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make!

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break!

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Even her best friends won't tell her. So I will. Natalie Wood, your lover boy Warren Beatty's big eyes are wandering in other directions. Just ask Mamie Van Doren who spent a few afternoons with him.

Now that Gary Clarke has a TV show ("The Virginians") and a brand new recording contract, you can look for him to marry his one-and-only Connie Stevens. These kids have been in love for years but the old Hollywood caste system kept a star like Connie from marrying an unknown like Gary. Incidentally, Connie walked out of "Hawaiian Eye" again. This time the studio didn't beg her to come back. I hear they're just about fed up with her tactics. But, now that Connie and Gary are back in the swing of things, Connie doesn't seem to care that her name is mud at the studio. Just goes to show you what love can do to a once career-minded miss.

Sue ("Lolita") Lyon confides that George Hamilton isn't her type. Says he's too young. Well, who's talking. Playing a nymphet must have gone to her head. Not too long ago Santa Claus sent a Barbie Doll down her chimney.

Wonder if President Kennedy will like what Warners did with his PT boat. They had more trouble filming "PT 109" than Lt. j.g. John Kennedy had with the Japanese in World War II. Excess expected to bring in the film for $3 million (the budget turned out to be double that figure). Three directors were fired during the shooting (had to pay them off $150,000 each) and the fourth, Les Martinson, nearly suffered a nervous breakdown. So did Producer Bryan Foy. And as for the star, Cliff Robertson, he would have had an easier time of it portraying Mickey Cohen on the screen.

"You go to my head," Frank Sinatra croons and Jill St. John listens. She's quite a girl since freeing herself of that fellow who uses mama's dimes to buy cars. Even thinks she's a great actress—that'll be the day.

Dolores Hart says her friends had her all pegged for a shelf in the old moldy's home, but she's fooled them. She'll marry Don Robinson soon—either February or March. She's known the guy for three years.

Poor, poor Jayne Mansfield. Poor, poor Mickey Hargitay. The way they keep the press informed of their daily plights living as estranged ones is like one of the old soap operas in which "John's Other Wife" always had dishpan hands. Come to think of it, I would rather read about Jayne's hands for a change.

Story going around Sincity is that a certain Hollywood cutie (sparking a mint and living in a $750 per month apartment) could blow the lid off the White House. In my book the story is being spread by some disgruntled Republicans. True this gal lives high off the hog but her sugar daddy is not in Washington.

"Dolores says she's not going to get beat up. Since Troy Donahue thought he was Sonny Liston and that Lili Kardell was Floyd Patterson the actress has hardly found enough work to pay her light bill. So now she's living in New York, hoping to find employment."

Imagine it's a problem for Janet Leigh when the two girls ask her when daddy Tony Curtis is coming home. The children are still too young to comprehend that the new man around the house is stepdaddy Bob Brandt. Tony isn't letting the girls forget for one second that he's their real father, either. Keeps sending them expensive gifts.

Big mystery. Who's the four-year-old boy Ty Hardin and his German bride Morlen Schmidt have adopted? Strange that Ty admits knowing the boy even before he met Marlene at the last Miss Universe beauty contest.

Ann-Margret is on the loose again (if you don't believe all that publicity romance with Eddie Fisher and I don't). She took it pretty hard when her first love Scott Smith, the pianist, broke the news to her that he married another while in the service.

Guess who has a big crush on Elizabeth Taylor and he's just dying to meet her? It's Dick Chamberlain, who would turn in his Dr. Kildare stethoscope just to shake her hand.

When Tony Curtis travels with Christine Kaufmann, he's always certain that her mother or a companion travels with them—especially when the plane crosses the state line. Christine is still a teenager and is, therefore, a minor in the eyes of the law. Lots of other men wouldn't bother, but gentleman Tony is very considerate of women—in fact, when he divorced Janet, she did all the talking—he didn't say a word.

Scoping Around: Pert Stella Stevens and Rod Taylor had a fling that flung when the actor thought she should be madly in love with him after one date. . . Sharon Hugueny moved back with her parents. . . The Jack Lemmons had their first battle when Felicia discovered that one of his last flames, Susan Woods, was working on his latest picture, "Irma La Douce." . . Those rumors that when President Kennedy ends his tenure at the White House Peetah and Pat Lawford will go separate ways are for the birds. That now famous push in the pool was just good fun—nothing else! Golly, gee, but I simply do not know why the papers made such a scoop out of the fact Florence Aadland is writing an advice to the lovelorn column for a Chicago newspaper. You Read It Here First. She's also writing confession stories. Swears her latest is titled: "The Girl Who's a Fourth Generation Nymphomaniac." . . The Crosby Boys definitely split up the act. Dennis Crosby has even gone into the real estate business.
Lindsay and Phillip are working for their daddy's company while Gary is trying to make it as a single on the stage.

Bob Horton walked (not rode) off with the much-sought-after lead in the new Rodgers and Lerner musical comedy. Bob always felt that he could sing, but Hollywood ignored his musical talents. Now smarter Broadway has recognized them and here he is, to star along with Barbara Harris, who is sort of a Cinderella herself, having come up by way of "Second City" and "Oh Dad, Poor Dad."

Tragedy was in the making for Dick Powell in October. Checked into a hospital complaining of a backache. Turned out to be cancer so embossed in his chest cavity that doctors couldn't even operate. Goes to show — enjoy each day to the utmost. Dick accumulated a $12 million fortune on which he planned to one day just sit back and relax. Dick once was concerned that June Allyson had cancer. Dick probably maintained the bravest outlook of any cancer victim. "I'll beat it," he said. "I'll beat it." Even refused to remain in the hospital when the disease was detected. Against doctors' orders he went back to work. What really hurt worse than the pain was that he didn't want his condition publicized. I knew, and others did, too long before it made the headlines that he had the disease. We had the courtesy not to print it, but one editor decided he could make a name for himself by breaking the story. Didn't help matters either when a freshman reporter sounded off to Dick when the latter said, "I'm confident I'll recover." The reporter (who should get a medal for the Fool of the Year) smirked: "That's what Gary Cooper told every one, too." With that Dick turned his head and tears trickled down his cheeks.

Non Morris (she's Troy Donahue's old girlfriend) apparently is deeply in love with George Chakiris. But is he with her? The two sipped tea and held hands far two weeks in Tokyo. Then when they returned George brushed off the interlude of romance by saying: "We're only friends. I don't plan to marry her." So, Non, you lose again?

Jerry Wald's widow (the producer died last July) married the family doctor in October.

Mass confusion at Bobby Darin's opening of a four-night stand at the Moulin Rouge. The hot-tempered Bobby blew a fuse when the man working the spotlight missed several lighting cues. Half the evening the spotlight was directed at the bottom of Bobby's feet. Bobby nearly walked off in disgust. Only Sandy's loving smile at a ringside table kept him going.

The Rock Hudson-Marilyn Maxwell love affair drifted out to sea when the actor got the altar jitters again. Poor, poor Rock. Poor, poor Marilyn. Advice to his future girls. Don't rush him or you'll lose him.

Short Takes: The new man in Lana Turner's life could get her into as much trouble as the late Johnny S ... It didn't set too well with Christine Kaufmann when Tony Curtis related to a news buddy that when he marries the teenager he wants her to give up her career ... As one of our fourth estaters, Walter Winchell, would say: don't invite Doris Day and Angie Dickinson to the same party. Doris and Marty invested some of their loot in the play, "The Perfect Setup," starring Angie. Some say it was perfect for Angie and Marty, but I know those rumors just aren't true ... Elaine Stewart and Bill Carter called it quits ... Day after Edie Adams obtained legal custody of the two girls by the late Ernie Kovacs she left for London to make a movie. The girls were left with a maid ... Hasn't Glydsy Robinson (first wife of Edward G. Robinson) disowned her son, Eddie, Jr.? ... The curious may have stopped visiting Marilyn Monroe's tomb, but the roses from Joe Dimaggio will come for as long as Joe lives ... I hope the rumors about Alan Ladd aren't true ... Frankie Bee took comic Milton Berle back into the Clan when he apologized for shooting off his mouth as Sammy Davis once did ... Give a man like Robert Mitchum a film title like "Rampage" and he'll perform both on and off camera. Just ask the ones who were on location with him on the feature in Hawaii.

Bob Logan is planning to pull another Gardner McKay. Unless they give him more to do on "77 Sunset Strip" next season he'll sail to the South Pacific on a 42-foot ketch for an indefinite stay.

WOW! Did Elvis Presley and Sharon Hugueny ever have a fling? Only dated twice while he was making "Take Me to the Fair" but that was enough.

Talk about stars and their images. Sammy Davis, Jr. is trying to create a new one and has adopted as much chance as Jayne Mansfield remaining on the high-neck dress kick. Sammy obtained a new wardrobe of tightless pants from Sy Devore. Figures wearing baggy breeches will make him appear more as a family man rather than a Playboy. Maybe he's right.

I caught Judy Garland's Las Vegas return at the Sahara and couldn't see anything to even cry about much less brag about—despite her recent great notices. She was nervous, forgot the lyrics to songs she's been singing for years. Wouldn't even surprise me if Sid Luft moved back into her life in 1963. She filed a divorce action against him. Anything to make headlines?

Evy Norlund let James Darren back into the house. Jimmy's pal, Michael Colton, wasn't so lucky. He's still locked out, as Coryn Chapman has a memory like an elephant.

Connie Stevens' papa, Ted, is now a personal manager. He's not handling his daughter but claims he has discovered a much needed HE-MAN actor. His name, Eric Matthews. Looks like a combination of Gardner McKay, James Garner and Richard Beymer. Teddy even thinks so much of him that he wouldn't mind him as a son-in-law either. However, Connie hasn't given Eric a second look.

Mild fling for Ava Gardner and Hugh O'Brien when the latter was in Madrid. However, didn't last long as Hugh didn't like to work the graveyard shift. Ava stays up most of the night—then loves to sleep most of the day. (Please turn the page)
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... AARRID CREAM with exclusive Perstop®. Perstop® makes AARRID so effective, yet so gentle.

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

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

Proved the most effective deodorant you can buy.

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

Don't Be Half-Safe! Use AARRID To Be Sure!

GOSSIP SECTION

continued

And these hours were never meant for Hugh. They may never let Stephen Boyd back in Rome after what he said about Italians. In no uncertain terms he condemned the Roman Empire of being nothing more than a Disneyland, "La Dolce Vita" style.

When everyone thought Kay Gable had settled on Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., she showed up with George Montgomery.

Aren't Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy having problems again? They didn't look like lovebirds at a recent party.

Juliet Prowse had better find another Frank Sinatra quick. Critics practically blasted her out of New York on the poor taste of her art with Eddie Fisher at the Winter Garden. Maybe it was far her own good that Frank demanded she give up her career if they married.

Another Hollywood tragedy, Sandra Edwards was destined far stardom two years ago when Warner Bros. decided to roll out the red carpet to promote her as another Elizabeth Taylor. They groomed her in every department, giving her exposure in their television stable and in features. Then one day she revealed (couldn't hide it anyway) that she was pregnant. Tom Gilson, a lanky character actor, and Sandy had eloped to Tijuana, so she said. The studio, fearing a scandal, dropped her from its contract list. Sandra soon was forgotten until one night last October when she pumped two shotgun blasts into Gilson's stomach. One of his drunken rampages he had threatened to kill her, and a coroner's jury ruled the actress acted in self defense. "I loved him... I loved him" were her words as she cried at his graveside. Yet she can never mourn as a widow. They had never married.

There were plenty of fireworks when Darryl F. Zanuck removed Joe Mankiewicz from his post as director (and script writer) of the well-known "Cleopatra." The film is supposedly finished, except for cutting—which the director usually oversees. Joe cried foul loud and clear. Said Mankiewicz, "It's not a matter of legality—but morality." He also stated that 20th's efforts to blame Liz for the fantastic cast of the film were ridiculous. "She may have had problems of illness, and emotional problems, but she didn't cast 20th any thirty-five million dollars," Liz, who among other things is a loyal friend, took Joe's side in the battle. Who's side am I on? Well, even though it doesn't happen much here in good ol' Hollywood, I think a lady should go home from the ball with the guy who brung her. You may argue that "Cleopatra" ain't no lady—but I still think Joe got a rotten deal!

Puzzler of the Month: Who's the matinee idol and recording star who spends more than a thousand dollars a year trying to prevent his worst fear? He's only in his late twenties but is losing his hair and takes hair restoration treatment. Already, though, he has a bald spot on the top of his head. THE END
WARNER BROS. presents all the heart and happiness of the Broadway hit...

...the girl who became the greatest show in show business.

Rosalind Russell

Gypsy

Natalie Wood

Malden

as Gypsy Rose Lee

GYPSY

A MERVYN LEROY PRODUCTION  Based upon the play "Gypsy."  Book by Arthur Laurents  Music by Jule Styne  Lyrics by Stephen Sondheim  Screenplay by Leonard Spigelgass  Directed and Choreographed by Jerome Robbins  Based upon the Memoirs of Gypsy Rose Lee  Directed by Mervyn LeRoy  TECHNICOLOR®  TECHNIRAMA®  Presented by WARNER BROS.
My nationwide tour—on behalf of my book "The Whole Truth And Nothing But"—was an eye-opener. I lectured on Hollywood and then the audiences would throw questions at me for half an hour. And what questions! The poor old bean was reeling before I got home again. But it sure proved one thing—despite all the talk about Hollywood's dying on the vine, the public is still curious about the people who live here—even the people who don't live here any more—like Liz Taylor. I was asked repeatedly if Liz is pregnant. Nope, she can never have another child. But she remains a mystery—even to the people she works with. When she agreed to do a part in John Huston's "The List of Adrian Messen-ger," make-up artist Bud Westmore spent thirty-three sleepless hours flying to Geneva, Switzerland, to get an impression of Liz' face so he could whip up a mask for her. Almost all the actors in that one have their faces covered until the last few minutes of the picture. Well, when Bud showed up she couldn't have been more cooperative or enthusiastic. There was only one hitch, she later decided not to do the film.

Elvis Presley's newest interest is Sharon Hugueny, who married Bob Evans in a misguided moment and then divorced him. Elvis has been in the habit of inviting girls to his parties and sending his car and chauffeur for them, but, well, she's a special kind of girl, so he calls for pretty Miss Sharon himself.

Carol Burnett has taken care of her sister Chris from the time she was twelve (both their parents died), and she pulled out a picture and showed me what a beautiful girl she is. "Does she want to act?" I asked. "No," said Carol, "she wants to be a mother. She's stacked like Sophia Loren—I'm embarrassed to take a bath in front of her." Carol's marriage to Don Saroyan turned sour when she hit the big time and he was left behind. When her divorce is final—and TV producer Joe Hamilton's, too—you can look for this couple to be married.

Above: Frank Sinatra, Jr. got all kinds of offers after he appeared on Jack Benny's TV show—but he went back to UCLA where he's studying theater arts. Frankie, who's been dating Hayley Mills lately, resembles his famous dad—but he has a lot of studying to do before he can ever match his dad in the fabulous voice department.
Gossip from their closest friends indicate the Indian signs are on the Natalie Wood-Warren Beatty romance. Well, it's had a good long run as such things go. I heard Warren grew restless in Rome before his split-up with Joan Collins because he felt he wasn't getting enough attention standing in her shadow. Now I hear he feels the same about Natalie. Oh, well, I never thought they'd marry!

I sat beside Warren at the sneak preview of "Two For The Seesaw." When his sister Shirley MacLaine arrived, she sat directly in front of him. During the picture, Beatty forgot everything—including Natalie—and concentrated so hard on the film he even forgot to laugh. When it ended, he reached out those long arms and enveloped his sister in the biggest hug and kiss he's ever given anybody. Shirley deserved it—she's great in the film. I've a friendly word of warning to Warren: You'd better get back on the screen. You've been absent so long, your next picture may be a comeback!

Richard Burton compounded the felony of being a cad by denying everything that went on during the making of "Cleopatra" and ending up with, "Really, the lack of morality in the papers is appalling!" Now I ask you! Despite it all, though, he's still outdistancing Liz on those polls that measure how much publicity you get every week. When they started the film, he wasn't on the list at all.

Glenn Ford keeps saying, "I have nothing to say about Hope Lange," when I ask him about their warmed-over romance.

Lana Turner and Fred May denied it for a long time, but finally had to level and admit their marriage was over. Lana will get away from it all this Christmas. She's agreed to go with Bob Hope on his tour to entertain our servicemen.

Above: The Germans who investigated Liz Taylor's fitness to keep her adopted baby agreed to let Liz keep her. Well, at least she will be able to afford the medical treatment the child needs so badly.

It's true—there's a Divorced Men's Club in Beverly Hills to help fellows who are suddenly minus a wife, children, home and roots. This club doesn't feature booze and entertainment, but top psychiatrists and a chance to meet other men in the same boat. The members got fed up with their ex-wives getting all the alimony and the sympathy, and some pretty big names are being comforted there.

Above: If Kim Novak isn't marrying Dick Quine, then why did she spend her time in Paris painting a portrait of him and his young son?

Debbie Reynolds is so anxious to play something besides a silly ingenue on screen she offered to do "The Unsinkable Mollie Brown" for nothing. MGM says she isn't the type. "After all," argues Debbie, "with two husbands and two children, I've grown up." Maybe she's using the wrong approach. If she upped her price to a million could be they'd start talking.

Above: Carol Lynley and husband Mike Selsman didn't mind when she was cut from "A Woman In July," but I hear D. Zanuck put her back in again.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month. •
Dear Arthur:

This is a letter I've been meaning to write you for a long time and now I've finally gotten around to it. I want to thank you for your wonderful program. I'm a housewife with 4 children and an 8 room house to take care of. I hate housework but I also dislike a dirty house so I dig in every day and look forward to your show at 10:30 am to help break the monotony. I turn 2 radio's before upstairs and one downstairs so that if I'm on the stairs I don't miss anything.

I enjoy your music but I especially enjoy your conversations with your interesting guests. (Today you have that marvelous young violinist on - Earl Carlisle.) I love the witty repartee between you and the band members, Richard Hayes and "Grandpa" Parker. I say I like the talking part best because it is unique in radio programs. After all, it is possible to get good music on some station or on my own Hi-Fi set - but for good, stimulating, witty, verbal banter give me Arthur Godfrey.

Don't ever go off --

Sincerely,

Mrs. Ralph C. Viner

---

**APPRECIATION**

This is one of the thousands of "thank-you" letters that Arthur receives from his fans. If you're one, you know why. If not, find out! Tune in weekday mornings on The CBS Radio Network.
Is it D-DAY again for Doris?

This past September, a tall girl with yellow-butter hair and a church-supper face powdered with freckles like a cinnamon bun stood up in her box seat at the Los Angeles Dodgers baseball stadium and did a curious thing, even for a rabid Dodger fan. As if in defiance of the photographer who was training his Speed Graphic on her—and perhaps even of the world—this girl, with a glint of rampant mischief in her eyes, blew up the wad of bubble gum in her mouth into a huge pink balloon that seemed to say, “Well, okay, pal; you want my picture? Get this!”

The lady with the bubble gum was, as it happened, a customarily reserved and even curiously shy Beverly Hills matron of thirty-eight named Mrs. Martin Melcher, the mother of a twenty-year-old son (by the first of three marriages); the possessor, with her current husband, of some $6,000,000, give or take a bank account or two—and not the type of person who would ordinarily stick her tongue out at anybody.

But then Mrs. Melcher—or actress Doris Day, as she is better known almost everywhere—was apparently on the brink of one of the more critical moments in her life.

“Call me crazy, if you like,” said a Hollywood observer, “but when those separation rumors about Doris and Marty began popping up just a few weeks later, I remembered that cocky, almost defiant picture of Doris with the bubble gum, and I thought to myself, ‘Well, this is a doll who no longer cares if school keeps.’ Maybe I was reading things into that gesture, but add two and two in Hollywood—and you always get five.”

The Melcher separation rumors and Doris’ bit with the bubble
gum (that picture hit newspapers all over the country) could have had no relation whatsoever. Some people, of course, see significance in anything. But it is a matter of record that not long afterwards, husband Marty Melcher was off in San Francisco “producing a new play” while Doris remained at home. That was when the first hint of a possible rift between the “always happy” Melchers slithered into print. “Doris and Marty Melcher are readying an announcement,” said Mike Connolly, in his Rumbling Reporter column, and a shocked Hollywood gasped, “Not Doris and Marty!”

Just days later, forty-six-year-old Marty Melcher was again away, this time in New York “making arrangements for the opening of his new play,” while Doris, his wife of eleven years, stayed in Hollywood. “Doris is working in a picture, Universal’s ‘The Thrill of It All,’” Marty explained. “She didn’t come to New York because it would take too much time.”

But the rumor mills were still churning. “Doris Day, America’s favorite movie star, will be making headlines out of Hollywood in the near future,” declared New York columnist Dorothy Kilgallen, with Sidney Skolsky and Shellah Graham adding their voices to the now familiar chorus.

Most startling of all, however, was a somewhat incredible item in Earl Wilson’s column. Said Wilson: “Hollywood won’t believe the rumor that Doris Day’s sweet on a N. Y. Yankee star—first, she and Marty Melcher are very rich and seemingly happy together; second, she’s a Dodger fan.”

Was it, then, D-Day once again for Doris, everybody’s girl next door? D-Day for the much, much written-about but strangely little-known girl from Cincinnati who “had made millions swinging on the garden gate with a prim neckline and a song in her heart”? She had married first at sixteen, again at twenty-one, and once more at twenty-seven. Those first two husbands of hers, musicians both, were forever, in Doris’ mind, “The Trombone Player” and “The Saxophone Player,” though the Trombone Player had given her her son. She had the happy knack of “forgetting things that I don’t enjoy remembering. I never look back, and I can barely remember my first two marriages.”

But of her third husband, Marty Melcher, the wide, comfortable shoulder on which she leaned, the man to whom Doris always ran if a mouse appeared or a fuse blew . . . of him she could say, at least as recently as just a few years ago: “Marty is my understanding husband and my favorite friend.” And Marty would quip back, “The secret of our happy home life is, half the time I let my wife have her way, and the rest of the time, I give in. So we get along fine.” He’d smile when he’d say it.

Only a year or so ago, Marty Melcher, tall, sun-tanned and looking very successful (which he is) sat in the office of his and Doris’ Arwin Productions in Beverly Hills, and over a wide desk flanked by a trio of telephones, spoke of his wife’s “colossal box-office appeal.” It was nothing to be modest about.

“Doris,” Marty explained affectionately, “is a one-lady factory, a commodity that turns out so much a year and brings in so much money. Just like a car. Occasionally we must retool and put out a slightly different product. But there is no big inventory to worry about.” Marty’s grin became even wider. “What’s more,” he went on, “Doris can sing, too.”

Did some of the reasons for the (Continued on page 61)
This reporter’s communiqué that Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were “probably the wealthiest” stars (each has between thirty and forty millions) must be up-dated. Bing and Bob multiplied their huge showbiz incomes via wise investments in nationally advertised products, radio and TV depots, land and Wall Street. But there is quite a group in Grapefruit (Continued on page 68)
Now from Scott Paper Company—Confidets...the new shape in sanitary protection

5 reasons why new Confidets make other leading sanitary napkins out-of-date, ill-fitting, inadequate...

1. Only true anatomical shape. Confidets® are the only sanitary napkin fully tapered and shaped to fit body contours. *Wide in front for protection—narrow in back for comfort*—don't bunch or bulge. Confidets can be worn with any standard belt.

2. Only one with proportioned depth for more protection. No other napkin has extra thickness in middle where greatest absorbency is needed. Protects like a super pad with less bulkiness than a junior size.

3. Only accident-proof inner shield that's full size and securely held in position. Moisture simply cannot penetrate this feather-light shield, so under part of this new napkin stays dry, soft.

4. Only multi-layer filler with this unique arrangement. It holds 8 times its weight in moisture as proved by laboratory tests. The pure, fine quality materials absorb at maximum speed. *You're blissfully secure with Confidets!*

5. Exclusive ultra soft-strength cover. Only Confidets has a cover so comfortably soft against the skin yet has so much flexible strength in use. Try Confidets—developed and patented by Scott Paper Company. ☑️

New Confidets—the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield
PARAMOUNT presents

ELVIS in HAL WALLIS' PRODUCTION

Girls! Girls! Girls!

13 GREAT SONGS

LATEST SOUNDTRACK ALBUM FROM

RCA VICTOR

© The most trusted name in sound
Sophia Loren’s Own Story:

WE’RE NOT MARRIED BUT...
WE'RE ADOPTING
This is a report on how Sophia Loren is now forced by State, Church and Society to live with a married man. That man is Carlo Ponti, whom she has considered her husband for several years now, ever since their Mexican marriage-by-proxy. When bigamy charges were brought against them in Rome recently, they made the sad decision that the only solution was to annul their marriage. They looked on it as the first step, legally, toward a marriage that would be recognized as valid. In the meantime, their lives are terribly complicated by the fact that since Church, State and Society recognize Carlo's separation from his first wife, Giuliana Fiastrri, but not his divorce, he is considered to be still married to her. And Sophia, by continuing to live with her "husband," is technically a party to adultery and he, technically, an adulterer. Nevertheless, they seem determined to proceed with their plan to adopt a child. In Europe it would be possible—morally condemned, perhaps, but legally possible. Here, then, is an intimate account of Sophia's feelings, based on interviews held just before and after her marriage to Ponti was finally dissolved.

INTERVIEWER (interrupting Miss Loren on the set of "The Condemned of Altona," the film she and Ponti were making at the Italian seacoast town of Tirrenia): "Judge Carlos Uranga Munoz has just ruled in Mexico that the lawyers who stood in for you and Mr. Ponti at your proxy wedding ceremony in Ciudad Juarez did not have the proper power of attorney, and that, therefore, the court 'does not recognize the existence of the marriage ceremony.' How do you feel about the annulment? Does it make you feel happy or sad, Miss Loren?" (Continued on page 66)
Though Debbie Walley is expecting her first baby, it hasn’t stopped her husband from having dinner every night with a cute blonde. What’s more, he does it with Debbie’s cooperation!

One morning, not long after they were married, John Ashley and Debbie Walley were chatting about their life before they met. “You know something,” he said, “you’re the only redhead girl I’ve ever cared for. I always preferred to be with a blonde.” The moment the words were out, John was sorry he had said them. “Well . . . er . . .” he stumbled on, “what I mean, Darling, is that, you know, gentlemen are supposed to prefer blondes . . . but they marry brunettes . . . er, well, except me, I married a beautiful redhead, I married you . . . Darling.” Debbie gave her husband a weak little smile but said nothing. Seconds later, she leaned over, gave him a wifely kiss on the cheek, and said she had to go finish washing the breakfast dishes. As she left the room, John made a mental note: if he wanted to preserve peace and quiet in the Ashley household, he must never, never bring up the subject of blondes again!

One evening, about a week later, John came home, walked into the kitchen and almost fell flat on his face. There, standing in front of the stove, furiously whipped up a batch of mashed (Continued on page 76)
"Sorry, there's no story," Jerry Lewis told me. "I can't discuss that subject with you at all." As a writer, I just couldn't drop a story that easily. I had to try a little harder. So, matter of factly, I asked Jerry if it would be okay if I just hung around for the day to see if I could pick up some information. Jerry said, "Sure, come. I have to do some things for the Muscular Dystrophy campaign." Surprisingly enough, my assignment was directly connected with that. I'd been told to get Jerry to talk about his ten years as chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy Association. Find out about the kids he'd helped. Ask how he got interested in dystrophy in the first place: For publicity? By request? Had anyone in his family had the dreaded disease? The assignment had seemed a simple one. But when Jerry refused to talk, I knew it was going to be tough. That day, it led me all over New York City. The following week, I chased clues to Hollywood. But the hardest, most forbidding journey of all was the final one: the unchartered journey deep into the famous comedian's secret heart.

My day with Jerry began on a fabulously furnished bus that had been lent to him by Paul Cohen, president of the Tuck Tape Company. He was seated with Jerry at a table by the bus' big picture window. Jerry was busy making faces at the people clustered around outside. He'd make a face, grab his camera (Continued on page 77)
CLARK GABLE'S SON

The tender tale of a little boy—and his life without father

The sturdy, long-bodied youngster of twenty months swayed unsteadily on his little feet. He took a flurry of pitter-patter steps and in joyful panic grabbed at his mother's outstretched hand. He'd made it! Pretty neat stuff, this walking!

Then, as he stood triumphant, his alert eyes took in the rest of the room. They came to light on something familiar next to his crib—the photo of a man who remarkably resembled the little boy. The child broke into a gaudy smile. With infant pride in his accomplishment, he addressed the picture.

"Daddy?" he said. It was as though John Clark Gable were asking, "How am I doing, Daddy—pretty good, huh?"

The answer, of course, is yes. Kay Gable can take a lot of credit for the way she's bringing up her son without a father to help. She's doing it with the well-wishes of millions who loved Clark Gable—and now love his son because he is the flesh and blood epitome—all that is left living—of the man who was king of movie stars for generations.

When the first pictures of John Clark were released, a few days after he was born on March 20, 1961, the world gasped. The infant looked so much like his famous father that many of Gable's spiritually devout fans cried that the resemblance was a sign, it was an omen of things to come. There was no mistaking the likeness. The child even had a cowlick in his hair in the exact spot as his father's. Friends of Kay's who saw the baby referred to him affectionately as "Mr. Carbon Copy." The reference became so popular that Kay even used it every now and then.

What few people realize, however, is the tremendous and somewhat unique responsibility that is carried by Kay. Normally, a young boy growing up has the guidance and counsel of both a father and a mother—and that's none too many for (Continued on page 79)
Seventeen years ago a Czech boy, his entire family wiped out by the Nazis, was rescued from a concentration camp and was brought to Sweden. There, a merciful angel called Sister Hedvig took the broken lad into her home and restored him to health. She was a second mother to him and he like a son to her. When relatives were finally located in America and sent for him, Jack Garfein went—but in tears at parting from his kind, loving “mother.”

America was good to Jack. He became a successful movie director, married a lovely star, Carroll Baker. They made a picture together, “Something Wild.” And it was for the showing of this picture—in Sweden—that the Garfeins came back to Jack’s foster country and its memories—especially of the good “mother” with whom he had lost touch during the years. At a press conference, Jack told reporters that he had searched in vain for her—and could they help him? They did! They found her in Malmo under her new name—she had married and was now Mrs. Hedvig Ekberg. Jack flew to her, and as they fell into each other’s arms, even the photographers and reporters wept openly at their reunion.
Overcome with emotion at again seeing the “mother” who cared for him when he was a war orphan in Sweden, Jack Garfein openly weeps. At right Carroll Baker, his wife, listens interestedly as her husband tells his old friend that now it is his turn to help her. Mrs. Ekberg is partially crippled by a back ailment. Now that he has been fortunate enough to find her again, Jack is eager to pay her medical expenses as a small token of his eternal gratitude.
"I love you, Vince, but I'm afraid to marry you...Life with you would be more than I could bear."

(Continued on page 73)
the love rules they make!
the marriage rules they break!
The way Natalie and Warren are behaving, they're getting a name for themselves. Rebels. Rebels who try to break out of the bonds of accepted morality, usual rules, traditional laws, and seek another country, a different place, where spontaneous passion is treasured above dullness, where frenzied excitement is honored above habit, where the tension of love is worshipped above the sameness of marriage. Their search for this place of pure sensation seems to obsess them. Natalie and Warren have traveled across this country and throughout Europe together looking for it. Across the border there must be still stronger wine; across the ocean there must be still madder music; across the continent there must be still greater exhilaration; across the city there must be still wilder thrills. All you gotta do is keep moving, moving, moving—faster, faster, faster—away from the restrictions of society and toward that realm of sheer delight to which no two people have ever traveled before. But even though they may feel like pioneers, Natalie and Warren are actually followers. Blinded by their emotions as they leave the well-worn road of convention and morality to blaze what they believe to be a new trail into the wilds of unrestricted freedom, Natalie and Warren cannot see the wreckage left along the path by all the previous rebels against society who have traveled along this same route before. Wreckage left by Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini. By Deborah Kerr and Peter Viertel. (Please turn the page)
WARREN BEATTY & NATALIE WOOD

continued


The wreckage of disillusionment and disappointment, the aftermath of running away from society's codes of conduct and moral standards. And if anyone should have been able to see the warning signs along the way, it was Natalie. For the very man with whom she was running off to Europe (even though her final divorce from Bob Wagner wouldn't be legal for months and months and months) had already been over this very same path in the past. With Joan Collins. The example was there for Natalie to see—if she wanted to see it.

Joan, too, when she was running from city to city with Warren, and from country to country, had believed that the two of them could defy the world. "Nothing matters when you're in love," she said. "We're not officially engaged yet. But that doesn't matter either. I trust our love."

Nothing mattered except Warren. A London newswoman reported: "There has never been a fiancée like Joan Collins. To be with the man she loves, she is prepared to miss meals, cross oceans, spend thousands and forego roles." Joan just couldn't bear being separated. Once, she walked out on a picture, "Sons and Lovers," because it was being made in London and Warren was in New York. Another time, she flew across the Atlantic and back again during one weekend (she was making "Esther and the King" in Rome), just so she could sneak in a few hours with Warren. At the Harwyn club, she held Warren's hand happily as she told a reporter something that her shining eyes had revealed already. "Be sure and say I love him very much."

But Joan's "trust" in Warren's love faltered during one of her trips to New York, when she visited the set of "Splendor in the Grass." There, watching Warren and Natalie on and off camera, she saw something that Bob Wagner, crazy in love with his wife, couldn't see or wouldn't see. And the realization of what was happening made her sick with dread. The trail of excitement that Joan had blazed with Warren finally reached its end the night that Bob Wagner held his customary farewell party for the crew, after shooting had ended on "Sail a Crooked Ship." Natalie, who traditionally tended bar with her husband at these affairs, didn't show up for an hour and a half, and when she arrived she was on Warren's arm. But the two of them left immediately, and didn't come back until the party was almost over and nearly everybody gone.

Hours later, Bob, Joan, Natalie and Warren went out to dinner together. A strange dinner. Bob was furious. Warren sulked. Natalie was livid. And Joan—Joan looked as if her whole world had fallen to pieces, and as if all the promises and all the assurances couldn't put it together again.

The wreckage of a relationship, lined in pain on a beautiful woman's face. But Natalie was too furious with Bob and too involved with Warren to look at Joan and see her own possible future mirrored in the eyes of the miserable girl who had blithely defied convention and said confidently, "Nothing matters when you're in love."

"Nothing matters when you're in love"—this was to become Natalie's motto, too: her slogan, her credo, her obsession. She went to New York to be with Warren, to Florida to be with Warren, and then, the day after her "dream marriage" to Bob Wagner was dissolved in a divorce court, announced her intention of going to the Cannes International Film Festival with Warren.

For Natalie this was to be her first trip abroad (Warren, of course, had already made the Grand Tour with Joan), so she had a lot of preparing to do. Like learning French (Suzy in the New York Mirror: "Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are busy taking French lessons together—that's the only way to do it when you're going to Paris together"). Like dining in the continental manner (Earl Wilson in the New York Post: "Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty were closer than Siamese twins at a feast at The Forum. Natalie was wearing a low-cut bodice that eased the fears of photographers that she's a flatter"). Like kissing in public the way European lovers do and most Americans don't.

On the Continent, Natalie and Warren moved at a whirlwind pace from place to place, as if running away from the normal rules of behavior. At a Soviet reception in honor of the Russian entry in the Cannes Festival, Natalie, with Warren by her side, drank vodka, nibbled at caviar and charmed Communist officials by speaking perfect Russian to them. Somehow her command of their language failed when, after conversing expertly for a while with a Soviet actress, Warren—for whom she'd been translating as they went along—said, "Natalie, tell the Russian lady I find her pretty." Natalie stammered, faltered, and took over ten minutes to translate his message into Russian.

After this little episode Natalie seemed to stick closer to Warren than ever. (Continued on page 62)
IT'S GOLD MEDAL TIME!

Only YOU know who will win Photoplay's 1962 Gold Medal Awards! Because only YOU pick the winners!

(Please turn the page)
HERE ARE THE MOST PROMISING

1. Timmy Everett
2. Glenn Corbett
3. Alan Bates
4. Robert Redford
5. Peter O'Toole
6. Tom Courtenay
7. Andrew Prine
8. Josh Peine
9. Richard Rust
10. Gerard Blain
11. George Grizzard
12. Karl Boehm
13. Gary Clarke
14. Jack Ging
15. Peter Mann
16. Richard Harris
17. Randy Boone
18. Ryan O'Neal
19. Ted Bessell
20. Dirk Rambo
21. Dack Rambo
22. Burt Reynolds
23. James Dury

1. Zina Bethune
2. Gabriella Pallotta
3. Romy Schneider
4. Dany Saval
5. Sue Lyon
6. Irina Demich
7. Rita Tushingham
8. Ann-Margret
9. Roberta Shore
10. Lauri Peters
11. Lori Martin
12. Sandra Church
13. Joan Freeman
14. Suzanne Pleshette
15. Laurel Goodwin
16. Christine Kaufman
17. Judy Carne
18. Lyn Loring
19. Anne Helm
20. Stefanie Powers
21. Patty Duke
22. Tarita
23. Carol Lawrence
NEW STARS

Look them over – Cast your vote!
(turn the page for your Gold Medal Ballot)
Here Are The Movies

Adventures of a Young Man
Advise and Consent
All Fall Down
Almost Angels
Bachelor Flat
Barabas
Battle, The
Best of Enemies, The
Big Red
Billy Budd
Billy Rose's Jumbo
Bird Man of Alcatraz
Boosco 70
Bon Voyage
Boys' Night Out
Cabinet of Caligari, The
Cape Fear
Chapman Report, The
Children's Hour, The
Cid, El
Cleo from 5 to 7
Convicts 4
Counterfeit Traitor, The
Damn the Defiant!
Demon and Pythias
Day the Earth Caught Fire, The
Divorce—Italian Style
Escape from Taharaan
Experiment in Terror
Five Finger Exercise
Five Weeks in a Balloon
Follow That Dream
Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, The
Fugue—The Dark Passion
Gay Paree
Geronimo
Gigot
Girls! Girls! Girls!
Guns of Darkness
Gypsy
Happy Thieves, The
Hatar! II
Hell Is for Heroes
Hero's Island
Horizontal Lieutenant, The
I Thank a Fool
If a Man Answers
In Search of the Castaways
Innocents, The
Interns, The
Island, The
It's Only Money
Jessica
Kid Galahad
Kind of Loving, A
Last Year at Marienbad
Lawrence of Arabia
Light in the Piazza, The
Lion, The
Lisa
Lola
Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner, The
Lonely Are the Brave

Long Day's Journey into Night
Love at Twenty
Love Come Back
Madame
Madison Avenue
Magic Sword, The
Main Attraction, The
Man Who Shot Liberty Valance, The
Masochist Candidate, The
Merrill's Marauders
Miracle Worker, The
Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation
Moon Pilot
Music Man, The
Mutiny on the Bounty
My Gemini
Night Is My Future
No Man Is an Island
Notorious Landlady, The
Only Two Can Play
 Panic in Year Zero!
Period of Adjustment
Phaedra
Phantom of the Opera, The
Pigeon That Took Rome, The
Pressure Point
Reluctant Saint, The
Requiem for a Heavyweight
Ride the High Country
Road to Hong Kong, The
Rome Adventure
Samar
Satan Never Sleeps
Sergeants 3
Spinal Road, The
State Fair
Sweet Bird of Youth
Swashbuckler of Siena
Tales of Terror
Tarzan Goes to India
Taste of Honey, A
That Touch of Mink
300 Spartans, The
Through a Glass Darkly
Tomorrow Is My Turn
Too Late Blues
Trial, The
Two for the Seesaw
Two Weeks in Another Town
Very Private Affair, A
Victim
View from the Bridge, A
Walk on the Wild Side
Waxworks of the Toreadors
War Hunt
War Lover, The
What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?
Whistle Down the Wind
Who's Got the Action?
Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm, The
Yojimbo

Here Are The Female Stars

Ackerman, Bettye
Baker, Diane
Ball, Lucille
Bancroft, Anne
Bardot, Brigitte
Bergen, Polly
Blair, Janet
Bloom, Claire
Booth, Shirley
Brennan, Carol
Capucine
Care, Leslie
Charisse, Cyd
Collins, Joan
Crawford, Joan
Day, Doris
de Havilland, Olivia
Dee, Sandra
Dickerson, Angie
Eaden, Barbara
Ekberg, Anita
Faber, Shelley
Field, Shirley Anne
Fonda, Jane
Garland, Judy
Hale, Barbara
Harcourt, Haya
Harris, Jane
Hart, Dolores
Hayward, Susan
Hayworth, Rita
Hepburn, Audrey
Hepburn, Katharine
Jeffreys, Anne
Johns, Glynis
Jones, Shirley
Journey, Katy
Kauffmann, Christine
Kerr, Deborah
Knight, Shirley
Kohner, Susan
Kwan, Nancy
Lammore, Dorothy
Lassbury, Angela
Leigh, Janet
Leighton, Margaret
Lend, Marjorie
Loren, Sophia
McLaine, Shirley
Magnun, Silvana
Mansfield, Jane
Martellini, Elsa
Mercouri, Melina
Miles, Vera
Milay, Hayley
Mimiex, Yvette
Monroe, Mary Tyler
Morse, Terry
Morea, Jeanne
Munro, Audrey
Nelson, Harriet
Novak, Kim
Nuyen, France

Here Are The Male Stars

Adams, Nick
Arens, Jim
Austere, Fred
Avalon, Frankie
Beatty, Warren
Beymer, Dick
Bishop, Joey
Blocker, Dan
Bogarde, Dirk
Boone, Pat
Boone, Richard
Borgnine, Ernest
Boyd, Stephen
Brandt, Max
Brennan, Walter
Bridges, Lloyd
Brynner, Yul
Burke, Paul
Burr, Raymond
Burton, Richard
Butterfield, Red
Byrnes, Ed
Callan, Michael
Chamberlain, Dick
Chevalier, Maurice
Clift, Montgomery
Cobb, Lee J.
Conrad, Robert
Conners, Check
Corey, Wendell
Crawford, Johnny
Crenn, Dick
Crooby, Bing
Curtis, Tony
Darin, Bobby
De Wilde, Brandon
Donahan, Troy
Douglas, Kirk
Durante, Jimmy
Eastwood, Clint
Edwards, Vince
Egan, Richard
Fahian
Fleming, Eric
Fonda, Henry
Ford, Glenn
Francisco, Anthony

Fuller, Bob
Garner, James
Gazzara, Ben
Gleason, Jackie
Grant, Cary
Greene, Lorne
Griffith, Andy
Blocker, Dan
Guardino, Harry
Guinness, Alec
Hamilton, George
Harvey, Laurence
Heston, Charlton
Holden, William
Hollman, Earl
Holloway, Stanley
Hope, Bob
Howard, Trevor
Hyde, Rock
Hunter, Jeffrey
Hutton, Jim
Jaffe, Sam
Kelly, Gene
Knotts, Don
Lancaster, Burt
Landau, Mike
Larkin, John
Langston, Charles
Lennon, Jack
Lewis, Jerry
Logan, Bob
Lorde, Jack
MacArthur, James
MacMahan, Horace
MacMurray, Fred
Maharaj, George
Marshall, E. G.
Malden, Martin
Martin, Dean
Massey, Raymond
Mason, James
Mastroianni, Marcello
McKeltier, John
McQueen, Steve
Miles, Marlo
Michum, Robert
Montand, Yves
Murray, Don

Nelson, David
Nelson, Ozzie
Nelson, Rick
Newman, Paul
Niven, David
O'Brien, Edmund
Palmer, Jack
Parker, Peter
Peck, Gregory
Pepard, George
Perkins, Anthony
Pidgeon, Walter
Potier, Sidney
Presley, Elvis
Preston, Robert
Quinn, Anthony
Reed, Robert
Rennie, Michael
Richardson, Ralph
Robards, John, Jr.
Roberts, Pernell
Robertson, Cliff
Robinson, Edward G.
Rooney, Mickey
Ryan, Robert
Sands, Tommy
Saxon, John
Schell, Maximilian
Sellers, Peter
Sine, Frank
Smith, John
Smith, Roger
Stark, Robert
Stewart, James
Stockwell, Dean
Tamlyn, Russ
Terry-Thomas
Thomas, Danny
Tryon, Tom
Tushinov, Peter
Vallone, Ralph
Van Dyke, Dick
Wagner, Robert
Walker, Clint
Weaver, Dennis
Wayne, John
Zimbalskis, Eirem, Jr.
JACKIE AND THE CHURCH—

HOW THE TROUBLE STARTED! (Please turn the page)
JACKIE continued

To a nation peeping in on Jacqueline Kennedy's Italian "vacation" trip last August, it seemed like all ice-cream cones and pedal pushers and a gorgeous suntan and waterskiing over the blue Mediterranean by day and espresso-sipping with friends in out-of-the-way cafes by moonlight. Just a big happy summer *festa*—it seemed. But rumors had started making the rounds even before Jackie left Washington; that the true purpose of the trip was her desire to help clear up with the Vatican the question of her sister Lee's first marriage, so that Lee and her present husband, Prince Stanislaus Radziwill, could be married in a Roman Catholic ceremony. And that Lee was terribly unhappy, sometimes despondent, because her soul was not considered in a State of Grace by her church; that her (*Continued on page 59*)

*Were Jackie's trips to the Vatican and Ravello just vacations, or a secret fight to get her sister Lee an annulment?*
tempest in a tourist trap

The case of the French general who's trying to reupholster Grace Kelly's throne—and what her husband is doing about it!
The rain beat down mercilessly on the border between Monte Carlo and Beausoleil. It was midnight, October 12th. Suddenly, out of the night, the roar of engines cracked the eerie stillness. This was the might of the Fifth French Republic rumbling into strategic position on the border separating France and Monaco. Word spread like wildfire in the famed gambling casino. In minutes, hundreds of Monegasque citizens and visitors slipped on their raincoats, opened their umbrellas and hurried through the drenching outpour to see if the reports were true. Had France truly sealed off the border? *Mais oui!* Indeed, it was true! The strength of French president Charles de Gaulle had at last asserted itself. Monaco was isolated from France! The crisis had come, descending in the classic European manner—at midnight!

The show of force was terrifying. Monegasques gasped in abject horror at the five huge motorized units that were driven up the narrow street of Beausoleil and halted at the very doorstep of the tiny principality. It is true, the vehicles were not tanks. Nor were they some new and fearsome form of military equipment. Yet Monaco's citizens could not have been more alarmed if France had indeed brought such weapons to that front. Actually, the motorized units were nothing more than house trailers. The blue uniformed men inside them were not soldiers—but custom guards. A mighty contingent of six! And they had come fully armed—with custom forms! *Mon Dieu!*

The gathering of Monegasques at the border stood in stony silence and gazed incredulously as one of the guards trudged to the middle of the rain-splashed street and posted a sign. It read: "HALT! CUSTOMS!"

At last the hour dreaded by Monaco's 22,000 residents had arrived. The French Ministry of Finance and Economic Affairs had thrown up its threatened customs barrier around tiny Monaco. (*Continued on page 70*)
We Know! 
Does Liz? 
What Ann-Margret Gives Eddie That Even Liz Can't!


But the trouble with all this is that Liz' name in the headlines blotted out temporarily the name of Ann-Margret, a girl who refuses to fade out of Eddie's life. So as the man on television says, let's go behind the headlines and see how Ann-Margret fits into the Liz-Eddie picture.

Let's start with Liz' first decision to return, before she began postponing the trip. N.Y. Post columnist Earl Wilks wrote: "Liz Taylor's due this week . . . but pretty Ann Margret ain't leavin' town." And that set off the female battle of the century. In this corner: Liz, the title-holder (won crown by kayoing Marlene Dietrich and getting Mike Wilding; successfully defended title by knocking out Debbie Reynolds with sneak punch in the first round and getting Eddie Fisher; retained championship by eking out highly disputed split-decision over Lady Sybil and getting Dick Burton). However, Sybil still recognized as champion in England, Wales and parts of Switzerland, so where does that leave us?

And in the other corner: Ann-Margret, the challenger! The Swedish-American newcomer to the ring, with a record of broken engagements but no marriages, was a virtually unknown quantity—as a fighter—but was reputed to pack a lethal wallop.

And squarely in the middle, between the two contenders, was Eddie Fisher—a ring-shy veteran who, after having been pushed aside by Burton, once again found himself in the strange position of being both the guy two women were fighting for and the referee—the guy who had to pick the winner in this epic fight.

Betting was brisk. The early, sentimental favorite was Ann Margret. Sheila Graham and Suzy, both experts on the New York Mirror, cast their votes for the challenger.


Suzy hedged a little, but finally joined the anti-Liz camp "Everyone—his friends, his entourage, everyone—thinks Eddie Fisher will take one look at Liz Taylor when she gets here melt, fall in her arms and call off the divorce. I don't. He may melt—a man's a man for a' that—but there'll be a divorce."

But the "smart" money backed Liz. Their "inside information" came from the French newspaper, France Dimanche. This paper, after reprinting one of the infamous photos snapped by the peeping paparazzi, of Liz and Burton in close embrace on the yacht's deck at Ischia, asserted editorially that Eddie was more than willing to forgive Liz such transgressions. Eddie has asked Walter Winchell to stop making cracks about Liz because "I still love her," it further claimed. And then quoted Eddie: "She has brought me the greatest happiness that I have ever had, as well as the greatest suffering." France Dimanche concluded by dismissing Eddie's dates with starlets and other beauties (such as Ann-Margret) as "meaningless."

Ann-Margret's plan for her upcoming fight with Liz, the ringwise veteran (four rings in all—from Hilton, Wilding, Todd and Fisher), soon became obvious. Obvious and effective. She decided to stick close to Eddie wherever he went. She flew out to Frank Sinatra's Cal-Neva Lodge to help Eddie celebrate his thirty-fourth birthday, and was at a ringside table with him.
But Eddie had taken just this sort of girl home to meet mother. The girl's name was Debbie! And everyone knows what happened to them when Liz came along.

Yes, the resemblance between Ann-Margret and Debbie was startling. Not just the same open-eyed attitude towards life. Not just the same innocent, unspoiled quality, not just the same love and concern for their parents and family. But also the same limited experience with romance before they met Eddie (Debbie's near-serious relationship with young Bob Wagner and Ann-Margret's near-marriage to Burt Sugarman).

Even their high-school activities were the same! Ex-cheerleader Debbie has her double in ex-cheerleader Ann-Margret. "When I was a sophomore (at New Trier High School in Winnetka, Ill.), I wanted to be a cheerleader and I was out on the football field every Saturday, or on the basketball court between halves. I'm full of bounce and spirit." And Debbie was a Girl Scout and active in girls' clubs. Ann-Margret chimes in with, "I was in the Glee Club and the Girls' Ensemble Singing Group and the Opera Workshop."

All similar, all interesting, and all qualities that, when he was married to Debbie, bored Eddie to death.

Ah, but there is another side to Ann-Margret. But the only time she shows it to the public is when she's performing. Then a remarkable transformation takes place. Off comes that severe, binding black velvet ribbon and her long hair swishes tantalizingly across her face and jiggles back over one shoulder. Off comes that simple, unsophisticated dress and her figure is shown up by skin-caressing long, black velvet tights and a form-molding, flame-colored sweater. Her warm green eyes give off hot sparks, her voice—in conversation so hard to hear—is charged with sex and she belts out a song that can be heard in the kitchen of a night club; her lithe hips roll (so similar to Liz' when, at fifteen, she wiggled through the studio commissary at M-G-M many years ago), her dainty hands can't stop moving and her fingers snap rhythmically. An exciting mixture of the sexy madcap and the innocent madonna, that's Ann-Margret. A Liz and Debbie rolled into one woman and guaranteed to keep Eddie intrigued. A powerful combination for Liz' challenger!

But if Liz was worried, she didn't show it. Due to arrive in the U.S. even before Eddie opened at the Winter Garden, Liz unconsideredly made her first postponement. There was shopping to do in Paris, her dentist to see in Lausanne. And some unfinished business to attend to with Richard Burton in Paris. (Additional dubbing-in for "Cleopatra").

Besides, Eddie couldn't forget Liz even if he wanted to. Juliet Prowse, onstage each night at the Winter Garden as part of his show, reminded him. When he'd asked Juliet to team up with him, he insisted that she cut out her satire number—"I'm Cleo, the Nympho of the Nile." But she'd refused. "After all," she told her friends, "when Frank Sinatra and I broke up, he started his night club act with, 'Anybody want a hot diamond?'" The Cleo number stayed in. ("There was not a man she couldn't get; that was Cleo's problem on and off the set"). There were other references to Liz—in the humph-and-grind-filled Joan of Arc number Juliet sang, "I can give you the kind of action you get from 'Butterfield 8'"; in her take-off of Camille, "You've got the cutest cough, baby. Will I live through the film, maybe?" The critics and columnists blasted Juliet's act. "Amazingly tasteless exhibition (Watts); tough to describe her act accurately without exceeding it in vulgarity" (Slocum); "tasteless" (McHarry); "Miss Prowse is a combination of a modern-day (Continued on page 67)
Richard Burton—he was Richie Jenkins then—was a devil back in the late 1920s and early 1930s in the Taibach section of the town of Port Talbot, in Wales, where he grew up. And yet an angel he was, too, with a heart so good and rare as if it were tied to his insides with fine-spun gold. And it is strange (or is it really?) how all through the years that have followed it has been the same with him—part devil, part angel. This little history of his life—gathered from relatives and friends and enemies of all sorts, in Wales and in New York and in the town of Hollywood—shows it. Richard’s life began, in truth, one night when he was eighteen months old. The place was a tiny mining village called Pontrhydyfen in South Wales. The tiny house, made of pale-gray stones gathered from the nearby quarries, was in the center of the village, not far from the black entrance to the coal mine that employed almost every man, woman and child around. In the parlor that night sat Old Dick Jenkins, the master of the house, a sawyer at the mines. A short, stocky man, part Jewish it was said, part Gypsy, but mostly (Continued on page 46).
passionate Welsh: a man who loved his drink and his fun and his family. The head of his family, too.

Around Old Dick that night sat his children, the multitude of them. There was Tom, the oldest, nineteen back then. Then Cecelia, or Sis’, next in line and just turned seventeen. And—down the line—Ivor and David, Hilda, Catherine, Edie and William and Verdun. And finally, Richard, the youngest, who sat on Sis’ lap now and next to Sis’ husband, Elfed James, a miner, whom Sis had married five months ago.

They were a fun-loving family, usually, the Jenkinses were. They were a singing family, most times. It’s been said of them that even in a land of song, their voices stood out exceptional; a true cut above the average; that every tooth in their mouths had a bell, for song.

But this night they were quiet, solemn quiet, as they sat in that tiny living room of that tiny house waiting for the doctor, upstairs, to come down and give them the news they knew already would be bad.

For Mum Jenkins—wife of old Old Dick, mother of the brood—had been in childbearing labor, hard and painful, for more than six hours now. It was not easy for a woman of forty-five to be giving birth to her thirteenth babe, (two of whom had died in infancy). This all of them in the room old enough to know about such things knew. And there was something in the air that night—Mum’s moaning, her crying, her heavy breathing, heard all the way from upstairs—that caused them to realize she was near her end.

It seemed hopeful there that moment, for one good moment, near midnight, when they heard the newborn cry. The babe, at least, had been born safe—thanks to God Almighty. Tom Jenkins’ young wife, in fact, smiled a broad smile that moment and jumped up from her chair and rushed upstairs to see what was happening.

The others remained seated—hoping but uncertain.

And sure enough, after a little while, the doctor appeared at the head of the stairs and he said, shaking his head, “It is sorry I am, but though the child is living, the mother is dead.”

For a while after that, they all remained in the living room downstairs, too stunned, too sad to move. But then, one by one, they climbed the stairs and went to the little bedroom to say the first of their goodbyes.

Sis was the last to enter the room—Sis and young Richard that is, whom she held in her arms.

“Richie,” she whispered, looking away from the lad and down at Mum, “take a long good glance at this good woman. And try to remember her. For your mother she was. A very beautiful woman she was. Remember that. There was no woman on earth that could cook like her. And miraculously clean she was. And good. The most wonderful woman on this earth. And if you do grow up to be like her, in the heart, with just a bit of her goodness—God will smile indeed.”

Sis looked away from the bed then, to the boy.

He was fast asleep by the bed now. She smiled at him a bit. And then she looked over at her brother Tom’s wife.

“Dear,” she said, “you will take the newborn, yes? And Elfed and I will take Richard with us. And we’ll raise them as our own, yes?”

Tom’s wife nodded.

“Come,” Sis said then to her husband, “my little brother is our son now. Let’s get home with him now and get him to bed. He’s so tired, he is. He has no idea of what is going on this terrible night.”

Again she looked at the sleeping boy in her arms.

The house on Inkerman Lane in Taibach, where Richard grew up, was no larger than the house over the hills and eight miles away, in Pontrhydyfen, where he’d been born and where he’d lived those first eighteen months of his life. It stood at the top of a hill named Constant. It contained four rooms—two upstairs, two down. In the back of the house there was, of course, a garden with a patch for flowers and a tree and a shed for bathing in the summer (bathing in the winter took place in the kitchen, for those who dared). And from the front windows, since the house was situated high, one could see—straight below—the entire town and the Margam Steel Works with its heavy cluster of high chimneys and the choppy waters of the Bristol Channel.

And, to the right, a few miles away, the town of Swansea—or rather, as the local joke went, and goes; “When you can see Swansea, it’s a sign of rain. When you can’t, it’s pouring down!”

The house in Taibach was a happy place.

And though Sis now lives in a sweller place, down on posh Baglan Road, with ten large rooms—“my lovely present from Richard”—she remembers the little house on Inkerman as being a heaven of sorts because her little brother was there with her and Elfed, and there was such an angel he was, that boy.

She remembers, for instance, that Richard was wonderful funny:

“He was just a chubby little thing,” she’ll tell you. “And he’d sit by the wireless. And there wasn’t a voice came over—from Cardiff, or London, or anywhere—that he wouldn’t imitate it to perfection. Neighbors would come over to hear him. Just imitating away. And laugh and laugh they would.”

She remembers that he was wonderful strong:

“His idol was Tommy Farr, the boxer. And, of course, all the rugby football players. Time was when we were sure that’s what Rich (Continued on page 56)
PORTRAIT OF TWO GIRLS

Patty Duke
THE GOOD GIRL

(for the bad girl, turn the page)
It's Saturday afternoon. You and your boy friend stroll down to Main Street to take in a matinée. You want to see the movie at the Orpheum and he wants to see the movie at the Strand. But before the argument between you gets really hot, he comes out with a brilliant suggestion. “C'mon, I'm flush and I believe in spreading the loot around. Let's give 'em both a break, shall we?”

In the darkness of the Strand you pass him the popcorn and he passes you the salted peanuts while you both stare up at "Lolita." She is lying on her side, propped on her elbow, flipping through the pages of a magazine. On her head she wears a wide-brimmed picture hat from under which bangs peep; covering her eyes are dark sunglasses—heart-shaped, absurd. Next to you, your boy friend sucks in his breath and you know for sure that he's not looking at her face. Maybe you shouldn't have settled for the Orpheum.

But even while you're thinking these things, you have to confess—only to yourself, of course—that the curves of her slim figure, set off by a very brief bikini and outlined against the lawn, are kind of nice.

It's when the girl on the lawn pushes her sunglasses up on her forehead, however, that you move in closer to your boy friend to let him know you're still there, too. Because now you see her eyes (slate-colored? bright blue?—you wonder which) gazing directly at a man whose own eyes are fixed on hers in pure (or maybe it's impure) fascination. And her gaze... shy... bold... pert... sullen... provocative... disinterested... you're not certain which (perhaps it's all of these and more) disturbs you.

The exact word to describe her comes later, haltingly, from your boy friend as you and he stumble out of the dark theater into the bright sun. You've asked him how he liked the picture, and he stares down at his (Please turn the page).
shoe tips and blushes as he answers, "That Sue Lyon—she—she's—well, what I mean is—she's sort of—sexy, don't you think?"

A few minutes after this, you and your boy friend are seated side by side in the Orpheum watching "The Miracle Worker." The chocolate bar he bought you is sticky in your fingers—you're hypnotized by the scene on the screen. There, a little slip of a girl is battling furiously with a woman. The expression on the girl's face is amazing—her eyes are glassy yet wild, her mouth is violently distorted so that she looks like an untamed animal; her hair flips and wiggles as if it had a separate, uncontrolled life of its own. You're a bit ashamed as you say to yourself, "Well, at least Patty Duke isn't sexy, or even pretty."

Your boy friend leans over and whispers, "Hey! This is better than any fight" You shush him—and keep your attention on the screen. A transformation is taking place. The little blind girl on the screen has thrown a pitcher of water at the woman—her teacher—and now the two of them are out at the pump where the child is refilling the pitcher. As the girl pumps, the woman spells out the word "water" on the child's hand, using deaf and dumb—and blind—language.

And the girl's face! It's like nothing you've ever in your life seen! Where a moment before her hair was like a shook-up mop, it now softens and frames her face; a moment ago her eyes had resembled an animal's at bay, now they have the expression of a child seeing her first Christmas tree; her mouth was ugly and jagged—now it shapes itself into something almost beautiful as it forces out the sound "wa-wa"—"water!"

"Beautiful!"—that's the word for the little girl's innocent heart-shaped face as one tear forms in the corner of her eye and then

Luscious Lyon (left, with mother and a friend) and sensitive Patty Duke with her chihuahua, have more than a love of pets in common. Both girls grew up without fathers and became actresses to help their mothers support the family.

At the Venice Film Festival, photographers—professional and amateur—swarm to immortalize Lolita's face and figure.

Patty cooks lunch for friends, while Sue is busy cooking up plans to get her talented brother Chris into the movies.

(Continued on page 81)
Troy Donahue falls in and out of love with the rhythmic beat of a tom-tom. Some of his girls call him tender, gentle. Yet some call him a "Blond Cobra" who plays too rough at the game of love. But whatever they call him— they can't help loving him right back. Can you?
SOMETHING TOLD ME I SHOULDN'T BUT I WENT TO HIS APARTMENT

The Danger of Being an Actress
SECOND IN A SERIES

by Diane Baker

One day, as I dashed out of my little apartment—I live alone, as do many young actresses—I realized that I had forgotten my car keys. So I ran back upstairs to get them, only to discover I had left my apartment key inside the apartment! I was locked out. I ran next door to get my uncle, who was also my landlord, but he wasn’t there. Some men were working on construction nearby and there didn’t seem to be any other solution so I asked them, “Can you lend me your ladder, so I can climb into my apartment window on the second floor there?” But the men said no. They didn’t want to get involved in a possible accident; it involved insurance risks and they felt they couldn’t take the chance.

I was due at the studio, and I was nervous, and wondering what to do next when a young man who had the ground-floor apartment drove up in his black T-bird. He was a thin fellow, with glasses, who had moved in while I had been in Greece on location. My uncle had told told me that this youth was an aspiring actor from New York. Although I had never exchanged a single word with him, this time I said, “Would you help me get into my apartment? I’m locked out.” Ordinarily, I would not talk to a stranger, even though he was a neighbor. It was bad enough getting unwelcome phone calls (despite my unlisted number) and receiving notes in my mail box from strangers. I kept to myself in the neighborhood. The fellow said, “All right,” and ran out and somehow dug up a ladder. When he got to my window, he called out, “It’s locked and you’ll have to find me a screwdriver so I can force it open.” He threw me his key and said, “Go into my apartment and get a screwdriver. There’s one on the kitchen table.” I got the screwdriver, and threw it up to him. He pried the window open, climbed in, and opened the door from the inside. I was so relieved, I thanked him and said, “If I can ever help you, I’ll be happy to.” Then I had to dash away to get to work.

“Well,” I said to myself, “he seems a nice fellow.” The fact is that I don’t make friends easily; I’m rather shy. Also, I’m cautious. After all, I live alone. And all girls who live alone have their bad moments when a friend becomes too amorous or a stranger becomes menacing. But with a young actress, it’s worse. Her face is familiar and her personal life is well known through the gossip columns, and that attracts all sorts of neu-
otics. She receives bawdy, vitriolic and sometimes obscene letters and phone calls. She becomes alert to danger.

Three days later, my boy friend, Tom Allen, was visiting me for the evening. Tom is a struggling young actor, and very understanding. As it happened, we were discussing the problems of Hollywood's young actresses. Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. It was the youth from the apartment below, seeming very tense as he said, "I want to talk to you for ten minutes." But I had to tell him, "No, I'm sorry. I have a guest here, and I cannot leave my guest." He became angry and snapped, "Okay, if that's the way you want it!" He stared at me with open hostility and I looked at him astonished. His eyes were burning and there was a strangeness in him. When I tried to explain that I just couldn't see him that moment, he ran off in anger. Five days later, I was driving my car into our driveway just as he was coming out in his car. I tried to be civil and waved, "Hi!" But he gave me an icy stare, and drove right by without pausing. I shrugged my shoulders and wondered, "Now what did I do to make him an enemy?" But you meet all kinds. . .

I was too busy learning my lines for a TV show to give it much more thought. Then one night I came home tired, about 8:30, loaded with papers and groceries. He drove right in after me—I had a feeling he had been parked nearby, waiting for me—and he watched me step out of my car. I tried to be cordial and said, "Hi!" He said, "I want to talk to you right now!" I hesitated, and he said, "I want to talk to you for ten minutes—if you can spare ten minutes of your life!" I wondered if I was doing the right thing, but I replied, "Well, ten minutes." He protested, "We cannot talk out here in the driveway; it's embarrassing. Let's talk in your apartment." But I didn't want him in my apartment, so I said, "All right, we'll talk in yours." We got out of our cars and he walked into his apartment while I stood in the doorway. Something told me I shouldn't go in.

"Afraid of coming?" he taunted me. "Afraid I'm going to rape you?" I tried not to show alarm. "If you want to tell me something," I insisted, "tell me. Do you have something to say?" He snapped, "Yes, I have something to say." I snapped back, "Good! Then say it!" He became angry and yelled, "If you are in such a rush," (Continued on page 74)
would certainly become—a professional football player. But the war changed that. And other things. But to keep up with his idols as a child, to get muscles like them, he would eat and eat. He’d love ham and grilled cheese. And eggs, of course. And most important—bacon and lava bread. What’s lava bread? Oh, it’s a most unsightly thing to look at. All black, with oatmeal. But Rich would always walk into the house and ask, first thing: ‘Any lava bread, Sis?’ And then he’d begin to eat it, and he’d say, ‘If there is better food in heaven, I am in a hurry to be there.’"

She remembers that he was wonderful friendly:

‘The kid had more good friends than you could count on the fingers of both hands. People just liked to be with him. The boys—they adored him. And oh yes, he had plenty of girl friends, too. That is, the girls liked Rich. But until he was fourteen or fifteen he didn’t have much use for them. There were one or two—sweet-looking girls, nice as you can imagine—who’d actually come up to the house and sit around with me, just chatting and asking if they could help and generally wasting time, just waiting for Rich to come in with the hope that he might notice them. And when he would come in, he’d just look at them with this funny askance look and say ‘Hi’ for hello and ‘Ta’ for goodbye. And those sweet-looking girls, they would just be so sad.’"

She remembers that he was wonderful religious:

“As a small boy he would love to attend chapel with us. Sometimes he’d even get up into the pulpit and give a little sermon of his own after the main service was over. Or else he’d go to the back of the chapel and play the organ. He’d learned to play by himself, mind you. And he’d sit there and play all the hymns. I can still hear him, now, playing and singing his favorite—O Jesu Mawr Rhod Anial Bur.’ So lovely he sang. So lovely.”

She remembers that he was wonderful close to the family:

“He just idolized his dad and all his brothers and sisters. Every week came and like clockwork I’d have to bring him back to Pontrhydyfen to visit them all and to see his little baby brother, Graham, now living with Tom and his wife. And if I were busy of a weekend and said that I didn’t think we could make it this time—well, Rich just made such a fuss that I had to make it. That’s how much he loved them all.”

And she remembers, most of all, that he was wonderful kind and considerate:

“Things were bad here in Wales when Rich was a boy. There was the depression. And the miners were out striking a lot of the time. There was always enough for food, we always had a nice table, and clean—but sometimes, you must admit, it was hard going, rough going. And one day, just a little chubby thing he was, I called Richard into the kitchen to give him his Saturday penny.

“And he said to me, ‘Do you know what, Sis?’

“And I said, ‘What, Rich?’

“And he said to me, ‘You wait. But someday I’ll be man. And I’ll be working. And I’ll be earning ten pounds a week. And then, you wait—but then I’ll help you and Elfed the way you’ve both helped me.”

Yes, he was an angel young Richard was.

Just as others, close to Richard in his childhood days, remember the other side of him—the proper little devil that he obviously was, too.

Like Dillwyn Dummer—a jolly and lusty young man. Who, it happens, is second cousin to Richard. And who was his very best friend for many years. First, because they were the same age. Second, because they lived next door to one another—Richard at No. 3 Inkerman, Dillwyn at No. 2 (where he still lives). And third, because, says Dillwyn, “We were both rascals, and just tended together. Oh we were bad.”

His best friend remembers!

Dillwyn remembers, for instance, that time with the pipes:

“My grandfather had this rack of pipes, you see? And one day—I guess we were both about six and not a minute older—Rich and I decided what fun it would be to sneak out the pipes and have ourselves a few good puffs. We went to the backyard. We lit a pipe apiece and we smoked away. We didn’t feel very well after that. An uncle of mine—Ivor—who sat watching us from an upstairs window wore the same color of the grass by the time we were finished. Uncle Ivor laughed all through it. But when my grandfather found out what we had done, he didn’t laugh a bit. In fact, a regular hiding Rich and I got from him.”

Dillwyn remembers, too, about Rich and his organ playing:

“He did learn to play by himself, that’s true. Next door to my grandmother’s on the great big old organ she had bought—his pride. He would sit there and practice and play away, all those hymns. And Rich’s sister would be so proud. And my grandmother would be so pleased. She would say, ‘How lovely—what lovely stuff he plays. Oh, I can’t wait to hear him in chapel come Sunday.’ Only what she didn’t know—what practically no one else knew—was that he was dead set on playing in chapel on Sunday than he was in running down on Monday night to our local pub—the Somerset Arms, that’s its proper name, though we used to call it The Scare—and sit himself at the organ they had there and play for all the half-baked blokes who were just itching for anyone to come along and accompany them on their half-baked sing-songs.”

Dillwyn remembers the games he and Richard used to play together:

“Good jokes they were really. We’d clown around so much my mother used to be afraid to have Rich knock on the door for fear of what we’d get up to. Like we’d run out of the house and go over behind our house, up an outcrop, brushing our way through the bramble and the gorse—just for the silly fun of running. Or we’d go to someone’s garden and pinch carrots. And we used to play rat-tat—that’s knocking on somebody’s door and then running away, fast. Or we’d put a cord on a tin can and put it through the knocker of a door, stand way back and pull it. And run again. Run like hell.”

He remembers their Saturday afternoons at the movies:

“Regular weekly clients we were over at the Taibach Picture Dome. And the more and more racket we made, the happier we were. And special if it was one of those love pictures. These especially used to bore Richard to tears.” He’d sit there making the biggest kind of racket—‘All this kissing and smooching,’ he says, ‘ha ha ha ha!’—until the people around us used to call out to hush and for shame.

Dillwyn remembers, very well, what happened to them on one Saturday night right after the movies:

“Part of the pleasure of our going to the cinema was to smoke. And many an empty packet of fags we chucked over the bridge and into the railway yard on our way home. And this one night—it was right at the beginning of the war, black-out time, pitch dark; we must have been all of twenty or thirteen now—we were crossing the bridge and were down to our last two cigarettes, which we somehow hadn’t managed to smoke yet.

‘Got a match?’ Rich asked me.

‘No,’ I said, ‘I’m all out.’

‘Got two fags left,’ Rich said.

‘Well I just have to get rid of them,’ I said. ‘You know what will happen if someone finds them in our pockets.’

‘Nonsense,’ Rich said. ‘We’ll grab a light from someone. Ah here—he said, ‘here comes some fellow.’

‘I looked to where Rich was pointing and yes, I could see him, in the darkness, this fellow coming.

‘Can I have a light, please?’ I heard Rich ask then.

‘Hullo? What’s that?’ this fellow said, in a voice proper angry.

‘This fellow, it turned out, was my father. And we got a light all right. Smack on the seat of our pants.”

“A Rolls-Royce for me”

Not far from the railway bridge where the cigarette incident took place, and at the foot of Constant Hill, sits the small schoolhouse Richard attended as a boy—Dyffryn Grammar, it is called.

While many of the men who taught there in the Thirty or Forty are gone, either dead or retired, moved into other towns, other schools—a few remain who remember Richard.

One of these, who prefers to be nameless, remembers him perhaps better than anyone else:

“He was a bright boy—not that there weren’t brighter. For a while I thought of him as one of the handful from the poor circumstances who would just be weighed down by the poverty and go on to lead an ordinary hum-drum life, the brightness going for nought. But I believe that in Richard’s case there were factors—despite himself—that tended to lift him from such a fate.

“His whole devotion to his sister, that fine and lovely woman Cecelia—a desire to pay her back somehow for

Continued from page 46
"Do you think this is true?" Jones asked. Sis shook her head. "No," she said.

"What do you think?" Jones asked.

Sis paused for a moment. Then she said, "That pitied our circumstances in these troubled times and wants to help me and Elfed as much as he can. I didn't realize this at first. But I see it on Fridays now, Rich's pay day, when he comes home and gives me the money he's earned. It is the only time I see Rich smile these days."

"You think he's unhappy, then?" Jones asked.

Sis nodded. "I think so," she said.

"Do you think, Mrs. James, that you can talk him into giving up his job and returning to school?"

"But won't that be impossible, Mr. Jones? I think it will be. Secretly I have already inquired about this, and I have been told that it will be impossible indeed."

Meredith Jones smiled a little. "I am, in all modesty, a man of some importance in the school system, Mrs. James," he said. "And I'll tell you this. If you talk to Richard, and if he indicates that he is at all interested in returning, I shall try jolly well hard to get him back in. And I will. I swear with my blood that I will."

That night, Sis had a talk with Richard. Yes, the boy admitted, after a long hard pull: he had taken the job only to help out; he was unhappy; he did want to go back to school.

The next morning, Sis Jones went for a chat with Meredith Jones. For the next three long weeks, Jones pulled every string he could with the rather severe Glamorgan District Educational Committee to have Richard Jenkins re-admitted to Dyffryn Grammar.

And then one afternoon, three weeks later, Richard walked into the little house on Constant Hill. Sis, upstairs cleaning at the time, could hear the downstairs door open and shut, and then Richard shout up to her. "Sis—I have wonderful news."

She took a deep breath. She walked to the top of the staircase. "Going back to school, Rich?" she asked. "Yes," he said.

And they rushed towards one another—big sister and little brother. And they hugged, right there in the middle of that staircase. And, suddenly, they began to weep. But not with sorrow—with joy.

And so was Meredith Jones—"I lament him still"—important to young Richard's life and the years ahead of him.

The other teacher, P.H. Burton, came into Richard's life about a year later—in 1942, in fact, when Richard was sixteen. To understand better the relationship between the two, it's important to know a little bit about P.H. first.

Says one man in Port Talbot who knew him well, "P.H. Burton was one of the greatest characters I've ever come across. He was always desperately keen on theater. In fact, his life's ambition was to become an actor himself. But he had a failing. He was a big man, some six feet tall, weighed a good fifteen stones. But for all his bulk he had a small sweet voice, very much at odds with keeping his frame. And so he became a developer of actors, rather than an actor himself... His first protege was Owen Jones. P.H. discovered him here, trained him here, gave him all the instruction he could. The time came when young Jones was on the threshold of stardom. But then the war came, too. And Jones became deeply flustered. He believed that he was and he was killed in 1942... That's when P.H., as he sought another student, another star to replace Jones, cottoned onto Richard Jenkins. Rich was sixteen then. He'd returned to school after a short absence and was doing very well in his studies. I doubt that the idea of theater or theatricals had ever really entered his mind. But P.H. loved him, and he suddenly, to one and all that he saw in young Rich the stuff of which great actors are made. And I don't doubt that of one and all, the greatest surprise in this matter came to young Richard himself."

Richard's first performance

P.H. began by giving Richard the leads in two Taibach Youth Centre productions—"The Playgoers" and "The Bishop's Candlesticks." (This was October, 1942). Satisfied with the boy's performances—though not overly—P.H. then began to concentrate on a program of refinement. One afternoon after classes he had a talk with Richard.

"Would you like to become an actor—truly—some day?" he asked.

Richard shrugged. "I hear they make fine money. Why not?"

"The good ones," said P.H., "make the good money."

"Then I shall be good," said Richard.

"Fine," said P.H., "But the first thing we have to do is to get rid of all the Welsh in your talk. That won't do at all, you know. You must learn to speak like an Englishman."

"I'll be damned if I'll do that," said Richard.

"I'll be damned if you don't," said P.H. "Why? Is it really that bad? Do you want to play peasants for the rest of your life? Or do you want to play princes and kings?" Without waiting for an answer, P.H. went on: "Next... we've got to get you to read better stuff than you've been reading. You have a basic intellectual capacity. But we've got to work on it. I know we're carrying under your arm right now?"

"An American crime book. Very good." "Bah," said P.H. "It is Shakespeare you've got to start reading now."

"That bloke?" asked Richard, in doubt.
Richard Burton. He said it with dignity. And the two of them smiled and shook hands.

Just as that day on the hill in Taibach freed young Richard from an incipient embarrasment, so the day when Filmore did a two-year hitch with the RAF—1943-1945—seems to free his spirit completely.

No war hero, he

Richard Burton has never said that he was any kind of war hero. And he wasn't. He'd wanted, at one point, to be a pilot. But when he became a fighter pilot in World War II, the almost complete destruction of the town, the death there of some of his friends and his family's friends—this at one time had instilled in him the desire to get into a plane himself one day and give the Germans a personal blitz of his own. (Burton's been known even today at that at a passing Mercedes-Benz, just to show his odd contempt for the Germans.)

But things worked out differently for the would-be young hero back in those World War II days. Instead of being sent to the RAF's flying school, he was shipped off to Canada to do some sort of navigational work over the peaceful continent of North America.

And, remembers someone in his home town who for reasons unsaid remembers Richard without too much love: "He spent many months here, in Taibach, without permission of the authorities, let us say—running down to New York City to see the plays, visit Broadway, crawl through some of those honky-tongs and, in general, lead quite a little life for himself."

Remembers someone else, "It seems that those years away from Wales brought out the real Richard in him. He became a damned good drinker. He became a fabulously clever joker and long yorns. He became what outsiders would call, I presume, a character—free spirit, free soul, a man who lived life exactly the way he wanted, with no attention paid to stupid restrictions or such—a man of passion and moods. As far as me, an actor, a Welshman."

There are, however, even those among the Welsh who admit that at times young Richard seemed to go just a bit far in his free-spiriting. And to prove their point, they love to tell this funny little story about their boy:

It was a Sunday morning in 1945, shortly before the war ended. Richard, according to his last letters home, had already been shipped out of Canada—but where to from there, no one seemed to know exactly. Weeks had passed after that, and he hadn't written. Months had passed then—still no letters. It had been presumed by this time that he was stationed somewhere in the Pacific now, preparing to meet his end in the Japanese islands, if not indeed doing so already.

And so we come to this Sunday morning in 1945. The place: a chapel in Taibach. The time: about 11:30—midway through a solemn service.

When suddenly the chapel door opens and in walks Richard. How does he look? A stumpy little fellow, his uniform dirty and torn, his hair long and askew. How does he begin to walk? He wobbles, he does.

"Oh my goodness," someone shouts, "the lad's been wounded in action!"

"Heavens, heavens," someone else calls out. "He's been a prisoner of war somewhere and he's just escaped!"

The minister stops his sermonizing. The congregation is hushed.

No one knows quite what to do. And Richard just smiles and waves a little and says, "Oh, oh, oh, people—everything is all right with you. I see. I've been stationed near London all this while. A few days ago I was mobilized. I just got word, I've come right home, naturally. But then there was this mate of mine who said, 'Since we have no money, why don't we get a job for a few days?' He knew a place—one place for a job. A brewery, in the heart of London itself. So that's where I've been these last few days. Got into a little riff with someone last night and had a little bit too much of the merchandise to drink these few days. But other than that, don't worry, people. I'm quite all right. I'm fine, I am."

And the tsk! tsk! that filled the chapel after that could be heard for miles around in Taibach. (To be concluded next month.)
Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But— even now— many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite®. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.

Shrinks Hemorrhoids
New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place. Many amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) discovery of a world-famous research Institute. This substance is now available in suppository or enema form under the name Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug counters.
when we are together. Nothing could ever come between us," and this: "I sometimes think that many of the pleasures of life would have been missed if it hadn't been for Lee. And had we not grown up together."

Too, Jackie and Lee had grown up as Catholics together. Though their mother—now Mrs. Janet Lee Auchincloss—was an Episcopalian, their father—John Vernou Bouvier III—was a devout one. Her two daughters were reared in his faith, both having been baptized in the Church of St. Ignatius Loyola on New York's Park Avenue, both having received their First Communion, both having been Confirmed. The story goes that one of the girls' favorite pasttimes with their father was to listen to him tell them family stories about their great-grandmother, Caroline Maslin Bouvier, a beautiful and generous woman who spent her time in good works and established the New York Foundling Hospital, an institution run by nuns, but where unwanted children are accepted regardless of race, color, or creed.

The story also goes that both Jacqueline and Lee were exceptionally good church-and-Sunday-School-goers, and so it is not hard to imagine that first as children, then as adolescents, they were well instructed in the Sacraments of the church—and, among these, the Sacrament of Matrimony—a subject understandably dear and important to every young girl's heart.

Nor is it hard to picture Jacqueline and Lee seated side by side on a Sunday morning, years ago (when they were old enough to understand the facts of life and of their religion) and listening to a good nun say to them, in kindly but in no uncertain terms:

When two of my children, is the Sacrament which unites a Christian man and woman in lawful marriage and by which they receive the grace to discharge their duties. God, infinitely wise, made marriage for the good of the man, the woman and their young ones; for the happiness and well-being of the family, the good of the state and the orderly conduct of the human body. But other reason why God in marriage can only result in injury to all those He intended to benefit by His laws. Christ demanded two properties of every Christian marriage—unity and indissolubility. The Catholic Church holds, therefore, that a marriage which has been celebrated in proper form, which has been consummated and not dissolved by a man's authority whatsoever; therefore, re-marriage after a divorce is impossible. Impossible. Is that understood, my children? That, otherwise, one commits a mortal sin. That, otherwise, one is no longer in a State of Grace and can receive none of the other Sacraments of the Church. Is that understood, my children?"

The two girls—Jacqueline and Lee—sat listening, and nodded yes.

### Second marriage—mortal sin

And so, not too many years later, one of the sisters—Lee—who married in 1953, divorced in 1957 and remarried another man in 1959 committed, in the eyes of her church, a mortal sin.

To go back a bit: Lee's marriage in April of '53 was with Michael Temple Canfield, a publisher. Though Canfield was a Protestant, he obviously agreed to a Catholic ceremony, since the wedding was performed in the First Trinity Church of Washington, D.C., in "proper form"; that is, before a priest and with two witnesses. That Lee meant for her marriage to be lasting, there's no doubt. But, it seems, things went wrong with the marriage almost from the beginning.

In a book by Mrs. Mini Rhea, a dressmaker to both Jacqueline and Lee and quite close to the girls ten years ago, this statement appears, relating to the Jacqueline Bouvier-John Kennedy wedding, which took place in September of '53: "Lee was there, and in fact, had come all the way from England, where she was now living with her husband, to be matron of honor. I remembered the two Bouvier girls, a sister, and Sunday-School goers, in coming together to have playtime clothes made; How quickly life gives us cares and responsibilities, I thought. Now I heard that Lee did not like having to live so far from her family and friends and was quite miserable.

Lee check her marriage out, however, hoping that things would begin to work out well for her and her husband. At one point— with the birth of a son, Anthony— things did seem to be working out. But then, suddenly, Lee and Canfield announced that they were divorcing. And that seemed to be that.

### No sin committed

It's important to note here that no sin was being committed by Lee in the eyes of the church at this time since divorce, as such—in Catholic thinking—has no effect before God. The sin was committed when Lee married Prince Radziwill. Here it mattered not a bit to the church that Radziwill was a kindy man. Or that he would be a good provider to Lee and to any children they might have (a daughter, Anna Christina, was born to them in 1960: President Kennedy, in fact, was the godfather). Or that he revered his wife. (Jackie once said about his godfather, Lee, and Lee made together to India and Pakistan earlier this year: "Stas was so good to let Lee come. You know, he really believes all women ought to be in purdah.") In short, that he was a fine husband didn't matter to the church at all. It couldn't matter. "In the year 1012," as one priest told us recently, "the church provided marriage to the dignity of a Sacrament, and as such must be respected by all."

The priest went on to say, "I can certainly understand Mrs. Kennedy's desire to help her sister in this matter. This is admirable. This is the way it should be between family members in times of crisis. But this particular crisis is Mrs. Radziwill's alone, and what she says that she indeed desires an annulment. Annullments are granted on various grounds—but usually it takes years before they are granted.

"What grounds? The proving of what are called diriment impediments. Frequently, incompetence—antececedent and pernicious. Age—that is, a boy who has not completed his last year and a girl who has not completed her fourth year cannot validly marry. Frequently, consanguinity—marriage with a very close relative. And force and fear, of course—which is as it sounds, a marriage under duress. There are other impediments, several others. But whether an annulment is granted always depends upon the individual case—and, as is said, usually it takes years to prove the impediment and to gain the annulment. As I said, too, the problem here is Mrs. Radziwill's alone. And the state of Mrs. Radziwill's soul is better left between Mrs. Radziwill and God. It is a matter to be treated with reverence, with calm."

The calvend had been completely shattered once the Post article appeared. Reporters in Italy naturally got onto the story and asked press representatives of both Jackie and Lee for comments.

Neither of the sisters had any comment. But Eleanor Packard, Rome correspondent for the New York Daily News, quoted a "source close to the Vatican" on the grounds by which Lee might seek an annulment: "Lee, the source said, bases her plea on the ground that her first husband, American publisher Michael Canfield, had no intention of having children when he married her in a Catholic ceremony in Washington in 1953. The couple had a daughter, Anthony, 3. But since having children is a primary aim of marriage by the Catholic Church. Canfield's reported attitude could still be interpreted by the Rota (the Vatican's highest tribunal on marriage matters) as a mental reservation that would constitute grounds for annullments, the source said."

Jackie, her vacation ended, left Italy but the reporters continued to follow Lee alone now. Until finally her husband—realizing how upset his wife was becoming over the rumors, the counter-rumors, the hululaboo being stirred up over this sacred matter—agreed to see several reporters and have a talk with them himself.

He started by saying that published reports that his wife Jacqueline had been negotiating secretly with the Vatican for an annulment of his and Lee's previous marriages were "absolutely false" and "very distressing."

"My wife asked for an annulment of her previous marriage four years ago," he said, "her case is now before the authorites in the Vatican. There is no problem with the church about my own previous marriages. My first marriage ended in divorce and was then annulled. My second marriage was a civil ceremony, which was not recognized by the church. In fact, when my second wife remarried it was in a Catholic ceremony, as the church considered it her free to marry. I hope this clears that up."

"Cleared, yes, but it did not end it. For, obviously, Lee's case was still before the Roman Rota. And—though it was encouraging to note that the Rota was considering the case—a final decision was still to be made."

It is with that in mind that we hope and pray sincerely that the Rota—should God so will it—eventually will grant the annulment.

For the sake of Lee Radziwill.
For the sake of her husband.
For the sake of the children involved.
And, parenthetically, though not unimportantly, for the sake of Jacqueline Kennedy, who wants, like her sister, no more than to see her sister happy.
I asked her to talk with an important New York writer, but she refused. Finally, the only way I could get her to do the interview was to tell her the biggest fudge sundaes she ever had at Blum’s!

Congenitally shy, and always reluctant to have large groups of people at her home, Doris, say intimates, is literally terrified at the thought of playing hostess, always makes sure that the rare dinners she gives somehow wind up around nine o’clock.

Apparently a true Monogram— or possibly because of Marty—Doris has become Big Business. (“I never really wanted a career,” Doris once said, “but I’ve been sort of trapped by one.”) She is, indeed, anything but a top star when she first met Marty Melcher.

Doris, then in her early twenties already had a son, Terry, by her first husband, Al Jorden; and she was all but insomnolent over the breakup of her second marriage to George Weilder, a saxophone player in the Les Brown band. Melcher himself had been the husband of singer Patti Andrews (of the Andrews Sisters), and he was a talent agent in partnership with Al Levy. Doris, Levy’s client, was then singing in New York’s top nightclubs.

“I didn’t know Doris,” Marty has said, “but since she was a new addition to our table, Al Levy asked me to catch her act. After I talked with her, I went to the phone and called my partner, ‘Listen, Al, I said, ‘unload this dame; get rid of her fast. She has all the time.’

Before too long, Marty Melcher had not only succeeded in management of Doris’ burgeoning career, but of her life. He was the man who could handle ballyhooed, faulty plumbing, blown light fuses and the weekend shopping. One day, Doris’ young son Terry said, “Why don’t you marry the guy?” They did marry— on April 3, 1951, Doris’ twenty-seventh birthday. Marty legally adopted young Terry the first day of the marriage.

For Marty, life changed radically, too. Like Doris, he gave up liquor and tobacco, became a Christian Scientist, “I used to be a pretty sharp wheeler-and-dealer,” he told a friend. “But now I even like myself. I didn’t before.” Seemingly, it didn’t matter that his wife was a kind of Gracie Allen character, whose foibles and quirks merely brought a resigned, “Well, that’s Gracie for you.” She’d get vague or bored at mention of one hundred thousand dollars, or of contracts that called for a quarter of a million dollars per picture. Producer Joe Pasternak, who virtually had to hammer-lock Doris into doing the memorable “Love Me or Leave Me,” claims Doris was in turns loved by Ham and hated by Sueton.

Marty, of course, was the man who, as Doris said, “spoiled me rotten; the softest, gentlest man I ever knew.” He was the man who could sit on the edge of his wife’s bed, when she was in one of her deep-indigo moods, and sing Christian Science hymns to her for three hours, until she drifted off. We have heard (apparently stricken Doris needed more than ever, in 1954, when she feared that she had cancer. Actually, close friends say now, Doris was frightened by a small breast tumor that proved to be benign.

Over the years, since then, Doris’ hot-buttered-sunshine smile has led her—and Marty—straight to their own version of F. K. and L. M. Futures, Doris and Marty. Her freckle-faced son Terry, now twenty, signed a Columbia recording contract not long ago (“Why, Terry, I didn’t know you could sing.” Doris is supposed to have said), but Terry left home to go to New York to “prepare himself for the diplomatic service.” Marty, increasingly the tycoon, apparently has found little time lately to sit on the edge of Doris’ bed and croon hymns to her.

In December, 1961, Melcher suddenly announced that an early ’59, eight-picture deal with Columbia had been “terminated.” “The contract was cancelled at my own request,” Marty stated, “because I didn’t want to tie Miss Day up for more than two films at Columbia.” Melcher added that “the peculiarity of the business today” was his reason for the move, saying also that he wanted “Miss Day’s contractual obligations to be more flexible.” Marty also revealed then that he had been talking with several financiers about starting his own studio, probably doing “plays—or movies—with stars other than Miss Day.”

If Doris was upset—or even bewildered—she made no public comment. As always, Doris wanted only to work, and to keep on working.

“She has so much energy that I don’t know what would happen to her if she didn’t work,” a woman friend declared. “She tries to burn up that fantastic energy of hers, when she’s not making a picture, with daily tennis, swimming, walking her three poodles and shopping. When Doris can’t find anything else to do, she cleans house, but she’d rather be working. She just wouldn’t know what to do with herself. So Marty has her sewed up with pictures for the next couple of years.”

“I’m a difficult character to live with,” Doris confessed not long ago. “I’m bossy with Marty, and I criticize him. I keep the house too clean and I don’t cook too well. I’m a lini picker, and I hate clothes lying around the house. I don’t like clutter.”

I make poor Marty even stand inspection on his suits. For a while, my mother was living with us and running the household, and Marty had his favorite joke. ‘I give you notice,’ he told my mother, ‘that if that wife of mine ever acts up, I’m the one who gets custody of you.’

Prophet? Perhaps. But it is in the things that Doris does not say or do that one sometimes gets a clue to her reactions. Was Doris incensed or even publicly vocal about all the separation rumors, the reports that she had found a new interest in a Yankee baseball player? Up to this writing, anyway, Doris has been silent. But Marty indignantly phoned Louella Parsons.

Marty—by now, perhaps, a bit started,” Melcher shouted. “We have always had a nice, calm, quiet life together, and never been apart throughout our marriage. Then I branch out a little, put a play into production and suddenly all those dumb noises start up. The whole thing is absurd. I love my wife, and she’s a wonderful lady.”

Louella Parsons concluded her report with a masterpiece of comment, “Doris,” she wrote, “agreed with her husband.”

If the Melchers do drift apart it will be a tragic ending to Hollywood’s favorite idyll. Even if the rumors fade to nothing—as we hope, the question remains: Why did the rumors begin?—PAUL LESLIE

P.S. Doris in “Billy Rose’s Jumbo,” McG M. Taylor
Whether she was being entertained by the Aga Khan’s widow, the Begum, or being the guest of honor at a select little party tendered by M. Lebret, the head of the whole festival, she never let Warren out of her sight. It was this constant “watchful” attitude of Natalie’s that prompted Hollywood columnist Dorothy Manners to write: “Some people are beginning to wonder if Natalie has insistence of ‘togetherness’ with a free soul like Warren is the best technique for this romance. The male is a funny animal. As somebody’s old aunt from Tijuana once said, ‘Keep ’em in sight. But you’ve got to let ‘em off the leash now and then.’”

With her lips, Natalie had said, “No, I will not marry Warren Beatty,” but the expression in her eyes, when she followed his every movement from across a crowded room, denied her own words.

On Warren’s terms

Warren made no bones about how he felt. At one time or another he said, “Natalie and I have even discussed marriage... I love the French. They are more inclined to play with life than fight it... I’m confused about marriage. I don’t think I’m ready for marriage... I’ve got to be my own boss. I’ve got to make my own decisions. ‘Don’t push me around,’ is what I’m likely to say to anybody who tries to choose for me... Right now I’m in my twenties. Those are pretty good years. The important thing for me now is to have a lot of fun. And that’s just what I’m doing... I come and go as I please. Me? I do what I want, when I want... That’s the way it has to be—everything on my terms.”

Everything on my terms. When Natalie (at Liz Taylor’s suggestion) went to a Paris coiffure and had her hair done up in an 1880 chignon, Warren was displeased at the results and made his objection clear. Down came her hair over her shoulders, the way Warren likes it.

Time to push on—to Rome. No time to visit the “Cleo” set, however. Too much to do. Visits to historic spots. Trips to the beauty parlor—Natalie dragged Warren along and he waited for her inside while the paparazzi (Italian photographers always on the lookout for scandal) milled impatiently outside. Slow walks through the streets (Warren knew the little, out-of-the-way romantic spots and served as Natalie’s guide; after all, Warren, the free soul, had been in Rome three times in the past, but with someone else, of course). Dining on gourmet food at famous restaurants at night.

But ecstasy is not without thorns. One thorn is the business of staying in separate hotel rooms on different floors. This is right and proper, of course—the accepted procedure for a couple who are unmarried (actually, Natalie’s final divorce decree from Bob Wagner will not be issued until April, 1963), but the paparazzi were bound to try to catch Natalie and Warren together, in his suite or her suite in the fashionable Rome hotel, so as to create a scandal.

This separate suite problem had plagued Warren and Natalie once before. That’s when they also were registered in separate suites on different floors at New York’s Plaza Hotel, while on a publicity junket for “Splendor in the Grass.” Maybe it was the fact that they were together in Manhattan that triggered a blast from Bob Wagner, heartsick in London after his bust-up with his wife.

“I do not believe that this thing between Warren and Natalie just happened,” Bob declared. “I don’t trust that guy. This whole business smells of planned trickery. If Warren needs the publicity so badly, why didn’t he pick on someone else’s wife instead of mine? While he was engaged to Joan Collins, he was going around telling people that he was too young to marry. There is every indication that he never intended to marry Joan. Man, this is one of the wildest ambi- (translation: ambitious) boys to hit Hollywood in years.

That had been the plaintive, tear-stained cry of the rejected husband. But now it was Bob Wagner, the real-life Bob, not the memory of Bob, who was to be the sharpest thorn in the path of Natalie and Warren, the globe-trotting lovers.

It happened in Rome, in one of those swanky Italian restaurants, Nat and Warren, hand-in-hand and smiling happily at each other, were ushered by a bowing and scraping maître d’ into an exclusive, private dining room in back. A candlelit, romantic room—a perfect place for an intimate tête-à-tête: fine wine, fine food, and the fine feeling of being alone and away from the world.

Not quite alone, however. Another couple sat close together at one of the tables. The man turned around to look at the new arrivals. It was Bob—Bob Wagner, and the woman with him was Marion Donen, whom he plans to marry when his decree from Natalie becomes final next April.

Natalie’s face turned the color of the tablecloths around her. She stared at Bob and her heart broke. In embarrassment and shock, she turned like two puppies punished for doing something naughty. Then, though she tried to hold them back, big tears ran down her cheek. She was no longer the sophisticated woman of the world, the rebel against the rules and regulations of society. In that one second she became the little-girl-lost.

Bob Wagner caught the spell. He released her arm, clenched his fingers together like a prize fighter about to put on the gloves; then he turned on his heel and stalked out.

Bob and Marion got up quickly and also left.

Natalie stood alone for a second in the middle of the room, and then she slumped down on a chair and sobbed. The flickering candlelight played on her red-eyed, tear-stained face. It was far from a romantic picture. Anything but!

The face of reality

Not a romantic picture, but a familiar one. Similar to the expression that eventually stained the faces of all the women who blithely defied accepted convention.

Similar to the expression on Joan Collins’ face when she realized that Warren would not marry her and that, in fact, she had lost him to Natalie.

Similar to the expression on Ingrid Bergman’s face when—after deserting her husband, Peter Lindstrom, to run away with Roberto Rossellini (who had also left his wife, Marcella de Marchisi) following passion that led from Hollywood to New York to Rome to Capri to Sicily and Stromboli—she lay alone in an Italian clinic, about to give birth to an illegitimate child, while outside her door the mums fought with the photographers who were intent on breaking in and snapping pictures. Similar also to the expression on Ingrid’s face later when she peeked out through the drawn curtains of the Roman love-nest she shared with Roberto and saw a pile of refuse and garbage piled on the street in front of the apartment house door. As Ingrid said, “It was meant to show a woman of ill repute lived there!”

Similar to the expression on Deborah Kerr’s face when, after gallivanting about Europe for two years with Peter Viertel while she was still married to another man, she was informed that the price her husband would force her to pay for her transgressions was to give up her daughters, Melanie and Francesca, whom she loved dearly.

Similar to the expression on Ava Gardner’s face when, after a screaming fight with Frank Sinatra in a suite in New York’s Hampshire House hotel, she flung out of the window the diamond engagement ring he had given her. This was the low point in their ten-year, worldwide romance (for most of the time Frak
was married to first-wife Nancy but separated from her, which began at a party in Palm Springs (they left together, firing a revolver out of the window of their car as they sped away) and took them to New York, Las Vegas, Philadelphia, Acapulco, England and Spain.

True, they did get married, but the marriage— hectic as it was— was an anticlimax to the courtship, and Ava and Frank split up in two years.

Similar also to the expression on Ava's face, when, after a fight with mild-mannered Walter Chiari in a night club, she bolted out and jumped into a cab, with her escort right behind her. There, through the rear window of the cab, spectators saw her beautiful face distorted into a tear-streaked grimace as she pummeled Walter with her fists.

After a four-year romance that took them to every city where people visit in a lifetime, Ava tired of Walter. He still hung around the set where she was making "The Naked Maja," fetching coffee and cigarettes for her, while she acted as if she didn't exist. She sees him still—but the passion is gone!

Similar to the expression on Ava's face when, after dating Glenn Ford almost every night for a long time and accompanying him to such far-flung and widely separated events as a gala in Washington and a preview of "Four Horsemen" in Europe, she learned one day that he had gone back to Hope Lange.

After his interlude with Connie, Glenn started dating Hope again when they co-starred in French Riviera. They returned from Europe together on the S.S. United States, but wedding bells haven't chimed for them yet!

Similar to the expression on Liz Taylor's face when, after she told Dick Burton, "I can't live without you!" she heard him answer, "If you cannot live without me—then die!" Similar also to the expression on Liz's face when she read the Vatican paper's characterization of her relationship with Dick as being that of "erotic vagrancy.

Similar to the expression on Christine Kaufmann's face when reporters asked her whether she was going to marry Tony Curtis. She'd been with Tony on three continents—South America, North America and Europe—but she was forced to admit that she and Tony had never discussed marriage. Then, with the false bravado of a seventeen-year-old girl who is thoroughly confused, she hastened to add that she would be willing to live with a man, without benefit of matrimony, if she loved him.

Wife or mistress

Similar to the expression on Rita Hayworth's face when in 1952, after three years of marriage to Aly Khan, she told her lawyers in Reno: "Aly has reverted to his playboy self." To which Prince Aly retorted brutally: "She's just a homebody. All she wanted to do was slip into something comfortable in the corner." Both parties, of course, were right. The very quality that had attracted Rita to Aly and had led her to accompany him to the capitals of the world before they were married—his daring, devil-may-care attitude towards all rules—became the quality she couldn't stand in him as a husband; while, for his part, Aly couldn't
Nancy wanted to take Max home to Hong Kong to meet her father, but Max had other ideas. He was going to Europe alone. In his next picture, "The Reluctant Saint," he was going to play a holy man and he wished to disappear for a while in Italy to live as a monk.

Nancy went home alone. Meanwhile, Max wrote a Hollywood columnist to stop speculating about his marrying Nancy Kwan—it was simply not true. Nancy returned to Hollywood, shocked and hurt. Max, apologetic now, flew to be with her on his one free weekend during shooting. By the time the weekend was over, he and Nancy had visited the columnist in person.

Max published that he loved Nancy deeply—he was only sorry their career commitments prevented an immediate marriage. The columnist beamed, and so did Nancy.

Nancy was still beaming when Max returned to Europe. She was overjoyed when he asked her to be his date for the London premiere of "Judgment," and again for the Los Angeles premiere soon after. Following those appearances in cities six thousand miles apart, the question everyone posed about the Kwan-Schell romance was not if the marriage would take place, but when.

But Max continued to make his declarations of independence. One morning Nancy picked up a newspaper and read that Max, in an interview given a day or two before, had laughed off rumors that he and Nancy would be getting married soon. "We are good friends. But marriage? It would be unfair of me to get married now, I don't want to get married. Marriage takes concentration. Every woman wants and needs attention. I am more interested in giving attention than receiving it."

They began to fight, in public and in private. They fought in Hollywood and in London. They separated and then fell back into each other's arms. They were miserable together; they were even more miserable apart.

Max was as inconsistent as he was ardent. One day, when a television interviewer asked when he planned to marry, Max answered coldly, "Why not ask me when I intend to commit suicide?" Yet almost the next day, it seemed, he gave Nancy a jade engagement ring.

Only Max refused to indicate that he was ready for marriage; he still dwelled and boasted of his love with declarations of independence insisting that the romance be conducted on his terms.

Max came over from Munich to visit Nancy at Innsbruck where she was on location making "Main Attraction." Then he took time out to fly from Switzerland to California to collect his Oscar as best actor of the year, secure in the knowledge that Nancy would be waiting for him.

But this time Nancy wasn't there. She had left for the weekend to see an Austrian ski instructor, some fellow named Peter Pock, and Max was furious. So furious, in fact, that he left Innsbruck as fast as he could, leaving the Oscar behind in the rush.

And so they were married. Not Nancy Kwan and Max Schell, but Nancy Kwan and Peter Pock. And it was the ski instructor from Austria rather than the actor from Germany whom Nancy finally brought home to meet her parents in Hong Kong.

What about Max, the man who demanded romance on his terms? Well, Dorothy Manners reports, "Maximilian Schell has gone into a clam-like silence regarding any comment on Nancy Kwan's sudden marriage to Austrian ski instructor Peter Pock . . . But no matter how glacial his silence, one thing is certain: Max believes the Oriental beauty gave him a big jolt right under his ribs on the left side—where it hurts." And Sheila Graham declares, "Unhappiest man in Europe is Max Schell since the girl he loved so long, Nancy Kwan, married that Austrian skiing teacher. Max waited too long—he should have clung to her while she was there. There's a big moral here."

A "big moral"—one that Warren Beaty, another free soul, might well ponder.

Just as Natalie Wood, now back in Hollywood with Warren, should take a good look at the wreckage strewn along the trail to ecstasy by other women who have left the tried and true path of convention to trail that path before her.

—JAE LYRIE
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!
INTERVIEWER: “Do you blame Carlo’s wife for the bigamy charge brought against you?”

SOPHIA: “I cannot say I do. I understand she and Carlo parted with understanding and on friendly terms. Someone else brought the charges against us. No, I have no hard feelings toward her because in my eyes, and in Carlo’s she is no longer his wife. I am.

“If it had been Carlo’s first wife who had lodged the complaint about us, it would have been understandable, but it was not.

“I was sued by a woman whose husband had left her. Anyone can bring a charge of bigamy against another person in Italy. This woman didn’t know me but she was miserable and bitter and she said, ‘I want to make every woman suffer.’ If it is any satisfaction to her, I have suffered.”

INTERVIEWER: “The name of the woman who sued you was Mrs. Brambilla. Just who was Mrs. Brambilla and how did she become involved in your affairs?”

SOPHIA: “Who knows? She made the charge in the name of some association. I think it was some association for the protection of the family.”

INTERVIEWER: “Doesn’t it seem ironic that of all people you, who have longed all your life for a real family, and made-man institutions persisted in interrogating themselves between God and herself and in-between, in the name of God, that she not have a child, until she cried out to one reporter, ‘They won’t let me have a baby. And I won’t be a complete woman till I do.’

When asked about how many children she wanted, she replied, ‘Five of them. And I would like to spend all my time being a wife.’

“But she had no child of her own. On another occasion she confessed, ‘I would like to have triplets. But there are not even twins in my family or Carlo’s.’

But she had no child of her own.

Once she explained, ‘I have mothered my sister and mothered my mother. And, about Carlo, she said, ‘Sometimes I am a mother to him.’”

If he had not married her sister, Maria Mussolini, was expecting, she commented wistfully, “Brava, and hurry up so that I may take this baby for myself.”

The child came, and Sophia, the doting aunt, cooled at and cuddled and dangled and diapered the infant.

But she had no child of her own.

It was only after the charge of bigamy was brought against Carlo and herself that she returned to Italy to face the court, even though it might mean a jail sentence of five years. But she stood before her accusers with calmness and dignity. She had to clear her name, to unravel the tangle of her marriage. Now she had another reason—more important than silenced gossiping tongues: she was expecting a baby.

Shortly afterwards, however, her physician told her a mistake has been made. She was not pregnant.

But perhaps, perhaps, there was another way. Adoption. Just before her annulment was granted, Sophia spoke about this to a reporter. “There was a train crash in Italy not long ago, and a little boy was orphaned,” she said. “I hoped to adopt him, but at the last moment they found he had an aunt. I was very sad.”

But she had no child of her own.

No child, but also no time to wait through the months and the years until someone, somewhere, might officially declare: Now, at last, you and Carlo can have a child.

And so did Carlo, and so did Sophia. From the moment when Carlo and Sophia’s marriage was annulled, columnist Sheilah Graham announced, “Sophia Loren and Carlo Ponti plan to adopt a baby. Having one of their own is getting more and more impossible, what with the annulment of their Mexican marriage. They have no plans to live apart.”

Sophia was saying, “We’re not married, but we’re adopting a baby.”

INTERVIEWER: “Your mother, according to what you’ve said in the past, never was married.”

SOPHIA: “It’s true, but it made no difference to them. In some ways, I suppose, it made my mother unhappy. It made me unhappy also, when I was old enough to realize it. But it was the way Fate wanted it. I am not ashamed of my mother’s and father’s relationship. I would not be ever ashamed of two people who live as man and wife when they are deeply and unalterably in love with each other.”

INTERVIEWER: “Like Carlo and you?”

SOPHIA: “Like Carlo and me.”

... “Like Carlo and me.” From the beginning, when she was in her early teens,
Italy to live with Carlo someplace else?"

SOPHIA: "Of course I would feel terrible if I had to give up my citizenship, but I would rather do that than go through life with this yoke they have put around my neck. The world is a big place, and Carlo and I can find happiness anywhere. But I have not lost faith in Italian law. It is my country here, and I know something will work out, God willing."

INTERVIEWER: "Would you live in America?"

SOPHIA: "I have a great feeling for America. I know Carlo and I would find happiness in America if we came to live there. But I know we will feel happy in Italy once this legal problem is settled once and for all. I get letters every day from Italians who are on my side. They understand and sympathize with my problem. I am fighting for a popular cause. It would seem, Love."

INTERVIEWER: "If you and Carlo, for any reason, could not marry again, would you still stay with him?"

SOPHIA: "I have known Carlo since I was a little girl, maybe fourteen. I was skinny and not pretty. He was the first real person I've ever known. The only man I have ever loved. I come from that kind of family. We pick a man and love him until death. There is no other way for us. My sister and mother are like that, and I am, too."

There was only one more question to be asked. Not to Sophia, but to Carlo Ponti, the man who was accused of being a "bigamist" for staying with the woman he loved (despite the annulment, the bigamy charge has not been dropped) and who will be labeled an "adulterer" if he remains with her: the man with whom, despite the fact they're not man and wife, she reportedly is planning to adopt a child.

"Do you think I'm crazy?"

—JIM WILLIAMS

Sophia is in "Boccaccio '70" and will be seen in "Madame," both films Embassy.

ANNE-MARGRET

Continued from page 43

little Egypt and a dirty-minded hog-caller" (Chapman); "She should have married Frank Sinatra while he was in the mood" (Graham); "unforgivably vulgar and dull" (Kilgallen); "tasteless songs and dances" (Coleman); "displayed vast areas of skin and even more gill" (Time). Yet Eddie did nothing about making her tone down her burlesque of Liz—although when a photographer asked him to pose with Juliet in her Cleopatra costume, he answered, startling, "Are you out of your mind?"

If Juliet's antics and appearance onstage each night stirred Eddie's memories of Liz, they were nothing compared to what happened the night his Winter Garden show opened. The socialites and celebrities were just settling into their seats when the rumor ran through the theater: "Liz is here! Liz is here!"

Down the aisle came Liz... No—it wasn't Liz! Just a showgirl from the coast, Monica Lind, who resembled her enough to be her twin sister. Later, at an opening night party at Toots Shor's, Miss Lind's escort, socialite Cliff Cochran, took her over to meet Eddie. After they'd returned to their own table Monica asked, "What's the matter with this cat? He just looked at me and that was all."

Pathetic jokes

During his actual Winter Garden performances Eddie made jokes about his emancipation from Liz. But they were feeble jokes, almost pathetic, as if he still wasn't quite sure if he really meant what he was saying.

Then one middle-of-the-night call came the phone call from Switzerland that Eddie had been both waiting for and dreading. When he returned to his friends he was, in the words of one observer, "Shaking like a rattle." He admitted the call had been "from Elizabeth," but all further questions—Is she coming to New York? Is she at the airport in Gatad already? When will she be here?—Eddie answered with an apologetic, "I can't tell you."

There were all sorts of speculation as to why Liz was coming. Walter Winchell pointed out that "Liz Taylor's momentary return means her eighteen-month tax free stay abroad expired." Sheilah Graham wrote: "Sometimes I wonder if all this isn't publicity. Liz coming to New York to see Eddie Fisher certainly doesn't hurt Winter Garden business." (Or publicity for Liz Taylor, too, it might be pointed out. For, according to Publimetrics, a weekly national report which "measures" the amount of news and column space devoted to each star, Liz had slipped from the top of the publicity heap, where she reigned during her "Cleopatra" carrying-on, to a low rating of seventeen during the six weeks that she was returning to America. Even Richard Burton was ahead of her in twelfth place.) But there was an agreement that she'd have to see Eddie and that therefore she'd have to do battle with the girl who is always by his side. Ann-Margret.

Earl Wilson, in his blow-by-blow coverage of the pre-fight activities, fired a series of questions at Eddie.

Wilson: Will you be talking about a reconciliation?

Fisher: There's been no discussion of that kind at all.

Wilson: Do you still love her?

Fisher (laughing): I beg your pardon! Wilson: What will you two have to talk about?

Fisher: We have two adopted children and there are also two boys whom I love dearly. We have things to discuss, and I'm sure we will.

Wilson: You never have filed for divorce, have you?

Fisher: That's still in Mr. Louis Nizer's hands.

No matter how much of an impact Liz would have on Eddie (two glamorous niggles created especially for her by Pierre Cardin, a new hair style by Alexandre—short curls piled on top—the works, and direct from Paris), Ann-Margret was ready.

What weapons did she have on hand?

Simplicity ("I've never had a chance to be extravagant. What I have is what I have been given to me.") and opposed to Liz's opulence. As Bob Wagner said about Liz, "What can you give her she can't get for herself?"

Firm moral values (she once lashed out at some people because "they mistake sex for love") as opposed to Liz's casual amorality.

Spontaneity, freshness and youth (she is just twenty-one, and is capable of flaring up at interviewer who said, "Anyway, Eddie's too old for you,") with the direct retort, "No, he isn't!" as opposed to Liz's jaded, "there's nothing I haven't seen or done before.

Shyness and modesty (she stands quietly in the wings while Eddie performs) as opposed to Liz who was always out front sharing the limelight with him. Or stealing it altogether.

A belief and faith in the miracle of love ("I know how to fall in love. You take a chance with your heart and your mind") as opposed to Liz belief and faith only in herself.

Weapons to use in a fight with another woman, gifts to give to the man she loves. The ability to receive and to give, the courage to make moral decisions and stand by them, the fire of youth, the willingness to stand in the background, the capacity to love and be loved: that's what Ann-Margret gives Eddie that not even Liz can.

—JIM HOFFMAN

67
Land who are Really Loaded. And I am not talking about occasional movie producers like Howard Hughes, whose primary business is in oil drilling equipment (Hughes Tool Co.) and Texas beer, but those actively involved in the entertainment profession.

The richest, by far, is Jules Stein, the emir of Music Corporation of America. Stein, according to the MCA prospectus, has the most shares of common stock. His holdings (apart from his preferred stock) is worth Sixty Million Bux.

He became a multimania in the early 30's buying Paramount Pictures stock at $2. His real estate holdings and antique furniture collection are guesstimated at fifty million.

Of the actors who are Reeceeeee Rich, don't overlook Jimmy Stewart. He is worth somewhere in the neighborhood of about Forty Million. Stewart parlayed his considerable movie earnings in oil and ranch land. He has made dozens of oil investments and never hit a dry hole!

Stewart, who once went hungry along Broadway waiting for The Break, now experts to get wealthier via his share in a wildcat oil project in Ireland. We checked this with Stewart as he rooted for the Dodgers in landlord Walter O'Malley's box at Chavez Ravine, a few weeks before that exciting team practically gave the National League flag to the San Francisco Luckies.

Stewart, by the way, was the pioneer who waived his film wages in favor of 50 p.c. of the profits. From a number of pictures, especially "Winchester 73" and "The Glenn Miller Story," his take (from each of those flick-clacks) exceeds $5,000,000.

Then there's Dennis Morgan, Jack Carson's film buddy, who is worth about Twenty Million—all out of Black Gold.

Cary Grant ("Mr. Leading Man") came to the U.S. from Britain as Archie Leach and started his search for wealth as a life guard at a Coney beach. He never has to worry over where his next pound of caviar is coming from. Cary's last half-dozen hits pictures were fully financed by Universal Intl., but he rates 75 p.c. of the loot and (at the end of seven years) the negatives revert to Grant. The teevee rights to those pictures are said to be valued at about Ten Million. Cary, according to his few champs, has the Second Buck ever made. With the first, one assumes, he bought a pocketbook.

Other wealthy citizens of Hollyweird are Loretta Young, Robert Stack, Doris Day and her husband, Marty Melcher, Ray Milland, Bill Holden, Randy Scott, Irene Dunne, Corinne Griffith, Dinah Shore and Roz Russell. And, we are told, if Frank Sinatra were to liquidate his holdings his take would be about $15,000,000.

In 1951 Sinatra's salary for his adroit portrayal of Maggio in "From Here To Eternity" was $8,000 and he needed the money. It was this film that catapulted him back onto the Hollywood Heights where he is Monarch of all he surveys. Most of you could live like he does on the coin he gives away to his friends and some people he doesn't even know.

A little known film to most moviegoers is Eddie Small, another member of the multi-multi-millionaire club. Mr. Small is a former acrobat who became a booking agent on Broadway and later in Hollywood. He discovered that money grew on quickies and so became one of the first quickie film producers. Small then invested in Wilshire Boulevard property; in Beverly Hills (one of the richest communities in the fifty States) and in San Fernando Valley real estate. That was 'way back in the 1920s, mind you, when that land was practically desert. He has yet to peddle a foot of his considerable holdings. That said is the record of about 500 acres of California property estimated to be worth $50,000 per acre.

Yes, the rich get richer and the poor get used to it.

Of the journalists now in the Big Money there is TV critic Jack O'Brien of The N. Y. Journal-American. He served his apprenticeship as reporter for Buffalo, N.Y. (his home town) papers and as a drama critic in Manhattan for the Associated Press. Not too many decades ago O'Brien was penniless. Now his riches include property in New York, Buffalo, the Bahamas and California and he is on the board of several corporations. A thrilling Horatio Alger story, considering that when he was a youth (and had to help carry the freight to help support his parents) he tolled hard as a gravedigger.

When that fact was made known to Orson Welles, one of his victims of sour notice, the portly Shakespearean actor exploded: "He started as a gravedigger? He still is!"

A newsmag recently put words into Joe DiMaggio's mouth that he never uttered. Commenting on the sale of Marilyn Monroe's movie friends from the funeral services, the article stated: "DiMaggio said that he barred them because "if it weren't for some of them she would still be alive!" He never said that or anything like it.

But some of us who know about several things that led to Marilyn's tragic end, say in jest the public would be appalled if it knew how some alleged friends used her. We mean the highly-placed non-professionals who knew she wasn't a drinker (she never drank when wed to Joe) but who introduced her first to mild wines—then champagne—which helped her forget problems. After she split out with DiMaggio, one of her first spots discovered that she relaxed before the lens when she "had a glow" from the grape.

What about those "friends" at the Foreign Correspondents' Golden Globe Awards? The people who knew Marilyn was to be honored as "No. 1 International Star" but kept filling her glass until she staggered to the podium (and makes) while you ask why did Marilyn's drunk scene? What about the famous married couple (not in show biz) who got her so spillicated at Lake Tahoe (where the Clan gathers) that proprietor Sinatra rushed Marilyn back to her Beverly Hills home by limousine to protect her from that pair of lurches and the press, who might beipped. Shifting, according to the friends of mine (on another occasion there), was so disgusted with this team (and their wild alcohol sprays) that he had staffers pick them up from the floor and flung back to Hollywood in his private plane. To keep his new Tahoe investment from "getting in the papers" by their arriets, he offered them a branded red carpet, with their fame kin from sharing the headlines.

"If any of this gets into any paper or magazine," Frank reportedly cautioned one-and-all, "all of you will be fired!"

But you cannot keep name-droppers from talking and a lot of them gabbed about those "scenes." Some of us published part of "the story" above. The insiders got the message—the outsiders didn't matter. That is why Joe DiMaggio kept the services for his beloved private and dignified. And that is why he doesn't talk to any of them anymore.

* * *

Jayne Mansfield is itemed as dating this-and-that lad, but the One Who Matters is Jorge Guinle, the Brazillaneous. We saw them giving each other That Look at the Chardas—the place in New York where her estranged mate Mickey Hargitay proposed marriage to her . . . Gab'Pals in the swimming pools. He and Mrs. John Robards, Jr. (Lauren Bacall) swapping girl-talk at luncheon in the chic La Cote Basque . . . The Cesar Romero—Elizabeth Allen duetxtra has intimates wondering if they aren't secretly sealed? Such admiration at the First-Nights between acts in the foyers. You'd never know they didn't adore each other unless you looked at them. Elizabeth is John Wayne's leading distaffer in "Donovan's Reef." Romero told us that he's had a crack at almost every branch of show biz but that he'd "just love playing even a hit role in 'The Untouchables.'" The last big star who told me that was Barbara Stanwyck (over a year ago). "Walter," she walted, "you simply get a whole new man!" I reread the news to Des Arnaz. Barbara appeared in two of the Elliot Ness stanzas recently—they are practically pilots for new Desilu shows starring her.

Me and my little magic wand!

* * *

Another thespian paying 91 cents out of every dollar to his Uncle Samson is Robert Preston. Because of his percentage deal with Warners on the album of the "Music Man" sound track. It sold over half-a-million copies in less than a month . . . New show biz feud: The Gabor Girls vs. Pacella Mansfield. According to the latter's comments on a program . . . Several show folk I know in the Broadway theaters have armed themselves against muggers. They are protected by trained police dogs, who attack on command . . . Add don't invite salsa: Merle Oberon and Steve Cochran, who are said to have tiffed incessantly while co-starring in it . . .

Their pair couldn't have been more pleased about Janet Leigh's merger with Robert Brandt. Both listed as "regular guys." So
Every Big Town newspaper paid their final respects to poet e. c. cummings by printing his name in the obits the way he spelled it in lower case—no caps. Except the oh-so-veddy-propah N. Y. Times which didn’t... Chris McGuire (of The McGuire Sisters) and her husband, John Teeter (Executive Director of The Ranyon Cancer Fund), are expected to have the final papers by the time this gets into print. They met when playing benefits for the Fund and we got them an audition with Arthur Godfrey. The audition arranger rejected them. The girls have since earned ten million dollars—most of it going to taxes and finery. Dorothy is wed to a Canadian millionaire and recently had her Blessed-Adventure. Phyllis, the clown of the act (and the one most fella flip for) got her initial movie break via Frank Sinatra, another flipper.

*Joanne Dru is expected to marry George Pierode in March. That’s when his divorce becomes final... When Romy Schneider, the German screen dazzler, is asked if she plans marrying French star Alain Delon, she coyly replies: “What makes you think we are not already?” In the news reports that Edith Piaf teamed with her new singing “find” (Theo Sarapo), no reporter mentioned the fact that he once was her hairdresser.

*The “Which Has The Toni?” firm was trying to entice “Carnival” star Anna Maria Alberghetti to render a few bars for a TV commercial as we went to press. The bait was a check for $25,000. Description of Juliet Prowse’s act at the Winter Garden (where critics were ferocious about her offering and Mr. Fisher’s noisy microphones): “Best naval action since The Battle of Midway.” Juliet got a ribbing from columnists and critics in New York for having herself billed as “Miss Juliet Prowse.” (Which of her clever public relations counsellors dreamed up that nonsense?) One of her big dates in Hollywood has been Lawrence Maldanado, whoever he?... Eddie Foy, 3rd, now a casting director at Screen Gems, and TV actress Janet Larkin had the Arthur Murray dance-tutors convinced that they might be an Elopenhame Case.

An Academy Award winning writer is writing TV shows under another name because he considers it degrading and doesn’t want anyone to know... Barbara Hutton is reportedly trying to stop one of her former husbands (6.7.8?) from publishing a book about her... Myrna Loy’s admirers include diplomat Prior Minauto. A cozy couple at New York’s Inner Circle rendezvous... We can all breathe easier now. Red Buttons and Maestro Stokowsky have Patched It Up. It all began when they were doing “Midsummer Night’s Dream” and Stokey allegedly lay down his baton.

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Dept. 15, 4204 Troost Kansas City 10, Mo.
and ankled off the stage after he and Butter(Broadway's Hottest Ticket) is a press exec's job is in jeopardy. Because he supposedly told Darryl F. Zanuck, producer of the "Longest Day," when Zanuck was just the producer (he now is chief of the studio) that the film was strictly for the teenage market... Jim Mitchum (Bob's sprig) and Mary Ann Mobley, a former "Miss America," dated five nights in a row. The busybodies wonder if the young man has been twart-wike-a-wat.

*Latest Hollyweird bid for "How To Succeed" (Broadway's Hottest Ticket) is over four million... WNBC disc jockeys are shaking in their mikes. Large shakeup in all personnel imminent... Barbara Hale, one of Howard Hughes' discoveries (when he was producing pix), flashed a large diamond bethrothal ring at Chateau-Madrid the other moonlight. From (chums reported) Wm. Dreyfuss, midwest theater-chain owner. Barbara was last seen in the film "The Ziegfeld Folles" which starred Milton Berle... Actors, actresses and movie mag staffers can thank us for the tip. If they do not wish to be embarrassed, they'd better not give rubber chex at The Tenement in midtown Manhattan. All chex that bounce become part of the wallpaper.

*There was a Toby Wing thrashing at Atlantic City's Riptide Room. Not THE Toby Wing, wife of Eastern Airline famed pilot Dick Merrill? (We thawnut)...

Don't Invite: The Jackie Cooper and the "Soupy" Saleses. Pal's won't say why... Cary Grant's losing that delightful Brindish accent. Insteada "commanded" he now pronounces it the way we all do, "commad"... A reader wishes we'd settle a wager: "Doesn't Natalie Wood dye her hair because she is prematurely gray?" Let's find out from Miss Wood, whose many fans proly will bombbard her with this clipping to satisfy their curiosity... Two songs these ears never weary of: "What Kind of a Fool Am I?" and "Gonna Build A Mountain" from Anthony Newley's most enjoyable show "Stop The World, I Want To Get Off!" All morning-paper reviewers panned the show—all post-meridian critics saluted it. Our rare notice made it a 5-4 verdict. The dissenters will be embarrassed by the mint this show makes.

Scandal of the Year: The male star who won added renown for his love-making. He has boasted of all the actresses, stars and starlets he has conquered. But he doesn't mention the name of a young actress who was fired from a TV spectac starring him directly after she spurned him "line." He details: YF.

By contrast: At a celeb party held in Gatsby's (on the East Side of Gotham) a young actress was avestuck meeting a famous stat star, "I feel," she blushed, "very humble in your presence. "And I," was the charming reply, "feel very grateful in yours."

*No Kiddin': Two of the cast in the movie "Johnny Cool" are christened Freddy Heete and Susan Oven.

Lyricist Jack Ackerman and composer Franz Steininger wrote the title songs for Universal-Int."s "The Ballad of Dancer's Rock" and "Terrified." Strange combination. Jack is a youthful contemporary jazzician. He did the wording for John Cassavette's films "Shadows" and "Two Late Blues." Franz, in his mid-50s, is primarily a classical composer with a background of standards dating back to "Marching Along Together." His godfather was Franz Lehar.

Many big stars are slowly heading back to working for a salary instead of a profit percentage. Many of the fliks lately do not show a profit. Another warning to actors who take a small wage plus "co-ownership" of a film or tv series: If the show flops, you do not rate residuals because you are an "owner"—of a failure! The cast keeps getting paid when the flop orbits forever along the syndication circuit.

*We toast you with Charley Henderson's introduction to his long-ago book, "How To Sing For Money": "All characters in this book are strictly fictitious, except those who like what we say about them."

The End

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Tuesday 9:30 PM. EST.

GRACE KELLY

Continued from page 41

No armed guards came to stand at the door of their hotel suite. No restrictions were placed on their movements. They were free to come and go as they pleased.

It was barely minutes after midnight when the phone rang in Rainier's Paris suite. It was Monaco, rainier's aide or his valet, who telephoned. "The Prince is on the line. "Rainier kissed Princess Grace goodbye and bravely flew home to take command. No sooner was he back, than he went on the air to renounce de Gaulle's drastic action and reiterate that the tiny principality could not afford France's demands to levy taxes on foreigners and on foreign corporations without jeopardizing Monaco's economic future.

"It is our duty," said the Prince, "to defend the position of the foreign residents who, in good faith, have established themselves in the principality. How can we even conceive of abandoning them?"

"He branded this border harassment an unfriendly act "but not very extreme," and said he was ready to resume negotiations with France at any time.

The implication that France could have done worse to Monaco was obvious. President de Gaulle could have invoked absolute border controls had he wanted. That would have meant stopping all traffic, cutting off all water and gas and electric power which comes from France, halting the railroad and setting up a sea blockade. Monaco could have been crippled.

As it was, the French customs guardsfolded their house trailers and drove away...
His Excellency Lord de Gaulle, having lost his bid for a triumphal march on France, had no option but to pattern his campaign after the defeat of Napoleon. His Highness does not yield to de Gaulle's demand to impose a 40 per cent tax on the earnings of French companies in Monaco.

The crisis brought Princess Grace and the children back the next day to find the French security forces on duty guarding the border of their domain. As she came out of the rain, their projection accompanied by the children, their nurse, and a French policeman, Princess Grace cast a wary eye at the guards and their house trailers parked along the border.

Three uniformed customs officers stood at a sheltered bus stop on a road curving along the rocky hillside leading from France. As he other three guards were parked on the beach below the Monte Carlo Casino, where another customs checkpoint had been set up.

Her face reflected her anxiety, for the situation was a far cry from the happy, caresome day in 1956 when she arrived from Hollywood to the rousing welcome of thousands, celebrating her forthcoming marriage to Prince Rainier.

Now it was deathly quiet. There was no joy in the street. Only sadness.

A few shopkeepers approached Grace as she came out of the station. She smiled at them. They returned polite but strained smiles. One of the shopkeepers was a spokesperson for the group.

"Your face has changed," she said, "this is a terrible thing. This move by France will kill us. Already the tourist business has dropped."

Princess Grace was well aware of the crisis. She had known it was coming for six months, since April 11 when France declared it was renouncing the main agreement governing relations between the two states—unless Monaco yielded to Paris' tax demands.

In fact, the impending threat by France had prompted Grace to turn an eye to Hollywood for the first time since her retirement from films to become a real-life princess. At that time, the palace had announced that Grace would return to Hollywood to make "Marnie" for Alfred Hitchcock.

In an exclusive story in Photoplay, we reported to you that Grace was forced to make a movie comeback to win back the royal family's waning popularity with its citizens. We concluded that her return to movies was prompted by a desire to fortify her husband with stronger Monegasque backing and to head off de Gaulle. Any increase in the admiration for the House of Grimaldi could have served as a deterrent in France's efforts to loot its will upon Monaco, for world opinion would have weighed heavily in Rainier's favor.

No movies after all

But Grace then suspended her plans to return to movie-making. No clear account of why she would not make the picture was given. Rums flew down and up the Cote d'Azur. There was one report that a mysterious Vatican envoy had come to Monaco to plead with the Princess to give up her film plans. Another rumor was that some citizens were resentful. The French newspaper Paris-Press quoted Monegasques as saying, "We want a Princess, not a film star."

Semi-officially, the excuse was that Hitchcock was busy doing another film at the time.

Actually, as things stood then and as they stand now, Princess Grace is in a real bind. It would appear she is damned if she does and damned if she doesn't. But now, more than ever before, Monaco's days seem numbered and the royal family's future is in grave peril. No, there's no danger that France will send parachute troops to capture the gambling casino or send the French fleet steaming from Toulon towards Monaco. Nor is it likely that Rainier and Grace will have to flee to Aristotle Onassis' yacht after a final frantie appeal to the United Nations and Elsa Maxwell has failed. But in light of the controversy that has brought France and Monaco to grips these days, there is a distinct possibility that Europe's last absolute monarch may be on the way out. It isn't likely de Gaulle will yield on his demand for imposts on French citizens who have taken refuge in Monaco's tax-free structure.

And if and when that 40 per cent bite is levied, what will it do to Monaco's economy? Can this French principality survive or will it be driven into poverty?

Neither the tourist business, which gives Monaco a hefty income, nor the profits from its fabulous gambling casino can support the tiny country, small as its annual budget may be. It must have the income it derives from the industries and businesses that have settled there in sanctuary from French taxes.

That is why the ludicrous cry has arisen: "Rainier is prepared to defend the inalienable right of any Monegasque to evade taxes!"

The economic advantages in the attendant spending by citizens and firms of France who have made Monaco their headquarters is vital to the country's economy.

President de Gaulle knows that.

Rainier knows that. And that is why Prince Rainier has drawn himself up to his full five feet nine inches, with his brown eyes blazing in anger, to wage a bitter war of words with de Gaulle and his mighty nation.

If he loses, it may well be the end of Grimaldi's reign—the point d'appui, as the French say, which will send him and Grace into the long, lean ranks of ex-Princes and ex-Princesses from European royalty.

But it isn't as bad as it seems. Like few other former monarchs, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace will have a place which will welcome them warmly and with open arms.

That place is America. America is home for Grace Kelly.

And it can be a welcome home for Rainier and for their children.

Here they can enjoy all the advantages of Monaco except one.

In this country they'll have to pay taxes—George Carpozi
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A 1-63
Continued from page 29

These are the poignant words Sherry Nelson felt she simply had to say, as she revealed her unhappy secret to Nancy Anderson, in this exclusive Photoplay interview.

"When nobody knew who Vince was, we were happy. I wanted to marry him."

"But now I don't think that I do."

As simply as that, Sherry Nelson, the girl who has been called Vincent Edward's "secret wife," made her incredible declaration.

Her words were incredible, because tons of fan mail prove how many girls—of all ages—would be thrilled to trade places with Sherry. Surely no girl in full possession of her reason could renounce one of the world's most desirable bachelors! Surely no girl could refuse to marry a man she's loved for years!

"Now when I'm with Vince," she said, "sometimes I'm afraid. I don't think I could stand to be the wife of a star."

Sherry and Vince have gone steady for three and a half years. She accompanied him on his recent trip to Europe, and he created a job for her in his office when the "Ben Casey" pictures and AEC refused to put her on the show payroll.

The "usually reliable sources" reported that surly Dr. Casey became even more surly than usual—furiously, in fact—when his bosses didn't find a job for his girl. That contributed to the already recurring rumors that Vince and Sherry are married.

The "secret wedding" stories have continued to circulate, despite Vince's repeated denials. But Sherry's frank confession—that she doesn't even want to marry him—should put the rumors to rest.

Sherry still dates Vince constantly. She still thinks that he's wonderful, and so do her parents. But to share his life?

"It would be terrible," she said, "I'm not sure that I could face it. If a woman is going to marry a painter, she knows that he'll come home with paint on his clothes. Unless she's prepared to accept that, she'd better not marry him."

"I've seen what Vince's wife will have to face, and I'm afraid it's more than I could bear."

For Sherry, a dream has turned into a nightmare. Contentment has turned to panic, and she has seen the man she has adored contract a virus that will surely infect his marriage. The virus is stardom.

The simple things.

"When I first knew Vince," she said, "almost nobody else knew him." (Dr. Casey might deny that) "and we had wonderful times together doing things that normal people do—window shopping, going out for ice cream cones, going together to pick out something as simple as a sink strainer or a waste basket for his apartment."

"He even liked for me to go with him and help choose his clothes, but we can't do things like that any more. Of course, as far as his clothes are concerned, he has a tailor now anyway."

"But, if we dared to go into a department store or an ice cream parlor, we'd be mobbed."

"Vince likes it, but it scares me. I know what a star must expect, and for Vince's sake I'm glad that's how things are—that he has almost no private life, that people go wild when they see him—but I can't take it. For me it would be agonizing to share that sort of life."

If Sherry's confession comes as a shock to the fans, it may come as even a greater shock to Dr. Casey who appears to have no idea that his seemingly healthy romance is sick.

His comments and conduct imply that he has totally failed to diagnose Sherry's feelings.

For instance, not many months ago, he said, "She (Sherry) would like to get married—which is natural for a woman. Maybe we will marry eventually. I think about marriage, and I want to marry someday."

But thinking was as far as the handsome TV doctor has gotten.

"Lately," Sherry said, "Vince has been too busy to marry, and before that he was trying to establish himself as an actor."

"Now he's established. He's a star. But have you ever tried to imagine what it would be like to be his wife?"

"His wife will never know real peace. She'll be robbed of the small, happy moments that wives take for granted. To give you an example, if we married, Vince could never help me take our children to Disneyland."

"That's a small thing—maybe—but think what it would mean."

"Imagine how a woman would feel if the father of her children couldn't go with her when she took them to their first circus or on a picnic in the park, because if he did, the day would be ruined."

"The family would be surrounded by strangers."

"If I were an actress, I'm sure I'd feel differently. Girls in movies and television seem to want the attention from reporters and photographers—the requests for autographs. It's part of their job. However, I'm not an actress, and I don't want it."

"All that Sherry really wants is Vince, but if she can't have him without the trappings of stardom, she seemingly doesn't want him either."

Her reference to a family outing at Disneyland was a touching revelation. It's a clue to the plans Vince and Sherry must have made as they window shopped, licked ice cream cones and applied their enchanting small discoveries to their future.

Seeing a mother dab a sticky trickle of chocolate ice cream from the chin of a somber, dark-eyed, dark-haired little boy in a booth of a soda shop, Sherry surely must have felt an ache in her chest that made her instinctively squeeze Vince's hand.

When the child's father turned from the cash register, pocketing his change, and lifted the youngster from the upholstered bench, Vince must have been touched with envy when he saw the looks that the two exchanged—the boy's look filled with admiration and trust, the man's with pride and pity.

At such a time, an unspoken question hung between Vince and Sherry: How long will it be before we know the joy that we've just seen?

If, as they searched a big department store for a sink strainer or a waste basket, they passed a mannequin wearing a translucent, lace-rich negligee, Vince must have thought—and maybe he said—"That should be part of a trousseau."

And Sherry must have openly resolved to come to Vince in just such a feminine wisp of temptation on their wedding night.

If, while window shopping, they saw a chair or a sofa or a table that both of them liked, they surely tried to guess how much it cost and how soon Vince could afford it for their apartment.

But, if in the same window they saw a crib, they may have been too deeply stirred for speech.

The terrors of stardom.

"If I were to marry Vince now," Sherry said, renouncing those marriage dreams. "I would be afraid to have children. Really. Some crazy person might try to steal them."

"It must be horrible for a mother to see her children's pictures on magazines and in newspapers and realize that everyone in the world knows who they are and what they look like and that their father is important."

"If a stranger asked my son or daughter, 'You're Vince Edwards' child, aren't you?' I'd try to believe that a fan was simply curious, but I couldn't be sure that curiosity, one, prompted the question."

Sherry used almost exactly the same words that Dinah Shore used several years ago in explaining her reluctance to let a magazine take pictures of her family at home.

"When my children play near the edge of the yard," Dinah said, "strangers sometimes stop and call to them. They ask, 'Isn't Dinah Shore your mother?'

"I know—I keep reminding myself—that the strangers are probably my friends
(although we’ve never met each other) and that they are being friendly to the children.

"But I can never be sure," A short while ago Nick Adams posted guards around his easily accessible house to keep an eye on his youngsters after he received some strange, middle-of-the-night phone calls.

Ann Sothern not only hired a combination chauffeur-bodyguard to accompany her daughter Tish to and from school, she created a teenager’s paradise at home so that Tish would rather bring friends there than out on the town.

For the pleasure of the teenage gang, Ann converted the study into a game room with hi-fi, television and an adjacent terrace for dancing, Ping-pong tables, tennis courts and a swimming pool laid just beyond French doors, and, on the far side of the pool, Ann set up a private ice-cream parlor with a complete soda fountain.

Sherry has said wishfully, “I suppose that the idea of marrying a star sounds attractive to most girls. But I’ve had a chance to find out to a degree what it would mean.

“For example, when we came back from Rome, I’d been up for sixteen hours. I’d been traveling for about nine. I was tired and a mess. My clothes were wrinkled and my hair needed to be fixed, and all I wanted to do was get off the plane and go rest and clean up.

“I certainly didn’t want to have my picture taken. But the minute we stepped off the plane, we were encircled by photographers.

“I know I have no right to complain. Honestly, I’m not complaining, because for Vince’s sake I’m so glad the photographers were there. If they hadn’t been there, then we would have had a problem.

“But I just don’t believe I want my life encircled by cameras.

“Our lives—Vince’s and mine—began to change about last November, about a month after his show went on the air. At that time those people began to stop us on the streets and follow us until we gave up going to the places that we had gone before all this happened to us.

“However, I had never really seen a crowd of fans turn into a mob until the night of the Academy Awards presentations. Unless you’ve seen something like that, you can’t imagine it.”

**Dragged to the Awards**

Sherry was so frightened the night of the Awards presentations that Vince had to pull her from the automobile to go into the auditorium.

To the girl clinging against the car seat, the boiling ocean of people that surrounded her was a threatening, roaring sea. It swept and swelled against the sides of the automobile, washing away police officers and ropes that tried to hold it back and allow a clear walkway into the auditorium.

Each rushing wave was crested with shouting mouths and snatching hands—or so it seemed to Sherry.

She closed her eyes, but she couldn’t close her ears to the cry of the crowd when it saw Vince Edwards.

“I can’t get out,” she said.

Vince was holding her firmly by the wrist, pulling. His face was a mask of pleasant gallantry. As far as his fans could see, he was simply assisting his date from the car, but in his eyes and in his grasp was determination.

Determination to get Sherry into the auditorium without a scene and a total lack of understanding of her fear.

He’d waited a long time for this frenzied mankind. For him the hysterical screams of his worshippers were sweetest music.

“Please,” Sherry said, “I’m afraid.”

The ravenous, howling ocean outside the car seemed ready to smother her, rip her apart, batter her to death.

“I had to be pulled from the car,” Sherry said, remembering her fright. “And that crowd was more or less controlled.”

In giving the reasons why she’s afraid to marry Vince Edwards, Sherry failed to mention one characteristic of stardom which seems to have affected Dr. Ben Casey and which his wife might find objectionable.

Sherry spoke only of her fear of fans in numbers, not the fans who individually pant after Vince. But a single admirer could do more damage to a marriage than a hundred, because a television’s glowing dove is not immune to feminine wiles. Girls who have business of one kind or another on the set cluster around him.

Typically, one afternoon a blonde who was appearing in the episode kept offering Edwards a sip of soda pop from the bottle from which she was drinking.

He tried to decline, but you could hardly expect a doctor—even a television M.D.—to accept such an unsanitary advance, but he didn’t decline to ask the blonde where she was from, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera.

According to gossip, he’s asked a few of the girls for their home addresses and phone numbers.

For a fellow who is going steady, a co-worker marveled, “he certainly knows a lot of girls.”

