hat DEBBIE did when LIZ and EDDIE walked in
in a
Merry Christmas
all from a star
Free to do as you please... now that you're protected so much longer

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

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

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

**Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!**
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Your February issue will be on sale at your newsstand on January 5th

PHOTOPLAY
FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

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She had more weird ideas about love than two guys could keep up with... or the FBI could stop!

"Seems like every time I get in trouble, my buddy gets arrested!"

"Of course, I love my wife, but these women keep turning up in my arms!"

"I don't know whether to believe my husband or my own two eyes!"

COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

TONY CURTIS • DEAN MARTIN • JANET LEIGH in

Who was that Lady?

co-starring JAMES WHITMORE • JOHN McINTIRE • BARBARA NICHOLS
Written and Produced by NORMAN KRASNA • Based upon his play, "Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?" • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY as produced for the New York stage by ELENA MAYNARD
AN ANSARK-GEORGE SIDNEY PRODUCTION
Readers Inc.

As a matador, Bob Evans got oles from a fan. Now, she wants encore.

Bullfighter

Who played the bullfighter in "The Sun Also Rises?" Will he appear in another picture soon?

YVONNE DE VELDIN
Anaheim, Calif.

Bob Evans was the magnificent bullfighter. Pedro Romero. Bob will be seen—well, rather than tell you here, why not turn to page 46 and see for yourself.—Ed.

Look Alikes

Everyone thinks Lottie Moore looks like Alan Ladd. He is from Kentucky and he's a very good singer and song writer.

Jimmie Moore
Scottsville, Ky.

Can you tell Alan Ladd from Lottie?

Did He?

Did Van Heflin star in "Johnny Eager," "3:10 To Yuma" and on Broadway in "Philadelphia Story?"

VIOLA BARBOZA
Plainville, Conn.

You've got 'em all! You won an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor (1942) for his role in "Johnny Eager."—Ed.

A Good Mother

The picture of Debbie Reynolds and her chubby, happy looking "dolls" on the November cover of Photoplay, was a joy to behold. She must be a good mother or else her babies couldn't look so happy.

BLANCHE RONNER
Denver, Col.

Fall or Jump?

My brother and I recently saw the "Big Circus." At the end of the picture, did David Nelson reach for the rope and miss, or did he miss on purpose? My brother thinks he jumped to kill himself but I think he reached for the rope and missed. Who's right?

VALERIE BRAMHALL
Texarkana, Texas

If you'll recall, at the end of the picture, Hank (Victor Mature) shouted that it was Tommy (David Nelson) who killed Mama (Adele Mara). Then Zach (Gilbert Roland) went after Tommy to the top of the tent, and Tommy fell to his death. Looks like you won.—Ed.

Jimmy Darren's double is named Tony.

Dear Rock Hudson

I have "One Desire," to go to America to see you, but my hope fell. "All That Heaven Allows" me is to dream of you. I dreamed that I waited for you at the "Bend of the River." Meanwhile, I heard the "Battle Hymn," although "Any Way the Wind Blows." Later I heard you asked the "Iron Man" and the others that "Has Anybody Seen My Gal?" Nobody answered. A few moments later, I saw your "Giant" figure coming towards me. The minute I saw you, I felt as if "This Earth Is Mine." Oh! You're my "Magnificent Obsession." You gave me a little "Golden Blade" and although it's just a little thing, it's "Something of Value" to me. Then you said, "A Farewell to Arms" to me and you consoled me by saying that we'll "Never Say Goodbye." P.S. It's wonderful if you can read this, because it was "Written in the Wind."

LILY LOOMRANIT
Bangkok, Thailand

In Person

Not long ago, while shopping in a department store, I saw a big picture of my favorite actor George Nader on the main floor. Under the picture it said, "Come Meet the Stars," and it continued to say that this particular day, George Nader would appear in person. So up to the second-floor I went and waited for him. He answered many questions and autographed his picture for us. He was nice enough to even pose for a picture with me and spoke to my friend and I for a few minutes. I think he's one of the nicest and friendliest stars that I have ever met.

BETTE DAVIDSON
Brooklyn, N.Y.

(Continued)
CARY GRANT * TONY CURTIS

submerged with 5 Girls...no wonder the S.S. SEA TIGER was called
"The PINK VIRGIN!"

"OPERATION PETTICOAT"

in Eastman COLOR

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

Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS - Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHIN - Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR - A GRANARI PRODUCTION - A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL RELEASE
Kookie Quiz:

Man, like I'm minus 22. Like I really dig Edd!
  Jeanette Miller
  Wichita, Kans.

... I scored minus ten but I don't wear hooded sweaters even though I think they're real neat and I don't wear short raincoats—I'd much rather carry an umbrella!
  Ginny Rozak
  Downers Grove, Ill.

... Just looking at Edd's picture leaves me "discombebulated" so I tried the quiz. My score was—honestly—a cool 11!
  Marilyn Towns
  Kingston, Ont.

... I don't know if I'm "Kookie" or not, but I do know that I dig that way-out cat with the crazy jive talk, the ever active comb and the man-like wow smile, Edd Byrnes.
  Ginny Cangelo
  Brooklyn, N.Y.

Edd wants us to tell all you cats who scored minus 10 in the quiz, that he almost blew his jets when he read your letters and to tell you he thinks you're all the "skizziest"—Ed.

They've Got It Made

Normally I'm not one for writing fan letters, but after seeing "But Not for Me," I couldn't resist taking pen-in-hand.

This is simply a perfect picture. The casting is ideal. Clark Gable is superb, likewise Carroll Baker and Lilli Palmer is sheer delight.

Give us more films as good as this one, and the motion picture industry's got it made!
  Mrs. O. H. Hall
  Norman, Okla.

Fabian

Of all the rock 'n' roll singers there are, Fabian beats them all by far.
He's tops in looks as well as voice.
He's much nicer than the other boys.
He belts out a song like no one can, I hope he knows I'm his faithful fan.
He's called "The Tiger" and I can see why,
To say he's not the "most" is a big fat lie.
Although he's only reached sixteen,
He seems older when he's seen.
I'll be his fan til the day I die,
His personality is something money can't buy.
During every day and in every way,
Fabian's the best, is what I say.
  Louise Ewing
  Tripoli, Libya

Love That Faculty

We think it would be fun to have a new faculty for our Jr. High School:
Principal—George Nader
Asst. Principal—Keith Larsen
Librarian—Dinah Shore
Math Teacher—Clint Walker
History Teacher—Edd Byrnes
English Teacher—Robert Horton
Music Teacher—Ricky Nelson
  Patricia Eason
  Abilene, Texas

Film Version

I've never enjoyed a comedy more than I did "Auntie Mame" but I think a film version of its sequel, Patrick Dennis' new novel "Around The World With Auntie Mame" would be even funnier. Here's an all-star cast for it:
Auntie Mame—Rosaliad Russell (of course)
Patrick Dennis—Brandon De Wilde
Basil Fitz Hugh—John Lund
Mr. Babcock—Fred Clark
Vera Charles—Coral Browne
Rosemary—Elaine Stewart
Ito—Yuki Shimoda
Elmore Burns—Jack Carson
Pegeen—Pippa Scott
  Daniel Camino
  Lima, Peru

Kiss by kiss the time ran out

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Presents

FRANK SINATRA

He was one of the forgotten few, fighting a forgotten war

in CinemaScope and METROCOLOR

Co-starring
  Peter Lawford
  Steve McQueen
  Richard Johnson
Where’s Paul?

I’m one of Paul Anka’s many fans and also president of one of his fan clubs.

All the members of our club are wondering when Paul will appear in your mag?

KAY SMITH
Goldsboro, N.C.

If you’ll hop over to page 26, you’ll find Paul along with Annette Funicello.—Ed.

Quite A Guy

Pat Boone, to me, is quite a guy. And here are a few reasons why:

He sings a slow song from his soul. And he’s extra good with rock ‘n’ roll. He seems to be nice in every way. His friendliness is sure to stay. Besides, his family is very charming. And not to like him—is quite alarming!

HARRY JOHNSON, JR.
Peebles, Ohio

Bring It Back

I hope that wonderful picture, “Marjorie Morningstar,” will be brought back again. I thought all the stars in it were just wonderful.

EVIE MORINO
Miami, Fla.

What Picture?

I can’t seem to remember the name of a 1959 movie which starred Joanne Woodward and Yul Brynner. Could you help me out? I’d certainly appreciate it.

MRS. JOHN KOVALSKY
Mentor, Ohio

You Mean “The Sound and the Fury”?—Ed.

Thank You Photoplay

Last April, I wrote a letter about the fabulous Kingston Trio and was lucky enough to have it printed in your July issue. Because of that letter, I was able to meet and talk with the Kingston Trio when they played here in Austin in October.

Less than one hour after they arrived, Dave Guard, the leader of the group, called to thank me for the letters I had sent and then asked me to be sure to come by and see them. To say I was thrilled to the core, would be putting it mildly! After all, it’s not every girl who gets a live phone call from Dave Guard. They were all so darn nice to me. I still haven’t returned to the ground yet—or washed my right hand, which shook all of theirs. It was just about the biggest thrill of my life.

VICTORY VAN DYCK
Austin, Texas

Wonderful Person

I’ve been a fan of Deborah Kerr’s some time now. I wrote several letters to Miss Kerr and finally received an answer this summer. Since then, I’ve received other letters from her and they’ve all shown her to be the warm, kind and wonderful person I knew she’d be.

I wish to express my gratitude to Miss Kerr—a really grand person.

ELEANOR COHEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Where to Write

Please tell me where I could write Andy Williams, a wonderful singer and a swell guy.

DOTTIE
Holland, Pa.

Andy would love to receive your letter. Send it to Cadence Records, 119 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y.—Ed.

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

(Continued)
confidentially...

Anyone interested in having me as their pen pal? I am eighteen.

David Brown
Tech. Trades School
B.S.P. C.S. M.
Seria, Brunei,
Borneo

I'm interested in pictures of Bob Horton of "Wagon Train" and Wayde Preston of "Colt 45." Anyone care to send me pictures and articles on my two favorite heroes? Will gladly exchange pictures.

Mrs. Robert Markley
R. R. 2
Early, Iowa

We would like to write to anyone who's interested in the Lennon Sisters and Lawrence Welk and would gladly trade pictures of them for those of other stars.

JACQUE, JUDY and JERE ALLEN
1988 Pemberton Lane
Billings, Mont.

Since we don't get American magazines here in Indonesia, I'd like to receive old Photoplays in exchange for pretty Indonesian things.

Vic WahjoeTomo
Silo, Karjati
15, Malang, Djatiti,
Indonesia

I am interested in exchanging pictures and clippings of other stars for those of Yul Brynner. If you're interested, please write me.

Emma Richards
Route 1
Rutherford, Tenn.

I am a young girl of sixteen who would very much like to have a pen pal from Hollywood who is interested in movie stars.

Nadia Lashina
Royal Edward
Box 400
St. Agathe des Monts, Que.

I would like very much to increase and make my collection of pictures and articles, on Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, as complete as possible. Your help will be appreciated. Write me soon. Proper settlement will be made on goods received.

Mary Ann Opeka
427 East 328th St.
Willowick, Ohio

Many thanks to Dolores Hart, Natalie Wood, Janet Leigh, Debbie Reynolds, Sal Mineo, John Saxon, James Darren, Tommy Sands, Pat Wayne, Tony Curtis and all the other stars who sent me their photos.

Pirkko Savonen
Oulu, Finland

I'm an eighteen year old girl from way down Hawaii way and would love to correspond with boys and girls between the ages of seventeen and nineteen.

Lucy Jacapin
P.O. Box 1007
Ewa, Oahu

Attention all readers of Photoplay magazine. I am a young girl in my teens who is just dying to get my hands on a copy of Johnnie Ray's recording of "Cry." If any of you readers have one you'd like to sell or know where I could get one, please write me. I'll pay at least $5.00 for it!

DANNE CHINNES
Box 37
Hemingway, S. C.

My first and last wish is to have an American pen pal. I am nineteen years old and my hobbies include films, records and dancing.

George Valasiadis
Kurth, St.
Istanbul, Turkey

Since I collect picture postcards, I was wondering if there are any readers who would like to send me some.

Jeanne Kurbanks
Mooneyham Trailer Ct.
Republic, Mo.

I have to give up my collection of photographs of famous movie stars. Does anyone want to buy twenty-six photos? The price is 50¢ plus 5¢ postage.

Anita Joyce Carter
570 Ocean Ave.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anyone want to trade or sell pix of Dale Evans and Roy Rogers? Write me soon.

Alice Bennet
250 College Ave.
Richmond, Ind.

Want to join the only official fan club for Paul Newman? Dues are $1.50 a year and you receive two journals, bulletins, pen pals, pictures of Paul and any other privileges that may arise.

Bennett Tarleton, Pres.
761 South Confederate Ave.
Rock Hill, S. C.

Angela Cartwright of "The Danny Thomas Show" has an active fan club going on in Burlington. Anyone interested, write: Pat Fine
336 McHenry St.
Burlington, Wis.

Starting a fan club for Mitzi Gaynor and want members galore. You'll receive an 8x10 autographed picture of Mitzi plus journals. You can start this club rolling, if you join now.

Jeanne Marie Schulz
164 Long Meadow Dr.
Rochester 21, N. Y.

I've just started a fan club for Dion and the Belmonts. If you're interested in joining, write me:

Cheryl Skoneke
10 Alpine Pl.
Arlington, N. J.

I'm president of "Patti's Partners," one of Patti Page's many fan clubs. Dues are $1.00 a year, and members receive a membership card, button, wallet size picture and 8x10 prints of Patti.

Rosemary Cahill
119 East Main St.
Macedon, N. Y.

Anyone interested in joining the only fan club for Johnny Mathis in Canada, write me for details.

Derek Barningham Jr.
634 Danforth Ave.
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Remember that "Bandstand" favorite Kenny Rossi? Well, he's making records now and I'm helping him get a fan club together. There are no yearly dues, and Kenny will send special things to all members. For full info, write me as soon as possible:

Carol Ciaccia
2422 Stanwood St.

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.
NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

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

When DEBBIE REYNOLDS has her hair shampooed—at the studio or her favorite beauty salon—she always asks for Lustre-Creme to keep her lovely hair soft, shining and easy to manage. Why don't YOU try it, too?

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

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

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

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!
I think Shirley MacLaine is not only a good performer but a smart cookie. (I didn’t say kookie, although she may pretend to be.) Shirley handles herself well offscreen, too. . . . So if big names make money pictures, how come “The Devil’s Disciple” with Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas and Sir Laurence Olivier did so small at the box office? . . . Guess the only trick left for Alfred Hitchcock is not to appear in one of his pictures. What a mystery! Whatever became of Hitchcock? . . . I’d say Janet Leigh is the actress who has made the most improvement. . . . Glad Elaine Stewart has come out of hiding and has made a movie. . . . MM is the only actress who gets sewed into her gown. . . . There are some people who believe that Khrushchev came to Hollywood to help publicize “Can Can.” . . . Judy Holliday told me she always orders ice cream the same color as the dress she’s wearing—“Then if I spill any, it won’t show.”

Joan O’Brien is a girl who bears watching. After you see “Operation Petticoat,” you’ll understand. . . . I don’t believe any actor in Hollywood’s history had it as good, or had as much power, as Frank Sinatra. . . . My favorite Oscar is Rock Hudson. I’ll always remember him gold-painted to resemble an Oscar at the Press Photographers Ball a few years back. . . . Robert Mitchum’s comment after making a movie in Ireland: “It’s like a Hollywood set where all the characters are played by Barry Fitzgerald.”

I’d like Peter (Craig Stevens) Gunn hot on the trail of Richard (David Janssen) Diamond in a TV caper. . . . Did you know that the “Perry Mason” TV show is fixed, rigged? Perry (Raymond Burr) won’t accept a case unless he knows his proposed client is innocent. . . . I was amazed to hear (and I don’t amaze easy) that Edd “Kookie” Byrnes doesn’t collect a penny on all those combs sold. Kookie, eh? . . . Mickey Rooney doesn’t like to be caught tired. . . . No matter how bad the dialogue is in a movie, I prefer it to the dialogue of the couple sitting behind me. . . . I have a suspicion that Louis Jourdan practices to keep his French accent. . . . I’m a pushover for a good movie about Hollywood. . . . What’s with Gary Cooper in “They Came to Cordura”? He plays his part as if he’s reading his lines from a teleprompter, and without his glasses yet. . . . Rick Nelson prefers a shower to a bath, because he likes the beat of the water on him. . . . Van Johnson is the biggest movie fan of all the movie stars. He’s apt to ask himself for an autograph.

Dinah Shore knows what she’s doing every minute; even when she appears to be surprised. . . . Gardner (“Adventures in Paradise”) McKay is an object lesson to all actors, in coming on too soon with too much publicity before being ready for the main event. . . . A girl has told me that sex appeal has come to Charlton Heston. . . . Joan Collins told me that if you want to be thought a liar, always tell the truth.

I think May Britt showed too much of her legs too long, and they became unsexy. . . . I can’t see anyone but Simone Signoret winning the Oscar for the best performance by an actress. . . . Jim (Matt Dillon) Aness sleeps in a king-size bed and uses every square foot of it at one time or another during the night. . . . I did it! I’m about to finish this column without mentioning Debbie, Eddie and Liz. I’ve been trying to swear off. . . . That’s Hollywood For You.
Genevieve says "GIVE THE FABULOUS FRAGRANCE WE FRENCH WOMEN LOVE"

Evening in Paris

5 Evening in Paris treasures in a gleaming satin boudoir box $5.00

Vanity Set, 6 glamour accessories in a fabulous jewel case $7.50

Music Box, a love song with a symphony of 6 Evening in Paris favorites $10.00

3 for the Money, cologne talcum and perfume $2.50

The hard-to-find "little" gift, cologne and purse perfume $1.00

Created in Paris by Bourjois
Made in U.S.A.

GIFTS, $1 TO $25
COMING UP BIG

If you were lucky enough to see Bobby Rydell when he toured in Dick Clark's Caravan of Stars this fall, you know this singer's going to be around a long time. He's got a smash style all his own, fantastic professional polish—and he's seventeen years old!

Bobby and I talked backstage at one of the rock 'n' roll shows about his dream come true: singing in the big time! All through his younger years, Bobby was training for his show-biz success by practicing in the family living room. He did wild imitations of popular singers and actors—Johnnie Ray, Red Skelton, Jerry Lewis, Sammy Davis, Jr.

"I was scared the first time I ever went out in front of an audience," Bobby admitted, "but soon as I saw how nice the audience was, I made up my mind I was going to relax and have a ball. And that's the way it's been ever since. I go out on stage and I think of everyone in the audience as being my friend."

Two of Bobby's records, "Kissin' Time" and "We Got Love," have hit the best-seller charts. But Bobby says, "I don't believe in taking success for granted. I practice all the time. I take dancing and voice lessons. Also I practice with guitar and drum."

Bobby's favorite singers are Elvis, Frankie Avalon and Connie Francis. He's crazy about swimming and he says pizza rates very high on his favorite foods list. His favorite dance? The chalypso—where one foot does the Cha-Cha-Cha, and the other foot does a Calypso!

TEEN TOWN

When word got around that your own George had been elected mayor of "Teen Town," all the young stars rallied to our nightly meetings. ("Teen Town" is broadcast Monday through Friday evenings, over the ABC Radio Network—check your local papers for times.)

Fabian came as my opening-night guest and talked about how every teen can be popular. Annette, Carol Lynley, Paul Anka and Frankie Avalon are just a few of the gang who's been on. Every night, we play music, natch. We talk about dating problems, careers, movies, beauty secrets for the gals, fashion previews of the latest fashions for the fellows. I'll be covering news events of your favorite stars, too—birthdays, engagements, weddings.

BACHELOR CORNER: man talk

Blue-eyed Carl Dobkins Jr. ("My Heart Is an Open Book") is in Uncle Sam's army, and he's asked me to send his hi-yas and Christmas greetings to everyone. . . . Sal Mineo's turned into quite a chef. His specialty: Pizza bambinos (he's promised us the recipe). . . . Carol Lynley is still carrying the torch for Brandon De Wilde, although that romance has had its shake-ups on account of Carol's uh-uh comments about rock 'n' roll. . . . "The human brain is such a wonderful thing," Annette told us. "Starts in the morning and doesn't stop until the very minute you're called upon in class!" . . . Jo Ann Campbell is on a campaign to defend flirting. "It's just a way of meeting somebody," blue-eyed Jo Ann insists. "You flirt with a smile or a nod of the head or just take a look of the eyes. What's so terrible about that?" Not a thing, honey.
The trick to Christmas shopping is finding something "just right" for everyone on your list. A record or a book is a great idea, and we've gotten up this list of suggestions to show you how easy it is to find the one that's perfect for mom, dad, sis. brother, friend and steady. And don't be afraid to stray off the beaten track. A classical record, for instance, can be a compliment.

Dukes of Dixieland Vols. 7 and 8 (Audio-Fidelity)
The Five Pennies (Dot)
I Dig Chicks Jonah Jones (Cap.)
Duke Ellington Jazz Party (Col.)
One More Time Count Basie (Roulette)
Music From Peter Gunn (RCA)
I Want To Live Gerry Mulligan (United Artists)

Classical Albums

The Historic Broadcast Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto #1, Vladimir Horowitz with Arturo Toscanini and NBC Symphony (RCA)
The Rubinstein Story Arthur Rubinstein plays Chopin's Concerto #2 and Andante Spianoto (RCA)
Beethoven: Symphony #6 The Pastoral Symphony, Pierre Monteux and Vienna Symphony (RCA)
Prokofiev: Symphony #5 Jean Martinon and the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra (RCA)
Shostakovich: Symphony #1 Jean Martinon and the London Symphony Orchestra (RCA)
Brahms: Concerto #2 Arthur Rubinstein with Josef Krips and the RCA-Victor Symphony (RCA)
Stravinsky: The Fire Bird Ernest Ansermet with L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London)
Rameau: Pieces for Harpsichord in Concert (Vanguard)
Rossini: The Barber of Seville Robert Merrill, Roberta Peters and the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Erich Leinsdorf (RCA)

Original Sound Track Albums

Anatomy of A Murder Duke Ellington (RCA)
Pete Kelly's Blues (Warner)
The Nun's Story (Warner)
Some Like It Hot (United Artists)
Porgy and Bess (Columbia)
Victory At Sea Vol. 1. Robert Russell Bennett (RCA)
A Lincoln Portrait Carl Sandburg (Columbia)

For movie fans: Jimmy and Ben

Books

The Thurber Album James Thurber (Simon)
The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis Max Shulman (Garden City)
Parents Keep Out Ogden Nash (Little)
Act One Moss Hart (Random)
The Works of Anne Frank Her short stories, essays and her Diary. (Doubleday)
The Art of Loving Erich Fromm (Harper)
The Fireside Book Of Folk Songs Margaret Bradford Boni, editor (Simon)
So To Speak (guide to a better voice). Von Hesse (Lippincott)
Exodus Leon Urri (Doubleday)

The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis: Max Shulman's Garden City book, Index of Our Time: Ogden Nash's Little

For lovers: Sinatra

Come Dance With Me Frank Sinatra (Capitol)
Like Young Secret Songs for Young Lovers, Andre Previn and David Rose (M-G-M)
A Date With Elvis (RCA)
Ella Fitzgerald Sings Rodgers and Hart (Verve)
Belafonte At Carnegie (RCA)
Exciting Connie Francis (M-G-M)
Kingston Trio At Large (Cap.)
Ames Brothers Sing Famous Hits Of Famous Quartets (RCA)
Heavenly Johnny Mathis (Col.)
No One Cares Sinatra (Capitol)

For deep ones: Roberta

Jazz Albums

No Sun In Venice Modern Jazz Quartet (Atlantic)
But Not For Me Ahmad Jamal (Argo)
Miles Davis Plays Porgy And Bess (Columbia)
Marlene can be too frank.

Kirk’s proud.

Ava loves travel.

your monthly HOROSCOPE

If your birthday falls between Nov. 23rd and Dec. 22nd, you’re a Sagittarius—just like: Kirk Douglas (Dec. 9), Frank Sinatra and Edward G. Robinson (Dec. 12), Lee Remick (Dec. 14), Hope Lange (Nov. 23), Kathy Grant and Jeff Hunter (Nov. 25), James MacArthur (Dec. 7).

You’re above petty squabbles, so don’t let yourself get tangled up in them. You have stick-to-it-iveness. You’re a very frank person, sometimes too much so. You have a natural ability to attract others, but this can lead to broken engagements, so sidetrack unhappiness in love by not letting yourself get carried away by flattery. You like travel, hate high-pressure salesmanship, have plenty of pride. Your lucky number’s an interesting one. It’s 3.

PUZZLES

ACROSS
1. Your Man Friday
5. “— You Don’t Want My Lovin’ “
6. “Mack the Knife’s” pal
9. A bone (Lat.)
10. Ex-baseball player (init.)
11. “____ Hearty Melody”
12. “____ Gonna Miss Me”
15. The Divine One (init.)
16. He walks an “Lonely Street”

DOWN
1. Our singer of the month (pictured)
2. He’s “In the Mood” (init.)
3. See 6 across (init.)
4. “The Angels ______ In”
7. That “Pillow Talk” man
8. He sings “We Got Love”
13. The Clovers’ label
14. “Poor Little Fool” (init.)

Can You Guess This Star’s Name?

Here’s Edd Byrnes’ musical Christmas card just for you

Twas the night before Christmas and all through the pad,
Not a hip cat was swinging and that’s nowhere Dad.
The stove was hung up in that stocking routine.
Like maybe the fat man would soon make the scene,
The kids that fell by had just made the street,
I was ready for Snoresville—Man was I beat.
When there started a rumble that came on real frantic,
So I opened the window to figure the panic.
I saw a slick rod that was making fat tracks.
Soup up by eight ponies all wearing hat racks.
And a funny old geezer was flipping his lid.
He told them to make it and man like they did.
They were out of the chute making time like a bat.
Turning the quarter in eight seconds flat.
They parked by the smoke stack in bunches and clusters.
And chubby slid down coming on like gang busters.
His threads were from Cubesville and I had to chuckle.
In front not in back was his Ivy League buckle.
And the mop on his chin had a button down collar.
And with that red nose, Dad, He looked like a baller.
Like he was the squarest, the most absolute.
But let’s face it, who cares, when he left all that loot.
He laid the jazz on me
And peeled from the gig
Wailin’ have a cool Yule man,
Later—like dig.

Is it true... blondes have more fun?

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

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

These clear, radiant young faces tell you so much about Ivory Soap. The milder your beauty soap, the lovelier your complexion. And Ivory is gentle enough for a baby's skin. Mild in its pure, white color... mild in its pure, clean scent. Your skin never outgrows Ivory...

99½/100% pure. Use it every day. More doctors recommend Ivory for babies' skin and yours than any other soap.
Here's the kind of year it really was. 1959 was the year I learned about girls and Connie Francis learned about men—the hard way . . . the year Dodie Stevens sighed while Fabian burned . . . the year Duane Eddy wouldn't say anything and Edd Byrnes said too much . . . the year Dion and the Belmonds got away with larceny and Pat Boone (Continued)
has El been forgotten?

SHOUTS
and whispers of
59

couldn’t get away with anything . . . the year Johnny Horton went around in circles and Andy Williams was left up in the air . . . the year Connie Stevens found out who her friends really were . . . In all, it was a year that there was a whole lot of shouting—and whispering—going on. And here’s (Continued on page 62)
cupid sure was stupid
too good—for their own good!

girl trouble?
when
Suddenly, the room was still.

People turned to stare after them. Debbie sat still and straight. But everyone at the party wondered—

what did Debbie feel walked in

FOR THE FULL STORY, TURN TO PAGE 74
She was in Rome again, and from the moment she'd gone down to the street to go to the courthouse, it had been a nightmare. Since early morning she'd heard the reporters under her window, trying to scale the walls to get to her, but she'd thought she'd be able to slip out to the street by a side exit, thought she would be able to elude them. But they were like hunting dogs. They easily picked up her scent and surrounded her, trapping her fifteen feet from the car. She stood at bay, her heavy fur coat wrapped around her, and was so frightened she found herself shaking. They would not (Continued on page 77)

Ingrid Bergman and Roberto Rossellini meeting again in Rome

by BRIANNE WATSON
Twas the
month before Christmas,
and all through Pat Boone's house, every creature was stirring,

but not Shirley's spouse. "Oh, where is your daddy?" Mom sighed in dismay. "He knows we start trimming our tree on this day." Then Lindy—who's four—said that she knew just where: "He's off in the woods with Dan'l Boone—and a bear!" "Oh, don't be so silly," scoffed big sister Cherry. "But maybe it's true!" Debby said, looking merry. Mom tripped off to the kitchen and mincemeat and plums; Baby Laury went with her, to pick up the crumbs. Later Mom brought in popcorn and all of the rest. "Now let's dress up the tree. We'll make it the best." "But it's not even here yet!" they wailed, all forlorn. "It'll be here—just as sure as you're born!" Then what to their wondering eyes should appear, Through the window they'd painted with tiny reindeer? "Daddy!" they squealed as they pranced out to meet him, And Lindy was first out the doorway to greet him. As she hugged him, she looked like a small cocker spaniel. "I told them you were out fighting with old Uncle Dan'l." "Oh, what did he look like?" they all asked in chorus. "And what did he give you to bring home here for us?" "His eyes—how they twinkled! His dimples—how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry! He wore a coon-skin cap and wrestled a bear, And shot a big hawk right out of the air. He said, 'All I own here's the sky and the land . . .' And he bent down and broke off these pines—with one hand! 'Take these, Cousin Pat, as a small gift from me. One'll look mighty fine as a Christmas tree.'" And it certainly did, that night by the fire, As Pat read to, and sang with, his all-girl choir. And when they were nestled all snug in their beds, Dreams of Santa and Dan'l got blurred in their heads. And they heard both exclaim, as they flew out of sight, "A merry Christmas you'll have—but for now—good night!"
seven-year-old Mike Funicello says:

Anka's okay,

She's so darn famous—it's embarrassing.

Instead of taking me to see Santa, she kept trying stuff on, so I hid her shoes. She didn't think it was funny.

Yesterday, when I got home from school, Annette was waiting at the bus-stop—to take me to see Santa Claus, she said. We never did get to see him, but I don't care, I don't believe in him anyway. Not the one in the store—he's just an actor. The real one's up in the North Pole, that's where we write him letters at school. He's busy up there, making stuff kids want.

Anyway, I knew when we got to the department store, we probably wouldn't have time to see Santa, 'cause to get to where he is, you have to walk past the dress department and I knew that's as far as we'd go! All Annette ever wants is dresses. She used to hate them, because you can't climb trees in them, but now I bet she has a closet-full. Me, I only have to (Continued)
but Annette, she’s...

At the store Paul even kissed a dummy—he called her a “lady.” Annette said I bet you do that to all the girls.

After Paul came, I had fun. Both of us kidded Annette till I got sick of it and made them take me out to the park.
in love
It was my pop, but she said it'd spoil my dinner.

change clothes when I get dirty, which is all the time. But she never gets dirty, and she's always changing. And putting goo on her face, and looking at herself in the mirror. It's boring.

But this time I knew she didn't really want to buy anything. I pretended like I didn't know that she was really waiting for Paul Anka. That's one of her boyfriends, the nice one—even if he does like girls. He likes me, too, because he's got a brother around my size in New (Continued on page 81)
Instead of taking the four Lanza children straight to their home at 56 Via Bruxelles as usual, Carlo Giannini, Mario Lanza's chauffeur, waited for them in front of the Merrymount School, then he drove them to a nearby beach instead. This was a rare treat and it was almost dark when they pulled up in front of the Lanza villa, tired and happy. Pointing to the crowd around the (Continued on page 71)
JUDI MEREDITH

with no one special
Judi Meredith pressed her forehead against the window of the plane and looked down at the city of Portland below.

Christmas was still three weeks away, but already she could see red and green lights and the outline of Christmas wreaths and trees. In five minutes, the plane would land and she'd be back home again. Christmas was such a good time to be home . . . There'd be all the familiar sights and sounds and smells, the chimes in the church tower ringing "Silent Night," the wonderful, sharp odor of the pine needles from the fresh-cut Christmas tree in the living room, and, downtown, the happy-sounding jangle of Salvation Army bells rung by hopeful Santa Clauses on all the street corners.

Christmas was always such a happy time. Last year, for instance . . . But she didn't want to think about last year. Barry Coe had come home with her then, and it had been perfect . . . But, she told herself, this year will be, too. I'll make sure it is.

A little boy across the aisle started bouncing up and down at that moment as the plane landed, his red-tasseled cap bobbing. "We're here! We're here!" he shouted happily, and Judi smiled. She was still smiling as she went down the ramp (Continued)

"You surprised us again!" Mom said, hugging her. But then Randa came running. "Judi," she shouted, "who came with you? Did you come alone?"

for Christmas
with no one special for Christmas

Mom and Randa wanted to hear about what she'd been doing, but Judi didn't feel too much like talking. Everywhere she looked, things reminded her of her childhood, but somehow they were all mixed up with what Barry'd said last year when he'd come home with her.

She went shopping, not knowing what to buy Dad, wishing she had a man to ask, "You think he'd really like this?"

and saw her father waving his hand excitedly at her.

"Judi, Judi, dear," he called. He started running toward her, his head bare, his overcoat flapping, and then Judi began running, too, to meet him.

And then they were hugging each other, both talking at once, and it was so good—so good to be home.

"You look fine!" they both said at once and then they laughed, and her father said, "Come on, I can't wait to get you home. Mother and Randa have no idea you're coming. It'll be a real surprise."

As they walked to the car, he told her it almost hadn't been a surprise. "You know, they were going to go Christmas shopping this afternoon, and I didn't know what to do. Finally, I told them a man was coming to overhaul
Randa kept talking about "growing up," but Judi shook her head. "It's not how you think it'll be," she wanted to say.

the furnace and someone had to be there to let him in. They'll be so glad to see you, though, they'll forget all about wondering why the man never came."

He helped her into the car, and she had the (Continued on page 78)
He lived and died—just as he pleased. Errol Flynn, the last of the swashbucklers, marks the end of an era epitomized by the late Jack Barrymore, Errol’s friend, and by so many other colorful individuals. Errol was the Don Juan of romance, of high adventure, of complete charm.

He was one of the handsomest men ever to hit Hollywood. His brown hair, blue eyes, patrician profile, the handsomest legs ever seen on a male, his more than six-feet of height, his beautiful accent, soft voice, quiet manner, magnetic charm, made him a target for women. And for hecklers and tourists anxious to prove themselves heroes by picking on the great Flynn. He knew this. He once said to an actor, a quiet young man of breeding, “No, Bobby, I won’t join you all at Mocambo tonight. You see, wherever I go, trouble follows and I don’t want you to share this problem with me.”

A few nights later, at this same nightclub, an out-of-town heckler—for no reason at all—heaved an egg at Flynn, who was quietly minding his own business, and once again the headlines blared.

His adventures, before he ever hit Hollywood as a young man, surpassed (Continued)
He lived and died—just as he pleased...believing:

anything he ever did on the screen. Born in Hobart, Tasmania, the island south of Australia, he very early began trading with the natives of New Guinea, traveling up rivers on a boat. There was something very amusing about the way he acquired this boat, and something very comical about his deals, but the details, as he told them to me, escape me now. Anyway, they’ll all be revealed in his forthcoming book, “My Wicked, Wicked Life.”

His rare good looks brought advice to become an actor so, as a British subject, he took off for England and the stage. His first role was that of a free-talking, slangy American. He shuddered when he told me about this. Other roles followed and at last he tried Hollywood. His first part was that of a corpse lying (Continued on page 66)

1. Women envied Bette Davis in “Elizabeth and Essex,” yet none of Errol’s leading ladies ever became an off-the-screen romance.

2. But he always got the girl—naturally! In “San Antonio,” he wooed Alexis Smith.

During one of their marriage’s more peaceful moments, Errol, in his “Robin Hood” beard, lunched with Lili Damita at Warners’ studio. Both had same problem—extravagance.

When Errol invited me (in straw hat) to Jamaica with him and Nora, we lived on his yacht, shot the rapids in a raft. “The public has always expected me to be a playboy,” he’d laughed, “and a decent chap never lets his public down.”
3. He won fame in 1935, in "Captain Blood" co-starring with Olivia de Havilland.

4. He was on top by the time he made "Cry Wolf" with Barbara Stanwyck.

5. Swashbuckling was his specialty. He duelled for Maureen O'Hara in "Against All Flags."

6. Ann Sheridan was his girl in "Edge of Darkness." He liked his later films best.

After the first death, there is no other"

In 1936, he was Hollywood's new sensation, proudly pointing out his name in Photoplay to director Frank Borzage, Margaret Lindsay, Anita Louise.

Whatever his quarrels with their mothers, he loved Rory, Deirdre and his only son, Sean.

He liked young girls—but they meant trouble. Betty Hansen, 17, accused him of rape.

Pat could forgive any escapade, hoped Errol would come back to her and their daughter, Arnella.
"De-De?" baby Annie asked, looking from Dianne to one of the little angels—one for each Lennon child—on the wall shelf.

It was four Sundays before Christmas. To the Lennon family of Venice, California, this meant the beginning of holiday preparations. It was the first Sunday of Advent—signifying the coming of the Christ Child—and on that day and the successive Sundays before Christmas, the Lenmons would add to their Yule decorations. The Christ Child, all the children knew, was not to appear in the manger for several more weeks, but it was the Lenmons' custom to put the tiny Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, into a little wooden crib filled with straw on that first Sunday. Then Mr. and Mrs. Lennon would set up a square of velvet cloth on the piano top, across the room from the manger, placing on it replicas of the richly adorned wise men, a procession of donkeys laden with gifts, and a stately camel. The children would take turns moving them forward every day until the first week in January, when the entire procession would arrive on the mantel piece and become part of the Nativity scene.

(Continued)

Trying to guess Mom and Dad's Christmas secrets are, left to right: Billy, Danny, Janet, Peggy, Kathy, Dianne, Mimi, Joey.
It was a miracle—the Lennons never doubted it;

(Continued)

While the preparation was going on, the littlest Lennon, Anne Madolin, crawled into the room and Sis propped her in her own little rocking chair so she could watch. This was Annie’s very first Christmas, for she’d been born last January 24th. Although she could not realize what was going on, her big brown eyes kept getting wider and wider as she watched her brothers and sisters preparing for this something wonderful. On the day before Christmas, Annie would be exactly eleven months old, and already the closets were full of packages that would be under the tree waiting for her. Christmas time at the Lennons is an important time. Along with the gaiety, the bright decorations, the delicious dinner and the welcoming of friends and relatives, there is an attitude that goes much deeper. Because of its religious significance, it is a time of reverence, unselfish thoughts and prayers.

As Sis Lennon says, “When you live something every day of your life, it’s a (Continued on page 70)

by MARCIA BORIE
but could they make anyone else understand?
There's a man in Beverly Hills, California — a talented amateur who paints portraits as a hobby. The man has a friend, and the friend asked one day if the painter would do a portrait of Joan Crawford, “as a surprise for her,” he added. So the painter took home with him a series of photos of Joan, and that night he studied them, and pored over old newspaper clippings and his own memories and then the next night he (Continued on page 67)
IF ONLY SHE WERE HERE

Everytime I hear her name, I die a little inside—like the other evening, at the opening of “The Best of Everything.” I was leaving the theater, and for a moment I was taken by surprise as a group of girls broke through the rope and rushed towards me with their pads and pencils. As I was being pulled away by an usher, I heard a voice say softly, “Please, Bob, won’t you sign just one more.” I turned around and saw a young girl. I took the autograph book she held out to me and started to write when she interrupted and shyly said, “Won’t you please put ‘To Patty, with love?’”

