

"I got a promotion this year," he announced, proudly—"Dr. Kildare's pride—shining through his own. "I've made resident physician. I feel far less persecuted than in the last two years."

Most important, though, Dick in his own life is exuding a confidence and sureness that belies the shyness of his beginnings. Along with the confidence, he's acquiring a brand new appearance—women, and song. He's decided that Jack's not the only one who can get a little dull around the edges with all work and no play. Dick can, too. But now that he's sure he can keep both feet on the success foundation—he's ready to take some walks along the other well-paved roads of good living.

It's off with Clara

The first major turnoff—and the biggest news—is the detour of his relationship with the vibrant, vivacious singer, Clara Ray—his steady for a long time.

"It's off."

"We're still seeing each other," Dick revealed. "But not the steady thing anymore. We both decided we'd be better off if we started dating other people at this time in our lives."

He's gotten off to an all-fire hot start. Jane Fonda's about as good a beginning as anyone could expect. "I've taken Jane out a few times," he grinned. "She's great. I get the feeling that she's got many personalities and that I've only seen a couple—so far."

And sometime soon—if it hasn't already—a phone will ring in the home of an entertainer who starred in Dick's series and she'll be asked for a date. She'll be a mystery girl until then, however.

"No, I won't say who," he asserted. "If I told you now and she said no later, I'd feel foolish. Wait till she says, I hope, yes."

Now that he's expanding his girl-world, Dick will be faced with where to go to be alone.

"The fans are great. I love them. Where would we all be without them? But it does get a bit tense sometimes when you want to be alone," he said with complete candor.

"Or you think you do," he added, as a funny incident occurred to him. "I always thought I shouldn't go to the beach, which I love, for fear of the embarrassment they'd take too much attention. Well, one day, a date and I thought we'd try, anyhow. We found a spot that seemed isolated at a place in Santa Monica. It was. Only one person came up to us all day. You know what? It was a little disappointing."

No longer girl-shy, Dick is marriage-shy—"a little while anyway. Maybe in three or four years," he suggested, "when I'm of age."

But he entered wholeheartedly into the game of "The Girl that I Marry Will Have to Be… ." "She should be reasonably pretty, Reasonably young. And very intelligent," he has decided, adding hastily: "As long as she isn't more intelligent than I am."
A more definite and surprising requirement for the elusive Mrs. Chamberlain-tobe: a professional. “I’d like to marry someone in the business. My work is my way of life and my wife would have to be a part of that life. It would even be fun working together occasionally, like a play—so we could actually live in a New York, hopefully fully living up to the critics willing.”

Sounds like he’s got it all thought out.

Dick’s expanding out beyond just girls—he’s got a hunger for new friends. “I suddenly discovered that all my old friends had scattered all over the globe, and there aren’t many left around. I want and need more friends.”

He calls it his campaign—but it’s nothing as formal as placing want ads. “If I want new friends, I learned I have to make the effort to meet them. Just thinking about it seems to work. I have two new friends already—a doctor and his wife; and an actor and his wife look like they may be on the way.”

New girls and friends have turned Dick from a recluse in his hut on the Hollywood hill into a genial host. “I gave my first party just a little while ago,” he revealed, “I think everyone had a good time. They didn’t go home until five in the morning. It was real fun—a lot of booze and apples. cheese—that sort of thing.”

Actually, Dick never felt like a recluse. “I didn’t have much time before. I live up in the hills, not really to get away from people, but because I like it. I thought people might not want to take it up there, but later many landlords told me a couple of fans had found it—I figured my friends could do as well, especially with directions.”

And his do-it-yourself bachelor housekeeping program obviously left much to be desired. Though he takes masculine pride in picking up scattered plates, he does his new demands as host. “I finally hired a cleaning woman.” He confessed. “She comes in twice a month. And you know, it makes a difference, after all.”

**Those traffic tickets**

Dick is expanding out all over and enjoying every zestful minute of it—save one. His first attempt to hatch out of the squeaky-clean shell backfired into headlines that disturbed him deeply.