A star’s wife knows that her husband is constantly exposed to beautiful women. He’s constantly exposed, too, to women who want him.

“I don’t tell me,” wise little Connie Stevens said once, “that an actor doesn’t get a kick out of playing opposite a pretty girl. Sure he does. He’s human, you know.”

And Sherry knows Vince is human.

She didn’t mention his exposure to beautiful girls, but her awareness of it may be too painful to discuss.

Vince hasn’t asked me not to date other people, Sherry said, “but I don’t, because I’m out with him all the time.

“Where will it end? How long will I keep dating him if we aren’t going to get married? I just don’t know. I think he’s a wonderful person, and I’m glad he’s become so successful.

“But as for the two of us—I don’t know. I wanted to marry him before, but now I’m afraid.”

—NANCY ANDERSON

Vince Edwards stars in “Ben Casey,” Mondays 10 to 11 P.M., EST, ABC-TV. His next film is Columbia’s “The Victors.”

**DIANE BAKER**

Continued from page 55

then go!” By now, I was so annoyed, I forgot to be frightened. “Well, then, say it,” I said impatiently. “Stop acting like a child! Only children act this way.” He eyed me over his glasses with a look in his eye, a sort of challenge. “What is the whole story,” he suddenly exclaimed. “I know why you want to come in and look around!” He glanced around the room to see what he meant. I saw piles of theatrical trade papers and religious articles on the table. Also, I saw girly photos cut out from men’s magazines and pinned on the wall, with other pictures and other distortions penciled on.

I had the uncomfortable feeling I was in the presence of a very disturbed person, perhaps a deranged person. I didn’t like the pencilled obscenities on the photographs.

Now he was looking at me piercingly and said, “Okay . . . You really wanted to know about me! It was a pretense! You are trying to find out about me! You knew I was not easy to attract!”

Now I was sure I was faced with danger. I could feel my heart pounding wildly. I knew that he was building up to an emotional explosion, and I tried to put on an act of calmness.

“I don’t know you,” I assured him quietly. “You mean nothing to me. I haven’t had the chance yet to find out what you want from me.”

I knew I was trembling and I was worried that he might notice it and overpower me.

He started to shout at me. “When you went to my apartment to get the screwdriver so I could jam open your window, did you that so you could snook around?”

“Oh!” I protested. “I’m not interested in what’s in your apartment, not at all.” I knew without doubt now that he was sick, very sick! I knew I should get out. And fast.

Then he sprang toward me. shouting. “Don’t leave!”

Although I was terrified, I said firmly. “I am going to get out of here.”

He shouted at me. “Now I’ve found out what you really are . . . you’re not getting away! . . . I’ve got you now!”

I was terrified, but I put on an Academy-winng performance of nonchalance. Suddenly, he shouted, “All right! You can leave!”

“I certainly will leave!” I snapped.

“Go!” he yelled. “Something’s wrong with you!” I blurted out, forgetting it would have been wiser to run away quickly.

“This is not the end! I’m going to see you in court!” he flung at me, as I ran out of the building and into my uncle’s house.

I threw the papers and groceries down, and sobbed out the story to the mad boy.

My uncle listened quietly, and said, “I
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Diane's next film will be "Nine Hours to Rama," for Paramount, soon to be released.
This business of figuring out Debbie is nothing new to John. It started on their honeymoon.

John remembers that when he saw his bride-to-be in her first movie, "Gidget Goes Hawaiian," he thought that first, she was great on water-skis. She's as crazy about the beach as I am. When we're married, we'll spend our honeymoon in Hawaii." He closed his eyes and dreamed (in Technicolor, of course) of their honeymoon. They would laze on the beach, scoop up the sparkling white sand, romp in the blue Hawaiian surf, etc., etc., etc. And Debbie would knock everyone's eyes out with her bikini.

When they actually got to Hawaii on their honeymoon, John trotted out to the beach; Debbie lagged behind.

"Honey," he protested, "don't you want to have fun like you did in the movie? Don't you like the sun?"

Debbie wasn't the least bit enthusiastic. "No," she said, sweetly, "I hate it. Redheads have sensitive skin."

"Oh," said John, trying to hide his disappointment. Then he noticed his wife wasn't wearing one of her bikinis. Instead, she had on a modest one-piece swimsuit.

"Hey, where's your bikini?" he asked.

"You look great in it. Remember how you always used to cause a riot back on the Hollywood beaches!"

She blushed as a bride should and said that women do change their minds. It's their prerogative, they say. John realizes this now—but just a bit too late. He groans when he remembers how he tried to out-guess his wife in the business of cars.

"You notice," he confided, "that he's driving a Karmen Ghia. I had a Porsche."

"She said, 'I'm so glad you like sporty little cars; I think they're so terribly chic!' But after we were married, she didn't seem so enthusiastic about sport cars any more. Whenever we passed a Cadillac, her eyes became positively covetous."

"I noticed," he said, "she didn't say anything. I figured this time I would really understand her. So I watched her for quite some time, and decided I would get her a Caddy. So I traded in my Porsche and bought a big black convertible—against the wishes of my business manager, I might add."

"When I gave her the new car, she let out a shriek, and threw her arms around me, and told me how wonderful I was, and how did I know she was crazy about it. And so forth."

"Well, for some time, she kept making excuses about not driving the big car. Finally I got her behind the driver's wheel. (I had to put three pillows under her, so she could see the dashboard. She's only five-foot-two, you know.)"

"She drove it one block, then turned the wheel back to me, 'I'm terrified at the idea of driving such a big car through traffic!'"

"So, on her birthday, August 12th, I traded in that big, beautiful, black convertible and got her a little Alfa Romeo. That's the car she's driving now."

"When I ask, 'But I thought you were crazy about big cars!' she says, 'Oh that!' I'm still trying to figure what 'that' means."

"Slowly but surely, John realizes Oscar Wilde was right when he said, "Women are meant to be loved; not to be understood."

"Even when it comes to dogs," John adds.

"When we were dating, Debbie was keeping her mother's toy poodle in her apartment. But after we married, Debbie returned the poodle to her mother, saying, 'When John and I have our own dog some day, it will be a large dog!' John just loves large dogs."

"I remembered that, and when I went to Texas on location for 'Hud Bannon,' I found a beautiful big standard-size poodle. I bought it at once, and sent it to Debbie."

Hiding in the bedroom

"When I finally returned home two weeks later, I was alarmed when my wife didn't come to the door to greet me. I hurried into the apartment, and found her hiding in the bedroom."

"'John,' she confessed, 'teeth rattling from fright, 'that dog frightens me to death! He's so big! He knocks me down every time he jumps on me.'"

"Well, I didn't have the heart to give the dog away, and we still have him. But his dog, I take care of him. I've trained him to never go near Debbie. She's out of bounds for him. Now Debbie insists she loves him—from a distance."

John discovered, too, that you can't make assumptions about any woman—most of all Debbie.

"On our second date, Debbie and I were walking by a florist's shop, hand in hand, when Debbie stopped. She pointed to a
window display and squealed, ‘Oh, John! Just look at those gorgeous red roses! Is there anything in the world more perfect?’

“The very next morning, I had the florist deliver two dozen red roses to her.

“She thanked me so profusely, I figured I’d better send her roses on every occasion. It’s a nice feeling for a fellow to know what makes his girl happy.

“After we married, I continued this lovely custom, and placed a standing order at the florist for two dozen roses to be delivered every Saturday. We were married on a Saturday, and I wanted the roses to be a sort of weekly anniversary reminder.

“The roses arrived every Saturday for months, and then last month, I noticed she kept moving the roses to a table at the far end of the living room. I asked why.

“She blushed and confessed, ‘I’m allergic to roses.’

“But, Darling,” I said, ‘you wept tears of joy every time you opened a new box of roses!’ She looked so sad, I guessed the truth—they were the tears of allergy.

“Of course, Debbie couldn’t be told him the truth about her allergy when he sent the first box of roses—and saved all that money and tears. But, then, that would have been logical, and you know what they say about women and logic.

“When we were courting,” John said, “Debbie told me she was wild about movies because they were so relaxing. I agreed.

Debbie is in Disney’s ‘Summer Magic.’ See John in ‘Hud Bannon’ for Paramount.

JERRY LEWIS

Continued from page 23

and take pictures of the crowd watching him. The bus was parked behind the Manhattan Center, an auditorium on 34th Street, where he was scheduled to give a pep talk to muscular dystrophy volunteerse. It was the day before their annual citywide drive for funds.

Jerry put his camera aside and pointed out the window, “There’s all the material any comedian needs,” he said, “They don’t know how funny they look to us, and we don’t know how funny we look to them. That’s the basis of comedy.” Clearly he wanted to get the subject of dystrophy as fast as possible.

“Jerry, would you mind at least telling me why you don’t want to discuss your work with muscular dystrophy?” I asked.

“Because,” he said, “it would sound like I’m blowing my own horn if I told you what I’ve been doing. And as for how I got interested—I don’t want to tell that to anyone. Which reminds me—anyone for tennis?”

“It’s a very nice racket. I’m told,” an aide chimed in.

“Say, what’s that fly doin’ in my soup?” said Jerry.

“Looks like a breast stroke to me,” his aide replied. I made a notation on a pad I was carrying: ‘This man doesn’t need a stage. He’s always on, no matter where he may be.’

so we didn’t go to parties like the other young Hollywood couples—we sneaked off to the movies. We were the most obscure romance in Hollywood.

“When we got married, we still went to the movies, but I discovered something. Debbie doesn’t go for relaxation, she goes to study film techniques. Going to the movies with her now is like going to school. We use to sit up all night discussing the movie or re-creating certain scenes.

Before we married, I thought of Debbie as a doll—with red hair, green eyes, curves and skin you love to touch. Now I also see her as being a briant, serious, intense and talented.

“Yes, that’s life with Debbie. Debbie the most beautiful, mercurial, the unpredictable. Debbie the child bride, the pixie wife, the wise redhead, the instant blonde!

Oh, yes, Debbie has already informed John that next April she will deliver to him a bouncing baby boy. She and John have diligently sorted out hundreds of possible boy names—and have narrowed the field of choice down to this is one time she won’t take John by surprise. This time he’s playing it safe. This time he won’t be the loser. You see, he knows Debbie now. All on his own he’s gotten up a list of names—just in case! —PAUL DENIS

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months each in twelve short months."
He looked out the window and saw a branch of the Bowery Savings Bank. "Hey, what's the Bowery Savings Bank doing in Harlem?" he asked.

"It's for people who save Boweries," his aide replied. (I would describe the aide, but I was too busy writing down his bad jokes to notice what he looked like.)

"The House That Jerry Built!"

Paul Cohen—who I do remember as a pleasant, heavy-set young man with dark hair—took pity on me at this point. "You know, Jerry raised the funds that built the House That Jerry Built for Muscular Dystrophy on East 71st Street. It's the only institute of its kind in the world, and they have a cornerstone there that identifies it as the House That Jerry Built. You ought to put that in your story."

Just then we passed the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. A group of boys were playing basketball outside. And a big, rustling newspaper sheet was blown along.

"Stop the bus! Stop the bus!" Jerry yelled. "I wanna play ball!" The bus ground to a halt and he ran to the door, "Lemme kick the ball!" he shouted to the kids. But he didn't leave the bus. The boys all ran up to the fence and waved. A candy man hurried up to the bus and Jerry said, "Gimme some almonds." Only he pronounced them "ammans," with an imitation Bronx accent.

"I'm an actor, Jerry," said the candy man, who must have been at least seventy. "I know it areedly," Jerry replied. "I saw ya in 'King Lear.' The candy man laughed. Jerry waved goodbye to him and the kids and we were on our way again.

At Manhattan College, Jerry did play ball. He insisted on spending fifteen, twenty minutes tossing a football around with an appreciative group of young college men. When one of them told him they were there on a religious retreat, Jerry asked him if he liked Passover. They all laughed and he went clambering down a long flight of stairs to the auditorium door. He entered and gave his speech to another group of workers.

For the first time, I heard him mention muscular dystrophy in a highly personal manner. "I'm a father of five sons," he said. "I know the feeling of having them just ill with bronchiolitis. I can imagine the feelings of those who have a child with muscular dystrophy, . . . " He closed his speech in a rather strange way. "Helping 135,000 crippled children is very depressing," he admitted. "I can only thank you for what you're doing and what you're going to do. Then, as a still highly appreciative of the stage to take his picture, he smiled tenderly at the boy and said, "Is that me in the camera? Oh, that's a monkey bird." And he made a funny face.

Man on the run

With that he was off the stage and bounding up the long flight of steps toward the bus.

Halfway up the stairs he suddenly stopped, caught his breath and waited for a minute, an oddly surprised expression on his face. Then, very slowly, he continued on up, holding onto both railings for support. His face was flushed red.

Back in the bus, he went through to the bedroom and laid out flat on his back. After a few moments I went in to see if he wanted to talk. He said, "Siddown, Let's talk about anything except you-know-what." His face was still slightly flushed. I sat on the edge of the bed and asked, "Why do you work so hard? I know you've had a heart scare or two."

"Because I love it, that's why," he said. "Because it's my life. I have no use for people who say I hate to work. That comes from unentertained people."

"What do you like best about your work?" I asked.

"Not being out of work," he said seriously.

"You mean after all this time you still think about being unemployed?" I asked, and he nodded.

"I wanted to be a movie star when I was a kid," he continued. "You know what happened. Now what's wrong with that? When some people hear me say I like being a star, they're shocked. You mean you say that publicly? they ask. But you know something? They're the ones who are most impressed. John Wayne came into my dressing room recently and sprawled around and talked. I thought, 'John Wayne comes in to see me! I'm impressed. What's wrong with that?'"

"But how do you keep up the pace—writing, directing and starring in your own movies while doing work for muscular dystrophy?" I asked.

"The doctor's been helping me with vitamin B-shots," Jerry said.

"Does the doctor try to slow you down?"

"He knows better," Jerry laughed. "As I said, I like to work. I'm the only guy who takes 50 weeks' vacation in two years. And all this time, once a year I go away with Patti and the boys or else they stomp on me. And I spend every weekend relaxing with them at home. That keeps me going for the rest of the week."

Suddenly he jumped up, pulled a hat down over his ears and ran into the other room. He was all a-strut and a-bustle and was down the stairs, into a car, a cab, up a street, a stair-lift into his house, a stair-lift into his studio, a stair-lift into his bedroom. He struck a pose and pulled out a pair of horribly crooked false teeth. He slipped them into his mouth, looked at us and asked, "Hey, where's my caps? I gotta make a public appearance!" We all laughed, and the bus pulled up to a stop in front of Roosevelt High in the Bronx. As usual, a crowd of a thousand stared into the picture window and looked in at Jerry. He waved genially at them, all the time making wildly insulting remarks which they couldn't hear.

"They love him—he's a baby"

Jerry's aide enthused, "The one thing he has in common with these kids is that he hasn't learned to repress his emotions. He's a baby. That's why they love him—he's a baby."

Then we all trooped into the school auditorium and Jerry gave another pep talk. This time his manner was more subdued. He explained to a line of muscular dystrophy victims in wheel chairs at the front of the auditorium. Their ages ranged from five or six to sixteen. Some of them were hunched down in their chairs, unable to hold themselves erect. But they all beamed when Jerry would crack a joke.

The biggest laugh came when a little girl asked Jerry, "Do you ever give any money for dystrophy yourself, Mr. Lewis?"

His reply: "Yes, honey. I have. In fact, I wanna get a little back. I'm empty to-day!" The audience roared.

But he closed his speech with this reminder: "The things you keep, you lose. The things you give away, you keep forever."

Back at the bus I told Jerry goodbye. I felt I had to get the rest of his story from others. He was heading out to Long Island for a toll-free-for-a-year rally that wouldn't get him back to Manhattan until around midnight.

"Sorry I couldn't tell you more," he said quietly. "But I just don't think I should talk about it. It was nice having you along, though. And any time you want to help, just give me a call for anything like that, just let me know."

The following week I dropped by the Institute for Muscle Research—"The House That Jerry Built!"—and talked to some of the doctors there. One told me a story that Jerry himself would never have told.

"Jerry got some information a few years ago that this new muscular dystrophy was going to celebrate his ninth birthday the next day," the doctor began. "The child was in Lakeview Sanitarium near Boston. His father had murdered his mother and was doing life in the Massachusetts penitentiary. The boy was pretty far gone, and they knew that this birthday was his last. The authorities would never divulge his name; they just called him Little Boy Blue. He was a great fan of Jerry's, and loved to watch him on TV."

"When Jerry heard about the child, he said, 'We'll put on a TV show exclusively for him.' He got in touch with NBC and had a closed TV circuit set up between Los Angeles and the sanitarium in Massachusetts. They had to send mobile units up there from New York.

"In less than twenty-four hours, Jerry assembled an array of talent that would have cost a million dollars if any sponsor would have provided it. They flew down O'Brian, Eddie Cantor, George Gobel, Eddie Fisher and a twenty-eight-piece band. They helped Jerry put on a ninety-minute show that nobody in the country saw except that one kid and the people watching in his room. Jerry had sent the boy a TV set and they had a big birthday cake for him. It was his birthday like no kid ever had before or since."

An office worker at the Institute revealed that Jerry has raised $15,000,000 for muscular dystrophy research and care in the past ten years. "And you know," he said, "I know for a fact that Jerry spends some part of every day of his life working for dystrophy." This was a big revelation.

"We who must die—salute you"

A nurse told me another story about Jerry's concern for muscular dystrophy victims. "A teenage boy in Miami Beach, suffering terrible agony from a muscular dystrophy, was put to death not long ago. He told him that as a sufferer who would die soon of dystrophy, he had great admiration for the magnificent work Jerry was doing in helping the search for the cause and cure of the disease. Well, Jerry took to phoning this boy every week, and writing to him frequently. Once he wrote to Miami and signed it, Jerry."

"A few months later, Jerry did a TV
show from the Hollywood Bowl. Just before he went on the air, he phoned the boy and said, "When I finished my number I'm going to walk up to the camera and wink. And nobody in the world will know what it's for except you and me. That wink is for you."

"After the show, Jerry phoned to ask his young friend how he'd enjoyed the secret signal. The voice that answered was not a familiar one. Jerry asked to speak to the boy. The woman hesitated slightly before she said no, he couldn't. So Jerry asked for the boy's mother.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Lewis," she said, 'but—my sister can't talk to anyone—not even you. Her boy—just died.'

"Jerry was stunned. silent.

"Mr. Lewis," the aunt said, and her voice broke, "it was as if you said goodbye to him. He was watching the show, and he was happy when you gave him the secret wink—then he lay back on his pillow and closed his eyes. And that was it."

So now I knew some of the things Jerry had done to fight muscular dystrophy. And I was beginning to have an inkling of what drove him to give it so much of himself. If I could tell to someone who knew him very well, I might know if my theory was right.

Luckily I had some assignments in Hollywood, so I dropped by Paramount Pictures to talk to Jack Keller. Jack has handled Jerry's publicity for many years.

"I keep telling him that more publicity would help his musicianship," Keller said, "but he won't say any more than he's told you. It's a thing with him."

"Do you know what got him interested in dystrophy?" I asked.

"Yes," he said. "But he's asked me not to tell. So I'm sorry, but I can't."

"Will you tell me this much?" I asked. "Has anybody in his family ever had dystrophy?"

"No—nobody ever has," he said firmly. "Did he perhaps get into the work for publicity, and then realize what a wonderful cause it was and stay with it?"

"Absolutely not. There's hundreds of easier ways for him to get favorable publicity."

"I thought as much," I said. "Now let me tell you what I've really come to believe. I think Jerry's got the feeling that he won't live too long—because of his heart scare and other things. I think that's why he feels he has to hurry if he's going to get everything done that he wants to do—both in his career and in his work for dystrophy.

"And finally, I think he believes the only way to keep his life is to give it away—just as he implied when I saw him talking to those volunteers in the Bronx. By giving pieces of his life to everyone he meets—whether it's just by telling a joke, or making a funny face or working twenty-one hours a day for dystrophy—by doing this, he feels that maybe he'll live on in their lives. Only, if they don't have too long to live in their spirits. And as for those who won't live too long—the muscular dystrophy children—he identifies with them completely. Like him, he's a little lost kid who'll never grow up."

"Well?" Keller asked.

"Well, what? I asked.

"What are you going to do around waiting for? You're the only one who's figured out the true story for himself, without being told. I think you're entitled to write it."

And that's why I have. —JAMES GREGORY

See Jerry in "It's Only Money," Par.
That hole house fact music invariably in fruit a large given any it husband's am is and a

John and Joan adopt their baby brother, and soon after his birth practically demanded that they be allowed to play and "take care" of him. Kay, realizing their affection was genuine, finally conceded and scheduled one hour, beginning 5 P.M., which Joan and Bunker could spend entirely with him.

Bunker christened it the "social hour" and it soon became just that. Friends of the family dropped in at five just to watch Joan and Bunker play with the baby. John Clark loves music, he loves to have Kay pick him up and dance with him. This baby is never happier than when he is in his mother's arms, moving in rhythm to the songs from the record-player.

Dancing with John, during her frequent visits, was one of the real joys of the late Marilyn Monroe "who used to look forward to it as much as the baby."

And there are other warm and wonderful joys of being a baby. Kay tells her son bedtime stories just as mothers—and fathers—have been telling them for centuries. But she says, "I think he knows— they're just stories—even once in a while he giggles."

Yet John Clark Gable is not treated like gold. Kay trains and tutors him every day. He will know how to eat his food and dress himself properly long before most boys his age. And he will be brought up in the Catholic Church—one of his father's most fervent wishes.

Pa bought the crib

One of John Clark's favorite attractions is a mobile that hangs over his crib. A host of delicate angels are suspended from the ceiling and as they gently float above him, a music box tinkles a hymn.

This is what it's worth, more than 120 years old, four-posted and made of solid maple, Gable himself discovered it in a second-hand store, shortly before his death.

Beside the crib is a large picture of Gable as a boy, aged twelve. Next to that is the photo of Gable, a favorite of Kay's, taken during his brief and remarkable reign as the "King" at M-G-M Studios. (This is the picture to which John looked for approval when he made his first journey on his own two feet.)

John Clark will grow up in the home his father worked hard to build. It is situated on twenty-two acres in Encino, California. The land is given over to fruit orchards, flower gardens, for riding horses, stands of tall trees and a big patch of country meadow.

When Gable died, everyone thought Kay would sell the ranch.

"I couldn't," Kay explains. "Clark loved this place and was never completely relaxed anywhere else. He had turned down many offers when he was alive and one told me that he never wanted to sell the ranch at all."

The house in which the Gable family lives is sided with great white clapboard and white stone, done in Early American. It is a house that radiates comfort, not luxuries. Excluding its great size, it looks like any other American home of that style. Yet those who visit it invariably come away speaking of "its warm, quiet atmosphere and understated elegance."

A new wing, carefully designed by Clark and Kay, was just about to be added when Gable passed away. The wing was built—just the way Clark planned it.

For John Clark, the ranch is the whole world. It is a world that his father loved—it soars into the sky and cradles him. He has brought shoulders and a long, sturdy torso, a decided masculine tint to his complexion and a smile that just barely hints at the wonderful, lopsided grin with which his father enchanted the women of the world over.

In a word—John Gable is the son of Clark Gable. And what lies ahead for him?

"I have done my best to teach Bunker and Joan to stand alone," said Kay. "I will do as much for John. Clark wouldn't want it any other way."

There are those who feel that it is time for Kay to be thinking less in terms of what Clark would have wanted—and more of remarriage. She is a stunningly beautiful woman—and the whole question of eventual remarriage is of great concern to her friends.

Others insist that: "In her own way, Kay's life has an air of classic completion as a woman—classic because she has filled the two roles for which she was trained—with great enthusiasm to another, that of bringing up her children."

Rule for a happy marriage

Kay herself has said, "One of the reasons our marriage was a success was because neither Clark nor I would allow our past to determine our lives. We lived for the present, and from it we derived our strength and hope for the future."

Kay possesses an extraordinary intelligence; she has a quick, ever-searching mind. She never wastes words, always means what she says, never retreats, has the courage to believe in a woman—a parent. It is a kind of self-sufficiency, remarkable because—unlike other self-confident women—Kay is also deeply compassionate.

One report, however, reveals that for now and for some time to come, Kay has chosen not to think of marrying again. And Kay's own words give credence to this view: "Nothing is more important in my life at the moment than bringing up my children. They fill my days to overflowing. I am fortunate to have them."

If Kay Gable is fortunate, how much more blessed are her children in having such a mother! She has done a marvelous job of raising them better than most women could even with a husband's help. She has reared Bunker and Joan warmly and well, after her divorce from their own father, and again after the final separation of his death.

But the most remarkable job of all is the one she is doing with John Clark. With a smile. Always the smile. She smiles when she sprinkles her conversation with "my baby" and with detailed descriptions of his latest exploit.

But her smile is warmest of all the times she is so impressed by one of John Clark's baby antics that she bursts out, "Oh, if only Clark were here to see his son do that!"—TONY WALL.
keep people guessing how much Lolita knew about life. When she left us, we shouted to each other, "Now if she can only act!"

A screen test proved she could act. The year-long search for Lolita ended when Vladimir Nabokov, the author who had originally created the character of the sub-teen, bubble-gum-chewing seducer of older men and had then re-created her in the screen story, was bowed over by Sue and pronounced her "the perfect nymphet."

In Venice, a Photoplay reporter asked Sue, "How did you get this part?"

A: Well, I went on interviews for it—and then I did a reading and then I did a screen test with Mason.

Q: That was it?

A: Yes, that was it.

Q: How many girls tested for the role?

A: I don't really know—some say 500, some say 800. I'm not sure.

That's the only thing that Sue doesn't seem sure of. As for everything else, she seems as sure of herself as the producers and writer were that she was Lolita.

PATTY DUKES. The fact that fifteen-year-old Patty Duke is an actress is apparent as soon as you enter the New York apartment of John Ross, her manager, and see the white packages of matches, embossed in gold with her name, lying casually on the table. But this fact, like so many other "facts" relating to her, turns out to have a completely different significance as soon as young Patty starts talking.

She hadn't ordered the matches made up for her especially; on the contrary, they were given to her by a hotel in Atlantic City where she and the Rosses and "five other children" sometimes go to swim and to get away from the city.

"If you had any three wishes in the world and you were guaranteed they would come true, what would they be?" I asked.

"I'd want to go on with my career and have it be very successful; I'd want my new TV series, 'The Patty Duke Show,' to be a big hit; and—and—"

"Yes?" I said, both pleased and disappointed that Patty Duke seemed completely caught up in her career.

"I'll tell you later!"

"And—I'd like to think about the third wish and tell you later," Patty said with a sweet smile.

When the third wish did come—much later in the interview—my notion that Patty was a career-obsessed little girl was also shattered.

But for the moment the problem was to find out why she was selected by the producer to play young Helen Keller in "The Miracle Worker."

Like Sue Lyon, pressing financial need had turned Patty to show business. Patty's mother had to work in a restaurant to support her three children. So when the little girl was only five, Raymond told his sister that sisters people called the Rosses wanted to met her, and that if everything went all right they might be interested in helping her to become an actress, she jumped at the chance. Maybe she could make some money and give it all to her mother—well, almost all, there might be a little bit left over to buy herself one pretty dress.

What Patty didn't know—and what Ray-
TAPe to TYPE

FRED ROBBINS interviews SUSAN HAYWARD

Fred: You are now a Southern housewife, aren't you, Susan?

Susan: Yes, indeed! Mrs. Eaton Chalkley, suh, from Carrollton, Georgia.

Fred: Are you happy, being an emigre from Hollywood?

Susan: Well, I think I'm probably the luckiest woman in the world. I have the kind of home life I like... and we live with a damn much down-to-earth people, you know. Real people. I think that in Hollywood one is sometimes caught up in the wrong kind of crowd... too much business, business, business... and not enough of really living as a human being.

Fred: Give the secret to the men of the world. How can they be married successfully to a working actress?

Susan: Well, it's a very difficult problem for any man, but I found a man who's not from Hollywood... who's completely un-Hollywood, is not interested in the business, and I am his wife. Now once a year it's my pleasure to work in a picture—it's like playing a game and a great joy for me. My husband can usually arrange his businesses so he can accompany me and sort of let me do what I want for a little while... but then I go right back to being that wife and that's the most important thing in the world to me. Besides, what do they say about prize fighters? Quit while you're on top?

Fred: You're still on top, Susan.

Susan: I'm liable to quit at any moment.

Fred: You look so beautiful. Susan. What are your secrets?

Susan: I think you can thank Mr. Chalkley for that... and I spend most of my time outdoors, looking at trees, just enjoying life. No day is exactly like the next day but my whole being is concentrated on that ranch. I'm there when I'm needed and I'm not gallivanting off somewhere else.

Fred: "A Girl Who Quit When She Was Ahead." Is that your story?

Susan: I haven't quit yet. The End.

Susan's in UA's "Summer Flight." Hear Fred on his "Assignment Hollywood."

mond, who had originally been sent to the Rosses by the Madison Boys' Club to take speech and dramatic lessons in the hope that this would save him from becoming a juvenile delinquent, didn't tell her—was that her brother had said to the Rosses. "Well, some people think my sister is cute. I don't think so—but I'll bring her around.

She wasn't yet ten when she showed up at the Rosses' place. Her hair was a strangely blend of brown and blonde; her face was an interesting blend of nose and mouth; her left ear was abnormal, but she didn't have her left hand; her speech left something to be desired. She asked, "Kin oI have one uh dem multsid samwiches?" Nevertheless, she was cute.

She was scared, too, until John Ross asked her to do a pantomime. Then everything was okay. Acting as if she were somebody else, actually being somebody else for a few minutes, was fun. For while you were someone else, you didn't have to remember that your father, a New York cab driver, had deserted the family when you were eight and you hadn't seen him since; you didn't have to remember that sometimes when you played in the New York streets with the other kids, you were so hungry that a piece of bread could seem as wonderful as a birthday cake. By playing parts, your dreams could come true.

Ross liked Patty's pantomime, and soon she was studying and working with him steadily. From there, she began to play parts on television and in movies: in the TV version of "Wuthering Heights" and in the New-York-made films, "Happy Anniversary" and "The Goddess." In every production she was somebody else.

The resemblances between Sue Lyon and Patty Duke stop when it comes to how they feel about acting. Sue, who was twelve years old when she won the part of seven-year-old Helen Keller in "The Miracle Worker"—the same role she later played in the movie. Yet her ability to be the little blind girl flowed out of her studies with her dramatic coach, her experience on TV and in movies, and her specific preparation for the audition. And, although possibly she didn't know it, out of her own underprivileged childhood she lived the part.

A year and a half before the play was to be cast, Patty and Mr. Ross began working on the part. She read all the books by and about Helen Keller. (Sue Lyon, on the other hand, says that she skimmed through the book, "Lolita," but has never finished it. This "skimmin' through" is exactly what Lolita herself would have done if someone had handed her a big, fat, forbidding book and told her, "Now, read this.") Patty skulldugged around the Rosses' apartment, eyes closed, to get the feel of being blind. Occasionally, the Rosses tricked her and rearranged the furniture, but that only added to the illusion that she was really blind.

To pretend she was deaf was a little harder. Perhaps if she imagined that she was out playing in the streets and the kids were teasing her and she couldn't stand what they were saying another moment, she might be able to retreat from the noise of the world. But just as she was getting the hang of it, Mr. and Mrs. Ross would ask, "Want a coke, Patty?" and she'd give herself away. She heard. It was hard.

After a while, however, nothing stood in the way of her being Helen Keller. Helen Keller was deaf, Helen Keller was dumb, and Helen Keller was Patty Duke, closed off and shut out from everyone else. When it came time to audition, the producer didn't meet an actress; he met seven-year-old Helen Keller, who once in a while played at being twelve-year-old Patty Duke. And, of course, she was signed immediately.

The second question asked both girls, "Does your personal and profession life fuse and get you confused?"

SUE LYON. From the moment Sue Lyon walked into the casting office, and producers Stanley Kubrick and James Harris blinked at each other and exchanged the unspoken message, "This is Lolita," she has been defined by others as being Lolita, on and off with mixed results. In the role, she is not alone. People who meet Janey Mansfield in the flesh can't accept the fact that she's not just that, all flesh, and they try their darndest not to admit that she's a sensitive, college-educated gal who can utter something else besides baby-talk. Then there's Raymond Massey, who was identified for such long, long times with his stage and screen depiction of Abraham Lincoln that, up until two years ago, strangers would stop him on the street and whisper, "Hey, Abe, whatever you do, stay away from Ford's Theater." More recently, women in supermarkets, refusing to believe that Massey is not Dr. Gillespie, confront him with requests: "Didn't you get bothered by those variegous veins? I wonder if you ever...

Mrs. Sue Kerr Lyon, Sue's mother, has stated succinctly the dilemma facing her daughter. "The thing that worries me," Mrs. Lyon confesses, "is that people may confuse my daughter with that smirky character she plays.

Mrs. Lyon's fears have a solid basis. She'd publicly expressed the hope that "the PT would come on," when I went to school to pick up Sue's books, her teachers were very, very cool to me," And Sue says bitterly that the parents of some of her friends "are narrow-minded and say the wrong thing."

Newspapers do their part to foster this "Sue Lyon is Lolita" reaction. Recently, for instance, under the banner headline "Sue Lyon's Watermark," Sue was nominated—along with high-voltage symbols of sex as Stella Stevens, Ann Margret, Julie Newmar, Jane Fonda, Barbara Eden and Claudia Cardinale—as the most likely candidate to succeed Marilyn Monroe as "pinup of the world."

It must be said, however, that there is something about the way Sue walks, talks, and looks which encourages this sort of typecasting. At the Venice Film Festival, for example, she fed fuel to the newspapers by declaring that she would like to play the lead in the life story of Marilyn Monroe. (This was the day after the night that she finally had secured a special police permit to see as "Lolita." Previously, 16-year-old Sue was kept out of the New York premiere by a rule forbidding the showing of the film to minors.)

When asked whether her published quote about wanting to play Marilyn was accurate, Sue replied, "Well—the question was, 'If you had to play one celebrity, who would you choose?' And I guess her name
was most prominent in my mind." To the rejoinder, "That would look pretty good casting!" Sue said, "Thanks."

Is Sue, in fact, describing herself and what is happening to her, as the Lolita image begins to jell? It is certain that she can't do anything about (and who would want her to?) hiding her natural beauty. "When she was thirteen," writes Liz Wilson says, "Sue blossomed out into a young beauty with huge blue eyes and a figure that caused boys in the school yard to whisper." But she can do something about jumping off the personal appearance, party-going, publicity treadmill she's on and returning to solid earth, before it's too late.

Fame has changed Sue

Fame (perhaps the better word would be "notoriety") has already changed Sue. Jon Whitcomb finds "a monument of composure and self-assurance" and recalls that other young stars he knew at the beginning of their careers (Sandra Dee and Tuesday Weld, to name two) "were children by comparison."

Just before her sixteenth birthday, Sue presided at a party in her honor at the Tower Suite in New York City, immediately following the première of "Lolita." She couldn't attend the première because of her agreement to photograph at the famous coffeehouse in Greenwich Village. Then came back for the party—most mature in a sophisticated dress—and shook hands with 500 celebrities who were congratulating her as if she'd been in the limelight all her life.

The star-treatment—can Sue survive it? At the Grand Hotel, in the room of the Beverly Wilshire Hotel at a party after the Hollywood and West Coast "Invitational Preview" of "Lolita," Sue was asked to pose again and again with Vause Edwards, even though Vence's steady girl, Sherry Nelson, was sitting nearby. The following day, of course, the papers were full of a "romance" between Lolita and Ben Case. At the same party, George Hamilton, Sue's fiancé, Susan Kohner, walked over to Sue, kissed her hand and danced away with her. A few days later the Kohner-Hamilton engagement was broken off.

The pattern of that evening as recorded by Sidney Skolsky ("Sue is photographed almost as much as she is in 'Lolita.' Sue Lyon is to be engaged to George Hamilton—Smiling, Pleasant, Sitting, Standing, Shaking hands, Sitting, etc.") is repeated in London, Venice, Tokyo, Sydney, Melbourne and Honolulu during her world tour of personal appearances in connection with international openings of the film.

When asked, "Doesn't it bother you, losing your personal youth?" Sue answered, "I haven't lost all of it."

In two respects, at least, Sue is cut out of the same cloth as her silver screen counterpart Lolita: in her attitude towards money and in her reactions to school and culture. To the question, "What do you like best about work?", Sue answers blandly, "The money. It's the quickest way I know of to make a lot of money, fast."

While she's definite about money, she's diffident about school. Once upon a time, before "Lolita," Sue went to Micheltorena Elementary School and to Starr King Junior High. But she wasn't much interested in classes and goofed off to the movies. Public school's behind her now. Because she travels so often, she has a private tutor (she is a whiz in math, but hates foreign languages). Does she miss the old gang with whom she's lost contact during the last two years? Not much. Sue says, "I see them sometimes. They accept me same as ever. No big deals. Of course, there are always a few who are impressed. The new kids I meet seem to think I am conceived."

What did Sue do during her spare time and on weekends while she was on location making "Lolita" in London for five months? Well, she went to movies—just as she'd done back when she was in public school. And she took up horseback riding, museums? She feels about them as she previously felt about books—"Lolita." Nothing. Her mother confesses that Sue was "bored stiff at the Louvre," while daughter chimes in with a line worthily of Lolita, "I'm not much for sight-seeing or going to the statues."

Lolita and Sue, Sue and Lolita. Sometimes they're interchangeable. As writer Jack Hamilton says, "She seems to have the same shy, secret joke against the adult world she invested in her character of Lolita . . ."

PATTY DUKE

It can be safely said that Patty Duke in real life is very much like the character of young Helen Keller who broke out of a world of wildness and strangeness and was transformed into a child of sweetness and innocence.

So close did the young actress feel to Miss Keller that during the run of the play she even played hide and seek with two blind woman's home in Aachen Ridge, Connecticut. This was the high point in Patty's young life, and when she talks about it today, her eyes light up.

"When we came to the door," Patty recalls, "a nurse answered. Miss Keller hadn't seen any other people for a while, and she was just dying to communicate with someone."

"Suddenly, I heard a movement on the stairs. I looked up and saw the most wonderful thing. There was Miss Keller coming down the staircase alone. She was so graceful, so beautiful. She was wearing a blue dress, a string of pearls, a lovely pin and a pair of red shoes. Her white hair was beautiful, but the thing I remember most were her eyes. Happy, even laughing eyes. And I realized that although she was blind she could see everything."

"I spoke into her hand with my fingers, using deaf and dumb language. I told her how much I liked her red shoes. She was delighted. Of course, she's never seen red shoes, but people tell her red shoes are pretty so she wears them whenever she dresses up for company."

"We walked around her garden and she would touch each plant, flower and tree and then tell me its name. She showed me where she had just planted tomatoes."

"With my fingers, I told her about my dog and my schoolwork and about how I like chocolate cake. I asked her about a lovely light burning in her garden, and she answered that it was an Eternal Light that Mr. Keller had given her, a gift to a her from the people of Japan."

"When I finally left her, I couldn't get out of my head the memory of how youthful and exciting she was at eighty—and how much she does for other people by just being alive. Maybe I can be a little
like her and make others happy, too.

Actually, Patty is a lot like Helen Keller. Making other people happy is as natural to her as breathing. She gives lectures at the Lighthouse for the Deaf and visits elderly people at the Lighthouse for the Blind. At Quintano’s School for Young Professionals, which she now attends, she is studying Italian, French and Spanish so that she can “communicate” with more people.

In touch with life

Patty’s attitude about being a celebrity is modest and unusual. When asked “Are you recognized often?”, she laughed openly and warmly and answered no. “Sometimes I see people staring at me at bus stops and things—but mostly after a minute they shake their heads and I can see them thinking, ‘No, it’s not. ’”

“But the (Miracle Worker) is a smash hit,” I told her, “you probably won’t be able to walk down the street without being stopped for an autograph. Will you mind that?”

“Oh, no,” she replied. “I like people. I’ll enjoy it.”

Okay, okay, I thought, there’s little doubt that you are the same innocent, sweet girl you play on the stage and screen. But I did go on to ask a surprise question. “Some columnist said you were considered for the lead in ‘Lolita’ What about that?”

Patty didn’t blink an eyelash, but her voice showed her infinite patience with interviewers who ask silly questions. “No, no, no—it’s not true. Remember, I wore a size 8 children’s dress at the time. Me as Lolita? In every way. Physically it would have been impossible.”

The third question asked both girls: “Is there any parallel between the feminine image you create on-screen and the way you feel and act towards boys off-screen?”

Sue Lyon. At home Sue Lyon wears what almost every other teenage girl wears (loose-top blouses, blue jeans or Capri pants, and glasses). And acts like Miss Avermoutheen-Year-Old (laughs and giggles constantly; tucks one leg under the other as she gossips on the telephone).

But out of the house on a date—wow! Her baby beige, Bardot-cut blond hair shines (“I had light hair, but I lightened it even more. A real blond stands out better.”) and her figure is sheathed in form-fitting, specially designed gowns. (At first she had doubts about the kind of clothes White House favorite Oleg Cassini would dream up for her. “His dresses I seem to be so straight up and down,” she pouted. “I hope I don’t come out looking like Jackie Kennedy. That would be too corny.”) She drives a brand-new, sparkling Cherry Nova—a white convertible with red upholstery (she passed her driver’s test on her sixteenth birthday; the day before, she declared. “If I don’t get it, I’ll kill myself”) and tries to stay within the speed limits, although she confesses, “Every once in a while I scare myself.”

She insists she only goes out with boys who are sixteen, seventeen and eighteen and claims, “I have about four I go out with regularly. The situation changes from week to week. I don’t go steady. When they try to tie me down, I lose interest. When I fall in love it will be different.”

She admits that one boy, a nineteen-year-old, has given her a hard time since she was picked to play Lolita. “He was a friend of my brother Chris,” she says. “When he first started he was a beautiful boy, I asked him to ask me out. I begged Chris to ask him to ask me out. I don’t think he was in love with me. I didn’t even try to kiss me, I tore up his picture after that, I hope he reads this.”

But about Chris and his recently-discovered talent for acting, she’s excited. “I’ve heard him read and he does just beautifully. I was so surprised when he began taking lessons—I didn’t really believe it. But he is locked in—he didn’t even try to kiss me. I tore up his picture after that. I hope he reads this.”

And about her career, she insists, “I’ll not interested in older men,” her statement may not be wholly accurate. She admits, “I didn’t have a crush on Frank Sinatra, a science teacher, but her feeling towards him evaporated when he gave her a “C” when she thought she deserved an “A.” Her “ideal” man, interestingly enough, is an older-man composite: “He would have to look like Paul Newman (thirty-seven), be as kind as James Mason (three years younger), Frank Sinatra (forty-five).” She has been linked romantically with Mason. To this Sue answers tartly, “It’s ridiculous. Mr. Mason was very kind to me on the picture. I was fourteen then, you know.”

May-December romance

More persistent has been the report that Sue has flpped for James Harris (he’s the one who gifted her with that snazzy convertible on her sixteenth birthday), and up to now she hasn’t denied it. Dorothy Kilgallen put it this way: "Sue Lyon, who played "Lolita" in the movie that bowled over her producer James B. Harris. Her age is sixteen, according to her studio, and he’s an old man of thirty-three. She prefers the company of mature men, and James may be just her cup of tea when she’s a little older and he decides it’s proper to court her.

Patty’s third wish—the one she couldn’t make in the interview—came bubbling out near the end of it, after we’d become good friends and she knew she could confide in me. “I wish I wish I could be a little bit taller,” she said. And then she blushed as if she were revealing a terrible secret.

Of course, it isn’t a secret at all. She is fifty-seven and three-fourths (four-feet-nine) and very conscious of the fact. Because of this, because of her feelings about her lack of height, she has never had a real date and has never kissed a boy.

Well, almost never. There were those two grammar school proms, one of which she attended with Joey (he was in the eighth grade, she was in the seventh) and the other which she went to with Dicky (now she was in the eighth grade and it was her prom, so she invited him). The two proms fuse together in her memory: to one she wore a pretty soft pink party dress (little-girl size-7) and to the other she wore a white-eyelet dress with a blue band and bow. After one they all went to a restaurant and one of the girls there said, “They didn’t know if they should pick it up with their fingers or not, and ended up not eating) and after the other they went out for pizza. But Joey and Dicky, even though they were spilled up in white dinner jackets, were more like her brothers than boy friends (after all, they too were sixteen) so if she did kiss them, it hardly counted."

When Patty recalled the kisses she had received from Vince Edwards (twice on the cheek) in a "Ben Casey" episode, she first insisted that it, too, was all part of playing a role. But then she added, and she giggled a little as she said it, “But that was different. That was very nice.”

A young fifteen

No for-real kisses, No actual dates. Definitively no boy friends. Yet.

She doesn’t smoke, has never sneaked a cigarette, and has no desire to (“Don’t smoke, it’s a bad habit”); she doesn’t wear makeup, not even lipstick (“I’m not ready for makeup yet. Maybe I look strange without it, but I think I’d look funnier with it.”); she wears knee socks to school (“They’re so practical!”) and her idea of fun is to go to the movies with a bunch of kids from school (if she can’t pool her money together.) or to join in an egg hunt with the boys and girls she became friendly with while doing “The Miracle Worker” on Broadway. (“They put blindfolds on all of us to make it fair for the blind children who can’t see. They lead me. When you can’t see you can’t tell the colored children from the white. You just have a great time and color makes no difference.”)

But Patty’s notion of fun may be changing rapidly. Indicative of her desire to make her wish to be taller come true is the fact that she’s just bought her first pair of high heels. Well, not "high" exactly, just spectator pumps with one-inch heels, but they’re a step in the right direction.

The direction, of course, is towards boys (“I’m looking forward to dating when I’m a little older. Honestly, I like boys. They’re very nice,” she says towards the end of our interview); and the boys, it is certain, will find her beautiful—not just because of the way her soft, light-brown hair caresses her heart-shaped face and of the way her blue-green hazel eyes (they assume different color depending on the dress she’s wearing) crinkle and beam as she talks, but also because of the way her whole personality breathes innocent expectation, sweet curiosity, as if she—like a certain part of the mystery of water—is about to step out and discover the joys of being a girl.

So there you have it—a portrait of two girls—Patty and Sue. The good girl and the bad one? Ah no—we refuse to fall into that trap! You’ve been given all the evidence, and it’s for you to decide whether Helen Keller—or whether both of them are superb young actresses who can create a part out of thin air, imagination, or whatever it is that makes an actress. You decide for yourself!

—Paul Anthony
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SODOM AND GOMORRAH

ULTIMATE TORTURE... in the arms of the man in the iron-spiked coat!

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They still don’t believe it in Hollywood, a town where they believe anything.

As recently as a month ago, photography eager to give its readers the truth behind the rumors about the Doris Day-Marty Melcher marriage, went to the couple for the answers. “We’re as happy as we ever were,” they chorused.

Now they are separated and the question is, “Were Doris and Marty ever really happy at all?” People around them came up with “answers” and excuses for the rift:

That Marty became more of a business agent and less of a husband.

That Marty and Doris were growing further and further apart because of a divergence of religious viewpoints.

That Marty had, however well-intended his purposes, interfered with Doris’ strong disapproval of her son Terry’s entry into show business. (“He’s my son, my natural son. It’s difficult for me to understand why Marty seems so set against my wishes on this point.”)

That Marty was deliberately egging Doris into exhausting work schedules because he “feels that at thirty-eight there are few romantic-lead years left for his wife and he wants to make it while they can.”

But the loudest whisper was about a “mystery man.” The Los Angeles Dodgers have a star player on their baseball team, and for years Doris has been an avid, jumping, shouting, hot-dog eating baseball fan. Last season she became dissatisfied with the box she held at the L.A. Stadium. When it was changed, she discovered herself within talking distance of the Dodger dugout. With the enthusiasm only a wild fan can generate, Doris and this great ballplayer (whose name we are not going to reveal, for reasons which will become apparent) struck up a friendship that soon led to half-hour conversations with each other before the games. Until then, the admiration went one way, Doris for her sports idol. After a while, however, flattered at the interest of America’s box-office champ, he began to show interest in Doris’ career. In return Doris gave him a record-player and records.

Their relationship began to cause talk. Rumor ran around L.A. like wildfire and from the simple, innocent friendship of a fan for a ballplayer, it seemed as though a full-blown—though actually non-existent—scandal might develop. So concerned was the Dodger management after the close of the season that the ballplayer was called into the executive office and asked point-blank if anything other than friendship had developed between Doris and him.

He denied everything. The management accepted his denial—as we do. He is an innocent bystander who had nothing to do with the break-up of Doris’ marriage. The gossip had hurt him unjustly and that is why we are protecting his name.

Oddly enough, Doris remained disarmingly calm, even aloof, during the time the rumors were repeated. Some of her friends even say she was secretly amused by them. Such was not the case with Marty, insiders insist.

“Marty was shocked almost into a trance,” says a friend of the Melchers. “Don’t misunderstand. He was not at all upset by Doris’ friendship. They both liked the ballplayer. But then Marty went to New York to produce a play with Angie Dickinson. Neither Doris nor Marty thought anything of this separation. But in New York one evening Marty was virtually floored when he overheard talk that he had left Doris for Angie and that Doris didn’t give a hoot because the marriage was over anyhow. Then Marty heard the gossip about the ballplayer. Suddenly Doris and Marty found themselves the principals in one of the worst instances of runaway rumors Hollywood has known since Liz and Eddie. He flew back to Doris, canceling a scheduled trip to Europe where he intended to negotiate for the production of six movies, none with Doris starring.”

What happened when Marty returned is not clear and may never be, since neither Marty nor Doris will comment directly. But a few days later Marty walked out of the house and took an apartment near his office.

One surprising aspect of the separation, however, was the news that Stephen Boyd, Doris’ co-star in Billy Rose’s “Jumbo,” was expected to bid for Doris’ heart and hand, now that her marriage split was out in the open.

Boyd, however, has steadfastly maintained that it just isn’t so.

Is the marriage Hollywood thought would never end really over? Those closest to Doris and Marty are divided.

“In my book,” says one intimate, “the answer is that Marty and Doris are through. And I think I can tell you why. Doris, no matter what you may hear or read about her primness, is one of the most fun-loving women I’ve known. And yet for the past three or four years she hasn’t had any fun. Doris has worked hard, too hard. She hasn’t played enough. I don’t say this is Marty’s fault though I’ve heard it was. ‘Marty and Doris are millionaires ten times over, and she must have decided she ought to have a little fun out of life. The strange thing about girls like Doris is that once they decide that they aren’t going to get the happiness they yearn for, they throw caution to the wind.’

Doris’ own statement is the most surprising of all. “I never really understood how it happened between Marty and me,” she said. “You know the kind of girl I am. I was always looking for the knight in armor, the Prince Charming, to come along and sweep me off my feet. I’d be putty in the hands of a man like that. It wasn’t that way with Marty. Now that I look back I see that I never actually fell in love with him. It was as though it happened without either of us knowing it had happened. Suddenly we were married. I loved Marty and I know he loved me. That was enough. But it’s got to be that way all the time. Not just on the day you get married and during the honeymoon. No woman wants to have her marriage go on the rocks. But what do you do when you wake up some morning and there it is, in pieces, all around you? All you can do is pray and hope that God will give you time and the intelligence to make over your life. That’s all I’m asking for.”

If Doris divorces Marty she will be ending her third marriage. She will be left with the irrevocable knowledge that the third time is as much without charm as the other two. Doris Day, a woman who has brought happiness to millions of moviegoers, is today without happiness. She is alone and a little frightened that her world has fallen down around her. Yet we believe that the worst, for her, is over. For she has asked only for what she needs. Time, intelligence and the help of God.

—John Douglas
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PHOTOPLAY'S GOLD MEDAL MOVIE OF THE MONTH

The editors of PHOTOPLAY Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to M-G-M's production of Billy Rose's "JUMBO"—a merry musical that puts a smile in your heart. It's gay-colored and cloud-light as cotton candy. The Rodgers and Hart popular classics keep the movie as rewarding to listen to as it is to look at. The show-folks of the story are equipped with 18-karat hearts, so Doris Day can relax, instead of fighting for her virtue through every reel. With a non-wolf hero like Stephen Boyd, all she has to worry about is pop Jimmy Durante's bent for gambling away the profits on their little circus of 1930 vintage. (Continued on page 12)

M-G-M: CinemaScope, Metrocolor; Director, C. Walters; coproducers, J. Pasternak, M. Melcher.
"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

Do you avoid the use of certain
terms 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 conver-
sation 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 North-
western University, Bolander is an author-
ity on adult education. During the past
eight years he has helped thousands of
men and women stop making mistakes in
English, increase their vocabularies, im-
prove 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 get-
ing 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 "com-
mand of English"?
Answer A command of English means you
can express yourself clearly and easily
without fear of embarrassment or mak-
ing 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 hold-
ing you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person
to go to school in order to gain a com-
mand 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 embar-
rassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabu-
larly, 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 his-
tories and testimonials from people who
have used the Career Institute Method
to achieve amazing success in their busi-
ness 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 be-
low. 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. 36202A, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill

Please mail me a free copy of your 32-page booklet.

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Here's a compact, brass-finished rack whose capacity expands as your collection grows. It's adjustable - holds from 1 to 60 records securely. Folds flat when not in use.

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Yes, through a special membership offer, the Club now enables you to get a modern 4-speed portable stereo phonograph — a regular $39.95 retail value — for only $7.95. This Columbia Compact Stereo Phonograph plays all records — regular high-fidelity and stereo — all sizes, all speeds. Provides a truly economical way to start enjoying stereophonic sound. If you would like complete information on this special membership offer, simply check the box provided on the other side of the reply card and mail it today... no obligation, of course.
GO OUT TO A MOVIE
by JANET GRAVES

GYPSY
Warner; Technicolor, Technicolor; Producer-Director, Mervyn LeRoy (Family)
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A woman who'll never admit defeat uses her daughters ruinously to express her own show-biz ambitions.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Hints of a powerful real-life story (of Gypsy Rose Lee, sister June Havoc and their mother) are the strong points of this great big musical. Natalie and Roz, too genteel for their roles, still show vitality. The film consumes over two hours in its dedicated copying of "legit" theater technique.

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY
M.G.M.; Ultra Panavision 70, Technicolor; Director, Lewis Milestone; Producer, Aaron Rosenberg (Family)
WHO'S IN IT? Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard, Richard Harris, Tarita.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? True adventure of the voyage to Tahiti that ended in Fletcher Christian's defiance of Captain Bligh.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A story that has stayed powerfully alive in every romantic imagination for over 170 years fills the screen with brutal violence and idyllic beauty. Marlon has an interesting slant on the head mutineer, but at first gives him such delicate airs that you're likely to side with Trevor's tough old sea dog.

TARAS BULBA
U.A.; Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, J. Lee Thompson; Producer, Harold Hecht (Family)
WHO'S IN IT? Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner, Christine Kaufmann, Perry Lopez.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? War between Polish conquerors and 15th Century Cossacks, whose leader's son loves a Polish girl.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Magnificent shots cut with stirring rhythm keep you enchanted whenever Russia's mighty horsemen thunder across native steppes. In these "roles," Argentina's gauchos and their pampas steal the picture. The stars freeze into quaint figures in this bloody romance that's much milder than history.

TWO FOR THE SEESAW
U.A.; Panavision; Director, Robert Wise; Producer, Walter Mirisch (Adult)
WHO'S IN IT? Shirley MacLaine, Robert Mitchum, Elisabeth Fraser, Edmon Ryan.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Sadly awaiting divorce, a Nebraska lawyer drifts into an affair with an eccentric New York girl.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? As frank and funny and heartbreaking as the original stage hit, this intimate drama uses plenty of well-written words to get close to two people in love. Shirley's a natural as the warm, foolishly independent heroine; Bob, more surprisingly cast, makes her indecisive lover almost as convincing.

DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES
Warner; Director, Blake Edwards; Producer, Martin Manulis (Adult)
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? After sliding into alcoholism together, a young couple differ when it comes to seeking help.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Based on an award-winning TV play, this earnest film wanders before getting on target with a stark case history and a tribute to the work of Alcoholics Anonymous. As sincerely as Jack and Lee try, the characters they play remain unclear, though the tragedy is very real. (Continued on page 14)
PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT
M-G-M; Director, George Roy Hill; Producer, Lawrence Weingarten (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jim Hutton, Jane Fonda, Anthony Franciosa, Lois Nettleton.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The marital woes of honeymooners with all four of their young stars lots of room to swing, though Jim and Jane swing farther out. Laugh, but listen hard—you'll hear common-sense ideas on life and love. For once, playwright Tennessee Williams' characters aren't all nuts—just nervous.

GIRLS! GIRLS! GIRLS!
Paramount; Technicolor; Director, Norman Taurog; Producer, Hal Wallis (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Elvis Presley, Stella Stevens, Laurel Goodwin, Jeremy Slate.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Two girls complicate a fisherman's struggle to earn the purchase price for a beloved sailboat.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? If it's Presley songs you want, here's plenty—in fact, a musical overload that threatens to sink the frail story. But there are laughs (mostly supplied by Jeremy, the genial villain) to keep this craft aloft. And Laurel comes across as a highly decorative newcomer with cheerful charm.

ESCAPE FROM EAST BERLIN
M-G-M; Director, Robert Siodmak; Producer, Walter Wood (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Christine Kaufmann, Don Murray, Werner Klemperer.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A family just inside the Wall meets both treachery and unexpected aid in planning a freedom tunnel.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Thriller, concentrating on moment-by-moment tension and physical danger, without going into political motives too deeply. Christine is so appealing a damsel in distress that you just know Don's tough-guy hero won't remain cynically detached. Backgrounds and minor characters run true.

NO EXIT
Zeitgeist-International; Director, Ted Daniewski; Producers, Fernando Ayala, Hector Olivera (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam, Morgan Sterne, Ben Piazza.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Arriving in Hell—a hotel room—three people face an eternity of boredom and self-examination.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The talked-about stage play hits the screen with considerable impact, expanding the startling idea of the hereafter with glimpses of life on earth. Viveca dominates easily with her savage portrait of a man-hater; Rita's effective as a woman in love with herself; Morgan's less deft as a coward.

IT'S ONLY MONEY
Paramount; Director, Frank Tashlin; Producer, Paul Jones (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Jerry Lewis, Zachary Scott, Joan O'Brien, Mae Questel.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? When a long-lost heir to millions shows up, a wicked fortune-hunter tries to get him out of the way.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Sensibly, Jerry has given up fumbling around with spectacle, musical numbers and pretentious pathos. He's settled down to the business of serving laughs the way his fans like 'em, with a pretty girl on the side. Hopping from gag to gag, he pokes fun at tough private eyes, hi-fi and automation.

7 CAPITAL SINS
Embassy; Dyaliscope; Directors, Diomene, Moliario, De Broca, Demy, Godard, Vadim, Chabrol; Producers, Joseph Berchoff; French Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Dany Saval, Jacques Charrier, Jean-Pierre Aumont.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The devil crops up in French behavior, town or farmland.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? With such a majestic title, you'd expect more than the moderate amusement rippling through the seven separate stories (some only dimly related to their themes). "Gluttony" comes off best, though "Laziness" has an extremely funny, anti-sex finish.
FREE MONEYSAVING

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P. O. Box _______ City ____________________
State ____________________________
Even Dr. Kildare blushes when in one operation Michelle Amour transplants her belt to Dick Chamberlain's crowning glory.
After denying all the rift rumors, Doris Day and Marty Melcher finally told the world what told you lost month—their marriage is Pfft! Who's the new man in Doris' life?

All that off talk about Connie Stevens and Gary Clarke on the verge of matrimony coin proved premature. Even though Gary gets id weekly now for his thesping in "The Virgins," it still might not be enough to tote a new wife and continue to pay alimony to an old one.

Eddie Fisher's pet date, Ann-Margret, covered Hugh O'Brian and vice versa. So, die, you lose again.

What's this I hear about "Stoney Burke" set dates, Jack Lord and Bruce Dern? Hope the kid isn't for real.

Walter Wanger is old enough to be Jill St. John's father, and yet I doubt if they discuss internal wars on their dates. Even though they've been seen around town, Jill denies that there's any romance brewing there. Jill's interlude with Frank Sinatra was just an interlude. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton didn't get what they wanted for Christmas. Even Santa Claus could not (Please turn the page)
Carlo Tarita

Tony "Hawaiian."

Janet

White

Didn't

Diane

Kay

than

Efrem

malteds.

telechores
dict

same

our

premiere.

and

Evy

mysterious

bachelors

lulu

before

Ty"

Poor,

Pleshette

at

schoolboy

crush

dis-

Richard

Mrs.

so-

anytime

she

father

I.

and

Dana

Dana

for

of

the

unusual

enough,

felt

it

removed

the

Jack

and

laughing

and

Betty

now

Marlon

Oscar

star

with

Gable

Bounty.""

She

when

her

Diane

MacLaine

and

Steve Parker

Tony Curtis

Christine

Kaufmann

June bride.

Jayne Mansfield's

called

image

slipping

below

her

neckline.

is

so-

called

romance

with

Enrico

Bomb".

The

main

drawback

is

can't

speak

Italian.

He

can't

speak

English.

Not

only

by

Bette

Davis

and

Joan

Crawford

find

"What

Ever

Happened

to

Baby

Jane,"

they

found

a

pot

of

gold

at

the

end

of

the

box

office.

Each

has

twelve

and

a

half

per

cent

of

the

film.

To

date

they

have

made

$400,000

apiece

and

the

coins

are

still

flowing

in.

The

dream

cottage

Glenn

Ford

built

for

Hope

Lange

is

finished.

However,

Hope

hasn't

said

yes

yet

to

Glenn's

proposals.

The

talk

of

London.

The

way

Edie

Adams

and

Peter

Sellers

began

a

romantic

inter-

l"ude.

Debbie

Reynolds

spent

$75,000

on

her

Las

Vegas

niteroy

act.

President

Kennedy

sent

a

White

House

staffer

to

Hollywood

on

a

secret

mission

to

see

the

completed

"PT

109."

When

Melina

Mercouri

came
to
town

she

hoped
to

meet

her

acting

idol,

Marlon

Brando.

However,

Marlon

refused

to

meet

her.

Wander

why?

Din't

Arlene

Dahl's

husband

Chris

Holmes

flip

his

lid

when

some

quite

revealing

photographs

of

the

actress

showed

up

in

a

man's

magazine?

Pat

Boone's

Shirley

is

trying
to

give

up

his

new

hobby,

flying.

Shirley

doesn't

approve

of

Pat

on

the

clouds.

What

did

Elvis

Presley
do

when

he

fin-

ished

"If

Happened

at

the

World's

Fair?"

He

headed

for

Las

Vegas.

Between

throws

a

certain

chorus

girl

took

up

his

time.

Don't

be

surprised

if

Peter

Browne

and

Stefanie

Powers

do

the

wedding

bit

in

June.

They're

still

trying
to

get

Frank

Sinatra

and

Peter

Lawford

to

smoke

the

peace-

pipe.

So

far

no

luck,

but

they

should

be

back

in

harmony

by

1964

when

President

Kennedy

seeks

re-election—or

will

they?

George

Montgomery

received

his

first

acting

assignment

in

months.

He'll

play

op-

posite

Diane

McBain

in

a

segment

of

"Ha-

waiian

Eye" on

location

in

the

romantic

islands.

Wasn't

it

Diane

who

dated

George

when

the

latter

had

his

boat

removed

from

the

Shore?

Anyway,

they

used

to

work

with
each

other

at

Warner's.

Some

even

felt

it

was

Diane

and

not

Ziva

Rodann

who

touched

off

the

explosion

between

Mr.

and

Mrs.

Montgomery.

Strangely

enough,

one

of

Sharon

Hu-

gueney's

dates,

Bob

Skoff,

is

a

carbon

copy

of

Bob

Evans.

The

growth

removed

from

Ernest

Borg-

nine's

throat

proved

benign.

He's

now

back

at

work

in

"McHole's

Navy."

THE END

Loren... Hope those Dana Wynter-Greg Bautzer rumors aren’t true... Didn’t his medici order Frank Sinatra to slow down? Frankie was hospitalized briefly while making "Come Blow Your Horn..." I hear that Vince Edwards really had a bad season at the track... Don’t be surprised if Janet Leigh and Bob Brandt have some stork news this spring... Ditto May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr... When is Bob Fuller going to take seventeen-year-old Pat Lyon to the altar?... Look for a long-awaited announcement from Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker... Tony Curtis wants to make Christine Kaufmann a June bride.

Two of Pappo Bing Crosby's boys, Philip and Lindsay, decided to take up the life of bachelors again. They left their respective homes and wives.

Very hush-hush about Tuesday Weld's mysterious trip to a hospital in November.

Suzanne Pleshette didn't jet to Honolulu to marry Troy Donahue. It was a panic trip to investigate first-hand the rumors that Troy and Tina Cole (she's the Connie Stevens replacement in "Hawaiian Eye") were doing off-camera love scenes too. Like our fellow columnist Walter Winchell would say, don't invite Suzanne and Tino to the same party or else there'll be more fireworks than a Chinese New Year.

All is well again with James Darren and Evy Norlund. Ditto with Michael Callan and Carlyn Chapman. However, with these two couples even an IBM machine can’t predict their storm clouds.

It’s real serious between Cliff Robertson and Louise King. Louise served as the Girl Friday on the "Today" TV show. She gave up telechore to concentrate on acting. The Jack Kennedy of talking pictures and the TV actress could decide to marry any moment.

Did Warren Beatty really tell Natalie Wood to get lost?

Don't ever try to match Lana Turner drink for drink. Several males tried it at the luau party following the "Mutiny on the Bounty" premiere. They had to be carried out. Lana walked out under her own power as proficiently as if she had been drinking chocolate milked.

Don’t be surprised if Kay Gable and Efrem Zimbalist decide to marry when his divorce becomes final. The two appear more than just friends.

Scooping Around: Gardner McKay discovered a Tarita of his own in the jungles of South America... Doubt if Carlo Ponti was onoly too happy about Cary Grant coming to Rome for a weekend. Cary once admitted he has a schoolboy crush on Sophia Loren...
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!

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$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.

Here are just a few of the 125 beautiful new styles now ready for delivery!

*Get this opportunity!*

---

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Textile Building, Cincinnati 2, Ohio

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Address: ____________________________ Zone: ______ State: ______

City: ____________________________

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Feuds starring newspaper and magazine byliners versus Broadway and Hollywood stars are often "planted" to keep their names before the public. In 1931, when we emceed our first Coast-to-Coaster on radio, we introduced the "feud" that "fooled" many people for almost ten years. The Ben Bernie-Walter Winchell "War." Both of us (Continued on page 23)
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New York 16, N. Y.

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☐ Please send me a THREE-year subscription (9 big issues) for just 2.50, so I'll save 2.00 on Simplicity, the fashion magazine for women who sew.
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Count on Simplicity for the brightest ideas you’ve ever worn—and the biggest fashion magazine bargain ever offered! Now you can get a three-year subscription (nine exciting issues) for only 2.50 so you save 2.00!

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FIND THE GIRL WITH THE PROBLEM SKIN. HINT: SHE'S WEARING MAX FACTOR'S NEW ONE-STEP MEDICATED FASHION MAKE-UP

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New Pure Magic fools the eye with the sleekest, smartest kind of coverage. It slips on like a smooth new complexion, clearing blemishes from sight instantly.

Pure Magic is your fashionable everything: foundation...matte finish...and all-day medication that makes every tomorrow clearer. It shelters you with an antiseptic

that helps stop bacteria spread, so often the cause of skin problems.

Puff on the Compact Powder...or sponge on the super-coverage cake. Either way the effect is luscious, naturally flawless. No layered look, no compromise colors...8 perfect shades. Your make-up stays as fresh as it starts, never streaks or cakes or changes color. Pure Magic covers the problem so beautifully! Pure Magic by MAX FACTOR

Choose PURE MAGIC Medicated Compact Powder for natural-looking coverage. Puffs on in seconds, medicates all day. Perfect for touch-up, too. Mirror compact. 8 shades. $1.50.

Choose PURE MAGIC Medicated Cake for extra coverage that gives you a flattering complexion while it treats your skin. Chic compact and sponge in carryall pouch. 8 shades. $1.50.
prospered with it. Until Bernie, a witty orchestra conductor, phoned us in mid-December, '41, from Pittsburgh, to report that he was ending it.

"Fergoodnessakes, why?" we asked. "They are eating it up. They think we really hate each other."

"I'm sorry," said Ben, "but I'm worried. Last night as I was letting you have it, a little old lady sat on the second row aisle stood up and, waving a finger at me sneaked: 'Now you see here, Mr. Ben Bernie, You stop picking on Mr. Winchell! Don't you know there's a war on?'"

The "feud" began after the sponsor said: "I think you should insert a little humor. Pep it up with some chuckles.

"In those days the legal departments of the networks were fussy about what you said about people. Lawsuits, you know. At Jolson, for example, cost his network over $100,000 for using the name of a small town hotel when he quipped: "Lovely place. Even the mice are nice!"

Jolson faced a charge in court. The network lawyers lost no time "funding" that $100,000 on the aggrieved innkeeper to forget the whole thing. They knew it was libelous. It was a Jolson aside—not in the script. Today some TV "names" get away with lots worse, assaulting people. Because most targets cool off—and prefer to forget it—until they can run into the antagonist in some alley.

This generation's kinfolk can tell them about the first of the "feuds" (Winchell & Bernie) which "hurt" only each other with sharp-edged quips. That our "war" lasted for a decade shows how entertaining it must have been. In fact, it was such a popular "bit" that such noted reliables as Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were a few of the "names" who borrowed the format. And if you look up our broadcast and col'm files you can see that their brain-pickers also lifted many of the wows.

But some of today's feuds are not "clown" wars. Nor are they always between comedians. Zsa Zsa and "Suzy," the columnist... Liz and Shelah Graham of the Hollywoods... Dorothy Kilgallen and Mrs. Joey Adams ("Cindy")... Frank Sinatra and various byliners... David Susskind and TV critic Jack O'Brien... Steve Allen and Jack Paar... Burt Lancaster and Lloyd Shearer, the magazine.

Lancaster and Shearer are the most recent "Don't Invite Em To The Same Party" (or the same dark dock) because of the latter's comment about a press conference in San Francisco. The movie star, it appears, blew his top at a newsman during a cross-country tour to exploit the film, "Birdman Of Alcatraz."

That movie dealt with the long time incarceration of Robert Stroud, who was described by Shearer as a "double murderer of violent temper, who became an authority on ornithology in prison."

Today, at seventy-one, Stroud is confined to a federal prison hospital at Springfield, Mo. For many decades Stroud has been a thorn in the side of penology officials. U.S. Attorney General Kennedy recently studied Stroud's case thoroughly and refused to recommend a parole, pardon or probation. On the grounds (reported Mr. Shearer), that the prisoner "still constitutes a potential danger to the public."

In the San Francisco press interview, Lancaster revealed that he sincerely felt Stroud should be released. That he had been dissuaded enough. Lancaster said he planned going to Washington to lend his influence to Stroud's cause.

To which a reporter inquired if some share of the profits of the Lancaster-owned picture would be donated to a fund on that prisoner's behalf.

Mr. Lancaster, according to Mr. Shearer's published account, stormed over to the reporter (whom he did not know), leveled his index finger at him and shouted: "You're nothing but a . . . (deleted-by-the-editors.)"

Shearer noted that "everyone (including women) was shocked by the actor's sudden brazen display of bad manners and his uncalled-for use of foul language." He also appraised it as "arrogant movie star behavior."

Lancaster, one of Moviedom's wealthiest players, was not always at war with the press. The late Mark Hellinger, who deserted the New York bylines to produce successful movies, is credited with discovering Lancaster's histrionic talent. Their association catapulted Lancaster into the higher brackets.

Some of us suspect that Lancaster soured on some of the press following his first big money-losing, a-so-witty picture portraying a member of the 4th Estate as a villain. This flop squandered over $3 Million and started the breakup of the Hill-Hecht-Lancaster production firm. Up to that ill-fated movie, the trio had staged several successes.

This spectator cannot recall that newspaper or magazine people ever gave Lancaster a hard time in reporting his public or private life. Not in the U.S., at any rate. The wire-services (a few months ago) related an alleged difference of opinion between Lancaster and a foreign news-photographer. It reportedly wound up with hiccups. The photogger threatened to sue for assault and then dropped it.

Jason Robards, Jr., is one of the few showbiz people who shrugs off minor irritations. An item in a column (that was debunked by him) didn't rate a demand for a retraction. He simply sent a memo saying: "It just didn't happen. I don't want a correction. I have received many good notices from people on the papers. It all comes out more than even."

Desi Arnaz and his former wife, Lucille Ball, are better friends than ever. Her new mate (comic Gary Morton) and Desi play golf together. . . . When the Palm Springs season opened Desi took Lucille and their brood (and Hedda Hopper) to dinner, "I still can't get used to calling my wife Mrs. Morton!" he told us.

* * *

Photoplay regulars sent letters about our recent Marilyn Monroe articles. Many demanded the name of the "man who failed her" when she phoned him to help her. We said that Marilyn, when found lifeless, had her hand on the phone which was off the hook, and that she told him she feared she had taken "too many sleeping pills" and to help her find a doctor. Our revelations added that he panicked: "I'm a married man. I can't get involved!"

Now how would we know that? The source (to several of his chums) was the man himself!

Most of the Hollywood-New York stage population have been talking about it since. But no editor would publish that man's name. Because it cannot be documented. The man is powerful in government. We tried to get some of those (to whom he allegedly admitted his failure to help Marilyn) to sign affidavits certifying they told them about it. ("Hell, no!")

And when you dine at La Scala, a popular restaurant in Beverly Hills, well known movie and teevee personalities invariably bring up the subject and point out the table where "that guy publicly advertised his adoration for Marilyn."

"He sat there three nights in a row," they'd say. ("Waiting for the tardy Marilyn to arrive."

"You'd never know he was mad about her," one told us, "unless you looked at him!"

So "married" is he, his name never before was linked with other women. But the fortnight before M.M. died, he flaunted his dates with her in movietown places. The columnists did not make the trysts public. Because publication would certainly have broken up his marriage—and they assumed it was "one of those things."

* * *

Variety, the Bible of Show Business, frontpagged the dialog between Khrushchev and U.S. opera star Jerome Hines backstage at a Moscow theater on the night President Kennedy ordered the Cuban blockade. Variety reported that the basso wished the Russian atheist "God's blessings."

"Hines," concluded the report, "invariably says in private conversation, 'I am dedicated to Christ.'"

Hines adores his mother, too. In Freudian, Oedipus-complex times, he will
sigh: "You know, I am very tired of apologizing for being civil to my mother!"

Cary Grant explained to an interviewer why he and Betsy Drake divorced: "We have had and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other, but alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired."

That’s Hollywood! Deep love and respect are not enough for a happy marriage. Just a happy divorce.

Paragraph about authors, there’s Linda Christian’s book “Linda” about the many loves in her life. Some of her Hollywood and Broadway chums were chatting about the book’s candor. “You’ve gotta give Linda credit,” said one gal.

“No, meow’d another, “how did she ever find time?”

The stage-and-movie-struck should enjoy this fact. Christopher Washburn (a Cornell grad) was a successful restaurateur official at the swank Ram Club, Southampton, Long Island. Washington notables may remember him when he ran the dining room for the Jefferson Hotel in the Capital. His folks are rich.

A Warners movie studio executive recently suggested that Washburn try his luck at acting. The bug bit him and he shelled his good-paying post to invade Hollywood.

So dedicated is this handsome youth of twenty-four that he is learning how to suffer while waiting for The Breaks. Friends report that he dwells in a secondate hotel where he makes up his own bed, etc. While living the life of a struggling thespian, Chris drives a Corvette to Warners’ acting school for newcomers. The executive who suggested he try his luck at acting apparently is good at talent-scouting, too. Washburn landed a bit-part in “PT-109,” the film about President John F. Kennedy’s wartime heroism in the Pacific.

Tip to Autographer-Vacationists: The newest of the upper-set’s hideaways is Sardinia’s Emerald Coast on the Mediterranean. Aga Khan has built a hotel there for his royal friends and the movie elite. So have Ingrid Bergman and David Niven. The FBI started investigating complaints by Doris Day and her husband.

Victims of anonymous threatening letters, G-Men once trapped would-be extortionists who tried to shake down Ginger Rogers . . . If you happen to be on a TV show that gives prizes (for answering questions correctly) and they ask you for the full name of Sarah Churchill’s new husband (Baron Audley) tell them it is Percy Henry Tuchet-Tuchet-Jesson . . . Melina Mercouri’s logic: “If you have never cried, your eyes can’t be beautiful.”

Never heard of Suzanne Le Roy? Well, she meet her now. She is one of the girls in the line at Broadway’s Latin Quarter. She is 5’8” . . . 37½2-24-37½ . . . Her admirers include a steel magnate and a Western Senator, to mention two . . . Suzanne makes good copy for the columnists in New York with her beauty and the way she juggles her dates so that they never meet with each other. The only showgirl we know who can match the dolls in “The Ziegfeld Follies,” George White’s “Scandals” and Earl Carroll’s “Vanities” . . . You may have seen her “steal the show” at the Tropicana, Vegas, last year.

Suzy has more diamonds, minks and other nienax than any of her colleagues. Oh, yes, and an imported sports car. She lives like a $10,000 per week star.

Another eyeful in the Latin Q. lineup is Lucretia Hickerson of Austin, Texas . . . She says she is a direct descendant of James Whitcomb Riley, the “Hoosier Poet” . . . She was named after Lucretia McPherson, the wife of Civil War General McPherson, the youngest General in U.S. history.

Life Repeating Art Note: The majority of the people connected with O’Neill’s tragic masterpiece, “Long Day’s Journey Into Night,” are beset with monumental marital problems and entanglements . . . The letter “L,” by the way, starts the titles of several films this year . . . "Longest Day," “Long Day’s Journey,” “Lolita” and “Lawrence of Arabia” . . . Insiders say you may never again see Sophia Loren appear in a picture starring American favorites such as Sinatra, Grant and Quinn. Husband Carlo Ponti reportedly feels that they are not acting when they embrace her . . . Rita Hayworth knew what she was doing when she resigned as leading lady of the Broadway-bound play, “Step on a Crack.” It was rapped into oblivion by the First-Night Firing Squad . . .

The critics have been rough on plays featuring movie stars. Joseph Cotten arrived in “Calculated Risk” as we “twisted” to press. A mildly entertaining opus made attractive by Cotten’s talent . . . Joan Fontaine’s romance with Charles Addams (The New Yorker mag’s popular spook-toonist), still has a bright flame. Joan, always a sharp business female, plans a chain of Florida hotels.

Press-agent items we fling at the nearest wicker: “The Lettermanespsnurn a $100,000 offer to make beer commercials. Two of the three lads are Mormons and wouldn’t praise the brew. Against their religious belief, etc.”

Is a puzzlement. They starred at the Crescendo (H’wood) not long ago where the Giggle-Water-Wyoming-Ketch-up-Laughing-Soup crowd helped pay their salary.

AMA medics warned females not to walk like a duck, but Ellen Proxmire, shapely wife of the Wisconsin Senator, regards the “duck waddle” as “particularly good for a girl’s legs.”

Madame, the only thing good for a girl’s legs is getting them stared at! THE END.
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Address_______________________

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25
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the Spring of hope, it was the Winter of despair.


Considering the changing times, true light, it is the best of times; Hollywood. The closest to the pioneer years, those adventurous years before the studios became factories, before individuals like D.W. Griffith, Mack Sennett and others, were servants of assembly-line film production.

Yet to the New York home offices, the studios, the bankers, the money changers, the bookkeepers—it is the worst of times. They all don't realize that making movies must be a gamble. There are no fixed rules. Picture-making pays off when two plus two does not add up to four, but to five.

It is the age of wisdom in Hollywood. The movie-makers have thrown off the chains of the Johnston Office. And they managed to get seals of approval for "Lolita," "Splendor In The Grass," "The Apartment" and others which a few years ago could never have gotten a blue stamp.

It is the age of foolishness in New York. The home offices insist on making all the decisions, even though there is only a small fraction of actual picture making there. Yet their thinking is evidence they haven't the net thoughts to acknowledge the New Deal of film making from production to exploitation.

It is the epoch of belief in Hollywood. They believe they can make better movies, different style entertainment, and they strive to do it. Often they succeed, (Continued on page 28)
The National Book Club presents the exciting new

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Win cash prizes just for solving interesting "Famous Name" Puzzles

1st PRIZE $25,000
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His real name was William F. Cody.

I'VE GOT A BIG BILL!

The Correct Answer is ONE of These Names!

- Jerome Kern
- Buffalo Bill
- Marco Polo
- Walter Reed

This Sample Puzzle

Is All Worked Out For You!

First, we see the clue stating "His real name was William F. Cody". Checking any standard reference source shows that the famous Buffalo Bill's real name was William F. Cody. Now examine the cartoon. Here we see a buffalo and the duck uses the word bill. What else can the answer be but buffalo bill.

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 "Famous 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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year, Schenck never interfered with Mayer, although he wasn’t fond of him personally.

When the M-G-M yearly statements started appearing repeatedly in red ink instead of black, Mayer was no longer riding in the “sunset for the happy ending.” Schenck and Mayer had a few Judge Hardy-Andy Hardy talks which resulted in the firing of the once-considered-untouchable L. B. Mayer. Then, after Nicholas Schenck backed the wrong horse (Dore Schary), Schenck was fired. In the picture business every boss—no matter how big and important—has a bigger and more important opponent: the emotionless, no-blood-in-the-veins bosses of practically every major studio are the bankers and the stockholders.

The emotionless, no-blood-in-the-veins bosses of practically every major studio are the bankers and the stockholders. Their magic and quick-medication was to run away from the real problem. They’d made their blockbusters in Europe. Where they had money they couldn’t get out of countries. Where labor costs were cheaper (an extra gets $5 a day over there—in Hollywood an extra gets $100 and extra money if he speaks a line or does a piece of business). Also, Hollywood studios could obtain financial backing from the English, French, West German and Italian governments, among others, because after the war years those countries (as well as being the only picture industries) were still willing to pay for the know-how. (In England, this is known as the Eddy Plan.)

Now, this is important, too: Making pictures abroad was great for the actor; staying away for eighteen months provided a loop hole to beat the high-bracket United States income tax. Money is even more important than patriotism—the last refuge of the scoundrel.

If memory serves correctly, Gene Kelly was the first movie star to crawl through the income tax loop. Like many pioneers, Gene got hurt. When Gene came home, he never regained his previous star status. At present he is “Going Crosby’s Way,” playing Father O’Malley in the TV series of “Going My Way.” Bing won an Oscar for his part of the priest. It’s doubtful if Kelly will see an Emmy.

The actor making movies away from home (Hollywood) was on a vacation and had a ball. Best examples, but by no means the only ones, are Liz Taylor—her behavior made the original Cleopatra nun-like; Marlon Brando—whose antics on Tahiti made former champ playboy Errol Flynn a Boy Scout.

Despite all the savings in labor costs, (entire armies from Yugoslavia and Spain have been hired for less than C. B. De Mille paid all the extras in “Samson and Delilah” and “The Greatest Show On Earth”), “Mutiny On The Bounty” cost in the neighborhood of thirty million dollars. “Cleopatra” in the neighborhood of forty-five million dollars. These are the money-making masterpieces made in the history of Hollywood. It hasn’t been cheap to make movies in Europe.

Run-away production now became an epidemic. The industry didn’t have a Dr. Salk to provide a vaccine. The deserting rats turned Hollywood into a capsized ship. Yet Hollywood, through its great strength, tradition and faithful fans, has never lost either its glamour or its stars.


Hollywood is too well known for its well knownness. It would be stupid to deny Hollywood was shooed up. In spite of the stupidity and tremendous odds, Hollywood’s special brand of glamour—that even Noah Webster for all his wisdom and many pages can’t define—keeps it going.

There’s no denying many fine pictures came from Europe. However, to the world, Rome is decadent, scandalous. La Dolce Vita. Spain is all plains, mountains, bull-fighters and a place where Ava Gardner resides. England is traditional, the Eddy plan and inhabited by Angry Young Men who shouldn’t be angry. France is Brigitte Bardot, the New Wave. And the New Wave is at low ebb, drying inward from the edges.

You name the places. They are all devoid of Glamour, the special indefinable Hollywood Glamour, penetrating even the Iron Curtains.

The European stars desire the touch of the Hollywood magic. The Mighty Joe Lewin would throw the expensive party at the Beverly Hills Hotel so that Sophia Loren might come to Hollywood for one day only. That day, she put her footprints in the forecourt of Grauman’s Chinese Theater, in the evening she received her Oscar for her performance in “Two Women.” Watching the presentation were Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Tab Hunter even Tuesday Weld—all considered movie stars by the actress who received the Academy Award for the Best Performance of the Year.

Youngsters from all over America run to Hollywood to become movie stars. They don’t run away to London, Paris, Rome, etc.

Despite the wrong thinking in New York, Hollywood is on its way back, it has its return ticket, I don’t mean to convey the impression Hollywood will be what it once was in the days of Clark Gable and Norma Shearer or what it was like in the days and unexpected nights of Douglas Fairbanks. Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin—for Hollywood has always been in transition.

It’s too much of even Hollywood to expect it to be the same as it was in the ’20’s, the ’30’s, the ’40’s, the ’50’s. Why demand it of Hollywood? Is New York or Washington, is Chicago the same now as it was during those old calendars?

Don’t sell Hollywood short. Hollywood is a Tall story.

I kid you not when I tell you—Hollywood doesn’t even have to fear fear itself! We’re ready for the retakes!

The End
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P
The few minutes it takes to read this page may change your whole concept of the amount of money you can make in a glamorous, respected business. No matter what your age, previous experience of education, I show you how easy it can be for you to join 15,000 happy people from all walks of life who enjoy big cash profits, security and a steadily growing repeat order business as Studio Girl Beauty Advisors and Managers.

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A recent survey of the direct selling cosmetic industry shows that it's ten times as big as it was just a few years ago. Market Research authorities predict that it will double every year for the next five years because women want personal cosmetic service at home—plus a chance to "try out" their cosmetics before buying them. You can cash in on this big easy at a good rate. Mail coupon below for free samples and full information.

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WHAT OTHER BUSINESS PAYS YOU BIG!

Having tried to sell things for others all of my life, when I founded my own business in 1913, I vowed to put the welfare of my representatives first. I knew if I paid my representatives bigger profits and gave them bigger territories, they would have an incentive to do a better job—so I worked out a plan where we'd both have a bigger profit on every penny of the business they did.

YEAR "ROUND REPEAT PROFITS... NO RECESSIONS, NO FLUCTUATIONS

An estimated 96% of Studio Girl customers on the lists you supply repeat and increase their purchases month after month, year after year. And you get big, healthy profits each time they buy! Ours is not a seasonal business—not one that is affected by recessions. In fact, during the recent recession, Studio Girl's business was up 165%!

YOU NEED NO SELLING EXPERIENCE, NO FORMAL EDUCATION

You may be a student between your 50's or 60's. You may never have sold a thing in your life. You may want to work full or part time. It doesn't matter! If you want to earn up to $10 an hour...up to $250 a week in a glamorous, red hot business...the need is ambition and willingness to follow a few simple instructions. I furnish everything, send you customer lists and reveal to you Hollywood's most closely guarded beauty secrets!

DO YOU QUALIFY AS A MANAGER?

If you have been a crew or area manager, or if you have had experience giving parties, rush picture and details. Earn up to $250 a month! Win first trips to Honolulu, Santa Juan, Puerto Rico, Paris!
I MADE $385.00 IN A SINGLE WEEK ... with no previous experience!

$102 IN A DAY!

"My profits were $102 today. That's beyond your generous profit plan."—Helen Uhler, Tucson, Ariz.

$80 IN 2 HOURS

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$800 IN A MONTH

"$800 profit month and swamp order with new orders. Didn't think an inexperienced housewife could run a new car so quick!"—Marion Biecker, Tucson, Ariz.

Studio Girl Offers Security With a Big Successful International Corporation

Established nearly 25 years ago, Studio Girl-Hollywood owns its own magnificent 40,000 square foot administration building and factory in the beauty capital of the world, Los Angeles. Minutes away from the major movie studios. There are other mammoth plants and shipping headquarters in Chicago, Philadelphia and San Juan, Puerto Rico; fashionable Studio Girl salons and offices in major cities the world around. The company subscribes to 100% of the principles of the United States Chamber of Commerce...your banker will tell you of Studio Girl's top financial rating.

Studio Girl has always remained a family-like organization where everyone is friendly, cooperative, happy and prosperous.

OVER TWO MILLION CUSTOMERS LAST YEAR!

35,000,000 GOOD NEW PROSPECTS!

More than two million women bought Studio Girl cosmetics last year. And at our present rate, we will double that figure this year! In fact, top market research reports have 35,000,000 excellent new prospects—women who purchase $100 or more worth of beauty products from a trusted friend in the privacy of their homes. You can become a part of this exciting new company and make from $10 an hour part-time up to $250 a week full-time in a very short time. We supply everything. Many Studio Girls are enjoying profits of 25 and 30 dollars a month in a very short time. We supply everything. Many Studio Girls are enjoying profits of 25 and 30 dollars a month in a very short time.

A FRIENDLY, PRESTIGE LIFE!

As a Studio Girl Advisor, you’ll win new friends and take tremendous pride in rendering a needed service to others so desperately. You’ll become a respected and sought-after member of your community. Scores of our representatives find every day to demonstrate Studio Girl’s short cuts to beauty and make talks to women’s clubs, PTA meetings, etc.

MADE OVER $450.00 A WEEK SAVING TIME HOLDING FULL-TIME JOB

I have worked full time in jobs that pay for the past twenty-six years. About two years ago, since I needed some extra money, although I had never sold before, I became a Studio Girl. Putting in six hours every day at the factory doesn’t leave much free time, but I can honestly say that many weeks I make more money part time than Studio Girl is a job I do on my regular full-time job. My biggest thrill came just recently when I made $1,481.00 over $450 a week for three straight weeks, and I didn’t miss a single minute of work at my job in the factory. This won me a free trip to Hollywood, Disneyland and Las Vegas. I find that it is easy to average up to fifteen dollars for every hour I put in as a Studio Girl.

Florence Nutter

LOSING OUR BUSINESS WAS THE BEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED FOR US! I never felt bluer than the day my husband and I realized our restaurant had failed. The habits we formed were too strong to allow us to take orders. Our savings were dwindling. Then I saw an ad telling Studio Girls could make up to $1,100 a month without the experience that was the best decision I ever made! The first week, I earned almost $100 just by calling on neighbors and the list of customers I had formed for myself. In two months I was making twice as much money as we used to make. My husband and I are now working together and are very happy and prosperous. We have plenty of time for our family, are running our own business, and have enough money to provide our family with every luxury.

Evelyn Jones

A COMPLETE LINE OF 300 GLAMOROUS COSMETICS HELP BUILD BUSINESS!

In addition to the famous line of 300 beautifully packaged, moderately priced, daily-use cosmetics, you have more than 30 Holiday gift packages. The newest line of men’s toiletries, etc. Each cosmetic is beautifully packaged. Each is manufactured by the finest medically-approved, salon-tested ingredients, in our own modern laboratories. Studio Girl cosmetics have earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval and won the right to display the American Beauty Association Seal of Acceptance. Every Studio Girl cosmetic is backed by a written unconditional guarantee of satisfaction.

DETAILS, BOOKLET, 3 SAMPLES—ALL FREE!

If you want to have plenty of money, lots of friends and enjoy life’s luxuries, send your name for 3 free samples, complete details, booklet, exciting Studio Girl “secret stories.” No cost or obligation, ever! Mail coupon today.

CAnADIANs: ATTe NTION! Harry Taylor

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Bette Davis threatens Gary Merrill with complete annihilation if he takes her into court over custody of the children. "You can quote me," blazed Bette. "At the time of our divorce I was a polite woman. If he persists in suing, it's going to be the dirtiest case in history and when it's over he'll never see the children again."

Merrill says he and Rita Hayworth are still friends, "but I'm not very good at marriage. I think after two failures I should quit."

Rita's ex, producer James Hill, denies reports he'll marry Rosanna Schiaffino in Italy. According to him they're "just friends."

Cliff Robertson's more serious about Louise King (widow of English racing driver Peter Collins) than any girl in ages. They've known each other since '53. This twosome bears watching now that Louise has moved West to seek her fortune as an actress. She used to be a Girl Friday on the "Today" show in New York. Cliff, as you probably heard, stars in "PT 109."

Rock Hudson has a new fan in director Howard Hawks. When Howard checked in at Universal to direct "Man's Favorite Sport," he discovered Rock going through the props he'll use in the picture. He spent hours learning how to get himself tangled up in a hammock and a tent. "That's why Rock is number one," said Hawks. "He works."

Everyone in the know has his fingers crossed that the romance between two big married stars is just a passing fancy that will be forgotten when the picture they're doing together is finished. Meanwhile, it's proved to be such a juicy bit of gossip that the names Liz and Burton have almost been forgotten.

A well-known star about to make a picture with an Italian star was approached by the head of the Roman paparazzi (photographers), who swore that during the making of "Cleopatra," Richard Burton paid him $300 a month to report daily where Burton would be and what Liz was wearing so they could be easily spotted. When Burton kissed his wife Sybil goodbye before she flew
back to England, he told the photog exactly where he could be found immediately after the plane took off, and that the lady he would be meeting would be wearing a leopard hat and coat. Fantastic! And I believe it!

Below: The high-flying gal with the Chaplin-type get-up is none other than Glenn Ford’s sweetie, Miss Hopie Lange.

Above: Ann-Margret certainly gets around for a young ‘un—her latest escort is Hugh O’Brien. Now just where does that leave Eddie Fisher—not to mention ex-Queen Soraya?

Jane Powell and Pat Nerney decided on a trial separation right after celebrating their eighth wedding anniversary. Jane was in tears when she called to tell me the unhappy news. She said it was her idea that they part for a while, and that she was optimistic that they might work things out. Pat took a dimmer view.

Dolores Hart is definitely asking Steve Boyd to her wedding to Don Robinson. “I’m going to make sure he can’t skip sending me a present,” she laughed. Steve tried his best to woo Dolores but she knew all the time she was going to marry Don. Don was so persistent. I heard he proposed twenty-five times before Dolores said yes. You’d think it would have been kind of an old story on the twenty-sixth round—but she got so excited she threw up. As to who’s consoling Steve, you can bet he’s not weeping alone.

Ava Gardner and Claude Terrail, owner of the famous Tour D’Argent restaurant and former husband of Barbara Warner, had themselves a time in London where she’s taken a flat.

It looked as though Ava was coming back strong when she did “55 Days At Peking” and was announced to do “Pink Panther.” But her demands were so tough the Mirisch Brothers replaced her with Capucine. Walter Mirisch said, “We make pictures for a living—not to expedite actors’ egos.”

We hoped it wouldn’t happen—but Vince (Dr. Casey) Edwards comes on the set so sure of himself that his co-workers think he really believes he could perform a real life operation, as well as a make-believe one.

Above: Brigitte Bardot will wed her Sami Frey now that she’s divorced Mr. Charrier.

Judy Garland’s bitter over her divorce from Sid Luft. When I asked if she’d have to give him half of everything, she said, “I’m giving him half of nothing. He got everything for ten years, Hedda, now it’s gonna be my turn.” (Please turn the page)
One of our biggest stars, once married to an alcoholic, is fighting a losing battle with the bottle. Her friends are horrified, but don't know how to help.

Movita, supposedly the one and only Mrs. Marlon Brando these days, played the native girl opposite Franchot Tone in the 1935 version of "Mutiny On The Bounty." By conservative estimate, this lands her in her forties. It also puts her in the third corner of a triangle. Tarita, the native girl of the present "Mutiny" and formerly a Tahitian waitress, is also chummy with Marlon—who seems to like things complicated.

That J. Lee Thompson is not to be outdone. After spending a fortune calling his fiancee Susan Hampshire in London, he went over for a showdown and they called the whole thing off. She explained she didn't want to give up her career and he agreed with her. Now the director has signed Susan to play a role in his next picture, "The Mound Builders," filmed in Mexico.

Suzy Parker and Brad Dillman are still in love.

Quite a switch Dick Quine pulled when he moved into a Hollywood apartment and left orders that his address and telephone number were not to be given to Kim Novak. He wasn't that finicky in Paris where he, his son and Kim were very cozy.

Joan Crawford's delighted with the rumor that she'll marry New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, but swears it's not true. She met him only once—at a campaign party a year ago. I asked why she didn't do some campaigning of her own, she replied, "I'm old-fashioned enough to think the fellow should ask."

Zsa Zsa Gabor took on a fourth husband, Herbert Hutner, after dating him but three weeks. She was an hour late for the ceremony. She said her mink coat wasn't her best one—but it matched her wedding gown.

Bob Hope and Sophie Tucker stole the spotlight when they appeared before Queen Elizabeth at the Royal Variety Performance in London. They raised $126,000 for the Variety Artists Benevolent Fund. Sophie belted out her old standbys—and got the longest ovation in the history of the theater. And Hope—was Hope. That, no one can ever beat. What would we do without him?

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
Safe?

Safest!

(only a Stay-Rite shield protects you completely)

There's no question about protection when you're wearing Kleinert's moistureproof Stay-Rite shields. Slip on easily over your bra, stay put for comfort and complete protection. Perspiration or deodorant stains just can't get through to embarrass you or damage your clothes. Only $2.00. See other shields and shield garments by Kleinert's to fill any need.

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CRISIS

George Maharis Crashes on Route 66
As we go to press, George Maharis is hidden away in midtown Manhattan, sick and—under doctor’s orders—secluded from friends, fans and business associates. On the verge of a relapse of hepatitis, reportedly on suspension by his studio, George is facing a crisis—the gravest double-edged crisis of his life: Both his health and his career on “Route 66” are seriously imperiled.

It all began in April, 1962, when George was rushed to the hospital with acute infectious hepatitis. This is a disease of the liver which is very often fatal. The acute kind that George had is the most serious type of the disease. A few days before his release from the hospital, in an exclusive interview, George told photo play that he would need lots of rest and a light schedule.

“It’s got to be that way,” George said. “Because if that schedule isn’t followed, I’ll have a relapse. And if I have a relapse, one of two things will happen.

“I’ll die.

“Or I’ll be tied to a bed for a year.”

Today, George is faced with the possibility of such a relapse.

And there are other problems. For a long time, there have been rumors that George wanted to leave “Route 66,” that he felt the series was holding him back from accepting movie and other TV offers. His contract has a little more than two years to go. Some people are now saying that he’s using his illness as an excuse to break his contract. They say he’s heading for an open fight with his studio.

Here is the story of George’s illness and the troubles with his producers, as his manager, Mimi Weber, tells it:

“Last year, when George was released from the hospital, the doctor said he’d discharge him only if he took a few weeks of complete rest and then, after that, followed a very moderate work schedule. Well, he didn’t do anything at all for three weeks. And then for two weeks he made a recording, but he only worked a total of twenty-four hours in the whole fourteen days. Then he went back to ‘Route 66.’

“That was on June 8. The doctor told him that he should only work three, four hours a day. But the first seven working days, the producers had him working eighty-nine hours and forty-five minutes. He started early every morning and finished up 4 to 5 o’clock the following morning, then he’d get a few hours’ sleep and go back. He got sick, stayed out one day and then went back.

“I won’t go into the hours he worked in every show in the series, but they were mostly like that. Some a little lighter, some a little heavier.

“Then went on for months. Finally, he couldn’t take it any more and he begged the producers—Bert Leonard, Screen Gems and Lancer Productions—to give him smaller parts. They wouldn’t do it.

“George kept catching colds. Medical tests indicated he was having trouble with his liver again. The doctor said he was heading for a relapse. The producers were warned by letter and in person, but they kept him working and he kept sliding. There were weeks of conferences and phone calls and letters.

“In October, he got sick again. His temperature kept going up to 100, 101, then back to normal. He couldn’t work, but they kept sending him telegrams ordering him to report.

“Finally, they decided to send him to a doctor of their choice. This doctor agreed with George’s doctor that he should stop work immediately. He prescribed complete seclusion and a very strong antibiotic for the fever he’d been running all week. He told us, ‘If George gets sick, he’ll get very, very sick.’

“George was in St. Louis at the time and I went down and drove him to New York. Both doctors thought the drive, away from people and ringing telephones, would do him good. We’re keeping him at a friend’s apartment in the city. I can’t tell you where he is because he’s not allowed to speak to or see anybody but me and some members of his family.

“They’ve taken him off the antibiotics, not because he’s any better—he still has temperature—but because you can only take so many antibiotics. The doctor sees him almost daily, but he decided not to send George to the hospital, he’s afraid it would be psychologically bad for him. The main thing is that he needs lots of rest and no aggravation.

“As for the studio, they put George on suspension when he stopped working. To show good faith, they will continue to pay him his salary for the next two to five weeks. If George doesn’t get back by then, though—and I doubt that he will—I don’t know what they’ll do.

“Now they’ve appointed a specialist to see George and he’ll help decide about the hospital. Bert Leonard is sympathetic, but he has mixed emotions about all this. He thinks George wants to get out of the series. These people don’t really care. They’re business people, and they’re interested in their business.”

(This reporter called George’s studios, Screen Gems, and was told by a spokesman that he didn’t know, but he didn’t think George was on suspension. When I asked him if he could check and get the official story, he said he “didn’t want to give it that much importance.”)

“George is very unhappy now, disappointed and a little bitter,” Mimi continued. “He feels that they worked him too hard, he feels his health should have been a concern of theirs, too. It’s true, the show is holding him back. He’s in demand by the entire industry, but he can’t accept any offers because of his contract on ‘66.’ But he’ll honor his contract. He’s not asking for a release. He’s asking for nothing, absolutely nothing. Unless, of course, the doctors feel he can’t (Please turn the page).
go back to work. After all, if it comes to anything, the illness is a result of his work in the series. And there is such a thing as an Act of God." (Editor's note: An Act of God is a clause in a standard contract whereby an actor can break a contract if he becomes ill to work.)

"If George does go back to work, they will just have to use him around his health's schedule. It's all up to the doctors.

"Right now, he's in terrible pain. And he gets certain cravings. Like he's always thirsty, he drinks a lot of fruit juices. And he tires very easily. Fatigue just completely overtakes him. Some days he can go for three, four hours and be fine. And other days he can only move around for twenty minutes and he's exhausted.

"Complete rest will cure him, and once the liver is healed he can resume all his normal activities and never have to worry about it again. That's why he wants to prevent a relapse. That's why we're not going to let them hurt him. It's his life and the heck with everything else!

"He tries to be cheerful, but his spirit is not what it should be. He's brooding, hurt and bitter. I'm afraid that in another day or two he'll be climbing the walls. The thing is, he's used to being so active. He always tells me, 'I'm a workhorse. I never know when to stop.' And now the bedrest is very difficult. He's painting and reading, listening to music and watching television; and he tries to keep his sense of humor about things. Since I'm the only one he's allowed to talk to, he calls me several times a day and tells me to change my voice so he can kid himself into thinking he's talking to lots of people.

"But he wants to know everything that's going on—and I'm not supposed to tell him. The doctors told me to be very careful not to upset him. The only thing to do is wait and see what develops. We may have caught it in time. We can only hope." What George says of this threat to his career is, "If worse comes to the worst, I can always go back to making salads at a lunch counter."

What Mimi won't say is that if they didn't catch it in time, George could become a semi-invalid for at least a year. Or, as he apparently realizes, he could even die. And if they have caught it, in all probability he can look forward to more trouble with his studio—a real crash on "Route 66." Whatever lies in store for George Maharis, nobody can predict the outcome of the crisis. But, like Mimi, we can only hope.

—MICKI SIEGEL

Married women are sharing this secret

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What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful germicidal protection Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

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A NORWICH PRODUCT
ELVIS
THREATENED
WITH
MURDER

A PHOTOPLAY EXCLUSIVE
Beginning on the next page
Elvis picked up the phone. "I have fifteen in this, you slob, so there's no call. You're going to be the joker who's spotted by conspirators who are masters of timetable planning. But the 'shadows' are expertly trained in judo and in maneuvering swiftly through crowds.

Two of the 'shadows,' PHOTOPLAY has been informed, are girls—one eighteen, the other twenty-two—who to all appearances are avid, worshipping Presley devotees. Their closeness to their adored one in public is accepted as 'natural.' But their real purpose is to protect Elvis. And two of the male bodyguards maintain vigils even when Elvis is "alone" with a girl! (The techniques of surveillance when Presley is "alone" are secret. And very mysterious.)

Three of the new guards are unknown even to Elvis himself, because otherwise he might unwittingly identify them by a nod of recognition or even the flicker of an eyelid.

A cousin of Elvis, who knows him intimately, told us, "No matter what people say about him, there's one thing for which I'll always admire him. Elvis is never afraid, inside or out. There are more men who want to do harm to El than any other en-

continued

Elvis gripped the phone tightly. The voice went on: "You're going to die. You won't know how or when. Just keep your prayers up in front of your head. If they stop me— it won't matter. I know three guys who'll do it. One of us will make it. You cost us our women." Elvis heard a quick click at the other end of the line. He put the phone down slowly. From somewhere out in the world a stranger had just tried to drive another nail of fear in the Presley heart. But his would-be murderer might be interested to know that he needn't have limited himself to fifteen seconds. For Elvis doesn't even bother to trace the calls any more. There've been too many of them in his seven-year-long reign as "The Greatest Entertainer in the Whole World."

Guards! Guards! Guards!

Elvis is still alive. But threats to his life go on. For this reason, a few weeks ago, the group of bodyguards assigned to him was increased from six to ten. Two of them are obvious to the public, when Elvis travels or makes personal appearances. But eight of them are "shadows"—inconspicuous, as nearly "invisible" as it is possible for a human to be. One or more of these "shadows" may be standing next to you in the crowd. Or sitting right next to you in an audience. They are never seen talking to Elvis, they never even stand near him. This is to keep them from being
telephone. The voice seconds to tell you cops can't trace my to die, Presley, and gonna murder you!"

tertainer, and, simply, he knows it.

Is Elvis really that fearless? "Not exactly," Elvis admits. "Wouldn't be human if I didn't scare a little once in a while. Yes, I get skitterish about some of the threats, but what can I do? Hide? I've been learning a lot about life from show business and from people who, for some reason, think they want to do me harm. You can't go running scared from what's going on around you. You just have to stand and face it and hope to heaven you can handle the situation.

Sorry for a killer!

"More times than not you come out doing a lot better than you thought you'd do. Sometimes you find out that what's been worrying you the most wasn't really there at all. You just thought it was. And about those people who call or write those things about beating up on you—you know, I don't think they really mean a word. They might, a little before they say it. But as soon as the words are out, I have a feeling they realize how crazy it is to blame me for something I don't even know anything about.

"No, I don't hate the threateners. I guess in a way I feel a little sad for them. Can you imagine being so unhappy you think you want to kill a fellow? I'd say that's the worst kind of torture a man can suffer. Once you got that going inside you, you're in trouble. You can't dodge it. It goes to bed with you. Sure wouldn't want it to happen to me."

But despite Elvis' casual and somewhat philosophical viewpoint toward those who have, however anonymously, threatened his murder, those close to him must take the letters and the calls seriously. Presley's manager and friend, Col. Tom Parker, put it bluntly, "I agree with Elvis. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of one thousand could be harmless. I have to worry about the one guy in that thousand who might mean it."

It isn't all that Parker and Presley have to worry about. Besides the out-and-out threats to Presley's life, there are a hundred other small dangers that could be fatal to him even though no harm is intended.

"Crowds can love you and kill you," Elvis once remarked. That statement seems innocent enough, but is loaded with a terrible truth. Presley meant more by it than most people realized. An excited mob can knock you down a flight of stairs; break a window and cut your face to ribbons; crush you to death.

A catastrophe averted

Not long ago Elvis came down from a stage in a big mid-western auditorium. Thousands of admirers swarmed about him, begging to touch him, pleading for autographs, screaming for kisses. A scrappy, youth in the back of the hall, seething with jealousy, yelled "Fire!"

Two security guards grabbed the boy. They clapped a hand over his mouth, and hustled him to a "jail room" on the site.

Providence alone knows what a terrible catastrophe might have taken place had that youth yelled "Fire" loudly enough. Fortunately, the hysterical teenagers were making so much noise over Elvis that the cry was only (Continued on page 82)
DICK CHAMBERLAIN

is like a rash with me. It started small and grew and grew until it took over everything. He is the most important relationship in my life. And if he ever feels me inadequate to his needs

(Continued on page 105)
When her words wouldn’t stop the paparazzi, Ingrid went into action!

From the moment she met Roberto Rossellini, a plague followed Ingrid Bergman. A plague of photographers. They were there, trying to break down the door, as she lay, unmarried and in labor, giving birth to her son, the child of the Italian film director for whom she forsook all that was dear to her. They were there when her twins Isabella and Isotta were born, although now that Bergman and Rossellini were man and wife, the paparazzi were less diabolical. When her husband left her for another woman, the marriage ended with a long, bitter custody fight over the three offspring. The settlement was invaded by cameramen recording Ingrid’s private anguish and her children’s bewilderment. Then at last it seemed as if she had finally won the right to some privacy. Surely she was no longer news. Ingrid was happy with her new husband Lars Schmidt and hid her grief at the meager time Rossellini allowed her to see her own babies. Then she was granted a little legal time, a precious week to have them all to herself. But the paparazzi struck again, and Ingrid reacted with the age-old instinct of a mother protecting her young. Privacy, will it ever be hers?
They had a week together, just Ingrid and the children (below) with their nurse. A week to enjoy each other at the villa in Santa Marinella, north of Rome, a week to frolic in the sea. Then, without warning, attack! A photographer (above) looms over the helpless Robertino and Isotta. With rage hardening every muscle, Ingrid used her only defense: to decoy the camera to herself.
Those who know Vince Edwards well, know this: He turns success, as well as failure, into misery. Instead of looking forward to happiness, he looks back in anger. He drenches himself in self-punishment. (Continued on page 90)
We Know!
Does Eddie?
LIZ' LOVE DEAL WITH THE BURTONS
It was like a shoddy outline for a second-rate novel in which the hero says, "I need a fling." Says his wife, "Again? Well, love, just make sure you come home when you've flung the fling." 

Says the "other woman" to the wife, "You can have him back when it's over."

It was a plot. A deal. Except that, in this case, the characters were real. And we and the rest of the world were taken in by them. By Richard. Sybil. Liz.

It's amazing, when you think of it, how for eleven long months they maintained that this was the Greatest Triangle since Issosceles. How, shamelessly, they carried on, but always with Love on the side of two of them and the guise of A Woman Scorned on the side of the third.

They revolved some people. Titillated others. Women we know shed tears for Sybil. Lovers we know shouted braves to Richard and Elizabeth. But it's obvious now (if all the facts have been told) that it was all a sham—a tiny boudoir comedy—a fraud.

Wrote Dorothy Kilgallen recently: "Everyone sympathized with Sybil Burton when they thought she was always taking Dickie back 'for the sake of the children.' But if she's going to go along with the gag and pretend she believes nothing happened, her 'image' will change rapidly. . . . For heaven's sake, she's really Alice in Wonderland!" She was referring to the incredible interview that both Sybil and Richard had given to N.Y. Post columnist Leonard Lyons at Divonne-les-Bains, a few minutes' drive from their Swiss retreat in Geneva.

Sybil—and here's incredible quote No. 1—told Lyons she'd always avoided reading any of the newspaper stories about Liz and Richard "except when I went to the hairdressers. If you don't sue for libel right away, what's the use?"

Richard—and here's incredible quote No. 2—complained to Lyons that "really, the lack of morality in the newspapers is appalling"; assured him that most of the photographs of himself and Liz had been faked; and added, as if to prove his point, "I'd gone one night to a bar on the Via Veneto in Rome with Elizabeth Taylor and a London friend. A photo was taken and published. It showed just Elizabeth and me. I was 'wearing' a dinner jacket. I don't even own a dinner jacket. I'm sure this was a composite photo and the body was Kirk Douglas." Incredible? We'll say! The fact is, we have never seen such a photo. But we've seen other photos of Richard and Liz. Of the two without a London friend. Alone, in fact. With Richard wearing lots less than a dinner jacket. In fact, wearing what's been called a Welsh bikini.

And we scooped the entire magazine world in publishing those same photos (Photoplay, October, 1962). And if Burton claims they were faked, then we'll eat the negatives one by one.

Seriously, though—for this is a serious matter—why did the Burtons and Liz Taylor make their deal, whereby Liz and Richard carried on while Sybil—with full knowledge—waited for it to end?

And why was the whole affair conducted so openly—in cafes and Roman night clubs, in a villa in the north of Italy, on a yacht off the south of Italy—while a whole world of movie fans (half of them in their impressionable teens) looked on?

Was it a deal with a gimmick-proviso: publicity for the most costly movie of all time? Some quarters have suggested this, though we doubt it.

Was it a brazen deal, one which cried out, "To hell with the world and what people think—we are sophisticates and we will act as we feel and think!"

Or was it, rather, a pathetic deal between three people who simply thought this was the best way out of a situation which for themselves, at least—living in the high-powered world they live in—could have resulted in tragedy if conducted any other way? We wonder about the last two possibilities. Mainly because each of them is a possibility.

A brazen deal? Why not? At least two of the characters involved have been known for other brazen actions, attitudes, statements. Liz' famous "Mike Todd is dead and I'm alive" pronunciamento took her out of the Rebecca-of-Sunnybrook-Farm class for good. Burton's out-and-out relationship with women during the course of his marriage, and remarks like, "I always fall in love with my leading ladies"—these are not the stuff of which a Mr. Peepers is made.

A pathetic deal, on the other hand? Again—why not?

As a friend of the three parties involved, an English actor who asked that his name not be used. told us recently, "They had to do it this way. All three of them are persons of explosive temperament. It was better for them to go along with the game by these rather amoral rules than to play the game with no rules at all—and have chaos result.

"Elizabeth is a woman of passion. To be denied what she wants, when she wants it, might be fatal to her. I needn't go into personal details about Elizabeth here. I needn't go into examples of other fantastic Hollywood beauties who have ended it all because they couldn't get what they wanted. I can only say that Elizabeth's emotional need was for Burton during the filming of 'Cleopatra' and she had to get what she wanted.

"Sybil, too, is a woman of passion. But of controlled passion, restrained. Her passion is for her husband as husband, for her family, her children, her marriage and the hope that it will continue, no matter what. She knows Richard's quirks. Too, she feels—and this may shock your American readers, but remember, Sybil is a Welsh girl, a European—that the way in which many European marriages survive is a necessarily satisfactory way—wherein the husband is free to go off and do whatever he pleases just so long as he returns when the pleasure shows signs of diminishing. And—knowing this, feeling this—Sybil behaves accordingly. And she watches while Richard goes off. And she waits, very patiently, for him to return to her—knowing all along exactly what the deal is."

The deal was made in good faith. The parties involved understood the conditions. But now Liz has decided to break the rules. She doesn't want to give Burton back. And so she's not about to. If her own marriage could be ignored so easily, certainly a deal, with no legal binding, needn't seem worth keeping.

As for Sybil, how does she fit into the new no-rules? Friends say she's not going to give her husband his freedom just because Liz has decided not to live up to the bargain. Every other time Sybil's been through this deal her husband came back. As far as she's concerned, this time he's just taking a little longer. And Burton? There are two things he wants. Of course he wants Liz. And he also wants his wife to understand that this time—for the first time—he doesn't want to go back. No matter what the deal, no matter what the understanding. What kind of man would do this? Last month we published Part 1 of the most revealing article on Richard Burton ever printed. For the finale, please turn the page...
Now that World War II was over, and his honorable if somewhat beerstained discharge papers tucked safely away, Richard Burton got back to serious work with P.H. Burton, his theatrical mentor. In early 1946, Richard made his professional acting debut, playing in repertory companies throughout South Wales—in Neath and in Swansea, in Cardiff and Carmarthen and other cities and towns. 

In early 1947, at P.H.’s suggestion, Richard applied for a scholarship to Oxford. And to almost everybody’s amazement—except P.H.’s—Richard got it.

At Oxford, where he reportedly excelled in academic studies (he was aiming for a doctorate in Italian literature), Richard naturally took part in the university’s theatrical productions. And it was during a performance in one of these productions that he was spotted by the famous actor-playwright Emlyn Williams. 

Backstage that night Williams had a short talk with Richard. The gist of it was this: “Come to London. The London theater is ready for you. You, young man, are most certainly ready for the London theater.” Richard hesitated for a while—for about six months, in fact. But one day he did leave Oxford; he caught a train for the capital of the British Empire and the British theater. And on a night in (Please turn the page)
January of 1948, he made his true debut in a play called "The Druid's Rest." The following day he wrote to his beloved Sis. "Well," he began this letter somewhat jokingly, "I earned two pounds last night. So I guess that by the end of the week I shall have earned that ten I once spoke to you about. Perhaps even a little bit more than that." Then, on the more serious side, he wrote, "It was really quite an evening. There I walked onto a stage in the West End and I knew, stomach full of butterflies, that among the thousand anonymous faces, were world-famous critics. I am happy that early this morning I read all the newspapers, and that these critics say that I am good enough to go on being a professional actor."

There were other plays for Richard Burton in the year that followed: "Castle Anna," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," "The Boy With A Cart." There was film work too, early in 1949 — a lead in a picture called "The Last Days of Dolwyn." It was, in fact, while Richard was making this film that he wrote another letter back home. And ended it with this notation: "Sis — there is a girl I have met. She is an actress, very fine. She is young and extremely pretty. She is Welsh — from Mountain Ash. Her father was a mine manager, a manger in the colliery, specifically, and so she is not too far removed from us in background and spirit. She is sweet, truly. I think that I am head over heels in love with her. Her name is Sybil."

Says Sis today — seated in the den of her house on Baglan Road — of Richard and Sybil: "They were married very soon after they met. I couldn't have been happier for my brother. For nowhere else could he have found a girl like Sybil. Nowhere. She is the most amazing girl. From the very beginning it never mattered to her what Richard did, or wanted to do — she would always say all right. Rich would leave for somewhere in the morning and say he'd be home for lunch. Perhaps he wouldn't come home till late that evening. And Sybil would never chide him, the way most any other wife would do.

"I remember once I was with them and Richard came in at two o'clock in the morning. He said, 'Do you know, Sybil, I'm hungry.' And her only comment was, 'What would you like, Rich?' He told her. And there, at two o'clock in the morning, she popped into the kitchen to make a full meal for him. She understood him from the beginning. She loved him. I couldn't have been happier when they married. Or chosen a better girl for him."

Says Dillwyn Dummer, Richard's cousin, of Sybil: "I first met her shortly after they were married. And I could see right off — she was a girl in a million. She is the homey type. The only people she thinks about are her own people — her husband, her children, her family. There's never been a bit of the big-headed, the big-time stuff about her. She's good as gold. And good for Richard. He was a pretty wild young man, after all. And Sybil cooled him down. Give Rich a pound back in those days and he'd spend two. It was the same with everything else about him. But Sybil, she cooled him down a fine bit. And don't let anyone tell you that he didn't love her right from the very beginning, that he didn't appreciate her. I know. I used to see it. He'd come back to Port Talbot once in a while for a few days' visit. And no sooner was he here than he'd be on the phone, talking to her all the time. He'd ask her to come join him these few days. He'd go wild if she explained that she was working in some play or was busy with chores, and couldn't. And for a fellow to be like that — he'd have to have loved her a great deal, now wouldn't he?"

Says someone who loathed Richard Burton: "He's treated her shabbily from the day they met. He's been rude to her. Unfaithful. He's had girls from this end of the map to the other and back again. And still she stood for it from the beginning. Why? Well, Mephistopheles gets the best music to sing in 'Faust,' doesn't he? Isn't it ever the way for the poor, sad Marguerites of the world?"

Says someone who loves both Sybil and Richard: "She knew him for what he was the first moment she laid eyes on him. She loved him so much it couldn't have mattered less to her whom else he went around with from time to time — or how he treated her. One of Sybil's own favorite stories about Rich concerns the day they were married. The wedding ceremony took place at nine o'clock one morning. After a wedding breakfast, Sybil had to rush off to do a matinee. Richard and a brother of his stayed on at the flat to listen to a rugby match between Scotland and Wales. Was Sybil annoyed that her husband of a few hours didn't accompany her to the theater? Not at all. Did she mind when, walking back into the flat after her matinee, Richard — despondent that Wales had lost the game — looked up at her and hollered, 'Well, woman, what do you want?' Not at all. In fact, she roared with laughter. After all, if she had wanted simply a conventional husband, she would have married someone else, now wouldn't she?"

And so, at any rate, were Sybil and Richard Burton married on the morning of February 5, 1949. And so did the first twelve years (Continued on page 100)
Deb Stars (left to right from top): Brenda Scott, Susan Hart, Laurel Goodwin, Sandra Descher, Karyn Kupcinet, Lana Wood, Sheila James, Joan Freeman, Lori Martin, Patty McCormack, Mimsy Farmer, Roberta Shore, Sandra Bettin, Sharon Lyn Hillyer.

14

Ways to Star in his eyes!

Famous Hollywood hairdressers solve a heady problem for the Deb Stars—and you!  

(Please turn the page)
Nellie Manley designed this coif for Susan Hart. Miss Manley brushed Susan's hair well after the setting to bring out natural highlights. The back was coiled into a French roll, the sides blended in, the top hair backcombed and smoothed high into a coronet of ringlets.

After setting Laurel Goodwin's long blond locks, stylist Virginia Darcy brushed thoroughly. Then she divided the back into three sections and twisted them into a high coronet. Thick bangs brushed forward create a lovely setting for her sparkling Deb Star tiara.

For pretty Brenda Scott, Carmen Dirego designed this swirl-topped hairdo. He used a protein shampoo to add body to Brenda's dark hair; then he set it on graduated rollers, pin-curls high up the back. The comb-out: plenty of brushing to shape side waves, a high crown.

Lana Wood's side-tilted hairdo began with a side-tilted setting. (Her light blond hair is about four inches long.) The comb-out: stylist Barbara Lampson used a brush to tease for height and fullness. Then she carefully smoothed the hair from right to left, front and back.

Stylist Leonora Weaver loves the look of this towering hairdo on Sandra Descher. Miss Weaver parted the back into two sections, swept both upwards and secured them near the roots with rubber bands. Crepe wool padding adds more height to the crown.

To Karyn Kupcinet's coffee-colored hair, Eve Ewing added highlights with an enriched shampoo. The setting: large rollers for body, brushing for gloss. The back was swirled into a low French roll, the front teased for fullness. Kiss curls completed the feminine look.
Sheila James’ sparkling ginger hair was styled by Helena King. First, it was set on large rollers with pincurls at the back to add body. Then, after lots of brushing, the back was coiled into a high French roll, the front softly curled and blended over the crown.

Lovely Joan Freeman’s high-do was styled by Ray Forman. After setting her blond hair on small rollers, he parted it into two sections. The back was rolled into a smooth French twist, the top, back combed. Final touch: a circlet of hair swirled up from the crown.

For Lori Martin—a high crown of ringlets and a sweep of bangs became the base for her Deb Star tiara. Stylist Hedy Mjorud set her hair on large rollers, then brushed it thoroughly. The back is sleeked into a French roll, the sides pulled smooth and softly rounded.

Sheila James’ sparkling ginger hair was styled by Helena King. First, it was set on large rollers with pincurls at the back to add body. Then, after lots of brushing, the back was coiled into a high French roll, the front softly curled and blended over the crown.

Patty McCormack likes to wear her long hair down, and here’s how Naomi Cavin did it: after a rich shampoo and creme rinse, she set it on graduated rollers. Then Miss Cavin brushed soft waves downward, lifted bangs, teased the crown to round out the silhouette.

Roberta Shore’s ash blond hair was styled by Edith Westmore. She parted off four sections at the back in the shape of a low cross. Then she contoured waves at the sides, back-combed the crown, twirled two curls high for a rounded look and finished all with hairspray.

Stand-up pincurls gave extra body and bounce to Mimsy Farmer’s lovely style. First her hair was brushed, then spiraled high into a roll at the crown. The front and sides were molded into waves. To add luster to Mimsy’s hair, stylist Jean Burt used a protein rinse.

(Continued on page 86)
This is the full and unique true story of Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell, and of a “friendship” that says...

"I LOVE YOU, DARLING"

Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell keep on saying, “We’re just good friends.” But their actions speak louder than their own words. And that’s why their friends are asking, “Who are they kidding?”... “Why are they stalling and what are they scared of?”... and “When are they going to take the plunge?” Well, first questions first. Who are they kidding? We’d say nobody—because we think the gentleman does protest too much. Remember, Rock is the same guy who, when he was about to buy a three-carat engagement ring and a diamond wedding band to slip on Phyllis Gates’ finger, was telling the press: “Everybody thinks Phyllis and I are getting married. This is a crazy town. If you go out with a girl more than once, (Please turn the page)
they say you’re headed for the altar. If you date a girl only one time, they say you’ve split up. Believe me, this is no big, red hot romance.” And so they were married—then.

Now Marilyn, when asked about her relationship with Rock, says, “All the gossip is spoiling a beautiful friendship.”

That’s what they say—sometimes—but it’s how they act all the time that really counts. Put together the column items that appeared during Marilyn’s recent serious illness, place them on one of those foot-of-the-bed charts you find in “Ben Casey” hospital rooms, and you’ll see the dramatic record of a brave woman’s fight against disease. But in addition to this up-and-down graphing of illness, you’ll also discover a constant line that runs clear across the chart: a man’s concern for a woman.

Chart entry #1, made by columnist Dorothy Manners: “Rock Hudson has stepped up his long-distance calls to Marilyn Maxwell in Westchester Hospital in Mt. Kisco, N.Y., to three a day. That’s how worried he is over Marilyn’s condition. Marilyn had been told she would be in for four or five days. Now it has been stretched to two weeks or more. But, as Rock keeps telling me when he calls from the set of ‘A Gathering Of Eagles,’ the main thing is for her to receive proper treatment and care for the intestinal disorder which hospitalized her.”

Chart entry #2, made by columnist Louella Parsons: “Shocking word received by Rock Hudson about Marilyn Maxwell’s condition at a Mt. Kisco hospital following surgery. She has been put on the ‘gravely ill’ list. Still tied up in his picture, Rock is putting in long-distance calls to her bedside every few hours.”

Chart entry #3, made by columnist Sheilah Graham: “Rock Hudson gave me good news of Marilyn Maxwell. ‘She’s very much better,’ Rock told me happily. Marilyn has had a bad stretch of illness in the last month or so.”

Chart entry #4, made by columnist Sheilah Graham: “Marilyn Maxwell, recuperating at the home of her brother in Armonk, N.Y., is receiving constant bouquets of flowers from Rock Hudson. ‘I’m getting well, and the florist is getting wealthier,’ pens Marilyn.”

Chart entry #5, made by columnist Louella Parsons: “Rock Hudson heads directly to Armonk, N.Y., and Marilyn Maxwell when he finishes his final scene in ‘A Gathering Of Eagles,’ in Omaha. ‘Marilyn is much better and much happier since she’s been joined by her five-year-old son Matthew,’ Rock tells me. ‘In fact, she’s entered the youngster in kindergarten there.’”

Chart entry #6, made by columnist Hedda Hopper: “Rock Hudson’s best girl, Marilyn Maxwell, is getting a bit restless in Armonk, but her doctors insist she hang around for another month until she is well.”

A rising-falling chart of illness; a constant graph of love!

An unfair diagnosis? Just a nice guy’s normal, sympathetic reaction to the plight of a friend in trouble? Well, let’s focus on two other related scenes, then, involving the two.

Scene 1—just before Marilyn was to fly from California to New York to open at the Latin Quarter. Here’s what happened, in Marilyn’s own words: “When I was leaving Los Angeles to come east, Rock was the last one I talked to on the phone. I knew he had to attend the preview of his latest picture, ‘The Spiral Road,’ that day and would be too busy to see me off. I asked him to call me at the airport, if he found time, to let me know what the critics said about the film, if they liked it.

“About five minutes before my plane was to leave, I was called to the phone over the public address system. It was Rock.

“I almost fainted when he told me he was downstairs at the airport. He had rushed all the way out after the screening to see me off. I was so touched, I felt like crying.”

Scene 2—Marilyn’s Latin Quarter opening. Even with her rush-rush, last-minute preparations for her night (Continued on page 88)
WE GRANT MARILYN’S LAST WISH

That you may never forget her, we present this portfolio of pictures by Bert Stern—pictures Marilyn wanted published after her death.

(Please turn the page)
"I want the world to see my body. That was Marilyn Monroe's last wish, expressed directly in words, few months before she died, to the photographer who took revealing shots of her on the set of her never-to-be-finished film, "Something Got To Give."

"I want the world to see my body."

That was Marilyn Monroe's last will and testament to her fans, expressed directly, through her actions, to another photographer, the famous cameraman Bert Stern. When, during the last sitting she ever posed for—a fashion layout for a special section in Vogue magazine—she suddenly left the room and returned wearing nothing but a transparent top above and a black-and-white striped towel below. The effect was electric.

"Not bad for a girl of thirty-six, eh?" Marilyn asked, posing saucily.

"Not bad, indeed. She was thirty-six but she looked twenty-two," recalls photographer Stern. "Very beautiful, more so than I'd ever imagined. She was so exciting, so creative in front of a camera. She loved working with her body, was an expert in using her body in photographs; a perfect model."

So she posed until late that night—in clothes, in the towel, in a diaphanous scarf, in the nude. "She was great—witty and delightful," Stern (Continued on page 62)
woman
personified...
She was a coquette.

a love goddess—
with humor

Marilyn says. Marilyn, in turn, was truly delighted when she saw the negatives from the sitting. (You can see for yourself why this was so by looking closely at the prints of those negatives that we've reproduced for you on these pages of *Photoplay*—and on our cover.) "She posed because she wanted them printed; otherwise she wouldn't have posed," Stern says. "There was some question at *Vogue* about eliminating the whole section after Marilyn died. But we felt that this would be unfair to her. She posed in the way she did, when she did, because it was her wish to. And not printing those final pictures of Marilyn would be denying her wish."

"I want the world to see my (Continued on page 97)"
a woman of the world...

a little girl lost forever!
This is not a story of politics. It is a love story. It is the story of Patricia Nixon and the day she watched helplessly while her man moved in the total darkness of defeat.

Pat Nixon waited alone for her husband to come home. She sat staring at the huge TV set a few yards away from her. The set was off now. His face was no longer there, nor was his voice. The picture of her husband suddenly pushing his way through the surprised mob, muttering, "It has to be said and I'm going to say it!"—this was gone now. Instead she stared at the blank TV. And only blank glass stared back at her.

Yet she could not forget the face. Her husband's. So confident only two nights before... so sallow and sick-looking only a few minutes ago. And his voice—she could not forget that either. The voice which two nights earlier had said to her, "We're going to win, Pat. I know they'll vote for me. They trust me. They believe me...." His voice, that same voice which then, only a few minutes ago, there, right there on that TV in front of her, had bitterly conceded the election for the Governor of the State of California. His State, his beloved State, where he had grown up as a boy, where he had lain in that little wooden bed in the tiny house in the tiny town of Yorba Linda and dreamed of traveling to far-off places and of big things to come, where he had studied so hard, where they had met, and fallen in love, and married, and had their children born to them; where they'd struggled for a while—he the young lawyer and she the young lawyer's wife and secretary. The State whose people they loved and whose people had loved them once... not so long ago, not so very long ago... when they'd elected him first to the House of Representatives of the United States, and then on to the Senate, and then on to the second most important job in the U.S.—the Vice-Presidency. And now Pat knew (Continued on page 102)
SANDRA DEE TELLS
WHY I'M AFRAID
TO SHOW MY BABY TO THE WORLD

(Please turn the page)
SANDRA DEE
continued

PHOTOPLAY’S roving correspondent, Fred Robbins, called on Sandra Dee in her Drake hotel suite in New York while she was there to publicize “If A Man Answers,” the film she did with her husband, Bobby Darin. Fred and Sandra had a long talk, and she gave him her own story of her special fears, the true reason why she is afraid to show baby Dodd Mitchell to the waiting world—why she’d like to, why she nevertheless will not. Sandra is a great believer in the old-fashioned kind of marriage. In an old-fashioned marriage, the husband is the undisputed boss of the house and a good wife would no more dream of crossing him than a patriotic citizen would of disobeying the laws of the land. But let Sandra tell it in her own words. . . .

The fact that there are no pictures of my son, I get knocks—and you wouldn’t believe this—letters written to me in magazines saying, “Dear Sandra, Please show a picture because the world thinks he’s deformed.” Now, I’m sorry, but God forbid, you don’t say this about a little young baby. Problems like this have to cause arguments, because I have a different point of view than my husband. I say, “Photograph him.” And Bobby says, “No.” He is the boss of the house; I must say this. Openly he is; I’m not ashamed; I’m proud of it. I know that my husband must be head of his family, if we’re going to have a family.

Compromising—in the little things it’s easy for me to do. It’s in the big things—and I don’t want to bring them up, personal things—that it’s harder. And I fight like cat and dog, three and four times a day. We explode for three seconds, and then it’s over. I don’t say we’ve never had a fight, or that we’ll never have another fight. I fought yesterday with him, over the phone. Now I haven’t even seen him in ten days, and I can still fight with him. It’s amazing.

We made up two seconds later, and it’s all over. Now, I’m glad of this, because there’s nothing that’s bothering me. I can go to sleep at night not worrying because I’m harboring some kind of—you know, some people keep it inside; I’ll never have an ulcer, I know that. I love Bobby, I’m very happy, I know he’s very happy. He is head of the family, I must say that when I first got married, I leaned on Bobby like I used to on my mother. I’m not an independent person, yet. Now, yes. Since the baby, I’ve had to become one, because Bobby can’t have me leaning on him, plus the baby. In big matters, yes; but not in everyday little things.

In the beginning of my marriage, that’s exactly what it (Continued on page 79)
THESE STARS ARE NOT AFRAID TO SHOW THEIR BABIES

1. Bing Crosby and son Tex
2. Carol Lynley and daughter Jill
3. Eartha Kitt and daughter Kitt
4. Horst Buchholz and son Christopher
5. Shirley MacLaine and daughter Stephanie
6. Kathy Crosby and son Nathaniel
Said Troy, "Love is the word yes, the phrase, I will, the promise, I understand. Love is when everything and nothing makes sense. Take Suzanne Pleshette. I made love to her all day.

(Please turn the page)
TROY and SUZANNE

continued

long . . . embraces, caresses, kisses, till our lips hurt. Everything I had hoped for happened—but nothing happened. When the shooting was finally over for the day—we were filming 'Rome Adventure'—I asked her if she would have dinner with me, later, about eight. She agreed, but with a peculiar smile. I said, 'That's an odd smile. Just exactly what does it mean?'

'She said, 'Oh, nothing. It's just a smile.'"

Troy admitted to us in this exclusive PHOTOPLAY interview that he thought about that smile all the time he was dressing for the date. And he recalled just how long her smile had been on his mind; in fact, that was what had attracted Troy to Suzanne many months before, when he had first seen her across a crowded store . . .

"It was the day before Christmas. As usual I had left most of my shopping to the last minute. I was squeezing my way between customers in a Los Angeles department (Continued on page 94)
Their best friends will tell you: The violent agreement that both Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette have felt about so many little things is likely to culminate in a serious agreement at the altar. Even though they had insisted for a long time it was "nothing," even though they kept dating others, once they started rehearsing that love scene for "Rome Adventure" — and rehearsing and rehearsing it—they could tell it meant the beginning of something important. Bigger than both of them. They've tried to be wise and play it cool, but when Troy had to go off to Hawaii — and Suzanne followed—everyone expected wedding bells.
Her career was launched on a pad of innocence. Respectability has always been her orbit. Only her friends know there is another Shirley Jones!

At Shirley Jones' last party, three guests jumped in the swimming pool and two poodles got drunk on champagne. Shirley admires people who are uninhibited enough to strip to their underwear in someone else's living room on a hot night and then go searching for a vacant swimming pool. And she once walked off the set of a multi-million dollar movie to take a helicopter ride with a friend who had never flown one before. She is a daredevil—a "good girl" who had to become a prostitute on the screen to win friends and influence people. Despite this, she goes to sleep at 9 P.M. and wakes cheerfully with the California sparrows at 6 A.M. She breakfasts ritually on orange juice, eggs and bacon before anyone else in Bel Air—including her husband—is even turning over in their dream-tossed sleep.

Shirley was nineteen when she came to Hollywood as Laurie in "Oklahoma." Plump and pretty, she looked like a picture postcard out of the nineteenth century, and she was (Continued on page 99)
DAVID NIVEN'S
By Mister N—Himself!

And what tales! Read this mad, wonderful story and then tell your friends about it! Who says a good Englishman has to be dull?

All my life I have suffered from what practically amounts to a pathological inability to say “No.” I can’t say “No” to film scripts I don’t like. I can’t say “No” to people who ask me out to dinner even when I know perfectly well that I’m going to be in China on the day they suggest. I can’t even fire anybody. I once had a Japanese gardener who used to steal my vegetables and sell them to the neighbours. The only way I ever lost him was when our crops went off and he left for greener pastures. This inability to say “No” has landed me in some strange situations. Once, to my own surprise, I heard myself agreeing to make the film of “Macbeth” with me playing Macbeth. And you can’t get more ridiculous casting than that. I went home and told my wife, Hjordis, who said that this time I had gone too far, and I must call up the producer immediately and put a stop to it. So, I called him up and (Continued on page 84)
Proportioned in width and depth as well as length.
Yes, now Kotex napkins come in 4 proportioned sizes so you can select the one that meets your special needs. Each has the new moisture-proof shield.
That's why nothing protects quite like Kotex.
Continued from page 68

was. Now that I'm a mother, I think I'm less selfish; that's the main thing. I think I really am less spoiled and less selfish. They say when you're married you become one, it's not "me" anymore; it's "we." I didn't find this true, I really found it came finally true when I had the baby. Because now I say, I'm happy, which has never been like that with me; I've never been like that before. I've always been "I" first, and now it's the baby and Bobby first. And it's only since the baby that I realize this.

I think mainly now, for my son, for our son, to keep him sensible and to go to public school, these things kind of get something different. Every mother wants the best for her children. He will have the best, I know this, because we live very well, thank God. God's been very good in that respect. We do live well. We work very hard sometimes, but we do. We have a crazy kind of life, and unfortunately we don't get to do things that most people do. I'd like to have a place to go to. If you go to a public place, you're known. We've decided now, we just don't go. It's more simple than getting into a hassle there. My kid's got a rough road ahead of him. He has a doubly rough road, because he has parents who are in this business, and are well known. His friends are going to read about this parent—true or untrue. They're still going to read about them. It's going to be kind of hard to go up that road straight, but I guess God really balances it out. He will have a rough road because of his parents, and yet he will have the material things of life more than most, let's say, "average" people.

Bobby's influence

The friends Bobby and I have together—there's not one of them in show business. The people that we pal around with are people actually that Bobby has grown up with. I've never really had friends before: I was working, I was the only child at Universal who went to school. Bobby has grown up with these people. They are friends because they work with Bobby; one is his conductor, the other is his arranger, his manager. They're all young people. These are the people that we're with constantly.

When I read about Bobby—before we were introduced—I hated everything he said for. I never met him but I had read articles on him. And I didn't like him. He was to me still cocky and brash, I didn't realize that it wasn't cocky and brashness, actually; Bobby has a great honesty. He's never lied to a publicity man. He's not afraid to announce to anyone any kind of reporter: "I will not have a picture taken of my son, I will not talk about my wife." This is what he believes in. He's often condemned for it.

There's a way to say "I don't like the color black." You can say, "I prefer blue," or you can say, "I hate black." He says, "I hate black." Unfortunately, he should have been a little bit more diplomatic, maybe. Not changed his basic ways. A little more diplomatic. Instead of saying "I don't like your dress," maybe say "I've seen you look better." He can't color anything. Since he married they say he's more mature, because I think, he's learned to be a little more diplomatic. And I try to say, "Oh, honey, you shouldn't have done that. You know they didn't mean anything by it." Because he loves me, and he's out with me, let's say we go to a party, he won't do it because he knows it hurts me. And he will not change his way of looking at things, but I think he's a little more diplomatic. And I think I've learned to be a little less afraid to open my mouth. Which, as I said before, kind of rubs off on another.

Bobby won't tour Europe now. The baby's too young to visit Europe because of the milk and water and all, and now it's no more getting into a car like we used to and going; it's the baby to nurse, the bottles, the crib, the dogs to make him happy. It's all a whole entourage, all revolving around him. I want another one this year. Bobby'd be shocked, but I do.

Still, I enjoy working, which is why I'm doing it. It's a pleasure; it's a kick; it's fun. I don't know what I ever did before I was married, I really don't. I don't know what motherhood is. I'm not married, because that sounds like a state of being or change or something: I should say, "before I met Bobby" and had the baby, I don't know what I did at night; during the day I know very well: I was always busy working. But, after six, I don't know. I don't ever like to see plays any more without him. Really, I have no ambition. He's the one that gets the fun. I don't know if I can be happier; I haven't been out of the hotel.

Bobby's marvelous in one respect—and I guess a lot of people reading some magazine, whatever kind of press they read, wouldn't believe this—but he's never objected to anything that I do or wanted to do, as long as it makes me happy. I'm not that "giving," yet. I'm still a little selfish, because I said, "You want to go here." Even though he really does want to go very badly I can still say this. If I say, "Bobby, I want to do this, I want to go here,"—"if he's free for the evening, if he doesn't have to go to a club—of course, I don't say that he'd leave his work—he'd go, because he knows that it makes me happy. He would never say "quit"; not in a million years! (This untruth has nothing to do with his own opinion) and he'd rather cut his right arm off than give his opinion to me. And there's no truth to those stories that he's a "little dictator," making me sit there when he's working—oh, God, none.

This separation, this is the first one in two years of marriage. And it is the last, I say, very matters-of-faith, because it is. We understand each other have separated this tour. It's been bearable because we agreed to it. A promise is a promise.

Of course, we've had more rumors of split-ups and divorces—which everybody in this business has. Now I take it in my stride; I don't get upset. This is not a problem to us any more. Publicity-wise, it only gets worse. This is Bobby's, that here—Bobby's traveling on one coast, and I'm on the other, it's kind of difficult. He misses the baby terribly. The baby's with me because I'm in one place for two weeks.

Advice to young marrieds

You add all these things with two young people married only two years, adjusting to one another. And there have been a great many things that have to be ironed out; but they're not anything unusual, really. Two young people adjusting— I think that everyone who has ever been married or hopes to be married should realize that it isn't all roses; because it sure ain't.