As she said this, I felt myself tense up. I was glad I had my face hidden, looking down at the book. But I could hardly write, I was gripping (Continued on page 57)

by BOB EVANS
as told to GEORGE CHRISTY
My sister and I unloaded our paraphernalia: beach towels, lotion for getting brown, straw hats for keeping away freckles, two bathing caps, a stack of movie magazines, our portable radio, a bag of sandwiches and a thermos jug. We shook out our towels, anchored them in mounds of warm sand, tuned to our favorite deejay, divided up the magazines and stretched out to relax. It was a perfect summer day—just the right amount of cool breeze and, overhead, a clear, balmy sky. Suddenly, a whirling white ball came flying at us, spraying sand in the sandwiches, overturning the cups of milk and finally coming to a rest in my lap. Mary Jo and I jumped up. With miles of empty sand, you’d think they could keep the ball in their own (Continued on page 75)
JANET LEIGH and TONY CURTIS:

there will be no divorce
It was ugly enough to be a lie, but how many people would think that. The morning gossip column plainly stated: Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis quarreled at a party last night. It began when Janet, her lips tight with anger, walked across the crowded room to where her husband sat beside a dark-haired, pretty girl. She said something to the girl and then turned on her heel and walked out. Those who saw it say there (Continued on page 64)
DORIS DAY: "Boys want their girls to be natural. Do you remember what Rock Hudson said to me in 'Pillow Talk'? 'You give me a real warm feeling, like a potbellied stove on a frosty morning.' That's what a fellow likes—warmth. So here are some tips that'll help you get through to him, when he calls and asks:

**'WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT TO DINNER?'** Boys like a girl who wears a small hat or veil and gloves; lets them open doors; waits for the headwaiter to show her to a table, then follows ahead of her date (but lets her date lead if there's no waiter); knows the waiter will hold her chair and help with her coat (and knows only men check their coats); keeps her gloves and handbag on her lap or an empty chair; knows the difference between "dinner" (fixed price for all courses) and "a la carte" (each course is separate, so it costs more); doesn't order the most expensive dish but takes her price cue from their suggestions; tells her date her order so he can tell the waiter; is adventurous enough to try foreign foods; never fixes her hair or makeup at the table.

**"HOW ABOUT MEETING SOME OF MY FRIENDS?"** Boys like a girl who isn't jealous of his friends; won't moan if the subject gets on cars; doesn't try to falsely impress; avoids quarreling, or acting possessive or too affectionate; never gossips or makes fun of others; won't repeat things he's told her; can name six popular records and what subjects top a boy's best-seller list; doesn't brag about her other dates.

**"WOULD YOU COME AND MEET MY PARENTS?"** Boys like a girl who knows they don't ask *every* girl to meet their parents, so they must like her a lot; remembers to bring candy if she's invited for dinner (and offers to help with the dishes); doesn't gush, talk too much or smoke; is respectful of their opinions; stands when she is introduced to them; is interested when mother shows her prize antique chair; won't embarrass them by holding hands; doesn't giggle, or tell tales out of school; or dress "too fancy."

**"WHAT ARE YOU DOING CHRISTMAS DAY?"** A boy likes you if he wants to share that day with you, so show you like him by inviting him to your house. To give or not to give a gift is the big question. The answer is have an inexpensive one ready under the tree in case he brings you something. Boys like subscriptions to sports and news magazines; bulky Shetland mufflers; records; bright-colored socks that you've knitted yourself; something for his car; cuff-links; anything he's ever mentioned to you.

**"CAN YOU GO TO THE CHRISTMAS FORMAL?"** Boys like a girl who sounds friendly on the phone and makes him feel glad he called; is smart enough to tell him the color of her dress so his flowers will please (if not a bracelet corsage, *always* wears his flowers either on the left shoulder with stems pointing down, or pinned to waist); wears a simple dress that doesn't have all "those fussy frills and bows"; doesn't put on grown-up airs or worry all the time about her hair; smells pretty but "doesn't *reek*"; doesn't ask him to store her make-up in his pocket; will sit out a fast dance if he can't do it; doesn't tell her girlfriends everything; shows she appreciates all the money he's spent.
Party fashions: Just a short while back, Tuesday tried to be sophisticated. Now she realizes her best style is casual. Here she wears a party favorite: a black cashmere sweater with white wool skirt. ("It's right for almost any kind of date.") Other Tuesday combinations: velvet top with chiffon skirt. Her fashion don'ts: shock colors ("I used to mix a white dress with red belt, black shoes") and too-full skirts ("Make you hippy").
When Tuesday Weld came to Hollywood two years ago, she found herself no longer a model, but she didn’t feel like a movie star either. To her first big party she wore so much make-up, she was afraid to blink an eye. (“Have you ever tried not to move your face for six hours?”) She loved exotic lipstick and used to “mix her own.” Once she counted and found she had 72 shades. Since, she’s learned to apply make-up so it looks natural. Her greatest compliment: when someone told her how nice she looked without make-up. She was wearing it!

Tuesday says she has no beauty secrets but does have a beauty routine. She shampoos her hair often; scrubs her face with a complexion brush bought in the five-and-ten; brushes her hair 100 strokes a day and sets her curls with spray set. “Experiment,” she says, “with your hair and don’t be afraid of a rinse. It washes right out.” She recently tried a lavender blond. The shade elicited shrieks from the studio, lasted only two days. For a party, her advice is to dress and to look as natural as you can. Her jewelry is simple and she prefers perfume in “just a hint,” but she does splurge on a frosted nailpolish or iridescent eyeshadow. “It makes you feel different.” Try it.

Tuesday’s Party Make-Up Tips:
1. Tuesday keeps eyebrows natural, darkens with mascara-dabbed brush.
2. For a party, she applies to top lid a thin band of green shadow, then draws a fine line along lashes with brown eyeliner; extends it a breath past eye.
3. Tuesday uses rouge with caution. (“It helps, if you look too pale.”)  
4. For a clean lip line, she outlines mouth with a lip pencil, adds lipstick.

3 Party Hairdos: Left, Tuesday curls hair in front, winds a chignon in back. Middle, she sweeps hair back, catches it with false braid, lets hair fall in ponytail. Right, a center part and tight pageboy gives a Victorian look.
CHA-CHA

Annette and Paul show you how

**GIRL'S PART**

First Half

1. Step to right side with right foot.
2. Step forward with left foot, accenting.
3. Step in place with right foot.
4. (or Cha-Cha) Step to left side with left foot and bring right foot next to left, weight on right.

Second Half

1. Step to left side with left foot.
2. Step back with right foot, accenting.
3. Step in place with left foot.
4. (or Cha-Cha) Step to right side with right foot and bring left foot next to right, weight on left.
the pencil so hard. I once knew another Patty, and she's still part of me. I've
never forgotten her—because I loved her. It all goes back to when I was seventeen,
when my lung had collapsed, and I almost died. I convalesced in Florida, and by the
time I came back to New York I wasn't summer. Although my lung was better, I
was still very weak. I remember sitting out in the park, by the Hudson River, and
thinking about what had happened. Some-
times I thought I'd never get well, never
get any place. Because of my illness, my
acting career came to an abrupt ending.

One day, as I sat there, I noticed a young
girl sitting alone on a nancy bench. When she smiled back, I
said hello. I told her my name, and she said her name was Patricia, but everyone
called her Patty. She wanted to know
what I was doing, sitting along the river.

"I like sitting by the river and wondering
what life has in store for me."

"I daydream, too, I guess," she said, her
voice was soft and melodious. I
told her I'd earned for Cha-Cha.

"No," she said. "But I want to learn to
play the piano."

"Well, why don't you?" I asked.

"Because, it's not that easy."

"Why?" I asked. "My father plays and
he's taught me. It's really not hard."

"It's not that. My dad says it would be
a waste of money," she said hesitatingly.

I talked for a couple of hours. I knew she
told me she'd never known her mother,
who had died when she was born; and that
she was an only child. Her father had
raised her. She was used to being alone—
she didn't make friends easily. But

After that, we used to meet almost every
day that summer, and we talked about
everything. I used to tell her what acting
on radio was like, and what a world of
radio it was. Then, one day, she
told me why she wasn't taking piano
lessons. Her dad couldn't afford a piano,
and I told her, never mind, she could learn to
tell on ours.

One afternoon, I brought her home for
her first lesson—she didn't do too badly.
After that, we spent at least one hour a
day practicing. Then, one morning, she
called me to say that her dad was
sick; her father was sick with a cold. The
rest of my day was ruined, and then it hit
me: Could it be that I was falling in love?

That autumn, we went to football
games and rooted for Columbia U.
(which was my dad's alma mater).
They were the coldest autumn months in
the history of the weather bureau. I re-
member Patty would bundle up in a heavy
coat, and I'd wear my muffler and heavy
leather jacket—and we'd eat hot dogs and
carrots and root for "our team." I'll never
forget those days. It's funny, but the only way you can really
have a good time, is to be with the right
person. It doesn't matter what you do.
Everything went fine. Then, one day, my
moms asked me, "Are you getting serious
about Patty?" My dad didn't say anything,
but continued reading his book. I knew
he wanted me to go to college. But he
did, and when I left before when I bought
Patty a second-hand piano later and he
knew how serious I was.

I had some money saved from my deejay
job in Florida, so I splurged and surprised
Patty for her birthday. Sometimes
used to practice in her apartment after
that, and some nights she'd fix something
for us to eat—hamburgers and baked
beans, meat loaf or fried chicken—while
her father and I talked until it was ready.

The following summer, I gave her
a bracelet for her birthday. "Just think,"
Patty said, "by next June I'll have known
you almost two whole years!" I leaned
over and kissed her and said, "Patty, I
love you."

Patty had really brought me out of my
self. Before I met her, I used to be scared
of being myself with people, but with her,
I wasn't. From the time I was a kid, I was
lonely and kind of shy. I'd nearly died with
the pneumonia I had. I wasn't allowed out
of our apartment for weeks. I used to
watch the other kids from my window,
playing hockey or football or softball, and
I'd sit there making up stories for them.

Of course, it didn't work very well.
I've never been very good at fooling my-
self. I couldn't fool myself in high school,
either. The kids all thought I was moody.
I wasn't a jokey kind of a guy, because being a radio
actor gave me little time after school to make friends. Things had gone on like
that until I met Patty.

As months passed, our love became
stronger and our thoughts more seri-
ous. It was just two weeks before
Christmas, when Patty's dad phoned me. I'd
gone shopping to buy Patty a string of pea-
nuts, but by then I'd already bought her a record album of
our favorite songs and a stuffed elephant
she'd seen in a window and loved.

I'd just walked into the house when the
telephone rang. He'd been away. His
voice was so low, it sounded muffled.
"Bob," he said, and I couldn't hear
the rest of it. I had to ask him to say it
again. "I'm bringing you some news, and
I want to see you before I tell it to you. Patty—Patty's been in an accident.
I'm at the hospital now, but they won't
let me near her . . ."

I was stunned. I didn't seem to find
my voice. Finally, I said hoarsely, "But
what's the matter? I spoke to her today
during my lunch hour. Everything was
all right then:

"She was with her girlfriend. The two
of them went out to look for a Christmas
gift for you. A car and . . . and . . ."

I gripped the phone hard. "Where are you?" I asked.

He gave me the name of the hospital in
mid-Manhattan, and I ran out and hailed
the first taxi I saw.

By the time I got to the hospital, Patty
died. Her father sat in the waiting room.
I couldn't make the led his eyes
red from crying. I sat down next to him.
I couldn't move.

Later, I called my folks but I couldn't
believe what I was telling them. How
could Patty—I'd spoken to her the day
—suddenly be dead? How could she? I
felt I wanted to cry, but couldn't. I don't
think I've ever cried since.

I got home that night, but I don't re-
member much about it. I think a doctor
drove us back to New York. I kept telling
myself, I'll talk to her tomorrow. I know
I will. We'll speak on the phone and she'll
tell me. But her father didn't. He
through the Christmas holidays, and don't ask
me any questions about it because I want it
not to be a surprise!"

But I didn't talk to her tomorrow . . . or the day after.

They buried her, four days later, in a
crowded hilltop cemetery. It was snowing.
The snow made a white blanket on the
mouth. I left early. I left before when I bought
Patty a second-hand piano later and he
knew how serious I was.

I've been told, by my parents and close
friends, that time heals all wounds. Maybe
do. I don't play games with myself, but
I know I've yet to find this so. Hard work,
Heard all the things—none of this helps. All I know is, I'd give it all up for
someone like Patty.

The End

BOB'S IN 20TH'S "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING."
YOUR LAST CHANCE:

win a Christmas Call from your favorite star

ENTER TODAY—
you've only got till December 20th to win

Christmas Contest

Just fill in last line. Send in as many coupons as you like.

Paste on a postcard and mail to:
Win A Five-Minute Phone Call
P.O. Box 1872, Grand Central Station
New York 17, New York

It's like a dream, too good to be,
To think would ever call me.
But if it should happen, through Photoplay,
I can tell you now just what I'd say:

I am: ................................
My name is: .................................. My phone number: ..................................
I live at: ..................................
Here's what to say if your phone rings and he says:

**HI, I'M ELVIS** You couldn't blame any girl for being speechless at the sound of those words so, just in case, practice making your voice sound warm and friendly. You'll want El to know you're glad he called. Remember, he's been away in Germany, and the things he's missed most are the everyday things you probably take for granted. Tell him about them. Then start him talking by asking about his plans when he gets home. El's started to keep a diary, so why not tell him the kind of things you write in yours? And if you're planning to travel, ask him for some tips—fellows like to be asked for advice. El will have lots to say, too, about his new German guitar, football, movies, cars, clothes and Teddy bears. Don't ask him about the girls he's dated in Germany—boys don't like to be asked about their other girlfriends.

**HI, I'M ROCK** If Rock seems a little withdrawn when he first gets on the phone with you, it's 'cause he's a little shy with people till they've proved themselves. But if you're open, natural and friendly, he'll like you from the start. In that case, watch out! Rock's a great tease and practical joker. He's serious about his new singing career, but also a little embarrassed by it. So don't mention it. Don't bring up jewelry either, because he's superstitious about it, never wears any and doesn't like too much of it on girls. Instead, study up on sailing, his main hobby, and talk about that. Other things to talk about are amusement parks (his favorite place for a date with a girl he really likes), gardening (he raises grapes), “Pillow Talk” (it's his favorite picture), the world and your place in it (he's become quite a serious guy, is fascinated by philosophy).

**HI, I'M FABIAN** Fabian doesn't like girls who are too forward, so be natural and modest when he calls you. Fabe likes to be sure a girl likes him just for himself, and he likes to take the initiative with a girl so he can feel he's made the conquest—and not vice versa. He loves food, but don't say too much about it; he's on a diet. He hates gossip and talking about other people, so turn the conversation to sports, instead. You'll have to bring up the subject, 'cause though he loves sports, especially football, Fab won't talk about it unless he's sure the girl is really interested. He loves dancing, too, so tell him about any new steps your gang is doing or about the new record with a great beat for dancing. Ask about the new house he bought for his folks and tell him about your school. Also be sure to see his first picture, “Hound Dog Man.”

**HI, I'M Kookie** Edd's girl has to have a sense of humor, so show you have one by telling him about something funny that happened to you. Like thanking your aunt for the wrong Christmas present, and how you got out of it. In person, Edd's not quite as glib as the car jockey he plays in “77 Sunset Strip,” but he'll yak away happily if you ask about sports cars, swimming, water skiing, gymnastics or records. Now that he's spending so much time on trains and planes, getting to and from personal appearances, Edd's doing a lot of reading. Be ready with a good book you can talk to him about. Our tip is to choose something offbeat—that's Edd's taste in books, and also in places to go and things to do on a date. See if you can suggest something unusual. Watch him on ABC-TV's “77 Sunset Strip” to get some ideas.
**On The Beach**

This movie’s trying to scare you—and it does. The scene is Australia, in 1964. The third world war, a quickie, has killed off the rest of the world with its bombs or their fallout. Now, the poisoned air is moving closer each day to the last people left alive on earth. For his first straight dramatic role, as a guilt-ridden scientist, Fred Astaire may pick up an Oscar to go with all those Emmys he won last year. He doesn’t sing a note or dance a step. How could he—with the world in such a pickle? Gregory Peck, as a submarine commander, takes us for eerie periscopic view of uninhabited cities. It’s a relief to get back to Australia for a look at Ava Gardner (left, top, with Fred and Greg). The story’s almost too real, and its finish will leave you stunned. But don’t just sit there! The whole purpose of the movie is to make you get up and do something before we all wind up in the same fix.

**Operation Petticoat**

The only thing better than one Cary Grant is two of him. So here’s Cary with the fellow who did such a hilarious imitation of him in “Some Like It Hot,” Tony Curtis. Cary’s boss of a submarine during a plain old-fashioned war like the 1939-1945 one, and he has more trouble fighting off Tony, a slick operator and scrounger extraordinary, than the Japanese. But Tony doesn’t destroy Cary’s morale single-handed. He has some help from a submarine load of stranded nurses, including Dina Merrill, who’s blond and poised (left, below, with Tony and Cary), and Joan O’Brien, who’s brunette and giddy. The pink submarine alone is worth the price of the popcorn—if you didn’t see it, you wouldn’t believe it.

**Hound-Dog Man**

They haven’t spared a thing to make Fabian feel comfortable in his first movie. It’s an easygoing, country-style story about the ol’ southern hills, and Fabe looks handsome as a lad filled with hero-worship and jealousy. His idol is Stuart Whitman, who’s a mighty handy man with a fishing rod, a gun and a pack of hounds. Carol Lynley’s the girl who thinks she can get the hound-dog man to settle down. It’s Dodie Stevens who has poor Fabian worried—but she’s only teasing. The songs these two sing have a modern beat, but it doesn’t clash too much with the fiddle music and square dancing. Real good fun.

**Aren’t We Wonderful**

The Germans are asking—and answering—the question in that title, poking fun at their own recent history as they do it. Hansjorg Felmy and Robert Graf portray a pair of typical Germans from 1913 to the present, with the episodes in their lives interrupted by a vaudeville team who toss
in comments and songs. This bitter, sarcastic movie treats the Nazis less rough than movie-makers in another country might have done. But it's good to see that the Germans are now able to laugh at themselves. **ADULT**

*Lil’ Abner* Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor

The gang from Dogpatch, having made their crazy, unwashed way through a comic strip and a Broadway musical, are more fun than ever in this big, bouncy movie, done with lots of style and color. Along with the weird-looking characters, there are some of the best-looking girls and boys you've ever seen, including Julie Newmar and Peter Palmer. The songs are good, but the dance numbers are really special! **FAMILY**

**1001 Arabian Nights** UPA, Columbia; Technicolor

It's Mr. Magoo—what more do we have to say? The details are that he's in Bagdad, with Jim Backus as his voice and Kathryn Grant and Dwayne Hickman doing the talking for a pair of sweethearts. There's a lot of talking going on, but it doesn't matter too much. After all, like we said, it's Mr. Magoo, bumbling his near-sighted way straight to your funny-bone. **FAMILY**

**The Best of Everything** 20th; Cinemascope, de Luxe color

Producer Jerry Wald's moved Peyton Place to Madison Avenue, and if you liked the first picture, you'll feel ditto about this slick adaptation of Rona Jaffe's best-selling novel about career girls and the no-good-niks they fall in love with. Joan Crawford's so good she makes you wish they'd given her more to do. Hope Lange plays it cool in a romance with hard-drinker Stephen Boyd and sparkly Diane Baker steals the picture in a romance with Bob Evans. Suzy Parker looks pretty, but she needs help from some fancy camera-work as she flips for Louis Jourdan. It's all set in a publishing office the elegant likes of which nobody on our staff has ever seen. **MUT**

**—30—**

**WARNERS**

Jack Webb, who produced, directed and starred in this movie—the strange title is the way newspaper men sign off their stories—started out with a fine idea. He wanted to make a realistic newspaper picture, and the people he bosses around in his managing-editor role are solid, believable types, especially David Nelson. But it looks as though the gags about Jack's "Dragnet" style—"Just the facts, ma'am"—have made him kind of self-conscious. In this one Jack has all the players knocking themselves out trying to be witty. **FAMILY**

**The Miracle** WARNERS, TECHNIRAMA, Technicolor

Don't confuse this picture with the one Anna Magnani made a few years back. They have the same title, and both have a religious theme. But the costumes and settings of early 19th-century Spain give this big movie a mighty romantic and adventurous air. Carroll Baker has a role actresses dream of. First, she's a devout young postulant; then a girl in love; a fiery gypsy; a cynical courtesan. Adoring men simply litter her path: soldier Roger Moore, gypsy Vittorio Gassman, matador Gustavo Rojo, nobleman Dennis King. Carroll's a nice, intelligent sort of actress—but we had the feeling that the part simply cried out for a dazzling old-style glamour queen. **FAMILY**

**Happy Anniversary** U.A.

David Niven can never be too bad, but this isn't one of his best. A stagey farce, it's as funny as you could want when David's ranting and raving against that one-eyed monster—TV. But when he is remembering the good times he and Mitzi Gaynor had before they were married, twelve years and two children ago—well, things kind of lose their bounce. **ADULT**

**The House of the Seven Hawks** MGM

Real Dutch backgrounds make all the mysterious goings-on extra interesting, and Robert Taylor obviously enjoys his work as a tough American adventurer on the prowl for lost Nazi loot. If the villains, a sinister fat man and his gang, look familiar, it's probably 'cause you've caught the Bogart picture, "The Maltese Falcon," on the late show. **FAMILY**
what the talk was really all about.

Lots of it, of course, was about music, and maybe that explains why "Yakety Yak" by The Coasters was the novelty record of the year. The title of the song comeback of the year had to go to "The Three Bells," as recorded by The Browns. This was a strong record a few years back, when introduced by Les Compagnons de la Chan
don. It was the title of the record, not the song, which is consequently "Yakety Yak," reaching in 1959, and it has now joined that growing club of Gold Records. Other top songs of the year were "Personality" and "Stagger Lee," both by Lloyd Price, which goes to prove that being a seventh son really is lucky.

Around the "bandstand," everybody was yakking about the way the girls seemed to be moving into the male sphere by wearing boyish styled shirts in the " sloppy " office. It started because this was the busiest, most exciting year in all the thirty I've known. For me, 1959 was the year I moved into my own . . . made my first movie. "Because the "Yolks." . . . was a hit. . . . added a new TV show, "World of Talent."

Well, after I'd been out in Hollywood a couple of weeks, working on the picture, I headed for a personal appearance at the Minsky's Pal. (Edith did a bangin' of the call.) I was up on the platform, waiting to go on, when a nice-looking, elderly gentleman stepped up beside me. He'd been watching "American Bandstand," the two days before the fair, so he knew just what this fellow was. Dick Clark did. But what he didn't know, was that Tony Mammarella had been sub-
bining for me on the show. So, when I was introduced to him as Dick Clark, he said, "I'll bet you don't look like you do on TV."

This fractured me; I couldn't wait to get back to Philadelphia and tell Tony I'd practically been accused of being an im-
poster. For a week after that, the Bandstand gang was packed to the doors, and I made my first appearance on TV.

WHISPER—They said I was an im-
poster: Maybe you didn't hear that one, because it never got much further than my "sloppy" office. It started because this was the busiest, most exciting year in all the thirty I've known. For me, 1959 was the year I moved into my own . . . made my first movie. "Because the "Yolks." . . . was a hit. . . . added a new TV show, "World of Talent."

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poster. For a week after that, the Bandstand gang was packed to the doors, and I made my first appearance on TV.

WHISPER—Did you ever hear the one about the feud Fables? Fables was supposed to be staging with his old pal and manager, Bob Marucci, I shrugged it off. Any time I'd seen them together, they seemed to be very good. Some people kept telling me about how peevish Fables was, but the way Bob "bossed" him around and wouldn't even let him go out on dates, I put a call through to him to double check.

As I suspected, it just wasn't so. What some people kept telling me about how peevish Fables was, it was only still seldom. When he's at home, his folks keep an eye on him. When he's on the road, Bob's like his "older brother."

"He's teaching me to make my own de-
cisions," Fable told me, "and to fight for what I think is right." What about the dating, I asked. "Of course he lets me date," Fable said, "sometimes, he even lets me take his car."

WHISPER—Dodie Sings: This one's true, and the reason is Dodie Stevens' first real crash. The fellow who has Dodie's heart tied up in knots, like a pair of pink shoelaces, is a record producer—probably so that, while Fable can date Dodie, who's been fourteen in February, still can't.

Along with her first crush, Dodie got her first kiss this year—by Fable. It happened while Dodie was at her first big tour in Australia. She'd been watching TV in the lobby of Sydney's Rex Hotel along with sixteen-year-old Dash Croft, who plays "Clarence." Dodie was asked if she could pick Dodie and her older sister, Elaine, home—to the door of their suite, that is. Dodie agreed. Then, as Dodie turned to say goodnight, Dash sud-

ddenly started crooning a tune. It was "Don't Blame Me," but Dodie blushed a deep purple and then not knowing what to say, rushed into her room. The next morning, when she saw Dash at rehearsal, Dodie blushed again, but this time with what she'd learned about girls this year, all I can say is you never know what'll happen next year.

For Connie, it was a great year. She stripped her over in England, her records clicked wherever they have phonographs. So you can't blame her if, at the deejay convention in Miami, she was walking on air. What brought her down to earth was a six-week period of time; she was waiting for an elevator, and pinched her—hard. Connie forgot about the elevator and took to the stairs. But by the time she got down to the lobby, she was fighting back the tears. "Men!" she exploded. "What's wrong with them?" She was pretty exasperated, but Dave Somerville of The Diamonds, who's one of Connie's fellow tourists, then told me that it didn't take her too long to get over it.

WHISPER—Andy's up in the air: This is my pet story of the year. Andy Williams, six who's too good for his own good, is the kind of a softie with whom friends, planning a trip out of town, park their dogs. He takes such good care of the dogs, and even if they don't think about it, he's boarding them in kennels. Andy's greatest experience as a professional dog-sitter came when Joan Crawford wanted to take her two dogs with her to the coast. When she got there, in particular, and was taken by the dogs happy while airborne, he donated a couple of hats from his famous collection.

The dogs chewed happily from coast to coast.
Clarke, who's been Connie's steadiest date for the past two years.

And in case you've been wondering, Connie tells me she's not the mysterious "friend" on Edd Byrnes' new record. Wonder who that gal is?

Edd, who feels he may have done too much talking already about his rumored engagement to Asa Maynor—both to Asa and the press—has another word on either subject. Edd did tell me, though, of a fan who waited perched on the fenders of his car for five hours, waiting for him to return to where he'd parked. When he asked him for an autograph, Edd gave her one. And when she asked him for a kiss, Edd obliged again. "I'll never wash my cheek again," she screamed. "But I hope she has," Edd laughed. "It's been a dusty year.

Incidentally, cleaning up is the easiest thing in the world at the hootenannies the Kingston Trio give aboard Nick Reynolds' houseboat. Everything goes over the side. And speaking of friends, Phil Everly is one. Phil, who likes to scoot out to Brooklyn on his Vespa to split spaghetti dinners with Lou Giordano, is also the fellow who cooked Lou and then put up the money for the demo of Lou's record, "Don't You Know."

WHISPER—Things go wrong for Pat Boone: When Pat got out to Hollywood and found one of his daughters had the measles, he was worried. But he didn't take it as an omen. After all, another daughter had the measles when they were out there last year. But what Pat didn't know was that only the beginning. Next came a broken toe while filming "Journey to the Center of the Earth"; a few odd burns when he helped fight a fire that broke out in the lot; and then a tangle between easygoing Pat and an actress who saved her best scenes for the camera. Guess he couldn't help wondering if his first stream kiss was worth it, but Pat stayed calm through it all, which is the way he is. If one more thing had gone wrong, though, Pat might have wanted to take some advice from Johnny Mathis. "When things get too much," says Johnny, "I hop in the car and drive to the edge of town. Then I park the car," the former track star explains, "and just run and run."

SHOUT—Why doesn't Duane Eddy speak up? Some of the fans have been getting the impression that Duane's high-hatting them. It happens when they try to stop Duane coming out of a theater to talk to him. Trouble is, Duane's just about the shyest guy in the business. It isn't that he doesn't want to have a gab-session with his fans, it's just that he finds it hard to speak up. Some of his big hits this year have been giving Duane more confidence, though, for a look. And if you're one of the people who's wondered why Duane sometimes doesn't sing along with his records, the answer's the same—he's still too shy. Maybe Duane bought to practice the "sing along" records that won so many fans for Mitch Miller this year. One of those fans even offered to buy Mitch's beard. Mitch said he was willing to sell, but the price was $15,000. Any more offers?

So, it's goodbye to 1959 and a loud hello to 1960. I can only hope that for all of us it's a year of peace, happiness and good health. Let's do our best to make that way—DEE
was no mistake. Janet was bad. But people should have known better than to ever suspect there'd be a separation—or a divorce. No marriage that has survived as much good and bad as Tony's and Janet's, is easily destroyed. Besides, they were the first to admit they quarreled.

Life in the beginning.

They got through everything and nothing, like newlyweds do. They argued because Tony dropped his dirty socks on the living-room floor—and because Janet picked them up and quarreled. Janet wanted to have meals three times a day—and no being late—and Tony wanted to exist on salted peanuts, eaten whenever he was hungry. They fought because Janet thought they should be a house—and Tony insisted they couldn't afford it.

But, in time, they learned to laugh and to grieve. Tony soared to the top, stan
d there to eat, to smile at his way, to say with the honesty that turned her heart over with love, “You're right about regular meals, Janet. I feel healthier these days.” So there were days Janet and Tony—even when they fought about it—I loved you for loving me enough to care about what kind of junk I ate.

And Janet, learning also to give to, to bend, began to leave the ashes in the ashtray rather than to leave Tony's lap to empty them; learned to let a little un
days and the weather seemed to spend much more time in it, together, alone.

That was 1952, 1952, the early years. They got through them by being ready to change, ready to grow. But in 1954, they came to a place and a time where change was not enough—where growth came to a sudden, terrible halt.

And the thing that was happened partly because things were going so well.

They had moved, by then, from the cramped little apartment, to a rented house. Tony was enough to satisfy Janet, not too expensive for Tony. They had undoubted security now—in the bank, contracts in the desk drawer. They had survived tragedy when Janet lost her first baby halfway through her pregnancy—with Tony thousands of miles away on location for a film. They had got
ten over that, helping each other, loving each other.

They should have been a sure thing by now.

But they weren't.

“Why?” Tony would ask her, over and over, pacing the floor, wearing restless pants, sweating, wanting to know. “Why am I so jumpy? Why am I so moody all the time? Up one minute, down the next—?”

Janet would consider. “Well, the kind of life we lead is sort of uncertain, always on the go—”

Impatiently, Tony shook his head. “That's not it. Not at all. Look at things we're lousy, I'd understand it. If things weren't going okay, I'd be right to be scared or moody. Who wouldn't be? But, Jan-

things are going great. And I'm still scared—”

“I don't understand,” Janet said, worry-

edly. “What are you scared of? Do you know something's wrong?”

She didn't understand this afternoon. I'm standing on the set, see, and this fellow came up and sort of looked at me funny. So I said, ‘What's the matter, you don't like my clothes?’ So he said, ‘I like your clothes, I just wish you'd wear your clothes.’ And I got furious. I said, ‘Don't tell me that, you're looking at them like you don't like them, now get out of here, you don't mean me—’ and then, I found out he wasn't staring at me. He wasn't asking about my clothes—or anything! He was just a man, just standing there, that's all. Don't you understand?”

“No,” Janet said, bewildered. “I don't.”

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a new demon had come to rage in their lives; a demon that neither patience nor love, nor talks with Tony’s mother, could drive away. And then Janet began to realize the things that burned late in the Curtis house, hearing rumors of shouting and stamping and slamming doors, watching Tony stalk angrily through quiet streets, lips tight, eyes troubled. Tony's mind was a cushioned, cold, hard, tough world of the slums, lying on a psychiatrist's couch was not a fashion
able pastime—but a terror and a disgrace. It was something for crazy men, not for him. He thought they were all wimps—like Napoleon. It was an admission that he had lost control of his own life. . . .

And to Janet it meant, in a little way, she had failed as a wife.

Tony, literally shaking in his shoes, went to the analyst the next day and said, “I'm relieved to find, not a cushioned couch, but a desk and a chair, and a battery of tests lined up for him to take. He took every one of the result came out: Sick. That he already knew; but something else came out that he had not expected:

“Your intelligence rating is very interesting,” the doctor said. “Your score in the 70s.”

“Low brilliant!” Tony snorted. “What are you giving me? At the studio I tell them, don't send me complicated scripts—I just understand a word of them.”

“Really?” the doctor said gently. “Now that's interesting, too, isn't it? Why do you suppose a man who has a brilliant mind thinks he's stupid?”

But she had heard the story from her bewildered husband. She listened carefully; she said nothing. Tony’s problems belonged to the psychiatrist now, didn't they? However much it hurt, she felt she had made the right thing for him by not interfering—wouldn't she?

But she had always read a great deal—ever since her college days. That week, she finished a book, a new novel by a fine Englishman, one evening, on a table by Tony's club chair. “Just got done with it today,” she remarked, off-hand. “I thought it was pretty fair—maybe a little weak.”

“Aw,” Tony said disparagingly, as she she had said so many times in the past, when Janet suggested a book, a movie, a play, he thought too intellectual for him. But when she had finished it, he took it up, casually, one evening, on a table by Tony's club chair. “Just got done with it today,” she remarked, off-hand. “I thought it was pretty fair—maybe a little weak.”

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“I thought it was pretty fair—maybe a little weak.”
something I've been hiding from myself—
it's been half killing me all these years, and I didn't even know it was there. About my brother Julie, the one who got killed when we were kids. It turns out I've been blaming myself for all my life, because sometimes I wasn't good to him, and just before he died, I didn't want to take him to this place—it's a long story. But it wasn't my fault, Jan—I can see that now. It was one of those things that just happens sometimes. I feel as if—as if a full pack had been taken off my back, you know? Way now for a couple of hours, could you? I've got to talk to you—'

She looked around. Behind her, the director glanced conspiratorily at his watch; her co-star tapped his foot impatiently; they were waiting for her. "No," she said at last, "I can't, Tony. We're in the middle—"

"Sure," Tony said at once. "I know. It was dumb of me to even ask. But hurry home, honey, as soon as you can. I want you so much—"

She put down the phone and went back to her work. But while her mouth spoke the words of the script, and her body moved obediently along the lines blocked out by the director, her heart cried over and over again:

He needs me. He needs me. He needs me.

When the picture was completed, she was in a deeper gray than she had ever known before. She relinquished the career that had taken so many years to build, the stardom she had loved. "As long as Tony needs me, she said, "I'll wake up and do as much more as I get in it, with or without me."

She spoke without knowing, even to herself, how far she had been away from her husband now. And with one exception, a film to which she was already committed, she stuck to it all the ways.

She was home for Tony, after that. Home to talk to him about the new books he was devoting now with the hunger of a starved child, home to rejoice with him over his analyses, to help him through the bad spots that inevitably come in every analysis—the times when old, forgotten memories, so horribly reviving, had been so vaguely tagged to the surface of the mind to be examined, understood, and finally dismissed forever.

She was there during the times when progress seemed to stop, when Tony despised her, or sometimes made her thinner than she had been in years, to take the worst of it—and help it get better. If she read, with envy, of other actresses getting roles she knew had been meant for her, she said nothing. For she knew she was needed.

There was a new life for them both.

There was a time at last, two or three years later, when Tony and Janet seemed to shed their old skins and emerge different people. When Tony's speech took on the accents and vocabulary of a good mind released from its fetters; when his love of exciting clothes transformed itself into an appreciation of fine fabrics and good tailoring—and maybe just a little touch of vanity here and there. A time when Hollywood recognized the change by considering Tony for roles not a young man with a handsome face and a well-distributed set of good proportions, but a man who could make an audience laugh and cry and love. And for Janet, she had a husband now, who could protect her, comfort her, take care of her.

It wasn't all smooth, but what marriage is?

When Tony went to Paris, for "Trapeze," and Janet to Africa, for "Safari," at the same time that some, the gossip columns were full of rumors again. There were so many, that even Janet and Tony wondered if they could be right.

They found, instead, Tony in Paris, Janet in Africa, that there was no excitement in others, nor in new places, nor even in new work—when they were apart. They discovered that there was no surprise they didn't want to share, no beauty when they saw it alone. They flew to each other every weekend. They took, at the end of their stay in Europe, six long weeks to explore France and Italy together, walking, talking, holding hands—falling in love for the second time; surer than the first.

They came home knowing that Janet was going to have a baby. Knowing that this time, it would be she who needed the help, the comfort, the strong protecting arm—and that Tony would be able to give it to her.

She had that baby, Kelly—and later, Jamie. Her husband bent over her in the hospital, when the months of waiting and fear and illness and accidents that attended each pregnancy were over, and thanked her for his children, and for everything. And Janet, remembering the ease of knowing, when something went wrong, that Tony was there, that Tony would make it right, said to him:

"Don't thank me, darling. Anything I ever did, you've paid me for. Not just by being here, with something so wonderful, but by teaching me to love enough so that nothing else matters; nothing can destroy us—now or ever."

They are frank people, Tony and Janet Curtis. Because it is in their nature. They have spoken honestly and often about their troubles, about their solutions, about their happiness. They have put it many ways.

Tony has said: "We've grown up now, I think. And part of the wonderfulness of that is, that we don't have to make a display of our love to anybody but ourselves. We have it made, and as long as we know that, it doesn't matter what others say. Our marriage will last forever, and we can pass that heritage on to our children."

"Janet has said: "It's true that we had some pretty big problems to work out during our marriage. There was one terrible period when nothing seemed right with us—or almost nothing. We fought and fought hard. But we didn't separate. Now, our love is more mature. It's not just a bright, romantic flame. The romance is still there, of course, but there's something more—respect and understanding, a deep regard for the feelings of each other, liking as well as loving. It will last."

—ROBERTA DOWNS

DON'T MISS JANET AND TONY IN "WHO WAS THAT LADY" FOR COL. JANET WILL ALSO BE SEEN IN "PSYCHO" FOR PAR. AND TONY IN PAR.'S "THE RAT RACE," AND U.L.'S "OPERATION PETTICOAT" AND "SPARTACUS."

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flat on the floor for the movie "The Case of the Curious Bride." One of his early pictures, "Captain Blood," made him world famous as a hero whom he conquered all females with his charm. Errol's future was in the island owned entirely by Flynn. It was called Navy Island, and on its highest hill, still stood the old guns that had withstood pirates years before.

I can't remember exactly how or where I met Errol. I didn't know him at the time of his first marriage to Ilii Damita, who was working for the film company. They met on shipboard when Lili was on her way to Hollywood for the first time and wham!—she took one look and flipped for Flynn. It wasn't a happy marriage. They divorced, Sean, a handsome boy, now eighteen.

I came to know him well and love him as a friend shortly after he married Nora Eddington. He met Nora in the courthouse during a divorce trial of his own. A 17-year-old girl accused Errol of rape on a boat he owned at the time. Nora, the daughter of a Los Angeles deputy sheriff, was working behind the counter of the courthouse. A reporter on the phone was arrested by the jury. The case was adjourned by the judge.

He was a good friend. Actors and actresses, Panamanian rebels, notables, raffraff, writers, artists all loved him and were drawn to him. Errol knew the humor in everything. He knew no matter how threatening he was to someone, he was always satisfying. One day, she left him with a mask. He was riding through a Palm Springs street with Errol. They were driving home from Palm Springs through the desert, a lovely adventure when Errol pointed out a dilapidated old hotel, and said, "Ever know what it is to live in a hole like that, old girl?"

I've been told that Errol and Nora met during Errol's habits in Errol's hotel in Hollywood, often for several months at a time.

Errol was a rogue and a schemer. He'd go to any lengths to frustrate law enforcers, tax men, process servers. Not that he objected to having his things seized. He was interested in marine zoology, and launched many expeditions with professors at Scripps College in California. They respected and loved Errol. His father visited Errol in Hollywood, often for several months at a time.