Specifically, his brush with the traffic cops cost him the loss of his one real extravagance since becoming a star—a soupied-up blue Corvette. He makes no denial about receiving the controversial traffic citations, but he is visibly shaken by what he believes was the exaggeration that followed. And even more disturbed by having to appear before a judge in a court of law.

“I don’t like being lied about. No one does. And I don’t like deception of any kind.” His past record proves the sincerity of his words. “I did get two tickets in one week. But both were for going something like forty-six miles in a thirty-five minute zone, not reckless driving on the freeways. The part-time judge who sentenced the judge decided to punish the two violations by banning me from the freeways, not because I got the tickets on them.”

Shuddering, he added quietly: “I almost didn’t need that. Being in court was punishment enough. It was a weird, terrible feeling. I didn’t feel like me. I didn’t feel as if I belonged there.”

Depression ill becomes Dick; constructive lessons out of every experience are more up his alley. “I learned something from that, though. It brought home the tremendous responsibility attached to driving a car. I don’t think I’ll forget it very soon.”

Probably the most visible outward sign of the new confidence, contented Dick Chamberlain are in the very words—and the numbers of them—that he now reels out.

His first two years as a star were characterized by a few monosyllables as his answers to the perennial question: “What’s your name?”

His brevity was quickly translated by shyness.

“Actually,” a close associate explained, “it wasn’t as much shyness as the fact that Dick couldn’t conceive of anyone being interested in any answers he might give him he knows better and he’s learned to enjoy talking.”

His ease at an interview is revealing a sharp wit, keen brain and mostly a zest for living and appreciation for everything around him. His alleged timidity has also turned out to be a cool head.

Dick is cooperative, friendly, willing to be interviewed. An associate continued, “But anyone who gets the idea that he can be pushed into doing something he’s not ready for is in for a shock. Dick listens to advice but he makes up his own mind, in his own good, sweet time.”

**He’s a thinking man**

Dick himself says of his cool, quiet approach: “I wouldn’t know how to throw a fit. I’d feel silly even trying. You can accomplish much more by getting anger out of your system by yourself—alone—and then meeting each problem with logic.”

He’s applying the same logical approach to his personality expansion, also. Sure, he’s ready for fun and laughs, girls and new friends. But not at the expense of the career or the man. His ambition to grow in his profession and his manhood is so steady that any starlet will quiver like jelly before Dick does.

“I like and want a good time. I’m no different than anyone else. I intend to have it. Except I’ll do my living it up, I hope, with discretion.”

Underlying the comment is his feeling for friendships, for fans, who couldn’t handle all that came on them. They burn themselves out like shooting stars—ending like all meteorites do—in oblivion.

“It’s a pity some stars go ape in public,” he said with his quiet firmness. “Don’t get me wrong. Everyone has a right to go ape, and if it’s good for you to do it, you ought to do it. But if you’re a suburban party on a Saturday night, you do have a responsibility, though. Not only to your fans, but to the industry, the people we work with and, most of all, ourselves.”

Dick may start swinging—but it won’t be from the nearest tree. It will be from the nearest star—his own. And have a ball doing it—step-by-step. —CHRIS L. CLEES

Dick’s first starring film role will be “Trophy of Honor,” M-G-M. You can also see him on “Dr. Kildare,” Thursday nights from 8:30-9:30 EST, NBC-TV.

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my need for Jolanda,” he stated with great earnestness. “I am a very vigorous man. I must have a woman who loves me in every way—physically, emotionally, intellectually. For the past four years I have been a very lonely man. In spite of all the homes I have possessed, I have lived alone most of the time.

“Forty years my marriage with Katherine was good. But in the last five years she has been married to Moral Rearmament. I am a man who is of the earth. I need something more tangible than Moral Rearmament—I need a woman. I am at the best years of my life. I want to have many more children. I want to have them with Jolanda. My work is in Europe and my home must be in Europe. I am tired of moving, moving from place to place.”

“Everything in the open...”

At the time of going to press, Mrs. Quinn had agreed to a separation. But this is not enough for Tony.