For instance, Bobby was brought up almost without any money whatsoever—in fact, they didn't have money to buy one new thing. And whether he is older than I am; much more mature. He went to a regular school, I was the opposite. I never went to school. I had money. I had a tutor.

And these two people get married. I knew Bobby only six weeks before I married him, actually. And we were married, and here we are. I'd never been away from my mother. He'd never been around only one steady girl, really. He used to date all the time.

He has worked for what he's got; and, boy, he sure appreciates it. He is my stabilizer. Which is why we're good for one another, I think. We're opposite. So very opposite it's not to be believed. I think there isn't one thing we really agree on—apart from the fact that we both love the way to raise the baby. But it's good, in the sense that all his sensibility, and being stable, and knowing where he's going—I bring the little bit of nuttiness that he needs. Don't think that he's a real nut, or a kook. He isn't. He's basically not: he has such basic values that you know—a man of forty doesn't have them yet; actually, he's that kind of a guy. I can't be a little boy, I've learned to accept some of Bobby's ways, and kind of grow a little older. I think it's very good; it's been good for me, I know that. I love him very much. Although I don't like rock-and-roll I listen to it because I know he likes it. He loves me very much. Although he hates roller coasters—I just love to go on them, he's going on with me.

We really usually eat in typically American restaurants. They serve a variety. When we're at home, I go with Bobby; I have to say it. He wins out. Because he loves food, and I don't, I mean. I eat because I'm hungry, but it doesn't matter that much. He appreciates what he's eating. I don't care to him in that department. But I think it's marvelous when you learn that you're doing something not because you have to, but because you love a person. And you're making him happy.

Career vs. marriage

As to my career, I've been without Bobby, and I've had the career before Bobby, and since him. And I know what's important. I really think I've learned this. I don't think I can combine both over a long period of years. I think eventually I'll kind of outgrow this phase of loving to work. I think when it comes to the point of having more children, of having the children go to school—this may be off the top of my head. I don't know; I haven't gone through it yet—I do know that if I
see something affecting my son, my future children, or my husband, there must be a stop. The baby didn’t ask to be brought here. He’s here; he’s living a life which is different from other kids. And Bobby must work; it’s not a question of who’s going to give up what. He is head of the family; he must work. I don’t have to.

But I won’t give up my career easily. I couldn’t just do it, so to speak, like cutting something off, a thread. It will be a long, hard thing for me to do. What I can say is, either the husband must be a bigger star, or the husband and wife must be equal. Now, I’ve been fortunate in motion pictures. There is a tally—whatever you call it, a “box-office”—and I’ve been fortunate enough for the past three years to be in the top ten. The only other woman I’ve known of in it is Doris Day. I’m in good company. Bobby, to me, is number one in the nightclub world. I am about as well known in a nightclub as, you know, Jane Smith across the street.

Star system

He is now starting motion pictures. He has done six pictures; he’s gotten a nomination as the Best Actor of the Year by the foreign press—I never even had that. I must say that I don’t think that will ever be a problem in our house. Fortunately, because I don’t think that a marriage can survive when the wife is the head of the house, so to speak; and she must be, if she is the star of the house. Unfortunately, I think that this business is a great farce; it’s a great make-believe, and you know you’re only as good, really, as the last picture you’ve done. That’s been said; it sounds corny. But it’s true. You’re only good as long as you can bring money in, and make money for a studio. It doesn’t matter, really, if you can bring millions of dollars in the box office, if you spend more than the millions you’re bringing in working. I guess one of the major things in this business is to have responsibility. Evidently a lot of girls don’t. I think maybe they never mature. It’s hard. And I find it hard also at my age, because I am taken care of by the studio. My make-up is done, my hair is done, and my clothes are done. If I need anything, they’re there to give it to me. It’s a great shock when that day—when it starts slipping. And yet, I haven’t come to it yet; I’m only twenty. But maybe by the time I’m thirty, it will happen. Now if you’re constantly having people doing things for you, and all of a sudden you find yourself not as popular, not as in demand, it’s a large shock. Because it isn’t a minority that—it’s not like most people have a mother that does this for them, and a father, and they get married and they learn. This is like five hundred people you work with—and I’ve grown up at Universal. I know them like I know my family. And when the day comes that I don’t bring money in, and I—let’s say “fired,” so to speak, it’s going to be a hard thing to take. I only hope I’m large enough—a large enough person—inside—to be able to accept it.

I do know that nobody else is going to believe that you’re good if you don’t believe it. If I can’t believe I’m a good actress, how can I ever sell me? You can’t sell toothpaste unless you really believe in the toothpaste. It’s funny. You can’t sell it believably. If you don’t believe in yourself, and have confidence in you, you’re not going to make anyone else have confidence in you. And that is the basis of this business; this business is selling the talent you have, the face you have if you’re modeling, or the figure if you’re doing fashions. It’s selling yourself. And you must have confidence in that person.

Divorce and children

You know, if I were unhappy, I would certainly get a divorce. I’m not saying I’ll never be divorced, because I can’t say it. I don’t know what is going to happen tomorrow. I don’t know how I’m going to change, or Bobby, or the whole world. I can never say this, Of course, divorce is very hard on children. But it’s worse to live in a house of discontent, of fighting, of quarrels and of bickering, yes. So you get a divorce, and you think it’s better for the baby.

Take Lana Turner. I know her well; I’ve worked on two pictures with her, and I’ve had a ball with her. I absolutely worship this woman as an idol of mine. She has been since the time I saw “The Postman Always Rings Twice,” and when I worked with her I was tortured the first day. She loved me and divorced me. Cheryl like anyone else in this world loves her children. The kid had a beautiful mother; she had to grow up with it. Unfortunately, the mother had one divorce, then two. The first is the hardest; it’s not her fault. The first is the hardest and unfortunately it’s very hard in this business, because they make a big to-do about it. Do you know how many fathers this little girl’s had? Through no one’s fault.

I’m from a broken home myself. It was much better for me, because I can remember quarrels. Fortunately, I had a wonderful mother, and she married a wonderful man. He was beautiful to me; he is my father. I don’t even know my real father, actually. My stepfather died. My mother never remarried. I was fortunate in that respect, that I only had one father whom I really remembered; and I was very young. But this kid’s had five, and it’s pretty harsh. And especially the way the whole thing came out, with Cheryl and the accident that happened. I hope my son would do it for me; if someone was hurting me, I hope he’d stick up for me, as this kid did.

I must say, I’m proud of him, my son. When I’m on a picture, I bring him to the studio; that I have to do during the day, because it’s impossible—I can’t go twelve hours without seeing him. When I’m on tour like this, I see him in and out, like now. I’ve only been gone since 11 this morning and he was with me. I had such an easy time carrying him. And I was such a happy person then. I was with Bobby all the time, and I knew my baby was going to be born soon. It was lovely. It was easy carrying him, and it’s lovely now.

I have everything I love: my career—I do love it. I do love my husband more, and then I love my son. —THE END

Sandra and Bobby appear together in U-I’s “If A Man Answers.” Sandra’s next will be “Tammy and the Doctor,” for U-I. You can hear the writer, Fred Robbins, with the stars on “Assignment Hollywood.”
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Continued from page 41

Elvis Presley

heard by some few adults and the guards. If panic had seized the thousands at that moment, Presley—and who knows how many of his fans?—might have been trampled to death.

Travel is another hazard. Recently a succession of plane crashes involving top entertainment personalities finally put an end to Presley's travel by air. Autos are almost as dangerous, especially in crowds. Elvis is still haunted by his friend Fabian's close call when screaming fans pushed their way through a police cordon and smashed Fabian's car window so hard that splinters of glass had to be removed from the Fabe's eye. A fraction of an inch one way, and Fabian would have lost his sight in that eye. A longer sliver of glass—and Fabian could have lost his life!

After all that, Elvis now moves about by train. Well guarded, of course.

"Only" a Crazy Person

Then there's food. Presley, who loves food, can only let his mouth water at the goodies sent to him in the mail. Who'd want to poison Elvis? No one, of course, except maybe . . . ? You don't take the chance when one bite might mean your death.

One unthinking friend of Presley's advised Elvis: "Why worry about it, El? Only a crazy man or woman would try to shoot you—or anything like that." What the friend overlooked so stupidly is that a crazy man's (or woman's) bullet is the only kind Elvis must worry about. Sane people don't kill.

But as we said, it's nearly incredible how calmly Elvis can take this closeness to sudden death, instant mayhem and assault without warning.

"I guess," he says, "that when I got the first death threat a few years ago I was scared. For a while I thought: If people knew I was scared they'd call me chicken. But now I know there's a big difference between being afraid and being a coward.

"Anyway, I got to live with this bit. Maybe it's what I've got to pay for all the breaks I've had in my life. You don't get anything for nothing. Other people have other things to worry about. Every one of us has some kind of problems. It's part of being alive.

"But enjoying life, having friends, having fun, learning about people, doing your job and trying to do it better than anyone—that's the side of living that makes it all worth while."

"If there are people around who don't like me, I can't help that. All I can say is that hate is a big waste of time, because there is so much in life to like and love. Heck, when you stop to think of it, there is so much it takes more than a lifetime to love everything you want to."

Elvis' pelvising doesn't make the headlines any more with hysterical cries of "Immoral, obscene and indecent."

"Not since the twist came in," observes Elvis with a big smile, "I guess I wasn't so awful after all. I may have been twisting a little ahead of the time, that's all. And that's good."

Considering all, Presley has been a complete disappointment to his detractors on many counts. "He just can't last," said Jackie Gleason in 1956.

In 1958, a judge stated from the bench that he "wishes Elvis Presley had never been born."

The hysterical scramblers of righteousness predicted all kinds of special hells for Elvis—and soon.

But Elvis is still moving and moving well. He's older and smarter and more skillful. He's not at all afraid any more. The most recent threat to his life wasn't the first nor, in all probability, will it be the last.

"I suppose," he says, "if they weren't threatening me the'd be threatening someone else."

Presley may have steady nerves over these promises to kill him, but some of his friends are apprehensive.

"First of all," says a Presley buddy, "you got to consider the pressure that lays on Elvis like a big rock. Just think about it! Suppose every time you opened a letter, every time you picked up a phone, somebody might be telling you they're going to kill you. How long can you stand something like that without coming unglued? When's it going to stop? Man, you live like that long enough and if you don't end up in a suede straight-jacket you got strength, and I mean strength, of character. I think Elvis has got that, but none of us is ever going to know for sure till it's all over."

"And with as many people out to get Elvis as they say there are—well, it only takes one, and it's the big blackout. Don't knock Elvis, He hasn't had it, he's having it and it won't quit!"

We discussed this friend's apprehension with Elvis. He thought about things for a moment and then said, "Well, there are some people who say they want to kill me. So it's nice to know that there are other people who like me enough to worry about me. Maybe it's that kind of worrying that takes care of me—that and having God look down and keep things safe."

We sought the answer to one last question from Elvis: Since threats of death are rarely faced by the average man, perhaps they resulted in a kind of thinking from Elvis that was also rare.

"Absolutely a special kind of philosophy. He shook his head.

"Nope," he said. "Of course, I hope no one of those people ever succeeds because I want to live. And I think I got a good reason."

"I want to live to be old . . . and remember a woman's love . . . and look at our children with her . . . and know in my heart that it's been a good life. Until then, I'm not getting myself killed."

—Tony Wall

See Elvis Presley in "Girls, Girls, Girls." Paramount. His next picture will be "It Happened at the World's Fair," M-G-M.
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continued from page 77

asked him out to dinner. And after dinner said— "Tell me, are you serious about playing Macbeth?"

He said indeed he was.

"I asked if he'd mentioned it to anyone else. He said indeed he had.

"So," I said, "and when you mentioned it, have you noticed that their jaws drop like a stone?"

He said now that I happened to mention it, he had. But I was going to do it, wasn't I?

"Oh yes!" I said. Hjordis was furious.

"In the end I had to call Sam Goldwyn, to whom I was under contract at the time, and get him to send a very abrupt letter saying that I couldn't possibly be released to do the film. So I got out of that one . . . very "chicken."

The fantastic Mike Todd

The one time I didn't even attempt to say "No" and never regretted it, was on my first encounter with the fantastic Mike Todd. The phone rang one Sunday afternoon and a voice at the other end said.

"This is Mike Todd. Come right over. I want to see you."

Normally I never go anywhere on Sundays, but as usual I couldn't say "No." So I got out the car and drove over to his place, fortunately having the sense to gather up my agent on the way. He came, but protesting about the ruin of his day off.

Todd was standing by his swimming pool wearing white bikini pants and a big black cigar. "I'm going to make 'Around the World in Eighty Days,'" he said.

"Would you like to play Phineas Fogg?"

Without hesitation I said I'd play it for nothing.

"Good," said Todd, "That's settled then." And dived into the pool.

On second thoughts I realized I didn't exactly mean nothing, though I discovered afterwards that there were actors, top stars, who offered to do just that after I had signed the contracts. So I dragged in my still-protesting agent, whistled Todd ashore, and got the money part arranged.

It took some months before the production got going, and for a while once it did, I began to think that Todd had taken my "do it for nothing" remark seriously. I had no pay for fourteen weeks and we all began to get a little disturbed.

We were in Paris at the time, and Todd said not to worry. Everything was under control. He gathered up his secretary, told her to wear a bright red sweater and parade on a corner.

For a while we all thought the worst, and that things must be really rough. But after she'd been there for a bit, a car drew up and a man climbed out and gave her a large suitcase. Opened up, it was full of brand-new, crisp banknotes. This performance went on in Spain as well, but none of us even knew where it all came from.

The script called for Phineas Fogg to go up in a balloon, and it just so happens that I'm sick if I look out of a ground-floor window. I told Todd that going up in balloons was out!

"Sure," he said soothingly. "We'll write it into your contract. How high off the ground are you prepared to go?"

"Four feet, six inches," I said firmly, "and if you go half-an-inch higher—I'll sue you."

"Anything you say," Todd said, and it was all carefully written into the contract.

I suppose I should have known better. Came the day of the balloon ascent and I arrived at the location to find the biggest crane in the world, 198 feet high, suspended over a two thousand-foot canyon.

"Remember my contract, Mike," I said firmly, keeping well away from the edge which was making me dizzy.

"Everything's fine," said Mike, "We got doubles."

Well, you could have fooled me. I looked at the doubles for Cantinflas and myself and thought I was seeing orangutans.

Cantinflas looked at them doubtfully. "They don't look much like us, do they?"

They certainly didn't. But I was sticking to my guns. "That's Todd's problem," I said.

Cantinflas, who is a very brave man and a Mexican bullfighter as well as an actor, said, "I think we'd better do it ourselves."

"I," I said, "will personally murder you if you get into that balloon."

The orangutans climbed in. The effect was ridiculous.

"Gee, boys," said Todd, with what looked suspiciously like a smirk on his face. "I don't think it's going to work."

Without a word, Cantinflas climbed in. That just left my orangutan. Todd still wasn't saying anything.

Well, what could I do? The whole honor of the Anglo-Saxon race was at stake, Todd was standing there grinning, surrounded by two thousand American extras.

"All right," I said. "I'll do it."

"That's my boy," said Todd. "Anything we can do to help?"

"Yes," I said. "Get me a bottle of brandy."

That scene was played, swaying over a 2000-foot drop, on the entire liquid nourishment of a bottle of Hennessey Three Star. It's probably the most drunken scene ever filmed—but it didn't show.

And that will teach me not to believe in odd clauses written into contracts.

Another time he landed me into playing a scene with some of Britain's finest stage performers.
arrived was all still was couldn't be just.

We did the scene with my dialogue written on bits of paper all over the place. Some of it was on the other actors' shirt fronts. I could mentally hear all of them muttering to themselves about "damned Hollywood actors."

Todd had the most fantastic methods of getting his own way. When we were filming the sequences when the dreaded balloon was floating gently over Paris, Parisians were standing about gaping at the pretty sight, and getting mown down by the traffic like flies. So the police said enough was enough, and arrested the balloon and the taxi that towed it.

Todd was livid. He still had one more shot to get with the balloon floating over the Place Vendome.

The police had mounted guard around the taxi with the balloon tethered to it, and I couldn't for the life of me see how he was going to get his last shot.

But he did.

He bought two taxis and their drivers and paid them to run into each other and have a terrible accident on the other side of the square. They were game for anything, the money Todd was waving around. They hit each other head-on with a sickening crunch. Every policeman for miles rushed to see what was happening, and as they ran, Todd signalled the driver of the balloon taxi which whipped away and with the camera turning, got the last shot.

What patriotism cost me

At one point in my career, after having been right at the top, I just didn't know where the next film was coming from. For eighteen months I really thought I was finished.

Up to a point it was my own fault. As a British subject—I still am and always will be, even though I live abroad—when the war started I became very excited about the whole thing, started to wave a sword wildly and took myself off to Britain to fight for home and country.

Finanically the whole expedition was disaster, though I'd do it all over again. Sam Goldwyn, to whom I was under contract at the time, was so annoyed at losing one of his stars by this foolhardy display of patriotism that he promptly suspended me—which meant no pay.

And I had to pay my own fare to Europe and back. Later, when America joined in the war, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, Ty Power, Clark Gable and other stars went into the forces and their studios continued to pay a portion of their salaries to their wives. But the Nivens never received a penny throughout the entire war.

I was away for six and one-half years, and when I came back Goldwyn insisted on taking up my contract where we had left off. I still had five more years to go.

I wasn't exactly happy about the films he was putting me in, and rebelled violently. And worse, I believed my own publicity . . . that I was God's gift to Hollywood.

So one day I stormed into Goldwyn's office, and demanded to be released from my contract.

He looked up and said—"Right, you're

Does your palm read "Romantic Rendezvous"?

Look at your palm. If your heartline reaches all the way across your hand, you'll know great love. (Crossbreaks mean heartaches.) Now look at the rest of your hands. Are they honeymoon soft and beautiful? Will they always be young hands—lovely to look at, tempting to touch?

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out. That’s as soon as you hit the street.”
I must say that I felt he had given in a little easily, but was still pleased to have my freedom until I found that other studios were not exactly breaking their necks for my services.

And then it began to dawn that perhaps all those publicity statements weren’t so accurate. I did one more film for Goldwyn, and he certainly got his own back. It was an all-time stinker, called “A Kiss For Corliss,” which I made with Shirley Temple.

And after that—Silence!
I work on the theory that when things are at their worst, that’s the time to do something really spectacular.
So one day I said to Hjordis, “Come on—we’re going on holiday.”

I packed her and the two boys up, drained my bank account down to the last cent, and went off to Barbados, where we had a wonderful time. I had every intention of selling the big house on Pacific Palisades when I got back, and starting all over again.

But it didn’t work out like that. When I came back I was approached to do a play on Broadway. Not that I’d ever acted on the stage in my life, but I was prepared to have a go. It seemed like a good moment for a gamble—win it or lose it.

Whalebone up my nose
It was a play called “Nina”—a French farce. So French it completely baffled the New York audiences who saw it. And my leading lady was Gloria Swanson, who had just had a huge success on Broadway.

I played the lover, Gloria was my mistress and Alan Webb played her husband. See what I mean? Typically French.

On the first night I made my entrance practically speechless with nerves. There was a gauzy and expensive first-night audience in front with friends like Rex Harrison, Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh who really knew what they were doing on a stage. That made me feel even worse.

Gloria Swanson at that time had a business interest in a fashion house. On account of this, she was allowed to design and wear her own clothes for the play.

She appeared wearing what I can only
describe as a tremendous black taffeta tent.
Shaken by this apparition and nervous anyway, I grabbed her to kiss her (part of the script) but grabbed too hard. She wasn’t easy to find under all that taffeta. There was a sort of twanging noise, and up from the front of her dress shot a length of whalebone—straight up my nose.
Not only was this disconcerting, but painful. It had gone so far I couldn’t disengage myself. Thinking hopefully that perhaps it didn’t show from the front, I tried to play the love scene, tears streaming down my cheeks.
Eventually my tip-toes managed to enclose mine, and there it was, yards of whalebone sticking into the air with Gloria quite unconscious of anything.
Desperately I pushed the runway back down the front of her dress and she squeaked. The audience, who up until then had sat in unbelieving silence, burst into roars of laughter.
But the whalebone kept bobbing up again. Finally, the only thing left to do was to pull it out completely. And there I was left with it in my hand. The only thing to do seemed to be to wave it triumphantly. The audience applauded madly.

The next evening, one New York critic said, “I understand from the programme that Miss Swanson designed her own clothes. Like the play, these came apart in the first act.”

Needless to say, “Nina” had a very short life and her demise after twelve weeks was merciful. And there I was facing the breadline again.

But fortunately for me, Otto Preminger had seen the play and must have spotted something in it that no one else did. Because he offered me the lead in “The Moon is Blue” and fortunately for me, that turned out to be a big success.

When things are at rock-bottom, they can only get better. Just before “The Moon is Blue,” Charles Boyer and Dick Powell suggested I might like to join them in a new television company they were starting.

I was keen, all right. This was something I could do. Something I could get my teeth into. I coughed up my share of the starting money—a total of $2000 I managed to raise, and we were away with a capital of peanuts—$6000.

We made a pilot for a series called “The Four Star Playhouse” and sold it to Singer Sewing Machines—and we were off. The trouble was, we hadn’t a fourth star, and at that time television was poison to film people. No one would join us. They were all scared of the enemy.

Finally Joan Fontaine agreed to do just one play, and we suggested to our sewing machine sponsors, very cunningly, that we had a different fourth star every week, and let the audience be surprised at what turned up.

Surprisingly, they fell for it.

Tears at M-G-M

We nearly all went berserk, rushing about, running the company and starring in scripts ourselves. We were making our films with a three-day schedule, and it was all something of a panic, particularly as we were short of money, but used to doing things on a typically colossal Hollywood scale.

About this time Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, sent for me. He was crying big tears. Louis always cried.

“David,” he said, “we are the studio that gave you your first test. We gave you the break. Now I hear you’ve gone over to the enemy. You’re making TV films. I beg you—not do it.”

Biting back the impulse to tell him I hadn’t worked for M-G-M for eight years, and that they’d never used me after that initial test, I said mildly I was very happy and intended to go on making TV films.

Mr. Mayer’s face hardened. The tears miraculously dried up. “Then you’ll never set foot again in my studios,” he said.

I didn’t for a long time, but then I did three films for M-G-M. Television is now respectable.

Actually, I’ve been fantastically lucky. I was fortunate enough to grow up on a farm, the next nearest town being ten miles away.

Hjordis and I have been together now for thirteen years. She’s Swedish; I’m British; we live in Switzerland with my two sons... true Internationals.

It’s a good life! I am very lucky.

—As told to Unity Hall

David stars in “55 Days at Peking” and “The Pink Panther” for United Artists.

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ROCK HUDSON

Continued from page 58

club comeback. Marilyn was miserable without Rock. "When I got to New York, I was so lonely for her," she confessed. "I spent the first night in a Broadway movie theater watching his current film, 'Lover Come Back,' for the fourth time.

Right on schedule, just as he had promised at the airport when they'd said goodbye, Rock's flowers and telegram arrived at the club on Marilyn's opening night. He'd also said he would phone.

Therefore, as Marilyn confided to Louella Parsons, "I hurried back to my dressing room after the first show. Everyone was there, but no phone call. At the second show I heard several of the early birds squeal, 'Oh, here's Rock Hudson, and although I'm near-sighted I looked and couldn't miss that tall, handsome character. It made my evening perfect.'

He looked right back at her, naturally. And what this "handsome character" saw through his bashful brown eyes was a tall, lithe blonde beauty with refined features, expressive eyebrows, glistening teeth and lively eyes, her breath-taking figure exotically in a white sequined gown with long fringes, her soft-long hands and arms covered by long white gloves.

But to merely label that look they exchanged (near-sighted or not) as "friendliness" would be to make the understatement of the year. And to call the kiss he gave her after the show "friendly" would require an immediate drastic alteration in the dictionary. Yet it was just after that look and that kiss that Rock informed a newspaperman, "We're just friends."

Okay, okay, you say, but opening nights and hospital stays are unusual and sometimes bring forth unusual actions. But how about their everyday behavior?

Rock Hudson hates gossip and does his darnedest to keep his private life completely private. Yet, when the romance stories about him and Marilyn started, he didn't flip and he didn't hide. In fact, he didn't seem to care. As Marilyn recalls it, "I said to Rock, 'Do you mind'? 'Not if you don't,' he replied."

Rock Hudson shies away from publicity hoopla and personal appearances. Yet, when he returned from making 'The Spiral Road,' Dean Martin (who was home sick there and wrote to Marilyn regularly) agreed to attend a "Come September" party if Marilyn would act as hostess. She said okay and he came to the affair and they both had a great time.

The following week Marilyn asked him to take her to a block party promoting the "Bulwinkle sheeps." She explained that he didn't have to go unless he really felt like it, that it was okay with her if he said no. But Rock interrupted her with a "Definitely." They went together, danced on the sidewalk and had fun. Rock Hudson tries his best not to involve his mother and step-father or his friend girls' families in publicity. Yet, as columnist Earl Wilson of the N.Y. Post reported, "Rock Hudson and Marilyn Maxwell just made a secret visit to her home town, Fort Wayne, Ind." N.Y. Journal-American columnist Dorothy Kilgallen added, "Soon after that, Rock introduced Marilyn to his folks in Winnetka."

Rock Hudson can't stand phoniness. Of Marilyn, he says, "She's a real ball. Nothing phony about her."

Marilyn's un-phoniness was never better demonstrated than on the first date she had with Rock after her separation from husband Jerry Davis. Almost any other girl probably would have hidden her eyeglasses in her purse for the evening, but not Marilyn. She not only wore her glasses, but she frankly admitted to Rock that she couldn't see her hand in front of her face without them. Rock just grinned and pointed to his own large curved glasses which he needs because he's getting nearsighted (on-screen he sometimes wears contact lenses).

On their next date did they go to a swanky Hollywood luxury restaurant like Chasen's or La Rue's or Pertino's? They did not. He went up to her apartment where he met her five-year-old son, Matthew, and she cooked dinner.

Now for some answers to our second question: Why are they stalking and what are they scared of?

First, let's get one thing straight for the record. Rock and Marilyn have been going together off and on for thirteen years, with time out for him to marry and divorce Phyllis Gates, and for Marilyn to marry and divorce Andor McIntyre and then Jerry Davis. (Her first marriage, a war-time "quickie" romance with John Conte, barely lasted a year.)

The first time Rock and Marilyn dated was in 1939. That was when she was a famous radio star on the Bing Crosby show; a "must," by popular GI demand, on Bob Hope's entertainment junctures for the armed services; a recording favorite and a film celebrity—and he was a handsome nobody. But he spent a small fortune (of borrowed money) to impress her.

Free to date

A couple of years ago, when both were free of their respective marital bonds, they went out together again, one night. Ever since they've been dating steadily. But so far, no wedding announcement. For that matter, no engagement. Marilyn has said, "I love Rock dearly. We've been going together quite a lot, but that doesn't
They've both been burned

As for Rock, except for his variations on the "We're just friends" theme, he's not committing himself.

One reason why both are going to the altar is that they both have been burned before by their marriages in the past. At the beginning of his marriage to Phyllis Gates, Rock said, "I like being married—especially in winter when the days are short, when it grows dark early and there are lights in the house and coffee on the stove and a fire in the fireplace and steps to walk up the hill."

But after the lights of love had gone out and it was all over between them, a changed, embittered Rock said, "I can't tell you how painful it is to be living with a person you used to be in love with, and then having both of you discover that, for whatever reason, you aren't in love with each other anymore."

"When I was younger—twenty-one—I married John Crompton on a Winter weekend," Marilyn says. "My mom told me not to, but I was bound and determined to start out on my own. Well, that marriage was a bust."

Next she married Ander McIntyre, a prominent Hollywood restaurant man (she was in love with Ander when she first dated Rock in 1949). Today, looking back, she explains the failure of that marriage by saying, "I think I rushed into marriage because I wanted to get away from my mother. My mother was determined I would be in show business from the day I was born. You live in enough hotels and out of enough suitcases, you begin to long for a home. I got sick of it. I got married."

"When I discovered that marriage didn't necessarily mean having a home."

About her last marriage Marilyn says, "I met a guy named Jerry Davis on a blind date, flipped for him and we got married. I guess I was still home-hunting and trying to get away from mother. We stayed together seven years. I don't know exactly why our marriage broke up. We had a lovely baby. Maybe he's five of now."

The other reason why Rock and Marilyn are reluctant to tie the knot is that they're both the products of broken families. They both want children. "I'd like a lot of kids to make up for being an only child," Rock once said. "A boy first, after that it doesn't matter, as long as it's a big family." Yet each, as youngsters, had to helplessly watch their parents split up.

Marilyn's experience is again almost a carbon copy of Rock's. In discussing her seven-year marriage to Jerry Davis she says, "It wouldn't have lasted that long if it weren't for our son, Matthew. I come from a home with divorced parents, and I wanted to make every concession so that my child would have a home atmosphere to grow up in." But it didn't work.

Not against marriage

Yet there is a brighter side to this black picture. The mutual fears and failures that prevent Rock and Marilyn from taking the giant step to the altar are the...
very same elements that drew them together and keep them together now.

Marilyn, for instance, puts their "unhappy childhoods" background in a different perspective when she says, "Both of us come from broken homes, and we're entitled to whatever happiness a great friendship may bring."

Rock, echoing Marilyn, says about marriage, "I'm all for it. I can't be sure on marriage, for as a way of living it has too much in its favor. Certainly in my own family I've had an example of a bad marriage followed by a good one. My own mother had two unfortunate experiences before she met and married Joseph Olson, to whom she's married now. And the experiences she had with Roy Scherer (my father) and Roy Fitzgerald (my stepfather) seem only to underline her current happiness. If mother and Joe can be so happy and have such good times together, why should I rule out another try at having a good marriage?"

Marilyn, as if directly answering Rock's question, says quietly (as if she were talking about someone she was not romantically involved with), "Knowing him as I do, I think he'll get married again."

He says he's ready to get married again; she says he's going to get married again; and according to one reporter, "They're genuinely fond of each other, Rock is a fine pal to her son of a previous marriage, and their friends wouldn't be at all displeased to see them wind up Mr. and Mrs. "

columnist Louella Parsons says, "I'll bet Marilyn and Rock will get married."

And even Marilyn's ex-husband, screen writer Jerry Davis, says—as recorded by Dorothy Kilgallen—that she will "walk down the aisle with Rock Hudson."

But the final question still remains: When are they going to take the plunge?

The inside scoop on this is provided by N. M. Parsons, who personally knows Rock:

"Rock Hudson has been pricing wedding rings for the third finger, left hand of Marilyn Maxwell," she reveals, and goes on to say, "I never really believed these two would marry—it seemed more like a friendship of convenience. I've changed my mind."

Looks like wedding bells—and soon, downtown? Perhaps even before this article gets from typewriter to printing press. Rock is the sort of fellow who takes a long time to make up his mind, but when he does (remember his no-announcement, no-advance-waring elopement with Phylis Gates), wow!

—Jae Lyle


Continued from page 47

And self-pity, he wastes emotional energy in dredging up bitter childhood memories, in recounting his fight to make a dollar, in denouncing Hollywood for ignoring him for so many years when success came to others so sweet and easy.

You can show him a hundred stars who made it the same way he did, who climbed the ladder rung by painful rung, but he still wants to know why Hollywood had to make it so hard for him—Vince Edwards.

"He's a funny guy," says one of his friends—of whom, incidentally, there are many in spite of his grim approach to life. "He's never happy unless he's complaining. It's time to forget how tough it used to be—it's good now and that's all that counts, But Vince can't forget. He broods."

He sat there, thinking of Vince brooding about his poverty-stricken childhood among the Brooklyn tenements. And how Vince said, "I remember black fire escapes running across dirty gray buildings."

And, "All the women seemed to have been born gray, and the men were never young." And how he, Vince had rickets from malnutrition. But he recovered and grew up a hefty kid after all. An athlete, even.

Isn't money everything?

"Why can't he be happy?" his friend burst out. "Most people want to be happy—but Vince keeps hitting himself over the head with what's past and buried. What a pity, what a waste of success! If ever a man should be bubbling with joy, he's the man."

There's no doubt that Vince Edwards has plenty to be happy about, if he'd let himself go. He's making big money. He has all the fame and adulation he dreamed of when he first came to Hollywood and got nothing but a big pushing around. Things are certainly different now. Vince earns $5,000 a week for "Ben Casey" and that's just the beginning. He gets 10 percent of the show's net profits. He makes personal appearances. There are all those juicy merchandising tie-ins that could happen only to a star whose personality has so fantastically captured the public imagination.

There are deals whereby he'll make TV films for his own corporation. And above all, if he hadn't hit it big as Dr. Ben Casey, who knows if he'd have been tapped for the star role in "The Victors"—fine actor though he is. Of course he was a fine actor before he became a TV doctor, but no one paid him $150,000 for one single picture, as the producers of "The Victors" say.

"But those are the facts of Hollywood life," shrugged another friend of Vince's. "When you've got it, they give you more. When you're a star, they all want you. The tough part is making it to stardom. Vince finally made it and we're all happy for him. Everybody's happy—but Vince. He's still sore because it came so hard."

He shrugged again. "I suppose eleven years of being practically ignored can bite deep into any man."

Ahner Greshaler, Vince's agent, makes a happy prediction for his star: At the rate Vince is going, within a few years he'll have a million dollars "free and clear."

Then he can do anything he wants. He can retire before he's thirty-five and live off his capital. Or he can make only the pictures
of his choosing. He can turn his back on the hard-working doctor who made him rich and never do another “Ben Casey” segment in his life. (As a matter of fact, Vince gives himself another three seasons as Ben Casey, and then he’s through practicing medicine. “I’m interested in maintaining my health and sanity,” he explains.)

So what’s his problem? A man in such a fortunate financial position should be happy and grateful. Can it be that money isn’t everything?

Vince’s friend, “I know, and all his pals know, he’s got a sly humor that’s delightful—when he’s in the right mood. Too bad he isn’t in a good mood often— he’s a great guy, actually. But most of the time he only shows a grim, surly face around the studio. A real Ben Casey face.”

“He’s a self-defeater,” says another chum—who may be hitting the nail on the head more precisely than anyone has yet. “You have to be a self-defeater to keep playing the horse games he does. And he courts danger, too—which is what worries his friends the most. He fools around with motorcycles and fast cars. Sometimes he drives like he’s testing his reflexes on hairpin turns. He waterskis recklessly. He’s got a real yen for physical danger. This business of lifting weights—it’s very dangerous if you slip. Once his foot slipped and brought a 220-pound weight crashing down on his back. He was Lucky that time—all it gave him was a chronic bad back. But he keeps doing it, and some day he won’t be so lucky. Then maybe he’ll be satisfied.”

“Look,” the friend said intently, striving to make a point, “trouble doesn’t just happen, you know. There are people who go looking for it till they meet it head-on. Then they holler loud and long. That’s a self-defeater.”

He told how Vince nearly did himself out of the Ben Casey role because of a fascination for racing cars. When Abbey Greshler wanted him to audition for the pilot film, he couldn’t find Vince anywhere. He finally hired a private detective to track him down. The detective traced Vince to a Malibu Beach track. They were cars—and finally found him there—under some sports car, tinkering with the motor for a friend. The detective hustled him over to James Moser, who was casting “Casey.” And the rest is history.

It is no secret that Vince is a heavy bettor on the horse tracks, and always was. Before his Dr. Casey days, this form of gambling kept him broke and when he was short of cash he’d borrow. Frank Russell, a Hollywood businessman who is suing Vince for $400,000—claiming Vince kept him from issuing two old Vincent Edwards recordings on which Russell would have made a pile—says, “Vince is about money. He must think it’s a privilege to lend him money.”

But that’s only one side of the coin. On the other is actor Duke Maxwell, who recalls that he once lent Vince $200 which Vince not only paid back, but with it another $50 “for back interest.”

And there is the funny—but sad story told by actor Don Peters about the time Vince and a bunch of jobless gym buddies drove from Hollywood to Las Vegas to try and make some quick money.

“Vince lost his last five dollars at the
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“...and to think of all the years I wasted using a monkey!”
He is also very demanding of his business associates, though in all fairness it would be said that many of his demands are for the benefit of his buddies, not himself. Jobs, for instance. He put his pal Ennie Goldberg on the show as an extra, and his gym buddy Ray Joyer as his stand- in. He wangled a hard-to-get studio parking space for his girl Sherry. He demanded, and got, an air-conditioned dressing room right on the set, plus two private homes and a desk for Goldberg, who doubles as his secretary. He also started arriving late, displaying temperament and bowing out at times without knowing his lines.

By demanding these star-status symbols, Vince is lashing out at the world in anger or having been rejected so many years. When his demands are met, he's reassuring himself that he's a Somebody. Every time he has to be satisfied and soothed, he feels used and wanted. Not exactly a goodguy's way—but Vince's. And when he surrounds himself with old buddies, while it's true he's being loyal and providing jobs for men, he's also assuring himself of adulation, sympathy and protection from a hostile world. He's suspicious of new faces on the set. "Who are they?" he'll immediately ask. His friends suspect that he suspects new people may be a process server in disguise, or someone seeking to collect old gambling debts—the gamblers' nightmare.

He'll be 'hexed!'

As a result of all this, Vince is affable rather than friendly. He tries to parry threatening questions by throwing in wise wacks and irrelevancies. In this way he keeps people on the outside, he doesn't let them come too close. Possibly, like Sinatra, Barrow and Garbo—lumers all—he's afraid. Perhaps, deep down where he doesn't even recognize it, Vince doesn't feel he deserves his starring success. He's afraid to be envied for it, afraid he'll be 'hexed.' So he keeps new people at their distance. But he's missing out on a great human experience—the utter delight of making new friends.

And that's a pity. It's a crazy world he moves in, anyway. The separation between real and unreal is thin, it's hard to know where one leaves off and the other begins. When he makes personal appearance, people clutch at him and beg to be cured of ailments. Or they tell him their symptoms and ask what to do for them.

"I don't know what to tell them," Vince confessed in a Look magazine interview. "I should say, 'You booby, I'm an actor, not a doctor.' But I can't. You never can say what you think when you're a star, or fear of offending your fans." But he all this with the same "the shoker of all," and it must certainly add to his tensions, because basically Vince is honest and forthright. He's not a fake.

If Vince would only leave his "injustice collector's" scowl to Dr. Ben Casey's face—where it belongs—and come out from behind a smiling Vince Edwards, he'd be happier man. And so would all his friends, who really like him and wish him well.

—CHRISTOPHER PAUL
store, I had a girl gift to get and there wasn’t time. As I came to the sweater counter I heard, above the holiday-shopper noise, a loud voice demanding that ‘Christmas tags should be sold with products.’

“It wasn’t until I got close to the counter that I could see what was going on. It was Suzanne.

“She and the salesgirl were having a beautiful argument. The salesgirl was explaining that gift tags were sold at another counter way over on the other side of the store. Suzanne pointed out that it was Christmas, thirty minutes to closing time for the store, she was already late for an appointment and how in the world could she ever get the tags for two hundred dollars’ worth of gifts.

The beautiful argument

Suzanne’s jet black hair was beautifully mussed, her cheeks were burning, her eyes were on fire and her lips were alternately quivering and going straight. The salesgirl just kept eying the store clock as she sighed and shrugged at Suzanne’s problem.

Finally Suzanne accepted reality as she always does. She walked off, her arms loaded with gifts, but without gift tags. She was about four feet gone from the counter when she turned and with a beautiful smile said to the salesgirl, ‘Oh, Merry Christmas!’ The girl looked at her, not believing.

“I shared the salesgirl’s surprise. Suzanne really meant it! After going hot and heavy in a big argument Suzanne had walked four feet and forgotten everything. I remember saying to myself, very casually, ‘I’d like to meet that girl.’

I said to the salesgirl, ‘I’d like to see a—’

Suddenly, not knowing what I was doing, I was half-walking, half-racing after Suzanne. I caught up with her just as she reached her car. All I knew was that I wanted to meet that girl that evening more than Christmas, and I was ready to go to any lengths to make her acquaintance.

“It was one time when I was glad I was an actor. I said, ‘My name is Troy Donahue and I’d like to know yours.’

Suzanne stared at me for a moment as though I was insane. She told me a long time later that she didn’t know whether to smile or snarl, and I quote.

‘Just your phone number so I can call you,’ I said.

‘It’s in the book’, she said. ‘Pleshette.’

Okay.

‘I could have hopped up and down on one foot with pleasure. Thanks, Miss Pleshette.’

‘Oh, hy the way,’ she said, ‘that’s the Manhattan phone book. not Los Angeles. I don’t have the phone anymore. And it’s listed under my father’s name. Would you like to meet him, too?’ Joking, of course.

“Brushing off the banter I replied, ‘To only important thing right now is how reach you by phone.’

“Suzanne shrugged, ‘All right, if that important I’ll give you the number.

“So you see,” Troy concluded, “Suzanne and I met just as millions of guys at malls have met, at a casual encounter public.” He took a quick sip of coffee “Funny thing,” he said quietly, “I new did call Suzanne. I don’t know why except that after thinking it over I decide that Suzanne had given me the number to be polite and to get rid of me.

Fate steps in

“Later the next year my director sa

he was about to audition three new act

to play opposite me in ‘Rome At the moment’ He mentioned two names an

then he added, ‘And a girl named Susa

nn Pleshette.’ I couldn’t say anything o

 course—it wouldn’t have been fair to th

 other two, but you can bet Suzanne ha

 the loudest silent rooting section. Sh
got the part.

“We started to work on the picture Naturally I had delusions of an easy timen

ating Suzanne. After all, we were work

ng together. But that’s all we did, wa

work—together.

This went on for weeks. Suzanne wa

busy or too tired to date. Oh, we lunc

together, talked shop, but no seriou

ating.”

That is, until the day of the love scene

“You might not be interested,” Troy tol

us, “In knowing what happened that eve

ning. We had finished dinner. What di

next surprise Suzanne, I guess.

had nothing on the table. I leaned in, sh

ished to her, ‘May I kiss you?’

Suzanne told me a long time later that s

was tempted to laugh then, to kl

about a line like that. But there must ha

been something in my tone of voice to t

tell her that, for me, it was serious.

‘So she said,’ But Troy, you’ve been ma

ing love to me all day on the set.

‘I asked her again. ‘May I kiss you?’

‘She was all right at me and after a moment she said, ‘Of course.’

“There must have been a hundred diners present. I didn’t see one of them.

We both leaned over the table and kissed. I suppose you’d think that under su

romantic circumstances that should have been the start of an intense love affair.

He took a deep breath and continued, ‘I don’t know whether I can say this ri

right or not, but, Wou—’

no, let’s put it this way. Every man hopes to meet and fall in love with a woman who, to

him, means his life. Some men find such a woman early, some late, some never. Bu

whether that decisive moment comes soon or late, men and women, still searching,

must have some kind of a close relation

ship. It’s more than friendship, and maybe a little less than love. I think it’s o

one of the most important relationships in a young man’s life. And yet there is no

name for it.

“Anyhow that’s what began the night I kissed Suzanne, and that’s what it’s

been ever since, almost a year now. I date Suzanne more than any other girl. I care

for her deeply.

“The other night a buddy asked me if

I wasn’t afraid things might get serious

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Continued from page 72
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Troy leaned against the soft leather Upholster this restaurant booth. There was a thinking smile on his face.

"A romance," he said, "must be founded on something. What I mean is that love, the true love a man feels just once in his whole life for the only woman in his life that ever really matters, must be based on something other than a flir-
tatious wank.

"Don't misunderstand," he added quickly, "a romance can start with a sly eye from each, but I've seen many a couple who go steady, get engaged, the get married and get divorced, the only thing romantic that ever happened to them was that they bumped into each other in an elevator.

"Neither of them could let go of this story-book beginning. They both decide it's fate, destiny, Kismet. If they'd view the incident without emotion they'd real-
ize that the only thing that really happened was that one of them simply wasn't looking where he was going.

"You because you go bump, presto, they're star-crossed lovers. I shouldn't kid about that so seriously," Troy grinned then, "because it was exactly that kind of incident that introduced me to Suzanne!

"I have not asked Suzanne to marry me. Sometimes I feel that one of the reasons is that I might be turned down. But Su-
zanee and I both realize that underneath all the gaiety and frivoly that takes place around a wedding, the sudden re-
ality that faces a man and a woman after the ceremony, comes as an emotional shock to each of them, no matter how much they love each other. You can't live one way one day and live a completely different way the next without having your character and personality shaken in so many ways that you can't anticipate all of them.

"These are some of the reasons we don't go steady. We don't want to com-
mit ourselves. We keep our perspective by dating others. But we don't forget each other. Suzanne remembers much better than I do.

"A few weeks back she called and said she wanted to swap cars. I'd drive hers and she'd drive mine for a few days. Agreed. When I got my car back I dis-
covered, about two blocks from my apartment, why Suzanne had switched. I hap-
pended to hit the horn button. Four blaring trumpet tones came out sounding like Louis Armstrong on his wildest night. The horn scattered pedestrians crazily.

"After regaining my composure I real-
ized what had happened. When we were in Italy I remembered mentioning to Su-
zanee that the horns I had heard on an
Italian Ferrari were the greatest.

"Somehow Suzanne had managed to get a set. She had them installed while she had my car.

"When I saw her that evening she gave me that mischievous smile of hers and asked, 'What's new?'

"That's the kind of girl I go with," Is it a romance, is it a love affair?

Troy shook his head.

"It may sound wiseguy but I don't
know," he said, "We're not engaged; we've made no plans to marry. What is it when a guy and a gal become close
friends? As I said before, there's no name for it. There should be.

"When I hear people say that I'm hav-
ing a romance with Suzanne I don't know what to say. Neither do I Suzanne. We
date often. We laugh and quite frequently at ourselves. On a date we might spend the time at my place with the record player, on a drive along the ocean, at a ballet, a movie, a play, a party or just conversation over dinner and coffee. I enjoy being with Suzanne and she en-
joys being with me and I'm damn glad it's that way.

"We've both got careers. We've worked hard and we both know what we want, personally and professionally. If, in the future, Suzanne feels we suit each other exactly the way we ought to—well, maybe we'll take it from there.

And it looks as if they have taken it from there. Troy had to be in Hawaii to film background for his series, "Ha-
awaiian Eye," and they missed each other so much that Suzanne flew down to join him for a few weeks. Now from what we hear from the island, it looks as though the next agreement these two have will be a "Yes" at the altar. —ALAN SOMERS

Troy sleuths in "Hawaiian Eye," ABC-TV.

Tuesday, 8:30-9:30 EST. His next film will be "Palm Springs Week-end," Warn-

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— 96 —
body." This was Marilyn's wish at the end of her life, as it had been from the beginning, when she was plain Norma Jean ("The Human Bean," as her playmates called her), a thin, gangling, rejected, scared child with a nervous stutter, "I used to dream," she later wrote, "I was standing up in church without any clothes on, and all the people there were lying at my feet on the floor of the church and I feel with a sense of freedom over their prostrate forms, being careful not to step on anyone.

A dream of nakedness, a dream of freedom. She was six when she first had this vision of escape and of power, and, as she explained years later to writer Maurice Zolotow, "My impulses to appear naked had no shame or sense of sin in them. I thought I was doing something people would admire and admire me, because I was ashamed of the clothes I wore. Naked, I was like other girls and not someone in an orphan's uniform."

To be pretty, to be admired and desired, to be like other girls, to be loved and not ashamed: this was Norma Jean's dream. In life, as in her dream, it was to be bare—clothed, partly clothed and unclothed—that was to bring her closer to happiness and yet, at the same time, keep her further from fulfillment.

**Her first sweater**

When she was twelve—as she later recalled—"I was going to Emerson Junior High and one of the girls in my class made fun of a dress I was wearing. I don't know why kids do things like that, it really hurts. Well, I ran home crying."

But the next day she was back at school in a borrowed white sweater (a size too small for her) and with make-up on her face for the first time. "My arrival in school, with painted lips and darkened brows, in the white sweater, started everybody buzzing. When I walked into the room, the boys started moaning and groaning and throwing themselves on the floor."

The lure of her body got her lots of dates ("The boys knew better than get fresh with me. The most they ever got was a good-night kiss"), and a husband when she was sixteen. Right after her wedding, she and the groom went to a night club to celebrate. When she returned to their table after joining other patrons and the entertainers in a hip-swinging conga line, her husband, Jim Dougherty, snapped, "You made a monkey out of yourself!" Four years later they divorced. Dougherty, recalling the period she spent with him when he was a physical education instructor at the Catalina Island U.S. Merchant Marine base, says bitterly, "She knew she had a beautiful body, and she knew men liked it. She didn't mind showing a little bit of it."

Norma Jean got a job in a war plant, but even her drab work clothes weren't able to hide the body beneath. "Putting a girl in overalls is like having her work in tights, particularly if a girl knows how to wear overalls," she said.

Army photographer David Conover came to the plant to shoot morale-boosting shots of pretty defense-workers, which were to be distributed to GI newspapers, and happened upon Norma Jean. He took pictures of her, and the lab man who developed the prints said enthusiastically to Conover, "Who's your model, for goodness' sake?" Army men all over the world, when they saw the finished photos in Yank, Stars and Stripes and camp newspapers, shouted. "Wow!"

So Norma Jean became a model, mainly for "girly" magazines; and her body (sometimes they printed her face, too) was featured on the cover of five such publications in one month alone in 1946. A Hollywood studio had tried, through a stack of such magazines, kept seeing her picture. That's how Norma Jean was called for her first screen test.

As a startet, during the years between 1946 and 1951, she made sure that she showed her body whenever and wherever she could. It was all she had, really. Her name, Marilyn Monroe, was not her own; her hair, the platinum she'd dye her objections, was a color she despised: her face, changed and rearranged by every trick and device known to the beautician, belonged to Marilyn Monroe, not Norma Jean; her talent—well, as the studio people kept saying, it was "potential"; and her intelligence and sensitivity—the man she was married to, Freddy Karger (now married to Jane Wyman), told her, "Your mind isn't developed. Compared to your body, it's embryonic."

If her body was all she really had, then she'd really use it. Not sexually to advance her career. Biographer Zolotow quotes one producer—and says he represents all the be-nice-to-me-and-I-can-help-you men who chased Marilyn during this period and never caught her—as saying, "Marilyn never slept with a man who could do her any good." But she'd use it professionally to advance her career. To make it enticing, inviting, exciting, she exercised forty minutes at the start of each day. To develop her breasts and keep them good and firm, she'd end her exercise period by running up and down the bellies extended above her head. She'd cleanse and perfume and pamper her body—even if that meant being late for a dinner date at eight o'clock.

"Eight o'clock will come and go and I will remain in the tub," Marilyn once wrote. "I keep pouring perfumes into the water and letting the water run out and refilling the tub with fresh water. I forget about eight o'clock and my dinner date.

"Sometimes I know the truth of what I'm doing. It isn't Marilyn Monroe in the tub but Norma Jean. I'm giving Norma Jean a treat.

"After I get out of the tub I spend a long time rubbing creams into my skin. I love to do this. Sometimes another hour will pass, happily. When I finally start putting my clothes on, I move as slowly as I can...."

"Cheese-cake" art to advance her career. "The yummiest 'cheese-cake' pictures I ever snapped," said one photographer.
after a successful session with Marilyn. Hip-swishing to advance her career. The Marx brothers were looking for a sexy blonde for a non-speaking part in one of their pictures. "Actually, it was just a walk-on, but the walking was important," Marilyn said. "Groucho asked me if I could walk in that way to make smoke come out of his head. I told him I never had any complaints. I walked across the room and, when I turned around, there was smoke coming out of Groucho's head.

Trying to act sexy to advance her career, Arthur Hornblow, the producer of "The Asphalt Jungle," recalls today how things went at Marilyn's audition for the role of Angela in the film. "She was trussed up and laced up and badly got up," he says. "You see, she had heard we were looking for someone very sexy, so she had come accordingly, overemphasizing her figure. I was very, very, very, Hollywood at its very worst had produced this girl who came into our office, this absurdity, this little nervous girl who was scared half to death. We heard we wanted someone sexy, so she dressed as a cheap tart.

"And yet Huston (John Huston, the film's director) and I liked her right away."

The public loved her when they saw her in the picture. Her sexiness vibrated right out of the screen and electrified the audience. Miraculously, even the women responded to her, for Marilyn Monroe had the rare faculty, on and off the screen, of kidding her own luscious sexual magnetism at the very moment when she was turning it on.

Marilyn's body had made her a star. "I want the world to see my body."

"Clash by Night" was in the can and set to be released, and she was just about to make "Don't Bother to Knock" when news leaked out to the studio that a nude calendar for which she had posed years before had been released, and that it revealed her naked behind in the rent, and the money, fifty dollars, had seemed like a million, was about to be circulated, of all things!

She told the truth

The studio was upset and Marilyn was upset. The studio heads advised her to deny she'd posed for it. Marilyn, after consulting with her friend Sidney Skolsky, decided to tell the truth, even though it might mean the end of her career.

But of course it didn't. When the story broke in the papers ("Oh, the calendar's hanging in garages all over town," Marilyn was quoted, "I don't deny it? Besides, I'm not ashamed of it. I've done nothing wrong."). the public couldn't wait to see her on the screen. As Zolotow puts it, "The nude calendar established Marilyn firmly as the epitome of the desirable woman of her time, and from then on, no matter how fully dressed she was on the screen, the audience couldn't help but see beneath the cinematic image, the naked Venus."

Marilyn's body brought her fame and fortune, but it did not bring her happiness. It attracted to her a second and a third husband, Joe DiMaggio and Arthur Miller, but the fact that they had to share her body with the movie-going public helped drive them away. The final frustration for Joe DiMaggio was probably when he stood in a crowd of 4,000 or lookers in front of the Trans-Lux Theatre on Lexington Avenue in New York and watched the shooting of a scene for "Seven Year Itch," in which an air blast from the subway grate kept sending his wife's skirt flying under her head. "I shall never forget the look on the director's face," Billy Wilder says. The final indignity for Arthur Miller was probably when he escorted her to the London premier of his play, "A View from the Bridge." His wife wore a bright red strapless evening gown that was more revealing than hers. "She was a lot more modest," in the words of the Associated Press, "Marilyn Monroe's close-fitting dress turned the London opening of her husband's latest play into a near-riot."

As time went on, especially after "Bus Stop," the critics began to recognize that in addition to her obvious "flesh impact" Marilyn possessed a rare, acting talent. But Marilyn herself, in spite of all her stated intentions of wanting to be "great actresses," never believed it.

Voice vs body

Marilyn Monroe's body was never more exciting than it was that night at Madison Square Garden when, ensconced in a flesh-colored Jean Louis gown, she appeared at President Kennedy's birthday tribute. But the sweet, scared little-girl's voice that sang "Happy Birthday" was Norma Jean's.

Marilyn Monroe's body was never more exciting than it was that night at the studio, a few months later, when, refusing to wear a flesh-colored bikini ("I'd rather do it in the nude," she said), she splashed around naked in a swimming pool scene, revealing her calendar-girl, 37-22-35 figure. But the frightened, trembling mind that stayed away from the set of "Some-thing's Got to Give" on other days because "nobody wants me, nobody loves me, nobody cares"—was Norma Jean's. Marilyn Monroe's body was naked when they discovered her, an apparent suicide from an overdose of drugs, in her bed at her Hollywood bungalow. The features of Norman Jean, lying face down, were pressed into and hidden by a sheet. Later, a studio makeup man, a studio hairdresser were to give both face and body the illusion of life, as they prepared the star for her farewell appearance, her funeral.

Her obituary. Perhaps some of Clifford Odets' words in Show magazine are most appropriate. "It has often been said of Marilyn that she had an ugly display of her figure. Wouldn't it be kinder to say that she hoped if you looked at her body you might not scrutinize her face too closely? Her face that was not quite as grown up as she wanted it to be? Many another, much less insecure, goes vising with his girl in hand when he is not sure he will be welcome at a friend's door. Perhaps Marilyn's lovely shape was the little gift she brought, hoping that it would please you if nothing else about her did."

Her lifelong dream, her final wish, her last will and testament, her enduring legacy: "I want the world to see my body."

—Jim Hoffmann
SHIRLEY JONES

Continued from page 74

contemptuously dismissed as "that empty-headed farm girl." Six years later she won an Oscar as a slut in "Elmer Gantry" and after that she’d get pinched on the thigh and asked to "tell me where you got the experience to play that prostitute, Lulu Baines."

Actually, Shirley is neither character. But as one producer who has worked with her says, "There's a helluva lot more of Lulu in Shirley than there is of Laurie."

She grew up thousands of miles from Oklahoma, but her childhood was the essence of small-town America. Even her name conjures up pictures of vanilla ice cream, home cranked; of watermelons on summer picnics; of pale blue ruffled dresses and ghosts on Halloween. One wonders whether Rodgers and Hammerstein were not perhaps subconsciously influenced by the superstitions rightness of her face and her name.

There were 800 people in Smithton, Pa., including the three Joneses. Grammar school was a three-room schoolhouse with three grades in each room. Shirley walked home for lunch each day, went barefoot all summer, learned to swim in the Yauger River.

"Dinner was at 5 P.M. every weekday for ten years. Every Saturday I washed my hair and every Saturday night I went to the movies. After church on Sunday we walked home to the big weekly dinner of chicken and homemade noodles.

"Anyone in the world would have bought my children and I wonder if it would be better for them in this complicated world in which they’re going to live."

She was a responsible child, pleasant and well-mannered, filled with the "solid security of being an only child and having no competition. I even then was ferociously strong-willed. (As strong-willed as Lulu Baines who was seduced, betrayed, locked out of her father’s house—and never even thought of begging to be allowed back.) And so she was spanked every day by a strong, determined mother who eventually despised of teaching her equally strong Shirley moderation in anything. She was the first kid chosen for all the boys’ sandlot football and basketball teams. She could outrun, outshoot and out-tackle any boy in Smithton—until they finally grew tall enough to throw the ball over her pretty little head.

Prim—but oh, my!

At that point she graduated to other "sports." Anything that was considered too dangerous by the others was her first choice for an afternoon’s fun. She went skiing without skis, jumped off any walls, trees or houses that were tall enough to scare everyone else. She drove too fast down every rutted country road within fifty miles of Smithton. And at eighteen she went alone to New York to become an actress.

Then—as now—her appearance was deceiving. Today the voluptuousness has disappeared, but the fancy clothes remain, conveying an illusion of sweet simplicity. As a result she shocks everyone who has gotten to know her more than superficially.

She loves to argue—sometimes merely for the sake of arguing.

"You look so sweet," said one angry actor a few months ago, after Shirley had demolished the with a flood of statistics. "If I ever had believed you were so—so damn opinionated!"

She loves to dare—sometimes merely for the sake of daring. When she was in Kentucky, filming "April Love," the cast spent one Saturday at a horse show, Shirley was fascinated by a white stallion so spirited his own jockey couldn’t control him. When the show was over, she trailed horse and jockey to the parking lot.

"He’s beautiful," she said. "The most wonderful horse I’ve ever seen. I’d give anything to ride him.”

The jockey hesitated. "Do you ride?” he was asked.

"Yes.

"Do you ride well?"

"Terribly, terribly well."

The jockey found it impossible to refuse. As soon as her feet touched the stirrups, the stallion lunged wildly. There was no place for him to run in the parking lot, so he plunged against Cadillacs and pick-up trucks, then desperately jumped across a small foreign car. By the time he managed to bring the horse under control, the producer of "April Love" was leaning, white-faced, against his rented limousine, and the jockey caught hold of the stallion’s bridle with shaking hands.

Of all the people in the parking lot that afternoon, only Shirley Jones was not afraid for Shirley Jones. She slid casually out of the saddle even though her arms and legs were covered with bruises that would not disappear for weeks.

"Anything you can do . . ."

She has a cocky confidence that would seem more natural in Marlon Brando or Dr. Ben Casey.

"I’ve never failed at anything," she says. "I’m strong, realistic and efficient. I have great stability and security. Few things can rock me.”

She has just started to take tennis lessons. Within a few months she expects to be playing well. "When I get out to do something," she says, "I usually accomplish it. I know I’ll be good at tennis.”

Her days are spent in the wholesome trivia of living. She bathes one-year-old Patrick; she takes four-year-old Shaun to the supermarket; at the supermarket she compares can sizes and prices in a search for bargains.

Although she has a gourmet’s taste in bizarre friends, she makes no attempts to imitate them. She delights in the company of people who have no inhibitions about mountain climbing at 4 A.M., but she is content to remain a "day" person.

From childhood she has liked to be awake at the start of a new day. "To me the morning is so exciting. Night is nothing except the end.” She still does not quite understand why her husband—who

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likes to stay up until 3 A.M. even if only to watch television—feels that night is the beginning.

She cooks her own meals and takes care of her own children. The multi-bedroomed house in Bel Air is a long way from Smith-
ton. The tables are topped with marble, their pedestals covered with gold rosettes. The sofas are thick with orange and green velvet. A marble urn overlows with artificial grapes. Everything is gilded and ornate. Yet much of what fills the house in Bel Air are dreams and responsibilities that began in Smith ton, Pa., where chicken was served every Sunday.

“My father was a sweet, marvelous, human being,” Shirley says. “He was a giving, sunny man whom I adored. All of my fantasy comes from him. On summer afternoons he would take me to a double feature. Then we would walk home for supper. After supper we would go back to another double feature. My mother is a very strong woman. She hates movies,”

Shirley laughs. “I really think that, to her, one of the worst things about my being an actress is that she feels she has to go see my pictures. All my ideals and my strength come from her. My parents complement each other, and I inherited the good from each of them.”

Implicit in her voice and in a nervous motion of her hand is her one worry—what effect a less sheltered childhood will have on her own sons.

“Becoming a prostitute gave me status in my professional and private life,” she says. “After Elmer Gantry I was lionized. People who would never talk to me before invited me to their parties.”

She shrugs. “I’m not afraid of leeches. I’m a good enough judge of character to know if someone is trying to use me. But the children are too immature to discriminate, and people have already started to try to use Shirley’s in ‘The Music Man.’”

RICHARD BURTON

Continued from page 52

of rather topsy-turvy happiness begin for them. Because they were happy years—1949 to 1961. Richard earned a good deal of money. (He once said, amazed. “Just think of it, but for this film alone I’m earning more money than my family did in 400 years!”) He shared much of that money with his family. (Says Sis: “He is the most generous boy alive. He has given all of us, his brothers and sisters, things we thought we would never see.”) Says cousin Dillwyn: “You can’t shake hands with him to say goodbye that you don’t find a fiver for you where his hand was a moment before.”

He bought himself, among other cars, the Rolls-Royce he once dreamed of. (A favorite story in Taibach concerns the time Richard showed the handsome gray automobile to his near-sighted dad. Dutilly, they say, Old Dick got up from his chair, looked through the window at the Rolls outside, squinted and said: “You say that’s a car, Rich? It looks to me more like a bloody boat!”)

Two daughters were born to him and Sybil. (Says a friend: “When he says their names—Kate and Jessica—they come out like signs. He adores those children. He bathed them, fed them—adored them.”)

“I nearly died laughing!”

Professionally for Richard (Sybil retired from theatrical work shortly after Kate’s birth)—the years were magnificent, artistically and financially speaking. There were more films. There was more stage work—including, in 1951, a triumphant debut with the old Vic Company as Hamlet, that Danish prince Rich had first gotten to know on that hill back in Taibach.

There was, in 1952, a trip to New York (scene of his old RAF pub-crawlings) with the Christopher Fry play The Lady’s Not For Burning and an award for the most promising actor of the year on Broadway. There were other honors. And the beginning of long friendships. (Such stalwarts of the British theater as Laurence
Hollywood? Disappointment?

Those first Hollywood years were a disappointment to him. Partly, there was the disappointment that he felt in himself—since he found himself growing fonder and fonder of the money he was earning, and accepting parts in pictures he didn’t really give a damn about.

Partly, too, it was an egocentric disappointment in the fact that—aside from “The Robe” and a picture called “My Cousin Rachel” (for which he was nominated for an Academy Award)—he was failing to cause much of a ripple among the fans, the top-flight producers, even among his peers. (Jean Simmons once said of Richard: “It’s strange, but he doesn’t have the appearance of a movie star. No one ever stops him to ask for an autograph.”)

And inside him now were planted, it seemed, the seeds of a yearning—a yearning not at all peculiar to most anybody in show business, a yearning to become what is known in the business as a top star, a world renowned personality.

Meanwhile, however, Burton worked away at whatever parts were given him.

The next few years passed. He returned to London from time to time to do a play. He visited Sis and Dillwyn and his other friends and family in Wales when he had a chance. His heart, in fact, was always close to his home.

In the summer of 1956, for instance, on hearing of the death of Dillwyn’s dad, he wrote—from Los Angeles—this letter to the widow Dummer:

“Dear Auntie Margaret Ann.

This is a brief note to tell you how deeply I sympathise with you—I have just heard from Sis of Edwin’s passing. There is no need for me to tell you how very fond I was of him. A kind and generous man always, and he was always so good to me when I was a little boy. We will all miss him very much. Tell Dillwyn, who is like my brother, that he has a brother’s sorrow and sympathy. I’ve thought of you all so much in the last two or three months—I know in my heart that Edwin wouldn’t last the year. Don’t bother to reply to this. If you need anything let me know at once. Sybil sends her sympathy and love. As ever and in deep sympathy, Richie.”

Then a few more years passed. And then, in 1959, came the first of the two great prizes of Richard Burton’s career.

The first was the offer to play King Arthur in the Broadway musical by Lerner and Lowe: “Camelot,” which he did play, magnificently. Thanks to his own great flair for this kind of regal role. Thanks too, to his old schoolmaster at Dyffryn Grammar—D.H. Burton—who had also come to the States by this time and who had taken over the reins of the show when Moss Hart, the musical’s original director, was taken seriously ill during out-of-town tryouts.

The second great offer, which came about a year after the opening of “Camelot,” was the role of Marc Antony in the picture they were planning, “Cleopatra.”

The great goodbye.

The night was September 16, 1961. The place: the Majestic Theater on New York’s West 44th Street.

Richard Burton played his last performance in “Camelot” that night. When the curtain was up for his solo box, the audience went wild. They clapped. They cheered. Whistled. Some cried. Some rushed to the stage and reached over the footlights to touch the robe Burton was wearing.

At a backstage party following the show, every big name in New York theater circles was there to congratulate him and wish him well in Rome, with “Cleopatra.”

Richard thanked them all, made his usual jokes, kept pouring the champagne and “thanks, thanks, thanks,” he said.

But to one of the well-wishers, towards the end of the party, he said these words:

“This is the big chance of my life, you know. The entire future of Richard Burton depends on what happens from here. They have to talk about me now. Else all is for nothing.”

The day was September 17, 1961—the following day. The place: the so-called celebrities’ lounge at New York’s Idlewild International Airport.

Richard was a little bleary-eyed from the farewell party the night before, stood in the center of the lounge—scotch and water in hand. Sybil and his two daughters at
Dick Nixon

Continued from page 64

that it was all over for him, her husband, her Richard. It needn’t have been this way. Not really. He was still young, only forty-nine. He was still so brilliant, more brilliant than ever—in her eyes, at least. He was still a man who could fight, give a good fight, as good politicians and statesmen must. She had seen him fight. He’d heard him. And she knew. She knew... She had been near him, proudly, in Moscow, when he’d told Mr. Khrushchev where to get off... She had sat next to him in Caracas, proudly, in that long black car, when the stones and the spit had come flying, with the Communists shrieking “Go home! Go home!” When he had turned to her and said, quietly, “If anything happens to us, it’s only our two daughters I worry about. The rest—whatever it is—we must endure for our country...” She had sat two yards away from him, proudly, that lonely afternoon back in 1952, in Chicago, in that dreadfully large and lonely television studio, when—according to accepting $18,000 in illegal campaign funds, deserted by too many of their would-be friends, his name all but erased from the Eisenhower-Nixon ticket—he’d said to a nationwide audience: “I know that this is not the last of the smears. In spite of my explanation today others will be made. And the purpose of the smear is this: to silence me, to make me let up. Well, they just don’t know who they are dealing with... I intend to continue to fight!”

And he’d been a good fighter since then. As he had always been.

Until today; until a few minutes ago. When he’d gotten tired... suddenly. Tired of campaigning. Tired of fighting. Tired of trying to win. Tired of losing.

Tired of being unloved by the millions—who once loved him. Tired of being more and more kicked around by those who hated him, who’d always hated him.

“Suddenly,” Pat thought.

“So suddenly it hit him, ...”

Why, they left the house together the morning before, to vote. And he’d been beaming, like a little boy off to school about to take a test in his best subject, one he was sure he would pass with honors.

And now, a few minutes ago, a little more than twenty-four hours later, she’d sat watching him on the TV, and she’d listened to him. And the look on his face had shocked her, and the bitter words he spoke had pierced her heart like tiny and unknown little blades.

“You newsmen,” she’d heard him say, “I know how happy this has made you—my defeat. I might say I wish you had given my opponent the same going-over you gave me.”

“For sixteen years, ever since the Hiss case,” she’d heard him say, “you’ve had a lot of fun. You’ve had an opportunity to attack me, time after time. But,” she’d heard him say, “you won’t have Nixon to kick around any longer. Because this, gentlemen, is my last press conference.”

And now it was over, Pat knew. Politics. His career in public life.

And now she could only hope, as she sat there shivering for him, that the agony and hurt her husband had been enduring—so quietly, as was his way, but so intensely—would be over, too... Most wives who love their husbands, who have endured the heavens and the hells with their men, come to think and feel almost exactly as they do after a while, that is.

And Pat Nixon was no exception.

Though she had rarely spoken with Richard about the press, about the majority of reporters and their written treatment of him, she too felt deeply in her heart that they had been unfair to him.

She didn’t know much about journalism. For a girl who’d been born in a cabin in the town of Ely, Nevada—population less than a good fistful of corn seed—she’d

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tended the university, he'd stood in the middle of the local football field, about to address a rally, and he'd turned first to his wife and whispered, "My biggest thrill is to finally get a chance to stand in the middle of this field... after having warned that bench over there for four years in college." And then the time when, a few weeks later, immediately following the Nixon Fund address on TV, as she and Richard got into their car to await Ike's decision whether to keep him as a running mate, and a big Irish setter came bounding up to the car wagging his tail, he'd turned to her and said, "Well, at least we got the dog vote tonight!"—and how they'd had their first laugh in a week at that.

Pat thought back now, too, to something she'd once heard about her husband, from a Senator. She'd assumed that Pat was standing within earshot; "I hate that Richard Nixon. He's a pusher. So pushy. About as modest as Perle Mesta's Easter bonnets!"

And she thought now—as then—how wrong this woman had been, and the others who thought like her. And she thought: She knew, she knew, she knew, she knew, and loved was a modest man—had always been, would always be. . . . Like the time, again when they were courting he'd said to her, "I know there's that other fellow who loves you too, not more than I, but loves you anyway: and if you think, Pat, because he's rich and better-looking than I, that he means more to you than life—well... ." And like the time, years later, two days before the Eisenhower nomination, when they were walking down a Chicago street and they saw a newspaper with a headline predicting an Ike-Nixon ticket, he'd said to her, "Lend me a quarter, Pat. I'm going to buy five of these papers. Because this will probably be the last time we'll see a headline like this and I want to be able to show it to our grandchildren." Like the time years after that, when Eisenhower, then President, lay near death following a serious heart attack, when Richard Nixon's critics were whispering how he was probably rubbing his hands in the privacy of his home—and had indeed been at home, with her, saying to her, "I know he'll recover. I've prayed enough for that along with millions of others. My only hope now is that he recovers sufficiently to continue the wonderful job he's been doing." And how a few minutes later when Tricia, their daughter, then nine, said to him, in her most serious and asked, "The President isn't going to die, is he, Daddy?" he had answered her, with tears in his eyes, "No, He's going to be all right. We must pray for that, dear. More and more. That the President is going to be all right."

Pat thought back now to 1948, the Hiss case. This had been Richard's first real victory.She remembered, sitting next to two reporters' wives in the rear of the Congressional Investigations Room that final day of the trial, when the final verdict against Alger Hiss was brought in. And she remembered one of the reporters wives saying to the other, "Get a look at Nixon. That smug smile! The smug—!!"

"Richard had smiled that day, that moment. After all, a win is a win in any man's language. But she remembered now too how that same night, when sitting alone with her husband at home, after he'd turned down an invitation to go to a party and do some more public smiling, he had said to her, not smiling but fiercely—very seriously—"I experienced today, Pat, a sense of letdown which is difficult to describe or even to understand. It's not a pleasant picture, I guess, to see a whole brilliant career destroyed before your eyes. But this, tragically, is the way it happens with some in life. And this is the way it happened with me today.

"There were times these past months when," she remembered him going on, "I was mean to live with at home. Thank goodness for that good strong coffee you'd make for me as soon as I'd walk in the door. The pressures were great. It was a tough case, tough to prove that this man was lying... . But, mostly, I tried to keep my temper, to keep from going half-cocked at times. And I think I succeeded.

"I think, too," he'd said then, "that I would have kept my temper even had I lost this case, The point of greatest danger for an individual confronted with a crisis, I realize now, is not during the period of preparation for battle... . nor fighting the battle... . but immediately after the battle is over. Then, completely exhausted and drained emotionally, he must watch his decisions most carefully. Then there is an increased possibility of error... because he may lack the necessary cushion of emotional and mental reserve which is essential for good judgment."

Pat remembered these words of his now, spoken sixteen long years ago. As she did, she stared again at the blank TV and she remembered the face of her husband, a little while earlier as she had seen it on that TV—completely exhausted, drained emotionally.

She remembered what he had said and how he had said it. "Well, you've had your fun, gone through... . This is my last press conference!"

She knew that a million words would be written in a thousand newspapers and magazines criticizing her husband for that little speech. She knew that his political star had probably fallen once and for all with those words. She knew he would be called sore-loser by some, crybaby by others, much worse names by still others; that he couldn't sympathize with a tired and disappointed man, would stop to say eight good and nice words about a man who had served them so well and for so long.

She cared for a while about this. But then, slowly, Pat Nixon found herself not caring. For she sat there then and she found herself thinking: "He is my husband. He is the father of our daughters. We love him. He has always been a good man. A brave man. Today, to us at least—to us—he was a brave man for saying what he felt was the right thing to say."

And then she continued sitting there... waiting for her husband to come home to her. And she thought how, when he did, she would take his hand and lead him into the kitchen and make him some very, very strong—very, very strong—very strong coffee. Even, silly, to talk about... and how she would make some good strong coffee for him.

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DICK CHAMBER-LAIN

Continued from page 43

he will have given me so much that I can still be his friend.

"We go to the beach, we go to the theater, we go to my house and have dinner. Dick and I were going out that night. Dick phoned me after rehearsal and said he was on his way to pick me up. So I said, 'I still have the kids, so why don't we eat here?' He came over and the four of us are sitting there having dinner and in the middle of a bite Dick drops his fork and has hysterics. Wouldn't the magazines love to have a picture of this!' he laughed. We still kid about it. He'll come up to the house calling, 'How are you, Mother? Papa's here!'

Tall, quiet and shy

"How did we meet? It was in a tiny room at the studio of my singing teacher. Caroline Trojanowska. Seven or eight of her students were rehearsing for a Christmas program. I had a solo, 'Cantique de Noel,' and I was giving it everything I had—but even so, I was aware of a tall, quiet boy in sneakers, Levis and a white dress shirt with rolled-up sleeves. He was quietly singing his part and I noticed I always stood in back of the others, not to the side, and I thought 'Hmmmm.'

"The night of the Christmas program—at a woman's club—I caught a glimpse of his backstage—so scared he was fit to be tied. There was tension around his mouth, his hands were damp—he was quite panicuird. I wondered, what kind of singer is this? I'd been singing since I was five years old. I majored in music at Glen-daile Junior College, I've sung professionally and I had no idea that some of the others weren't professional singers. Now, sensing this boy's tension, I walked up to him to talk a bit and put him more at ease.

"But just then something very queer happened. I was wearing this green chiffon cocktail dress and I happened to glance down—and there were all strange spots right across the middle of it! I let out a horrified scream.

"'I wore this dress on a USO tour,' I told Dick, 'and we were out in the sun a lot and I guess the humidity...' I couldn't go on. I was in tears.

"'But I'd always called it just looks kind of iridescent.' And he gave me a smile—well!—it was the smile that has melted TV audiences all across the country, only we didn't know it at the time. What I think happened was that I'd come up with a problem, so it made him feel a little better.

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A few minutes later we were on. We did the ensemble stuff and then he sang his solo, "More I Cannot Wish You." He just stood there with his hands quiet, and his voice—not really letting it go, but just enough so you knew how great it could be. And the second it was over, he beat it out of the room before the words were finished.

"It was a year before he asked for a date. This time we were rehearsing for one of Caroline's shows, 'Potpourri.' We'd finish rehearsal and then three or four of the kids would go somewhere to eat. I knew Dick was up to something because he was always running—he seemed to've been born to run before he was an actor—he was testing for 'Kildare.' I also found out he was dating Vicki Thau. Myself, I was dating a man I'd been going with for five years—and I might've married him if my career hadn't pulled me away from him.

"After the opening of 'Potpourri' (before an audience of about eighty interested friends), there was to be a cast party. Dick took another fellow and me in his little Fiat. As he slid in and out of traffic he asked me about an engagement I had coming up at the Statler, and when I suggested that they come down some night and catch the show, he gave me a big surprise. 'Let's do that,' he said to the other guy. 'I'll arrange to get you a date.' Obviously he had a date—with me. He just took it for granted.

"That double date never did come off. Just Dick came to the Statler. He was working on 'Kildare' by then and was caught up in a mad rush of activity—but he came to my show, I saw him from the side curtain before I went out to sing. Then I was out there, singing 'An Occasional Man,' looking down at him. He smiled that Colgate smile of his—and I just went limp. It dazzled me.

"He's a man!"

"So that's the way it was. There are boy-girl, man-woman relationships that are right from the beginning. Ours was—and we've changed each other's lives. We've had a profound effect on each other. Dick has lighted fires under me. He has a way of looking at me that demands action. I've always been a little reserved. I've held in. This makes Dick furious. He thinks I haven't even begun to tap what he thinks I have. But he understands reserve because he's been reserved. All my life this kid—I say 'kid' and I say 'boy' and neither is true, he's strictly a man—it's been the hardest thing in the world for him to accept this.

"His brother Bill, six years older, was a football hero. Dick dreamed of acting but wouldn't tell anybody for fear they'd laugh.

"Then, at Beverly Hills High, he did act, and his best friends told him he had no talent, he couldn't put himself over—and he believed them. And then when he had talent for something, he just had to find out for what. He started painting, but that was lonely; he went out for track, that was lonely, too. The Chamberlains were a close family and they all loved him dearly, but he was 'Little Dick' and he grew up conforming—outwardly—to everything and asked to be nice, to avoid conflict. But he didn't believe any of it, he didn't know what to believe till he hit Pomona College and ran into some intellectual curiosity and some creative people. And even after Pomona he was still searching for something—he wasn't sure what.

"I guess the something was freedom—to be himself. Now he even screams when they want to. When he boils over he'll walk into the audience, grab the hair in his car, and yell all the four-letter words there are. Then he'll come out, the script in his hand, ready for action—and smiling! I will say, though, that as time's gone on, he's had to do that less and less. Because I was standing by, I was just there for his silly trying—that was my way to blow a deal is to do something or be something. You can't fake it. But I was there to talk to him, to understand him, to applaud him for trying to be himself. Not Dr. Kildare. Himself—Dick Chamberlain.

"A while ago we went sailing for a day off Balboa with a photographer on board taking candid shots, but we enjoyed ourselves anyway. Later we went to the house of one of his Pomona College friends. Everyone took turns at the electric organ, and then the host took over, swinging into an Apache number. Well, I promptly grabbed a rose from a vase and stuck it between my teeth. Dick grabbed me and took me on an Apache dancing. Dick played the wild Latin cat to the hilt, embracing me passionately, then throwing me clear across the room. I'd come clawing back to him with the rose between my teeth—and it would start all over again.

A new Dick

"Believe me, this was no Dick my college friends had ever seen—but it was a Dick I've come to know well. He's the same boy who left a surprise for me in my car—I came out and found it literally filled with packed lunches. I said, 'I don't need a full room for me. He's the boy who's one of the craziest twisters in town. He's the boy who called me up one evening when I had the flu and asked, 'How would you like to do a small part on the 'Kildare' show?' I told him, laughing, 'You're crazy—I can't act.' Then he read me the part. I said, 'Oh I couldn't! You're out of your mind, I've never acted in my life.' But he convinced me it was nothing, I could do it.

"The closer it got to shooting, the more I was convinced it was something. I'd thought Dick was scared that night of the Christmas program, but you should have seen me on the 'Kildare' set. I was hardly room for me. He's the boy who's one of the brightest of the bright. He treated me like the greatest, oldest pro in the business. But he was there. And I knew, knew knew he was there. And then, of course, afterwards—he doesn't say a whole lot, but when he says it he really gets to you!

"Now I've caught the acting bug—he's doing that. I'm not taking acting lessons yet, I'm too afraid—but I will. He'd never have told me I need them, but he's shown me, by little suggestions, bits of technique. I never knew there was such a thing as technique!

"But acting is just one phase of it—what's important is that Dick's maturity has given me the confidence to mature. Sometimes we look at stills from the early 'Kildare' shows and Dick was a kid coming into the room. Then, the first time they showed them, he'd just come back from New York, where he'd stopped en route home from Puerto Rico. He'd just made his first movie there, a minor fiasco called "The Secret of the Purple Reef." The location had been exhausting, New York was a big nothing, and he wasn't sure how the public was going to take the new Dick."

"But now? He came home from New York this trip—and he was riding a comet's tail! He walked into my house, checked to see if I was wearing the diamond pendant he gave me; checked on the huge potted plant; checked the little Chinese lantern that he'd put up in place of the dinette globe—then went into the kitchen to 'check the dinner menu.'

Solid concrete cake

On his birthday I made him a cake—of solid concrete. We'd gone to dinner and didn't come home, and he came home and I surprised him with the cake and a crowd of friends to eat it. Oh, I surprised him all right. I don't know what went wrong with that cake, the recipe's been in our family for years, my brother can even make it. It's a big chocolate fudge deal, delicious and I didn't want to eat it. I thought it was a huge pound of butter, sugar, flour—I guess I didn't sift it. The frosting was beautiful—but when Dick went to cut the thing it was like a rock! He started to eat it anyway, I had to fight him to keep him from eating it. Luckily I had another cake. I bought it when I saw that this one didn't look quite right. Anyway, Dick says may not be the greatest cook, but he thinks I can be a star in show business. He's ambitious and he wants me to be ambitious. After the 'Kildare' series is done with, he'd love to try Broadway and he'd love for me to try, too. But whatever I do, wherever I go, it has to be as Clara Ray—not as Dick Chamberlain's girl friend.

"Now I feel it would be very difficult to ever marry outside the business. If two people were in it, they'd know what it was like. It's no nine to five existence. If you're working, you have to study, prepare. One thing Dick has taught me: consistent work is the only way to realize talent. Consistent work is the only way to make it pay off.

"But, of course, a career isn't enough. No one thing is enough. If you hold too tightly to just one thing, you lose everything else. He's taught me this too—that each of us attracts what we're ready for in this life. I believe that, will all my heart."

"Clark should believe it—because she and Dick certainly are ready for each other. Ready to help each other up the ladder. Their closeness started before Dick's great success, and with luck it will survive that success. You can't deny that they've attracted what they were ready for in this life—each other."

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(Continued)

**GO OUT TO A MOVIE**

by JANET GRAVES

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**HOW THE WEST WAS WON**

U-I; Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, Norman Jewison; Producer, Stan Margulies (Family)


what's it about? Members of a pioneering family are scattered and changed at each phase of the advancing frontier.

what's the verdict? The whole romantic legend of the Old West is summed up in this swift-moving spectacle. Mostly seen in brief vignettes, its 24 stars still keep the people as colorful as the magnificent scenery. A final glimpse of the modern West—the L.A. Freeway—makes the wilderness of yesterday seem a paradise.

**LAURENCE OF ARABIA**

Columbia; Super Panavision 70, Technicolor; Director, David Lean; Producer, Sam Spiegel (Adult)

who's in it? Peter O'Toole, Anthony Quinn, Alec Guinness, Arthur Kennedy.

what's it about? War I saga of the mysterious Englishman who led the Arabs in desert fighting against the Turks.

what's the verdict? By adding subtle character exploration to high adventure, fine acting to poetic photography of incredible sandscapes, this strange film grips attention for almost four hours. O'Toole brings much more than good looks to the role of a man who tried to live a noble daydream about himself.

---

**40 POUNDS OF TROUBLE**

U-I; Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, Norman Jewison; Producer, Stan Margulies (Family)

who's in it? Tony Curtis, Suzanne Pleshette, Phil Silvers, Claire Wilcox.

what's it about? The super-efficient, moneymad boss of a Nevada casino turns baby-sitter for an orphan.

what's the verdict? Tough-sentimental in the Damon Runyon style, this cheerful comedy finds Tony in great form, breezy and newly attractive, with luscious Suzanne and little Claire as his leading ladies. Phil comes on late, but is worth waiting for. As an extra family treat, there's a wild chase through Disneyland.

**TERM OF TRIAL**

Warner Bros; Director, Peter Glenville; Producer, James Woolf (Adult)

who's in it? Laurence Olivier, Simone Signoret, Sarah Miles, Terence Stamp.

what's it about? A schoolgirl's reckless love for a stuffy, virtuous teacher menace his career and marriage.

what's the verdict? Slow, thoughtful British film sparked by excellent acting and a hilariously cynical twist at the finish. While Olivier's work is naturally intelligent, it's easy to see why his character irritates film wife Simone. Newcomer Sarah's talent and almost too sexy Terence (Billy Budd) plays j.d.

**DIAMOND HEAD**

Columbia; Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, Guy Green; Producer, Jerry Bresler (Adult)

who's in it? Charlton Heston, Yvette Mimieux, George Chakiris, France Nuyen.

what's it about? Arrogance and racial prejudice shatter a white family of rich land-owners in Hawaii.

what's the verdict? With a generous lot of plot complications and a heavy charge of sex, this dynasty drama often provides lively entertainment. Heston doesn't seem to have his heart in his performance, but George cuts a handsomely romantic figure, and Yvette's role covers a wide emotional range. (Continued on page 8)
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SON OF FLUBBER
Buena Vista: Director, Robert Stevenson; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)

Who's in it? Fred MacMurray, Nancy Olson, Keenan Wynn, Tommy Kirk.

What's it about? In a domestic jam and still broke, the Absent-Minded Professor produces two new inventions.

What's the verdict? The title, kidding all sequels, makes an advance apology. Indeed, the charm and surprise element of the first flubber epic are missing here. But there are enough crazy slapstick gags and gimmicks to keep the small fry happy. Instead of flubber and basketball, it's flubber gas and football.

THE LION
20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color, Director, Jack Cardiff; Producer, Samuel G. Engel (Family)


What's it about? Mother, father and stepfather argue bitterly over a girl's upbringing on an African game preserve.

What's the verdict? This time, the wonderful wild life and age-old beauty of the African land are part of the story, and an absorbing, suspenseful yarn it is (if not always quite plausible). Young Pamela has a juicy assignment as the center of the wrangling between the adults, who all turn out to be sympathetic types.

IN SEARCH OF THE CASTAWAYS
Buena Vista; Technicolor; Director, Robert Stevenson; Producer, Walt Disney (Family)


What's it about? Hunting for a sea-captain father, a boy and a girl run into fantastic adventures in South America.

What's the verdict? Disney is joining the Jules Verne cycle after the novelty of the old boy's light approach has worn off. But on the well-traveled way, some amusing bits still turn up, like Chevalier's happy excitement in the teeth of disaster. With Michael, Hayley edges cautiously toward grownup love interest.

A GIRL NAMED TAMIKO
Paramount; Panavision, Technicolor; Director, John Sturges; Producer, Hal Wallis (Adult)

Who's in it? Laurence Harvey, France Nuyen, Martha Hyer, Miyoshi Umeki.

What's it about? In modern Tokyo, a stateless man tries to use women in his selfish drive toward the U.S. and fortune.

What's the verdict? There's no "Room at the Top" for Laurence's new heel-hero. The guy goes soft in a welter of mixed-up characters and story, with Miyoshi doing a bush-league Suzie Wong, Martha playing a neurotic whose mad behavior has to be explained in endless dialogue and France typed as the gentle exotic.
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Sweet Dreams* by maidenform*
Debra Paget's the richest actress in Hollywood, but her Chinese husband won't allow her to work in pictures. Louis Kung—she married him last April—is worth $500,000,000. That's right, five hundred millions. They live in Houston, Texas. He's Madame Chiang Kai-shek's brother and is as generous as he is loaded. He wanted to give Maggie Griffin (Debra's mom) a new car, so he asked if she wanted a Rolls or a Cadillac. Maggie was so surprised she gasped Cadillac before she had time to think. One day she was going shopping and he tucked something into her purse and told her to buy herself some little thing. When Maggie looked, it was $10,000.

Below: Barbara Hale got the shock of her life when she saw what jokester Raymond Burr did to her dressing room. He had it painted black, put in pigeons, a cat, lamb, baby chicks, hamster, a fireplug—even put roses you know where. Cost of joke (?) $177!

Dinah Shore's a gal with bounce. It isn't just their common love for tennis that brings her and Palm Springs contractor Maurice Smith together so often. Dinah isn't talking marriage now—but this could be it.

The guest house at Glenn Ford's mansion will be occupied by his mother! A pal who got a gander at the place says Glenn will be living like the Aga Khan with music floating up from center of the pool, a hi-fi system on stilts, and special furniture designed by George Montgomery.

There's too much smoke surrounding Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer to be dismissed as smog. Mel does a picture in Italy while Audrey's someplace else. They've always stayed together before. Could be they will patch things up, but it's the first rift in their married lute.

Liz Taylor and Richard Burton made only enemies when
they signed for a five-week stint in "The VIP's"—which M-G-M could rush out before "Cleo" and cash in on all that Roman scandal. I'm told Liz won't work unless Burton co-stars. The picture, a remake of the old "Grand Hotel," will be set in an airport.

Bobby Rydell can't be accused of being a bad influence on his teenage fans. One girl is such an admirer of his that she made straight A's for a year. Her grandfather told her if she had good grades he would treat her to a week end in Las Vegas to hear Bobby sing. Her grandpa kept his promise.

Dorothy Malone's marriage to Jacques Bergerac deflated her ego. She was seriously considering going into real estate and giving up her career. All she needs is to wash that man out of her hair and get back on screen where she belongs.

Above: Madlyn Rhue promised before her mother died that she would have a church wedding and she kept her word when she tied the knot with Tony Young. She told me, "I've always loved picture brides. There's a part of me that's sentimental and still believes in fairy tales."

I believe Peter O'Toole will be the next actor to get star rating—he's a fine performer. When he went to Stratford-on-Avon he'd already been seasoned in Shakespeare and he had to be strong as an ox to survive the things that happened during making of "Lawrence of Arabia." He claims he has a hundred and twenty more years of life, which will be marvelous. "I've known poverty most of the time—it's soiling and degrading. When I married I couldn't afford to buy a suit. Now I've got a house outside London, a partly equipped ocean-going Georgian gaff, with a hospital on the left and a workhouse at the bottom of the garden. So I'm ready for success or failure."

Above: Greta Garbo still looks beautiful and despite her secluded life and her wish to be alone, her name is still magic everywhere.

Now I've heard everything! When Jayne Mansfield went back to her Mickey, she explained it by saying she's a woman and can change her mind. Jayne, honey, no one who has seen you doubted that at all! (Please turn the page)

Above: John Barrymore, his Italian wife, Gabriella and their new little daughter seem happy in Hollywood now. After all his wild antics, maybe he's finally settled down. I really hope so. It would be good for John.
Hayley Mills is big news in England—and here, too. A story broke in London that she was "lying ill and exhausted" which brought a big snort from her father, Johnny. "Ridiculous," he said, "Hayley's having a ball, riding about on her horse, running with her dogs. She does only one picture a year and when she travels, my wife and I are with her."

Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin shrugged off those rumors of rifts. They came back from New York to celebrate little Dodd's first birthday here so they could invite some of their friends' toddlers to the party. Bobby's career is zooming as an actor as well as singer. If these two have problems, money won't be one of them.

Connie Stevens' contract feud with Warners almost boiled over when she hired a Beverly Hills attorney with a reputation for winning action against studios. He tried to negotiate a new deal for her. Our Connie was fit to be tied when Warner's legal injunction kept her from going on stage at the Chevron Hilton Hotel in Sydney, Australia. She wanted out completely from the contract which has almost five more years to go—but she had to compromise. And she should remember it was their "Hawaiian Eye" series that made her a well-known star.

Henry Hathaway, who directed Marilyn Monroe in her first starring picture "Niagara," told me he believes Marilyn would be alive today if she had been permitted to play one honest role instead of those dizzy blondes that she was forced to repeat time and time again. But they made so much money producers wouldn't give her a chance. It broke her heart. Henry thinks she could have gone to the top as a dramatic actress and he's one of our most capable directors and knows talent when he sees it.

Rock Hudson will be surrounded by three glamour girls in "Man's Favorite Sport"—Paula Prentiss, luscious Viennese blond Maria Perschy and a twenty-three-year-old brunette from Texas, Charlene Holt. Off screen, his number one gal is still Marilyn Maxwell.

Zsa Zsa Gabor's new husband gifted her with a thirty-nine-carat blue-white diamond which sister Eva says "makes Liz Taylor's look like a chip."

Fifteen years ago Dick Van Dyke and his wife Marge were married on the "Bride and Groom" show. "It was the only way we could afford to wed," said Dick. "Marge got a bridal gown and we had a week's honeymoon at wonderful Timberline Lodge in Oregon."

Jerry Lewis' pals sent flowers when they heard he'd signed for a two-hour TV show next season. It didn't seem unusual to Jerry. There'll be no rehearsals, no script. He'll just go on and do what comes naturally. The kids absolutely adore him. In all his career he's had only one losing picture.

Her studio gifted Paula Prentiss with a new coat when she went to England on her honeymoon to exploit one of their pictures. It was a coat Liz Taylor wore in "Butterfield 8." It wasn't fur, but it had fur trim.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
You may not own a diamond bracelet...

but you can wear as fine a nail polish as the girl who does.

(And when you see what you save with Tangee, you'll know who's a girl's best friend)
It is sad and tragic, but there is a breed of singers who never achieved true greatness until the lyrics of their songs had acquired a meaning pertaining to their lives. Judy Garland was popular, but she never had a following of frantic worshippers until the innocent school-girl lyrics of “Over the Rainbow” related to the sad young woman who sat in front of the footlights and whose voice longed for the happiness she sang about—but never grasped. Somehow, we got all tangled up into Judy’s mish-mash of headlines, and then we were rooting for her to get over that rainbow and catch that bluebird of happiness. Judy rated it with us and still does.

A similar type of sad song is silently sung by us, the audience, for Frank Sinatra, the singer. There was that barren stretch of no-song-land for Frankie between the bobby-soxer period and his marriage to Ava Gardner. Then came the sad parting and the down and down climb of Frank. You will notice that I have changed from calling him Frankie—to Frank; it happened the day and night after he and Ava split for good and no good. It was that day and night that Frank Sinatra became a man. It was then, on records or in clubs, that Frank Sinatra began getting under our skin. Frank could become the big shot, a leader of The Clan, a man who knew the President of the United States personally, but this is only surface stuff to us who are hip. We know that in the “Wee Small Hours of the Morning,” he cries his songs to Ava. She is “Little Girl Blue.” She’s the one he’s got under his skin. He likes New York in June, how about you, Ava? She’s the backdrop to every song he sings.

We feel for Frank and we feel every song he sings. We know the hidden meaning of the lyrics. We’re not so square. And equally, we feel for Ava and love her. Frank is her troubador and her press agent. Yes, Noel Coward never wrote a truer line than that throwaway line (Continued on page 78)
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Connie says, "If (God forbid) I don't marry Gary on February 9th as we've planned, I know I'll never marry him at all."
My Dream Has Come True—
I’m Marrying Gary!

BY CONNIE STEVENS
as told to Jane Ardmore

"A few days after you read this story," Connie Stevens said, "Gary Clarke and I will be married (if we’re not already married) and honeymooning at Niagara Falls! We may be the only ones there! We'd always hoped for a February wedding and now it's all planned—at St. Francis de Sales Church in the valley with a reception here and then a day later, another reception in New York because so many of my relatives are there and you just can't leave any of the family out of something like this, not when you're part of an Italian family.

"Such excitement you've never seen! We'd stopped by a jewelry store to pick up a string of pearls, this was just before I went to Australia—we'll talk about that later—anyhow Gary pointed to a tray of gorgeous diamond rings. 'Why don't you try on some of these?' he said. 'Which one do you like?' I said, 'Well, the biggest one, naturally,' at which point he slipped it on my finger and told the jeweler, 'We'll take it.' I was stunned... all the way home.

"Gary stopped, picked up a magnum of champagne and the minute we got in the house, we called our families and said, 'Hurry, hurry, hurry, come right over.' My brother and my uncle and aunt and Gary's mother came over immediately in whatever they were wearing right that minute, sports clothes, capris, they couldn't imagine what was up. Then we all went over to Paul's in Beverly where my dad is working. It was strictly a happy family night.

"It'll be a big formal wedding with eight of my closest girl friends as bridesmaids. Three of the girls are flying in from New York. All the girls whose husbands can get away are driving across country, the same as they did when they came to see me last summer, two carloads, all but my very best friend, Patty Wagenbrenner who can't come, she's too pregnant. My kid brother Ralph Megna will be an usher, my cousin Ellie Megna's coming, my cousin Carol Certo is matron of honor.

"I have my dress—you know me, that's the first thing I did, got it from Bianca in New York. The whole thing is bell shaped, beaded to the finger tips and with a train a block long. The veil is very, very bouffant, not white, antique ivory, and with a stephane headband coming to a little joint on my forehead. Carol's dress is pink and the girls are in beautiful American beauty red. These are the girls who've been my friends since I was in school. They were supposed to each carry one American beauty rose, but Dessa De Crois is pregnant and she begged for a whole bouquet, so they'll all have bouquets.

"The last time we were in New York, Gary met the girls and their husbands and got the biggest kick out of them.

"And my family! Gary'd say 'When are we going to run out of relatives so we can go to a play or a movie?' We never ran out of relatives! We still haven't. You should have seen my house over the holidays, crammed with family and all of us twisting and doing the limbo. You should see Gary's brother Mike, he's the typical American cheerleader type, and can he twist, and my brother, a good one hundred and eighty pounds, Charlie boy, he went under the broomstick doing the limbo like two feet off the ground. Bob Conrad made the meatballs, I made the spaghetti, it was all very Italian. I tell Gary he's kind of California-grown but he's been around us so much, he's caught Italian by osmosis.

"That's one of the wonderful things about loving Gary and I don't want to talk about it too much for fear it might disappear, but we've known each other so long we see with one pair of eyes. I've always been aware I was in love with him. I can truthfully say that I've loved a number of men, but even so, I'd keep missing Gary. Say I'd go to a good play with someone I really enjoyed. Still, I'd keep saying, oh, if only Gary could have been there.

"Gary's always been my favorite and it seems the most logical lovely thing in the world to (Please turn the page)
be actually, finally, marrying him now after the most difficult year of my life. I've been making decisions all my life, searching for new meanings, going through phases, new phases, like chapters of living but this last year I've begun to feel like a positive crusader, I'll tell you. This was a year of growing up!

"My last phase was brought up when I refused to let it grow up. I continued with my nightclub appearance in Australia. They said I started acting up after I got home from Paris and the 'Four Horsemen' premiere with Glenn Ford. I've teased Glenn about it. I said 'You were named in my court case' and he said 'Marvelous.' Incidentally, Glenn is still a dear friend, he was one of the first I told about my engagement. He'd phoned to ask me to come see his new house. 'Can I still come see the house?' I laughed.

"At any rate, the studio's attitude is that if I'd never gone to Paris I'd have kept my mouth shut, kept working. I'm a good little girl. I think this very funny, I don't know whether it's true or not. It is true, I came back from Paris more grown up. I had met people who knew far more than I, had vast experiences in living and by comparison my world seemed suddenly very small. All my life I've gone after things I want, if I didn't I'd be an idiot. And I've suggested to the studio for a long, long time that the characterization of Cricket be allowed to grow. I want to be a growing actress, just as I want to be a growing person. I've loved 'Hawaiian Eye' but my own views of life have changed a lot in the three or more years (it seems like a hundred after all the recent turmoil) and if, as they say, Cricket is me and I'm Cricket, then let me be myself and let it show on screen, let the character expand and grow with me. I've argued this until I'm deaf, dumb and blind. When that didn't work, I stopped too.

"Barbara Stanwyck was so sweet to me at the recent Golden Apple presentation. She took hold of my face like this, with her hands—it was one of the most beautiful moments in my life—she was fixing my hair like this and saying, 'I've read about you and don't you wor-

ry, Connie, I'm the original suspension kid. Don't let it upset you emotionally.'

"But of course I have. I would never admit it before, but when you have something like this on your mind constantly, your whole career at stake, something's got to give.

"My contract has four and a half years to go. If I had to spend four and a half years doing the same part in the same way, I'd be a basket case.

"Then a booking agency asked me to fill in for Rhonda Fleming, who was ill, in an Australian night club. I said, 'You're kidding!' Asking me to headline an act when I didn't have an act! It was quite a show to get it together, let me tell you. I had two days. I got a couple of talented arrangers who wrote some music, eight boys to back me, I made up most of the jokes myself. Now I realize that I was taking my career in both hands, that if I'd been bad, I'd never have gotten another part doing anything in show business. What I had was more guts than talent. I had good music and I sang loud. My knees were boggling with fright, but those people were wonderful. And the result was that I had a smashing success.

A summons—on stage

"Then, after a few nights, I was served my court summons right there on stage. I'd heard what was happening; the studio had said I was on suspension and couldn't work in Australia or anywhere else. When I finished my act that night, I said, 'I hear we have a special guest in the audience,' and I called his name and told him to come on stage. He was shaking so hard, this young man, I felt sorry for him. 'I've nothing against you,' I told him. Then I told the audience how kind they'd been, they'd made me feel very welcome and please would they invite me back if I wasn't able to appear tomorrow.

"Maybe you don't think it's frightening to be hauled into court a million miles from home. It's something I wouldn't wish on anyone. Here I was, trying to phone home, trying to contact agents, lawyers, anyone who could help me. Most of the time I'd be told the call couldn't be put through for two hours and when it did go through, either the people weren't home or I was on stage. Then the gentleman booking agent who'd been so nice to me passed away suddenly of a heart attack. It was my last evening in Sydney. They told me of his death and I had to go on and do two shows. I felt terrible. I blamed myself, for all this fuss and all this trouble and I don't think I'd have lived through it without talking every night to Gary. He listened. He was the one person who listened.

"And he was waiting at the airport when I came home—a welcome sight and yet not so welcome because I'm not in the habit of sharing troubles like this with anyone. I like to say 'Yah, they don't matter.' I try to hide anything troublesome. But from here on, I guess I'll be sharing. Everything. And looking back I realize, Gary and I have shared a great deal already, he's always been the kind of man a girl can lean on, a man who may look a trifle wistful but is essentially strong.

"Almost six years ... of course it wasn't love at first sight. We were constantly sent out on interviews together, he was constantly telling me how to read parts. And once, when we went to Warners the first time, he said my slip was showing, made me climb up on a chair and proceeded with the scissors from his pocket knife to whack off my slip. And the first night he came to dinner I left in the middle of dinner, to go to a movie with a fellow who phoned and I thought I liked him better.

"But Gary kept calling and we became awfully good friends, and not too long after, co-stars in a high school picture, 'Drag Strip Riot.' One thing about this boy, he had talent. He also had lovely wavy hair, brownish with a gold tint. But I was quite content to just be friends—until one day I walked on the set and found him with another girl! She was, I guess, a former girl friend of his, a pretty starlet with a great personality. She became at once the life of the party and I didn't talk to Gary for two weeks. Then one night, he said, 'Connie, if you're not busy tonight . . .' "That was the end of the brother and sister deal. We dated every night for years—we were inseparable, we had and have complete honesty between us even if it hurts; we went to church together, out camping together, we cooked together and ate (Continued on page 20)
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CONNIE and GARY
continued

together, saw movies together, played games—scrabble, monopoly, roulette, craps—Gary always won. We rode horseback and swam, sat in on drama groups and dreamed of the day we'd be married and have a house and five children. That's right, five.

"There were only a few problems. My career began going well and Gary's couldn't get started. That's why my father objected to our talk of marriage, fathers are like that and thank God they are. It would be terrible for a fellow to be married and not have a job. And Gary also has children by a former marriage, as you know.

"I was always impatient, but I did realize that Gary had his whole career ahead of him, that he needed his career if we were ever to have a life together—and that I was a millstone around his neck. He went everywhere I had to go and was passing up out-of-town jobs which might separate us. We talked it over and agreed to be patient. 'If it's meant to be, it will be,' we said.

"And evidently it was meant to be. He just called one day and said how are you and then I called him and said, 'Say, I'd like to see a movie' and not too much after that we started looking at houses.

"We've both done a lot of growing up in this last year, even if it has been traumatic. Gary's going great as star of 'The Virginian.' He still has a lot of walls to climb over but he'll climb them. That he has a major talent, I've never doubted that for a minute. He just needed the right vehicles and he has the strength to fight for them. So do I. And as if the whole world were smiling on our happiness, guess what happened today? I was called back to work. The first time in twelve weeks.

"It's been a terrifying year, but I guess all's well that ends well. And with Gary and all that I've gone through I, think I'm going to become a really good actress now. I've got a fantastic foundation. I could just jump right into it, head first. And will too—as soon as we've had our honeymoon. As soon as I am forever after Mrs. Gary Clarke."

AS TOLD TO JANE ARDMORE
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.

To receive a sample supply of Sardo, enough for four Sardo baths, just send 25c (to cover mailing and handling) to Sardeau Inc., 75 East 55th St., Dept. 44, New York 22, N. Y.

Sardo
BATHE AWAY DRY SKIN

A medically proven lipodermic formula created after years of scientific research

© 1962 By Sardeau, Inc.

At all good drug and cosmetic counters.
The Stork Club, most famed of the New Yorkier places, was the scene the other wintry night for one of its largest gatherings of celebrities. All of them trapped by the weather and their opinions of themselves and others. It reminded us of Dorothy Parker's capsule critique of a similar large collection: "For goodnessakes," she quipped, "will (Continued on page 24)"
BECOMING

ATTRACTIONS

A. So many complexions rely upon Noxzema facials for that truly pampered look. This fluffy medicated cream cleanses, smooths and soothes. From 29¢ to $1.35.*

B. If the dandruff problems that come with winter are getting you down, try Tame Dandruff Rinse by Toni that conditions as it fights flaking. 75 cents.*

C. Choose your eye beauty from this four-part wardrobe of liner and creme shadows. Very Cosmetically Yours makeup kit also includes a fine brush. $1.00.*

D. This exciting new pressed powder deodorant keeps underarms dry all day, is gentle enough to use after shaving. Dri-Day purse compact, by Maradel, $1.10.*

E. Here's medicated makeup in seven fashion shades that doesn't cake or dry the skin. "Natural Wonder" by Revlon in compact, matte or liquid form, $1.60* ea.*

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!
someone please open a window—this place reeks with fame!

The subject switched to Marilyn Monroe's tragedy. "Amazing," said one of the group, "how many movie stars can't defeat success."

"Yes," sighed another. "In show business the fight to get to the top is only the preliminary."

Other stars and their problems were discussed. The theme was glamour belles—on both coasts, Broadway and Hollywood. Are they any better off these days? Sophia Loren, for example. Still fighting a battle with her native Italy to legalize her Mexican marriage to produce Carlo Ponti, the love in her life . . . Liz Taylor's romance with another woman's husband . . . Jayne Mansfield's threat to abrogate Mickey Hargitay and marry a flame she met abroad—but Jorge Guinte, a Brazilioware, was her steadiest carrecoat in Manhattan at the time . . . Gina Lollobrigida pleading for the return of her Italian citizenship which she gave up for residence in Toronto where taxes aren't as high. Only to forget The Whole Thing with this one-liner: "I'm too Italian to be Canadian!" Janet Leigh, who wept when she applied for divorce from Tony Curtis, and soon after married a wealthy man. Only to be stricken and hospitalized . . . The James Masons dividing after twenty-two years of merger . . . Juliet Prowse deciding to surrender all the men in her life to woo back the New York critics who aimed their heaviest barrage at her act on the Eddie Fisher folding at the Winter Garden. They complained about her almost naked terpsichore while in a Staint's garb—suggesting she confine that sort of thing to the sinful spots at Vegas. She says the no-notice didn't break her heart, but Juliet took their counsel, saddened and a little wiser.

Judy Garland was next. The dissectors unanimously concurred that Judy had again gone over the rainbow and found it to be another rose-colored sky . . . In short, all of these attractive people (that many young-ster dreams of becoming) are fighting the losing Battle of the Calendar, among other things.

The session wound up with a chuckle when one of the group mentioned Sophia Loren's sense of humor. "If," she had told an interviewer, "they are going to prosecute people who live in sin—they will have to put a wall around Rome!"

"Lollowhat?" they groaned. "Why not change it to something simple that will fit in the lights of theater marquees?"

The star refused to change a syllable of it. "It would be an insult," she supposedly said, "to my parents and family.

Good girl.

That anecdote recalls the time a new forgotten Hollywood actor changed his name from Bergman to a shorter handle. A name like Bergman, he announced, "might prove a handicap to my future."

A few months later a new star was born. First name: Ingrid.

* * *

Chasen's in Hollywood on a Sabbath eve is what autograph collectors would call Paradise. The other Sunday night the movie elite there included Greer Garson and her mate, a Texas tycoon; Sonja Henie and her husband; George Burns and his Gracie: the Alfred Hitchcocks; Amos of Amos & Andy (so rich he can't be bothered answering calls from agents); Mitzi Gaynor and kin; Lucille Ball and her Gary Morton and scads of others on the higher rungs of show business.

When Sonja came in looking more girly than ever (at least twenty lbs. lighter) she wore ermine hat, ermine coat and black wooly slacks.

She requested a table in the rear where "nobody can see me like this!" She had just come ashore from their elegant yacht. She explained to landlord Chasen.

"That's perfectly all right," he assured her. "I see you have on all your diamonds, you are respectably dressed."

* * *

"The Player" is a new book by Lillian and Helen Ross. You may have enjoyed Lillian's devastating essays in the magazines about Hollywood people and such giants as Ernest Hemingway. In the new tome she quotes several accredited show folks, whose biggest migraines come from being Big Stars. Paul Newman, for instance, told the authors that he finds the experience "of literally standing out in front of people to be uncomfortable and sometimes painful."

Katharine Cornell, after whom a New York theater is being named, admitted that acting for her is agony. Angela Lansbury, a standout in "Manchurian Candidate," confessed to the Rosse: "When I'm on stage, I often think, what-the-hell-am-I-doing-here?"

We submit to Lillian and Helen Ross the comment of actress Margaret Leighton, who got kudos from all the Manhattan critics for her adroit performance in the new hit "Tchin-Tchin."

When Miss Leighton was asked what compelled her to become an actress, she said: "When I was a young girl I thought one life would not be enough and the only way I could live many lives was to be an actress."

Then there's lovely Diahann Carroll, the star of the Richard Rodgers smash musical "No Strings." Diahann was miserable when she learned that the movie version would not use her great talent. The studio decided on a "name"—one they felt would sell tickets.

Perhaps, But Rosalind Russell, with all of her skill and stage know-how, did not satisfy many of the reviewers when they inspected Roz's "Gypsy." They missed Ethel Merman, who created the role on Broadway. They said they missed Ethel's way with a song—especially those Merman last high show-stopping notes.

Insiders will tell you the real reason Diahann didn't get the role in Hollywood. They allege that the studio brass felt that a Negro would not be acceptable to movie theaters in the deep Southland. They decided to sign Nanny Kwan, instead. Nancy proved her value starring in "The World of Suzy Wong," in movie temples all over the land.

Miss Carroll may be comforted to learn that Juanita Hall, Negro, has never had a chance to play anything on Broadway or Hollywood but Eurasian assignments. (1) "South Pacific;" (2) "Flower Drum Song."

* * *

The big surprise to some of us covering the Broadway and Hollywood arenas was that "Two For The Seesaw" (it has racy dialog and intimate boudoir stuff) won the censor's seal of approval. While "Irma La Douce" (which deals with a Parisian streetwalker and is less suggestive) was having trouble getting an okay as we Bossa Nova'd to press.

* * *

The Passing Parade: Richard Burton, loaded with tax problems in England and the U.S., may be tempted to seek Danish citizenship . . . Louis Jourdan wrote a friend from Spain: "I'm skipping night life, getting plenty of rest. Every wrinkle means $1,000 less in my contract."

John Wayne's upcoming "McLintock" picture has an eyefilling finale. He chases Maureen O'Hara down the street and all she has on are panties . . . Overheard orchid about Lucille Ball's smash clicks on tv with her own shows and with Danny Kaye: "There seems to be no limit to the talent her talent has!" . . . Allan Sherman, who became an overnight recording star with "My Son, the Folk Singer," is beginning to wonder if it's worth it. He's had four lawsuits from people alleging he swiped their music (all public domain).

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Tuesdays 9:30 P.M. EST.
THE THREE DAYS JACKIE HID FROM THE WORLD her biggest crisis as a wife and mother

(Please turn the page)
Our story of the three days Jackie Kennedy hid from the world, our story of her biggest crisis as a wife and mother begins on a Tuesday morning at 8:45. That was when McGeorge Bundy, President Kennedy's advisor on national security, hurried out of his office in the West Wing of the White House, rode the small elevator up to the second-floor living quarters and rushed into the President’s bedroom. The President was in bed, in pajamas and robe, reading the newspapers.

What Bundy showed the President was incredible! Aerial photographs taken over Cuba, revealing forty fifty-two foot medium-range missiles nested in mobile launchers and aimed directly at the United States. The slim but powerful weapons, with one-megaton warheads, were capable of snuffing out the lives of seventy-five million Americans.

In addition, the pictures clearly indicated the Russians were rapidly constructing half a dozen unsuspecting American cities from Coast to Coast.

A short three hours later, the President was seated in his rocking chair at a top-level, secret conference with his advisors. The problem was to prepare to meet the Russian threat without letting the Soviet Union know that we even suspected that they had broken their diplomatic word and were transforming Cuba into an arsenal of offensive weapons. So it was decided that the President would keep his appointment with Cmdr. Walter M. Schirra, the astronaut, his wife and the two Schirra children. The President even went so far as to take his visitors to see Caroline’s ponies. What could be more peaceful?

It was also decided that the President should perform other public motions expected of him, while behind the scenes, his best political and diplomatic experts prepared for the worst.

On Wednesday, the President made campaign speeches for Democratic candidates in Connecticut. On (Continued on page 82
WHAT HAPPENS TO CHILDREN OF A MIXED MARRIAGE?

An Exclusive Interview With Sammy Davis
This exclusive interview with Sammy Davis was taped by Fred Robbins, nationally known radio and TV personality whose syndicated celebrity interview show, "Assignment Hollywood," is heard on weekdays from Coast to Coast, and also in Canada and in Europe on Radio Luxembourg.

FRED: Well, Sammy, neither snow, nor sleet, nor dark of night can keep Photoplay from getting to you—so here we are in Cleveland in the middle of the worst snow storm in years. So how are you?

SAMMY: Pretty good, Fred.

FRED: And how does it feel to have a hit record?

SAMMY: It took a great song to do it and a lot of belief in the song. I loved the point of view of "What Kind of Fool Am I?" It's a great lyric.

FRED: It seems that you've got a deep appreciation of not only the lyrics but of life itself. Sammy, being a daddy and the head of a family now. It's matured you a lot, hasn't it?

SAMMY: Well, I think you can't help being matured by it, Fred. I really do. We all must grow at one time or another. We all have circumstances that make us grow. I think with the advent of my wife and my two kids, the fact of the responsibilities involved today become very important to me, because I want them to be happy.

FRED: I saw you buying toys early this afternoon for Mark and Tracy. What kind?

SAMMY: Well, they have a whole chest full of toys that they'll never use. I always bring back things—the toys I bought for Mark today I'm not going to let (Please turn the page)
him have, because it's too dangerous for him to have. That's a problem today. I think toys should be made so the kids can have fun with them and not get hurt. It's a cannon, with a projectile shell that goes off and everything, and it comes out looking like a real bullet. And it comes out almost as fast. He would be running around shooting the thing and you know, you might have an accident in the house with a thing like that.

FRED: What's Tracy's favorite toy, Sammy?
SAMMY: Anything that makes noise. She can take a spoon and beat in on the table. That's her favorite toy.
FRED: How about Mark? What toy does he prefer?

SAMMY: Well, both kids have just about everything there is. But they seem to like fire trucks and cardboard boxes—getting in and out. And Mark, he's a runner. He runs around a lot. He just runs straight across the room and then runs back again and runs skittering out of there and runs right back and falls down. And I gave him a little cap pistol. He goes "bang" at me and I always have to fall down, but when I shoot him he never falls down.
FRED: He doesn't know that his daddy is the quickest draw in the west, east, north and south, does he?
SAMMY: No, but he'll find out soon enough. . . We got Mark a two-month-old Great Dane puppy. Well, do I
Sammy's career keeps him on the road a lot, but he's a real family man. Whenever he's in one place long enough he wants May with him. Like the time he was in Rome for the Italian television appearances. It's a real ball when Sammy can sit in on a jam session after work is done. And it's a real ball to May when her husband gives out with a private joke, just for her. They've learned to live with the controversy—most of the time.

have to tell you what's going on? The time the kids are having with this dog! It's too much! They can't believe it's a dog 'cause the one they have is an English pug—named "Sir Pug"—and they think all dogs are small. But this one's a whole new world 'cause they can get on his back and try to ride him like a pony. It's so funny. When Tracy wants to get off, she says, "All too," meaning "all through." She really hasn't learned the meaning of words yet—she picks up the new ones so fast. She'll say, "Down, Mommy," when she wants to be taken out of her high chair, but when she wants to be picked up, she also says, "Down, Mommy." She breaks me up with a little thing she does—the way she greets me. She moves her outspread little hand in front of her face, slowly, and says, "Hey there," with such a smile you could just melt.

FRED: Do the kids like the swimming pool, Sam?
SAMMY: They love it. They go in mostly with May to splash around and stuff but it really looks like a marina. 'cause we've always got the toy motorboats going back and forth. This to me is a real ball. I think I have more fun than they do. We use the pool as a big tub, you might say. Believe it or not, I'm just learning to swim.

FRED: You do so many things, you mean to tell me you can't swim? Not at all? (Continued on page 65)
Most people get ready to sleep by climbing into bed and turning off the light. But not George 'Maharis! Instead, he turns on the lights—all the lights—puts a record on the. (Continued on page 84)
LOOK WHAT KIM BROUGHT
Kim was crying when the flowers came. She was in tears from the loneliness of a strange city, Paris, and she was weeping because she had just read the remnants of a dream splashed in black French headlines.

"Novak-Quine Wedding Off," went the rough translation.

Now even the French public knew it was over between Kim and director Richard Quine. It was only a news item to the public. But to Kim it was the final, staggering, soul-quaking end to a hope for happiness as Mrs. Quine.

A messenger brought the small, tastefully designed bouquet of roses. The card enclosed implied: "Kim—You and Collette must spend the weekend at Georges'. I will be there. We will have a nice time and forget our problems—Louis."

Kim had stared out the window of the little Left Bank apartment of her friend Collette Roubon. She regarded the smoky stillness over the River Seine and thought, "It would be a way to forget."

As Kim told the editors of PHOTOPLAY, "I was tired of tears. I was tired of disappointment in myself and in others. When Dick and I decided we'd be better off apart I knew the announcement would send the reporters and photographers after me in a pack. They knew where my apartment was and a hotel was not a hideaway. When Collette offered to share her place with me, I accepted. I just disappeared. I wanted emotional seclusion. And I got it.

"But the flowers from Louis did something for me. He was right. (Continued on page 70)
By Dr. Rebecca Liswood

Who is the Doctor of your dreams?

CASEY OR KILDARE?

Your answer is the clue to what kind of female you are.

The male doctor is a very romantic symbol. I should know. You see, I married one. That was back in 1918. My husband and I cooperated with each other. I worked as an accountant while he studied medicine. Then, when his practice was well established and our daughter was of school age, I set out to become a doctor myself. But that is a story in itself. And in this article, I want to talk about you and your doctors. TV doctors, that is. (Please turn the page)
Casey and Kildare. Yet more than just TV doctors, really, since they have in the past year and a half become so much a part of all our lives; since unfailingly they both pay us their hour-long house calls every week and unfailingly leave their separate and very definite impressions on us. We find ourselves identifying so easily with the patients in their plays and, in fact, we often imagine that we are those very patients.

Let me start, first, by saying this: A number of girls and woman will "fall in love" with their doctors and will look to them as veritable gods. This, it happens; is quite normal and to be expected. We are ill. It is the doctor who is going to make us well. We are uncertain. He reassures us. We are feverish and insecure. He gives us—simply by his reassuring manner—a feeling of sudden and wonderful security. If the doctor happens to be as ruggedly handsome as a Casey, or as adorably handsome as a Kildare—well, so much the better.

Now, about your own special preference between Casey and Kildare—and what this says about you.

I won't, by the way, tell you that you probably have black hair if you prefer Casey; that you like to go bowling if you choose Kildare; that you wear heavy makeup if you think Casey's just marvelous; that you must have eight hours sleep if you think Kildare's the living end. This is not that kind of parlor game thesis. What I shall do, instead, is try to get to the heart of the very different personalities of the two particular men involved. And, by doing this, try to indicate something about the "romantic" condition of your own particular heart.

Let's dream a little, then, and start with that first wonderful moment known as The First Date.

Let's begin with Casey, if only for alphabetical reasons. One has the feeling about this man that he would phone you at some ungodly hour for the date, that the call would be rather abrupt and to
Tony and Christine...

what do lovers do all day?

want their answer... turn the page!
What they did all day in Germany, when Tony Curtis and Christine Kaufmann were relaxing together, is typical of what they are doing now, while they are both in Hollywood: everything and nothing. Sometimes just being together seems enough. All the world loves a lover, and yet the world is wondering what could they have in common, this petite seventeen-year-old German actress who is not even old enough to travel without her mother and the famous, successful American star who is more than twice her age, and the father of two daughters. One thing they have is—as Tony calls it, "a terrific relationship." Christine has wistfully admitted that the more she discovers about people the more she realizes how much more there is to discover. That she feels one lifetime is just too short to find all the great understanding that can exist between a man and a woman. So Tony, wise in the way of an older man who has seen a lot in his one lifetime, suggests gently that they share their two lifetimes. And what is it that lovers do all day? What else—Tony and Christine answer—than what they're doing on these two pages!
Two months from now, I am going to have a baby. It’s still very hard for me to believe I’m pregnant. For hours, I forget about it—then, suddenly, I have to reach for something and I

(Continued on page 44)
remember—my body is different now. I'm pregnant.

It would be a lie to say that I'm not frightened now. Every woman is frightened. Because other women can tell you a hundred things about having a baby, but it's not you. They're not talking about your baby—the baby you think you might name Jonathan Antony Ashley.

I frighten easily, and I'm afraid of the pain. I'm afraid of not knowing what is going to happen. Sometimes I'm even afraid of the hospital. The last time I was in a hospital was when I was born. I'm afraid of the anesthetics that make you talk too much. And I don't know what I'll say.

But being afraid is only part of it—a little part. Sometimes I just kind of stand there in front of the mirror in awe of everything. In awe of the unbelievable fact that I'm about to be a mother.

We didn't plan to have a baby now. We didn't plan anything because—secretly—we were both afraid we couldn't have children. We only admitted that to each other after we learned I was pregnant; and then we wondered if everyone who really wants children is afraid of not being able to have them. Even now—months later—I still get amazed with myself, amazed that I'm able to do this incredible thing!

For a long time I wouldn't even believe that I was pregnant. I thought that something was wrong, that I should see a doctor to find out if something was wrong. But I didn't dare to believe I was pregnant. It was John who looked at me—really looked at me—one morning and said, "Debbie, you're pregnant!"

The next day—Saturday, September 22—I took the test. The results would come on Monday morning. John would telephone the laboratory at 10 A.M. and then he would call me at Walt Disney Studios where I was making "Summer Magic." There were things to do that weekend and we did them, but all we really did was wait for Monday.

John's voice was funny when he finally called at 10:30 Monday morning. Cold. Negative.

"Debbie, I have bad news."

That was the first moment I realized how much I wanted a baby.

"What is it?"

"The rat died. They'll have to make the test again and we won't know til tomorrow morning."

I was surprised to find myself laughing. "Out of all the rats . . ."

Then John was laughing, too. "Out of all the rats in the world . . ."

"My rat had to . . . die!" And we laughed together on the telephone, knowing that in a few minutes we were going to stop laughing and start waiting—again—for Tuesday.

On Tuesday he telephoned me at 2 P.M. and said, "Darling, the rat's still out to lunch."

An hour later he called back again. "We won't know until tomorrow morning. They weren't able to get another rat."

And on Wednesday morning he phoned once more. All he said was, "Darling, you're a mother."

I don't know what pregnancy does to other people. For the first five months of our marriage what I felt most was an enormous relief. We had wanted to be married for so long and we had waited for what seemed to me so long, and now we were married. Then we found out that I was pregnant. Knowing that we are going to have a baby hasn't brought us closer. From the start—even before our marriage—we were so close that nothing could make us closer. But knowing about the baby has enhanced things. It is as though there's a halo around everything now.

And it has changed us. Nothing about John is quite the same as it was a few months ago.

He still teases me. "I'm getting a piece of candy," he will say, as innocently as if he didn't remember the craving I (Continued on page 84)
EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

MRS. BURTON FIGHTS LIZ

"He's Mine! All Mine! I'll Never Give Him Up To Liz!"

(Please turn the page)
“Richard is mine. He is all mine. He shall always be mine. I will never give him up to Elizabeth Taylor or to any woman . . .”

The voice was crisp and clipped. Veddy British, you might say. And why not? It was Sybil Burton, a woman who speaks the King’s English beautifully and who very emphatically and very staunchly established her rights as a wife in the first seconds of our trans-Atlantic telephone conversation.

I had called Sybil from my office in New York. She was in the picturesque village of Caligny in the snow-capped Alps of Switzerland where she was taking a quiet vacation before returning to London for the Christmas holidays. There was one prime objective in my call to her—to find out how she was taking the latest torrent of gossip-provoking news about her wandering husband and Liz Taylor. The headlines were datelined Paris.

“Dick and Liz Doing the Town Again!” bellowed the black type of one New York newspaper. “Dick and Liz To Co-Star in New Film!” wailed another paper in a later edition. The latter headline referred to the announcement by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer that Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor were signed to do “The VIP’s” together, now that they had at last finished their epochal $35,000,000 “Cleopatra,” the most expensive film in all history.

Even though I’m a reporter bold, I just didn’t have the heart to slam Sybil with a provocative question about Burton and Liz from the start. I had chosen a course of maximum tact and good taste in questioning her about Richard. I felt she had suffered quite enough all these long months over the scandal that had swathed her marriage. I wouldn’t add to her woes.

But I had no sooner introduced myself than I was beset by this remarkable retort of Sybil’s: “I say, you must be calling about my husband’s reunion with Miss Taylor in Paris. It’s in every one of the newspapers here, you know.”

There was no turning back now. Sybil brought it up, so I decided to shoot the works. “Yes, Mrs. Burton,” I said, “that is one of the things I wanted to discuss. May I ask you (Continued on page 72)
Hayley Mills, we like your innocence and your honesty. We like your willingness to share your life. We think everyone will agree with us after reading this story. (Continued on page 50)
Not long ago, during a Hollywood interview with that most delightful sixteen-year-old girl of them all—Hayley Mills—she said, "Oh, I do wish you could see our home in England. And meet some of the wonderful people who work our farm. And meet Kay Forward, our secretary (her picture's at left) who's been with us for more than twelve years now. Ho, I bet she could tell you a lot about me!" We mentioned to Hayley that, in fact, we were planning a trip to England in just a few weeks' time. "Super," she said. "Then why don't you pop in on Katie? No American writers have been to our farm, ever, as far as I know. Most interviews are done at our flat on Wilton Row, in London. But just tell Katie that you're from Photoplay, that Hayley sent you. And tell her to be quite frank in talking about me. It certainly sits awkwardly with me. So tell Katie I said no-holds-barred, just the truth..."

"No-holds barred, hmmmmm?" smiled Kay Forward, a tall and charming woman, the day we popped in on her. "Well... let's start with the worst about Hayley... and then proceed to the to the better... and best." She'd just finished pouring the tea which the Mills' maid, Mrs. Hicks, had brought into the farmhouse parlor, where we sat talking. "Hayley's faults," she said gently, "begin with her feet. She's most extravagant about shoes, you see. She'll often say to me out of the clear blue, 'Do come to buy shoes with me, Katie.' 'Another pair? I'll ask, '—but Hayley, you already have several blacks and a white and blue and even a green.' 'It's just,' Hayley will say then, 'that I feel particularly keen on a pair of reds, all of a sudden.' Then she'll add, 'Do you think we can go on Mummy's account?' (Continued on page 94)
What have all these people in common?

THE JOKE’S ON THEM!

Here are four gags, wisecracks and quips which have made people laugh in recent times:

At a surprise party celebrating Bob Hope’s fifty-ninth birthday, Lucille Ball recalled his younger days—“He was handsome then—big chest, hard stomach. Of course all that is behind him now.”

From a column: “The secret of Liz Taylor’s success can be summed up in one word: Yes!”

Senator Ted Kennedy tells about three boys who were at poolside when the President took a swim. JFK got a cramp and the boys dived in and rescued him. So the President asked what (Continued on page 74)
What Grace Kelly can’t and won’t show you on TV

On the night of Sunday, February 17, through the eyes of the television camera, you will take “A Tour of Monaco With Princess Grace.” In her role as hostess and guide during the one-hour trip, the Princess will change her Balenciaga-designed clothes almost as often as the scenes change: inside the palace, a white, jeweled ball gown; in the streets, a green suit and leopard coat; in the royal gardens and zoo, a blue suit with a hat to match. Everything will be colorful (the film, shot by Academy Award winner Lionel Lindon will be shown in black-and-white and in color—depending on your TV set). The Princess will open all doors to you—or so it will (Continued on page 79)
put glamour into your lunch box

BAKE A BATCH OF BUTTER COOKIES WITH THIS RECIPE
STAR-TESTED BY ARLENE FRANCIS

In answer to your requests, Photoplay has added something new—a food department. Each and every month we’ll bring you tempting, easy-to-follow recipes that have been star-tested and reader-tested just for you. We hope you’ll try each recipe and let us know which ones you enjoyed the most.

BASIC BUTTER COOKIE

Sift together:
2¾ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt

Work with a spoon until light:
1 cup butter or margarine

Gradually add, while beating:
½ cup sugar
Beat until light.
Add:
2 egg yolks
1 teaspoon almond extract

Beat until light and fluffy. Gradually add dry ingredients, mixing until smooth after each addition.

PARTY COOKIES: Chill dough 2-3 hours. Put mixture through cookie press onto ungreased cookie sheet. Decorate with semi-sweet chocolate morsels, or butterscotch morsels or sprinkle on quick strawberry flavored mix. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) for 8-10 minutes. Or, leave plain and frost as desired when cool.

(Please turn the page)
ROLLED COOKIES: Chill dough 2-3 hours. Roll out dough, a portion at a time, $\frac{1}{4}$-inch thick on a lightly floured board. Cut into desired shapes and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven ($350°F.$) for 8-10 minutes. Cool. Dip in melted semi-sweet chocolate or butterscotch morsels and cool on wax paper or aluminum foil.


REFRIGERATOR COOKIES: Form dough in 2 rolls about 2-inches in diameter. Chill 2-3 hours. Cut into slices about $\frac{1}{3}$-inch thick. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven ($350°F.$) for 8-10 minutes. Cool.

Place in top of double boiler:
- 1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels

Melt over hot, not boiling, water. Dip ends of cookies in chocolate, then in chopped nuts, if desired. Cool on waxed paper. Makes about 75.

WHIRL COOKIES: Prepare dough as directed. Divide in half. To one half of the mixture, add:
- 1 square semi-sweet chocolate, melted and cooled

Blend well. Wrap portions separately and chill 2-3 hours. Place one portion on a piece of wax paper. Cover with a second portion of wax paper. Roll out into a rectangle 7x11 inches. Repeat with second portion. Remove sheets of wax paper. Place chocolate dough on white. Roll dough out to a thickness of $\frac{1}{4}$-inch. Roll up, jelly roll fashion. Wrap and chill overnight. Cut in slices $\frac{1}{4}$-inch thick and place on ungreased cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven ($350°F.$) for 8-10 minutes.

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Photoplay's STAR-TESTED Recipes

CHEWY BUTTERSCOTCH BARS

Makes 50 bars
Sift together:
- 1½ cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 teaspoon salt
Combine:
- 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
- ½ cup oil
Add one at a time:
- 2 eggs
Beat well after each addition. Add:
- 2 teaspoons vanilla
- 1 cup chopped walnuts
- 1 cup shredded coconut
Mix well. Add dry ingredients, blending well. Spread evenly in a greased and floured pan (10½x15”).

Combine in a saucepan:
- ½ cup firmly packed brown sugar
- ¼ cup dark corn syrup
- 3 tablespoons light cream or evaporated milk
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Blend well. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, to soft ball stage (234°F.) or until small amount forms a soft ball when tested in cold water. Remove from heat and add:
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
Mix well. Pour over batter. Bake in moderate oven ($350°F.$) for 30 minutes. Cool in pan 30 minutes. Cut into bars while warm. Remove from pan carefully.
HAM AND MACARONI SALAD

Makes 4-5 servings
Cut into 1/2 inch cubes:
   1 can (12 oz.) luncheon meat
Combine:
   3 cups cooked elbow macaroni
   1/2 cup chopped celery
   1/2 cup chopped green pepper
   1/4 cup sweet pickle
   2 tablespoons minced onion
   1/4 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
   salt to taste
Mix well. Chill thoroughly and pack in wide mouth vacuum bottle.

Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture comes to a boil. Boil 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Add:
   1 package (6 oz.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels
   16 marshmallows or 1 cup marshmallow cream
Beat until chocolate has melted and mixture begins to thicken. Add:
   1 teaspoon vanilla
   1 cup chopped walnuts
Mix well. Spread evenly in buttered 8 or 9 inch pan. Cool. Cut into 30 pieces.

MOLASSES PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Makes 5-6 dozen
Sift together:
   2 cups sifted flour
   2 teaspoons baking powder
   1/4 teaspoon baking soda
   1/4 teaspoon salt
Work with spoon until soft:
   1/2 cup shortening
   1/2 cup peanut butter
   1/2 cup sugar
Add:
   1 egg
   1/2 cup molasses

APPLE PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES

Makes 4 sandwiches
Spread 8 slices of bread with chunky-style peanut butter.
Combine in a bowl:
   1 cup chopped apple
   1/2 cup finely diced celery
   2 teaspoons chopped onion
   1 teaspoon lemon juice
   1/2 teaspoon salt
   2 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
Mix well. Spoon onto slice of peanut-buttered bread. Cover with second slice of peanut-buttered bread.

NUT FUDGE

Makes 30 pieces
Combine in a saucepan:
   2 1/4 cups sugar
   1 cup evaporated milk
   1/4 cup butter or margarine
   1/4 teaspoon salt
Dot with butter. Pour in another 1/2 of batter and repeat with sugar and butter. Cover with third layer. Sprinkle over all:
   1/4 cup chopped nuts
   2 tablespoons brown sugar
Bake in hot oven (400°F.) 20-25 minutes or until cake springs back when lightly touched with finger.

CONFETTI POTATO SALAD

Makes 6 servings
Combine in bowl:
   1/4 cup diced cooked potatoes
   2 tablespoons lemon juice
   1/2 teaspoon salt
Mix well. Chill, stirring occasionally.
Combine:
   1 package (3 oz.) lemon-flavored gelatin
   1 cup boiling water
Stir until dissolved. Add:
   1/2 teaspoon paprika
   1/2 teaspoon salt
Combine:
   1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
   1/2 cup milk
Mix well. Fold into gelatin. Fold in:
   1 tablespoon chopped parsley
   1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
   1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
   1 tablespoon chopped onion

COFFEE CAKE RING

Beat until light:
   2 eggs
Gradually add while beating:
   3/4 cup sugar
Beat until fluffy. Add:
   3/4 cup milk
   2 cups packaged pancake mix
Beat until smooth. Add:
   1/2 cup melted shortening
Mix well. Pour 1/2 of the batter into greased 9 inch tube pan. Sprinkle over batter surface:
   2 tablespoons brown sugar

Have you a recipe you would like to share with other readers? If you have, send it with your name and address to PHOTOPAY READER RECIPES, P. O. Box 3960, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for any recipe we publish.
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THE BIG RUMOR-

they're married!

Suzanne Pleshette ran her finger along the delicate lace negligee. She held up the lingerie and scrutinized it with great care, peering intently at the material for defects, studying the seams to make sure that they were absolutely perfect.

“You’ll look lovely in that,” the salesgirl commented. “I hope that new husband of yours appreciates the time and trouble you’ve taken to please him on the honeymoon. I hope you don’t mind my asking—but when is the wedding?”

Suzanne stared at the clerk, half-amused, half-puzzled.

“New husband? Wedding? Honeymoon? What do you mean?”

Slightly embarrassed, the salesgirl blushed and said, “But you are Suzanne Pleshette, the movie actress, aren’t you?”

Suzanne nodded. “Yes, I am, but I still don’t understand . . .”

“And you are going steady with Troy Donahue, aren’t you?”

Again Suzanne nodded. “Close to steady, but not—”

Suzanne’s pretty face lit up in sudden (Continued on page 68)
For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich you only need to "lather once!"

JANIS PAIGE, star of MGM's "Follow The Boys," 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 Lustre-Creme's rich, instant-foaming shampoo. Then your hair has more life and body; any hair style behaves beautifully. Try it and see!

NEW "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme Shampoo
MAY & SAMMY

Continued from page 31

SAMMY: Well you know, Freddie, as a kid I never had time to swim or even to think about learning ‘cause I was always working and on the road somewhere, and there were no pools on stage . . . that’s why it’s so wonderful having a home life now and being able to enjoy the things I never did before. I never played baseball like other kids, either. I’m just learning about it now.

FRED: I want to get a quick portrait of the home life, Sammy. What are the kids like? How do they get along together?

SAMMY: Like kids. There’s no difference. Fred. They are no different. I wish I could say that our house is different than it is in anybody else’s house that has two children because of the nature of the marriage, but there is none. There is no difference. The same things prevail. The kids run the house and my wife is constantly yelling at them and I’m yelling at them, and the noise is unbearable at times. But I think that prevails in everybody’s house, and I think the man who says, “Oh, it’s an orderly, beautiful house,” and goes on with that sort of

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SAMMY: No, we don’t much go for that routine. I know a lot of families who’ve raised their children along that line. Letting them do whatever they want in order not to repress them and give them anxieties...you know...like making little fires in the living room...or turning over furniture...or sawing the dog in half...but you know as well as I do that so many of these kids turn out to be spoiled brats. May doesn’t hesitate to give them a whack if they deserve it...I think that’s a lot better than this so-called modern, progressive bit.

FRED: The old saying, “Spare the rod and spoil the child.”

SAMMY: That’s right. But she really is quite a mother. And it’s such a full time job—taking care of two kids, as any mother knows. There’s no sleeping late, either. Comes seven in the morning, and Tracy is up and I’m up...rocking her crib back and forth until her Mommy wakes up...and from then on until bedtime it's a continuous performance...by then she’s really had it...but she loves every minute.

FRED: Sammy, what does it do to you inwardly to realize that you’re a daddy? Can you express maybe your feelings a little bit about being a father?

SAMMY: No, I don’t think that can be expressed. I think that is something that happens and I think the one word that you are suddenly very aware of is responsibility, of course. You can’t really become very articulate about it, because it’s something that each father must feel in his own right. As for me, I know that I have always loved children and I certainly idolize my own. I know what kind of life I want for them. I want them to lead a nice, healthy, good, normal life, to know the value of money, to make sure that they regard their position as human beings more than they regard the position of their father being a star or a performer. This is the most important thing.

And they are going to go to a public school and all the other stuff, you know. This is what I want. But every father wants this for his children, and I think in that area we certainly do not differ. Sure, there are going to be a couple of things that I will be able to give my kids that the average guy on the street won’t be able to give his, but by the same token, I worked awfully hard to attain these things and I want to hold on to them to give them when they grow up, but they will work for them. So proportionately everything works out.

FRED: How can children of parents who can afford to give them everything—how can they be made to realize the value of money?

SAMMY: They work during the summer. I know as soon as Mark—if he wants a bike or something, he’s going to have to go out and work for part of it. He’ll do some chores. He’ll contribute a little bit and we’ll naturally give him the rest—to let him know the value of money. There will be no fancy car buying when he’s fifteen and all that jazz. I don’t think there will be any trouble with the girl because girls are kind of frilly and nice, but the only thing that I really want to splurge on is education, because I think education is the most important thing. I would love for my children to go to school here, and I would love to send my daughter to Switzerland for a couple of years. You know, so they get a broadening, let them know a little bit about what goes on in the world that we live in—the trouble that we have in America. I don’t want my kids to grow up speaking only one language. I want them to speak three or four languages. That is one thing that I really would want to insist upon, because I have been around the world many times now, and I know what happens. Everybody speaks two languages, or three languages. Minimum. Except Americans, and it’s embarrassing. You feel that you can’t communicate with anybody.

FRED: What does money mean to you, Sammy, at this point? Security?

SAMMY: Well, money has a different point of view than it used to have. In the old days I threw it away by the bucketful. To me today it means a great deal, because it does mean all the niceties of life that one is wont to have. I don’t mean by that to go out and have big diamond rings and twenty-four cars, as that used to be my sort of credo of years ago. But to have a security for kids who come into the world who don’t ask to be brought in.

I know the word security has come up several times now, but it is the most petrifying word that I can find. You’ve got to be able to look at your children and say, “If something happens to me tomorrow, they will be taken care of; there will be some sort of life for them.”

I never had insurance on myself. I got almost two million dollars’ worth of insurance on me now. But due to the fact that somebody suddenly left these children and you say, “Boy, I got to insure.”