Errol had a pineapple plantation near Palm Springs, where he had a house and a large garden. I was invited over to see Errol, who was at the Racquet Club, Clark Gable and his girl of the moment joined us. We were the envy of everyone there. It was just one of those moments of life that we played practical jokes and had a ball. Clark hated to see us go on Sunday evening. I remember, Errol and Nora and I stopped at a Chinese restaurant in some little town on our way home. We had a big meal. We had to telephone back to Clark with some more crazy nonsense. Clark and Errol called each other "old Dad." I never did know why.

I was having dinner at Clark's home one evening, some months later, when Clark told me he'd heard on the radio, Errol had had an operation. I telephoned his home, but there was no answer. I was worried, but I didn't know where the family was.) So the next morning, I went up and stayed the day with him. I saw to it that he ate something.

Wherever he went, trouble followed. One of the finest brawls he ever got into, was the time he kicked a New York cop in the shin and was promptly arrested. Humphrey Bogart, who was with him, tried to come to his defense, but to no avail. He quarreled with his old pal Bruce Cabot in Rome, was constantly being sued by women for rape and assault, but he came up smiling. And what a smile. Errol went to the moon with the wine flowed from 4 o'clock on and yet he never missed a scene. He was always on time and made no trouble on sets. Jack Warner was proud to see Errol. You couldn't help it. He met Patrice Wymore, when she came out here to make movies, at Warners. Nora had divorced him and married Dick Haymes. Errol went back to Cornwall, England where he was welcomed by his family and married. They had one daughter, Arlene.

Errol slowly shed the Hollywood scene, after marriage to Pat, and went to Europe. But even there, he was known for his small dancing role. He caught Errol's eye and 'tis said that, when Errol went to Mexico for "The Sun Also Rises" at Warners, he saw that across the way "Marjorie Morningstar" was being filmed.

In that picture, was a girl called Beverly Adams. Errol had fallen in love with her. She caught Errol's eye and 'tis said that, when Errol went to Mexico for "The Sun Also Rises" (he was absolutely marvelous in it), Pat heard that Beverly went along.

When Errol returned to Hollywood recently, for a Red Skelton TV show, Nora invited all his old friends to a party. Unfortunately, I was unable to attend. The party was a great success. Errol was widely known and loved. He had returned to the studio for work. He was happy and looked well. I think he worked hard, but he was not as he was before. He was happy and a good man. He was married and his family was happy.

Errol bought a pineapple plantation near Port Antonio that had a house of his own there. He had a little boat that he took over it together, suggesting alterations and repairs, and here, some months later, he installed his parents. They later went back to Ireland, where Professor Flynn reared his children.

I remember, Errol and Nora and I were in Hollywood, and I was telephoned by Errol's daughter, Deirdre and he wanted to know if I could come. I went to Errol's funeral with his daughters, Deirdre and Rory. As I stood there, with tears in my eyes, I remembered the words he'd written in a recent letter to me. "If you knew me, you knew better than anyone. I never gave a damn what was said of me, right or wrong. When I was a somewhat notorious, resentful one round town, I figured the best revenge was to show ticks if I came my way; all the knockers, the lampoons, the festoons, the harpoons; but it was nobody's business—and what the hell could I care?" Errol. "Better angry never protest, never counterattack." And he ended the letter, "Do you think I might become a pillar of society?" I knew the answer, even as I paid him my respects. If he had said it, "I'm glad you didn't. Because if you had settled down, you wouldn't have been you." And you, Errol, were something special.

SARA HAMILTON
brought the photos back. "I can't do it," he said frankly. "She's too much for me. You get Piscator's to paint Joan Crawford. Me— I'm not good enough to get all those contradictions into one little picture." He was telling the simple truth.

Joan Crawford does not fit easily into anyone's picture-frame.

She is a woman who has had four husbands—and lives alone, without love.

She has four children, all adopted, all raised with every moment of care and tenderness a mother could give—and she is separated from two of them, perhaps estranged.

She has recently lost "the only security I have ever known"—and yet she turns a smiling face to the world. Those who dislike her, who seem to respect and admire her, but who has been heard to say, "I don't like myself. I don't have respect for me."

Contradictions, yes.

And yet, Joan Crawford's portrait is drawn every day.

It is a portrait she has been painting herself since she came to Hollywood in 1925, with baby-fat on her cheeks and "Lucille LeSueur" as the name on her contract.

Joan Crawford fought her battle to the top alone—fought it and won. She became a star when "star" was not a dirty word. And she has never given up her hard-won rights and privileges, simply because fashion in stardom has changed.

Six weeks after her fourth husband, Alfred Steele, died of a heart attack, Joan Crawford went back to work. She had not made a movie in more than a year, and the part in which she returned to the screen was not a starring role which dominated an entire film. It was just a small role, though an important one, in a big movie, "The Best of Everything."

But on the first day of work, she played a scene which became more famous in Hollywood than any written in the script. It happened at the end of some business being played between Hope Lange and Joan Crawford; the lines were finished and, according to the script, there remained only for Joan to go out through a door and close it behind her, while Hope stood staring after her. They did it once, then again. On the third time through, Hope interrupted.

"Would you mind," she asked in her soft voice, "letting me close the door when you leave?"

For a moment Joan stared at her. Then she said slowly, "No, you can't. It's my line and my exit. I close the door.

"I'm sorry," Joan said. "But I don't know what to do with my hands."

Again there was a pause. Again Joan's eyebrows raised. And then the icy voice, at which top directors, most of them, would be trembling, said, "Then I suggest you find something to do!"

There was a slight gasp from the people who overheard. Joan Crawford heard, she gave no sign.

But her daughter Christina could have explained.

Christina is the oldest of the adopted Crawford children. She'd been placed in Joan's arms when she was scarcely three weeks old—and now she's left those arms, seemingly forever.

Christina lives alone now, in a small dark flat in New York, while across town, her mother maintains an eight-room duplex apartment whose vast rooms echo emptiness, loneliness and longing.

Christina's voice was a good name for an actress. Christina Crawford. It sounds good. And it's mine, isn't it? It belongs to me—"

And Joan, sitting wearily, her head in her hands, has said, "But it belongs to me too, Christina. People hear it and know you're my daughter. They make things easier for you because of that. If you didn't have the name, you wouldn't have any bodyguard from the others, the other struggling girls—"

Helplessly, Christina turned away. "You want me to suffer—"

"That's right," Joan said harshly. Throwing back her head, she raised bright, angry eyes to her daughter. "All right, you said it yourself. I want you to suffer. I do! I want you to struggle and fear and worry the way I did. I want you to have to fight for everything you get, for every step you make. I want it to be hard on you—because I know, I know, Christina—that's the only way to do it right. What you've suffered, I've learned you don't forget. What you've struggled to get, you don't throw..."
another color added to the portrait; another feature filled in. "Who does she think she is?" people have asked. "The Queen Bee?"

That question might have been answered by a certain Baby Millot, Eminent Service, by New York doctor. Or perhaps by Christopher Crawford, the second of Joan's adopted children.

But Christopher was in an institution for the care of wayward boys.

He had not been an easy child to raise. He was adopted in 1942, three years after Christina, who had been adopted at a time when Joan had two divorces behind her, when she believed that, because her marriages to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Franchot Tone had not worked, she was a failure as a wife and had better not try again.

In 1938, Joan Crawford was desperately in need of someone to love, someone to care for. She had adopted Christina out of need and loneliness.

But Christopher came at a happier time. Christopher was adopted by a teacher when Joan had changed her mind about marriage, had decided she could be a wife. Her career was failing badly. But she was falling in love with young Phil Terry. She thought they could build a fine life together. She had four miscarriages in her two previous marriages, but she wanted children to share her happiness and Phil's. "Bless me," she said, "seek him up in an institution, however good. A child should have a home of his own."

So she adopted Christopher. She brought him into her life to be made happy, to be given all the things a child should have—all the love and care and guidance—and she found it easy to give these things.

But there was one thing she failed to take into consideration.

Her marriage to Phil Terry did not work out.

It wasn't anyone's fault—not exactly. Her marriage to Doug Fairbanks had failed because she was too young, too inexperienced, too sophisticated, inexperienced in which he and his parents moved; her marriage to Franchot Tone failed because his career was moving down, while hers moved steadily up. And her marriage to Phil grew weaker under still another strain—neither of them was doing well at the time; both of them were jumpy, irritable, tense.

In 1948, when Joan, with more than twenty starring films behind her, was suddenly tagged "box-office poison," they were divorced.

Less than a year later, Christopher began to run away from home.

At first, everyone thought it was a problem. Then it became, with the passing years, an agony to be lived through by both mother and child. The regular changes of school—"Maybe he'll like this one."

Those consultations with doctors. With psychologists. The encounters with police officers who brought him home. The sneers in the papers about movie stars who couldn't bring up children.

And then, after the sneers, she didn't have the time. She had made "Mildred Pierce" by then, and had won an Oscar for it. She was in demand again, and she worked—partly because she needed the money, partly because things as she didn't want you ever to know them. But the rest—the struggle to make people know who you are, to listen to you, to respect your talent—that, I do want for you. Don't you understand—"

Christina Crawford, living alone in New York, making a career for herself, trying to resolve the conflict between her mother's name and her mother's beliefs—Christina could have told them why Joan Crawford wouldn't let Hope Lange close the door.

The men on the sound-stage would have been surprised to know that this voice of ice, this pitiless voice, could turn on herself as well.

The psychologist could have told him so.

The New York doctor could have told him other things: About what happened later. About how, while living with him on Long Island, Christopher and three friends got air rifles and went on a shooting spree—"just for fun. They aimed the rifles, not meaning to hit anyone—but there was an accident—a teenage girl had her front teeth knocked out. Her parents called the police, where Joan, now married to Alfred Steele, had gone with her husband on a business trip. He could have told him how that voice whispered, "No—oh, God—no!"

She had no tears in it at all. He could have told them of how that same voice begged futilely: "Let me take him home. I have a husband now.
she's—she'd said. She pushed back her chair, left the room. In the kitchen, her friends heard a murmur of voices, and then hurrying feet. They waited. They knocked on the door. Then silence. Long silence. They waited—

'I've got to see,' the woman said at last. 'Maybe something's wrong."

With the man behind her, she left the kitchen. At the top of the stairs, they hesitated, then climbed up. A wide, sunny hall lay before them, lined with doors. They walked slowly along it, and then stopped. From behind one of the doors, a voice, low, harsh and violent. The woman pushed the door open and went in.

Joan Crawford lay on the bed, weeping. 'Joan,' the woman said softly. 'Joan, what is it? Tell me.'

Immediately, the sobs stopped. With a tremendous effort of will, Joan Crawford sat up straight, pulled herself together. 'I'm sorry. It's Masterpiece, my dog. The maid came to tell me he's sick. Someone must have fed him something wrong; it's incompetence again—people who don't know..." She took a deep breath. 'I'm sorry," she repeated.

The woman said, 'But Joan—you mustn't carry on this way. He'll be all right, won't he? Well, then—I don't understand. To torment yourself like this—"

The bent head nodded. "Yes," Joan Crawford said. "It is, isn't it? I don't know what's wrong with me today..."

'I don't understand it,' the woman said later. Joan Crawford—a breakdown like that because Masterpiece has a tummy ache! When she's survived so much else and never cracked. It doesn't make sense."

"Doesn't it?" the man said. "Look at this. It was on the floor."

He handed the woman a crumpled scrap of paper. Slowly, she smoothed it out. It was a sheet torn from a calendar, in bold red letters, it proclaimed the date: October 19. Joan Crawford's writing—writing of Joan Crawford, a few inked words:

"No tears," the page read. "No tears for Alfred. No tears for Jack, Mark, or Sam

A touch here—a touch there—but the portrait is never finished. The portrait of Joan Crawford, the enigma, will never be complete. There will always be those who say she is hard—and those who say she is soft. There are those who call her cruel—and those who call her loving. Those who call her wise—and those who call her false.

But of one thing there can be no doubt, no argument.

One thing Joan Crawford is, indisputably, and always.

She is a very great star.

Perhaps the last one in Hollywood.

—CHARLOTTE DINTER

JOAN'S IN 20TH'S "THE BEST OF EVERYTHING."
part of you, but trying to tell others about it makes it seem all out of proportion.” The word of God, the spirit of faith, the sym- 176 bology of this season, are all there, but so is the sound of laughter, the thunder of feet running across the floors and the mischievous noises of children at play.

Christmas is something the Lennons look forward to every year. They know that, a week before Christmas, Bill Lennon will bring home a huge evergreen tree and set it up in the living room for the whole family. The ornaments, kept from year to year, are a Christmas tradition. Down in the corner of one carton is a box of Christmas balls that have a special signifi- 196 cance; they are left over from the first tree that Bill and Sue did decorate the first holiday season of their marriage. Everyone has fun trimming the tree, even the littler of the clan. This year, when Dianne ran to the door to see if the post- man had brought her another letter from her fiance, Dick Gas, baby Annie crawled over and, all by herself, tossed strands of silky silver tinsel on the bottom branches. When she was done, she had more on her- 216 self than her father, but the light was so bright that it lit Janet to get her hair brushed free of silver. Then Joey, who was the littlest Lennon last Christmas, was left to make the mischief. Before anyone could stop him, Joey took up three tiny Christmas bells and, wading over on his chubby legs, managed to hang them on the branches. Then he stood and clapped his hands and giggled while the older children had tears of laughter in their eyes at the sight.

Into the midst of this burst of glowing Dianne Dick had sent her two letters. Janet came down with a limp this year and didn’t want to do the hard work. “You’re not going to be able to walk down the aisle if you don’t stop running to the door every time the postman comes.”

And Dianne, blurred, probably thinking about next year’s dance, had given up on being trim on her own tree. Dick would be out of service by then.

In years gone by, Sis and the girls used to whip soap flakes into artificial snow, but now they buy the prepared stuff and made snow on the branches. This year, Janet wound up with one side of her hair 221 pure white, and it was Dianne’s turn to teeter on her father’s shoulders. This moment is pretty terrible, but by Christmas Eve everything is always all straightened out and in place, and it looks beautiful.

After the little ones are tucked into bed, the four girls know that they and their parents will really get busy. Out will come the stockings to be filled with tiny gifts and fruit and nuts and lots of scissors. The gift bags will be put together. Under the tree will go piles of gaily be- 230 ribboned packages and off will go the lights—all except for those on the tree. Sis will set the flickering Christmas candle- 235 lights on a shelf in the living room, and the Yule log into the fireplace, and then, surrounded by the glow of holiday decorations, they’ll wake up the little children, tell them that Santa Claus has been and gone, and in a minute all of the family will gather around the tree. They’ll sit in a circle on the floor and, while Bill gets ready to hand out the gifts, Sis will carry in a tray of hot choco- 240 late and a little plate of cookies. The children will have a good meal.

Then Daddy Bill will give the presents out, teasingly prolonging the ritual as much as he can, until the young ones are nearly bursting with impatience. He’ll take a box from beneath the tree, hold it up to the light, study the tag and then, with a straight face, say, “Here, Pat—this one seems to be for you…” Then, just as Pat beams and leaps forward to take hold of the box, Bill will accidentally-on-purpose have her face to face with a toy for another child—just as he saw that his face was turning red, Bill will turn around again and, 250 wishing his son a merry Christmas, finally hand him the package. This will go on until everyone has their gifts, and the only thing that’s left to do is the one gift which may need to be postponed until Christmas Day.

At five on Christmas morning, Dianne and Peggy and Kathy and Janet will already be up, getting dressed, preparing to go to the church. This year’s Canyon children and their parents attend a later one. Usually a few little Lennons perfor- 258 m, because first and second-graders in the parish are the first to leave the service; they help tell the Christmas story. Each of the little ones will be dressed in robes to recite a few sentences of the age- 263 old tale.

At each Christmas, the Lennons re- 267 member little Mary, who died before the Lennons moved to the big house in Venice, before Dianne, Peggy, Kathy and Janet were presented on the Lawrence Welk Christmas show, and before there was an icebox full of plenty that last for the family.

The tragedy occurred in the Lennon family five years ago. It was an accident, but that made it no less tragic. In a way, it hit the family hard when they were 270 together…On a shelf in the Lennon home stands a row of angels; each one represents a different month and symbolizes the birth of each of the children. January’s angel is for Mary. Mary is the special memory, and so on throughout the calendar—the March angel is for little Mary, who was taken from the Lennons when she was just six weeks old. Mary stood in the living room, standing in front of the house with Bill and Sis—the next, she’d darted out into the street in front of an on-coming car. Sis had turned to go back in for a moment and Mary was gone. She died instantly. A special Mass of the Angels was said for little Mary, and friends and strangers alike offered their sympathy and help to the family.

But some people said, “But why? If they are so devout and have so much faith, why did this happen to them, and since it did, how can they still believe?”

So after this, Mary’s brother, John, who was still in school, went off to Santa Monica College…Forest Home. He could have her back whenever he wanted to. He chose to take her back, that is God’s will. We can only be thankful that we had her as long as we did. Our sympathies have never got over the ache in my heart because of the loss of our little girl. It was weeks, months after- 278 ward, before I could look at my other children as she was. But it always hurt, without getting a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach, without wanting to reach out and hold them back, but not doing it because it would not have been the right thing to do. I know that I have a mother’s feeling, a normal, maternal instinct that all mothers must feel. Faith helps, prayer helps, believing in God, but that doesn’t mean that sometimes you’re left at sea and have fear inside. To this day, if one of my chil- 286 dren cries out at night, while I turn on my light and go in to see what’s wrong, I get that gnawing feeling in the stomach. I wonder—what if I know what ails them—having had so many children I’m pretty good at spotting measles or a touch of a cold—but when I feel a hot spot underneath the dress, I cannot help but think of Mary. I certainly feel sick inside and continue to, until the doctor comes and I know my child is in no danger. This feeling I de- 288 scribe, it’s not a lack of faith—I mean it’s a human frailty to be afraid, but it happens to all of us on occasion. You see, love means involvement and when you are in- volved you feel deeply and there are so many ways that the fear happens in the course of an ordinary day.

“Yes, it’s a human weakness to be afraid, but at times every one of us has fear. Some people have said to me that, since so much goodness comes to us through our children’s happiness, this is something we should compensate for our loss. We have been blessed—not only by our four older girls but by each of our chil- dren. We have learned to make the most of this at no expense of family happiness; joy doesn’t remove pain…only time makes things easier to bear. Time and faith and prayers and our be- lief that death is only the beginning; that just as Christ died to be reborn, just as He came down to die for all of us, just as God gave us His Son, so, too, He gave us our children to help us bear our grief, and then saw fit to take her back. I can’t say that I’m not humanly sorry or that we don’t miss her, but we must accept those things that cannot be changed. And we are grateful that we had Mary for as long as we did.

Eight days after Mary died, I gave birth to a baby. That was on July 29, in 1954. When they told me I’d had a son, I was very happy, but I was scared. I had been a little harder if the baby had been a girl. Yet soon after Baby, when I had a son, I was very happy, but I was scared. I had been a little harder if the baby had been a girl.

"And when this past January, Anne came to us, she brought into the house as each new baby does—some of our happiest moments. Before I came home from the hospital, I had one that day, and it was our new little baby. I asked the girls what they thought about calling her Mary. But each of them shook her head and said, ‘No, Mommy, we couldn’t call another little girl Mary.’ And I agreed; so it was Anne Madolin.

On Christmas Day, at about four in the afternoon, the Lennons will sit down to a ham dinner with all the trimmings. After Daddy Bill has spoken the grace and all of them have said their amens, they’ll begin the feast they’d so looked forward to. And it’s more then likely some cranberries will spot the white table cloth and maybe a few people will say, “Oh! another one or on the menu!” But the rug and perhaps a glass of milk will tip over—but the chao will only be momentary, for nothing can dim the happiness and joy that are the reason we celebrate this day. I think it’s just as throughout the rest of the year, the Lennons are a family united by a miracle— the miracle of faith and love.

After dinner, when the smaller ones are in bed, the two older girls will sing the carols and finished cups of chocolate and eggnog, after all the presents have all been tried on or played with and the stockings emptied of their goodies, after each of the children has gone to bed and said goodnight, Sis and Bill will remain below for just a little while longer—maybe they’ll sit by the fire and reminisce about their very first Christmas together; maybe this year they’ll be out to make another tree, and in March, because then Sis will be expecting another child. Whatever they talk about, you know it will be ended by their giving each other a “Happy Holidays” with warm feelings He has bestowed upon them: For the healthy and happy children snug in their beds upstairs, for the one little Lennon who will arrive soon after the New Year to bring even more joy to the family, and for the one who is in Heaven but will always remain in their hearts. The End
house, the youngest child, four-year-old Mark, laughed and shouted, “It must be a party! It must be a party!” Giannini swept the boy up in his arms and herded the other youngsters across the lawn and into a side door of the fourteen-acre estate. The chauffeur led the children into their playroom, one of the largest of the fifteen rooms in the Lanzas’ ground-floor apartment. “How about we stay here and have a picnic?” Damon asked. “I’ll get Maria to bring some cold chicken and cheese and ham and…” “… and ice cream,” chorused Ellie and Damon.

With whipped cream, chipped in Mark. Coleen, eleven years old and the eldest of the four Lanza children, said nothing. She bit her lower lip, and stared at the dark draperies drawn across the windows that overlooked the garden. As Carlo left the room, six-year-old Damon called out, “Can Mama and Papa come to our picnic?” But the chauffeur closed the door gently without replying. In a few minutes, he was back, his arms laden with food. He deposited it on a marble table that stood in the center of the inlaid terrazzo floor, then only noticing that Coleen had disappeared.

“Where is she?” he asked. “Where is your sister?”

The children giggled and tried not to meet his eyes. Finally, Ellie, nine years old, blurted out, “It’s a secret. We crossed our hearts and hoped to die. It’s a secret and we can’t tell.”

But Carlo didn’t wait for further explanations. A gust of wind rustled the window draperies—a window that had been closed when they’d first come into the playroom—and he hurried over and peered down. He could make out photographers and reporters scurrying around in the darkness, but Carlo was not surprised.

Carlo gave the alarm, and soon most of the nine Lanza servants and some members of the press were searching the huge gardens with flashlights. At last they found Coleen peering against the wall of the house, her fingers gripping the window ledge outside the main room, her face tight against the pane. She was sobbing hysterically, and it was with great difficulty that her fingers were prised from the sill. As Carlo lifted her into his arms, he looked in the window. Through slightly parted curtains, he saw the body of Mario Lanza, lying in the flickering light of four ceremonial candles.

“Papa is dead.” Coleen whispered again and again as he carried her back into the villa. “Papa is dead…” Papa is dead…” Papa is dead.”

Alfredo Arnold Cocozza, who was later to borrow his mother’s maiden name and become Mario Lanza, was born on January 31, 1921. Or was it 1925? At one time, when Mario was battling with studio officials in Hollywood, he blurted out to the press that the publicity department had talked him into moving his birth date back four years. “Caruso died in 1920,” he explained, “and I was being touted as ‘The New Caruso.’ What better way to sell this to the public than to say that just after the old Caruso, Enrico, died the new Caruso, Mario, was born. It sounded good, but it was a lie.”

To his doting parents Antonio and Maria Cocozza, little dark-haired, cleft-chinned Mario, their only child, was perfection itself. They babied, and pampered, and spoiled him. His father, who had been gassed in World War I and was a semi-invalid, served his son breakfast in bed. His mother got up at 5:30 in the morning, to work as a seamstress in an army quartermaster depot in Philadelphia, the city to which the family had moved when Mario was still an infant.

When Mario was five, he went to a time when he was battling with studio records. And from that moment on, he had to have a phonograph of his own. So his parents scrimped and saved and gave him one for Christmas. After that, he’d explained, “and I was being touted as ‘The New Caruso record over and over again. By the time Mario entered Philadelphia’s Southern High, he was hopelessly spoiled. He cut classes regularly. He fought in the hall. He was a school and let everyone know it. He was only happy when he was playing football and baseball, boxing and weight-lifting—or when he retreated to his room and listened to his beloved Caruso records—or when he was eating.

It was funny about eating, though. Most of the time, he ate no more nor no less than any other overgrown teenager (he was almost six-feet tall and weighed close to two hundred pounds soon after he entered high school). But when things went wrong—like the time he forgot the speech he was supposed to deliver in front of his English class and they all laughed at him—he’d go on a fast. That time, he’d skipped football practice and hurried home, the laughter of his classmates still ringing in his ears. He’d opened the ice-


BUT that's not what happened. Two months before graduation, he was walking from history class to his homeroom, when he heard two girls in back row whispering “fatt.” In blind fury, he turned around and tried to fight them both at once. An hour later, he stood beside them in the principal’s office. They claimed they had never said that, but they didn’t have any alibi. He was expelled. But that made no difference: He was still expelled.

He soon settled down to a regular routine. He biked his dad’s old bicycle all through the city, serving meals in bed. He’d listen to records until lunch. In the afternoon, he’d wander downtown to a record store and look through the new stock of operatic selections. If he found a little booby, close the door, put a record on the turntable, shut his eyes, and listen. If the vocalist was male, and if he was a good vocalist, he’d throw in a little choice, and listen.

One day, he was alone in his room, listening to his favorite Caruso aria, “Vesti la Giubba,” from Leoncavallo’s “I Pagliacci,” and singing along as usual. His dad walked in. “Hey, hey, hey,” he sang for his father, who came into the room. Then, all of a sudden, his dad burst through his door, threw his arms around him, and kissed him on both cheeks. “Bravo,” he hollered, “bravo.”

That night, Anthony told Mario what had happened. She listened quietly until he had finished, and then said with a smile. “I know. I’ve known since he was twelve.” Mario and Anthony went to his house, and there he found him singing an aria from “The Girl from the Golden West.” That day... that day I heard him sing... I knew what Heaven was like. It was too good to be true. I had tears in my eyes. You know how sensitive Mario is... how people frighten him. How he hides in that room. But now... now it’s time. Time for him to sing.

So Anthony and Mario managed to get together enough money to send Mario to Irene Williams, a Philadelphia voice teacher. For three years, she gave the youngster a voice lesson every other day, and taught him to speak in a good voice. But he was lazy and spoiled. He wanted to be a sensation immediately, without work. Sometimes, he’d come for his o’clock lesson still rubbing the sleep from his eyes, and I don’t feel like vocalizing today. Can’t we just sing?"

When something went wrong, when she’d chide him for not practicing enough, he’d pout and look like a hurt child.

But around this time, Mario’s grandfather, a wholesale grocer and trucker, stepped into the picture. He insisted that Mario buy on only two-day delivery. So, at twenty-one, Mario Lanza had a job for the first time in his life, a job that lasted just ten days. On the tenth day, he helped deliver a piano to the Philadelphia Academy of Music, where a box and started eating, shelf by shelf, though the food was cold. Then he went to his own room, turned on the phonograph full blast, and listened to his favorite Caruso recording. At the climax of the aria, he sang along with the great tenor, and for a moment he was Caruso. In his imagination, he saw the faces of the admirers who had laughed and sneered at him that afternoon—but now they were entranced, and their faces looked up at him with admiration and awe.

Serge Koussievitsky was conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mario hung around until after the concert was over. When he left Caruso’s dressing room, to see who was making such magnificent noise, and found Mario. The conductor grabbed the singer, kissed him on both cheeks, and said, “There’s no question about it—he’s the greatest natural tenor since Caruso. You’ll have to come and sing at the Berkshire Festival.”

Mario went, he sang, he conquered. One New York critic went into ecstasies—“Lanza doesn’t sing, he makes love to the vocal.” The “New Caruso” was born.

Again, back in Philadelphia, Mario and the whole Coozoo family visited a pizzeria. The landlord was named Irene Williams, who was there of course, was amazed and horrified to see Mario walk down twenty-five dollars worth of pizza in one sitting.

Uncle Sam put a brief stop to his career, but not to his eating. He was the first in show line and the last to leave the mess hall. He ballooned up to 300 pounds. His GI buddies, in typical army fashion, gave him the nickname “Caruso”—and they weren’t referring to his singing ability.

After his medical discharge from the service, for the unglamorous All-Night Duty, he and Betty Hicks, the sister of one of his GI buddies, headed for New York and fame.

And success came quickly. In 1947, he appeared at the Hollywood Bowl, and 50,000 people sang “Caruso” as if he was the Carl Laemmle of his father. Why a few clanged, when he sang an aria from “Andre Chenier,” was Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M. Within a few days, Mayer had signed Lanza to a seven-year contract, which, one friend said, he took “without signing his name. Mario had heard applause and he loved it. Why work and strive for years to prepare for an operatic career? But he was so scared at the thought of going before the cameras for his first picture, “That Midnight Kiss,” that he ate steadily for a month and put up to 300 pounds again. The studio said down to 110, and he went on the first of his many “crash” diets, whittling down to 169 pounds. He kept his weight down during the week, but over a weekend—two days—up 20 pounds, and if he wanted to lose the excess poundage before shooting could start again.

But somehow the picture was made and an instantaneous success beyond his wildest dreams. His two semi-classical arias, “Be My Love” and “The Loveliest Night of the Year,” sold over a million copies each, in just one year. Mario was on the top of the world.

Then he began to hate the studio that forced him to lose weight, that told him wide screens required thin heroes. One day he had the best of it. He threw everything in the M-G-M commissary, a studio official walked up to him and said he’d just have to stop, that he was destroying himself. Mario continued chewing gum and said “Why should I stop—I’ll die before I’m forty.”

But one thing did make him stop: The chance to play the role of Enrico Caruso in “The Great Caruso.” He hid out in a hotel for two days, let twenty pounds melted off until he was thin enough to play the young Caruso. In six weeks, he’d gone from 240 pounds to a svelte 184, and the picture was made on schedule.

The public’s reaction to the film was un-
record-smashing, Studio. 250 canta—will. and reach career journeyed adored. I pounds. with a hundredalties. nature stage wouldn't sound. He'd reached this prime, this world, in perfect condition. Millions of dollars were stolen from him. But the Italian people loved him anyway, and Mario Lanza was on the way back.

In 1959, he signed to do four movies, and signed TV, recording and public appearances contracts that would bring him some $2,000,000 over the following two years. But, in late summer, he fell ill with bronchial pneumonia and invited more than 140 injections of antibiotics in one week. Six weeks later, he was back in Vallee Giulia Hospital for a “complete physical check-up and to lose some weight.”

He lost more than fifty pounds in ten days, even though he managed to bribe the hospital barber into smuggling him in some food. He felt fine and was eager to get home to Betty and the children.

On Tuesday night, October 6th, Mario Lanza broke still another hospital rule by inviting the Vallee Giulia nurses and clinic doctors to a home-cooked dinner. They all stood in the corridor outside room 404 and listened to him for hours. Finally, he sang one last song, an aria from “Tosca” that ends with the words, “I never loved life so much.”

The following day, just before noon, Mario was visited by his good friend and personal physician, Dr. Frank Silvestri. The singer talked excitedly about the utility of the music business and the National League. “And they say no one can come back!” he laughed. Then routinely, the doctor took Mario’s blood pressure, and left the room.

Little Coleen Lanza sat dry-eyed next to her mother and her sister and brothers in Rome’s Church of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In the main aisle, her father’s old neighbor and potted palms, and rested on a catafalque draped in black and gold. Among the flowers, she saw the wreaths that she had helped Mama pick out. She heard her old friend Fatherchips say good-bye, had baptized her and her brothers and sister, say nice things about Papa. But all this meant nothing; nothing had mattered since that second she’d peeked through the door and she’d seen, her father’s body lying in the main room of the villa.

Nothing mattered until she heard her brotherDamon whisper to her mother, Mama, I want to be happy like Daddy and I have my eyes filled with tears and she reached over and grasped her brother’s hand. “Take care of each other,” Papa had always said. And now that he’d said it, he was gone. Papa had said, what Papa had been mattered, what Papa had done mattered. Papa had loved his family, Papa had loved life. That mattered.

—JAE LYLE

Hear MARIO LANZA on the RCA Victor Label.

But fear and gluttony still followed him. Before making “The Seven Hills of Rome,” he weighed 280 pounds, and in forcing him to keep on a diet, the producers had to lock him in his room at night. He cancelled concerts right and left, pleading illness. But the Italian people loved him anyway, and Mario Lanza was on the way back.

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DEBBIE

Continued from page 21

The large rectangular room at 20th Century-Fox was completely jammed. Above the long lines of tables, every light in the commissary blazed. As people entered, they had to dodge the Norvas, past the extra tables that had been added, to find the places allotted to them. The noise was deafening. Everyone was talking at once. Heads turned often to the doorway to see who would be next to arrive. Surprisingly, Marilyn Monroe—so famous for being late—was one of the first this time.

The occasion was Hollywood’s luncheon-reception for the Soviet Premier Nikita Krushchev. Invitations were scarce, and the people who’d been invited were like a Who’s Who of the film colony. They came early and waited patiently for the highlight of the afternoon—Khrushchev’s speech.

A few were aware that another type of drama was to be played out. They waited for two people to appear in that doorway: Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher. It would be the first time Liz, Eddie and Debbie would be together since the breakup of the Fisher marriage. And people tried to guess how Liz and Debbie would feel when Liz and Eddie walked in.

But it did not turn out exactly as they’d thought it would. Liz and Eddie arrived first. They paused briefly in the doorway to get their bearings and to scan the room for their table.

Liz wore a plum-colored crepe dress, cut to a deep V at the front, with a small black-mist hat, which you could barely see, to complete the costume. She looked relieved—people thought she looked a little tired. There were slight rings under her eyes and, though she had been on a diet, she was still heavier. By the time Hollywood had seen her, there had been nearly a year, when Liz had hurried off to Las Vegas to be with Eddie, while he waited out the few weeks of his quickie divorce from Debbie. Liz and Debbie had left together for Europe, where Liz worked and Eddie waited. They remained there until a few weeks ago, when they flew to Las Vegas. Eddie’s California divorce was still not final and, at the time, Liz was not yet his legal wife. But they had flown in from Las Vegas for this luncheon because, as Eddie, who’s very much in love with Liz, explained, Liz was anxious to be there; she’d seen Krushchev once before when she and Mike Todd had visited Russia.

Liz spotted their table—one at the back of the room—and then whispered something to Eddie. Eddie gathered her hand, smiled encouragingly and, taking her arm, led her off to their table. It was not one of the top tables. At best, Krushchev could be seen only in profile. As soon as they were seated, Eddie ordered a drink from the waiter. Liz just sat there, staring straight ahead and fidgeting with one of her big gold hoop earrings.

Debbie—contrary to what everyone had expected—had not been there to see the two of them arrive. She arrived almost twenty minutes after their entrance. She arrived alone. She wore a smart dress and looked chic—definitely change in Debbie is her interest in clothes now. She knows what is most becoming to her, and dresses with more confidence.

But, before she could enter the room, a studio publicist ran over to her and said, “Liz and Eddie are here.” Debbie merely said, “It doesn’t matter. Why should that matter?”

And then she started across the room, past many curious eyes, to her seat at producer Sam Engel’s table, and only three tables away from where Krushchev himself sat. She sat down directly opposite Gary Cooper, and looked at the Soviet Premier as he sat at the head table, smiling, nodding, speaking, through his hand- some wife, Mary. But he did not turn to her.

Liz kept turning her head, but she couldn’t see Krushchev, who had begun his speech now. Finally, she kicked off her shoes and climbed up on top of the table facing him, which was not as far away as she thought.

A few people remarked that she looked as if she was trying to get something by now—as if she could handle anything—and they couldn’t understand it until a friend of Debbie’s told them what Debbie had confided in her. She said the change in Debbie had begun in Spain, while she was making the movie, “It Started With a Kiss.” She said that this was where Debbie had found herself—her identity as a person—at last. It was all because of a dance, she explained.

It happened one night in Granada, when a group of the people working on “Kiss,” went to the gypsy caves outside the town to see the dancers. Debbie sat with her friend, Camille Williams, and with Gustavo Roio, the handsome young Spaniard in the picture, beating their hands in rhythm as the dancers whirled to the guitars and flamenco. Debbie was spellbound, but even as she clapped time along with the others, Debbie seemed preoccupied—as if she wasn’t really there.

A whole family sat in chairs in the long hall, grandparents, granddaughters, uncles and aunts, and fathers, lovers, teenagers; and, by one, they’d whirl into the dance. There were solos and duets, two gypsy girls danced together, their black hair flying. Debbie was spellbound, but even as she clapped time along with the others, Debbie seemed preoccupied—as if she wasn’t really there.

And, then, the family insisted that the visitors dance for them. Guitars and tambourines kept up the flamenco music and first Camille, then Gustavo, arose to dance. It was a moment, when it was her turn, looking uncertain, but they—yours and the mood of the place—had caught her up in their spell.

And finally, she stood up, taking a few hesitant steps, to the center of the floor of the cave. Then, in the light of the sputtering, stubby candles, she began to dance—first slowly, almost awkwardly, as if she were afraid she would break, shatter something within her. But after a while, she was whirling about, her hair flying, her heels clicking, and she looked as if she’d found she could fly—as if she were suddenly freed from some dark cage.

Before that dance—that moment of complete, abandoned joy—she’d been feeling...
of course, Debbie did not hear the people whispering about her, or—if she did—she gave no indication of it. When the reception was over, she stood up and, since she was near the door, she left before Eddie and Liz—about ten minutes before they did.

Since then, Liz has been back in Hollywood once or twice on business. It's taken for granted that the three will eventually meet face to face, but no fireworks are expected. Eddie is so devoted and in love with Liz, he couldn't care less what Debbie does or doesn't do. Not in an underhanded sense. But at heart he whispers—"She's gone, man. Like way out." And Debbie is fair. Recently, she sent the two children up to Las Vegas to be with Eddie a few days. She has said it's all right. To Debbie, it's her own life now and wants no sad tears for her. She doesn't need them. As for the town—it expects no further fireworks among these three. But, then, maybe they could be wrong.

MARY CULVER

DON'T MISS DEBBIE IN PARNAMENT'S "THE RAT RACE" AND "THE GAZEBO," FOR M-G-M. HEAR DEBBIE SING ON THE DOT LABEL. LIZ CAN BE SEEN IN COLUMBIA'S "SURRENDY LAST SUMMER." LISTEN FOR EDIE ON THE RCA VICTOR LABEL

RICK NELSON

Continued from page 49

part of the beach. I stood up. A tall, tanned, good-looking boy came running toward me. I took one look, then looked again.

I gulped. "Aren't you Rick Nelson?"

He smiled, then shyly put his head down, answering simply, "Yes, I am."

For a moment, he hesitated; then he turned around and started to sprint back toward the group. I got there, no steps away, the latest Elvis Presley record happened to come on and Rick came back! He stood real close to the radio so he could listen. When it was over, he still stood there. Then: "Man, he's the greatest!" he said.

And we discovered we were both Presley fans. Then, when I told Rick I knew Elvis, that I'd met him two years ago, he got really interested. "What's he like?" he asked. "How'd you meet him?"

Rick and I were real pals before he left to go back to the game. He'd invited me over to his house the next night to listen to his record collection, and I'd promised to bring some of my own records along, too.

From that moment on, what had always seemed like a big world, became a small one for me. I mean, my family and I had been listening and watching "The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet" for years, and we'd always known that the beautiful Ella had been there. But now, with Rick, it seemed like a whole new world.

I remember I was in Music City buying some records—I'll play 'em for you in a minute—and I'd just gotten out of my car, when a man came pedaling down the street on a bicycle; honestly, Shari, he must have been going sixty miles an hour... Well, all of a sudden, he pedaled right into my car, the impact was tremendous! But afterward, he just picked himself up, brushed off his clothes, got back on the bike and rode away. He and his bike were completely okay—not a scratch, but when I walked back to look at the car, I almost keeled over. He'd dented the whole side. You know what I mean? After all, that thing is, I didn't even get his license number. Imagine—a hit-and-run bike rider!"
F or a moment, we all sat there, speechless. Then I said, “Golly, what did your father say?”

Rick shook his head. “What could he say? It’s unbelievable!”

And then we began to laugh. That was it—it was unbelievable—who ever heard of a bike going sixty-miles an hour?

But Rick wouldn’t admit it was a joke. He followed it up with another story. “Do you know what happened just yesterday afternoon?”