“I do not want living with a woman to whom I am not married,” he assured me. “I want everything to be in the open. It is my sincere belief that the four children I have with Katherine will be hurt much less by all this if I can legalize my position with Jolanda and our son. I believe my four oldest children are now old enough to understand the situation and won’t hurt one hair of their precious heads. But I must also think of my new baby son. I must make him equal in law with my other children. (The Quinns had a fifth child, their first, who drowned as a baby many years ago, in a swimming pool tragedy.) And the only way Francesca can have my name legally is by my marrying her mother.

“I want respect for this woman,” Tony continued. “This is not an ordinary affair. This is not a romp. This is a woman I want for the rest of my life. I owe it to her to marry her. She saved my life when I was close to a complete nervous breakdown near the end of my play. ‘Tehin, Tehin’ in New York. I would have gone completely under but for Jolanda. I love her. She has given me great comfort and happiness. I can never return to my previous life. I don’t want to hurt Katherine. She’s a fine woman, but I am hoping she will see it my way and give me my freedom in law as well as the berth.

This is not the first time that Tony has looked at a woman other than his wife. There were three others, to my definite knowledge. One was a blond young actress. I happened to be in the same hotel in the mountains near Hollywood. The girl looked guilty. Tony looked sheepish. Of course, I did not write about it. Tony was still presumably living happily with his wife. But I had lunch with the girl, and while we never mentioned his name, I told her, “You are too pretty and nice to waste yourself on a man who can’t marry you.”

“But I love him,” she protested, while agreeing with me about the marriage bit. The incident related soon after, however. Not long ago I asked a friend of hers, “How did she end with Tony?” “She gave him up,” I was told. I wasn’t too surprised when my informant added, “She finally couldn’t take it. Also he was often very cruel to her.” Not frostily, I am sure, but the way Tony is a huge man, he also has the physical gentleness of a big man.

Then there was a young brunette. In fact, Tony, like Richard Burton, is supposed to make a play for every lady he acts with.

There are some girls, I know, who escaped. Federico Fellini’s wife, Giulietta Masina, for one—Tony’s co-star in “La Strada.” Why am I so sure? Because Fellini directed the picture and he was on the set all the time. And Ingrid Bergman, with whom he is making “The Visit.” Ingrid used to fall in love with her leading man or director. But that was before she went outside of the cast to Rossellini. And all that is behind her. Anyway, she is very happy, I am told, in her marriage with Swedish Lars Schmidt.

Question: How did Jolanda succeed in making Tony want to marry her where all his previous romances failed? I believe it is the fact of his being married. And the fact that he is approaching the danger age of fifty. So many men, especially today, it seems, want to relive their youth with a younger woman. I believe that Governor Rockefeller was married for thirty-one to the Quinns’ twenty-five years. And the divorcing Henry Fords have two daughters—thirty-one and thirty-five.

And the new bride usually resembles the old. Mrs. Happy is a dead ringer for the first Mrs. Rockefeller. Jolanda is Italian. The former Katherine DeMille is part or wholly Italian. (She was adopted by Cecil B. DeMille when she was a baby.) The two women look quite a lot alike, although Jolanda’s dark hair is generously sprinkled with gray.

But who is to judge the foundering of any marriage, or the needs of the husband or wife who wants to break the bonds?

A restless, searching man

I have known Tony ever since we both arrived at Hollywood more or less at the same time. He was always restless, always seeking something beyond the visible. He was a great dancer in those early, slim days. But after I first saw him, used him in musicals. We talked of dancing, which I have always loved, and Tony promised to teach me to tango. And that really does take two people, as he learned when he called me quite late one evening and suggested he give me some lessons. I told him the little story to explain why I had not really known him. (By the way, I did not let him teach me to tango.)

But to be serious again, and this is a very serious matter with Tony: If he cannot marry Jolanda, I believe he will suffer terribly. The whole pattern of his life has been directed towards finding a secure harbor for his youth, which he keeps searching for—he has a desperate desire to belong somewhere.