FRED: Sammy, when you’re not working, which isn’t very often, what do you do at home?

SAMMY: Very, very little. I usually have a recording session or so, or I sit around with the kids and spend as much time as I can. My wife and I go out maybe once in a while to a restaurant to eat some Italian food or something. Martoni’s is the place we hang out in, in Hollywood.

Or we visit mutual friends and maybe have dinner once a week, but most of the time we stay at home.

FRED: Who are your best friends in California?

SAMMY: Well, needless to say, Frank and Dean, Peter Lawford, Hugh Benson (who’s an executive over at Warner Bros.), Diane Benson, his wife, was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding, the Milton Berles, Tony Young, Madeline Rhue, Peter Brown. And then we go to a number of performers’ houses, and we have a couple of friends who are lawyers that we sit around with, and then of course there are people like Bob and Nancy Culp who we are very close to; Louis Quinn and his wife. They live in the valley now, and they’ve got a whole thing going with the horses, so the kids go out and ride their ponies all the time.

FRED: Sammy, do you help May shop for the kids’ clothes?

SAMMY: No, I don’t help her shop for them. I buy what I want for the kids and I have an unfailing taste when it comes to children’s clothes. And I buy most of my wife’s clothes, too.

FRED: You buy May’s clothing? I don’t think that’s too well known.

SAMMY: Well, I go into a shop. I figure why should I do and going out on the town I see something, a particular dress that I think she’d like, I buy it and take it home.

FRED: Are the kids’ rooms decorated any certain way?

SAMMY: No. Very simple. Nothing at all. We had a nurse for a while, and we just have mother’s helper now. May for the last two weeks has been taking care of the kids all by herself because of the fact that she had to give the woman who has been there time to catch up on days off.

FRED: How big a family do you think you’d like, Sammy?

SAMMY: About six, seven kids.

FRED: Really, that’s something to say, what a different guy you are. Can you notice it yourself?

SAMMY: Well, I think age has something to do with it, too. When we first met each other, the world was my oyster, and it was wild, having had the long and hungry years behind me, and it looked then like a bright horizon—a single guy and you could do all the things you want to...
SAMMY: Oh yes.
FRED: You'll take an apartment?
SAMMY: For at least two years. We'll take an apartment close to the theater during the show so I'll be able to spend as much time as possible at home with May and the kids. I'm really looking forward to it, being able to be in one place for a long time and only having to travel between the apartment and the theater. What a gas that'll be!
FRED: Where will the kids go to school?
SAMMY: In New York. They will be exposed to everything. May is looking forward to it—she has a great affinity for getting our children involved with others.

FRED: Sammy, do you think I'm exaggerating all the controversy over your marriage?
SAMMY: You learn to wear controversy as a person learns to wear a pair of ill-fitting shoes, if that's the only pair of shoes he has. Out of all the things that I become involved with controversially, there are maybe two or three that I could have stopped and said, "No, I don't want to do it because it's controversial." The rest of the things that I have done I have done because I think I have a right to it as a human being. I've got as much right to try to seek happiness in my own way, with whom I choose, so long as I don't hurt anyone—the only people that stood to be hurt when I got married were my wife and myself. I don't believe in the bugaboos. I believe you know this. I don't believe in the bugaboos about what happens to children of a mixed marriage. I think if you walk in your house you will hear the same sounds of happiness that you hear in any house. I think that if you find yourself surrounded by beautiful people—the children are beautiful and thank God they're healthy and that's all we want is healthy children—but I am proud to say, when I look at my daughter, she's beautiful. Our son is, too.

But do I like it? I have to accept it. I have no choice but to accept it. Because when I want to walk into a place and people say, "There's Sammy Davis, Jr."—and automatically that IBM machine upstairs in their brain starts to work, and they see all the covers of scandal magazines. So that if you're not doing anything controversial they make you controversial by looking at you. The fact that maybe some of the stories were true (90% of them were not) does not matter to them, but they associate with it. But I must say that even that is better now than it used to be. To get out and solicit controversy, no. That's ridiculous, stupid. Nobody can live with that.

FRED: Sammy, I know you're considered a real expert at the fast draw and you're a real bug on Western. Why do you dig them so much?
SAMMY: So who's got a better right than the first colored Jewish cowboy in history?

—The End
only things that can really cause the marriage!!!

Troy Donahue's personality and character are well known by now. As an actor he has won remarkably quick success with millions of movie goers. He has worked reasonably hard at his profession—although not nearly enough, according to the standards of high llama drama critics. Troy's background is not wealth. His parents were in a high income bracket, but any suggestion that Troy was reared in opulence is unfounded. But he has never been "poor" or hungry nor without shoes. He has never known a really great gift or a truly significant joy in his life.

Some Donahue intimates say that "Old TD just hasn't ever had a rough time with anything. He gets in scrapes and then just lucks out of them. Look at the Kardell thing. He's accused of walloping a girl. Doesn't matter whether he did or didn't. But with any other actor the stigma of the incident alone would have meant—out-of-the-business. It didn't even dent Troy's standing with the public. Today he's bigger than ever."

"I think he needs a little seasoning, a rough time emotionally with someone to whom he's genuinely devoted. He's been with a lot of girls and really liked them. But never devoted. From what I've seen, I think that he is devoted to Suzanne. Now here's a girl who could really give him a bad time, emotionally."

Recently, while having a talk with Troy, we asked just what was the truth with himself and the vivacious Suzanne.

"I don't know," he said. "I honestly—God don't know. Sometimes it's like a dream that every man has of being with the most beautiful girl in the world. Look, in my mind a man can only know, really know, what he is experiencing at the moment."

"The other evening, for example, I hadn't seen Suzanne for a couple of days. We had a date for 7 P.M. For dinner and then a private party given by one of Suzanne's friends. The morning of that date I went to work and knew that it would be a good day for me because, knowing I was going to be with Suzanne that night, put me in a great frame of mind. I guess you could say I was happy."

About noon I realized it was now only seven hours away. I was like a kid anticipating Christmas—there I was actually beginning to count the hours. Hell, I'm a grown man, I said to myself. Do adult males do things like this? I've never really had this sort of thing happen to me before.

"At about 4 P.M., I became restless. I kept my eye on the watch. And then something would have to work overtime on the scenes we were doing. Inside I was outraged. How could they do a thing like that to me? Didn't they know I had a date at 7 P.M.?

"Well, we didn't work overtime, but I think I would have had a fit if we did."

"At 7 I called for Suzanne. I'm keyed up, I thought. The picture of her has been building up all day. I straighten my tie, check for specks on my jacket, wonder if my hair is combed. How much more of the high school boy can I get?"

"So I ring the bell of her apartment and the door opens."

"There she was. Lovely, beautiful, smiling, eyes aglow. At a moment like that, all I can say is that I felt weightless, heady, giddy, joy-sick, happy. Every damn thing in the world was right because Suzanne was standing there in the doorway just as I had hoped she would."

"Is it any wonder, then, that for me, that evening, everyone wasn't it any other woman in the world but Suzanne?"

Was it that way every time Troy has met Suzanne?

He nodded. "So far," he said.

The elusive Suzanne

He stared at the table for a moment. "But you know," he continued. "for all the excitement, for all the highs I have with Suzanne, I can't, even right now, say that she is mine. I always get the feeling that she is a loan-out, a wonderful woman who doesn't belong to me permanently, a woman who may never belong to any man."

Troy related what he had said for a few seconds and then: "Maybe that is the secret of her attraction for me." He smiled. "Maybe Suzanne knows it. Maybe every woman knows it."

Troy laughed. "Now go ahead," he said, "ask me if I look forward to seeing Suzanne. You tell me. Am I in love?"

Troy apparently didn't realize it, but he had just revealed the very side of his nature which many of his friends consider his real weakness, where women and love are concerned. For what attracted him to Suzanne the most, his yearnings to possess her, would, say his friends, be the undoing of the love affair, once it was accomplished."

"You see," says a Donahue buddy, "Troy doesn't understand himself enough to perceive that he is a man of conquest. It is so instinctive in some men that they aren't aware that it is the driving force of their nature, the motive for nearly everything they do. It is not the normal sense of prideful superiority that most men are born with. It's more than that. It is almost a desperate need. To win, to emerge victorious, to meet the challenge, to deal with it and dispose of it. I think the best way to say it is that Troy strives to have but never to hold. He is seething passion.
toward something he must conquer. But once conquered, he may lose all feeling for the loser.

"Consider Suzanne's position in relation to a man like that."

Since it's been suggested, let's consider Suzanne's point of view. As we mentioned before, Suzanne is an intelligent girl. She realizes, as only a woman can, what kind of man she is romancing.

"If I withhold my love for him," she might say to herself, "I keep him. If I give him my love, if I let him know I belong to him, I lose him."

The reluctance to give herself up to any man is strong in every woman, particularly an American woman. The reason is simple. Most men are like Troy. It is no unfavorable reflection on a man's character to speak of what is the nature of his sex. But it does cause serious predicaments in love affairs between two strong-willed individuals.

"These are the things that deter me from committing myself to a man at this time in my life," Suzanne pointed out. "Troy is a marvelous person, all men—and maybe that's the trouble."

"So many times when we're on a date I see it in him. I mean the side of a man that must be tough, hard, relentless, even ruthless. Women want tenderness and gentleness, to be treated as though we are fragile, as though we would break if handled. And yet we deny it. We insist we're indestructible, we can take it."

"Perhaps I'm not sure that Troy, the man, can really deal with Suzanne, the complicated woman. As Troy the lover and Suzanne the loved, nothing could be sweeter. But I can feel no sense of permanency with Troy, I want to. I hope I will and sometimes I find myself looking forward with great fervency to the moment when I know that there is so much between us that I will not care that I never wanted to belong completely to any man. I suppose if I knew what was going to happen between Troy and me after that moment I might be able to make a decision. Maybe we both need a few more years of living, a little more experience to help us predict. But right now, this minute, I'm not ready to marry Troy."

"I confess that I told a columnist that Troy and I might get married. But again, I reserve the right to decide when. And I didn't say possibly.

"But I also admit, somewhat sheepishly, too, that I'm tempted to become Troy's wife."

So it stands at the moment.

The love affair that's afraid of marriage. Two people, inexorably drawn to each other and at the same time almost irrevocably opposed.

"Maybe," Suzanne said in conclusion, "the real answer is the fact that as of now, whatever happens is my decision. Once I belong to Troy, once any woman belongs to any man, the decisions are no longer ours."

Suzanne gave us the piquant smile.

"Keep a mental picture up in your head when she just might go ahead and do something like—getting married?" — ALAN SOMERS

He is very charming, has a marvelous sense of humor and he has a wonderful unassuming way about him, a way of accepting reality but not being disillusioned by it. That's my big trouble, I guess. Louis and I were both born on February 13. Collette and I spent that weekend at Georges and Louis was there. But the notion some people have is that there is anything between Louis and myself is nonsense. What they're saying about us just isn't true.

Yet, though Kim rejects reality and he makes light of it, they now must face it head on—because it looks as if, once again, Kim Novak will be pointed out as a "home-wrecker."

Louis Feraud, thirty-nine, is a Parisian fashion designer, comfortably married with a fine wife and lovely children. He pursues, with unusual success, a profession that has swamped others with failure. Suddenly with all the rush of a snapped stitch he has been engulfed in a wave of emotions that comes from a lonely and disillusioned woman, a woman who is considered by some to be more beautiful than Liz Taylor. That woman is Kim Novak.

The whispers of the Novak-Feraud romance spread through Paris like a grass fire in dry season.

Extra-curricular love affairs in otherwise sound marriages are not new to sophisticated Parisians. But in this case an American beauty, Kim Novak, had come to Paris to marry the American movie director, Richard Quine. Suddenly the wedding was postponed. And suddenly Quine was gone and the lonely beauty remained.

It is not a new situation even for Americans. Unfortunately it is also not a new situation for Kim! And so, whether it is true or false, Kim finds herself the object of another headlined romance. How does it happen? Is Kim the victim of a compulsion that lures her to love and then drives her back into the ache of heart and torment of the mind? Every close friend of Kim's has a different answer.

**Beautiful body, cold feet**

"She has the warmest, most beautiful body of any woman I have ever known," says an ex-lover, "but she suffers from one of the most terrible cases of cold feet I've ever seen, too. She is a little like a beautiful race horse. She never balks at the start, it's the finish line that scares her."

"People just don't understand Kim," says a Novak girl friend. "But her problem is very simple. She simply does not believe in the permanency of love. For herself, yes; but it is impossible for her to be sure that the man will be faithful. Hollywood's done it to her. She once said that her only dread of marriage is that two years after the wedding she'd wake up some morning and find her husband gone and then realize that she had been only the legalized wife to a man who never intended to be true."

Another girl friend has this to say: "Kim doesn't know what love is. When I tried to explain to her that no woman really knows what love is, the answer didn't satisfy her. She insisted that love was bound to make her feel different, different from any other feeling she's ever had. She said she's never met a man who gave her that feeling long enough to convince her that it would always be there. Maybe she's right."

"This thing with Feraud, I'll guarantee you it won't last three months."

A man who has known Kim since she was a commercial model, opening and closing display refrigerators, says, "|I know Feraud and I know Kim. I can see him losing his head but he is involved with a woman who just never has grown up. Kim is still living in the fairyland of her childhood. Her world abounds with Prince Charmings, gentlemen mysteriously wealthy, adoration, pomp, splendor and adventure."

"Feraud, I'd say, is a fairy godfather. He touches you and you are beautiful. You must remember his success in his profession as a fashion designer depends almost entirely on his imagination, his creativity. He lives in a world remarkably similar, in some aspects, to the world Kim lives in. I'm not at all surprised that they have hit it off so well. I only hope Mrs. Feraud understands. If she doesn't, Kim and Louis are in trouble."

Kim and Louis are in trouble, for Mrs. Feraud doesn't understand.

So great is Mrs. Feraud's lack of understanding that according to all reports from Paris she had a long talk with her husband and in calm, certain tones and with words any husband could understand, she said:

"Louis, I am your wife and the mother of your children. Until now we have been happy. I am grateful for that. For a long time I have ignored the talk and the backstairs gossip about you and this woman from America. But it has now reached the point where I must ask you to deny these terrible rumors. I am sure I need not tell you why."

Feraud is said to have looked at his wife helplessly. The Frenchwoman knew what she had to say next.

"I will not say anything more about it then," she added. "I have only one final question. Whom do you choose, Miss Novak or me?"

How long it took him to reply is not known. Whether he ever replied at all, in words, has not been confirmed. His answer, however, can be found in the fact that a few days later he boarded a plane for Los Angeles and Kim.

**The only thing Kim wants**

His arrival must have been important to Kim. It was the rare occasion that could draw her from her picturesque hideaway by the Pacific Ocean in Carmel, a...
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Continued from page 46

what you make of it?" To my surprise, there was a hearty laugh at the other end of the line. It was not the operator eavesdropping as I had suspected for a moment. It was really Sybil! Laughing! "I think I can understand you," she said, laughing, "that means Richard is enjoying himself. Wouldn't you think that?"

A heck of a spot to be in, Sybil asking me, the reporter, if I thought her husband was having a good time with Liz. But since she asked me, I had to say something. So I replied: Well, I didn't study Richard's face too closely in the photos—you know how those cabled pictures come out. All blurry.

Oh, that's quite all right," Sybil interrupted. "You don't have to apologize for Richard. I know he's having a good time. And it is perfectly all right with me."

I had heard Sybil say it. I had heard it a dozen times if she were standing next to me. But I wanted to make certain that I wasn't hearing things.

"You are saying," I began again, "that it's all right with you that Richard is enjoying himself with Liz?"

"Of course, my dear," came the reply. "But why are you discussing this with me? I do think you should call Richard yourself and ask him. He's staying at the Hotel Meurice in Paris."

Imperturbable Sybil

"Yes," I said, taking a breath. "And Miss Taylor is staying with him. But to be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Burton, I can't seem to get them to answer the phone."

If you think that bit of revelatory intelligence was grating enough to throw Sybil, you don't know this woman who has vowed to remain Burton's wife in the face of a scandal that would have destroyed almost any other spouse. It was obvious from her comment why she has remained steadfast as the Rock of Gibraltar against the almost daily crises which had turned her marriage into a sensational love triangle.

Imperturbable Sybil came back with this rebuttal: "They are both probably very busy.

For a moment her voice drifted.

"Busy, did you say?" I put in.

"Yes," she returned. "Busy—with business."

"Business?"

"Yes—they are working out the final details of their new contract for 'The VIP's.' It may take a few more days. . . ."

Suddenly the thought of Burton and Taylor doing another movie together hit me like a ton of something. My mind raced over the events of the last several months. I recalled the first flashes from Rome, when Liz was rushed to the hospital. They called it food poisoning at first. Then they said it was exhaustion. They put other labels on the sickness, but no one could hide the truth even then. The truth was that Liz was through with Eddie Fisher. You knew that the instant Eddie flew back from Lisbon where he had gone off on business. The doctors refused to let Eddie in to see his wife; he cooled his heels for hours before they finally admitted him to Liz's bedside.

At almost once the rumors flew. Liz, the beautiful, alluring Cleopatra, the Queen of the Nile, had fallen for her leading man, handsome, hulking Burton, her Marc Antony.

At first it was hard to believe. It was like a nightmare in broad daylight. The story of millions of faithful fans who had been led to believe that Liz had at last found a permanent husband in Eddie, the man she had snatched from Debbie Reynolds in one of the boldest abductions Hollywood had ever seen.

"Liz can't afford another scandal," was the word that buzzed round the world on the heels of the rumors of her seething romance with Burton. Indeed, she could ill afford to ride the rapids of another marital bust-up at a time when 20th Century-Fox had all its millions tied up in "Cleopatra."

Yet Liz paid no heed to the danger signs that were flashed to her. She ignored the pleas of everyone, including Spyros Skouras, the fallen tycoon of 20th Century-Fox. It was as in some measure, who brought about his downfall for she carried on an audacious love affair with Burton—against Skouras' impassioned entreaties.

**Free show**

Liz and Burton carried on shamelessly on the streets of Rome, in cafes, the restaurant, their hotel. They spent long hours together at her sumptuous villa on the Appian Way. This was brute testimony that Liz—and Burton—had thrown good taste to the winds and invited all the world to be witness to their lust and love.

Eddie Fisher was betrayed and his heart was broken as he watched his enchantress wife make her amorous advances to her rugged, dashing leading man in bolder and bolder terms. At last Eddie had to show the world he was a man, no more the slave who stood at Liz' feet pampering and cajoling her. He broke—clean. He came to New York and announced for all to hear that he and Liz were washed up.

Now there was the other poor soul in this shocking betrayal of morality. It was Sybil Burton. How was she affected by this treachery?

There are those who say that it made Sybil sick and heartbroken as Eddie to see her husband in the embrace of another woman. They say that she suffered interminably, writhing in a private hell of torments. They say that she had nothing but for her children born of her marriage to Burton. Yet, never once did Sybil publicly reveal the dreadful humiliation she unquestionably endured during this traumatic period of her life.

Instead, she stood squarely on her courage and dignity. She wanted no pity. She wanted no sympathy. She simply asked to be left alone.

Faith was in her heart. She knew Richard Burton better than any woman—far better than Liz Taylor would ever know him, even though she was now the woman in his arms, pressing her lips to his, stroking his hair and, finally—that scene on the boat which left little to the imagination . . .

I thought of all these episodes which had brought the shocking triangle down to the present moment as I spoke with Sybil Burton by trans-Atlantic phone.

Thus far Sybil had spoken to me frankly and candidly. It was before he had heard of her husband's romantic blessing to carry on with Liz as he pleased. Now I had heard it with my own ears directly from Sybil. It was a revealing insight into the indomitable character and superb quality of the woman.

I couldn't help but form a hasty conclusion at this point into a conclusion that Sybil Burton will never give her Richard back to Liz! But I had to be sure. The editors of Photoplay magazine wanted a scoop, an exclusive interview with Sybil, and they wanted to know if she had weakened even the least little bit from her position since the last publicity about Liz and Richard cracked out of Paris. Now that they were going to make another film together, what chance would Sybil have of getting Richard back from Liz?

Many astute observers of the scene had predicted that once Burton and Liz were finished with "Cleopatra," they would come to a parting of the ways. The script had been sketched. It went something like this:

Burton, who has a reputation of sweeping his leading ladies off their feet, would go back to Sybil. And Liz, once dumped by Burton, would come crawling back to Eddie. And the Burtons and Fishers would live happily ever after—in their separate abodes, of course.

But that script was speedily scrapped when M-G-M pulled its coup by signing Liz and Richard to do "The VIP's." That changed the entire complexion of the shameless lovers' future. It meant they would be together again and, predictably, they would continue to carry on as before.

**Richard has her blessing**

That then, raised the question about Sybil. What would she do? Carefully, in order not to arouse her anger and cause Sybil to hang up on me, I put the question to her this way:

"Mrs. Burton, there have been so many stories in the newspapers that I am really not sure what to make of them. I've been wondering, in view of all that has been written about Richard and Elizabeth—have you any objection to their teaming up again in another movie?"

There was a brief period of silence. But I didn't hear a click. I assumed Sybil was mulling over the question. I was reassured of that when I heard Sybil's voice again. I was thinking—"He should have any objection. It is a perfect stroke of genius to bring my husband together with Elizabeth in another film. Moreover, it is a very fine script. They should do very well with it."

Then, as if to emphasize the reply to my query, Sybil repeated, "No, I certainly have no objection."

I wondered what new headlines Richard and Liz might make now in light of their renewed partnership in another celluloid venture. Of course, I was wondering about their off-screen romantic. I must have wondered too loud because Sybil came
"Richard and I understand each other perfectly," Sybil countered in a reassuring voice. "In fact, I shall be going to London soon to join Richard there for the Christmas holidays.

"Therefore, what I am saying is that my relations with Richard are just fine. Simply fine. I wish you would not worry so much about us in view of how fine things really are."

Sybil didn’t seem to want to have any doubt in my mind about her relations with Richard. Things are fine. Really fine.

"And the children?" I asked, referring to Kate, five, and Jessica, three, who were with their mother in Celigny.

"Oh, they are fine," Mrs. Burton replied. I began to sense that Sybil had reached the point where she intended to bring her patience to a boil. I could see her discomfort in her face. I spoke a few words, and she interrupted. I said: "From what you say, Mrs. Burton, I gather that you’re not going to divorce it, of course. Richard should want it in due course to marry Elizabeth—as the newspapers kept saying it.

Which promptly brought the reply which topped this story:

"Richard is mine. He is all mine. He shall always be mine. I will never give him up to Elizabeth Taylor or to any woman..."

They, almost as an afterthought:

"But this is all so very academic... As I have told you, Richard and I understand each other perfectly..."

To which we would like to add one final comment: Bully for Mrs. Burton!

George Carpozi

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they wanted as reward. The first youth asked for an appointment to West Point, the second wanted an appointment to Annapolis, but, in Ted's words, the third moaned, "My only request is for burial in Arlington National Cemetery. Because when my old man hears who I saved, I'll be dead." (Gwen Gibson)

Juliet Prowse tells about the mother of a spoiled, five-year-old Hollywood child star who almost drowned in the ocean. Approaching his rescuer soon after she asked, "Are you the one who saved my boy's life?" When the lifeguard nodded, she asked, "So what happened to his hat?" (Douglas Watt)

Okay. Let's say that, like most of the people in the United States who heard these gags, you laughed at one or more of them. Why? What made you laugh? What is laughter?

Psychiatrists and psychotherapists from Sigmund Freud to F. S. Perls have explained laughter as a "response to a non-threatening attack." Hi-falutin', huh? But it simply means that we laugh at something which might be unpleasant or dangerous when we are sure it's not really going to hurt us. Its underlying "attack"—which could be uncomfortable or down-right embarrassing to us if we were stated directly—is made safe for us by the notation that "it's all in fun." It's not to be taken seriously. Laugh it off!

You're still not clear about why you laugh and what laughter is? All right. Let's say you have certain feelings and impulses that are important to you, but which you don't dare bring out in the open because they're not socially acceptable. Telling or listening to or reading jokes allows you to express your "taboo" feelings without embarrassment or anxiety. Sex and hostility are the two basic impulses usually let out through jokes, for society is most concerned with controlling and suppressing our sexual and hostile feelings. A good gag, then, allows us to express these "taboo" impulses in a safe and socially accepted way.

Suppose we consider hostility for a minute. We all have angry feelings we have difficulty handling. We all want to be "nice" and "poplar." We'd like to belong, to have everyone like us, and we're afraid that if we tell people off they won't like us any more and that would be terrible. At the same time we become reckless and tense when we always hold in our true feelings (part of our anger is at having to suppress them), and find great relief in letting our anger sneak out in the form of humor—jokes, wisecracks and gags.

Through humor we "attack" the very celebrities we love to create—in movies, TV, sports and pop music; and now we even extend this "attack" to the astronauts and to the President and his family. Sure, we like to have famous people to look up to; but we don't want them too far above us. So simultaneously we are proud of our celebrities, and we cut them down to size—our size. We like to identify with the rich and famous, but at the same time, by means of our quips and gags, we say, "He's just like me, he's no better than I am."

Therefore, our jokes and wisecracks show (even though we're not always aware of it) that we simultaneously admire, envy and morally condemn a beautiful star's adventures with men, just as we simultaneously are proud of our leaders for being leaders yet warn them that we don't want them to be too big, too strong, too different from us. Okay. Now let's look at some more gags and try to find out what they reveal about our celebrities—and about ourselves.

**Those Kennedy gags!**

Outside of Liz, Burton and Eddie, who are in a class by themselves, the favorite targets for wisecracks are the Kennedy family—individually, in pairs and in clumps. The intent of these gags ranges from unconcealed hostility (an attempt to destroy them through direct, brutal humor—"This gag will kill you") to sly humor (an attempt, as we've pointed out already, to "cut down to our size"' celebrities whom we like and admire):

- The rocking chair is the perfect symbol of the New Frontier—it gives the semblance of motion without actually getting anywhere. (Mort Sahl)
- Our President is so young. His mother said to him, "Jack, do you want to go to summer camp or run for President?" (Bob Hope)
- When JFK and Jackie celebrated their wedding anniversary, they wanted to keep it small so they kept out the immediate family and just invited the public. (Jack Denton)
- There was a rumor Castro was going to assassinate all the Kennedys. Castro denied it. Where would be get all that ammunition? (Mort Sahl)
- The Kennedy Administration has got a program for everybody but a guy looking for a broad. (Joe E. Lewis)
- Wall-streeters, still smarting from the stock market crash and the President's handling of the steel crisis, insist that JFK's father, Joe Kennedy, keeps shaking his head and saying, "I knew I never should've voted for that ... ... !"
- I hear President Kennedy plans to split Massachusetts in half—High Mass and Low Mass. (Bob Hope)
- Imagine Caroline getting all that publicity and not being able to read. (Jackie Kannon)
- The Repubs expect to win with Caroline in 64 if Jackie doesn't run. (Walter Winchell)
- Reporters asked Judy Garland and Sid Luft (when they were still together) after they've vacated the White House, "Did you meet the nation's First Lady this time?" Sid answered, "No—Caroline was away."
- After the 1961 Cuban fiasco: Caroline is a nice kid, all right, but this is the last time I let her plan an invasion. (Dave Astor)
- We've speculated that "our wisecracks show that we simultaneously admire, envy and morally condemn a beautiful star's adventures with men. This is certainly borne out by the nature and quantity of the wisecracks made about Liz, Dick and Eddie:
- She's been on more laps than a napkin. (Walter Winchell)
- Said about a starlet: She thinks she's an actress because she has an Egyptian haircut and only goes out with married men. (Lee Mortimer)
- I don't know if she really plans to file for divorce, but one more divorce and she can start a file. (Cholly Knickerbocker)
- If you think you have expenses, how would you like to buy Father's Day gifts for Liz Taylor's kids? (Lee Mortimer)
- Eddie knew something was the matter when Liz brought the asp home from work. (Bob Hope)
- A committee was formed to help Eddie Fisher, the unluckiest man in the world. They arranged for him to win a drawing from a hat. Eddie was given ticket No. 4, and every paper in the hat was numbered 4 to make sure he would win. So he put his hand inside the hat to draw the winning number—and pulled out 615/2. (Henny Youngman)
- Eddie must have been getting his information from the CIA. (Dick Gregory)
- Everyone knows of Debbie Reynolds' dedication to the Thalians. One of her friends who works with her for that charity called a Hollywood paper and said, "I want to place an ad for Debbie Reynolds." The ad clerk quipped: "What does she want to say in the ad? I told you so?"
- You think 20th Century-Fox has troubles? Wait'll they find out Liz Taylor's a boy. (Walter Winchell)

**Cut them to size**

When we apply our statement, "We like to have famous people to look up to, but on the other hand we don't want them too far above us to" to the astronauts, we're making a kind of feeble joke ourselves. We do "look up" to the astronauts and "we don't want them too far above us," and through our jokes and wisecracks we do try to bring them "down to earth." Like this:

> "The U.S. Weather Bureau says tomorrow will be clear and cold but my wife says it will be stormy and snowy."
nauts: Next time take the bus and leave the driving to us.

We found out what happens when a capsule takes a man. (Bob Hope)

Asked if the U.S. will use women astronauts, a space official replied: "Well, the male astronauts are all for it."

Commenting on the speed of Glenn’s flight: Imagine going 17,500 miles an hour—and he’s not even a ten-ager. (Bob Hope)

Today’s kids are spoiled by too many gifts. My kid, for instance. I paid $150 for a space suit for him—and then he wouldn’t go. (Alan Drake)

Carpenter flew over Las Vegas three times. It was the only place nobody looked up. (Bob Hope)

A boy told his mother he’s going to be a spaceman in 1964 and go to the moon. When she broke into tears, her son reassured her by saying: “Don’t worry. I’ll wear a sweater.” (Bruce Benton)

When an interviewer asked super-astronaut José Jiménez what he planned to do during the long, lonely, solitary hours in space, José replied: “Well, I plan to cry a lot.”

Another inviting target for gags, jokes, quips and wisecracks is the TV medical drama. As soon as Ben Casey and Dr. Kildare became America’s favorite physicians, they also became the favorite foils for comedians, both amateur and professional:

Milton Berle told a TV audience that he had “a rough time getting back on television” until he lied to the network officials “and told them I was a doctor.”

Nowadays one can’t watch TV without a prescription.

Last night I watched “Dr. Kildare,” this morning I got a bill from him for a house call.

My kids won’t let me turn on “Ben Casey” until I scrub my hands in hot water. (Bernie Allen)

Singer Neil Sedaka says he’s been offered a TV lead in what they’ll call “an outdoor medical show.” He’ll play a tree surgeon.

Al Cooper’s wife is so busy watching TV medical shows he can only come home during vacation. (Robert Sylvester)

Medical TV shows are doing so well that other programs are converting and changing their names; for example: "Surf Side Sick"... "Wagon Pain"... "Hawaiian Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat."

Often a rash of wisecracks breaks out after a celebrity has been involved in a news event—a real event or one dreamed up by an imaginative press agent. Something (real or imagined, take your choice) happened to Jayne Mansfield when she was "marooned" on an island. The gags that followed in the wake of Jayne’s "near tragedy" were, to say the least, ungentle:

Note we received in the mail: "A tube of insect repellent has been sent to Jayne Mansfield in your name."

Yesterday’s Hollywood consensus on Jayne: Nobody anybody really think she wouldn’t float? (Robert Sylvester)

Jayne’s okay. But the sharks will never be the same.

Anybody who says Jayne Mansfield has a nose for news, probably flunked anatomy. (Red Kane)

Frank Sinatra also exposed himself to a bomb-damaged gags when he split up with Juliet Prosew.

An Ohio newspaper asked local residents what they thought was the most significant event in the week’s news, forgetting to specify which news, and one man replied: “It would never have happened if Frank hadn’t insisted on her quitting work.” (Joe McCarthy)

An eighty-seven-year-old great-grandmother, when a former Hollywood actress, went to her lawyer to discuss a divorce. “How long have you been married to your husband?” the counsellor asked. “Sixty-five years,” the old lady said. “After sixty-

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five years of living with this one man, why do you want to divorce him?" “Because,” great-grandmother said, “enough is enough.”" (Kaye Ballard)

Sir Cedric Hardwicke saw a “See the Homes of the Stars for Only $1” sign in a Hollywood bus station and commented: “That’s awfully cheap for a trip to Switzerland.”

Hollywood bedtime story: “Once upon a time there were three bears—Mama Bear, Papa Bear and Baby Bear by a previous marriage.” (Johnny Carson)

TV programs, TV violence and TV as a social force in American life have received their share of humorous commentary:

A nine-year-old watched the Picasso show on TV the other night. Finally he turned to his father and said, “He’s too old to being doing first grade work.” (Al Salerno)

In the face of public and official demands that the TV networks play down violence in their programs, one station compromised by giving one of its jungle shows a religious twist. In one scene, a missionary ran into a lion in the middle of the jungle. Escape was out of the question, so the missionary sank to his knees and prayed. To his astonishment, the lion did the same. “How miraculous,” exclaimed the missionary, “to join me in prayer when just a moment ago I gave myself up for lost!” “Quiet,” ordered the lion, “I’m saying grace.” (Bennet Cere)

Edmund Buttons claims that when he was making the film “Hatari” in Africa, he came across a cannibal woman who was cooking a television repair man. “Oh, no,” groaned the cannibal husband. “Not another TV dinner!”

Marlon Brando’s reaction to an offer to star in a TV special: “TV is a wonderful medium to work on—if you happen to be a horse!” (Hollywood Gardner)

A joke’s a joke

There is no area of the entertainment field that is safe from the intrusion of humor:

Jack E. Leonard tells about one circus performer who twice a day dived from a forty-foot platform into a tank of broken glass: “And this stunt didn’t seem to bother him at all—except that when he drank water, he dripped from all pores.”

Jon Hendricks wise-cracks wise about one of America’s unique forms of music: Jazz came up the river from New Orleans. It had to—they wouldn’t let the musicians on a bus.

And a DJ complains about sexy covers on record albums. He was bitterly disappointed after buying an album with a nude woman on the jacket: “When I played the record, I discovered I’d bought the complete campaign speeches of Richard Nixon.”

This leads us to another type of celebrity whom the public loves to see deflated. We’ve already looked at some of the gags directed at the Kennedys; now, in the spirit of impartiality, let’s examine some aimed at Republicans:

Everybody talks about President Eisenhower, but who has ever seen him. Have you? Have you? He doesn’t exist. He’s stuffed. (Lenny Bruce)

 Ike was supposed to be here tonight, but the Defense Department wouldn’t clear his speech. (Bob Hope)

Some people were so sure Nixon would get elected, in Whittier they started building the log cabin he was born in. (Bob Hope)

Hard to label politically, but sitting ducks for humorous blasts, are Russia’s Premier Khruschev and America’s would-be saviour, Robert Welch.

Khruschev didn’t understand Benny Goodman’s music. Strictly a Red Square. (Robert Sylvester)

When asked his opinions on the John Birch Society, Jim Backus replied: “I’m delighted to see that civic-minded people have gotten together to save our trees.”

Atty. Gen., Robert F. Kennedy, poking fun at the John Birch Society, declared that despite their charges of wholesale Communist infiltration of government, the Birchites have been able to find only one "guenuine Communist agent." Kennedy added: “That’s Dwight D. Eisenhower.”

One of the most common comic devices of the wise-crackers is to lump celebrities together in one gag, and thereby kill two or more stars with one crack. Sometimes, politicians are linked to politicians, as in the following bit of authentic Americana:

I don’t approve of wealthy men like Kennedy and Rockefeller attaining public office. As we all know, it’s traditional to attain wealth and then become wealthy. (Mort Sahl)

The President is one place, his wife is in another, Bobby’s off speaking somewhere, and who knows where Caroline is. Remember the good old days when you knew where the President was?—out on the golf course. (Bob Hope)

You can’t be true about Presidents. They were amazing before the election how Kennedy was too young for Eisenhower’s job. So now Eisenhower’s out playing thirty-six holes of golf every day and Kennedy sits home in a rocking chair. (Gleason)

**Oh, those personalities!**

Sometimes politician is linked to entertainment personality, as in the following:

Definition of a dilemma: When Petah Lawford is summoned by both his brother-in-law and Frank Sinatra—at the same time. (J. Dever)

The Hollywood gossip that President Kennedy has chilled in his friendship for Sammy Davis, and Bob Hope’s crack: Sinatra made him and he can break him.

Jackie Kennedy didn’t stay in Rome too long. Liz Taylor wanted the photographers back.

Sometimes, entertainment star is linked to entertainment star, as in the following:

The real truth is that I am in love with the President and Miss Taylor is the cover-up for us.” (Joseph L. Mankiewicz)

During a discussion of “Cleopatra” and the going-on’s in Italy: What a relief it is to pick up a front page and not have to read about the Congo, Laos or Vietnam. (Abu Burrows)

I never approved of Sammy’s marriage to Mai Britt—she’s too tall for him. (M. Hammers)

A member of a psychiatrist because of this recurring dream: “I keep dreaming I’m stranded on an island with Gina Lollobrigida, Sophia Loren and Brigitte Bardot.” The doctor asked: “What’s bad about that? It should be fun.” “But in the dream,” the fellow sighed, “I’m always Liz Taylor.”

A real land of opportunity. Take Crosby and Sinatra. Where else would a meatball and a piece of spaghetti wind up with all that gravy? (Al Schwartz)

If Liberace married Hildegarde and adopted Fabian, it’d be wonderful. They’d have a full name. (Jackie Gayle)

And sometimes the linking is indeed bizarre:

Glenn is the bravest Marine since John Wayne. (Bob Hope)

A carpenter working on “King of Kings” hit his thumb with a hammer and swore, “Jeffrey Hunter!”

A familiar form of humor is when a celebrity or star pokes fun at himself. The public’s reaction is usually: “Hey, what a nice guy. He can laugh at his own weaknesses.” But as psychiatrists point out, he probably does so because he fears that others are going to attack him if he doesn’t do it first. He beats his critics to the punch.

Dean Martin tells about the time he went to a country fair with a pal. After drinking more glasses of applejack than
they could count they started for home, forgetting that in one field on their way a vicious bull was loose. Sure enough, the bull snorted and charged. Dean, uninjured, grabbed its horns and twisted them until the bull fell and he freed and fell.

"Too bad I took those last drinks," sighed Martin to his friend, "or I sure would have pulled that fresh palooka off his bicycle."

Joe E. Lewis says: "The difference between drunk and alcoholics is that drunkins don't have to attend those damned meetings." (Warren Winchell)

Seeing as I hold myself out, TV, Bob Hope wails: "I get the feeling that I've got a son I've never met."

Frank Sinatra's plea after his brief engagement to Juliet Prowse: "Can anybody use a hot diamond?"

Jerry Lewis explains what compels him to keep up the frantic pace: "I'm such a ham that when I open the refrigerator and the light goes on, I sing four numbers." (Al Salkino)

Eddie Fisher comments on "Cleopatra": "They shot that picture so long they could have used the original cast—and I wish they had." (Earl Wilson)

**Look who's joking!**

A master of poking fun at himself and those near and dear to him is President Kennedy, who once advised his brother Bobby to practice the same technique so that people would warm up to him.

The President's most famous instance of self-mockery occurred at a Paris luncheon for the press when he started off: "I do not think it altogether inappropriate to introduce myself to this audience. I am the man who accompanied Jacqueline Kennedy to Paris."

But there are others, too, as following examples will demonstrate:

When President Kennedy accidentally dropped the medal he was about to present to spaceman Alan Shepard, he picked it up and remarked that it "came from the ground up."

At the White House dinner for forty-nine Nobel Prize winners, Mr. Kennedy described the event as the "President's Easter egg roll." On this occasion, too, Mrs. Kennedy got into the act by saying to Pacifist Dr. Linus C. Pauling, who had left a ban-the-bomb picket line outside the White House to come in to join the guests, "Do you think it's right to picket when you don't see it?'

Of course, the President has no monopoly on the funny retort and the laugh-provoking rebuke:

When Bob Hope asked Frank Sinatra, "Why did President Kennedy stay at Bing Crosby's house instead of yours?" the singer grinned and answered, "Because Bing has a rocking chair." (Nick Kenny)

When Jackie Gleason was a patient in a hospital, Frank Sinatra visited him until the fat comic said, "Name it, and I'll produce it—food, booze, broth." "A girl in a hospital?" Frank asked sceptically. "Of course," Gleason replied, "although she may have a little fever.""}

Katherine Hepburn, regarded as a master of theobarb remark, was toppled by John Barrymore. After they finished "Bill of Divorcement," she turned to Barrymore and snarled, "Thank God I would shoot him dead." Lincoln snapped back, "Shoot me, sir, because if I am uglier than you, I do not want to go on living."

President Kennedy certainly has not had to meet any attacks against his personal appearance, but he has countered other criticisms with flashing wit:

When, in 1958, rumors were making the rounds that Kennedy's father was pouring money into his son's pocket so that Jack might "buy" the Presidency, Senator Kennedy, speaking at a Gridiron Dinner in Washington, took out a "telegram" that had been sent to him from the Riviera by his father. He said, "I have just received the following wire from my generous daddy. It says, 'Dear Jack, don't buy a single vote more than is necessary. I'll be damned if I'm going to pay for a landslide.'"

To the charge that he was planning to introduce three on the Massachusetts Democratic senatorial primary, which his brother Ted won against House Speaker John McCormack's nephew Ed, JFK quipped: "We're not sending in any troops, just a few training missions. We're confining ourselves to the slogan, 'We'd rather be Ted than Ed.'"

During the period when Big Business was blasting the Kennedy Administration, for his firm, in the steel crisis, JFK was a guest at the White House press dinner. He complimented performers Benny Goodman, Sally Ann Howes, Elliot Reid, Peter Sellers and Gwen Verdon by saying, "I have arranged for them to appear next week on the U.S. Steel Hour." He paused for a second and then added, "Actually I didn't do it—Bobby did it."
Liz Taylor: "At home, my husband takes over as King Tut."
Richard Burton: "I don't know what the fuss is all about."
Sybil Burton: "Liz Taylor? I adore her. She's an old friend."

Stating that she had decided to fly off to England to divorce Liz' ex-husband, Mike Wilding: "But of course. I adore Liz, like Sybil does."
Richard Burton (commenting on the Easter weekend he spent on the Italian coast with Liz): "I went there alone to read Aldous Huxley and maybe learn 'Hamlet' in Italian."

And, to close our picture, two lines exactly as they appeared in the papers: 
**Asp Bites Liz—Worst Is Now Over and Exulant Studio in Rome Watches Cleopatra "Die!"**

Finally, no examination of gags would be complete without a brief consideration of the late Marilyn Monroe's special brand of humor. It was as if Marilyn, who felt threatened by everything and everyone, could only hit back at the world (and only handle her own deep frustrations) by poking gentle fun at others—and at herself.

When some busy-body prescribed exercise for Marilyn's health because exercising killed germs, the actress retorted sweetchly, "But how do you get germs to exercise?"

When a reporter was silly enough to ask Marilyn what she had done when she posed in the nude for a calendar, she replied, "The radio."

But it was when she was frightened—and she was frightened very often—that Marilyn's ability to laugh at herself was the only thing that stood between her and complete collapse. One such frightening occasion was the night she showed up at Madison Square Garden in 1955 to lead the opening parade of the circus. Marilyn had only agreed to come in the first place because this opening night performance was for charity, and so she forced herself to be brave.

When Marilyn arrived at the Garden basement and saw the pink elephant she was to ride, she was petrified. But when the fanfare blared, Marilyn, true to the tradition "the show must go on," climbed gingerly aboard. A brave smile was plastered on Marilyn's face as the elephant lumbered slowly around the ring.

The ride was supposed to take five minutes, but photographers kept shouting, "One more, Marilyn," until twenty-five minutes passed. When she finally dismounted, she was shaking like a leaf in a storm. She took a step and grimaced with pain.

Then, as someone rushed forward to support her, Marilyn grinned and said, "Now I know how women cellists must feel after an evening's performance with the symphony." —**Jim Hoffman**

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**SIDNEY SKOLSKY**

Continued from page 14

in "Design For Living": How potent cheap music can be.

And now I come to another singer who had a tragic experience which resulted in relating him to the lyrics of the songs he sang. Eddie Fisher was a boy who thought he was Al Jolson, who sang about his Papa and got by on his boyish voice and charm until Elizabeth Taylor made a man out of him by going for the man Burton. Liz took away his boyish charm and laughter by turning him out in the cold. The songbird ached all over. But when in Rome, do as the Romans do, and Liz did it. Liz, and certainly Eddie, didn't realize it then, but she turned a boy into a man. I admit it was a hell of a price to pay, his pain for all the world to see.

Eddie didn't realize it then, maybe didn't realize it then, maybe didn't even care—but Liz pushed him out into the cold and into the hot glare of the spotlight that shines on those singers who never achieve greatness until the lyrics of the songs they sing is a souvenir of their lives. Eddie was now in the big league with Sinatra, Garland and company. He was part of the merchandise he was selling.

There was the man Eddie Fisher on the floor of the Cocoanut Grove or on the Ed Sullivan TV Show singing "The Sweetest Song" from Richard Rodgers' "No Strings": "The kindest words I'll ever know are waiting to be said... And the dearest love in all the world is waiting somewhere for me."

Who said there was no strings attached? The audience heard between the lines and the notes and the strings were all the way back to Rome and the Cleopatra known as Liz Taylor. Eddie was singing to her—whether he was or not—according to every listener.

Fame and success, if you want it, don't come easy. Ask almost any one of the people who wanted it. Yet ask any of the nobodies at the Schwebadero who are sweating to be somebody. They'll tell you strongly and sincerely that it's worth it at any price. Now they don't realize and don't care that a star is denied the privilege of privacy. But, oh, how they fight for this lost right after they have gained almost everything else they sought.

- I met a young lady, Irina Demich (the only young lady in the numerous armies of "The Longest Day"), who is on her way to stardom. Or at least is a former model who is now dedicated to travel the rocky road which sometimes leads to the stars.

This was Irina's first trip to Hollywood, and she told me she was disappointed because she saw only a few movie stars. I was surprised by her statement because, despite all the Hollywood stars who had worked in "The Longest Day" and the numerous Hollywood runaway stars in Europe, it was an awakening for me that a Hollywood star isn't a Hollywood star unless he or she is seen in Hollywood.

This certainly speaks wonders of glamour for Hollywood, despite the empty tales printed in various newspapers and magazines, that Hollywood is a dreary, weary place, no longer the film capital of the world. In a word of Irina Demich—"Baloney!"

- Which brings my typewriter keys for a paragraph or two to the foolish idea held by most Hollywood producers and Eric Johnston and his office; that the movies must present a perfect image of America to the world. An image of perfection where there are no imperfections, despite the various means of communications—newspapers, radio, etc. Doesn't Mr. Johnston and company realize that the lie is more damaging than the unfavorable image? We are trying for perfection and fooling no one but ourselves. We are trying to present a Utopia through our motion pictures when every human being in every country knows there isn't a Utopia.

Europeans and others know about our Negro problem, to cite one example. Wouldn't they think better of us if we acknowledge this problem and admit we are trying to correct and erase a deplorable situation? Europeans don't expect us to solve our problems overnight; but the fact that we have problems, and are trying to do something about them, might set a better example for Hungary, Poland, East Berlin, Cuba and other nations to try and follow.

Get off that stupid kick, Mr. Johnston and associate producers, that motion pictures portray the slugs America in the perfect light of supreme perfection. It's much better that the movies present us as human beings, because in this manner we stand a much better chance of human beings siding with us—and liking us.
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seem. But the one door that will remain shut and barred is the one that would reveal the hidden skeletons in Grace and Rainier's closet.

In welcoming you to the jewel box, fairyland kingdom of Monaco, Princess Grace will explain to you that she and her husband agreed to permit the filming of the show because they are anxious to show the world how they live and what conditions are like in their beautiful little principality.

But what the Princess will not reveal is how and why a program that is conceived in a spirit of public service and dedicated to the proposition that all is well in Monaco will be interrupted throughout by commercials. There were no commercials on Jackie Kennedy's famous TV tour of the White House, after which Grace's trip is frankly modeled.

It would be inappropriate, of course, for a royal Princess to bring up the crass, bourgeois question of money. Nevertheless, it is a fact that Monaco has been in severe financial straits ever since French Premier de Gaulle decided to put an end to the kingdom's unique tax-free status. More than ever before, therefore, Monaco must depend on tourists—a source of over fifty percent of its income—for its economic existence. Grace's marriage to Rainier increased the number of visitors who came to spend ten days or more in Monaco from 77,000 in 1954 to 122,000 in 1961, but Rainier's quarrel with de Gaulle threatens to send the figure plunging downward in the summer of 1963. What better way to stimulate tourism, then, than by a film pointing out the beauties and attractions of Monaco?

But the question remains: Why the commercials? Not commercials for Monaco (the film itself takes care of that), but for Chemstrand, the sponsor of this WCBS-TV program.

The question bothered Al Salerno, World-Telegram and Sun columnist—as it bothers us, he tried for some answers. "A spokesman for Chemstrand was asked if Princess Grace gets a salary," Salerno reports. "That, ahem, was a 'delicate' question and there was no desire to make it appear that their Highnesses were doing this for profit. 'There were costs involved,' the spokesman said, but we won't suggest what they are, nor give a breakdown." He added that the royal couple's main interest was that the world get to see their little principality. 'But Grace took the money?' he was asked. That was 'secondary' consideration, he replied.

All of which adds up, it seems, to the fact that Princess Grace's tour of Monaco is not just a gesture of international goodwill, but also an attempt both to get that country out of hock and to augment the Rainiers' personal finances. (One observer figures that the next thing the royal couple will do is manufacture and sell a Princess Grace souvenir doll: Wind it up and it plays the Palace—for a price.)

Princess Grace will lead you to the sun-drenched Place du Palais from which you will see the burnt-sienna-and-cream-colored Palais Princier. The view is impressive, overwhelming. The sight of military ramparts, imposing towers, sturdy walls, sentry boxes, and white high-flying flag and ominous cannon providing a background for the guarding carabinieri resplendent in their light blue military helmets, black jackets, red-striped trousers and white belts—all this combines to give an instantaneous impact of power. Behind this citadel there must be might! In addition to these carabinieri there must be a strong Army and a powerful Navy, waiting, watching, ready for any trouble.

What's up front that counts

But what Grace won't reveal is that this is it—there isn't any more. Just what you see: a comic opera kingdom. The palace is not a military bastion—only a facade of power. The tiny confines of all of them constitute the entire force of the nation: they are the police, the palace guards, the Navy, the Army and the merchant marine. For all Rainier's bellicose pronunciamientos against de Gaulle, one well-placed bomb from a low-flying plane (why fly high when there are no intercept planes, no anti-aircraft, nothing to do, but?) would wipe out the palace, the carabinieri and the entire 360-acre country.

Princess Grace will escort you through the archway, across the courtyards, up a red-carpeted staircase, along a marble corridor and into a formal reception room, Salon No. 1. You'll admire the photographs of her husband, Prince Rainier, and of her children, Prince Albert and Princess Caroline, displayed on a small writing desk. The Princess will fill you in on the illustrious backgrounds of the imposing men and beautiful women. her husband's famous ancestors, whose oil-painted portraits gaze down at you from the beige brocade-covered walls.

But what she won't reveal are the scandalous details of the personal lives of some of these ancestors, details that have been purged from the official histories of the Grimaldi clan, the oldest ruling family in Europe. She won't tell you how Rainier's great-grandfather, Albert I, ruler of Monaco from 1899 to 1922, was publicly engaged to be married to Mary Douglas-Hamilton, of having forced her to marry him against her will. Although she received a Vatican annulment after two years of marriage, she insisted that her son Louis be declared the legitimate heir to the Monaco throne. Albert agreed.

She won't tell you how Louis, Rainier's grandfather, fell in love with a shapely Moslem girl, Juliette Louvet, laundress, while he was stationed in Algeria with the French Foreign Legion. In disguise, he spirited her lady love back to the palace, where eventually he married her in a church ceremony. This may have satisfied Louis and Juliete, but it horrified the powers in France and Monaco and they declared the child of this union, born in 1898, to be "born out of wedlock" be-
cause there had been no civil marriage ceremony.

But the child, Charlotte Louis Juliette, was Louis' only offspring. Albert I, despairing that his son Louis would ever father a legitimate child to carry on his line, brought Charlotte to the royal court, educated her to be a princess and, by rewriting and juggling a series of royal decrees, declared her the heir to his throne.

Charlotte had been educated to be a lady but she didn't act like a lady. To avoid further scandal, Louis arranged for her to marry Count Pierre de Valentininois et Polignac, a French count. They had two children, Rainier and his sister Antoinette.

But scandal erupted anyway. Charlotte ran away with her physician, Dr. Mario Dalmasso. As Charlotte and Pierre prepared to hash our their difficulties in the divorce courts, feeling against the regime ran high in Monaco. Other claimants to the throne, recalling Charlotte's laundress mother, raised the rallying cry: "Throw out the bastard line!"

In this moment of crisis, Prince Louis acted swiftly. In a scene right out of a Marx Brothers' picture, he mobilized the entire armed force of the nation (then as now it numbered eighty carabinieri) to "preserve order at all costs," Summarily, he decreed that Charlotte and Pierre were henceforth divorced. And in an order that sets a brilliant precedent in law—if not in nerve—he exiled Pierre "because he should have kept watch over his wife."

The Grimaldi curse

Rainier was kicked back and forth between his divorced parents like a soccer ball. At one point in this custody battle, Count de Polignac tried to kidnap his own son, but was unsuccessful. Finally, Charlotte, who had married Dr. Dalmasso but was forced to live separately from him because he was not permitted to enter Monaco (he was an Italian citizen, and France and Italy were on opposite sides in World War II), renounced her rights to the throne in 1944. She abdicated in favor of her son, Rainier III. He took power after his grand sire's death in 1949.

Princess Grace won't tell you how the "curse of the Grimaldis" seems to have passed on to Rainier's sister, Antoinette. She fell in love with handsome, blond tennis star Alteo Noghès and bore him two illegitimate children. One of Rainier's first acts after he came into power was to force them to marry, although later they were divorced. Today, Antoinette is married to Jean Charles Rey, a leading lawyer and Liberal politician in Monaco. Just to make everything more complicated, Rainier doesn't speak to Rey. The Prince charges that six years ago his sister and her husband "plotted" to overthrow him and have Antoinette declared regent.

Princess Grace will show you the palace's ornate crimson-and-gold Throne Room in which she and Rainier were united in marriage on April 18, 1956, in the civil ceremony that preceded the religious ceremony. She may tell you about the events leading up to that ceremony: her first meeting with the Prince the previous year when she visited the Cannes Film Festival for the showing of her Academy Award winning picture, "The Country Girl" (they strolled through the palace gardens and the Prince reached through the bars of a cage in his private zoo and patted a tiger). And how the Prince phoned Father Tucker, the palace chaplain, almost immediately after they met and said, "I've met somebody. I think she is the one." And her delight when Rainier came to the United States to formally ask for her hand in marriage; her joy when he whispered "I love you"; her sense of elation, of fulfillment, of peace when she agreed to be his wife.

But what she won't reveal are her true feelings towards a powerful man in the kingdom: Aristotle Onassis, the Greek shipping millionaire who bankrolls the gambling casino at Monte Carlo, but openly flaunts the civil and religious laws of marriage, which she, as a good Catholic and faithful wife, holds dear.

When Onassis deserted his wife Tina for opera star Maria Callas, Grace had to pretend that nothing had changed. After all, Onassis was important to her husband—not just because he owned the controlling interest in the Societe des Bains de Mer (Monte Carlo Casino), but also because he made Monaco the headquarters of his shipping operations, and so was a necessary and central factor in insuring the economic health of the country. To publicly snub this man (no matter how much she might abhor his behavior) was impossible.

Princess Grace will take you to the white stone cathedral where she was joined in holy wedlock to Rainier in a religious ceremony that took place the day after the civil ceremony. She may tell you how she thrilled, or at least felt that morning as she walked down the aisle holding tight to her father's arm. She may tell you about her wedding dress, a confection whipped up from four hundred and fifty yards of silk taffeta, peau de sole, silk net and lace. She may tell you how when the Prince took the wedding ring from the white cushion on which it had been brushed and put it on her finger, it stuck. She improvised by pulling her hand away, easing the ring into position and then placing her hand gently back into Rainier's. A second later she was his wife.

But what she won't reveal was the way that the crowned heads and noble families of Europe stayed away from their wedding in droves. There were all kinds of excuses—polite, carefully worded, regretful. But the real reason for the refusals—resentment of Rainier as a "pretender" or as "the terrible-tempered prince"; resentment of Grace as "that nobody from America" or "that actress person"—never came out.

Only one member of royalty showed up—ex-King Farouk of Egypt, a tall, swarthy, grossly obese (300 pounds) man in gold-rimmed sun glasses. A chaser of women, a collector of pornography, a ruler who had stolen a boatload of gold and at least two million pounds sterling from his subjects when he fled into exile, a wanderer from country to country, Farouk was not much of an adornment at the wedding.

But he had come. And subsequently, out of gratitude, Rainier conferred on him the coveted, almost tax-free status of Monaco citizen. But after hanging around the Casino a while playing baccarat and poker, Farouk found that his gambling luck was poor and discovered that real estate prices were too high in Monaco, so he returned to Italy.

A yacht without memories

Princess Grace will accompany you to her private family suite in the west wing of the palace. There you will be able to step out with her from the off-white bedroom she shares with her husband onto a balcony that overlooks the sports stadium and the harbor. As she looks out at the harbor, Grace may tell you about the new luxury yacht that is being built for the Grimaldis in Dutch shipyards. Because the Princess is subject to seasickness, Rainier has ordered the new craft fitted with anti-roll stabilizers, which accounts for a large part of the half-million dollar cost of the yacht. In addition he has ordered that his wife's suite be placed amidships where there is less roll. Next June, Grace will christen the yacht "Albercara," a combining of the names of her children, Albert and Caroline.

But what she won't reveal is what finally happened to another royal yacht, the
Before Grace Kelly came into Rainier's life, Gisèle seemed to have a mortgage on his heart. From 1947 to 1953, this daughter of a vegetable merchant was called the "uncrowned Princess of Monaco." She lived at Villa Iberia, a pink palace on the Mediterranean at Cap Ferrat, halfway between Nice and Monaco. There, she rode in the sun among the palms and mimosa, the Prince and the actress held their rendezvous. A siren guarded the gate, automatic in hand, just in case someone should try to intrude on the lovers' paradise.

The paradise became a nightmare for Rainier when Gisèle, on vacation in Paris, fell in love with Yves Montand whose charms, years later, Marilyn Monroe would be unable to resist. When the Prince was informed about his fair lady's liaison with Montand, he jumped into his trusty red Jaguar and in true storybook fashion sped from Monaco towards Paris to rescue her from a fate worse than debts.

But as chance would have it, he cracked up his trusty red Jaguar and had to hitch a ride to Paris. Nevertheless, he arrived just in the nick of time to pluck Gisèle away from Yves (they were at a party celebrating their engagement) and whisk her back to the Villa Iberia.

It had all been too close for comfort. The time had come to marry the girl. (The good citizens of Monaco were not about to welcome Gisèle into the palace, with or without wedding ring, as long as she produced an heir to the throne. For under their country's agreement with France they would lose their tax-free status if there was no successor to Rainier.)

The Prince summoned the royal gynecologists to examine his new wife. Their report, a manufacturer's test, was that Gisèle couldn't provide the Prince with an heir.

What to do? Again Gisèle fled to Paris. Again the Prince followed (this time the Jaguar stayed on the road). Rainier prepared to make the supreme sacrifice. "If you come back to me, I am ready to give up my throne," he promised. Gently and lovingly, Gisèle returned to Monaco. For his sake, he needed money into the palace treasury. Why he might even be willing to appear in such a film himself. Say in a shot where he'd be with the kids playing near the royal zoo. He could have special lifts designed for his shoes so he wouldn't look too short next to Grace—and for safety's sake, he could wear low heels as well.

So for the rest, let Grace off the hook. No more doors to the armory, the archives, the offices, the staff quarters, the private chapel, the five large reception rooms, the four historic suites for visiting monarchs, the Galerie des Glaces, the dressing rooms, dining rooms, sitting rooms, libraries, bars, nursery, garages. Let Grace, if she wants to, open the doors to their summer villa, Belle Époque.

Anything. Everything. As long as she doesn't unbar and open the door that must remain shut—the one that would reveal the skeletons in Grace and Rainier's closet.
Thursday he presented aviation trophies, conferred with his Cabinet on his domestic problems, received official visitors and even met with Russian Foreign Secretary Andrei Gromyko. The latter assured him that his country was interested only in supplying (defensive) aid to Cuba.

Although the President was fully aware that at least twenty-five cargo ships were at that very moment en-route to Cuba, many of them loaded with "offensive" weapons, and even though he had the photos of the Soviet missile sites right in his desk, he didn’t tip his hand to Gromyko. Rather, playing his role of an innocent to the hilt, he repeated matter-of-factly that we wouldn’t stand for "offensive" bases in Cuba.

Gromyko, completely taken in by the President’s play-acting, came out of the meeting with a smile on his face and told reporters that the conference had been "useful, very useful!" But the true play-acting was running out. The time for real action was nearing. On Friday it was decided that the President would address the nation—and the world—the following Monday; but he still had a few cover-up scenes to perform.

He went to Cleveland for a campaign speech, stopping at Springfield, Illinois, to place flowers on Lincoln’s tomb. All through his appearances in public, the President smiled broadly at the crowds. But once in the privacy of his hotel room he became grim-faced as he immediately phoned his "War Council" in Washington. It was while he was in his hotel room in Chicago that it was decided he should return to Washington the following day.

He didn’t even argue!

But what excuse would be plausible? Dr. George Burkley, the assistant White House physician who was with the President in Chicago, inadvertently supplied the motive for the return to Washington. It was beginning to rain, and Dr. Burkley warned against doing any further outdoor campaigning in the bad weather. The doctor was amazed when the President complied meekly with his order, instead of arguing back as he usually did.

Having been given his cue, the President improvised on it. Word went out to Press Secretary Pierre Salinger that the President had a slight infection of the upper respiratory tract (which he didn’t) and was running one degree of fever (which he wasn’t) and that he was cancelling the rest of his trip and flying back to Washington (which he did). Even Salinger was deceived when the President arrived home bundled up in a coat, a hat (!) and a muffler.

Sunday was the lull before the storm. The President polished and repolished his speech for Monday. When he took a few hours out to view a White House screening of "Billy Budd," even that didn’t distract him—the film opens with a scene showing a warship halting and inspecting a merchant ship.

Monday morning he kept up his "business as usual" pretense. At 1 P.M. he’d taken his swim in the White House pool and acted as if he were enjoying it. (Perhaps he really did. As his friend Dave Powers says, "When he dives in you can see the tension of the day moving away in the ripples.")

Around 6 P.M. Russia’s Ambassador Anatoly Dobrynin was called to Secretary of State Dean Rusk’s office at the State Department. Dobrynin chatted amiably with newsmen before entering; twenty-five minutes later when he came out, a copy of the President’s letter and to Premier Khruschev clutched in his hand, his face was the color of smudged putty and he snapped at reporters who tried to question him.

As the day passed and people discovered that the President was going to address the nation on a grave matter, tension was terrible. And Jackie shared the anxieties, the tears of millions of others, many of them wives and mothers like herself who were about to hear the President of the United States reveal their destinies. But in addition, Jackie felt a unique frustration.

If she could help

Like any wife, she wanted to help her husband, to say something to him, to do something that would relieve a little of his terrible responsibilities. Just to be able to touch his hand... just to be able to whisper a few words to him—any words, frivo-

lous, silly, it didn’t matter... anything to see him smile for just a second—it would make the situation more bearable.

At 6:55 P.M., Jackie’s husband, wearing a dark blue suit, dark blue tie and white shirt, entered his study where the TV camera had been set up. The gray at his temples seemed more pronounced than usual; the lines in his face were deeper. He sat down but was visibly agitated for him and his family were placed in back of him on his chair. A deadly calm settled over the room, broken only by the crinkling of papers as the President ruffled through his speech.

"How much time have we got?" he asked. It’s a simple question, but all at once it’s one that is full of dread. The "we" becomes everyone on the planet. The President became everyone. The President—himself and the world—and the answer seems to be contained in the speech that lies before him.

His secretary, Mrs. Evelyn Lincoln, came in with a comb and brush. Mr. Kennedy gets up, goes out for a few seconds to a small washroom and takes a few swipes at his hair.

At 6:56 P.M. the President returned. Technicians gave him the stand-by signal. He was on the air.

At 7:00 P.M., John F. Kennedy told his listeners about the secret Soviet build-up of offensive weapons in Cuba, and called for a quarantine of all vessels bringing armament and war material to that country. Then, in words delivered as calmly as their conten-

tion, he warned that "any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemis-

phere" would be regarded as an attack from the Soviet Union "requiring a full retaliatory response." Those were his words.
meet, will the Russians stop—or shoot?
To Jackie it seemed impossible to believe that ten days before, her
daughter Caroline, with her twenty-kindergarten class, had "played" at war. That was when Algeria's Premier Ahmed Ben Bella had been officially received by the President on the White House lawn. As a cannon roared out twenty-one salutes welcoming and welcomed each cannon clap with a loud "boom" of their own. The children's "booms"—shouted from the second-floor window—had carried down to the review grounds. Later, Jackie and the other mothers had to reprimand their children. But that was ten long days ago. What now? How could she explain the "war game" that her daddy was playing in earnest? How much should a child understand?

Jackie knew her husband's heart felt about the possibility of a nuclear war. "If you could think only of yourself," he said, "it would be easy to say you'd press the button, and easy to press it, too." But at least 70 million people were involved (Jackie's advisers' conservative estimate of the number of Americans who would perish in a nuclear holocaust), and therefore he didn't want to get drawn into the game at all.

But the Soviets had made their move in Cuba, and Jack had to play, reluctantly for not. But how could Jackie make all this clear to Caroline? It was a delicate—extremely delicate—question.

It was impossible not to say something to the child. Her father wasn't around much of the time—that had to be explained; streets and stores were almost deserted—that had to be explained; the air was thick with fear—that had to be explained. And somehow, in some way, the rumors that our nation might be heading for war must have sifted through to the youngster: that had to be explained.

Suddenly, by Friday, there seemed no more time for explanations and reassurances; time urged that there would be no attack, no invasion of Cuba.

That morning—Sunday morning—Jack went to 10 A.M. Mass at St. Stephen's Catholic Church in Washington. Usually accompanied by his wife, people wondered where Jackie was—wasn't she in Washington? That afternoon they learned the answer—Jackie and the children had gone, quietly, secretly, to Glen Ora, their rented estate in Virginia. Usually, Jackie's whereabouts are known to the press, usually her helicopter rides to Glen Ora are reported as casually as one would report a commuter's train rides. But that weekend, that fateful weekend, Jackie's departure from Washington was not announced. From the time of the Presidential announcement of a quarantine—till the day President Kennedy flew to Glen Ora to be with his family—then, and only then, was Jackie in the news again.

As the President relaxed on the beautiful farm with his wife and children—one couldn't help realize that this was what it all was—for those terrifying moves in the grim game of war. For once before, when he had reached a stalemate in the game in failing to budge Khrushchev at Vienna, the President had said to a friend, "It doesn't really matter as far as you and I are concerned. What really matters is the children."—JAC LYLE

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have for chocolate now. Oh, such craving.

"Can I have one, too?"

"Of course," he'd half-whisper, shuffling the words together. "But it'll make you even fatter than you are." "John, what did you say?" And he'll look puzzled that I didn't understand. "I said, 'Of course! It'll make you happier than you are.'"

What a tease!

But his teasing is gentler—much gentler—now. It used to be a game for John to needle me and not to stop even when I got angry. Just as it used to be his right to be served dinner. We usually watch television while we eat, and I would set the tables and trays up in the kitchen and then carry them into the den. The night I discovered I was pregnant I started to carry them into the den as usual.

"Sit down, Debbie," John said. "I'll bring your dinner." And he has brought my dinner ever since.

John's different in a hundred ways. More than anyone I know, John hates to waste time. To him, wasting time is symbolized by shopping for groceries. The two or three times I asked him to go to the market with me I could watch him getting furious at having to push his way through aisles jammed with shopping carts and then having to spend fifteen minutes standing in line.

One night last week he came home late. "You're late," I said. "It must have been a very long interview."

He started to take bags of groceries out of the car. "I was at the market," he said casually—too casually. "I did the week's shopping for you."

We own a wild, huge, monstrous, white standard poodle named Hondo. Even before I was pregnant, I was a little afraid of Hondo. He jumped on me and knocked me down a half a dozen times. Once he bolted around a corner and skidded into me. I fell and sprained my ankle. I guess if John and I fought about any-

thing, we fought about Hondo. "John, if you don't do something about this dog . . ." I would say. But John never did.

"He's a man's dog, Debbie. You'll have to get used to that."

John liked Hondo wild. He was proud Hondo was a man's dog, rough and tough. Yet the day after he learned I was pregnant, John took Hondo to an obedience school—to tame the wildness that he so much loved.

Sometimes now John will come over to me and—with incredible wonder and excitement in his voice—will say, "I can't believe, I still can't believe, we're going to have a baby," John is sure the baby will be a boy. And yet . . . "Maybe it will be a girl," he says suddenly. Or "Debbie, we can't buy things for the baby, not even a crib, How will we know what color to get?" He's afraid to touch me, afraid to hug me too tight. "I'm afraid I might hurt the baby," he says.

And in his gentleness he's even stronger than he was before. He's even stronger when I need his strength.

Babies the hard way

Six weeks ago I thought I was going to have a miscarriage. I suppose I had been expecting something to go wrong, because my family doesn't have babies easily. My mother had two miscarriages before I was born and one afterwards. Both she and my grandmother had to have their children by Caesarean operations; and my doctor has already told me I should be prepared for that possibility.

I was crying as though the world had ended as I lay on the bed. And I suppose I thought that my world had. "I knew it would happen. I knew it would happen," John, the family doctor. The doctor told him that all we could do was wait. Then John sat on the bed beside me.

"It would be horrible if we lost the baby, Debbie. But if you're going tomiscarry, there's nothing you can do about it. Getting upset won't help. And it might hurt."

I still couldn't stop sobbing.

He forced me to look at him. "Listen to me, Debbie," he said. "I don't think you're going to lose the baby. I do not think you're going to lose the baby."

And all of a sudden I could begin to relax.

It was only later that he told me, "I was scared too, Debbie, but I couldn't let you guess it."

If my pregnancy has changed John, it has also changed me. Last August 12, I was twenty-one years old. I get funny little shivers when I realize that on my twenty-first birthday I was already pregnant—although I didn't know it. Legally, I became a woman last August 12. I had the right to vote and the right to order a drink. Yet, I didn't feel much older than I had felt the night before. It's only now that I feel I am a woman, really a woman. Because, on April 30, 1963—two days after my first wedding anniversary—I am expecting a baby.

"How awful for you," a few people have said. "To ruin your figure when you're pregnant. To be tied down."

They add, "And it certainly won't help your career."

I look at them and think, "How awful for you that you don't understand."

My figure will be changed; my career will be changed. But I don't want to be a teenager forever. Never to grow up— that's what I think would be awful. I want to be a woman. My clothes are all too tight now and I've lost my waistline and I feel proud when I walk down the street. Everybody looks at me and smiles; and I smile back. Pregnancy is one great big continuous moment of niceness. Even the nausea that I felt for a month and the headaches that still come at 5 P.M. every afternoon don't spoil the niceness. Each headache only reminds me that I am going to have a baby.

There is one thing, though, that I regret about this pregnancy. In all the romantic movies I've seen, the wife puts on her most beautiful dress and serves her husband a gourmet dinner by candlelight. Then—which he is drinking his demi-tasse—he leans forward and whispers, "Darling, we're going to have a baby."

I'm not sure this could ever happen in a modern marriage where the husband must guess almost as soon as the wife does. But at least I wish I could have told John the results of the test over candlelight and wine. Instead of him telling me. And without candlelight and wine, at that.

I've already decided—next time it's going to be different. —The End

See John in "Hud," Paramount. Debbie is in Walt Disney's "Summer Magic."

**GEORGE MAHARIS**

portable stereo—Ella maybe, or Ray Charles, or Dinah Washington or Brook Benton—and he blasts the record full pitch. He turns on the TV next; bright picture, volume high. He runs into the bathroom and turns on the water in the sink, in the tub. For good luck and extra measure he flushes the toilet a couple of times: ahhoooh, ahhoooh ... nice and loud.

Then he gets into bed and he smiles.

"You see," he says, "I get wound up when things are too silent. And I get a great satisfaction knowing that everything else is working finally and I'm not. I turn on all these things, these gadgets, and I say, 'Now you work. I'm going to sleep.' And I do. It's a way of breaking routine. I hate routine. All day has been routine for me. Life can become routine, if you don't want to watch. And this, you can say, is a way of helping to break the mold."

There are many George Maharis.'

There's George the mold-breaker. There's fun-loving George. There's generous George, dedicated George. There's restless George, sensitive George. There's arrogant George. There's George the dreamer. There are many different Georges.

Each of them has a story.

To get those stories I made phone calls, paid visits, I traveled about, asked questions and got answers . . . From people who know George Maharis, or knew him when. And from George Maharis himself.

It started in Astoria

I started by visiting the neighbors where he lived as a kid. It's a Jewish-Italian-Irish-Greek neighborhood in a place called Astoria, in Queens; a ten-minute ride from Manhattan. It's not a fancy neighborhood by any means, though the apartment buildings on Twenty-ninth Street, George's old street—the Lady Hamilton, the Lady Patricia, Elma Towers—give you the feeling of a hoped-
I'd estimate the number of a candy store... The hills were down the street a few minutes later. The wind and the cold made it too hot. I turned around and went for a walk in the neighborhood. St. Demetrius, the little Greek Orthodox church which the Maharis attended.

I stopped in at a shoe repair store, a momentary escape. The shoe repairman, not just a round, swaybacked man named Conim Lambroumou, asked Det & Ely, 'Did you remember George?' I said yes, and the shoe repairman started talking about George. I didn't know him. 'He's a friend of mine,' I said. The shoe repairman said, 'He's in the army now.'

"He's in the army now," I thought. But then I remembered. George wasn't in the army. He was in the navy. He was a kid. He was fresh. I don't remember him. I don't remember what he's doing today.

I don't know what he's doing today. I don't know what he's doing tomorrow. He's probably somewhere else. Maybe in the army. I don't know.

Once, I remember, he was in the army. He was in the navy. He was a kid. He was fresh. I don't remember him. I don't remember what he's doing today. I don't remember what he's doing tomorrow. He's probably somewhere else. Maybe in the army. I don't know.
us. The fat boy would be crying and saying: 'But Mama, Mama, you said it was all right. I heard you with my own ears.' And the mother would scream: 'I'll box your ears if you keep lying to me, that's what I'll do with your ears!'

"And George and the rest of us would just sit in our own apartment, listening and laughing and laughing.

"George would even fool my mother. A grocery wagon used to come around at a certain time every day. George would go downstairs and order a whole load of things—fruits and vegetables, especially; he liked health foods as much then as he does now. When the wagon man walked up all the stairs to deliver the stuff, my mother would say she never ordered any of it, but out of politeness she would pay for it and accept it.

"Later George got punished, of course. This always hurt me very badly. I never liked to see my brother punished. Though I guess he had it coming to him at times.

The girls liked George

"And yet there were times when he couldn't help it. I mean, he was very good-looking as a boy, and girls in the neighborhood were attracted to him. They had a habit of borrowing his clothes, which they never returned, but kept as souvenirs. And since we were far from a rich family, with no clothes to spare, this used to get my mother annoyed. She'd holler at George about this. But, as I said, this couldn't exactly be called his fault. And sometimes, believe me, George would holler right back. He always had a short temper. Still has. Though he's learned to control himself better as he gets older. Now, he is quick to forgive and forget. And speaking of forgetting, he also forgets birthdays—which is really not a bad fault.

"But I'm getting off the track. I meant to say that George was a lot of fun, those days. And lots of times—when he wasn't in one of his serious moods—he'd keep us in stitches. At the dinner table he'd do impersonations and clown around and tell jokes. He was a wonderful painter. He still loves to paint—and he'd make funny cartoons of all of us. And he had an amazing imagination for nicknaming people. He used to call me Clee-Clee for Cleopatra, which is my real name. He used to call Gus, our brother, Gouty-Lousy. And our sister Mary he called M. M. And even we called Georgie-Porgie most of the time, though my parents always called him Yorgi, which is Greek for George.

"Another thing I remember he used to do—he loved to experiment in baking. Sometimes he'd go in the kitchen and mix up a lot of things and put it all in the oven. And we'd watch it overflow and bubble all over the place. And we'd have to sample it afterwards, reluctantly, though believe it or not it was usually good. One time he took thyme and cooked it in a frying pan and the smell was so terrible it turned out to be like a laughing gas. Because that's what we did, we laughed so much we got hysterical.

"But, as I said, George had his more serious moments, too. And thinking back, these are the moments I remember best about him. Like when he listened to the radio. His favorite programs were the "Lone Ranger," which he called the Long Ranger. And "Mark of Zorro." And "I Love a Mystery." He'd listen to these programs so early in the morning that you couldn't disturb him if you tried.

"'George,' we'd say, "'Huh?' he'd ask.

"'We're going over to the Williamsburg Bridge—'

"'Oh-huh.'

"'And we're all gonna jump off and go in the East River for a swim!'

"'Good.' And he'd believe like he'd heard exactly what we had said, and then he'd go back to listening to his radio program.

"He could be very serious. He could sit there and think and think and think till you had to go over and ask him what he was thinking about. Usually he was very vague. He'd say, 'I'm daydreaming, Clee-Clee. Just daydreaming.'

"I was too young to be able to figure what he was daydreaming about. Nobody knew, really. Though I have a lunch my mother knew in her way what was going on in George's mind. Because once in a while, if I was really disturbing George and his temper would flare at me, my mother would take me aside and say, 'Shhhhh, Cleopatra. Leave Yorgi alone. He's dreaming of something. He's the dreamer of the family. There's nothing wrong with that. Some people must do things. And others must dream before they do things. So leave him be for a little while. And leave him to his dreams.'

A dream of freedom!

"'Pat's right.' George says today, "'I was a dreamer. What was my dream? To bust out. To cut loose. To have complete freedom. I always fought for that. It was the greatest trouble between myself and my family. I wanted to breathe. I didn't want to be told I had to do things a certain way. I'd suggest things, say I wanted to do things. And the answer was always 'No!' I'm sure there were reasons. When I was born, when I was small, my father was well off—he had three restaurants. But within a few years there was nothing. Only bill collectors. And strain. And changes. My father had nothing and he had to work harder than ever now—to jobs. My mother had to take a job in a bubble gum factory. We were six kids to them. They didn't want to split apart. They were Greeks and Greek means family, and lose that you lose everything. So the cry became 'Keep it tight. Keep it close.' It got so close I ended up turning wild. There are blanks in my mind when it comes to certain periods of my life. This is one of it. I only remember flushing out fighting. I had a terrible story of someone once. It's a story I've never told anyone before this. I was told that my mother was pregnant once and that made her trip and she had a miscarriage and the new baby died. I've asked her about this. But she won't talk about it. Still To this day. She just says, 'Shhhhh, we don't speak about such things.' And that's nice of her.

"But from her niceness, I get the picture. The picture of my own wildness those days. . . . Well, I broke out eventually. I got my freedom. And I had to pay a price for my freedom. I hated herds? I hated families? I became a loner? I ignored everybody? Well, not everybody ignored me. It was pretty awful. You know the strange thing is that it gave me a source of resistance that helped me later on—it turned all the minerals inside me into steel—and it developed the energy inside me that I was going to need later on. Need bad . . .

"Does my story have a happy ending? Yes. Yes, it does. I knew after a while that if anything was going to happen, I had to come from me. I started to look at the world not just myself. I realized lots of things, especially the thing they had done, had tried to do was really for my benefit. Because they loved me.

"And I realized something important about myself. When I was a kid—poor—I thought that if I could have a car, house, a yacht, an estate—then everybody would know I was going as they were. But in time passed, I realized I didn't really want these things. I realized wanted to be an actor, not a property owner. I wanted to be an artist, not rich. And all these things I'd blamed my family for not having given me—I knew now that I hadn't ever really wanted them at all. Possessions—they were a part of my dream. But there was not what I was really dreaming about. You see what I mean?"

It was still early enough that day, after my talk with Pat, to grab a bus from Astoria for Flushing—and another still more prosperous section of Queens—and pay a visit to the high school George once attended.

Flushing High is a huge building, gray and Gothic; but there's nothing archaic-looking about some of the girl students there.

Said a teenage Kim Novak type, whom I approached on the main staircase, "George Maharis? You writing a story on him? You know him? . . . Oh. I thought you knew him personally . . . Oh . . . Well, all I know is that his brother Paul attends here. He's a doll. Umfffttt. That family, I'm telling you. What dolls!"
I finally located Jerry Bock at his home in New Rochelle, fashionable New York City suburb. He said laughing, "Well, how do you like this? Just this morning I went out and bought a copy of George's new album (Editor's Note: "George Maharis Sings"). I just finished listening to it. Do you know the album? Hasn't he got a great voice? I knew this years back about George, when we did 'My Dream.' It was a silly, unfashionable, stuff—high school love story. It was supposed to run one night but it ran two. Or was it three? Anyway, part of its success was due to George. He had the male lead. He sang three songs. And he sang them beautifully. It's funny, but I always wanted to keep this phase of his abilities a secret. Until I could write something for him—a musical—something for Broadway. So what happens? The secret's out now. He's on records. Well, maybe someday—if he's available, or interested—maybe we can still get together on something again. I'd be very pleased. I'd cast him in a musical any time. He has a very good voice—popular and theatrical. I think his musical ability, added to his acting ability, should make him one of the hottest properties in the business before too long.

"Yes, George and I were friends in school. Although I think you can say that working on the show brought us as close together as we ever got. I think we both got involved in school politics, too, for a while. It's been a number of years now, and I forget. Unhappily, we haven't seen each other more than once or twice since graduation. That's when George did 'Zip Story' off-Broadway. I thought he was just marvelous in that. Did the critics.

"What key word would I apply to George, the George I knew? Well, going back—and remember, this is all rummaging through my vague memory—I would say that he runs deeper than he looks. He's smarter than he appears to be, much smarter. Perhaps what was sometimes an impression of dullness he was not. And—of course, this may be hindsight and nothing more—but I'd say about him, too, that he seemed to always have a kind of profound dedication. You sensed that he wanted to do something in life and that, no matter what, he would take a straight path and do whatever he wanted to do. So I'd say he was dedicated. Very dedicated. And, as he has proven, to great purpose."

Says George, hearing about the phone talk with his old friend, "Jerry's a charmer, isn't he? And I was charmed in high school, too. I was the big political boss, the behind-the-scenes man. I didn't want to run for anything. Who needed that? But I was the one who picked the kids who did run—and who won. I didn't bother with the seniors, the big intellectuals. I'd say: 'What good are they? They'll be out of school in six months, and what good will they do?'"

"Instead, I'd concentrate on the younger kids, the freshmen and sophomores. I'd talk to them. I'd see which of them was really smart, interested in school affairs, in getting something done for the other kids. And then, when I was impressed with them, I'd stand behind them. Like a campaign manager. I was a good one, too. Very hot-toshy. Although I've got to admit some of the kids didn't like this: me stimulating one mind instead of to call me The Dictator... I was charming in school. Charming. And I had some charming teachers. A lot of them had crushes on me. And why not? There's nothing unusual in that between a teacher and a student. There was one—my faculty advisor, Miss Carmen. She was warm, understanding, gray hair, no makeup, smiling eyes. You knew you could tell her something and that she would understand. You knew that she demanded the truth, but that everything you told her was in confidence. You knew, most important, that she would be an equal when you talked to her, and not a superior. Another teacher—I forget her name—always gave the impression of being a battle-ax. She had cross-eyes and was really something to see. She always frowned at me and gave me a hard time. But I always felt she cared for me. And she did. She proved it when she'd get mad at me, when she'd take me down a peg or two. Whenever she felt my popularity was going to my head, she'd take me aside and bawl me out. But rough as her voice was, and cruel as she could be, she did it with a certain tenderness. And I had the feeling it was for me that she was bawling me out. And this was a very nice feeling. Then there was this history teacher; this one really had a crush on me. I felt. She was a very unusual-looking woman. Like a point. She was. She had long legs and was skinny—but a point! When she walked her feet went toe-forward—point! When she spoke, the words seemed to hit you like little—points! She was pointedly delicate, let's say. She used to write me little notes of encouragement. As popular as I was in that school, it was a fact that I never smiled. And she'd write to me. 'You have a million-dollar smile, George. Please try to let us see your teeth more often.'"

"Like Jerry Bock said it to you on the phone, she used to say to me, too, back then. About the dedication, I mean. She used to say, 'I think you're headed for something big, George. Point! But do you know where it is you're going? Point! Point!'

"And I'd say, 'Not really, except I feel..."
George the juice boy

The Salad Bowl is a health food shop on Seventh Avenue, smack in the heart of New York City’s big-time show biz district. George worked here as a juice boy once—six or seven years ago, after his graduation from high school and after a two-year stint in the Marines. Sid and Mel, the Salad Bowl hosts, remember him. “One of the best juicers we ever had. Quick. Could take a couple of carrots, toss them in the machine, squeeze—and presto, ‘Here’s your glass of health.’ That’s what George used to say. … Big success on television now, eh? Well, good for him. But if he isn’t tired of it after ‘Route 66’ stuff, that Hollywood life, and wants a job as juice boy again—tell him we’ve always got an opening.”

They laugh. A woman walks into the Salad Bowl—a thin woman, with long blond hair, about forty—maybe a little more—with what can best be described as a Broadway face: a little weary, a lot wise.

“What’s so funny?” she asks, hearing the laughter. Sid and Mel tell her they’ve just been reminiscing about George Marahis. She smiles. Her name is Irene—she’s a part-time newspaperwoman, she says, “and sister-in-law to the greatest horse race handicapper of them all. ’I’ll tell you about George Marahis,‘ she says, ‘I worked here the same time he did. Right, fellows? Well, not really worked here. You might say Irene was helping out her friends. Right, fellows? But George. Let me tell you about George. Now there was a grand fellow. With a marvelous personality. Everybody’s pal, he was. Very sincere fellow. One of the nicest fellows. Back then he was working his way through singing lessons. He never talked about being an actor, either. All he used to say was, ‘Someday I’m going to be a singer, Irene.’ And he sweated it out plenty to make the dough for his lessons. He worked hard here. Long hours. Six days a week. But never complaining. . . .”

“He was a tease, George was. And fun? He could make a day of work go like this for you just because he was so much fun to be around. All the customers loved his smile. He’d have that lovely smile that would light up the room—from the tip of your head to the tip-top of your toes. . . . I was crazy about him. And so were the customers. They get a lot of entertainment people in this place. you know. Now. Then. Back then I remember we used to get Red Buttons, Berle, Dick Shawn, Jan Peerce of the opera, sometimes even Perry Como used to come in with—all the same name—the bandleader—Mitch Ayres? Yeah, they all used to come in. And they loved George.

“But you know what? George never once took advantage of the fact that they were here and that he wanted to get into show business. He never once said to them, ‘Would you like me to sing sometime?’ Or, ‘Is there anything I might be able to do for me?’ Not George. To him, they were the customers and he was the juice boy. And that was it. Anyway. George always gave the impression that anything he was going to amount to was going to be done on his own, and that he didn’t need or want help from anybody. In fact, in those days we used to have tables up on the balcony, back there. And sometimes the celebrities would come in and I’d say to George, ‘You go up there, George, instead of me. Won’t hurt you to say hello to some of the big-timers. Leave me to take care of the small-timers here at the counter.’ And George would say, ‘Nn’ mind, Irene. You do your job and I’ll do mine. Just like that. He never took advantage.

“Anyway, George liked girls. And lots of cute girls used to come in for some juice and sit at the counter. And I think he had more fun serving them and talking to them than he would have had going up to any big-shots and trying to make an impression on them. George liked the girls all right. And they were crazy about him. And about that motorcycle of his, on which he used to take them for a ride sometimes. Is George married yet, I wonder? No, huh? You know, I’ve often thought about—that and yet it doesn’t surprise me, that George isn’t married. I don’t know why. George be. My feeling is that nothing interests him as much as his work. He’ll be friendly with a girl, he’ll like her a lot, he’ll take her on his motorcycle anytime. But I wouldn’t be surprised if he never got married . . . Poor girl, I mean, the one that almost lands him but doesn’t. She’ll be missing out on such a good boy. And on so much fun.”

A natural-born kidder

Says George, hearing about this talk. “You met Irene? Isn’t that a nice woman—and a great face? Fun? Yes, we had a lot of fun those days. I love to tease women, you see. I tell them big lies. If I know a woman is interested in me, I’ll tell her; ‘Say, did you know? I just got married?’ Or if I know a woman is trying to lose weight. I’ll say to her, ‘Boy,’

‘Boy, you’re really getting fat!’

‘I do it with my mother. All the time. Her name is Demetra, a good beautiful Greek name. For some reason, my brother Bob has started calling her Jane now—like all of a sudden she never heard of Athens and she’s very American. So when I phone her, I always say, “Hello, is this Jane?”

“And Mama says: ‘Come on, Yolrig. I know it’s you and that you’re teasing me.’ And she laughs, and she gets a big kick out of that. . . . I even tease my mother about sex. She’s a very old-fashioned woman, a real sweet woman. And she likes to think that all of her kids were immaculate conceptions. I start teasing her about that, and then she says that I’m a bad boy. And I give her a couple of miles with a broken wing. In fact, she was going to lose me one minute, she was that frail. She was a dancer, but she didn’t have the strength for it. She’d dance, dance beautifully, but after a while she’d tire, and she couldn’t seem to keep it up. She was a beautiful girl. I guess you could say I loved her and she felt the same about me. But that’s the way marriage is sometimes. Just a while. But we had a big religious problem. So we split up in time. It wasn’t easy, but that’s what we had to do. Well, Mary’s married now. She has kids. I hadn’t heard from her in years. But one day a couple of months back, on location in Texas, a relative of hers came up to me and he introduced himself and said, ‘George, I’m a store here in town and I’d like if you could come over and do a little personal appearance for me. You know, attract some more customers.’ He said it politely enough. But there was a tone in his voice that I didn’t like—as if he was expecting me to do this because, after all, I’d known Mary once and been in her marriage and stuff a little while. And we had a big religious problem. So we split up in time. It wasn’t easy, but that’s what we had to do. Well, Mary’s married now. She has kids. I hadn’t heard from her in years. But one day a couple of months back, on location in Texas, a relative of hers came up to me and he introduced himself and said, ‘George, I’m a store here in town and I’d like if you could come over and do a little personal appearance for me. You know, attract some more customers.’ He said it politely enough. But there was a tone in his voice that I didn’t like—as if he was expecting me to do this because, after all, I’d known Mary once and been in her marriage and stuff a little while. And we had a big religious problem. So we split up in time. It wasn’t easy, but that’s what we had to do. Well, Mary’s married now. She has kids. I hadn’t heard from her in years.

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protection one another from the tears outside. Instead, I feel love should be an advancement. A big room, a gigantic room, with plenty of breathing space for two people, with a couch so they can sit together when they want, and with lots of easy chairs scattered around the place so they can sit alone whenever they feel that's how they want to be for the time being.

"What an end to start talking like this, anyhow? Oh, Yes. Right. The Salad Bowl. Irene. Yes. Those were fun days. I knew Mary then. Other nice people. It was fun. Yes. But those were the fun days for me, too. I mean with my career. Irene's right. I wanted to be a singer then. And I had a good voice. But I went to this hum of a teacher who ruined it on me. And then everything started happening with my throat, my voice. . . I remember one wet, chilly winter day when I caught a cold and my tonsils swelled up. I walked to a clinic

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and after a couple of days in the clinic the tonsils were removed. And the clinic released me, and it was another bitter day. I didn't know where I was going and I was freezing as I made my way back home, back to West Forty-Ninth Street, where I lived. I was wearing an old beat-up corduroy jacket, and I had a scarf wrapped around my throat. For some reason, I must have looked suspicious. At any rate, a cop stopped me and began questioning me. I could hardly talk and my throat ached, but I couldn't persuade this cop to leave me alone. Finally, I lost my temper, something that doesn't take me too long to do anyhow, and I started shouting at this cop. I guess he was just about to do something drastic, but he stopped short all of a sudden and he looked at me strangely. That's when I realized what was happening—that I was spraying him with a liquid that was gushing from my throat. Yes. Oh, those were the fun days. Most of them. Most of them. But not all of them. No, sir."

The end of the world

Forty-Ninth Street is like many of Manhattan's midtown streets. It starts good and ends bad. Get on the cross-town bus on the East Side, for instance. Give the man your fifteen cents, and you travel for a while through the Sutton Place and Turtle Bay areas, two of the poshest neighborhoods in the world. Town houses. Terraced apartments, Gold-braided doormen. Tiny and expensive bistros. The very air is perfumed with money.

Then you cross Park Avenue, and Madison Avenue, and Fifth and you enter the commercial area for a while—still pretty glossy. You still smell the money.

Next you reach Seventh Avenue, and Broadway, and you're in the world of theaters, movie palaces, hot dog stands, overnight pizzerias—with their individual smells of neon and garlic and mustard and sauce-somewhat-marina.

A little further west you pass by Madison Square Garden. Smell the sweat? The sawdust? The salted tears of the losers? The hot hysterical breathings of the winners?

And then you reach the west side and what you're liable to smell here is anybody's guess. To get to the place where George lived (in fact, he still maintains his apartment, so that he can paint—when he's in New York, and has the time) you get off the bus at Tenth Avenue and walk towards Eleventh.

It's a long block, and a dismal one. Ahead you see the Hudson River and the shoulders of two Cunard Line piers, that stand like double pillars of Hercules, signifying the end of the world. And, in a way, you are at the end of the world now. For West Forty-Ninth Street is gloomy and depressing and very few people come here to live or to stand for a while with any high hope of—as George might say—cutting loose, or breaking out.

You pass a hobo in a doorway, a harrowed old man. Sleeping it off. Another man, a younger man, opens the door behind him and yells out, "Hey you, get over to Forty-eighth Street. I'm F.B.I." And the hobo opens his eyes and shrugs, and he begins to rise and to move away.

You pass a stairway that kids playing—a boy with a dirty ball, a girl with a two-year-old hula hoop. "Hey, Mister," they call out at you, "—what do you want here with your pencil and your paper?" You say to them, "Just looking." And they laugh. The kids. They say, "Looking for what? Around here? You crazy, man? Around here?" Because they know.

Finally, you come to the building where George once lived. A where he now paints. You enter the building through a semi-courtyard, just off the street, and—like they say in all the novels you've read about slums—you walk past the garbage piles and enter the darkened hallway and the only thing you can see is the stairwell ahead and a belligerent little sign that reads, "You know the Route?"

You don't ring doorbells in this building, because there aren't any. Instead, you knock on doors. You knock on one door. "Did you—do you—know George Maharis?" you ask the man who opens the door.

"No," says the man. "I don't know anybody. And about George Maharitis—needless to say, he isn't here much anymore, not that he's so loaded with caaaahh." You knock on the door, you knock somebody's home here, because you can hear the rock 'n roll playing on the radio inside. Then you hear it—the sound of ladies' slippers shuffling toward the door. Then you see it—the outline of an eye, in a crack in the door. And then you hear it again—the sound of ladies' slippers walking back to where they'd come from.

Then you knock on other doors; more strange answers, or no answers.

And then, finally, you find two people in the building who know George—one who knows him vaguely (an old Polish lady who speaks little English, a Mrs. Drobny or Drobyra); the other who knows George very well (a young and struggling actor,
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Wanderer and friend

"I see this in Greek boy, Mr. Maharis. In his eye. The way I used see it in my own son. I see it in Greek boy one night when it is hot and I go for walk. Near river. Down street. I go for walk, just for the air. And he hot, too—and he go walking. You know he pier? Down street? Well, there was big ship going on this night. French ship. English ship—I don't know. But all the lights are on it. And you can see the people wave and laugh. The big ship begin to move, I just watch it. I think, 'Well, there go a big ship someplace.' But Mr. Maharis—he come along then, to near where I stand. He say hello to me. And then without more word, he begin to go. And again, I watch I look in his eye and I see it, just like I used see it in my son, The eyes, they get nervous. The breathing, it get nervous. The body, it get stiff. And all about him is this feel of the rest-ly, Very rest-ly. Just like I used to see it in my son. Who go away ten years. Who go away and never write his mother. Never come back. Ten years. For a mother. Who wait. Who wait..."

John Pearce tells you a few minutes later, "George is my friend. My very good friend. And he's the most generous friend in the world. I'm an actor. At least I'm trying to be. I haven't had many breaks yet. As George explains it—and I think he's right—my time won't come for a few years yet, because character actor-type and still too young to break into anything. So things are tough from time to time. And whenever they are, George is always there to help me. Although I shouldn't say always. Once, when things were so bad for me, I had to leave my apartment here and go with George next door. I appreciated this. But I guess I also did a little vanity and guess it hurt me. Whatever it was, I began to act a little cloying. Worse, I began to become a little bit too dependent on George. He told me I'd better watch my step, that dependency wasn't going to get me anywhere. I tried. But it didn't work. So George just told me one day that I've had to get out, leave. And I did. And it hurt me for a while. Until I realized that George was right. That he was still a very generous person. That by asking me to leave and go fend for myself, he was helping me more than if he'd said, 'Okay, you can stay here and keep depending on me and keep sitting back and keep waiting for somebody else to do for you what you've really got to do for yourself."

Says George, about my visit to Fortyninth Street, about the words restless, generous: "Yes, I guess they both apply to me. Restless certainly does. You know Janice Rule? Beautiful girl. Beautiful actress. I think Janice put her finger on it better than anybody once. We were working together in New Orleans. We went to dinner one night, the waiter came over and I snapped out the order. When the food came I gulped it down—fast, fast. When the dinner was over Janice lit a cigarette, sat back and said to me, 'You know, George, you eat like a horse.' And I stopped at a service station, ordered ten gallons of gasoline, and then you drive off again.'

And she's right—I'm constantly restless. I hate waited time. This hepatitis of mine is a great waste of time. Everything about it. At the hospital, that first time, they wanted me to stay in bed all the time. They wanted me to use a bed pan. I couldn't get up and go. They'd ask me, 'Well—what kind of a bed pan?'

'I'd say, 'The other nurse took it.'

'They got wise to me three weeks later. But then it was too late. I could get up and go anytime I wanted by then. It's like when was a kid. I was swimming once. I started to drown. But I didn't call out for help, I figured if I can't help myself, then there's no sense in living. And so I helped myself... Sometimes, of course, I can get too restless. One reason I didn't become a successful singer a few years ago, for instance. It's because I tried too hard. Sure that bum teacher I had for a while ruined my voice. But I was trying too hard, too. I was trying to kill a mosquito with a 20,000-pound hammer. It was unnecessary.

"You keep going..."

But most of my restlessness is necessary. Once, I remember, I was going to Boston. One day I hit a little hump in the road. And flipped over. Well, I got right up and on that bike again. And while I was driving away I looked back. And I thought, 'This motorcycle is like life. If it throws you and you don't get back on, then that's where you stay, where you've fallen; you've found your level and you stay there. So maybe you open a restaurant and that's where you fell. Maybe you may be asked for a job in that hardware store on the other side of the street. Or else you remain restless and you get back on your motorcycle and you keep your head and you stay cool—and that's when you really get over the hump in the road.'

"Well, that takes care of restlessness... Generous? Me? Yes, I guess so. I like a few people things. Not gifts from the store, I can't stomach that. But I'll give money. Or certificates. Anything that doesn't take me too much time. Also, I've paid for two people to go to psychiatrists. I think this is important for some people, who need that kind of help and can't afford it. I was sending a girl I know to a psychiatrist. Till recently. She had terrible problems. I felt the whole world was ignoring her, that nobody knew she was alive. She was in desperate shape and used to come to me for help, advice. But with me on the road so much, I could only do so much talking to her. So I sent her to a psychiatrist. I thought things were going well for her. But obviously one night things went very bad for her. And in her desperation, she—righted herself. As if to let the world know that she had been alive, at least for one moment—to let the doctor who would come know, the ambulance men, the cops, to let them all know that she had been alive.

"Of course, you've got to draw a line to
your generosity, too, I've found out. Like with my kid brother Paul. Now there's a great kid for you. He wants to be an actor someday, too. In fact, he's waiting for them to put me out into pasture because, as he says, 'I don't think there can be two actors in the same family.' Anyway, Paul naturally likes it when I'm generous with him. But enough's enough, I say. Like the time he phoned my sister Pat and she said to her—

He talks like this, very low—he said, 'Hey, Pat, how would you like a car for Saturdays and Sundays?'

'Sure, Pat said. 'But how are we going to get one?'

'Easy,' Paul said. 'I'll just phone George in California and ask him if he'll buy me one. I'll use it Monday through Friday, and you can have it weekends.'

'So Paul calls me, 'George,' he says, 'I got an idea.'

'ShMM, Pat said.

'It's a favor—' Paul said.

'You sure you won't get mad if I ask you?' Paul says.

'What is it? What is it?' I say.

'Well,' Paul says, 'I was thinking that maybe, since you're my brother, you'd buy me a car.'

'Uh-huh,' I say. 'And what do you have in mind? A Corvette, like mine?'

'No,' Paul says.

'A Ferrari, maybe,' I say.

'No,' Paul says. 'As a matter of fact, I was thinking more in terms of an XK-E-Jag.'

'Just like in Jaguar?' I say.

'Right,' Paul says.

'I see,' I say.

'Well?' Paul asks.

'No,' I say.

'But George,' Paul says, 'I was planning on buying the gas for it, and paying for the insurance.'

'Don't do me any favors,' I say.

'And then I give my kid brother the lect ure. The same kind of thing I had to tell my friend. John. I know Pearce. That other day—

About not getting too dependent on anybody. About thinking of how you're going to do things for yourself. All that jazz, in other words. But important jazz. Because as well as it is to be generous and to appreciate other people's generosity—what's the good of this whole thing called our existence if we can't learn to help ourselves once in a while? Even if it's the harder way of getting things done.'

**Woman in his life**

Mimi Weber is a beautiful young woman. Who also happens to be George Maharis' personal manager and a business associate (they have formed a company called Geoni Productions Ltd., planning on independently producing motion pictures and TV specials). And who happens to know more about George than anyone else around.

She spoke of how they first met. It was summer of 1958. I was a production secretary at MCA. One Monday that July I had to go to the makeup room at the NBC Brooklyn studio with a contract for a George Maharis. I walked over to him and introduced myself. What impressed me most about him at that first time? He had the wildness of youth and the beautiful speaking voice. He smiled—that kind of smile that knocks you out for a minute. And then he signed the contract. He told me several years later, when we got to know one another better, that he'd felt a kind of magnetism about me that first time—a feeling that we had something in common—but that he didn't know what to do about it. Anyway, he said, he knew I was married. Consequently there wasn't much he could do about it. The important thing is we met, we liked one another and became good friends. And that's the way it's been ever since. A couple of years later, George did 'Deathwatch' and 'Zoo Story' off-Broadway and received rave notices, which got him his Route '66 contract. I had gone up in my own job, to an executive position. But always, no matter where George was, he was in touch—postcards, a letter from Israel, phone calls.

She spoke about how they both left MCA, "George got kind of disgusted with certain situations that existed. So he left and went with the William Morris Agency. They managed to keep him busy and finally got him a part in ' Exodus', for Otto Preminger, in which George had a small part that was made into a bigger and bigger part by the time Preminger had taken through with him. Me? I was fired from MCA, in September of 1961. An event which rocked me and shocked not only some of MCA's top brass, but some of the top people in the industry who were good friends. It was a blow I didn't go over that. It's the best thing that ever happened to me. At least, it got me started on my own. And George was behind me all the way. He'd say to me, very tenderly: 'Don't you worry, Mimi. Everything's going to be okay. I'm going to be behind you in anything you do.'

She spoke about how they continued to keep in touch after that, and how he got to know George more and more. All kinds of little things about him. "Like he's no phony. When he walks into a room, no matter where he is—it's the people he's with who get his attention. He doesn't look to see who's looking at him, to see who he can spot. He's not a table-hopper, not rude. Every once in a while he may go off into his own little world and not be with you, but he snaps out of it fast. And if he doesn't, well, you just know that that's George for now, and that's the way it's got to be. You just leave him alone to meditate.

... He's very direct. If he likes you, he likes you—and if he doesn't, well, that's it for you as far as he's concerned. ... George is a fantastic eater and a pleasure to cook for. I'd invite him over for dinner from time to time and he'd do justice to anything I made. He loves Italian food, shell mussels, in particular. And roast duck. And spare ribs. His sister gave me a recipe for yogurt ice-box pie. And he's a big salad man, with all the greens you can think of. And when he eats apples, which are his favorite, and oranges and lemons, he eats them—I mean, skin and all. ... Most people don't know that George has a great complexion. He's a softie. And an unshamed one. He'll cry in sad movies. He'll cry when something aw...
ful happens to someone else. His face gets a certain expression which is unexplainable. And he gets flushed. He becomes tremendously sad. You're not the kind of guy who keeps his hand in his pocket. Even back then, when he didn't have much, we'd go to a restaurant once in a while and he'd overtip the waitress. I'd say, 'George, what do you want the girl to do? Have a heart attack?' Now we have a game about tipping and overtipping. But then, it was just his way. There wasn't much changing him. And I couldn't wait for the truth. He's tremendously honest. He doesn't lust or envy. He appreciates talent in other people. And he is never jealous. Never.

Going back again, she spoke of the summer of 1961. ‘I’d been legally separated by now. I’d been fired from my job. I was violently ill that summer. George was in his second year of “Rour 66” by now. He was up in Gloucester, Massachusetts, filming on location. I phoned him immediately after I was fired, crying hysterically on the phone. In a matter of minutes he soothed me and even had me laughing. He said: “Look, baby. We’re in a fabulous place. Big house. Nobody around. They have lots of sunshine. So bring your shorts and slacks and come on up right away.”

“The gave me my life meaning”

“I took George up on the invitation. I made a reservation and I took a plane for Boston. George met me at the airport. He drove me back to the house. It was a wonderful place. Lots of wonderful people connected with the show were staying there. And I stayed for a week or so. And in that week, George—just by being the sweet, understanding way that he looks after me from cracking. And talking with him one day about my future plans, I mentioned something about maybe going into personal management. George said he thought it was a great idea—and that if I did, he’d consider our forming a business association. Which of course has come to happen. Happily. Since that week in Gloucester.

‘George gave me my life a meaning. But what’s even more wonderful is that he feels that I’m doing something even greater for him. And he helped my son, too. Neil. Most of Neil’s life, and especially after the breakup in 1961, he lacked so for adult male association and affection and identification. But all he had to do was to meet George Maharis and he knew he’d never have to lack for it again. I don’t know where to start telling you the things George has done for my son. Or how. I’ll tell you one thing, though—it isn’t by any namby-pambying. George doesn’t go for that. In fact, George will brook no nonsense, no bull, no stuff. He is—very earnestly, that is. When George and I renewed our relationship in the summer of ’61, he attended Neil’s Junior High School graduation party. In the months that ensued they became buddies and then, because Neil feels I’m too young a woman to understand men’s problems—he calls me Child Bride—George enjoyed the privilege of calling anytime it is necessary, collect, no matter where he is, to discuss his problems man to man. This has given Neil great security, and he has never abused the privilege. Yes, they like one another so much. And George keeps after Neil. Like the time Neil was afraid to take a special examination for a certain high school he wanted to go to. George asked him why he was afraid.

Neil said, ‘I don’t know. I’m just scared to try.’ He lacked confidence, but had great talent.

‘Well,’ George said, ‘if that’s the way you’re going to be—don’t you come near me anymore. I don’t want to hear the word can’t from you. You can do anything if you really want to.’

And you can guess what happened. Can’t Neil took the examination. And passed it. And he’s a very good student in that school today. George also checks up on his son. Every time he gets into New York, Neil has to show what he’s accomplishing.

‘No, George never namby-pamby Neil. Although I shouldn’t say that, not really. Because young boys—like everyone else—need softness sometimes. And George would see it from time to time. When he was around that Neil got it. I remember one night, early, we were sitting in my apartment—George, Neil, I—and Myrna Loy, who is a dear friend and whom I also represent. We were talking about current events. I was sitting on the couch with Myrna. And George was in another chair, with Neil sitting on his lap. They were kidding around and I watched as George tussled Neil’s hair and patted his shoulder affectionately and I knew that Neil—that moment—felt the true comradeship and friendship, the acceptance and approval, that he got from George.

Another time, I remember, Neil was going out on a date to the theater. He’d had a very important date with a lovely girl he’d just met. George happened to be at the apartment that night, and just before Neil left George said to him, ‘How much you got on you?’

‘Five dollars,’ Neil said.

‘George reached into his pocket and said, ‘Give me the five; here’s ten. I don’t want you to get stuck in case you and your girl want to have a soda after the show.’

Very special feelings

‘Another time, I remember—but oh, there are so many times I could tell you about. And all I really mean to say is that there’s no more sensitive, no more compassionate, no greater guy on this earth than George. My feelings for him are very special. And I know his are the same for me.

“You know—this operation I just had? It was a tumor, in my neck. Thank God, it turned out to be benign. But about the tumor—obviously it had been there a long time, but it had always been so small even I never noticed it there. And one night—we were going out and I put on a special dress for George. I asked him if he liked the dress. He said, ‘Yes, Mi Mi, but for the right dress. I wish you’d come to me earlier about this.’ And I told him the truth, that I hadn’t noticed it before, that someone else—a man I knew—had.

And the doctor said to me, ‘Yes. It could be unnoticed. But—whoever did notice it—he must care for you very, very much.’

‘I guess that’s it from me. I guess I’ve
told you everything about George that I can think of right now. Except—there really is so much to be said—things which would be difficult to put into words, no matter how eloquent one could be. He was a rare man. And a specially gifted one. I'm so very proud of him. The road upward wasn't easy for him. You'll never know.

I wanted, lastly, to talk to someone—an actor or a director—who had worked with George fairly recently. I contacted a director. And I felt, after talking to him, that maybe I'd contacted the wrong man. "Maharis?" he said. "Maharis is arrogant. That's all I'm going to tell you about Maharis!"

But the following day—November 30, 1962—I read the following article in the New York Post. And got the picture as to why the director was so sore:

"George Maharis has been suffering from hepatitis since last May. During recent bouts of illness he has continued to tape the show, ... But now the Flushington-born ex-Marine has pulled his super sports car off the road and cancelled all appearances on the high-rated "Route 66" in the foreseeable future."

"Asked if he had any doubts that Maharis was really sick, Sterling Silliphant, the creator of the show, said, "Of course I do. I think he's impatient to get on with his own career. He has had no regard for his company, for his co-star Marty Milner and the fifty or sixty other people on the show."

But George had only shrugged earlier, when I'd talked to him about the director.

"He called me arrogant? Sure he thinks I'm arrogant. Because I hated working with him and he knew it. He has appeared to be one of those TV directors—and there are a few—who don't know what the hell they're doing. They think the set is a doll house and we, the actors, are their dolls. They smile when they come on the set, like, 'Look Ma, I'm directing.' And then, one thing after the other, they begin to butcher the script, the actors' emotions, everything. About these guys I tell my producers, 'Look. I don't want to be uncooperative and say I'm not going to do this week's story. But you hired so-and-so as director? Well, just give me as little to do as possible."

"Sure I'm arrogant!"

"So, I'm arrogant in this sense. But I'm an actor. Not a doll. I give my whole life to my career, my profession, and I don't want some jerk to come along and ruin it all for me in a few days' time. Oh, it's a tough business, this TV. You don't want to die out in it, and you can die easily if you don't take care. People go. A series goes off the air and you never hear of some of these people again. They're like food to a gigantic monster and when the monster's through with them he spits them out. All the thousands of pretty young things in Hollywood—they come in like food and they exit like vomit. I feel for them... Believe me, I know that bit."

"Arrogance? They talk about arrogance? Sure, I've been arrogant in my time. But honest, too. I worked in a camp once, for instance. I the Pocahontas. I didn't like any of the other guys there. Besides, they had money to go out nights and I didn't. So I used to hang around with a horse on the farm next door. In my free time I'd just go over to that farm and I'd stand and I'd look at that horse. It'd look in his eyes and wonder if he knew I existed, what I knew, how felt, I'd look at him and I'd wonder: How are you so sure-footed?"

"Some of the guys, they thought I was arrogant by ignoring them and befriending a horse. But the fact was that I liked the horse more than I liked them. Arrogant, they say? I was in the Marines. There was a stupid top sergeant who used to give all the guys a hard time. So stupid he wasn't particularly afraid of a coffee pot he used to worship. It was like his whole life revolved around that pot and when could he drink from it. He used to polish it up when he wasn't doing anything else—which was often. He used to sit there and gaze at it, like it was a beautiful woman. Well, one day I decided to give him the coffee pot and not give him a Andy lesson. It was after a day on which he'd been particularly rough with everybody. So that afternoon I decided to play Robin Hood, I took my 45 pistol and put 22 shells in it, using an adapter. Then I put the coffee pot on a fence and fired a dozen holes into it. That poor stupid sergeant—he never knew who spoiled his stupid coffee pot. He didn't know anyone in the company who had a 22 pistol!"

"Arrogant? Yes, I'm arrogant when it comes to putting up with a lot of people in this business I'm in. The phonies, I mean. They'll tell you they're going to put you in something and you'll win an Academy Award. A lot of crap. People start by believing that kind of jazz and they lose it when it becomes a true critic himself."

For me, all this, what I'm experiencing now, what I'm going through now—this is only the beginning. If I listen to all the flattery, I'm liable to start believing it. And that's dangerous. And if they threaten me—if they say I've got to do something or else—well, let them try. I don't care. They can shoot me. They can take me. They can't take all they want. Because I know where I'm going. And I don't need anything but my own two feet to get there."

"Arrogant? You want to know something? The thing I'm really most arrogant about is death. I don't think I'll ever fear it. In fact, it's going to be my own way when I go. And I'm only going when I'm ready to go. But they can shoot at me. They can aim cars at me. I'll know they're coming. And unless I know it's time—then I can go to hell. Because I just won't be ready for them."

—Ed DeBlassio

RESULTS OF OUR JACKIE KENNEDY POLL

We have counted the ballots you sent after reading our story of Rev. Ray's criticism of Jackie Kennedy. Our readers voted overwhelmingly (8-2) in favor of Mrs. Kennedy, and called Rev. Ray's criticism of her unfair.
Hayley at four

"I first met Hayley when she was not tall at all, only three years old. That was back in 1948. I'd worked for a while in the prop department of the Asso- ciated British Cinema. Then I married, and had a child and semi-retired for a bit. And finally one day, looking for work again, I was told that Mr. John Mills, the actor, was casting for a role in the Ritz. So I was interviewed by him, they took me on right away, and I got to know the entire family, including Hayley.

"The first thing I remember about her?" "Without any doubt, it was her love for animals—a love she still is blessed with. Of course it's Annabelle who is Hayley's favorite—the pony you might have seen grazing in the west field. The brown-and-white beauty. She's rather small for Hayley now, Hayley got her when she was ten. But at the beginning Annabelle would follow Hayley about like a dog. Hayley, for instance, would be in the dining room, eating, and in would scologue Annabelle, sliding on the old stone floor—this was before the new rugs were laid—sliding,
and falling, and then getting up with that quiet dignity of hers and continuing on to where Hayley sat, for a pat on the nose or, better, a lump from the sugar bowl.

It was this relationship between child and animal that I have ever seen. Though even before Annabelle's arrival, I was impressed with the fantastic relationship she had with all animals.

"With her two dogs, for instance; Suki and Hamlet—alas poor Hamlet, he's gone now. And with birds, I remember one Christmas I asked Hayley what she wanted most as a present. And she said to me, 'Wings, that's what I'd really like.' So I can fly with my little friends when they come back to England this springtime and go swooshing above the river with them and under the bridges. I'd especially love to, that, go swooshing under the bridges with them.'

"And her love for insects. The first time I saw Hayley, in fact, she was suffering from a most awful caterpillar rash because those were the friends she'd been playing with that morning—a big mound of caterpillars. She was mad about bees, too. 'To think,' she'd say, 'that they are best friends with others. Isn't that wonderful, of life?' Caterpillars, Bees. And even flies she loved. There were times you'd see her sitting in the garden, staring into the palm of her hand, and you'd ask, 'What have you got there, Hayley?' And without looking up she'd say, 'A poor little fly. See him? I found him floating in the pool a little while ago with his wing broken. Well, I'm just going to take him into the house now and see that the wing gets mended.' And a few days later you would hear Hayley clapping her little hands together and shouting, 'You're better, dear fly. You're all better, sir. Now you can go home to join your wife and your children. Goodbye. Goodbye. And please be more careful from now on and please stay well!'"

"My other memories of Hayley as a little girl?

"Well, she was very keen on painting when she was small. She still paints sometimes and she's done some very nice things. Juliet, in fact, has one of Hayley's landscapes hanging in her new house.

**Ghost in the house**

"And she was very keen on writing. Plays. Most of them were located in this very house. The house, you see, is actually over six hundred years old. And of course it has its traditional English ghost. And it appears always in the very next room, beneath that rug, a cave with trapdoor where the family now keeps the deep-freeze but where, in the time of Henry the Eighth, the Catholic monks in the area would hide when the Protestant armies passed through these parts. And such are the things Hayley would write about in her littles. They'd tell me about the ghost that allows us—"Hayley is today the same unspoiled girl she has always been. And this I admire terribly about her. And for this I give a great deal of credit to Mr. and Mrs. Mills.

"They have always been very firm with the children, you know. If they decide something, they stick by it. If Mrs. Mills, for instance, says 'No,' they don't do it—then that's it. Hayley won't argue. She might mutter, 'What a pity,' but there's never any fault. I remember the time Hayley was due for a hairdresser's appointment in London. Normally she does her own hair. She has to pay a lot of attention to it, you see—it's so long and fine—and she sets and washes it once a week herself. But this one time, on a treat, she went for this fantastic hairstyle—Birdnest, I think they call it. And when Mrs. Mills saw this she said, 'No no, you're going to come to my hairdresser!' And so Hayley went. And she came back looking just lovely. And there was no fuss at all. None at all.

"Also, Mr. and Mrs. Mills never let Hayley go off by herself for any length of time. Just recently, before this last trip to the States, someone said to the Mills, 'But Hayley's sixteen now. Certainly she can go off to Hollywood without you. Certainly you can arrange for someone there to watch out for her.' And the Mills' response was that Hayley must have a home influence, that she must lead a home life—even when she's away from home—and yes, of course, they went along with her. Mr. Mills took time off between stage and film commitments; Mrs. Mills between novels. And so the Mills are in California right now and having a jolly time. They care for one another."

"Hayley, I might add, has been very appreciative of this firmness on her parents' part. That is, inside her, she seems to feel that what she is right for her. Certainly she couldn't be a better daughter. Her every thought is for her family. She's most embarrassed when the compliments and flattery are directed at her alone. You know exactly what she's thinking at times like this: 'And my father is a great actor, my mother is a wonderful writer, my sister Juliet is a superb actress and my brother Jonathan is a perfect little brother. So if you applaud for one of us, please, you must applaud for us all!' It's so nice to see Hayley and all the family together. It's so nice to see her with her father sometimes. He loves to walk. To see how his cattle are coming along—the Guernseys and the Angus. Or to see how the workers are doing with the milking and the haying. Or just for the sake of walking sometimes. And he loves it especially when Hayley walks with him.

"And there are times when he asks her to come along and you just know that Hayley's a bit tired perhaps, or that she'd rather be down in the new games-room playing her piano while Jonathan plays his drums. She never mind the gramophone—she's absolutely mad on her rock-and-roll records. But she'll never let on when Mr. Mills asks, 'A walk, Hayley?' Instead, she'll say, 'Oh yes, Daddy, that would be fine.' And off they go, father and daughter—a big smile on his face, a big smile on hers."

"Do Hayley have any boy friends? Ah yes, I knew you would get around to asking me that. Well, it seems to me that she's not really that terribly interested in boys yet. When she goes out, she likes to know that she's got a nice partner. She loves going to the cinema once in a while with a friendly young man. And to an occasional party with people her age. She is popular, but I wouldn't go so far as to say that in Hollywood she's had a date or two recently with Frank Sinatra, Jr. And with
success of that past few years, seems to have made her a trifle shy at times. She misses, I think, an anonymity she once enjoyed. She hates being noticed in shops now. She would so like to be able to walk into a shop and get what she wants without fuss. She rather dreads it when a mob of people notice her at once and begin screaming her name.

"All this sort of adulation rather gets her down at times. But, in time, I know that Hayley will learn to cope with this as she has with other problems. I have no other worries for her.

"She is such a fine girl, our Hayley—she gives quite well of herself and the world seems to give her quite well in return."—Michael Joya

See Hayley Mills in "In Search of the Castaways." Her next picture will be "Summer Magic." Both for Buena Vista.

KILDARE

Continued from page 38

that dress?" You're smart enough to take that not as a gross insult, but rather as a compliment—since he is obviously interested enough in you and likes you sufficiently well to be able to tell you just how he thinks you look best—to him. (And, after all, he is your man.)

Now—the same situation with Kildare—for those of you who think of him as your guy. And how different it would be!

Kildare calling

One has the feeling that everything about this evening would be in a most pleasant and proper form. He would phone while you were still awake, for one thing. The call would be longish and chatty (not that Jim Kildare isn't busy—all resident-doctors are; it's just that you know he'd make the time for it). He would probably ask you what you felt like doing on the night of your date. At the restaurant, when the night finally came, he would never think of not asking you what you preferred for dinner—and long before the waiter got around to asking. And he would never, never think of cutting the evening short if he saw that you were having a good time and that the evening was important and special to you.

For all this, then, you adore Kildare.

Why? What kind of girl are you, basically?

You are a romantic girl, in the loveliest sense of the word. You are what is often referred to as an old-fashioned girl. You relate to Jim Kildare because he is a man who can give you the attention and care that you need. Of course, you're not something out of a pre-Civil War novel of the Old South. You're not helpless, nor are you namby-pamby. You're a bright girl who will be thrilled by Kildare's attentions, but who won't take advantage of him. You'll know that he can often be tired, even though he might not show it—and you will then be the one to suggest an early evening. You'll know that he would never think of criticizing anything about you, so sometimes you will ask him, point-blank. "What do you think of this, Jim . . . or this?" You desire to please him and so solidify your relationship on grounds above pleasantries and politeness. But, basically, you are— as I said—a romantic girl. And because of

your young man's nature—smiling, soft-spoken, considerate—you will find this the most lovely of romances to look forward to.

Let us get to the point where the first dates are over with, the "getting-to-know-you" aspect has been concluded, the romance is in full swing.

Now you really know your man.

And what you know about him is this: Casey is the all-man type. He has a mind of his own, and there's no pushing that man around. He gets into trouble more often than not—and, most often, he is responsible for causing that trouble. He believes, very simply, that there is a lot wrong with the world, that there is much too much injustice in the world—and he fights injustice, fights it strongly, not actually intending to hurt anyone, yet hurting many people. He is a strong believer in the principle of the end justifying the means.

Small boy at heart

Kildare, on the other hand—though full-grown and with superb intelligence—is still a little boy at heart. And will probably always be. He shows spunk when he feels that something is really amiss. But the world, to him, is a very good place and filled with good people. He is bright-eyed, he is visionary. He gets into trouble too—but it is usually someone else who has caused the trouble. Does he blame that person? Never. Instead he forgives. And herein lies his strength.

What are you like, if you prefer the Casey image?

You are an understanding girl, a patient girl, a girl—and I must repeat the word—so secure in your own personal worth and in the worth of your man, that it won't bother you at all that there will be many people who, having been offended by him, rub him the wrong way by him, will criticize you both and whisper about you and even avoid you. But you understand your man and what he is trying to do. You understand that he is a crusader, and that his is no easy task. Sometimes, of course, you will not agree with his particular crusade—but that won't matter. Because, after having spoken your peace, you will still be there with him. You will ease his anxieties. You will stick with him, always, and no matter what, because you are immovable in your love for him.

What are you like if, on the other hand, you prefer the Kildare image?

Easy get, easy give

You are a giving girl. You are a girl who will give easily all the good that you so easily get. You will give of your own gentleness, for one thing, to balance his gentleness. You will give of your own consideration, of your own sense of caring—again to balance things. You, too, are a strong girl, by the way, you too are secure. You won't like it very much after a while, for instance, to see your man stepped on, blamed for trouble he didn't start—again and again. And so, most important, you will give him a sense of support when he needs that support; you will give him the sense of his being the man he really is, a man of sincere dignity and quiet courage, despite the outward boyishness.

You are to this point that some of you must be wondering: "That Dr. Liswood—I wonder which of the two she prefers—Casey or Kildare?"

To be very truthful, I do have a preference.

But I don’t think it would be very fair of me to reveal it in print.

And besides, as I mentioned earlier, I found my own real-life doctor once.

And married him.

And that was forty-four wonderful, beautiful years ago . . . long before TV.

The End

Dr. Liswood is a prominent lecturer, Executive Director of the Marriage Counseling Service of Greater New York, and author of the best-selling book: "A Marriage Doctor Speaks Her Mind About Sex."
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ALIEAN MILSTEIN, Contributing Editor

KENNETH CUNNINGHAM, Art Director

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Hear FRANKIE AVALON Sing "Come Fly with Me"

Screen Story and Screen Play by
WILLIAM ROBERTS Directed by HENRY LEVIN
Produced by ANATOLE DE GRUNWALD

SEE IT SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE
and many of these younger members were not even born when Miss MacDonald was at her peak.

Clara Rhoades
1185 Woodward Ave.
Topeka, Kansas

**SHOULD ELVIS MARRY?**

This is beginning to get on my nerves. All this jazz about why Elvis isn't married yet, or if he should be in the first place. Gee, the poor guy must feel like he hasn't got anything at all to do with it. Why doesn't everybody just shut up and let Elvis decide what he wants to do.

Sylvia Mantovani
Kingston, N.Y.

**ROCK A BYE-BYE?**

I think it's about time Rock Hudson settled down and married Marilyn Maxwell. How long can a "friendship" go on?

Ginny Gordon
Bklyn., N.Y.

**GOODBYE TO MARILYN**

I'm sure many people took objection to Marilyn Monroe's nude photos in your latest Photoplay, but I found them to be a lasting tribute from a beautiful star to all her fans. Where will Hollywood get another symbol of womanhood?

G. Coccozza
Plainfield, N.J.

**BOW-WOW**

I've tried the various hairdos you suggested and I must confess I'm not too good at it. My boy friend claims I look like a cross between Elvis Presley on a rainy day and a frightened wire-haired terrier. Nevertheless, they have helped my friends, so please have more beauty hints. By the way, Liz ought to try your hairdos. Did you see her photo on page 50 in your February book?

Annabelle Bundie
New York, N.Y.

**CAMERA SHY?**

Ingrid Bergman through the years has suffered the wrath of her public, but of course she has no one to blame but herself. She certainly can't expect her life to be private, so why not have photographers and the world see photos of her children. They look most happy and content.

Ann Cranston
Los Angeles, Calif.
Jackie Gleason is all dolled up...
to make you laugh...to make you feel warm...to buy a
circus...to lead a parade...to entertain you...to make
you feel good all over...to play his funniest movie role in...
"Papa's Delicate Condition"

Technicolor®
A CHILD IS WAITING
C.A.: Director, John Cassavetes; Producer, Stanley Kramer (Adult).

WHO'S IN IT? Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland, Gena Rowlands, Steven Hill.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A new teacher at a boarding school for retarded children focuses her love on one small boy.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A warm-hearted and dedicated film, it faces a tragically common problem with honesty, instead of sentimentality. Since Bruce Ritchey is the only actor among the children, their scenes are true, sweet—and hard to take.

MADAME
Embassy; Technirama 70, Technicolor; Director, Christian-Jaque; Producer, Malena Makenotti (Adult).

WHO'S IN IT? Sophia Loren, Robert Hossein, Julien Bertheau, Marina Berti.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Marrying an officer of Napoleon's, an earthy Parisian laundress rides the tidal wave of triumph.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Here's an oddity: two-thirds awkward, spectacular bore; one-third charming, ironic comedy. If you put up with all the straggling battle scenes, you'll arrive at an amusing picture of the self-made emperor's court.

DAVID AND LISA
Continental: Producer, Paul M. Heller; Director, Frank Perry (Adult).

WHO'S IN IT? Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, Howard Da Silva, Neva Patterson.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? At a sanitarium run like a school, two disturbed teenagers help each other toward health.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Beautifully quiet and earnest, this intimate story sends a shaft of understanding light into the dark world of emotional illness. Though Keir and Janet play psychotics, they're so winning that an average person can feel with them. But is romantic love a real cure-all? (Continued on page 8)
The National Book Club presents the exciting new

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Win cash prizes just for solving interesting “Famous Name” Puzzles

1ST PRIZE
$25,000

2nd PRIZE
$5,000

3rd PRIZE
$2,500

4th PRIZE
$1,000

5th PRIZE
$500

PLUS 95 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

His real name was William F. Cody.

I’VE GOT A BIG BILL!

The Correct Answer Is ONE of These Names!

- Jerome Kern
- Buffalo Bill
- Marco Polo
- Walter Reed

- B I L L

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 “Famous 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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HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

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OH! SEE THAT NAG! HE'S MY BET!

The Correct Answer is ONE of These Names!

- Babe Ruth
- Mary Eddy
- Betsy Ross
- Theda Bara

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PAPA'S DELICATE CONDITION
Paramount; Technicolor; Director, George Marshall; Producer, Jack Rose (Family)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? The genial whims of a sometime drunk delight his little girl but exasperate her mom and big sister.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Based on childhood memories of silent star Corinne Griffith, this comedy has the fuzzy, rosy, rambling quality of a family chronicle, set comfortably in a small Texas town of about fifty years ago. Jackie Gleason enjoys being just too lovable for words, and little Linda is a rather mannered actress.

FIVE MILES TO MIDNIGHT
U.A.; Producer-Director, Anatole Litvak (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, Gig Young, Jean-Pierre Aumont.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Believed dead in an air crash, an American ne'er-do-well has his Italian wife collect insurance.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Following up on his "Psycho" hit, Tony revels in another chance to play menace. His general ornerness and the ingenious swindle that he plans provide some suspense and entertainment. But there's no distinction in the movie's approach, and Sophia is too strong a personality for her role here.

SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE
Davis-Royal; Director, Serge Bourguignon; Producer, Romain Pines; French dialogue, English titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Hardy Kruger, Patricia Gozzi, Nicole Courcel.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A mystical friendship gives brief happiness to a deserted child and a young man with amnesia.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Telling its story with a superbly handled camera, a French film reminds us that movies can be the international language. Speaking directly to the heart, it suggests more about the relationship between Hardy and young Patricia than it actually says. Its mood of sadness only accents the beauty.

LOVE IS A BALL
U.A.; Panavision, Eastman Color; Director, David Swift; Producer, Martin H. Poll (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Glenn Ford, Hope Lange, Charles Boyer, Ricardo Montalban.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Visiting the Riviera, a rich American girl becomes target in a neatly planned fortune-hunting scheme.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? If you've missed the old-style romantic comedy, with lots of sumptuous clothes and luxurious sets, here it is again, with mild chuckles and no sordid reminders of reality. Glenn's upstanding hero and Hope's madcap heiress are familiar figures, but Boyer and Montalban strike a few happy new notes.
I dreamed I went to blazes in my *maidenform* bra

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that keeps it from riding up! You’ll feel this bra ‘breathe’ with you thanks to elastic insets under the cups. Bend, twist or stretch; these unique features keep Scroll snugly in place. Circular-stitched cups, over-stitched with scroll designs, give you firm, shapely support. White, A, B, C cups. Also available with elastic back and reinforced under cups, 3.95.

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how tantalizing your eyes will look

to wear with the newest fashions.

So right for today’s subtle new look!

NEW! Eyes by CUTEX®  Another fashion-
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In exquisite gold-tone cases...

for the woman with an eye for beauty.

First cosmetic creation from the makers of America's most popular lipstick and polish. Violet, come-hither Blue, bewitching Brown, tempting Turquoise and shimmering Silver.

The editors of Photoplay Magazine present its Gold Medal for excellence to Universal-International's "Freud," a movie of profound insight and excitement, daring in its probe of the human spirit.

Because the analyst's couch is so much a part of today's furniture, we forget how shocking Freud's theories were to his prim Victorian colleagues. Young Freud, himself, was horrified by his first insight into his own hidden sexual motives. With conviction, Montgomery Clift takes us through this spiritual adventure. As an early patient, Susannah York helps give the story's clear scientific explanations personal and emotional impact.

U-I: Producers, John Huston & Wolfgang Reinhart; Director, John Huston; Filmed in black & white.
Fred Robbins Interviews
MARCELLO MASTROIANNI
in Venice

FRED: Marcello, I understand that "Divorce, Italian Style" has created quite a stir in Italy—its subject matter being divorce—which doesn't exist in Italy.
MARCELLO: Yes, that's true. People had a good laugh during the picture, but on their way out, they gave it more serious thought. The divorce problem even was brought up again in Parliament, but, as of now, nothing was solved. The best example of that is the trouble Sophia Loren is having. I'd certainly be very happy for Sophia if this question were settled.

FRED: In your opinion, Marcello, what influence do you think the great Italian directors have on American movies?
MARCELLO: I do think these Italian films will influence American directors to show more realistically the truth of everyday living, of modern problems and to attempt to present some solution to these problems. The movie industry cannot persist in showing the old-fashioned, superficial kind of films—like many American pictures—sweet stories, fables, with problems which don't interest us and are not vital to us today. I think this is where the top Italian directors will be a great cinema influence. They are showing the problems of modern man in the strange world of today—without creating a "hero-figure" in each film, as they do in America.

FRED: Today Sophia Loren, an Italian, is one of the most popular actresses in America. After "La Dolce Vita," "La Notte" and "Divorce, Italian Style" you could be the first Italian actor to achieve the same kind of popularity. Does that scare you? How does it feel?
MARCELLO: In the beginning I was pleased to be recognized everywhere, because it was a sign of emerging popularity...but now it annoys me very much. There are many things I can't do, like walking around the city, and it really interferes with my private life. But I know this is the price you pay for being popular.

FRED: What satisfaction and rewards does acting give to you?
MARCELLO: I think one has to examine the nature of an actor. I believe people really become actors because they don't have too much inside of themselves. Inside of the actor there is no strong personality. Actors are like empty canvases on which each director paints something different. For such a person, it's a necessity to be something or somebody else.

Hear Fred's celebrity interviews on radio's "Assignment Hollywood."

Let's talk frankly about internal cleanliness

Day before yesterday, many women hesitated to talk about the douche even to their best friends, let alone to a doctor or druggist.

Today, thank goodness, women are beginning to discuss these things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don't realize what is involved in treating "the delicate zone."

They don't ask. Nobody tells them. So they use homemade solutions which may not be completely effective, or some antiseptics which may be harsh or inflammatory.

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness.

Here are the facts: tissues in "the delicate zone" are very tender. Odors are very persistent. Your comfort and well-being demand a special preparation for the douche. Today there is such a preparation.

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer for delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, relaxes and promotes confidence.

This is modern woman's way to internal cleanliness. It is the personal antiseptic for women, made specifically for "the delicate zone." It is called Zonite. Complete instructions for use come in every package. In cases of persistent discharge, women are advised to see their doctors.

Millions of women already consider Zonite as important a part of their grooming as their bath. You owe it to yourself to try Zonite.
LIZ SCREAMS!
MOB BEATS UP BURTON!
"I say, Richard, I'm calling from New York ... tell me, how is your eye? Is it very bad?"

I was calling Richard Burton. He was in his diggings in London's elegant Dorchester Hotel; nursing a black eye, cut face, bruised body, aching back and worst of all, injured dignity.

Liz Taylor was at the Dorchester, too, lending Richard what we might call "moral support." She was much calmer now. Her screams of horror and shock at the sight of the wounded Burton had long since subsided.

But Liz was indisposed herself and at the moment, for all we know, Richard may have been readying some "moral support" for her. She had just returned from the hospital where she had had a forty-five minute "manipulated (Please turn the page)
operation”—about which we will have more to say later in the story.

For now, let’s concentrate on getting the facts on Burton’s bruises and injured dignity.

“What prompts you to ask?” Britisher Burton asked in reference to my inquiry.

At four pounds (about twelve dollars) for the first three minutes, plus a seventy-five cents charge for a person-to-person call, I came to the point quickly.

“I have a report here that you were done in by the ‘Teddy Boys,’” I burbled gently. I didn’t want to make it sound like a presumptuous offense. It was not my intent to shatter Burton’s equilibrium. Heaven knows, he was already shaken enough.

“I’m trying to find out how badly you were hurt.” I continued.

“Ah, well,” Burton murmured, “it was just one of those awkward things that can happen anywhere. Happened right outside Paddington Station—with relays of people passing. It was quite frightening, I really must say.”

“Indeed it must have been a frightful experience for you,” I buzzed. “I hope you had those incorrigibles locked up.”

Burton grumbled. Sounded like he was trying to grin and bear it.

“No time for that,” he said calmly. “They rushed off . . .”

He was warming up to the interview. I savored the prospect of getting a Photoplay exclusive on the details of the cuffing administered to Burton by the “Teddy Boys”—London’s equivalent of our juvenile boy mobs.

“Could you tell me how it happened?” I pressed on industriously—as a good reporter should.

“Not really much to tell,” Burton rebounded nonchalantly, as if the episode had not galvanized much afterthought. “It happened so quickly that I’m still put out in finding any logic to it all.”

“You were returning from a soccer game when it happened?”

“Ah, not that, it was rugby . . . the England-Wales rugby match which was played in Cardiff.”

Burton related that he had gone to the Saturday afternoon game and returned in the early evening to find people standing stoically in the bus and taxi queues outside Paddington Station.

“The snow was crisp and even—and there wasn’t a thing in sight,” he remarked about London’s transportation in the midst of the country’s worst winter storms in years. London had been digging out of knee-deep drifts for days. The city’s transit facilities were, as a result, still in a state of near-paralysis.

“Some of the people were taking it philosophically,” Richard related. “They were resigned to the fact that they couldn’t get any colder in that perishing weather and their only way of getting home was to stand put hopefully and wait for something to come along. But some people were cursing their plight.”

Burton saw his cue at the queue to propound his philosophy about the inordinately trying situation. Now, here’s how he told the story of how it all happened:

“I muttered about this marvelous public service London has and said a word or two about its taxis . . . I don’t remember exactly what it was I said. Perhaps I was a bit vitriolic in spots about the cocky independence of all the taxi drivers over here in London.

“I was talking to ordinary people and I thought I was being rather cheerful.”

Burton said sheepishly that he didn’t “cotton on to” an unseen little mob of boys who had snuggled up pretty close to him.

“Suddenly . . .”

He paused, as if trying to dramatize the punchline. Or perhaps he was trying to get over the shrinking horror of his calamitous encounter with the mob of young ruffians. Whatever the reason, Burton resumed the story:

“I was surrounded by a half dozen little boys . . . you might say they were ‘Teddy Boys.’ You know, little toughies. They bunched around me and before I could express even mild curiosity about their presence or their motives, I was caught right in the middle of a very tight scrum.”

Having just returned from a rugby match, Burton was fitting the game’s jargon to the situation. A “tight scrum” is formed by the eight forwards on both sides in two or more rows to shove against each other (Continued on page 72)
Here are the winners of PHOTOPLAY'S 1962-1963 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS!

**BETTE DAVIS**
Actress of the year

**RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN**
Actor of the year

**SUZANNE PLESHETTE**
Most promising new actress

**GARY CLARKE**
Most promising new actor

**THE MIRACLE WORKER**
Best motion picture

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What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful, surer than ever germicidal protection Norforms suppositories now give you. Norforms' highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

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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.

Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

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17
In Memphis, Papa Presley proudly distributed Elvis' gift—$50,000—to representatives of local charity groups.
A fan of Frankie Avalon's didn't give him and Kay Deibel a very nice wedding present. The fan claims that she had been so overwelmed by Frankie she let him make love to her. The result: A baby girl she swears Frankie fathered. Frankie says he didn't.

Hope Lange and Linda Christian, I hope, never find themselves in the same room. There could be trouble: Linda moved in right under Hope's nose and snatched Glenn Ford away. Understand Linda has been cooking Glenn all his favorite foods in the lovely kitchen of the new palatial abode every one thought he'd still for longtime date, Hope.

There's a lot more behind the so-called endship of Dick Chamberlain and Carol Burnett. Even Clara Ray got the hint when Carol whirled into town to film, "Who's Been Keeping In My Bed." Watch this one.

Lance Reventlow and Jill St. John have found a perfect solution. They live under separate roofs. He has his racetracks; she has her career—and neither of them could be happier.

Bob Fuller and his teenage sweetheart Pat on, I heard, had (Please turn the page)

In France, Richard Quine directed Marlene Dietrich (above) in film, then came home without Kim Novak; but they're cozy again.

The Fred Kleins (he's General-Manager of Macfadden-Bartell) tell Greg Peck his acting was one reason "To Kill A Mockingbird" won our Gold Medal.
finally gotten married. But Bob is pretty reluctant to admit it in print.

Gee, it doesn’t seem possible. I can remember Vince Edwards when his wardrobe consisted of a pair of Levi’s and a sweatshirt. So now that he’s famous he’s named TV’s “Best Dressed Actor!”

Jack Wrather, Jr. yelled “fool” when Natalie Wood’s little sister, Lana Wood left him to return to Mama the same week they said their vows in Juarez, Mexico. Their marriage will be annulled.

Someday Connie Stevens and Gary Clarke probably will get married, but nobody will ever believe them. They have been calling “wolf” too often. The most recent wedding date they leaked out was Feb. 9, but they battled and split up again weeks before that altar day. However, Connie still has the diamond ring Gary gave her. She keeps it in the top right hand drawer of her dresser—when she’s not wearing it on her right hand.

Strange things always happen in Hollywood. Mike Landon and his bride, Lynn Nee, had the blessings and written permission of the actor’s ex, Dodie, to become Mr. and Mrs. in a Mexican ceremony. How’s that for a helpful ex-wife? Pretty rare, I’d say.

Dinah Shore and her tennis player, Maurice Smith, are just awaiting the day her divorce from George Montgomery becomes final so they can wed.

The reconciliation of José Ferrer and Rosemary Clooney really took hold. They say she’s expecting another child. If she is, it’ll be her sixth.