“No,” we said, letting down our guard again. “Wish it happened!”

“Well, I was just walking down Sunset Boulevard, minding my own business. It was kind of hot and I was tired, so I sat down on the library steps to rest a while.

Then, while I was sitting, this fellow went by, and he was dragging a string behind him. At first, I didn’t think he had anything on the end of it, just the string, you know? But then, when I looked real hard, I saw there was something. At the end of the string, he had a little beetle. Well, I couldn’t move. I just sat there and watched as he walked by with this beetle on a leash-like Rick just put it back on the turntable, and after it came to an end the second time, he put it back on again. At last, he turned to me and smiled, “I like it,” he said. “I think I’ll slip it in with my next album and record it.”

“Rick! You’re kidding!”

“Honest, Shari,” he said, “would I kid you?”

“Yes,” I said. But he wasn’t kidding. He’s got a gold record for “Poor Little Fool” to prove it—and so have I.

And I did get to go to Hollywood, after all, and write more songs, and watch Rick as he worked and cackled, up higher and higher toward the top. I’ll never forget the day I went over to Rick’s house to discover he’d taken up bull-fighting. He had a dozen books on it, half a dozen albums of bull-fighting music, and then he showed me how he’d rigged up a yard like an arena.

“You be the bull,” he said, shoving the practice bull at me and putting on his toreador outfit. “And he’s easy to be one.”

I looked at the horns on the practice bull and I said, “Gee—no—you’ll get hurt on these things.” He didn’t even bother answering, and after we started, I saw that I couldn’t possibly have hurt him—I never saw anyone move so fast.

Every time he yelled “Toro!” I wheeled the practice bull toward him, and he’d twirl the cape and I’d miss him by a mile.

After a while, I wanted to try it the other way around. He’d make his part look so easy. “You be the bull,” I said, “and I’ll fight you.” But when I took the cape from him, it was so heavy, I couldn’t even hold it up above my head.

That’s a thing Rick has—he practiced until whatever he’s doing looks simple as child’s play. Like the time before he went on location to make “Rio Bravo.” Every spare minute, he was practicing with the guns. Since he had the part of a young gunfighter, he was going to be one, for real.

There were targets set up all over the place, and then he wanted me to pretend to have a shoot-out with him. He showed me how... I drew an imaginary gun, and while he drew against me with a real six-shooter, and even my imagination was slower than his reality! He’d shoot, “Draw!” and before I could raise my hand from my side, he already had me in his sights. He’d say, “Boy, Shari, you’ve had a dead duck, if this had been for real,” he said shaking his head.

The only time I’ve ever seen Rick mad for sure, was someone insults the girl he’s with. Then he’ll get angry—but never in defense of himself. I remember, once, a group of us were in his car. There were two girls in the back besides myself, and a buddy of Rick’s, and we were at a drive-in restaurant. Well, while we were waiting for our order, the others went across the street to a drugstore to buy something. When they didn’t come back in a couple minutes, when a bunch of guys—there must have been six of them and they all looked like first-string football tackles—came out to the car, and, out of the clear blue sky, started making snide remarks to Rick.

They kept on saying awful things, and Rick just sat there and took it. But his fists were clenched and I knew he was having a hard time controlling himself. Then, one of those guys opened the window and put his sticky hands all over the car.

Rick turned to look him square in the face, “Get your hands off my car,” he said, his voice quiet with authority.

The guy just laughed.

“I’m warning you—just get away from the car,” Rick said.

That was it again, and it wasn’t a pretty laugh to hear.

Then Rick turned to me and said, “Excuse me, Shari,” and he opened the car door and started getting out of the car.

But he didn’t get out. He stood there, with a determined face, and all six of them started to back up; then, as casually as they could, they drifted away. I think it was his calmness, his complete control of the situation, that made them change their minds and let us alone.

Anyway, when I wanted to say something about it to the other kids when they brought us our hamburgers, Rick wouldn’t let me. “Never mind, Shari,” he said gruffly to hide anything he felt, “let’s don’t talk about it. It was nothing.”

So I said, “Sure was something. Everything about Rick is something to think extra hard about. He’s quite a guy. He sure has changed since I first met him. He was a nice guy then—but now he’s grown-up—maybe a bit too grown-up. You have to get up awfully early in the morning to get the best of him. And you know what? I’m awfully glad my sister got me up early that morning to go to the beach—maybe I’d have missed it. And—believe me, ever since that volleyball bounced off me that day, knowing Rick has been a real ball!”

—As told to MARCIA BORIE

SEE RICK IN “THE WACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY” FOR COLUMBIA. HE CAN BE SEEN ON WEDNESDAYS, ABC-TV, 8:30-9:00 P.M. EST, IN “THE ADVENTURES OF OZZIE AND HARriet.” RICK ALSO RECORDS THE IMPERIAL LABEL.
let her alone. One young reporter moved in closer to her. “Is it true you’re pregnant?” he asked; his words seemed to hit her squarely, and she caught her breath. For a moment she seemed unable to move; then she pushed her way through the reporters and ducked into the waiting car. But the reporters followed in taxis and press-cars, and they were waiting for her at the airport. Then she had stopped, but she simply sat there in it, staring at the reporters with mute appeal. Then, slowly, she got out and started up those steps. On the last step, she faltered. The wind blew her hair across her eyes, and she pushed it away. Then, for the first time, she spoke.

“What do you want of me?” she cried. And suddenly there was no more. With her head down, she blindly nudged her way through—past all the curious eyes, the insulting whispers and loud mutterings—into the courtroom, to stand beside Roberto beside Roberto at her, when she stood beside him. He was looking into the face of the child he held, their child, Roberto. And she looked at Roberto, too, as if she wondered if the trouble would ever be over—over today’s humiliation. Yet Roberto was a happy child. None of the frowning or finger-pointing touched him. She smiled at him.

Then the voices in the courtroom must have reached her again, for she stopped smiling. The voices pressed in on her, making her feel, again, the weight of this day and the years that may come before it. Her coat was oppressively warm for the heat of the room, but she seemed too weak to remove it. Her brown pocketbook hung heavily from its strap on her shoulder. She reached the sitting room, smiling behind her, as if for support, and suddenly looked as though she wanted to scream. She had touched another hand. Drawing her back, she held it tight against her body as if it had been burned. Then she turned to see whose hand she had touched, only to find herself looking into a face not two inches from her own. She stepped back and she—she smiled. Roberto did not reach out to help her.

Then she looked back at the man. Obviously, he was another reporter. His hat was clamped firmly to his head and the little white press card jutted familiarly out of his hat-band. But there was something different about this man: his eyes looked apologetic, almost sympathetic, and he did not hurl questions at her as the others had done. He simply stood there, looking into her face, in silence. He looked at Roberto’s stern, closed profile, at the ring behind, and he shook his head. Then, looking back at her, he took off his hat with a kind of awkward grace, and started to speak.

“I’m sorry if I startled you,” he said, “but may I ask you one question?”

“What is it?” she whispered.

And he said, “Tell me, if you were given a second chance—if you had to do it all over again—what would you do?”

She started to turn and then she turned back and said, “What else could I have done? I love Roberto. I will always love Roberto.”

Roberto had not heard her, or if he had, he did not show it in any way; not by a flicker of the eyelids did he show it.

“After all this?” the reporter asked, unbelieving. He waved his hand at the crowded courtroom, indicating the curious bystanders, the other reporters and photographers and the child in Roberto’s arms.

Slowly, her eyes took in everything around her. She saw the white-haired old ladies in their best dresses of rusty black, their coats or shawls spread over the backs of their chairs, or on their ample laps; the teenage boys in leather jackets sprawled in their seats; the young girls sitting forward and3

and chatting with each other; the men and women near their children around them; and all of them waiting, though it were a play. How difficult it would be for any of them to understand how lonely she was—how lonely she had always been.

From the time she was two, when her mother died, she’d been denied any real affection. She’d been taught by her father and spinster aunt, never to show how she felt; never to show even that there was time, no place, for love and affection. It had been the same when her father and aunt died and she’d gone to live with her uncle Otto’s family. She was twelve then, and the only time she’d been almost happy, was when she was being at play—make-believe. As her loneliness grew, she lost her desire to act; so she enrolled in drama school when she was seventeen. It was there she met Peter Lindstrom, the man she married and came to Hollywood with. But all this time, her resolve stood squarely and she was much as her father and aunt and uncle had been—he believed one must never show one’s emotions. It was what she had done until she got to know Roberto. She fell in love with Roberto, and she knew it would never end. She was willing to give up everything else for that love—something she had searched for all her life.

Turning back to the reporter, she smiled a little, though her bottom lip trembled. “I love him,” she repeated. “I will always love Roberto.”

That was February, 1950—ten years ago—when Roberto and Ingrid were in court to register the birth of their first child. Now it was 1959. Ingrid Bergman was in Rome again. She walked into the courtroom with such single dedication that the reporters stepped back to pass. In her soft white-wool coat she moved down the crowded aisle to stand once more with Roberto, to plead once more with the President of the court. She saw the years she’d lost. There were no lines of bitterness in her face. But she did not look at Roberto when she stood beside him. She stood.

Then the President of the court was ready to hear her case. “Now, Senora—Schmidt, is it now?” The President pushed his glasses down on his nose and peered over them.

She nodded, but she was clutching her handkerchief in a tight ball.

“May we hear what it is you have to say regarding the question of custody—permanent custody—for your children?” He was about to read from the mountain of documents before him. “Roberto, Ingrid—Ingrid and Isabella are their names. Is that right?”

Again she nodded. Then she cleared her throat and said softly, “Mrs. Rosselli did not comprehend these things. . . . A child belongs with his mother.”

“And you would be a good mother?”

“I—yes, of course. I love them. I am there for them after all, almost as if she could not believe this was happening, even though she stood there facing the President of the court; even though she must hear the spectators fidgeting and coughing behind him. She must sense Roberto’s standing beside her. From the expression of pain on her face, it looked as if she was asking herself: How could Roberto do this, if he ever loved me?”
**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 (shrinking) took place. But the most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

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This substance is now available in supersoapy or ointment form under the name Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.

NO ONE SPECIAL

Continued from page 35

heater switched on before her mother could turn it off. "Gosh, it's cold," she said. "I'd forgotten how cold Portland gets."

Last year, Harry had said, "Los Angeles was never like this."

No it isn't, she thought now—but Norway is; that's where Barry would be honeymoony with his Norwegian bride. How will they celebrate Christmas? Judi wondered.

Then she saw that her father had maneuvered the car out of the airport parking lot and into the late-afternoon river of traffic. Slowly, they were moving toward town, past familiar landmarks, past others she'd never seen before.

Golly, the town's growing, she thought. Why, there used to be nothing here but vacant lots. Now everything's turned into filling stations. And what's become of the decision of the French courts. This hearing is now at an end. He turned to see what the next case would be.

And Ingrid, her face alight with relief and happiness, started to walk out of the courtroom. But she was stopped by a gentle hand on her arm. She turned to look into Roberto's eyes. "Ingrid," he said, "I think that the other man did say "Oh, Roberto . . ." And she burst into tears.

"As we are separated, can't we be friends like we always were!" she asked.

She did not. She knew she did. She had time to, for now she was surrounded by reporters. Quickly, she wiped her eyes and pulled herself together. Then, except that her eyes were still too bright and her color too high, there was no evidence of her tears. With reporters on both sides of her, she moved toward the door. Roberto stood watching her as she went, and the spectators turned to peer into her face.

"How brave she is," a flaxen-haired young woman murmured.

"How foolish she was," her middle-aged companion answered.

"Say she had just a little all past," the young woman insisted. "She is a wiser woman now.

Pain can bring wisdom, you know." She stood up to catch a last glimpse of Ingrid as she came in the doorway, surrounded by reporters. Then she looked down at her companion. "Have you forgotten what it is like to be young?" she asked. "She said—how terribly sad—it didn't turn out the right way for her, when she wanted it to so much."

"How could it? The seed of love needs rich soil to grow in, to take root in—otherwise it blows away. And she said that," the middle-aged woman sniffed.
would be the freedom instead of the old, remembered streets.

Suddenly, she turned to her father and said, "Daddy—don’t laugh if I ask a silly question, but do you really like being grown-up? I mean, somehow, everything seemed so much simpler, when I was a little girl. Now, all of a sudden, I’m grown-up and what’s so wonderful about it? I thought it would be wonderful—and I— it’s not. I guess I’m lonely.

Her father glanced at her and gave her a sympathetic smile. Then he turned back to the road ahead and said softly, "But that’s because you’re changing. That’s just the way it is, I guess. Only—remember this, honey—you’re never completely alone, because your mother and I love you forever and ever.

She knew her father had tried to help, but it didn’t do any good. For the rest of the ride on the freeway, she stared out the window. Traffic was heavy; the scenery dull, but finally, the car cut off, and again Judi was on familiar ground.

"There’s the high school," she said, sitting forward to look at the great, grim, two-story affair with the iron fire-escapes. Somehow, the ladders looked cold and unfriendly.

A little farther along was Read College campus, where she’d picked daffodils as a child.

Judi had laughed last year, she remembered, when she took him to Read and told him about the flowers.

She’d told him how she knew every bush and shrub of the grounds. "And, in the spring, I’ll come here to pick daffodils," she’d said. "I’ll think about it being wrong to steal them—that’s what I was doing, stealing them...so I picked thousands and sold them door to door.

Then, while the women all talked at once, Mr. Boutin retreated upstairs with the suitcases.

"Now," her mother said, "you sit there and rest, Judi. I’m going to bring you a bowl of homemade vegetable soup. It’s left from lunch, but I’ve always liked it, and we won’t have dinner for at least two hours.

"And isn’t it lucky, Randa, I got that leg of lamb? Judy, it must be providence, because I had no idea you’d be here, but I got a leg of lamb from the butcher just this morning, and it’s in the oven now.

Judy grinned. "I’ve had the idea, Mother. You know, there’s nothing I like better than lamb and mint jelly. Now, tell me, Randa, what ribbons have you won lately riding in horse shows?"

"Oh, no, you know," said Randa, embarrassed. "I’ll show them to you later. Right now, though, tell me, have you really had dates with Bobby Darin and Ed Byrnes? What are they like... really?"

Then her mother hustled back into the living room with a tray and a bowl of soup, her high heels clicking on the polished floor. The soup smelled good—good, homemade vegetable soup—it had a familiar aroma and it brought back memories of childhood...Saturday lunches...late snacks before bedtime. Judy sank contentedly against the back of her chair. She didn’t feel like a stranger any more. She felt warm, loved, contented.

"Now," her mother said, "I want to show you some snapshots we got today from Meredith Ann. She isn’t all sure they’ll get here for Christmas this year, so she sent us pictures of the children. Why, I hardly recognized them, they’re grown so much.

Proudly she passed pictures of her married daughter and grandchildren to Judi, who was busily eating her vegetable soup.
“Meredith Ann looks happy, doesn’t she?”

And she should, Judi thought. From the pictures, her older sister smiled, kneeling between two beautiful, cherub children.

It must be wonderful... wonderful to know you have someone’s always interested in everything you think or do... who will go on caring always...

Judi spoiled another swallow of vegetable soup, but it didn’t taste quite as good as it had at first.

“You’re right,” she said, “before dinner I’ll run out and do a little shopping if you don’t mind. I’d sort of like to look in the stores here. They are staying open late now, aren’t they?”

“Yes, dear,” her mother said. “Run ahead, and take your time. We won’t eat until you get here. And, by the way, Rand-a’s in your room now. I don’t suppose those girls will mind staying together, will you?”

“Of course not,” Judi said, reassuringly.

Her old room... That—like the vegetable soup—was all tied up with memories of childhood. The mahogany furniture, the blue-and-white-striped chair upholstered to match the vanity seat, these were a part of her adolescence.

I believe, Judi thought, as she climbed familiar stairs, one of the best things about being very young is that you can look forward to growing up. No matter what happens, you can tell yourself, “When I’m grown—something will be different.”

And so now—now I’m all grown-up; there’s nothing more to look forward to, and I’m unhappy.

She opened the door to her room and stepped into it.

But that too had changed. The familiar blue and white chair was gone. So were the ruffled curtains and the dark mahogany furniture. Everything was new, in lighter wood colors. The high windows showed on the walls and a strange record player was in the corner. It didn’t look at all like the room that had been hers.

Silently, Judi took her pajamas, robe and pillow case. Quietly she took them downstairs. When her parents found out what she’d done, they objected, but that night, and for the rest of her visit, she slept in the den.

She didn’t finish her shopping before dinner, even though she saved time by taking the family car. Her parents were hard to please, and always had been that. Last year she’d given up the idea of buying something for them and had crocheted an afghan. She was still tying on the fringe as she and Barry drove up in the car.

“You’ll go blind,” he’d warned her. But he’d looked pretty pleased by her womanly accomplishments. Later, they’d sneaked out of the house together to have a movie shown blocked before Christmas morning.

The afghan was beautiful. Barry had said so, and so had Mr. and Mrs. Boutin.

They didn’t say anything about the afghan that gave. Now Randa might like an album of records, or a new riding crop. That wouldn’t be too hard to find. Her mother might like a skirt or sweater; she looks small. Maybe she’d like a blouse. Her father? Judi couldn’t think of anything that would be right.

I can wait for another day or two to decide, she thought, and crossed the street to where the car was waiting.

As she drove out of the business district, the automobile took a familiar turn. Almost as though it had a will of its own, it nosed along a busy boulevard to Yaw’s Driving School.

It was at Yaw’s that Judi had met the gang every afternoon after school. Hanging over the counter inside and lounging in cars outside, teenage couples listened to popular songs, kept up their dates, dances, and football games, held hands and maybe snaked a kiss or two.

Judi’d spent hours at Yaw’s with her algebra book on the counter beside her Coke, with singing friend from a counter stool on a vio-

“steak—she’d always been part of the crowd—and she’d never thought much about it, one way or the other.

I topped off a Coke now for old times’ sake, she thought, as she pulled into the parking lot. The lot was crowded with cars, each of them filled with young people.

The speaker system from the jukebox boomed right through the open windows of the car. By the time she went in-

side, it had switched to Christmas music—almost drowned out by the noise. Everybody seemed to be talking at once. Some were singing, and one young lady, on one side of the room, a girl was screaming to a friend on the opposite side.

Judi ordered a Coke and tried to fit into the confusion. It didn’t work out too well. She didn’t see anyone she knew—nor one friend. Where had they all gone? she asked herself. And then she realized some were married, some had moved away, but they’d all outgrown Yaw’s. There was no one here to go home to, to laugh with, to be with.

And where were the boys she’d flirted with so often? The tall, young high-school athletes? The slick, young Romans who used to rub shoulders with Randa all the time? Only one of them, one of them, she thought to herself, are probably buying presents for their own children this very instant.

“ar I feel,” Judi said half-sloshed, “at least 200 years old.”

Looking at the fresh faces around her, she remembered something else.

Last year, she’d brought Barry to Yaw’s. Some of the teenagers had recognized them and asked questions about Hollywood. Barry had talked to some of the boys about their cars, and, before they left, he and Judi were almost part of the crowd. It had been a moving experience for her.

This year... At that moment another record dropped to the jukebox turntable. It was an old ballad, popular in the thir-

ties, “Adam’s-Rocket,” by Alton MacRae on the vocal, a year or so ago.

“I get along without you very well... of course I do... ,” Gordon sang.

Abruptly, Judi shoved her Coke to the side and pulled her hand away from some change beside it and ran out. Everywhere she went, everything she saw, made her feel alone. Maybe—maybe if she dropped in on some of her old friends she’d feel better.

There were four of her old friends, sitting around playing bridge at the first place she stopped. And they all seemed glad to see her again.

“Judi,” they exclaimed, “what in the world are you doing here? We thought you were in Hollywood.”

“I just came home for Christmas,” Judi told them. “I didn’t expect you to be here.”

Everyone, it seemed, had been fine. The old acquaintances got through preliminary small talk stiffly. Yes, everyone was fine. Mary’s baby didn’t sleep too well at night, because of his colic. But his parties after the Christmas celebration would be in town next week for the first of the pre-nuptial parties. Yes, Christmas was just around the corner, wasn’t it?

Four pairs of eyes appraised Judi. “You’re looking wild as we hear?” someone asked.

“Don’t you find Portland dull?” said an-

other. “I bet you can’t wait to leave.”

Then, “Did you hear the awful thing that happened at the Yar- boughs’ open house?” a third contributed, turning to her three companions at the table. “She had borrowed Elizabeth’s stole, you know, and Lewis was helping her out of it.”

The girls at the bridge table were en-

tranced, but Judi was once again the stranger. She didn’t know Grace or the Yarbows or Elizabeth or Lewis, but nobody seemed to notice.

“Excuse me,” she said, trying to keep her voice steady, “I have to hurry home. I’m glad I got to see you.”

The friends looked at her quickly, as though they’d almost forgotten she was there.

“Yes, it was nice,” one said. But another girl plunged right on with the conversa-

tion. Here’s what the Yarbows told me . . . Judi let herself safely out the door.

In the living room that night, trimming the ceiling-high tree, Judi studied Randa’s young face, such a happy face, radiating admiration.

“Judi,” Randa was saying—almost in a whisper, “I can’t believe it—my own sis-

ter living in Hollywood and having such an exciting life—it must be perfect. I want to be just like you,” she said, “when I grow up.”

“When I grow up... the time of magic promise for young people, the time when everyone, even you and me, will live happily ever after.

Climbing down from the ladder she’d been standing on to reach the top branches, Judi caught Randa’s hand and pulled Randa down beside her. “You don’t want to be just like me,” she said.

“Want you to be just like yourself. Choose your own path. I knew what I wanted at 11 years old. Of course, in order to accomplish that, you have to do things to please other people, but, basically, you’re the one whom you should try to please the most.”

Life can be a ‘gas’... it can be fun... if you give it as much as you take from it... and if you don’t hurt anybody...”

Then, looking at Randa, Judi couldn’t say any more. Suddenly, she wished she could have her little sister again, she wished everything were as simple and sure as it had seemed then.

Randa must have noticed, because she said softly, “Judi, whatever became of that boy you brought home for Christmas?”

“His name was, ‘Believe it or not, honey,’” Judi said. “We’re friends now, and— and I hope he’ll be just like you.”

“You were surprised,” Randa asked bluntly, when he turned around and got himself engaged like that?

“Well... yes,” Judi confessed. “I guess I was surprised, too. I hadn’t supposed I should have been. Life is full of surprises.”

Randa stood up then. “Okay—I hope he’ll be real happy, too.” Then she said, “Hadn’t we better finish doing the tree?”

You like Yaw, Randa? I think I’ll go for a walk.”

Quickly, she rose and ran to the hall closet. Slipping into her coat, she hurried downstairs, her miles almost gone, until she came to a little church. Then she stopped; just outside.

“Yes, Barry,” she said to the darkness, “I do hope you’ll be happy.”

“I’m sure he will,” she went on. Did anyone wish that for me, too? There must be someone for me somewhere. There has to be. Surely I’m not intended to spend every Christmas alone, am I?

As she lowered her cheek, she wiped it away with the back of a mitten hand, but, immediately, there was another to take its place...
ANNETTE AND PAUL

Continued from page 29

Jersey. That's where they moved to. Paul said they used to live in a place called Ontario—or something like that. His name is Andy. Sometimes he misses Andy, so he does that with me, like ping-pong, or darts. Or archery—he's good at that, and so is Annette, anyway she used to be. But one time she wanted to play with Paul and me, so she told him that she didn't know how.

I was going to tell him the truth, how Annette was only pretending because she wanted him to teach her, but I forgot. We don't see him all the time because sometimes he goes to the candy store to visit his brother Andy, and he also has to go to school. Paul doesn't care for school much. Neither do I, that's what first made me like him.

So does Annette. She likes him a lot—I heard her tell Shelley, that's her best friend, Shelley Fabares. Shelley knows everything Paul's gonna do—even before he does it—on account of her best friend lives in Paul's building. That's how come Shelley could call Annette and tell her she knew Paul was going Christmas shopping at this store.

So the why she really took me there, to make it look like an accident. She kept trying on things, dress after dress, so I hid her shoes. She didn't think it was funny. Annette kept trying on even more dresses. By this time, I was mad. So I didn't even tell her when I saw him. I just ran over and said hi first.

Then he told me he was gonna play a joke on Annette. He thought it was funny as anything. He and the welder dressed him up like a girl—he looked crazy—and he went and stood by the mirror Annette was looking in. You should've seen her face! She screamed like when I put a turp- turp in her bed once. It was perfect.

After that, I didn't feel like her trying on dresses anymore, so I said, come on, I feel like ice cream and a ride on the roller coaster. She used to love the roller coaster, but now I can only make her go if some boy's with her.

So Paul took us to the park. They bought sixteen tickets, but I only used nine, because they were all watching free. They kept walking away, holding hands, and I had to run after them. That's how it is when I'm supposed to go somewhere with my sister. All she thinks about is dresses and boys.

Well, she's only a girl. I mean, I guess it's not her fault, as Mom says. Not always, anyway. But she's all the time making boys silly. Some of them are silly, too. They come over to the house and wait around for her for hours. And they ask stupid questions—you know, how old are you, what grade are you in, what's your favorite subject, stuff like that. Their favorite subject is Annette.

They all say I'm lucky she's in the movies, but that's a lot of baloney. I bet their sisters don't have to work. My brother Joey just got his first job. I had to first find out stuff about her and show off. Joey's fourteen, and he shows off in front of girls, too, just like all the rest. I don't understand what makes them act that way.

I used to think Paul was different until yesterday at the park, when I got scared and couldn't find them. Finally, I saw them sitting where the band plays, only there wasn't any band, and all the other seats in the green were empty. That's where I found them holding hands. I ran up and said Mom'll be mad if we're late for dinner again. Boy, did Paul look silly—he got up real quick and said he'd take us home. I guess I must of scared him.

But a funny thing happened. Annette left her sweater on the seat. I tried to sell her favorite subject, stuff get it, but she said shh and asked if I wanted an ice cream—right before dinner!

She said she wouldn't tell about the ice- cream pop—she ate half of it herself any- any—so I didn't tell about the sweater. But we both told anyway.

Later, when we got home, she called Paul and said she must have left it at the park. She closes her door when she's on the telephone, but I hide in the hall and listen. He probably said he'd go right back and get it because she told him don't hurry, it's okay if you bring it over later, after dinner. What an actress!

I ran in the kitchen and spilled the whole story to Mom, but all she said was never mind, you'll understand when you get older—she always says that. But I can't stand how Annette makes Paul go all mushy. She keeps saying things for telling you all this, but I don't care.

—MICHAEL FUNICELLO

DON'T MISS PAUL IN U-I's "THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE," AND "GIRLS' TOWN" FOR M-G-M. PAUL RECORDS ON THE ABC-PAR. LABEL, AND ANNETTE ON BUENA VISTA LABEL.

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

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The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

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Name: __________________________ Age: ______

Address: ____________________________________________________________________________

1-60 Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
Lett's Go to a Party: Heigh ho, what a month for parties! First, Edd Byrnes was my guest at the Brown Derby party, and what a sensation this lad creates. Quiet, unassuming and a gentleman who never combs his hair in public. Edd is one of the most popular young men in town. And when that doll Sandra Dee joined us for a chat—that did it. Ours was the most popular table in the place that was jammed with celebrities like Groucho Marx and his very pretty wife Eden. . . . An invitation from Rock Hudson and Doris Day to attend a "Pillow Talk" party was promptly accepted. Rock's date for the evening was his charming mother, and no beau could have been more attentive than Rock.

Maria Cooper, dancing with handsome Joe Cronin, made an attractive couple, but Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams, with their dance floor "togetherness," are one couple that puzzles me. Are they serious or aren't they? Or what goes with these two? One couple there's no question about these days are David Niven and his Hjordis. After that brief separation, they're closer together and happier than ever. Spotted Peter Brown arriving with Connie Stevens. Peter, though his marriage to Diane Jergens didn't work out, is willing to try again. It probably won't be with Connie, though. She isn't ready. . . . Producer Hal Bartlett threw a shindig for the "All the Young Men" cast with Alan Ladd and Sidney Poitier on hand to greet the guests. Afterward, the Ladds and I took off for the Moulin Rouge to view the Crosby Boys in action. With Alan and Sue, who were close to the boys as young lads. I traipsed backstage when the show was over to congratulate the boys on their exciting performance. And a few evenings later. Bing himself showed up, ending that feud between himself and his oldest son Gary.

Sass Talk: It's so typical of Tuesday Weld. At a recent party, Tuesday's escort, realizing the young lady had an early-morning call on the set, escorted her home at midnight. Ten minutes later. Tuesday was back by herself and had a ball until the wee small hours. Now what can you do with a doll like that? It's feud time once more between Cara Williams and John Barrymore Jr., whose brief two-day reconciliation blew sky-high. A short while afterward, John, wearing a beard, announced that he and Italy's Giorgia Moll were engaged.

. . . Dolores Michaels, who sneezed herself out of wedlock with decorator Maurice Martine ("I had a cold the whole time I was married to him"), didn't take kindly to Joan Collins grabbing off the coveted role in "7 Thieves." Rumors had the two girls exchanging glares across the studio dining room. . . . But it's Frank Sinatra who takes the cake for stirring up gales on his various sets. Director Walter Lang, the easiest man in the world to get along with, looked wearied and worn by the time "Can Can" was completed. . . . Liz Taylor asked for and got $1,000,000 for making "Cleopatra." That's what Hollywood thinks of her talent. But Liz will first have to make "Butterfield 8," in which Eddie Fisher was offered a small role.

1 + 1 = 2: Barrie Coe—bridegroom! It's a new role, but Hollywood's handsome bachelor Barry says it's for him. He had the usual pre-marital jitters before he and Jorunn Kristiansen took off for Norway to be married. "Do you think her family will like me, Sara? Do you?" he insisted. And of course, I did. Barrie dated both Miss Sweden and Miss Norway during the Miss Universe contest, before he decided Jorunn of Norway was the only girl for him. . . . On this side of the Atlantic, wedding bells will ring for Darryl Hickman and TV actress Pamela Lincoln, and maybe one day soon for "Riverboat's" Burt Reynolds and pretty Lori Nelson. Lori is no longer interested in "How To Marry a Millionaire"—on TV or off. . . . Could be Eva Gabor started this orange-blossom routine when she suddenly married handsome (and rich) Richard Brown. But not even the happy Eva can sway Dean Stockwell and Millie Perkins, who admit they're in love, they're engaged, but not yet ready for marriage. But then they could change their charming minds, you know.
The Personal Angle: Before Deborah Kerr took off for Australia and "The Sundowners," she arranged for fresh flowers to fill every room of her Pacific Palisades home when Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer arrived to take over the house. A typical Deborah gesture that makes her so beloved by everybody. Incidentally, I hear Deborah may be a June bride, with Peter Viertel the groom, of course. . . . Frankie Avalon will never forget his 19th birthday in Brackenville, Texas, during the shooting of "The Alamo." "They knocked me speechless," says Frankie, "with 19 cakes, one for each year, and gifts from everyone. John Wayne gave me a keen pair of cowboy boots. What a way to say goodbye to my teens." . . . And girls, don't believe all you hear about this one and that one being Fabe's one and only. "My new studio contract is the only steady date I have," he confesses. "I enjoyed making 'Hound Dog Man' so much I can't wait to make another one." . . . Can't help admiring that Dorothy Malone. Before she was married, not a breath of scandal touched her. And now that she's Mrs. Jacques Bergerac, she's managing her life in the very same way. . . . Lovely and sensible Mrs. Dean Martin is upset over those exaggerated reports of her husband's excessive drinking. "When TV comics begin to make a joke of it, I think it's gone far enough," she says. "It's harmful to Dino as an actor and a family man. And besides, it isn't true." Dino, I hear, doesn't find it too funny, either.

My Mail Box Corner: My thank-yous to Ken Jordan of Atlanta for telling me about the good work Liz Taylor's official fan club is doing in making up colorful scrapbooks to be donated to children's hospital in Liz's name. . . . No nicer tribute could be paid George Nader than the charming letter sent me by Mrs. Gladys L. Bankston of Haywood, Calif., who tells of George's comforting messages to her in her hour of great need. This is a letter George himself must read. . . . Rita Lewandowski of Chicago, who wonders how to get aboard my "Andy Williams Bandwagon," is already there. So is Liza Hudson of North Reading, Mass. . . . I'm sending that beautiful letter from J. Arvine Musler of Chicago, right along to her favorite star, Tab Hunter. (Continued)
Cal York's Jottings: Ingemar Johansson, heavyweight champ from Sweden in town for the movie “All the Young Men,” had a terrific crush on Stella Stevens. Telephoned her every day from location. Tommy Sands thinks so highly of Sherry Jackson, he loaned her his red T-bird to use while he made personal appearances. And Sherry made a personal appearance of her own with Will Hutchins at the Thalian ball. But not in Tommy’s car. . . . Her friends applauded Gene Tierney’s courage in taking a job as clerk in a Topeka, Kansas, shop, near her doctors at the Menninger Clinic. . . . Elvis Presley presented his business manager Colonel Tom Parker with a $15,000 Rolls Royce car. Elvis is delighted with the way the Colonel has kept his name alive during his army stint abroad. . . . Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell are strangers when they meet in their lawyers’ offices. Poles apart, these two, with little chance of a reconciliation. . . . Victor Mature will bring home his bride, Joy Urwick, to live on his ranch near Delmar, Calif. . . . Mrs. Lee Strasberg accompanied Marilyn Monroe to Hollywood to act as drama coach while MM made “The Billionaire.” . . . It was a Las Vegas wedding for Debbie Power, Tyrone’s widow, and Arthur Loew Jr., the ex-suitor of Liz Taylor. The couple will make their future home in New York along with Ty’s young son, who grows to look more and more like his handsome father. . . . Ty Hardin had the name “John Richard” all ready, in case he and Andrea Martin had a boy. So they had twins, and Ty had to come up with a second name fast. He chose Jeff Orison, swears he was able to tell his sons apart from the very first. . . . Gossip has Bobby Darin the next TV Coca-Cola kid, filling in the spot left vacant by Eddie Fisher. Bobby’s so excited over that $40,000 contract with Paramount studios.

Hollywood Is Like That: A Hollywood columnist suggested that Vic Damone staged that reconciliation with Pier Angeli just long enough to acquire custody of their young son. Pier says it isn’t so. When she’s not making films in Europe, the two will share their child equally. . . . Heard my name called as I stepped from a shop elevator and there was my old friend June Haver, excited about a trip to Europe. “Stay until Fred comes,” she insisted. So there sat the Fred MacMurrays and I, looking at the chic size 8’s for June and talking over old times. What a happy, successful marriage these two have. . . . A telephone call from Earl Holliman—“That one line in your column about my recent illness brought on so many letters . . . Sara, will you please tell everyone how grateful I am?” I gathered Earl’s not too happy with his TV show, “Hotel de Paree.” How do you feel about the show?

I Look Back: He was the first of his kind—a lisping gangster. As such, in “The Petrified Forest,” Humphrey Bogart became a screen sensation. He remained one until the day he died, three years ago. To “Bogey,” Hollywood folk were divided into two distinct groups: The “creeps” and the “sweethearts.” And lucky the man and woman who fell into the “sweetheart” group, but heaven help those who didn’t. He was a born heckler. As a small boy, Bogey was painted by his artist mother, Maude Humphrey, as a sort of golden-haired Faunleroy. He grew out of that role in a hurry. His careless indifference to clothes and his amazingly frank choice of words belied his gentle upbringing and his exclusive alma mater, Phillip’s Andover Academy. After his stint in World War I, Bogey became first a stockbroker and then a Broadway actor. His marriages were many and lively and ended in divorce. When he met Lauren Bacall in the movie “To Have and Have Not,” they fell instantly in love. On May 21, 1945, they were married and so began the happiest period of his life. He was the first actor to own and operate his own boat, “The Santana,” which he loved with a fierce pride.
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SCREEN PLAY BY GEORGE WELLS
DIRECTED BY GEORGE MARSHALL • PRODUCED BY LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN
Fools rush in where wise men fear to tread, so here I go, rushing in to predict this year's winners of the Photoplay Gold Medal movie awards. I'm an old motion-picture handicapper, and I've been predicting the Academy Award winners for the past ten years. My record is pretty good. But picking the Gold Medal winners is a lot tougher (maybe that's why nobody's ever tried it before in thirty-nine years).

It's a lot easier to private-eye the doings of some 2,200 Academy members who vote for the Oscar than over a million readers of Photoplay who are eligible to pick the Gold Medal winners.

But before I narrow the field down to the leading contenders and then, from these, pick the winners—or try to pick them—let me fill you in on the history of the Gold Medals. Did you know they predate the Oscars by eight years?

Let's flashback to the year 1920. It was the year Al Jolson was making "Avalon" popular ... Jack Dempsey was The Champ ... Woodrow Wilson was President ... Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford married ... and a movie named "Humoresque" won the very first Gold Medal derby. Based on Fannie Hurst's story, the movie made a star of Gaston Glass, who's now production manager of the TV unit at 20th-Fox. The 1921 Gold Medal was awarded to "To-tal-able David," starring the extremely popular Richard Barthelmess and directed by Henry King, who's worked in silent movies, early talkies, late talkies and now in CinemaScope, with "Beloved Infidel." In 1923, the Gold Medal winner was James Cruze's "The Covered Wagon." Photoplay readers made a smart choice, because this epic began the cycle of movies depicting American pioneer life. I still remember the giant electric sign covering the entire front of the Criterion Theater on Broadway; it showed a covered wagon making progress across the prairie, and crowds always stopped and stared at it. The current actor joke of the day was: "I was in 'The Covered Wagon'... but you couldn't see me. I was inside."

And when George Arliss in "Disraeli" won the 1929 Gold Medal, everyone said that, from then on, children would grow up thinking all men of history looked like Arliss, who also portrayed "George Hamilton." Later on, it was believed children would think all great men looked like Paul Muni: to be followed by the belief that Alexander Graham Bell and Stephen Foster must have been look-alikes, because Don Ameche played them both.

Then in 1939 there came "Gone With the Wind," and after it a change in the Gold Medal Awards. You—the readers and voters—wanted to name your favorite actor and actress as well as movie. Clark Gable as Rhett Butler was certainly the most popular actor of the year, but he has no Gold Medal to prove it. In a few years, this situation would be taken care of—what the readers want, the readers get. Don't forget the Gold Medal Award is the only movie contest of merit in which the winners are picked by you, and not by critics or exhibitors or members of an academy.

The first actor and actress to win Gold Medals were Bing Crosby and Greer Garson in 1944. It was the year that Bing's picture, "Going My Way," also won the Photoplay Gold Medal derby. And, surprisingly, for the next four years, Bing Crosby was also voted a Gold Medal, making him a winner five consecutive times. The closest competitor to Bing is Ingrid Bergman, a three-time winner (1946-47-48). William Holden won twice (1954-55) and so did Rock Hudson (1956-57). Last year, the winners were Tony Curtis, Debbie Reynolds and "Gigi." The newcomer awards went to Edd Byrnes and David Nelson (a tie) and Sandra Dee.

And now it's time for me to put myself on the spot. Here goes:

**BEST MALE STAR**

**Pat Boone:** Promised in previous starts. Always a threat. He could take it.

**Edward Byrnes:** Won last time out in Newcomers field. Is Kookie enough to move up in class and take this one?

**Tony Curtis:** Knows this track. Won this Derby last year and could repeat. May go wire to wire. Have to catch him.

**Rock Hudson:** Veteran in this classic. Always hard to beat. Been winner here twice. Never been sharper.

**Picked To Win:** Rock Hudson. It may be a photo finish with Tony Curtis, but I believe the Rock has too much (Doris Day and "Pillow Talk") going for him.

**BEST FEMALE STAR**

**Doris Day:** A fine filly who always finishes in the money. Record shows she won this Derby in 1951. She has the speed and form to force the pace.

**Sandra Dee:** She won in Newcomers field last year. Like running companion Edd Byrnes, she could move up and take this one. There's outside chance last year's Newcomers could be this year's Best Actor and Actress.