There is the twenty-acre estate in Connecticut, where Katherine now lives with two of the children. One daughter is in India on Moral Rearmament business, One
is employed in an office in California. I remember when Tony bought the house in the Pacific Palisades, some twenty years ago. It was a small house then, only two bedrooms. It grew bigger as his family arrived. "I will never ever sell it," he assured me. "This house represents se-
curity for me, my wife and my children." But he did sell it.

The house in Ojai was to be the dream home for the Quinns. He employed a friend of mine to help with the plans and super-
vision. Tony was always working and he needed someone on the spot. Well, it started as a small weekend retreat, and by the time it was finished it was a huge man-
sion, much bigger than the Quinns ever had expected. Tony became ill and there was some disagreement with producer David Merrick. But I was unaware of the disagreement at home. The Quinns' young-
est daughter was practicing the piano in a far away room. A butter brought in tea and cakes, the rooms were rich with an-
tiques, the walls were filled with paintings that Tony had collected all over the world wherever he had made his films.

Frankly, I was envious of the beautiful home. When I told this to Tony, he gave a deep sigh which should have alarmed me to the fact that things weren't quite what they seemed.

I was quite startled when he said, "I will probably have to sell it."

"No, you mustn't," I said. "It's too beautiful."

"It's also too expensive," he replied somberly. But that, of course, was not the reason why he sold it. I knew then that Jolanda's baby was on the way. He knew he was going to leave his wife to live with the woman he loved. Recently the house was sold for $300,000—which I am sure Tony does not need. It is now the legation for one of the African coun-
tries. Tony kept his paintings. The furni-
ture went to Connecticut with Katherine. I was sad when I heard all his.

"Buck up," I said to myself, "Tony will buy another house." I believe he has, in Rome, where he intends to live with Jolanda, although he will still be roaming around the world to make pictures. He also owns a farm on the Island of Rhodes near Greece. He couldn't resist buying it when he was there a couple of years ago filming "Guns Of Navarone." He didn't need it, but the desire to belong wherever he goes, brought out the checkbook. Ah, well, he can always use the land for a painting trip. He's a very good artist in his own right.

Too much success?

Where did it start to go wrong? Sometimes too much success is hard to take, especially in marriage. Tony was ambling along happily enough until his big hit in 1956, in "La Strada." Oh, he had made some good pictures before. In fact, he had won two Oscars for "Best Support-
ing Roles"—in "Viva Zapata!" and in "Lust For Life" as the painter Gauguin. And one nomination for "Best Actor" for "Spartacus." But "La Strada" was a tour de force. Tony leaped out of the character category. He was a star, and his salary shot sky high, although he had made this picture for peanuts because he believed in the story. And this is the clue to the man. He believes in gambling on what he thinks is right.

And he will be the first to admit that a gambler sometimes makes mistakes, although he seems so sure now that he is doing the right thing. Perhaps his first real gamble was in marrying Katherine. Tony never seemed too comfortable with his wife, but then that was the wife he had expected. Tony became ill and there was some disagreement with producer David Merrick. But I was unaware of the disagreement at home. The Quinns' young-
est daughter was practicing the piano in a far away room. A butter brought in tea and cakes, the rooms were rich with an-
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Too much success?

Where did it start to go wrong? Sometimes too much success is hard to take,
came back into Mrs. Tonge's living room and quoted his own version of "King Lear." "You have talent," his patroness told him. He started to read and he wanted to act. But first he underwent an operation on his speech. He is fiercely proud. At the beginning of his acting career in Hollywood he turned down a $150-a-week contract from Mr. DeMille because he didn't want to be known as "C.B.'s son-in-law." Only two years before the great director died, Tony left he had made it so much on his own, that he could accept the directorship of the re-make of "The Buccaneer." "But only on condition that you do not interfere," he told his father-in-law. And so it was, and I wish I could say that the film was a success. It was not.