Scooping Around: The stork still hovers over the Janet Leigh-Bob Brandt household. . . . Eddie Fisher and Ann-Margret called it off. . . . Those crazy rumors that the end’s in sight for Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl keep floating around, even though Debbie says they aren’t true. . . . Hope the rumors about the Kingston Trio aren’t true, either. . . . The reason May Britt and Sammy Davis, Jr. are adopting a second child is elementary. It would be near suicide for her to have another, according to a close source.

Christine Kaufmann’s eighteenth birthday came and disappeared in January without her expected marriage to Tony Curtis. They were planning to get married on her natal day but the news leaked out in advance, and the potential newlyweds didn’t want to make a circus out of their wedding so they decided to wait until such time they could sneak off and marry without flashbulbs popping in their eyes.

I wonder how Suzanne Pleshette liked that story by a female writer describing how it feels to kiss Troy Donahue. I know Troy didn’t like it—he sued the writer!

It doesn’t pay to be a real adventurer when you’re used to a phony jungle on a sound stage. Gardner McKay found this out the hard way. His solo safari to South America cost him some weight. He picked up a bug that played havoc with his stomach. When he returned to Hollywood, Gardner looked like a walking skeleton with a black beard. He lost nearly thirty pounds in the battle to kill the bug with antibiotics.

Each year two hundred and seventy-five thousand Americans die of cancer and, sadly, the statistics to start 1963 included Dick Powell and Jack Carson. Dick was brave to the very end. He refused to spend his dying hours in a hospital so he went home with his wife, Jane Allynson, and his family. Carson fought bravely, too. He kept his illness a secret from his loved ones till the very end. Hollywood has lost two marvelous guys. Everyone will miss them.

It’s Doris Day and Marty Melcher again, but for how long? Until spring training, perhaps.

I have to hand it to Mickey Hargitay. He has finally found the formula to keep Jayne Mansfield under his roof. Mickey is simply flexing his muscles at others, and Jayne’s more jealous than ten Siamese felines at a dog show. However, it won’t be jealousy that’ll keep this marriage together—they’re really in love—and always have been!

I wonder if Marlon Brando did any weeping when France Nuyen announced her engagement to New York jeweler Ralph Destino. I can recall the day she did a lot of weeping over Brando.

Those British have come up with their answer to Sandra Dee. She’s Sarah Miles and I must say her performance with Laurence Olivier in “Term Of Trial” will make everyone take notice.

THE END
In you go with delightful ease. Kleinert's Slimderella® Waist-in does it with Solite, an exclusive rubberized fabric that breathes with you. Lining's of soft, absorbent knit cotton. Front hooks, detachable adjustable garters. Even sizes, 22 to 36, white $5.00. See Kleinert's Feathernap Waist-In, too. Feather-soft rubber throughout. In white, 22 to 36, $3.50; without garters, $2.50. Now at better notions departments.
Melancholywood is the name for the world's most glamorous dateline when you consider the nightmares suffered by so many of the Dream Girls. These dreamy creatures are carved out of moonglow and dipped in rainbows. They are full of glittering highlights — but beneath the shimmer there is something darkly cloudy and ugly. (Continued on page 78)
MORNINGS BECOME ELECTRIC!

Sparks fly! Familiar stars light up in unfamiliar ways when people like Art Carney, Tom Poston, Marlene Dietrich, Van Johnson, James Stewart, Harold Lloyd, Jonathan Winters, Henry Morgan, Shelly Berman and Andy Williams trade quips with Arthur Godfrey on “Arthur Godfrey Time” over your local CBS Radio Station listed below:

Marilyn Maxwell, completely recovered from a six-month illness, is back on the Hollywood scene insisting that she has no marriage plans with Rock Hudson. "Nobody will believe this, Hedda, but we're only friends. Everybody keeps insisting it's a big romance, it isn't. We don't date exclusively." Which probably means they'll pop off to the altar any minute.

Connie Stevens learned her lesson the hard way. After taking on Warners and deciding to ignore her contract and work in foreign countries, she had to give up in Australia after the studio slapped an injunction on her performance. When Connie came home she took her medicine like a good girl. Instead of playing the wounded fawn, she reported for work as cheerful as a Cricket.

Strange that Linda Christian should wait so long to marry Edmund Purdom then sack him in less than a year. She's opening her Bel Air house to make a
home for her two daughters by Tyrone Power, and hopes to pick up her career again. I hear she’s dating Glenn Ford.

Believe it or not, I got a letter from a thirty-five-year-old Chicago woman who thinks Elvis Presley is the sexiest man on screen. Her beef: “Why don’t they put him in pictures that appeal to adults as well as teenagers? It’s a waste. There are plenty of good looking all-American type boys for their age. I speak for many older women who’d rather die than say they’re crazy about Elvis. Can you do something to help?”

Above: Pat Kennedy Lawford like the dutiful sister she is, went to the airport to bid her brother, the President, bon voyage and got caught in the jet plane’s backwash. She wasn’t hurt, just backwashed!

Rita Hayworth’s new boy friend is Jack Wilson. She and Gary Merrill are no longer even friends. Gary’s ex, Bette Davis, after a few trips to court over custody of their children, says she’s going to start a campaign to do away with all men. Well, some girls won’t go for that!

left his two children by Joan Blondell shares of stock in “Four Star,” which might bring $20,000 to each child. Before the codicil was added the will said he’d amply provided for them. They received nothing from him until they were in their teens. Then they got $25 a week each.

Bob Mitchum may not recognize son Jim when he gets home from Europe. Jim went to London’s Saville Row and got himself a complete British wardrobe. Bob never did that!

When Hugh O’Brian signed to do a “Perry Mason” for producer Gail Jackson, he told her it was the second time he’d worked for her. When he first came here he mowed lawns to live. He’s never forgotten Gail’s yard—it was the toughest one the then poor Hugh had to clip.

Above: Bob Wagner and Marion Donen announced they’ll wed in May at Liz Taylor’s chalet at Gstaad, Switzerland. That on-set accident in which Bob’s eye was injured scared everyone, but the last I heard he’d recovered nicely.

After all this time Debbie Reynolds finally revealed why she married Harry Karl. In her book “If I Knew Then,” she said after her experience with Eddie Fisher, she decided she could no longer trust young men and that’s why she wed an older one.

Dick Powell’s will was a surprise to many people. When his widow June Allyson started divorce proceedings a year ago, her settlement was to be $2,500,000, which meant his estate amounted to $5,000,000. The divorce was subsequently dropped. But in his will he left June one million dollars and provided handsomely for their two children. In a codicil to his will, he

Above: Any way a wardrobe girl measures, Victor Buono is a big man—on or off the screen. (Please turn the page)
I thought Ann-Margret might get ideas when she went east to be maid of honor at the marriage of her best friend Sharon Lauver. She was impressed with the candlelight ceremony but still says she's not getting married to anybody and that includes Eddie Fisher.

Them that has gits. This time it couldn't happen to a nicer man. Fred Astaire shared the two and a half million dollar estate left by Mrs. Maud Livingston Bull, aunt of his late wife Phyllis. The will also returned a Rolls-Royce which Fred had originally given Mrs. Bull.

Pat Boone almost bought himself a home in Beverly Hills. While filming "Yellow Canary" he located in the old Cord mansion and decided it was just what his family needed. Then he found out the price was only two million. Pat's not buying.

A schoolmate of Janet Leigh's told me an ironic story about the star's first marriage. During her senior year in high school she eloped with a man whose family was quite well-to-do by the small town's standards. They thought Janet was after his money and had the marriage annulled. Now Janet can buy the whole town.

Cara Williams is an honest to goodness kook! While telling me what a time she was having reducing, she reached for a vitamin pill but took a sleeping tablet by mistake. Short conversation. Cara claims when she's happy she just eats and eats. But when she has a broken romance, she gets thin as a rail and looks gorgeous so the guy will know what he's missing.

Funniest story in town concerns a well known society-movie doctor who became too ill to practice. One of his patients, a bedridden millionaire, received daily shots from the M.D. When the doc took to his bed the patient went without shots and began to get well. In no time he was on his feet and rarin' to go.

Ava Gardner may settle in the Hawaiian islands. That's a great place for her—she can go completely native and no questions would ever be asked.

Edie Adams is so much in demand that her problem now isn't how to get rid of debts—but how to pay taxes on her earnings.
Most days any panties will do. "Those" days only Kleinert's Protective Briefs will do.

Everyday panties don't have the special features you may need to avoid embarrassment. Kleinert's Protective Briefs have a soft Feathernap panel that's completely waterproof. 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.
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LOVABLE

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UNDER HEDDA'S HAT

Kay Gable sold the Palm Springs home she and Clark built because it had “too many memories.” Elvis Presley offered her $3500-a-month rental for it but she didn't want to see it again. She and Clark used to go down in January and stay until June. She cooked; he played golf—it was a heavenly life!

Nobody knows exactly why Dolores Hart's romance with Don Robinson blew up before the wedding. All she said to me was “People who advise long engagements certainly know what they're talking about. You should get to know the man you're going to marry very well. When you do, sometimes you don't want to marry him.”

Warren Beatty who's made only three pictures because he hasn't liked the scripts offered, now says he's mentally ready to go back to work. Yes, but are we ready for him?

James Dean still has a faithful fan. Jose Maria Maldonado of New York wrote me, “I've seen his four films over a thousand times—there has never been anybody like him. I visit his grave in Claremont, Ind. every year and pray by it. I collect his photographs. I know his relatives well. They are fine folks. I read what you wrote about Jimmy in McCall's and can't wait to get your book 'The Whole Truth And Nothing But.'”

That's all the news for now. I'll write you more next month.
DEBBIE TALKS ABOUT:

the woman who is trying to break up my marriage

(Please turn the page)
DEBBIE continued

The threat was certainly there. Yet Debbie Reynolds pretended to ignore it. She acted as though nothing were wrong. As if her whole life were uncomplicated and there was nobody trying to break up her marriage.

She was in Houston, Texas, knocking them dead in the Continental Room of the Hotel Shamrock. Debbie loved the crowd’s applause and cheers for her song-and-dance and comedy routines. She was doing precisely what she wanted. She was fulfilling one of her two great ambitions in life.

“You know,” Debbie said reflectively, “I have two lives—and I have an ambition in each of those lives. My professional ambition is to be a comedienne. I am a comedienne, yet I haven’t had a chance to play nutty parts or out-and-out comedy roles. I’ve worked very hard at it and I love it. I want to concentrate just on comedy and I want to do all kinds, the type of sophisticated comedy Carole Lombard did as well as Lucille Ball’s type. My private ambition is to see my children grow up to be normal and happy and love Harry and me. I don’t want them to be mixed up, unhappy and complicated as so many other children of today. . . .”

Debbie spoke enthusiastically about her ambitions. Yet I could sense the hidden heartbreak even as Debbie talked glibly and glowingy about the
children and husband Harry Karl. I could sense the inner turmoil through Debbie's brave mask of courage in the face of the turbulence I knew was brewing. I wasn't the only one aware of it. Many others were, too.

Call this trouble: "The Woman Who Is Trying To Break Up Debbie Reynolds's Marriage." Call it just that.

Who is this woman, you ask? Well, let me describe her to you.

She is an ogre, evil and hideous in every respect. She is wicked, wretched, scornful. She would not hesitate an instant to stick a sharp stiletto in poor Debbie's back. She's done it before. And she is trying to do it again. It's obvious she'll stop at nothing.

Debbie should be terrified. She knows better than anyone what could happen to her. She's felt the sharp, excruciating pain of a broken marriage once. She knows the heartache, the sorrow, the agonizing ordeal it can bring. It can really hurt.

Debbie should be terrified. But she isn't. Thank goodness she had her guard up this time. So when The Woman began to slash stealthily at her two-year marriage to Harry Karl, Debbie was prepared to cope with the problem. Yet Debbie could not stop her from coming into the open with a whispering campaign.

For a long while, Debbie and Harry both ignored (Continued on page 99)
An exclusive, exciting interview with Frank Sinatra, Jr.

How would you like it if Frank Sinatra were your father.
He stood there, tall, lanky, in the middle of a large, lavishly furnished room that was boisterous with joy. More than a hundred persons milled about talking, laughing, shaking hands.

It was a wedding reception in the Emerald Room of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, and the small girl who was the bride flitted from one guest to another like a happy white butterfly. A group of men stood around her young husband, wishing him well.

But the awkward young man, a teenager, stood alone. Many of the guests weren't quite sure who he was. The young man watched the bride with a slight smile and from time to time she looked his way and winked at him.

Suddenly an older man walked up to the teenager and said, “Hi, I'm Joe Crowley from the ‘Los Angeles Mirror.' You're the only person in the room who looks worried. Are you an ex-suitor of the bride?”

The young man laughed sheepishly and shook his head. “No,” he said, “I'm not worried, I'm nervous. Do you realize that in a year I might be an uncle?”

The newsmen seemed confused. “I don't get it,” he said. He thought for a (Continued on page 76)
Frank Sinatra, Sr., is a walking business conference. He is hotel owner, president of his own recording company, movie producer, to say nothing of singer, actor, bon vivant, lover, sportsman and politician. That's a mighty big challenge to any man's son, but Frank, Jr. is determined to go it on his talent, not his name.
What makes a woman undress—altogether, completely—in public? What drives Elizabeth Taylor to take off her clothes and pose for breast-and-buttock-revealing still photographs? What term can we use to characterize Liz' compulsion to bare herself to the camera (and to the world)? Is she “modern” or “immoral,” is she “emancipated” or “exhibitionistic?” What we are solely concerned with, for the purposes of this investigation, is her stripping and posing nude for Roddy McDowall, her old-time friend and “Cleopatra” co-star. In short, stripping and posing for photos that appeared in the January issue of Playboy Magazine. Justification can be made for her nudity in the actual bathing scenes in “Cleopatra.” It can always be said that such naked and near-naked bathing scenes are part of the Hollywood “spectacle” tradition (Claudette Colbert, who played the Temptress of the Nile for the Cecil B. DeMille version, took a milk-bath on-screen). One can argue that producers, directors and scriptwriters persist in including such scenes in big-budget epics; that studio heads insist their stars appear in them; that the movie-going public demands to see them; that no European showing of an American-produced film is successful without at least one episode in which a female star swims or bathes in the altogether.

What is central to our investigation, however, is that no one forced and no factors (Continued on page 22)
POSES!

NOW!

LIZ NUDE!

continued

Pressured the beautiful Miss Taylor into posing for McDowell. A super-sexy movie-star was born.

A would-be actress, in need of money to buy food, and rent, and to pay for pictures of her. Such a need drove Marilyn Monroe to pose for that week behind Ivy's rent. Had to have a week—days. (A similar need had to have driven Stella Stevens to pose without clothes or a national magazine. But what was the money in the end?

There are circumstances under which a woman strips off her clothes in public to allow nude pictures to be taken—and these circumstances can be understood, if not condoned. It was never, ever, more beautiful than to expose her body off the screen, thereby succeeding in making her more beautiful. After all, how can one be beautiful, and yet fail to make her body more beautiful?

The now-famous story of Maizie Taylor.

When we ran into Suzy or the New York Mirror, asked her by writing, 'But what is the story behind Suzy? How did she pose for Suzy?' And is this one of the few possible explanations for Marilyn Monroe's statement, made shortly before her death, as she posed very scarcely and scantily clad before photographers. Bert Stern: 'Not bad for a girl of thirty-five, huh?'

And it was this one of the few possible explanations for Marilyn Monroe's death. Is this one of the few possible explanations for Marilyn Monroe's death.
Why our laughter always turns to tears

CONNIE SAYS: "Our engagement is over! Our wedding is indefinitely postponed. I love Gary Clarke very much and probably will for years and years. But only time will work out some kind of answer. Yes, I still wear my engagement ring—Gary won't take it back right now. I'm wearing it on my right hand though—and I am not engaged. It was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make—but I'm beginning to feel (Please turn the page)"

GARY SAYS: "I want to marry Connie! There is certainly nobody else. I love her more than anything or anybody. I love her enough not to marry her now and risk putting her through what we could possibly go through later." Breaking his silence about why he felt they should postpone their marriage (scheduled for February 9th), Gary went on to say, "There's a great lack of communication and understanding between Connie and (Please turn the page)"
happy for the first time since we were engaged. Gary and I get along fine now—the way we used to before we were engaged and started battling. He came over the other night—we had a beautiful time.

“It’s possible that what happened to us was just an overdose of pressure and we broke under the strain of it. Now we’ve both backed off to try analyzing what really did happen and just why it did.

“I really can’t pinpoint the trouble. I think back, trying to remember and can’t. All I can remember is an argument that began on Christmas Day. I’m not sure what the argument was about, but we had a terrible Christmas. What happened, I’m sure, is that we were both under a great deal of strain. Gary’s working very hard on ‘The Virginian,’ he has problems. I was in the middle of a hassle with the studio. I hadn’t worked for twelve weeks and I’d run into all those legal complications when I tried to work in Australia. Every day some new aspect of business pressure was added and Gary and I just naturally took it out on each other. It was as if I couldn’t yell at anyone but Gary, and he couldn’t yell at anyone but me. It was awful.

“Here it was Christmas and I had my lovely ring and we should have been on Cloud Nine. The nicest part of the day was that we spent it with Gary’s three little boys—it was lovely—we enjoyed it thoroughly. It was the one part of the day we weren’t fighting. But after that it was like ‘Whose relatives are we going to see first?’ and ‘You mean you forgot Uncle Charley’s present?’ Ridiculous things that kept snowballing until we were in so deep we couldn’t get out. I finally suggested that we call it a day.

“We didn’t talk for three days. And just then, the news of our engagement (which up till then had been strictly a family secret) leaked out. It was in print that we were about to marry—and there we were—not even speaking to one another.

“Well, everyone wanted wedding stories. One reporter told Gary, ‘Listen, I have a deadline.’ Gary told him off. Oh, he’s a quiet boy but when he says something; watch out! ‘Look,’ he said to the reporter, ‘we aren’t getting married to meet any deadline!’ Oh, I was so proud of him!

“But how can I tell you what this time was like? We were constantly on the phone, the thing never stopped (Continued on page 85)
EXCLUSIVE

PHOTOPLAY GOES TO FRANKIE AVALON'S WEDDING

(Please turn the page)
It is 10:25 and twenty of us are gathered in the sunny rectory yard at Saint Charles Church, North Hollywood, waiting with Frankie Avalon for his bride. He's only a little nervous, his round brown eyes are dazzling. More nervous is his manager, Bob Marcucci, so Frankie laughingly dubs him the "worst man." Most debonair is Frankie's dad who is an old pro, he shook in his shoes four years ago when Frankie's sister was married. Most bubbling is Mrs. Anita Nocon, the Avallone's neighbor who flew from Philadelphia to witness this great moment in the life of her "second son," Frankie. Her own son, Jimmy, is a high school senior and couldn't get time off to attend the wedding.

Frankie's mother stands close to his dad. She's pretty and bubbling and can't quite believe it. "Sometimes I find myself crying out of sheer happiness," she tells me. "We just love Kay, we've gotten to know her. We were so lucky to be here for the romance!" She's wearing her azurine mink, a beautiful cape Frankie gave her last Christmas, and the gold and diamond watch he gave her this Christmas. "It's the beginning of a beautiful life for him," Mrs. Avallone says, "to have someone of his very own..."

Bob's mother, Mrs. Marcucci, joins us; Bob resembles her just as Frankie resembles his mother.

"Your son will be next," I tell her, and she sighs, smiles, wishing it were true.

Kay's mother, a slender vivacious woman in a blue knit dress, brings (Continued on page 46)
Bob Marcucci and Frankie get ready for the big day, he was best man but Frankie dubbed him the "worst man." Matron of honor was Kay's sister and John Wayne's daughter-in-law, Gretchen. Mrs. Avallone didn't know whether to laugh or cry, she was so happy. Finally, below, she settled for tears.
a corsage box to Mrs. Avallone. Both mothers have corsages of small white orchids, and I pin on Frankie’s mother’s.

A car drives up, here comes the bride; and Bob Marcucci quickly leads us through the great church and into the little chapel of Our Lady . . . a superb little chapel—all white, the walls deeply carved, the pews of gleaming walnut, the stained glass windows are amber and beige with touches of mauve and dots of blue. Twin tapers are burning on the altar, two bunches of white mums and glads stand at either side of (Continued on page 93)
Married at last! Their wedding day looks like a preparation for days to come. Playfully, Frankie grimaces over the food. "Mom's cooking is better than this," he says. Kay cuts the wedding cake gingerly, looks like she thinks she needs lessons. Niece Elisha Wayne tries out Frankie's lap. And finally, they honeymoon in Mexico.
This is a heartbreaking story. It is the story of Patricia Neal and her dream, her love, her grief. It is a story for every woman who has ever had, or hopes to have, a child. It is a story that will make you cry.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."

Your name is Patricia Neal... movie star, television actress, wife of a successful author. But right now you are none of these things. For right now you are every grieving mother who has ever lost a beloved little child.

You sit in the English country church at little Missenden, Buckinghamshire, and hear the Reverend S.F.C. Roberts read the funeral service over the tiny dead body of your seven-year-old daughter, Olivia. And it only adds more to your sorrow (Continued on page 80)
If you could kick the person responsible for most of your trouble you wouldn’t be able to sit down for weeks,” admonished the Great One, Jackie Gleason.

And Jackie should know. Because it is a capsule summary of—borrow a phrase from Photoplay column—Walter Winchell—The Great Wasteband’s own life and times.

Jackie was on the set of “Papa’s Delicate Condition” talking about his delicate condition of his own—his habits of (1) putting his foot in his mouth and (2) kicking himself in the seat of his pants. It appears that the Great One’s worst enemy is no one but Gleason himself.

But that day he was feeling no pain, having at hand plenty of his own patented pain killer—booze—and he could talk about his opulent present and hungry past without a wince.

“The working conditions here are ideal!”
aid. "They set up a bar right next to my dressing room—so I don't have to smuggle.

"And what a bar, pal, it's gorgeous! Beautiful. Just the size of Toots' old place." (Toots, to the uninitiated, is Toots Shor, Jackie's favorite drinking companion and owner of Jackie's favorite saloon.) "It's all plush velvet, in red, and elegantly appointed in Gay 90's decor. It's furnished, you see, all in excellent Nouveau Booze.

"Why, I even have a fat guy standing at one end of it—playing Toots and drinking, of course. We had the entire Paramount office scrounging for an actor who looks like Toots, just so I wouldn't be lonesome. Naturally, we cast the guy from the zoo.

"Since the bar opened, I've done away with the coffee wagon out here and instituted a thing called the boozecycle."

Yes, these are the Great Days for the Great Gleason. He's got his own "boozecycle" with a boy assigned by the studio to do nothing all day but push it from the bar to Jackie and back to the bar again for refills. He's got a truckful of money coming in each week. And he's got the right to exercise the privileges of stardom by showing up on the set in this outfit: an orange pith helmet decorated with an orchid, a multi-colored striped shirt, plaid walking shorts, knee length black stockings, spats and black shoes. Clearly, he's got it made.

But it wasn't always like this. And Jackie remembers those days.

"The last time I was out here they wouldn't even buy me a drink, much less my own bar. But I've got to go along with them. I wouldn't have a drink with me then either. . . ."

That was back in '42. Film producer Jack Warner had seen him at the Club 18 in New York and decided that he was the funniest man alive. He signed Jackie to a film contract, and away to the Coast the comedian went.

His self-induced problems started even before he reached California. He has said: "Gambling? Let's not even talk about that. The guy who invented playing cards cost me a lot of money."

But back in 1942 Jackie was convinced that anything anyone else could do he could do better—and that included card playing, of course.

As Gleason recalls it, "I started out for the Coast. In Chicago I found out I could change my ticket and stay overnight. I ran into Red Skelton, Danny Thomas and a couple other guys there and I did some gambling . . . I lost everything but about six bucks. I knew I couldn't eat in the dining car all the rest of the way to Hollywood on that, so I got off at some clambake town stop, bought me (Continued on page 87)
Think it can't be done? Just watch as Paula Prentiss and her husband Dick Benjamin take a trip through all the fashion capitals of the world without leaving home! On the trip, Paula wears an exciting spring wardrobe inspired by the greatest couturiers in London, Paris, Madrid, Hong Kong and Rome. But are they the expensive originals from the custom salons? No! They're made right here at home from Simplicity patterns. To get this international look yourself—and still keep your feet on the ground budget-wise—why not follow Paula's example? Start sewing the most luscious fabrics right now, and you'll have an around-the-world wardrobe to wear this spring.
Left: Paula and Dick take a whirlwind tour of London with a bobby. Paula's luscious tweed hat (Simplicity pattern 313, sizes 10 to 20, $5) is a heathery blend of butternut beige, pale pink and cream worsted. Einiger. A perfect pick-up for spring, it looks for all the world like a product of fine English tailoring. Glentex chiffon scarf adds freshness to the coat's soft cardigan neckline.

Right: No wonder Paula and Dick love Paris in the spring. For afternoons of sightseeing and shopping, she wears this versatile dress and jacket (Simplicity pattern 351, sizes 10 to 20, $5). The dress is aender sheath with short, short sleeves and boat neckline. The lightly-fitted jacket fastens at the waistline with a self-bow. Both are made in Heller's butternut beige double knit jersey to coordinate with the London tweed coat. Coro jewelry, Ronay bag, Wear Right gloves.
Ole! Clicking heels and castanets provide a perfect background for Paula's gay Spanish-inspired dance dress. (Simplicity pattern 4931, juniors' sizes 9 to 13, misses' sizes 12 to 18, 65¢.) Making this evening look even more exciting—the staccato contrast of black and white in a surah-style print by Springmaid. The bared bodice hugs to the waistline, then bursts into a full gathered skirt. Pattern also includes stole.
Here's a beautiful example of what happens when East meets West. Paula’s two-piece lounging outfit is sure to be the envy of any fashion potentate. The slacks (Simplicity pattern 3257, waist sizes 23½ to 32, 60¢) are bronzy-gold silk shantung by Belding Corticelli. The Mandarin shirt (Simplicity pattern 4056, sizes 10 to 20, 45¢) is color-mated in A.P. Silk’s bronzy-gold and pink silk print. Her string belt by Elegant.

For back views, yardages and additional information see page 74
For the first time it showed in public, that little chink in the armor of Jacqueline Kennedy’s poise and confidence. She was discussing life in the White House in terms of her daughter Caroline, when suddenly she said in a voice tense with anxiety: “How can I bring up a ‘normal’ child if nobody will treat her that way?” The question was startling to those who heard it. Surely Jackie was mistaken! Her daughter was obviously poised and charming—a well behaved, affectionate, outgoing little girl who had made a tremendous success of her first years in the public eye. Why, she seemed unbelievably suited to the role of America’s own dream princess, the prototype of the happy, well adjusted child. But it was not (Continued on page 82)
THIS STORY IS MUST READING!
The letter was written on the very swank stationery of the Mayfair Hotel at Berkeley Square, London. It read, "Dear Mom, having a good time in London. The picture is going very well. I leave for Naples, Italy, next week. The weather out here is wonderful but I still love the good old U.S.A. I expect to be in New York about September 16th. Hoping everything is fine with all the family. Miss you all. I will call and let you know when I arrive. See you soon."

It closed, "Your loving son," and the signature was "Vince."

But Mrs. Julie Zoine didn't look happy. Her eyes were sad. She wasn't the usual (Continued on page 74)
It seems to be an old Hollywood rule that when you’re new in town but obviously on your way to the Big Time, there are people around who just will not like you. Who will easily and happily hate you, as a matter of fact. Ann-Margret Olson—twenty-one, five-feet-four, green-eyed, with that long silken brown hair of hers, pretty as they come, more talented than they usually come, definitely headed for the Big Time—is no exception to the rule.

The story goes that early last year, when she showed up at a major studio for filming a major new musical, she was welcomed by one and all as a cute young thing who’d be a very nice addition to the picture. Newspaper and magazine articles about her indicated that she was “sweet and friendly.” Comedian George Burns, who’d been her discoverer, remarked that “this kid is so nice and sweet she cries on New Year’s Eve!” and that seemed to make her inoffensive enough. She was, in short, just another ingenue who would smile pretty for the camera, recite the script’s most innocuous lines, sing a little and dance a little—and then get herself lost in the shuffle.

But as the filming of the picture got under way and it became clear that the ingenue was a star in every sense of the word—when the producer began to dish out orders that her part be expanded—then expanded more—and then some—well, the attitude toward Ann-Margret changed. Fast. And a rather insidious we’ll-show-her campaign got under way.

One of the people connected with the picture confided to anyone who’d listen “That little Annie is cold as a Canadian fish—and a phony.” And a friend of the gossip told us, “That Miss Annie-M, she’s a troublemaker. She stands there and acts so goody-

Anna, Ann-Margret and Gustave Olson, smilers all.
good. And then behind your back she talks about you till she's hoarse.” Word also began to get around that Ann-Margret was excessively boy-mad (you’d have thought she dates everyone from Frankie Avalon to Dr. Zorba in a week’s time, if you’d heard all we heard); excessively vain (“She’ll never talk about her short-hair days. I guess you’re supposed to think she was born on Lady Godiva’s horse or something!”); excessively publicity-hungry (her dates with Eddie Fisher are often cited as a good example along that line).

Word got around so much—and so quickly—that we decided to do some inquiring. And what did it all add up to, this gossip? Nothing, we learned. Nothing but a lot of nonsense, really. Because jealousy is a commodity which rears its unpretty head in Hollywood just like anyplace else—like, say, a certain school—a high school in Winnetka, Illinois.

But we’re jumping our story now. We’ll get back to all this a little later on. For now Ann-Margret asked, as I started to do her life story, “Shall I start at the beginning? Yes? Good. It is easier that way. Well, I was born in Sweden, in (Please turn the page)
Stockholm. But I don’t remember any of that place, since we moved away when I was only a year old. We went to a town in the very northernmost part of Sweden. It had tall fir trees and it was very cold in winter. It was small—they used to say that the population was two hundred, and that included the horses and cows. It had a very lovely and musical name, I thought. It was called Valsjobyn. . . .”

Valsjobyn was a happy town, and a special paradise for a little girl. It was so far north that it was practically always covered with snow, so she could ski and belly-whop and ride a makeshift toboggan to her heart’s content. And her grandmother owned the only bake-shop in town and this made Ann-Margret a particularly big hit with the little boys, to whom she was forever passing out cookies and pastries in return for small favors. Like, “Please may I come sliding down the big hill with you today?”

Ann-Margret’s memories of life in Valsjobyn are naturally vague (she was only five-and-a-half when she left). But there are a few of the memories that stand out. And they are well remembered by her. . . .

There is, never to be forgotten, the memory of that Christmas Eve when she was two-and-a-half. And her Uncle Calle had a party at his house. With lots of relatives and friends there. And a table laden with smorgasbord, prepared by all the women of the family—a million and one delights, it so seemed, for the eye to linger over and the tongue to savor. There was dancing later, with music from the big brown radio in the corner, music by orchestras from Stockholm and Malmo and Gothenburg. And then, as if by magic, more music—real music this time—from a box which Uncle Calle held in his arms and pressed with his fingers and swayed with—a box that they called an accordion. From which came sweet sounds. And to which sweet music the people continued to dance now. And sing. All together. Wonderful Swedish songs. With Ann-Margret, sitting there on the sidelines with the other children, watching and listening. Until something very strange seemed to begin to happen to her; a strange feeling which suddenly overtook her. And she found herself rising from her chair, slowly, after a while. And, after a while, she began to join in the dancing, (Continued on page 89)
SAVE FLAVOR!
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*Natural white rice—not pre-cooked, par-cooked, processed or pre-mixed.
No, you’re not seeing things—that really is Joan Crawford throwing a strapping gentleman. And it wasn’t any kind of rivalry that made her do it. Joan had to learn Judo for her role as a nurse in a mental institution in UA’s “The Caretakers.” Polly Bergen (top) plays a hysterical patient whom Joan has to subdue. To get ready for her part, Joan practiced Judo with expert Bruce Tegner. By the time the scene was ready for filming, Joan could throw her teacher. Her penchant for perfection paid off. Anybody want to try for two falls out of three?
He flies through the air . . . with not too much discomfort. After all, Bruce is the Judo teacher. But did she have to be such a quick study? Joan, who grins happily at impressed onlookers, says her rule about keeping in shape really pays off. By next week she'll be ready to take on two champs.
This recipe for Hoska, a sweet’n’ tempting fruit-nut bread has been star-tested just for you by Betty Furness. Try some today!

HOSKA

Makes 2 breads

Scald:
1 cup milk

Stir in:
½ cup shortening
¾ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt

Cool to lukewarm.

Measure into large bowl:
½ cup warm water

Sprinkle or crumble in:
2 packages or cakes yeast, active dry or compressed

Stir until dissolved. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Add:
2 eggs, beaten
3 cups sifted flour

Beat until smooth.

Stir in:
½ cup chopped citron
¼ cup raisins
¼ cup chopped almonds

Stir in:
2½ cups sifted flour (about)

Turn out on lightly floured board.
Knead until smooth and elastic.
Place in greased bowl; brush with shortening. Cover. Let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour and 15 minutes. Punch down. Turn out onto lightly floured board. Divide into four equal pieces. Set two pieces aside. Divide one piece into 3 equal strips about 14 inches long. Place the 3 strips on a large greased baking sheet; form into a braid. Brush top of braid with melted margarine. Divide 2/3 of the second piece into 3 equal strips about 12 inches long. Form into a second braid and place on top of first braid. Brush top with melted margarine. With remaining dough from second piece make a third braid about 10 inches long and place on top of second braid. Form second bread with reserved dough. Cover; let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 1 hour.

Brush with mixture of:
1 egg
1 tablespoon water

Decorate with:
¼ cup whole blanched almonds

Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 45 minutes.
PHOTOPLAY’S Reader-Tested RECIPES

NUTMEG RAISIN BARS

Makes about 20 bars
Sift together:
1/4 cup sifted flour
3/4 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon salt
Combine in large bowl:
1 cup sifted confectioners’ sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Mix well.
Add:
1 teaspoon paprika
Mix well.
Add beef cubes and toss until each piece is well coated.
Melt in large kettle or Dutch oven:
1/4 cup shortening
Brown beef cubes thoroughly on all sides.
Add:
1 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
Cover. Simmer for 30 minutes or until tender.
Pour into a greased (3 qt.) casserole.
Combine and add:
1 can (10 1/2 oz.) cream of chicken soup
1 cup water
1 can (15 1/2 oz.) cooked onions, drained
Mix well.
Top with Butter-Crumb Dumplings.

BUTTER-CRUMB DUMPLINGS

Sift together in large bowl:
2 cups sifted flour
4 teaspoons double-acting baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
Add:
1 teaspoon celery seeds
1 teaspoon poultry seasoning
1 tablespoon poppy seeds
1 teaspoon dried onion flakes
Mix well.
Add:
1 cup milk
1/4 cup oil
Mix lightly.
Combine:
1/4 cup butter or margarine, melted
1/2 cup bread crumbs
Mix well. Drop tablespoonfuls of dough into crumb mixture. Roll to coat with crumbs. Place dumplings on top of casserole. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 30-35 minutes. Pack in wide mouth vacuum bottle.

CORNED BEEF SANDWICH SPREAD

Makes about 3 1/2 cups
Combine in large bowl:
1 can (12 oz.) corned beef, chopped
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
1/2 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
4-5 tablespoons mayonnaise or salad dressing
Mix well. Spread on rye bread.

MACARONI-CHEESE-HAM CASSEROLE

Makes 6 servings
Cook according to directions:
1 package (8 oz.) macaroni
Drain. Rinse in cool water.
Melt in a saucepan:
4 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
Gradually add:
2 cups milk
Cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until thickened.
Add:
2 cups shredded American cheese
Stir until melted.
Add:
2 cups chopped luncheon meat or cooked ham
Mix well.
Place a layer of cooked macaroni in a greased (2 qt.) casserole. Cover with half the cheese-ham mixture. Repeat layers, ending with cheese-ham mixture. Top with buttered bread crumbs, if desired. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes. Pack in wide mouth vacuum bottle.

**RICE-BEEF MEAT BALLS**

Makes 4 servings
Combine in large bowl:
- 1 pound ground beef
- ½ cup rice, uncooked
- ¼ cup chopped onion
  - salt to taste
  - pepper to taste
Mix well. Shape into small balls. Melt in a heavy skillet:
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
Add meat balls, a few at a time, and brown slowly on all sides.
Add:
- 2 cans (8 oz. each) tomato sauce
- 1 cup water
Mix well. Cover. Simmer about 45 minutes. Pack in wide mouth vacuum bottle.

**BEEF CHOW MEIN**

Makes 4-6 servings
Heat in a skillet:
- 2 tablespoons fat
Add and brown:
- 11½ pounds ground beef
While meat browns, sprinkle over:
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon sugar
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
Add:
- 2 cups sliced celery
- 1 cup chopped onion
- 2 cups beef or chicken broth
Cover and simmer 20 minutes, or until vegetables are tender. Remove ¾ cup liquid from meat mixture. Set aside to cool. Combine:
- 3 tablespoons soy sauce
- 4 tablespoons cornstarch
- 1 teaspoon dark molasses
Stir into cooled liquid. Mix until smooth. Pour into meat mixture, stirring constantly.

Add:
- 1 can (1 lb.) bean sprouts
Cover and simmer until liquid thickens and bean sprouts are hot, about 5 minutes. Pack in wide mouth vacuum bottle with hot fluffy rice or heated Chinese fried noodles.

**FIG LOAF CAKE**

Makes two loaves (9x5x3"
Sift, then measure:
- 3 cups sifted flour
Sift ½ cup of the flour with:
- ½ pound finely cut figs
- 2 cups chopped raisins
Sift remaining flour with:
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- 1 teaspoon nutmeg
Work with a spoon until soft:
- 1 cup butter or margarine
Add gradually and beat until fluffy:
- 2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
Add:
- 4 eggs, well beaten
Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with:
- 1 cup cold water
Add fig-raisin mixture. Mix well. Grease two loaf pans, 9x5x3", and line bottoms with waxed paper. Grease again. Pour in batter. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) about 2 hours.

**STAY-JUICY GROUND BEEF MEAT LOAF**

Makes 4-6 servings
Combine in a bowl:
- 1½ pounds ground beef
- 1 egg
- ¼ cup fine cracker crumbs
- ½ cup chopped onion
- 1 can (1 ½ cup) evaporated milk
- 1 teaspoon garlic salt
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
Mix well. Pack in greased 8½ x 3½ x 2½" loaf pan. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 50 minutes. Let stand on wire rack about 10 minutes before removing from pan. Slice for sandwiches.

**LUNCHEON MEAT WITH DEVILED EGG SANDWICHES**

Makes 6 sandwiches
Spread with butter or margarine:
- 12 slices of rye bread
Combine in a bowl:
- 6 hard cooked eggs, chopped
- 4 tablespoons chopped celery
- ¼ cup mayonnaise or salad dressing
- 1 tablespoon prepared mustard
- salt to taste
- pepper to taste
Mix well.
Cut into 12 slices:
- 1 can (12 oz.) luncheon meat
Spread deviled egg mixture on 6 slices of bread. Top each with 2 slices of luncheon meat. Cover with remaining slices of bread.

**MENU SUGGESTIONS**

- Rice-Beef Meat Balls
- Carrot and Celery Sticks
- Hard Rolls
- Nutmeg Raisin Bars
- Coffee, Tea or Milk
- Corned Beef Sandwiches
- Tomato Wedges
- Fig Loaf Cake
- Coffee, Tea or Milk
- Vegetable Soup
- Meat Loaf Sandwiches
- Mixed Green Salad
- Whole Orange & Cookies
- Coffee, Tea or Milk
- Leek Soup
- Deviled Egg Sandwiches
- Pepper Rings
- Apple Cup Cake
- Coffee, Tea or Milk
- California Casserole
- Lettuce Wedges
- Canned Fruit Cup
- Coffee, Tea or Milk

Pack salad dressings and bread spreads in plastic pill bottle!
as soon as the ball is put on the ground between the two rows. The scrub half is the one who puts the ball down.

Looking rather loosely at his predicament in Paddington Station, one might visualize Burton as the ball—although he is hardly what you might call leather-corded. Nevertheless, one of the "Teddy Boys" handled Richard with all the blunderhood accorded the ball.

"Somebody started lunging out," Burton said with increasing feeling. "I was caught off-balance and felt my feet giving way. Then a really small boy got me on the ground. . . ."

I sensed it was paining Richard considerably as he re-lived those delicate moments.

"Did they 'spin' or 'hook' you?" I broke in. I was borrowing rugby jargon to spear jocularity into the tensing atmosphere abuilding in our trans-Atlantic telephone cables.

"Hook me?" Burton groaned. "They bloody well kicked me! I was damned helpless . . . lying on the snow unable to move. . . . helpless, I tell you. . . . "They just kicked and kicked me all over." I sympathized with Richard. I told him it was outrageous and I let out a primed gasp when he remarked that the onlookers made no attempt to break up the assault. I said:

"Why I think those blokes in the queues are just as much to blame as the 'Teddy Boys' for perpetrating an assault with intent to cause bodily harm (that's how they sling it at Old Bailey)."

Burton grunted. I couldn't tell if that was a nod of agreement—or something he ate.

"I just don't know what to make of it," he commented after a brief moment of silence. I am afraid I cannot fathom it . . . I am at a loss for an explanation, really. "There was another silence.

**Shocking to Liz**

I asked Richard what he did next.

"Why, I picked myself up off the ground, of course," he replied wryly. "And I took stock of my injuries. . . . I found I had a cut over my right eye.

"Did you go to the hospital?" I asked.

"No, ma'am! That's critical."

Burton answered with a sigh of relief. "I went to my hotel and called my doctor."

"Tell me," I put in curiously, "did you get your cab?"

"Yes, damn it, finally!"

I then inquired about Elizabeth Taylor's reaction to the sight of Burton's blinder.

"Oh, well," replied Richard, "it was rather shocking to her. You know we're making 'The Very Important Persons' together at Elstree. My injury forces me out of production for several days—unless the director should choose to incor-

porate the flavor of a black eye into the script. But I hardly think he will. . . ."

I wanted to know what Liz did or turned somehow and she got a gander at the dusky peeper.

"I don't really recall," Burton said with a chivalrous air. "But she was quite disturbed, as I remember it."

However, reports from London indicated Liz hit high "C" when she saw Burton after his run-in with the "Teddy Boys."

I also tried to reach Liz at the Dorchester. But it was as if she had gone to Tanganyika. None of her coterie of secretaries, nurses and flunkies could say when she might come to the phone.

Nevertheless, with dedicated scribblers like Douglas Marlowe of the newspaper _The London Daily Mail_ for the Johnsons, and Liz Taylor remarking on the blinker those small London blighters hung on poor Richard shall not go unrecollected.

Mr. Marlowe intercepted Burton and Liz at the stately gates of Lord Dynervo's London home as they were going in for a meeting of the new Welsh National. Ordinarily, Mr. Marlowe might have chronicled the couple's appearance at Lord Dynervo's with a paragraph or two which would have been buried somewhere back in the paper. It must be realized that Liz and Burton are no longer an "item" in the newspaper offices of Fleet Street, Holburn Circus and the Embankment. They've been together so long and so often that the press, as one irreverent wag was heard to comment, has come to regard them as much a fixture of British legend as, say, the King's African Rifles.

But when Liz and Burton showed and Mr. Marlowborough spotted the black patch covering Richard's eye, it prompted the nondescript press to discreet inquiries. Burton readily volunteered the story of his encounter with the "Teddy Boys."

A man of considerable curiosity and sizeable determination to cover news incisively, Mr. Marlowborough couldn't pass up the opportunity to ask what Liz thought of the shiner.

Liz regarded the question plaintively for a moment. She drew a deep breath finally, and said:

"On my Nelly, I've never seen a black eye like that. Poor boy."

Then Liz and Richard disappeared into Lord Dynervo's place at 76 Eaton Square. Oh, yes. I must report I was unable to obtain any remarks from Richard's wife, Sybil. Liz hadn't yet seen her husband's eye. There also was some speculation as to whether she would. Black eyes heal quickly, as a matter of medical fact. If past recent history holds any lessons for us, the odds portend very little likelihood that Mrs. Burton will see her husband before the discoloration disappears.

**Feeling no pain**

Burton, you see, might be too busy staying at Liz' side while she's recovering from that "manipulated operation." That's what the doctors at London Clinic called it. It might sound like a serious bit of surgery, but it wasn't.

The fragile beauty who has experienced far greater crises in hospitals during her life, seemed to enjoy this hospitalization.

"The trouble began," Burton said, "on the set of Very Important Persons." Seems Liz' knee either twisted somehow and she suffered a "locked cartilage." It was so painful she could barely walk.

The studio called the hospital at once and a room was prepared for the beauty who appears to walk hand in hand with illness. She was driven to London Clinic in a studio limousine. Before Liz entered she slipped hurriedly for a picture. She came well prepared for the photographer in a light suede sheepskin jacket, fawn colored riding pants, high-heeled, calf-length black boots with red borders at the tops.

Dr. Robert Young, an orthopedic surgeon, and two assistants then took over. Liz, under the general anaesthetic, administered a general anaesthetic, and her knee there was "manipulated" by the doctors back to its normal position.

"It was over in forty-five minutes," Burton went on. "When Liz came to in her room, she felt no pain. Her knee was in a plaster splint which the hospital said would be to remain for a few days."

Liz may have recalled with somewhat of a shudder her last stay in London Clinic in the early part of 1961, when she came down with pneumonia and other respiratory complications. Her life then had hung precariously in the balance—almost by a hair. Doctors performed a tracheotomy to help her breathe—and that saved her life.

It was much different now. Said Burton, "Liz was alert and smiling."

Liz broke into a grin as her eyes focused on the people in her room—Burton, the doctors and nurses. And there was champagne to celebrate her recovery.

When Richard toasted Liz for rallying so magnificently after her accident, little did they know that a fortnight later there would be bad news. The knee apparently did not respond completely, and Liz had to make plans to re-enter the clinic for major surgery to remove the troublesome cartilage. The operation would be simple, but the results could be tricky. No one would predict a cure.

But as they drank champagne, then, these thoughts had not entered their minds. Liz smiled as she raised her glass to Richard, toasting him for having been so lucky to come out of his beating with only a cut and blackened eye.

When you think of it, Richard Burton is a fortunate fellow."

"Oh?" I asked.

"What, my dear fellow, you don't know what a winklettecker is?"

Now I know the winklettecker is the currently popular men's shoe with the exaggerated long pointed toe.

No story about Richard Burton and Liz Taylor is complete without some mention of Eddie Fisher.

From Hollywood, where he was keeping a singing engagement, word came that Eddie had heard about Burton's unfortunate experience.

It was reliably reported he had no comment—except that he was heard to mutter: "Mmmmm. . . ."

—George Carpozi, Jr.
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(PLEASE PRINT)
carefree, bubbling-with-enthusiasm person I've known her to be.  

"That's typical of the letters my son writes," she said. "Very short and very sweet. I have to read between the lines to find any hidden messages."

There aren't many things that bother Mrs. Zoine, but talking about the letter her famous son Vince Edwards wrote to her from London seemed to inflict both sadness and annoyance upon the actor's sixty-eight-year-old mother. Brave woman that she is, she tried to hide her feelings. But it didn't work.

"Don't hold that against Vince," Mama Julie told me, half-pleadingly. "Vince is a very good son, but . . ."

Her voice drifted. It was the "but" which carried significance and which set up the springboard for this story.

"You see," Mrs. Zoine said reminiscently, "Vinnie used to be a real homebody until three years ago. He wrote regularly, phoned frequently and visited home at least once a year."

Home is Brooklyn, U.S.A., where Vince was born and raised before he went off to seek fame and fortune in Hollywood. It took nearly a dozen years for Vince to find it. That happy day in his life came only three years ago when he was "discovered" for the role of television's sensational "Ben Casey" series. Until then he had knocked around in an endless procession of insignificant, unrewarding roles in grade B movies—a virtual unknown.

"I suppose when things were not so good for Vinnie he had more time to write, more time to come home and see his family," Mama Julie went on. "But now we never see him. We've only laid eyes on him twice in the last three years."

The first time was summer of 1962, when Vinnie visited twin brother Bob's house in Westbury, Long Island. The second visit was later that summer when Vinnie returned from Europe after shooting "The Victors" for movie producer Carl Foreman in England and Italy. Vince's only communication home had been the letter from London to his mother.

Dwelling with dismay on Vince's infrequent visits home, Mama Julie said, "When he did come home, those two times, we hardly got to see him. At least I never was able to see him alone for any length of time.

"On his first visit to Westbury there was a big family reunion and, naturally—everyone—all his brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews and friends—were around Vinnie every minute of the time."

I'm not complaining, mind you, but after all I would have loved to have spent some time alone with my baby.

"When he came here in September it was an even bigger disappointment. I had been expecting him to fly directly from London to New York and stay with me in Brooklyn. I had drawn up a lot of plans for my visit. I wanted him, for one thing, to visit his grandfather. He hasn't seen his grandfather in more than twelve years.

"But the plans were changed the last minute. Vinnie flew directly to Hollywood over the Polar route. That was very disilluminating for me after I had built up such expectations for his visit."

"He finally came to New York, weeks later. But he disappointed me again by not paying me a visit at home in Brooklyn. I had to settle for an invitation to drop in and see him at the Hampshire House in Manhattan, where he was staying."

Heartbroken by Vince's change of plans, Mrs. Zoine reluctantly hied over to Manhattan by subway and went to see her son in his hotel suite. But that wasn't anything like she had expected, either.

"It was like Grand Central Station," Mama Julie said, with disappointment in every word. "He was surrounded by all kinds of people—television people, movie people, social representatives, publicity men. You name them, they were there. I didn't get one moment alone with my son."

Mama Julie's patience wore thin after an hour. Sitting through the disconcerting turmoil that attended the presence of so many flunkie's in Vince's hotel rooms depressed her terribly. She finally got up, kissed Vince goodbye and left. But before she went, she asked her son for one last favor.

"I'd like you," she told Vince beseechingly, "to visit me at home. I want to take you over to see your grandfather."

Vince shook his head.

"It's impossible, Mom," he replied flatly. "I'm just too busy. I've got a million appointments with TV and movie people. And I've only got a few hours before I leave for Hollywood."

Mama always understands

Mrs. Zoine smiled weakly. "I understand, Vinnie," she said sadly. "I know how busy you are."

That was typical of the woman Mama Julie is—understanding. But she does have a heart and feelings. And even though her son is a great success and she is proud of him, there is still that sense of torment that stems from Vince's reluctance to fulfill his mother's one big ambition: to come home to Brooklyn.

"It may be a lot to ask of Vinnie, but how much time would it take?" Mama Julie shrugged helplessly. "You see there are a lot of things I'd like to talk over with Vinnie—things that are private.
and which are matters only a mother and son can discuss when they are by themselves, without a lot of people around listening and interrupting the conversation.

Mrs. Zoine is particularly aggrieved over Vince's failure to visit his grandfather, Carmine Morante. Mr. Morante is Mrs. Zoine's father. He is ninety-eight years old!

"I wanted Vinnie to see his grandfather so badly," Mama Julie told me. "After all, how much longer can he live?"

Mama Julie calls her father a "withering flower."

"Oh, certainly Papa still has all the characteristics he possessed as a young man, but at ninety-eight—well, let's face it. . . ."

He longs to see Vince

"Still and all, Papa has some zest and enthusiasm left for life. He predicts he'll live to be over a hundred. But his one remaining wish on earth is to see Vinnie.

"Why don't you bring the boy over to see me?" Papa pleads every time I visit him. What can I tell him? "He's very, very busy," I say. Papa shakes his head. He smiles. He tells me he understands how it is with television and movie stars.

"Yet it isn't right. Old as he is, Papa has feelings. When Vinnie was a baby he was Papa's pride and joy. Papa adored him. Papa would die the happiest man in the world if he could only see Vinnie—just once."

Vince Edwards' mother wasn't asking for the world. She was merely appealing to her famous son for a simple show of love and affection, the same simple love and affection that all the other grandchildren have for Grandfather Morante. And in all I could, Mrs. Zoine said resignedly, "It's up to Vinnie from here on out. I can't force him to do it if he doesn't want to."

Mrs. Zoine was particularly bitter toward the people who surround Vince in his business. She blames them more than she faults her son for his attitude.

"I have no doubt Vinnie is extremely anxious to visit me, his grandfather and his old neighborhood," Mama Julie said. "But his agent and the people at ABC are holding him back. They don't want him to come over. They're afraid of the crowds that would mob Vinnie. And maybe there are other reasons that I haven't been able to find out.

"Yet I think Vinnie is a big enough star to warrant a stand against these people. They're like molasses in his hair. He can't move without an okay from them. They've even tried to shut me up. But I won't stand for it. I'm not afraid of them."

Mrs. Zoine went so far as to say that the people who guide her son's destinies in the entertainment world don't dare allow Vinnie to visit Brooklyn for fear of associating him in public print with the poverty and slums that blighted his once-proud Brooklyn neighborhood.

"In a way," Mrs. Zoine said sadly, "I don't especially want Vinnie to see what he old neighborhood is like either. There have been so many changes that I don't think he'd recognize it. He might even be frightened when he sees what's happened."

Despite Vince's refusal to visit his mother and the urgency of seeing his aged grandfather, the big irritation still was his reluctance to write home.

"He doesn't even write to his brothers or sisters," Mama Julie told me, recalling an episode involving big brother Joe's daughter Karen.

"Vinnie had made plans with Joe to have Karen come out to Hollywood for a visit during his high school vacation last summer. Then the last minute he called and said he was forced to change his own plans, that he had to go to Europe to make 'The Victors.'

"Vinnie, however, insisted that shouldn't make any difference to Karen, that she still could come out and stay at his place in Hollywood. But Karen wouldn't go.

"It's funny, isn't it? He invites her out when he knows he isn't going to be able to go through with the plans. But I suppose that's show business."

Mama Julie turned to me with a smile breaking through the sadness of her face.

"I'm a funny person," she murmured in a thin voice. "I should have nothing to complain about. Vinnie has made me so happy by his success in television and movies. I am such a proud mother. And he has been a very good son in most ways. He always telephones at least once a week. On my birthdays, on holidays, on other special occasions he sends telegrams, candy and flowers."

It's cheaper to write

"But I always say to him when he phones, 'Vinnie, it would be so much easier and less expensive to take paper and pencil and write your poor old mother a nice long letter.' He laughs and says, 'Mom, I'd rather hear your voice.'

"I can understand it. He never did like to write. And the phone is so much easier. But a letter is better.
"Vinnie doesn't understand why I want him to write. He doesn't know what I feel in my heart. When he calls, I talk to him. I'm thrilled, yes. My heart beats faster because of the excitement of hearing my son's voice. But then the call ends and I'm alone again. Vinnie isn't there. I can't talk to him anymore and he can't talk to me. If he wrote, I would have his letter in front of me. When I felt lonely again, when I got the urge to hear my son talk to me, I could take out the letter and read it. That's the kind of little thing that makes a mother happy.

Although Vince Edwards' mother blamed filmland's functionaries for her son's new attitudes and ways, she couldn't help but wonder whether Vince himself had not undergone some drastic changes since hitting the big-time.

"Really," Mrs. Zoine said poignantly, "money makes a lot of difference, particularly with a person as impressionable and young as Vinnie. In the old days when he knew nothing but hard times and he was struggling to make something of himself, when he was always broke, he managed to make a mother fulfill his obligations as a son. He wrote often and he came home to see us regularly.

"Now that he is a big success, he seems to have changed. He blames it on the press of business. I'm not so sure. I am almost inclined to think he's changed. But I blame any change in Vinnie on things past that seem to surround him constantly and run his life for him. I only wish they would leave him alone, let him think things out for himself, make his own decisions. If he could do those things himself, I'm sure Vinnie wouldn't have any qualms about visiting me and his grandfather in Brooklyn.

"And I'm sure he'd have the time to write home."

Mrs. Zoine dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief. She looked very pathetic.

"I'm a little ashamed of myself for talking this way, but I can't help feeling the way I do. Vinnie is still my baby and I love him very much. I know he is doing well, but what he has struggled for all these many years. Success, fame, and even fortune are his today, I don't really have much to complain about. But because it is such a small thing that I'm asking, well..."

Mama Julie turned and glanced at me with a plaintive smile.

"He's making the whole world happy," she said softly. "I really shouldn't complain. . . ."

Yes, indeed. Vince Edwards is making the whole world happy.

His mother's turn should come pretty soon.

—CHRYST HARRANS

Vince is in "The Victors," for Columbia and ABC-TV's "Ben Casey," Mon., P.M. EST.

FRANK SINATRA JR.

Continued from page 34

moment. "Say, I didn't get your name."

The teenager's smile disappeared. His gaze came slowly back to the reporter's inquisitive eyes.

"My name," he said softly, "is Frank Sinatra."

And added, "Junior."

"Well, well," said the reporter, "the great man's son? eh? Did you ever dream your sister Nancy would marry Tommy Sands? And bring another singer into the family?"

"We weren't sure," replied Sinatra, Jr.

"We only hoped that."

The great man's son," the reporter said again, interrupting. Now he stared at young Sinatra. "Say, you've certainly got a lot to live up to. That dad of yours never missed the action, not if he knew where it was—if you know what I mean. The last was accompanied by a sly wink.

Young Sinatra froze. He stared coldly back at the writer.

I know what you mean," he said. "Now would you excuse me? I have something I'd like to discuss with my sister."

He turned and left.

It was the first time Frank Sinatra, Jr. had ever been hit with his father's reputation in public. It wasn't the last. But today, two years later, he is almost used to it. Almost—because there is more to being his father's son than he expected.

Not long ago, in a talk with young Frank, we discovered that at eighteen the son of one of the most popular men in the world doesn't let his legacy bother him as much as it once did. But there was a time when it troubled him plenty.

The early years for Junior were deceptively easy. He enjoyed his inheritance. Being the son of Frank Sinatra immediately catapulted him to the top of any group outside his family. Even the kids he played with as a child realized that there was something special about Sinatra, Jr. Not that he was any different from the rest, really. It was just that—all—his name was Frank Sinatra.

As young Sinatra grew older and entered his teens, however, he began to notice that everything was fine until he mentioned his name. Then things changed.

"They'd stare at me... ."

"I was very content to be just one of the group," Frank, Jr. recalled. "I know now that I was trying to be myself. But things never stayed that way. The instant my name was out, everyone's attitude changed. No one seemed to care about me anymore. They'd do busy asking questions about my dad. And they'd stare at me. Trying to see the resemblance, I guess."

By the time he was sixteen, he could predict—with simple weariness—exactly what a stranger would do and say the moment he realized he was talking to the son of Frank Sinatra, Sr.

Questions and comments conformed to an invariable pattern... . "Frank Sinatra's son?... . Well, you've certainly got a man to live up to... . You really don't look like your dad... . Say, do you remember that time your father was involved with... . now tell me what really happened?"

In fact, Frankie knew little about his father's private life. For, in contrast to the millions of words that have been written about Sinatra's "personal affairs," he was and is, without question, one of the best fathers in Hollywood. As Nancy, Jr. once put it, "My father may have left home, but he never left his family."

The reason for Sinatra's utter devotion is best expressed in his own words. "When a child is brought into this world, he should take care of it. I created my family."

But for Sinatra, Jr., the right thing to do didn't come that easy. His situation was without precedent. The sons of Bing Crosby by at least had each other. Young Sinatra had no one.

"Shortly after my sixteenth birthday," he explained, "I realized that being Frank Sinatra, Jr. was something I'd have to understand. I couldn't just accept it and carry the name. I had to decide what it was going to mean to my whole life."

But for all his youthful good intentions, those closest to Frank, Jr. say that his fifteen and sixteenth year were the worst.

"It got so bad," says a buddy, "that he began to show on him. I mean, you could see the little crisis coming in the expression on his face.

"We'd be in a group and a new guy would join us. Let's say I'd introduce myself to him by saying my name. So would the other guys.

"But, man, it was tough on Frankie! It seemed as though he was dreading the moment he'd have to say, 'And I'm Frank Sinatra, Jr.' You know what I mean.

"It wasn't that he didn't like his name. It was what that name did to a stranger. I guess Frankie thought that every time he mentioned who he was, he lost his own identity. His real self just disappeared in the shadow of his great father.

"It got so bad there for a while that when someone would ask him his name he'd hesitate, clam up. And just before the big change came over him, he began to stammer when he talked. He seemed embarrassed a lot of the time.

"I asked him about it one day. Why he was beginning to mumble. Because he really wasn't that type of guy. He is bright, alert. I wish I had his brain. He could be anything he wants to be.

"Anyhow, when I asked him about the stammering, he just asked me a question. I'll never forget it, because it really brought home to me what his problem was.

"He asked, 'Tell me, Eddie, how would you act if someone asked your name and you'd say, 'My name is Frank Sinatra.'"

"I'll never forget it, because though he was the son of one of the most popular men in the world—his words were drenched in loneliness.

In the last two years, however, young Sinatra has learned to accept his lot, though there are times when the old reluctance creeps back. Not long ago Frankie, who'd like very much to succeed on his own as a singer, visited Disneyland where the Elliott Brothers were entertaining hundreds of teenagers. He listened to them for a while and then the urge became irresistible.

"I said to myself," Frankie explained, "that I was going to have to go the round on my own. I was going to have to talk... ."
my chances alongside every other guy my age who wanted to become a singer.

He got up and sang

“So I just sauntered over to one of the bandleaders and told him I’d like to try a song or two with the group. He looked at me oddly. I guess he was amused.

“He asked me if I had any background. I said I had lots of background. Then he wanted to know what made me think I could sing.

“I told him that I wouldn’t be making the request if I thought I was going to make a fool of myself or the group.

“Well...” he hesitated, but finally he said okay.

“It was pretty informal all the way, but I got through the song fine.”

Actually, Frankie did well and got a tremendous hand when he finished.

The leader said, “Hey, what’s your name?”

Frankie laughed and started to say it. But he didn’t have to. One of the musicians, an old Tommy Dorsey bandleader, hollered out, “That’s Frank Sinatra, Jr.!”

“It was great,” he said. “I had sweated out the whole bit on my own, just like anyone else. I didn’t care then that they knew who I was. The important thing was they didn’t know until I finished.”

The bandleader later called Frankie back for an all-Dorsey show, a week later. Young Sinatra couldn’t have been more pleased. He’d had his professional baptism.

Then he appeared on a couple of Los Angeles TV shows and finally a star spot with Jack Benny, who assured all concerned that he was using Junior for his talent and not for his name.

Sinatra, Sr., on learning of the turn of events, grinned like a kid. “I always said that son of mine was full of surprises.”

Frankie’s mother is not convinced that show business is the best bet for him.

“She is a wonderful mother to us,” Frankie explains. “But she’s seen an awful lot of the heartache that goes with being an entertainer.

“Still, I think I’m old enough now to take a few lumps, as Dad says. I understand now that most disappointments are just a part of your education for life.”

We asked Frankie why he hadn’t changed his name. Wouldn’t it have been easier.

“No, I thought about that,” he said.

“But how long could I go on without facing it? That would be worse.”

He laughed. “Can you imagine how the billing would look if I took a name like Al Stanley and underneath, in large print, it said, ‘Son of Frank Sinatra’?”

“There were other reasons. I’m proud of my name. I’m proud of my father. People will never know what a wonderful parent he’s been to us. So I’m proud to be Frank Sinatra, Jr. I want people to know that. My father gave me my name. And the best way I know of to show my gratitude is to earn the right to use it and, maybe, someday do enough good things to make him proud of me.

“It’s something every son should do for his father. I like it that way.”

He thought for a moment. “That’s why I’m not afraid anymore,” he said. “I’ve got the whole world ahead of me.”

—ALAN SOMERS
because a good deal of the time they are gnawed by a mass of fears. More often than not, the public image is devoured by private demons.

Marilyn Monroe was plagued by them. She had the fears long before she scaled the Hollywood Heights. The spotlight and kleig lights magnified them. Neither psychiatric therapy nor the comfort of her friends and fans could dispel her fright.

Marilyn wrote pathetic little notes to herself—urging the "real me" to put all problems and fears behind her. But they failed her.

Fame, success and wealth are poor substitutes for a woman who was a frightened child.

Arthur Miller, the playwright (her third husband), was quoted (after the funeral): "She could have made it with a little luck."

Dorothy Parker said that at the bier of novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Part of the problem arises from the fact that The Golden Girls deal with an extremely perishable commodity: Beauty.

Ava Gardner's colleagues must constantly reassure her that she is beautiful. Lana Turner once told an interviewer: "I have to get plenty of sleep to look good before the cameras in the morning."

And the competition is savage. There are always plenty of young, beautiful girls struggling to replace you. Not only in Hollywood. That goes when you are trying to kick in all the Broadway doors, too.

Miss Turner bitterly sums up her Hollywood career as "a rat race," despite the fact that she has survived a lot longer than many of her competitors. The fear, however, is always there. If it isn't the doubts of tomorrow—it's the perils of yesterday.

Judy Garland's private fears (which still haunt her) have gone into the public domain. Newspapers, magazines and books have listed Judy's problems in cruel detail. The most recent was the charge of her estranged husband (according to the front pages) that the star was "not mentally fit."

As one coast historian observed: "Her husband has said she has two million dollars hidden some place. How can you have two million dollars and not be mentally capable of handling your affairs?"

Judy must have acquired those millions in a short time. About two years ago it was reported that she resided her arduous schedule (nightclub appearances, tee-pee and recording sessions here and abroad) to "pay her bills."

The strange aspect of the Garland case is that she never really believed in stardom. It was all an illusion, she said. Another of her ex-grooms revealed: "She was always full of fears. She never believed she was the great star that she is."

The genuine poignancy of Judy's problems was her plaintive confession: "Problems have been the story of my life. First of all, I never really had a childhood—at least—the kind most children have. I went on the stage when I was three, and because we were showfolks—my whole family—other mothers wouldn't allow their children to play with us. With no close friends I was always lonesome. The only time I felt accepted or wanted was when I was on a stage performing. I guess the stage was my only friend, the only place where I could feel comfortable. It was the only place I felt equal and safe. There were no snubs when I was on."

Doris Day is another of The Golden Girls, who is so fearful about her career and sexual happiness, that she is rarely seen in public. Despite appearance of 18 West 53rd Street in the early 1960s—just as early as 11 p.m. She probably reads Dolores Del Rio's long ago beauty-hint: "A woman must get from ten to fourteen hours sleep to remain beautiful."

Miss Day with all her wealth (fifteen million, they say) which includes oil wells, property and motels from coast to coast, has almost everything. Except Complete Happiness. But Doris Day and husband Marty Melcher ("we never confirm or deny what is said or published about us") were still dishing together following the reports that Melcher had moved to a Sunset Strip apartment house. But intimates suspect their idyll has curdled. They remind you that Melcher plans spending at least six months a year in Italy, to make a film.

The loneliness that comes with Stardom—the pressures that come with Fame—are difficult to accept. Those who are marooned on a glittering planet—and envied by the throngs—inevitably wish they were part of The Crowd.

The trouble is that fame has no compassion, no faith, no memory.

Ava Gardner expressed her Loneliness and Fears this way: "If I could be born again, I'd want an education. You don't know what it is like to be uneducated, to be afraid to talk to people because you are afraid that even the questions you ask will sound stupid."

Ava's particular fear is not confined to The World of Gardiner. Time and again Rita Hayworth reportedly went on "crying jags" because she believed others thought she was ignorant. Many other stars have had similar shudders. And the irony of it all is that they are their own worst foes.

By and large, their sense of inferiority is not shared by others. On the contrary, most people approach them with awe and admiration. The public thinks of them as Gilded Queens. But as many readers of the fanned movies know: For Hollywood Royalty—the Thorns are Thorns.

Fear burdens them all. Not many of the twinklers have ever gained the respect, fame and enduring success attained by Joan Crawford. And even Joan has not been able to escape the "devils." In her memoirs she told of her life has been "a fruitless struggle" for both personal and professional security. One of the most touching observations ever made was her comment: "This is the story of my life. I played love scenes that eluded me in reality and left me empty-handed."

Then there's Ingrid Bergman, another who found Satan in Paradise. As many who strive for the peaks of The Golden Mountains, Ingrid was whipped by cold winds at the pinnacle. And in her fear and agony, the star cried out, "I've been hurt, hurt badly. Someday I will be judged by Somebody who knows better."

Movie Majesties are often restless, tormented people. Gripped by frustration and anxiety—engaged in a search for happiness. Frequently, it is beyond the reach of their hearts.

Elizabeth Taylor has gone from husband to husband without finding a single enduring romance. She now is probably Hollywood's wealthiest female. There we go again, see? Money, success, fame and a gift given her on a Mother's Day inscribed: "To The Best Mother in the World."

What would you say Liz also has Complete Happiness?

She probably thinks she has when she is with The One Who Matters Most. But she told Eddie Fisher (the husband who told this reporter: "I still love her!") that she was "in no hurry" to file for divorce. His intimates still think he would go back to Liz if she beckoned.

Many of the girls who star in the swift journey to the heights have found it to be a shattering experience. Rosemary Clooney is another of this all-star cast. Her big fear is financial security. She told a court that she was broke. Hardly an uncommon problem in Melancholywood.

Many of those eyeblindling (and eye-pop- ping) mansions you see in the movie magazines may be studded with heavy, if not outright, debts. The bigger the mansion the bigger the mortgage. The stark arithmetic of stardom was once explained by June Allyson: "High echelon salaries result in the high cost of business managers, agents, publicity, secretaries, dues to various Unions, charities, clothing, cars and entertainment. Then come the high-echelon taxes!"

The stars also suffer from the fearful reality of the scenic railway aspects of show biz. For every lofty ascent there are steep dips and dangerous curves.

Judy Holliday, for example, is another star who is aware of the frightening real- Ism. Show business is a business. People are properties. Judy once testified: "You hear about it quickly enough when one of your films goes into the red. They bring the news to you on the set—during the first day's shooting on your next picture. Someone says, 'Well, kid, your last one lost a sockful of money. Let's hope this one is hot enough to be booked someplace except a few tunnels and bowling alleys.'"

The capacity to revel in stardom is limited by the knowledge that it is transient. There is a constant antagonism between the delight of fame and the fear of becoming a Dim Memory.

The pitiless terror represented by this conflict is one of the greasepaint realm's primary occupational hazards. There can be no emotional comfort for those who are not aware that they are constantly in danger of tumbling from them. In the applause and cheers of the crowds—there are also the sounds of thunder—and the signs of hurricanes to come.

When they come—as they often do—lives and careers are wrecked.

The mysterious patterns shaping the patterns of success frequently come in the
form of shattered hearts for the stars. Mickey Rooney's heart is hardly in tatters over his many problems. He has made and squandered millions. A lot of it in alimony to many ex-mates. But he is an industrious man who knows his responsibilities to his wife and children. Mickey has never labored harder than he does now and he still ranks among the ticket-sellers.

The other opening night at the Hotel Ambassador's Coconut Grove, one of Mickey's chums, discussing his bankruptcy (after earning twelve million dollars) observed admiringly: "He was always a fast guy with a buck." "In Hollywood," he was reminded, "that's not a testimonial—it's an Epitaph."

The newspapers recently reminded that Rita Hayworth's daughter Princess Yasmin will inherit a million-and-a-half of Aly Khan's money. Some of us remember ten years ago when Rita was preggy and she told friends that she hoped to have a baby "because girls don't inherit nearly as much."

A mag front covered: "Richard Burton Reveals His Love-Making Secrets." Ho, hum. Don't they know there are no secrets to unlock a woman's heart—unless she wants to hand over the key? The greatest "lovers" in history—Casanova, Don Juan, et al—died miserable, lonely, unloved deaths. For all their "secrets" they wound up being used by young women just as they had used old women when they were young and handsome.

Melinia ("Never On Sunday" and "Phoenix"") Mercouri's communiqué from Athens following her visit to Uncle Samville: "America must be inhabited entirely by newspaper reporters. I couldn't get clear of them long enough to meet anyone else."

La Mercouiri sounds like one of those "Stoppittt, I Luvitty!"

We watched Lucille Ball and Vivian Vance do their "Lucy Show" the other evening at Desilu. One of their funniest. It will probably have been shown on CBS before (or about) the time this prose appears. The stanzas deal with Lucy and Viv trying to fix a new shower without the expense of a plumber. They almost drown behind the locked glass shower door. The actors suffer from the heat making this show. One stagehand told us "This set is lit by over 250 lamps. Some are 10,000 Watters."

Lucille's new mate, comic Gary Morton, prefaced the proceedings (they call it "the opening") with bits from his night-club act. He is rewarded with a special Director's Chair inscribed: "Gary Morton."

From the Papers: "Limelitts In Utah Air Crash....", "Provo, Dec. 13 (AP): The Limelitts singing group are recuperating in a hospital here. Their chartered plane crashed near Provo."

That wasn't the complete story. The Limelitts disregarded the danger signals. Regular airlines cancelled all flights because of pea-soup fog. So they rented a plane and stretched their luck. Clever?

* * *

The Marquis de la Passardiere is the name of French star Libo's husband. He is her agent. He also handles Brigitte Bardot's "next big rival." He so informed a group of scribes including Photoplay's cub-reporter at New York's Hotel Stahope's Rembrandt Room.

"So?" you shrug, "What's the name of Brigitte's next big competitor?"

Marie-France Pisier. She is seventeen. But waitaminit! She's also Vddy Social. You may see and judge Marie for yourself in "Young Ladies Of Good Families."

* * *

That dilapidated apartment used by Shirley MacLaine in "Two For The See-Saw" is the exact lookalike of the one Shirley dwelled in with former roommate "George" Reed, once "Miss Baltimore."

* * *

Natalie Wood's secret-weapon: Dabs perfume on her eyelids. —The End

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to recall that this is the very church in which Olivia was baptized, such a few short years ago. Too few, and far too short.

You feel a hand grip yours—a strong, comforting hand. And you look up into the eyes of your husband, Roald Dahl, who sits next to you. Without him, you would never have had the strength you needed today. With his help, you pray that you can face not only today, but the many long, sad days and nights to come. Just as you have somehow faced the tragedy of the past few years. The years since Theo’s tragic accident.

You had to act!

But right now, the present and the recent past are too painful to think about. And your mind, seeking some escape, can’t help recalling how different everything was when you were very young—when you were Patsy Louise Neal (how you hated that name!), a tall (far too tall, as you knew only too well) and gawky young girl from Northwestern University in search of only one thing in those days: that somehow, some way, you just had to become an actress.

And it all seemed so wonderfully easy at first, though of course it was hard work, too. The fortunate meeting with Eugene O’Neill in New York City, where you had come fresh from Northwestern University in search of a break in the theater. After a few months of taking odd jobs to support yourself, you met O’Neill in the Theater Guild offices. And he helped you get a part in summer stock that led to the starring role in “Another Part of the Forest” on Broadway. That was the role that brought theatrical awards showering down on you.

How the folks back home must have gasped when you wrote them that you’d actually sat in a drugstore sipping a malted with America’s number one playwright! But you never dreamed, in those young and golden days in the mid-1940s, that your own life would rival in tragedy the lives of Gene O’Neill’s most star-crossed heroines.

You hit Hollywood in 1948, with a top-paying Warner Brothers contract in your pocket, and gave out an interview that must have come back to haunt you since then: “I’m the original nothing-ever-happens girl,” you told a reporter, apologizing because you didn’t have an exciting life story.

 Barely over a year later, you were linked with a married man.

His name was Gary Cooper.

You met Coop when you co-starred with him in “The Fountainhead,” one of your first pictures. Like a knight in armor, Gary—kind, gallant, wonderful Gary—came to your rescue when you needed him most. For something had already gone wrong . . . terribly wrong. All the poise that had helped you sail through your stage roles suddenly left you when you started working in the movies. The stop-and-start, no-rehearsal system made you panic. You couldn’t perform your roles to your satisfaction, and you felt you were botching up your scenes. Not only that—you were once again all too conscious of your height, five feet eight inches, which made you tower over movie leading men. You had even taken to slouching around the Warner lot in low heels, until Jack Warner himself scolded you: “Stand up and be your height!”

And then you met Coop. Who could feel nervous alongside calm, relaxed Coop? What’s more, “She loves doing scenes with Gary Cooper because he is one of the few actors taller than she,” a columnist noted. But it soon became apparent—first to just the two of you, and then to Rocky Cooper, and finally to all of Hollywood—that there was another reason you loved acting with Coop. It was because you loved the man himself. And after you and he had made another picture together, he and Rocky separated.

That was in the spring of 1951—a spring you’ll never forget. For suddenly you found your picture in all the newspapers, with harsh headlines labeling you “the other woman” in the Coopers’ separation. At first you denied that you’d had anything to do with the breakup. In fact, you told photoplay, “I’m sure most intelligent people agree with me that no one could break up a happy marriage.” Ironically, Elizabeth Taylor was to use almost those identical words nearly a decade later, in denying that she had broken up the marriage of Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher.

But there the resemblance ended. For Liz is a wilful woman who takes what she likes, no matter how many lives may be affected. But you and Coop both fought against the emotions that swept you both up so suddenly, and even after the separation it was a long time before you were seen in public together. Your strict Southern upbringing made you shudder at the thought of breaking up another woman’s marriage, and it’s obvious that you did think what you said was true—that you can’t break up a really happy marriage.

But the strings that bound Coop to Rocky were too strong to be broken—perhaps to his surprise as well as yours. The separation dragged on through most of 1951, with no sign that he was planning to ask Rocky for his freedom.

Rocky was there

The impossibility of your position became painfully clear at, of all places, a party—one of the first you and Coop had attended together. Rocky was there, too, with Peter Lawford, who was then one of Hollywood’s most popular bachelors. Everything seemed to go wrong for you that night. You and Coop came in as quietly as possible, and went directly to the end of the bar. When Rocky came in, laughing and chatting with Peter, you surmised it meant to be up against a sophisticated woman of the world who was determined to win back her husband. She was superbly gownéd, making you all too conscious that your taste in clothing had never been too sure. Her hair was immaculately coiffed, and you realized too late that the flowers in your own hair made you look like an insipid young ingenue.

The worst part, though, came later in the evening, when someone asked you to dance. While you were on the dance floor, you noticed out of the corner of your eye that Coop had gone over to Rocky’s table and was engaged in deep conversation with her.

Then came the question when you realized you’d lost. “I will not see Coop again,” you told Hedda Hopper in an interview. “How many times have you been in love, Pat?” she asked you.

“Only once,” you said. And then the pain was too much to bear, and you couldn’t help adding, “Wouldn’t you know it would be just my luck to fall in love with a married man?”

By now Hollywood was all ashes for you. Your romance was over, and your career was slipping badly. Warner Brothers had dropped you, and with your usual candor you admitted to a reporter that the reason was simple: All your pictures had been boxoffice flops. Oh, you were still in demand, and Fox signed you for one or two pictures a year. But your stock was sharply down, and you knew it.

To forget Coop, and to get away from Hollywood with its unhappy memories, you went first to Korea, to entertain the troops, and then to New York, for a Broadway play “The Children’s Hour.”

And soon after your arrival in New York, the seemingly impossible happened. You met a man who made you forget your heartbreak.

Roald Dahl was a man who nobody could ignore. For one thing—and this was certainly in his favor, as far as you were concerned—he was six feet, six inches tall. A brilliant writer whose satirical and humorous pieces glittered in the pages of the New Yorker and other magazines, he loved the theater as you did. But he was no Ivory-Tower dweller. He’d been a Battle of Britain pilot during World War II, and although he was a Scandinavian, England was now his home.

You began dating him steadily. He shared with you all the glowing reviews for your Broadway performance in
"The Children's Hour," and you spent long hours going for walks together and talking about books and literature and about England. (You'd been there for a Command Performance and to make the picture, "The Hasty Heart," at a time when you felt that you had to get away from Hollywood and Coop—to keep your own heart from being too hasty. If you'd met Roald then, instead of three years later, what a lot of heartbreak might have been spared for three people!)

In July, 1953, you and Roald were married, and on your way to a ten-week honeymoon in Europe. Even your trousers reflected your newfound happiness. It was all in pink—a "color I feel good in," you said.

And it was good, your new life. You and Roald set up housekeeping at Great Missenden in Buckinghamshire, in a lovely old Georgian house called Little Whiefields that was only an hour's drive from London. You found that you loved being a housewife. And now your long walks with Roald were more wonderful than ever, as you explored the green English countryside in springtime and the mist-shrouded villages in autumn. And, before the weather turned too cold, you and Roald went off to New York to spend the winter months in a Manhattan apartment while you saw the shows together and Roald visited editors and wrote.

Your life became complete

Then, a little over a year after your marriage, Olivia was born—and she was a miniature of you. She had your intelligent face, and your wide-set eyes and high cheekbones. Two years later, Tessa came along. And on August 2, 1960, your life became complete when you bore Roald a son—Then, a healthy seven-pound, three-ounce boy who turned out to have smiling, alert eyes and a loud wail. You continued working off and on—just enough to keep your hand in. And a month after Theo's birth, you had an offer for a movie that seemed to fit in perfectly with your plans. You were wanted for an important role in "Breakfast at Tiffany's." Not the leading role; that belonged to Audrey Hepburn. But it didn't matter any more. What mattered was that it was a good role—as the society woman who battled Audrey for George Peppard's affections—and that the movie would be filmed in New York in the autumn and winter. It just left you free for your trans-Atlantic commuting schedule.

So you and Roald bundled up the children and headed happily for Manhattan—and, it turned out, for tragedy.

For on December 5, 1960, while Theo was being wheeled across a Manhattan intersection by his nurse, a taxi cab smashed into his baby carriage and injured him horribly. Little Tessa, who was with him, saw the accident. When you got the news, you rushed to the hospital, and there the doctors told you the frightening truth: Theo had received critical head injuries which might cost his life. For days he hovered between life and death, while you prayed for a miracle to save him.

The miracle came—but it wasn't enough. As a result of his grave injuries, Theo had to have a tube inserted in his body, leading from his brain to his stomach. And he was given a special diet to help him fight for his life.

But even the worst things can happen to the best. You, the wife of a world-famous author, and the mother of two beautiful children, found yourself a widow with a husband who was probably never going to come back from this. And it was then that you decided to do something about it. You decided to go to work.
heart—to drain off excess fluids that had begun to accumulate and threatened his life. But that wasn’t all. Soon after it was inserted, something began to go wrong with the tube. It clogged up, and Theo’s small body had to be opened up again and a new tube sewn in. Again the tube clogged within a short time, and again the surgeons had to operate.

In all, Theo had to have seven dangerous brain operations in the next two years. And all you could do was pray that your child might live, pray that the thin little tube would not clog too suddenly and kill him.

As if your own family’s agony were not enough, another person’s suffering began to touch you. The newspapers told of Gary Cooper’s losing fight with cancer, and across the miles your heart went out to this man, the first man you had ever loved.

But finally, when Cooper’s suffering was mercifully over, you could at least thank God that he had died surrounded by the love of his wife and their daughter Maria, with the blessings of the church in whose good graces he had spent his final days. And you knew that your decision eight years earlier, had helped make it possible.

But life goes on somehow, and Theo began holding his own. Finally you dared to leave him long enough to return to America for your most important role in years—as Paul Newman’s co-star in Paramount’s “Hud.” But you had it written into your contract that you were to have two weeks off during the filming, to return to England and your family.

The movie was filmed in Hollywood and in Amarillo, Texas. And as it progressed and people saw the daily rushes, it became obvious to everyone that the movie contained some of your best work. Perhaps it’s true that suffering improves an artist’s ability. Whatever it was, your fellow workers and others praised your performance in a new, indifferent world—for which she may be badly prepared. The shock of that awakening is something Jacqueline Kennedy dreads, and with good reason.

In planning for the baby, Jackie had planned to cushion the shock for Caroline by seeing to it that her formative years, though they were to be spent in the White House, never swerved too far from what was normal for a little girl. Caroline, she said, would not be made into a “little prisoner of the tower,” but would go to school, play with other children, and have the every-day, casual experiences that are the right of every child. No matter how busy she and Jack became with official duties, they would raise their daughter themselves; her upbringing would not be turned over to nurses and Secret Service men. Moreover, the same loving but strict discipline Caroline had thrived under in the little school she attended as a young girl would be continued at the White House. Her privacy would be strictly guarded; newspapermen and photographers would be kept away. Caroline would know as little as possible about her father’s job and nothing at all about her own prominence.

They were good plans, carefully thought out. But Jackie Kennedy carried into the White House. But today it is clear that many of them have been only partially successful, and others have failed entirely. Despite Jackie’s best efforts, Caroline’s life is not normal. Nor is it likely to be as long as the Kennedys remain in the White House. And that is why the question of her future adjustment to ordinary life—albeit the life of a wealthy child from a prominent family—is a very serious one indeed.

In what ways exactly have Jackie Kennedy’s plans miscarried? One of the first to go astray was the idea that Caroline could be kept from discovering her father’s status—at least until she learned to read. Before the first year in the White House was over, Jackie was startled to hear Caroline introduce her baby brother to a visitor as “the President’s son”—and add brightly, “and I’m the President’s daughter!”

**Daddy commands respect**

Nor is the word “President” entirely meaningless to Caroline. She has observed that grownups rise respectfully when her father enters a room; that no one outside the family calls him by his first name; that everyone obeys his orders. Caroline has learned to measure up to their rank; she invariably forgets Lyndon Johnson’s name, but she remembers that he’s the Vice President and in
sists on calling him that. Jackie realizes that this touch of sophistication is not in itself necessarily bad for Caroline—after all, titles of elected officials are meaningful, and surely there can be no harm in Caroline’s believing that the whole world thinks as highly of her father as she does. What Jackie fears is the time when Caroline may find herself in the awkward position of an unwitting name-dropper, antagonizing other children simply because her relatives and family friends are titled, world-famous people. Caroline may one day discover sadly that if she wants to make new friends, she had better not mention her famous name.

Another resounding failure has been Jackie’s attempt to keep Caroline out of the limelight. It is a serious failure, because so much effort and heartbreak has gone into the attempt. Caroline loved ballet school, but Jackie Lad to stop the lessons when she discovered photographers waiting for Caroline there. Twice Caroline had to be shooed away from the Kennedy’s first White House Christmas tree because a group of reporters were admiring it, too. The trips to Georgetown to visit Caroline’s old friends were stopped, too, when Jackie discovered that press cars were dogging the Kennedy car en route. Around Caroline’s play yard on the White House South Lawn, Jackie ordered heavy trees and rhododendron bushes planted—not just to keep the public from watching her child at play, but also to prevent Caroline from noticing their obvious interest in her.

Despite all precautions, Caroline has been photographed so often, has become so accustomed to the presence of photographers, that when she doesn’t see them at the White House gate she asks for them anxiously. When they are around, her usual reaction is to turn and wave at them happily. Last summer, Jackie finally acknowledged defeat by making little effort to prevent the reporters and photographers who flocked to Ravello, Italy, from recording Caroline’s every word and photographing her as a childhood.

Many well-disposed people were glad to see Jackie give up her fight to preserve Caroline’s anonymity. “Now she’ll be able to let Caroline do more,” one friend remarked. “It’s a pity to deny a child all sorts of pleasures just because people will watch her enjoying them.” Unfortunately, it is not quite that simple. There were only a limited number of reporters in Ravello and they were willing to allow Caroline and Jackie a minimum of privacy during their vacation. None of them seemed to invade the roped-off beach on which Caroline played, or to swim out to the rock where she and Jackie took sunbaths.

At home in Washington the situation is sadly different. Squads of press men descended on Caroline and daughter whenever they venture off the White House grounds together. Instead of a few beaming townspeople following them, as in Ravello, mobs of several hundred people congregate in a matter of seconds wherever they go. Under these circumstances, what starts out as a pleasant outing turns rapidly into a nightmare, terrifying Caroline and bringing something very like bitterness to Jackie’s eyes. Never, for example, has Jackie dared to take Caroline to the National Gallery of Art, although she herself loves the famous museum and has expressed the hope that her children would
grow to know and love it, too. But the prospect of being followed through the quiet marble halls by a horde of curious strangers appalls her. Never has she been allowed to go to Carnes and wander casually through the side-rooms with her; no longer can she even take her daughter on the long walks they both used to enjoy so much.

Caroline herself alternately rebels against being unduly guarded or goes to the other extreme of playing to the gallery. Gwen Gibson, New York Daily News writer, tells how Caroline and a small boy friend led a Secret Service agent a merry chase up and down ladders of the SS Joseph Kennedy until the poor man breathlessly cornered them. Whereupon Caroline asked a nearby sailor, "How would you like to have someone following you all around?"

But she's been known to give her guards a piece of her mind, say one of her mothers. She takes off across a large, inviting lawn: "Come on, you're losing me."

And the guards who protect the President's daughter flatly deny that she's spoiled and are extremely fond of her. "She's the friendliest, cutest kid in the world," one of them told Miss Gibson. And another said, "Sometimes I tell her to apologize for something—and she will."

Alone—with a freight train

It is not easy to think of Jacqueline Kennedy as pathetic, but friends say she approaches that state when she speaks wistfully of the day she and Caroline actually wounder off together to watch a freight train chugging into the Washington railroad yards, or of the time they ate hamburgers together, undis-turbed, at a luncheon counter in Palm Beach. Most of the time Jackie is forced to say "No" to Caroline's pleas that they join her little friends and their mothers on such excursions—and so she's helpless to prevent Caroline's becoming the "little prisoner" she feared.

But saddest of all the limitations that Presidential notoriety places on Caroline's activities is the fact that she has been unable to attend school away from the White House. This fact, more than any other, im-pinges directly on the life-values the Ken-drews want so deeply to inculcate in their daughter. For it is at school that Caroline will eventually have to test herself against her contemporaries. In the class-room she will have to learn the strength of her mind. On the playground and in the gymnasium she will pit her body against others. In the give-and-take of school rela-tionships she will find her own niche in the world. But going to school in her own home—the White House—among special-ly selected children who, as time goes by, will become all too conscious that they are actually the First Family's guests—will Caroline really be able to compete? Can any teacher, no matter how skilled and fair-minded, ever forget completely who Caroline is? Can any child, no matter how innocent, remain totally oblivious to her privileged position?

As Caroline grows older and increasingly sensitive, it is all too likely that she will hesitate to push herself forward, to refuse to try for a lead in a school play or run for class office lest she run the risk of being "outwitted. If she is lucky, you're the President's daughter!" Even the ac-complishments of her youngest years—the blue ribbon she won not long ago at a Virginia pony show, for example—will be open to question. "Did I win," Caroline may ask herself, "Because I rode well, or because I was Caroline Kennedy?"

Jackie Kennedy once told a friend that she believed children in the limelight either become show-offs or inhibited. She spoke with the wisdom of a trained psycholo-gist. She knew that such attitudes were merely signs that such a youngster is bewildered and is trying to discover who he is; what his abilities are; where he belongs; what people think of him—not just his public personality.

And maybe Caroline was showing off—certainly she was not being inhibited—the day she stole the show from her father as he welcomed Algerian Premier Ahmed Ben Bella with a twenty-one-gun salute on the White House lawn. As the formal ceremonies proceeded. Caroline could be clearly heard at the upstairs window to her kindergarten, shouting and inciting her little classmates to shout with her. "Attention!" she commanded, "Forward march! Eyes right!" The President had to fight his laughter.

But the President by now should be used to playing straight man to his quot-a-ble little daughter. She began from the very beginning. Soon after they moved into the White House she took a tour and wandered into the communications room. Asked by a worker what her father was doing, she said, "He's just sitting there with his shoes off, doing nothing."

Yes, if Caroline has such a limited choice, between "show-off" or "inhibited child," it's especially sad that it should happen. Because left to herself, she shows promise of becoming an exceptional person.

She can't be left out

There is a possible solution to this problem, and it is ironic that it is one the Kennedys cannot freely employ. If Coroline could spend most of her time with her parents, the two people in the world who do see her clearly, without any sort of bias, and whose love for her is entirely untempered by consciousness of who she is, she would benefit even more than most children do from the company of mother and father. But Caroline's parents have to plan carefully to find even a minimum of time for her. Jackie has devoted the major part of all her thoughts to making sure that Caroline isn't left out of their lives.

She knew, of course, that it would be hard for Jack, as President, to give his daughter as much time as he once did. She had been warned by Franklin Roose-velt, Jr., himself the son of a President, that: "You'll have to fight with Jack. You'll have to go into his office and drag him out to play with the children."

Jackie did her best. "Jack may be President, but he's still my husband and Caroline's father," she said firmly, "and we must have some of his time." But where was the time to be found? Caroline's precious breakfasts-with-Daddy often had to be displaced by necessary President's-breakfasts-with-Cabinet; the necessary interviews with Cabinet-ministers to her was often pre-empted by White House receptions. Always—and rightly—the great needs of the nation and the world had to take precedence over the need of a little girl for her father.

In an attempt to make up to Caroline for the partial loss of one parent as well as the other attention needed by a little girl in the public eye, Jackie has tried desperately to give her daughter even more of her time than she used to. She has announced that she will accept no luncheon appointments, and will confine her official duties to morning and evening, so that afternoons can be spent in the nursery. But again, she has been over-determined. Her schedule in the face of the constant de-mands made on the First Lady, the un-expected emergencies which require her presence, the need to make official trips away from home. On any ordinary day, the White House estimates that she spends an average of four hours on official duties—and that does not include the time she must spend preparing for them.

No matter how often or how sincerely Jackie maintains that "I will not have my children raised by nurses and Secret Serv-ice men," the truth is that Caroline spends much of her day with just those people. Unavoidably, she is growing accustomed to a house full of servants eager to run her errands, carry her toys and amusing cir-cumstances.

It would be an error to say that a por-trait of Caroline's future should be painted entirely in somber colors. In many ways Caroline is making a very successful ad-justment to her present life and showing bright prospects for the future. She is bright, has the poise and patience of a much older child, and is usually interested in art and music. Most of the time she takes discipline very well indeed, and Jackie has been able to see that she does not become spoiled or demanding. During periods of comparative freedom with her Kennedy cousins at Hyannis Port and Palm Beach, she makes no attempt to claim the center of attention for herself; she is happy to be in the crowd.

But at this point, Americans who blithe-ly assume that Jackie's problems in rais-ing Caroline normally in the White House are all solved, are sadly wrong. Caroline Kennedy, the most beloved little girl in the world, is living a fairy-tale life—but whether the ending will be happy-ever-after is still very much in question.

"See what happens when you brush after every meal."

—CHARLOTTE DINTER
ing. Everyone knew I had my wedding dress and wanted picture. The pressure was on and Gary and I who needed more than anything in the world to sit down and talk quietly, never got to talk at all. There was a new problem every minute before we could solve the basic problem—ourselves.

That weekend we decided we'd go away—separately and think things out. We did. We both had horrible weekends. My cousin Carol and I went to Palm Springs and froze. Gary went hunting with a couple of friends and the fog was awful.

“We came back as confused as ever. Our life was at stake. I think I got scared. I talked to so many people, I became a composite of everybody, so did Gary. We just weren’t ourselves and every time we were together it was like two sticks rubbing. We’re both the same temperamement and we fly. Once we do, there’s no way of getting back to the level of talking. We break the sound barrier!”

“But, we had the sense to take a step backwards and say, ‘Gee, if this is going on, what’s going to happen later?’

“We broke our engagement.”

“Don’t think it was easy. It wasn’t. I lost twelve pounds doing it. What I’ve always wanted more than anything in the world is a woman’s life and it was almost mine. The one boy on earth with whom I’ve felt totally in tune is Gary. But something has gone out of it, all the youthful enthusiasm and fun. I have always said, and I’m a great believer in—if it’s to be, it’s going to be. If it’s not, it’s not.”

“My first womanly reaction was it’s over... not another minute will I spend on this boy and this relationship. Since then I’ve had quite a few surprises. I don’t believe the woman who has the reason that the reason for our break-up was a religious problem. This bored me. Gary and I are of the same faith, we had planned a beautiful church wedding, a religious difference is the last thing we’d have. Someone even suggested Gary had never even been divorced! That’s just ridiculous. Maybe it was one of the most prolonged divorces on record (filed March 25, 1957—finalized August 31, 1960)—but it was finalized and his first wife has remarried. Someone else suggested Gary’s financial status had something to do with it. From my point of view Gary’s financial setup is just fine. But worst of all were the rumors that my rejection of Gary was causing some one went so far as to remark, ‘Is it coincidence that Connie’s romance with Gary blows cold just as her romance with Warners blows hot?’ That really got to me.

“For Gary I was ready to quit chugging for a career. I was going to have ten babies. Yes, ten babies. We figured we’d have five of our own and adopt another five, children of different races. I was going to regear my whole life. But it sort of bounced back. And now my plans have changed—you know, you can’t just stop living.”

“I called the girls back in New York and sent them some money so they wouldn’t get stuck paying for the wedding clothes. I told them the truth, we’d postponed it indefinitely. It was a relief to have that off my mind. I was so worried about them, they (some of their husbands) were all wangling vacations to come here and I couldn’t just leave them up in the air.

“Two plastic bags...”

“Everybody goes on. It’s only been a week and a half since we reached a decision, although it seems like months, and everyone goes on.

“I’ve put my lovely dress in a plastic bag and the veil, all that lovely ivory tulle, in another. I’m saving that because eventually I’ll marry... someone... someday I hope before it gets to be too long. Unless I become one of those movie stars who never marry. But that will never happen, not to me! I’ve got too many names for children stored up in my heart. God forbid that I should ever become a sterile, celebrated, successful star without a woman’s life or a woman’s touch. I dread that more than anything. I work in this town, I’ve met some wonderful women who were lonely, who were also authoritative, almost masculine in handling their business problems. Sometimes I’ll go out of my way just to be sure I’m not guilty of the same thing. I’ll know exactly what’s to be done but I’ll hold back and wait rather than put myself in that spot of a dominating woman.

“Of course, with the career hit—it reminds me of when I was a kid and we used to climb up an escalator that’s going down. Have you ever tried it? I would say that next to climbing Mt. Blq. this is the toughest thing of all the tough things in this world. Try it sometime. And the career business is just like it. You just get started and something comes along that takes you down again. You’re determined to get to the top, and down you go. But sooner or later you acquire a second wind. I guess that’s what I’ve acquired because I feel ‘Sev’ral and happy.

“Partly that’s because Gary and I are able to breathe, get together and talk about it. I honestly don’t know if we can work this out. A great deal of something awfully special would have to happen to replace the glamour and verve... the pace. If it’s meant to be, sooner or later, it will be. But perhaps this marriage is something that would be right for me and not for Gary. If that’s the way it is, good enough, I wouldn’t want to hurt him. I really believe that there are many people who love each other very much but aren’t meant to marry. This may be true of us.

“Gary’ll always be in my life in some way or other. I’m used to seeing him and I’ll be lovers all our lives at a distance. It happens to some people. Anything is possible now because my life is an open book. For a while I was in a forest and kept running into the trees, but not now.

“Gary, of course, is more stable than I to begin with. Less emotional. I’ve always wished I could be like him. I’ve envied people like him. They sort of relax into things while with me it’s a mighty trauma. Yet at this moment, when I feel much..."
GARY SAYS

Continued from page 42

we set a date like the week after Easter. In the back of your mind you keep thinking, 'I've got to find out now. I've got to know now, because it's only thirty-three days away.' Under this strain, you'll keep arguing. You can't think clearly enough about anything to find out what's wrong.

"Doubtless it's a lack of maturity on both our sides. Connie and I keep arguing over nothing. Situations come up that just shouldn't exist.

"In the past we've often blown up at one another and had bitter arguments over some slight thing. And there's been a lot of hurt and a lot of pain. But I always thought a lot of things would dissipate themselves and no longer be a problem by the time we finally got married. And I still think we can.

"Everything seemed fine"

"For a while we were very close to doing this. When I gave Connie her ring three months ago and we started making plans, everything seemed fine. We got along great. Then, all of a sudden, it was all back again. There was no reason that I could see. And this non-communication—we were like two strangers.

"Maybe, as Connie feels, it's because of a lack of awareness on my part where Connie and her problems are concerned. If that's the case I've got to find out why. Anyway, we keep blowing up over nothing. Or rather, over what I felt was nothing, he adds.

Then, on Christmas day, they had a veritable quarrel-a-thon. That was the argument to end all arguments. Plus ending, in all probability, immediate plans for their wedding. As Gary says, "I think that was the argument that started everything. That one started . . . the reaction." Connie and Gary were making Christmas visits, and the first was the home of his former wife and her husband.

"But we started arguing before we left Connie's house," Gary says now. "I don't even remember what started it. That's irrelevant anyway. But it was just nothing. Connie was in a very low mood Christmas day, and I tried to pull her out of it. I really tried—but I just couldn't do it.

"We left the house and went over to see my boys and take car coats and gifts we had for them. Connie was fine with them. The boys love her. We took pictures of Connie with them, and she was laughing and everything was apparently fine. We left the house, and she was right back in the mood again. We got out to my Dad's place, and she was the life of the party. Laughing and crying, and hugging everybody. Then just as soon as we got back in the car, back in the mood. We went on to my brother's house, and my mother was there, and Connie started telling her about the argument. And exaggerating everything, and I was saying, 'Wait a minute, it wasn't that way at all,' and she kept needling, and I finally exploded and said, 'Forget it.'"

Connie feels Gary's thinking about them has been influenced by his first marriage. "That's been one of our big arguments," she says, "I've told him again and again, 'Please don't compare me with anyone else. I'm not like anybody else.' But Gary's confounding our problem with all the other troubles we've had. Instead of being optimistic about us and remembering, well gee whiz, it's already lasted six and a half years."

"I am probably influenced by my former marriage," Gary agrees, "but I know the heartache that was caused by the split-up. And I'm not comparing Connie with anyone. I'm making no personality comparisons at all. It's the end result that concerns me. I saw what could happen. I know the sadness that was there. I've seen how much the hurt can be. And I want to make sure this doesn't happen to Connie and me."

But Connie says "now or never." This seems like an ultimatum to Gary. Especially since they had set the date, gotten the bridesmaid's dresses, and even received some wedding gifts.

But with his concern for their future, "I didn't feel we should let a diamond or a dress, or the press, influence us at this time. We'd made no official announcement about the wedding, and it was unfortunate that the news leaked out. For at that time we were just finding to iron things out between us, and the pressure from the press, added to the rest of it, only made it tougher. Neither of us could really think."

"Close to Valentine"

Ironically enough, the columns announced a wedding just when they realized it was too late to change things. They'd been making plans since Gary had given Connie her four-carat triangular shaped diamond in October. They'd chosen picturesque St. Francis de Sales Church in Sherman Oaks for their wedding. And they had decided to be married on February 9, which, as Gary says, "Was the closest date we could get to Valentine's."

Contrary to the plans printed, a church wedding presented no problem, other than their own awareness of the binding vows they would be exchanging there. "Connie wants a church wedding, and so do I," Gary says. "Why would two people who love each other be married out of the church with the thought . . . Well, if it doesn't work, we'll get a divorce."

No religious problems

"There was no problem with the church. My first marriage was performed by a minister of another faith in a wedding chapel. But we had to get all our certificates and things in order, and we couldn't announce a date until then."

But there were outside pressures. Connie was being sued for half a million dollars. Gary's contract with a major record label had hit a snag. His ex-manager was suing him for $25,000 to settle their contract. And he was working virtually around the clock on the set of "The Virginian," at Revue Studios.

"Connie says part of our trouble is the whole thing is too much responsibility for me now," Gary goes on. "True, there would be studio problems, our problems and financial problems, and whether or not I can cope with all of them now is the important thing. With her sensitivity, am I going to make Connie's life miserable because I'm too involved with my own problems and career?"

"Our problems are within each of us, and they have to be solved individually. Connie can't help me with mine. This is something I have to do by myself. Which is what I have done all my life."

"I'm hoping the realization that we're so close to spending the rest of our lives together will help provide the answers for whatever has been wrong between us. Provide a more solid basis for a better understanding. And one thing sure, I think our love is going to last."

As this is written their official status is fairly indefinite. By Gary's decision the wedding is postponed. By Connie's they're no longer engaged.

Connie and Gary are together a lot. And getting along. And Gary still has marriage very much in mind.

"Connie and I are seeing one another and it's all very pleasant," he says. "We're not arguing, and I hope we can keep on relationship this way. That's the only way it will work.

"I know, we love each other. We've started again now—fresh. And I'm going to try and just make this thing bloom all over again. Then when it's right—for Connie—for both of us, I'll say, 'All right, next Thursday is a very good day for a wedding.'"

What if Connie has another date?

"Well, if Connie's going to have those ten children," grins Gary, "she'd better be there."

—MAXINE ARNOLD

See Gary on "The Virginian," via NBC TV, every Wednesday night at 7:30 EST.
a big box of Baby Ruths, and Baby Ruthed myself all the way to Hollywood. I was so hungry when I got there I could have eaten wheat germ.

He didn't have to try wheat germ—at least not right away. But he had to munch on something far worse, for Gleason. Hollywood forced him to eat crow.

As Jackie tells it, "They wanted me because I was so funny. Then they forgot why they wanted me. Or if I did get a role the assistant director always said, 'Gleason, hold this pistol.'"

Now he tried wheat germ—a steady diet of it. He pared down to one hundred eighty-five pounds—perhaps they'd take notice of him if there wasn't so much of him to notice. But the studio big-shots said a thin Gleason just wasn't funny.

So he started stuffing himself during the day and sneaking down to the ice box (and the bar) at night (resembling, therefore, a "Volkswagen in pajamas"), and his weight shot up. Fat and funny again, he was miscast in "All Through the Night," "Springtime in the Rockies," "Navy Blues," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "Orchestra Wives."

Blue-eyed Arab

Jackie's facility for opening his mouth wide and then putting his foot in it is fully illustrated by what happened when he made his last picture during that first trip to Hollywood. "It was called Desert Hawk," and it was a lulu," Gleason says.

"I went to see the producer, and while I'm there he's having a pedicure. I want you to know. He was saying, 'Watch out, Mildred, how you cut the big toe,' and I was telling him what a great Arab I would make.

"Finally he said: 'Can you ride?' I said I could ride like the wind—I had never been on a horse in my life. He said: 'Can you duel?' I said I was a whiz at fencing—I didn't know the first thing about it.

"Then he said, 'You can't have the job.' I said why not, and he said: 'Because you got blue eyes, and Arabs don't have blue eyes.'

"I said: 'Then you're in trouble, bud, because your leading man has two of the bluest eyes I've ever seen.'

"The guy was really worried and he called up Research and said: 'See if there are any Arabs with blue eyes.' The answer came back that there may be two or even three Arabs with blue eyes. So he told me I could have the job.

"Now it was up to Jackie to make good on his boast that he could ride and fence. And he did just that. He proved he could ride a horse right into a fense. He didn't have to put his own foot into his mouth, the horse's hoof—after he was thrown the steed demerited it for him. And for an encore, the steed threw him again.

Gleason's bruises, fore and aft, grounded him for the duration of the picture. And it turned out that the color of his eyes just didn't matter. As the comic puts it, "I never got close enough to the camera for anyone to see my eyes. Most of the time I was peeping around somebody's back."

If Jackie's troubles were piling up during the days, they were nothing compared to what was happening to him at night. In an attempt to supplement his income of $250 per week from Warners and to keep his fat, he needed so badly—and which was denied to him as a bit-player in pictures—he doubled as a comedian at Slapstick Maxie's, an LA nightclub. His income did increase—at first Slapstick Maxie Rosenbloom, the onetime middleweight champ, paid him $150 a week, and this was subsequently raised to $325. And better think that the nightly applause was music to his ears.

But soon he was in hot water with the ex-champ.

Rosenbloom was trying his hand at being a funnyman and was a little unsure of himself. Jackie didn't help. One night Maxie was doing an impression of Noel Coward when Gleason interrupted, with the lines the ex-fighter had learned to dread, "You poor soul. I feel sorry for you."

That did it. Jackie had opened his mouth once too often and Maxie was determined to put his own fist in it. He rushed at Gleason; and the fat man—remarkably fast on his feet for one carrying so much weight—backpedaled furiously and then dashed up the aisle with Maxie right at his heels. The audience roared. But Jackie, ducking out into an alley, barely escaped.

Maxie had hardly cooled down when, a few nights later, Jackie baited him again. Rosenbloom had a sure-fire laugh line that drew attention to his own ugliness. He had 'hundreds and fifty fights,' he'd say. Gleason, 'Which is your best?'

This time Jackie couldn't hold his tongue—and almost had it slammed down his throat. "Betting on you," he ad-libbed.

The ex-champ clenched his fists, moved towards Gleason, and again the fat man backed up. But Maxie, perhaps remembering his fruitless dash a few days before, would not even walk off the stage screaming. "I'm not gonna work with that guy anymore. You can't depend on him."

Jackie strikes out

This was not the first time that Jackie Gleason had stirred up the wrath of a ploy. Back in the days of his comic career, a three-year stint at a toughhouse joint in Newark, known affectionately by its customers as "The Bucket of Blood." His main activity, outside of introducing the other acts and doing impersonations of famous celebrities, was insulting the customers, the management and the help.

Sometimes his needling induced more than laughter. One night, after he married dancer Genevieve Halde, for in-stance. (He was twenty and she was nineteen at the time.) The club had closed early, and the owners were treating bride, groom and pals to a wedding breakfast.

Everything was champagne and laughter until it came time to serve the special feast. Brod put down his ladle and refused to cook the turkeys. His reason?
The night before he'd heard Gleason tell the people in the club that he'd rather carry the weight of dying than have them know they'd eaten Weld's food. Gleason was right. He'd be bottled and sold as wallpaper paste.

The chef's reaction to Jackie's sharp tongue was mild compared to that of a fat, balding man who came into the club one evening. The customer heckled Jackie and gave him the needle right back. The MC's barbs were crude but they also were effective.

"I dare you to come outside," the customer yelled at the MC. Jackie grinned bravely. This would be an easy meal. He was bigger, younger and fatter than this guy. Nothing to it.

Jackie was right. There was nothing to it. "I never knew what hit me. Later on, they told me it was Tony Galento." (Gale-nton, in case you don't remember, came close to being heavyweight champion of the world.)

At least Galento was a pro, and being kayoed by him was no disgrace. But when he made that first trip to Hollywood, to have his ego battered and bruised by the studio people that really hurt.

When he was dropped by the studio after "Desert Hawk" he decided to at least put Hollywood behind him in style.

He'd come out by train—with a wallet full of Baby Ruth wrappers; he was going back to New York by plane.

But the plane crashed-landed at Phoenix and Jackie was stuck out in the middle of nowhere. The other passengers prepared to transfer to other planes and go on to New York. But that wasn't for him. He could tell an ill omen when it hit him.

The trouble was that he wouldn't be able to get a refund on his ticket until weeks later, and here he was with just a few dollars in his pocket and not even a Baby Ruth to call his own. But wait a minute! He had a checkbook; he was the Great Gleason. Easy. He'd cash a check.

**An ace in Phoenix**

The airline turned him down: a bunch of banks turned him down; and he was forced to go from store to store asking on the main street of Phoenix trying to find a yokel who would recognize the Great One and accept his check.

Finally, in a hardware store, he ran into the man he was looking for. A patron of the arts. A devotee of the cinema. A guy who said "sure" as soon as he was asked. But hold everything—this Ace was a Joker. He didn't take the Great Gleason at face value.

Positive identification? "Sorry, pal, I packed so fast I left all my important papers in Hollywood."

But just as he was telling the hardware guy this, Jackie Gleason happened to look across the street. There it was, the miracle! Aybique with the title "Navy Blues" on it. "In that one," Jackie said.

"Fine," said the Joker who was beginning to be an Ace again. "Let's go across and examine the still pictures behind the glass out front. That'll be proof positive that you are who you say you are."

Across the street they went. But Jackie's photo wasn't among those in the "come-on" scenes. "A silly oversight. Jealous among the cast... Can't understand it."

"Okay," said the hardware guy, "why don't we go in and see you?"

Jackie, always the big-shot, plunked down his last two bucks for tickets, and in they went. "Navy Blues" had been on network TV all week through the rest of the film Gleason didn't appear in a single shot.

"It's the cut version," he humphed. "Those so-called stars were so jealous that they threw their weight around and had my big scenes edited out."

The hardware guy was patient. They'd see the pictures live from the start. But first there was a newsread. And a cartoon. And a full-length mystery. And coming attractions. And an intermission for the patrons to buy stuff from the stand at the back of the theater.

The hardware man said he was hungry; and Jackie, always the gracious host, dog down after his "Tony's Cafe." Bought fifteen cents and bought his guest a box of popcorn.

The coming attractions flashed on and off. Then the title "Navy Blues" appeared on the screen, followed by a listing of the cast of characters, "See! See! There's my name!" he yelled as "Jackie Gleason" loomed up and dissolved instantly.

But wait. He was seated deep in the popcorn box when he was fishing out the last crumb from the bottom.

A third of the film went by. No Gleason. Suddenly, looking like a walrus in Navy whites, he covered the whole screen. "See? See?" he pounded the other guy on the back, "There I am. See?"

"That's you, all right," the store owner said, "you're fancier in real life."

"Good. Fine. Let's go, pal. The check?"

"Sure. But let's wait to the end of the picture. I never leave in the middle."
then the singing. And she remembers Uncle Calle's voice calling out to the others, a few minutes after she had begun. "Look at my niece. See how well she moves. Like Pavlova. And how she sings. Like Jenny Lind. See, see how well she performs."

"Hej!" she remembers someone else calling out then. "Stop. Stop everyone. Give the child some room. Let her sing and dance alone."

"Hej, Hej, Hej!" she remembers the others calling, then shouting, as they stood around her in a big circle and clapped their hands together in time with her steps and her song.

First applause . . .

"Hej!"—and the sound remains in her head today, the sound of the very first applause she ever received, that Christmas Eve when she was only two-and-a-half.

There is, too, the awesome memory of the first time she ever heard of the glamorous entertainment form which she would someday be involved in—the movies.

She was nearly four years old now, and talking with her mother about Stockholm.

"And how is it different from Valsoyby, Mamma?" she asked that day, as they talked. "You have told me about the palace where the king and his family live, and about the park where they keep the animals, and about the tall buildings so much taller than we have here. Is there anything else different about Stockholm, Mamma?"

"Well, I answered her mother, "let me see. Let me think. "Then: "Ah, yes. The cinema, of course. There is much cinema in Stockholm. Something we most certainly don't have here in Valsobybyn."

"Cinema, Mamma? What is that?" Ann-Margret asked.

And Anna Olson described the big dark theaters with their hundreds of seats where people went to see a play on a huge screen, a play about love or adventure or music, about things to make you laugh and to make you cry.

"How wonderful it sounds," said Ann-Margret, wide-eyed with delight. "Do you think that one day, Mamma, I shall ever be able to go to a cinema?"

"To which her mother answered jokingly, "you keep singing and dancing as much as you do, and I think that perhaps you will end up being on the screen rather than in front of it!"

There is, of course, the memory of the first boy Ann-Margret ever fell in love with. She was all of five by now. And he came one day from a region of Sweden even further north than Valsobybyn. He was tall and blond and very strong looking. He must have been seven years old—or maybe even eight. He came to Valsobybyn with his father, a dealer in reindeer hides, for only a few days. Ann-Margret first saw him when he and his father checked into the town's single hotel. She smiled at him. He smiled at her. For the next few days everyone she saw another they smiled. And then, suddenly, the boy was about to leave—his father having sold enough reindeer hides for them to be off to another town. where they would do some more business.

"Ann-Margret, child! What are you so flushed-looking about?" her grandmother asked that morning as the girl rushed into the bakeshop.

"Grandma, oh Grandma, may I bake a cake—please?" Ann-Margret asked.

"Bake a cake? I think you look like you?"

"Hmmm'mm," her grandmother hmmmmed, not understanding what this was all about—except that it was obviously important. "Well . . . all right. But I must help."

A little while later, the special cake was baked . . . a beautiful little thing.

Then she clutched the package and ran to the hotel down the street. She got there just in time, as it turned out—just as the boy and his father were about to leave.

"God dag," Ann-Margret said to the boy. "Hello."

"God dag," he said back to her. She handed him the cake.

"Adjoy," Ann-Margret then said to him. "Goodbye."

"Adjoy," said the boy.

They stared at one another.

"Come!" the boy's father hollered suddenly, gruffly, "let's be off from here."

And so the boy did as he was told, and he was gone.

And so had Ann-Margret's first romance begun and ended. . .

"Of the memories of those early days back in Valsoybyyn, however, the ones Ann-Margret remembers most concern the letters which she and her mother received from her father, Gustave Olson.

They came, from America, every few weeks.

They were long letters, filled with love and loneliness and hope for the future. They were about loving about Ann-Margret and her mother, the moment they arrived . . . then read again a few times during the day . . . and, finally, read once, more when the little girl got into bed at night, and as she dozed off to sleep.

Usually, just before the letters were read, Ann-Margret would ask her mother: "Where is my Poppa?"

To which her mother would answer: "In a place called Chicago. In the nation of America."

"And why did he go away from us, Mamma?"

"To find work, as an electrician, to make a better life for us.""

And why did he not come back, or send for us?"

"Because of a war that now rages through the world, Ann-Margret. Because it is dangerous for us to even try to cross the ocean during a time like this."

"Is he young like you, Mamma?"

"He is eighteen years older than I."

"Such an old man? Why did you marry, Mamma?"

"Because I loved him. Because he is fine and good. And because eighteen years make that much difference when there is love."

And she remembers—early in 1946, at
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Appraisals,
had what it took—that singing and dancing was going to be her life.

Following the coffee and songs at Uncle Roy's and Aunt Gerda's, Ann-Margret was taken to her home in America—an apartment actually, the second floor of a two-story house on Lake Avenue and directly next door to where her aunt and uncle, Mina and Charlie Erickson, and their daughter, Anne, lived.

Rememberes Anne (now married and living in East Orange, New Jersey): "I was twelve at the time and an only child and was terribly excited that a little cousin was coming from Sweden and was going to live right next door to us. But when she arrived, and as I got to know her, she became more like a little sister to me. She was so adorable, to begin with. She was such a kind little girl. Everything about her, in fact, was so sweet and nice. She would sit there for hours and hours, and she was so appreciative of anything you'd do for her. I remember how for months before she came, her father had spent so much time preparing her little room—with a record player, and little stuffed toys and all kinds of frilly little things. And when Ann-Margret saw the room they had prepared for her, she just laughed and laughed so happily that you'd have thought she'd burst with excitement. As far as I was concerned, well, there wasn't enough I could do for this little girl. Not as a favor, I don't mean it that way. Just to be with her is what I mean.

I think the times I remember most were when we'd be in her house and she'd go to her mother's closet and dress up in Aunt Anna's clothes—long dress, high heels, big hat—and sing and dance for me. And the funny thing was that every once in a while I would think to myself, 'Some day, years from now, I'll be in a theater somewhere and the lights will go down and Ann-Margret will come out and sing, not like her father had told me to do, and thousands of other people.' And after she sang, of course, I would always applaud. And in my mind, somewhere in the back of it, I could hear the applause of those other thousands—even though she was not yet six at the time—even though they were only little Swedish songs she sang then.

People in Fox Lake who remember her—and there are many—recall that she was "rather quiet," "reserved." "extremely polite" and "extremely close to her parents.

A former grade school teacher of Ann-Margret's remembers this encounter with the girl one afternoon: "She was just about to leave school and I called her to me at that time, and I told her how well her English was coming along and how she must be studying it at home all the time.

"Oh, yes," said Ann-Margret, 'I study it much. That is, when I am not taking my toe-dancing lessons with Miss Young.

"Toe dancing lessons," I said. 'Now isn't that wonderful.'

"Not only that," said Ann-Margret to me, 'but I began to learn piano and put it all together in music lessons with Mr. Hallin.

"Of course, I knew it was none of my business, but at this point I couldn't help asking: 'Isn't this all rather expensive for your parents, Ann-Margret? These are fine teachers they've chosen for you. And they don't come free.'

"To which Ann-Margret answered: 'You are right. It doesn't come free. To help pay for the lessons my mother does cleaning work two or three times a week. And my father works overtime at his job. But it is worth it, they say. They say that I have a good feeling for music in me. That I was born with this feeling in me. And that now it is up to all of us to cultivate this feeling.'

Saying this, Lake neighbor of the Olsons: "I don't think there's any hiding the fact that Ann-Margret's parents were very poor. But came the time when she had to give a recital at Miss Young's, and Ann-Margret got the best pair of ballet slippers available. Her parents saw to that. And came the time she needed a special costume or something, and there was Mrs. Olson, that I just don't know how she did it, but she was always there—swinging the dress together and then putting on the sequins, one at a time, dozens, hundreds of them, sequin after sequin.

Another new life

When Ann-Margret was eleven—and the recital count had undoubtedly reached the thousands—and mother and father decided that it was time for them to leave Fox Lake and move on to another Chicago suburb named Wilmette.

Their reason was a very simple one. They had heard about a high school called New Trier in Winnetka, just this side of Wilmette. They had heard that academically it was the finest high school in the state of Illinois, and that—equally important—it boasted a music department that was probably second to none in the entire country.

Ann-Margret, it happened, was more than a little loath to leave Fox Lake at first.

"But Mamma ... Poppa ... we have hills here and we can ski in the winter," she said, in one of her rare rebellions. "And Auntie Gerda and Uncle Charlie and everybody here, and we don't have any more friends here."

To which her parents replied, "The hills will remain. Ann-Margret. We can always come in the winter to ski. We will always be able to see everybody here. As for friends, believe us, you will make new ones. Besides, we are only going a short distance away.

And so a couple of months later the Olsons left Fox Lake for the town and the school that would make all the difference to a young girl's life, and her future. . . .

"It's funny," says Ann-Margret today, "how all the children were so afraid to leave the place I knew so well. But what my mother and father put me through was not out to be true. Of course, we went back to Fox Lake to ski. Of course, we continued to see our family. And, of course, I made new friends. . . . The very best friends I ever had were in Wilmette, in fact. There are three especially, and their names are Joanne Stremmel, Holly Salzano and Sharon Laver. You should talk to them before you leave me. I'm sure they'll tell you things about me I've even forgotten." (smiling) "or maybe I will wish I had forgotten. . . ."
We talked first to Sharon Lauer, now a student at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, who is Ann-Margret's heart's best friend. Sharon's heart was that of a quiet, sensitive, and gentle soul, and she knew how to handle the boys well.

"I was the first of the three to meet Ann-Margaret. My assignment at school was to show her around, to introduce her to some of the other boys and girls, stuff like that. We became good friends right away, and we were forever at one another's house. I'd always go to Ann-Margaret's and her mother would pick her up for school, and she was properly late. She'd gulp down her breakfast so hard I thought she was going to get an awful stomach ache. Then, after school, we'd go to her house. Usually, my mother had made a big batch of divinity in the day—that's a certain kind of fudge—and Ann-Margaret liked it so much she'd eat it up, quite a bit. She was a wonderful girl. You could talk to Ann-Margaret and you always had the feeling that she was listening to you—something a lot of people don't seem to do. And the more I knew her, the more I loved her. All through high school—and later—we were the very best of friends. You could tell her the deepest and darkest secrets, and she would tell you other secrets.

That was one of the reasons for our friendship. Was she popular with the other kids? Yes. With lots of them. Lots. Except that something very strange happened at the beginning of our senior year, something I'll never forget. Ann-Margaret had been a cheerleader for three years, and the best assistants the school had ever had. We, her good friends, all assumed that she would be chosen head cheerleader during her last year. But she wasn't. A lot of the kids suddenly thought that she had too much. They were jealous of her. They think. They jealous. And although Ann never indicated any disappointment over this, they just thought she was popular.

We talked next to Joanne Stremmel, now a business school student in Wilmette, who told us: "I guess I first saw Ann-Margaret when we both were twelve. It was at a square dance given by the Boy Scouts. The first thing I noticed was her long hair. The second thing was that she really knew how to square dance. She was the best in the room. She was a wonderful girl. People, and I think they appreciate her so much and so indissolubly don't know a very important thing about her—they don't know that she never thought anyone not good enough for her to go out with. I mean, she found a little bit about everybody to like. So where another girl might turn down a date because 'I don't like his eyes or his mouth,' she might take me to a movie—Ann-Margaret would think 'He's very polite' or 'He has a nice sense of humor' or, if he didn't have a nice sense of humor, 'Well, he certainly tries hard enough, and what more can you ask?' And so she'd go out quite a bit here in Wilmette, just as she does now in Hollywood. And the reason for this is—she's famous, and the second number two: I think it would break her heart to have to turn anybody down. You know, it pleases me a little to see some of the things some people write about her nowadays. I know that if you're famous you can expect just about anything. But still, it pleases me. Just as it used to back in high school when so many girls and boys jealous of Ann-Margaret they couldn't see straight. Oh yes, there were more kids who were jealous of her than those who praised her. It's ironic how some of the same girls who used to make all kinds of snide remarks about Ann-Margaret—her long hair, her singing, her dancing, the fact that she was cheerleader for three years, the fact that she was so popular with the boys—now will come up to me..."
There were a few people who I guess, were jealous," says Ann-Margret, dismissing that subject with those few words. "But more important to me were the people who were my friends—girls like Holly and Joannie and Sharon. And the teachers who helped me. There were so many, I couldn't begin to list them all for you. But I guess the one I remember best is Dr. Peterman, head of the music department at Trier. He believed so much in me. He was the one who told me my career might well be in movies one day. Of course, I hate to say it, but there was a time I resented him. It was my freshman year. I tried out for the role of Ado Annie in "Oklahoma." And Dr. Peterman turned me down saying I wasn't right for the part. I was crushed. I really thought he had something against me. When I got to know the show, however, I realized that he'd been right.

"Of course I was right," Dr. William Peterman told us, smiling. "I could see from the beginning that Ann-Margret had great potential, was loaded with talent. But she had to learn early that while she could do much, she couldn't expect to do everything.

"She was thirteen the first time I met her. It was a very impressive meeting. I was sitting in my office the first or second day of school, I remember, and a few of the kids came up to me and said, 'Hey, Doc, do you want to hear somebody who can really sing?'

"Now, New Trier is a large school—I think we had nearly eight-hundred kids in the freshman class that year—so I don't have time to see everybody. But this day, for some reason, I managed to make an exception.

"They took me to this room, I remember. "I saw her standing there—pretty girl, long hair, bright and very intelligent eyes. "I said to her, 'Okay—sing.'

"She said, 'I wish there were somebody here who would accompany me on the piano.'

"I said, 'Forget the piano, just sing.'

"And she said—I'll never forget it—'Fine. I don't need a piano anyway.' She didn't say it in a brassy tone of voice. She said it as though she really meant it. And when she started singing, believe me, Ann-Margret Olson didn't need a piano.

Not all glamour

"I coached her as much as I could during the next four years, as did others in my department and in the drama department. She learned a lot here, too—despite her innate talent. I hear that she's considered one of the most promising young people in Hollywood today. Well, she should be—because she got good training here at New Trier. She learned, first of all, that show business is not all glamour. She knows you've got to study to get anywhere in it. She knows her left foot from her right, and upstage and downstage, and what a light board is.

"Tell me she'd be in movies one day? Yes, that's true. It was after she did 'Plain and Fancy' for us here. She was excellent in it, truly excellent. Afterwards I had a talk with her and I said, 'Look, gal, I predict big things for you. The movies, probably.'

"She began to laugh.

"'Don't think I'm just being complimentary,' I said. 'You're photogenic. You can act and you can sing and you dance well. If the break comes, I predict just that—Hollywood.'

"And she said to me, 'Impossible, Doc. Just impossible.'

"Well, a year-and-a-half later she sent me a telegram. 'You were right,' she wired me. '...I made it.' —En De Blasio

(to be concluded next month)

Ann-Margret's in Col.'s "Bye Bye Birdie.'

FRANKIE AVALON

Continued from page 46

the railing. There has never been a Hollywood wedding quite like this. There are no stars here, and no fans. I count twenty-three guests, each person related by blood or by love to Frankie and Kay. They exude a sort of radiance, the place is luminous with it. Above the doorway is graven Mateo Dei Vallis Regina Ora Pro Nobis.

Here comes the bride ... the wedding march fills the little chapel. Gretchen Wayne, Kay's sister, comes slowly down the aisle, her suit bright yellow raw silk, a sheaf of white roses on her arm. Her daughter, three-year-old Elisha, tries to attract her attention, Gretchen smiles se-

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This is Monsignor Harry C. Meade who has known the Deibels for many years, who has known Frankie since he has been attending church with Kay, who certainly helped them in their wish to keep their wedding a secret—"You voluntarily surrender your individuality to love," he is saying. "You become one in heart, mind, and affection.

Frankie's mother and father sit close together. Kay's mother and father sit close together, everyone is totally involved. Love is perfect and so loved the world that He gave His only Son. The Son so loved us He gave Himself for our salvation. May your love grow deeper and stronger as life goes on...."

And now the cross of it. "... Do you Frank Thomas Avallone take this woman, Kathryn Deibel, for your lawful wife, to love and to hold, have and to cherish, in sickness and in health, until death do you part?"

Frankie looks right at her. He answers firmly. Then Kay. The rings are blessed, they are exchanged, now the nuptial mass.

When the mass is celebrated, Frankie and his bride kneel before the altar, so quiet, they might almost be as grave as the image of the mother of God above the altar. You see Frankie's neat dark head, the well formed shoulders, he's a strong man, stronger than I'd ever realized, kneeling there. And Kay is a dainty girl but not frail. She has inner strength. Together they were to have the will to cope with marriage, make it work, make something joyous out of living.

This is the girl who could have been a movie star, she was a Miss Rheingold runner-up. She did some TV commercials, she was signed to a contract at Warners. But she didn't like the acting bit, she didn't want that kind of life. Kneeling every morning at this same church, taking communion, she prayed for a woman's life—happiness, a marriage in which she could find her career.

This is the boy who soared as a teenager and enjoyed everything life had to offer. I remember his telling me four years ago, "Everything I've done, I've done out of sheer enjoyment. I've done out of deep love for my parents... out of friendship for my relatives, managers, friends and fans. If there's any feeling that has been constant in my life it's the feeling of love. I'm sentimental. I love people and can't ever forget what my parents sacrificed for me, how wonderful my managers have been to me, how friends and fans have plugged for me through thick and thin."

And he dreamed of someday having someone to share it all with—the traveling, the excitement, the opening nights at the Copa and the one night stands in towns like Chanute, Kansas. The foreign locations for pictures in Spain and Italy. Only it seemed like something far away, something that would happen when he was twenty-eight or thirty.

The wedding mass goes on, and as I listen I can't help but think of how this romance began...

Five months and three days ago, he met Kay, the girl now kneeling before him. A Hollywood writer brought her over to his place one night. There was always an open house at Frankie's, always a card game going on. This night Frankie was playing gin with Bob Marcucci's Uncle Tom, Frankie's Uncle Tom was kibitzing and Uncle Joe was cooking up a storm in the kitchen. Bob's uncle and Frankie wandered in and out all evening, talking and listening to music and eating Uncle Joe's marvelous cannelloni and fettuccine. It was like a continuous party—it never broke up between two or three or four in the morning—no one ever wanted to go home.

"That was how they met... and that was the start of many magic meetings.

And, after those meetings, she would have to be up early, to get to her job—Kay was working downtown as a dental technician and comparing notes with her girl friends. They'd agree, "Tonight we're not going out there, we're going to be in bed by seven" and then they'd end up out at some famous place.

This was August and Frankie was off for a two week tour: Hawaii, West Virginia, Texas. Oh, he thought of Kay all right. "Five-three, very good figure and a plain kind of beauty," he told me. "Not all made up. She just wears a little eye make-up, a little lipstick, her hair's kind of long and she's very good, she doesn't do her own hair, sometimes when she comes down, she says she wants to cut it but I won't let her, not yet. After a while she can cut it but it's so pretty, sort of light but not blond, golden brown and her eyes are green. The main thing, she's very feminine.

And when he came back he called her. He took her to dinner at La Scala. "Have you noticed we've ever been alone," he said, "and I think I knew from that first night that this was what I wanted, I was going to marry this girl. It's funny, isn't it? You can't explain love. You can't possibly imagine it until you feel it. What was there about her? She's a very nice girl, intelligent, understanding, she has a great sense of humor, a mind of her own but she's flexible. And good looking, very very good looking, everything—exactly—what I've always wanted. She's even of the same faith, Catholic, I'm very happy about that. And she's deeply religious. You ask her what she's done all day and she starts always by saying, 'Well, I've been to Mass.' She goes to communion and carries her rosaries and now she has to going to church every Sunday, too."

The priest is mumuring in the altar boys are responding...

"Oh, and my parents love her," Frankie told me. "About a week or so after we started dating, my parents and Bob's parents—Well, they've always been along. Right after dinner the first night, Kay gets right up and starts clearing the table and she did her share of the dishes, my mother saw that—and they got along from the first. As a matter of fact my mother thought we felt right away. She kept saying to me, 'Looks pretty serious here, Mom.'...

No, she hadn't. When Kay and Frankie were together, you couldn't get them apart. They were always clinging together, holding on to each other, holding hands, stealing kisses. "We'd rather be going," someone would crack and Frankie and Kay would laugh..."
There was no question now in Frankie's mind. They had gay, laughing times and quiet, serious times. They'd go swimming together, dancing, to movies. They'd talk about everything, not always agreeing.

"This girl, another woman, she'll forget," I told me. "I kid her. I tell her she can't be right ninety-nine times out of a hundred, ninety-eight maybe, but not ninety-nine. I like the way she thinks, it's great. I love the way she talks. She's just right in any situation and everyone likes her. I'd look at her when she'd say something and murmur 'Marron.' And she'd want to know what that meant and it's hard to translate. But in Italian Marron sort of means "Wow!"

They were together constantly, he was going to marry her someday, he knew that. He was in love with Kay, but he didn't tell her, he held back, wondering about the responsibilities of marriage.

"I was in Frank's place. He had found everything he wanted in life and she was about to become his wife. How would Kay react? He rushed to the telephone, called her and told her. And as long as he lives he'll never forget her response. "Don't worry about a thing," she said. She didn't ask a single question. "She stuck right with me, the way," Frankie said.

A deep, beautiful male voice is singing the "Ave Maria." Mass continues ... a bell rings. . . .

She was in the audience for every show and everywhere she sang he sang to her. There was a time—earlier this year—when Frankie, playing the adult night clubs for the first time, singing ballads and standards, was so scared. . . . The first time he played the Sands he didn't eat for three days and couldn't sleep; he was so nervous. But not now, not with Kay there, not with Kay in the audience. They had a marvelous Christmas. Under the tree Kay had for Frankie a handsome dark blue knitted sweater, and under the tree he had for her a gold charm bracelet with a heart charm and engraved on the back of it one word, MARRON! It was the happiest Christmas, the richest, he'd ever had. So much was added, something different, he had someone to belong to.

And still he held back, said nothing. On December 29, ready to do his first show, he dropped by her room at the hotel. He just wanted to say hi, just wanted to find out if she was going to the first show or the second, and what would she like to eat for dinner. "Kay was in slacks and a shirt, her hair was up in rollers." Frankie's eyes dance when he remembers that. He had a few moments and they chatted, cheerfully enough about all sorts of things. Then Kay said quietly that she must make plans to get back to LA and her job.

"Let's get married," Frankie said.

"What?" she said, as if she were hearing wrong. "That's right . . . let's get married." "When?" she asked—just like that.

But there was no time to discuss that just then. They both suddenly saw the clock and Frankie kissed his girl and rushed downstairs to do his show.

"The next night between shows I took everyone out to dinner," he told me. "I was looking for just the right time and the right place to break the news. We found a very good Italian restaurant and Kay and I sat there, hand in hand, close together and my mother was kissing us. 'Well, did you see that arrow go by?' she said. 'Cupid's really working overtime tonight! Finally, after dinner, we got in the car and drove back to the Sands. All the time in the car, Kay and I were kissing and looking at each other and my mother said, 'When are you two going to get serious?'

"So I said, 'Being as how you asked, we'll probably get married in June.' You're kidding," she said. 'No, Mom, we're very serious,' I said.

So serious that they finally decided on January, First of all, why wait? Frankie is booked solidly and they want only one thing of him: that he come. Sometimes in the weeks that followed he wished they'd been married right then and there.

It wasn't easy, one week before the wedding, to awake one morning to a screaming headline: Frankie Avalon named by girl in baby case . . . and a three column picture of the "jilted" girl and the baby she says Frankie fathered. Put yourself in Frank's place. He had found everything he wanted in life and she was about to become his wife. How would Kay react? He rushed to the telephone, called her and told her. And as long as he lives he'll never forget her response. "Don't worry about a thing," she said. She didn't ask a single question. "She stuck right with me all the way," Frankie said.

A bell rings, the priest genuflects.

Now I can see him, standing at the altar, looking at the ring on her finger. I know he can still hear her voice in the jewelry store worrying about the diamonds . . . .

"Suppose I get some dirt on it working around the house, suppose I ever lost a diamond in this year's wedding," she worried.

"So what," Frankie'd say, "we'll have another diamond put in.

Communion is offered, the wafer to each tongue. The beautiful voice is singing, "Come then sweet Saviour to this morning place . . . Give to these children thy blessing and grace . . . ."

The wedding march again and up the aisle come Frankie and his bride. You've never seen anything like it on film. Happiness. Real and wonderful.

Outside the church, they now stand, the newlyweds, in the bright sunlight, facing a new life. Photographers are waiting, shutters click, a hundred teenagers crowd around to shout good wishes. Frankie kisses Kay.

The ceremony is over. Frankie Avalon has found his love . . . and his life.

Tonight they'll be dining in Mexico City at the Villa Fontana—the violins will be playing for them, the food will be superbly cooked for them, the moon will be shining for them. For this a new world . . . just for them. —JANE ARDMORE

Frankie will soon be seen in AIP's "Operation Bikini," Warners' "The Castillian" and MGM's "Drums of Africa."
LIZ TAYLOR

Continued from page 39

this way at all. If so-called startlets and models who have no place to go but up want to go in for these “nude” pictures, well, that’s their problem and heaven knows they have nothing to lose. But Arlene is an established actress and a syndicated columnist. Furthermore, as Mrs. Chris Holmes, wife of a Texas millionaire, and the mother of two children, she has an established place in society,” Miss Dahl sent her a letter in defense of her action, one sentence of which, at least, is as sad as it is revealing. “I was delighted to learn the magazine feels that some hope is left for those of us who have reached twenty or even thirty years,” Miss Dahl said.

The big question

But none of these special circumstances—the attempt to get a first “break,” the attempt to stave off the bill collectors, the attempt to prove herself still seductive—applies to Elizabeth Taylor. Yet she did choose to pose in the nude.

Why?

This question cannot be answered out of context—the context of Miss Taylor’s whole life, present and past. An examination of her past and her present leads us to settle on one word with which to characterize not only her posing in the nude, but also her flaunting of herself in recent years and her incessant flooding of most moral codes and conventions. That word is “exhibitionism.”

The great pioneers in psychology and psychotherapy have written volumes on this subject, but for a layman’s working definition of “exhibitionism,” let us turn to Webster’s Third New International Dictionary. There we find the following entry: “The act or practice of behaving so as to attract attention to oneself; extravagant or wilfully conspicuous behavior.”

This definition, oversimplified as it is, will serve our purposes. Does not Miss Taylor’s posing in the nude fall within this classification? And her flamboyant love-making in public with Richard Burton on the deck of that yacht off the Isle of Ischia? And her return to London at Christmas with Burton (they arrived in the same overnight sleeping train from Paris and checked into the same hotel, the Dorchester, where, incidentally, she and her husband Eddie Fisher had stayed during the previous trip—which, according to Swan, was the beginning of her indiscretion)?

Was it not “exhibitionism”—her gallivanting with Burton in Rome’s night clubs during the filming of “Cleopatra,” despite her alleged revulsion for publicity? As one writer pointed out, she didn’t have to carry on in public, for “where there’s a villa there’s a way.” Was it not “exhibitionism”—her amatory wresting with Burton in front of the cast and the camera crew on the set of the picture? And to go further back in her life—was it not “exhibitionism” when she appeared on Eddie Fisher’s arm in the crowded main dining room at Grossinger’s, not too many months after Mike Todd had died—while back in California, Debbie Reynolds waited for her husband to return?

Before we turn to Miss Taylor’s past to search out and find the genesis for this exhibitionism, the root causes for her need to expose her private life to the eyes of the world, we must make one further point about her compulsion: Exhibitionism is always disguised aggression. That’s a psychology fact. The exhibitionist may think he is giving society a slap in the face by his actions (remember Miss Taylor’s significant comment, “We respect public opinion, but we can’t live by it”), but in actuality the exhibitionist’s behavior is meant to shock and shame one person, usually a parent, close friend or relative.

Our clue to who this person might be. In 1960, Time magazine devoted an article to Miss Taylor by Dr. Harold Greenwald, a psychologist who, in writing in general about women who pose in the nude or near-nude before the cameras, said that such exposure can be interpreted as “an act of defiance against their mothers.” These women, he claimed, “are usually ones whose mothers have been very strict.”

Before we see Dr. Greenwald’s notion is valid in helping us to understand Miss Taylor’s behavior, let us test it briefly on some other actresses who have become famous (and infamous) for posing in the nude or near-nude and find out what results we come up with.

Marilyn Monroe certainly seemed to have rebelled against strictness, the one again-off strictness of her own mother (made even more unbearable because of the long periods during her childhood when she lost contact with her mother completely) and the rigid, unyielding strictness of a whole series of foster-mothers.

A dream of nudity

This unyielding strictness—added to the fact that young Marilyn was convinced she was ugly—gave rise to a recurrent dream she first had when she was six. In this dream, to quote her own words, “I was standing up in church without any clothes on, and all the people there were lying naked at my feet on the floor of the church and I walked naked with a sense of freedom over their prostrate forms.”

A dream of rebellion against discipline, of defiance against her “mothers.” A dream that she later was to be compelled to act out in real life.

The fusing of these two factors—parental strictness and a feeling of being ugly—was also operative in the early life of Linda Christian, who later was the life model for a much publicized nude statue. In recalling her childhood Linda says, “When I was a kid my father always said, ‘You’ll have to be very intelligent to get anywhere; you’re so ugly.’ And when he’d call ‘Blanca Rosa,’ which was my mother’s name, too, and I’d answer, he’d say: ‘Not you—the intelligent one.’

Kim Novak, whose ample bosom and unshathed legs first drew to her attention (and left little to the imagination), was also, as a child, painfully aware of her own unattractiveness: “Not many people..."
The roots exposed

What made this daughter of Count Lor-enzo Paolozzi, a descendant of Italian royalty, and of Alice O. Spaulding, of a socially prominent Boston family, agree to strip off her clothes in public for all to see? Well, no matter what she says the reason is, the roots of her present actions can be found in her past. Miss Paolozzi exposes these roots inadvertently when she says, “Even as a child, I couldn’t do things right. Once, when I was 12-years-old, I put on a nightgown that was slightly transparent. I wanted to show my mother I was growing into womanhood. She was so shocked, I’m not sure she’s gotten over it yet.”