**Carol Lynley:** Comes from "Blue Denim" stable. Taking a shot at the moon.

**Kim Novak:** Usually out front. She won it in 1956. This isn't her year.

(Continued)
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!

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Lana Turner: Good spot for upset win. She chased some good ones. Always dangerous.

Debbie Reynolds: Last year's winner could repeat. Has discarded "Tammy" braids and is carrying less weight. Always game in stretch.

Picked To Win: Doris Day. Class of the pack, what with Rock Hudson and "Pillow Talk" making it easier. The big surprise could be Lana Turner, the sentimental favorite. Sentiment goes a long way.

**BEST MOTION PICTURE**

"Anatomy of a Murder": Can't be overlooked. Dangerous if it doesn't falter when it rounds the Family Circle.

"Ben-Hur": Big and spectacular in early workouts. Might be too soon. Tab for the future.

"Gidget": Young filly very popular with young backers. Shows early speed. Question is: Can it go the distance?

"Hercules": A surprise entry. He came out of nowhere, and could finish there. Strong, but needs more speed.

"The Shaggy Dog": Might be the sleeper of the race. Wearing the colors of the Walt Disney stable, which is noted for many winners.

"Imitation of Life": Old plug popular at the box office. A strong contender. Enough handkerchiefs could wave it into winner's circle.

"Hound Dog Man": It came along for the ride. They want to give his jockey Fabian an airing.

"Pillow Talk": The wise talk makes it the favorite. It's the class entry with best spot at starting gate. Should have best spot at finishing line. Got to beat this one to win.

"Some Like It Hot": A long shot. Strictly for laughs.

**TROY DONAHUE: The race is not always to the swift or the best looking. Tab for future Photoplay Derby.**

**FABIAN: He's been riding the hounds and the disc jockeys for this race. Has the necessary speed for this short distance.**

**RICK NELSON: Promised in previous starts. Always a threat. He could take it.**

**STEVE REEVES: A strong contender. Comes from a powerful stable. He can go the distance but is carrying too much weight for this field.**

**Picked To Win: This is my Special. My Sure-Thing Selection. Fabian.**

**BEST FEMALE NEWCOMER**

**DIANE BAKER:** A classy filly. Always gives a good performance. It's not her time.

**ANNETTE FUNICELLO:** Running for the Walt Disney stable. They believe she's ready to win the big one. Has had several popular outings.

**SUSAN KOHNER:** Has been threatening and is due. Always finishes in the money.

**DODIE STEVENS:** Could spot for upset win. Showed good form. Has plenty of speed. If track is in the pink, she could take it.

**TUESDAY WELD:** Always dangerous. Inclined to break fast and falter in distance. Tab for future. It doesn't seem to be Tuesday's day.

**Picked To Win: Annette Funicello.** It's a close race all the way to the wire between her and Dodie Stevens.

**THERE YOU HAVE THEM:** my selections for the 39th running of the Photoplay Gold Medal Derby. However, don't bet too heavily on them. The only thing I really know is that I don't know how to pick the Gold Medal winners. Back in 1947, "The Jolson Story" won Photoplay's Gold Medal and no one was more surprised than me. And I've got the Gold Medal to prove it! So don't bet on me. I'll be waiting with you for the next issue of Photoplay—and The Winners. See you at the newstand on February 4th. You bring the salt—in case I have to eat my own words.
This is the picture the public went wild about in nationwide Previews!

James Garner
and
Natalie Wood
in
"Cash McCall"

BIG MAN... BIG CHARM... BIG MILLIONS...
BUT FROM THE GIRL NOT EVEN A LITTLE KISS!

This fellow -
he's a zillionaire...
But this girl - she keeps giving him the air...!
Why should it be? People, you gotta see!
It's the New Year's big bright romantic delight!

FROM THE BIG BEST-SELLER BY THE AUTHOR OF 'EXECUTIVE SUITE'
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Ben-Hur

It’s the most expensive movie ever made, and maybe we’re inclined to approach it with a chip on the shoulder: “All right, show me what’s so special.” But we’ll go on record: The $15,000,000 “Ben-Hur” turns out to be the finest of the big pictures about Bible days ever made. Its producer, the late Sam Zimbalist, and director, William Wyler, give the actors a real chance, a good story and plenty to cope with in this epic about Roman imperialism, Jewish patriotism and Christianity’s beginnings. Charlton Heston’s a proud Judean prince; Haya Harareet’s a beautiful slave who loves him. Stephen Boyd (see left, at top, with Charlton Heston) is a Roman fanatic, Jack Hawkins is a tough but civilized Roman—and they’re all good and make these long-ago people as deeply interesting as if they were living right now. For once, the wide screen’s filled full with spectacular action. When that famous chariot race goes into full swing, you’ll be on the edge of your seat. But it’s not the suspense or the pageantry that’s most impressive. The most remarkable thing about the picture is that, while this happened 2,000 years ago, its emotions and ideas are important in our own world today.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

Here’s Heston again, but the adventure he’s mixed up in this time around has absolutely no historical significance. It’s good, solid, straightforward entertainment that gets right down to the business of being exciting and scary in the opening scene. Charlton’s prowling around a freighter that seems to be utterly deserted, drifting in rough seas off England, when suddenly a gaunt, grim, battered figure appears—Gary Cooper—but what’s he up to? Why did the rest of the crew abandon ship? What really happened to the captain? Our two heroes have to do some highly unofficial (and dangerous) snooping to get all the answers. (There’s no time for romance in these hearty, masculine doings; pretty as Virginia McKenna is—see left, at bottom, with Coop.) The flavor’s good and salty: The Mary Deare looks like a real old rust bucket of a ship, and sometimes you have the uneasy feeling that the theater floor has developed a distinct roll. Or is it pitching?

Black Orpheus

What a strange and lovely and haunting picture this is! If you have a taste for the exotic, then here’s a real banquet, because “Black Orpheus” was shot in Brazil by a French director (Marcel Camus), and it’s based on an ancient Greek legend, of a musician who followed his dead beloved into the Underworld and tried to use his lyre to charm her free. There’ve been a number of changes made. Like (continued)
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from
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For samples and informative booklet, "What You Should Know About Yourself As A Woman!", send 10¢ for postage and handling. Box 225, Dept. T54, Church St. Sta., New York 8, N.Y.
this Orpheus is a handsome, dark-skinned conductor on a Rio de Janeiro streetcar, and he’s in a hurry to get his guitar out of hock in time for the big carnival. His Eurydice is a shy country girl who says she’s being chased by a stranger who wants to kill her. Bruno Mello and Marpessa Dawn are a good-looking, graceful pair of lovers. In fact, the whole picture is a pleasure to watch, with its views of the city and the mountains and the harbor and its wild carnival scenes. And it has a double fascination: It shows us how the poor people of Rio actually live and, at the same time, it has a weird supernatural feeling, with haunting touches like the “Death” costume of Eurydice’s pursuer. The other carnival merrymakers think it’s just a costume, yet . . . Adult

A Touch of Larceny Paramount

Just remember this is only a pretty clever money-making scheme, so don’t get any bright ideas from it! James Mason’s operating on a British navy officer’s modest salary, and he wants to earn a fast buck (beg pardon, we mean quid) so he can woo Vera Miles away from George Sanders, who’s stuffy but rich. So James gets a brainstorm: He’ll frame himself for treason and then sue the newspapers for libel. The picture’s a little slow in working up to this crazy situation, but once it gets there, it’s good fun. Family

Beloved Infidel De Luxe Color

It’s too bad that at the beginning, this tearful love story assumes that, one, we all know all about F. Scott Fitzgerald and, two, that we’re all passionately interested in business problems of a gossip columnist (Sheelah Graham). After a while when we forget that Gregory Peck and Deborah Kerr (below, left) are playing famous people, the picture settles down to a very simple and touching story about a girl who loves a drunk—who’s a charming, talented fellow when he’s sober and impossible when he’s loaded. Although this is obviously supposed to be a “woman’s picture,” because it’s told from Deborah’s viewpoint, it’s Gregory who walks right away with it. You’ll be surprised at Peck. Up to now he’s usually been so reserved that who’ve had ever expected him to show such violent, bitter emotion. A very impressive job, Mr. Peck! Adult

The Flying Fontaines Columbia

At least, here we get a good look at three new young players: Michael Callan, Evy Norlund (below, right) and Rian Garrick. It’s all about the tangled-up love lives of the boys and girls on the flying trapeze. Mickey comes across nicely as a temperamental “flyer” who’s lugging around a burden of guilt, but too bad, against the circus background there wasn’t a story with more color, laughs, action. Family

The Cranes Are Flying Warners—Dialogue in Russian, Titles in English

You may remember reading about the cultural-exchange agreement our State Department made with Russia. Well, here’s the first of the Soviet movie imports. There isn’t a bit of politics in it; it’s just a simple love story about a girl, a soldier and a musician. A warmly emotional young actress named Tatyana Samoilova makes you understand this girl so well that it hurts. The whole movie—music, photography that’s downright poetic—is put together in an exciting style you’ll find hard to forget. Family

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BY THE BILLIONS

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Tampax® internal sanitary protection comes in Regular, Super and Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are available. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.
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The swinging purse...the swaying hips...the sensuous body against the lamp-post...then, the sudden glint of a knife...a choked scream...fleeing footsteps and over and over he would repeat his brutal, compulsive act of killing!

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SOON AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE
WOMAN'S 'DIFFICULT DAYS' AND HER PERSPIRATION PROBLEMS

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle. What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called "emotional perspiration" is closely linked to a woman's "difficult days." So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, "emotional perspiration" is caused by special glands. They're bigger and more powerful. And when they're stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

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Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don't be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Try it today. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter.

*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants
**Rumors:** They do say that Elvis' father, who has been with him in Germany, has a new bride in mind. But both El. and his father emphatically deny it... The unhappiness in the Desi Arnaz-Lucille Ball marriage has passed the rumor stage. Lucille, I'm told, is seeking guidance from Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, author and churchman. Desi says little except he'll mind the store in Hollywood, while Lucille does a play on Broadway next season.

... At M-G-M studios, it's a race between Ivy Leaguer George Hamilton and method actor George Peppard to see which actor attains stardom first. The studio is sold on both lads but young Hamilton’s second-hand Rolls-Royce, which once belonged to English Royalty, has reaped him more publicity. ... That same M-G-M studio was so eager to have Eddie Fisher in Liz Taylor’s film, “Butterfield 8,” they upped the bid to $100,000 and padded his part. And Eddie, who is busier than ever these days, accepted. ... Which reminds me, whispers have it that all was far from sweetness and light between Debbie Reynolds and Tony Curtis on “The Rat Race” set. Could be Tony is taking his publicity too serious these days. It does happen you know. ... Shirley MacLaine solved all her problems. She'll spend six months in Japan with her husband Steve, and he'll spend 6 months in Hollywood with her. ... Tom Tryon is happy over his role in the 20th’s “Story of Ruth.”

**A Mystery:** Pier Angeli was on the telephone, late one evening, to her ex-husband Vic Damone in Fresno, when Vic whispered to a friend to call the Beverly Hills police. He indicated that Pier was threatening to slash her wrists. But Pier, surprised and smiling, denied any threat of suicide. Still, I wonder how true it is that Pier is jealous of Vic's new girlfriend, Carolyn Chapman? Even when everything's over, doesn't it hurt to see your guy with another girl?

(Continued)
TV Jottings: Handsome Dale Robertson of "Wells Fargo" seems happy with his third wife, Lulu Mae Harding, who comes from Texas and loves the outdoor life. . . . Robert Young assures me the name of his series will not be changed to "Grandfather Knows Best" just because he's become one. And a happier grandfather you never saw. . . . To my notion, one of the sights to which they should really run excursions, is feminine Ida Lupino directing various western horse operas. And Ida does a good job of it, too. . . . The Bob Horton English fan club now has 5000 members which is why Bob plans to play London's Palladium theater soon. . . . Please tell me why women stars, with the exceptions of Dinah Shore, Loretta Young and Ann Sothern, can't seem to ring that TV bell on their own shows?

Marilyn's just being neighborly; Anna Magnani's fuming.

Only In Hollywood: Anna Magnani is so incensed over those closeups of co-star Marlon Brando in "The Fugitive Kind" her protests can be heard all the way from Rome. Rumor has it that Anna feels she's been badly photographed and Marlon hasn't. . . . Tuesday Weld showed up for a local TV interview in her bare feet and wearing what seemed to be a nightgown. The seasoned interviewee looked frightened and, of course, viewing audiences were wild-eyed. . . . Edd Byrnes danced with Her Imperial Highness, Princess Cecelia of Prussia, at the Waif Ball! And I wondered, as I watched them glide by, if memories of those grim days of his early youth passed through Kookie's mind. Later, Edd confessed he was so concerned over his contract hassle with Warner Brothers, he couldn't enjoy himself; let's hope it's a hassle that is settled by this time. We need "Kookie," the parking boy at that famous address "77 Sunset Strip." . . . And surely in no other town could such feuds as Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak float by in a dreamy waltz as if nothing had happened. And plenty had. Their trouble began, I'm told, when Kim attempted to direct Kirk's scenes in their co-starring film, "Strangers When We Meet," with Kirk stomping off the set in a big fat rage. Yet, here they were, at the Douglas party a few evenings later, dancing together in peace-pipe "togetherness." . . . Marilyn Monroe whipped up a spaghetti dinner for herself, her husband Arthur Miller and her neighbors in the next Beverly Hills Hotel bungalow, French star, Simone ("Room at the Top") Signoret and her talented husband Yves Montand. And a few days later, Simone asked Marilyn to please return the cooking pot she'd borrowed. She planned a French stew for all of them. And this could happen only in Hollywood.
Parties: “Come up and see my new paintings,” Martha Hyer urged editor Evelyn Pain and me. But after the lovely dinner party, given by producer Ross Hunter in Evelyn’s honor, we went home, instead, and missed a chance to view Martha’s collection of originals. A few nights later, they were all stolen with nary a clue nor a trace. Tony Randall, itching in his half-grown beard for his role in “Huckleberry Finn,” and his lovely wife, along with the head of Universal Studios, Milton Rackmil and his bride Vivian Blaine, were among the guests. And what a doll the new Mrs. Rackmil is. And what a delightful host my friend Ross Hunter is. . . June Allyson confided, at Don Loper’s elegant gathering, that she isn’t at all happy with her new TV series and pouted, “Richard will have to do something about it.” Husband Richard Powell is, of course, one of TV’s Four Star Theater bosses. June, in a Loper creation of short blue chiffon, looked adorable. And what a figure!

Martha invited us to have a look. Now, it’s too late.

Mail Box Corner: A note from Warren Berlinger reminds me of our meeting on the “Blue Denim” set and his assurance that TV actress Betty Lou Keim is the only girl for him. The two met in the Broadway play “A Room Full of Roses” when Warren was barely 17. Now that he’s reached 21, the pair will carry their teenage romance into marriage. And I’m all for it. . . A letter from Sara Wilson of Brookville, Indiana, suggests she and I have the best first names ever. . . A sweet note from that promising star, Diane Baker, wishing me The Best of Everything because I wished the same for her, in print. . . And Marilyn Gavan of the Nelson Eddy Music Club invites me to write a piece for their club journal’s 25th anniversary number. Which reminds me how faithful the Nelson Eddy fans have been throughout the years.

That feud between Kirk Douglas and Kim Novak is on again, off again, on again.

Around Town: Ran into cute Joanna Moore pushing her grocery cart in a Beverly Hills shop, looking rather bewildered. “This boy has had me out to dinner several times,” she explained, “and I thought I’d cook for him at my apartment this evening. Will he think maybe I’m rushing him or something?” My answer was to help select the steak, the vegetables and the dessert. Joanna didn’t say so but I wondered if maybe the lucky boy wasn’t George Stevens Jr., her latest beau. . . Suddenly came upon Richard Egan in Jack Tavelman’s men’s shop trying on a new suit while wife Pat Hardy beamed her approval. Of course, they assured me their son was the greatest baby ever. And of course, I agreed. Incidentally, rumors of a new baby, arriving at the Egan home late next spring, are in the air. Richard stirred up quite a ruckus when he turned down the 20th Century-Fox movie “From The Terrace.” But wasn’t he wonderful in “A Summer Place”? . . . Before they departed for Europe, I spied Claire Bloom and her bridgroom Rod Steiger in Beverly Hills’ I. Magnins. Claire admired the silver trays and salad bowls but she couldn’t get Rod away from the men’s department. (Continued)
Snappers: Actor Don Burnett is taking no chances on his marital happiness with wife Gia Scala. When Gia left for Munich, to make "I Aim at the Stars," Don canceled everything and went right along. . . . Dorothy Malone, the evasive one, admits an heir is on the way. But when it comes to a question of names or whether the baby will learn the language of his French father, Jacques Bergerac, Dorothy grows indignant and walks away. But then, Dorothy has always been like that. . . . Rumors of Paul Anka's fabulous earnings and rabid fans are fine with me. But I agree with many readers that our loyalty also belongs to those stars who gave us such wonderful moments. Such talented people as Joan and Constance Bennett, Linda Darnell, Ann Sheridan, Sylvia Sydney, Myrna Loy and Joan Crawford. These, and so many others, deserve a place in our hearts.

Thanks for a wonderful time

Myrna Loy

Joan Crawford

Sylvia Sydney

Linda Darnell

From Fabe With Love: A giant sized post card from Fabian, tells me how glad he'll be to be back in Hollywood making another movie. And his studio, 20th Century-Fox, claims that all of the young singers turned actors. Fabe will rank next to Elvis in lasting popularity. His innate kindness and humility have a lot to do with it. That I'm sure of. And the purchase of a new home for his parents in New Jersey, is proof of that

I Look Back: Halfway through the movie, "Dancing Lady," in the year 1933, a tall blond singer, Nelson Eddy, made an unexpected appearance and the world of worshiping fans was never the same. Only on rare occasions, does any one personality claim such world-wide interest as did this young concert singer from Providence, Rhode Island. His teaming with Jeanette MacDonald in "Naughty Marietta" began a cycle of musical dramas that literally had the fans spinning. "Rose Marie," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "Sweethearts" received such acclaim, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer rushed their twin gold mines into "New Moon" and "Bitter Sweet." Between concert tours, Nelson went on to make other films with other stars and to wed Mrs. Ann Franklin, after Jeanette married Gene Raymond. Their separate marriages proved a disillusionment to fans who imagined a grand romance between the co-stars. As a result, interest began to fade and musical dramas lost their vogue. Today, between nightclub and concert dates, Nelson relaxes in Bel-Air.

Cal York's Jottings: The late Victor McLaglen left a legacy to the art of motion pictures in two of the finest pictures ever made, "What Price Glory?" and "The Informer," for which Victor won the Academy Award in 1935. . . . The career of Barrie Chase took a sudden upswing after the second Fred Astaire TV show. Along with Bing Crosby and Fabian, Barrie is slated for some fancy capers in the movie "Daddy-O." . . . Dennis Hopper vows his beatnik days are over and from now on he'll concentrate on his career and his role in "Cimarron." And it's about time. . . . Jimmy Durante and Marjorie Little will step into wedlock one day soon and their friends are delighted. . . . And don't be surprised if Anne Francis and Dr. Robert Abeloff do likewise. . . . Congratulations to Barry Coe and his lovely Norwegian bride Jorunn. . . . Jack Lemmon consoled his former wife Cynthia throughout her marital problems with Cliff Robertson. The couple are very devoted parents to their small son Chris. . . . The increasing reports on the Zimbaliist marriage are so off-and-on confusing. I doubt if either Efrem or Steffi know where they are.

Miss Norway is Mrs. Barry Coe.
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have you heard...

What They're Playing: The Kingston Trio album, "Here We Go Again" (Capitol) ... "Sweet Sounds by the Browns" (RCA). A nice addition for your country and western collection, ... "What A Difference A Day Makes" (Mercury). It's the new Dinah Washington, singing! ... "Spike Jones in Hi Fi" (Warner). A Spooktacular in Screaming Sound.

What They're Doing: The Nutty Squirrels who sing "Uh! Oh!" are really Don Elliott and Sascha Burland. ... Fred Darian ("I Believed You") collects early-American maps and Gary Stites ("Starry Eyed") collects custom cars. ... Bobby Darin gave June Blair a diamond friendship ring. ... Dot Harmony, who used to hold hands with Elvis, is now doing it with Sal Mineo. ... Jimmy Clanton—isn't his "Go Jimmy Go" full of bounce?—hopes someday he can dress as elegantly as Cary Grant, his idol. ... Pat Wayne's favorite date is Penny Parker of the Danny Thomas TV show. ... Jerry Fuller, that "Tennessee Waltz" man, is an amateur boxer. ... The newest lingo among rock 'n' rollers is "rigor mortis." It means "Nothing's happening."

What They're Saying: Right after my ABC Radio show, "Teen Town," I split a soda with the daily guest, with the talk going like this. Fabian ("Hound Dog Man"): "I guess it'll get out sooner or later, so I might as well tell you. Before I go into a recording session, I stand on my head for five minutes. Honest, it helps me sing better." ... Paul Anka ("Put Your Head On My Shoulder"): "I'm on a clothes kick. When I was in London, I flipped for the colored vests the fellows over there wear. I wish all the guys here would wear them." ... Annette ("First Name Initial"): "Can anybody help me with my Civics? Ugh!" ... Lennon Sisters: "Sure, sometimes we fight with each other. We wouldn't be normal if we didn't." ... Tab Hunter: "I like a girl who'll look me in the eyes."
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heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY with silicones

Kitchen tests prove it... with women just like you! Hard-working hands heal twice as fast with new heavy-duty Trushay with silicones. Try new Trushay.

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TRUSHAY... the heavy-duty lotion for hard-working hands
What's in the Stars?

If you first landed on earth between Dec. 23 and Jan. 20, you belong under the tenth sign of the zodiac. That's Capricorn, just like: Elvis Presley (Jan. 8), Sal Mineo (Jan. 10), Marlene Dietrich (Dec. 27), Ava Gardner (Dec. 24), Richard Widmark (Dec. 26), Cary Grant and Danny Kaye (Jan. 18).

People like you because they can depend on you. You're diligent, willing to work hard, absolutely unmovable if you think you're right in an argument. You're practical about money and like to see your bank savings grow. You could be a leader—only you're not overly ambitious and so you often stand back and let others lead you.

In romance, you believe people must accept you as you are. You refuse to "put on a show" to attract somebody. There's lots of love in your heart, but your mind holds you back from releasing it. Whoever wins you in marriage will have to be patient, because you don't like rushing into something so sacred. You want to be sure. And here's a tip about Capricorn men: They may be slow to get interested, but they're loyal to the end.

Don't let all the trifles of life depress you. You take things much too personally sometimes. You've a down-to-earth sense of humor that surprises people, because of your usually serious manner. You mellow as you grow older and, if you're good-looking to begin with, you'll grow even more attractive with the passing years. That's something to look forward to, huh? Your lucky number is 8.

Shari's Corner

Hi Gang: Have I been lucky. To start I went with Jet Powers—have you heard him on Silver Records?—to the big annual Sheriff's Rodeo in the Los Angeles Coliseum. We were watching the calf roping, when all of a sudden I heard this tremendous screaming behind us. I turned and asked some of the girls if perhaps they saw something I was missing (I'm very near-sighted). "It's Fabian," they shouted, "right down there." Well, I fumbled in my grab-bag (purse) for my glasses, and sure enough there he was, wearing a red plaid cowboy shirt, brown hat and levis. . . . Saw Rick Nelson in Tops Restaurant, for the first time since the night of my sister Mary Jo's birthday party. He looked great. . . . Wow. Sal Mineo and a few of the guys around town are sporting these crazy mountain hats. And speaking of fads, the new one seems to be guns. Eddie Cochran got the bug when he saw Rick practicing quick-draws. Now, Phil and Don Everly are at it, too. . . . Boy, how rumors fly. Got the straight scoop on the Marianne Gaba and Fabian romance. Strictly friendship with these two. Fab doesn't like to date gals older than he is (16) and Marianne's 20. . . . Met Connie Stevens a short time ago, and she told me that she was keeping her fingers crossed that her new record, "Joey," would hit. Romance? She said Gary Clark's still her steady. See you next month, Shari.

P.S. Thought for the Month: Be loyal and true To friends who trust in you. For friendship is a treasure That only time can measure.

ACROSS

2. Singer of the month (pictured)
5. "We Got Love," says he
8. She sings "If I Give My Heart to You"
9. Top ........ (record label)
10. Phil and Don
12. Eydie Gorme's guy
14. In the Army now

DOWN

1. "The ............ Bells"
3. "Lonely Street's" his address
4. "Body and ............"
5. The "Woo-Hoo" gang
6. She sings "Don't You Know"
7. She likes "Tiny Tim"
11. Her name's like a general's
13. "........ I Kissed You"

Congratulations

The lucky winners of our Keely Smith-Louis Primo contest are:
FIRST PRIZE—RCA Victor Portable Stereo Victrola: Rita Czelier, Spring City, Pa.
THIRD PRIZE (Turned out to be a tie)—$10 package of three albums by Keely-Louis: Gertrude Hirschenson, Miami, Florida, and Jean Burke, Louisville, Kentucky.

Everyone who entered received a good-luck charm from Keely and Louis, and also autographed photos and free membership in the Louis-Keely National Fan Club.
Sta-Puf rinses new fluffiness into all your washables!

You'll be amazed at the softness that Sta-Puf® Rinse restores to wash-hardened fabrics! Just add Sta-Puf to your final rinse, and bath towels fluff up almost double in thickness. Ordinary woolen sweaters feel like cashmere, muslin sheets like expensive percale! Blankets, chenille, terry cloth regain a deep-piled luxurious feel, corduroys and blue jeans lose that boardy hardness. Sta-Puf does wonders for diapers and baby things, eliminating irritating scratchiness. Clothes rinsed in Sta-Puf iron easier, and much flatwork dries wrinkle-free, needs no pressing at all! Be sure to use Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse in your next wash. You'll find Sta-Puf at your favorite grocer's.
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE FOR THE NEW YEAR?

Here's all you have to do. Please fill out the ballot on this page and mail it immediately to Reader's Poll, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. If yours is among the first hundred answers received, we'll send you—as a token of our thanks—an autographed photo of your favorite star.

WHAT CURRENT FAVORITES DO YOU LIKE?

I want to read stories about (please check names):

**ACTOR**

1. Elvis Presley (15) Everly Brothers (29) Jerry Lewis
2. Rick Nelson (16) Frankie Avalon (30) Jimmie Rodgers
3. Faron Young (17) Bessie Smith (31) Kingston Trio
4. Tommy Sands (18) Marlon Brando (32) Roger Smith
5. Pat Boone (19) Duane Eddy (33) Clint Walker
6. Johnny Cash (20) Pual Anka (34) Dale Robertson
7. Tony Curtis (21) James Darren (35) George Nader
8. Tab Hunter (22) Troy Donahue (36) Eddie Fisher
9. James Garner (23) Perry Como (37) Bob Horton
12. Dick Clark (26) Robert Wagner (40) Fabian
13. Peter Brown (27) Will Hutchins (41) Jack Kelly
14. Sal Mineo (28) Dian & the Belmonts (42) Bob Evans

**ACTRESS**

1. Debbie Reynolds (14) Brigitte Bardot (27) Connie Stevens
2. Liz Taylor (15) Leslie Caron (28) May Britt
5. Dolores Hart (18) Christine Carere (31) Hope Lange
7. Kim Novak (20) Shirley MacLaine (33) Dinah Shore
8. Janet Leigh (21) Deborah Kerr (34) Audrey Hepburn
9. Sandra Dee (22) Sophia Loren (35) Tuesday Weld
10. Joanne Woodward (23) Mady Bee (36) Didi Stevens
12. Gail Storm (25) Ingrid Bergman (38) Others you like
13. Coralyn Jones (26) Dione Jergens

Others

WHICH SUPER-STARS DO YOU LIKE BEST?

I want PHOTOPLAY to tell me all about (check names of stars below):

**ACTOR**

1. Robert Montgomery (11) Kirk Douglas (21) Bing Crosby
2. Fred Astaire (12) Henry Fonda (22) John Payne
3. Joel MacRae (13) Gregory Peck (23) Ronald Reagan
4. Burt Lancaster (14) Robert Mitchum (24) Roy Rogers
5. Paul Muni (15) Charlton Heston (25) Tull Brynner
7. John Garfield (17) Peter Lawford (27) James Stewart
8. Humphrey Bogart (18) Von Johnson (28) Robert Taylor
10. Gary Cooper (20) David Niven (30) Cary Grant

**ACTRESS**

1. Norma Shearer (9) Lona Turner (17) Jane Russell
2. Joan Crawford (10) Susan Hayward (18) Gene Tierney
3. Irene Dunne (11) June Allyson (19) Esther Williams
4. Greta Garbo (12) Claudette Colbert (20) Jane Wymon
5. Ann Sheridan (13) Ava Gardner (21) Loretta Young
6. Dorothy Lamour (14) Betty Grable (22) Shirley Temple
7. Heddy Lamarr (15) Rita Hayworth (23) Betty Davis
8. Grace Kelly (16) Ginger Rogers (24) Others you like

Others...

If mine is one of the first 100 answers,

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What did you like in this issue?

(1) .......................................................... (2) ..........................................................
(3) .......................................................... (4) ..........................................................

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE IN PHOTOPLAY?

- More stories on TV personalities?
- More on Recording personalities?
- More beauty and fashion articles?
- More picture stories: candid portraits pinups

What is your favorite column: Monthly Record Readers Inc. Inside Stuff That's Hollywood For You Go Out To A Movie Becoming Attractions

Would you like the articles to run shorter?
Yes ... No ...

WHAT ARE YOU LIKE?

Age? Married? Children?

Three Favorite Magazines:

How old are the other people in your family? Males.. Females..

How many people in your family are between the ages of 10 and 19? Males.. Females..

What is the occupation of the head of your family?

What do you do in your spare time?

How often do you go out to a movie?

What helps you choose a movie?

What happened on the best time you ever had?

What happened on the worst time you ever had?

What ideas do boys have that make you the maddest?

What subjects would you like the males' point of view on?

If you had the choice, what would you most like to do?
**Letter to Kookie**

Hi Dad, I'm glad you make with the king's jive because the cats around my pad are dazed in squaresville when I speak to them. Ever since I began to dig this king's jive, I have had smog in my noggins towards English. You dig me, dad? Do you agree there are a lot of cubes around here when nobody digs our Kookie Talk? Well, if you do, you're touching home.

*The Cool One*,
Monroeville, Pa.

**Look Alikes:**

Many people think my "letter half" Jack, resembles Errol Flynn in his young years.

*Mrs. J. Daney*
Basking Ridge, N. J.

... Whenever I show my son's picture to someone, they say "Pat Boone!" Don't you think there is a likeness?

*Mildred Elliott*
Canton, Ill.

... I think my daughter Rosemary looks so much like Tab Hunter, they could almost pass for brother and sister.

*Mrs. Szymbuski*
Nanty Glo, Pa.

**Correction:** In our December issue, we inadvertently listed Jerry Wald as producer of "From Here To Eternity." The Academy Award-winning film was produced by Mr. Buddy Adler, who is now Executive Head of Production of 20th Century-Fox. "From Here to Eternity" won eight Academy Awards, including one for Mr. Adler as producer of the film. In the same issue, Ross Hunter should have been listed as producer of "Imitation of Life," "Pillow Talk" and "Portrait in Black."—Ed.

**Did you guess? It's Pat at left.**

**My Idol**

I have seen him many times, though to him I am an unknown. I have heard his voice, I have felt him close. But I still remain alone. He is many miles away, far over the deep blue sea. But when I see him on the screen, he seems nearer to me. I hope the day will come, so I can really meet him. The man who's been my idol and who has made my life complete. His pictures hang around my room, covering every wall. Which just proves what I've said, I love Rock Hudson best of all.

*Patricia Ann Guignard*
Copenhagen, Denmark

**Greatest Ambition**

My greatest ambition is to shake hands with John Derek and Michael Landon, and kiss the hand of Deborah Kerr.

*Andrew Avery*
Quebec

**Shirley And I**

I have been an avid reader of Photoplay for years and would like to thank you for all the past articles on Shirley Temple. You see, Shirley and I were born the same year and month, with the exception of a few days. I have admired Shirley through the years. She will always be my favorite star. Would you answer my prayers with a nice article about my idol?

*Mrs. Floyd Terry*
Vivian, La.

Your prayers are answered. See page 44. —Ed.

**Who'd June Play?**

My sister and I are having an argument. She says June Allyson played Meg in the movie "Little Women." I say she played Amy. Who's right?

Linda Groyle
E. Liverpool, Ohio

Uh, uh! You're both wrong. June played Jo.—Ed.

**Morgus: He's magnificent.**

“Morgus”

Quite often I read and see pictures about Zacherly on the “House of Horror” in New York. Well, we in New Orleans also have a horror program known as the “House of Shock.” The host of the show is “Morgus the Magnificent” whom we think is tops. Don't you think he's a scream?—Ed.

Joe Sario
New Orleans, La.

We sure do. In fact that's what he makes us want to do—scream.—Ed.

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.
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Simplicity The fashion magazine for women who sew
may every day of your new year be a happy one
Elvis Presley
Roger Smith
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*Doris Day*
MARLON BRANDO

by JIM HOFFMAN
The photographers and reporters stared after Marlon Brando as he disappeared into the Santa Monica courtroom. "Man, I've seen them all," said a veteran newsmen, "but never anyone as cool as that. Did you see the way he looked right through her? As if he'd never even met her, never married her. Now I know what 'indifference' means. It means him—a cold fish!" He laughed. "Everyone knows a 'marlin' is a fish."

As far back as he could remember, Marlon Brando was getting into trouble because of his name. Not all the kids at the Lincoln Elementary School in Evanston, Illinois, had simple names like Jones, or Williams, or Smith; but none of them was called anything quite so far-out as Marlon Brando. And it wouldn't have helped to explain that Brando was just the Americanization of a famous old French name. (Continued on page 90)
In this frank interview, Debbie answers your questions.
After all that's happened to you during this past year, Debbie, what do you think now?

I know now much of what I tried to do in marriage was wrong...

continued on page 84
after the minutes taken picture was run the boy opened his eyes and found himself staring up at a stark white ceiling. He blinked a few times, looked again and then, still unable to recognize the surroundings, tried raising his head to get a better view. He couldn't. It felt as if a fifty-pound bag of cement were sitting on his shoulders. Instinctively, his hand reached up and touched his forehead—for the first time he was aware of the gauze and tape bandages. He shut his eyes tight and (Continued on page 87)
if he had known what was going to happen

by MARCIA BORIE
MOMMY, DID YOU REALLY KNOW SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Nobody ever told Shirley she was acting. To her, singing with the other kids in the "Baby Burlesque" comedies was playing, just like climbing on the roof of her playhouse or having make-believe tea-parties for her dolls.

The door was opened by a brown-eyed child in a crisp red dress, followed closely by a motherly-looking housekeeper named Mrs. Paul. "My name's Lori," the little girl said, "and I'm five." When I told her I had a five-and-a-half-year-old daughter Ellen, she stated, matter-of-factly, that she bet she was taller than Ellen; then she led me into the living room to wait for her mother, whom I was to interview. Her mother was Shirley Temple. Such a lovely room, I thought to myself. Full of light, one wall looking out into the patio and garden, and the colors (Continued on page 76)
She ruled as "The Bowery Princess." And rich and poor girls alike copied Shirley's curls.

Her most famous dance partner was Bill Robinson. Their pet prop: a staircase. Above, she's a sailor with Guy Kibbee in "Captain January."

When Shirley cried in a picture—like "Poor Little Rich Girl," with Alice Faye, or "Little Miss Broadway"—so did everyone at the movie.

All grown-up, she starred with husband John Agar, David Niven. But the happy ending is being Mrs. Black.
I see a lot of Rock—maybe more than anyone else—at least that’s what he tells me. Like when he’s not working, when he’s just loafing down at Lido, we’re together all day long and do whatever comes into our heads. Sometimes I drag him out of the house after dinner and we walk along the bay. Then there are times I curl up on the couch with my head in his lap, and he'll smoke and read
and there won't be a word for an hour, just a sort of lazy closeness. But other times, that crazy phone starts to ring and he talks to a hundred-and-one people about a hundred-and-one things and I can't help sulking because that's not my idea of fun. I keep trying to get him to hang up, but he keeps shaking his head no and kibitzes with someone or other as if (Continued on page 68)
“HELP WANTED” PARTY

Frantic father of twin boys needs helpers to dunk diapers. No experience necessary.

SALARY:
All the barbecue you can eat.

Apply immediately to

TY HARDIN

“Darling! Not ‘Rock-a-Bye Baby’ on bongos!”

It’s twins!” When Ty was told, he drove straight home from the hospital, honking his horn all the way down his street. Although twins run in Andra’s family, they didn’t expect them. And already their new two-bedroom house was too small. “I’ll fix a bedroom for myself in the garage,” he decided and sent out a help-wanted plea which ended up, one sunny Saturday afternoon, in the party you see here. “We’ll do everything,” the men insisted, so the girls sat back and sunned themselves and talked.

“The babies are asleep,” Andra explained. “You know, they’re so identical that Ty and I have to pick them up to tell them apart. Jeff’s heavier, but John has the temper . . .” and suddenly, she screamed and ran to catch Van and the falling dishes. Somewhere, behind smoke, another cry was heard and Vici and Andra ran to find their husbands—and charred steak. At last, with gallantry, the men served the women and everyone (Continued)
the fellows insisted on cooking
It was a great party... but Ty and Andra was enjoying themselves until Will suggested: "Since we slaved over the hot stove, you girls ought to do the dishes."

"Ohh," moaned Connie and Dorothy, "there's always a catch."

After dishes, Roger brought out his guitar, Ty his bongo drums, Will his jawbone and Connie played a wooden piccolo. It was real crazy until Ty asked: "How many for carrying the sofa into the garage?" Suddenly, everybody had to go home. "Just shows," Ty laughed, "you shouldn't pay till the work's all done." The End
dancing was square... music real cool!

noisy, but
the twins
didn't cry
wondered: "Why did it end so suddenly?"

See these Warner Bros. stars in the following ABC TV series: TY HARDIN in "Bronco," every other Tues., 7:30 p.m.; VAN WILLIAMS in "Bourbon St. Beat," Mon., 8:30 p.m.; DOROTHY PROVINE in "The Alaskans," Sun., 9:30 p.m.; CONNIE STEVENS in "Hawaiian Eye," Wed., 9 p.m. (and hear her sing on Warners' label); ROGER SMITH in "77 Sunset Strip," Fri., 9 p.m.; WILL HUTCHINS in "Sugarfoot," every other Tues., 7:30 p.m. All EST. See VICTORIA SHAW as she appears in Columbia Pictures' "Edge of Eternity" and "I Aim at the Stars."
“I think every girl has difficult moments, at some time or other, in her marriage,” Donna Reed explained, recently, when the conversation turned to the difficulties of young marriages today. “A lot of girls go into marriage—I know I did—expecting marriage to make their lives perfect; to eliminate all their problems. Like a magic potion that you drink, and suddenly the world’s rosy and right.” Donna paused for a moment, then shook her head slightly. “But it’s not that way. I know now, after fourteen years of marriage to Tony Owen—and we’ve (Continued on page 71) by GEORGE CHRISTY.
I wish
I may,
I wish
I might,
I wish
have the
wish
I wish
tonight
The day was hot and sticky. It was the rainy season in California, but the rain was late in coming. Nothing the teacher was saying seemed to get to Dodie Stevens. Her best friend, Cheryl Wagner, who sat across the way, looked over at her. Then she stuck her foot out in the aisle and gave her pal a friendly little kick.

“If the bell would only ring!” she whispered. “Just two minutes to go.” She began to put her books in order, and the minute the bell rang she made a dash for the doorway.

“Hey, Geri! Wait up!” (Dodie’s real name is Geraldine, but all her friends still call her Geri.)

But Dodie didn’t seem to hear. When Cheryl finally caught up with her, she asked, out of breath, “What’s bugging you?”