At the beginning of their marriage, Katherine and Tony began his acting career to help and advise her husband. In 1946, she gave it up entirely. And she was always, as always, to pack and go where Tony wanted to go. One day in 1947, he came home and told her, "I've had enough of Hollywood and films. We're going to New York where I shall learn to be a real actor." He did, in "A Streetcar Named Desire." In 1951, Katie packed again when Tony decided to move back to Hollywood. Once again when he decided to live in Rome. When he left for Europe three years ago, Katie stayed behind. Tony had not asked her to accompany him. When the baby boy arrived last March, she packed a small suitcase and flew to Italy to discuss what had to be done. Tony did not ask her for a divorce. We'll just thought he could manage with a separation.

But you grow to love a baby, and you grow to love the woman who gave birth to your baby. And that is when Tony cried. "I must be free to marry the woman I love. It now rests with Katherine.

—The End

See Anthony Quinn soon in "Behold a Pale Horse," Col. His next will be "The Visit."

California; that instead of protecting President Kennedy from us, the Secret Service had brought him to us; that instead of swiping souvenirs from him, we had presented one to him. But my dad took a quick look at his watch, grabbed his briefcase and took off, grumbling back at me. They have no respect for private properties and they have the nerve to attack the Chief Executive."

Then he was gone.

I didn't go to the library—it had only been an excuse to get away from my old man's sermon, and it hadn't worked any way. What I did was go up to my room and get down the box of junk in which I love stuff from high school, they have everything on my bed. There was one manilla folder with a sticker, "Senior Prom—June 7, 1963," on it. From this I took out the prom program, a copy of The Senior Smoke Signal (our high school paper), some copies of The Burbank Daily Review, lots of clippings from other newspapers, a photograph that my girl had taken at the prom with a box camera with flash attachment that I'd given her last Christmas, and a handkerchief with some lipstick on it. (My girl's handkerchief, not Kennedy's.)

To be honest with you, I guess my dad's tryst had given me an excuse to be kind of sentimental and nostalgic. For the next couple of hours I was back in high school. Remembering the important things that led up to it... .

It started with no big deal, just an ordinary advance reservation made by our class officers to hold our senior prom in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel in L.A. That reservation was made back in June of 1962, a whole year ahead of time, and in February, 1963, we began to work out our detailed plans for the dance. There were programs to print, tickets to sell, the band to hire—we decided on Al Hibber's, a real jumping combo—and stuff like that. Everything was pure, smooth vanilla until April 22. Then the whole bit melted and got all sticky.

That's when Mr. Paul, he's the banquet manager at the Beverly Hilton, called up Mr. Weybright, he's our principal, and told him the whole deal was off and we'd have

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to find another place to hold our prom. Mr. Weybright passed the bad word on to Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, she's the student government adviser, and in turn she told Tom Giuffrida, our class president. Tom then dropped the bomb on the rest of us.

It seemed that the California Democrats were holding a $1,000-a-couple fund-raising dinner that same night. And when it was announced that President Kennedy would make a personal appearance at the affair, tickets started selling so fast that they had to switch to a larger hall. In fact, to our hall. They were in and we were out—in the cold.

I guess I don't have to tell you how shocked we were. It's like—like if a singer is booked into the Hollywood Bowl, and just before she's to go on, it's said that the concert's gotta be held someplace else. Like maybe a banquet hall over a poolroom. You know the kind of feeling...

Shock—then action

We flailed around. There was some further discussion with the Hilton people. There was talk of contacting some influential people who might help us. Our school paper printed an article telling how we got “bumped” out of the ballroom. And our local paper, The Burbank Daily Review, got wind of the story and gave it good coverage.

But soon our resentment simmered down. Rick Holbrook, he was vice-president of our class, spoke for all of us when he said we recognized the fact that Kennedy was the President and he should come first before 500 high school seniors.

But what all of us underestimated was the power of the press. The wire services picked up the story from our local paper, and then everybody knew about it. We had interviews and everything. One of the newspaper men raised our hopes—just when we'd got used to the idea that we'd have to find another place—when he said. “If Kennedy knew about this, I bet he'd do everything to help you guys.”

Not that everyone was rooting for us. For every letter or comment wishing us good luck, there was another calling us little brats and such. A lot of people felt we were forcing the issue, playing it up, which we weren't.