It is not surprising, in the light of all this evidence, that Elizabeth Taylor fits into the same pattern. Heralded for years by others as “the most beautiful woman in the world,” she does not share the general estimation of herself. On the contrary, she has said many times that she does not consider herself not only beautiful, but nor did she feel she was beautiful as a child.

In the matter of strictness, Miss Taylor’s mother’s actions and attitudes toward her daughter took a peculiar form. A would-be actress herself, she concentrated all her energies on her daughter’s career.

“Smile Pretty . . .”

From the time Elizabeth was eight, Mrs. Taylor figuratively pushed Elizabeth. Pushed her out of bed and to the studio. Pushed her to be at makeup on time. Pushed her in front of the cameras. Pushed her to turn emotions on and off on cue . . . to study her lines . . . to smile prettily for the camera. In short, to be nice to the publicity people . . . to land bigger and better parts. Pushed her from childhood into premature adulthood.

When she tried the same tactics on Elizabeth’s two-year-ollder brother, Howard, he promptly pushed back. When, against his wishes, his mother arranged a screen test for him, he showed up for the appointment— but with all the style of a sugar off his head. No hair, no handiness, no gentlemanly looks, no test.

He had met his mother’s pushing with a counter-agression of his own. She backed down and he won.

But Elizabeth Taylor is incapable of such spontaneous rebellion, such open hostility. Besides, her mother had a powerful ally—the studio.

As did the others, George Stevens once told writer Bill Davidson about Miss Taylor, “In addition to the matriarchy in which she was raised, she also had an artificial patriarch imposed on her—the studio. It took the place of her own retiring father. The studio, like a domineering parent, was alternately stern and adoring. All day long, some official was telling her what to do and what not to do. She spent all her precious innocent and adolescent days inside the walls of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She worked on the set every morning and spent three hours in the M-G-M schoolroom every afternoon. She had no time to play, no time to spend with other children. Between takes, she was sent to a vacant room somewhere to study.”

It was an impossible, hopeless situation. They were too strong, too well armed. Instead of finding some way to push back, she tried to escape. Where? Into daydreams (years later she said, “I used to escape to the girls’ room”); into some hidden corner of M-G-M (Stevens recalls: “The school and the studio became the same to her, and when she ran off somewhere when I was setting up a new scene, she was really trying to play hokey from school”).

But when she ran away, someone always ran after her—her mother, a vice-president in charge of keeping tabs on Eliza-
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THE IRON LADY

beth Taylor, her teacher—and pushed her back in front of the camera.

What Elizabeth needed, of course, was to push back. Get it out of her system! Just push, as her mind could, because that wasn't the kind of girl who could push. So instead, her rebellion turned in on herself. Unable to punish the people who were pushing her (they were so powerful, they couldn't be wrong, she must be the one at fault), she punished herself. Her rebellion went underground and she almost tore herself apart.

The illnesses, for instance. After her first marriage ended in a quick divorce, she contracted the first of the many diseases and ailments that were to plague her through the years. And it is noteworthy that this first illness was colitis—recognized by most doctors as resulting largely from unrelieved psychological strain and unexploited hostility.

To some extent, the pattern of illnesses worked for her. She was now catered to, watched over, given sympathy and tokens of love. When an actress—your most valuable property—is inclined to be fragile and delicate, you treat her tenderly.

And so this turning-in-upon-herself (psychologists call it "retroactive behavior") worked for a while, all through Elizabeth's marriage to Mike Wilding and Mike Todd. But it didn't work well enough. The pains and pains weren't quite worth the results they brought. Besides, although the enemy bent, he did not break. Miss Taylor came close to self-recognition when she once said, "I'm the same as a key piece of machinery in a steel mill which is needed to make money for the mill owners. If I break down, it's their problem, not mine. My problem is to build some kind of decent life for myself in this crazy real world in which I make my living." (But then she backed away from the implications of her own words: If they push you around, you must push them back.)

As George Stevens says, "What most people don't know is that there has been a smoldering spirit of revolt in Elizabeth for a long time. I sometimes wonder if she didn't unconsciously precipitate the Elizabeth Taylor—Eddie Fisher affair deliberately because, in growing up, she finally had to give violent expression to her revolt." This is indeed a thought.

The real enemies

The only words that are misused here are "growing up." If Miss Taylor was really maturing, she was confronting her actual opponents. She could have "told them off" directly, face to face. She could have pushed the studio out of her life by saying, "I'm through. I never wanted this. I don't want it now. Get yourself another girl."

Instead, her delayed revolt burst forth in "exhibitionism," "extravagant" and "wilfully conspicuous behavior." She selected "things" which totally her..."dummy" because they were not the true objects of her disdain—Eddie Fisher, the press, public opinion, photographers, accepted morality, conventional ideas.

This same wild, pointless flaunting at authority can be seen in Brigitte Bardot's actions and words. "For the moment we are living as crazy people," she told one reviewer. "There is no principle or organization in our lives. Anyway, I don't care what people think."

To another writer who warned her that her career might "start a trend which would degenerate our institutions and finally destroy them," Brigitte replied, laughing, "Good! The morals would be destroyed. That's good!"

The same shrill, rebellious words can be heard from Christine Paolozzi. Rationalizing her true reasons for posing in the nude, she says, "I posed for that picture out of pure rebellion against the whole hypocritical society that was all around me."

A grain of Freud

But the trained psychologist, accustomed to interpreting words with a grain of Freud (and actions with a pinch of Jung), would be quick to point out that the voices of these young actresses and that the actions of these women are "dummy" actions, and that what they're really doing is attempting to work out, years later, the unfinished conflicts which still plague them from their youth. "Pay attention to me," they're saying to their mothers. "Look at me. Isn't there anything I can say or do that will make you know I'm really here?" Because the present acts stand the ghost of that other Elizabeth Taylor, the little girl. It is as though she is saying, "You hurt me, Mommy, so now I'm going to make you unhappy by doing something very naughty. You made me do things I didn't want to do, Mommy so now I'm going to hurt you more than you hurt me. You made me cry, Mommy, so now I'm going to make you cry. Really, really cry."

Yet, because once again her rebellion is roundabout and indirect, it can provide no release, no fulfillment, no triumph for Elizabeth Taylor. The grown woman is able to hurt, shock and shame people, and she is able to make those closest to her cry. But the little girl deep inside her still hasn't found a direct voice. Strangled and suffocated, its muffled, frightened sound is buried beneath Miss Taylor's I-don't-care words and actions.

Sometimes, for a fleeting moment, in a random gesture, an unguarded word, the little girl within Elizabeth Taylor manages to emerge. Muttering over and over again to herself (don't say it out loud, they might not love you if you do), she seems to be saying, "Leave me alone. Leave me alone. Please, please—leave me alone."

But because Elizabeth Taylor, child or woman, has never been able to say this to the studio or to her mother, and because she must either try to run away from them or attempt to arouse their sympathies through her illnesses or seek to shock and shame them by her actions, she could be a woman in a never-ending child-woman existence of striking out blindly at others and hurting only herself.

—The End

Liz is in 20th's "Cleopatra." Her next film is M-G-M's, "Very Important Persons."
the talk about trouble in their marriage. They wouldn’t even dignify it with a denial. They were acting within their rights, certainly. Still there is a time when gossip must be met sternly, with a reply.

That was the way Debbie finally decided to handle it.

"I don’t know who started the talk, but I’m not afraid," Debbie said quietly but firmly. "Perhaps it’s someone who has nothing better to do than make up stories. That doesn’t frighten me. People had a field day once before but they won’t have another. Let them talk. It can’t hurt me."

Debbie was not going to strike back at The Woman, as I’ve chosen to label the creature who started the rumors. Nor had Debbie any desire to castigate or criticize her.

"All I can tell you about my marriage to Harry is that it’s forever," said Debbie insistently, with dignity. "I went through one unfortunate marriage which didn’t work out. It won’t happen to me again because I am very, very lucky to have a man like Harry. He is a very good husband and wonderful, wonderful father to the children."

The wrong tree

As I talked with Debbie I couldn’t help but feel that The Woman who was trying to break up her marriage again was now barking up the wrong tree. Yet I had to satisfy my curiosity about one thing: How did the rumors start in the first place?

Did The Woman have any grounds whatsoever in starting the tongues gabling so virulently? Could it have been an argument Debbie had with Harry, perhaps in a restaurant, perhaps on a plane, perhaps backstage at one of her night club engagements?

Debbie paused in deep, careful thought.

"If there was an argument," she finally sighed softly, "it was one I’ve forgotten—and I’m sure Harry has, too. What husband and wife don’t have a word between them at one time or another? I don’t think any couple can claim they haven’t exchanged a harsh word or two at some point in their marriage. But that isn’t an invitation to file for divorce. I think it’s ridiculous to discuss it.

"I thought it was ridiculous, too, I reached the conclusion the instant I asked Debbie about the eight children Harry told me he and Debbie wanted.

Debbie laughed. It was as if she were saying, "How on earth did you get Harry to let you in on our private secret?"

"That’s right," she whispered, with surprise still seeming to hang on her words. "We have it all figured out. I have two children from my first marriage, Harry has four—and we’re going to have two more. That’ll make eight."

It was not long ago that Debbie suffered a miscarriage almost at the end of her pregnancy. The tragic experience had prompted some of Debbie’s detractors to criticize her. They said she had worked too hard, pushed too much when she should have taken it easy. They said that the pressure of working before the blinding, blazing kleig lights of Hollywood sound stages was too arduous for someone in Debbie’s condition.

Debbie had listened to the criticisms without losing her temper, without anger at those who hinted she might have done something wrong. Tragic though it was, the loss of her unborn infant had nothing to do with the nature or fervor of her activities. During her earlier pregnancies, she had faced each day with the same vibrant vitality, and, of course, her children’s safety and well-being.

The full impact of her loss still lingers in the recesses of her heart. But she bears it up under it well and, perhaps because of the loss, is determined more than ever to give Harry the children they both want so dearly.

Harry, as we all know, has been publicly profuse a number of times about his deep desire to have children with Debbie. And it is more than likely that is what prompted the first despicable rumor of a marital rift between Harry and Debbie.

After the infant’s death, Harry Karl was gripped by despair and grief. But The Woman, in the quagmire of her deformed mind, could not see Harry’s true feelings. Instead, as if looking at a mirror in a house of horrors, she saw not Harry’s genuine sorrow and pain, but her own, unbelievable invention—impatience, anger, and maybe even loathing of Debbie.

How does The Woman find out so many personal things about Debbie and Harry? How can she be everywhere? Very easily. For instance, Debbie goes into an exclusive shop to buy a hat. One of her first public ventures since her miscarriage. Harry is with her because she values his opinion. She absolutely falls in love with a concoction of pink tulle and roses, but Harry thinks it looks “silly.” And says so.

Now the shop, though high-priced, is not a private salon; anyone else may be there—and besides, this time The Woman may be there, listening, in the guise of a saleswoman, perhaps. With malicious glee, she designer is phoning the gossip columnists. It is her important moment! She has some exclusive dirt to tell! Result: Harry’s mild criticism of the fancy hat comes out as his comment that Debbie should act her age. And in another column as, "Debbie Reynolds and hubby Harry Karl are having words again. Don’t be surprised to hear an announcement from them soon.

Nothing could be more ludicrous. Just shortly after the heartbreak of losing their baby, I talked to Harry myself. He spoke only of his love and admiration for Debbie, and his plans to bring her whatever happiness he could.

"Well, for one thing," he said with determination, "more children. She’s a perfect mother and nothing would make her happier. She’s a real girl. What we want is to have eight children. I have four. Debbie has two. And we want two together.

"And it’s perfectly all right for her to go on and have as many children as she wants, you know. Sure, Debbie is a very
active girl, but that had nothing to do with the loss of the baby. The doctors assured us of that. They also assured us that there were no complications because of the loss and that if we want, we can go ahead and have a whole hostful of more children.

A likely couple

There probably isn’t a likelier couple in the whole bitter-heated temperamentally to handle a houseful of scampering, chattering, noisy, happy, children. Because as active and vital as Debbie is in her craft, Harry is just as much so in his own vast undertaking.

As head of a shoe manufacturing and retailing empire, Harry Karl is a human dynamo, spanning continents at the drop of a hat, dealing and doing nothing simultaneously and always ready for more. Even as I talked with him, he was cleaning up details on his latest venture.

“We’ve just opened another fifty stores,” he said with pride in his voice. 

Debbie’s determination to give her children the protection and security of a healthy, enduring marriage runs very deep. As with Hollywood to vitally clear to me that her most profound happiness is as a wife and mother — my private ambition,” as she calls it.

“We do everything together,” she said contentedly. “And Harry is a pure joy to the children — so kind, so gentle, so understanding. He makes sure that the children are always happy, that we do different places, different things. He’s absolutely crazy about Todd and Carrie, and believe me they’re just as wild over their new daddy.

“We spend as much time as we can with them. I myself never let working schedules interfere with my relationships with the kids. I’m with Todd and Carrie much more than the average working mother, and I think that one of the reasons why we work different places, do different things is because he’s the absolute best about Todd and Carrie. And believe me, they’re just as wild over their new daddy.

Inevitably the talk turned to Todd’s and Carrie’s real father Eddie Fisher. Debbie understands Eddie’s sense of loss in having given up the child, and she does not want to alienate Todd and Carrie from their father. When possible, she tries to allow a normal father-child relationship to develop between Eddie and the youngsters, even if it means taking part in the reunion herself.

Not too long ago, after he left Rome to Liz Taylor and Richard Burton, Eddie came to Hollywood to visit him. He offered to take them to Disneyland. They were thrilled but insisted that Mommy go along too.

Eddie and Debbie glanced at each other — and nodded agreement. Off they tramped, concealing whatever private emotions they had in order to present a picture of amiability and normalcy to what was a rather difficult situation.

And so, appearing for all the world like the loving husband and wife they once were, they took Todd and Carrie to the wonder-filled fantasy world of Disneyland, laughing, going on rides, eating cotton candy. Perhaps it was that innocent afternoon that was so gleefully and maliciously distorted by that everlasting peril to peace and to decent privacy — The Woman.

Was she there lurking in a crowd, almost tasting the scandal she could scarcely wait to spit out to all who would listen? Was hers the ever-present sick mind that always worked to make the least ignominious some unfounded wickedness into such guileless pleasure? No one can say for certain. Yet a short time afterward, a dark rumor began circulating that Debbie was “tired” and “disenchanted” with Harry. The Woman didn’t stop there. So soon that thick black lie was heard that Debbie was actually “courting” Eddie, hoping to win him back. Then came the talk of an “imminent reconciliation” with Eddie and, finally, the grotesque charade of a swelling, fuming Harry Karl, white with rage at his treacherous, imagination ran riot.

All in a day’s work

The Woman had certainly done a day’s work, but in the end it exposed it for what it really was. A pocket of vicious, empty lies. Lies that really had been doomed from the beginning. For Harry Karl is a sensitive, intelligent man. He realizes that no one can ever wholly estrange a child from its natural father, regardless of the circumstances that keep them separated. Nor should they be. It’s important for Debbie to be around Eddie. Debbie Fisher is Todd’s and Carrie’s father. He should — and will — continue to see them.

That means Eddie and Debbie will necessarily be thrown together occasionally — in the years to come. But because of Harry’s deep and abiding faith in Debbie, and of her own deep warmth and love for him, both know that neither Eddie nor anyone can ever come between them.

Despite the malevolent gossip, Harry and Debbie look forward eagerly to the fulfillment of the happy years ahead. Not that they aren’t aware of certain obstacles. They do exist. They’ve had to, in a family where the husband is a dynamic million-aire businessman and the mother a world-famous actress. But both have the temperament to recognize the obstacles and overcome them.

We were concluding our talk. Debbie and I, when she said reflectively: “I know I live in a golden-bowl, but that’s the price you have to pay in this business. But I’m not tired of it. If I were, I’d get out. When I was very young, I’d walk down the street and no one would look at me. Now it’s different. People come up to me all the time and they see me, dressed up as I am. I don’t scrounge around as I used to, in slacks and pedal pushers.”

“Most people are very polite. They just look at me. They see me and they either like me or don’t like me. Sometimes I can hear them whisper about me. They don’t know I can hear them. If they say anything bad, I have to take it as part of showbusiness. It’s taken a long time and I’m still not used to it.”

Life in the bowl

Maybe Debbie never really will become accustomed to inhabiting a “golden-bowl.” But experience, some of it bitter, has taught her to endure it. Few people, men or women, were ever exposed to so harsh a public spotlight as Debbie Reynolds during their short marriage, when her marriage with Eddie Fisher had ended and, later, with Elizabeth Taylor playing the siren role, disintegrated completely. They were agonizing, merciless, humiliating days for Debbie. But from them she emerged with a new and valuable wisdom. Never again would she allow her private life to stand naked before the world. She is determined. The Woman, then, is really Harry Karl will retain the priceless intimacy so vital for lasting peace and happiness.

She may achieve it. Yet she may not. One person looms forever as a threat to that treasured privacy Debbie wants so desperately. The Woman who is trying to break up Debbie Reynolds’ marriage.

She is the housewife, imprisoned in her workaday drudgery, who with idle gossip, and the famed and the celebrated, receives a vicarious shot in the arm.

She is the teenager, the secretary, the receptionist, the nurse, even teacher, who overhears some fragment of fact— or fancy — and casually passes it along to friend or fellow worker, where it becomes the link in a vicious chain that ultimately wraps itself around the throat of the victim.

She is a sick woman, an endless feeder of venom out of her own loveless life. Strangely enough, The Woman is sometimes not that at all, but instead a man, equally sick and probably devoid of all normal virility. But almost always, of course, the gossipmonger is a woman — The Woman.

Gossip is her status symbol. With gossip she becomes, in her own uneasing eyes, more important. With gossip she feels the thrill, however small, of power. With gossip she is someone to conjure with. With gossip she becomes The Woman. As Eddie Fisher talked in Hollywood, Debbie Reynolds understood — she knew that her own happiness was now under assault because of that nameless, shapeless danger.

And because she understood, she had no fear.

—George Camber

Because what’s right for Sue may not be right for you. That’s why Kotex napkins come in 4 proportioned sizes—varied in width and depth, as well as length. You select the one that meets your absorbency needs. Each has the new moisture-proof shield under the new soft covering.

Nothing protects quite like Kotex. That’s why, now more than ever, Kotex is confidence.

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  Medium width, depth and length. Designed for average needs.

- **MISS DEB**
  For young ladies. Regular absorbency, less width. Soft pink covering.

- **SUPER**
  Length of Regular, deeper, wider and 16% more absorbent.

- **SLENDERLINE**
  Narrowest, deepest, shorter than Regular. Compact for comfort.

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How CRIPPLED Liz Taylor?

about her recent accident!

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ICKIE’S rotten piano

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COMPLETELY SAFE, use with confidence—
contains no aniline dye. Three shades...
Jet black, rich brown, light brown.
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TAKE ME TO THE FAIR
THEY REMIND ME TOO MUCH OF YOU
ONE BROKEN HEART
I'M FALLING IN LOVE TONIGHT
COTTON CANDY LAND
A WORLD OF OUR OWN
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE
HAPPY ENDING

Co Starring
JOAN O'BRIEN
GARY LOCKWOOD

Written by
SI ROSE and SEAMAN JACOBS
Directed by
NORMAN TAUROG

Hear
ELVIS
sing ten
Great NEW
songs from his
newest RCA
sound track
album

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YOUR
ATTENTION

SEEN AT YOUR FAVORITE MOTION PICTURE THEATRE
The editors of Photoplay Magazine proudly present its Gold Medal for excellence to Columbia's production of "Lawrence of Arabia."

This towering movie is several pictures in one. As high adventure, it sweeps across desert scenes of stark, frightening beauty. As international intrigue, it touches conflicts still burning today. As personal drama, it explores the passions that move men to fantastic exploits. Among such veterans as Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn and Arthur Kennedy, newcomer Peter O'Toole still keeps Lawrence the dominant figure he truly was—a man forever steeped in mystery and controversy. (Continued on page 6)

Columbia Pictures; Super Panvision 70, Technicolor; Director, David Lean; Producer, Sam Spiegel.
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FAMOUS NAME GAME

Win cash prizes just for solving interesting "Famous Name" Puzzles

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PLUS 95 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

His real name was William F. Cody.

I'VE GOT A BIG BILL!

SAMPLE PUZZLE
The Correct Answer is ONE of These Names!

- Buffalo Bill
- Marco Polo
- Walter Reed

= BILL

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE is All Worked Out For You!
SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

First, we see the clue stating "His real name was William F. Cody." Checking any standard reference source shows that the famous Buffalo Bill's real name was William F. Cody. Now examine the cartoon. Here we see a Buffalo and the duck uses the word bill. What else can the answer be but Buffalo Bill.

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THE COURTSHIP OF EDDIE'S FATHER

WHO'S IN IT? Glenn Ford, Shirley Jones, Ronny Howard, Dina Merrill.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Girls angling for a widower must reckon with his small son.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? From a start full of genuine, deep feeling, it shifts gears smoothly into happy romantic comedy, and Glenn manages both moods with skill. In a generally likable cast, Stella Stevens is a surprise hit. Sets and clothes are so eye-soothing that even grubby Times Square looks clean and cozy.

I COULD GO ON SINGING

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Successful and yet lonely, a singer tries to claim the son she abandoned to his father's care.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The story sounds like all the slobby old melodramas of "Madame X" vintage, but it's real. Judy, well-cast and doing a commendable acting job, is the neurotic egotist as well as the yearning mother. In song numbers, naturally, she's a believable top star.

MY SIX LOVES

WHO'S IN IT? Debbie Reynolds, Cliff Robertson, David Janssen, Hans Conried.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? An actress seeking a rest at her Connecticut home finds herself mothering a family of waifs.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Seems the small fry have taken over. Surrounded by riotous kids, Debbie looks better in high style than she used to in blue jeans. But the picture's sentiment is plastered on a bit thick, and director Champion should have remembered his dance timing, to give the slapstick scenes the rhythm they need.

LOVE AT TWENTY

WHO'S IN IT? Jean-Pierre Léaud, Eleonora Rossi Drago, Zbigniew Cybulski.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Present-day living is a challenge for young people of France, Italy, Japan, Germany, Poland.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Variety in mood and background makes this an unusually fascinating episode film. Yet the stories remind us how much the world's youth has in common; we hardly need the English titles to see into each young heart—not always a cheerful view. The bitter finale (Polish) leaves a lasting mark.

CRITIC'S CHOICE

WHO'S IN IT? Bob Hope, Lucille Ball, Marilyn Maxwell, Rip Torn, Jim Backus.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A tough stage critic lands in a difficult domestic spot when his wife turns playwright.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The veteran comics co-star in this talkative farce both work hard for laughs. Teamed a couple of years ago in "Facts of Life," Lucy and Bob showed then that they could put human warmth and pathos into their clowning. This time, the plot's too special and trivial to give them such a chance.
THE TRIAL
Astor; Director, Orson Welles; Producers, Alexandre and Michel Salkind, Yves Laplanche (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Romy Schneider, Orson Welles.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? Told that he's under arrest, an office worker can't discover the charge or his accusers' identity.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? The foreword promises "a dream, a nightmare," and that's all that is delivered. Tony's frantic wanderings through endless hallways and rooms do record the vague terror that wakes you up at three a.m. There's not one hint of reality; any meanings suggested in Kafka's novel have been lost.

FOLLOW THE BOYS
M-G-M; Panavision, Metecolor; Director, Richard Thorpe; Producer, L. P. Bachmann (Family)

WHO'S IN IT? Connie Francis, Paula Prentiss, Janis Paige, Russ Tamblyn.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? U.S. Navy wives and sweethearts trail a ship from one Mediterranean port to the next.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Evidently intended as a follow-up to the smash "Where the Boys Are," this rambling love comedy hasn't as much gusto. Its best points are Paula's wry humor, the lovely Riviera locales and Connie's songs. When Connie isn't singing, she can't recapture the ease of her first performance. But it's fun.

THE FOUR DAYS OF NAPLES
M-G-M; Director, Nanni Loy; Producer, Goffredo Lombardo; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Lea Massari, Jean Sorel, Raffaele Barbato, Domenico Formato.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? In 1943, war-sick Neapolitans rebel against Nazis who try to hold the city after Mussolini's fall.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Each moment in this stirring account of actual events is so convincing that you might think a news cameraman had shot it. Still, its spirit is proud patriotism, rather than the detachment of straight reporting. It pays tribute to the courage of individuals: soldier, housewife or reform-school kid.

LOVE AND LARCENY
Major; Director, Dino Risi; Producer, Maria Cecchi Gori; Italian Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Vittorio Cassman, Anna Maria Ferrero, Dorian Gray.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? A flop onstage, an actor turns con-man and prospers till a nice girl comes along.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Good-looking Cassman suddenly blossoms out as Italy's answer to England's Guinness and Sellers, with a whole series of hilarious impersonations. The plot's mostly a bunch of outrageous swindles, tied up neatly in a double-switcheroo finish. Anna Maria and Dorian supply generous female charm.

THE ELUSIVE CORPORAL
Union; Director, Jean Renoir; French Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? As a P.O.W. in Germany, a casual-seeming Parisian becomes an escape artist, undaunted by failures.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? Ex-dancer Cassel, who was a light-hearted kook in "The Love Game," again shows a deft touch with a comedy gag. But this time he also draws a serious portrait of a remarkable guy, brave, stubborn and resourceful. In the same manner, the movie is funny without ridiculing a tragic situation.

MONKEY IN WINTER
M-G-M; Director, HenriVerneuil; French Dialogue, English Titles (Adult)

WHO'S IN IT? Jean Gabin, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Suzanne Flon.
WHAT'S IT ABOUT? After years on the wagon, an old Normandy inkeeper joins a young drunk and chases dreams again.
WHAT'S THE VERDICT? A high-powered acting team turns in a beautifully delicate job in another French film that's both amusing and sad. White-haired now, Gabin still may be called France's Spencer Tracy. Belmondo might be their Brando (but a more reliable actor than ours). The score has wit and imagination, too.
The Big Broadway movie news is that "Cleopatra" will charge $5 per ticket for the better pews at the Rivoli, which outbid the nation's top temples. When newspaperless New York City broke the news over the radio and teevee depots, the Rivoli switchboard lit up like a Christmas tree and the box-office was attacked by an army of impatient (Continued on page 10)
Look naturally lovely in any light!

Sunlight, soft light, artificial light . . . any light bathes you in beauty when you wear new Woodbury Dream Stuff. For only Woodbury contains Dreamlite, the beauty discovery that keeps make-up color-true. Wear Woodbury, and look naturally lovely always! Pressed powder-plus-foundation in mirror compact . . . one of many dreamy Woodbury beauty aids.
Elizabeth Taylor fans (over 1600 of them). They couldn't wait to get their hands on tickets for a film that was (at the time) five months old.

That fact will, no doubt, displease and confound the letters-to-the-editor senders, who denounce Miss Taylor and her friendly co-star, Richard Burton, for making their idyll so public. Many of them went so far as to threaten to boycott "Cleopatra" and any attractions offering the talents of Liz and Dickie.

The fact is that few stars have been jilted by the public when they were trapped in alleged scandal: Lana Turner, for example. Ingrid Bergman survived her ordeal with Roberto Rossellini. Doris Day was heading the list of movie stars (at the box-office) when she landed on the Page Ones. She still is No. One box-office.

Jayne Mansfield, to the amazement of many, landed among the Top Ten ticket-sellers this year. One of us is willing to wager that it wasn't her histrionics, but her romantic roles off-the-screen.

What we are trying to report is that getting your name in the paper via juicy headlines that keep tongues chuck-chucking no longer hurts at the box-office. As it did when tremendously popular Fatty Arbuckle of the Silent Screen got himself in a front-pager involving a young lady who died in his bathtub during a wild party.

"Cleopatra" has been told so many times it will hardly be a novelty. Expert showmen are sure the drawing power and beauty-magic of Elizabeth Taylor will account for the packed houses during the predicted long run.

Would Liz still pack them in without the Burton headlines?

I think so, But not at $5 per ticket.

The foregoing recalls the time that one of the greatest of the opera larks complained to her manager:

"The critics all said I sing beautifully. They even mentioned my lovely costumes and said I was gorgeous to look at. Then why don't I pack the box-office?"

"My dear," replied her manager, "you have such a beautifully clean reputation that if you really want to be a popular star—get yourself involved in a scandal!"

That counsel doesn't apply to non-showpeople. For some strange reason, when common folks get involved with other men (or women) they invariably pay a very high price for their folly.

There was Mr. Nohody, for instance, who was rewarded with a trip to Paris by his Steel Company boss, for twenty-five years of loyalty and never being tardy.

Our Hero, a single man, was intoxicated by the Paris scene on his first night there. He landed in the front page headlines following a raid on a lady's suite. Her husband named him co-respondent.

When the cables flahed the story over here, his Steel chief phoned his playboy.

"You have disgraced this company!" he yelled. "Come back at once. You are fired!"

"But," butted the innocent bystander, "there was nothing wrong, really. It is true I was in her apartment, but the door was wide open!"

"You fool!" bellowed Mr. Boss, "Doors were meant to be closed!"


New Yorkers back from holidays at San Juan are still yak-yakkling about Juliet Prowse's appearance at the Caribe Hilton. Her performance, they reported, "was so hot the night club burned down." Which is a fact.

We caught Juliet's act at the Winter Garden (where the critics scolded her harshly for being so necked) and we can't blame that blaze on her talent alone. We suspect the arson followed the heat generated by her alleged costumes. That is, her lack of them. They could not be scantier. We plan asking a jury of star strippers (Gypsy Rose Lee, Lili St. Cyr & Co.) to study La Prowse's so-called G-String and tell us what kind of a string is skinnier than Juliet's. You just cannot believe your eyes!


Yves Montand was among the stars who entertained at a Washington affair to help the Democrats pay off debts to JFK in the White House.

Yves was asked what he'd like to see most while in the Capital.

He put the Mona Lisa on top of his list and chuckled: "I've always been tooussy to see her in Paris."


Dorothy Lamour and her mother were feasting in the Cub Room of the Stork Club the other night before going to witness Bert Lahr in his new hit, "The Beauty Part." We had the adjacent table.

"I see your piece in Photoplay every month," flattered Dorothy. "How come you never mention me?"

She then told us that she still gets royalty checks (after 20 years) for the various "Road" films she made with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. "The Road to Morroco" epic (which was televised again recently) brought Dorothy a check for six hundred dollars. She says she mailed a photo-stat of the check to Bing and Bob with this memo: "Can you poor boys afford this?"

To which Hope telegraphed back: "Aw, Shaddap! You've been Overpaid!"


Celebeauties About Town: Gorgeous Elaine Stewart rushing to Channel 7's "Girl Talk" program which she enlivened with her bubbling banter. She revealed that she married William Carter, her longtime uh-huh-huh, abroad. . . . Former child stars Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew swappin' hand-waves at the Hotel Stanhope's Rembrandt Room. . . . Inger Stevens taking in the hit shows between Jests. . . . Susan Kohner amusing autograph-collectors by removing a shoe which has her signature inscribed. . . . Dinah Shore at the "40 Pounds of Trouble" opening, getting the lustiest hand.


Robert Stack, the star of "The Untouchables," reluctantly agreed to play the role for a fourth year, arguing that he didn't want to be typed. He was talked into signing, however, when Desilu agreed to buy his one-fourth ownership in the popular series. They gave him One Million Dollars in Desilu stock.

Oscar Fraley, the UPI sports page historian, whose book on Eliot Ness inspired that series, plans a film titled "The Story of Eliot Ness." It will deal with the Prohibition Agent's life after he helped put Al Capone in Alcatraz Prison via income tax fraud, etc. "The Untouchables" deals only with the four years Ness served Uncle Sam.

Fraley offered Stack a young mint to play Mr. Ness, but Stack politely declined. Mr. Fraley will produce the picture anyway, confident that he can sign an actor who will do justice to the role and the film.

Will another image (instead of Bob Stack) help or hurt "The Story of Eliot Ness?" Considering how Mr. and Mrs. Television embraced Bob Stack in their homes year after year? I wonder. I also am reminded of the show-biz adage: "You are never really missed. The curtain always goes up!"

Anthony Quinn's realistic drunk-scenes with Margaret Leighton in the play "Tchin-Tchin" remind some people (who know him well) what good acting it is. He is a teetotaller. Never touches the stuff.

Is a Puzzlement: While strolling Broadway the other night, I decided to again drop in to see some of "The Longest Day." In Manhattan this movie is called "a hard ticket," meaning "two performances a day." Reserved seats. The film had just started and the box-office was turning away tardy patrons, but they let me in. To my wonderment, I noticed a good many empty pews. Why were people told "no more seats?"

Probly the management figures it is better advertising (Continued on page 96)
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FROM A STOOL AT SCHWAB'S:

I've got two "sermons" for this month's column. I want to let off steam, medium warm, on two subjects.

Subject Number One: Protecting Actors From Their Own Worst Enemies—Themselves.

Subject Number Two: Screen Credits. They are real crazy!

As an example of protecting actors from themselves, I'm selecting Cary Grant. There isn't an actor of whom I've been fonder during his long and glorious career. Grant took me much more decisively than his namesake ever took Richmond. I've been a Grant (Cary) fan ever since he was straight man for Mae West's remark: "Come up and see me sometime—tall, dark and handsome." I admired the manner in which Cary advanced to stardom, held the front line for years and conducted himself onscreen and offscreen. This includes some bad pictures and some unsuccessful marriages.

But no matter what Cary did, he had Class with a capital "C." He maintained a privacy about himself in a charming manner: He didn't try to be a male Garbo, but his privacy is something he guarded like a jewel. "My private life is my own," he must have said several times a day.

And then what does this charming—and now unpredictable—Cary Grant do but invade his own privacy. He sold it to a magazine. One sure bet is he didn't do it for money, regardless of the sum. Among the many treasures Grant has, is money.

I can almost hear him say that he wanted to do the magazine story himself to set the record straight; to get it down in type correctly, once and for all. It's almost a good reason. The motive is good, but the time for it is not now. There is a time and a place and Cary Grant, master at underplaying, overplayed it this time.

Do you know what would happen to any writer if he told the things about Cary Grant that Cary Grant told about himself? Cary would threaten to sue him; Cary (Continued on page 14)
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NEW YORK • PARIS
Would you want to duel him: Cary would vow he'd never speak to him again. Thus would hurt. I like to talk with Grant, whenever our paths meet: on sets, in a barber shop, at the Academy Awards. Believe me, I wouldn't do to Cary Grant what he has done to himself. And he isn't the only one. I could start with Vic Damone and run down the list—or up the list—to Kirk Douglas. Give an actor a chance to be an author and he certainly needs protection from himself.

And now I come to Subject Two: screen credits. I don't know about you, but they're too much for me. I liked the days when Leo the Lion roared and M-G-M presented a movie. Now the Lion roars and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents a Seven Arts Production which presents a Harris-Kuhrick Production titled "Lolita." I'm confused. And I got it straight from the Lion, so is he!

Yet this is simple compared to other credits. As I recall, "Lover Come Back" had an executive producer credit—Robert Arthur—followed by two other producers—Stanley Shapiro and Martin Melcher. Yet officially on the screen it was labeled "A 7 Pictures Corporation—Rob Hill Productions, Inc." It was also an "Arwin Picture, Inc." And to top it all, it was a "Universal-International" release. I was tired before the movie started. The credits dragged.

But worst of all is the fancy title situation, started by the talented Saul Bass. It was okay when it was a novelty, but now Bass and his initiators are trying to outdo each other. On the wall-to-wall screen, it's murder—they break out anywhere on the acreage. The titles now are as important as the movie itself, there are as many title conferences as there are story conferences. Imagine, if you can without too much stretch of the imagination, a title conference between Director Joseph Mankiewicz and artist Saul Bass concerning Cleopatra. It would go something like this:

Bass: You mean you finished the movie?
Mankiewicz: Not really. But everyone thinks so. Please don't wise them up.

Mankiewicz: Me? All I'm interested in is titles.
Mankiewicz: You've had a chance to absorb what we're trying to create. How does it strike you?

Bass: Has it to be a snake? Is history positive it was a snake? Positively positive.

Mankiewicz: Who cares about historian Darryl wants a snake.
Bass: But a cat would be nice. I did very well with a cat for "Walk On The Wild Side.
Mankiewicz: Yeah, but nobody used a c when they made "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."
Bass: So what? I did the arm hit for "Mr. With The Golden Arm," and I did the arm again for "Exodus."

Mankiewicz: Maybe so, but for this one The cat would be very confusing on account Liz did "Cat On A Hot Tin Roof" and it mig mislead the audience. They'd be staring u and down the Nile, waiting to spot Big Dadd I wouldn't risk $25,000,000 on cats or arm.

Bass: Okay, then, about snakes. Can it be a cat? Or a barge?

Mankiewicz: What's wrong with an asp?

Bass: I got nothing against asps. I do color better. They're bigger and more colorful.
Mankiewicz: I don't like it. It's too well, it's too snake-bitey. Maybe a barge?
Bass: Say, I like barges. Okay, this barge has a very colorful canopy and we work ear name into it. The barge appears at the top of the screen and drops down through the bottom. Then another barge appears up right and descends at an angle to lower left.

Mankiewicz: Why not straight across this screen? Like a barge sails.

Bass: Wouldn't work. If a boat appears and it sails like people expect it to sail, there's no surprise. Besides in "The Vikings" boat sailed across the screen. I have a reputation to consider.

Mankiewicz: I think I've got it. The girl if Queen of Egypt and most people, when the think of Egypt, think of pyramids.

Bass: So let's do pyramids.

Mankiewicz: I take back my idea. I wouldn't work. Put names on each tier of pyramid and Darryl would be sued out of his socks. A pyramid is smaller at the top where star wants to be, and some lesser star would get the big lower tier of the pyramid and that would upset the contract clauses.

Bass: Yeah. Besides, pyramids don't move.

Mankiewicz: You'll have to come up with something else.

Bass: What have you got against arms? For instance, her arm with a gold bracelet shaped like a snake. Or his arm with a hammered bronze wristband.

Mankiewicz: It has to be her arm, if we use arms. I'm sure it's in her contract. Everything else is.

Bass: I'm like arms. I'll have half a dozen arms jumping all over the large screen. You won't be able to follow them. I might even throw in a few snakes. And maybe one cat.

Mankiewicz: Not cats. But maybe a few sand dunes. If you can make them look different than the sand dunes in "Lawrence of Arabia."

Bass: Fine. When do you want them?
Mankiewicz: You'll have to work fast. I'd like them in time for the release of the picture. It would be great to have the credits in front of the picture.

Bass: You'll have your credits jumping all over the screen before the picture starts.

Bass: I've got to hand it to you. Bass: Hey! How about hands? Hey fellows, Bass and your followers, quit with those tricky, jumpy titles. It's worse than watching a tennis match! The End
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Fred Robbins Interviews
GREGORY PECK

FRED: You’re married to a French girl, Greg. What have European women got that American women haven’t? Could you say?
GREG: I don’t like to talk about categories of women or try to generalize. I can only say that I hit it very lucky. My wife is French, I think she’s a beauty, I think she’s very intelligent, we get along just fine. We’ve had a non-stop conversation now for eight years and we never get tired of it. It’s said about French women particularly that they’re marvelous cooks and housekeepers but that they know how to do it gracefully—and that’s true of my wife. I just think I was shot through with luck . . . but I think it would be unfair to say that there aren’t a few American girls floating around with these qualities, too.
FRED: It’s true that she came to interview you as a newspaper woman, and that’s how it started?
GREG: Yes, my wife says it’s the longest interview on record. She was toiling on the Paris Presse. She started out covering automobile accidents and dog bites and graduated—or was demoted. I don’t know which—to movie personalities. She came to interview me. A few months later I came back and remembered her. I called Veronique—I was momentarily a bachelor at that time—and asked her to go to the races with me and have lunch at the track. She hesitated, and I asked again. I thought maybe she didn’t hear me—what with the clatter of the typesetters and whatnot in a newspaper office. So I asked it again, this time loud and clear. Well, she hesitated again and finally said yes, she would . . . So one thing led to another and a year or two later, after we were married, I said, “Who were you going with that it took you such a long time to answer me that day? Did you have a steady fellow or what? It took you a long time to make that decision.” She said, “No, I had an appointment to interview Albert Schweitzer that afternoon. So I had to make up my mind.”
FRED: What a wonderful story! Did she ever meet Albert Schweitzer after that?
GREG: No. We’d both like to meet him and tell him the story. We think he’d probably get a chuckle out of it.
FRED: Leave it to the instinct of a woman! She certainly made the right choice! You like living in Hollywood, Greg . . . permanently, or just as a base?
GREG: Well, I like working there and lately we’ve made a number of pictures abroad. We have many friends there. We don’t care to be pinned to one spot.

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Photoplay’s Gold Medal Party

stands for PHOTOPLAY and the Playbill—they got together for the swingingest porty a forty-one-year history of our Gold Medal rds. I flew to New York to help the staff Hedda Hopper honor Bette Davis, and Chamberlain, Suzanne Pleshette, Gary Clarke—all solid gold winners. They d the NBC-TV “Tonight” show with Johnny son, then whisked over to 44th Street and Avenue to join the throng at the Hotel hotten’s glamorous Playbill Restaurant. what o throng—between the stars who’d to honor the stars who’d won, the editors my fellow press, the place was jumbled. med with beautiful people. One of the most tiful, I must say, was my fellow-columnist, Hopper. She looked truly regal with superb carriage of hers, and her own blond hair more becoming than some of hots I’ve seen! Overheard here and there: (Gary Clarke) “No, my sideburns don’t hurt, they’re heavy.” (Suzanne Pleshette) “How keep this curl flat against my cheek? (A photographer to his assistant, (Please turn the page)
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Dick Chamberlain candidly "Remember his hair color. The exact shade of blond." (Starry-eyed girl clutching Bette Davis' autograph) "But she looks so young!" (Same girl after meeting Patty Duke) "But she looks so old!" There was a lavish buffet everyone said was too beautiful to eat—but did. Many of the stars flew in just for the big night, and as they left their goodbyes and good wishes with the winners, they spoke for all of us! "The choice was right!" The choices: Suzanne, Most Promising New Actress; Gary, Most Promising New Actor; Bette, Actress of the Year; Dick, Actor of the Year. Best Picture, "The Miracle Worker." (Patty Duke accepted the Gold Medal Award for Producer Fred Case.)

Will it be a Fritz or Grete for Tony Curtis and Christine Kaufmann? They dated the stark. Look for Christine to retire from the cinema when the baby is born. Tony has good reason for not wanting another actress-wife. Remember what happened in the case of Janet Leigh? Her career kept her busy.

Like I predicted, Judy Garland and Sid Luft went through the kissing and making-up bit again. Someday they'll run out of kisses.

Na wonder the rumors started about Bill Holden and Audrey Hepburn. I just saw some of the off-stage art they posed for in connection with "Paris When It Sizzles." I don't know about the temperature of the film, but the still photographs would touch off a forest fire in the dead of winter.

This was bound to happen. Connie Stevens and Bo Belinsky started tossing curves for each other in Palm Springs.

Connie was there to film "Palm Springs Weekend" and Bo, well, he was allegedly in spring training for the Los Angeles Angels.

Don't ever test Linda Christian's temper. Jody McCrea tried and an earthquake registered along the Sunset Strip. Linda—in the sedate atmosphere of Jerry Lewis' Restaurant—bellowed Jody with a number of objects that were in reach.

Don't figure this one out, just be glad: Pat and Shirley Boone solved the difficulty.

Roger Smith is giving his studio nightmares. He has a pilot's license and already has had several close calls in flying his pri-
vote plane on weekends. Just missed plowing into a mountain on one occasion.

George Maharis really had to change routes fast. He was fired from the "Route 66" TV series for failing to show up for work after repeated warnings. The actor claimed he was ill. The studio thought otherwise.

Speaking of Maharis. Don't believe those rumors that he secretly married his agent Mimi Weber. She's not divorced yet.

Didn't Marlon Brando secretly rendezvous with Kamala Devi in the Luau's private dining room? Marlon better watch out. Kamala's fiancé, Chuck Connors, developed muscles in his baseball days that he hasn't even used yet.

However, Chuck is in for a letdown. He's deeply in love with Kamala, but she's dodging the altar 'cause he wants her to give up her career. That's how it goes.

Aren't Paula Prentiss and Dick Benjamin about ready to make an announcement?

Scooping Around: The Bob Fuller's are expecting. . . . Hope the Bob Conrads rumors aren't true. . . . Gary Clarke wants Connie Stevens to give back that diamond ring. . . . Those nude pics of Sarah Miles did for her what Liz Taylor did to boom Richard Burton's career. . . . Bay, was a top actor lucky. He just barely missed making headlines with his devotion to Stella Stevens. . . . When Angie Dickinson broke a long hiatus and returned to the cameras for "Captain Newman, M.D." it put an end to a rumor that she was in hiding. . . . The Mickey Callans dated the stork again. . . . Next time Eddie Fisher plays Los Vegas he should play marbles instead of dice. Understand in one night he dropped $25,000 at the tables. . . . Don't mention Suzanne Pleshette to Mexican actress Elsa Cardenas. They look practically like twins and Elsa turns into a chili pepper each time someone mistakes her for Suzanne. . . . Isn't Raymond Burr planning to pull out of "Perry Mason" series? . . . Dean Martin and Dan Dailey should never be invited to the same party. They no like each other.

Whatever happened to Juliet Prowse? I don't know. Maybe Frank Sinatra does.

With the advent of spring isn't it about time Liz Taylor starts looking in another direction? Like one Hollywoodite cracked, she needs a set of towels labeled His, Hers and Next. New joke next month.

Vic Damone probably was in love with publicity more than Penny Rudd, the Texas beauty winner. Vic let it slip they would marry—then they broke up.

Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl froze the rumors when they showed hand-in-hand for the premiere of "How the West Was Won." However, summer is ahead to thaw them out again. Especially now that Debbie, instead of slowing down her career just to be laurel-resting as (Continued on page 92)

(Above) Photoplay's Fred Klein, Pat Morrison; Julie Neumar, Doug McClure. (Below) Sebastian Cabot listens; Ross Martin chats with Hermione Gingold.
My congratulations to readers of Photoplay for electing Bette Davis as actress of the year. That Gold Medal will be mighty becoming to her. She's proved her worth not only in acting but as a human being. The town was aghast when Bette came home and took an ad in trade papers announcing she needed a job. The response was a deluge of offers, and now she can pick and choose. Good for her!

When her favorite doctor, Vincent Carroll (he delivered her daughter B.D.) told her that his Laguna Beach Hospital needed $25,000 in a hurry, Bette took a deep breath and pledged the whole amount. Then she added: "If I drop dead, don't you dare take it out of my estate!" Then she turned around and barbecued chicken for two dozen eleven- and twelve-year-old boys who'd come to celebrate her son's birthday.

Ray Milland's sorry that his son Danny wants to be an actor. When I said I bet his father felt the same way about him, Ray admitted it. "He objected strenuously," he grinned.

What did Joan Fontaine have in mind when she left town the day before Olivia deHavilland arrived from Paris to star in "Lady In A Cage?" But Livvy didn't miss her. Luther Davis was at the airport with a cage full of flowers, and Bette Davis was at the hotel to take her to dinner. When the two gals walked in together, the orchestra struck up "Everything's Coming Up Roses." One of Livvy's friend-dates while here was Groucho Marx. One night as Groucho left the dining room of George Cukor's beautiful home, he accidently put his napkin on the table, too close to a low candle. It caught fire, and could have been quite serious if a maid hadn't discovered it.
Hollywood's been so party-happy, Roz Russell (with me below) moaned, "I'm so tired going out every night, I'm about to drop. But if I stayed home I might miss something." For my money the best shindig of all was the one producer Bob En-ders and Ben Silberstein, of the Beverly Hills Hotel, threw to kick off my book, "The Whole Truth and Nothing But." I'll admit I wasn't sure how many stars would show, especially if they'd read my little essay on some characters that inhabit this town—but lo and behold they all showed, and the ladies all dressed to the teeth. It was an evening to remember, certainly.

Ethel Merman was there before I arrived. Then in swept Martha Raye in a bright red dress with a chinchilla coat to her ankles: "It took me thirty years of hard work and sweat to get it," crowed Martha, "but it's all mine!" Her escort was Richard Deacon of the "Dick Van Dyke Show."

Fellow authoress Bette Davis was the belle of the ball. Gardner McKay, complete with black beard, brought me a souvenir from his South American adventure—a baby shark's tooth for my charm bracelet.

Hugh O'Brian came with Nancy Sinatra. He's taking singing and dancing lessons for a Broadway musical. Later he told me: "There are thousands of girls but very few ladies. Nancy's one of 'em." That she is!

Above: There's miles of publicity about the Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette marriage plans, but she claims it's not about to happen. "He's charming and I'm fond of him but we're both too busy with our careers." When an actress gives you a line like that you can usually expect anything—but I must say that I believe Suzanne.

Talk about missing the boat—Olivia de Havilland is a prize winner! During World War II a friend asked if he could bring three attractive Navy officers to her house for tea. Sure, said Livvy, who prepared cucumber and watercress sandwiches, gave them a lovely tea, was the perfect hostess. Half an hour after they left, one of the young men called to invite her to dinner. She was recovering from a romance with a well-known director at the time and turned him down. But when her old friend Ludwig Bemelmans phoned to ask her to dinner, she went. First one she saw when they entered Romanoff's was the young lieutenant. You guessed it—his name—John Fitzgerald Kennedy. "There's a connection here somewhere but I don't know what it is," laughs Livvy. "My daughter's governess is named Jacqueline Bouvier."

Lana Turner and Fred May are seeing more of each other since their divorce than they did when they were married.

Carroll Baker's madder than a wet hen over the ads for "Station 6—Sahara." She absolutely refused to pose in the nude, but somebody slyly pasted Carroll's face on another nude body, passed it off as the real thing and used it to advertise the picture. She aims to sue if they don't cease and desist.

Above: What happens when two great beauties get together at the same European fete? Some times one checks on the other. Here Gina Lollobrigida gives Grace Kelly the once-over, while Her Serene Highness seems serenely unaware of the inspection. By the way, TV proved it: Rainier hath charm.
Tony Curtis kept reassuring one and all that he had no plans to wed Christine Kaufman up to the moment they eloped to Las Vegas. He did a lot of painting before the wedding. When I asked about it he described his work as "wild and frightening abstracts. Flowers and fruits I cannot paint."

I remember when rumors first started about his interest in Christine; Tony was highly indignant. But he was still married to Janet Leigh, then—so what could the guy say?

There's been a complete reversal in the Glenn Ford-Hope Lange romance. Once he didn't cotton to the idea of marriage; now it's Hope who doesn't want to be tied. So it's. Linda Christian who's the most frequent visitor to Ford's new house, which sits on a hunk of land Louis B. Mayer once bought for a hundred grand. Mayer's property has been subdivided, and there are now eight houses on what Louis laughingly used to call his lawn.

Dolores Hart is still paying bills for the wedding she didn't have. Invitations and the bridesmaids' dresses had already been ordered. Edith Head put away the wedding dress she designed for Dolores—for future use.

Ernie Borgnine wasn't very gentlemanly when I asked about his estranged wife Katy Jurado. "I haven't seen her since August and couldn't care less." He does see the first Mrs. Borgnine when he drops by her house to visit their daughter, as he often does.

George Hamilton and Susan Kohner see each other when they're both in the same town, but the flame has gone out. Says George: "Our breakup is nobody's fault. Susan needed to make up her own mind—everybody else was always doing it for her. She's very happy on her own."

George and Gloria Swanson are swapping pads. Gloria did a "Dr. Kildare" show and now everybody wants her. She may give Hamilton her New York apartment in exchange for his quarters in the new hilltop home he owns. The last time George stopped off in New York, Julie Newmar loaned him her Sutton Place apartment; but she's in residence now so he has to find a new home while he's East playing Moss Hart in "Act I."

It's Pat Buttram's line: "If Liz Taylor and Richard Burton get married, I don't know whom they can invite to their wedding. They've already married all their friends."

"Marilyn," the picture 20th put together from all their films starring Monroe, will make millions. I predict it will help put the studio back in the black. After her death, every theater in Paris played her pictures, and Paris Match devoted an entire issue to her. I applaud Hollywood photographer John Meredith who has hundreds of beautiful stills of her—many nudes—but refuses to sell them. "She was my friend, and you don't cash in on friendship."

Jane Powell and Pat Nerney patched up their differences. Then she went to work at the Sahara in Las Vegas. I was all set to play her mother in an M-G-M picture some years ago, but Louis B. Mayer was mad at me, and threw me out. But I collected $5,000, my week's pay, for not working.

The screen's leading men had better look to their laurels. Along with Photoplay's Gold Medal Award winner, Dick Chamberlain, Vince Edwards is knocking our movie glamour boys off the top of the popularity polls. Vince isn't bitter now about the ten years he spent beating his brains out trying to get noticed here. "I love the town," he says. "So maybe you go into a restaurant and they brushed you. Perhaps some kid sitting there today may be the big star in town ten years from now." Vince should be happy. He's gotten everything in the world he wants—and what's more he got it from Bing Crosby who's not too free with his money. Bing owns the "Ben Casey" show.

You'll love Tippi Hedren, the girl Alfred Hitchcock discovered on a TV commercial and cast as Rod Taylor's leading lady in "The Birds." Hitch took her on a three-week tour of cities throughout the country and introduced her personally to the press and TV. She's very much a lovely lady and has been married and divorced and is the mother of a five-year-old daughter Melanie. She's a self-sufficient girl—a few years ago she took a trip around the world all alone.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month. ☺
I had come to France and the village of Pont Saint Esprit—five hundred miles to the south of Paris—to track down and interview any members of Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's family who still lived there.

Fortunately, right off, I ran into a fellow named Aristide, who would soon lead me to them. And so a word about Aristide first. He's a young fellow, barely twenty, a student at a nearby university. He is tall, dark, moody, with bushy black hair and large, dark-brown inquiring eyes. And he was extraordinarily interested in my visit to the village of Pont Saint Esprit for Photoplay.

"Why do you want to see the Bouviers?" he asked—quite directly.

"To find out," I said, "if Jacqueline has ever visited them—or if not, would they like her to visit them."

"No," said the young man. "Jacqueline Kennedy has never visited this village—although there is a woman here, an old lady, who will tell you that she has. I will introduce you to her, but she is quite mistaken. She is always making up stories, and her story about Jacqueline Kennedy is this: that one day about ten years ago—a cold winter's day—a car pulled up to the village.
square, the Place de la Republique. A young girl got out of the car, a very pretty girl, very chic, an obvious foreigner, and walked around for a little while. She spoke to no one. She sought out no one. She simply walked. And looked. And then she got back into her car and drove away. That, swears the old woman, was Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy. ... But as I said, the woman is quite well, prone to inventing little stories. So no—to answer your first question—Jacqueline Kennedy has never visited our village. And as for relatives—your second point—would they like her to come? Of course they would. But there are some of them who think that she will never come."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because," said Aristide, "she has had the opportunity to come here before—but never has. For instance, only this last summer she was visiting in Italy, not very far from here at all, for two weeks she was there, but she did not come here. . . . And for instance, she wanted no publicity about her family in the summer of 1961, at the time of the President's state visit to France. She wanted no one to know that she would finally meet (Continued on page 85)
FOR ELVIS
AS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HIM

please turn the page
In Memphis, the fans were tense. It was the big game of the touch football season; the coaches were done with their pre-game pep talks, the players were ready, the fans were waiting. And then, out of the locker room, came a new player; a pro, someone who really knew his way around the touch football field. No, it wasn't Jack Kennedy. And it wasn't even Bobby. Or Teddy. For out of the locker room and onto the field (running! running!) came Elvis Presley!

Elvis was home in Memphis for a brief holiday when he heard that the touch football team that he sponsors—the Elvis Presley Enterprisers—were scheduled to play their arch rivals—the Delta Automatic Transmission team. They're both members of the Municipal Adult Touch Football League, and this was an important game. Of course, Elvis had to play.

He was on defense, but the breaks were against them. Elvis' team lost thirteen to six. Well, we'll just have to wait till next year. Meanwhile, he's spending every weekend out on the field in Hollywood—practicing.

Here's Elvis as you've never seen him—exclusive to Photoplay readers. There he is with his team, in the last row, second from left. As you can see, left, he was no slacker. It looked as if he was on his way for a touchdown. Right above: He makes a key defensive move that stops the other team from scoring. Right, the end-of-the-game blues.
AT LAST
I HAVE
MY BABY
When Sophia held her sister's tiny daughter, it was as though her dream had come true—almost

Such a tiny baby! So little, so warm and cuddly in her arms! Sophia Loren held the wee bundle of humanity gently against her own warm woman's body and looked tenderly into the baby girl's face.

"At last," she thought as in a dream. "At last I have my baby."

With solemn attention she stood before Father Virginio Rotondi and heard the Jesuit priest pronounce the name of the blessed infant in her arms: Alessandria.

When the christening ceremony was over, Sophia sighed and relinquished two-weeks-old Alessandria Maria Romano Mussolini into the waiting arms of her young mother. It had been so lovely, for those few minutes, to dream and pretend that it was her own baby she was holding—her's and Carlo's. But of course it was only that—a dream. Little Alessandria belonged to Sophia's younger sister. To Maria, whom Sophia loved tenderly. Almost, she thought to herself, as much as I love this baby!

From the moment Maria had confided that she and her husband Romano—son of the late Il Duce—were expecting, Sophia too had been eagerly expectant. It was almost as though she were living through Maria, during the months of pregnancy. Not that she envied her little sister—you do not envy those you love, you wish them well. But how she'd have loved a baby of her own! A little, sweet baby.

And this, of course, was an impossibility. When you are caught and twisted in the coils of the law, so that you don't know from one day to the next if your husband is your husband, or if you are legally a bigamist or an adulteress—how can you bring a helpless baby into your confused world? Sophia has (Please turn the page)
The proud aunt laughs, weeps and promises Carlo

Sophia plays mother to her new niece, Alessandria Mussolini—and is overcome. She and her husband-in-spirit Carlo Ponti want to have children but won’t till their marriage is legal.
said as much. “Some day I will have a son,” she once said. “I would like very much to have a son, I wish it with all my womanly heart—the heart of a southern Italian woman. But I can’t afford to have him now. I know what it means to have an illegitimate birth. How could I inflict such suffering on an innocent creature, my son?” No, this was Maria’s baby. And Maria’s good luck.

Even before this, Maria was the lucky one. Her luck began, rightly enough, with her wedding in March of 1962. Sophia remembered. . . . Maria, radiant, beautiful—walked slowly down the aisle of the carnation-strewn Church of St. Anthony to stand (Continued on page 72)
Marlon Brando’s $5,000,000 Punch! Why He Threw It!

For years Marlon Brando has borne the brunt of jokes, cracks and criticisms of his mumbling, his “Method” acting, his torn T-shirts—and he took it without so much as mumbling back at a single detractor. Perhaps he figured that this sort of thing made him into a legend—the Marlon Brando Personal Quirks legend—and that’s not bad for an actor.

But that was the old Brando. Now there’s a new Brando, and he’s changed his “sticks-and-stones-may-break-my-bones-but-words-can-never-hurt-me” attitude. Now Marlon has hauled off and thrown a five-million-dollar punch at the Saturday Evening Post—suing the magazine for a story he claims maligns his professional integrity. Having personal eccentricities, it would seem, is one thing to Brando. Being accused of professional delinquency is something quite different. And he isn’t taking it lying down.

As it happens—and prior to the suit filed in Los Angeles Superior Court this January—Marlon did break his silence long enough to expose a few of the more common legends about which he had been patiently mum these many years. Here are four which he terms arrant falsehoods:

Legend No. 1: Marlon tried to hide his parents. (Continued on page 68)
How Sammy Changed Me As A Woman

"I've changed. I don't care if I ever act again," said May Britt. "All I care about is Sammy and my children."

May was talking about her marriage to Sammy Davis, Jr. which is rapidly approaching its third anniversary. It is a marriage different from any marriage in the history of Hollywood, and yet, paradoxically, it is not unlike any successful marriage, as we will find out from the very people who are most involved in it—May and Sammy.

"I have never been more happy in my life than (Continued on page 88)
It was a long black car; shiny, quiet and expensive. It pulled up to the front of the pleasant, beautifully landscaped home and stopped. The driver, much like a chauffeur, sat silent behind the wheel for a moment. Then he turned to the man seated in the rear.

"Shall I go get 'em?" he asked.

The man in the rear seat looked out at the home. He stared at its windows and its doors and at the greens and the flowers and the trees that surrounded the house.

For the briefest instant there seemed to be a yearning in his dark, brown eyes; as though he was longing for something he knew was behind the walls of the house, something he wanted desperately, something he knew he might never have. He spoke to the man at the wheel: "Yes, you can bring them out now."

As the driver walked to the door, the expression of longing in the man's eyes became one of loneliness, the kind that burrowed deep into his heart. The man sat there, silently.

Eddie Fisher took a deep breath. *It wouldn't do for the kids to catch him in a mood like this. Kids can tell. Leave it to kids.*

The door to the house opened suddenly. Carrie Fisher, her bright, brown hair bouncing in the sun, fled down the lawn, her heart ten steps ahead of her.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she shrieked. "Oh, Todd, it's Daddy! Come, hurry!"

And then came Todd, helter-skelter. His joy was as loud as his sister's, though he was all of three years younger.

They climbed into the car and then climbed all over their father. They kissed him and
hugged him, but he had to be very careful.

To hug them back as hard as he felt happy would have hurt them.

Eddie Fisher might have hurt his children's mother, but he'd die before he hurt those kids.

It might surprise many, but Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds have gone to unusual lengths not to hurt those kids. At the present time they are closer together as mother and father than they were as husband and wife. As a married couple, a woman came between them. As mother and father, their children have kept them together.

It is a strange togetherness . . . a togetherness which, oddly enough, is approved by Harry Karl, Debbie's second husband.

"In some respects," says a friend of Debbie's, "it is a magnificent conspiracy. Somehow, with care and meticulous behavior at the right times, Debbie and Eddie have preserved an illusion for their children. To Carrie and Todd, Mommy and Daddy are still together. Yes, these children are young and the cold facts of the situation are beyond them, though someday they will understand. Oh, it isn't that Debbie has concealed anything from the children! But she has, with some miraculous facility, dissipated almost entirely the thought that anything is wrong between their parents. As far as the children are concerned, their home and their parents are solid. The fact that Debbie and Eddie live apart is nothing to them, just a crazy arrangement between two adults that is more fun for them than inconvenient." For now, anyhow, it works.

And so carefully (Continued on page 82)
Natalie Wood, the girl who couldn’t save her own marriage, fought to save the marriage of her sister Lana and young Jack Wrather III. This is the remarkable story of how she tried to save Lana—and how she failed.

“Strange, isn’t it?” sighs Lana with a wisdom far beyond her eighteen years, “Nat did all that a sister can do to keep Jack and me from making the same mistake she made in marrying so young. And then she tried to keep our marriage—it lasted only twenty-six days—from falling apart just as fast as it came together. I wouldn’t listen. I suppose in the back of my (Continued on page 83)
SAVE HER SISTER—AND FAILED
"I am always drawn to the girl who stands out in a crowd. She might be the most beautiful one there, or the best dressed, or have the most fashionable hairdo. But if she's a knockout, she's appealing to me. Unfortunately, many girls spoil the illusion they are trying to create by being affected. A real sophisticate is so poised she wouldn't dream of ever speaking with a phony accent or waving her little finger in the air."

"Cary is right—true sophisticateds don't put on airs, but they do put on perfumes. Some current favorites are—Magie (Lancome), Joy (Jean Patou), wonderful Arpege (Lanvin).

"The girl who interests me is the one who has interests of her own and can discuss a wide range of subjects intelligently. For example, I had a date with a gal who studied psychology. What she had to say was so absorbing I never thought to look at my watch until after one in the morning. Contrast that with a girl who can only make small talk and gossip. You can hardly sit still through that endless dinner."

"Be doubly smart with a girl like Troy who goes for bratty types. Let brilliant scents like L'Almânt (Coty), L'Heure Bleue (Guerlain), or Occur (Avon) do the smart talking for you."

"I like an old-fashioned girl; who doesn't go for weird lipsticks or teased hair, and who doesn't try out for an Academy Award on every date. Girls don't realize how silly they are "looking" over every word a man says. I remember a girl who went gaga at my jokes and fussed over a splinter in my finger as if I had had a heart attack. It's not that I minded the attention, it's just that I found myself asking, "What's she trying to prove?"

" Didn't old-fashioned girls wear lavender with lace? How about Early Iris (Tussy), Red Lilac (Lentheric) and April Violets (Yardley) for Elvis.

"The first thing I notice about a girl is her shape—even if she's a mile away. Then I look at her hair (I like long, flowing hair) and the way she's dressed (ditto one-piece bathing suits and sheath dresses). What's most important, though, is not all those pretty wrappings but the package inside. For me, a girl should be all female. That means she must not only have a pleasant personality and be intelligent, but she must also be a bit of a ligo.

"Always remember, "Female is as female does." Fan the flames of romance with Fabian with Primitive (Max Factor), In-timate (Revlon), Tabu (Dana)."

"Some girls really kill their chances the minute they open their mouths. They start the evening by describing how many beautiful dresses they saw that day and end up giving you the inside dope on the skeletons in their family closet. Small wonder I'm dying to run the other way. What I like is a date who can keep the conversation two-sided, yet looks as if she knows all about style."

"Laurence is a guy who'll flip for the subtle, feminine approach. Win his heart with flowers—lots of 'em—blended in perfumes like Devastating (Anjou), Evening in Paris (Bourjois) and Chanel No. 5.

"The girl who's right for me doesn't belong to any particular type; she's a variety of fact, girls who fit into neat little categories bore me. They're not human beings: just statistics. Naturally, I'd prefer a girl who looks pretty and is well-dressed, although I couldn't stand a clothes horse. More important, though, I'd like someone athletic enough to share in my love of sports and art enough to dig good music, films and art."
I'm Michael Joya, one of PHOTOPLAY's roving correspondents. I flew to London for a few days recently to find out what Liz Taylor and Richard Burton are up to now. I found out plenty.

But I'd like to start this account with one particular little story—involving Liz alone. . . .

It was a bitter cold afternoon late last January when they wheeled her into the London Clinic and up to an examination room on the fifth floor—the same floor where she'd lain seriously ill and near death just two years earlier. A reporter who was present in the hospital lobby noted with rather oblique humor that "Liz was certainly the most chic-looking patient this staid old place has seen since 1961, the time of her last emergency visit. She was wearing a suede jacket, scarlet slacks and shiny high boots this trip." (He neglected to mention that she had just come from the set of a picture she was working on— (Continued on page 48)
“Very Important Persons”—and that this was one of the outfits she wears in the picture.) A second reporter made sure to note that “Richard Burton, meanwhile—Miss Taylor’s co-star in ‘Very Important Persons’ as well as in real life—waited to hear the news of her condition at the nearby Devonshire Arms, where he was busily engaged downing a few pints.”

No one, however, wrote anything about the fear that obviously swelled inside Liz right now, as the pain in her left knee went from bad to worse to excruciating . . . as she remembered what a doctor back in Hollywood had once warned her about the knee.

That had been six years ago, when the trouble had started. Liz had been getting dressed to go to a party one night, she’d slipped, she’d landed on her left side. There’d been a swelling in the left knee, and pain. She’d phoned for the doctor. He’d come, examined her, found that the cartilage was probably torn and suggested surgery for the knee.

But Liz had had her fill of hospitals and operations back then (This was at the time her spine was giving her so much trouble.)—so even after the doctor had warned her that the knee could give way again if the condition weren’t corrected—(He told her that even years from then, she could be walking or maybe standing still and suddenly her knee would give way. And he told her that the condition would truly be aggravated by then. And there would even be a chance that a recurrence might leave her crippled for a long, long time.)—even with this warning, Liz had shrugged off the doctor, saying simply that she’d rather skip the idea of undergoing an operation.

And now, six years later, it had happened again: right here in London, at the studio, standing still and suddenly the knee buckling under her, the pain flooding her leg, the moaning, the rush for the wheel chair, the trip to the hospital.

And now, as they lifted her from the chair and carried her into the examination room of the London Clinic, she remembered the word “crippled” and she remembered her earlier indifference to the word—and a deep chill ran through her body.

She remained silent during the examination that followed. Then, the doctor, a stranger to her, though one of England’s top men, told her what she feared—there would be more pain, she could be crippled, surgery was necessary.

And surgery could be dangerous. Any operation has its elements of seriousness. And the time element was serious, too. For Liz could not afford to be long inactive.

She would have to be off her feet for a week—in the hospital. And then she’d be up on crutches for a couple of months, depending on how well her thigh muscles react. Of course, with her past medical history, it’s hard to be too optimistic about a speedy recovery. And that’s why for Liz an operation, at this time, is out of the question.

She was in the middle of a picture, for one thing. And, perhaps more important, there was someone else involved, someone she had to think about before making her plans.

Richard Burton is working on an extremely tight schedule right now. They’ve got to finish their scenes together within four weeks because Richard was scheduled to do some rushed additional work on “Cleopatra.” And, immediately after that, Burton was committed to go into rehearsal for a play he’ll be doing in London. Liz’ operation would interrupt his schedule. And, apparently, she didn’t want to do that.

The doctor warned her—she would be in severe pain lots of the time. And still Liz was firm. There’d be no operation now, but maybe there was another way to help her.

In England, there is a man named Danny Blanchflower. He is quite a man in those parts. Danny’s a soccer star—who captains Ireland’s national eleven and Britain’s leading club, the Tottenham Hotspurs. And he recently was in the same position as Liz (Continued on page 74)
TONY TAKES AN 18-YEAR OLD BRIDE

please turn the page
The long wait was over

Tony Curtis sat on the edge of the bed, waiting. In five minutes he would marry a girl twenty years his junior. Gossips had had a field-day with their romance, had even implied that she didn’t really love him. One thing he had learned from life was patience, and he was glad he had waited until Christine was sure. Now the time was right, their time to be man and wife. Faintly he could hear the chatter of the girls in another room down the lush corridor of the swank Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. He imagined he could hear one particular voice over the rest. He smiled to himself, got up and walked over to the mirror. He stared quietly at the reflected image. Carefully he regarded the man who stared back. The man wore a black suit, a white shirt and a large white carnation. But it was the face and the eyes that demanded most of his attention. He was almost thirty-eight, but except for the iron gray at the temples, he could have been taken for five years younger. His eyes, a deep but brilliant blue, revealed an expression of a man who had learned to suffer through gossip and live with it, had learned that two people in love had to choose their own way, no matter how it seemed to others. A friend, well-dressed and beaming with happiness, came in and slapped Tony on the shoulder. “That guy staring back at you looks like a man who might be reconsidering an important decision. In five minutes you’ll be a married man, a husband, a breadwinner. Too late now, Tony,” the friend quipped. Tony laughed. “Not me,” he said. “I’m the eager bride-groom and you may quote me.” (Continued on page 77)
...their love was secure
why

I made that

"IMMORAL"

movie

Very early in my motion picture career, I once asked for time out to consider a director's request that I kiss my leading lady. I simply wanted to talk it over with my wife Shirley. Before I could tell the studio that I'd agreed to do this scene, papers all around the country were dutifully reporting that I had refused. A hard-working press agent at 20th Century-Fox figured it was a better story to simply say I refused—which wasn't the case at all.

But if that hit of trivia was regarded as news, you can imagine what happened when the story recently leaked out that the movie-censoring body (The Shurlock Office) had refused a seal of approval to my latest film, "The Main Attraction." I wish I could pass this off as another publicity stunt, but the basic facts are true.

But like any controversy that's fed into the Hollywood gossip mill, the story has been blown up out of proportion and once again the studio—in this case Seven Arts Films—has obviously decided that they can sell tickets if the public is duped into thinking that Pat Boone has made a film that's larded with sex and steaming dialogue. Well, I'm afraid this kind of fan is in for a big disappointment! While "The Main Attraction" is a far cry from the roles I've been playing, and still contains one scene that I am morally opposed to, I would have never accepted this film if I hadn't thought it had a moral and a point of view that made sense and I still think it's a whale of a film. But I must retrogress and start at the beginning.

There comes a time in every actor's career when he must take inventory and decide where he is going. I felt I had (Continued on page 89)
An Exclusive Protest
By VAUGHN MEADER

"I WISH JFK WOULD

Vaughn Meader. Show biz phenomenon. Already a legend. Young man with a head of hair as unruly as the President’s. Has become, in a few months’ time, the hottest thing in the business. Can make his voice sound more like JFK than JFK himself. ("I wish Mr. Kennedy would stop imitating me!") Young impersonator-comedian-singer-actor who will

Come meet him with us . . .

It’s a Saturday night. The place: Baltimore—backstage at the mammoth and ultra-new Civic Center Arena. The time, 8:20—ten minutes to show time. “The First Family” company is about to play performance No. 24 of a grueling tour that is taking them to fifty different cities in just about as many nights. They should all be pooped by now, but they’re not. The tour is a success. The customers have been flocking in. There’s cash in the air. And anticipation, too—everyone looking forward to the finale at the Sahara in Las Vegas, where Vaughn and company reportedly will earn $22,500 a week for three or four weeks. There’s lots of good stuff in the air—so who’s tired?


And so when we poke our way into his dressing room at 8:20 and ask, “Would you like us to hold off on you for a little while?” Vaughn yawns a mock yawn, smiles and says, “Yep, if you don’t mind.” Then he makes a suggestion. “Why don’t you talk to some of the others in the show first? They’ll tell you what kind of a rat I am. Then you get back to me at intermission and I’ll tell you how wrong they are.” He smiles again. “Okay?”

Suddenly we feel a little spooky about all this. Vaughn has been getting into his costume (an expensive looking tuxedo), and in makeup, and damned if he doesn’t look like the President of the United States. We resist the urge to say, “Yes sir.” We manage a smile and a quick, “Okay,” and we’re off to talk to the people who know him.

First stop: Dressing Room No. 2. We knock. Jacqueline Kennedy opens the door. Oops, sorry! It’s Naomi Brossart, who plays Jackie in the show. A tall girl. Twenty-four years old. Three years out of her hometown, Mt. Prospect, Illinois. Vividly pretty. Short cropped light-brown hair under that First Lady wig (as we find out later). Elegant-looking as they come. She’s wearing a white sheath gown straight from an Igor Cassini drawing board—it looks. Very, very elegant. Until we mention where we’re from. That’s when our First Lady look-

a-like breaks up and shrieks, “Oh golly, I’ve always wanted to be in PHOTOPLAY! I mean it!” Obviously, she really meant it.

We chat with Naomi for a while, about her ambitions: TV, Hollywood, stardom, the big dream coming true. Then the talk turns to Vaughn and she says, “He’s a quiet fellow, real quiet. I met him a few times when I was trying out for the record—and always, Vaughn would be the fellow sitting in the corner, just listening to me, never saying a word. Then one day—I still didn’t have the part—he got up and came over to me and told me that Jackie would never say ‘tehr-riffic,’ the way I’d just said it, she would say ‘t’riffic.’ And I thought to myself, ‘Why, yeah, that’s right.’ And then I thought, ‘I don’t know who you are, sir, but thanks a lot.’

“Well, a few days later, I’m sitting at my desk—I was a receptionist for the Playtex people, girdle division—and I get this call saying I’ve got the part. I nearly flipped for joy. Then I thought about this fellow who’d helped me with ‘t’riffic’ and a few other words, and I wanted to hug him in gratitude. I had no idea he was Vaughn Meader. When I got to the first rehearsal and we were officially introduced there wasn’t even any time for a hug. We got down to work, right away. And it was amazing, but as Vaughn read his lines, his voice was so like the President’s that I felt a terrible responsibility to do my part precisely right. And I felt so inadequate. It’s a tough job, imitating Jackie’s voice. Basically it’s a boring voice, and so I have to caricature it to get any good effects. But Vaughn’s interpretation of the President’s voice, I saw right away that first time, was not a caricature, but John F. Kennedy’s voice—but precisely. And amazingly.

“Vaughn was very relaxed the day we actually made the recording. Before we started, he sat at a piano and played away. He’s always playing the piano. He’s very good at it, too. So that day he’s playing away and he begins to sing. And I walk over to him and say, ‘Why don’t you sing like Kennedy?’ He says, ‘Yep’—and he does. Then I begin to sing along with him, like Jackie. And the producer heard us and laughed, and that’s how we got the ‘Auld Lang Syne’ bit into the record. But I’m afraid it was my only contribution to the material.

“That day we cut the record was the first time I met Vera, Vaughn’s wife. She came in on her lunch hour, I remember, and she sat there, very quiet. Very sweet. They have such a beautiful love story—how they struggled together these past six or seven years, how Vera supported Vaughn. It’s funny about Vera, but it seems that with all this success of Vaughn’s she’s become even more quiet and withdrawn recently. It’s understandable; at least to me it is. All this sudden fuss and everything. And Vaughn is so kind with his wife—the (Continued on page 79)
For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich
you only need to "lather once"!

DEBBIE REYNOLDS starring in "My Six Loves," A Paramount Picture, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme shampoo 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

While still in high school," Ann-Margret says, "I realized that I wanted to be a professional entertainer after I graduated. And though I'd sung at many weddings and parties and on various amateur shows, I realized, too, that I'd better get a professional job if I really wanted to get started. So—one summer when I was seventeen—I went to all the agents' offices in Chicago. Now you know how humid and hot it is in Chicago in summer. So I put a sheath and high heels on every day and every day I'd get exhausted and upset, because they all said they'd take my name and call if anything came up. But none of them did."
Nature creates few perfect complexions. But almost any skin can look beautiful with Solitair, Campana’s magical cake make-up. You apply it smoothly with water-moistened sponge and immediately your face feels refreshed. Every little blemish seems to disappear. Rough areas appear smooth—lines are forgotten. Nothing remains except a look of smooth perfection and flawless color tone.

If your complexion needs high cover-power, this is the way you achieve it without either greasy discomfort or the drying effect of old-fashioned make-ups. You wear Solitair with comfort and beauty. A modern cake make-up used by women everywhere for a look of complexion perfection. Try it—see!

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At all variety stores and leading drug stores

call. And then finally I came to this one man, Hal Munro, who said, ‘Okay, can you get to Kansas City and the Muehlebach Hotel by Saturday night?’ And I was in shock. Kansas City is far away from Chicago. The job was for one month with Danny Ferguson’s band at $98 a week. I didn’t have the clothes for the job. But everybody was so wonderful. My cousin Anne lent me some dresses—she was an airline hostess then and I’m sure that, at one time in my life, she must have lent me about one-half of her wardrobe. And Sharon Lauer lent me a beautiful cocktail dress, her very best dress, a darling pink cocktail dress, for the opening. And the other girls lent me other things. Finally, one morning, my Mom and Dad and I left for Kansas City. My sweet Dad drove us. My parents are so unbelievably wonderful. I’m going to do everything in my power to make them as happy as they’ve made me.

“You know what my Dad did? He drove all the way to Kansas City and then he drove back, by himself, because he had to be at work Monday morning. My mother stayed with me. It was such confusion that weekend. I had to learn fourteen songs in one afternoon because I didn’t know a single one that Danny showed me. But it was oh so worth it! Because it was, as I said, my first professional experience. And because I learned two very important lessons from that experience, both of which I shall never, so long as I live, forget.”

The first of the lessons was a professional one. (Continued on page 91)
Two top stars... Natalie Wood and Baby Ruth! See them both in the exciting Warner Bros. movie, "GYPSY."

(P.S.: Fresh, crispy Butterfinger "co-stars" also. For a real treat and extra energy, too, try these delicious candy bars today.)

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY • Otto Schnering, Founder • Chicago 13, Illinois
We’ll clue you and you guess ’em:

1. I won an Oscar in 1943 for my first film.
2. I was born in Missouri and grew up with this comic face.
3. I am a movie queen and was a real-life princess.
4. I’m (bot. left) a dancer, comedian and a mule’s co-star.
5. When I was in the Navy in 1916 I had hair!
6. A title, “Miss Subways,” rode me to Hollywood and TV.
8. I was discovered in college, starred in “Golden Boy” and haven’t been out of work since.
9. I’m on the bottom here, but became a top singer. And have I had troubles!
10. I started to be a doctor but turned actor.
11. I danced where Salome once danced.
12. I was famous as a thin, suave private eye in movies.

(For answers, turn to page 92)
put glamour into your lunch box

Mmmmm... try some tasty Chicken Parmesan—so easy to make with this special recipe star-tested by Paula Prentiss!

Paula Prentiss (in real life she's Mrs. Dick Benjamin) can now be seen in M-G-M's "Follow The Boys." Her next movie is "Man's Favorite Sport" for Universal-International.

Chicken Parmesan may be served hot or cold at mealtime. Adds eating pleasure to your lunch box as well as any picnic gathering.

CHICKEN PARMESAN

Makes 8 servings
Cut in serving pieces. Wash and dry:

2 broiler-fryer chickens
Set aside.
Combine in bowl:

2 cups dry bread crumbs

⅔ cup grated Parmesan cheese

¼ cup chopped parsley

1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate

1 teaspoon paprika

1 teaspoon oregano

½ teaspoon basil

2 tablespoons salt

½ teaspoon pepper

Mix well. Set aside.
Melt in frying pan:

1 cup butter or margarine

Dip chicken pieces in melted butter. Then roll in bread crumb mixture until well coated. Arrange breaded pieces of chicken, skin side up, in shallow foil-lined baking pan. Pour remaining butter over chicken. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) 1 hour, or until tender. Baste with pan drippings, but do not turn chicken pieces. (Please turn the page)
RAISIN PIZZA STYLE HASH
Makes 4-5 servings
Heat in a 10-inch skillet:
2 tablespoons shortening
Add:
1 can (1 1/2 lbs.) corned beef
hash
1 tablespoon Worcestershire
sauce
1 small onion, finely chopped
1/2 cup dark or golden raisins
Cook over moderate heat until
golden and crusty brown on the
bottom. Turn hash and pat evenly
in pan. Lower heat.
Sprinkle over:
1 can (8 ozs.) tomato sauce
1 can (3 1/2 ozs.) sliced
mushrooms, drained
2 teaspoons oregano
Top generously with slices of
sharp Cheddar cheese. Cover pan
and cook over low heat for 10-15
minutes or until topping is heated
and cheese melts. Pack in wide
mouth vacuum bottle.

MANHATTAN CLAM CHOWDER
Makes 8 servings
Place in a large kettle:
1/4 cup salt pork, diced
Add and cook over low heat until
golden brown:
1 large onion, diced
Add:
3 stalks celery, diced
1 green pepper, diced
2 carrots, pared and diced
2 medium potatoes, pared and
cubed
2 1/2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
2 cups water
1 can (1 lb. 12 ozs.) tomatoes
small piece bay leaf
3/4 teaspoon thyme
Cover. Bring to a full boil. Lower
heat and simmer gently for 1
hour.
Add:
2 cans (7 1/2 ozs. each) minced
clams
Cover. Cook for 5 minutes longer. Pack in wide
mouth vacuum bottle.

CHICKEN SANDWICH MONTERREY
Makes 8 sandwiches
Combine in a bowl:
2 cups diced cooked broiler-
fryer chicken
1 cup diced celery
1/4 cup chopped stuffed olives
Measure into a small mixing
bowl:
1/2 cup mayonnaise or salad
dressing
Add:
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Blend well. Add to chicken and mix well. Spread on white or
whole wheat bread. Add lettuce
and sliced tomato.

MARBLE CAKE
Makes 2 9-inch layers
Sift together into a large mixing
bowl:
2 1/2 cups sifted cake flour
3 1/2 teaspoons double acting
baking powder
1 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar
Add:
3/4 cup shortening
3/4 cup milk
Beat thoroughly for 2 minutes.
Add:
1/2 cup milk
3 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
Beat thoroughly for 2 minutes.
To 1/3 of the batter add:
2 squares unsweetened
chocolate, melted
2 tablespoons sugar
Spoon dark and light batters alternately into 2 deep, greased
9-inch layer cake pans. Cut through batter with a knife to
produce marbled effect. Bake in
a moderate oven (375°F.) for
30-35 minutes.
From: Mrs. J. McDermott, Carl-
isle, Pa.

MENU SUGGESTION
Raisin Pizza Style Hash
Carrot Sticks
Pepper Rings
Buttered Hard Rolls
Apple
Marble Cake
Coffee, Tea or Milk

MENU SUGGESTION
Manhattan Clam Chowder
Cheese Sandwiches
Fresh Fruit Cup
Assorted 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.
ANOTHER "FIRST" FOR YOU!

Every month we are going to bring you PHOTOPLAY's Mealtime Magic From A Package. You, the reader, are responsible for this new section. The recipes you've sent us show that homemakers are using "convenience" foods as the main ingredient in many recipes. Why not send us your favorite recipes using frozen and canned foods, mixes as well as other packaged foods.

CHOCOLATE DATE DREAMS

Makes about 4 dozen bars.
Sift together:
1 1/2 cups sifted flour
3/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/2 teaspoon salt
Set aside.
Combine in large saucepan:
1 package (6 ozs.) pitted dates, chopped
3/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1/2 cup water
Cook over low heat, stirring until dates soften (about 5 minutes). Remove from heat.
Stir in:
1 package (6 ozs.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels
Add:
2 eggs
Beat well.
Add dry ingredients alternately with:
1/2 cup orange juice
1/2 cup milk
Stir in:
1 cup chopped walnuts
Turn into well greased (15x10x 1") pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 25-30 minutes. Cool. Frost with Orange Glaze. Cut into 2 inch squares or 3x1 inch bars.

ORANGE GLAZE

Combine:
1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons soft butter or margarine
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
Mix well.
Add:
3 tablespoons cream
Blend until smooth.

RING AROUND AN EGG NEST

Makes 3 servings.
Heat in a heavy skillet:
3 tablespoons oil
Add:
1 package (12 ozs.) frozen potato patties
Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently until well browned, about 5 minutes. Set aside.
Place in a saucepan:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen creamed spinach
Cook over medium heat until thoroughly heated. Arrange browned potatoes around edges of a 1 quart casserole to form a nest. Place heated spinach in center. Make three depressions in spinach with the back of a spoon. Place in each depression:
1 egg
Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste.
Sprinkle over all:
1/2 cup grated Parmesan or Cheddar cheese
Bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 20-25 minutes, or until eggs are of desired firmness.

LOUISIANA RICE AND SHRIMP

Makes 4-6 servings
Cook in boiling water, without salt:
1/2 cup rice
Drain. Set aside.
Melt in skillet:
3 tablespoons shortening
Add:
1/2 cup chopped onion
1/4 cup chopped green pepper
Cook over low heat until tender.
Add:
1 pound fresh cooked or frozen shrimp, shelled and cleaned
Cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add cooked rice.
Bring to a boil:
1 1/2 cups water
Add:
1 envelope (2 ozs.) tomato vegetable soup mix
Cover and simmer for 10 minutes. Add rice-shrimp mixture. Heat thoroughly. This may be made in advance and kept in casserole dish. Heat just before serving.

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.

MENU SUGGESTION

Egg Nest with crisp Toast
Mixed Green Salad
Coffee, Tea or Milk
in Minnesota. I hated it so much that I didn't stay the full course. Maybe that's where the legend was born of Marlon Brando being an 'out-and-out rebel.'

Legend No. 4: Marlon was a bum; in fact for a while he'd actually been a hobo.

Marlon's refutation: "After Military School I dug ditches for two weeks. Perhaps the legend was born then . . . the one of 'Marlon the Hobo.' The truth is that the idea of strenuous open-air toil seemed attractive and grown-up, as it does to any sane and hearty youngster."

But Brando's point-by-point demolition of these myths served only to inspire the myth-makers to still more fantastic ones. Helplessly, he lapsed back into silence, breaking it only occasionally with sly cries of protest as, "Now in New York, people are really interested in acting as acting. But not in Hollywood. All they want to know here is about my girl friends and how many suits I have. This thing about jeans. I've grown sick and tired of that fake 'Bum in Blue Jeans' legend."

Yet neither refutations, silences nor outbursts had any effect on the alleged liars; so Marlon, like a turtle avoiding attack, pulled his head completely into his shell and tried to ignore the press.

Jessica Tandy, the actress, once brought one of Hollywood's most famous women reporters to Marlon's dressing room. Brando, not knowing or not caring that this woman prided herself on her youthful appearance, although her youth was far behind her, said to Jessica, "Ah, this must be your mother." Much later, Marlon denied that he was being boorish or wilfully cruel. "I admit that I did make a mistake with that writer. Jessica Tandy brought her to my dressing room in New York while we were doing 'Streetcar,' and I blurted out—before they got close enough for me to see clearly—'Less, your mother!'"

I learned afterwards that the woman was very sensitive about her age, and she's been angry about that ever since and thought I did it on purpose. But in the shadows, they did look alike."

Then Katherine Hepburn, who had admired him on Broadway, asked to meet him. When they were introduced on the West Coast, Marlon's sensitive antennae were always feeling out for real or imagined hostility, thought they detected a patronizing attitude.

"Who are you?" he blurted out. "And what do you do?"

Brando always defended his compulsive, sometimes brutal honesty by asserting, "I am me, and I've got to hit my head against a brick wall to remain true to myself—I will do it." And in truth it must be said that Marlon spared himself least of all in puncturing sham and hypocrisy with knives of truth. When he agreed to leave the Broadway stage to star in Hollywood's "The Man," he admitted, "The only reason I'm here is because I don't have the moral strength to turn down the money."

After he made the film version of "Streetcar" and played the lead in "Zapata," he said to a friend, "I've been in three motion pictures. In the first I played a cripple, in the second I played a creep and in the third I played a klepach. Every creep part that comes along, someone says: 'This is just right for Brando.' If I could crawl on all fours, they'd put my face on Lassie and write a part for me."

Although many critics praised him for his performance in "The Wild One," Marlon stated, "The film was a failure. Instead of finding out why young people tend to bunch in groups that seek expression in violence, all we did was show the violence."

Even his Academy Award winning acting in "On the Waterfront" did not satisfy him. "I was disappointed in it," he said. "But as for standing up celery-straight and walking out—I did not."

About "Desiree," in which he portrayed Napoleon, he was equally outspoken. "Most of the time," he confessed, "I just let the makeup play the part."

Seldom pleasures himself

His self-criticism of his acting in "Tea-house of the August Moon" was of the same pattern. "I'm not fully satisfied with my performance. I think the makeup helped considerably," he said.

After completing "The Fugitive Kind," he was asked whether he'd ever be willing to act with Anna Magnani again. "Only with a rock in my fist," he mumbled.

He evaluated "One-Eyed Jacks," in which he was both director and star, with the same uncompromising honesty. When asked about his opinion of the finished film, he countered with his own question: "Do you really think it matters?"

On another occasion, he was more direct: "I'm not pleased with the interpretation Paramount imposed on the story after they took me off it. I was over-budget by $1,500,000. Until then it was my picture, but when I went over-budget they had control."

He gave "One-Eyed Jacks" the Brando kiss of death. "It's a potboiler."

Yet how could this man who was quick
to expose the untruths of others and quicker still to demand complete honesty of himself, stand quietly by as a chorus of critics joined in accusing him of sabotaging "Mutiny on the Bounty.

Perhaps a clue to his silence can be gained from listening to what his sister, Jocelyn Brando, has to say about him: "He so wants honesty in all his relationships that when someone is blatantly dishonest he's so disappointed he can't talk, he can't cope with it, he's too emotional."

But defense of Brando's behavior in "Mutiny" came from many places, both expected and unexpected; and soon some of the silliest charges against him were exploded.

The charge that he sulked on the set and interfered with the work of the director and the scriptwriters was blasted by "Mutiny's" producer, Aaron Rosenberg. "Marlon gave us a rough time," he said, "but he felt we were not living up to the agreement we had made with him about the basic concept of the picture. Besides, with a modern actor like him, he's got to feel the part and you must allow him to make his contributions to the script and the directing. Otherwise he can't work."

Rosenberg's statement is a variation of what two other motion picture greats have said about Marlon in the past. Actor Karl Malden said, "In an industry loaded with pressures—time, time, time and money, money money—Marlon goes about taking his time and caring nothing for cost. He lets nothing go by unless he feels it's as good as he can get." Director Elia Kazan said, "He gets inside a part and eats the heart right out of it till the part is him and he is the part."

One charge, that he used ear plugs to shut out orders from the director and suggestions from the other players, was refuted by one of Marlon's friends (as quoted by writer Hyman Goldberg): "This is ridiculous, because Marlon always has kept plugs in his ears when studying a script. He has to concentrate completely, and he finds he can't with all the noise that is made on a set or on a location, when a camera shot is being set up. But, of course, when somebody speaks to him, or when he's working, he takes the ear plugs out."

The charge that he stayed up all night dancing barefoot with native Tahitian girls was put into its proper perspective by "Mutinity's" cameraman, Robert Surtees. After asserting that "People seem to prefer to read and believe the worst." Surtees went on to declare, "but people don't know that he brought his Tahitian cook's two-year-old grandson back with him to California, kept the child at his home and had a surgeon correct his deformed foot.

Critics liked his "Mutiny"

The charge that he deliberately spoiled the film by making Fletcher Christian an unbelievably comic character was countered by the American movie critics, who almost to a man praised both Brando's conception of the part and his actual performance. Cheered Archer Winsten of the N.Y. Post: "Brando comes in with an upperclass English accent that can stun an American with its eerie precision. Perhaps a Britisher could find a flaw, but not this department. With these speeches Brando forever lays to rest the persistent ghost of Stanley Kowalski."

Here are the rumors—and here are the facts on Carol Burnett's fight for Dick Chamberlain! Clara Ray met him first but . . . is Carol Burnett getting all set to have the last laugh on love? Don't miss this revealing article in the May issue of TV Radio Mirror, now on sale everywhere!

In the same exciting issue Read

THE ILLNESS VINCE EDWARDS' MOTHER HIDES FROM HIM For the first time in an exclusive TV Radio Mirror interview, Vince Edwards' mother tells how she kept her illness a secret from her famous son

Plus

FEUD! . . . "Don't invite me and Marty Milner to the same car," says 'Route 66' star George Maharis in an exclusive taped interview . . .

CONNIE STEVENS' AND GARY CLARKE'S OWN STORY And

A TV Radio Mirror Book Bonus! Steve Allen's novel "Not All Your Laughter—Not All Your Tears."

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Applauded Kate Cameron of the N.Y. Daily News: "Brando's performance is an arresting and deeply moving one. In the first part of the film, he displays a flair for comedy that has been missing in his screen appearances."

The charge that he had come to blows with an extra and had been floored by a punch was proved to be false by columnist Louella Parsons. Wrote Miss Parsons: "I can testify that no matter what is said or printed—Brando says nothing in his own defense. Just recently I ran a story that during the shooting of added scenes for 'Mutiny' at M-G-M, an extra had become so menacing and abusive with Marlon that the extra bit him and knocked him down.

"Say that about any other star and I would have had everyone from the thers- pian to a lawyer on the telephone. It was quite drunk. All day long he had been going around throwing his arms around Marlon in an old palsy-walsy mood of intoxication. Then with a final lurch of good memory of Marilyn Monroe, for instance. To Liz Taylor, for another.

Years before, Marlon had said, "Just because the big shots were nice to me, I saw no reason to overlook what they did to others and to ignore the fact that they normally show hostility of ants at picnics." Now his own protest was trig- gered by what "they" had done to Marilyn.

**Speaking for Marilyn**

"Do you remember when Marilyn Mon- roe died?" he asked. "Everybody stopped work, and you could see all that day the sadness—sadness and the same thoughts, 'How can a girl with success, fame, youth, money, beauty . . . how could she kill herself?' Nobody could under- stand it, because those are the things that everybody wants, and they can't believe that life wasn't important to Marilyn Monroe or that her life was elsewhere. People have nothing to do with their own fate. In the same way that if they say that they have no knowledge of what fabulous success is—they don't know the emptiness of it . . . it's a fraud and a gyp. It's the biggest dis- appointment."

In speaking for himself, therefore, he was in a sense speaking for Marilyn and for Liz. In fact, he asserted flatly that he and Liz have been made "scapegoats" in connection with high-budget films which were started without complete scripts. Brando's refutation of the charges brought covered the following points:

**On being a scapegoat:** "Obviously the studio is going out after me to lay the blame for this fascinating saga of failure at my feet. From the beginning they've been blaming me and I've been the goat. Of course it was started without a script; that was the original sin . . .

If you send a multimillion dollar produc- tion to place when, according to the produc- tion records, it is in the worst time of the year, and when you send it without a script, it seems there is some kind of primi- tive mistake . . . The reason for all the big failure is the same—no script.

**On malingering:** "I have never worked harder on a picture in all my life."

**On the "firing" of Sir Carol Reed:** "Not only the actors, but the director and pro-ducer suffer. Carol Reed really suffered, perhaps more than us all. I know that he wasn't fired. I was in the room. He quit. He said he couldn't go any further."

**On studio hiccups:** "It's always all so simple. If an actor was working for me and got out of line, I'd get the Screen Actors Guild on the phone. They have the authority to punish actors. They've done it before."

**On the status of an actor:** "An actor is a product like Florsheim shoes or Ford cars—he's just generally exploited the way any other piece of merchandise is.

On receiving one million dollars plus a half million "overtime" for "Mutiny": "It's ridiculous!"

**On the bright side:** "There's only one compensating feature in the year and a half I feel I must write off as an actor—I went to Tahiti."

And he came back from Tahiti, and threw his million-dollar punch at a magazine for printing a story he claimed was damaging. Marlon Brando finally hit back. --Jim Hoffmann

See Marlon in U-I's "The Ugly American" and M-G-M's "Mutiny on the Bounty."

---


If you missed him in Las Vegas catch this new talent at home. Tune him in on your local CBS Radio Station. You'll find it in this list:
Arthur Godfrey, CBS Radio's fabulous redhead who's discovered so many new show business talents, recently revealed a new talent of his own. Before a hip audience at the Las Vegas Stardust, he emerged for the first time as Arthur Godfrey, night club star.

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What won the night club crowd, the collegians and the critics? Godfrey himself, most of all. Supported by Kong Ling, the pert young singer he discovered in Hong Kong, the Buffalo Bills, and Arthur's own Dixieland Band, he presented the same warm, witty mixture of anecdote, gag and song that you can hear at home—just by tuning to your CBS Radio Network station.

Tune in Arthur Godfrey Time every weekday morning on CBS Radio
by Romano’s side. Sophia wept—tears of joy. Because her little sister, whom she had raised and mothered, now wore the ecstatic face of a bride... a saint.

Mingled with Sophia’s tears of joy were tears of regret, too. For herself. This was what she had always dreamed of, to be married in church like a lady. But the church had maintained that Carlo was still married to his first wife, his civil divorce counted for nothing. And so their wedding day on September 17th, 1957, had been very different from her dream. Carlo in Europe, and she on a Hollywood sound set making a picture, “Desire.” And two lawyers, strangers to her, standing in for her and Carlo in Mexico, at a proxy wedding ceremony. It had been more of a farce than a wedding.

Even today, at this beautiful church wedding of her sister, Carlo could not be present. “They” would not let him. “They” would arrest him if he showed.

So, alone, she watched Romano slip the wedding ring onto Maria’s finger, and she gently felt for her own ring, touched it. She remembered only too well the moment she put it on her hand—alone then, too. She hadn’t known exactly what time it would be proper to begin wearing it, what time she was married in Mexico—not until Louella Parsons telephoned her on the set and said, “Congratulations, Sophia. You were married an hour ago. You are now Mrs. Ponti.” It was only then, after she’d hung up on the phone, that she had stumbled in her purse, found her wedding band wrapped in one of her tear-stained handkerchiefs, and slipped it on her finger.

Then, so soon it seemed, Maria was whispering the news—the baby. Sophia put her arms around her sister—carefully, as if she might break, and said, “Brava, and hurry up so that I may take this baby for myself.” She was so excited!

Maria knew what she was trying to say: “Hurry up and have this baby so that I may hold it in my arms and kiss and cuddle it—and sometimes pretend for a few minutes that this soft little thing belongs to me.” That was all she meant! But the columnists, reading the remark in the paper, blew it up into something vicious. She certainly never meant what one of them said—that she planned to adopt the baby herself. Or, as another intimated, that she was going to “kidnap” it.

Ah well, anybody but a columnist could see how happy she was. She went on shopping sprees, came home loaded with tiny clothes, with rattles, toys. She bought the baby a bassinet and a bathinet. Because she was bad on dates and in the store couldn’t remember if the baby was due in February or March, she bought a sled and a football both. When she came home and Carlo told her that football is played in the fall, not in the spring, she laughed—and went out to get a baseball and bat.

But as she opened the new packages to show her treasures to her husband, she could see that something was bothering him. “A glove?” she asked. “Is it that he’ll need a glove?”

Carlo tried to change the subject but she wouldn’t let him, she was determined to wheedle it out of him. She called him by all her endearments; Polpettone (meat loaf) which to her meant “dear,” got her last. Peperone (pepper), her way of saying “dearest,” wouldn’t melt him. At last she threw herself into his lap, flung her arms around his neck and begged, “Soprili, please!” And soprili, which is Sophia’s favorite dish (balls of fried rice and mozzarella cheese) and is her kind of shorthand for “I love you very much,” did the trick. He told her. He looked at her gravely and asked, “And what if the bambino is a girl?”

Sophia whooped with glee. She ran into the other room, came back carrying dolls—dolls—more dolls. She piled dolls on the sofa around him until Carlo stopped laughing long enough to cry “Finito! Enough!”

The months flew by and then—too soon, it was not time yet—the baby began to fight its premature way into the world. Sophia sat in the waiting room of the hospital’s maternity wing, but her soul was upstairs with Maria in the delivery room. She suffered as if she were giving birth.

All around her were her father-to-be.
The first-time fathers paced the floor, grinning shyly as they passed each other and then swiftly resuming their expressions of anxiety, of bewildered helplessness. The veterans, the ones who’d been through the mill before, passed the time playing cards with each other, or reading the papers.

And Sophia? She sat thinking dolefully of the baby she and Carlo wanted so much. But who had none at all. “They won’t let me have a baby,” she said once, tearfully, to a reporter. “They” were the representatives of Church and State who plagued Carlo and herself. Once, just once, she had thought she was pregnant—and had deliberately returned to Rome to face her accusers and straighten out the middle of her marriage. She had been risking a five year term in jail but she went. And for all they must settle the question of whether she and Carlo were legally married—for the sake of her unborn baby.

But no decision was made at the time. Then it no longer mattered. For as fate would have it, she was no longer pregnant.

Now the waiting room door opened and everyone tensed expectantly. A nurse entered and Sophia prepared herself for news, but the woman in white walked by and went to one of the card players, whispered to him. He leaped to his feet, grinning broadly, and held up seven fingers for the other men to see. One of the first-time fathers turned pale and asked, hoarsely, “Spoor?!” Everyone laughed. “No,” said the chosen one, following the nurse from the room. “Now I have seven kids. But this bambina is my first girl!”

Sophia crossed herself. May his baby never know poverty, she prayed. May she never know misery. May she never know shame...the shame of being ugly...long and skinny and brittle like a strand of uncooked spaghetti...of hearing the boys call after her, “Stecchetto” and knowing they were right, you were a little stick.

The shame of being illegitimate...of hearing the girls whisper, “Bastardo! Bastardo!” behind your back...of being rejected by your own father...of having his wife break in when, aged fourteen, you are trying to get an extra’s job in Cinicita and have her scream, “No, she is not Sofia Scicolone. Never a Scicolone. She is the daughter of nobody.”

And later, in the marriage where there is so much love, the shame of being branded “adulteress” because you tried to obey the letter of the law by dissolving your so-called “bigamous” marriage to your own husband. So now they accuse you of adultery instead! They call you sinner because you love one man—and continue to love him after they turn you out...in the wrong.

And what do they know of love, these people who so easily mouth mere words? Do they know how you died a little when you heard that he was seriously hurt in a plane? The jet on which he was flying from Paris to Rome flew into a vicious down-
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73
is today. He'd damaged his knee. He was in great need of surgery. But he refused surgery temporarily on the grounds that it would throw his team off should he leave them mid-season. And so, for Blanchflower, the doctors used a manipulative treatment. Treatment by hand, that is. It worked fairly well for a while. And perhaps they could use it on Liz.

But there are problems. The treatment is only temporary. Blanchflower did finally have surgery. A rumor is flying that the By surgery. Immediately after the soccer season was ended. And only surgery can completely erase the pain. The most this treatment can do is to help ease the pain to some degree.

And, for Liz, this will have to be enough. At least, until she finishes the picture.

"Burton will ditch her?"

But there is more happening to Liz Taylor today besides illness and the possibility of being crippled for some months.

The first person I talked to about Liz and Burton during my recent trip to London was an amazingly well-informed source. His initials are L.K.-B., and everything else about him, I must keep secret. Otherwise, I would not have gotten this story for Photoplay.

He told me first about Liz’ illness, her talk with the doctor, how the decision to postpone surgery was made.

And then he said of her: "She is a brave woman. Terribly, terribly brave. She’s a wonderful woman, too—warm, unusually compassionate with those she knows and loves; a dear, dear girl, believe me.

"But Burton”—he made a face—"I don’t like him. Not at all. Hmmmm, no. He’s treated poor Sybil abominably. And I think that Elizabeth Taylor—as you Americans might phrase it—is about to get the even rougher end of the stick ... There is, don’t bother with a rumor, making rounds that Burton will ditch Elizabeth as soon as he feels his popularity is such that he doesn’t need her anymore. The rumor is quite specific, in fact: the moment of ditching will come when his bankbook—in Switzerland, or wherever—shows half-a-million pounds. (That’s approximately a million and a half dollars.)"

And, hmmm, let me say this, that I for one believe the rumor. Because Burton is a Welshman. And keeping your eye on a dollar sometimes seems to be a Welsh trait. Of course, I don’t mean to imply by this that Burton never parts with money. I hear that he’s very generous with Sybil and the children—as well he should be. And I was at a party last night where someone very close to Elizabeth told me that Burton had just given her, Elizabeth, the most significant gift. From Cartier’s, no less. An emerald and diamond bracelet which cost him 140,000 American dollars.

But don’t let this fool you. And I hope it doesn’t fool Elizabeth. Because the man apparently has no intention in the world of marrying her.

"You know, I was at the Dorchester the other night, where they’re both living, in adjoining suites; at any rate, I was having a drink with a friend in the Lounge. When suddenly in walked Burton and Elizabeth, both so fat and had several brandies together. Now the odd part of all this is that Elizabeth is basically a very shy person and never, in the past, would she have sat for any length of time in the most public part of a hotel. Where she could be stared at and gawked at, as well she was. But whether or not she was uncomfortable, Burton was obviously pleased with himself because of his great ‘catch.’ You could see he was.

Take out his own wife?

"Perhaps the strangest thing about Burton is that he is, in his fashion, an indestructibly honest man. He loves his wife. And he is mad for Elizabeth Taylor—oh yes, temporarily he is, but of course; even an actor can’t play a role for over a year without believing that there’s something valid about the plot. And he wants, as you might say, to have his apple pie and eat it, too. ... But never fear. He will never give up Sybil for Elizabeth. He’s very middle class, Very Methodist, Very Welsh. And he wouldn’t think of leaving his wife for any undue period of time. Why, just the other night, for their fourteenth wedding anniversary, he had dinner with Sybil and took her to the theater. To the Aldwych, to see a performance of King Lear. Yes—Sybil was in from Switzerland for a day or two and her husband took her out. I understand that eyebrows were raised from here to there when people saw them together. Amusing, isn’t it, how people can be shocked when a man takes out his own wife? But the fact is that Sybil and Burton do get together from time to time, that there has never been any question of their being officially separated and that Sybil is quite used to this sort of treatment from this man. Burton and Sybil handle it all quite easily and well. If only by habit.

"But, one might ask, why in the world does Elizabeth Taylor put up with it? And I think I have the answers. The simpler of the two is that she loves Burton with a passion only to be known by the gods. And—a chink in her makeup, perhaps—but Burton’s constant times treats her roughly, and Elizabeth, like a lady, enjoys being bossed. Not long ago, for instance, Elizabeth was in bed with a fever. Burton, it’s said, was in the mood to attend a rugby match and in the mood for Elizabeth to attend it with him. With anyone else she would have declined, but for Burton she purred a soft yes and got out of bed to suffer along with him. Fever and all. And looking very beautiful, of course—if a bit wan.”

L.K.-B. paused. And then a wicked little smile slowly began to cross his face:

“I must say—there was for a while a chance that this Taylor-Burton romance was about to blow up suddenly. At least strong rumor had it that Elizabeth had formed a friendship with other actor, Rod Taylor. He’s in this film she and Burton are making together. He’s the one who only a few months ago was carrying on with Anita Ekberg. At any rate, the story had it that Elizabeth had taken one look at this Rod Taylor and absolutely swooned.

And I think something much ever seemed to come from this flirtation. And the film—which ran on a very short schedule—is just about nearing completion now. And so, I imagine, it will continue to be Elizabeth and Burton, still. Until Elizabeth tires of all this and does find a new infatuation. Or until, and more likely this, Burton feels that the time has well come to give his marriage another start, the reasons for which were specified by me a little while earlier.”

That was what my first source had to say. And then there were more. The morning following my talk with L.K.-B., I left my hotel and proceeded immediately to Fleet Street—the English capital’s newspaper center—for a chat with a news reporter friend of mine. And his story?

“Yes, most assuredly,” said one, “you can look through my Taylor-Burton clippings. But you’re not going to find too many. Seems the British press has been ignoring them these past couple of months. I mean, the British public is pretty well bored with their carryings on. Yet, do you know, the strange thing is that I feel, hmmm, let me say this, that this sort of thing may be a bit of a sham. She’s left pretty much alone in this country. By the press. By the public. And I think it’s a relief to her, a relief to have found a truly cosmopolitan place where she can more or less get away from it all.”

The clippings he then handed me were indeed sparse. There were reports that Liz and Burton had arrived by boat-train from Paris, The Daily Sketch added: “At home in Geneva, Switzerland, Burton’s wife Sybil said, I hope Dick will be here with me for Christmas. As for Miss Taylor, I will not comment on that.” And thus, was
their entrance into London duly reported.

"Come on, Wales!"

For the next couple of weeks there was nothing, according to the clippings. And then, late in December, this article appeared on a bottom corner of a back page in a weekly called News of the World—by columnist White Friar—and headlined "Liz Taylor Urges On The Welsh":

"It really was hardly the thing. There we were, concentrating like mad on Aberavon and the London Welsh playing Rugby at Old Deer Park, Richmond, when in walked Liz Taylor. And Richard Burton, of course. It was the middle of the second half and Miss Taylor was wrapped cosily in a fur coat.

"She tiptoed through the litter and sat next to Richard Burton. He was very excited about the match. And at one point Miss Taylor leapt up and squeaked 'Come on, Wales,' which seemed slightly impertinent, all things considered.

"Getting a firm grip on myself I rushed back to the pavilion to write my story and there, standing in front of me, was Miss Taylor drinking a pint of beer."

"Handling his pint very professionally, Mr. Burton—born Dick Jenkins of Pontypool—told me he had played for both London Welsh and Aberavon before he became an actor. "Used to play open side wing forward," he said.

"Miss Taylor said this was only the second game of Rugby she had seen. She went to the Varsity match on Tuesday. Also with Mr. Burton. 'I think it is much rougher than American football,' she said. 'It's marvellous.' She liked the beer, too!"

And that seemed to be it.

"But what about Christmas?" I asked my reporter friend. "—did Burton go home to Switzerland?"

"No," said my friend, "Sybil and the children came to London at the last moment. And they all spent part of the day together. Burton had dinner up at Hampstead—his home—with Sybil and his daughter. And then, that night, he went back to the Dorchester, where he had a second Christmas dinner with Liz."

"How about Liz and her children—were they here for Christmas?" I asked.

"Oh yes. The two boys. Liza. And the little German girl. And the two nannies who accompanied them. They all came in from Ostaad a few days before the holiday and checked into a huge suite on the fifth floor of the Dorchester."

"While Liz was in another suite?" I asked.

"Yes.""Adjoining Burton's? I had to ask.

In the exclusive part...

"Yes. They're up in the most exclusive part of the hotel—the penthouse floor, or the roof-garden floor I think is what they actually call it. Liz has the Harlequin Suite, five rooms at—" he coughed—"57 guineas a day. That's $225 daily, your currency, old boy. With the only king-size bed in the hotel, I might add. And Burton, he's next door in what they call the Terrace Suite. Only three rooms, I think. I don't know what the rate on that one is."

"What do they do when they go out?"

"Actually, there isn't too much time for them to go out," said my friend. "Week-
ends, when the weather is less foul than it is right now, they go for long drives in the country, up the Thames, towards Windsor and thereabouts. During the week, well, they're working on the set from dawn to dusk. When they return to their hotel they usually eat right there—in Liz' suite, or down in the hotel's Grill Room or to the Left Bank, of course, or someplace they like to eat. They like to eat at the River Café, a so-called American bar in the hotel where Burton likes to sit for a few quick ones now and then. Then there's the Lounge, of course—where Burton likes to sit when he wants to be seen with Liz.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Just what I implied. Wouldn't it suit any man's ego to be seen with Liz?"

"He's going through some of this for the publicity, you mean?" I asked.

"Partly," came the answer.

"Do you think he really loves her, will ever marry her?" I asked.

"Hell, no," came the answer. "That is—I don't think he'll ever marry her. Not if he's the same Richard Burton I knew years back—when he was Richard the actor, and not Dickie the star—there was then and there is now nobody for him but his wife. Oh, he was a good bloke back then, but I was first when I knew him. A most carefree and hard-drinking sort. Why, in those days, he didn't give two suds for anyone except his family. And I see no reason why he should have changed now, suddenly become the world's biggest question to be happened to be named Liz Taylor."

That afternoon, following my visit to Fleet Street, I went to the already much-mentioned Dorchester Hotel for a look.

"They're happy people"

"Mr. Burton, Mrs. Taylor. Ahhhhhhh," smiled a Dorchester butcher to me a little later on (he insisted, by the way, for no apparent reason on referring to Liz as Mrs. Taylor)—"Ahhhhhh," he repeated.

"now there you have two jolly fine people. Yes, I wait on them from time to time here at the hotel. And I do not care what if other folks around here say, but they couldn't be two finer people—Mr. Burton and Mrs. Taylor."

"They tip well, for one thing. Mr. Burton, he knows what it is like to part with a bill every once in a while. And Mrs. Taylor, she has always been the meat of the peach when it comes to generosity. On Christmas last, in fact, she presented me with kind of her appreciation. And I shall always treasure it.

"They're kind people. And they are above all happy people—Mr. Burton and Mrs. Taylor. They are always laughing together, I'm pleased to say. For instance, I heard this happy little story about them from one of the waiters the other day. It seems that Mrs. Taylor ordered some wine. Said Mr. Burton to me, 'Tell me that you look through our wine card? And he proceeded to hand it to Mrs. Taylor, who began to turn the pages while Mr. Burton looked on. Now, obviously, in the past, Mrs. Taylor had never taken much note of the short and pithy proverbs which are printed on the bottom of each pagelet of the wine card. And she began to read them aloud:

"Oh look, Richard," said Mrs. Taylor, 

"Under Red Bordeaux—it reads. When a man is spent with both, wine renews his force: Homer."

"Interesting, interesting," repeated Mr. Burton.

"And then, suddenly, Mrs. Taylor, having turned another page, broke out into a most hearty laugh. 'Oh Richard,' she said. 'Listen. Here, under Still Rhine Wines, is written, Eat, drink and love: the rest is not worth a filip. And it's signed: Mr. Richard Burton.' Of course, it meant a writer named Richard Burton. And on that they broke out into the heartiest laughter, until the tears were actually rolling down Mrs. Taylor's cheeks.

"Yes," he said, "they're both good sorts. And about her, the thing I admire most is that she is a delectably marvelous mother. I've seen other film stars here at this hotel in my time—they are absolutely vile in their attitudes towards their own children. But Mrs. Taylor, with hers, she's a gem. I've seen her have long and serious talks with the boys when something was amiss there—when boys will be boys, let us say. I've seen her laugh and cavort and play for hours with her daughter by Mr. Todd, who I must say is one of the most delightful-looking and delectable little girls I have ever seen. And with the little German orphan girl—well, here is a child with a bad hip and little to smile about much of the time, one would think—but I have seen Mrs. Taylor with that child seated on her lap, whispering things to her and singing to her, and with the child smiling, smiling, as if there weren't a thing wrong in the world—just by being with Mrs. Taylor, just by being cared for by Mrs. Taylor—she knew that everything was going to be all right in her little world.

"They're a third and last day in London was real cloak-and-dagger stuff.

"It began with a phone call I made to a friend, who happens to work at Elstree Studios, just outside London. And whom I asked, 'Do you think I could drop by the set later today and have a talk with Liz Taylor and Burton themselves?'

"Are you an absolute man?'

"I'm an absolute man.

"And my friend said to me, 'The sort of picture this is absolutely closed when they're working. Liz talks absolutely to one from the press. Ever. But—I tell you what, old chap. If you promise to leave your notebook at the hotel, I'll see that you get in for a quick look. But if anybody asks you who you are, say Scotland Yard or FBI, or that you're an escaped convict—anything. For heaven's sake, please, don't say you're a journalist. Or else we'll both be in a bloody mess.'"

My friend greeted me at the studio gate a few hours later, with a very nervous handshake ("remember—anything but a journalist!"). And then, as we walked together over to Sound Stage 3, he said to me:

"I'm sorry we missed lunch together. I could have taken you over to the pub where Liz and Burton eat together every day. They go over to a place called The King's Arms across the road, and they have their schnitz and pint of two. Interesting little story about Liz and The King's Arms, by the way. She first went there when she made her very first picture here in England—'The Conspirators' with Bob Taylor. It was Bob, in fact, who took her there for lunch one day. It was there that she told me she had her very first taste of beer. Oh, yes, one day. And she passed... and she returns here to do a picture with Burton. And Burton, who knows every pub in London and vicinity, has never heard of The King's Arms. And so, delightfully, Liz introduces him to it one day... And that's where they've been going for lunch ever since.

Only the best for Liz

"There," he said, suddenly, as we continued walking, "that parked car, the Rolls, with the diplomatic plates? That Liz'. She insists on a Rolls. Other stars have come to our attention, she said. 'Give me something simple to ride around in—like a Jag. But I don't think our Miss Taylor is one to ask for the best. And that's what she gets here. That's what she better get, let's say. The very best.'"

He pointed to a smallish two-room building we were now passing.

"Her dressing room is upstairs—third, fourth, fifth and sixth floors from the windows from the left. Just before she arrived we got orders that she wanted it big, very big—and so we knocked down two walls and made connecting doors, and now she has a three-room suite: sitting room, a room where she can lie down, and large bath. Burton? He has one room, just like an ordinary star. Not that he's ever in it. Seems that he only ever brings other people there. He smiled—and so, fortunately, Mr. Burton spends quite a bit of time talking to Miss Taylor in Miss Taylor's suite, and"—he smiled again—"that ended our worries about any details concerning Mr. Burton's dressing room.

"And Liz seems to be nuts about Burton, let's face it. They're always together. Always. He regards her with the same passion, and my impression is that she intends to go on worshipping him for a long time to come. He's scheduled, you know, to do quite a bit of work in London the next few years—films, plays. And Liz is house-hunting her right now, with the intention of establishing permanent residence in London. And there's only one reason for that. It's not because she's keen on our English weather, heaven knows."

"By the way," my friend continued, "you'll notice that she'll be wearing some very expensive jewelry—sapphire earrings and brooch. These were recent gifts to her from Burton. She felt so in love with them that she promptly insisted she be allowed to wear them during the film allowance, which, of course, was immediately granted. So now the credits preceding the film will probably read, 'Miss Taylor's gowns by Givenchy—Miss Taylor's jewelry by Mr. Burton.' And why not? That is, it's all very true."

We were inside the sound stage now. He nodded towards a tall and dapper man dressed in gray tweed and waistcoat:

"That's Anatole de Grunwald. Our producer. Good man. Pleased and believed that everything has gone without hitch so far, touch wood—in fact, very well indeed.
"Now," said my friend, suddenly barely moving his lips, "if you look just a little to the left, back there, seated on those camp chairs—you will see Liz and Burton. That's right. To the left. Talking. Do you see them? Good, Ah, a little action. Look, she's bringing her hand up and running it through his hair. Well, you're decidedly privileged, old chap. I mean, do you realize that you have just seen Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton in the midst of a true-life little love scene? Oh, oh," he said then suddenly, "she's begun to look a bit weary. Straight at you. Don't be perturbed. But be prepared to move. That woman has a sixth sense about these things. Right now she can probably give your initials, your age, and your occupation—journalist. I think that . . . we had better . . . go. Now!"

Liz and Dick are in 20th's "Cleopatra," and MG-M's "Very Important Persons."

open the door wide, bowed slightly and said, "You're on, Tony."

Tony walked down the short hallway. He was calm now. He entered the large living room of the Royal Suite and took his place with Kirk beside Superior Court Judge George Marshall, who performed the ceremony.

A few seconds later, preceded by the Matron of Honor, Mrs. Kirk Douglas, Christine quietly walked in. As she came before the Judge, she smiled at him and then, still smiling, turned to Tony. He stepped to her side. In the simple words of a civil pronouncement, the Judge made them husband and wife.

When it was over there was one almost imperceptible instant of silence as Christine gazed tenderly at the wide gold wedding ring Tony had slipped on her finger. Then she looked up at Tony. They kissed and Tony's love for her was in his lips and in his arms.

As we observed the new Mr. and Mrs. Tony Curtis it was difficult for us not to think of Janet. None of the guests had spoken her name, and if any memory of Janet crossed their minds, they did not mention it. But it is hard to believe that Tony's friends could have resisted a few thoughtful comparisons.

You can compare Christine to Janet, but there is really only one quality which the ex-wife and the new wife have in common. They are both beautiful women.

The bride and the mother-in-law

Understanding Christine is not easy. She is almost devoutly European, but because of her start as an actress at the age of four and the long years of mingling with many nationalities in making movies, Christine, on the surface at least, has reflected little of the rigid Germanic points of view in her philosophies.

She is warm with her friends yet cool to strangers. When she introduces someone new, you can see in her eyes the speed and efficiency with which she assesses an individual. Her opinions of others are not irrevocable, but they are made quickly and not easily revised.

Her love for her mother, for example, according to one member of the wedding party, is "pure devotion." It was this relationship, incidentally, that figured prominently in her year-long courtship with Kirk.
Tony, but it figured not at all the way the public was led to believe.

During the romance, rumors of Tony's disagreements with his future mother-in-law were roundly discussed among his friends. The assumption, however, that the disagreements concerned Mrs. Kaufmann's objections to the match were quite erroneous. It was very much the other way around. Mrs. Kaufmann was all for the marriage.

The problem was Tony's hesitancy in naming the date. He wanted to wait until Christine was as much in love as he was. He refused to rush her. Mrs. Kaufmann's concern was based on her European point of view, which was in several respects stricter than the American attitude.

Christine was seventeen when Tony fell in love with her. In the eyes of European parents and European law, she was still a child. German law is so strict on this score that it permits parents to confiscate fifty percent of a daughter's income until she is eighteen. And German parents who allow an underage daughter to be alone in the company of a man, let alone an older divorced man, are very likely to suffer social censure.

To add to the delicacy of the predicament, it was fairly well known that Tony and Christine, although sharing completely separated apartments, did live in the same building. This arrangement, regardless of its innocence, was just not in accordance with German old-country standards. Of course, it is only the most liberal of American families who don't also share this standard.

But Christine was in the U.S. and she cherished the most tolerant American view. In addition, it guaranteed the maturity Christine yearned for, both for her own sake and for Tony's.

And Tony wanted no part of a marriage-in-haste with repentance-at-leisure. He had been "emotionally shaken" by Janet's request for a divorce and had hoped until the last moment in court that she would change her mind. Some of his friends say the shock is still in him.

When Tony was again a free man and fell in love for the second time, he wanted time to think, to examine his motives, to know Christine, to consider every aspect of a second marriage and most of all to be positively certain that his intense love for Christine was not based on the violent rebound of his divorce.

Tony denies it, but those close to him say that during the romance he was aggravated when Christine, in discussing her romance with Curtis, would not let interviewers talk her into admitting love for him—though she would speak of marriage.

Love and marriage

"You see," explains a Curtis buddy, "it is quite common in Europe for a young girl to marry without being in love with the bridgroom. Parents understand this and assume that the daughter will learn of love and the meaning of love from the man. Tony, being an American, did not want Christine in a situation that might have turned into a terrible trap for her. There was no doubt about Tony's feeling. He is madly in love with his new wife. But he'd have given up every soul-happy moment if he thought that Christine didn't love him completely, with no reservations."

"You cannot imagine the tremendous pressure Tony and Christine withstood from the outside and from within themselves. Tell you one thing. No two people ever tried to be more certain of their love for each other than these two."

The friend's insight proved remarkably accurate almost the instant the wedding was over. Tony, customarily a nervously tense man, seemed to melt after kissing Christine. It seemed that not only his mind but his body was swimming in the luxury of the relief that the pressure was gone.

His smile, as he turned to look at the guests, seemed heady with the ecstasy of his triumph. He was so happy he almost cried.

Kirk Douglas kissed the bride, grabbed Tony's hand and said, "You've had all the luck. Now have all the happiness."

The phone rang. "Tony," someone said, "Associated Press is on the phone. They want a quote."

Tony nodded. He picked up the phone and listened for a moment.

"Yes, yes. I know it was almost a secret," he laughed, "but you knew it was going to happen, didn't you? I just couldn't wait any longer. I was too much in love, and you can tell everybody I'm the happiest man in the world. I'm deliciously happy. We thought about it for a long time. I owed it to myself to be sure, but more than that I owed it to Christine."

"Yeah, how about that? Only two days for a honeymoon, I have to be back at the studio Monday ... Sid Korshak's yacht on Lake Meade. He's a good friend, isn't he, to do that, even though he is a lawyer ... Yes, we'll be happy ... Thanks. We both appreciate your good wishes ... G'by."

The wedding party toasted the newlyweds. The women encircled Christine cooing and dabbing at their eyes, while the men shook Tony's arm like pump handles offering congratulations.

"Thank you's" were warm and sincere, but it was not hard to see that Christine was waiting for something very special she had to do. Finally, after she had acknowledged the good wishes of each member of the wedding, she excused herself, went into the bedroom and called her mother in Munich, Germany.

She came out in a few moments and said to Tony, "Please, dear, come and talk to Mother." Tony rushed into the bedroom. When he came out he said to Christine, "It's wonderful. She wants to talk to you again. I do want you to tell her how happy we are."

When Christine returned she was smiling radiantly, as happy tears rolled down her cheeks. "Oh, Tony," she said, almost sobbing, "Mama sends her love and she is crying with joy, as I am."

She stared at him for a moment and then, as though the familiar words were new and wonderful, she whispered softly, "I love you, I love you." She put her arms around him and laid her head adoringly on his chest. Mrs. Tony Curtis was with the man she loved.

-IRVING DOUGLAS

way he always tries to make her comfortable and the way he always takes her along to wherever he's going. To me it's just a beautiful love story—two shy and lovely people who worked so hard together and who now kind of hold each other's hand and is just owners of the whole world. Oh, yes, Vaughn is very shy, I think. And the way he's overcome his shyness is to sing and play piano and get into this business and, especially, to do impersonations of other people.

"Like me with, I'm shy, too. I used to be an outcast in high school. Because I tried to be a clown. And people would say to me, 'Don't act like that—it's not ladylike.' But so many of them didn't understand that the way I was trying to overcome my shyness was by being funny. Jacqueline Kennedy is shy. My gosh, that's the very basis of her appeal. She speaks so softly, like this—shhhhhhh—Mr. De-Gaulle—she speaks so softly because she's afraid. And shy. Just like everybody.

"I see Vaughn Meader as I saw him before—quiet, fine, a fine human being inside. He hasn't let any of this thing, this quick success, go to his head. A lot of people would go crazy with this kind of thing. But not Vaughn. He's too for real. He's too genuine. They don't make them like him just any old day."

"Call me Chubby"

Our next stop: Dressing Room No. 3. We knock and an adorable-looking little girl, Jan Rhodes (the Caroline of the troupe), opens the door. Jan—who's got about as many TV and stage credits as the real Caroline has ponies-giggles something about the fact that she's just taken a shower and we should excuse her if she goes on drying her hair. And then she says, still giggling. "Mr. Meader always calls me Chubby. That's my nickname. Oh, he's so nice. Even when I gave him a hard time he was so nice. It happened the other night. We were playing Bridgeport. And I found this Italian restaurant where they make my favorite dish of all—spaghetti with oil and loads and loads of garlic. Well, I had to tell Mr. Meader before our big scene—the one where he leans over me and tells me the bedtime story—I had to tell him that I smelled pretty bad. But he just took a good whiff of me, screwed in a nose a little and then he said, 'Oh, that's all right, Chubby. I like garlic. I love garlic. I'm crazy about garlic!' Of course I knew he was lying. I knew it bothered him just like it would have bothered anybody else. But he didn't let on. And see what I mean, how nice he is? ... He's nice to everybody. He's a very nice man. He's not like some other people in this business, who aren't nice at all. I want to give Mr. Meader a present when we end our run. Something real special. What's that?—has he ever given me a present? Hmmmmmm, we'll see on my birthday. I'll be eleven the twenty-third of this month—and well just see."

It's 8:30 by now. The show has begun. Vaughn's still in his dressing room, resting, he's not due on stage for half an hour yet. Outside his door, two men stand talking. One is Buddy Allen, Vaughn's manager. The other is Dick O'Neill, actor.

Dick says, laughing, "He's a good poker player. I can testify to that. We play together once in a while. It's one of the few ways the poor guy can relax nowadays." Then, not laughing. "It's not easy being the biggest thing in the business all of a sudden. The pressures are pretty tremendous. And to make it all worse—some of the creeps that Vaughn has to put up with! Like when we were in Norfolk, at the Key Club, just sitting at a table minding our own business. And this guy comes walking over to the table, stares at Vaughn and calls out to someone, 'You know who this screwball is? Vaughn Monroe!' And then, a few minutes later, a girl comes over and she says to Vaughn, 'Oh, I'm sorry, Vaughn. I didn't mean to say small fry for me."

"Jacqueline!"

Says Buddy Allen, the agent, next: "Nobody in the business has ever risen faster than Vaughn. It's an incredible story, but true—the guy who had nothing to the guy who's got the world at his feet. The day the record was made to the day it sold its four-millionth copy—those were eight weeks that shot the world."

"The first time I saw Vaughn perform? One night last May. I had a few hours to spare this night. I went over to a workshop where comics work out. I watched one comic after another, and there was only one who interested me—Vaughn. He did a little Kennedy that night, not much; but what really interested me was that his stuff was high-level and full of imaginative satire—and that he wrote his own material. I didn't approach him that night. I went home and I thought about him for a while. Then, a couple of days later I went down to this place in the Village where he'd picked up a small job. And by now, seeing him work in front of an audience, I was convinced that he had it, really had it. And I signed him.

Big night! Big strike!

"I've got to say two things about Vaughn. One—that he's got a lot more talent than just as an impersonator, and that in short time he's going to prove that this is not a flash in the pan. Two—I think that for a young boy who has had such instantaneous success and such a fantastic thing happen to him, I think he's handling it very well. I've been around this business a long time. I've gotten to know that success is a lot more difficult to handle than failure. I've seen people actually go berserk with power when they've become successful. But not Vaughn. Not out hoy."

"I'll never forget it, that night we opened at Carnegie Hall. It was a one-night date. It was an important night. Then the news-
I've got to say, we didn't have one accident. I mean, how can a person get falling off a chair? Even a ninety-year-old person? So anyway, there I am, big athletic director doing nothing. And one night all my old friends and a few new friends found me they're sleeping all right—and me, a big route that I am, I'm sitting up and watching television and I saw the "Talent Scouts" show this night and there's Vaughn, fresh out of the Village, being introduced as a new and hopeful discovery. And then Vaughn began to make it so big in night clubs that the 'Talent Scout' people asked him if they should introduce him as a new and hopeful discovery. And then Vaughn thought of me. He phoned me one night and asked if he could do the honors. Yeah, ever since then, things have been going very nice for me. I've been on the Merv Griffin show. I'm with this tour now. "My appreciation to Vaughn." Let me put it this way, I had decided for a while that I was going to go back to Brooklyn and be a school teacher. And all I can say is that Vaughn Meader, by giving me a break, saved a lot of little, unsuspecting kids from a terrible fate!

Starts shy, warms up

Next we're introduced to Michael Ross—writer, actor, comic, and now director of the "First Family" tour—who says to us about Vaughn: "He's a reticent boy. He does not open up to people easily. But once he does, he's quite the opposite. And he begins to speak as if his thoughts are ahead of his words—a kind of shorthand way of talking—and he expects you to move right on with your questions. Vaughn is quite a complex person. He's on a great deal of nervous tension. His true humor is very biting. There is a kind of doggedness about him and a desire to learn, as well as a great need to work and to play. Complex, as I say. But if he's got his own little devils inside of him—well, he's entitled to them. He is, to me, a boy of terribly good taste. He's a good boy, and he will not do things that vaguely resemble anything shoddy. It's a natural thing with him, this matter of taste. Not something that he's learned, or is learning. He's in a strange position now. I can infer by everything he says to me that while he is enjoying his huge success right now, the success is not as important to him as ten- ten Keene's. The money the Kennedy's tell Vaughn just can't last forever. He knows it a gimmick, an attention-getter. And he knows darned well that after the gimmick wears off, he'd better start doing something else. "What's that? Do I think the talent is there? Yes, I do. Else I wouldn't even be talking to you about Vaughn Meader right now. I think he's got good musical talent, very good dramatic talent. And to me, his greatest talent of all is his mind, his brain, his wit, his quickness. Why don't you step backstage right now and see what I mean? Vaughn's on by now (checks his watch) yes, he's on now, doing the press conference-route. It's totally unrehearsed. He stands there, alone, as the President, and asks for questions from the audience. Nobody, not even Bob Hope, is supposed to ask questions. Then Vaughn answers the questions. He makes it look quite easy. But really it isn't. You'll see what I mean."

And we do. A few moments later. We stand there in the wings, listening to the questions being hurled at Vaughn one-two-three, and Vaughn's rapid-fire repartee:

"Mr. Kennedy, who do you think will be the next President?"

"Why? I don't plan to go—anything—"

"What happened to Vice President Johnson, Mr. Kennedy?"

"He's lost—which is pretty easy to do down in Texas."

"What's the matter with Senator Goldwater?"

"Well, let's start with his name—"

"How is Adlai doing?"

"I think. He's too brilliant. I need him to help Teddy cross the streets."

"Mr. Kennedy—how do you and your wife feel about birth control?"

"We believe in separate vacations."

"Is there any truth to the rumor that you were married once before?"

"I'm glad, hmmm, yes, that finally Confidential Magazine sent a representative to your house.

And so it goes, each of Vaughn's lines greeted by uproarious laughter. We're laughing too by now, long and hard, when Vaughn's agent, Buddy Allen, asks, "Would you like to meet Vera now? She's in Vaughn's dressing room, just sitting there. A little reluctantly we leave the wings and follow Buddy to the dressing room.

Our reluctance fades fast as we are introduced to Vera Heller Meader—one obscure waitress in Mannheim, Germany, now the wife of U.S. "President" —a blond girl in her mid-twenties, short, pretty, soft-spoken as a breeze. A serious girl who does not smile as she speaks, yet, in her voice, we hear a pleasantness about her that transcends smiling. And we begin to feel the warmth that she and Vaughn share as she starts to tell us their little story:

"He was in the Army when we met. In Germany. He worked as a soldier during the day and at night he played the piano and sang at a club where I worked on the other hand. And the first time I talked to him was when a customer requested an American number and I went over to the piano and said, 'A gentleman wants you to play "Sawdust."' What really meant, of course, was "Stardust." But I didn't know much English at the time. And Vaughn began to laugh, so much.

She'd heard about soldiers

"He liked me right from the start. And I had heard so many things about soldiers, I didn't know whether to like him or not. But then I began to see that he was basically such a friendly guy, just a regular guy, and very kind and truthful and I began to be attracted to him. What I liked most was that he never would get fresh with me. We dated. He would bring me home. And that was that.

"How did he propose to me? You should ask better how many times did he propose. Because always he would ask and always I would say, 'No, not yet, don't ask me yet.' I don't know what I was waiting for, I guess I knew that marriage was going to mean leaving my family eventually, and the city, and I was very close to the family.

"Speaking of the family, it was very interesting with Vaughn. I could tell with most other people that he was very often uncomfortable. I could see it in his ges-
Part I of “The First Family” is over, the sound of applause is right behind him.
He closes the door, walks over to Vera, kisses her on the hair, then sits and talks for a while with us as he unwinds.

“I’m not frustrated”

Then he pauses for a moment and says to us, “You’ve been talking to so many people about me. Do you still have any questions left for me to answer?”

“A few,” we say.

“Like?”

“Like do you feel you’ve changed any of these past few months?”

“Yes,” Vaughn says. “I’m calmer. I’m more secure. I’m not as frustrated and nervous as I used to be. And I don’t jump so quick anymore if somebody touches me, or knocks on the door.”

“What was the most encouraging thing Vera ever said to you during this time?”

“I’m afraid Vera’s basically a pessimist,” says Vaughn. “And the most encouraging things were things she didn’t say. Like, ‘When are you going to amount to something?’ There were plenty of times she could have let me have it like that. But she never did.”

“Are you a pessimist, Vaughn?”

“I’m an optimist. A great big optimist. I realize now that I had right to be optimistic. Everything was going wrong for me. Then along came this one-in-a-billion break. But I can remember, when I was working at Klein’s, every payday I’d run into Luchow’s restaurant and spend ten bucks for a meal I couldn’t afford, just to make me feel good. And I’d be sitting there eating this steak or what-have-you and I’d tell myself, ‘Boy, come the day, come the day, and I’m going to eat in restaurants like this three times a day.’ And now, well, the day has come. And I find I’m not very hungry anymore. And, basically, I still eat the same kind of stuff I always did—ham-burgers, a can of beans, lots of milk. And I find that I really didn’t mind that kind of menu.”

“Vaughn, more than a few people have talked to us about your desire for tenure in show business—” we start.

“They talk right,” Vaughn interrupts.

“I do want tenure. This flash in the pan business isn’t for me, not if I can help it. I know—there are people around who say, ‘He can do JFK and that’s all he can do.’”

“Tal,” said Sot, “Vaughn, I can only say to them that it all came so quick, that there hasn’t been the time to treat ourselves to anything new or special. It is strange about things like this, no? I mean when Vaughn and I were so broke and never had a dime in the house I knew we couldn’t go to our icebox. And now, you look in the icebox and you will not even find a drop of milk. There’s no time to eat, anymore.”

The door to the dressing room opens suddenly. Vaughn walks in, still tired-looking but smiling. It’s intermission time,

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plain Mrs. Harry Karl, is spending more and more time away from home. She followed her night club debut in Las Vegas by going right into another film, "Mary, Mary."

**Stunt Of The Year.** Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette gave a "Come as Your Favorite Disease" bash. Troy had a sign placed on his bedroom door which read "For Big Operators Only."

Connie Stevens didn't show but threatened to come as her favorite disease—so she said—Dot Provine. Their feud's on!!

**GOSSIP SECTION**

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Debbie Reynolds

Continued from page 41

honored is this unspoken, yet successful togetherness between Debbie and Eddie, for the children's sake, that it is difficult to explain why, when the couple were husband and wife, they couldn't have used the same technique to settle their differences.

When Eddie left Debbie for Liz, it was assumed that no abandoned wife ever had more right to complete custody of the children. Few argued Debbie's unhappy privilege.

But, contrary to all presumptions of vindictiveness, Debbie, when the air had cleared, got the message to Eddie that anytime he wanted to be with the children all he need do was ask.

Debbie's generosity surprised everyone except those who knew her.

So for nearly three years now Eddie has seen his children whenever possible.

During some periods when he is closed to Hollywood, Eddie has seen Carrie and Todd as often as three times a week. The children, as may be imagined, love to visit Eddie. And they also love his favorite gift to them—a stuffed animal, the big plushy, snugly kind they take to bed with them.

Neither Debbie nor Harry Karl ever accompany the children on their visits to Eddie. Debbie feels it is wiser to be absent and Harry believes that his presence might be misinterpreted as interference or overprotection.

This remarkable air of togetherness which the children always find is not superficial and in many ways is much stronger than the casual observer might believe.

**Not through fear.**

Debbie's awareness of her special responsibilities to the children is sharp and alive. Her dedication to the proper rearing of the Fisher offspring goes far beyond the simple publicity image of her being a "good" mother.

She is more than that. Carrie and Todd are never pampered during the everyday routine of their lives. Special privileges, such as the movies, a trip to the park, the circus or other private festivities, are earned.

"Those children behave," says a friend of the family. "But they know why they must behave. They are obedient not through fear, but through understanding. They have been taught the need for good conduct, not only as a convenience to Debbie, but because they seem to sense that good behavior is important to their own self-respect. You'd be surprised, considering their age, at how much self-respect they have."

"Once Todd wanted to pull apart one of the big cloth animals Eddie had given him. Carrie, a remarkably intelligent little girl said, quite casually, 'Do you want to own an animal with all its stuffin's pulled out?' She looked just like her mother then.

"Todd considered that for a long moment and then said, 'No... and people would think I'm mean.' The animal is still in one piece."

Eddie's feelings toward the children are extremely emotional. His joy and enthusiasm in their presence is unbounded. Those who work with him point out that when he gets up on certain mornings he is a different man than he was the day before. "He eats better and even sings better during rehearsals," one says.

On those days Eddie will say, as often as ten or fifteen times before noon, "I feel great, I'm going to see the kids today." And his feelings of protection and attachment to his children are a powerful force in him which are not to be trifled with in any way. He's definite about that.

"**Over my dead body!**"

Recently, during a party in the home of a business associate, Eddie was discussing his latest romp with "my kids." Someone asked if he had heard that Harry Karl was considering adopting the children.

"I heard that," Eddie commented, "but I don't believe Harry is considering any such thing. He knows exactly how I feel about my kids. The only way he could ever adopt them is over my dead body."

The relationship, incidentally, between Harry and Eddie has been called "strained."