Dodie just shrugged, said “Nothing” and quickened her pace. For several blocks they walked in silence. About half a block from home, Dodie started fumbling in her bag for the key, and as they walked up the front steps she found herself wishing Cheryl hadn’t come along today—even though she did want someone to talk to.

She opened the door. Just then her father was coming out of the parlor, a newspaper in his hand. “Hi there,” he said, smiling. How could he be so jovial, even at a time like this? she wondered.

Cheryl was surprised to see him home in the afternoon. Without thinking, she blurted out, “What are you doing home so early, Mr. Pasquale?”

Dodie looked at her dad. A strange message passed between them, and before he could answer, Dodie had pushed Cheryl into the bedroom and closed the door. (Continued on page 95)

by RONA BARRETT
In the dark, quiet bedroom, Clark Gable sat up suddenly. "Kay?" he said sharply. "Kay?" . . . The tiny clock on his night table read 4:43. . . . "Kay?" . . . The form in the other bed stirred slightly. "Hmm?" said Kay Gable sleepily. "Huh? What—what's wrong?" . . . Clark let his breath out in a rush. "Nothing," he said at last. "Nothing. Kay—you all right?" . . . His wife buried her head deeper into the pillows. "Sure," she mumbled. "Jus' fine—" Her voice trailed off. She didn't move. Soon she was breathing evenly; sound asleep again. With a sigh, Clark let himself slide down under the covers. . . . Everything was all right. Everything was fine. Kay was fine. As she always was, now. Always. And yet—his mind refused to relax. Restlessly, his eyes wandered through the dim light, picking out familiar objects. The draperies Kay had hung over the wide windows. The big bureau he had picked himself. The chair Carole had bought only a month before she died—Carole Lombard, his third wife. When Kay married him and moved into the big, airy bedroom, he'd said, "I suppose you'll want to get rid of the old furniture, Carole's stuff and all. Buy anything you want—" But Kay, wonderful Kay, had smiled and shaken her head. "No," she'd said, in the clear, firm voice he loved so well, "Carole had good taste; she bought handsome things. I'm not jealous of the past, Clark.

(Continued on page 80)
He saw her the minute he walked into the room, and for a moment he stood still, just looking at her. She sat there, on the living-room sofa, hands lying calmly in her lap, her face without expression, and her eyes deep and tranquil as a lake—or like a madonna's. But looking at her, he did not feel calm. His heart beat so loudly, he was sure she must hear it. She was so much more beautiful than she'd seemed in the photograph he'd seen. More beautiful than he'd even dreamed she (Continued on page 93)
Once upon a time, there was a little girl who believed in fairy-tales. Her name was Jill St. John. All day long, she sang and danced. She had brown eyes and red hair and because she was so pretty, her father told her that one day she would marry a

Jill was born in Los Angeles, August 19, 1940, was a radio star at 6. She "retired" to go to UCLA, got discovered all over again—for movies.
handsome prince. He was right. When Jill was 17, she did marry—but they didn’t live happily ever after. She’d never believe in fairy-tales again. Then one day Jill went to a party and there she met the handsomest boy she ever saw. His name was Lance Reventlow. Besides being handsome, he was one of the richest boys in the world. He was a real prince.

(Continued on page 74)
ELSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman count, and mother of a lively one-year-old. In her teens she was a top-flight fashion model in Paris and New York. Recently she won the top acting award at the Berlin Film Festival. "I often feel tense," she says, "but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize... to ease away tension lines... "My skin stays soft and smooth all day long."

ELSA MARTINELLI says: "Pond's beautifies as it cleanses!" Yes, this fabulous cream deep-moisturizes as it cleanses and freshens every tiny pore. And this richer cream goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off. "Plumps up" the skin cells so tired lines can smooth out. Your skin will stay soft and smooth. See it come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty—like Elsa Martinelli! Use Pond's Cold Cream to beauty-cleanse at night to moisturize under make-up all day.

NOW! POND'S COLD CREAM IN STUNNING NEW DESIGNER JAR!
Announcing your winners of the

PHOTOPLAY
GOLD MEDAL
RECORD AWARDS
FOR 1959

Photoplay is proud to present its first annual music awards based on the votes of the American public. Turn the page to see who was voted for as the tops in pops for the year.
Most Popular Female Singer

For a while, Connie was the only girl in a deejay's life, and even now that other girl singers have come along, she's still number-one. Five-feet-one, she was born in Newark, N.J., Dec. 12, 1938, started playing accordion at 4, was on TV at 11. She's got big brown eyes, naturally curly auburn hair, a big voice. She won both a scholarship to NYU and the typing championship of New Jersey. She loves clothes, stuffed animals, the cha-cha-cha, science fiction. Her hits on M-G-M: "Who's Sorry Now," "Stupid Cupid," "My Happiness," "Lipstick on Your Collar," "God Bless America."

Most Popular Male Singer

The kids at school with Frankie in Philadelphia voted him "most likely to succeed." Now your votes prove they were right about his smooth voice, soulful eyes, curly brown hair, and that way of just dancing a little—no wiggle—as he sings. Frankie's 19. 5 foot 7, has made a trademark of a sweater worn with continental daks and white bucks. He's made two movies. "Guns of the Timberland" (Warners) and "The Alamo" (U.A.). His Chancellor hits: "Venus," "De De Dinah," "Bobby Sox to Stockings," "A Boy Without a Girl."
EVERLY BROTHERS
Most Popular Vocal Group

They learned music from their folks—and learned well. From Brownie, Ky., Don’s 23 and married; Phil, 2 years younger, is available. Their hits on Cadence: “Bye Bye Love,” “Wake Up Little Susie,” “Bird Dog,” and now “(Til) I Kissed You.”

FABIAN
Most Popular New Male Singer

With a secret weapon, that “death ray” look of his, Fabian zoomed out of nowhere (actually Philadelphia). He’s 6 foot, with blue-green eyes. Light brown hair, will be 17 on Feb. 6. His hits on Chancellor: “Turn Me Loose,” “Hound Dog Man” (he’s in the 20th movie, too).

ANNETTE FUNICELLO
Most Popular New Female Singer

A former Mouseketeer, Annette’s grown-up now. She’s 17, 5 foot 2, loves her T-bird, dancing (she’s been doing it since she was 5), has made a movie, “Shaggy Dog” (Disney). Her Buena Vista hits: “Tall Paul,” and “How Will I Know My Love.”

DION AND THE BELMONTS
Most Popular New Vocal Group

Bronx boys all (Belmont Ave.), Dion’s 19, Fred Milano’s 19, Carlo Mastangelo’s 20, Angelo D’Alevo’s 18, in the Navy now. They dig music, sports. Their hits on Laurie: “I Wonder Why,” “No One Knows,” “Teenager in Love,” and “Every Little Thing I Do.”

DUANE EDDY
Most Popular Instrumentalist

The driving, lonely twanging of his guitar speaks up for Duane Eddy, who’s got lots to say, but is often too shy. Born April 26, 1938, in Corning, N.Y., reared in Phoenix, Ariz., he’s 6 feet, married, has a year-old son. His hits on Jamie: “Rebel Rouser,” “Movin’ and Groovin’,” “The Lonely One,” “Cannonball,” “Forty Miles of Bad Road.”
Afterwards, he tries to kid me out of my mood and you know Rock, when he's star-struck, you can't beat him. But this morning—well—I thought maybe I'd just stay mad. . . This morning the alarm clock went off at nine-fifteen, in the white bedroom with the newly painted yellow wardrobe and the big oak chest and the newly hung white drapes in the house at Lido. I heard him yawn and I peeked in the room. He'd reached over and turned the alarm off, but really, you know. And then he'd turned over in that king-sized bed to catch a few more winks. But he had things to do—places to go—so I couldn't allow that. I started tugging at his pajama sleeve, trying to roust him out of bed. And did he appreciate it? He didn't! He practically barked at me! That's the last time I'm going to care if he's late or not, I told myself, and started out of the room. Let him find his own slippers. Let him crawl under the bed and get them!

But then I heard him flip the switch that sends two music sonating, beating, stomping through the whole place. The wildest mariachi band in Mexico in stereophonic sound. It's been installed one month, and Rock's always tinkering with it, with the twin speakers in the bedroom and the twin speakers in the living room and the two out in the room that's being built flanking the patio. The sound is fine, if you ask me, but there's just too much of it. But Rock is always hearing something slightly off. So he's tinkering with the set again.

I tell you, the guy's crazy about music. Crazy! He has thousands of records—and no filing system—and from the moment he wakes up in the morning, to the time he goes to bed, the place is filled with sound. Sometimes we argue about it. Sometimes I don't think I can stand another note. He turns it up so it blasts like a rocket (that's when I go wild), turns it down so you can hear every instrument gone miniature, finally turns it so you are in the concert hall, closer, in the heart of the orchestra with the drums against your flesh. It's great if you like music, which, as I say, sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. This torero makes my blood jump. I'm all for dancing.

But this morning I'm sulking. I wouldn't dance for anybody—especially not Rock! But then, when he came out of his room with a grin on his face and his hair all rumpled—one piece of it hanging down over his eyes—my heart began to melt. By the time he'd started scrubbing his teeth in time to the music, I was completely thawed out again. But I know—I know—he's going to be exactly as grouchy tomorrow morning. That's the way Rock is. He hates to go to bed at night and he hates to get up in the morning.

The water comes looping out of the mouth of a fierce gold dragon. Half the houses on Lido have brass fish fixtures. Every place Rock's taken me there are brass dolphins and dolphins spouting water. All very fishy because Lido is practical in the sea—street after street of square, clean lovely houses with tile roofs making a red and white island in the bay.

The air is all scrubbed with salt sea wind. Rock likes that. He takes a couple of lungfuls at the open window, splashes his face with cold water and I bring him a big flame-colored bath towel on which to rub it dry.

And then he bounces back into his bedroom emerging, finally, in sage-green worn cords and a black and white checked shirt—not what I'd expect a movie star to wear—and he comes out barefoot to make coffee. And I don't drink coffee, which he doesn't understand. He can't imagine anyone not drinking it. The kitchen is spotless, all crock and beige with a built-in oven and the white china sparkling; and Rock grins and admits that his maid was down yesterday and got everything in apple pie order.

She comes Mondays and Fridays and gets me straightened out after one-week-end and ready for the next one. You remember that turkey we had when you came along on the boat with Don Burnett and Gia Scala? I remember the turkey. The maid had cooked it and all the trimmings and all that had to be done was heat and eat. I remember, especially, because Rock won't let me in the galley. It's too pretty, he says about that galley and once I knocked over a jar of fruit salad and we had an awful mess.

Bur he isn't thinking about that now. He's thinking about the picture of talking to me, and is thumbing through "Horizon," with its magnificent art illustrations from some Florentine collection in Europe, then glancing at "Sport" Magazine.

This is something that bugs me. I spend half my life waiting—for Rock—and Rock doesn't notice because he doesn't mind waiting. Time means nothing to him. He'll read my letters to me while he's waiting for someone . . . he'll wait patiently for me while I go turning over sea shells on the beach. He has plenty to see and plenty to think about while he waits, I guess, because the nervousness seems to have evaporated. But I remember when Rock was restless and had a lot of nervous gestures. Not now. He smokes too much—I think—but he has no nervous gestures now. And Rock inhales slowly and savors it. Like a cigar on ad.

But then, abruptly, he stops looking at the magazine, and comes over to me. You know, he says, rumping my long red hair, and his voice is all amped up with soft and husky. And I start to shiver, just a little—deliciously—and think, well, no matter how long he makes me wait after him, it's worth it really. And I look up at him for the hundredth time enjoying that handsome head and that funny Adam's apple. He peels an orange for me, and I see him &mdash; picking it off the Randolph Brooks still life, which hangs on the wall just inside the entrance, with green grapes and melon slices that look real enough to make me want to run out of water—if you like fruit, which I don't . . .

Rock is a great one for paintings. Some day the great white wall, that extends from living room to dining room, will be filled with pictures that Rock is very proud of, he says, and he may be right because he's been buying things for the house like mad. In fact, that's what we spend most of the time these days. When Rock's away, I'm one wall of the living room, he has the fourteen-foot couch from "Pillow Talk," the one with the center that could zip out into a bed. He says he's had that all reupholstered and the bed isn't going to hold any more. That's what he says. Bed or no, it's the most comfortable sofa in America, and I love to stretch out on it and eat dinner there, and sometimes we have a little music. They're funny, these Rock drinks his coffee. He smells so good, Of soap and shaving lotion and coffee. I think he likes me near him. He doesn't say much but he reaches out his left arm and grabs the coffee, and music or no music, it's divine.

Rock likes to go about barefooted, but before we go off to work on his boat, he slips into some white tucks in his shirt and we're ready to go. Does he look all right? he says. And how do you answer this? I'd expect a movie star to wear suede pants and a raw-silk shirt but he's far too tidy for you, broughed over, shoudered, relaxed, with a look—I must confess—I've only seen since he's moved down here. It's a carefree, refreshed look that comes with being near the sea. I feel it too.

I keep close to him, trying to stay in step, as we stride along Via Lido Nord, breathing the air. Sometimes he gives my shoulder a squeeze and I see that his arm hasn't lost touch. He pats little kids' heads, he shakes hands firmly; his hands are warm and sensitive and they speak for him. He whistles a little and says helly to Mr. Hudson. Then we're at the bay and before us is the sauer-like blue water with boats along the edge and boats out as far as you can see, kids swimming at anchor or swinging in their slips.

Some men, looking at the sea, get a faraway dreamy look but Rock looks at it and then at me with fire in his eyes, as if the sea's a challenge and he can't wait to race and meet it. "I'd like to sail around the world. Want to go with me?" he says, knowing perfectly well I'm no sailor. "I'd love to get away, and I and Norma Derringer like to go from here to the
Caribbean and then to New Orleans and up the Mississippi to Chicago and, before we hit Chicago, we'll change the masts in place again so every drawbridge on the river'd have to go up!"

Oh yes, I'd have to be with him for that. And when I look up, he leans over and brushes my face with his own.

Then down the wooden planks we go, Rock chatting with the skipper, who takes care of the boat. Then we're aboard. Rock goes aboard, as he always does, as if it were the first time and he can't quite believe it's his. But it is. He lifts the canvas bags to see the gleaming chrome and brass, scours up the pillows scattered about and stows them below so he and the skipper can paint. I'm practically forgotten and I hate that. "Here, put on your sweater," he says, sweeping over the white-cord one that he bought me a few weeks ago. "Can't have you catching a cold now, can we?" He helps me on with it. I'm supposed to amuse myself while he's totally absorbed in buffeting about with white paint. Well, I thought to myself, snuggling down in my sweater, what are you going to do? Rock's like that.

He likes doing things himself. He's a movie star and he likes to work, but I honestly don't think he likes a movie star's life. As I watch him at work, his hands with a life of their own, I feel he's happiest here, working on his boat with the skipper, who's Australian, with a thin British accent and a disdaining sort of English nose, but he's not disdainful at all. He likes working with Rock and the two of them, baring each other, in their buckets of white paint, work methodically and patiently, one on each side of the cabin.

"We should never change the color, should we?" says Rock, looking around. The green hull is rich with the black rail and white cabin.

The skipper agrees. So do I. He shows us every Newport in the bay, the all white, the white with blue trim, the black. Rock's green is richest. It's romantic and with the Arabic name Khirzun in gold, it might be a romantic galley of long ago.

When I think of Rock, I realize I'm hungry. Suddenly, I'm starved. But Rock is oblivious, talking about next weekend's cruise to Catalina. I can come along if I wish—I do not with Rock.

Finally, I get purely and simply impatient and start pacing back and forth, back and forth. For a moment he's angry, he's rubbing the side of his nose in that way he has, when he's annoyed. He doesn't anger quickly and when I see the color begin creeping up his throat and see his brow wrinkle, I get a little scared. I am hungry, I am out of breath, but I don't want to show him. Not really. He's started to clean his brush now and I stand behind him as he squats on deck. His back is warm against me, and he's forgiving me, I know. I can feel the tension slacken, even though he doesn't say anything to me, even if he is talking to the skipper about the boat races at Ensenada. He knows I'm there. He knows that heishes his methodical brush cleaning and we're off to town, down main street en route to the Blue Dolphin, his favorite restaurant.

The redheaded waitress glares at me and I glare back. My hair is natural, but she's adorable to Rock and he asks her what shall he eat, French toast or crab salad? And she laughs and says he has breakfast or not, if not—French toast. I suppose she's a very nice waitress, it's just that I can't bear to share him and of course that's the wrong approach with Rock, so I know to hold my tongue. And the French toast is beautiful, all puffed up, light as a feather. Rock gives me a bite. He knows I always want a bite and
He eats at this restaurant all the time. He has pork sausage and two cups of steaming coffee, and shakes his head again because I don't drink it. He can't understand people not liking the usual things... coffee, oranges, ice cream. "Can you imagine anyone not liking ice cream?"

I can't. "We'll have a hot fudge sundae later," he says.

I love to watch him eat. He cuts everything neatly, in rather small bites, but he chews with real enjoyment all over his face. And when he takes a swig of coffee, he leans back in his chair, tilts the chair and pushes his chest out and really breathes. And he grins at me easily, not with that clenched grin he uses when he's on stage facing an audience, but the grin that starts at the corners of his eyes and twitches his nose and turns up the edges of his lips.

After lunch we go around the corner to the gift and glass shop, just to look. This is where he buys gifts for the people who invite us to dinner. He studies a teak bowl thoughtfully and wonders if Claire Trevor Breon would like it for a hat. There are handsome leather yardsticks hanging on the wall, blue, yellow, red and white. "For the man who has everything," the clerk says.

"I'm the man who has everything—a shot of penicillin," Rock says.

We're still laughing when we come out of the shop, close together, Rock looking down at me with the look that makes me melt. I can see the afternoon opening into a beautiful lazy vista on the beach—just Rock and me on the cool, lonely sand and the waves washing... But he turns, instead, into an art gallery, run by an elderly German couple. His friends always go there. Sometimes I hate pictures. Rock walks slowly about the room studying them. He's come a long way from the Winnetka kid who chanced on top of the church roof with the other kids to watch the art classes at Community Center. Now art is something else, a wonder, a beauty to live with. Is it possible I'm jealous of some lifeless oil paintings and old pieces of statuary? Rock stops short before the wooden statue of a man and his dog. The man is wearing a gold toga of some sort, the carving is delicate.

"What is the history of this statue?" Rock asks the elderly gentleman in charge, and the man peers over his glasses and says in broken English that this is the statue of a saint.

"Which saint?"

"Saint Rock.

Rock flushes up to his thatch of dark hair. He thinks the man is being funny. "What do you mean?"

"Ah, the patron saint of all dogs," the man answers, getting down a much thumbed-through book, turning its soft pages until he finds: St. Roch. Rock laughs hearty. So I'd heard. The old gent, I'm playing no joke, he doesn't even recognize Rock.

"Do you ever see movies?" Rock asks.

"No," laughs the man. "Nein."

He looks at me and laughs, not knowing just why. But I'd like the statue. I'd like it made into a lamp. Can you run the wiring up behind so the statue is not defaced in any way?"

"Very gut, the man says."

It takes forever to pick the lamp-shade. I am restless and walk about the gallery but Rock and the old gentleman and the old gentleman's wife don't seem to notice. They try dozens of different lamp shades, and talk about materials and texture.

I would have to get involved with someone who always has a dozen projects going. Just for a moment, the Rock would act like a movie star and let secretaries and business managers and personal shoppers, et cetera, take care of the endless details of his house and boat and car so that he would have more time for me. Aren't I selfish? But we could take a spin in my Mercedes and curl up on the couch at home. He could be whispering things to me... He could be brushing my hair.

"Now, that didn't take long, did it?"

Rock says cheerfully. Ha! I think. "Well, I had to check out that St. Roch detail," he apologizes.

Next stop, the record shop where we pick up the score of "Gypsy" and Wolf-Ferrari's "Quattro Rusteghi" and Rubinstein playing the "Rachmaninoff Concerto No. 2" and Beethoven's "Eroica" and a Frank Sinatra album—all in stereo.

What is so absolutely, profoundly fascinating, I wish I knew, about records, books and art? The kind of art I like best is those pictures Rock keeps taking of me. But you can't argue with him. He's so interested in everything others do. He's so genuinely interested in everything I do, too. So how can I ever tell him I get impatient—annoyed—that I get a little tired sometimes, just following him around?

We pick up his car and he is perfectly gallant, opens the door, sees me in, closes the door and comes around to slip in beside me. He likes me to lean against him as we drive and I catch a whiff, again, of after-shave lotion and warm skin. I close my eyes. The next thing I know, when I open my eyes, we're at Will Wright's and Rock's and Wolf-Ferrari's "Quattro Rusteghi" and Wolf's hot fudge sundae with a chocolate soda for chaser. This should kill dinner at his friends', but doesn't.

His friends are dolls. They have the loveliest white house on the island and they adore Rock and take me as a matter of course, they sort of expect me to be with Rock. I hope—how I hope—he feels the same way the other way. And we go sailing out on the dazzling black water. There's plenty of talk. Rock steers and keeps one arm around me because I'm a little chilly and the wind is blowing my hair around and when we get back and the boat is made fast for the night, Rock, who has always been a night owl, the guy who liked staying up all night, is sound asleep in his own bed at nine-thirty. As if the sea had rocked him an irresistible lullaby.

So maybe it won't be so hard getting him up tomorrow after all. It wasn't the end of a perfect evening for me because I go over to my bed, thinking a little wistfully about the old days when a night with Rock lasted until 3 a.m., when there weren't any boats. I kind of liked those days. But, well, if Rock's happier this way, then that's all that really matters...

And there's no question about it—I know Rock's happier these days. How do I know? Well, one thing at least all these things about him? Well, you see, my name's Tucker—and I've been with Rock since I was just a pup, when Vera Ellen introduced us. So that's why, when Rock's around, I act like a dog sometimes. I really can't complain, because, well, I am...

—TUCKER as told to JANE ARDMORE

SEE ROCK HUDSON IN "PILLOW TALK" FOR U.I.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS
John Saxon color by John Beaz; Tab Hunter color by Globe Photos; Annette Funicello and Paul Anka color by Topix; Shirley Temple by Pictorial Parade and Culver Service; Fabian by Topix; Kim Novak by Gene Douber.
DONNA REED

Continued from page 55

had what I'd call a happy marriage—that once in a while there's some bitterness within that sweet magic potion.

"I hadn't thought much about marriage before I met Tony. It's funny now, when I think about it, but I didn't think very much of Tony when I first met him, either. He had just come out of the Army and was working for a talent agency. We bumped into each other at his office and said hello, and I didn't think about him twice after that. In those days, I had my head in the clouds over my career. But you can't substitute a career for deep love. Tony confessed, later, that as soon as he saw me, he knew I was the girl he was going to marry—but I didn't know it.

"When he became my agent, we had business dealings together, and I'd have to talk to him often. We fought like cats and dogs, because I reasoned Tony should listen to my suggestions about contracts since I'd been in the film business longer than he. Sometimes he'd call and say M-G-M wanted me to make a certain movie, and I'd rant like mad. 'You read the script,' I'd say, raising my voice, 'and you agreed it was terrible!'

"But Tony, angel that he is, wouldn't get mad. He'd just say, 'Okay, Donna, I'm with you. Take it easy now.' After a while, I wondered if I didn't sound a little petulant, even bratty. Finally, when he called me one day and asked me to go to a premiere with him, I decided maybe I should. After that things just kind of fell into place. I'm sure marriage counselors would have said we had no chance from the very start. Why? Because, once we started dating, I realized Tony and I were opposites—but completely!

Tony was crazy about sports—football, basketball, anything athletic—and I shuddered at the thought of them. I adored the theater and concerts, but he couldn't sit still watching a show or a conductor. Tony's extremely outgoing, always friendly, he likes to be with dozens of people, while I'm more reserved, more of a stay-at-home. He thinks nothing of sitting down to dinner with twenty-five people. As a matter of fact, he likes it. He enjoys being with people, but I always feel a little funny with large groups. I always wonder what all the people are like and if I can get along with them, Tony doesn't think about those things. He just enjoys being in good company.

So, you see, we started off at opposite ends. Tony was quick, garrulous, easy-going. I was quiet (except when I hollered at Tony about bad scripts), withdrawn, shy in crowds. Tony came from the big cities—he grew up in Chicago, worked there as Amusement Editor for the Daily News. But I came from an Iowa farm. My Mom and Dad, God bless them, had to struggle to make things meet. My brothers and sisters and myself all knew how to milk the cows and drive the tractors and bake bread. We were a happy family, but we were retiring. We never got out into the big-city world at all.

"I learned to live through lots of crises, during those days in Iowa, and maybe, in a way, that's why I'm not as easygoing as Tony. He's more matter-of-fact about life. I don't think I'll ever forget how Mom and Dad would stake their fortune on a crop, and maybe that season there wouldn't be any rain or too much rain, and our corn and wheat fields would either dry up or be ruined by floods. I remember, one year, when there was a drought. All our animals were dying because of their thirst. It's the most pitiful sound in the world, hearing fifty barnyard animals sob for water. That drought lasted for nearly twelve years. We had planted tiny evergreens the year of the drought. They were one foot high, and we didn't want them to die for lack of water. So we kids would carry water from miles away to save them, and now, today, they're big and tall and strong. Maybe that's why some of the more difficult moments of marriage don't make me feel that the world is coming to an end—because I lived through those terrible days of drought and depression.

"Dad always used to tell us to have confidence, to remember there was a God in this world and that He would help—ultimately, if not immediately.

"Confidence is important in marriage. Once—and it wasn't too long ago, either—Tony and I had an important crisis. We were separated for over three months, not because we wanted it that way, but because Tony was busy producing a picture for Columbia in Europe. I stayed in Hollywood because I had to look after our children—Tim, Tony Jr., and Penny Jane. Little Mary wasn't born then. Each month, while he was away, passed like a year. I liked looking after the children, yes, but I just felt so alone, and I had a horrible feeling Tony would never come back to us, that maybe he might meet someone else over there and forget about us completely. It sounds foolish, I know, but it's true. Your mind can play awful tricks on you. Maybe it's because we women have to sit home and do the waiting.

"I didn't have too many friends in Hollywood because Tony and I were close and I was just too busy raising our three children. I just wasn't very active socially. Well, you may laugh, but if I didn't have my hobby to busy myself with I'd probably have gone crazy from worry and loneliness. A woman must have other interests

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besides her home. I’m a shutterbug. So I took pictures every day: pictures of the children for Tony to enjoy when he came home, pictures of our white stucco house with its wooden shutters, pictures of flowers and potted plants and sunsets. I was afraid that if I brooded too long about Tony not being with us, I’d let my crying upset the children. I couldn’t let the children know how much I missed Tony, because then how could I have comforted them when they said they missed him?

“Of course, Tony wrote regularly, and I wrote him, but all alone with the three children frightened me. Children need a father. There were times that Tony Jr. would ask me things and all I could say was, ’Tony, this is something your Dad can answer better than I,’ but—well, I’d try to figure out something to say to him and hope it would satisfy his curiosity.

“Then, when Tony came back from Europe, I told him I just couldn’t go through such loneliness or anguish again. He didn’t seem to be nearly as upset as I was over our separation, but I think men aren’t as possessive as women. So we talked a long while and decided it was time for us to participate more fully in community life: PTA, church, civic affairs. If Tony were called away again on business, then I’d have some work in the community to keep me busy.

“I was bound and determined—if we could do it—never let such a long separation come between us again. But, then, a year later, the strangest thing happened. We came to a point in our marriage where I wondered if . . .

It happened in the kitchen, one night, after the children had fallen asleep. We were having coffee and, suddenly, the two of us got carried away with imaginative flights of fancy. Tony said if he hadn’t gotten married, he might have realized his dream to see the world. And I, being hypersensitive, began thinking maybe our marriage wasn’t really important to him. so I sulked and badgered myself into believing that Tony and I hadn’t had a happy marriage if this is what he wanted. All women feel this sometimes, I’m told, but I didn’t know this. It’s better for him to see the world than to be confined to our two-story house on Alpine Drive, I kept telling myself.

“The more I thought about it the more I became insulted, and at one point, I actually thought he’d be happier if I left him. How silly I was! Women don’t understand men sometimes; their funny moods, their unexpected conversations, their outgoing attitude towards life.

“Finally, some weeks later, after a lot of resentment had built up in me, I confronted Tony with my concern about seeing the world. I was on the verge of tears and I babbled uncontrollably about how maybe we never should have gotten married if that was all he cared about, and I told him if he wanted his freedom so badly he could have it! I’d leave him! Within minutes I was sobbing desperately, and all I had to do, once I wiped the tears away, was to look into Tony’s bright-blue eyes and I knew, deep down in my heart, why I married Tony and why Tony married me. We were in love. It was as simple as that.

“Tony put his arms around me and said, ‘Darling, why do you take everything so to heart? You know how I am. I talk off the top of my head.’

“And I realized then, that this was one of the things that had attracted me to Tony, the fact that he wasn’t afraid to say what he felt. I’d always hold things back, and I was crazy about the way he spoke of it—a subject that was on his mind. He was never afraid to reveal his thoughts whether they were fleeting or deep, and
I always wished I could be like him. Isn't it odd how, sometimes, we turn these very things we like in a person into things that upset us? Maybe it's because we're afraid of losing them. He changed and became like me, then I'd probably not like him at all. I'd think he was a weakling. And if I changed and became like him, I'm sure I'd have lost some of the reserve he found attractive in me.

Donna took a breath, fingered the slender gold wedding-band on the third finger of her left hand. She wore a square-cut diamond ring, too. "I just gave it to me," she smiled, "for our fifteenth wedding anniversary this June. He gave it to me a few months early," she explained, "because I was so broken-hearted over losing the engagement ring he originally gave me.

"Perhaps I've been giving a one-sided picture of marriage. The good side is easy to know. Let's face it, there's nothing as wonderful as marriage, the joys as well as the sorrows, two people sharing their lives together, forever. But I think it's wrong to make young people feel that marriage is easy. It isn't.

"I've learned that there's always a way of working a problem out if marriage means enough to the two people involved. I've learned, too, that in marriage you just can't be selfish and think of me, me, me all the time. Tony had to travel to Europe again on business, and I tried to understand about it. He didn't stay as long, and I didn't let myself get into that shattering depression that upset me so during his first long trip. When he returned, we talked some more and we decided maybe it would be nice if we could work things out so that, when he made a film abroad, the children and I could go with him if it were during the summer. Then, that summer, Tony told me how lonely he'd been, too, when he spent those three months in Europe. He didn't know many people and he was always having dinner alone in his hotel room. And all the while I had been imagining Tony in Paris at a small restaurant being wined and dined, and looking so darned attractive... Sometimes our woman's imagination is to blame. We let it work overtime—and most of the time to our disadvantage.

"But men are men, and, I guess, we women will never understand them completely. Then we went to Europe together, and when we came back, we were in wonderful spirits. But that Christmas, there was a big studio party for all the crew and cast on the TV show. Tony didn't arrive on time at the studio. He was busy mapping out a business thing. Everyone was with their husband or wife, and I felt kind of funny, being alone at a Christmas party. We exchanged small presents and drank eggnog and sang carols, but I just didn't feel comfortable without Tony there, even though I knew everyone well. I guess if you're used to having a man near your side, you just don't feel right if, suddenly, you're all by yourself at a party.

"I couldn't imagine what was keeping Tony. Then, after we had a buffet supper of turkey and salad, Tony arrived. I put down my plate and ran to him, threw my arms out and found, 'Hi, darling! And do you know what? He seemed embarrassed. And I realized he was ashamed of my being affectionate in public. I let my arms fall limp to my sides; they felt like iron weights, and I felt so disappointed. But then I saw Tony look at me and smile as he was shaking the hand of one of the network's vice-presidents, and I realized a man reacts differently about showing his affection in front of others. Sometimes women expect too much. And the truth is, if the poor men conceded to us, a lot of our respect would go. They really can't seem to win.

"After you've been married a while, some of the romance does go out of marriage. But what is romance? Romance is an illusion. And if a woman feels it has gone out, it is her fault—It's in her own mind.

"One night, when Tony and I were talking about it, we looked up the word 'romance' in the dictionary, and do you know what it said? It said: 'tendency to possess a sympathetic imagination... exaggeration or picturesque falsehood...'

"It's not easy to keep the illusion—or falsehood—of romance alive, but it can be done even when you're washing diapers or nursing a baby with a fever around the clock. But even if romance does go, something else grows—maybe it's quieter, not as exciting, but there comes in a good marriage, with time, individual strength. You eventually become a person fully and grow.

"I hope I haven't sounded like I don't believe in marriage. I just wanted to share the other side, the side that everybody seems to want to hide sometimes. We all have those 'down' moments in a marriage when we think the whole thing is falling apart. But, you know, how many of us wives, who complain, could live without marriage now? My husband and my family mean everything to me—they're my world—and it's a wonderful feeling to know that we're all growing together. And, believe it or not, most of the time those difficult moments in marriage turn out to be a challenge and help both people grow."

THE END

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And there was something extra special about that Saturday night right from the way she felt when she ran to the door to let him in, to the gentle way in which he kissed her on the forehead and softly said "goodnight," as she stepped inside.

And, as she climbed the stairs to her bedroom, she found herself smiling, remembering how amusing he'd been, how full of fun and yet with a subtle depth of character. While she found lacking in so many other dates. He'd asked her to go to the beach with him the next day, with a crowd of friends, and even at this late hour, he resisted the urge to put through her beach clothes to find the prettiest bathing suit she had. It had been May of '58 when they'd first kissed, and an excellent dinner. He'd even established the Reventlow Automobile Company, staffed with top mechanics and engineers who'd worked hard on the design for the Scarab which, just this year, won the American Grand Prix. No, racing was not too big to handle.

Although the newspapers kept up a constant stream of reports about the glamorous places they'd go, in reality, most of their evenings were quiet, simple, and not the kind of things for excitement. Both Jill and Lance have a serious side to their natures, and on many occasions they'd sit quietly in his living room in the first stroll, sometimes not speaking for hours over a game of chess. Or, on other evenings, they'd curl up in opposite chairs and read for hours and then discuss what they had been reading. They invited other couples in and Lance made steaks while Jill whipped up salad and hors d'oeuvres. Later, they'd go outside in his backyard and play ping pong or just sit and talk.

And round Christmas, Lance was scheduled to compete in races being held in the Atlantic City and on the West coast. At the same time, Fox Studios had arranged to send Jill East on a tour for her film, "The Remarkable Mr. Penny-packer." That's how it happened that both Lance and Jill were back from the holidays, and that's when Jill first met her future mother-in-law, Barbara Hutton.

For days before the meeting, Jill was in a turmoil. She was apprehensive and worried as many hours later.

All during the drive, Jill kept twisting and turning in her seat, asking Lance time and time again, "Do you really think she'll like me—really?"

"Yes," he reassured her. "How couldn't she?" he added. "Who in the world could dislike you?"

"Well, I just thought . . ." she stammered. "Perhaps . . ." she added, but didn't complete her sentence.

Yet, as they turned off the highway and Lance announced, "Just a few minutes more," panic really seized Jill.

"Well, I want to go back," she said.

"Now don't be silly," he answered quietly.

Jill lifted her hand and turned down the mirror on the sunvisor. "But my hair," she thought as she pressed it into the glass, "and my face. Oh, Lance, can't we go another day?"

"But we're almost there . . . anyone would think I was taking you to the dentist!"

"Well . . . okay then," she murmured, watching, as they pulled up in front of a large house.

Lance had his hand tightly as he helped her out of the car, keeping hold of it as they walked up the gravel driveway to the front door. "I love you," he whispered, just before he reached out to ring the doorbell. Kindly, yet, there had been no talk of marriage.

Almost immediately, the door was opened by a kindly-looking man with a beaming smile. "Hi," he said. "Come in. You must be Mr. Donohue, Lance's mother." He was suddenly, there she was—Lance's mother—walking toward them, her hand outstretched and her face with an expression that said, "Welcome, Jill."

"You must be cold," Jill said into her first words to a long-familiar man.

"Yes," Jill agreed, and watched as mother greeted son.

"Now take off your coats," she said.
and come along in. I’ve heard so many wonderful things about you, Jill!"

She invited Jill to sit next to her on a deep couch in front of a bright-burning coal fire, and then began chatting casually about Hollywood and the film Jill had just made. And they both laughed as they noticed how often Lance kept looking in their direction, even though he pretended to be engrossed in a conversation about racing, with Jimmy.

It seemed no time at all before Lance was looking at his watch and saying, “Come on, Jill. I think we’d better be going. It’s getting rather late.”

And, as they said goodbye and walked down toward the car, it was Jill who held Lance’s hand tightly, a silent “thank you” for the lovely afternoon.

“Well, was that so bad?” asked Lance, as the door closed behind them.

“Bad? Oh, Lance, you have such a charming mother.”

And Lance smiled softly, half to himself and half to Jill.

Soon after, they returned to Hollywood and Jill went into “Holiday for Lovers.” But, when asked by the columnists if she and Lance were serious, she put on her best Mona Lisa smile and said, “At present, and they’re seeing each other.” And there was no mention of marriage. But, it seemed only a matter of time.

Even though a lot of publicity has revolved around the expensive gifts Lance has given Jill, they have actually gained the most fun out of exchanging funny greeting cards. One of the first Lance gave Jill was a young moonstruck boy sketched on the front, and a message which read, “I’m looking for a steady girl . . .” inside it continued . . . “with a steady job!” It was not until many months later, that Lance decided to use this medium for something far more serious. This card would mean something special.

It was on a warm, late summer evening, when Lance pulled up in front of Jill’s house with the Very Important Card in his pocket. And he was humming softly, to himself, as he rang the doorbell.

“Hi,” Jill said, opening it. “Come on in.” Then, as he brushed past her going into the house, he paused, just for a moment, to give her a kiss.

“Have you eaten?” she began, starting to talk to Lance about everyday things.

“Well, no . . . but come into the living room, first, just for a moment. I’ve got something for you.”

“Oh, Lance, you’re always giving me presents,” she teased.

“It’s not really a gift,” he said. Jill stopped and turned to look at him, quizzically, as Lance fumbled in his pocket, bringing out the card.

“A card?” laughed Jill.

He handed it to her and she quickly opened it, looking searchingly down at the oblong shape with its decorative type that read, “She’s lovely . . . she’s engaged . . .” and inside, “She’s yours!”

“Oh . . . Lance,” she whispered. And there was no need for any more words. A few weeks later, Jill’s parents held a small engagement dinner for Jill’s closest relatives. But the item did not break in the papers until four days later because Lance, who is a devoted son, would not tell anyone, publicly, until he’d first told the definite news to his mother. They’d sent her a letter to her Paris address but, unexpectedly, she’d left town and the letter was returned unopened.

To her, the Upstairs maid opened and read the message. “They’re delighted, saying she’d been expecting it for weeks.

Then began plans for a spring wedding, to be followed by a honeymoon in the Orient. But even though they are now both sure of their love, Jill did make herself a vow that she’d never marry someone without a long courtship and engagement period and, if they stick to their plans, they will be married in March or April, just a month short of two years since they began dating. Jill wants a simple wedding, and, at the moment, thinks it will be a private ceremony with just her parents and Lance’s mother and Prince Nina Shapinska as her maid of honor and Lance’s cousin Jimmy Donohue as best man. They may have some sort of reception but are absolutely against turning their wedding into a “spectacular.”

Jill plans to take a four-month leave of absence from the studio so that, after they come back from their honeymoon in Japan, she can go to Europe with Lance, who’ll be there competing in some of the most grueling race competitions in the world.

They plan on living in the home that Lance’s mother gave him on his twenty-first birthday. It’s a magnificent place on the top of the highest mountain in Beverly Hills and has an unobstructed view of the entire city. From the front, you look at the Pacific Ocean, and from the sides, the low hills of the valley, the skyline of downtown Los Angeles and out to the suburbs. The decor, done by Lance, is in simple elegance and extremely livable. The most exciting room is the den, with glass doors leading to the terrace and pool. When the doors are closed, there’s still a view of the pool inside the room, so Lance’s guests can get into the pool indoors and swim underneath the glass panels without finding themselves outside.