But somehow, the optimism of the newspaper guys was catching. So the more than 500 fellows and gals in our class—and our teachers and parents, too—kept their fingers crossed.

And then it happened!

I don't know who learned about it first—maybe it was Tom Giuffrida who heard the report on his radio right after President Kennedy's press conference—but in just one hour we all got the message. And by supper time the whole town was celebrating, just as if our football team had won its last game of the year, making it a perfect no-loss season.

What happened was that Mr. Kennedy was asked by a reporter in Washington about the prom situation. The President explained that California Democratic party big-shots had bumped him out of the Hilton ballroom without his knowledge, and he beamed that he'd be happy to show it a few minutes before I came here.” The President went on to promise that if we couldn't find a suitable place that was big enough for our prom, “we will postpone our dinner and I will come out on some other occasion.”

Even my dad, who always votes the straight Republican ticket, had to admit that Kennedy acted fast after that. As soon as the news conference was over, the President told his appointments secretary, Kenneth O'Donnell, to get busy on the phone to party officials in California.

And just a few hours later, press secretary Pierre Salinger announced that we would be able to use the grand ballroom after all, and that the Democrats would hold their fund-raising dinner upstairs at the same hotel, in the two smaller rooms—The Star on the Roof and the Escoffier.

“We hope the kids have a good time at the prom.” Salinger said.

Now that we'd been given back the ballroom, we reached for the stars. JFK had managed to have the hall returned to us; JFK was coming to California for the Democratic shindig maybe—just maybe—JFK would drop in on our prom.

Now just about everybody—Mr. Weybright, Mrs. Hill, and most of the students—sent wires to the President thanking him for his kindness and inviting him to the prom.

Jim Tucker, our student body president, explained that the telegrams were aimed at showing Mr. Kennedy that no one blamed him for the mix-up. “We wanted to let him know we're not mad at him, but we'd sure like to have him come to the prom.”

Tom Giuffrida, in his official capacity as class president, spoke for us all when he said, “We're very happy about it. Everyone's really hoping he can come. He's been known to do little things like this.”

Will he—won't he?

Joan Bodley, our student body secretary, exulted, “We're all looking forward to it. It would be a wonderful climax to our senior year. In fact, it's become the main topic of discussion lately. We kinda feel he will come.”

The thing to do, we all thought, was to play it cool and act as if he were coming. So we told Al Hibler's band to rehearse “Hail to the Chief.” And Mrs. Hill, using student body money, went out and bought a silver platter to be presented to the President, on which was the inscription, “To a Real American President.” If he didn't show up, we could always send it...
along to the White House, we figured.

On the night of Friday, June 7, 1963, my date and I joined 540 other seniors of John Burroughs High School of Burbank in the grand ballroom of the Beverly Hilton Hotel in Los Angeles. Just before I left the house to go out to the car (which my dad had loaned me for the night), my father put down his paper and took a long, close look at me. And even though he knew that mom had already slipped me fifteen dollars, he opened his wallet and gave me an additional ten-spot. Then he made a strange snuffling noise in his throat that I’d never heard before and ducked down again behind his paper.

But at the prom I didn’t have time to try to figure out what had been bothering my pop. Too much was happening. There were Secret Service men and photographers all over the place, which seemed to indicate the President was going to show up any minute. So up, up went our hopes.

Then a rumor spread around the ballroom that Mr. Kennedy was so busy upstairs taking phone calls or being photographed that Jack and I found ourselves quite a ways behind the bandstand. I had my arm around my wife, Marlon Brando, Gene Kelly and his wife, and Dean Martin and his wife, that he simply wouldn’t be able to make it to our prom.

It was about ten o’clock, and we were all sitting around at the tables like two opposing cheering sections—one sure that he’d appear any second, and the other just as certain that he wouldn’t—when Al Hober’s band struck up “Hail to the Chief.”

There was a lot of yelling and screaming and flashbulbs popped off all over the place.

We all got up and pressed forward and there he was, the President of the United States. At our prom.