This is not true. Prior to his romance and eventual marriage to Debbie, Harry had met Eddie many times. They were never really close friends, not because of any incompatibility of personalities, but their paths just never crossed that often. But Karl is keenly aware of Eddie's feeling for the children. And he has taken great care not to interfere nor disturb the togetherness that Debbie and Eddie have developed for the children's sakes. He understands how it is.

Harry has children of his own with his former wife Marie MacDonald, and he understands the delicacy of Eddie's status as a "daddy" who does not live with "mommies."

Those close to Eddie and to Debbie respect the divorced couple's high-minded approach to a predicament frequently mishandled by the most well-meaning of divorced parents. And that was why a lot of people were surprised recently when a trade paper printed an item that Debbie and Eddie had taken the children to a PTA circus.

Both Debbie and Eddie hesitated to comment on the item for fear of creating more publicity. But, finally, Debbie not only denied it for Photoplay, but became furious at the irresponsibility of the columnist who printed the story.

Debbie's wrath was understandable. For weeks, false rumors grapevined all over Hollywood that she and Harry are not getting along well. Another disturbing item adding fire to her incense, recently stated that her neighbors were thinking about tape recording the supposed quarrels she was having with Harry.

Again Debbie suffered the exasperating aggravation of having to cope with completely unfounded reports. Those who know the Karls, of course, discount such stories. Debbie knows this, but since much of Hollywood believes anything it sees in
He gambled and lost

As a result Debbie and Eddie are presently even more reluctant to discuss their private lives.

There is, however, a truth buried deeply in the relationship between Debbie and Eddie.

When Eddie walked off with Liz Taylor he gambled with a lifetime of happiness. He got what he wanted but he didn’t hold it long.

Debbie suffered and survived. No woman ever had more right to resent the return of an ex-husband. But today she is happy. She no longer thinks of the past. “That hurt is a closed chapter in my life,” she told Photoplay, “and I am bitter toward no one. I wish nothing but success and happiness to Eddie.”

The children have two fathers, their own, who loves them and a new one who also loves them. When they leave Eddie, after a day with him, it is unlikely that they understand the reluctance of his goodbyes or the catch in his throat as he scramble from his side, back into the house with the greens and flowers and trees around it . . . back to their mother, a woman he once loved.

The children won’t know for a long time that Daddy, the man they left out in the back of the big black car, has no real home to go to, as they do. It’s worked out well for the kids.

And it’s worked out well for Debbie. But their father gambled and lost.

Life demanded its debt: loneliness.

Eddie Fisher makes a payment every time his kids leave him.

—Alan Somers

Debbie’s in Paramount’s “My Six Loves,” and M-G-M’s “How the West Was Won.” Her next is WB’s “Mary, Mary.”

Continued from page 42

mind was the idea, ‘You made your mistakes, now let me make mine.’ Only I didn’t really think it was a mistake.

“There couldn’t be a better sister than Natalie. She’s kind and generous, and when the going gets rough she’s so patient. We’re a close-knit family and this may be an odd thing to say—but the breakup between Jack and me, with all its aches and pains, has actually drawn Nat closer to my heart. I always loved her, but now I’m beginning to really appreciate her at her true value. I hope she’ll take my word that I’m a reformed character. I can’t say I won’t go balmy about another young man, but next time I’ll try not to be so headstrong. I don’t want to be a problem or make problems for Nat or my family and friends.”

Lana is the youngest daughter of Maria and Nicholas Gurdin. Natalie, at twenty-four, is the middle one, and Teddy is eight years older than Nat. In looking back on her abrupt and ill-starred elopement, Lana seems to feel that “it was never meant to get off the ground.” Rather ruefully she says, “It’s like one of those terrible airfield tragedies you read about. The plane rooms up like a rocket. Beautiful! But it never does clear the field.

“Jack and I were so sure we were madly, desperately, passionately in love. When we talked it was like singing. When we walked, like flying. We just couldn’t understand why everyone didn’t cheer us on to take the big jump. Not that Nat or Mother or Dad or Nat’s boy friend, Warren Beatty, tried to stop us. They simply warned us not to go too fast.

“But of course we weren’t in a mood to listen. Couldn’t they feel what was pounding inside us when Jack and I looked at each other? Were they too old? Silly, isn’t it? Two infatuated kids wondering if a Natalie Wood and a Warren Beatty, still in their early twenties, could be too old to understand romance? That should show how immature we were. They weren’t too old at all. We were just too young. Terribly, terribly young.”

So sudden was the wedding of young Lana to the eighteen-year-old son of the TV producer of “Lassie” (Jack’s stepmother is the actress, Bonita Granville), that Hollywood was caught by surprise. Even their most intimate friends had no idea the pair were more than acquaintances in the early stages of dating. When the marriage took place on December 18 in Juarez, Mexico, they had been going around no more than ten days. Someone who saw them during this brief period described it as “one of the fastest romances this town ever had, and we’ve had them all. They were like a couple of cubs, pawing and nuzzling, getting to know each other—then bang!—the announcement was in the papers. They were married! It was one of those things that just—throw you!”

They told her folks

Though everyone else may have been taken by guard, Lana’s family was not.

“I’d never have dreamed of doing it without first letting my parents and sisters know,” Lana insists. “The moment we realized we were so much in love that to be separated even for one night was misery, we went straight to my family and told them. Jack wanted it that way, too. I can still see Mother’s face. It was startled, glaring, and just a bit worried. You know, Mother’s face is always very moe. They were very nice to us, though. Mother said, ‘I want you both to be happy. You’re both awfully young, but you’re old enough to think. Lana will be eighteen in March. What do you say to an engagement now and a wedding in June’? “It was a reasonable suggestion—but it wasn’t exactly what we wanted. I looked at my big sister Natalie and said, ‘Nat, you were only nineteen when you got married.’ She smiled. She might have pointed out that her marriage to Bob Wagner was a

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flop and that she’s been proceeding with caution—since—even with Warren, who’s supposed to be the man she’s in love with. But she spared me any wisecracks. She just said something I shall never forget. I’ve thought about it ever since Jack and I parted. ‘I do understand how you feel, Lana,’ she said. ‘The young can’t wait until tomorrow. The young think tomorrow may never come.’"

Their romance may have “zoomed” but it can hardly be classed as a case of “love at first sight.” Lana and Jack met at a party in March, 1962. According to Jack’s version, he was “hardly impressed.” Lana had driven up in Natalie’s glittering Continental and Jack decided she was “a little girl who played it big by wearing her big sister’s shoes. I didn’t even ask her for a dance.”

Then in the fall of ’62 came the Deb Star Ball at which the industry’s promising young lovelies are presented to the public by the Hollywood Makeup Artists and Hair Stylists. Lana was one of the debes, and this time Jack, who was escorting starlet Cheryl LaScala, took a second look when Lana passed, smiled and said “Hi.”

“She was very striking,” he remembers, “and grins self-consciously, ‘But I remember what tunnel she got caught in. You see, she had a way-out sophisticated hairdo. It would have been far more fitting for Natalie—the kid looked ridiculous.’

A couple of nights after this, they met again at a house party given by their mutual friends, Sandy Descher and Jerry Washburn. This time Lana was gussied up in a flowered silk that clung to her youthful body and showed cleavage. Jack didn’t care for the outfit, but he and Lana somehow found themselves hovering nearer and nearer each other. Finally their eyes met. It was as if a signal had burst in both their minds. They came together for the first time, Jack with a look of total astonishment. She was a mainspring; he was the mainspring. And it was the beginning of an obsession that compelled them to see each other the next night and the next and the next for a solid week.

**Getting in deep**

Says Lana, “We did the usual things kids do in Hollywood—took in movies, lunches at Hamburger Hamlet and dined in the grand manner at LaScala. Let’s face it, we only had a limited amount of money, so LaScala saw us only twice. I couldn’t sit across from Jack at dinner. Every time I sat at his sandy hair, magnificent six-three and his easy smile, my stomach filled with butterflies. So I asked to sit across from him. But when our shoulders touched, the same day thing happened.”

Says Jack, “Lana’d laugh or crinkle up her eyes and I’d flip. I couldn’t help myself. I must say she looked better every time I saw her. She never wore that low-cut dress again and I told her right out I couldn’t stand her ratty haircut. Next day her hair was changed, and so was she. Stunning! When I began to see Lana as LaScala, she was the most lovely woman I’ve ever seen. It was a proposition of sort—she looked so beautiful to me. But Jack and Natalie Gurdin showed concern. Natalie now added her appeal to her mother’s. “I want to be at your wedding, but I must fly to New York for a few days. Please Lana, Jack—can’t you just wait until I get back and then we’ll all make plans for a wedding?”

But that’s the very point, the young lovers—especially when they’re in New York, too, get married, and have Natalie supervise the proceedings? Then they could have a Christmas honeymoon. “It will be so romantic,” Lana begged. Unable to resist this heart-to-heart logic, the family weakened and yielded.

But now, with all apparently settled in favor of New York, the youngsters found their passionate obsession was too much even for this brief delay. Suddenly, they tossed the second plan to the winds and eloped to Juarez.

“It was,” Lana recalls glumly, “completely unromantic, ugly, I didn’t even have the illusion of feeling like a bride. I guess Jack felt just as bad though he didn’t say much about it. I remember he said, ‘It cost $45 and they didn’t even give you a corsage or have music . . . well, anyway it’s the only thing that matters is, we’re married.’

From Mexico they drove to Dallas to see Jack’s grandmother. She was shocked and none too pleased. “It wasn’t that she was against Lana,” Jack points out. “She wasn’t used to seeing her eighteen-year-old grandson as a bridegroom, that’s all.” But Lana got Natalie on the phone and Nat took the news with laughter and cried a little and then she said, “Who am I to stand in the way of your lovers—you may have all the happiness in the world!”

Their trouble began, it appears to Lana, when they returned to Hollywood. “Up till then we were like a couple of lucky kids, picking good times out of thin air. We played at courting instead of working at being married. Jack and I went everywhere together and he’d call up and ask me for a date. We’d go to drive-in movies, eat hot dogs and smooth like the kids in the other cars around us. Jack was still being supported by his father, but since we hadn’t asked his blessing to the marriage, we felt embarrassed about asking for an increase in Jack’s allowance. Besides, Mr. Wrather, Sr., was in London and I was in Los Angeles. Then after he got home, Jack felt it was best to stay out of his dad’s way until things cooled off.”

The inevitable question arose. How to manage until Jack could come to some arrangement with his father or get a job? They had to have money. Jack sold his car. But in Los Angeles, which is a sprawling metropolis with busy but backwoodish and inadequate public transportation facilities, a car is a necessity. It was at this juncture that Natalie, sensing the start of a small inconvenience which could soon become a big irritation between young people, stepped into the danger zone and gave the newlyweds a Jaguar XKE.

“Don’t worry about money or practical problems now—you’re still on your honeymoon,” Natalie urged. “There will be lots of time for Jack to find ways and means of supporting his little family. Meanwhile you can stay at my place. Anything you need, ask. That’s what big sisters are for.” Another time when a squabble arose between the newlyweds over some small matter or other, Natalie would make everything so intensively, stop working on a big production out of each thing that comes up. Being happy in marriage is a long hard process of adjusting to each other and to all the inevitable small and big problems.”

**Love is worth saving**

One afternoon, after a particularly bitter quarrel, Jack and Lana came into the kitchen—“Things just aren’t working out, Nat. We fight more than we love,” Lana confessed. Natalie, who has often said that love is the mainspring of personal happiness and fulfillment, listened to Lana in silence. She seemed to the younger girl to be probing for some answer within the depths of her own experience. Finally she said in a tone which sincerity was tinged with a complex of emotions Lana could not quite fathom, “Even if love takes a bumpy course—and that goes for marriage—it may still be worth fighting for and saving. Sometimes an accident, or a sickness or some other kind of misfortune strikes, and a home loses its happy air. This doesn’t mean the end of the marriage. Every clue must be considered carefully before you decide to jump to conclusions. Sometimes the best way to save a marriage is to fight for it, if you think you can. And of course, you’re not the only one who’s fighting. Your parents are doing the same thing, and so is your married sister."

Lana, who had been a Roman Catholic convert for some months before meeting Jack, bowed her head in understanding. Jack was also a Catholic, and she knew that with neither of them could marry—even the quickie they’d had—be taken lightly. Once again Natalie made an effort to hold the crumbling parts together. “Maybe the trouble is that your marriage wasn’t as beautiful as a marriage should be. Let me arrange for a St. Valentine’s Day wedding in a church, with all the trappings. I promise, it will be something you and Jack will remember with pride all your lives.”

Lana went away from that lunch with a heart full of promise. She still did not know how to complicate her problem with a Catholic wedding that would tighten bonds that already seemed to be cracking.

She was right. At home, Jack told her he had taken a job as a publicity man. Lana asked him what he knew about it. His reply was a shrug. He reminded her that he had once appeared in an Alan Ladd movie, but that it was forgotten. Maybe he ought to try acting. “I’ve done a few ‘Lassie’ pictures,” he brooded. One thing led to another and the discussion grew hot. Things were said that are not easily forgotten or forgiven. The result was a separation neither made any attempt to bridge.

“I moved in with my family,” said Lana. “And Jack lived with a friend. Neither of us thought things off and not rush to a lawyer. Then on January 25, Jack’s father filed suit to annul the marriage. Jack explained to me that his father had filed the action so that he wouldn’t have to go into court. It was considered of Jack to spare me that."

“It was only a bit of ill will that might have existed
off the rumors. Anyway, as far as rushing into marriage again, I've learned my lesson. I'll be at least thirty-five before I say 'yes' again..."

But Natalie, gazing amusedly at her sister's shapely five-foot frame, tip-tilted nose and rich warm coloring, only pats the youngster's dark brown hair and, with a wink at Warren Beatty, says, "I doubt if the Hollywood stag lines will let you keep that vow, Honey."

—UNICE FIELD

Natalie Wood will star next in Warners' new picture, "Sex And The Single Girl."

today of its tie with Mrs. John F. Kennedy and must wish that in November her husband is victorious—her husband, whom we are assured is a great friend of France.

"Mrs. John Kennedy, née Jacqueline Bouvier, is, as everyone knows, of French origin and more precisely of local origin. The success of her great-grandfather who emigrated to the U.S. and amassed a vast fortune in vegetables and paintings, is a fact with which most of us are familiar and pleased. The success of her husband, the young and dynamic American senator, would be wonderful in that Mme. Kennedy would certainly make a stop here on her next trip to France.

"One of the most interesting parties in all this activity is our aged Mile. Baudichon, the closest of all living relatives to Mme. Kennedy. Mile. Baudichon has one hope for her eighty-third year: that is, to see one day in Pont Saint Esprit her cousin from the United States, who will come visit the ancestral home and the cemetery alongside that home and thus be reunited for a little while at least with her family in France, both living and deceased.

I handed the clipplings back to Aristide.

"Mile. Baudichon," he said, "has since died." He shrugged. "As for Danielle—" he started to say. But again he shook his head and said, "No. That is for the family to tell. In just a little while. Though first..." He began to walk toward the door of the tiny office along with me. "Then through must stop and discuss someth- thing with Marie, my fiancee. You must come with me. It will only take a minute. And I should like you to meet my fiancee. She is much more pleasant than I."

Her visit—a feast day!

Marie smiled merrily when we were introduced. And after her "p тех talk with Aristide—carried on in a loud patois—she turned to us and said, "I, for one, look forward very much to the day when Jacqueline Kennedy will come visit us here at Pont Saint Esprit!"

"You think she will, then?" I asked.

"But of course, said Marie. "And it will be a great feast, the day she comes to visit us, Jacqueline Kennedy—f or those who are her cousins and those who are her townspeople. And what a celebration there will be here!"

"What kind of celebration," I asked, "do you think would be planned for her?"

"Something typically Provençal, typical of this area in which we live," said Marie. "We are an outdoor people, as you can see, and most of the celebration will be in the streets. There will be the traditional
The Parandole—a wonderful dance. With all the young boys and girls in the village holding hands and twisting, like snakes, through the streets. And with traditional music of course. The fires and the tambourines.

"And," Marie went on, "there will be also the rape of the bulls for Mme. Kennedy. That is called here La Course Libre. That is very traditional here. Every week in the summer and the good weather. With ribbons attached to the horns of the bulls and everyone chasing after the animals to see if they can tear off a ribbon. A scene of true and gay hysteria. Something, I think, that will please Mme. Kennedy. It is also the little Caroline, she should bring her along.

"And, too, there will of course be a speech of welcome by Monsieur Leandri, our very fine mayor.

"And, of course, our handsome French actor, Jean- Louis Trintignant, will be here from Paris for the occasion. This may come as a surprise to Mrs. Kennedy, but Trintignant is related to her—a distant cousin."

"Enough of this," Aristide said, interrupting the girl. "We must be going. We have more to do than to listen to your transcendental suppositions."

"Poor—you," said Marie, laughing again. Then she threw me a wink and she said: "Sometimes I wonder why I am marrying this boy."

A moment later—Marie's continued laughter behind us—he and I were off.

The walk to the house of Jacqueline Kennedy's cousins—from one end of the village to the other—would ordinarily have taken five minutes. But with Aristide as my guide, it lasted more than an hour.

The village sights

He took me first through the ancient quarter of the village, where the streets are no more than eight or nine feet wide, and the houses pasted one alongside the other—"because, you see, in the very old days, when the winds blew heavy from the sea, the houses came heavy from the south, it was important for people to be close to one another as possible, for their protection, and comfort and peace of mind."

He took me next to the Monument aux Morts, the monument to the dead, located at the foot of the main thoroughfare of the village, called somewhat extravagantly the Boulevard Gambetta. This monument was for the fifty-two who died in all of the wars in which France has fought. And to honor those men and women and children who died in the American air raid of August 22, 1944. The Americans were out to destroy our bridge. Instead, only one bomb landed on the bridge and more than a dozen houses were blown up. You see there, that name on the plaque: "Aimee French, the daughter of Mme. Kennedy. He was in one of those houses at the time of the bombing."

He took me then to see the city's ancient fortress, alongside the River Rhone—"this, too, was hit by the American bombs. And good too, for the Nazis were quartered here then. The terrible Nazis."

We walked along the quai which borders the Rhone and stoppered to look at the magnificent and ancient bridge which spans the river.

"Your Mrs. Kennedy," said Aristide, "she might be interested in this little story, being a religious woman. The story is that when the bridge was being built, back in the Twelfth Century, there was one man who worked harder on its construction than any other. He was a stranger. No one knew who he was, nor from where he came. But he pushed so hard that people wanted to know why, when the construction of the bridge was completed, he refused any wages and, instead, simply disappeared. Then one night one of the workers on the bridge had a dream. He dreamed he saw the mysterious man who had toiled so hard and left so quietly. He dreamed that the man had said to him, very simply, these words: 'You are the Pont Saint Esprit. And thus the bridge was named, as was the village; 'The Bridge of the Holy Ghost'—Pont Saint Esprit.'"

We continued walking.

And then, pointing at a small house we had just reached, he said, "This is it, your destination. No. 6, Quai de Luynes. It is in this house that Jacqueline's true cousin, Mme. Paulette Bouvier-Souquet lives. With her husband, Raymond, And her children, Mireille and the baby Jacques. They are very friendly people. They are nice people. Their house, you can see, is most modest. But their hearts are large. Come, let us go meet them. And let us see what you can learn about them and their relative in the United States..."

They looked like Jackie

I could see it immediately—the striking family resemblance to Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy in the faces of Mme. Bouvier-Souquet and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Mireille. Their eyes were the same as Jacqueline's—hazel, rather widely separated. The smiles were Jacqueline's—expansive, warm. The shape of the faces. The coloring of the hair. The general quiet beauty. All were the same, as with Jacqueline.

I spoke a few sentences of greeting, with the woman and her daughter. But not for long. Because, as I was soon to learn, this was a typically French family where the husband and father did most of the talking. And Raymond Souquet was obviously a good-natured man who enjoyed to talk.

"Here," he began, "first I prepare you a pastis, a traditional drink." Then: "Now, about our cousin, Jacqueline Kennedy. You must say, to your readers that are all love her, as much, the entire Bouvier family. And that while we are disappointed that she has never come to visit us, we hope that she some day will.

"So far, our relations with cousin Jackie have been most cordial. For instance, as you look around the room here, you can most certainly see that I am a painter. I am, too, a man of business. You might tell your readers if you would be so kind that I am beginning an involvement in the construction business and also in the travel business—and that if an any of them would like a house built here in the South of France, or would perhaps like to travel here and have hotel accommodations arranged for them, that I—Raymond Souquet—would be very happy to make such arrangements for them. They will learn that I am industrious, and honest, and very eager to serve.

"But, aside from my business affairs, basically, in my heart of hearts, I am a man who enjoys to paint. Look on the wall here—this is an ancient sea battle I have just completed. Very detailed work. Very difficult. And over here—this is a pride and joy of mine, a likeness of our cousin Jacqueline holding her new child, the baby Jacques. Do certain painting not give the impression of a Madonna with child? You think so? Thank you. For that is what I tried very hard to capture in our cousin Jacqueline; since she does have, I think, the beauty of a Madonna.

"But even more important, look here, at this painting. You will see that it is a painting of your bridge here at Pont Saint Esprit. You will notice, perhaps, that it is painted on a very special piece of wood. I say special wood because it comes from a bed in the old Bourviers' farmhouse—or mas, as we call such houses here in the South of France. In fact, it is from the very bed on which cousin Jacqueline's great-grandfather, Michel, was born. I have made two such paintings of our bridge. One is the one you now see. The other perhaps today hangs in your White House in the capitol of Washington, D.C. At any rate, I sent that painting to Mme. Kennedy just last year. And may I show you the very notice letter which she sent me in return. Here it is, I will read it for you."

"Dear Monsieur,

"Mme. Kennedy has instructed me to thank you for your present picture. She was very touched by your kind attention, your painting of this charming landscape in the town of Pont Saint Esprit. With all our thanks, dear Monsieur, and our very best wishes."

"That is the letter, then. From Jacqueline Kennedy. Or I should say from Leticia Baldridge, the social secretary to Mme. Kennedy, since it was she herself who signed it. But she is herself a very important woman and very close to Cousin Jacqueline—is she not? And so, in a way, it is the same thing—is it not?

"It is a shame that we did not get to meet our friend here. We had all hoped to, last August, when she and her husband the President were in Paris visiting with General de Gaulle. But the awful tragedy prevented that. The awful tragedy of our poor young Danielle."

The cousin

The story which we then heard was this: Danielle was the daughter of Mrs. Souquet's brother, Marcel. She was eighteen years old. A most beautiful girl. And lively. Very lively. Who liked everything about America, and who was so thrilled when she learned that she had been selected by her cousin, Jacqueline, to represent the Land of all America. Danielle would say, over and over, "Oh, if only some day I could meet my cousin Jacqueline and she would say to me, 'Why don't you come to live in the United States for a while Danielle?' Oh, how happy I would be then!"

She loved the United States. Danielle did, this girl who had never traveled much, this girl from her home. She loved her cousin, too, the cousin whom she had never met—Jacqueline. She loved life, Danielle did. Everything she loved. Everything.

When the townspeople of Pont Saint
Esprit heard that Jacqueline Kennedy and the President were coming to France in 1961, they thought how nice it would be if they took a day from their trip to come visit the village. They contacted everyone possible in Paris. The ambassador, Friends of the ambassador, Friends of their friends.

But to no avail, it seemed. For their letters were never answered.

Then two reporters in Paris went wind of what the villagers were trying to do. And they volunteered to help. The reporters explained first that it would be very difficult for the President of the United States and his wife to travel all the way from Paris for a day, that their schedule was very strict. But, they said, there was a very good possibility that if Mme. Kennedy heard about how anxious her family was to meet her, she might perhaps meet them for a little while in Paris.

For days after that, there was no word. Skeptics in the town laughed at the idea. They said, “She will never say yes. Can’t you just see her posing with the little country cousins from the little town in the south?” They laughed.

And every day that passed, with no word from Paris, their laughter seemed to grow. But then, on the day of the Kennedys’ arrival in Paris, the two radio reporters pulled up to Marcel’s house.

“She will see you,” they said, excitedly. “Tomorrow, for a few minutes, in Paris, while her husband is conferring with de Gaulle. She is just coming home. No pictures, no publicity. This is no good for us—all for, it would have been a great story. But if it makes you all happy, then we feel that it is worthwhile.”

Needless to say, Danielle was the happiest of all the Bouviers. No one who was around would ever forget watching her pack that night. And that night, at Paris, the reporter said to her cousin Jacqueline—the delight, the joy, the anticipation, as she folded the new dress she would wear for the occasion. And how she wrapped in very fine tissue paper the little gift which she had bought to bring as a gift to cousin Jacqueline’s little daughter—a tiny toy nightingale.

Danielle and her father were scheduled to leave for Paris the next morning, in the car with the two reporters.

 Said Monsieur Souquet, continuing: “Because there was not enough room in the car, my wife and I—the only other two who would meet cousin Jacqueline—left for Paris by train the previous night. Hurriedly, we packed. Hurriedly, we departed. Very tired, very tired, we arrived in Paris the following morning. Only to find out that the car in which Danielle and the others had been riding had crashed into a tree. That Danielle had been killed. Instantly. That the others had all escaped serious injury. But that Danielle—only eighteen—was dead.

“Sadly, right from the station where we heard the news, my wife and I returned to Pont Saint Esprit. The next day, very nicely, I made arrangements with cousin Jacqueline. Here. This is it. I will read it to you, if you will permit me.”

They never met

And he read aloud: “I am very sorry about the bereavement that has struck you and please share my most sincere condolences with every member of your family. (signed) Jacqueline Kennedy.”

“And this here,” he went on, “this is the little letter which I sent to cousin Jacqueline in return.”

He read: “On behalf of the entire Bouvier family, I was touched by your message. We thank you with all our hearts for the meeting you accepted, for which we had so reverently prepared, and which would have been filled with joy. Danielle had prepared so hard that she might be of that journey. Her joy was very great and at the church where she had gone to pray just before leaving on the journey, she had kissed her father and said, ‘This is the finest day of my life.’ Unfortunately, that day stopped at dawn. (signed) Raymond Souquet.”

And then he told me that it was how it went that time, last August. With Danielle.

But his voice seemed to choke up now, and he was finding it hard to go on. He lifted, instead, the bottle of anis.

“A little more,” he asked me, “to drink?”

“No thank you,” I said.

“Arístide? You? A drink?”

“No.”

“Paulette?”

“No.”

“Mireille?”

“No.”

“No, Papa.”

Raymond Souquet placed the bottle back on the table.

“What a country France is becoming,” he said, “if everybody—including myself—would learn to turn down a glass of good pastis.”

And he tried very hard to smile.

It was a little while later. I stood with Arístide at the small railroad station of Pont Saint Esprit, waiting for the train that would take me back to Paris.

“If Mrs. Kennedy does come to this village,” one day, Arístide asked, “is there anything in particular that you personally would like to say to the First Lady of the United States?”

He thought for a moment. And then he said: “Yes—yes—I would tell her. To really know this village, Mme. Kennedy, slip away from me and all the rest of the crowd for a moment, if you can. And go for a while down to the Rhone. And stand there and gaze at the Rhone. And breathe in its particular scent. Its lovely scent. Plus the scents of the mistral—the wind from the north—and the platan trees all around you, and the sun above you and the vineyards to the south. Breathe in deeply, Mme. Kennedy, these scents. For these are the scents of your past.”

“And then I would say to her: Now look up from the river. And turn and stare right behind you. At the ancient buildings that still stand there. At the people who will be looking at you through the windows of those buildings. And—and study hard those buildings and the faces of those people. And as you do, dig yourself into the earth on which you are standing. And from all this, Mme. Kennedy, I think that you will perhaps discover about yourself a little something that you have never known. And that—even to your surprise—you will be an even happier woman for having made these discoveries, at last.”

We waited in silence, after that, for the approaching train to pull into the little station of Pont Saint Esprit.
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I am now,” May related, “I feel the way any woman should feel when she has found love and happiness and protection in her marriage. It’s hard to find words to describe our wonderful way of life.

“As a wife and mother now I feel I am fulfilling my destiny as a woman.”

When Sammy and May became man and wife on that memorable November afternoon back in 1960, their wedding was surrounded with controversy—intense controversy inflamed by a segment of humanity which does not have the decency and tolerance and understanding that God wants his children to share.

It made no difference to Sammy—nor to May—that some people were going to try and make life untenable for them. All that mattered was that they had their own deep and abiding love and absolute understanding.

Yet, as May and Sammy would learn in time, for every one of the hate-mongers who engaged in the practice of hurling invectives at them, the world was prepared to send forth a thousand good people who harbored understanding and compassion.

When Sammy married the statuesque honey-blonde actress from Sweden, he had a large coterie of friends and supporters in his corner—people like the sister of President John F. Kennedy to the Duke and Duchess of Bedford—who were at the wedding. But despite this buttressing, the road ahead was not paved with any assurance that he and May would encounter smooth riding.

If anything, the outlook was grim. Hate letters, threatening phone calls, countless other harassments plagued the newlyweds. Yet...

“I didn’t care how bumpy things got for us,” May said. “When I married, I knew my career would be out the window anyway (20th Century-Fox dropped her). You can’t very well be a career woman and a good wife and good mother. And when I became Sammy’s wife I wanted more than anything in the world to be a good wife and mother.”

Today May is both.

As a wife, May is supremely wonderful, an adult woman who has contributed love, understanding and sacrifices to make her marriage work.

As a mother, she is unsurpassed, too. There are five children—a daughter, Tracey Hillevi, nineteen months old, who was born to Sammy and May in Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, and a son, Mark, two and a half years old, whom they adopted last year. And soon, they plan to adopt another child.

Indeed, marriage has made a big difference in the life of the glamorous May. She has lost her inhibitions and “idiosyncrasies.”

“Since I married Sammy,” May confided, “I have found a whole new world for myself. I’m no longer shy and aloof. At first, it was difficult to adjust to Sammy’s kind of life, the gay and cosmopolitan existence. Even when we first started to date I was reticent about meeting people and being with them. I had never been exposed to Sammy’s kind of life. I hadn’t wanted it. I was a performer and I worked hard at it. When I was finished after a day’s work at the studio, I wanted more than anything to get away from people.

“I used to get invitations to parties and dinners, but I seldom accepted dinner invitations and almost never went to parties, simply because I hated them.

A mad whirl—at first

“But once I began to go with Sammy, things changed. My outlook became different. Being around Sammy, the swinger, was like being on a merry-go-round. I simply had to be on the scene. When I was with him—he has so many friends.

“So I met his friends and they became my friends, too. I liked it very much.”

The mad, whirl continued even after May and Sammy were married, but then very soon the stork announced he’d be dropping in on them.

The joy of impending motherhood and fatherhood was tempered somewhat by medical complications. May’s pregnancy was not an easy one.

“I was told almost from the beginning that I might not be able to carry the baby,” May explained. “I was terrified. I wanted to have the baby, more than anything. I wanted the baby for Sammy who has such a tremendous love for children.

“Sammy has always had a soft spot in his heart for youngsters. He was forever collecting baby pictures. It didn’t matter whose baby it was—it might have been a friend’s or just someone who dropped in to see Sammy in his dressing room. That’s the way Sammy is—he’s simply crazy about children.

“That was why I was so afraid of losing the baby. I knew it would break not only my heart, but Sammy’s. Fortunately, there was a way to save the baby. I would have to stay in bed. I didn’t know how long at first, but it didn’t matter to me so long as I could have the baby. I stayed in bed three months. It wasn’t easy, but think of those mothers who must spend all nine months of their pregnancy on their backs.”

May gave birth a month prematurely, but it was an easy delivery. The baby weighed seven pounds seven ounces and was beautifully formed.

Long before they brought Tracey Hillevi to their elegant home above the Sunset Strip, May and Sammy had decided their baby would have the best of everything—education, training and upbringing.

Once the baby was home, May and Sammy had to cut down on the social whirl because May wanted to devote all the time she could to Tracey.

“We both changed after Tracey came home,” May said. “Sammy slowed down considerably, and I did, too. Of course, we didn’t lock ourselves out from the world. Far from becoming hermits, we kept our friends. But we didn’t see them as often.”

Life for May and Sammy took on new meaning and brought them a far greater happiness than they had ever known.

“We are never at a loss to fill the hours after the baby,” May said. “I found real fulfillment as both a wife and mother. I felt a new warmth for Sammy as a husband and a human being.

“And—this is what pleases me so greatly—Sammy found that I changed, too. I became more relaxed and less inhibited. The problems of intermarriage that Sammy had warned me about at the beginning—and which I had seen right along—seemed suddenly to fade away.

“The threats we used to get all at once died down after Tracey was born. Before then it was terrible. Five or six a night, every time Sammy appeared in a club. The hate letters got so bad, Sammy hired a bodyguard.

“Sammy used to say to me that we might be bombed out of our house, and he wanted to put Tracey in a nursery rather than hiring her home. But this was not the solution. I told Sammy that if they want to bomb us, they’ll have to do it all through us.

“Yes, marriage to Sammy has meant greater courage for me. And for Sammy as well.”

May Britt’s marriage has meant other things, too, things which have wrought profound changes in her as a woman.

New values

“Sammy,” May went on, “has given me self-assurance and confidence. Oh, I had self-assurance and confidence in myself before I met Sammy, but it was hardly anything in measuring it against what it is today.

“Sammy also has enabled me to gain a new sense of values, to cherish the little things in life which are so important but which I took for granted before I met him.”

Marriage for May and Sammy was more beautiful than ever with Tracey, and so they decided it would be nice for the little girl to have a big brother to play with. They decided to adopt a child and consulted the Los Angeles County Adoption Service.

“We had considered adopting in Mexico City and in England,” May said, “but once we saw little Mark we knew that he would be the one. I was as thrilled as Sammy over the way it all worked out so well. I was particularly happy that the child we chose was white, because a lot of people like us don’t adopt these unfortunate little waifs, I don’t know who will.”

Now May and Sammy are looking forward to their third child.

“It shouldn’t be too long,” May promised. “If I don’t have another baby, you can be sure Sammy and I will adopt one. I have given myself completely over to the children, as I have to Sammy, and I don’t ever want to change. The children and Sammy are my whole life, everything.
“That’s when I get upset, because I want my husband to eat on time. I can’t stand to serve him cold or warmed-over food. I know why that is. Not because I have any great ego as a cook. The only reason is that I care so much for my husband that I want everything to be perfect for him.

“Maybe in time I’ll get so angry. But for the present, that’s one area in which Sammy has changed me as a wife — least, not yet.”

May and Sammy seem to be blessed with the cherished gift of contentment and full family life that both prayed for when they became man and wife nearly three years ago. Life together has brought them as close in body and spirit and understanding as any two people can be. They have hurled the rough spots like thoroughbreds and left the tangle of tribulations far behind. They are out on the green flats now, where the ride of life promises to be smoother and more serene.

May Britt, a zealous wife and loving mother, is a different woman today than she was three years ago.

And Sammy, the young man.

“I expect to see next month just how different Sammy is — how May Britt changed him as a man.” — George Carpozi, Jr.

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PAT BOONE

Continued from page 52

reached this vital crossroad just last year.

I have always known that I could never be happy unless I used my success as a source of good and was at least content with the thought that my films have been entertaining and harmless fun for the teenagers who went to see them.

I was given new songs, a new cast in half a dozen pictures, but the premise of every Pat Boone film was basically the same — the All-American boy involved in the same simple, harmless problems. Boy wins girl, boy sings, boy loses girl, boy sings a sad song, boy wins girl again and fades out on him singing a happy tune.

Now there’s nothing wrong with that — except that the studios have almost stopped making this kind of motion picture. I sometimes think I was born a generation too late and wish I could turn back the clock to that happy era when Bing Crosby, Jimmy Stewart, Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland were peddling the kind of entertainment that was uncomplicated, wholesome fun. The fact that Walt Disney still makes this kind of movies and the public flocks to see them, only proves that there is a market for family films. And I don’t mind telling you that I’ve been patiently waiting for Mr. Disney to invite me to appear in one of his pictures. I keep hoping that Fred MacMurray might be unavailable one of these days!

I don’t want to embarrass any other actors, but I have been offered and have rejected many off-beat films that turned out to be successful. Felt that most of them had shock value and nothing else. That I don’t think these pictures would have provided a challenge to me as an actor that I would have welcomed, I knew that I’d be betraying my conscience and fans if I appeared in them. Then why did I consent to “The Main Attraction?” I will never forget the day that the story was submitted to me. It was to be made by a first rate producing company and I was intrigued with the character of Eddie Phillips. There was nothing about him to suggest Pat Boone and I knew this would be the first real test of my acting ability. I also knew that it might well shatter the Boone image which was my chief concern. I don’t have and I don’t want a new image. An actor who builds his success according to a certain so-called “image” and then takes chances with it to make money or to court popularity is as dishonest as the married man who passes himself off as a bachelor.

There were numerous meetings with my advisors and I’m fortunate enough to have a handful of business associates whom I can respect. But even they were divided in their views. I ranged from everything to “This is a chance to mature as an actor,” to “This will open up a whole new career,” to “You can’t do this to your public,” and “You will be selling out to Hollywood.”

The discussions went back and forth for weeks and always in the back of my mind, I kept saying, “But my friends will really look badly on me playing a role. They will certainly know that I haven’t changed. I still stand for the same things.”

Not for his children

Then someone reminded me that Bing Crosby played an alcoholic in “Country Girl” and that Jimmy Stewart committed murder in a picture without destroying their images as solid citizens. That made
me do a lot of thinking—and maybe it was all wishful. But I suddenly realized that you can’t always hold to a set of rules and I had been guilty before of making certain statements that I later realized were hasty. For instance, I have said I would never make a motion picture that I wouldn’t take my children to see. Which was a rash statement. I can now think of many adult films that I would have been proud to have my children be exposed to. I wouldn’t want my children to see. This is how I evaluated “The Main Attraction.”

But something went wrong somehow and I can’t unload the responsibility for certain mistakes that I made. I was certainly naive—and that’s no excuse—but I did take a deep breath and decide to make this film when I was assured that certain changes would be made in the basic story. I had hoped to keep what’s referred to as the Pat Boone image and build it—add to it—by becoming a better, more serious actor, but I was still resolved not to make a picture that wasn’t worthwhile and in good taste. Now “The Main Attraction,” as it was presented to me when I signed the contract, promised me a chance to grow as an actor without denying my principles. Yes, it’s true that in the picture I play a young man wanted for murder. During most of the story he is rootless, faithless and a wastrel with no rules to live by. But before the story ends, he falls in love with innocent, lovely Tessa (played by Nancy Kwan) and for the first time in his life, he cuts loose and snoops him—it changes him. He realizes the futility of his past, and with his new outlook has hopes of finding happiness. This is the story I agreed to film.

When I contracted to make the picture, the script hadn’t been completed. It was still incomplete when we left for England to begin filming, but I had discussed it in detail with Ray Stark of Seven Arts Productions (producers of the film), and he assured me that it would be finished to our mutual satisfaction.

I’m sure he meant what he said, but Ray couldn’t have realized any more than I did then that there could never be such a thing as our mutual satisfaction where The Main Attraction was concerned.

Without giving away the entire plot, I have to tell enough of the picture’s story to explain the differences that arose.

Marguerite Roberts, an Academy Award winner, was the first writer hired to do the screenplay and she and I ironed out one problem with no difficulty.

At first the story, called for Eddie, the boy I play, to take advantage of young Tessa’s love—to have an affair with her in a deserted Italian chalet.

Unreasonable

To me, this didn’t seem reasonable. A young man who had dozens of women but who is sincerely in love for the first time wouldn’t allow himself to wreck the life of a tender young girl who loves him.

Marguerite said that she thought I was right and changed the story.

But then she and Seven Arts parted and John Patrick, another award winning writer, replaced her. We all left for England.

The scene that then caused the greatest trouble was between Nancy Kwan and me—the same one I’ve been talking about.

Tessa and I, ardently in love, are alone in an Italian chalet. Eddie knows that he can never marry the girl, because he’s a murder suspect and a fugitive who must leave her in the morning.

The girl, however, doesn’t realize this. All she knows is that she loves Eddie desperately—and he loves her.

Eddie and Tessa romance for a while in front of the fire; he sings her a song, and then, when she goes up to bed, he goes with her to light the way and kiss her good night.

Timidly, Tessa offers herself to Eddie—finally she begs him to stay with her. It was over Eddie’s answer that Patrick and I disagreed.

To me, the real drama of the situation would be Eddie’s struggle within himself. Try to imagine how he would feel. He wants the girl desperately. Previously, if he wanted a woman and she offered herself to him, he just took her.

But now, everything is different. At last, Eddie has traded passion for compassion and for the first time he is sensitive and understanding and doesn’t want to crush and destroy the first real love in his life. He doesn’t want this to be just another sordid affair.

That’s the way I saw the scene; because I believe there’s something inherent in

human nature that would keep even a wastrel from wrecking his first love.

As I saw it, the great and honest conflict of the story would be the one within Eddie, in the face of temptation.

Patrick tried for three days and three nights to write the scene the way I wanted it, but he couldn’t do it. He said that he wouldn’t be honest with himself if he let Eddie walk away and resist the temptation to have an affair with Tessa.

“The audience would laugh you out of the theater,” he told me. “I didn’t believe he was right, and I still don’t. Am I that naive? I’m a man who is a little like that sex hungry? Do you think an audience would find the victory of unsensual love over physical appetite so impossible as to be ridiculous?

Patrick struggled so hard with the scene and worried about it so much that he became physically ill.

I suggested that now, because a couple of days later I had worried until I was sick, too.

Then, in the middle of the night, I thought I found a way out of the dilemma. The scene had to be dramatic, and it had to provide a reason for the girl to be distraught the next morning. Otherwise, the following scene, a near suicide, wouldn’t fit.

I suggested to Patrick, “Let Eddie not only reject the girl but reject her with violence. He loves her, but at the same time, he almost hates her because of the torture he’s undergoing for her sake.

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Write a scene in which he throws her down and curses her. She, not understanding that it’s an illusion, is deeply hurt almost beyond endurance, because she has offered him everything and he has cursed her.”

Well, Patrick couldn’t go for that idea either, and, finally, we compromised with a scene that was supposed to be ambiguous. The talk, the love scene, the fade out, the following scenes—all could be taken on two quite opposite levels.

Compromise

In the compromise version of the morning after, for example, I am dressed and the contract puts me up shaving, allowing the audience to draw its own conclusions about the night before. This is considerably more wholesome than the original.

I was still unhappy with the scene. In fact, during the argument over the script, I said I wanted out, because the film wasn’t the one I had agreed to make.

That brought a call from my agents warning me that if I walked out, Seven Arts would probably sue me for the cost of the picture, a million and a half dollars, and might win. Maybe I should have walked out and taken a chance on the suit, but, instead, I settled for the compromise of ambiguity.

Now, I hear, the scene is even less ambiguous than it was when I made it. After I left England, some lines were dubbed in to clear up any doubts that the audience might have and this must be what caused the censors to refuse a seal for this film. I can’t think of anything else that could have been objectionable.

I get myself into this mess through ignorance or naivete—oh, how I’m not clear. Blaming anybody else for my mistake, but as long as I have anything to say about it, no Pat Boone picture will be released without the Motion Picture Board’s seal.

I have told the producers that I will happily work free of charge to make any changes in the picture that the censoring board requests.

I’ll even take the picture from scratch if it’s made in compliance with the Board’s requirements.

However, I can’t agree to the picture’s release without the seal of approval.

The producers have tried to reassure me by saying the picture will create a new excitement about me.

Personally, I’d rather never appear in another picture than to be seen in one that doesn’t have the seal.

I have talked to attorneys about getting an injunction to keep the film from being distributed. Unless the changes are made and a seal of approval is awarded, I’ll take whatever legal action I can.

The thing that hurts me most is the mail I get from people who say that I have let them down.

I try to remind myself that for every letter I get deploring my part in the picture, there must be countless people who won’t give it a thought. Maybe the protests of a comparative few shouldn’t matter.

But the people who write crush me.

I feel keenly their disappointment in me. To me, it matters.

It matters a great deal.

The End

Pat’s in “The Main Attraction,” an M-G-M release, and “The Yellow Canary,” 20th
Ann-Margret had been with the band for about a week now and she thought that she knew just about all the ropes. That is until the night she was sitting down and thinking hard about all this and missed her cue.

"I'm sorry, Danny," she said to her boss softly as she rushed to take her place.

"Look, you should be a bit more open," he said, "not so softly. He signaled for one of the men to take his place, then for Ann-Margret to follow him to the rear of the bandstand. And he began to let her have it, then and there... good and loud, too.

"Please, Danny, please," she said, after a few moments of this, "I wish you wouldn't holler at me. I come from a home where there's never any hollering. My father never, never raises his voice."

"Really?" said Danny. "Well, how do you like that? But the only difference, young lady, is that I'm not your father and I do raise my voice. And that this is show business, not your living room. And we do quite a bit of hollering in this business, especially when we pay somebody to work for us and when we expect that person to be on time for us. Now," he went on, "you get back out there on that bandstand, and you just sit there! No singing this time. Just sit there and while you're sitting you tell yourself over and over, 'This is show business and we're never late in show business. This is show business and we never let anyone down in show business.' Over and over. You understand? I'm serious about this."

**A worldly lesson**

Ann-Margret nodded. "And," Danny said, "his voice suddenly softening, 'do me a favor, will you? Take this handkerchief and wipe those tears away. And don't do any crying out there, either. First of all, it'll make you look bad. And, second, that stuff on your eyes will start running down your cheeks and you'll look pretty darned funny.'"

The second of the lessons Ann-Margret learned was a worldly one:

It was early one evening, and she was sitting alone, reading, in her hotel room. ("It was really a nice place," she has said of the hotel, "where a lot of entertainers stayed, but it was in a bad section.

After a while she thought she heard some noise from the direction of the parking lot next door. She rose to look.

She saw, first, a very old man with a wooden leg hobbled around the parking lot, a whisky bottle in his hand. "Come on, come on," he croaked, groping, "come on out here and fight."


A young man's form appeared suddenly from behind a parked car. "All right, I'm here," he called. "But look, I didn't..."

He said no more, however. Because, in an instant, the old man had hurled his bottle against the young man's face.

"The blood, oh Mamma, you should have seen the terrible blood," Ann-Margret was weeping in her mother's arms a little while later. "It came pouring from the boy's cheeks. And then the old man went over to grapple with him and he got cut on the broken glass, too. And his hand got gashed. And there was blood, blood, all over.

"Oh, Mamma," and she was weeping uncontrollably now, "I want to go home. I don't like it here, this city, this place. I don't like to see fighting and ugliness.

Mrs. Olson let her daughter cry it out. And then she said to her:

"Of course, Ann-Margret. Of course we can go home, if you really want to. And you can stay there. And say goodbye to the entertainment business. And not sing outside of your own little town anymore. Of course we can go.

"But first, Ann-Margret, understand this. What you have been tonight is a part of the grown-up world which you will soon have to enter—no matter if you are in Wilmette or Kansas City or Stockholm or anywhere. Yes, it was ugly what you saw tonight. Dirty and bloody and ugly and sad. And then, long ago, when you were a little tiny girl, your father wrote to us and he tried to tell you a little of what you might expect from life.

"I don't remember his words exactly."

"But I think they went something like this:"

"When you are one day our baby must learn that there is sadness and disappointment in life—for that is a part of life. And I hope that we teach our child but one thing, we will teach her that sadness and disappointment need be only a temporary thing when one is strengthened by goodness and love and honesty with oneself and with others."

"Is there any sense in those words of your father, Ann-Margret?"

"Yes."

"Do you still want to leave this place and go back home?"

"No."

"You are sure?"

"I'm sure, Mother, absolutely sure."

**The beginning...**

"I continued singing all through the rest of high school," Ann-Margret says, "and then through the year of Northwestern University that I attended. I had intended to go to Northwestern for two years. But Scott Smith, a pianist, heard me singing at the Theta house, once and a few weeks later he asked me if I'd like to join him and a drummer and bass player, also from Northwestern, in a job at a club in Las Vegas. My parents knew the boys, all good boys, so I knew it would be all right with them. As for me, I was a little hesitant at first. I had gotten used to hearing things that sounded real good and all of a sudden they'd fall through. Fortunately, I found myself saying yes. Though, at first, when we first got to Nevada, it didn't seem fortunate at all..."
"Sorry," said the Vegas club owner. "There's no job for you here."

"But you said last week,..."

"That was last week. This week we've decided to hold over the combo we got."

"But..."

"Look, fellas. Look, girlie. I tell you what I'm gonna do. Here's the name of a club in L.A. I know the owner. He's my best friend's friend. I know he's looking for a nice clean-cut group like you. So just tell him I sent you, and you're sure to get a job. Now get goin', will you?"

And the following mid-morning, when they arrived in Los Angeles after another overnight drive, the treatment they got was exactly the same.

"Sorry:

"But..."

"Look. This crackpot in Vegas? I barely know him. He sends you here for a job? He's a nut, that's what he is. Look at my place, will you? It's two by four; it's nothing. The only music I want comes from that juke-box over there in the corner. I'll stake you kids to a cup of coffee. You're too young for anything stronger. But then, please, leave me alone and go find yourselves a job someplace else."

Remembers one of the troupe: "We found an agent that same day, and he said, 'Call me and I'll try to find you a job.' So every day we called him at 11 A.M. and at 5:30 P.M. This went on for about two weeks and we still didn't have a job. Means a lot for such a small dollar bill between us. It was hardest on Ann-Margret because she had to have a room by herself, being the only girl, and she had to pay the most money. We got so discouraged that we started going in and out of agents' offices ourselves. We didn't know anyone, but just looked in the phone book for the names of agencies. And, finally, through one of the chance breaks we got, our first job in Newport Beach, at the Villa Marina. They hired us for one week, but liked us so much they kept us for three. This was a real good break for all of us. And, as it turned out, it was a sensational break for Ann-Margret."

She was, at the Villa Marina, first of all, just a sixteen-year-old kid — only a week — more than she'd ever earned before. Then there were the celebrities, the people with contacts, who dropped by the club for a drink or dinner and who remained to listen to the little gal from Illinois sing, song after song, hour after hour. Among the admirers were TV producer Don Sharp, the Edgar Bergens, the Henry Mancinis, and Ward Bond.

She was bird-dogging the show and Ann-Margret was in the audience and he asked if he could be my manager. Me! I've got a manager now..."

Then: "What? Oh, what did I wear? Oh my gosh, I didn't even think much about that. In Elko I bought an orange sweater that was on sale, for five dollars. And I have my old black capris. And so that's what I wore. Yes, very simple."

"And kind of shabby, you may be to... Nobody seemed to mind. Honest. They just listened and then clapped and asked for more... and oh Mamma, oh Daddy, I'm sooooo excited."

"I'm so excited!

Bobby Roberts turned out to be a good new manager for Ann-Margret. And the black capris and five-dollar sweater a good new charm.

A few weeks later, back in Los Angeles, Roberts took his client for an audition with George Burns, who was preparing to open soon at the Hotel Sahara in Las Vegas.

"I like that pants and sweater combination," the cigar-chomping Burns said to Ann-Margret when they met, "If you sing like you look — you're okay."

With Scott Smith accompanying her on the piano, Ann-Margret sang "Bill Bailey," "Misty" and "Mack the Knife."

"Says someone who was there: "It was amazing. This sweet little thing with the long hair — I thought she was crazy to pick those songs when she started. But once she started, wow — the sweet young thing turned into a gorgeous animal, and you've never seen such sex. When she sang she wiggled everything from her toes up."

 Said George Burns, immediately after he'd heard the set, even taking the cigar out of his mouth for the occasion: "Miss? Don't want to work for me?"

"Yes," said Ann-Margret.

"Great." Then: "Miss — or what's that long name of yours again?"

"Ann-Margret," she said.

"Ann-Margret, before you came in here today, I had this whole show of mine set. I needed a girl singer like me. I need a pack of cigarettes. But you have an unusual style."

"It's Ann-Margret. Very unusual."

"And right out of the first month, you decided to make room in the act for you."

"Now," and he put the cigar back into his mouth and let out with a long puff, "how's that for show business?"

"I'll never forget it." Ann-Margret says, "We opened on December 23, 1960. And what a night that was. I sang three songs — it was the first time I'd sung solo in such a big room as the Congo Room. And then Mr. Burns and I did a little soft shoe dance, which he calls a sand dance; he has sand in his pockets and he spreads it around and gives it some time and spreads it around again. Oh, got so many telegrams from my friends in Wilmette that night. And beautiful flowers from my cousin Anne and her roommate. Nancy. The only disappointment was that my parents could not be there."

Then: "But when I phoned them and told them I had worn my old capris and orange sweater, still, just for good luck — that the pants were so good by this time and that I had to sew them in four places, they just laughed. Of course, two nights after we opened it was Christmas and I was so lonely for my family. I pretended I would ignore it was Christmas, except for my prayers in the morning. But that night when I went back to my room after the show, I could see that dad had made a little Christmas tree on my bureau with tiny ornaments and tinsel beside it. Scott Smith had put it there. And it made me feel so good. And I said to myself, 'Yes, it is Christmas, it is.' This was, in a way, the nicest present I had ever received. The next nicest came a few days later when I received a word from Mr. Bob Goldstein of 20th Century-Fox in Hollywood that I was wanted there for a screen test. The test was set for Friday the thirteenth of January. And I was very nervous — for reasons more than just the date... ."

Their eyes popped

Ann-Margret arrived at the studio at exactly 6:25 that morning.

She was five minutes early — just as well, because that gave her five extra minutes to relax before the most exacting and grueling day of her life got under way.

Which it did at 6:30 promptly when director Robert Parrish came up to her, introduced himself and shook hands with her:

"This is Shana Alexander and Grey Willet of Life magazine. They're going to take pictures of you and interview you as the day progresses — little idea of ours which will make a nice picture story if and when you get the part."

"Now here," he said, handing Ann-Margret a manuscript. "Have you ever seen anything like these before? It's the script of State Fair."

From 6:45 until 7, Ann-Margret looked over a penciled portion of the script.

And then she was whisked to the Fox costume department where she was fitted by designer Don Feld.

"These tights are for you, Annie," said Feld, explaining the outfit he'd chosen for her. "At no time do we ever see less than a complete leg. Is that your normal working foundation? Your normal bra? Is it pushing you up or something? You don't look at ease... You're a little bit nervous and breathing hard. Well, I can't blame you. Good luck today. And for just a few minutes now, stand still, will you please, Ann-Margret?"

At 7:45 director Parrish returned and led Ann-Margret to Makeup.

On the set, finally, at a few minutes to 9, Ann-Margret showed 'em.

First she sang "It Might As Well Be Spring" — very innocently, very demurely. And then she belted out "Bill Bailey" — wiggly from her head-to-toe.

And by 9:30, after Ann-Margret worked on a few key scenes from the script. Recapells Parrish about those hours:

"She was very good. She was a pro. She..."
knew how to follow direction and do exactly what I wanted. The only trouble she gave me was when it came time for her to kiss Dave Hedison a few times. She said it made her feel embarrassed in front of so many people. Well, I had a little talk with her. A few of the boys pretended not to look, to be busy with something else.

And from there on, things were fine again."

At 7:30 that night the test was finished and Parrish walked over to Ann-Margret and said: "I wish I could let you know the answer now, Annie. But there are others who have to see the test, so we won't know for a few days. Meanwhile, tell me, are you excited?"

Ann-Margret yawned, uncontrollably. "Yes," she said then, quickly.

Parrish laughed.

They shook hands.

And Ann-Margret drove out to the airport where she caught a plane for Chicago and home—and a few days of waiting.

Couldn't jump any more

"I waited and waited and was on pins and needles," Ann-Margret says, "I waited for about five days. Meanwhile I had gotten a telegram from Mr. Parrish saying he had just seen the test and that it was great—just as he thought it would be. Then, a few days after that, he phoned and said that as far as 20th Century-Fox was concerned, it was up to my manager to agree to terms. Then, about ten minutes later, there was another call and it was Bobby and he said I'd gotten the contract, they'd made the deal. And I just jumped up and down, up and down, until I couldn't jump any more.

I went off to Hollywood again about two weeks later, and made "State Fair"—part in Hollywood, part in Texas. Then there was the wonderful break of my appearing on the Academy Award show, when I sang 'Bachelor in Paradise,' and from which there was so much good reaction. Meanwhile I had also made the picture 'A Pocketful of Miracles,' in which Miss Bette Davis starred. She was such a nice woman. She really helped me so much. Then I began to make records, too. "Lost Love" was the name of my very first single. And I could just see all my Swedish aunts going into record shops and asking for 'Lost Love' by Ann-Margret. It's so funny because they never buy rock'n'roll records.

And then oh so many other wonderful things happened. I learned, for instance, that I would soon play one of the female leads in 'Bye Bye Birdie' for Columbia Studios. And I meanwhile had gotten a very nice apartment. And, thank God, my father recovered from a slight attack he suddenly got one day in Wilmette and he was able to retire from his job and he and my mother were able to come out here to California and live with me. And I began to meet so many nice young men out here. And I began to go out, much as I did back home. And have such a wonderful, wonderful time."

Ann-Margret became engaged to one of the nice young men for a short while.

His name was Burt Sugarman, and he was young, rich, and as good looking as any leading man.

Ann-Margret, who'd gone out with many fellows before, had never before gone steady; had certainly never been in love before. But then along came Burt. And the

feeling was there, finally—though not at first, most decidedly not at first.

Recalls one of her girl friends: "I was in Hollywood visiting Ann-Margret about this time. Burt had obviously seen Ann in a show and gotten her phone number. Anyway, he'd called her a few times for a date and always she'd said no thank you. And then one evening Burt called and Ann said, 'I tell you, I have a good friend visiting me here. If you can fix her up with a nice date—then, yes, I'll go out with you. On a double-date,' that is. A little while later Burt phoned back and said he'd gotten me a date with Ty Hardin. And that we were all going to go dancing at the Beverly-Hilton Hotel, which was quite an exciting thing. Howard, and Burt was a ringer the way things happened after that. The boys came to pick us up and one thing led to another and we never did get to the Beverly-Hilton. Well, Ann and I got the giggles at one point and we pretended to be very miffed with our dates. And at about twelve o'clock we said we were very tired and we asked the boys if they'd please take us home. In our anxiety to get out of the car and get upstairs so we could continue to have a good laugh, Ann-Margret mistakenly pointed to the wrong apartment house as the place where she lived. So we got out of the car, said goodnight to the boys, went into the building—which was an exact duplicate of the one where Ann-Margret lived—and we couldn't for the life of us understand why her key wasn't opening the door. Golly, we laughed so much that night our stomachs hurt. And about Ann and Burt—I'll tell you this. She really wasn't too impressed with him that first night they went out.

But, a day or two later, Burt phoned again. Ann-Margret accepted.

And that day when they went out, things were quite different between them. They went to a noisy little club just off the Strip. They sat and ate and watched a show for a while.

And, then, marriage

And then, the noise around them not mattering suddenly, she and Burt began to talk . . . about many things that night. And one of the things they talked about was marriage.

"Has anyone ever proposed to you?" asked Burt, from way out left-field way.

"Oh yes—" Ann-Margret answered, honestly speaking.

"Follows you'll go on with for a long time?" Burt asked.

"No," said Ann-Margret. "There's nobody I've gotten out with for that long. I mean, these were just fellows I was out with a few times and who thought, 'Ah, this could be the girl for me.'"

"And what did you say to them?" Burt asked then. "How did you tell them?"

"I said, I'm sorry, but if you want to get married, I'm not the girl."

"Did any of them ever ask why?"

"Oh yes."

"And then what did you say to them?"

"I explained first of all that while I liked them, I didn't love them. I explained that I felt too young for marriage. I explained that I felt I had too many things to do with my life before settling down. Primarily to work. To work for a few more years so that I could—well, fulfill myself. And to
work hard enough and to make enough money so that I could give my parents things that years ago they never dreamed they would have. Things like a house, they've never owned one, never in all their lives. And, well, a few other things.

"But," said Burt, "you could continue to work if the right man came along, couldn't you? And do all the things you wanted to do."

Ann-Margret shrugged.

"Suppose," Burt went on, "just suppose the right guy did come along—suddenly, very suddenly—then what would you do?"

"I don't know. I really don't."

"Well”—and he thought for a moment—"what would he be like, this right guy?"

"He answered quickly. "Not muscles. I don't mean that. He doesn't have to lift a five-hundred-pound weight every morning in order for me to be impressed. But I mean strong inside him—here in the soul. I've always thought that the man should rule—you know what I mean? I mean that there has to be some rhyme or reason to this society and that if more women felt their men should be strong, there just wouldn't be so many men turning away from masculinity. It makes me so hurt when I hear some girls and women say, 'Oh, I can wrap him right around my little finger.' I think this is so wrong. I think it goes against a law of nature. Of course my father has said many times, 'If it's all right with you, darling, you want all right with me,' but I've always known that my father has the last word in our house. And it's been so right this way. There certainly couldn't be a happier woman than my mother."

"What else about this guy, Mr. Right, when he comes along?" Burt asked then.

Sings for her supper

"You'll think this next thing is foolish," Ann-Margret said.

"What's that?"

"I don't want him to be a slob. I want a man who will dress well. I want a man who thinks enough of himself to look good. For me, for himself. For everybody who meets him."

"And?"

"And I want a man who won't mind me singing all the time."

"I don't think there's any problem there," Burt said.

"Mean singing around the house," Ann-Margret said. "I'm always singing. When I dress, when I help with the dusting, when I'm sitting shortening a skirt. Even when I try to cook—which is always pretty much of a disaster, I don't mind telling you—unless you like cheese omelets. I really do make the best cheese omelets."

"I'll have to try one sometime," Burt said. "And I don't even like cheese."

They both laughed.

Then: "And what else?"

"Well," Ann-Margret said, "he'll have to be very sentimental about things. Or at least understand my sentimentality. Like when it's Christmas I want to be, not only with him, but with my folks and family, or his. It's just that I think Christmas and other holidays are days when lots of people who love one another should be together."

"And?"

"And a man with a nice sense of humor, of course. A man who can laugh at himself when he needs." She paused and sighed.

"And a man who won't think it's such a terrible thing to cry once in a while, if that's what he feels like doing... an honest man, is what I really mean. Yes. A very honest man."

There was a pause then.

"What are you thinking?" Burt asked, after a while.

"I like you!"

Again Ann-Margret shrugged.

"Tell me... come on," he said.

"It's just that... she began, "it's just that... sometimes... sometimes I wonder when I will meet a man I can fully love. This, too, I know may sound foolish—but I have loved so many things about so many boys that sometimes I get a little bit confused. Once, for instance, when I was appearing in Vegas, this boy I'd known in high-school—he was a sailor now—he hitchhiked all the way from his base in San Diego just to see me. And when he finally showed up, he had so little time that he could only stay and talk to me for ten minutes. He couldn't even stay to see the show. And we talked a little... 'hello, how are you, gee you look great, remember the old days,' and so on. And before he left he reached into his pocket for a little bottle of perfume he'd brought for me. And he'd been traveling so much and so hard that the package was all squashed and broken by now. And when he handed it to me, when I realized what he'd gone out of his way to do for me—I loved him so much for that. Even for only those ten minutes. And there have been other incidents like that, with other boys. And, well, it gets very confusing sometimes."

She looked sad for a long moment, after she'd finished saying what she'd just said.

And then Burt smiled at her, Ann-Margret found herself smiling back at him.

"You know, Ann-Margret," he said. "I like you. I like you very, very much."

And Ann-Margret said, "I like you, too."

"They seemed to be so much in love soon after they met," says a Hollywood friend. "And I wouldn't have been surprised if they'd just gone off somewhere and eloped. For a few months they were inseparable. I'd always known Annie to be a happy girl—but this happy?—never. Everything was sweet and dizzzy now. Everything was
moonlight in June and long-stemmed roses and stuff. Once Ann said to me, 'I don't care how many millions of people have fallen in love since time began, there has never been a love like mine and Burt's.' "When Burt proposed, Ann-Margret was on top of that topmost cloud up there.

"When Burt gave her the ring, same thing—only the cloud was even higher. "But then things began to happen, and the engagement and the happiness were all very short-lived.

"The reason? Pressures. From all over.

Too many problems

"First of all, Ann's parents didn't approve of the marriage. And they told her so. They felt she was too young. Burt Garman was a divorced man.

"Then the studio had its say. Studios have a funny way of not liking it when young girl stars run off and get married. They invest a lot of money creating an image and in Ann's case it was the image of a young and radiant girl who should—for a couple of years, at least—be everybody's girl friend and nobody's wife.

"There were other pressures, too from friends, some real and some would-be.

"They pointed out to Ann that she was Lutheran, that Burt was Jewish, and that this could make a difference later on. They pointed out that Ann was in show business—that kooky, ever-travelin' business—but Burt was in finance—solid, conservative finance—and that never the twain of basic temperamental differences would meet.

"They pointed out this and that.

"The pressures continued coming, from all sides.

"And one night Ann told Burt that she was sorry, that she couldn't marry him. She gave him back his ring. And that was that...

"I know it sounds cold, what happened between Burt and myself, in some of the accounts you hear," Ann-Margret says. "But the truth is that the decision was a very difficult and heartbreaking one to make—and it was made by me and me alone. It is true that my parents objected, but only because I was too young and they wanted me to wait for a year or so. The true reasons for our breakup are too personal for me to go into. I consider love a personal and sacred thing and I don't think I shall ever talk much about it. "I have just one fear now. And that is that I hope that if there are some people who like certain things about me, that I will never change. Or disappoint them. Or let them down. . . Never. Ever."

She never forgets

"Ann-Margret change?" asks Dr. Peterman, of New Trier High. "I don't think so. She's extremely loyal, to her family, to me, to just about anyone who ever knew her. Last time she was in Chicago, for instance, she gave me a call. "I'm only in town a few hours and I can't get up to school this time," she said, "but why don't you come on downtown, Doc, and we can have dinner together?" Here's a girl who never forgets the value of a good friendship or what she considers a valid obligation. My only worry is that she's going to build up so many of these things that she won't be able to handle them all in time."

 Says Joanie Stremmel: "Ann-Margret is a true friend and she'll always be the same. She'd go out of her way, to any extreme, to make you happy. I remember last year I went out to see her in California. I was there for a week and it couldn't have been nicer. Ann-Margret is a sun who doesn't go from A.M. to P.M. But this didn't mean that she ignored me. Where somebody else would have said, 'Gee, Joanie, I'm so busy, would you mind going off to a movie this afternoon?' Ann-Margret made sure that I went with her, wherever she had to go. She took me to the studio and introduced me to all the important people there. She let her agency influence there and there and there and there—oh, I right there along with her. Lots of these places, I'm sure she could have done without me. But never once did she give me the feeling that she was leaving me out in the cold. No, Ann-Margret never forgets you. And I'm very flattered to be her friend. Not because she's a movie star, but because she's the person she is.

 Says Holly Salvano: "She's the most loyal person I've ever known. I, too, went out to visit her in Hollywood recently and she made sure that I was always included in everything. There has never been a Christmas or a birthday that she's forgotten. She has a heart of gold. She's the best friend I've ever had—and ever will have.

 Maid of honor

 Says Sharon LaVerne: "I'm sure that if I'd ever become a movie star it would have done all sorts of awful things to me. I know I would have changed. I just know it—and I'd never do it again. To give you an example—and this is something I shall never forget, not for as long as I live—when we were kids together, we always used to talk about our dreams, you know?

 And mine was to grow up and meet a fellow I loved and to get married. And Ann always used to say to me, 'You when you do get married, Sharon, I'd like more than anything else to be your maid of honor.'

 Well, a few months ago I became engaged. I phoned Ann in California to tell her the good news. And before I got more than two sentences out she interrupted and asked, 'Sharon, unless you have another girl in mind, may I be your maid of honor, just the way we used to talk about it when we were kids? My wedding took place in Summit, New Jersey, where my family now lives. That's quite a long way from California. I knew how busy Ann-Margret was, how it meant quite a bit for her to fly East for that one day. But she did it. For me. For our friendship. And well, what more can I possibly say about her?"

 Says Uncle Roy Weselius: 'She's still the sweet, good girl she always was, and will all her life come to Chicago not long ago and she invited me and her Aunt Gerda to her hotel one night. She was working and she said she was sorry we couldn't spend more time together—but at least, she said, we would all have dinner together. So my wife and I went. And when we got there I said, 'Ann-Margret, I'm going to take you to dinner over at the Byrd Theatre.' And Ann-Margret said, 'Oh no you're not. We're going to eat right here in this hotel.' So there we were a little while later, down in the dining.
room of the Hotel Ambassador-East—the world-famous Pump Room. And I'm sitting there like a monkey thinking, 'Hell, no, I'm not going to let my niece pay for me. When the check comes, I'm going to grab it and I'll do the paying.' But the check never came. Ann-Margret had taken care of all this beforehand. And I was so embarrassed I finally said to her, 'Look, I insist that I pay that check.' And she said to us, 'Uncle Roy . . . Aunt Gerda . . . you've both done so much for me all my life, now it's about time I did a little something for you.'

"Ann-Margret pushed herself forward in life. She worked hard. And I'm proud of her and the way she now presents herself. She has not allowed herself to be swept away by the temptation of drinking and smoking. She has never allowed her head to be turned by all this success."

"Yes, it's a Cinderella story to begin with—but if diamonds were going to be paid for effort and for niceness, Ann-Margret deserves them. All the diamonds she can get... ."

—Ed DeBlasio

Ann-Margret's in "Bye Bye Birdie," Col.

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**WALTER WINCHELL**

Continued from page 10

for the show if people go around saying: "I couldn't get in. They were sold out!"

Madelyn Rhue is one of our favorites on the Hollywood Scene. A movie star-beaut, if ever there was one. We saw Madelyn sizing up the new crop of peacocks in the Latin Quarter revue from the winside. Only four years ago she was an unknown chorine in the same joyst.

Frank Sinatra's fans are legion, we know, but he has one on West 52nd Street (between Broadway and 8th Avenue) named simply "Jilly." This man is the landlord of a popular rendezvous by that name. He usually accompanies Sinatra on his world tours. Perhaps you recall seeing "Jilly's" get a long free plug in Sinatra's picture "Manchurian Candidate.

Tennrayte, Jilly's had a fire the other night. The Fire Chief asked him what he wanted saved first. "Your safe?"

"Your files?"

"Your what?"

"My autographed pictures of Frank Sinatra!" almost wept Jilly.

Warning to Hollywood Studios: Stuart Whitman was nominated for an Oscar last year. For his superb pretending in "The Mark." But he has had roles only in "The Conancheros" and "The Longest Day" (both for his studio—20th Century-Fox) since the Academy salute.

Unless Stuart gets action soon he will be the next movie property lost to TV.

Martha Raye, who has enjoyed lazing on the heights since she was sixteen, thaw she was washed-up, Martha once owned night clubs in Miami Beach and starred in her own TV shows. She has played every branch of the allied arts. But suddenly the money stopped.

However, that didn't stop Martha. She had a growing daughter to support, besides various kin. She wasn't too proud to play guest-shots or appear on any stage just so long as the check didn't bounce.

Then along came "Jumbo" with Doris Day, Jimmy Durante and Stephen Boyd. Martha was subprena'd to play the fourth major role. It was one of Radio City Music Hall's most enjoyable fun-films earlier this season. As a result, the bids came in bunches for Martha Raye. She is now back in the High Brackets.

You maybe are too young to remember the "Our Gang" comedies and one of its child comics, Spanky MacFarland. He was the chubby, lisping lad whose companion was a dog with a big, black circle around an eye. (Ask your Uncle Max.)

Spanky (real name Cy Rich) now weighs about 300 lbs. and is one of New York's popular talent-managers.

P.S. There were three Spankies in the life of that film series, but Cy played the role longest and last.

"Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolf?" is packing them in at the 41st Street Theater. This is the savage drama by Edward Albee that out-profanes Tennessee Williams and the other stage-eminent when it comes to lusty dialog. I have been reviewing the Broadway plays since 1920 and I do not recall ever hearing (on a stage or screen) such four-letter-wardrobe.

Nearly all the critics gave the play rave notices. The cast of four is superb. When the final asbestos falls, you sit there stunned. Me, at any rate.

Later, I mused: "Why do audiences flock to it? Because they have read or heard of its brutal insults between husband and wives? Because they know they will hear foul language uttered—mainly by females?"

"I don't use anything, not even greasy kid stuff."

Planning a visit to My Town? You may appreciate the following suggestions on which shows to see. You really cannot depend on some of the critics' quotes. Because so many critics enjoy productions the average playgoer doesn't—or they blackball shows the average patron applauds.

For hilarious comedy see "Never Too Late." The leading lady is Maureen O'Sullivan, formerly of Hollywood. For sophisticated comedy: last year's hit, "Mary, Mary." Man-and-woman stuff that gets very comical when it doesn't get sad with divorce talk.

For good musical comedy be sure and see (if you can get in) Irving Berlin's "Mr. President." The co-stars are Robert Ryan and Nanette Fabray. Some reviewers were very picky. Some indited it as "corny." But it has an advance sale of over $2 million and General Eisenhower and Mamie loved every moment of it. "Too corny?" inquired Ike. "Is being patriotic corny?"

His query followed a complaint that one hit song in it was "flag-waving."

To which the author said: "Name me a better flag to wave!"

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Tuesdays 9:30 P.M. EST.
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Mum works a different way. This picture shows you how Mum works. All other leading deodorants, whether creams, sprays or roll-ons, interfere with normal "breathing-out" of healthy skin. But Mum doesn’t. It does not clog or "smother" pores, so your skin can "breathe" naturally.
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 for you—so simply, so neatly, so pleasurably.

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Sandran is 49% better than Brand A; 12% better than Brand B; 20% better than Brand C.

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"I have taken all I can of this nightmare labyrinth of a marriage. Enough is enough. That well-known breaking point has long passed. I am not going to go on with it. I've served my sentence...."

Sybil Burton's upper lip was properly stiff as she, in an exclusive interview with Photoplay, told this reporter her reason for giving her husband the kind of freedom he has been begging for all along.

And throughout the interview there was the imposing figure of Elizabeth Taylor lurking always (Continued on page 6)
"Don't let them call You SKINNY" ...advises Beautiful Young Actress... QUINN O'HARA

Appearing in Hall Bartlett’s “The Caretakers” ...starring Robert Stack, Polly Bergen and Joan Crawford
A UNITED ARTISTS RELEASE

“In Hollywood, we’re really on a merry-go-round schedule during picture making time... a girl has to be careful to keep her energy up and her figure fit. Because of the long day we put in, we eat at odd hours or sometimes even miss meals altogether. So I often take pleasant-tasting Wate-On Emulsion as a meal time supplement, and I eat Wate-On Tablets for a quick energy lift between meals. Both forms of Wate-On are super concentrated with calories, vitamins, minerals, quick energy elements and other body building ingredients. If you’re skinny and underweight because of poor appetite or poor eating habits, ask your doctor about what Wate-On can do for you. It could be that the boys won’t be calling you ‘Skinny’ anymore.”

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FOR WOMEN MEN GIRLS BOYS and Convalescents

AT DRUG STORES EVERYWHERE
SYBIL BURTON TELLS US:  
Continued

in the background, casting her shadow over Sybil’s every word.

Sybil was making a deliberate effort to keep her voice and temper steady. She was in a spot that would have made almost any other woman hysterical and bursting with a Niagara of tears.

But not Sybil. She was a profound example of the bravest woman in the whole wide world.

“I don’t think anyone will question my courage for separating from Richard,” Sybil said solemnly. “We’ve had a go of it, you know, and I have no special position entitling me to any more misery than I’ve already suffered.”

This was the moment of truth—the moment when Sybil Burton had at last decided that the best course for her was a legal separation from the husband who had publicly deserted her and their two lovely children, Katherine and Jessica.

The place was New York City. The time was April 2, 1963. And the whole wide world had just been jarred by another of those periodic blockbusting headlines that seem to erupt around Liz Taylor, Richard Burton and their mates wherever they go.

This time it was Mrs. Burton who stole the big black type on the nation’s front pages by flying to New York from London with her brood, and promptly announcing that she and Burton would henceforth go it alone.

Sybil, who played it calmly and coolly all the while that Richard romanced Liz in Rome, Paris, and London over the past year, had finally decided to give Burton the boot.

“It wasn’t a decision I reached hastily,” Sybil observed with a serious look. “I’ve had a long time to think about it. And, in fact, I have discussed it with Richard. You might say that we came to a mutual understanding regarding matters.”

Just what matters were brought to the head in their discussions were not revealed by Sybil, who said she was “entitled to have some anonymity in my private affairs.” However, a close friend of Sybil’s confided to one of Photoplay’s London reporters that Sybil told her: “At first I thought he would tire of Elizabeth. I did what I could to understand. But Elizabeth forced the issue, made understanding impossible. She wouldn’t stop. My marriage was more than a shambles. It was a nightmare.”

When Sybil woke up from the nightmare, she could only reach this conclusion: For herself and for her daughters a separation was necessary. And then there were the arrangements to make . . . legal, financial, all kinds of arrangements. . . .

“We have worked out arrangements on financial matters,” she told this writer. “And about visitation with the children. Of course, I retain their physical custody.”

Sybil’s decision was a direct about-face from her unshakable stand of the torturous past year when she had played the supporting role of the long-forbearing wife, refusing steadfastly to betray even the slightest annoyance at the disgraceful and shocking carryings-on of Richard with Liz.

Only last March Sybil had told this writer in an exclusive Photoplay Magazine interview:

“Richard is mine. He is all mine. He shall always be mine. I will never give him up to Elizabeth Taylor or to any woman . . .”

And now, all at once, Sybil seems to have changed her mind over the ultimate course of her storm-tossed marriage.

Or has she?

“There are no plans for a divorce,” said Sybil with a quiet dignity. “Richard and I never considered nor discussed divorce. Yet we have agreed a separation is properly warranted at this time in view of the highly irregular pattern that our marriage has achieved.”

She refused to discuss Liz but it was obvious that the long-standing mockery Richard has made of his marriage was the reason Sybil had finally reached this state of exasperation.

It was plain to see what Sybil meant: Liz forced me to give Richard up. But I haven’t given him up completely. He’s still mine. Maybe not all mine anymore, but neither is he all Liz’. He can’t marry Liz so long as I hold on to him by the legal coattails as I’m doing now.

When Sybil arrived with her children, accompanied by their nurse, aboard the British Overseas Airways Boeing 707 jetliner from London, she was met at Laguardia Airport by Aaron R. Frosch, the longtime family attorney for Sybil and Richard. The dolorous 114-day New York newspaper strike had just ended and reporters swarmed over her with an enthusiasm and verve that had long been missing in the city.

But Sybil, ravishing in a black-trimmed grey tweed coat and beret-capped golden tresses, didn’t want to contribute any news to the all-but-starved newshawks. She parried one question after another about Richard, about Liz and even about Eddie Fisher.

One of the more (Continued on page 8)
you’ll never yank at a girdle again!

Maidenform creates a new kind of girdle that always stays in place! New Concertina* has a unique section of elastic mesh in the back that adjusts as you move. The rest of the girdle stays precisely where it belongs! The waistband won’t pull down, the legs won’t ride up, no matter how active you are. And because the fabric is made with Lycra® spandex, this new Concertina** girdle is soft, lightweight, and machine washable!

5 styles made with Lycra® spandex, with back panel, from $7.95. Other styles from $6.95. Sizes S-M-L-XL.


When you stand, the action insert contracts.
enterprising Fourth Estaters hooked the defenseless Sybil with a question that seemed to literally pop her eyes.

"Are you going to date Eddie Fisher while you're in America, Mrs. Burton?" the young reporter asked.

Sybil did not answer with words—she only smiled a silent, mirthless smile.

Her attorney finally led Sybil, her children, and the nurse to a waiting station-wagon as newsmen and photographers followed in futile pursuit.

Frosch led the hounds of the press off the trail by throwing them a phony lead.

"Mrs. Burton is going to visit Philip Burton, Richard Burton's father, for the Easter holidays," the lawyer said.

Of course, Frosch should have known better. For one thing, Philip Burton is not Richard's father. As a matter of historical fact, Richard was born in the coal country of Pontrhydhen, Wales, as Richard Walter Jenkins, son of a miner named Jenkins who is still living.

Philip Burton is a drama coach who providentially taught Richard to speak English properly after he shed his native Welsh dialect. Out of gratitude to him, Richard took Burton's name when he went on the stage in London.

The upshot of the lawyer's erroneous direction was the uncooking of an avalanche of newsmen and news photographers upon Burton's apartment house at 33 West 66th Street in Manhattan.

The reporters and photographers found comfortable seats on two wide wood benches that flanked the entrance of the classic old apartment house. It was easy to watch the street from a sitting position. As soon as Sybil and/or Philip Burton and the two little Burton girls walked in, they would be snapped up.

The lobby also offered another advantage—the door to Burton's one and a half room apartment could be seen from the benches. The Burtons couldn't sneak by. The lobby was an airtight trap.

The hours dragged by without Sybil's arrival, but newsmen bided their time by swapping stories about vigils for other stories. Finally the pessimists began saying that Sybil would never show up, that Burton's small apartment would not be a likely place for his best friend's wife and their two small children to stay the night.

They were saying it was much too late for the children to be up. And they were almost certain now that she was staying someplace else, and was already asleep.

Then suddenly, to break the monotony, a couple of reporters ambled out to the street for a short stroll in the exhilarating spring night—and all at once spotted Sybil in a parked car in front of the house, talking to a young man!

At least, she looked a lot like Sybil.... The reporters walked back to the lobby at a leisurely gait. They didn't want to alarm Sybil with a mad fifteen-yard dash that would scare her off. And, besides, it was their obligation to alert all the other waiting reporters.

And how they did! Sybil got out of the car and walked to the entrance, her blonde hair glistening brilliantly in the glow of the overhead street light. Reporters and photographers surged toward her.

Sybil halted in terror. Her mouth was agape and primed for a scream, when a sharp-eyed photographer stammered:

"Why... why... y-y-you are n-n-not S-s-sybil!"

"So, who said I was?" the blonde sniffed hotly, strolling in a huff past the coterie of disappointed newsmen and disappearing inside the elevator.

As they resumed their vigil, somewhere else in that vast wonderland of glass and concrete skyscrapers and sprawling humanity which is the fabled Isle of Manhattan, this reporter was with the real Sybil at her hotel, getting the story of how she was forced to give up Richard Burton to Elizabeth Taylor.

And at that very moment, 3000 miles away in London's posh Dorchester Hotel, Mrs. Burton's husband and Mr. Fisher's wife were probably once again caught up in that little world of their own which seems to render them oblivious of all problems.

A very little world, indeed, if you considered the periphery of their adjoining suites....

—George Carpozi, Jr.
For every woman who has been over-washing her hair...

A shampoo so rich you only need to "lather once"!

NATALIE WOOD starring in "Love With The Proper Stranger," A Paramount Picture, uses new "Lather Once" Lustre-Creme shampoo 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
Pure Magic slips on like a dreamy new complexion, start to finish. Misty-matte, smooth and untroubled. A proven medication makes every tomorrow clearer. Important antiseptics help stop spread of bacteria. All blended by Max Factor into the lightest, finest make-up imaginable. Silky, soothing foundation and velvety matte finish at once... absolutely flawless coverage, yet so natural, so soft and alive!

Now, take your pick of Pure Magic in 8 stay-perfect skin tones. 3 versions: new Medicated Liquid Make-Up is powder, foundation and medication in one tube; Medicated Cake sponges on extra coverage that lasts all day; Medicated Compact Powder pulls on natural-looking coverage... is perfect for touch-up, too. Expect everything from Pure Magic... it covers the problem so beautifully! Each $1.50.

Pure Magic by Max Factor

Find the girl with the problem skin. Hint: She's wearing Max Factor's new PURE MAGIC foundation, matte finish and medication in one
THE MIDNIGHT WORLD OF

Walter Winchell

New Yorkers Are Cluck-Clucking About: The furious feud between Dorothy Kilgallen of "What's My Line?" (and the newspapers) and London's Margaret Leighton of the "Tchin-Tchin" show. Dorothy, it appears, ignited this one with several tart opinions on her morning radio program. Margaret returned the "compliment" in a newspaper (Please turn the page)
Walter Winchell
Continued from page 11

interview. At any rate, their war was raging as this Innocent Bystander bossanova'd to press—breathlessly waiting for Round Two. Why New Yorkers Are Also Talking About: the Hedda Hopper book, "Nothing But The Truth." It is gossiper than all the gossip-columns in the fifty States. She reveals many inside things many editors wouldn't dare. . . . Especially the item about a famed movie star (scolded by Hopper for husband-theft) who plaintively ahh'd; "What do you expect me to do—sleep alone?"

The Big Burg is tchit-tchatting about the profanity in several hit plays. Some of the gutter language makes you wince. Me, anyhow. Broadway people applauded respected playwright S. N. Behrman, who walked out on a confer're's opus, so disgusted was he with the low state of the stage this season.

In William Inge's play "Natural Affection" we saw actors and actresses do "things" in public they probably wouldn't do in private. I mean, not for money.

In Edward Albee's hit "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" two couples carry on (right before your eyes) and say things you'd expect to find scribbled on fences—not on a legit theater podium. Oh, I know show people are like Mr. Albee caricatured them, but I don't want to be reminded of it.

Incidentally, "Virginia" is acted by four talented people, who are on stage nearly all evening. So strenuous are their performances that the management has a completely different troupe to play the show for the matinees. The evening cast features Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill and Ben Piazza. It is a smash.

The President and Jackie attended a Broadway play together for the first time since he was elected Chief Magistrate. The attraction was "Beyond the Fringe" at the Golden Theater on W. 45th St. It is not a play. It is a series of spoofoons acted by four talented fads who slice up their British peers. From Her Majesty to the man in the street.

The New York reports had it that Mr. Kennedy and his wife enjoyed the show very much. Muhbese, I wish I had. Nearly all of it seemed amateur—the sort of stuff you find in high school or college productions. There was a guffaw here and a howl there, yes, but at wildly scattered intervals. I could not recommend it—not at those prices, dearie.

"The Heroine" was a new entry as we went to the portable to do this epic. It is risky to write about Broadway shows when you write for a magazine. Too often the show has departed by the time you reach the newsstands. But "The Heroine" had a lot of loud laughs on opening night. Even the pickiest critics had to note that it was very funny most of the time.

The author, Frank Tarloff, toyed with this amusing theme: The wife of a man who has had his ego trampled (and is such a timid fellow) schemes to rehabilitate him. The wife retains a lovely thing who doesn't mind being described as a call girl (or as the N.Y. Times man said, a hooker) but shudders at the jicky phrase "daughter of joy." Kay Bedford (as the Mrs.) milks the audience dry with her flair for comedy, and you can imagine the hokum that comes from this plot.

The New York restaurants (the smarter spots) have banded together to combat the Governor's tax threats (on autos, liquor, etc) and the Federal Government's cracking down on "expense" accounts. The restaurateurs came up with a carking bit of public relations. They placed memos on tables reminding patrons that one may still entertain potential customers with lunch or dinner (plus a nip or so) and write it off.

The fact is that Uncle Sam will permit you to entertain lavishly. All he asks you for in return is a receipt—to show that you spent the coin trying to make your business prosperous. The only thing different, as we see it, is that the Internal Revenues are not going to allow "swindle" sheets, as expense accounts are nicknamed.

Orson Welles recently wailed that he dreaded appearing on Broadway because "critic Walter Kerr hates me." The play he appeared in ("Moby Dick") made a quick exit and would have—whether or not Mr. Kerr covered it. It was dull. But Orson has another critic to add to his little list of men who terrify him in New York. That critic is Bosley Crowther of the N.Y. Times. Mr. Crowther, reviewing Welles' film "The Trial," found it a bore. Mainly because so much of it was not simple to savvy.

The same movie-murderer was irritated by "Diamond Head." He described it as "standard" and "obvious" and the acting as "hackneyed as the surf at Waikiki." The Times' undertaker glumly concluded: "Only the scenery in Hawaii looks real.

Frank Sinatra's favorite late spot in Manhattan is Jilly's on West 52nd Street between Broadway and 8th Avenue. If you're an autograph fan and are in New York when Frankie is, that's the best place to trap him. He never fails to make that spot when in Our Town.

In Hollywood his favorite restaurant is Patsy D'Amore's Villa Capri. It is here that the management affectionately refers to Sinatra as "The Pope." His songwriter pal Jimmy Van Heusen is hailed as "The Bishop." Probably two of the unlikeliest religious members of the Clan.

If you happen to be one of the many people who enjoy reading about the downfalls of those playboys, Adolf and Benito, by all means read "The Brutal Friendship" by F.W. Deakin, the British historian. The title comes from Hitler himself, who referred to his alliance with Mussolini as a brutal friendship "imposed on me." Their friendship began inauspiciously in 1926, according to the author. Hitler, then an obscure admirer of Il Duce, wrote to the Italian Embassy in Berlin requesting an autographed photograph of Mr. Fascist and was politely turned down.

It is very difficult for this observer to believe that Ethel Merman is serious when she says she is resigning from the Broadway stage.

I know she was hurt deeply when Hollywood gave the role she created in the hit show, Gypsy to Rosalind Russell. And while she was a click in a smart night club at Vegas, I guess Ethel considered it "somewhat of a comedown" but it wasn't, at all. They paid her $50,000 a week (or so I read) and I do not think anyone ever was paid that much in Vegas or anywhere to sing some songs or even do card tricks.

One of the best things Dezi Arnaz did before he resigned from Desilu was to arrange for Merman to make a pilot for a new TV series. As we went to press the reports on the pilot were exciting. Perhaps a hit series will give Ethel what she needs more than money.

P.S.: Ethel Merman has appeared in over a dozen hit shows on Broadway. They usually were clicks because she was the star. When the right show comes along you can safely bet she will appear in it. Nothing, Ethel will confirm, can take the place of deafening applause at a Broadway 1st Night.

We caught "Capone" (the movie) again the other night. We saw it a few seasons ago when it was born. This picture reminded worried showmen that if the show is good, business will be, too.

"Capone," according to insiders, cost under $200,000 to film. It grossed over $6,000,000, they say. Rod Steiger portrayed Al Capone, the gang chief of the 1930's. Mr. Steiger was a kid not yet in show business when Capone was in the heat. He played "Al" at his Miami Beach residence in 1930.

But nobody in the movies or on any stage played (Continued on page 14)
"SUDDEN COMFORT!" NO WIRES! NO BONES! NO DIGS! NO POKES! LOVABLE'S PATENTED 'INNER CUP' SUPPORT AND 'MAGIC-HUG' BACK GIVE YOU WONDERFUL, STAY-UP COMFORT, HOUR AFTER HOUR AFTER HOUR! (AND ONLY $2.95)
for a good night's sleep

and a beautiful morning after

Tip-Top’s Foam Cushion Curler is as pillow-soft and feather-light as a curler can be. But it does more than help you to a good night’s sleep. It also promises a perfect curl. The body of this curler is a special polyurethane foam. Absorbs moisture, dries quickly. Its patented lock snaps into place easily, and stays snapped. Tip-Top makes these wonder curlers in four sizes, in 59c, $1 and $1.59 packages. They’re all Values-of-the-Month at supermarkets, drug and variety stores.

Tip-Top

Capone the way Capone really was. Steiger not only moved and walked like him—he also talked like him. Amazing.

* * *

You may have read or heard about the many “muggers” in New York’s Central Park, among other dark places. We have also had three murders in that park.

But I have never heard or read about muggers tackling the horse-drawn hansom cabs lovers ride in between the Plaza Hotel on 59th Street through the park to 72nd Street and back again. (Price: Pay no more than $4 plus tip.)

I checked with some of the drivers and asked why muggers never attack the passengers (usually teens necking) or hold up the cabbies. They assume, some said, that the mugger doesn’t fear being caught or shot so much as he fears being struck across the face with the driver’s whip.

* * *

Show Biz Novelty: Father Frederic Gehring (The Padre of Guadalcanal) found a lost, half-dead waif on the Guadalcanal battlefield twenty years ago and gave her a make-believe name which miraculously turned out to be her real name. The child supposedly had drowned 4,000 miles away.

When the Padre told the story to Naval officers Robert Montgomery and Gene Markey (of Hollywood), both hmf’d that people wouldn’t believe any part of it. “They’d say it was another Hollywood plot!”

That story is now in book form. The title: “A Child of Miracles.” Marty Abramson collabbed with Father Gehring. And the Messrs. Montgomery & Markey are expected to make it a movie.

* * *

Three films on Marilyn Monroe’s life are being made. A dozen recordings (albums) plus soundtracks of her song-styling are in the works and many artists are painting her portrait.

Marilyn’s big fear was that she had become a Has-Been!

* * *

Over at Monsignore (a New York smart restaurant) the other dinner-time, the Arthur Murrays (celebrating their 50th Dancerversary) amused guests with this query: “How are Betty Bronson, Maude Adams, Jean Arthur and Mary Martin associated?”

Do you know?

Hmmmm, we thawnt.

Well, Miss Adams created the role of Peter Pan in the original Barrie play. Betty Bronson played it in silent pictures. Jean Arthur had the role in a revival and Mary Martin in the Broadway musical and Televersion.
Judy Garland's entire booking at Harrah's (Lake Tahoe) was a complete sell-out before she opened, so she must have been really pretty ill not to finish the date. Empty tables often is "the illness" that causes some stars to cancel out—but Judy came on stage to standing ovations in her first weeks there. She is still a Big Star and when she quits—she is ill. Some of us cannot understand why Judy takes on a weekly TV program as she had done with CBS for next year. The grind is a health-wrecker and she hasn't too much health to wreck.

:* *

Add things I didn't know either: That Sophia Loren's mother once won 1st Prize in a contest titled: "Greta Garbo's Double." . . . Steve McQueen (he recently filmed "The Great Escape" in Munich) came home to report: "If you listen to most ex-German soldiers, they'd have you believe they were either on the Russian Front when the concentration camps were running full blast, or they were ambulance drivers." Yah-yah . . . Little Claire Wilcox, seven, stole "40 Pounds of Trouble" from star Tony Curtis, I thawt. She had the title role. Critics adored this tot and their acclaim is now paying off big. Her next assignment will be to play the role of Shirley MacLaine's daughter in "First Wife." Happy showbiz to you, young lady.

:* *

Which suspense writer is JFK's favorite? His intimates told us Ian Fleming is. You may have enjoyed Fleming's hit picture "Dr. No." They say the writer also tops the President as a rapid reader. "Fleming goes through four books simultaneously!"

Ocononow! Producer David Merrick, who has fought with most of the critics on both coasts (and in between) now has the British reviewers upsetting him, Merrick's "Carnival" was a two-year hit in New York. Prospered in Chicago, too, and elsewhere.

But when it opened in London, recently, they hammered it. The critic for the London Express sarcastically: "The New York drama critics voted 'Carnival' the best musical of the year. I'm worried about America."

Mr. Merrick is the one to worry about. It was following their raves about "Carnival" that he started feuding with them!

:* *

We have a real backstage melodrama in Our Town. An over star is a physical and mental wreck over a long affair with an opera exec that ended when he up and married another. The star gave him several years. She now knows he won't leave his wife and her great agony has necessitated medical care. Intimates are fearful that she will commit suicide. No role she has had on the operatic stage is as sad as the part she is playing off stage right now.

Walter Winchell narrates "The Untouchables," ABC-TV, Thursday, 10 P.M. EDT.

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**It's Like Reading Another Woman's Diary**

**Dear Diary:**

There's no doubt about it!

True Story is like reading another woman's diary. You can discover how women feel when they are rejected by men they love, and wives and mothers can find out a lot about marriage—and how parents cope with teen-age problems. There's a lot to be gained from understanding the experiences of people just like yourself.

True Story covers every kind of human experience and lots more! True Story has a complete home service section, good recipes, beauty tips, fashion and much more.

**P.S.—Remind me to get a copy of June True Story tomorrow.**

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**IN JUNE TRUE STORY:**

- **YOU "DON'T" HAVE TO CHASE A MAN**
- **WHEN KISSES ARE FORBIDDEN**
- **THE KIND OF LOVE... WOMEN DARE NOT TALK ABOUT!—NOW ON SALE**
It was another forever and ever marriage that soon came to an end. After a little more than two years, the marriage of Sandra Dee and Bobby Darin is over. Over the day Sandy took the baby and walked out.

When Sandy married Bobby in December, 1960, there was not the slightest doubt in her mind that Bobby was her entire glorious world and would be forever and ever. And Bobby was on "cloud seven." Only their love for each other counted. Nothing else. Not even Sandy's mother, Mary Douvan, could convince the two that perhaps such a hasty trip to the altar would be premature. If they would only wait a few months longer to make doubly sure, Mary pleaded.

Sandy was only eighteen then. Sandy and Bobby met just that past fall, while making "Come September" in Italy. Under the romantic Roman stars they fell in love faster than you can say "Romeo and Juliet."

But Bobby had his mind made up. The rest of the world and its advice didn't matter, not even the feelings of Mary Douvan mattered. He knew what he wanted, and Sandy did, too. I recall her saying at the time: "A lot of people think Bobby and I are making a terrible mistake by marrying so quickly. But even if it's a gamble, it'll work out, I'm certain. Some people are engaged for two or three years, marry and then find out they don't" (Please turn the page)
like, much less love, each other."

The world did seem to be Darin's oyster. However, Bobby made his first and biggest mistake by thinking that he could build a shell around their marriage. Even an oyster eventually has to come out of its shell. Sandy's reaction to Bobby's tactics at first was no reaction.

After all, Bobby was head of the household and she enjoyed his protection. Studio executives, especially Producer Ross Hunter who discovered the actress, were unhappy. Darin issued orders that he and Sandy would refuse to pose for photographs together. He even went to great lengths to carry out this edict.

Once to avoid cameramen at Bobby's opening at the Flamingo Hotel in Las Vegas, Sandy had to remain in her room. Hunter became especially upset when Darin began to hint that Sandy's career wasn't being handled properly. This was like saying you hate your father because, under Hunter's tutelage, Sandy skyrocketed from a New York model to a top box-office star. Then there was a report that Bobby felt Sandy should make pictures with only the big, big male stars. Anyone less than a Rock Hudson wouldn't be acceptable.

Certainly Bobby received the lion's share of criticism those first few months of marriage. Yet he deserves credit, too. Until her marriage, Sandy was treated as a young and delicate teenager. Even though she was eighteen when she met Bobby, without makeup and wearing those princess-style dresses she could pass for a child of twelve. And her mother was always by her side. They were inseparable. Some feel that one reason Sandy was so determined to marry was to finally be on her own.

When she became Mrs. Bobby Darin, Sandy no longer was the shy little girl. Overnight she blossomed into a full-grown woman.

But in some ways—Sandy appeared awestruck at many of Darin's mannerisms. And some of his fast-lingo was soon mimicked by her. She began to smoke cigarettes, and occasionally would join him in a cocktail. Her mother wisely bowed out of Sandy's life, hoping and praying for the best.

Surprisingly, Darin's formula for a happy marriage apparently was working. The union was additionally fortified at 2:19 A.M. in the wintry wee hours of Dec. 16, 1961—when the first cries of Dodd Mitchell Darin were heard at Cedars of Lebanon hospital. Both Bobby and Sandy were ecstatic over becoming parents. Soon afterwards, however, reports began leaking out of dissension. Some said this stemmed over Bobby reportedly wanting Sandy to give up her career and devoting full time to being a mother. Others claimed their love had withered, the honeymoon was over now and forever.

Since the first of the year the tension obviously was mounting. Sandy appeared overwrought and tired. Bobby flung himself into a multitude of business ventures, working at his office on the Universal Studios lot from early in the morning until late at night, and then working in night clubs. When he was appearing on stage, Sandra played the role of the appreciative wife sitting ringside and forcing smiles. The smiles became more forced and insiders say Bobby insisted on having his Sandy at all of his openings. This was often hard on Sandy since most of his itinerary dates are out of town. Bobby, they say, also insisted that the baby travel with them. Caring for a small child in a hotel room can be like Alcatraz for a mother. Ironically in the past months, he seemed much friendlier to the press. Bobby reworked his night club act, eliminating all of the brash and cockiness that once was his trademark. While filming "If A Man Answers," he even allowed cameramen to take photographs of Sandy with him.

If Bobby had made any amends, it was too late in Sandra Dee's eyes.

What triggered the big blow-up could have been as minor as Bobby telling Sandy he didn't like the gown she purchased for his Coconut Grove opening. However, both are close-mouthed about it, and at any rate no matter what set it off the dynamite had been accumulating over many months. Finally, the night Bobby was scheduled to act as one of the masters of ceremonies at the Foreign Press Awards he didn't show.

Bobby's press agent said he was ill. Well, that wasn't so very far from the truth as it happened. An insider (a friend who asked that his name not be published) reported exclusively to Photoplay:

"Sandy and Bobby battled like wildcats all that day. And Sandy was in tears most of the time. Bobby was shaking with anger. Then silence. Silence between them for several days. They didn't speak. They have quarreled before, but this time, from the way they were treating each other, I knew it was the end.

"There was no apologizing by either of them. They didn't kiss and makeup like they used to."

Finally, Sandy could stand it no longer. But who could she turn to? Her mother was the logical choice. Weeping on a mother's shoulder has relieved many a hurt feeling. Sandy, however, didn't turn to her mother for advice. Perhaps, she felt embarrassed, remembering all that she said before the marriage. Maybe if Sandy followed her mother's advice then she wouldn't be suffering the miseries and heartaches of a marriage breakup now.

So the call for help went to Betty Mitchell. Betty is a publicity woman at Universal-International and ever since Sandy stepped on the lot years ago they have been close friends.

"I have to get away," Sandy reportedly said. "I must get away. To have time to think."

So that same day, a pale and haggard looking Sandra Dee boarded a United Airlines' jet plane for Hawaii. She was leaving Bobby Darin. The baby, now fifteen months old, was in her arms, and Betty Mitchell and a nurse were (Continued on page 20)
How else could you get such marvelous strapless or convertible bras at such unbelievable prices! (Left) "Wardrobe Bra", 6-way straps, air-foam contoured under-wired cups; embroidered cotton, lastex backs. White, black. A & B cups. $1.59. (Center) "Glamour Lace" longline; 6-way straps; zip-front; dip-back. Air-foam cups. Lace and satin with lastex-paneled broadcloth. White, black. A, B & C cups. $2.98. (Right) Strapless and backless "Formal" bra. Lightly boned; nylon lace and LYCRA elastic. 2" waistband. White only. A & B cups. $3.98. Available now at all stores that feature value.
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!

49¢
plus tax.

Sandra Dee

at her side. She had gotten away.
There must have been a large lump in Sandy's throat when she and her little group checked into the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu.
The plush hostelry on Waikiki beach is a favorite spot for honeymooners. But for Sandy the only love in her heart was the love for a small boy with gobs of black hair.
Miss Mitchell swears that Sandy neither discussed nor mentioned Bobby the entire week she was in Hawaii. She immediately cut herself off from the outside world, and she didn't even accept any calls.

At the same time, Bobby was playing at Harrah's Club in Lake Tahoe. And when Sandy failed to take her regular ringside vantage seat at the opening, the rumors came out into the open. Although her close pals confided that she dreaded making such appearances in the past, she rarely had missed an opening.

When a newspaperman queried Sandy about the rumors, it was obvious the end was near. Miss Mitchell replied for her by wire:

"Sandra having wonderful vacation. No statement on the other questions."

Was Sandy having a wonderful time? Most of the days Sandy and her son would spend on the hotel's private beach, and she stayed in her room at night. She always seemed to be in a pensive mood. It was as if her thoughts were thousands of miles away—and they probably were. Maybe she expected Bobby to cancel his engagement at Lake Tahoe and fly to her side in contriteness. Maybe she thought the whole thing was a bad dream and she was only waiting to wake up and have it end.

Even in Hawaii they gossip, and the first day Sandy came on the beach to sun herself the tongues really wagged. The scanty bathing suit she was wearing failed to cover a black and blue mark that was as big as a dinner plate on her thigh.

One beach wag, recognizing the movie star, commented:

"It looks as if someone has tossed..."
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 germicidal protection Norforms suppositories now give you. Norforms' highly perfected new formula releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' deodorant protection has been proved in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than anything it had ever used. Norforms eliminate (rather than cover up) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what convenience! These small feminine suppositories are so easy to use. Just insert—no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Available in packages of 6, 12 and 24. Also available in Canada.

FREE informative Norforms booklet
Just mail this coupon to Dept. PH-36 Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N.Y.
Please send me the Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

Name ____________________________ (please print)
Street ____________________________
City ____________________________ Zone State ____________________________

Norforms
A Norwich Product

21

her around like an old tennis ball."

However, Sandy says no one has ever laid a finger on her in anger and certainly not her husband. The bruise was the result of an accident. When getting up from a restaurant table she bumped her leg.

Almost as suddenly as she decided to run away to Hawaii with the baby, Sandy announced she was ready to come home. Bobby was still appearing at the Nevada resort when she arrived in secret back in Hollywood.

Three days later, on March 26th, she was due to report to Twentieth Century-Fox for wardrobe fittings. U-I had loaned her out to fi'm "Take Her, She's Mine." Sandy never made it to the studio that day.

"Please call 20th," she informed a U-I studio publicity man, "and tell them that I won't be in today. My husband and I have separated."

Whether she and Bobby had a long telephone conversation prior to the announcement, only the two know.

Bobby did appear surprised and shaken when word reached him that it was in the newspapers. He refused to even discuss it with his press agent. Likewise, Sandy went into seclusion and her mother mysteriously disappeared, too. Actually, it was later revealed that they were together, closer than ever, in Palm Springs.

On Sandy's side of the dispute, one of her friends says this:

"Bobby Darin is impossible. He thought he was helping Sandy's career, but he was ruining it."

And on his side: One of his buddies swears that Bobby had to make too many concessions.

"Sandy didn't like her friends. She wanted to run the entire show."

Whether the two can resolve their problems and get back together only they know. Perhaps, by the time you read this all will be well again.

If either of them knows the power of the words, "I'm sorry," perhaps, even at this stage, that's all it will take. But will they say them? I don't think so.

THE END

Sandy's in U-I's "Tammy and the Doctor," 20th's "Take Her, She's Mine."
Sue Lyon decided acting was a snap, then persuaded her twenty-year-old brother Chris to give it a try. When she told him he could make as much in one day on TV as he could in a month at his service station job, he was sold. "If I can act," Sue told him, "so can you. It's easy—just do whatever the director tells you." Her mother's equally flexible. She didn't take up smoking until she was fifty—because she wanted to set a good example for the kids.

"But when my sons started smoking anyway," she says, "I decided to join them." Mama still insists that playing Lolita did her daughter no harm. She says Sue's just a normal teen. Maybe she is, but she's got more than a normal amount of talent.

Above: June Allyson brought Ricky and Pam Powell along on her first public appearance since Dick's death. She looked teary-eyed all night. It took great courage for her to go—everything still reminds June of Dick. It must be very painful.

Max Schell was left all alone on a Swiss ski slope when ex-Queen Soraya heard Hugh O'Brian had arrived in Europe. Hugh dashed over to replace John Gavin in a picture and she dashed after him. Now that Soraya has a movie career of her own, she and Hugh should have more than ever in common.

Van Johnson got a clean bill of health after surgery for removal of a skin cancer, but it was a low spot for Van and he's had a few of those in recent years. Last time I saw him he told me about the twelve months he spent in Switzerland doing nothing. "I found out the hard way," he said, "that out of sight is out of mind. The phone didn't ring for me. One night I was so low I felt like walking into Lake Geneva and thought, 'Is this the way it's going to end—just nothing?' His home here was sold minutes before it was to be put on the block by the Internal Revenue Department to pay up Van's back taxes.

Warren Beatty assured me a year ago that he had no intention of trying to live up to the publicity that he's "the biggest new name" in show business. "All I want to do is just be an actor," he assured me. He hasn't worked since. After agreeing to star in "Youngblood Hawke" for a salary of $200,000—an astronomical figure for a boy who's done only three pictures—he waited until just before shooting was to start, then sent over a list
of last-minute demands. I understand he wanted the right to change the script as he saw fit, and to approve the cast. And as an added thought he reportedly jotted down the names of six musicians he would consider to do the scoring. These are privileges that the biggest box-office draws in the world don't have. And when Jack Warner got a look at them, he hit the ceiling and began looking for a new boy. They found him in Jim Francis-cus. But what I want to know is what's bugging Beatty?

Below: Rex Harrison and wife Rachel share a moment of quiet before the storm. Rex was in a dither when he saw the ads for "Cleopatra." They were very subtle—just a huge photograph of Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton—not even a title was mentioned. Rex' contract for playing Caesar called for "similar ad art treatment," so he had his New York attorney fire off a letter to 20th reminding them of this. The studio, which at the time was busy re-shooting the picture, may have to re-do ads.

When I mentioned Sid Luft's name. At the time they were in the midst of legal battles in two states over filing for divorce. She was so definite about her settlement with Luft ("He got everything I made for ten years—I think that's enough"), that you could have knocked me over with a feather when they reconciled. Judy can have the world if she learns to make peace with it. Let's hope she does.

Judging from the bouquets delivered to the "Captain Newman, M.D." set, Angie Dickinson must be in love. Few men are rich enough to buy that many red, red roses. Angie? She ain't talkin'.

Above: Keir Dullea is an actor to watch. Since his success in "David and Liza," every studio wanted him—but Seven Arts got him. We need more new actors like Keir—he's sensitive, talented and very good looking.

Judy Garland's heartaches aren't over. Despite her success, the struggle to get on top again has taken its toll. When she was making a picture in London, there were all kinds of rumbles about trouble on the set, but we all dismissed them when she fulfilled her commitment at the Sahara in Las Vegas—even stayed two weeks overtime when they let her start her show at 2:30 A. M. I talked with her when she was there and she sounded gay as a cricket. The only note of bitterness came

Above: Forrest, Elman and Sinatra! It sounded like old times when the trio got together for a stint with the late Tommy Dorsey's band. It's the same Helen and Ziggy, but a new Sinatra—Frankie, Jr. He's following in his dad's footsteps—but only during summer vacations. Comes fall, comes college for F.S., Jr. (Please turn the page)
Battling the pounds are Kim Novak and Shelley Winters. I don't know how Kim's keeping her calories down, but Shelley's taken up hypnosis. All those men running in and out of Kim's door at the Dorchester Hotel weren't boy friends—they were drama coaches getting her shaped up to tackle the Bette Davis role in "Of Human Bondage." She's out to prove something in this one, and is leaving no stone unturned. When asked if she might pick an Englishman for a husband, Kim said, "Men are all the same the world over. And I love variety."

Eva Gabor predicts that sister Zsa Zsa's marriage to Herbert Hutner will last forever. I don't know about that, but to date Zsa Zsa's on Cloud 9. Hutner shelled out a quarter of a million dollars to buy her the most beautiful home in Bel Air—and he put it in her name. The place is so big it actually contains a huge ballroom, which Zsa Zsa says would make a night club. There are three built-in safes where she can stash her jewels.

Frank Sinatra's present to his parents, the Martin Sinatras, on their fiftieth wedding anniversary: A $60,000 home in New Jersey. Frank dumped his hilltop house here for $200,000.

Handing out Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards on Johnny Carson's TV show was a romp. Bette Davis, a sneaky one when it comes to stealing the show, got the biggest hand from Johnny's audience. In case you missed the awards on TV, Bette's story of how she lost out on the part of Scarlett O'Hara is worth repeating.

She'd been raising Cain with Warners to get her better stories and was pretty angry with them. So when the bosses called her in and said they could get "Gone With The Wind," and told her it was a wonderful book, she snapped, "I'll just bet it's a dilly!"—and stalked off to England to sit out her contract. "It was one of the biggest boo-boos I ever made," she recalls.

Gary Clarke forgot his tuxedo and had to borrow one for the big evening. It was a little snug but nobody noticed. This was the first time I'd met Gary and I was much impressed with your choice for "most promising actor." He seemed as confused as I was about his off-again, on-again romance with Connie Stevens, and wouldn't talk about it on TV. Connie, I hear, has decided to create a new image. First step: a brand new bedroom addition to her home. It'll be decorated with a bright red carpet and all pink furnishings.

Dick Chamberlain, Photoplay's actor of the year, was either the most relaxed winner—or the most exhausted. We flew East on the same plane, and Dr. Kildare snoozed soundly all the way. And in case anyone is interested—and about a million females are—he doesn't snore.

Suzanne Pleshette and Troy Donahue threw a unique party. All their friends had been sick, so they had them come as their favorite disease. They rented wheelchairs, had an ambulance outside the house, set up the cocktail bar like an operating table, and served wine in plasma bottles. Suzanne was crushed to learn that the idea wasn't original—Carole Lombard and Bill Powell did it once long ago.

After giving me the "we're too busy with our careers for marriage" routine, Suzanne changed to: "I'm not too busy for marriage but . . ." Their romance is getting to the serious stage—he's met her folks. And they liked him. (Continued on page 26)
PATTY MYER, 16
Box 71
Valley, Nebraska

ALICE YODER, 15
130 Roselawn Avenue
Bausman, Pennsylvania

KATHY EDMONDS, 18
5738 Engle Road
Garfield, California

SHARON LEA CAUDILL, 16
Rt. #1, Box 299
Chapmanville, West Virginia

JEAN SLAUGHTER, 15
Route #3
Medon, Tennessee

NORMA JEAN WOLFE, 15
134 Georgetown Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

KAREN PIPENBURG, 15
Route #2
Brillion, Wisconsin

NANCY DOUGLAS, 20
YWCA, Waterloo, Ontario, Canada

KATHY WEITMAN, 17
Box 5156
Thornton, Washington

BERtha PATTerson, 16
718 North Roche Avenue
Porterville, California

SANDRA BYLO, 18
RD #5
Auburn, New York

ROSEMARY DiStEFANO, 9
26 Fairview Park
West Chester, Pennsylvania

JOANNE GIULIO, 11
1010 Faustina Drive
West Chester, Pennsylvania

DIDe V. VARVAROuS., 14
134 Orange Street
Albany, New York

SHELLEY PIzzEMEnTO, 12
161 Orange Street
Albany, New York

JEAnE FERGusON, 21
13428 Evaunton
Detroit, Michigan

Michele Pelletier, 16
3 Center Street
Staten Island, New York

Barbara Kozak, 16
523 Chelton Avenue
Camden, New Jersey

Elena V. VARVAROuS., 14
Rural Route #3, Box 1288
Merritt Island, Florida

KATHY HERDA
513 Naysmith Road
McKeesport, Pennsylvania

HELEN VERMILLION, 14
207 Tipton Street
Pasadena, Maryland

MARIje HoAsSTAdS, 14
R.D. Box 174-A
Grafton, Wisconsin

CarOLyn SENN, 15
Box 334
Meridian, Texas

EDNA STEWART, 15
Route #1, Box 230
Gulfport, Miss.

HOdJAT MAGHERSOUDLOU, 18
Faculty of Medicine
University of Tehran,
Tehran, Iran

Write to Readers, Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret that we cannot answer or return unpublished letters.
Under Hedda's Hat  
continued

Above: George Hamilton escorted me to the premiere of "How The West Was Won"—a really gala Hollywood affair. I gave George a lesson in how to win friends by taking him over to the bleachers filled with fans and introducing him. "How long have you been doing this?" he asked. "Ever since I've been coming to premieres," I said. He won't miss another opportunity to talk with his fans.

Lucille Ball sent a horseshoe shaped floral arrangement with a card reading "Congratulations on both of you picking a winner," when Desi Arnaz married Edith Mack Hirsch. Desi and his new bride, ex-wife of wealthy sportsman and dog food king Clement Hirsch, spend a lot of time at the race track watching their ponies run. Arnaz bought his wife a house not far from Lucille's in Palm Springs. Matter of fact, both places face the same golf course. Let's hope nobody gets teed off.

Robert Goulet is a goner, girls. The handsome young singer, who will soon be a big movie star, will marry Carol Lawrence any minute. She was the girl he had in mind when he told me: "I have strong feelings toward a young lady. But I can't allow myself to say more." A few days later Mrs. Goulet went to Mexico and got a divorce so now he should be saying a lot more about his love for Carol.

A well-known actor whose wife won't let him out of her sight wistfully commented: "Richard Burton should never divorce Sybil. You just can't get wives like that any more."

Fabian tells about the perils of being a teenage idol: "When I'm doing personal appearances, I find teenagers all over the place. Once I opened a bathroom door and two of them fell out. I usually wear my hair medium length. If it's very short it sticks straight up. As I was getting into a cab on my way to a plane once, a girl slipped up behind me and snipped a handful of hair off the crown of my head. It stuck straight up for weeks afterwards. That was about three years ago. I didn't think it funny at the time, but I do now."

Elizabeth Taylor collected $40,000 in her $5 million damage suit over the plane-crash death of Mike Todd, and all the money goes to Elizabeth Frances Fisher, Mike's daughter who was adopted by Eddie Fisher.

Pat Boone's joke: "I'm just an old man to the current crop of young singers. Why, I was talking with Paul Anka the other day and he thought Rudy Vallee was a ski resort."

Pat's in a hassle over "Main Attraction" and doesn't want it released as is. I guess he's going back to his old image.

Vince Edwards has his troubles and they're not all in the operating room. He's been sued over some recordings he made before he ever heard of Ben Casey. Judging from the titles of the tunes—"Squealing Parrot," "Hole In The Head," and "Oh, Babe"—I'd say Vince is the one who should be seeing a lawyer. And I don't blame him for not wanting them released. He's very particular about his image as the crusading neurosurgeon, and you can imagine the field day the disk jockeys would have with that ditty about "a hole in the head."

Rita Gam, more beautiful than when she was being touted as a second Ava Gardner, shed her publisher husband Thomas Guinzburg. She'll have another fling in Hollywood. She was a bridesmaid when her ex-roommate Grace Kelly married.

That's all the news for now. I'll write more next month.
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.

Rings from left to right: RIVIERA Ring $400. Also $300 to 975. — WHITTAKER Ring $450. Wedding Ring 42.50. — ELLIOTT Ring $225. Wedding Ring 50.00. — ROBBINS Ring $150. Wedding Ring 50.00. All rings available in yellow or white gold. Prices include Federal Tax. Rings enlarged to show beauty of details. © Trade-Mark registered.

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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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THE LOVE LETTERS
THAT COULD HAVE SAVED
MARILYN’S LIFE

Nine months have passed since her death. And, still we feel an awful loneliness, an emptiness for her. For Marilyn Monroe.

Nine months have passed since her death—a summer waned quietly away, an autumn yawned, a winter blustered and a spring is being born around us, just about now. And yet she has been gone all this time. No longer a part of the seasons, of the world, of this thing called life. Though it is hard to believe. Very hard—when we read about her and talk about her and look down at a wistful photograph of her and when we watch her go through some of her glorious moments in not-so-old movies on TV and when—unavoidably, sadly as now—we simply think about her.

For nine months people have been asking: Why did she die? Why did she take her life?

But the answers are unimportant now. Except for one—that she thought no one cared about her, she (Continued on page 64)
A few days before Deborah Power, Tyrone Power's widow, was to bring her new-born baby, Tyrone Power IV, home to Hollywood, the infant was robbed of a precious legacy that his famous father had willed to him. The legacy of a thumb-worn copy of "Hamlet" that had been packed away in a scuffed briefcase, and the legacy of a gold ring bearing the Power ancestral crest, that had lain in a jewelry case in one of the bedrooms of the Benedict Canyon home of the late actor.

This was the ring and the book which Tyrone Power III had received from his father, Frederick Tyrone Power II. This was the token Ty had carried with him wherever his acting work took him throughout the world. And this was what he wanted so terribly to pass on to his own son—the boy he was not destined to welcome into the world.

Little Tyrone William Power IV did not receive his father's legacy. Thieves had broken into the Power house one evening while Deborah was still in the hospital after giving birth to him, and had stolen two mink wraps, some jewels and a TV set. Apparently as an afterthought, they filched the locked briefcase and the ring.

Almost three years later, on November 16, 1961, young Tyrone William Power IV was to be denied an even more precious gift from his father. He was to be denied his name itself.

In response to a joint plea made by Ty's widow and her new husband, Arthur Loew, Jr. (they were then separated; they are now divorced), the Los Angeles Superior Court granted Loew the right to adopt his stepson legally. In addition, the judge gave the legal stamp of approval to the changing of the little boy's name from Tyrone William Power IV to, surprisingly, Tyrone Power Loew.
Not only columnists and friends of the late Ty Power, but also his fans all over the world were disturbed and dismayed by this adoption-name-changing procedure. And for many reasons.

Cholly Knickerbocker wrote in the N.Y. Journal-American: "Well, I know it's none of my business if they rename Tyone Power IV something like Tyrone Goldwater Kennedy, but I still think it's too bad that the late actor's widow, Debbie Minardos Power Loew, should allow her ex, Arthur Loew, to adopt Ty's son and change his name from Tyone Power IV to Tyrone Power Loew. If Mr. Loew is so mad about the baby, couldn't he adopt him without tampering with his very famous name?" An interesting question.

PHOTOPLAY columnist Hedda Hopper, writing in the N.Y. (Sunday) News, was even more indignant: "Debbie Power gave out some sentimental quotes about her son carrying on the Power name, so it's ironic that she's given her permission for the child's legal adoption—and since their divorce yet." (Miss Hopper was using "divorce" in its non-legal sense here—meaning a complete severance or separation. The actual legal divorce wasn't to take place until a year later, on December 18, 1962.)

Ty Power's fans were, if anything, even more incensed than the columnists. Perhaps their dismay was increased when they read a brief out-of-the-way notice to the effect that the late actor's furniture and furnishings were to be auctioned off. By a sad and far-fetched twist of fate, the date of the auction was to fall exactly on the fourth anniversary of the actor's untimely death.

Perhaps it was simply that their love for Ty Power was still very much alive. And perhaps they were (Continued on page 75)
FRED: Well, looks like you're going to be a star, Suzanne. You never wanted to be anything else, did you?
SUZANNE: No, I didn't. A lady first, and then an actress second.
FRED: I don't know which comes first. What do you think?
SUZANNE: I've met a lot of actresses who are ladies, and a lot of ladies who are good actresses. But I don't know. The first thing I worked on was being a human being, let's put it that way.
FRED: What do you think of the men we have out here in Hollywood?
SUZANNE: Well, I think men anywhere are delightful, you know.
FRED: Are they different out here?
SUZANNE: In some respects, yes. I think geography does affect the point of view, to some extent. Out here—in a sense, women are a commodity. After all, you figure a man is a regular honest Joe—for (Continued on page 79)
what happens when a young girl is rushed into womanhood

Brigid Bazlen finished her role as a saddle tramp in "How The West Was Won," caught the first plane and high-tailed it home to her mom in Chicago. That's what she does whenever she has even a few days off. She's not quite ready to grow up just yet and she is candid enough to say so.

Brigid has never dated in Hollywood, she doesn’t want to. She's more comfortable with young Stormy MacDonald, the Zenith heir, whom she's known "forever" and whom her mother gave a couple of bucks (Stormy's always broke) to take Brigid to dinner the night before she sailed for Spain and her movie career.

A few weeks later, on a lavish sound stage, surrounded by all the glamour trappings, Brigid was doing one of the most sensuous dances of all time. She was Salome—a Salome with huge amber spider eyes. long slinky (Continued on page 91)
Lana Turner
Greta Garbo
Jean Simmons
Mary Pickford
Rita Hayworth
Clara Bow
Brigid Bazlen
Judy Garland
Natalie Wood
Elizabeth Taylor
Joan Crawford
Loretta Young
Norma Talmadge
Tuesday Weld
THE MARRIED WOMAN
WHO KEEPS GEORGE MAHARIS SINGLE

Smart Mimi Weber, the best-looking manager around, has first call on George’s career and heart.

Because she’s with George so much, few know Mimi had other clients; Myrna Loy (right) was one.
Here in New York and out in Hollywood, there are at least six gorgeous young actresses who own "Mimi Weber Dolls"—and who stick pins into them every evening before going to bed. What's a "Mimi Weber Doll?" Says one of our actress friends, looking up from her saucer of milk: "Well, you take a doll, dress it in a chic black dress, wind it up and it says, 'Hands off George Maharis.'"

Mimi, in case you didn't already know, is George's manager, the so-called Lady in Black (George's favorite color), and without a doubt the best-looking manager in the business. Also, it's been said, "Mimi is one of the few managers around who loves her client for more than his ten per cent. In fact, Mimi's nuts about him.'"

But there are other complications to this could-be love story. The first: Mimi, although long-separated from her husband (her second, rumor has it), is not yet officially divorced from him. The second: George, while extremely fond of Mimi, reportedly isn't yet sure whether he's actually in love with her.

N The third: It seems to be important at this point in George's career to keep him clear of any serious romantic entanglements—to keep him a bachelor who can neatly fill the marital fantasies of his numerous girl fans.

And just how do these complications sit with Mimi? The first two, naturally, don't sit too well. But the third—the bachelor bit—is just fine with her. Those in the know say that it is basically Mimi's decision—both business-wise and personal-wise.

Just as practically every other decision of the past five years—anyway-wise, as long as it concerned George and his life and his career—has reportedly been Mimi Weber's.

The story of how they first met is pretty well known by now, so we won't dwell on it here. It's enough to say they met in New York in 1958, when George—then about twenty-nine—was an unmarried, struggling off-Broadway and TV actor. Mimi—then about George's age (give or take a few years)—was a vividly pretty, unhappily married mother of an eleven-year-old son, and worked as a secretary at a talent agency. In the course of her work, she was sent to a TV studio one afternoon to get a client's signature on some sort of contract. She and the client (George, of course) met, talked, laughed together and became, as they put it, "good friends."

Says a friend of both: "At the time Mimi was living with her husband out on Long Island. George, who is a great respecter of marriage, never made any kind of pass at her nor did he joke about her unhappy home situation when he heard about it. Many guys would, you know. This pleased Mimi very much since she, too, is a straight-from-the-shoulder, no-nonsense kind of a girl."

That was why, back then, even though a friendship sparked, they both managed in some strange sort of way to see as little of one another as possible. But they did talk on the phone every so often. They did run into each other at the office, at a studio or at one show business bash or other.

When George got his first big break, his role in "Exodus," he went to Israel—and dropped Mimi a note once in a great while. Other than the notes and the occasional meetings, they steered clear of one another—as if on purpose, as if one of them sensed too-close contact might start a fire.

Then, about the time George returned from Israel and was scheduled to step into the lead of a planned TV series to be called "Route 66"—his second and best (Continued on page 73)
One morning, back in 1954, sedate Pomona College in Claremont, California, suffered a shock. Hanging high on ivied Carnegie Hall, an outrageous painting startled students, faculty members and distinguished visitors crowding the campus for the annual Arts Festival. The lurid poster showed a twelve feet long and ten feet high sageden, Pomona's hallowed emblem, being bloodily crucified by a snarling lion. Beneath this blazed an accusing quote from Calvary: “They Know Not What They Do!” “They” obviously referred to the object of its scorn, Pomona's prexy, Dr. Lyon.

Clearly, whatever sassy Joe College committed the crime, he was doomed to be bouncing right out of the school in disgrace. Yet nobody was—because to this day the crime has never been solved. That's not surprising, but maybe it's time to tell: The ringleader (a drama club buff sore at Dr. Lyon for disciplining a friend) was the least likely suspect in school. He was a model student and a perfect gentleman who was generally considered as menacing as a glass of milk. Today you know him as TV's Dr. Kildare. He was known then as George Richard Chamberlain.

When that campus scandal broke, George Richard was only another Pomona sophomore chasing his Bachelor of Arts degree. But it still draws a bead on the blond, bland, 27-year-old TV charmer known today simply as Dick Chamberlain: outwardly, Dick wears the same mild mask of gentlemanly innocence that threw college authorities way off his trail. But lurking right beneath that mask is also the same iron nerve, disciplined determination, deadly sophistication and puckish flair that allowed him to pull off the bold prank. And lurking even beneath that lies the hidden panic of Dick Chamberlain... the fear that he’ll reveal too much of himself... the fear that people won't like him if they know what he’s really like.

This contradictory combination makes him Hollywood's most puzzling character, yet most formidable, hard-to-reach star.

Two years ago, when M-G-M picked Dick to play Dr. Kildare, a friend of his, Jack Nicholson, cracked, “It was inevitable. Who else could possibly look as antiseptic as Dick?” The remark is still good today; then it was perfect. At that point, the pleasant young nobody M-G-M (Please turn the page)
tabbed for its big TV bid seemed as sterile as a role of gauze, and just about as exciting.

He was certainly handsome enough. Then, as now, his fine-lined aristocratic face suggested (as his drama coach, Jeff Corey, noted the minute he saw him) “a young Florentine noble—straight out of the Renaissance.” His mouth and nose were strong and straight, his hair a cap of pure gold. His slate blue eyes were large and set sensitively wide, “almost turning the corners of his face,” as his artist friend, Martin Green, points out, “so that you can see them from the side.” Overall, Dick had an inviting fresh, scrubbed and showered look, which later moved his comedienne friend, Carol Burnett, to call him, “squeaky clean,” swiping a shampoo ad slogan.

Dick’s body was quite strong and tidy, as it still is. It’s the body of a track athlete—star sprinter in high school and relays in college—whip muscled but spare. His fair skin gets a honey tan that gives him an Apollo like glow when he’s stripped down. That sight, seen as Dick worked out in bathing shorts, had once moved a co-ed named Claire Isaacs to gorp, “I’ve just seen a Greek god!”

Yet, with all this, Richard Chamberlain seemed hardly the type to set off romantic rockets around the world. He was so self effacing in person that you had to look twice to notice him. “Dick was all eyes and a mouth wide then,” recalls his pal and publicist, Chuck Painter. “He was the kind of a guy who comes into a room and fades right into the wall. Now that ‘Kildare’s’ a hit he is coming out in all sorts of ways. But for many months he was quiet like a mouse.”

Dick was so quiet that when he was sent to Arizona for a bit in “A Thunder of Drums,” right after he’d made “Dr. Kildare’s” pilot at M-G-M, it was three days before the director knew who he was! On that same location, Painter persuaded a reporter from the Tucson Star to interview Dick. He soon wished he hadn’t. The reporter kidded Dick’s stiff reserve unmercifully, printing his cautious reactions word for word like, “I didn’t expect that question” and “I really don’t know what to say.” Dick has that first sorry interview framed today in his dressing room as a horrible reminder of how not to behave.

Even after “Dr. Kildare” began, its star was so unprepossessing that for weeks Dick couldn’t get past studio gate cops in his car without calling the publicity department for help. He had no decent dressing room because he couldn’t bring himself to speak up for one. After NBC had beamed him all over, Dick’s manner was so unimpressive that, when his car got stuck in heavy rain one night, he tried five households before one would allow him to call for help—and they passed him the phone outside on a long cord. Then “Dr. Kildare” leaped to TV’s top ten, never to drop out. And things have changed considerably since that day for Richard Chamberlain.

Last fall, as grand marshal of Baltimore’s “I Am An American Day” parade, Dick reviewed a crowd of 400,000 eager fans—then had to flee to a Coast Guard cutter in Chesapeake Bay to escape a mauling. In Pittsburgh, 450,000 swarmed the streets for a look at him in-person and the cops whisked Dick through back alleys to a safe stakeout. In New York he tripped a near riot when a kid spotted him despite levis and a sweat shirt before the lion cage at Bronx Zoo. (Continued on page 85)
clergymen reveal how Liz can be saved

(Please turn the page)
"I refuse to condemn Elizabeth Taylor until I hear her story from her own lips. Despite all the publicity, despite the headlines, I will not believe the worst!" The voice, carried across three thousand miles of telephone wire between Hollywood and PHOTOPLAY's New York office, was heavy and sad but still firm.

It was the voice of Rabbi Max Nussbaum—the man who converted Elizabeth Taylor to Judaism four years ago.

We had phoned him on behalf of the many baffled readers who had written to us about Liz' status as a Jew since her affair with Richard Burton began. There were only a few letters at first, for Liz' conversion to Judaism had been handled as discreetly as such matters can be for people in the limelight. But then, when Abdul Nasser refused to permit Liz to enter Egypt with the "Cleopatra" cast, many people suddenly remembered that she was of the Jewish faith. And the letters began to pour in—some outraged, some clearly the work of bigots, but many deeply puzzled and concerned.

"How can Elizabeth Taylor be such a good Jew and still behave the way she does? Does the Jewish religion approve of her scandalous behavior?"

"Didn't Liz break her sacred vows as a Jewish convert? (Continued on page 89)
So unashamed are Liz and Burton that they don't hide their actions from camera range. Here, above, she's combing his hair. Top right, still unsatisfied, she fusses some more. Finally, she's pleased—and for the finishing touch she whips out the hairspray. But these are not the gaudiest real life scenes they've played together: there still are the famous shots of Liz and Burton making love on a boat while the paparazzi's cameras clicked away. Recently, they even boldly journeyed to Paris together for the "Lawrence of Arabia" premiere.

Left, a sneak preview of their new movie, "International Hotel." In the movie, he plays the betrayed husband. But this husband hits back. The script is a reversal of their lives with mates.
The telephone rang and rang. Finally, Elvis put the receiver to his ear to hear the words that would make him sob.

A car swings out of control, the tires squeal, the brakes screech, it's all just in a moment really, and then, a man is dead, a life is taken accidentally, irrevocably.

He was not a famous man. Outside of his family and friends, nobody ever heard of him. But he had had his hopes and his dreams and his plans, and now they were all cut off. He was dead, and Elvis Presley unfortunately, unhappily figured in his death—the death of a man he never knew.

His name was Harvey E. Hensling  (Continued on page 97)
The Night Glenn Ford Betrayed

Under hypnosis at a night club, Linda was told Glenn Ford was there. Still furious, she said, "Glenn, you're a rat. I wouldn't talk to you."
Probably Glenn Ford, former Boy Scout troop leader, would have been safer trying to make fire by rubbing two sticks of dynamite together than igniting Linda Christian, who proved to be a ferocious tiger the actor had by the tail. There are two sides to every story, even in Hollywood. This is Linda's side. And that Latin's scorn would be enough to make a Sunday School teacher out of Richard Burton.

When Linda reported to work on the set of "The Lloyd Bridges Show" one morning in March, she was in her glory. "Naturally I was happy," she recalled. "I was in love. I was to be married. My future was bright. My love was bright." Across town in Beverly Hills that same morning the telephone rang at Glenn Ford's palatial bachelor mansion. Sleepily Glenn heard a wireservice reporter ask him if it was true. He was just checking.

"Are you going to marry Linda Christian?" was the question. Glenn hesitated for a second before answering and then screamed into the phone: "This is ridiculous. Absolutely untrue!" Simultaneously with Glenn's denial the first edition of the Los Angeles "Herald-Examiner" hit the streets. There in bold type was the headline: "Linda Christian And Glenn Ford To Wed." Underneath was a smaller head which read: "Betrothal Comes As Surprise." To put it mildly.

With Glenn's denial of the engagement story, naturally the reporters felt the newspaper had been stuck with a phony. To verify if the announcement was a fake, they checked with Linda. The actress at first showed signs of puzzlement. "What did he say?" Linda said after being called to the phone on the sound stage. "Naturally the story is true. We are going to get married."

When Glenn's denial dawned on Linda a few seconds later, an explosion that could be duplicated only at Cape Canaveral transpired. "That dirty — — — —," Linda blasted into the telephone receiver with such force the reporter at the other end nearly toppled from his chair. "He's lying. He's lying. I have witnesses to prove that he's a liar."

Linda did, too. The strongest witness was columnist Harrison Carroll. It was Carroll who broke the story. Around 10 P.M. the veteran Hollywood reporter received a call at his office that nearly flabbergasted him. Usually Hollywood news results from prying into the linen bags, but this night Carroll only had to answer the telephone and a big and fascinating scoop was seemingly right in his lap.

"This is Linda Christian," Carroll heard. "Glenn and I wanted you to be the first to know that we're engaged." Then, (Please turn the page)
Glenn Ford continued

With their past talent for collecting the opposite sex, what according to Carroll who has a sound reputation of getting the facts straight, Glenn came on the phone and said: “Yes, it’s absolutely true.” Glenn’s main line of defense is that he was kidding. He did talk to Carroll, but says he didn’t think the columnist would ever for one minute take him seriously.

Glenn’s friends insist that anyone who knows Glenn would know that the last thing in the world he’d do would be to phone a columnist and say he was about to be married. They say he’s had his marriage strategy planned for years. He’ll marry in Europe, quietly, without a word of rumor. And any girl he’s seriously dated—Hope Lange, for example, Connie Stevens, for example—have stayed as far away from the press as possible. “I hate this kind of publicity for Glenn,” Connie said when he was devoting himself to her. “He’s in another sphere, a really great star and a sensitive man, totally above that. Above gossip. Women have hurt him. I’d never intentionally hurt him for the world.” Hope has wisely refused to be quoted although Glenn is obviously one of the people she considers important in her life.

When publicists at M-G-M where Glenn just finished “The Courtship of Eddie’s Father” begged him
a pair Linda Christian and Glenn Ford would have made!

...make a detailed statement, to tell his side of the "engagement," Glenn refused. He's probably had the least to say about himself of any star in the business and through the years has handled himself always with reserve and dignity. "Time disproves most of the nonsense," he says. "My son Peter, my close friends know the truth about me. I've always felt it foolish to try to explain. The people who know you and care for you deeply will accept you without ex-
...planation, they know you. And the people who don't care for you—it makes no difference one way or the other. An actor has one major obligation to the pub.

The romances in Linda Christian's life have been many and headline-making. She loved the married Marquis de Portago (1) who was killed in a road race. She threw herself hysterically on his casket at the funeral while his widow wept quietly. It was a long and stormy court-
...ship with Edmund Purdom (2). They finally were married, but their breakup was to follow shortly after. Linda went around the world with Count "Baby" Pignatari (3) but they parted in bitterness. He even hired pick-
...ets to march under her window with signs demanding, "Linda, Go Home!" She became the wife of Tyrone Power (4), bore him two daughters, divorced him. Years later his widow wit-
...nessed the spectacle of mourning Linda made at his funeral. She had a short Roman fling with Prince Raimondo Orisini (5), who later made even bigger headlines with another actress, scandalizing Italian society. Glenn Ford's romances have never provided shocking gossip. Old flames and former co-stars all have a good word for him. He remains friends with Connie Stevens (6) and his ex-wife, Eleanor Powell (7). He still sees Hope Lange (8). He is close to ex-romance Debbie Reynolds (9), as well as her husband. (Continued on page 95)
THE JINX IS UP for now—lucky Gary Clarke. After years on the brink of success and years of falling off that brink, he’s finally made it for keeps. Fans, who got to know him from NBC-TV’s “The Virginian,” made Gary a Photoplay Gold Medal Winner. What about the other side of Gary? His off-again, on-again romance with Connie Stevens is off. This time, they say, “for good.” “For good” came after they’d announced their wedding date. But in Hollywood they twist the old saying to, unlucky in love, lucky in career. That’s what Gary’s got now.
Introducing

ZINA BETHUNE
She learned about death when she was five, acting when she was six and stardom at seventeen. This is a story of loss and pain and joy

The time was late last January, a few weeks before Zina Bethune’s actual birthday. The place: the still photography room at studio publicity. The occasion: a party, a make-believe little birthday party, a strange little party.

Oh, there was a cake all right—real and pink and pretty. There were candles. There was a guest of honor, the birthday girl herself—Zina (who plays Gail Lucas on TV’s “The Nurses”). But there were no other guests present; no one except the photographer who was about to record this little scene, and he was hardly a guest.

“Okay, Zina,” said the photographer, after he set up the scene, “—I want you to smile, now.”

Zina did as she was told, she smiled prettily.

“Okay, Honey, now get ready to blow out the candles—blow ’em nice and hard.”

She took a very deep breath.

“Okay—” the photographer started once more but then there was a popping noise from somewhere, loud and sharp, and the photographer shook his head and said, “I figured that light was about to go. Relax for a few minutes, Honey, while I get another bulb for this shot.”

And Zina let out the breath she’d been storing. And she laughed a little as she watched two of the candles, teased by the breath, blow out.

And then, to pass the time, she counted the candles—“eighteen, correct!” She stared down at the candles, wondered (Continued on page 82)
Is Grace Kelly Jealous Of Jackie?
The talk of jealousy between Grace Kelly and Jackie Kennedy, according to the latest gossip, was inevitable. The competition between the two women broke out into the open when Grace, in obvious imitation of Jackie’s informative TV tour of the White House, guided millions of curious television viewers on “A Tour of Monaco.”

A few months before that, columnist Cholly Knickerbocker outlined the events leading up to what is said to be the clash:

“The charming candid pictures of vacationing Jacqueline Kennedy, and the resultant good will, are said to have started Prince Rainier to thinking about effecting an image of a ‘new’ Princess Grace. This ‘new’ Grace sounds very much like the ‘old’ American Kelly of pre-royal days—minus, of course, a career. But the photos of Jacqueline—particularly those with Caroline surrounded by local children—have (coincidentally?) coincided with the activities of the ‘new’ Princess Grace, who recently invited forty Algerian children to vacation in Monaco. Now Princess Grace treks to the Monte Carlo beach with her children, unaccompanied by an everybody-else-out-of-the-pool whistle to clear the sands. Her subjects were more impressed, however, by her ‘drop-in’ visit to the modest home of a typical family. She cradled the family’s youngest in her arms, made ‘house-wifely’ conversation. Yes, ‘public relations’ are certainly improving at (Please turn the page)
Is Grace Kelly Jealous Of Jackie?

the Palace in Monaco.” But previous to that there were some rumored skirmishes. Some were serious, some were silly. At times newspapermen and columnists fanned the flames of any rivalry that might exist by printing far-fetched comparisons and contrasts between the two. Not that Jackie or Grace ever let on there was tension or envy. Ladies like Grace and Jackie don’t do that.

Skirmish #1. (Or, “Pictures Don’t Lie—or Do They?”) A photograph of Grace Kelly gazing adoringly at Jackie’s husband, John F. Kennedy, is reproduced in a widely-circulated book. Under the news picture is the kittenish caption, purportedly Grace’s (Continued on page 62)
Both women lead envious lives of privilege and elegance. The Pope (far left) has received Grace (top) and Jackie in special audiences. Their homes are palatial (the Palace, top; the White House, left). After Jackie displayed hers via television, Grace followed suit.
BLAST OFF FOR SUMMER

It's easy in these out-of-this-world bathing suits

MIKKI JAMISON
TUCKER SMITH
LYNN LORING
FABIAN

For detailed information on these Janizen suits, please turn the page.
ROMANCE

RICHARD RUST

U.S. ARMY

YVONNE CRAIG

LORI MARTIN

PAUL PETERSEN

For details on the Marins del Mar and Rose Marie Reid Jr. suit, please turn the page.
1. Charlotte Stewart knows just how to get her share of attention from James McMullen. Her suit, a smooth curve of navy knit with a tri-color hip stripe set at holster level, is by Catalina for $19.95.