So, in the end, Jill not only found her fairy-tale prince, but her palace too. And, like all good fairy-tale heroines, she plans, this time, to live happily ever after.

Her prince plans that too. The End

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are grey-beige, the carpet a rough beige. Our wall holds a hi-fi cabinet and bookcases; the grand piano, that was Shirley's as a child, stands in the alcove windows (eleven-year-old Susan plays it now); Chinese figures line the piano; pieces of Persian brass on the window ledge, and at the far end of the room a four- and-a-half-yard obi hangs down the wall.

And there were also a row of red-leather volumes, each with a nostalgic title: “Little Miss Marker,” “Curly Top,” “The Little Princess,” “Stand Up and Cheer”...

I looked at them and remembered Shirley's playhouse at 20th Century-Fox, which had been built especially for her. It had been all pink and blue and had a large tent with all kinds of toys in it, including a Mickey and Minnie Mouse pair, a somewhat battered doll named Mrs. Smith, whom Shirley used to say "suffers something awful," and another called Mr. Brown, whom I, “the external companion," because most of her sawdust was gone out of her. Outside, was a pen-full of fuzzy, happy rabbits and Shirley's prize—Pinkey, who was in great condition. In a shell with daisies and leaves. There was always someone else in that play-yard, too, and her name was Dorothy. Only nobody could see her, except Shirley.

I remembered a story Shirley told me, several years ago, about Dorothy. She said it had been kind of nice having Dorothy around, but whatever went wrong, because it was always Dorothy who was to blame—not Shirley. She said she had been sort of fun never to be wrong, always to be able to blame it on someone making a mistake. She could not understand what Shirley could see. But, then, one day Shirley couldn't see Dorothy any more, either.

That afternoon, after her nap and after her mother had curled her hair around her finger, Shirley went out into the yard, just as she always did. She took about three steps and saw that one of the dolls lay forgotten on the ground, one arm and one leg the other, her face behind her. Shirley looked at the doll a moment, saying, "Poor Mrs. Smith," and then she turned around and said, "Dorothy! Why did you do that? You're naughty again!"

And Dorothy sort of hung her head and looked sorry. Shirley said a few more things to her, and then, tiring of that, went over to Pinkey, she said, and got her in line, to play hide-and-seek with her, or maybe he'd like to try to climb up on top of the playhouse with her. But Pinkey didn't want to play anything, he just sat there, neither of them, on a stump at the back of the yard, sulkily, as Shirley had said, and somehow she knew he would never move again. She couldn't stop crying.

Shirley untill her two big brothers suggested they have a funeral for Pinkey, that it did any good to try to quiet her.

"See," said Jack, "I'll line this nice-smelling soapbox with the pink velvet left on the curtain, and I'll cover the body and you'll have a funeral."

Shirley dried her tears and asked, "What do people do at funerals?"

"Well, they sing a little and they cry a little, and they all bring a box and bury the turtle," George Jr. decided.

And Shirley thought that sounded like a good idea. That's what they ought to do about old Pinkey. "He was a very good turtle," she said, "and I think he'd like all this. Can we dance, too?"

Her brothers didn't think that would be quite appropriate. "We can dance another time during the prettiness of the weddings," he told her. "Okay?"

Shirley nodded solemnly. Somehow, she knew this was a solemn occasion, and she followed her brothers out to the side of the place they had picked for the hole for Pinkey in his pink-velvet-lined soapbox. Jack read the burial service, and then they covered over the spot and placed a pink mat and a bunch of pink flowers so you'd know just where he is," they said.

Shirley nodded again, but now she wasn't thinking about Pinkey. She wondered where Dorothy, her make-believe friend, had gone. She'd been counting on her to rest in that soft, earthy hole with Pinkey. And now Shirley knew that, when she was naughty, she'd have no one to blame but herself. She didn't quite understand why things was so, and that made her a little sad, too.

Shirley said that whenever she had to cry in a movie, she used to scrunch up her eyes and try to think of reason for crying. That day Pinkey and Dorothy had gone away, and it always worked. But, now even the playhouse is gone. After Shirley left it, Orson Welles took it, painted it all black and turgid, and I'd imagine that the next time she saw it, it had changed even more. It had been taken over by the studio dentist and it was the place where all but Shirley's false teeth were drilled. Now there's an oil well there that looks as if it will go on pumping for ever. But probably that will change, too, with the years—just as Shirley has changed.

Lori pulled out one of the red-leather volumes and opened it to a picture of Shirley as "Little Miss Marker." For a moment, Shirley and the person who had faced little girl, who, at Lori's age, had displaced Janet Gaynor and Greta Garbo as the top box-office attraction in Hollywood. "That's my mommy," Lori said, looking a little puzzled.

Small Shirley had golden ringlets; small Lori has thick, brown hair and today's child is not round-faced as or as dimpled; but to my eye there can be seen a half-grown, half-serious face promises the same beguiling mischief which seemed to be always be-deviling Adolphe Menjou in the stills.

S he was a flirt—Shirley told me that—and full of mischief. She'd been the prima donna of the company when she appeared with the rest of the family in "Mother Goose" on TV. And I could see the mischief percolating in her eyes. Then, at this moment, Shirley appeared, and Lori looked from her to the pictures in "Little Miss Marker" and said, half-serious, half-jokingly, "Do you really know Shirley Temple?"

Shirley laughed and caught her little daughter's hand, pulling her up from the rug. "Nap-time," she said, and then, "You know why, don't you, Lori?"

S he said, "I'm sorry, but I was in service. He used to come around and ask if Shirley Temple lived there. When I told him I was Shirley Temple, he was real pleased. He said he used to see all Shirley Temple's movies and he must have been at least sixty-five!"
There was a sound of brakes outside, and Shirley excused herself and hurried to the front door, for this would be the bus bringing little Charlie home from school.

The sight of the tiny figure in his school uniform and a pair of brown eyes, his brown hair in a crew-cut, was almost bowled over when he discovered he'd have to wear a wig as the shepherd boy. The director told him that the men were also wearing wigs as villagers and that the costumes were made with real hair. Charlie had never worn his hair in those days; so Charlie gave in, then almost backed out again when he was handed a costume, including a rubby, green suit. Then the director showed him what the men would be wearing...

Lori, Susan, and Shirley were all in "Mother Goose" and Charlie had fifteen lines scattered. He got to stay with his mother in Los Angeles for eight days, several days longer than expected because Shirley promised to take her learning back to school, or at least the first part of it.

The accident threw the whole production into a temporary state of chaos. The ankle was x-rayed and taped, the specialist warned her to stay off it, and she was allowed mostly on her left foot and rode in a wheelchair when she wasn't on stage. Little Charlie was most solicitous of the ankle and loved the wheelchair in which he sent his mother speeding around the studio. When he and his sisters weren't needed for shooting, they studied with the sister of Shirley's former teacher, Frances Bowers.

Young Charlie's room is a family affair too. It's literally crammed with his rock collection (his mom helps him with this) and his turtle collection (Lori is inclined to intrude on this), his books, and his stamp collection (which is largely augmented by letters his mother has received from him and letters his father gets at Aimpex) and his pictures, including one of his daddy as a baby in a sailor suit, and an autographed one of J. Edgar Hoover. Charlie's room isn't neat—and Shirley showed me his collections proudly.

When I studied the screen covered with pictures of child Shirley (see Shirley's scrapbook, pages 4-7), I found that a long-standing fan had made it for her and showed me where some of the pictures had been literally steamed off by the vapor from the croup kettle when Charlie had a cold as a baby.

Another school bus, the front door again, and Susan dashed in. She hugged her mother, said hello politely and then was gone again with a girlfriend. She's a pretty girl, Smart, with long, dark-blonde hair; she's almost as tall as her mother and weighs a hundred pounds. She's still a little girl, you can see that in her wide eyes and in the way she treasures and in her collection of dolls. But she's growing up too; you can see...
that in the neatness of her room, the autographed picture she treasures from President Eisenhower, the pretty bouffant dresses, the friendship mementos. Susan is popular at school and is studious. Last year, she surprised her parents by winning a Creative Writing Contest with a poem entitled "Winter" (a recollection of their life at Bethesda, Maryland, when she was only four-and-a-half). Shoresides the piano and is an excellent swimmer.

Big Charlie started teaching her when she was very little; she wore a life jacket then. In first grade at school, she surprised Shirley by winning a Porsepoo Award—"and, the teacher said, "she only missed her Dolphin by a foot."

"Why she can't swim without a life jacket!" Shirley said.

"Oh, but Mama, this is a different pool," said Susan.

We were walking around the pool in the hot sun, while she talked, and it was so quiet and the trees so dense, it didn't seem possible that there were neighbors within twenty miles! "Nineteen youngsters in our immediate area," Shirley says, "that's why we love it. Look, here are a few carrots and squash left over from our vegetable days. Soon we'll have a pool house. We cleared this whole area, moved trees—that orange tree's still in a starting shoot—everythin'."

A small black Schipperke came dashing after us. Her name was "Demi," short for "Demitasse," Chris loped along after her.

"We find we can grow almost anything," Shirley said. "Look, here's Hawaiian white ginger, and here's our mint patch, and rosemary, which I toss right on the coals when Charlie barbecues; it permeates the meat with a delightful fragrance."

We set off to garden, Charlie and I, weekends when we're home. Lots of weekends we go to Monterey to explore the beach and climb the rocks. We work outdoors all day. My husband built the rock garden in the center of the patio. When she pushed the switch, a little waterfall started over the rocks, and I noticed her hands for the first time—small business-like hands with short nails and no polish. "I don't like to wear gloves when I garden," she said, catching my glance.

"We don't swim at Monterey; just splash around on the surf because of sharks. After little Charlie was born, we had a vacation at Bermuda and I'd just started skin diving. I'd asked Charlie what barracuda looked like and he said they were long and thin with a smiling mouth. Suddenly, in the water, a big fish swam past me. It was long and thin and I didn't worry about its being a barracuda because its mouth was down in my frame, not up in a smile. "Barracuda!" Charlie cried and I took off for shore without trying to find out what made it unhappy. I gave up skin diving for the day.

The phone rang and Shirley dashed in to answer it. "Hi, Charlie!" she said and beckoned to me to come on in. It was something about the United Bay Areas Committee. We forget that she had something about Shirley's indoctrination course in the sociological problems of city government, and then Shirley laughed her usual high, thin laugh as she was about to depart and her ring on her engagement finger seemed to make her happy. "This is the party they were invited to. When she hung up, she dragged out several family albums to show. The children gathered around and she showed us pictures of her Charlie at various costume parties—for the "Seven Year Itch" they wore white shirts, jeans and beanie with turtles on top, and all over their faces, necks and arms, all the colors and shapes that No woman would have been on without indelible lipstick. "And, Shirley remarked, "it was indelible—not on me, it came off me—but it took a while to get the spots off Charlie!"

As Shirley turned the pages of the scrapbooks, there was a sort of glow about her. It was the kind of glow that made you think about the way she'd looked, shortly after her divorce from John Agar, when she'd gone away to Honolulu for a rest. All the light had gone out of her dark eyes then. She looked beaten—almost old, as a hurt and disillusioned child can look old. She'd been offered the opportunity of studying in Europe by Fox, but she'd hesitated. She wanted more out of life—there really was any more and she was not at all sure there was—than pretending to laugh and cry and love on the silver screen. And, so, she'd joined Fox that she'd think it over, and had gone off to Honolulu to try to come to peace with herself. It was there she'd met Charles Black. He was a businessman. Movies were something he liked to see. He had no aspirations in that direction. He only wanted to be successful in business and when the day came, to be a good husband and father. The day came a year later. He and Shirley were married in a quiet little ceremony—so different from the first one with John Agar. And Shirley and Susan and Charlie settled down in Maryland, far from Hollywood and its celluloid stars that rise and fall and disappear. They were happy. They are still happy—Shirley and Charlie and their three children.

"Well," said Shirley, shutting the last scrapbook, "I guess that's it."

I looked at her and I couldn't help thinking how wise she is, how much she must have learned from her earlier mistakes. In some strange way, Shirley has gone over exactly what a girl and stars were only those twinkle things in the sky. If there are any other kind, they are unimportant.

And, in some canny way, Shirley Temple who has made scrapbooks have a value only when there are youngsters hands to turn the pages and a husband's firm hand to design the shelves where they shall stand. She doesn't live in a house before the cameras or over the scrapbooks. You live a life with a husband and children and other people in the community. You grow with people, and Shirley knows it. You'll meet Shirley Temple on television, Shirley Temple will always be the little girl who grew up..."

—JANE ARDMORE

SHIRLEY'S ON ABC-TV EVERY 3RD MON., 7:30-8:30 P.M. EST. "SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S STORY BOOK."
HOUSE OF THE SEVEN HAWKS, THE—M-G-M: Real Dutch backgrounds make the mysterious goings-on extra interesting. As a tough American adventurer, Robert Taylor is on the prowl for lost Nazi loot. (F) January

LAST ANGRY MAN, THE—Columbia: Excellent, faithful version of the best-seller. Paul Muni's just right as the old doctor in a Brooklyn slum. So's David Wayne as a producer who wants to put Muni on TV. (F) December

LIL' ABNER—Paramount, VistaVision, Technicolor: Big, bouncy musical, done with lots of style and color, brings you that crazy gang from Dogpatch. Some are strictly from comicville; some are real good-looking—like Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Julie Newmar. (F) January

MIRACLE, THE—Warners: Technirama, Technicolor; Sweeping romance of 19th Century Spain gives Carroll Baker a dream role, as a postulant who leaves the convent, finds adventure—and men. The part calls for an old-fashioned glamour queen. Carroll isn't. (F) January

MOUSE THAT ROARED, THE—Columbia, Eastman Color: Why would a tiny (imaginary) European country declare war on the U.S.? The answer's full of fun. Peter Sellers juggling three roles, one of them opposite Jean Seberg, who's a pretty American. (F) December

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW—U-A: In this skillfully made but routinely plotted thriller, Harry Belafonte, Robert Ryan, Ed Begley lend excitement to the story of a bank robbery bungled through race prejudice. (A) December

ON THE BEACH—U-A: Frighteningly realistic picture of 1964, intended to scare us into thinking—and action. In Australia, Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins, Donna Anderson wait the radio-active doom that's hit everyone else. (F) January

1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS—UPA, Columbia; Technicolor: Pleasing, if too talky, cartoon feature finds Magoo in old Bagdad. Jim Backus provides his voice; Kathy Grant, Dwayne Hickman speak for the young lovers. (F) January

OPERATION PETTICOAT—U-I, Eastman Color: Upright officer Cary Grant and slick operator Tony Curtis team up for laughs, on a World War II sub that takes aboard nurses Dina Merrill, Joan O'Brien. (F) January

SUMMER PLACE, A—Warners, Technicolor: Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue make highly appealing young lovers, battling their parents' problems. Big emotional scenes and sex discussions; handsome settings. (A) December

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Exhilarating yarn about mountain-climbing finds James MacArthur daring a Swiss peak never sealed before, with Janet Munro to cheer him on. (F) December

—30—Warners: The title is newspaperese for "the end," but the movie isn't quite that good. Jack Webb's tried to make a believable newspaper story. He's managing editor. David Nelson is copy boy. (F) January

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CLARK GABLE

Continued from page 58

How could I be? I have you now..."

"And always," he'd said. He had taken her in his arms and kissed her, and for the first time in years and years he too had felt free of the past, free of its beauties and terrors, its happiness and its tragedies. Free of the memory of death.

But tonight—

Death.

The word echoed restlessly in his head. Now, in the grey dawn, he could remember what had snapped him suddenly awake. A dream. He had dreamed of death, with wakened, calling Kay, with the cold chill of it sounding round him. She had reached out to so many in Hollywood recently. Shifting his eyes, Clark turned on his side. He wouldn't think about it now. Now he would go to sleep.

Victor McGlaglen, his stubborn mind whispered.

Errol... Paul Douglas...

The beautiful Kay Kendall. In so few months, death had claimed so many.

In Hollywood, people were superstitious. When one died, they waited for the next. "It comes in threes," they said. "Never just one—" It was nonsense, of course, and yet... somehow there was always another.

Angrily, Clark swung his long legs out of the bed and stood up. Morbid nonsense, he told himself. He'd get into his bathrobe and make himself some coffee and sit here and pretend he was still up. The everything would look different. He'd felt low before, and pulled out of it. Like the time—

He'd never forget the night Kay lost the baby.

If a man could survive that, he could survive anything.

He was in his fifth marriage and his fifty-fourth year, and he had never had a child.

Carole and he had talked about a family. Beautiful, laughing, wonderful Carole who had left the world of night clubs and parties and adoration she'd lived in so long to build him a home on his bachelor ranch, to wade down trout streams in hip boots and mud, to call him "Pappy" and enrich his life with her glowing vitality, and her love. They would, they decided, raise a family of beautiful girls and husky men, an entire sewing circle and a basketball team. Only there'd been no time... She'd said goodbye to him at the airport to go on a bond-selling tour. From city to city she'd flown, addressing meetings and crowds and rallies, smiling at thousands of strangers, and selling millions of dollars worth of bonds, and from every city sending him a message—

"Hey, Pappy, you'd better get into this man's army!"

But the last message came not from Carole, but from a stranger in an airbase in Nevada. "Your wife's plane has disappeared. Perhaps you want to come down..."

They found the wreckage the next day. Flames, and charred steel and smoke, and somewhere, lost forever, the great love and life that had been his with Carole Lombard.

The child of that marriage was despaired.

He joined the Army then. He enlisted as a private and, firing a gun from the turret of a plane, over Germany, he rose to the rank of major. When the war was over he came home in triumph, the most

sought-after, the most lonely man in Hollywood. In 1949 he tried to end that loneliness by marrying again; his wife was a fashionable blonde with an English accent and English ideas—Lady Sylvia Ashley. For eighteen long, wearing months they did their honest best to adjust to each other, to like each other's ways. It was an honorable, but inevitable failure, long before children could even be considered.

And then Kay came into his life. She came like a dream of peace and contentment. She came not to bother him or change him—but only to love him. She was not a girl as Carole had been, nor a "Lady" as Sylvia had been—she was a woman, having known sorrow and joy, having survived two broken marriages, having two wonderful children. She had wit, and a temper when angered—and the patience of a saint to wait for the man she loved to know he loved her, too.

And he finally did. He woke up finally one day in 1955 when Hollywood was flooded with rumors that they were engaged, secretly married, just good friends, split-up, bitter enemies—and knew that he wanted with all his heart to marry Kay.

What he and Kay had together was not what he and Carole had known—but what he and Carole would have had in years to come if they were very, very lucky.

He knew he was lucky, beyond belief, right now.

From the beginning, their marriage was good. The same kind, firm discipline which Kay gave her children, she gave to the running of Clark's home. He did not like a lot of servants about, preferring the few he had known and felt comfortable with. Sure, he had a maid for the house and a man for the business to get to know and like them, too, to make whatever changes she required slowly and carefully, without hurting feelings or disrupting routines. Clark liked to live out-of-doors as much as possible; Kay provided herself with slickers and boots and went with him. Clark liked to take off suddenly, on impulse, for a short trip or vacation; Kay wisely kept suitcases easily accessible and turned down invitations that arrived too far in advance.

And when they had been married less than a year, she told him she was going to have a baby.

If she had handed him the moon to hold in his hands, she could not have made half the impression. She had never in her whole life seen a look of such absolute, incredulous joy; she had not known till then that a strong man's eyes could fill with tears and he would not be ashamed. "Are you sure?" he whispered.

"Well—almost."

"We'll have to wait... and see...

She knew what he meant. Wait and make sure before allowing himself to fully feel this joy, before giving way to such a tremendous pride, before building new rooms, planning a new life—

As if he held his breath, as if he walked on tiptoe, Clark waited.

And on the day the doctor confirmed Kay's pregnancy, he burst loose. They went to a party that night; he ran from guest to guest, like a boy, distributing cigars. The famous grin spread from ear to ear; the famous deep laugh rang out all night. He was a man who had finally come into his own.

The next day the carpenters came to build a nursery wing. The furniture salesmen arrived with cribs and bathtubs suitable for princes. Saleswomen from department stores sent layettes. If Kay hadn't laughed at him, Clark would probably have registered his unborn child in half-a-dozen colleges.

Congratulations poured in from all over.
One couple, close friends of Clark's and Kay's, suggested a final fling to celebrate, "before you have to start worrying about baby sitters." They planned a short trip to the Valley of the Moon; they'd rough it together, fish, have a ball. Kay would be in her eleventh week of pregnancy then; ready and able to camp out.

But in her tenth week, Kay picked up a virus. Her face was flushed, too bright, but she refused to go to bed. "Nonsense, I'm fine. I've got too much to do to just lie around. After all, we're leaving in a few days."

Finally Clark called the doctor. He came over and silenced her protests with a thermometer. Then he looked at Clark. "Sorry, but you're going to have to cancel the trip."

The doctor left, his eyes worried. In her bed, Kay Gable hid her face and wept. "I'm failing you," she sobbed. "You wanted to go so much, you hate to be cooped up in the house..."

He held her to his heart. "Anywhere with you is where I want to be. Now stop crying and rest. You'll see, it'll turn out to be a good thing, canceling the trip. The Valley will be flooded, or something..."

It did turn out to be a good thing. Not because of The Valley. But because on the day they would have left, Kay's fever suddenly climbed. Her forehead burned, she shivered violently, begged for more and more blankets. By the time a terrified Clark had reached the doctor, his wife was in a coma. The physician arrived, sat by the bed for twenty-four hours while Clark paced miserably up and down. By morning, the fever was lessened, but Kay was weak and exhausted. Even after she could leave the bed, she looked pale and ill. Every afternoon her energy seemed to disappear; Clark would lead her carefully back to her room, lower the blinds, cover her feet and watch anxiously until she fell into heavy, restless sleep.

And then one night at nine o'clock, watching television, she cried out suddenly. "Clark–honey—"

"What's it?"

"I don't know!" Her voice was sharp with fear. "I don't know! I feel—terrible!"

Within minutes an ambulance was at the house. Holding Kay's hand on the way to the hospital, Clark prayed. Then he had to say goodbye to her at the door of a private room and go into the corridor. Doctors and nurses hurrying by scarcely saw the tall, sturdy man with his head bent over his hands, walking, watching.

At four-thirty in the morning, Kay's doctor found him.

"I've been trying all night to save the baby. I'm sorry. For your wife's sake, she'll have to lose the child."

Clark raised his head. "Go ahead," he said hoarsely. "Just don't—don't let anything happen to your wife."

At five o'clock an operation was performed.

The moon was taken away from him. Weeks later, he brought his wife home from the hospital. He settled her in her room, and then he went down to walk by himself across the rolling hills of his land. When he had been out for an hour, he heard a call behind him, and turned. Bunker and Joanie waved to him to wait. He raced toward them across the grass. He watched them come.

Bunker got there first. "Pa—Mom said we should come out and keep you company."

Joanie said, "Can we walk a ways with you, Pa?"

He stood looking down at them. For some reason he never could explain, he had to say, "You know—you know, I'm not your Pa."

They grinned up at him. They chor-
used: "Yeah, we know—Pa."

And he felt the fear and sorrow of the days just past slip slowly away from his heart.

The nursery wing the carpenters had begun would never be completed now.

"But there would be time for building of another sort; time to create a structure more enduring than stone and brick. He would build his life around the children he already had; he would be, in the truest sense, a father after all.

He began slowly to refer to Bunker and Joanie as 'my son' and 'my little girl.'

He began to help them with homework, worry with Kay over the choice of a school. One night, the Buckleys School, where he and Kay had decided at last to put them, set on a show. Bunker and Joanie both had roles in it, of course Kay and Clark attended. A thrilled little usher showed them to seats in the auditorium; amid a crowd of other proud parents they beam'd while the house lights dimmed, the curtains parted and their offspring appeared on the stage.

But the first act was hardly halfway through, when a noise was heard in the audience. A second later, a small child ducked out of his seat and dashed down the aisle, mounted the steps to the stage, planted his feet firmly dead center and started in on the first verse of Shubert Temple's famous song, "The Good Ship Lollipop." Astounded, the other children on stage forgot their lines, let their jaws drop, and stared. A giggle went up from the parents, and then another. The child paused, said, "Sssshhhhh!" and began again. And Clark Gable started to laugh.

It began with his usual chuckle, passed slowly into a roar, then into a bellow, then into a choke. With Kay pounding him on the back and tears streaming down his cheeks, he staggered out of his seat and into the aisle. He was still laughing when he got outside, and an hour later, when he picked the kids up backstage, he continued to crack up every now and then.

That night, as they lay quietly in the dark, Kay said thoughtfully: "Clark—you know, this is the first time I've seen you able to relax that much. You looked—at peace tonight."

In the dark, he smiled. And he realized a man would be a fool to want something this way. He got outside, and an hour later, when he picked the kids up backstage, he continued to crack up every now and then.

Yes, Clark Gable told himself, remembering, as he measured coffee into the electric percolator in the silent kitchen—a man can survive tragedy and come out smiling.

The coffee began to perk in the pot, noisily, but Clark scarcely heard it. His mind had filled again with other sounds, from this time on. He remembered the night, only such a short time after Kay had recovered from the loss of their child, when again she had cried out in sudden pain, when again the doctor had come with his reassuring voice—and terrifying words:

"Let's get her back to the hospital, Mr. Gable. There's something going on around her heart!"

The dragging hours... The lonely trip to the diner for coffee; the hurried walk back to the hospital. And at last, the doctors:

"Angina Pectoris. A very painful and dangerous condition of the heart. But with care, she'll be all right!"

With care!

In his great burst of relief, Clark scarcely heard the words. But Kay, coming slowly out of her illness, heard them over and over in her mind. Care, for a heart patient, meant practically invalidism. Long hours of rest. No strenuous activity. Not too many steps to climb, not too many parcels to carry. Hunting? Fishing? Camping? Out of the question.

She had married Clark Gable to make him happy, to share with him his pleasures, to join with him in his rugged life, to be his companion. Now, her heart wept, she was to tie him instead to a house, a bedroom, an alluring woman. Of course, he protested none of that matter. Of course, he told her, as he had told her before, that all he wanted was to be with her—anywhere, anyhow. Of course, he meant it.

By the time she was out of the hospital and home, other people had begun to speculate about what Kay's illness might do to their marriage. The columns were full of hints, veiled in sympathy, of the destruction Kay's weakness could cause.

Clark, reading them, slammed the papers down in fury. Kay did not. She bit her lips thoughtfully.

It was then she vowed she was not going to be an invalid.

She was going to be Clark's wife, just as she'd always planned. She was going to get well.

And with a resolution stronger than any medicine, she set about her own cure.

At first she pushed too fast. Clark, leaving her to nap, would come home to find her cleaning bureau drawers, sorting

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Clark poured coffee into a cup and sat staring into it. He could remember still the first time after the attack when she'd slid beside him into a beatuful swimming pool, and paddled the length of it. He could remember the first time she'd packed their bags to go fishing again. The first time she'd gone with him on a long walk. Those nights he had wakened a dozen times to make sure she was all right, had leaned on his elbow until the sound of her quiet breathing convinced him that she slept peacefully.

He could remember now how slowly, quietly, almost unnoticeably, she'd brought the old way of life back to them again—a little slower, to be sure, a little gentler, a little more concerned with not being out too late, fishing too far, walking too far—but still, the old, beloved life. He could remember the times when she'd paled suddenly, or glanced at him and said, "What is it? What is it?" Always she had managed a smile for him. Always she'd said, "Don't worry. It's nothing. I'll rest a little, that's all." Then, for a day or two, while he hovered anxiously, she would take it easy, nap in the afternoon, cancel a date or two. But by the end of a week, she would be back in stride again.

Finally he'd talked to the doctor about it. "Doctor, tell me, should I let her do all this?"

"The doctor had smiled. "Mr. Gable, you try to stop her and you'll do her more harm than four heart attacks. She's learning how much she can and can't do; she's taking care of herself. You have an extra-ordinary wife, my friend. I didn't cure her. Medicine didn't cure her. You know what brought her around this way?"

"Will power," he said.

"The doctor nodded. "But what gave her the will power? One thing. I think you call it—love."

"I think you call it love."

Yes, Clark Gable thought now, holding the coffee cup. You call it love, and it's all that will help. If you can't see it, it doesn't matter if it comes from another man's children or your own. It doesn't matter if it comes from an amazon or someone a little more fragile. It's the love that counts.

—ROBERTA DOWNS

SEE CLARK IN "BAY OF NAPLES" FOR PAR.
Debbie Reynolds

Continued from page 41

Debbie curls up on the huge couch in the living room and ponders a little as she tries to answer the questions so many of you young people have asked her. There is still that little girl quality about her, but as she talks, there is a difference. A tremendously lasting one. It's that a year has made. A year ago, Debbie would not have talked so frankly...

But now she thinks deeply—and tells what she's thinking. She feels—and lets those feelings show. The difference in Debbie is that some of the wonder has gone out of those clear green eyes, and in its place is a look of knowledge and wisdom. Now, even as she cuddles Todd on her lap and laughs at something Carrie says, even as she talks about marriage and how Agnes, the children's nursemaid, got married, she is different. She is sure, of what she knows. That act of love is something she didn't rush into anything. And then she sighs and says, "I'm not the most informed person on the subject of marriage. Much of what I tried to do in marriage was wrong. But at least I know I was wrong... Unless you learn from experience you might as well be a vegetable. You know, it's a funny thing," she adds. "My marriage has been and it's been a wonderful marriage; but some of my friends were married at sixteen and they've been through a couple of divorces. They just weren't ready, and you can't work out a problem, I think, that girls try to act older than they are. You have to act your age, and not every- one's age is the same—even at the same age. I know I was pretty immature at fifteen and at sixteen; I don't know how to act otherwise. I try to tell this kids who ask me for advice. Just be yourself."

"You know, when they played kissing games—Spotlight—was the big deal when I was a kid. I was twelve, the one who shone the light. I just wasn't ready for kissing. There are girls who try to act like women long before they are, who think they have to belong to a hop crowd, go steady, neck and all that. There's plenty of time to meet the man of your life when you're still in high school, so why not relax, be natural, and be yourself, and your own age?"

And then she remembers how once a boy came over to her in the schoolyard and asked, "Hey, Frannie, how about a date Saturday night at the movies?" "What for?" she said.

"Why, just for a date."

"You really want to see the movie or you just want to neck?" she answered.

You can bet I didn't get asked to too many movies," Debbie laugh now. And Todd leans way back to see why his mom is laughing, a good sound to hear, a tickling sound, even if he doesn't know what the joke is about.

"I remember my first date," Debbie says finally. "I was twelve years old and this little blond boy, who lived on our street, took me to the movies five blocks away. A matinee. It cost him a nickel, and seeing him in her restaurant, she was already a couple of two years old and a fourth of a second. I told no one, just kept it to myself for a day or two trying to decide if all kisses were like his. I felt so guilty.

"But not for long. Even in high school, I was a square," she says. "A very busy square, but still a square. There was band practice and volleyball and the Girl Scouts. We wore our Girl Scout uniforms and all our mad medals. I was never a glamour girl, and so far as boys were concerned, they were just for playing baseball. I loved playing baseball with them, but at any- time, I was off familiar ground; my mouth got dry, I didn't know what to say, but I knew I'd much rather be out on the street playing Kick the Can.

"And other girls and myself even formed the NN Club—meant non-neers. Then one girl went off and kissed a boy and we had to change the name of our club to the NNN—nearly non-neers,"

I think I was really a little afraid of boys, so I pretended I didn't care about them. I didn't wear lipstick and when anyone took me to a dance, once a year, and we weren't wired for laughter. I wasn't pretty. So I made myself the school character. Anything cuckoo, you could count on me. I loved to be funny, to clown around and do whatever came into my head...

"I never did have a lot of clothes. I remem-bere the day I went to high school prom.

I must have been fifteen. It was during the war, and we didn't have money for a formal. I knew it, my mother and dad knew it, so we didn't even discuss it. A neighborhood group gave me a black taffeta dress of hers (I've never worn taffeta since) with black velvet lining and black velvet sleeves, and Mother almost went crazy singing that the forty-five-year-old's dress kind of look fifteen. She put pink tulle net at the top (I've never worn anything with net since) and I wore gold and black flats, if you can imagine. Oh, I was a tent--I didn't even try to--I don't know if I did, I had no money. When I went to Warner Brothers' studio the first day, I wore a new dress that I bought in a bargain basement. It cost eight dollars—a tremendous buy for us at that time—and it was grey, with a tailored top, full skirt, and purple—did you get that?—string tie.

"Clothes aren't everything, but they do mean something. If you don't know how to dress, look at etiquette books, magazines and clothes in movies. Watch what kind of clothes are worn for special occasions. I remember the first suit I ever owned was a gray chalk stripe and was made for me by 'I Love Melvin.' I wanted that suit so badly for myself, that I finally summoned up enough courage to go to the M-G-M and ask to buy it. The studio gave me the suit and for years after that, I wore it everywhere—right occasions and wrong occasions—until gradually I learned that, good as a tailored suit is, it isn't perfect for all times and places."

Then there were other things, like learning which was the fish fork and the ice cream spoon. The first time Debbie went to a restaurant, she was already a nineteen-year-old movie actress, and when she and her date entered the restaurant, she didn't know what to do. Finally, she told her date to "go ahead." He smiled and mentioned that she was supposed to go first and follow the waiter.

Working in the movies, Debbie really began to grow. She became aware of going to smart restaurants which she'd only read about until
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then. Things that happen to every young girl for the first time, no matter how small, took on great import for her. She remembers now, through the years, her first corsage—not the one her beau’s mother made from flowers picked in her garden for him to give her on the night of the prom—but the excitement of her first corsage from a florist with a card enclosed!

She sat shy and nervous—maybe even scared than anything—in the Museum Room of the Ambassador Hotel in Chicago. It was just as glamorous as a movie-set to her. Never before had she seen such elegance: Soft lights, sweet music, perfumed ladies in gorgeous evening gowns, waiters dressed in Oriental costumes.

I t was a room for romance, for soft words from an admirer, for maybe even a bit of hand-holding,” Debbie recalls. “But it wasn’t very romantic being there with my mother! Romance—where was it?”

Then a waiter came up to the table with a beautiful corsage of orchids, and presented it to Debbie. “From an admirer,” said the waiter, indicating a far-off Romeo in the corner of the room. Debbie stole a glance in that direction, but couldn’t distinguish the face in the dim light.

“There must be some mistake,” she said, hugging her flowers, then giving them an experimental perch on her shoulder. Then she looked at the card. “From George,” it read. She didn’t know anybody named George. “They’re not for me,” she said disappointedly. “But thanks just the same.”

“But Mr. Jessel said . . .”

Debbie accepted the flowers. She had appeared at a benefit performance which had starred George Jessel. “How nice,” she said, not letting her voice show that her romantic dream was shattered.

Now she could laugh about it—that’s the big thing—she can laugh at herself. “Of course,” she says, twisting a piece of hair around her finger, “there were other corsages, but somehow you always remember your first . . .

“It was in Chicago I took my first step toward independence, too. For the first time in my life I was on my own. Was that something!” And again she laughs. This time the children don’t seem to care what the joke is. Carrie is absorbed in running a bright red truck along the window-sill by the huge, picture window. And Todd—whose truck it is—has wriggled off of his mother’s arms and is crawling determinedly toward his big sister. He means to repossess his favorite toy. For a moment, Debbie watches them, then she returns to the conversation.

“You see,” she says, “my mother had to return to California for a short time. And so there I was—all alone in the hotel room—I felt so grown-up, but I was kind of afraid, too. I don’t know what I was afraid of exactly.”

“But I’d never been in a big city alone at night. I only lived a block away from the theater and Carleton Carpenter—the boy I was doing an act with—usually saw that I got back after the late show. But sometimes, just to be on my own, I’d race him out of the theater to try my solo wings. Actually, nothing really unpleasant or very frightening happened.

“But once a man came up to me on the street. My stomach fluttered. He seemed so close. I hurried on. He paced his steps faster to keep up with me. Had they moved the hotel? It seemed I would never get to the Sherman. My mouth felt dry. I tried to speak, to tell him to go away. I’d lost my voice! Holding my head high and haughty, I stopped as he moved in front of me.

“You needn’t be so high and mighty,” he said pleasantly. ‘I just wanted to tell you that I enjoyed your performance!’ I
I think we all grow through disappointment, the last time, "learn that we ask too much of others. Lately, since my change of attitude, I have noticed this considerably. Friends don't call as often. When you're married, you are reared with your husband to dinner parties at friends' houses. You are part of a group. Yes, but you're not yourself, a single woman, a sort of fifth wheel, I suppose, to a hostess. Who wants an extra woman? It hurts not to be asked, but not as much as I have noticed.

But if you are disappointed in people it is because you have expected too much of them. If you blame other people for your problems, you're shifting the blame. They're your problems whether you want them or not.

There is no bitterness in Debbie's voice, she says these things, just a slight hint of regret.

"Sometimes," she continues a little wistfully, "I want to do all the things, just a slight hint of regret.

For some moments, she says nothing. To play quietly in the corner, someone on the floor talking again. How funny how people learn through every thing that happens to them, the good and the bad," she says thoughtfully. "I think the bad things are basically our own fault, although sometimes it's hard to realize this or to understand where we have failed.

But I know I have learned to think in larger way through the various ups and downs of life. Small things do not upset me anymore. Small problems are not a lifetime thing. To be disturbed by them shows weakness and a lack of values.

"The world is so big and there are so many people in it with so many problems, just the same. One person is a very small part of it. We were in Hawaii, last summer, and the children picked up a few words of Japanese, but we still have our characters. But the children were there, playing on a beach in their own country, probably picking up a few words of English, to travel and learn other languages and other customs is a different experience. The best teacher is life itself, and living it best as one can through all the big and small joys and sorrows, living with dignity and with love.

To live, I must live with and for others, and according to your beliefs. You have faith, you can accomplish anything. Above all, you can become yourself the very best self you are capable of being. That's the only advice I can give you. That's the only advice I can give you to the people right now . . ." —DOROTHY D.
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Harry was fifty years old, and he had a problem. He was a sailor, and he had just returned from a long voyage. He had been away for over a year, and he was now back in New York City. 

Harry was sitting on the floor, glumly watching the others celebrate, when a girl, the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, walked in. She was gay and smiling and she walked straight over to him. "Having fun?" she asked.

"Not so far," he told her.

She took off the expensive full-length mink coat she was wearing, and tossed it on the chair next to him. "Okay," she laughed, "if you aren't having any fun, you might just as well sit here and watch my coat!"

Fifteen minutes later, the girl came back, her eyes wide with amazement. "You really are guarding it," she said. He nodded and indicated a vacant space on the floor next to him. She slid down beside him and they introduced themselves.

She told him that she was a model, but he hoped for a career on the stage. He told her about his acting ambitions, but he wound up admitting that, at the moment, he was a messenger boy. "So what?" she shrugged, laughing. A nice laugh, he thought.

They went together for the next six months. It was fun and kind of wonderful. Is this love? he wondered. He wasn't sure, but he scrimped his money every way he could, to try to take her to nice places.

Then, accidentally, he found out why there were so many nights when she couldn't see him. She was dating someone else, someone who wasn't a messenger boy, someone who could afford to take her to places where a mink coat wasn't out of place.

The night he found out, he'd walked the streets in the midnight theater and movie district. At every marquee, he made himself a promise. He'd succeed. He'd go to Hollywood.

Hollywood was tougher than New York. He couldn't seem to make progress. During the day, he worked at Commercial Film Industry—for a friend of his father's, Mr. Brady, and at night he enrolled in Pierce College for some night classes in journalism. Next to acting, he loved writing and he'd already had four short stories published. Then one night, after classes, he stopped at "The Golden Pleasent," a restaurant in the San Fernando Valley. Dressed casually in slacks, a white shirt open at the neck and a sailor's navy jacket, he entered the cafe and took a table in the back. He was unaware that, sitting in a front booth, two men were watching him. He'd just ordered coffee and a piece of pie, when the two men walked over and introduced themselves.