He had slipped in through a back door with Jack Benny. The two of them were making their way up to the bandstand. How did I feel? Numb. I remember grabbing my date’s hand—or maybe she grabbed my hand—and the two of us were cheering and crying.

What did I think about the President? Well, I was too excited to know.

Maybe it’ll help if I tell you what some of the other kids said at the time or afterwards.

Tom Grudina said, “As soon as Kennedy came into the ballroom, one of the Secret Service men and I started running down the isles. But when we were almost halfway across, the President went up to us and said, ‘Mr. Secret Service, I want you to get these kids back up to the stage...’”

But suddenly the President grinned and he turned to Mr. Benny and said, “Jack Benny will now give the address to the gathering.”

By this time I was so dazzled that I didn’t catch Benny’s exact words. But I remember he did tell us he was impressed by our affair because it cost only eighteen dollars-a-couple. He said he almost choked on the food upstairs when he found out it was costing $1000-a-couple.

While Mr. Benny was speaking, I noticed Rick Hoberman whispering to the President. A minute later, I realized what he must have been saying when he presented Mr. Kennedy with the surprise gift of the silver platter. The President seemed genuinely pleased as he smiled and said, “Thank you for the platter.”

In six or seven minutes, it was all over. The Secret Service men closed ranks around the President, and he and Mr. Benny went back upstairs.

Maybe Jim Tucker summed up all our feelings when he said, “I’ll be something we won’t forget, that’s for sure.”

Incidentally, my dad will be home in a few minutes and I’ve got the answer for him to the stuff he spouted yesterday morning about those foreign high school students whom he claimed “attacked” the President. He’ll find the answer spilled out for him in his own newspaper; and just to make sure he sees it, I’ve marked the story in red pencil.

For the simple fact of the matter is that the students who “stole” the President’s tie clasp and handkerchief have returned them to Mr. Kennedy with explanations.

First, a Javanese girl phoned the White House and said she hadn’t known what she was doing...and she was sorry about it. She also mailed it back to me when “I could not handle myself correctly.”

Wearing a green sport shirt and khaki pants, Bo (as he is known to his fellow students in the American Field Service student exchange program) sought out a patrolman on duty at the northwest gate and tried to leave the gold pin, set with tiger’s eyes, and the note of apology with it.

But instead, Bo was ushered into Pierre Salinger’s office, and in a few minutes he was escorted into the Oval room and allowed to tell his story to Mr. Kennedy himself. “I hope that my action isn’t going to impair diplomatic relations with Indonesia,” Bo said to his host.

A little later, Bo came out again with another tie-clasp, this one a “doodle bug”—a gilt replica of the famed PT-109. Bo informed reporters, “He was smiling. I don’t think he was angry. He let me take his picture with my camera. Then Mr. Salinger, his chief, told Mr. Kennedy it was okay, I think he doesn’t mind.”

And if my dad still isn’t convinced that all high school kids aren’t headed for perdition, perhaps he will be by something else I just remembered about the night President Kennedy came to our senior prom.

It was quite a few weeks after the prom, actually, that a reporter caught up with Jim Tucker and asked him a few questions. The first was “Do you think this sort of thing could happen in another country—that a head of state would voluntarily give up a ball like Kennedy did?” Jim answered, “Oh, maybe in Britain. But I think that in a country where they have a dictator or something like that, where public opinion doesn’t matter, I don’t think something like this could have occurred.”

Then, when the reporter asked if Kennedy’s coming to the prom had made the local kids more real to him, Jim replied, “I think so. And I think it impressed upon the kids the fact that everyone does have a voice and it’s a good thing to organize so that you can accomplish something—even going as high as influencing the President.”

That should convince dad that high school kids aren’t all bad. For despite everything, I’ve got to believe in them. Because even though he’s a rockribbed Republican, I want you to know that on the day after the prom he clapped Kennedy’s at-the-dance photos out of both his morning and his evening newspapers and, without saying a word, tucked them up on the back of the door to my room.

Sometimes I think there’s still hope for my father.

—The End
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