2. Whether you’re bound for outer space . . . or the beach, stripes are the shortest distance between two points. Dodi Stevens wears a Cole of California knit to warm Mark Rambeau’s heart. $17.95.

3. Mikki Jamison’s bikini is certain to skyrocket her to success with handsome Tucker Smith. This two-piece Helanca knit suit can be adjusted to be just bare—or barely there. Maidenform, $19.95.

4. It’s take-off time, and the destination is the sunniest dunes this side of the moon. Paul Peterson loves the way Lori Martin looks in pinstripes. Her one-piece lastex swimsuit has boy shorts, a camisole top. Sea Nymph, $12.99.

ON THE PRECEDING PAGES:

Whether you’re on a launching pad or a beach towel, you’re sure to make a direct hit with these suits! From left to right: Mikki Jamison’s blouson suit in bright citrusy colors makes Tucker Smith jump for joy. The lemony top is stretch nylon, the trunks, orange sharkskin by Jantzen, $17.95. Kleinert’s swim cap. You can’t blame Fabian for being enthusiastic about Lynn Loring’s two-piece shell pink suit. Both the brief double-buttoned top and the flirty pleated skirt are washable Arnel. By Jantzen Jr., $16.98. The floral bathing cap, Kleinert’s. Richard Rust agrees that Yvonne Craig never looked better, and the reasons are obvious! It’s the superb knit-fit of this shocking pink suit rimmed with white. By Marina del Mar for $16.95. For breaking down surf barriers with a guy like Paul Peterson, Lori Martin chooses a two-piece suit sashed with plaid. Both the top and trunks are stretch denim. By Rose Marie Reid, Jr., $17.95. U.S. Rubber bathing cap.
SEE PAGE 76
FOR WHERE-TO-BUY INFORMATION
very own wistful words: "... and I had to settle for a Prince."

*Skirmish #2.* (Or, "The Indecisive Battle of the Department Store Windows.") In an open attempt to make window and store dummies more lifelike, the mannequin industry is turning to big-name inspirations—among them, of course, are both Grace and Jackie.

Mary Brosnan, head of a firm that produces elegant dummies, proclaimed last year, "Our latest success incorporates Grace Kelly's nose with Elizabeth Taylor's lips and eyes." Not exactly star billing for Grace to share a window (and a face) with Liz. Jackie, on the other hand, has been able to achieve protection from this invasion of privacy.

For as Leslie Lieber wrote in *This Week*, "One New York outfit came a cropper when they brought out a line of 'Jackie Kennedys.' Most of their clients turned down the idea of making the First Lady a store-window dummy.

"A Copenhagen manufacturer had the same idea, and advertised Jackie Kennedy mannequins for European display. The United States State Department lodged a polite but firm protest through indirect channels, and the mannequins in question will soon emerge as Gina Lollobrigida."

*Skirmish #3.* (Or, "The Eyes Have 'It.'") The Princess gave the eyeglass industry a boost by appearing in public wearing horn-rimmed glasses at the Monte Carlo Opera House and while reviewing the Monaco Palace Guard. She revealed that she was nearsighted and she set a new trend. Convinced by her action that Princes often make passes at gals who wear glasses, thousands of European shopgirls for the first time gained the courage to put on their own spectacles in public.

But Jackie had already set a trend in smartness in her choice of glasses. As Dorothy Kilgallen informed her New York readers, "Now you can buy 'The Jackie Look' in cheaters. Midtown optical shops are doing a rushing business
in sunglasses that look like the ones the First Lady wears when taking the sun.”

_Skirmish #4._ (Or, “An Egghead Should Brush Her Hair with an Eggbeater.”) All over America women emulate the way their First Lady dresses, with delightful results. But it seems that in Europe the press is out to fan the flames of any rivalry that might exist by denouncing that look in favor of the “Grace Kelly look.” Hark, for instance, to the acid commentary of _London Daily Express_ fashion editor Jill Butterfield as she predicted last spring that the “Jackie Kennedy Look” was on the way out and that the “Grace Kelly Look” would be in by summer.

“Kelly girls have hair that looks as if it actually grows on the head, instead of being whipped up there by an eggbeater,” Miss Butterfield meowed. “The Kelly look is the look of tomorrow, while the smiling, hard-working American First Lady climbed on a fashion bandwagon which had been turning for quite a while before her grin and gaiety gave the pillbox hat, bouffant hairstyle, campus-cute suit, and hot, bright colors a new fillip.” (“The Kelly Look,” incidentally, is defined as being mild and milky in color, featuring simple suits, skirts and classical drapes, which “are easier to spend the summer in than the straight little tight dress which is the Kennedy uniform.”)

_Skirmish #5._ (Or, “Wherever Jackie Goes Grace Must Follow.”) The charge is that Grace insists on following in Jackie’s footsteps (seven-league bootsteps would be more accurate) along the diplomatic trail. Grace made state visits to France, Ireland, Italy, Switzerland and the Vatican. But she hasn’t yet caught up to Jackie, who has journeyed to all those countries (except Switzerland, of course, where Liz Taylor rules, and a touchy question of protocol might arise), and in addition, visited Greece, Pakistan, India, Mexico, Canada and some Latin American countries besides.

_Skirmish #6._ (Or, “My Husband Is More Everything (Continued on page 70)
thought no one loved her or would, ever.

She was—this marvel, this outward-looking voluptuary, this so-called sex queen, this peer of Venus, this ever-to-be child who was christened by Hollywood at age nineteen with a sprinkling of champagne and a robe sewn heavy with spangles, this Marilyn Monroe. She was—in all reality and though few people realized it—a terrified and lonely young human being. Who—as one person has written—"stood alone at an empty mailbox for most of her life, waiting for a letter that might one day come and that might have written over its signature the small word: Love."

In a way, the letter, the love letter, in fact the love letters did come—although Marilyn, perhaps afflicted with that blurred vision peculiar to some people who have been followed unmercifully by shadows, could not see them.

After all, there were people who adored her, and who told her so, day after day, time after time.

But—and this is the simple truth—they were in most cases busy people, with their own workday cares and problems. Who, understandably, could spare only so much time for Marilyn. Who could profess only so much love for her.

And it was only after her death when they—like everyone else—realized just how much love this poor and unsure girl had really needed.

And then they wrote the words which, in life, she had never quite been able to hear.

They wrote then—as they are still writing, nine months after her death—of her beauty, of a beauty which Marilyn feared she was losing. And they wrote of it in the true terms of that beauty—as something timeless and ageless and unforgettable.

She was Mother Earth ...

Dorothy Kilgallen, for instance: "You have left more of a legacy than most, sweet girl. You left, as they say, a handful of photographs of one of the loveliest women who walked the earth."

Sidney Skolsky: "There were plenty of blondes before Marilyn. Since, there has been an army of blondes trying to be Marilyn. But the people knew the difference. The people knew."

Nunnally Johnson, the producer: "She was a phenomenon of nature, like Niagara Falls or the Grand Canyon. You couldn’t talk to it. It couldn’t talk to you. All you could do was stand back and be awed by it."

A Photoplay reader (one of the thousands who has written to us about Marilyn since last August): "At the beginning, I’ll admit, I thought she was kind of cheap-looking. It wasn’t Marilyn’s fault, I know now. It was the kind of roles they wanted her to play. So she took off and busied herself with women of the world when she herself was so young. But Marilyn fought that kind of thing when she got big enough. And, slowly, she threw off the fakeness and she emerged as something real. I know a lot of people who didn’t like ‘The Misfits,’ her last picture. But I for one will never forget her in the final scene—when she stands there in that field and when she cries out to the men about to kill those horses, ‘Let them live. Please.’ A chill ran up and down my body which I can still feel when I think of it. She wasn’t dressed in a beautiful gown by Jean Louis for that scene. They didn’t have her hair fixed in any special and artificial way; in fact, they let the wind blow it around, just natural. They didn’t use any tricks. They just let her stand there and say the words and be herself as she felt the scene. And there she stood, just Marilyn Monroe as she stood out for mercy, crying out like a tiny Mother Earth for the salvation of all of humanity, and she was real in that scene. And a woman. And the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

They wrote now not only of her perfections, but of her flaws, if such they must be called:

Natasha Lyttess, friend and coach: "There was more to Marilyn than met the eye. The trouble was that when people looked at her, they immediately figured her as a Hollywood blonde. It wasn’t their fault, though. Marilyn’s soul just didn’t fit that body."

Mrs. Lee Strasberg, friend and coach: "Marilyn had the fragility of a female but the constitution of an ox. She was a beautiful hummingbird made of iron. Her only trouble was that she was a very pure person in a very impure world."

... Hollywood’s playing

They wrote now of her intelligence, of her intellectual impact—highbrows whom she feared had always laughed at her during those years when she had tried so hard to read all the “important” books and “understood” them and be able to “discuss” them.

Max Lerner, the distinguished columnist, for instance: "It is hard to think of the movie world or the American life without as part of the landscape. When you said Marilyn you never had to add the last name. She was of our time and place and of our cultural bone."

Diana Trilling, the distinguished literary critic, wrote: ... Marilyn is the most expensive available to the artist in the monstrous struggle, naiveite can be the most useful. But it is not at all my impression that Marilyn was a naive person. I think she was innocent, which is very different. To be naive is to be simple or stupid on the basis of experience, and Marilyn was far from stupid. No one who was stupid could have been quick to turn her wit against herself or to manage the ruefulness with which she habitually replied to awkward questioning.

A senior editor on Time magazine: "Marilyn was never more than Hollywood’s plaything, when she might have been its lesson and guide. What things she had to say were never heard because her voice was a dog whistle in a town accustomed to braying. Her husband was less the price of living up to an image too big for her than living down the reflections of her own abysmal past, and her inability to share the lessons it taught her."

They wrote now of her courage.

Someone on Vogue magazine: "She emerged from the bony’s shell into a profoundly beautiful, profoundly moving young woman. That she withstood the incredible, unknowable pressures of her public legend as long as she did is evidence of the stamina of the human spirit."

A Photoplay reader: "I try to imagine sometimes what it must have been like for her. Getting up for public appearances, having to prove she was sick when she said she was, having to read some of the terrible things people wrote about her, having to smile for waiting photographers after a miscarriage—when her heart was really breaking—having to see one of her marriages wrecked after admitting practically that she married a man she didn’t love and then having that man leave her. I try to imagine sometimes what it must have been like for her, having to live like that. And, trying, I find myself shuddering. How could she bear it?"

We’re all guilty

They wrote now of a genuine feeling of guilt for having ignored Marilyn’s courage.

Hedda Hopper: "In a way we’re all guilty. We built her up to the skies, we loved her, but left her lonely and afraid when she needed us most."

They wrote now of her tiny personal charms which, on screen, the paste of make-up could sometimes succeed in hiding and which were sometimes vulgarized by the hugeness of CinemaScope and Panavision and what-have-you and which one could only see on face-to-face contact.

Richard Meryman, an editor on Life: "If Marilyn Monroe was glad to see you, her ‘hello’ will sound in your mind all of your life—the breathless warmth of the emphasis on the ‘lo,’ her well-deep eyes turned up toward you and her face radiantly crinkled in a wonderfully girlish smile."

A Photoplay reader: "I saw her once at a premiere here in Chicago. I stood no more than three feet from her when her car pulled up and she got out. I thought she’d be a snob about all this and bored—after all, this must have been the thousandth premiere she’d attended. But when she got out of that car, I couldn’t resist saying something to her. So I said the only thing I could think of in all that excitement, ‘Wow, you’re for real.’ I know it was a stupid thing to say. But she heard, and she smiled at me. And she said, ‘Gee, I sure hope so.’ And we both laughed for a moment, a very nice moment together."

They wrote now of her very personal movie magic, and the career she felt was slipping by her—but which, in actuality, never would.

Natalie Wood: "When you looked at Marilyn on the screen, you didn’t want anything bad to happen to her. You really cared that she should be all right and happy."

They wrote on Time magazine: "Vague, troubled, shy ... all the same she was a star; and it hardly matters that she never quite became an actress."

They wrote now of her sweet and genuine innate capacity to be a good friend—to the young and the old, the famous, the friendless and those little heard of.
Mr. Isadore Miller of Brooklyn, her former father-in-law: "She was a kind, good girl. She helped a great many people, and their names will never be known. She was charitable because there was charity in her heart, not because she wanted thanks. ... At the President's birthday ball last year, I remember, she said I was her date and when we went up to the President of the United States, instead of saying, 'I'm pleased to meet you, Mr. President,' she said, 'I want you to meet my father-in-law,' I'm sure that she was thinking about the thrill I was getting instead of etiquette. That's the kind of girl she was, my Marilyn."

Peter Lawford: "She was always gay, she made our parties when she came. She was honest, marvelous. They say she was naive. Well, perhaps Marilyn was naive in one area. She gave so much of herself to others, was so eager to do things for people, that it made her vulnerable to pain. There wasn't a mean bone in her body."

Carl Sandburg, the poet: "She had vitality, a readiness for humor. She was a warm and plain girl. The first time we met it was as if she wanted to see me as much as I wanted to see her. We hit it off and talked long. The last time I saw her I didn't rise and escort her to the elevator when it was time for her to leave. I've never been good at manners. But I am eighty-four years old. I hope she forgave me."

They wrote now of having known her well years ago, when she first got started on her career in the movie business.

"She came to me!"

George Jessel: "I made her first important test for a movie. I took her to her first Hollywood party, given by Louis B. Mayer for Henry Ford II. I have a picture of us in front of me right now. She had nothing to wear. We had to dig up something for her from the Wardrobe Department. Yet, she was the most beautiful girl at the party."

They wrote now of having known her only fleetingly, but memorably.

A Photoplay reader: "I lived not far from her East 57th Street apartment house for a time, when I was working as a secretary in New York. I would see her sometimes at night—coat collar pulled high, kerchief on her head—as she walked a small dog in a small, nearby park. I knew she was a great film star and often bothered by pests and so I never approached her, not even to say how much I admired her. But one night I happened to be at the park, just taking some air. I happened to be wearing a new coat I'd just bought, a black and white tweed car coat, not expensive, but nice enough. And do you know—but she looked at me that night. And she smiled. And she walked over to me and said, 'I hope you don't mind, but I must say how pretty that coat is, and how becoming on you.' She, Marilyn Monroe came up to me. And she felt very free to say that she admired something about me."

Joseph Spadare, a public relations man on Long Island: "It was in Amagansett, a few summers ago. I was driving and she was walking down the road with a child."

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**Make Yours a Sun-Shine Face**

Whether your skin is dry, normal—or in need of just a wee bit of help, now you can have a pretty new sun-shine look with creamy, colorful Magic Touch.

This moisturizing cream make-up seems to perform miracles for your skin by supplying needed creaminess and glowing skin tones to what might otherwise be just an ordinary complexion.

Magic Touch comes in six beautiful shades so you can look the way you want for any occasion—outdoorsy or provocative to the point where you'll hardly know it's YOU.

**CAMPANA Magic Touch**

At all variety stores and leading drug stores
put glamour into your lunch box

Young and old alike will have fun making this month’s recipe—it’s a “Long Boy Sandwich” star-tested by tall Troy Donahue!

A “long boy sandwich” is known by many names. It is made up of cold cuts, cold meats, cheese of all kinds, and tomatoes, onions and salad greens. Each time it is made it looks like a different sandwich because of the variety of cheese and cold cuts available. Vary it to suit your taste and your fancy.

LONG BOY SANDWICH
Slice lengthwise, into two slices:
1 loaf French or Italian bread
Spread bottom slice with:
Soft butter or margarine
Place on buttered slice:
Lettuce and other salad greens of your choice
Arrange in layers, over lettuce:
Two or three kinds of cold cuts (Salami, Tongue, Ham, etc.)
Two or three kinds of sliced cheese (Swiss, American, Caraway, etc.)
Thick slices of tomato
Fresh onions or onion slices
Pickled peppers, if desired
Top with second slice bread. Decorate with pimento stuffed olives and pickles. Cut into individual servings. (Please turn the page)
No-bake Cookies seem to have a high favor with Photoplay readers. These cookies are usually made with crackers, cereals, or bread products. By adding such ingredients as cocoa, chocolate morsels, corn syrup, nuts, sugar, fruit, peanut butter or coconut, you can create a special lunch box treat. No-Bake cookies are generally chewy and often taste like candy. Hope you like these reader recipes!

**NO-BAKE PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES**

Makes 6 dozen cookies  
In a saucepan, mix together:  
1/2 cup milk  
1/2 cup butter or margarine  
2 cups sugar  
Cook over medium heat until mixture comes to a rolling boil. Cook one minute longer. Remove from heat and add:  
3 cups rolled oats  
3 tablespoons cocoa  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1/2 cup peanut butter  
1 cup flaked coconut  
Mix thoroughly. Drop from teaspoon onto waxed paper. Allow to set until cooled to room temperature.  
From Miss L. Kinman, Glencoe, Ky.

**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:  
1/2 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. Chill.  
From: P. Henderson, Terre Haute, Ind.

**NO-BAKE RICE-DATE COOKIES**

Makes 7 dozen cookies  
In a saucepan combine:  
1 cup chopped dates  
2 eggs  
1/4 cup shortening  
1 1/2 cups sugar  
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly. When mixture comes to a rolling boil remove from heat and allow to cool to room temperature.  
Add:  
1/2 cup chopped nuts  
4 1/2 cups oven-toasted rice cereal, regular  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
Form into balls. Roll in flaked coconut or chopped nuts, if desired. Place on wax paper to set.  
From: Mrs. H. Willert, Cupertino, Calif.

**NO-BAKE BROWNIES**

Makes 24 brownies  
Combine in a saucepan:  
1 cup evaporated milk  
2 cups miniature marshmallows  
1 package (6 ozs.) semi-sweet chocolate morsels  
1/4 cup light corn syrup  
1/4 teaspoon salt  
Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly. Bring to a full boil and continue to cook for 3-5 minutes more, stirring constantly. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in:  
1 tablespoon butter or margarine  
1 tablespoon vanilla  
3 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs  
1 cup chopped nuts  
Press mixture into a greased 9-inch square pan. Chill.  
From: Mrs. E. Doyle, Memphis, Tenn.

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*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.*
Potato-vegetable Supper in a Bowl

Makes about 2 quarts
Combine in a saucepan:
4 cups peeled diced raw potatoes
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen mixed vegetables
2 1/2 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
Cover and cook over medium heat for 20 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Do not drain. Cut into small pieces and fry until partially cooked:
4 slices bacon
Add:
3/4 cup chopped celery
1/2 cup chopped onion
Continue frying until the onion and celery are transparent and the bacon is crisp. Add to vegetable mixture.
Add:
1 1/2 cup undiluted evaporated milk
Mix well. Heat to serving temperature. Do not boil.
Just before serving stir in:
1/4 cup finely ground cracker crumbs

Fluffy chocolate icing

Makes icing for 2-8 inch layers
Melt in a double boiler:
1 cup (6 oz. package) semi-sweet chocolate pieces
1/4 cup butter or margarine
Allow to cool thoroughly.
When cool blend in alternately:
1 1/2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
1/3 cup undiluted evaporated milk
Beat briskly until creamy. Spread on cooled cake layers.

Perfect tuna casserole

Makes 3-4 servings
Blend together:
1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) condensed cream of celery soup
1/2 cup milk
Stir in:
1 can (7 ozs.) tuna, drained and flaked
1 cup cooked peas
1 cup slightly crumbled potato chips
Spoon into a 1 quart casserole. Sprinkle over top:
1/2 cup slightly crumbled potato chips
Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes.

Mealtime Magic

Photoplay's Mealtime Magic From a Package

Perfect Tuna Casserole
Buttered Peas
Mixed Green Salad
White Cake with Fluffy Chocolate Icing
Coffee, Tea or Milk

North American Casserole

Makes 4-6 servings
Heat in a saucepan:
3 tablespoons oil
Add and brown:
1 pound ground beef
Add:
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons soy sauce
Mix well. Push meat to one side and add:
2 cups diced celery
1 cup diced onion
Cook over low heat until tender. Stir in:
1 can (10 1/2 ozs.) cream of mushroom soup
1 can (1 lb.) bean sprouts, drained
2 tablespoons milk
Mix thoroughly. Pour into greased 1 1/2 quart casserole. Top with:
1/2 cup coarsely crushed chow mein noodles
Bake in a moderate oven (375°F.) for 40-45 minutes.

Meat Ball Chowder

Makes 6 servings
In a mixing bowl break apart with a fork:
1 pound ground beef
Sprinkle over meat:
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
dash of pepper
Mix well.
Blend in:
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
1 tablespoon grated onion
Form into 24 small meat balls.
In a deep sauce pan combine:
2 cans (10 1/2 ozs. each) condensed cream of mushroom soup
2 1/2 cups water
Add meat balls. Cover and simmer 15 minutes.
Add:
1 package (10 ozs.) frozen lima beans
Cover and continue cooking over low heat, stirring occasionally, for about 15 minutes longer or until lima beans are tender. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Menu Suggestion

Perfect Tuna Casserole
Buttered Peas
Mixed Green Salad
White Cake with Fluffy Chocolate Icing
Coffee, Tea or Milk

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 PHOTOPLEY'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.
Continued from page 65

So I did a double take, I backed the car around and I said, 'Are you Marilyn Monroe?' She was wearing dark glasses, 'How did you recognize me?' she said. I told her I just did and she said, 'Do you want me to take my glasses off?' and she did, and then she said, 'Why don't you pull the car over, we'll talk.' And I did. We talked for a long time. It was very personal, very sweet. She was a nice girl... with doungears... out in the country... with a child.'

They wrote now of her intense love for children.

A friend: "It was the great tragedy of her life that she could never have a baby. She never spoke about this to anyone. But the tears, they always touched her eyes whenever she looked at someone else's infant."

Alan Levy, journalist: "She said to me once, about her three former stepchildren (Robert and Jane Ellen Miller and Joe DiMaggio Jr.), 'I take a lot of pride in them. Because they're from broken homes... I can't explain it, but I think I understand about them. I think I love them more than I love anyone. I've always said to my stepchildren that I didn't want to be their mother—or stepmother—as such. I wanted to be their friend. Only time could prove that to them and they had to give me time. But I love them and I adore them. Their lives that are forming are very precious to me. And I know that I had a part in forming them.'

They wrote now of the one man who had truly loved her—a man who somehow hadn't been able to show it, not all the way, not one hundred per cent, while she lived.

A reporter for Newsweek magazine: "Three times each week, a florist delivers six long-stemmed roses to Marilyn Monroe's crypt at Westwood Memorial Park. The sender: Ex-baseball star Joe DiMaggio, second of Marilyn's three husbands. A cemetery official told the flowers, adding: 'Mr. DiMaggio said they were to be provided forever.'"

They wrote now of their own feelings of loss.

Again, Diana Trilling: "I think my response to her death was the common one—it came to me with the impact of a personal deprivation but I also felt it as I might a catastrophe in history or in nature—there was less in life because she had ceased to exist. In her loss life itself had been injured."

Again, Isadore Miller: "I lost a daughter when she went. She was like my own."

"Please don't do it!"

Again a PhotoPlay reader: "I think about that Saturday night when she sat there alone, contemplating death and thinking only sad thoughts—I feel, as I'm sure countless others do, that if only I could have been there to talk to her, to remind her of the things she had to be happy about, to remind her that we all of us have our problems. To at least just talk to her, so she wouldn't have had to feel so alone and maybe to say to her. 'Don't do it. Please, don't do it. You've got so much to live for, and we'll all miss you so much, and there must be another way. There must be another way...'."

And so they wrote.

This week past nine months.

Of Marilyn.

To Marilyn.

Letters... letters... all the letters she ever waited for and all signed: "Love."

They were the letters Marilyn Monroe had waited for in life and had never received.

—Ed de Blasio

See 20th's upcoming new film, "Marilyn."

GRACE & JACKIE

Continued from page 63

than Your Husband.") Says Jackie about her husband: "He always seems so right." Says Grace about her husband: "His word is law."

Skirmish #7. (Or, "Who said it Originally and Who is the Echo?") Says Jackie: "I'll be a wife and mother first." Says Grace, on the same subject: "My husband and my children are my prime interest and have first call on my time."

Flowers and ashtrays

Skirmish #8. (Or, "The War of the Roses.") Much has been made of Mrs. Kennedy's love of flowers and her skill in arranging them. Chief White House Gardener Robert M. Redmond reported, "One of the first things Mrs. Kennedy said to me when she came into the house was to get rid of all the potted plants."

The charming, casual flower arrangements—and, unlike her predecessor, Jackie put enough ash trays everywhere—made a hit when the Kennedys gave their first White House reception.

Grace replaced the Palace potted plants with fresh cut flowers, after becoming First Lady of Monaco, and ordered that cigarette boxes always be kept filled (she, unlike Jackie, doesn't smoke herself) and that plenty of ashtrays be available. Gossip wondered aloud how she felt when Jackie ran her house the same way.

Skirmish #9. (Or, "Last One in the Pool is a Rotten Egg"). The way the publicity spotlight keeps focusing on the Kennedys' activities above, on and under water, you'd think that the New Frontier was really the Wet Frontier and that they'd first invented H.O.

Now see what happened when Elsa Maxwell threw a fabulous costume ball to celebrate the opening of an indoor swimming pool at Monaco's Hotel Paris. As chronicled by writer Maurice Zolotow, "Rainer disguised himself in a long black mustache and a hairless wig that made him look like a bald-headed Sicilian Princess Grace put on a rubber false-face mask, gruesomely ugly, and wore a floppy straw hat with fake hair braids dangling down. On her feet were two large flippers. The guests sipped and parted spies, watched and photographed as, at 4:00 A.M., began swimming." "Princess Grace," reported Miss Maxwell, "put on her flippers and swam like a fish, as did Prince Rainier."

Skirmish #10. (Or, "Which Lady is the Movie Star?") Grace had to give up her career as an established film actress when she became First Lady of Monaco. But Jackie made a movie, "Jacqueline Kennedy's Asian Journey," which was released by the United States Information Agency in twenty-nine languages to 106 foreign countries, as well as this country.

A pattern of rivalry

So from all these incidents, a pattern emerges of a pattern of rivalry. But for one woman to try to emulate another is not, gossips and columnists to the contrary, the same as having one woman jealous of another. To compete as First Ladies, as wives and as mothers, as beauties, as fashion leaders, as homemakers and home renovators, as hostesses, as unofficial diplomats and devotes of culture, as supporters of charity, as devoted religious and as representatives of American womanhood does not necessarily imply jealousy.

Let's put one of these alleged skirmishes back into context and see what it really amounts to. That photo of Grace gazing adoringly at JFK, with the insinuating caption, "Please, in Charge Here?"... (Another example: news shot of Indian Prime Minister Nehru in a white uniform: below it the caption—"Sorry, we're all out of cherry vanilla.")

But the photo itself, you say, how about the photo? You can't fake adoration unless you cut Grace out of a picture in which she's looking adoringly at her own husband and then splice it to a shot of Jack Kennedy.

True. The news shot is authentic. It was taken. Grace did look at Jack that way. But the word "adoringly"—that was the gossip's word; it might just as well have been "intensely" or "lovingly" or "friendly." Or "near-sidely."

The photo was shot on May 24, 1961, at the White House when the Kennedys entertained the Rainiers at an informal luncheon, and was reproduced on page one of Time and on a full page of Life.

Fine. But what about the look on Grace's

Joe DiMaggio Jr., I take a lot of pride in them. Because they're from broken homes... I can't explain it, but I think I understand about them. I think I love them more than I love anyone. I've always said to my stepchildren that I didn't want to be their mother—or stepmother—as such. I wanted to be their friend. Only time could prove that to them and they had to give me time. But I love them and I adore them. Their lives that are forming are very precious to me. And I know that I had a part in forming them."

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face as she gazed at Jack? Let’s say that Grace gave Jackie’s husband a “significant” look.

But what is its “significance”? The simple truth is that Grace and Jack are old friends. In fact, Grace is an old friend of Jack and Jackie. For it was back in 1946 that Grace Kelly had first gazed at Jack Kennedy—and at the time she was looking at a man who seemed to be dying. He’d had several serious spinal operations. Last rites had been administered. He survived, but the convalescent period was a nerve-wracking one. Was the operation a permanent success? If the patient lived, could he ever walk again?

Gracie meets Jack

It was during this period that Jackie, having exhausted her resources for cheering him up (she read to him, drew crazy pictures for him, brought him idiotic presents), met her friend Grace Kelly. Jack wasn’t allowed any visitors except members of the immediate family, but this didn’t stop Jackie. Her husband was in severe pain, down in the dumps and irritable. Wifely shock therapy was indicated.

So she went with Grace to the hospital and tapped on Jack’s closed door. From inside came a cry between a snarl and a growl, a warning that the patient wanted to be alone with his own dismal thoughts and that whatever nurse, attendant or intern who was disturbing him should have the good sense to go away—and quick.

But Grace Kelly entered anyhow, with Jackie right behind her. “I’m the new nurse!” Grace announced. Jack blinked his eyes, and then he laughed out loud. Jackie, hearing this welcome sound, was most grateful. At long last Jack was able to laugh. Now she knew that somehow he was going to be all right.

It was shared experiences like these—and an amazing similarity of background and outlook—that made these two women such close friends. Born within two years of each other, brought up just 200 miles apart, Grace and Jackie were both victims of abnormal shyness, and yet both found the strength to break away from the cocoonlike existence in which they were sheltered and protected to try their wings in a threatening and challenging world.

Grace was a slender, silent, sensitive girl in an energetic, outgoing, competitive, athletics-loving family (the Kellys in many respects resembled another famous Irish-Catholic family, the Kennedys). Grace’s mother, a leading athlete and an instructor in physical education at the Woman’s Medical College, had this to say many years later about her daughter. “There was something different about Grace. She was a frail child and sickly.”

Frail, sickly and shy. Even after she mustered up the nerve to leave the cloistered finishing-school world of Ravenhill Academy and Stevens and to strike out for New York on her own, where she studied drama (as a further assertion of independence she paid her way by modeling), Grace seemed scared of the world. John Cassavetes, now a successful Hollywood actor and director but then also a fledgling performer, remarked at an American Academy of Dramatic Art graduation party, marking the end for both

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of them of two years of study. "That Grace Kelly's such a pretty little thing. Isn't it a shame she's shy ever to amount to anything?"

There was also something different about Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy when she was a young girl. Her litmus-paper-like sensitivity, her own special brand of shyness, were probably intensified when her father, whom she adored, was divorced from her mother. But her stepfather, country squire Hugh Auchincloss, was to provide her with a haven and sanctuary at his secluded Merrywood estate in Virginia.

It was, says playwright Gore Vidal (a relative of Jackie by marriage), "a world of deliberate quietude removed from 20th-century tension. . . . It was a life that gave total security, but not much preparation for the real world, which burst on us as a Great Adventure, a Big Discovery. Most of us broke away; Jackie surely rejected the Great Lady tradition."

At eighteen Jackie was the "Queen Debutante of the Year"; yet just one year later she was dissatisfied, unwilling to be just a piece of pretty, fragile and useless Dresden porcelain. Not so long ago, looking back at that period, she said, "But Newport—when I was about nineteen. I didn't want the rest of my life to be there. I didn't want to marry any of the young men I grew up with—not because of them but because of their life. I didn't know what I wanted. I was still floundering."

Unlike Jackie, Grace Kelly thought she knew what she wanted. Fame, Recognition as an actress, Success.

She got a small part on a Broadway show. Then, for a long time, nothing.

Even after she achieved success, recognition and fame in Hollywood beyond her fondest dreams, she was still lonely. She was waiting . . . waiting . . . for exactly what, she did not know.

Jacqueline Bouvier's floundering took her to Vassar for two years, then to Paris for a year at the Sorbonne, and then back to the United States where, determined not to be "a little girl at Vassar again," she took a journalism course at George Washington University.

**Girl photographer**

It was time, Jackie told herself, to see what the "real world" was like, so with the help of old-friend-of-the-family Arthur Krock, chief of The New York Times Washington bureau, she wangled a job on the Washington Times-Herald. When Krock phoned that paper's managing editor and was told there was a $42.50-a-week opening for an inquiring photographer who could handle a camera, he put his hand over the receiver, repeated this to Jackie and asked her if she could take pictures.

Jackie gulped, crossed her fingers to take the sting out of her lie, and said, "Yes."

Newspaper work was exciting and interviewing and taking pictures of the man-on-the-street and the celebrity-in-the-limelight (once staff photographer Joe Heib erger had showed her how easy it was to snap pictures: you just set your camera for six feet and take all shots from that distance) was fun.

Yet there was something lacking, and it began to intrude itself unconsciously (or was it consciously?) into her column. Her inquiring reporter questions dealt more and more with love. Questions like: "Is your marriage a fifty-fifty partnership, or do you feel that you give more?" and "Can you give any reason why a contented bachelor should get married?"

To this last question, Jackie found that she had a lot of good reasons. The bachelor she had in mind was handsome Jack Kennedy, senator from Massachusetts. In fact, when she framed another question in her column, people who knew Jacqueline Bouvier best were convinced she was trying to tease (and to good?) Jack. The column question: "The Irish author, Sean O'Faolain, claims that the Irish are deficient in the art of love. Do you agree?"

The men and women to whom Jackie asked this question agreed and disagreed. But Jack Kennedy, who read Jackie's column every day, showed his disagreement by his actions. The art of love meant showing your girl that you're sincere, like buying her books she should read, instead of gifting her perfume, and giving her gifts that were "educational" instead of frivolous. The art of love meant letting her know how you felt about her, nothing gossipy and gushy, mind you, but a simple, straightforward statement, like sending her a cable when she was in England covering the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, saying: ARTICLES EXCELLENT, BUT YOU ARE MISSED. The art of love meant reversing roles and asking the inquiring camera girl a question and having her answer, "Yes." The art of love meant forsaking the alleged benefits of bachelorhood for the responsibilities and joys of marriage.

For Grace Kelly, too, her moment of fulfillment and end of loneliness came the day she S.S. Independence delivered her to Prince Rainier's yacht and she stepped into the arms of her husband-to-be.

Love and marriage brought Grace and Jackie their true "vocation" of being wives and mothers. Yet, because both women had married extraordinary men, their vocation was soon extended to cover a much wider range than home-making and child-bearing. Immediately for Grace, and a few years after her wedding for Jackie, they became the First Ladies of their countries. Serving society instead of Society, it was inevitable that their skills and accomplishments as hostesses, diplomats, fashion setters, beauties, patronesses of culture, sponsors of charities, sports-women, etc., etc., should be contrasted and compared.

And it was inevitable that they should compete. Actually, the very fact that they had so much in common—social position, family background, shyness, education, religious training, deep concern for art, music and literature—made this competition possible. Healthy competition, not destructive competition. The kind of competition possible only between two people who deeply respect each other. Not the "anything you can do I can do better" sort of jockeying for position, but the "what are you doing for your husband, your children, your country that I might adopt and adapt and make my own?"

As for the gossip's inference that Grace Kelly might be jealous of Jacqueline Kennedy—as you can see, there is no jealousy. Only a coinciding of activities of two women who have a lot in common and a big job to do—and want only to do it well.

—Jim Hoffman

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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 "Reduce Relax Rejuvenate in 7 Fun-Filled Days" by beauty expert Manya Kahn. This informative new Macfadden Book is a 'how-to' of beauty and health. Be sure to mail in your ballot today to win this book.

Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1874, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.

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**MY FAVORITES ARE:**

**MALE STAR:** 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

**FEMALE STAR:** 1. 2. 3. 4. 5.

**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........................................................................

July 1963 72
break as it turned out—several drastic and shattering events occurred in Mimi's life. And that seemingly fateful and unstoppable contact with George was now just a matter of time.

For one thing, Mimi and her husband had decided to separate—never an easy step for a woman—no matter how unhappily married—especially when there's a child involved.

For another thing, Mimi suddenly lost her job.

This combination of events had caused her much concern and led her to seek out someone understanding and compassionate ("compassionate" is Mimi's favorite word today when describing George).

And so she turned to George—a George who came running to help. He offered Mimi not only his friendship and compassion but as his manager as well—quite a plum considering it was no secret to anyone that he was well on his way to the big-time.

And, having asked George for help, and having gotten it from him, this was to be the next-to-last time Mimi Weber would ever ask George Maharis for anything. Because from that moment on, the tables would be turned. And it would be George Maharis who would find himself growing more and more dependent on his new manager, Mimi Weber.

The needed one

Says a friend, or at least someone who knows Mimi:

"The moment she lost her strength back, it became clear that George was the one who really needed her. Like all actors, George had a certain feeling of uselessness about things. He'd been through the rough times of five or six years—being practically broke, living in a dump, singing hash for free meals, wearing out his only pair of shoes making the rounds. And now, even though things seemed to be going suddenly well for him, he was still uncertain that it was all for real and that it would all last. And it was Mimi who gave him the encouragement he needed and who told him, 'You're the greatest...you're the best...nothing can stop you...nothing ever will!'—just as she's been telling him ever since."

Someone else who knows George and Mimi says, "It's incredible. But even today, if you invite them for dinner—and it doesn't matter how many other people are at the table, or who you have at the table—it's unusual for George and Mimi to talk to one another about George's career, George's plans, George's fans, George's future. George-George-George till it comes out of your ears, and then some."

But let's go back a bit, to the beginning of George's career in the big-time.

Mimi, a smart woman, knew that the..."
boy needed all the encouragement he could get. She knew that, smart as George himself was, he needed good advice on how to avoid the pitfalls (she'd seen, during her agenting days, too many young actor-hopefuls get themselves buried in that vast wasteland of a TV cemetery where, it's said, they use old antennas as markers instead of tombstones). And Mimi knew, more than anything else, that TV itself was not the end-limit for her boy—but that George Maharis had at his fingertips that rare, very rare, chance to become a superstar one day soon, one of the biggest names in all of show business. If managed right.

And so she managed him. And she couldn't have done it right-er. Together, they formed a production company that would produce, among other movies, movies for George to star in sometime in the hopefully-near future, or at least as soon as his "Route 66" contract expired. (The name of their company is Geomi—half George and half Mimi.) Meanwhile, she encouraged him to follow the actors-like-to-sing-and-make-a-few-bucks-trend. He signed a contract with Epic Records and his albums have done beautifully. She also began sitting in on many of George's interviews with magazine and newspaper reporters (to nudge him on sometimes when he began to grow weary of telling and re-telling the incidents of his very incident-filled life). Even, in fact, giving out many interviews about George herself—much to the delight of writers at times hard-pressed for a story idea on a popular idol. Other managers of stars often complained, "Why don't I get this kind of Mimi Weber treatment from the press?"
The obvious answer was that most of these managers happened not to be as attractive as Mimi, nor as curvaceous, nor as charming, nor as genuine, nor as good a talker, nor as devoted to a client.

Interestingly, though, and after a while, Mimi's devotion to George Maharis seemed to begin to transcede the "business" end of it all and to veer, more and more, to-}

wards the "personal." That's when these two began hitting the newspapers as an "item."

Says one writer: "Few women can be all things to all men, but not even the most jealous female would deny that Mimi Weber has become a great many to George Maharis: mother, sister, friend, manager and possibly sweetheart, to name a few."

The twosome

Says a friend of Mimi's, expanding: "They have the closest manager-client relationship I've ever seen. When George is sick, for instance, as he has been recently with hepatitis, there's no one who suffers for him more than Mimi. And when he's well, there's no one who spends more time or energy seeing that he doesn't get himself sick again. They are practically inseparable whenever George is in New York—which is lots, whether it's just George and Mimi, or George and Mimi and Mimi's nice young son, Neil. But mostly, let's face it, it's just George and Mimi. And I'll tell you an interesting little story about their attachment for each other: Recently, Mimi, who hasn't been too well (Editor's Note: she underwent a throat operation about a year ago, and obviously the recuperation is slow), went off to Miami for two weeks to be alone and recoup some strength. Now George, when he wants to get away from it all, he goes up to a farm in Connecticut which is run by some friends. Well, what happened here is that Mimi had to get away, and alone. And George was stuck by himself, with nobody. He went off alone to that farm in Connecticut. And I hear he couldn't have been more lonely there, or more sad—or more anxious for Mimi to get back."

Says another friend, expanding even further: "Mimi's gotten George so that he adores Jewish food and even uses Jewish expressions. He goes to Mimi's mother's house for dinner often, and sees all of Mimi's friends and relatives. It's she who makes all the invitations for both of them, as a wife would. And George couldn't be happier with the set-up.

"In order to keep George happy, Mimi caters to his every wish. He likes her to wear her hair long and loose. So that's the way she wears it. He's crazy about black. So Mimi, she goes around looking like she's in constant mourning—not that she doesn't look like a very stately mourner. And anyway, she shouldn't be complaining. I know I wouldn't. For instance, for Christmas this year George gave her a magnificent seal coat. So seal's black, too. That's the point."

Was this Christmas gift, one might ask now, a token of gratitude to Mimi from George, or of love—or what? (After all, for a while, most managers get an annual case of Scotch from their client—if that—and that's it.)

But in this case, a garment of ladies' clothing was involved (very personal) and the garment was of fur (very expensive) and the gift was given at a crucial time (obviously very crucial) in Mimi's life: witness this quote from still another friend of Mimi's.

"Mimi's mad about George. It took a lot for her to decide in her own mind that she was going to come out and put up a fight for him. Not that he doesn't need her or even love her and not that she has to fight another girl for him—but that all this time she's been burying her head in the sand and not allowing herself to think about how much he really is in love with him. She finally faced it over the Christmas holidays. She declared it to herself then, and once she did that she declared it to George. Now he knows as well as she does that she's no longer kidding. She's in there for keeps and he knows it. She's finally come right out and made it plain!"

Did George's coat-giving, one might further wonder, take place "before" or "after" this announcement-of-affections from Mimi?

Chances are the answer is "after"—since, as our source goes on to say:

"George needs Mimi very badly. He realizes it. Whatever his capabilities of 'deep love' may or may not be, and that's an indeterminate factor right now since he's still wildly wrapped up in himself, it is obvious that he requires the rock and the strength that Mimi signifies."

What the outcome of all this will be, no one knows for certain right now—least of all Mimi and George. But as any good-how-business manager knows, it is good business to keep a handsome young client single. And Mimi Weber is a good how-business manager.

If George did happen to meet someone who could make him know beyond all doubt that he wanted to march down the aisle, Mimi would not interfere. She loves him too much to do anything to hurt him. But George is not out looking for that Other Woman; he is trying to make up his mind about a very special woman—Mimi.

Mimi knows it is good that she is not free to marry George yet. This way, neither of them can rush, they'll both have to be sure. To George, we say it would be hard to find a better wife for you than Mimi. To Mimi, we say best of luck... to you both.

—Ella Ormond
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Richard Rust can be seen in ABC-TV's "Sam Benedict," Yvonne Craig's in MGM's "It Happened at the World's Fair," Fabian is in "The Longest Day" for 20th Century-Fox. Lynn Loring is in CBS-TV's "Fair Exchange," Paul Petersen is on ABC-TV's "The Donna Reed Show." Lori Martin records for Decca and Tucker Smith's in UB's "West Side Story." Mikki Jamison is this year's Warners Deb Star. Dodie Stevens sings on Imperial Records and can be seen in Allied Artists' "Reprieve."

"I knew after Tyrone died I'd have to make a new life for myself. After all, I was only twenty-five."

Her new life revolved around one of Hollywood's most eligible bachelors, Arthur Loew, Jr., the handsome, wealthy thirty-five-year-old grandson of pioneer motion picture magnates Adolph Zukor and Marcus Loew. At age thirty-nine, just a little less than a year after Tyrone Power's death, Debbie became Mrs. Loew.

When Ty's still-grieving fans were disturbed by the speed with which her widow had remarried, Debbie commented, "I am sure that people who would have qualms certainly aren't any friends of mine. My friends wouldn't have any reservations."

Debbie and George were still in Las Vegas together when Mr. Loew saw Greta Garbo's divorce from Adolph Zukor Loew; but nevertheless, eleven months after they were joined in marriage by a Las Vegas justice of the peace, the Loews separated.

It was shortly thereafter that little three-year-old Tyrone William Power IV lost his father's most precious legacy—his name.

For up to separating, Debbie and Loew made an agreement: Debbie would give up custody of both her sons (that means the son that Loew fathered and the son that Tyrone Power fathered) to Loew, and Loew would legally adopt Tyrone William Power IV and change his name to Tyrone Power Loew. Obviously, this was a very unusual agreement. In most cases, the mother keeps the custody of the children. And in this instance, Loew also received custody of a child he hadn't even fathered.

Their reason for this action, as explained in their petition to the court, was this: "We consulted child psychiatrists and case workers for the Los Angeles County Adoption Board to see what was best for the boy's emotional security and decided that this was the thing to do."

But some insiders claim that Loew would have refused to even consider granting Debbie a divorce if she hadn't let him adopt his stepson and change his name to Loew. Debbie very much wanted the legal separation—and the divorce that was to follow, according to these insiders, because she was then rumored eager to marry twenty-eight-year-old Brett Halsey, the tall, well-built, handsome (thick black hair, green eyes) son of the producer and star of the now-defunct TV series, "Follow the Sun."

Debbie vigorously denied this at the time. "He is a wonderful friend," she said. "But my friendship with Brett Halsey is just that—friendship."

And she added wryly, speaking for herself and Arthur Loew, "Neither of us have any plans to remarry. In fact, I am just about fed up with marriage."

Accepting her statements on their face value, the question remained: Why did Debbie consent to give up her son?

Well, young Tyrone and his step-brother Gerald had been raised as crib mates together, and Debbie and Arthur said they didn't want the boys to be separated.

Debbie explained it this way: "I think it will be the best thing for my son by Ty. He and Gerry are very close, and they will be always together, raised as full brothers."

"Arthur is just as much a father as little Warren could have been. It would be different if his father were alive, but this way I believe it will work out well and his future will be in safe hands."
The trouble with Debbie's explanation, of course, is it raised more questions than it answered.

If Debbie and Arthur were so concerned with the welfare of the two boys, why didn't they make another effort at making their marriage work instead of separating after such a brief period as Mr. and Mrs.?

If it was best for little Ty and Gerry to stay together, why didn't they remain in their mother's custody, as is usual and normal in separations and divorces?

Why did Arthur and Debbie reverse the usual procedure? It is not unusual for a stepfather to adopt his wife's child by a previous husband. (After all, Eddie Fisher legally adopted Liza, Liz Taylor's child by the late Mike Todd.) But it is unusual for the stepfather to receive, with court approval, custody of the child even before the divorce.

Why did Arthur Loew insist on changing the name of Tyrone William Power IV to Tyrone Power Loew, especially in the wake of the late Ty's fervently expressed wish that his son carry on the Power name?

And, the biggest why of all, why did Ty's widow agree to Loew's action then? Later, when she won a divorce from Loew charging "extreme cruelty," she testified, "He told me he didn't want to be married," and asserted that after six months of marriage he informed her that "he didn't want to be tied down."

The surprise in the divorce proceedings was that, contrary to their previous separation agreement, this time Debbie was granted custody of both boys. And she was to get $250 monthly support for two-year-old Gerry and the same amount for three-year-old Ty, in addition to $1,000-a-month alimony for herself. Whatever the reason for this switch in custody from stepfather to mother, one thing remained the same: little Ty had been denied his famous father's name.

What happens next?

For Arthur it looks like a return to his pre-marital role of dashing man-about-town. Arthur's preference for brunettes has not changed (before marrying dark-haired Debbie he almost married still darker-haired Liz Taylor, and since eighteen days before his divorce from Debbie was granted, he's seemed to be courting actress Susan Strasberg quite seriously).

For Debbie it looks as if she might be able to land Brett Halsey, if their romance can survive the one-year waiting period necessary in California. But between now and the divorce, anything can happen—and probably will. Brett, as many woman including his two former wives have found out, is tough to tie down and even tougher to keep tied once a gal thinks she's got him.

A confirmed bachelor

Brett himself talks like a confirmed bachelor. "I work like the devil, and when the work is over I go out and let off steam. I'm a born hell-raiser," he says.

Even if Debbie were temporarily to tame this man and lead him to the altar, her problems, if we harken to what his two previous wives have to say, would just be beginning.

Says Renata Hoy, a former Miss Germany, who was Brett's first wife and bore him two children, Charles Oliver, now six, and Tracy Leigh, now five: "Being married to Brett was like raising a child."

Says Luciana Paluzzi, who was Brett's second wife, on being told by a reporter that he'd just spent two hours with her ex-husband and would barely eke out two paragraphs of copy from the interview: "You are lucky. I was married to him for almost a year and didn't get that much."

A few months after their divorce, Luciana claimed she wasn't getting something else from Brett that she was legally entitled to—$200 a month support for their child, Christian, "Brett has never paid any child support—and frankly, I couldn't care less," she said. "I'm just glad to get rid of him at any price."

For Tyrone Power Loew (formerly Tyrone Power IV), the forgotten principal in this drama, there can be only confusion. Only four years old, he has already been cheated by death, bewildered by an on-again off-again custody arrangement, touched by divorce and deprived of his name. Tyrone Power's dreams for his son are slowly turning to ashes.—Jim Williams
WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO DO TO WORK FOR CBS NEWS?

Charles Collingwood was a deck hand, cowpuncher and Rhodes Scholar before joining CBS Radio in wartime London.

He reported the war from the Nazi blitz to the German surrender (earning a Peabody Award for his coverage of the North African campaign). He was CBS News' first UN Correspondent, later its first White House Correspondent.

On TV, his programs have included "Person to Person" and "A Tour of the White House with Mrs. John F. Kennedy."

You can hear Charles Collingwood every weekday afternoon on "Sidelights" over the CBS Radio Stations listed on the page opposite. These broadcasts are part of the unique DIMENSION series on the CBS Radio Network — 63 features a week on a range of fascinating and important subjects.

Other CBS News men on DIMENSION include an ex-schoolteacher, David Schoenbrun; a former member of the State Department, Marvin Kalb; and several reformed newspaper men, including Eric Sevareid and Harry Reasoner.

Men like these are the biggest reason why more and more people are turning to CBS Radio for DIMENSION and News On-The-Hour.

To work for CBS News you don't have to have done something special, you have to be something special.
instance, in a series. And a girl comes and goes every week, as a guest star. I think she begins to be a commodity, and I think it begins to affect their approach to women in their private life.

I think it’s unfortunate. I prefer the point of view that the men in New York have. Also, there’s an abundance of pretty women here. There are women who are anxious to be seen with people, you know, to further their own ends and I think that’s unfortunate, because it makes it very easy. So, when a woman comes along who wants to establish a relationship—you know, when it’s not hello-goodbye, gee, you’re pretty, let’s have dinner—it makes it difficult for us, I think.

FRED: You say you want to go all the way, Suzie dear?

SUZANNE: (Laughing) We’re talking about my career now, are we not?

Just a normal big star

FRED: Yes, we are. . . Do you think you can become a big star, and still remain a normal human being?

SUZANNE: I hope so. I don’t know. I’m not there. I can only speak from the position I’m in. But the fun is to get there. I don’t know what it’s like once I’m there, you know, fighting to stay up there. I doubt if it’s as much fun as the struggle up, where you can afford to take chances. But, I guess that’s the best place to go.

FRED: And now you’ve become a Californian, you don’t want to go back to New York?

SUZANNE: No, I’d like to go back to visit. It’s still my home and my roots are there, my family are there. But I’m very happy in California.

You know, in New York, I live in an apartment, and no matter what floor you live on, when you wake up in the morning, you don’t see the sun. And here, I wake up in the morning and it’s sunny and the whole day is happy. I see bright morning.

And even when I have to get up at five o’clock in the morning, you know, that’s not very sunny then—but the ride to the studio in the morning is one of the most beautiful and truly exhilarating things—it’s brisk, you know, not warm, cool—and my little dog, she has her little chair next to me. We’ve got the radio on. And there are very few cars. And I enjoy the drive. I enjoy coming to work. It’s never— I’m not supposed to say, I’m not a hippy.

And in New York I always get to the theater at seven, seven-thirty—although I don’t have to be there until eight. So, I have to finish my dinner by six-thirty. I can’t have dinner with friends. I had no social life, you know.

At least, out here—I don’t mind getting up early because I have my dinner hours to be with friends. I have a normal social life and I have the weekends free.

It seems that every time I did a play we did Sunday matinees. I never had the weekends. I would have to see my friends at three o’clock in the afternoon. It was very difficult, when you date somebody who is not in the theater. Because a man picks you up at the theater twelve o’clock at night, you go out and eat, and before you know it, he gets to bed at two or three in the morning. He’s got to get up and go to an office at eight or nine in the morning. It’s impossible. I don’t have that here.

I don’t go out on date-dates, you know, at night when I’m working the next day, since I have to get up at five. I’m in bed by ten. At least, I’m finished at six, and I can meet someone for a comfortable relaxed dinner, and that’s, let’s say, six-thirty, quarter of seven, and I can still get home in time to learn my lines and shower and get into bed at a reasonable hour.

New York is my home. But actors must be where the work is, and fortunately or unfortunately, the majority of the television-is out here. And the features.
A. Be the gal with beautiful Dark-Eyes! One application of this permanent darkener for lashes and brows will last from 4 to 5 weeks—even at the beach. $1.50*.

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E. As fragrant as all outdoors—that's Golden Woods, a fresh, sunny scent created by Max Factor especially for the bath. Dry Skin Perfume Bath Oil. $3.00*.

FRED: How do you feel about what's happening to you so fast?

SUZANNE: Well, it's like anything—in the middle of it, it's difficult to be objective. Some of it is very flattering, but it's not really happening all that fast. There's a lot of preparation that went into what is happening to me now. I studied for my craft. I learned in the theater, you know: I gradually grew in status—so that as each opportunity came, in most respects I was prepared for it.

So, nothing has happened that quickly. What has happened is that people are discovering me today, but I've been around, you know. In television I tried never to do the same kind of part twice. Invariably I had a character makeup. When I did Dr. Kildare, I wore my own clothes and people stopped me in the street—that's the first time that's ever happened. But it was my two hundredth television show. And once they became aware of me from that, and they would think back, they realized, oh, that was the same girl I saw in another thing.

FRED: Do you have any fear of stardom, when you look at the unhappiness that so many stars have?

SUZANNE: Well, I really cannot judge myself by what's happened to anybody else; because, after all, I relate to things as me. Suzie Pleshette, and good, bad or indifferent. But, I look forward to the possibilities. I've been trained to assume more responsibility in the theater, than I have to assume, actually, in film.

Now, we're talking on the set of a feature, and if you look around you, you look here at almost two hundred people who are responsible for my finished performance on the screen. I have a measure of responsibility, but they make as much of a contribution to my performance as—more than I do, you know. So, I'm very grateful to these people, and I just try to hold up my end; they'll hold up theirs.

Beauty or talent

FRED: Unlike many Hollywood actresses, who are pretty girls first and actresses second, I've

SUZANNE: I'm very lucky, I have very rare parents. And my parents never told me that I was a pretty girl, because they had always felt that one should not rely on good looks and pleasant appearance to get by in life. And they always encouraged me to develop other facets of my personality—my intelligence or sense of humor—whatever it was; so that if life was not kind and something should happen, I still would have other things to go on. I'm very fortunate in that respect. I didn't come to Hollywood as a pretty girl, because I didn't think I was pretty. You know. And it's not solely a female problem. It's very sad to see young men come out with very little ability or training, and find that it's just not enough to be a handsome man. They're not equipped to deal with life. I think they're only equipped to—in most cases—to get by on a certain attractiveness. You see, there's no such thing, really, as an ugly man or ugly woman who is talented. Because artistry, talent, can transform someone's way of existing in that kind of thing. We've seen that in the theater. That magic creative moment.

The same thing has happened with men. Some of our really fine actors are not beautiful men, but by nature, by what is happening inside, they become beautiful. And then they become the criterion for beauty, which is quite extraordinary. But they start out with something inside.

A special marriage

FRED: What do you expect out of marriage?

SUZANNE: Well, of course, I'm a product of a very happy marriage and a very special marriage. You know, I think everybody I grew up with has made one or two mistakes, because they jumped into something. But, I've got my folks as— and I'm very happy to sit and wait for a similar situation.

My parents adore each other. They're still on their honeymoon; they still amuse each other; they still spark each other intellectually. They care very deeply about me and what happens to me. I don't know, how do you describe it? It's X quality. It's like they've got angel feathers around them. I sure would like something like that.

FRED: Your mom says that she never asks you about anything she reads about you.

SUZANNE: They never have. They have never passed judgments on anyone I've gone with or questioned me. First of all, we're very close. And if they should know, they're going to know about it. I can assure you, my mother doesn't have to ask me; she's been told in advance.

FRED: How has it affected them. Sue? Your dad having been manager of the Brooklyn Paramount Theater; now an executive at ABC television.

SUZANNE: Well, I think like any parents—any set of parents who love their offspring—they're extremely happy that I'm (a) happy in my work and (b) doing well in my work. Whatever it was that I selected to do, they would certainly want me to do well in it and be happy in it. It happens to be that I decided to act. I think the nice thing is that they are so pleased with what's happening, that they're happy to know that other people who don't even know them or know me, share their pride in their child.

FRED: Remember the time one of your first pictures came out and your dad, at the Brooklyn Paramount, had your name above everybody else's?

SUZANNE: Right. Listen, I'm lucky he didn't put "Gene Pleshette's daughter, Suzanne," you know that, Fred!

Lesson from love

FRED: What do you think you've learned from them?

SUZANNE: Well, I think, coming from an atmosphere of love, I'm more secure than someone who would come from an atmosphere of less love. That's one of the advantages I've got.

Another is that they're both very bright people and they've encouraged me to think and form ideas and I've always been encouraged to be part of any family discussion, so that I hold a voice in the family life. And if I decided I want to do something, then that was my choice and I had
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. 0. Box 3483, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York. We will pay $5.00 for each recipe that we publish.

I know, I always see one or two people at a time, I prefer to spend my money—which is kind of valuable, because I don't have that much time—with people I enjoy, people I care about.

FRED: Are you going to be able to fit marriage in then, when it comes along?

SUZANNE: I better. I'm a stinking bachelor girl, I really am. I think a lot depends on the man, you know. It takes a very special man to put up with some of the things.

After all, I cannot, as a working woman —I could be an actress or a secretary or a publicist—but as a woman with an occupation, I cannot devote my entire time to my home or my husband or my family. But I certainly hope that there will be enough time to make some man very happy.

FRED: Are you ready for marriage right now?

SUZANNE: Oh, my career has never had anything to do with it. When the right time comes, I'll get married.

**Private Life**

FRED: What about rumors in the papers? How much are the fans entitled to know?

SUZANNE: Well again, I come originally from the theater, where there's a certain respect for distance maintained, and it's difficult to adjust to a certain familiarity that exists once you enter into motion pictures. I don't mean to say that it's offensive; it's just an adjustment to make.

But I have always reserved the right to keep my private life, private. I will do any number of interviews about my work, about what I am working on, about what I think impersonally about the people I work with. But how I feel about someone I'm dating, I think is my business. And I have said dozens of times—except nobody seems to believe it, because it seems to be rather unique, they tell me—that if and when I decide to marry anyone, the announcement will come from my parents, as it would with any family, I imagine, and not from the movie magazine and not from a column.

FRED: Well, what about Troy Donahue?

**No Comment**

SUZANNE: Well, I don't want to discuss it.

FRED: No comment?

SUZANNE: No.

FRED: How important is love in your life, Sue?

SUZANNE: Oh, it's very important in my life. I think it's important in everybody's life. I don't think there's a human being who can exist without love. Not necessarily—not only man-woman love—but love of self, love of California, love of my dog. I think everyday has to be filled with a certain amount of love vibrations, back and forth. I love a great many people in many ways. I love my parents; I love friends, you know; I love my vet, when he's kind to my dog, you know. So, I think that love is very important. I don't think a day goes by when there's not some kind of exchange.

FRED: Do you have any reservations about marrying an actor?

SUZANNE: I don't know. Fred, I can only say that there would have to be determined by this specific man, when the time comes. I've dated stockbrokers that were a problem, and actors that weren't; and stockbrokers that weren't and actors that were. There's a very high fatality rate of actors. But I grew up with a lot of people who were not in the profession, and the fatality rate is just as high. I think it has to do with the individual.

FRED: Boy, that Hitchcock picture must have been a tremendous thrill—"The Birds."

SUZANNE: Oh, well, it was a joy, you know. (Laughing) First of all, I adore Hitchcock; you have to. And secondly, I was very privileged and proud to be working with him.

And the exciting thing is that he signed me for two more pictures, and he's never signed a brunette, you know. I don't think Alfred Hitchcock has any idea of what he really plans to do with me.

FRED: Is he really like that impish little fellow you see on the TV screen?

SUZANNE: Oh, he's got a wild sense of humor. And he's extraordinary in that he's a true opportunist, because he still has the ability to be enthusiastic about things.

Some people who are really ineffectual in that respect, they're phony. Hitch is sophisticated, but he's still young and vital about things, and interested in things and flexible. And he's one of the few people I know who's rich. And I'm so happy that he's rich because he shares it with people. He has us to his home, and the paintings are there for you to see and enjoy and live with; and the food is marvelous, to be enjoyed; and the wine, the
mean, you ask Hitch for a glass of water, and he wants to know what year!
How marvelous for a man to give of himself. And his wife is just the same; she's a wonderful woman.

FRED: The money that you've earned since you're here, Sue—has it made any difference in your way of living?
SUZANNE: Well, I come from a fairly affluent family, you know, so I've always had respect for money and I've known how to enjoy it. And I've never been terribly extravagant. I always worked. I've been self-supporting since I was eighteen years old, by choice. And I have a wonderful business manager who has kept my money under control. I get an allowance, which I've always had. Dad used to handle my money before.
So, it hasn't really changed. You know, they pay the bills out of my income, but I pay for food and any gifts I may have to buy gas and whatever my expenses may be out of the $50 I get. The rest goes to my business manager and is invested, or whatever he does with the money.

"You fresh broad"

FRED: You like being the subject of so much publicity in all the magazines?
SUZANNE: I find it amusing really, because what I say with a tinge of humor, when it's on black and white and the printed page, comes out so differently, you know. I'm in the beauty parlor, and I see the ladies reading, and they look over at me with the sly glances, like, you fresh broad, you know. And I want to say, "But I said it blah, blah, blah; not blah, blah, blah." But for the most part it's been very flattering and I find it amusing more than anything. Some of it gets outlandish in its praise; I might find that a little embarrassing, but for the most part, it's fun.
FRED: What do you do when you're not working, dear?
SUZANNE: I don't know. I haven't tried that yet.
FRED: I mean, in your spare time, what do you like to do?
SUZANNE: Well, I've been furnishing my apartment, and I like to cook very much. You see, so much of my time has been filled with working—I have to get my stuff at the laundromat at a certain time and at the hairdresser at a certain time—that work, I'm not working. I like to see friends, play "Charades," which I don't get to do as much as I like. I am a nut; I'm a nut on "Charades" and I'm a nut on basketball. And it's very embarrassing; I mean, if I'm going to work for Hitch. I've got to be more like Grace Kelly, you know, and I blow that image every time I go to a basketball game and I yell and scream and pound the people in front of me.
FRED: Sue, what's your attitude toward your acting?
SUZANNE: Well, it's very difficult to discuss technique, because you always bring something that you yourself are, to your work. I cannot discuss how I approach my work, because so much is intuitive and I can't be that articulate about it.

ZINA BETHUNE

Continued from page 53

what she should think about next and so continue to pass the time.
And, after a while, she found herself thinking about the years they represented, the seven. years just ending, and about the things and the events and the people she remembered most in connection with all those years of her life.

Learns about death

She remembered, first, her father...
"I treasure many things," she thought. "But most of all I treasure the memories of my earliest childhood. Because that was when I knew my father. Because he was still alive then. I was only five years old when he died. I was too young to know about leukemia. I was too young to think that a parent could ever leave you.
"I can honestly say that my father is the only person I even remember in those first five years of my life. People who knew him have said to me since, 'He was a wonderful human being.' They tell me about his spirit and his love, his interest in every facet of life, his restlessness. They tell me how he was a jack of all trades— an interior designer by profession, but a man who tackled many jobs and left them at will. There is, in fact, one friend of the family who, every time he gets disgusted with whatever he's doing, swears, 'I'm going to do what Bill Bethune did: quit, and seek out something more fulfilling.' Yes, they still talk about my father. And they tell me many stories about him. I'm grateful for this, because it helps—in a way—to keep him alive for me. But my own personal memory of him is not a story really. It has no plot, I mean; no beginning, no ending. It is, rather, a picture. Of the two of us out in the backyard one winter's day. With him making a snowman for me, I stood watching. And he was there creating something—for me, his little girl."

Zina remembered next the years after his death, . . . Things were tough for us," she thought. "I had advantages. We had many things to cope with and adjust to. And we had many responsibilities between us. There was the responsibility of earning money, for one reason. New York is not a cheap city to live in, under any circumstances. And it certainly wasn't cheap for us back then. And I had a dream to one day go to ballet school. That would have been cost money, too. It's strange, how even back then, I knew how important dancing would be to me. I love to dance. I dance all the time. When people try to get hold of me and can't, they just figure, 'Well, she's over at her dancing school again.' I have to dance. I have to. When I go with my father for the first time, I'm a mess. I seem to lose some kind of balance. The world doesn't seem to be as beautiful a place. And then, when I'm dancing again, finally, the whole thing focuses— just right—and everything seems just fine."

SUZANNE: You're a darling little actress.
SUZANNE: I'm sorry. It's a lot of fun. FRED: How far do you want to go?
SUZANNE: Well, as long as I'm going, I may as well go all the way, to the top. Whatever that is.

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First great love

“There was that boy on the block. I was crazy about him. He was eleven and I was nine. We barely spoke, but we were always looking over at one another. And then one day, suddenly, he moved away. And that was that; the end of my first great love... There was Jackie Rosett, who is still one of my very best friends; my adopted sister; I call her; we lived in the same apartment building. And I'll never forget the way we first met. She was out walking her dog. I was walking a few yards in front of them. At one point she called out, ‘Tina—stop.’ And I turned around and said, ‘My name is Zina, not Tina.’ And Jackie laughed and said, ‘Ho, that’s funny; I was calling my dog. Her name’s Tina.’ And then we both laughed. And a little while later we were fast friends already and both in Jackie’s mother’s kitchen, a place where I was to spend much time. We were baking a cake. And when that cake was finished, well, I’m sure it’s the only cake in the history of baking that ever bounced. I mean, you could lift it a few inches above the plate, drop it, and it would bounce.

“There was, of course, my Grandmother Bethune. She was always very special to me. As, still, she is. She lives in Buffalo, New York, and her home has always been a very dear place to me. As a girl, I would go there summers. I still go when I want to get away for a while, when I want to kind of run away.

“Grandpa Bethune was a doctor. And Grandmother was a nurse before she married him. So she’s very proud, of course, that I now play a nurse. She watches the show faithfully. She even says she learns a lot from it, since nursing techniques have changed so much since her time.

“I can only get there rarely now. But my most treasured possession are there, in that house. I’m a sentimental sloth. Ever since I was a little girl I always saved every toy I ever received, until they bulged out of the big barrel I had for them. And one day not long ago my mother said to me, ‘Throw those things away, will you, Zina?’ And I said, ‘I can’t, I can’t.’ So, to compromise sort of, I shipped them up to Buffalo. And they’re in the attic there now—my toys.”

She remembered next the years that followed her childhood: “Dance recitals, lots of them... Ingenue with the New Dramatists... Robin in The Guiding Light on CBS-TV, for three straight years... Then Lisha, on Young Dr. Malone, another year or so. In 1956, a Broadway musical: The Most Happy Fella... Then a movie, playing young Anna Revesz in Sunrise at Campobello... Followed by more TV: Route 66, ‘Cain’s Hundred,’ Naked City, The U.S. Steel Hour... And the test for The Nurses.”

She remembered the day of the final test... “Shirl Conway had already been cast to play Liz Thorpe. Now they were down to three girls, testing them for looks—how they’d look next to Shirl. It was nerve-wracking in a way. But I managed to stay quite cool. The test was held down at Liederkranz Hall, where I’d done Guiding Light. And I knew so many of the crew. And they were all so nice to me, like real friends. One of them even found it hard to recognize me, in my nurse’s outfit with my hair piled high under my cap, and he said to me, ‘My, my, Miss Bethune, but you’re really growing up.’

“When I got the part I realized that The Nurses was going to be a serious show... That Gail Lucas, despite her sometimes youthful idealism, was going to be a serious role... And that I was growing up now... I was!”

Another love disappointment

She thought next of some of the pains of growing up, and of one particular pain which she had experienced recently... “I liked this young man so much. I thought he liked me. From the minute we met, well, he seemed to pay me so much attention. We went out quite a bit together. And, oh, the good times we had. I even used to think in the back of my mind that maybe someday he would ask me to marry him, and how wonderful that would be. I’ve always dreamed of being married and having a family. Not much different from millions of other girls, I know. But with me it was a very special dream. Because I thought that there was someone who thought I was very special. But then, all of a sudden, it was over. My young man went off and got married to someone else. Just like that. I felt so bad about it—until I heard that the other girl had known him for six years. Then I thought how heartbreaking it would have been for her, after waiting, to have him run off and marry someone else. Like me. So I didn’t feel so bad.”

She continued staring down at the waiting birthday cake.

“However, I thought, ‘I have so much work to keep me busy now—who can even think of men?’ I mean, five days a week—from seven in the morning till 7:30 at night, just on the set. Working. Working. Working so hard sometimes that you look over at an old wooden chair and it looks as comfortable as the biggest bed... But—I love my work. I love playing Gail Lucas. I find it very thrilling when people actually sit down to write to me. I find it thrilling when I’m recognized. And it’s even funny sometimes, too.

“Like the other night. When I went to the movies with my friend Lily Felcher. We’d gone to a theater in Lily’s neighborhood to see ‘Barabbas.’ I must have been eleven o’clock when we got back to the new apartment where Lily, her mother and her sister live. We got into the elevator, and by some mistake we got off on the third floor instead of the fifth. I didn’t realize anything was wrong. And neither did Lily. She just walked over to the door which she thought was hers, got out, and began twisting it and twisting it into that lock. Until finally an old man opened the door. In his bathrobe. His eyes so bleary. And he looked at me as if to ask, ‘What the heck’s going on here?’ But his eyes suddenly popped open when he saw me. And he asked, instead, ‘Miss Lucas—what is it?’ And Lily and I didn’t know what to do. So we just turned around and began running up the stairs. And we giggled so much that our stomachs ached something awful—

Zina smiled at the recollection. “Hey,” a voice called out to her. She looked up from the cake.

“Hey?” said the photographer, back alongside his camera now. — ‘Enough’s enough. I didn’t mean for you to stand there posing all this time. I went and got that bulb fixed.”

“But I wasn’t posing,” Zina said.

“You’re still smiling,” said the photographer. “I’m happy,” Zina said. “I was thinking of something pretty funny. ‘Oh, you’ve said good,’” said the photographer. “Now then, back to work. Ready? Okay. . . Deep breath, Zina and then when I say, threes, you blow out those candles.”

Zina nodded.

The photographer counted.

Zina blew on three.

The photographer got his picture at the same moment.

And suddenly it was all over... the little make-believe birthday party.

—Doug Brewer

See Zina on CBS-TV’s The Nurses on Thursday nights at 10-11 P.M. DST.
In that same city Joan Crawford—a star Dick hadغاز at as a kid himself—entertained him at her home and at the theater. “Because my girls are crazy about you—and so am I.” Coming back to Holly-
wood, Dick’s guest star was Gloria Swan-
son, queen of that town before Dick was born. Raved Gloria, “My most fascinating experi-
cence since ‘Sunset Boulevard.’”

Right now, “Dr. Kildare” is out ahead of “Beverly Hillbillies” for $50,000. Dick Chamberlain conquists (in the USA and 19 foreign lands) homework, of one kind or another, is tough to arrange
when he’s on. Both his song platters are
sellouts and Dick is skipping lunch hours to
power new albums. Meanwhile, at M-G-M,
trucks dump more fan mail (13,000 letters
a week) than ever swamped Robert Taylor
or Clark Gable. It’s from thirteen
females, mainly, of all ages. For instance
Dinah Shore’s teenage daughter
Melissa, who invaded Dick’s dressing room
at his last TV spectacular, pretending to
fix her hair. Or the middle-aged lady
who snatched a chair he sat in—and gave the
cop $5.00 to keep it. By now, maids and
maman from all over get the same wish-
fully rash ideas from Dick Chamberlain’s
wholesome, clean cut spell. “I’m bringing
my daughter out to Hollywood to meet
you,” warned one frankly the other day.
“Your just the man I want her to marry!”

Surveying all this, Dick Chamberlain wags his handsome head incredulously;
“I love every minute of it, sure,” he ad-
mits. “What guy in this business wouldn’t?
Still,” he sighs, “it’s sort of unbelievable
—isn’t it?” That it is—but Richard Cham-
berlain is even more so.

What Dick means, of course, is that
barely two years ago he was just another
obscure Hollywood hopeful, lost in the
shuffle and spiritually down after four-
teen years of exile in Korea. He was
slugging away at lesson after
lesson—drama, voice and ballet—but not
sure he was getting anywhere and peri-
dically telling his coach, Jeff Corey, “I’m
going to quit trying to act.”

Living in a gloomy apartment house
perched over a smogbound freeway and
inhabited by decrepit old folks, he spent
most nights hoping the phone would ring
with a dinky job offer, which it almost
never did. He was keeping body and soul
together by chauffeuring a polio-stricken
lady around.

Then suddenly, a year ago last Septem-
ber, Dick was blasted off to the stars in
what his voice teacher and friend, Carolynn Trojanowsky rightly calls, “the
most overwhelming thing that can happen
to a young man”—instant glory as the
star of a hit TV series. That experience
can indeed be devastating. It sent Gardner
McKay, for example, emotionally shat-
tered, off to the South American jungles
to try and rediscover himself; it threatens
to wreck George Maharis’ health and it
has turned Dick’s rival, Vince Edwards,
into a surly set tyrant with an apparent
Napoleneonic complex. By contrast, after
fifty “Kildare’s” and almost two years of
a pressured 7 A.M.-to-7 P.M. daily grind,
Dick Chamberlain carries on apparently
as smooth, fresh and cool as a menthol-
ated cigarette ad. On TV he seems as pure
as Sir Galahad, off TV as above reproach
as the Queen of England. And Dick is
not much help in cracking that Illusion—
and part illusion it is. “Hey,” cried a frus-
trated reporter, “can’t somebody get me
right guy to say something stronger than
that he’s against sin and loves his mother?”

“It’s just my phony front,” Dick him-
self grins. “I’m gradually growing out of
it.” But that’s not necessarily so.

The truth is that all sides of Dick Cham-
berlain’s many faceted personality are
as valid as government bonds. He is
what he appears to be and what he does.
That and that is his hidden panic. “I know Dick
seems too good to be true,” says one of
his closest friends, Martin Green. “But
it is true. He’s kind, clean, considerate
and polite—as a gentleman, the greatest.
Don’t forget, though, he’s an actor. In
a sense, all of us are, because life is an
acting game. Dick recognizes that, plays
the game to the hilt and has a great time.
He is not dewy-eyed, but realistic.” And
if someone is hiding something, isn’t it
to better hide it by playing the game?

Another pal, Bob Towne, an articulate
young writer who like Green, chummed
with Dick all through college, put it a
little differently: “If Dick were religious
—which he’s not—he’d be a humanist.”
Towne believes he “has great compas-
sion. He couldn’t hurt anyone if he tried.
Yet he’s a Stoic, too—in the classic sense
—with an inner citadel of freedom. He’s
superbly self-contained, and his basic
quality, I’d say, is toughness. Inside, he’s
the British officer type who could calmly
dress for dinner in the jungle while the
natives outside were howling. He’d
great interest to have around in a crisis
see, what Dick has is grace and control
under pressure.” Hemingway called that
by another name—courage.

Carolyn Trojanowskia backs Bob Towne
up. “Dick is a perfect example of a ‘cool
head.’” she says. “He can look at him-
self and a problem objectively, analyze
and calmly set out to correct it at once.
I’ve never seen him blow up. He never
will.”

Whatever his subsurface secret—courage,
control, cool head or superb act—on
State 11 at M-G-M, Dick Chamberlain is
a white-coated parasub, the beau ideal
of any TV producer. Compared to the
turbulent tension of “Ben Casey,” “Dr.
Kildare’s” set is a rest home, thanks
mainly to Dick. He’s never late, never
sick, never sore and always knows his
lines. “Working with Dick,” his veteran
colleague, Raymond Massey, says, is pure
pleasure. He’s young but mature—a pro-
fessional. Like a good golfer, he doesn’t
press.” Female guest stars, from Suzanne
Pleshette to Gloria Swanson trip over
themselves laughing at Dick’s suave,
courtly manner. David Wayne, Kildare’s
producer, recalls only one mild career
blow on Dick’s part: Reasoning rightly that
he ought to be a hit less booby boish after

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Way out—of the Hollywood scene

After Dick recorded his first song, "Three Stars Will Shine Tonight," the sound man, used to electronically piecing and patching other TV stars pretending to sing, yipped, "Glory—we're in the free!" At that same first "take" Dave Rose's whole orchestra stood up and clapped. Dick had worked the number out to perfection before he arrived. That's the way he worked.

But when Dick Chamberlain rolls away from the studio, in his gray Fiat 1200 convertible, he turns back the clock—and with him it's almost as if all this had never happened. He steps far out of the after-hours Hollywood scene, in which he has no place at all. Instead of operating like a top young bachelor star who has it made, Dick acts as if he were nobody still struggling to score.

After a quick meal, usually at Hamburger Hamlet or Norm's Drive-In, Dick Chamberlain goes home to a remote pad that would thrill Pete the Hermit. Perched in the hills back of the Hollywood Bowl, it's seventy-five yards back from a winding mountain street and so masked by tangled growth of all kinds that you'd never guess it were there. Up a blank ramp there's just one big wood paneled room, a tiny kitchen, bath and a sun deck. A piano sits against one wall (Dick's an accomplished pianist) and a small desk, chronically cluttered with hills and assorted mail, by another. There's a chair, and only recently did he replace a beat-up chaise which departed cats had hopelessly soiled. A ball with a candle inside, that Dick dug out of a junk heap at M-G-M hangs from the ceiling, through which, not long ago, a family of raccoons surprisingly dropped. A tape recorder, TV and stereo sit there and there and, of course, there's a bed. Also, behind a convenient closet door there is always a pile of shirts and shorts which Dick takes to a laundry now and then, but if stuck, washes himself. Not long ago, Martin Green looked up from a book he was reading to see Dick bustling out with a soggy armful which he proceeded to string on a line. "And now," announced Chamberlain with mock gravity, "the famous Hollywood star will hang up his wash!"

Dick rented this hideout shortly before M-G-M signed him and, despite all that's come this way, he never went out of it. He paid $75 a month at first, because he took on the gardening. Too busy for that now, he pays the full $100. He's making a hundred times now what he did then, which was close to nothing. He stays not because he's a miser but because the splendid isolation suits him. When he stretches out in bed with the next day's shooting script, his delight is in the solitude, the blankets outside, the peace of the night, the howls and squirrels scamper among the potted plants he carefully tends on his deck and whips the goodies he spreads out.

When Dick is home he's almost always by himself. "I never entertain," he admits. "I doubt if twenty people have been in my place since I've had it." On his coffee table a candy jar, filled two years ago to offer guests, is still full, and the sweets petrified by now. Visitors are so rare that if one raps on the door there's invariably a "wait a minute" and a scurrying sound inside as Dick hastily tidies up the place. Such privileged callers are not new friends of the Hollywood glamour set. Dick has none. Social gaps are wide open to him by now, but he doesn't even look.

"You approach Dick Chamberlain so far," complained a frustrated hostess recently, "and then he goes behind a wall." His lone publicity date on record was with Richard Crenna at the Premiere of "West Side Story," and, with due respect to Rossana, that was because Dick wanted to see the picture, didn't have a date and couldn't go alone. But when photographers tried to bump him with "the Hollywood young set," he politely refused. "I'm not anti-social," explains Dick. "But I am busy."

That's very true talk. Dick Chamberlain couldn't be much busier without being twins. Despite a 5:30 alarm, Dick moonlights two nights of his five-day, all-day week on "Dr. Kildare" with lessons—dancing at Renova and Renoff's and voice training with Carolyn Trojanowski. He's also president and prime mover of Musical Presentations Theatre, a non-profit operetta workshop which Carolyn set up to give her pupils audience experience. Recently MPT staged its annual full dress show, "Pourquoi," in the Pilgrimage Theatre, right down the mountain from Dick. It took weeks of late rehearsals. Dick sang "The Rape Song" from "The Fantasticks" and as El Guyo whirled around in a wild dance, and was bobby soho of the show.

And the constant diet . . .

"Dick is as hard working and conscientious a pupil as I have," states Carolyn Trojanowski. "He never lets a day pass without thoroughly warming up his voice. It's a good light bass," she classifies, "but it lacks power. Dick will never sing opera but he can develop a very good stage-musical voice. That's what he's determined to do and he will—wait and see.

To develop the Dick methodically jogs along mountain paths near his place, at dawn or dusk, works out with weights, huffs through sets of breathing exercises and makes canyons ring practicing scales. Diet is never off his mind; when he heard Joan Sutherland sing robustly at a recent performance of the San Francisco opera he cried, "Oh, God, what do you suppose that woman eats?" He faithfully supplements his own meals with high-protein snacks prescribed by Miss Trojanowski. One, that was especially recommended, was raw liver whipped up in a blender. Dick tossed in red wine to kill the nauseating taste, still gagged, but kept downing it. Then one day he read where raw liver was loaded with uric acid and led straight to galloping gout. Only then did Dick happen to strawberry yoghurt.

Martin Green nods at this. "Dick would have to have a reason and a method for everything. Do you know how he stopped smoking? It was beautifully planned. He was on straight cigarettes, so he switched to filters. After a few days he added filtered holders to the filters. Next he dropped down to de-nicotinized sticks, something like smoking warm air. After that, quitting was easy."

Green, a hard working serious painter, is typical of the few friends who feel free to call Dick's door. Most are like Dick himself—smart, talented, up and at 'em, ambitious doers. Most, too, are former Pomona rah-rah's. Besides Martin, there's writer Bob Towne, David Edwards, a novelist, Dave Ossman, a San Francisco radio man, and Hal Halversent, an editor new in New York. To that list you have to add Clara Ray, Dick's steady girl friend.

Clara is a pretty, brown eyed, button nosed Memphis, Tennessee, you-all, raised in Eagle Rock, California, and trained as a lyric coloratura soprano. Unlike Dick she's an extrovert—a former pop-pom cheer leader—and as full of beans as a Boston belle. "Dick shy—stuffy?" explains Clara in wide eyed wonder at the thought. "Why, he's anything but! Just takes time to know him."

It took Clara a whole year. She first spied Dick two years ago at Carolyn Trojanowski's studio. "We were rehearsing for a Christmas show," Clara recalls, "the first time everybody was there at the same time. Dick was in the bass section way—way in back, and he never moved out. But when we ran through 'More I Cannot Wish You,' it was so lovely. He was more than good looking—he had a quality that made you remember him.

For a year, though, the only communication Clara had with Dick was a "Hi!, flying in and out of lessons. For a long time she didn't even know his name. Then MPT got going with Dick as proxy and Clara donner. "Pop-purri" there was a cast party. Dick and Martin Green drove Clara to the blowout. She was also singing at the Statler then. "Why don't you come down?" suggested Clara with true Southern hospitality. Dick said fine; he'd pick up a date for Martin.

"He came down, all right," smiles Clara. "But not with Martin. After that "Well," she sighed, remembering, "what can you do when you break out in a rash?"

Always a gentleman

Now Dick and Clara make a steady team, three or four evenings a week. But usually their fun's synchronized with some career project. Because what means most to Dick Chamberlain's work—is seldom far from his thoughts.

The other night staring at a movie scene, Dick suddenly muttered, "Oh—yes."

"Oh yes—what?" inquired Clara.

"Nothing—just a bit of technique, that's all."

But he had her nibbling. "What tech nique?" pressed Miss Ray.

"I can't explain," Chamberlain dismissed.
it. "It's just something you learn in class," Clara says.

And that," says Clara, "is what you'd call subtle persuasion. You see, both Dick and Carolyn have been bugging me for months to take dramatic lessons. I'm a singer, so to me that seems a waste of money. But I know I haven't a chance. I'll be taking them if I stick around Dick." Not being very far part in "Dr. Kildare," actually, was so good that cast and crew plugging to have her join the show as a regular. But when Clara saw the rushes with Dick she hid her face in her hands. "I had no idea I did all those God-awful things!" she wailed.

"You really did, didn't you," he replied, rather ungenerally, "You have to be shown, don't you?"

Dick Chamberlain's stern dedication to self-improvement and his cool, correct manner of tackling it are his trademark with all who know him. "Dick," his friend Bob Towne, told him the other day, "you know, your greatest virtue is also your most besetting sin—you're always a perfect gentleman and scholar!"

"Oh, Lord," Dick came back, "Not that again!" But it's true. And it's very hard to beat, everyone agrees. "Dick is quietly but steadily going about improving his acting instrument," observes Towne seriously. "I think his scope is unlimited."

Bob Weitman, head of M-G-M, puts it another way: "Richard Chamberlain," he's said many times, "is a most promising long-range star we have here."

All this work and no play, of course, could conceivably make Dick a dull boy. To more than a few that's just what he seems to be. However, Dick Chamberlain can—and usually does—break out a far more colorful side when he's within his tight little circle of old friends. Among those, in fact, he's known as a party clown and show off who, as one says, "will climb up a wall if he has to, to entertain." Dick has even wriggled through limbo exhibitions and twist frenzies at Carolyn Trojanowski's, after "Poptopouri" shows. Usually, though, his fun stunts are sophisticated, creative and, in effect, performances. "Noel Coward," says the way Bob Towne describes them.

If there's a piano handy, Dick will sit down and start ripping the keys with Debussy or Ravel, correctly and with feeling. But before anyone knows it, he's off in wild improvisations which are pure Chamberlain—and killing burlesque. Not long ago, at a party at Martin Green's Costa Mesa studio, things like this went on till dawn, helped along by champagne in paper cups. "Dick did a fake strip-tease with all the props that was paralyzing," Green recalls. "Then we all sat around my electric organ and took turns composing and singing operas. Dick loves to take something like that and go with it...."

"I remember," Green goes on, "one winter back in college, we—Dick, Dave Ossman and I—semi-stole Dick's mother's Lincoln and took off for San Francisco. What I mean is, we were nice enough to leave her a note. Anyway, the trip was a glorious debacle. We practically froze because the hotel windows stuck wide open, we ran out of food and cash, and most starved—about everything happened to us except landing in jail. Back home the gang got together for a party and Dick headed for the piano. He sang a long, witty piece he'd composed that included every private joke and hotfoot of that trip. He had us rolling on the floor."

"Dick has a devastating wit," confirms Carolyn Trojanowski. "No one he knows well is safe, especially himself. It's always very aggressive and you never know when he'll let it fly." A while back Carolyn was giving Dick a hard time in a tough voice lesson. As she left the room to answer the telephone she noticed Dick draw a straight line on the blackboard. "When I got back," says Miss Trojanowski, "it was covered with a web of other straight lines. They formed a kookie sort of abstract portrait of someone you didn't particularly like too much—undoubtedly me!"

"I don't know him"

But even Dick Chamberlain's closest friends recognize a line behind which Dick occasionally steps to become someone nobody really knows, possibly including himself. Carolyn Trojanowski, who has known him before he went to Korea, says, "Sometimes I have no idea what Dick is thinking. I might think I do, but I can't be sure." Clara Ray, thoughtfully finger ing the diamond pendant Dick gave her admits, "The longer I know Dick the more I realize I don't know him." And Martin Green, who has painted two portraits of his pal, muses, "When Dick sits for a painting his personality seems to turn inward. He's not easy."

Like all true artists, Green paints what he sees—inside his subject related to himself. What came out on canvas the last time was a fascinating but disturbing study mostly in black, deep brown and yellow. The eyes are somberly glowing, the mouth, rebelliously brooding, intense and a hint unhappy. To Dick (no mean painter himself) it had, "a forward motion and restraint at the same time—expressing a sort of inhibition."

Dick has bought many of Martin's pictures to hang on his walls. He took this one home. The other day he brought it back. "I'm afraid I can't live with it," he told Martin.

Dick Chamberlain's critique of his portrait, by his best friend's brush, is a neat and honest self-analysis. He has had other analyses, too, professional ones, inviting the real Dick Chamberlain to please step forward. That is a maneuver popular with today's young actors, to improve their art. In Dick's case it is partly that but more. There is evidence that, despite everything that has come his way Dick Chamberlain is far from satisfied with himself as a person. He would like to know himself better, crack his mask of reserve and let more of his new world in. But with him that's a tough order.

The other night a friend dropped by Dick's hideout on his way home from the beach. "Dick offered me a brandy and we had one, then a few more," he reports. "He began to open up. I don't remember all that he said but I got the impression that down deep Dick feels a bit unfilled and lonely. He mentioned what few close friends he really had and how hard it was for him to make new ones."

If that's true, the feeling is nothing...
One day a girl with the marathon name of Elsa Winifred Von Fischer Benson drove in for some gasoline. Elsa was from San Francisco, where her grandfather, a refugee from Germany, had come in a covered wagon. She was blonde, pretty and musical. Her own mother had been on the stage and Elsa had sung briefly herself. However, any ideas she may have had about a career vanished when she fell in love with the husky, handsome gas station attendant. As soon as Charles Chamberlain found a better job as salesman for City Refrigerator Company, they were married. By the time Dick came along his brother, William, was almost seven. After Dick, Elsa had another son, but he died at birth. That left Dick not only child but still in love with the gas station attendant.

Because, more than an age gap separated little “Dickie” Chamberlain from his big brother, “I was never very close to Bill,” Dick says. “He was all the things I wasn’t—outgoing, sporty, handsome, romantically confident with girls, and, of course, way out ahead of me.” “Billy” was a true chip off his aggressive, man’s man father, who tried to outmaneuver in his footsteps. He went back to Indiana University, took Business Administration, married early and today those Chamberlains work together, manufacturing fixtures for stores and markets.

Throughout Dick’s boyhood, though, Bill’s glamorous trail cast a backward shadow in which Dick Chamberlain felt chronically blotted out. Dick appraises himself then as, “a shy, serious, lugubrious kid, painfully thin, with a long sad face.” Back of it, however, lay an adventurous spirit which, even as a tot, made Dickie both a personage and a problem on South Elm drive.

The Chamberlain family lived on that pleasant, middle-income Beverly Hills street from the time Dick was two until he left for college. It’s a street where apartments mingle with modest houses. Dick’s home was one of the nicest—a comfortable seven-room Spanish type stucco with a Mexical tile patio in back and out front two huge pittosporum trees shading the lawn. But for some time this haven was a prison for Dickie and he contrived to spring himself at every opportunity. Elsa Chamberlain, going about her housework, would spot Dickie contentedly playing with his toys or pet turtle one minute. The next she peeked he was gone. A crack at the door was enough; he’d scoot out like a tin scabcock.

Usually, she found him wisely hugging the fence surrounding the playground of Beverly Vista school down the block. But sometimes he ventured further and then the police would have to be called to round him up. Excitement was rare on respectable South Elm Drive; the only real rumble was once when a reputed “gangster” got his show up in a nearby apartment. So, neighbors threw open their windows, leaned out hopefully then slammed them shut as bluecoats led Dickie dizzily home. “Just that Chamberlain kid running away again,” they muttered.

What got Dickie in dutch was pure loneliness. His downfall was the sheer sound of kids shouting at play out on the street. The mingling cacophony came from Beverly Vista school. Dick went there when he was six. By then Billy was on to greater glory at Beverly Hills High, but his golden aura still lingered. Dick didn’t dare hope to match it; he just wanted friendships and fun. His mother took him the first day and they watched a new little girl stage a clever semicircle of moth left.

“Now,” said Mrs. Chamberlain, “isn’t that silly?” Dick thought so, too. He was proud that he didn’t cry. But why should he when he was finally where he’d longed to be? In a few days he wasn’t so sure about that.

It came as a rude shock. Dick remembers that school was just one long, happy romp on a playground. He was also supposed to learn things—laborious and rather uninteresting things at that. This wasn’t what it was cracked up to be. Again he found himself a celebrity, in reverse. “For a while I refused to let them teach me anything,” he recalls, “I earned a unique honor—the most uncooperative kid in school.” No threats, or appeals to his parents did any good. It didn’t even faze Dick when they put him back a half grade. Worst of all was learning to read. He didn’t really get with that until he encountered a patient, understanding teacher named Florence Montgomerie in the Fourth Grade. She took time after class to break down his rebellious block, and for that Dick is still grateful.

“She was a wonderful woman,” he says, “and I really don’t know what would have happened to me without her.” Yet, even today Dick Chamberlain has trouble with oral reading. It handicapped him when he was trying out for his first Hollywood job, and it still gives him a terrible time. It would give him a script to read—as Dick often faces for charity appeals, promotional stunts and such—and he gums it right up.

Win or quit

Back then, Dick Chamberlain gummed up about every conforming situation he ran into. He finally got through Beverly Vista with a passable C average, but he hated school, organized sports, teams and regimented games. He was the fastest kid in school; he ‘d run a race with anyone—and he usually won. But when he couldn’t he quit.

“One time,” Dick recalls, “I ran the 100 in a YMCA track meet against kids from all over town. I took it for granted that I’d win—I always had. But suddenly severe pains wracked me and pulling away. So I stopped running. Everyone was sore. They said, ‘It’s a race, and you finish a race, win or lose!’ That didn’t make sense to me. I like to think that quitting that race was the last honest thing I ever did.”

Dick was always joining this and that group under pressure, then unhappilyoughing at it. He carved him silly and he never did finish weaving his Indian basket. BSA experience was as unfruitful. “Troop 37” somehow elevated him to First Class Scout before he defected but his record is undistinguished. The summer camps at Buckhorn Flats in the mountains and on Catalina Island were okay, mainly because they were outdoors. But he never earned a merit badge. “I did win a little soapstone sports, teamiest,” allows Dick, “I carved an arrowhead with my initials on it.”

Sundays Dick had his arm twisted and trotted dutifully off to the Beverly Vista Community church. He even stood in the choir briefly, singing, “Holy, Holy, Holy” as an alto with a bunch of lady soppers. “I hated it,” he admits honestly, “But I had to go. I’ve always hated anything where I don’t have freedom of choice.”

Given that, Dickie Chamberlain was as normal as the next boy. On his block, which “throbbed with kids,” he free-wheeled happily around with junior citizens on the loose named Skeeter, Kurt, Mary Anne, and another Dickie, last name Vennaman, who lived right across the back and who worshipped the same girl, a baby doll named Arden, and beat up each other regularly. Dick looked like a mild tow-headed chub but, as always, his looks were deceptive. With the gang he heaved dirt clods at passing cars until one target turned out to be a cop patrol, and that was disaster. Periodically, a circle of kids gathered under Dick’s pit-

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**PHOTOGRAPHERS’ CREDITS**

A bothersome brat

Dick Chamberlain trusted his—up to a point. He was closest to his mother, with him all day at home, and whom Dick resembled in both temperament and looks. His busy dad was off early mornings, home late at nights and Bill, well, to him Dick was mostly a bothersome brat. Intro- spectively Dick may not have considered his home the warmest in the world. Not long ago, in Jeff Corey’s house, his eyes wandered over the book lined walls and cozy disarrayed evidence of gemutlich living. “What a warm home you have,” Dick murmured, “Mine wasn’t like this.” And a friend observes, “Dick’s been complaining a lot about his childhood lately.”

Actually, family life at the Chamberlain’s went along about as it does everywhere—with successes of joys and small tragedies, calm and crises. Both boys had what they needed, in love and material blessings. They weren’t rich but there was always money enough. There were trips to family reunions, back to Indiana with the Chamberlain clan, to Northern California to visit the Bensons.

But he couldn’t share with his family, or anyone else, the secret dream he had chung to since his Fourth Grade and his geography teacher. Florence Montgomery, had thoughtfully remarked, “One day I’ll look on a movie screen and see you, Dick.”

There was nothing unique about Dickie Chamberlain’s dream to become an actor. It was common, at one age or another, to almost every boy and girl in Beverly Hills. The town itself was one big such dream come true. Movies had made it and kept it flourishing. The studios were full of talent. Beverly’s pulse and the glamorous stars its heartbeat. They lived up across Santa Monica Boulevard in mansions and on Wilshire you could see Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford or a hundred other glamorous goddesses bustling in and out of the smart shops. At any corner Clark Cable might pull up in that curious new sport car of his called a Jaguar. Their lives were town gossip, as the lives of automakers were in Detroit, or rich tourists in Miami. South Elm Drive was like every street in town. All around were people “in pictures.”

Dick’s paper route had names on it any one might know. A friend’s father was an assistant director. Dick’s own family had a close friend who made “quickies.” And right across the street in an apartment house lived a queenly beauty who was actually a star. Dick pestered her for autographs, week in and out. “I had to get new ones all the time because Billy would hang up the ones I had and riddle them with dart.” She explains. When the star moved out of the neighborhood Dick sneaked into her vacant apartment. The walls were covered with mirrors, “I think she must have had a Narcissistic complex,” he observes now dryly.

—Kirby Baskette

(To be concluded next month)
rather than Jewish meant little; Marilyn left no instructions, and the services were arranged by friends. I believe that from her conversion to her death Marilyn had a strong, positive attitude toward Judaism, and to the best of her ability, she lived up to her convictions.

But what about Elizabeth Taylor? Can anyone say that she has lived up to her vows? Here are some of the words Liz spoke in the simple ceremony which made her a Jew:

"I, Elizabeth, do herewith declare in the presence of this heretofore common assembly, that I, of my own free will, seek the fellowship of Israel and that I fully accept the faith of Israel...

"I believe that man is created in the image of God; that it is his duty to imitate the holiness of God; that he is a free will agent, responsible to God for his actions, and that he is destined to everlasting life...

"I believe that God rules the world with justice and love and in the fullness of time His kingdom will be established on earth.

"I promise that I shall endeavor to live, as far as it is in my power, in accordance with the ideals of Jewish life...

"I further promise that should I ever be blessed with children, I shall raise them in conformity with the Jewish religion...

"May God strengthen me in these my resolutions...

Even in the light of subsequent events, no one doubts that at the time she took these solemn vows, Elizabeth Taylor believed what she was saying and fully intended to live up to her promises. Liz’ own parents attended the conversion ceremony and expressed heartfelt thanks that their daughter had found a spiritual home at last. And Eddie Fisher testified later that Liz did not convert to please him—or, as has been suggested, as a memorial to Mike Todd. Indeed, no Jewish rabbi can accept a convert until convinced that he or she is motivated solely by conscience. Elizabeth Taylor had to convince Rabbi Nussbaum that she was both intelligent and sincere in her desire to join Judaism.

But what has happened since? Can one say that Elizabeth Taylor has been imitating the holiness of God, setting an example of righteousness, living in accordance with the ideals of Jewish life?

**Devotion to family**

For a Jewish woman, those ideals can be summed up in one phrase: devotion to her family. Though some of Judaism’s most beloved rituals are the woman’s to perform—lighting the Sabbath candles, blessing the home—the rules of religious observance are carefully arranged so that **nothing, not even religious services, takes her away from her family in time of need.** Herman Wouk explained: “Our common rabbi explained, “Our common law frees women from all commands that have to be performed at scheduled times. It does not ask the mother to put aside her infant and don phylacteries; nor the woman preparing the holy day feast to leave her work, on religious compulsion and so to the synagogue.” As a Jewish wife and mother, Elizabeth was expected to live up to high standards—to honor her husband and bring honor to him, to make every sacrifice necessary to insure her children’s physical, mental and emotional well-being.

One of the things Elizabeth Taylor studied before her conversion is this poem from the Old Testament, which crystallizes the attributes of the Jewish woman:

“A woman of valor who can find? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, and she hath no lack of gain. All the days of her life... Strength and dignity are her clothing... Her children rise up, and call her blessed; Her husband also, and he praiseth her...

Can one suppose that Eddie Fisher’s trust was safe in Liz’ keeping, or that her children—dragged from country to country and school to school, exposed to the horrors of their mother’s publicity, deprived of any sort of emotional security, suffering the devastating effect of losing, without warning, the man they had learned to look upon as a father—were they being brought up in the tradition of self-sacrificing motherhood? If it is true that Elizabeth Taylor has violated her conversion vows, as one PHO-TOPLAY reader suggested, does this mean that she is no longer a Jew?

No, it does not. "As far as her being a Jew,” Rabbi Nussbaum told us, “nothing has changed. "The Bible instructs us, ‘You must treat the convert like the native-born and love him as one of your own.’ So Elizabeth Taylor, as a converted Jew, is a member of the Jewish community. Unless, of course, she converts to another religion.

Therefore, now it is up to Liz to make that community proud instead of ashamed, glad instead of sorry, to claim her as one of its own.

The way is clear. To achieve redemption, according to the six rabbis examined the problem, Elizabeth Taylor does not have to perform any act of self-abasement or undergo a penance; she does not have to make any sort of public confession; she need not even return to Eddie Fisher as his wife. But she must take what are, to a Jew, the three essential steps toward repentance. Then, and only then can she be redeemed.

She must confess privately to herself and to God that she has sinned.

She must give up the sin. ("If a man is guilty of a sin and confesses it and does not change his way, what is he like? He is like a man who holds a defiling object in his hand even while he is immersing himself in purifying waters. All the waters in the world will not avail him. He remains unclean because he clings to his defilement.")

And she must make whatever restitution she can to those she injured.

According to the rabbis, Elizabeth Taylor must stop maintaining that her relationship with Richard Burton is a purely private matter of the heart and recognize it as a sin against her religion, her God and herself. This she must do.

**Give up Burton**

She must give up Richard Burton. She must make amends to the people she has injured—Burton’s wife and daughters, Eddie Fisher, her own children.

Can Liz do those things? Can she admit that she has sinned? Some believe her incapable of recognizing that any action of her own is wrong. Give up Burton? Not all the abuse of the world press, the protests of the Vatican, the pleas of her studio, not even Burton’s own statements that he will never leave his wife for her, have persuaded him to give her up. Not even his actual return to Sybil prevented Liz from tempting him back again. And can Liz—with the best will in the world—make amends to those she has hurt? Can she restore to two little girls their faith in their father? Can she give Sybil Burton an easy mind again? Can she make up to Eddie Fisher for the months when he was a public laughing stock? And what of the wounds inflicted on her own innocent children?

The way of redemption is not easy. But it is possible. Liz adopted people stand with outstretched arms, ready to help her back. “If Elizabeth has any questions to ask,” Rabbi Nussbaum says, his voice full of compassion and hope, “I will try my best to answer them.”

And God, according to Jewish belief, will meet Elizabeth more than halfway. “Open the doors of repentance even only the width of the eye of a needle, and I will open it for you wide enough for carriages and wagons to pass through.”

The rewards waiting for Elizabeth Taylor, should she find the courage to seek them, are great indeed.

A quiet heart.

A sense of oneness with: the people whose faith she once fervently asked to share.

A hope of knowing once more the world’s respect, admiration and love.

And something more.

The Jewish faith teaches that repentance is not only a necessity but one of the highest of virtues. “In the place where the repentant sinner stands, even the righteous who has never sinned cannot stand.”

Could one ask a greater hope . . . a greater reward? It is Elizabeth Taylor’s for the asking. —LESLIE VALENTINE

Liz is in 20th’s “Cleopatra.” Her next film is M-G-M’s “International Hotel.”
hair, the most sinuous hips in history and the face of a child. "Definitely sick," she said of her own characterization. "An angel, this kooky girl, terribly smart, terribly bright, careful to appear sane—but crafty as only the insane can be." What aroused Brigid's sympathy was that Solo- lom could be at once so young and so depraved and she was the part pretty well for a kid who has just achieved six- teen, a junior at Chicago Latin, who'd cut her teeth and earned her Peabody award as "The Blue Fairy" on a kid's program.

If I were casting Brigid I'd have cast her without seductive make-up and with those great eyes mirroring what only a sixteen-year-old can mirror—the gorgeous excitement and wonder of being alive. But that's never enough for Hollywood. From 1909, when lovely little Norma Talmadge played hooky from Erasmus High in Brooklyn to appear in one-reelers at the old Vitagraph studio, movie-makers have pushed beautiful female children into the role of nymphs; directed them into Haunting hands—lived as if they were only half aware; beguiled them much too soon into the vocabulary of sex, and rushed them into portraying loves they weren't nearly mature enough to understand.

Elizabeth Taylor at sixteen, playing her first adult role as Bob Taylor's bride in "Conspirator," said honestly, "I don't really know what I'm expecting from this. I haven't, I do have the emotions of a child in the body of a woman." She had never really dated, she was carrying on her long distance correspondence with Glenn Davis, in love with love. When she was supposed to be playing an adult scene, she was reliving the moment when she'd received (by mail, of course) Glenn's "A" pin.

Loretta Young at fourteen, playing her first love scene, in "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," was padded out in symmetricals to enhance her thin little fourteen-year-old frame. "Look into the mirror," her direc- tor would say, "you see your lover, you're mad about him, make it sexy. Okay, let's go." Loretta would nearly burst her chest trying to show emotion but the director, furious with the effect, would bellow through his megaphone and they'd have to try again. Finally Nils Asther, her lover, said, "Loretta dear, when you see me in the mirror, just imagine I'm a hot fudge sundae.

And Jean Simmons, playing Ophelia, winced every time she opened her mouth. Her baring of the teeth was just as unlooked for as the feelings down and the cold air "fractured" them. When Laurence Olivier tried to tell her how to read her lines, she com- mitted the—for him—unforgivable sin. She giggled.

Seventeen-year-old Clara Bow had never had a date when she arrived in Hollywood. Seventeen-year-old Joan Crawford, then Lucile LeSueur, burst into tears because no one met her at the station. Seventeen-
newcomer, Joseph M. Schenck, who for ten years produced her pictures and made her a star. "Daddy," she called him and to "Daddy" she confided the ambition of her life. "I want to succeed!" she told the dependable Mr. Schenck one night, strolling along under the pepper trees. "I want to get to the top because I want luxury."

Within a couple of years she had luxury, —she was collecting emeralds and diamonds like a child turned loose in a candy shop. From DaBarry to Camille, Norma played the great heroines, pitting herself against the world for love.

Norma often said, "Our constant association with romance on the screen makes love a part of our lives. We need it and the companionship that goes with it. Love is a different thing with us than it is with most people." When she said that, she had been married to Schenck almost ten years, they were still called "Hollywood's ideal couple." But he was too involved in business to always give her the companionship she craved. More and more, Norma was seen with Gilbert Roland, whom she had picked from the extra ranks in 1925 to play Armand to her Camille. Roland was her constant escort, they traveled together to Europe and to Honolulu—but when Norma finally divorced Schenck it was to marry George Jessel. At that point she retired from the screen and prepared to enjoy life. During their five-year tempestuous marriage, Georgie made six transcontinental trips to win Norma back after temporary estrangements, finally lost her in divorce. (Norma joined her sisters, who had also been teenage actresses, in the divorce court. Natalie had just divorced Buster Keaton and Constance had just divorced Townsend Netcher, her third.)

**Wed for love—finally**

In 1946 Norma married a man whom she loved and respected—Dr. Carvel James, a navy surgeon and war hero. She had been his patient and then his lab assistant, before the war. For him she retired from the screen, still a very beautiful woman, and at last knew a woman's life.

Mary Pickford, also retired from the screen, found her love finally with Buddy Rogers. Joan Crawford, after thirteen years alone, found hers briefly with executive Alfred Steele until his death. Liz Taylor knew a woman's life briefly with Mike Todd and has been unhappily seeking such a life ever since his death. Jean Simmons seems to have found hers with Dick Brooks.

They were luckier than Rita Hayworth, who also married early and put her career in the hands of an older man. Rita had been dancing with her family from the age of six. By the time she was sixteen, the dark, chubby, beautiful senorita was rattling her castanets and stamping her flirtatious feet as dancing partner to her handsome dad, Eduardo Cansino, in the doorshow at the Caliente Club, where he hoped she'd be seen by film executives. She was Winifred Sheehan of the old Fox Film Company saw The Cansinos and offered her a film test. During that first year in Hollywood, Rita bicycled four inches off her hips, studied dramatics, practiced dancing with her father, appeared in six pictures—and dated no one. Shy, quiet, ambitious, she probably would never have made it save that her father

...took her by the hand to the studio every morning. "People said I was too strict, I should allow her more contact with men or she'd rebel," Eduardo Cansino once said. "But she seemed quite content."

Then one night Edward Judson, a suave, balding male saleswoman as old as her father, phoned to say he'd seen her on the screen and could he take her to dinner? Within ten minutes he was at the house, chatting with her mother and father, and he did indeed take Rita to dine. During that first evening he convinced her that she could become a good actress. "It was warm, pleasant oil he poured in my ears," she said. Edward Judson became her business manager, he selected her wardrobe, dyed her hair red, got her parts, demanded high salaries and "convinced me I was helpless without him." The girl who had been fiery and provocative on screen from the start, now found herself married to a man who regarded her "only as an investment."

Six years later Rita Hayworth began to chase under the protection she'd longed for. She divorced Judson, rebelled against parental and marital sheltering and set out to become the gayest, dancingest girl in town—just as she was on screen. With Victor Mature she closed Giro's and the Mocambo. She dated Steve Crane and Tony Martin, David Niven, Howard Hughes and Orson Welles. To criticism she retorted boldly, "In Spain where my father comes from and in Mexico where I've lived, a girl's worth is judged by the number of her suitors." She announced her engagement to Vic Mature, but Vic went into the Merchant Marine and Orson Welles snatched her from her brief fling (less than a year) of freedom.

Characteristics of the poor little love goddesses seems to be a total inability to judge their lovers or the potential of happiness with those lovers. Rita adored Orson Welles, he was her mentor, but she couldn't have weighed her chances for happiness with a man whose talent amounted to genius and who gave himself heart and soul to his own creativity. He worked, he never played, he stayed up all night writing. The love goddess divorced him in 1947; shortly after "Gilda" was released and Rita became the most publicized girl in the world, the darling of the G.I.'s. She went to Cannes, hoping to see Orson and instead met Aly Khan, the gay charmer, the cultured prince. Not long after, she phoned her father. "Daddy, come over," she said. "I want you to meet Aly."

She was one of the few princesses—reminiscent of the telegram Lanza sent her mother the night she was married to Artie Shaw. "I'm married, honey. Love, Lana." In neither case did the nymph mention to whom.

**Rita was "Baby Darling"**

Had Rita studied the script she might have found flaws in her Prince Charming. He had, to begin with, an obligation to an empire. He also had a great flair for living, an unbelievable charm and energy galore. He drove his motor cars at a hundred kilos an hour, sometimes with his feet rather than his hands on the wheel. When he died, it was at the wheel of a fast car.) Lovely and beautiful but—eventually when he was married to Rita, said the rumors. Katherine Dunham, for example; Heidi Beer, wife of a European band leader, for example; Nancy Masseroni, of Boston society, for example. Rita herself really had no taste for the lavish life and for a moment was she equipped to handle her husband's Chateau d'Hôtel as her mother-in-law, the Begum, handled the Aga's household. "I will order, Baby Darling," Aly always said.

There was no question that "Baby Darling" loved her prince, but she did not love his life, and a life is different from a movie script. It goes on and on and on. And one pattern marks the life of all these once-teenage love symbols. Can you imagine them on screen without a man in the picture? Well, they can't imagine themselves off screen without him, either. They must have a man, must find a marriage, they've never developed the muscles for standing on their own feet or quietly pausing to get their life back in focus. Natalie Wood judged, from Bob Wagner to Warren Beatty. Liz went from Todd to Fisher to Burton. Frantic for security, needing to be needed, dependent on the aphrodisiac they tasted too soon and found sweet—they throw themselves from one romance to the next.

Rita turned her back on her royal life and her royal prince and threw herself into blue jeans and slightly uncombed marriage to singer Dick Haymes. Haymes was broke and living in a lakeside cabin in Nevada. How Rita could have seen strength in him is a mystery. He was probably the most harasseman in the world at that point, he was being sued by numerous plainclothes workers, was fighting deportation to Argentina on charges of avoiding military duty, being sued for back income tax and bickering over his divorce from Nora Edington. Perhaps little Rita felt that they were both victims of society, for she was fighting Aly over Yasmín's custody and Yasmín's financial settlement, therefore the rows with the studio and her husband's child neglect.

But she clung to Dick for a miserable couple of years until she couldn't stand it anymore.

After Haymes, producer Jim Hill. After her divorce from Hill, Gary Merrill. With Gary she has trotted barefoot and carefree, or bitterly bickering, around the world. One of the most beautiful women...
ever filmed, Hollywood's Love Goddess, Rita Hayworth is living at the Chateau Marmont, at this writing. The girl Aly once moved into the Hotel Reserve near Monte Carlo into a suite draped in pink satin like the boudoir of a French empress, the girl he ensconced in his own palatial, is now living in Paris and she is alone. When she left Aly she said that essentially "I am a Spanish peasant. I'd like to work two days a week and run away with the children for five." But her children are in school now, Yasmin in Switzerland. And her last picture "The Happy Thieves" was completed two years ago. You wouldn't want to see her in the late of Marguerita Canino if she had not been a child dancer, if she had not won a movie contract at seventeen and started acting love scenes on screen before she'd ever had a date with some teenage boy.

You would have missed her in the role of Greta Garbo if she had married Mauritz Stiller—the one man who ever gave her true moral support—or if she had been able to work with him over a long period of time. She was seventeen and Stiller thirty-nine, when they met. He taught her how to read, how to dress, how to think, he directed her so relentlessly before the camera that she sometimes ran off the set screaming that she hated him. But of course that wasn't true. She has said many times in "The Temptress" that she never had any romantic feeling for him. She was interested only in working. She was interested in the movies and Greta distraught, "I thought the sun would never rise again," she says.

When Stiller died, she still kept him in her consciousness, "Moje says I must do this. He doesn't want me to do that." Symbol of glamour on the screen, often a lonely woman off screen, what would have happened to Greta Garbo if she had had no dramatic role to play? Did she not plung into twenty-one a world where she competed with men on their terms and simply exhausted herself emotionally?

**Clara Bow, the "It" girl**

You wonder what might have happened to Clara Bow if she had not become the toast of the 20's, the symbol of flaming youth, the "It" girl, the symbol of sex. In 1928 there was nothing to match this girl's popularity, she was receiving twice as much fan mail as Valentino. She'd been a high school kid from Bay Ridge, Long Island, in a beauty contest—a little tomboy who'd been a darn good baseball pitcher but had never been to a party or a dance. Her mother loved her with a strange bitter love, and was so opposed to a movie career that she felt it her duty to kill Clara with a butcher knife (she actually made the attempt) to keep her from taking her first part in "Down to the Sea in Ships." Tomboy Clara had never been in love, never known romance, until she got to Hollywood and started making "B" pictures with a jazz age background. Gilbert Roland was on the same lot (not yet discovered by Norma Talmadge) and he and Clara fell in love. "Clara," he called me," Clara says. "He still had a Spanish accent and we used to dream of being married and dream of the time when we'd both be stars. I don't know what ever separated us. I adored him. There was one wonderful year, then he was working hard on one lot and on another, we were both terribly jealous and everyone seemed to come between us. We had one violent quarrel, I certainly didn't dream it was final but it went on and on after that we were each too proud to make a move. I ran wild, trying to make up for all the starved years of my childhood. I'd have gone haywire without Victor Fleming, who directed her at Fox. We were both friends, she broke up straight. I began to read, to enjoy music, grow calmer, even happy." But Mr. Fleming was a good deal older and gradually their romance developed into a close friendship. Then Clara made a picture, "Children of Divorce." Gary Cooper was cast opposite her in his first big part—and during rehearsals, even before the cameras started turning, they were in love. "It was wonderful and beautiful while it lasted," Clara says, "but it's difficult for a motion picture star to marry. Gary was so jealous."

And Clara won on and on. Bob Savage, the millionaire playboy, cut his wrists for her. . . . The wife of a handsome Texas doctor sued for alienation of affections.

The names Ninie Martini and Bella Lugaro and Harry Richman, those New York friends, Flo Stanely, told the press, "Harry's my man. He doesn't love that little kid. He's only playing with her for the publicity she can get out of it."

The press criticized Clara as today they criticize Liz. "She's still behaving like a headstrong school girl, allowing her emotions to gallop off with her good sense," they wrote. No one stopped to realize that of course she was acting like the school girl she'd never had a chance to be. She was the "It" girl. Elinor Glyn wrote the story for her and Clara believed it. She played the "It" girl and lived the "It" girl until the era of flappers ended—and with it her phenomenal popularity. She never came close to a woman's life until she married Rex Bell and retired from pictures. Today the "It" girl is still pretty but in delicate health; she lives in a modest cottage with only a nurse companionship. At the height of her fame as a love symbol, a discerning pen wrote, "Clara has everything but love."

Like Clara, Lana Turner had a childhood marred by violence. When she was ten, her father was blackjacked by thugs and dumped in an alley to die. After that, Lana and her mother were poor, and Mrs. Turner's health was bad. .

Julia Jean Mildred Frances—Later, Lana—spent a number of years in a convent. When they came to Los Angeles and she went to Hollywood High, she just didn't care much for school. And then suddenly she was in movies—America's sweater sweetheart—dashing from nightclub to nightclub, trying to cram into this minute all the fun she'd never had up to these few years in a torrid romance with twenty-seven-year-old Greg Bautzer. He was her mentor, a gay dashing lawyer whom Lana adored; they were engaged, but Greg was altar-shy and as Lana herself says ruefully, "I've always been a dead duck for a guy who's hard to get.
Lana said, "I was really hooked. Greg was the first man I'd ever loved and so help me, every woman remembers her first love! But one night on my mother's birthday Greg broke his date with the two of us, and I was furious. When Artie called and asked me to go for a drive, I went. The first time I met Shad, with whom she'd just made a picture and whom she hated—she'd said so in print. Her mother also detested Artie and had said so. But somehow, as they drove along in the moonlight and Artie told her about the little house with the white picket fence and lots of children... "They were all the things I'd dreamed of and only Greg wasn't going to marry me. When Artie took my hand and asked me to marry him, I said yes." An hour later they were on a plane headed for Las Vegas. She was still wearing Bautzer's ring.

"Doesn't it make you sick?" Lana says today. "Now do you understand why my friends won't let me hawk-mow in the world? Well, I guess I can laugh at myself." And she still tries to.

Lana looking for love

Four months later the Shaws were divorced. Lana was eighteen, still a child with a child's values, and she went out looking for love. She was totally unpredictable. She'd fall in love one day and not see the guy the next. Once a press agent spent five hours talking her out of marrying a radio announcer she'd met a few hours before, and then spent a week trying to keep them from marrying herself over lost happiness. But for Lana there was Victor Mature and Tony Martin, Tommy Dorsey and Howard Hughes. Then a month's glamorous whirlwind courtship and she married Stephen Crane.

The ceremony was performed by the same Justice of the Peace at Las Vegas who'd married her to Shad. "This time please tie a knot that will stay tied for keeps," Lana implored him. And she meant it. She wanted a husband, she longed for children. Then she discovered that Steve had neglected to obtain a valid divorce from his former wife. Their marriage was hastily annulled but soon after, when Lana discovered she was pregnant and was pressed by legal technicalities, they were chucked away, and she and Crane remarried. The headlines never ceased exploding. Lana's baby, Cheryl, was a blue baby because of an Rh-negative factor in Lana's blood and the struggle for the child's survival is a nightmare that Lana has never lost. Six months later, her marriage blew up and headlines screamed the news of Steve Crane's attempted suicide.

And Lana kept reaching out. There was Turhan Bey, then Tyrone Power. This time she said, "I'm seriously in love for the first time. I was young before, I made all the teenage mistakes other girls make, but I grew up in the spotlight where everything I did was magnified. Now I'm in love and I hope I'm heart at.

She never did marry Tyrone Power. After his death she discussed the matter for the first time. "I loved Tyrone Power in a way that I never loved anyone in my life," she said. He was in Europe making a film and Lana flew to New York to meet him. The next thing she knew, she received a call from Palm Springs. He hadn't been able to stop in New York, he'd been summoned by the studio. When Lana flew west—which she did immediately—she never left the airport. Tyrone met her there—and he had changed. Lana feels that he was told lies about her by some one who claimed to be her friend. Lies or no lies, Linda Christian had moved in.

Lana's name was coupled with Sinatra's, with Fernando Lamas', with Bob Top ping's. In 1948 she married Bob without loving him, but with a tremendous respect for his powerful personality. After that, she married Lex Barker.

"Let's be honest, the physical attracts me first," she has said, "Then if you get to know him, his soul—that's icing on the cake. But the first thing that brings a man and woman together is physical, and anyone who denies it, if you ask me, is a liar...

Just like a movie script. It's a very naive and quaint attitude and it's gotten Lana in plenty of trouble. In 1952 she brought into her life a thirty-two-year-old ex-marine with underworld associations, Johnny Stompanato, who was killed in Lana's home one spring day in 1958 by a knife wielded by her then fourteen-year-old daughter.

During the ordeal that followed, Lana Turner grew up, people said. But her marriage to Fred May, which seemed to make her happy, ended in divorce. She still sees May, she is friendly with him, but the fact remains they're divorced.

Lana's heart goes out to Liz Taylor at this moment because like few women in this world, she understands what Elizabeth has suffered, how desperate she's been for warmth and security, how miscast most of Liz' lovers have been. Lana and Liz have this in common: when they can't get what they want, they grasp at frantic alternatives. With Liz it was Nicky Hilton after the Bill Pawley romance went on the rocks; with Edie Fisher when death snatched Mike "Tootie," Dick Burton—because he was there.

A teenager's first awareness of love is a physical attraction, the goodnight kiss. A normal teenager falls in love but keeps growing and falls in love again. She doesn't consider herself ready for marriage to the first boy who comes along. Teenage girls are demanding and somewhat, as a girl matures, she goes to college or gets a job. She discovers that sex isn't enough, a man must have strength, an intellect and a personality that jells with hers. Kissing is great, physical attraction is great—but it isn't enough. That's how a normal teenager behaves.

They love "too fast"
me. I never wanted most fellows to understand me. You can't just sit down with someone one night and say this is how I am. They have to see you in action over a period of time, know you little by little. For this boy I'm willing to spend the time. He's a rebel like I am."

Rebels against society. Rebels against parental authority. Through the histories of the hothouse blooms and you'll find the pattern. Mary Pickford disobeyed her mother in marrying Owen Moore, Lana dis obeyed hers by marrying Artie Shaw, Loretta rebelled and married Grant Withers (her mother tried to have that marriage annulled). Judy Garland married Dave Rose from Mama, Rita married Judson. Liz Taylor asserted herself after she divorced Nicky, Natalie asserted herself after she divorced Bob (her mother was hoping until the last that she wouldn't divorce him).

They are passionate and willful, they break hearts including their own. They live too fast and think too little and give themselves away for everything they have to love. But they don't know—for certain—just what love is.

Brigid Bazlen isn't having any, thank you. She's a little luckier than some, she has a mother who is hep—a talented columnist and fashion commentator. Brigid comes from a family of talented writers, her sons have all won distinction, what's so new about a girl with a career? She was brought up with definite standards of taste in clothes, in literature, in living.

Salome or not, Brigid is not ready to bloom Hollywood style. She goes home when her picture is finished and leads a teenager's life. She's afraid of the Hollywood marriage, the quick blooming that leaves you a swinger, yes, but with a cold, cold and often empty heart. —JANE ARDMORE

Continued from page 49

When he did it. This night he didn't cry, and I took him seriously. When I saw he really meant it, I said I would marry him. My children's governess was in the room at the time.

"We both decided we would announce it that night. We didn't care if the world knew. So we called Harrison Carroll, he heard Glenn. He knows Glenn. He knew Glenn wasn't kidding." Linda was firm.

Linda maintained Glenn wasn't drunk either.

"He only had a glass of wine with his meal. We kissed goodnight at 11 P.M., as I had an early call the next day for work. We were to have dinner again the night next and set the date."

All the next day Linda verbally ripped Mr. Ford to pieces.

"I've gotten rid of a monkey who was full of tricks before and I can get rid of another one. The man needs a psychiatrist. He should be committed to a rest home if he doesn't know what he's doing."

He doesn't exist.

"He can go jump off a cliff. If that's the way he plays, I don't want to speak to him or see him again. He just doesn't exist in my mind any more. What really burns me is that I've been taken in by his line. All that stuff about how he loved himself with a string of broken marriages before they begin to understand the nature of love.

Natalie Wood seems to follow the pattern. There were Scott Marlowe and Martin Milner, Tab Hunter, Dennis Hopper, Nick Adams (to whom she was rumored married), Bob Vaughn, Jimmy Dean, Elvis Presley. (Elvis with Hollywood still a dream ahead was asked what he'd most like to do if and when he ever got to Hollywood. He said, "I'd just like to date that Natalie Wood. I read about how fickle she is and I'm fickle, too, so we should get along just fine." But Natalie wasn't fickle. She was a rebel and she had a cause. What she wanted and needed more than anything in the world was love. "I don't know how people can exist without love, far less work without it," she said as she swooned afterward with Bob Wagner. And she's still chasing love, still reaching out—this time for a man who isn't altar-bound.

Tuesday Weld started out the same way, dating every boy in every picture, dancing the fastest, laughing the loudest. She was fifteen when she came to Hollywood and within a year she'd kicked over the traces. She was getting the reams of publicity that go with a Clara Bow or a Lana Turner—or a Tuesday Weld. Then she met Gary Lockwood and for a year it was only Gary Lockwood. It was a different life, a life of quiet dates. They cooked at her house in the hills, they spent days on his little boat, then the romance cooled.

Tuesday isn't rushing into marriage, maybe she'll still beat the rap that follows little-girl loves. "She's smart enough to realize that happiness is better than nonsense," Gary said when they were inseparable. "I've seen her have more fun than ninety percent of anyone else could have on fifty dollars."

And Tuesday said then, "He understands me. That's all the women he knew were sick. Even when he was in Las Vegas with Hope Lange the previous weekend he called me. When he got back to town he invited me out to dinner. He was so lovey dovey the night we dined at the Luau. The next night we were together at La Scala.

"Then I suggested we have dinner at my house the next night. Glenn loved my cooking. I used to cook for him a lot when he first moved into his new place, Glenn came over. He seemed nervous. So nervous that he ate three helpings of my wiener schnitzel. He usually has only one. Then he proposed to me. He kept telling me how much he loved me. That I was the only girl for him.

"All the while he kept eating. He even polished off three dishes of crepes suzette. Such a charmer he was. He had proposed before, but always before he was crying
me and couldn't stand other women I believed."

When Linda became so angry that she could have tarred and feathered Glenn she vented some of her temperament by sending Glenn the following wire: "I'm not kidding either. Just drop dead."

Linda's relationship with Glenn wasn't always too rosy, the day before Christmas, she said, "he called me for a date. We started going out together on a steady basis. He told me that Hope (Lange) was out of his life forever."

Apparently at the time of the "engagement for one edition" ruckus, Hope was out of his life.

When queried for a comment about Linda and Glenn, Hope without cracking a smile said: "I know absolutely nothing about it. But Glenn doesn't have to explain anything to me."

Some insiders feel that Glenn originally started dating Linda Christian to make Hope jealous.

This could be. Just when it appeared that Glenn and Linda were the right chemistry for each other around the first of the year, the actor dropped her like she was a feline at a dog show. Originally, Linda was to be the hostess at the house-warming he gave. She wasn't. It was Hope Lange who dominated Mr. Ford's attentions that evening, although Linda was very much in attendance. The stases she gave Glenn and Hope were enough to make it snow on the Sahara Desert. And Linda must have had quite a laugh, too, when Hope and others were conducted on a tour of the house by Glenn. In one of the bathrooms was the famous nude statue of Linda. She had given it to him as a present.

Asked about Hope being at the party, Linda coldly remarked later to a reporter, "I didn't even notice her. In my mind she doesn't exist." Another nonexistence.

Glenn's version

The Ford faction give this account of that party: Hope acted as hostess that night, welcoming guests and looking very beautiful. Everyone wanted to see Glenn's new house. Among the guests was producer Ronnie Lubin. Ronnie and Glenn were partners on "Love Is a Ball," and he had phoned Glenn earlier and asked if in addition to his own date they might bring their friend Linda Christian.

Now the story is that Linda had asked Ron Lubin to ask Glenn. She wanted to attend the party, she was intrigued. And during the festivities, Ronnie suggested that one night soon, the four have dinner together. That was supposed to be the beginning. To the Ford's friends, said if Linda's statue was in his house before that beginning or not.

Glenn took Linda to dinner a couple of times alone after that, then he left town, went to Las Vegas, New York and Chicago, with Hope to ballyhoo "Love Is a Ball." When he returned he resumed his usual routine. On a Friday night he took Linda to the Luau for dinner and then for coffee at LaScala. Linda suggested the next night she come to his house, and she would cook wiener schnitzel.

He came by for cocktails, they had dinner; he was in her house a total of an hour and a half, then had to dash because he wanted to catch the Golden Globe awards on TV and then watch the Steve Allen show on which he had already taped an appearance. Linda didn't want to stay up late, she was working on the Lloyd Bridges show and had an early call. They'd had a lot of fun, a lot of laughs. The next morning Glenn was in for a surprise. He was "engaged." It was an afternoon on the set, and he was awakened in the barracks of the French Foreign Legion in Paris six years ago and remembered he'd enlisted!

Linda Christian, as Ford can so amply testify by now, is no woman to trifle with, especially in the romantic department. She's a woman of the world. Husbands number only in the single digits, and actor Edmund Purdom, but she has had romances on many continents. However, Linda really fell for Glenn, according to one of her close friends.

"All she talked about was Glenn," the friend said. "The night he proposed she called me. She was ecstatic. Full of all kinds of plans. Told me they would honeymoon in Europe. Told me Glenn would build onto his home so they would have room for her daughters.

"I concur with Linda. I think it's terrible of Glenn to do a thing like this. I don't think Mr. Ford will go around proposing to anyone for a long, long time after this."

Glenn, who has said so little in his defense, has found a host of allies rallying to defend him. A close friend of Glenn's: "Glenn never stands still long enough to be moving target. He's fast on his feet and Linda pulled a boner. She tried to hit him while he was moving. She was in too big a hurry—she should have got ten—never have any worries."

Eleanor Powell, Glenn's former wife, now his close friend: "Glenn, I'm coming over and build a fence around you, build a fence all around that house and not let you out. You get into nothing but trouble."

Hope Lange: "Glenn doesn't have to explain anything to me. This would be pretty hard to miss.

Columnist: "International playgirl Linda Christian is at it again."

Linda's blast at Glenn went on for days. "If he wants to act like a kindergartner pupil," she snapped, "he should start dating kindergartner pupils. He better not associate with grown women, especially the kind who are wise in the ways of the world. Just think, if I'd have gone to bed early that night I wouldn't have wasted the evening with a kindergartner. I don't think he's even much of a gentleman."

We've presented Linda Christian's story of how Glenn Ford betrayed her. We've presented Glenn Ford's denial. Who should have the last word? Traditionally, the lady should, but in this case she has had more than equal time.

One of Glenn's friends sums up the bro Resistehal force this way: "Glenn likes to run the show. He likes to lead. Linda Christian never knew who he was. If she had, she'd have known the last thing he'd ever do would be to admit he was a columnist. She'd have known the difference between a proposal and a proposition."

To which Glenn adds only, "Good heavens. I don't even like wiener schnitzel."

—Julia Corbin

Glenn Ford stars in a new comedy, "The Courtship of Eddie's Father," for M-G-M.
ELVIS
PRESLEY

Continued from page 45

He was forty-five years old and lived in Glendale, California. He was a man of modest means, a gardener. That is all that is known of him.

Elvis also lives in California, in the "millionaire’s paradise," Bel Air. He is rich, famous and young. But he would gladly give it all up if only Harvey Hens-ling could be alive today...

Foreboding clouds appeared black and ugly in the sky over Southern California that morning of Hensling's last day on earth. The weatherman had predicted rain, and it hovered in the clouds, sometimes almost coming down and then not. Elvis was on his way to work. But something was wrong. He sensed it as he reported to the set. He didn't feel up to par. It was the final day's shooting of "Fun in Acapulco." Soon he would be free to return home, to his beloved Memphis. There he could enjoy the freedom of strolling down a street without the fear of having his clothes ripped to shreds by souveni-r minded fans. There he could dine in a restaurant. In all of Presley's days in Hollywood he has only dined out twice. Both times nearly had the riot squad out in full force. And even knowing he'd soon be home, he still felt that something was wrong in his world.

In "Fun in Acapulco" he plays a trapeze artist who suffers from vertigo following a fatal accident to his brother, a member of the act. Elvis misses a routine catch in the air and the brother falls to his death. Elvis feels responsible. And as a result he's unable to conquer heights again.

Elvis was nervous

Director Richard Thorpe and other movie brass wanted Elvis to use a double for the final day's filming. What remained was to be shot in the sequence where Elvis accidentally lets his brother fall to the hard circus floor.

By now it was raining outside. Several stage hands around the set noticed that Elvis appeared unnerved as he stepped from his dressing room. They knew that he had done more dangerous stunts than swinging from a trapeze. They were puzzled by his uneasiness.

As always, The Boys, numbering an even dozen of Elvis' buddies from his hometown, weren't far from his side. Although Elvis has all of them on his payroll, he thinks of them as brothers. They go where he goes. They do what he does.

One of them, Red West, married Pres-ley's secretary a year ago. Elvis was best man. Most of them grew up with Elvis in Memphis. On this day the Presley Boys appeared as happy as ever. Some of them were playing cards outside the dressing rooms. Others were drinking coffee.

Now Elvis was ready to work. "If we get this in one take we can be finished with the film by noon," Thorpe informed Elvis. "Just take your time, though, and be careful." Apparently the director's words were enough to break Elvis' tension. He smiled, and even was laughing as he climbed a ladder to the trapeze platform.

Just some twenty feet above the floor. Just in case he slipped during the performance there was a net beneath. However, it still took a keen element of skill since not all the areas Elvis would swing over were covered.

"Remember," Thorpe called to his star. "Take no chances.

On another platform across the movie-made arena stood Jerry Summers. Jerry is a veteran Hollywood stuntman, and was set to take the "failing" fall called for in the script. He plays the brother. Jerry was wearing white circus tights and in many ways resembled Presley. From a distance, the two could be mistaken for twins when dressed alike.

They were having trouble getting the proper lighting for the scene. And, waiting, Elvis stood motionless on the platform. Suddenly a quiver of fear swept over him. The expression on his face changed. Obviously, his thoughts were thousands of miles away. Years away.

And they were all thoughts of death. Death already had played a tragic role in Elvis’ life. More than two decades ago his mother gave birth to twin boys. The first to be born died only minutes after entering this world. Elvis lived. And why was he picked to live? This he could never figure out. He finally stopped trying. Only God knows, Elvis told himself over and over again.

Now, in a way, it was painful to him that he would be responsible for his brother’s death, even though it was only for a movie. Elvis grabbed the trapeze swinging on the platform. He saw that they were about ready to start filming. Oddly, he felt no fear himself. Only the fear of past tragedies. He recalled losing the dearest woman in his life to the clutches of the unknown. When his mother died a few years ago, Elvis spent months in the depths of depression. Now, there’s still emptiness in his heart over her death.

The red stage light burst into brightness as Thorpe called for action. Elvis confidently pushed himself off into space, holding the swing bar tightly in his hands. He swung to and fro so professionally that one would think he belonged with Barnum and Bailey instead of Paramount.

Denied another brother

As the cameras were grinding, Elvis looped his legs over the bar, his arms and torso swinging free. Now the stuntman was swinging on his trapeze. The fatal meeting was only seconds away. Now Elvis began to think of how he was robbed by death of another real brother.

When his father, Vernon Presley, had married again Elvis was pleased. He knew how much his father had loved his mother. But loneliness, he knew, can be worse.
than death. So when his father fell in love and married again, Elvis couldn't have been happier. And then he was happier when the second Mrs. Presley announced she was expecting a child. He just knew he would soon have a stepbrother. Tragedy struck again when Mrs. Presley suffered a miscarriage. Elvis was heartbroken. At birth he had been denied a brother—and now he was to be denied a brother again.

Across town, in secluded Bel-Air, light rain was falling as Harvey Hensling, the gardener, was taking his morning coffee break. He didn't mind the rain. It only made the flowers and shrubs greener and more beautiful. Gardening really was an art in this exclusive neighborhood. All the homes in Bel-Air are quite large and the celebrities of men who have struck it rich, and the landscaping is magnificent.

Hensling was sipping his coffee beside his truck only two blocks from where Elvis leases a sprawling estate. Several times he had passed Presley's home and admired the landscaping. He thought it would be wonderful to take care of Presley's gardens. But another gardener had been hired, so Hensling never had set foot on the estate.

Now coffee time was over. He had to start on his major chore of the day, trimming a high hedge on Bel-Air Road not far from the swank Bel-Air Hotel. He picked up his shears and started to work.

**Job to be done**

Just then at Paramount Studios Elvis reached out on the trapeze to catch the stuntman as he leaped free from his swing. Just as in the script. Elvis missed the catch by inches and Summers went screaming to his fate. Actually, the net broke his fall out of camera range. However, moving behind him the other hit the arena floor with a crunch. Then they'll see Elvis broken up with grief.

The director smiled. "That's a print," he called. "Elvis, you were great. For you the picture is over. And it's before noon, too, just like I promised."

Elvis, however, was still moody. He quickly went to his dressing room, slammed the door behind him. The Presley Boys flocked about. One pretended he was a firecracker. He lit a wad of paper and tossed it into a group of extras. They scattered hurriedly.

Just then as Elvis was ready to leave the studio and go home to relax, he was summoned to the telephone on the set.

It was the publicity department. Since he had finished the film ahead of schedule they wanted him to spend the afternoon rooming for publicity photographs. He didn't feel up to having bright lights popped into his eyes the rest of the day. However, it had to be done and if he got it over with now he wouldn't have to report back to the studio the next day. So he agreed.

Suddenly he remembered... he didn't have a good pair of slacks and a sport shirt with him. Knowing he was only supposed to wear tights for the last scene, he had not bothered with his outfit that morning. And all the clothes in his dressing room had been moved to his home the previous day.

He'd have to send one of the boys to his home to get his clothes. It would take less than an hour and he could have lunch while he was waiting. So Elvis called over to Richard Davis Jr., who was watching a card game.

"Do me a favor, Dick," Elvis said. "Take the station wagon and drive to the house. Pick up some clothes for me to wear this afternoon. I called the house so they'll be laid out for you.

The rain had stopped as Dick slid behind the wheel of Elvis's white station wagon to go on the errand. He waved at the studio guard as he drove out the gate and made a right on Melrose Boulevard, heading for Beverly Hills and Bel-Air.

Hensling was busy trimming the hedge when the white station wagon passed him. He was so immersed in his work he took no notice of the car. And Dick didn't notice the gardener as he drove up the winding and narrow Bel-Air Road. There are no sidewalks in Bel-Air and some of the shrubbery borders the road. Dick quickly but carefully carried out the first half of his assignment. He placed the shirt and slacks in the car and prepared for the return trip to Paramount.

He never made it back.

Only two blocks from the house, Dick rounded a curve in the road. What happened in the next few seconds is now a nightmare to both Dick and Elvis.

The police summed it up this way: Just as the station wagon rounded the curve, Hensling for some reason—perhaps to admire his work—stepped back from the hedge onto the road. Dick didn't have time to stop, although he slammed on the brakes with full force.

The right headlight of the car plowed into the gardener with a crunch. Suddenly he was flying through the air, his body bouncing with a thud on the pavement yards away. The gardener's clippers had flown high over the hedge.

From that moment on Davis remembered little of what happened. The shock proved too much. He forgot the ambulance rushing the critically injured man to the hospital. (He was still breathing but in a deep coma.) He forgot the questions of the police.

Meanwhile, Elvis was waiting for Dick. It wasn't like him to take so much time. Elvis thought. It had been over an hour since he left on the errand. Elvis began to worry. Something must have happened. A moment later his fears were confirmed. A servant at the house called to explain what happened.

"Is the man alive?" Elvis wanted to know first. "How's Dick?" was the next question. When Elvis was told the man was in critical condition something snapped within him. He burst into tears.

"Tell Dick not to worry..."

**The long wait**

Greatly alarmed, Elvis raced out of the studio. His face pale. His hands trembling. The man can't die... it must be a nightmare. Some kind of horrible dream. It didn't happen... how terrible for Dick... how terrible for the man's family. He could think of nothing else but the overworked gardener as he was driven home by another pal.

He stumbled into his home and grabbed the telephone to call the emergency hospital. The gardener was still alive, but his chance of pulling through was slim. He had suffered broken bones and a severe concussion. He had lost a lot of blood, too.

"I want to be notified immediately if there is any change in his condition," Elvis told the nurse.

He was still trembling and at a loss for words. Every so often he would pat Dick on the shoulder and try to cheer him up. It was no use, though. Outside in the driveway was more sickening evidence of the tragedy. The headlight on the station wagon was broken. The tender crushed.

The silence of waiting became horrifying. Elvis hadn't felt so helpless since his mother died. If he could just do something that would help Hensling. But the life of the gardener was not Elvis's to save. Only a Higher Power could help the dying man now.

Elvis was about to phone the hospital again when it rang. Once... twice... three times. There was something ominous about the sound. Neither Elvis nor Dick made a move to answer it.

On the fourth ring Elvis grabbed it. It was bad news. Harvey Hensling was dead.

Elvis gasped. Why did it have to happen? Why did death have to play another role in his life?

Dick held his hands to his face in sorrow, disbelief. This was the kind of thing you read about. The kind of thing that always happens to the other guy. Like he had just seen. But Elvis engulfed himself in solitude for the rest of the day. He and Dick just sat, staring at nothing. Thinking of a man they never knew or would know. Of a man who was dead.

Somehow, Elvis thought, it must have been fate. Hadn't he felt moody and apprehensive the day before? Hadn't he lived memories of the sad past? And now there was the horrible reality of the present.

If only he hadn't sent Dick for the clothes... if only he hadn't sent him on an errand of death. Could he ever forget the hand he played in a man's death? No, he knew he never could. He knew the memory would live in him as long as he lives. For, when Harvey Hensling died, something in Elvis Presley died, too.

—Thomas Wheaton

Elvis in Para's "Fun in Acapulco," M-G-M's "It Happened at the World's Fair."
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