"I'm Mr. Asher," one of them said, "and this is Mr. Sheldon." He looked at them curiously but, before he could say anything, the man asked, "You must be a truckdriver, but have you ever thought of becoming an actor?"

He stared at the two men in front of him. Now he knew why the name Sheldon rang a bell: this was the man who had discovered Jimmy Dean. But he couldn't believe what was happening. It was too much like fiction.
He finally answered, "Yes, I've thought about it a lot."
"Good," Asher said. "Where can I get in touch with you? I'll set up a screen test.

His hand shook as he tore a piece of paper out of his notebook and wrote down his phone number. Then the men smiled, paid their check, and left. Watching them go, Troy still couldn't believe it was happening. Maybe they're not who they say they are, he thought. Maybe they're just kidding me. But the next day, just as he'd said, Mr. Asher called and gave him his appointment for a screen test. It was set for today.

He opened his eyes and stared straight ahead of him at the closed hospital door. That's who I am, he thought, the boy who waited all his life for his big chance and then missed it.

During that next week in the hospital, the bad news had come. He'd missed his screen test. Columbia was no longer interested in him for his leading-man material. He might have brooded if it were not for a remark of one of the doctors.

"Branden," of which his father, and his father's father, and all the Brandeaus before them, were rightly proud. No taller than that would have made things even worse. So when the other kids chanted, "Brando, Brando, no such name on sea or land—or,
or more crudely, "Marion is a fish... Marley is a fish," he had no choice but to fight.

It was impossible to beat all the kids who teased and taunted him, but nevertheless he tried. But in the end he just wasted too much time trying to fight boys and people.

So it was almost with a sense of relief that he looked forward to moving to Libertyville, Illinois. For one thing, it was much smaller than Evanston—only two thousand people; it was easier to know kids in a small town. And they'd be living in a big rambling house in the country. There'd be animals all around and he wouldn't have to make friends...

But he found out that a small town can be crueler than a big one. In Libertyville, the kids called him "fatty" and "four eyes" and they convinced him he was ugly. If he didn't have bad teeth and a crooked nose and red hair, they'd straighten them. He did have weak eyes and had to wear thick-lensed glasses. And he was heavier than most of the kids.

He tried to do something to make the kids laugh at him, so he'd take off his glasses and pull out his braces as soon as he was out of sight of his parents. In desperation, he answered one of those ads in the magazine that you can be the strongest fellow in your neighborhood within ninety days. Build up your body in the privacy of your own room. Results guaranteed or double your money back.

For weeks, he worked out regularly with barbells and dumbbells and did push-ups and other exercises. Every Saturday he measured the muscles of his arms and legs with a tape-measure and marked the results in a little notebook. By the end of a month, there were changes: his body was firmer and he definitely felt better. He told his father he'd see a big happening—much more important than losing weight or building muscles or stopping the kids from laughing at him. He seemed to be winning the approval of his father.

"God must be saving you for some special, for you should be dead by now."
"Something special, the doctor had said. And he realized, he was lucky to be alive. He'd had to come that close to death to make him do all the thing that had been his life, all the things that added up to bring him to just the moment where he was. He was alive. That was something special. Nothing else mattered. And he realized the significance of the words and he believed. He had been saved for something special. He had been given the gift of living.

The story, which started out as a near tragedy, ended in almost happy endings. With the help of Mr. Asher and Mr. Sheldon and the encouragement of actress Fran Bennett, who introduced him to agents, he got his chance at another screen test. The results of that test you know already, for you've seen Troy's name on your local theater marquee: Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue, in Warners' "A Summer Place," and will be seeing him soon in Warners' "The Crowded Sky."

The End

MARLON BRANDO

Continued from page 39

Winning his father's approval was somehow tied in with the whole problem of his father and mother. Mom and Dad used to sew for each other. They wanted and demanded such different things from him. He was all mixed-up. He didn't know who to please or how to please. It just seemed that anything he did or left alone, his mother liked, his father frowned upon.

It was almost impossible to put his feelings about his parents into words. It had something to do with the fact that his mother was very beautiful, very talkative, and very full of life. She had bobbed hair and bangs and was interested in books, and music, and art, and the troubles of the world. She always had strange people over their house—"I've got a Summit significance," and will be seeing him soon in Warners' "The Crowded Sky."

The End

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injured and rejected. It was only years later that he came to realize that it was because he himself felt like such an outsider that he had to put something that was different from others. Besides, animals were loyal; animals didn't hurt you; animals weren't fickle and changeable or cold and indifferent; animals couldn't break your heart.

Despite his mother's convictions that a boy should be allowed to do anything he wanted, the law required the school, and so this is what he did. Gentleness and concern and love worked with animals but he found it didn't work with people. Eventually his fists won him the respect of his classmates but somehow that wasn't enough.

At a birthday party, for instance, he calmly set fire to his flannel shirt. The other kids screamed in terror at the smoke unrolling in the grinning flames, until the flames went out. By accident, he had found out the day before that a certain brand of cotton flannel would flare up brightly for a few minutes and then go out by itself—and he played the trick.

In high school, he baited the teachers, that is, when he showed up at all. Once a class was being held in the library, Pennebacker entered the room, "Order, order," she yelled as she rapped sharply on the desk. "Make mine a beer," Marlon called out.

He did very badly in his classes, but very well on the field. There, all the exercising he'd done with barbells and dumbbells finally paid off. He was on the way to being Mr. Big, a football hero, but the one who was supposed, his father, didn't seem to care. One afternoon he broke his right kneecap and fractured his left leg badly in several places. His football career was over. But it didn't matter. Nothing had ever cheered him from the stands the one voice he wanted to hear, his dad's, was always silent.

Then came the afternoon he was never to forget. The day he discovered the real nature of his mother's illness. He'd come home to an empty house—empty halls, empty rooms. There was no one and he was off work, his sisters were visiting somewhere, and his mother—who knew where she might be? "Hullo," he hollered, "hullo. Anybody home?" Although he knew, even now, even after twenty years, his own voice, that no one was home. He'd never felt so lonely and alone in his life. Listlessly he went into the living room and sat down against his wall of drums and traps. He beat the drums, in an mounting frenzy, expressing—without knowing he was expressing themselves, their feelings of chaos, of helplessness, of terror in a house which was once his, in a world where he was a stranger and afraid. So he beat the drums as if they were everyone who had laughed at him, everyone who had rejected him, everyone who had confounded him.

The shrill br-r-r-r-r-ring of the telephone brought him back to his senses. He picked up the phone and heard a man's voice, a bartender in a local tavern, saying, "We've got a lady downstairs who better come get her." The lady was Doro- thane Pennebacker Brando, Marlon's mother.

That was the first time, the first call, the first of many, and he'd had days of trying to hurry down and bring her home. He wanted to help her, to get through to her with love and understanding, but there was no way in which he could do this.

It so happened that he was expelled from Libertyville High for smoking in the gymnasium. He didn't care. Nobody cared.

He was sent off to the Shattuck Military Academy in Fairbault, Minnesota, in 1942; hated the pomp and ceremony and discipline, and was expelled in 1945 for putting some two-inch firecrackers into an old tin can and exploding them outside the door of an officer he couldn't stand.

He returned to Libertyville, but life there was hell. He went on odd jobs. He bummed around. Finally, he did nothing.

His sisters were in New York, one studying acting, the other painting. So with no place to go, Marlon hopped a train late in 1943 and headed for the Big City.

In New York Marlon didn't have a job but he had a dream, a dream about his mom, a dream that if she loved me enough, trusted me enough, I thought, then we can be together, in New York, we'll live together and I'll take care of her.

When the dream came true, it turned into a nightmare. Almost by chance, Marlon had fumbled and stumbled and mumbled into an acting career. At first he was wild and almost incoherent on stage, but his teacher, who worked on producers and directors—saw something else, too: raw animal talent. It didn't matter that he shuddered and mumbled (in time they could teach him what to say), how he talked (it didn't matter that he projected a hypnotic magnetism.

Audiences fixed their eyes on him and did not want to let him out of sight.

But the cheers and applause didn't make him happy. Always he wanted something more precious than applause—a clear, steady demonstration of his mother's love, but he never realized to find it.

Once, Marlon explained years later, his dream almost came true—the dream about his mother's love. "She left my father," he said, "and came to live with me. In New York, when I was in play, I tried so hard. But my love wasn't enough. She couldn't care enough. She went back."

Again he had tried to get through to her with love and understanding; again he had failed.

So Marlon built still higher walls around himself so that he wouldn't be hurt.

A wall of work: and with "Streetcar named Desire" he surrounded himself with people, lots and lots of people, to whom he gave sympathy, understanding, in friendship—everything, in short, but love. A wall of work, even more; and it was a wall of work, that he said a friend, "that if he thinks you're a jerk, he'll tell you so. But he doesn't go out of his way to do it. He has a sense of decency known to go with women; most of all he tried desperately to be himself, although he wasn't sure what being himself really was. "I can walk into a room where there are a hundred people," he once said, "and there is one person in that room who doesn't like me, I know it and have to get out."

One day he tested to see if the walls were really strong enough. The test, of course, was with his mother.

"She was there," Marlon recalls, "in a room. Holding on to me. And I let her fall. Because I couldn't take it any more—watch her break apart in front of me, like I watched three of my sisters die right over her. I walked right out. I was indifferent. Since then, I've been indifferent."

He turned his back on the famous and the would-be-famous young women in Hollywood, and stayed, when he dated a girl, in all, cars and salesgirls and waitresses.

In Marlon's early days in Hollywood, one of his friends cracked, "Marlon has been known to go with women but he feels much safer with animals."

Then he met Movita Castenada, a beautiful Mexican actress, while he was filming "Viva Zapata." Movita was a few
years older than he was. But most important, she had the European attitude towards men—a man, the men, should be the central thing in a woman's life, should be waited upon, adored and loved. They went through a lot of dates, but the love didn't work out. One of Marlon's friends explained this way: "Movita offered Marlon all her love and he was afraid to accept it. He didn't believe anyone could mean what she said. She said you don't deserve to hold the baby. She snatched him from my arms. I grabbed her and she slipped and she sat down with the baby in her arms."

Brando claimed, specifically, that one day in May, 1959, when he was visiting his young son at his former wife's home, "She beat me up, I'm afraid, and I don't want to tell about it."

When the romance ended in 1954, Marlon was completely broken up and walked off the set of "The Egyptian" in despair. In the past, when things had gone wrong for him, he'd walked off. He had alimony for Marlon, but no money. He had to go to Illinois to his mother. This time there was no mother to go home to. Dorothy Pennebacker Brando was dead.

Brando had let down his defensive walls a bit to Movita; now he let them down a little more to another woman, Josanne Berenger-Mariani. Shortly after his breakup with Movita and his mother's death, he began making his presence felt in the lawyer's New York apartment, and instead of finding the doctor there, he ran smack into a frail, child-like, elfin, completely feminine girl with large dark eyes, a wavy mouth, and a gravel voice. He soon found out that she was the governor for the doctor's children, and that she was a native of the fishing village of Bandol, France. A little later, he thought he was in love. He was.

On October 29, 1954, he responded directly to a reporter's question about his feelings for Josie: "Yes, I'm going to marry her."

"He didn't marry her. Shortly afterwards, for the second time in a few years, he again turned his back on love. He never said publicly why he changed his mind, only that it was the reason. When he first met her, Josie was a simple, unspoiled girl, they said. But just being with Marlon made her a celebrity, and she began to talk and act as if she were one. Suddenly he felt he was being used and he backed away.

Nevertheless, Marlon Brando was growing up. He'd let down his defenses twice and had been badly hurt. But he didn't want to do it again. "I've grown tired of a wall around himself again. "You've got to have love," he said. "There's no other reason for living...I'm ready. I want it...Because, well what else is there? That's all it's really about. To love somebody."

That "somebody" came along in the person of Anna Kashfi. He met the olive-skinned, brown-eyed, small Indian girl on a Los Angeles street, but who was completely captivated by her exotic beauty. When Anna developed tuberculosis and was sent to the City of Hope Hospital, just outside Hollywood, Marlon sent her flowers and a card that said: "I want to see you when your day is over. When she left the hospital after five and a half weary months, they were constantly together. Eventually the world was surprised when, on October 11, 1957, Anna Kashfi and Marlon Brando were married at the home of Marlon's aunt. Throughout the ceremony, the bride was concealed by a single pearl in her hair and an old East Indian custom assuring a long and happy marriage.

Less than a year later, just eleven days short of their first wedding anniversary, Anna accused him that she was suing Marlon for divorce, charging neglect and indifference on her husband's part. On April 23, 1959, the divorce was granted. But it was not immediate. In Superior Court at Santa Monica, that some of the details of their unhappy marriage were finally made public. In a bitter court battle over visiting rights to their baby boy, Marlon accused Anna of trying to run him over with her car and of attempting to attack him with a butcher knife, and Anna charged Marlon beat her and knocked her down while she held the baby in her arms.

Anna countered that on the day in question she was just trying to get back at Marlon. He was suddenly jealous. He claimed that after her release from the hospital, she had left the house and gone to the kitchen. She grabbed a butcher knife and started to come at me."

"I pushed her away. She raised the knife. I hung her up and asked to know what she meant."

"I'm going to kill you," she said.

"I begged her not to say things like that."

"But she did."

"I said you'll regret that."

"I told her to go."

Anna added: "I'm going to kill you and Marlon beat me up."

"I said you were going to regret that."

"I'm going to kill you, and Marlon beat me up."

Again a dream of love had become a nightmare; again he'd turned his back on love. Why? What happened? If you accept Anna's version, you'll get a picture of a woman who was suddenly cast out from the home, in which her husband was moody and uncommunicative, in which her husband was surly and unsympathetic and cold.

If you accept the version of Marlon's close cronies, you'll get a totally different picture—a picture of a marriage in which the husband was suddenly told that his wife had left him. Suddenly he could no longer believe in the girl who had stood by his side in the traditional Indian green and gold wedding sari and had exchanged marriage vows with him.

But there's a third version as to what happened, and those who accept it take as their symbol the large oil painting of Marlon's mother that hangs above the mantelpiece on the walls of his house. On the mantelpiece on which stands the Oscar he won for "On the Waterfront" in 1955. That corner, they claim, is a kind of shrine—a shrine to the memory of the one woman who had stood by him all his life. He was incapable of showing him love in return. Marlon, they assert, is haunted by that memory. He wants to give love, he tries to give love, but when his love is unreturned, he becomes cruel and brutal to a woman, who, he feels, doesn't love him. It is as simple as that.

Almost everyone who knows Marlon Brando agrees on one thing: his love for his son, Christian Devi Brando, is deep and true and genuine. When he is with his son, all Marlon's defensive walls come tumbling down. He gives love; he receives love; it's as simple and spontaneous as that. And perhaps, through his son, Marlon will learn not to turn his back on other love.
They told me she'd been hurt so badly, when she was too young to know how to protect herself, that she'd probably never be a normal child. But that didn't matter to me. It still doesn't. All I cared about was making her happy, even if she couldn't show that happiness. Since we brought her home, we've been able to teach her a few more words, and she can do simple household tasks, but she's still a baby really. The only way we've been able to get through to her, to make her react a little, is through music. She loves music. And, you know, she watches you and Fabian all the time on television. She never misses a show. Sometimes I think—though this may be my imagination—she almost smiles. She so rarely smiles."

Mrs. Zappala paused a few seconds and then she said, "But, all the same, a wonderful child, a rewarding child, and I've loved her from the moment I looked into her eyes."

Frankie bit his lip. It had been the same with him. The moment he'd discovered the photograph of Dixie on Bob's dresser, while they were on tour, he'd felt something stir within him. From the moment he'd looked into Dixie's eyes in that photograph, he'd known he'd never rest until he came face to face with her. He'd never forget how miserable he'd been that night. He'd come home from the theater earlier than Bob, and he'd walked wearily into the bare sameness of the hotel room, flicking on the light switch as he entered.

Just on the off-chance that Bob had come back, without his knowing it, he walked over to the connecting door and knocked on it. He called, "Bob, are you there?" There was no answer. He'd really known there wouldn't be.

But he opened the door anyway. Somehow the open door made him feel less alone. Then he flopped down on the bed and closed his eyes, even though he knew he couldn't sleep. The applause of the crowd was still ringing in his ears. He was still filled with the excitement of the performance.

This was a murderous tour: slow, endless bus-rides; swift plane flights; long, jolting train trips. A show here, a show there; performances in one city, night, an engagement in a town a few hundred miles away the next—until all the faces in all the audiences fused together into one indistinct blur.

Then, conscious of another feeling that was more overwhelming than his tiredness, he opened his eyes and looked around the empty room. He was lonely. Horribly lonely. And once he had defined this feeling, given it a name, it became overwhelming.

He reached over to the chair, at the side of his bed, and picked up his trumpet. Pressing the mouthpiece to his lips, he began to play a slow, melancholy song; the sound muted with his left hand so that he wouldn't disturb anyone else in the hotel. This was something that often worked: playing the blues, to blow his own blues away.

This time it didn't work. Putting the trumpet back in its case, he sank back on the pillow. He didn't know what to do. And then his eyes focused on the telephone next to his bed. I'll call Mom and Dad, he thought. I haven't seen them in weeks—maybe a month. And it's over three months since I've been back home in Philly.

He picked up the phone and asked for the long-distance operator. Then he realized that it would be three hours later in Philadelphia, and that his parents were probably fast asleep. "I'm sorry," he told the operator. "I don't want to make the call."

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He closed his eyes again, but now he was further away from sleep than ever. And what would I have told him—if I had phoned—if it had been earlier he asked himself. Could I have said, "Gee, Mom, I'm lonely. I miss you all terribly. I'd like to be home?" Now, I couldn't have done that. Could I have said, "I'm stir-crazy. Nothing but hotel rooms, trains, buses, and the stages of theaters for weeks and weeks?" No, I couldn't have told them that either. And I certainly couldn't have said, "I've had two dates in the past two weeks." We.

One of them was a sad mistake and the other had to be cut short because I had to hurry off for an interview just when we were getting to know each other." Gosh, no—I'd still like a cry-baby if I blurted out all that.

Even as the word "cry-baby" came into his mind, Frankie's eyes started to fill with tears.

He jumped up quickly, forcing the tears back, and walked into Bob's room.

Switching on the light, he paused, then went over to the portable ice-box to get something to eat. But then they a length mirror, attached to a closet door, he stopped for a moment and gazed at his reflection. "Man," he said out loud, "I'm a mess. Down to one hundred and eighteen pounds. I won't wear my khaki-colored contiments—snug-fitting, cushless—\-keep their sharp crease. Before they started, he'd even considered putting a jacket on over his red sports-shirt, but that wouldn't have given it away. A jacket in a car on an unseasonably warm day. Bob would have known something was up.

The door pulled into the driveway of Jane Zappala's house in Quincy, California. Bob Marucci turned off the ignition and climbed out of the car. "Let's go, Frank," he said here.

Frankie felt almost the same as he had years and years ago, when he'd first performed in public. He wanted to stay just where he was, hidden in the corner. But he forced himself out of the car and across the lawn to the house. He was conscious of shaking Bob's aunt's hand, of saying hello to her, of standing in the living room and saying things. Sitting quietly on the sofa just as he'd known she'd be. And her hair was black.

So was everything else, after he'd discovered Dixie's tragedy. Everything was even, as he sat there in the kitchen with Bob and his aunt, Mrs. Zappala's words echoed in his mind: When she hears you sing, she almost smiles... Those words went on echoing in his mind the rest of the whole night. Whenever he looked at Dixie's quiet, withdrawn face, he'd think, She almost smiled. And he did everything he could to strike the almost out of that sentence, to actually make her smile.

He insisted she sit next to him at meals. He walked with her slowly around the neighborhood, gently holding her arm as if she were the child they pass knew he was Frankie Avalon, but they didn't pester him for autographs. It was as if the youngsters on the block, and Jane's friends and neighbors, were all certain of something good and wonderful—to happen.

On Saturday night Bob and Jane and some friends went out for a drive, and he stayed with Dixie. Everything was quiet, peaceful. In silence, he watched the way the lamplight played on Dixie's olive skin, the way it glinted in her brown eyes, and he felt as strong a sadness as he'd known the night his father lay on a hospital bed, his body riddled by steel fragments from an exploding crucible in the steel mill, where he was forming a rocket. When his father lay close to death, he wanted desperately to help. But once again, he didn't know what to do.

Then he remembered what Mrs. Zappala had said about music. Rising quietly, he went over to the phonograph, and there, sure enough, there were his records. "From Bobby Sox to Stockings" and "Boy With-
The room was small, and it was a mess—the beds weren't even made—but Dodie made no apologies. She took Cheryl's books and slowly placed them in a corner on the floor with her own. Without a word, she walked over to the corner and sat down on the floor, and then she was lost to the world, singing her favorite recording of "My Yiddish Momma" and motioned to Cheryl to come sit beside her on the floor. Halfway through the record, the suspense was too much for Cheryl, too, and Geri—give! What is bothering you?"

Dodie leaned back against the bed and stared up at the ceiling. "I don't really know how to say it," she began. "It's just that, well, my folks believe in me so much; they've always been so sure I'll make it. Ever since I was four years old, they've been scrimping to pay for singing lessons and acting lessons, and they've taken pictures, and demonstration records—oh, everything. Now my father's out of work—nobody's building houses, so they don't need painters—and we can't afford it. If only I could do something... something for me. But I can't."

Then and her face fell again. "What is there?" she asked. "It always ends up that there's nothing. I don't want to make you proud of me, to make up for all he's done for me."

Cheryl sighed. "I don't know what to tell you, Geri. But I think your folks are proud of you already, just because you're you. I don't think you ought to knock yourself out like this, when there's nothing out a Girl." He put "Boy Without a Girl" on the turntable and then he turned it off. Immediately he expectedly turned it on. He crossed the room and stood in front of her. "Dance, Dixie," he whispered, "let's dance." And he pulled her gently to her feet.

Tenderly, he put one hand around her back, and held the fingers of her left hand with the other. Holding her as if she were a fragile doll, then treading the first steps in time to the music. At first she was rigid and tense. Then, when she began to relax, he moved into the simplest step, and she matched him with a smile. He turned softly in her ear, harmonizing with his own voice on the record. Then slowly, ever so slowly, they started dancing around the room together.

The record stopped and he turned it off. But Dixie Lee did not sit down. She stood there, in the center of the room, waiting expectantly for him to come back to her. Immediately he was at her side, then she was in his arms, and they danced together again.

No orchestral music. Just a boy dancing with a girl, a boy singing to a girl. Singing the song he heard her sing so many times.

But singing to someone who barely knew who he was. "Venus," and "I'll Wait for You," and "Pretty-Eyed Baby."

The front door clanged and Bob and his aunt entered the room, but he didn't hear them. All he knew was that his shoulder was suddenly wet, that Dixie Lee was crying. Stepping back to look at her, to comfort her, she looked up into his face, and tears had happened, too. Dixie Lee was crying, but she was also smiling. And his own eyes filled with tears as he took her in his arms to dance to keep on dancing. He had made her smile, but she did something for him too. His own feeling of loneliness—the feeling that had oppressed him for weeks—faded away as they circled around the room. Suddenly, he heard someone cough. He stopped dancing and stood with his arm around Dixie's waist. "Hi," he said to Bob and his aunt. "We were just trying out a new step."

They didn't say anything to him. They just stood there, struck dumb with disbelief. She had come alive. Could there be hope, after all...? and these years? Bob and Frankie had to say goodbye. Dixie held tightly to his hand, when she walked him to the car, as if she didn't want to let him go. He couldn't understand the words to tell her he didn't want to go back to the lonely grind of the tour. He didn't know how to tell her how this weekend with her had meant to him. How hoped he had something?

At the last moment, he leaned down to her confused and frightened face and kissed her gently on the cheek. She didn't move. For a moment she just stood there, staring at him, and then she laughed out loud—for the first time in her life—she was happy and laughing.

But she was the only one who laughed. Bob's face had gone blank with thanks, she could not even say goodbye and, as Bob drove away, he could see the road ahead, his eyes were so full of tears. The front door clanged, and Frankie turned to look back. He was so blinded he almost didn't see Dixie waving after him. But he would never forget her—never.

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YOU GET
THE MOST IN
PHOTOPLAY

on sale Feb. 4

and Elaine listened to it again, trying hard to hear what their folks and Mrs. Bishop and Mr. Burns seemed to hear in it. But they both agreed it was absolutely "downsville."

It was five minutes past three when she walked into the house the following afternoon. Her mother and father, looking happier than she'd ever seen them look, were waiting for her to see Mr. Burns. Oh, please, she whispered to herself, don't let them be disappointed again.

When they arrived at Crystallette, Mr. Burns hurried Dodie into his private office and said, abruptly, "Okay, sing me the song." And while she sang the words, he kept nodding his head approvingly. When it was over, he jumped out of his seat and began pacing up and down, whistling the tune. Finally, he turned to her and grinned.

"That's it! That's the song for you! We'll make a few lyric changes and next week you'll record it," he told her.

Is it really going to happen? Dodie kept thinking on the drive home. With that song? But they drove in silence. Nobody seemed to be able to think of a word to say.

Several days before Christmas, Geri Pasquale, with the new name of Dodie Stevens (a name practically picked out of a telephone book), cut her first record. But even then she wasn't convinced anything would come of it.

"Mother's been humming the tune so much, I'm sick of it already. Well, anyway, I'll never have to listen to it on the radio, that's for sure."

Nevertheless, after the record was released early in January, Dodie couldn't help turning on the radio—just in case. Forty-eight hours, nothing had happened at all.

Then her mother made up a big house and the house was suddenly filled with a wild voice screaming, "It's on! It's on!"

She and Elaine flew out of their room toward the kitchen. Even while she was listening, she still couldn't believe it. But there it was... "Pink Shoelaces" was on the air... and she was singing it! She had the house all to herself for a long time, doing flip-flops and her heart beat wildly. It was just too much.

But her happiness didn't last long. Just as the record began, something tragic happened, something Dodie would never completely get over. Helen Bishop died. From one day to the next, the ghost of a strength was no more. It was Dodie's first experience with death, and it left its mark. For days, she wandered about with red eyes, swearing she would never sing another song. (She couldn't bear it—that Mrs. Bishop should be taken from her just when she was about to justify all her confidence. She was in such a fog that when her mother slipped into her room one night, she didn't even hear her until she spoke. "How do you think Mrs. Bishop would feel if she could see you now?" she asked gently. They looked at each other, they were about to say something, then her mother sighed and left the room. That night, after the lights were out, she didn't cry, for she had finally understood why she had to go on. That morning, she received her first royalty check. The amount was staggering—and it was all hers! Thousands of thoughts raced through her mind. "Now I can repay my debts and have the one thing I really need time and effort... I can repay them for all the money they spent on my lessons... on repairs for the car... I'll buy a new one... but first I'll buy them a house!"

Another small worry was a little more about layoff periods. I'll make my manager officially. Mrs. Bishop would be so pleased.

That night she tried to do her homework but she couldn't concentrate. Closing her books with a sigh, she walked over to her favorite spot by the window, leaned on the sill and dreamed about tomorrow. She was Geri in Wonderland. She imagined herself wearing all kinds of beautiful clothes, with matching shoes for every outfit. She loved shoes... She even thought about getting married. It was the only way to avoid the worry of a new job. And I'll have a boy and a girl—the boy first, I hope, so he can bring friends home to meet his sister. And even if my career doesn't last, I'll still have so much money..."

The End

SEE DODIE IN HER FIRST MOVIE, "HOUND DOG MAN" FOR 20TH. HEAR HER ON HIT RECORDS.
There are three Breck shampoos for three different hair conditions.

One of the best ways to care for your hair is frequent use of a shampoo made for your individual hair condition. There are Three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo to bring out the natural beauty and lustre of your hair.

New packages marked with color help you select the correct Breck Shampoo.

- Red for dry hair
- Yellow for oily hair
- Blue for normal hair

Enjoy the Breck Sunday Showcase, a dramatic series on the NBC-TV network.
Salem's special High Porosity Paper "Air-Softens" every puff

Salem research creates a revolutionary cigarette paper that breathes new mildness into the smoke...new freshness into the flavor.

Invisible porous openings blend just the right amount of fresh air with each puff to give you a cooler, milder smoke...a richer, fresher-tasting smoke. Now, more than ever...when you take a puff, it's Springtime!

Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
why Liz had to leave the party so early

CONTEST

win a "welcome home"

DATE WITH ELVIS

(see page 19)

CAROL LYNLEY:
honest, you can dress like a movie star, too
Jergens beautifies hands as nothing else can!

Jergens is the true beauty lotion!
More than a mere cosmetic, more than a clinging medication. Jergens Lotion protects and beautifies as nothing else can.

Why Jergens is best
- Quickly smooths, softens
- Absorbs instantly
- Leaves no sticky feeling
- Helps replace natural moisture lost to weather and harsh detergents
- Costs only 15¢ to $1.

New tests! New proof! Jergens stops detergent hands! Nancy Sinclair soaked both hands in detergents several times a day for 3 days. Her left hand, treated with a leading medicated lotion, became red, rough. Her right hand, with Jergens care, stayed soft and pretty. Look at the difference in the unretouched photo of her hands. In 972 tests, women proved Jergens Lotion stops detergent hands.
Germs in mouth and throat cause most bad breath. You need an antiseptic to kill germs, and no tooth paste is antiseptic. No tooth paste kills germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does... on contact, by millions, on every oral surface. No wonder more American families use Listerine than all other mouthwashes combined!

Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

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FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

WELCOME ELVIS HOME CONTEST
20 Win a Day at the Studio with Elvis

SPECIAL: FOR GIRLS ONLY
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Your April issue will be on sale at your newsstand on March 3rd.
THEY WANTED—SO MUCH—TO LOVE EACH OTHER

BUT BETWEEN THEM, LIKE A WALL, WAS A FATHER'S SHAMELESS PAST AND A MOTHER'S POSSESSIVE LOVE

AND A BOY, WHOSE STRANGE SECRET THE WHOLE TOWN KNEW...TOO WELL!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PRESENTS
A SOL C. SIEGEL PRODUCTION

HOME FROM THE HILL

Starring ROBERT MITCHUM • ELEANOR PARKER

Co-Starring \n
GEORGE PEPPARD • GEORGE HAMILTON • EVERETT SLOANE • LUANA PATTEN

Screen Play by HARRIET FRANK, Jr. and IRVING RAVETCH • In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR

Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by EDMUND GRAINGER
I remember, I remember... Harriet and Ozzie Nelson taking their youngsters, David and Ricky, for a big night out: dinner at the Brown Derby. Perhaps this is where Ricky acquired his taste for coffee, which, some ten years later, led him to the coffee houses of the Sunset Strip... And I remember some few years before the Nelsons, in the same Vine Street Derby on a Saturday afternoon, Charlie Chaplin lunching with his youngsters, Charlie Jr. and Sidney. The boys wore their Black Foxe Military Academy uniforms. Soon Chaplin walked across the length of the restaurant to Joe E. Brown's booth and asked for his autograph. Charlie's sons wanted it because, as they told the great comedian, "Joe E. Brown is the funniest man in the world."

I remember, I remember this well, because Chaplin stopped to tell it to me. I look back—and not in anger—at Hollywood of some twenty-odd years ago and this is my strongest recollection: Being told repeatedly that Hollywood isn't what it used to be; that I should have been around in the good old days. Now I hear people speak about these same abused years as the good old days. Time puts a halo on a lot of things, doesn't it?

For me, remembering is a pleasure. So I summon up remembrance of things past, so you'll know more about the actors you see on the Late, Late Show. It's a way for you to catch up on the past.

There was the time Cary Grant was making "Bringing Up Baby" and kidded Katharine Hepburn because she preferred a man wearing sneakers to him. Today Cary and that man in sneakers, Howard Hughes, are best friends and he never sees K. Hepburn. ... Gary Cooper was a shy youngster on the way up in pictures and Mary Pickford was about to retire undefeated as "America's Sweetheart." In those years, it was unthinkable for a notable to enter and leave Hollywood without attending a dinner party at Pickfair. Only yesterday, Nikita Khrushchev visited Hollywood and was honored with a chicken-and-green peas luncheon at the Twentieth Century-Fox commissary. Hollywood's greatest hostess, Mary Pickford, wasn't even on the guest list... However, Gary Cooper was present. The Montana cowboy has come a long way, and stayed a long time. The social bit started when the Countess Di Frasso took Cooper under her wing

I remember Desi and Lucy before TV.  
Ozzie and Harriet started something by taking Rick and David to the Derby.  

(Continued)
WAS WRITTEN IN THE BLISTER-HEAT OF FEELINGS AND EXCITATIONS... IT COULD COME TO THE SCREEN IN NO OTHER WAY!

From 'the best-seller that makes Peyton Place read like a book of nursery rhymes!' Walter Winchell

'They who hunger for the forbidden fruit of the bramble bush...'
Dale Robertson, TV star of Tales of Wells Fargo says...

TO ALL THE CASH ON THE COACH
IN IVORY’S $100,000 WELLS FARGO GIVE-AWAY!

It's fun! Just reckon up the amount of money on the stagecoach. Closest estimate wins all the cash plus $10,000 Bonus

STAKE YOUR CLAIM

SEE RULES FOR $10,000 BONUS PRIZE

2ND AND 3RD PRIZES
FORD THUNDERBIRD

97 OTHER PRIZES

The fastest gun in the West never had it so easy... a chance to carry off a whole Wells Fargo shipment by simply estimating how much cash Dale Robertson is helping Ivory Soap give away! A heap of other prizes too, like “Thunderbirds” and mink, $100,000 worth, all told. You’ll need 3 Give-Away wrappers from any size of Ivory with each entry... so round up enough of America’s favorite skin soap for everyone in the family to enter today!

Hurry! Get Ivory Soap in special Give-Away wrappers at your dealer’s.

99 44/100 % pure... it floats
and introduced him to the top hat, white tie and tails set.

Then, John Barrymore and Elaine Barrie were the John Drew Barrymore and Cara Williams of the era, only even more so. John and Elaine had a hectic cross-country romance, headlined hour by hour. It was one of those off-again, on-again, off-again marriages—only more so. He was quite a man, this Barrymore! He wouldn’t work in a picture without a blackboard on the set. He would read his lines from the blackboard, carefully placed out of camera range. The studios objected, but they were foolish. Barrymore was years ahead of his time. His method, improved technically, is today’s teleprompter, used extensively in television. Barrymore told me: “I can remember my lines, but I don’t think they’re worth remembering.” I never doubted the Great Profile. . . . Another front-page romance of this period—the Terrific Thirties—was (Are you ready?) Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. I remember it well. I interviewed Dick and Joan when they returned from their honeymoon. And what a public honeymoon it was! Dick and Joan rode up Broadway in an open car and New York gave them a ticker tape reception, as if they had accomplished a historic feat by marrying, something like Lindbergh flying across the Atlantic. It was something that could happen only (Continued on page 69)

Coop learned a lot from Mary.

Remember Jane as Mrs. Reagan?

In “the good old days,” Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck even dressed alike.
DEAR MISS PAIN:

Boys sure are a puzzle. Sometimes when you go out, they're real romantic. And then, other times, specially when you're double-dating with another couple, they don't even bother to hold your hand—or kiss you goodnight at your door. They act in such a hurry to get away that you feel they don't like you anymore and that you'll never see them again. But the next day, they are, waiting outside school to walk you home. How can a girl know where she stands with a boy when he acts like that?

Lorna
Springfield, Ohio

DEAR LORNA:

We asked Tab Hunter where you stand and he said: "Sometimes we feel sort of embarrassed by displays of affection... particularly in front of other people... and it may look as though we don't care. But we do, or we wouldn't have asked you out." (And come to think of it, Lorna, haven't you ever felt a little shy?) So take a tip from Tab—don't reach for a boy's hand or try to force him to put his arm around you. Leave that up to him. And if he occasionally skips that goodnight kiss, that makes it mean so much more when he does kiss you. It means it's not just a habit.

DEAR EDITOR:

We have the squarest bunch of boys in my town... they don't talk! Last Friday, I had my third date with this fellow and we went to the movies, and he didn't say a word, not one word, as usual. It was a double-feature and we just sat for three-and-a-half hours. He didn't even ask me what kind of candy I wanted, just bought a twenty-cent box and held it in front of my face (so I couldn't see the screen) during the movie. Afterward, we went out for a soda and again I had to do all the talking—and all the way home, too. Wouldn't you think that after two movies he'd have something to say to me? What can I do?

Sue
Providence, R. I.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

You know, boys are always saying that girls are such gossips, but honestly I don't think that's true. In fact, I just bet that boys spend more time talking about girls and how they act on dates and what they say than we ever do. But, why do they have to go behind our backs and talk about us?

Claire
Toronto, Canada

DEAR CLAIRE:

You don't have to be a mind-reader to know that boys exaggerate to make a bigger impression on their crowd. So take warning: since you know they're going to try to puff up what happens on a date, be extra careful that nothing does happen that you wouldn't want repeated.

DEAR EVELYN:

Summer, winter, I have the same problem. My face peels—on the forehead, nose and chin. I can understand the sun burning my skin in the summer when I spend a lot of time at the beach, but why should it happen in the winter?

Ely
Dover, N. J.

DEAR ELY:

The reasons are the same, only the season's different. Just as the summer sun dries out the oils in your skin, winter's strong, cold winds and steam-heated rooms will do the same. To correct this, try using a cleansing cream instead of water to clean your face, and "winterize" your skin by applying a light layer of greaseless cream under your makeup before going out on blustery days and again at night. Hands, arms and legs may need the same help. (Why not treat yourself to a pair of those gay gloves you can wear at night to protect the linen from your hand cream and make sleeping fun.) Many people also believe that to have healthy skin—that's the same as pretty skin—you need an adequate diet of protein, vitamin A and D. If your "chapping" problem is serious, get a book on nutrition from the library or talk to your doctor.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry we can't answer them personally.
I dreamed I was a beauty shop quartet in my new maidenform girdle

I'M IN FOUR PART HARMONY IN MAIDENFORM 'VARIATION'*

There's not a single seam line in this dream line of glamour girdles. VARIATION's airy-light elastic knit (it's kitten soft on the inside; silky smooth on the outside) feels like next to nothing, costs next to nothing. Washes like a dream!

VARIATION High Top Girdle or Pantie S, M, L, 3.95
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VARIATION Garter Belt too, S, M, L, 2.95

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1960 MAIDEN FORM BRASRIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
... I am a boy of thirteen and would like to have an American pen pal living in California. I dig Elvis and Sandra Dee the most.
Khoo Meng Kam
32, Wall St.
Kuantan, Pahang
Malaya

... I am an Australian girl of sixteen and I would like a boy penfriend from America. I like all sports and modern dancing.
Susan Johnson
49 Ipswich St.
Toowoomba
Australia

... My name is Riyadh Hanna, nineteen, 5'4½" tall with blue eyes and black hair. I would like to have pen pals from anywhere. My hobbies are films, swimming and Kim Novak.
Riyadh Hanna DeBaz
Training Department 1, P. C. Ltd., Kirkuk, Iraq

... I simply "dig" Elvis and Fabian and was wondering if anyone would like to trade pictures of them for pictures of Rick Nelson and Pat Boone?
Linda Wright
45-52 Apathia Rd.
Kaneoke, Oahu, Hawaii

... How about dropping a few lines to a Siamese girl. I'm seventeen and was born in the land of "The King and I."
Rukluk Katerbainark
1039 Pleonchit Rd.
Bangkok Thailand
Siem

... My name is Anna and I am seventeen years old. Is there a boy or girl who would like to be my correspondent? It will make me very happy.
Anna Asgeirsdottir
Holsvallagot 22,
Reykjavik, Iceland

... I have a large scrapbook of Shirley Temple pictures and would like to sell it to anyone interested.
Betty Ann Surrott
20 Butler Ave.
Greenville, S.C.

... Would like to purchase Marilyn Monroe newspaper and magazine clippings. Particularly reviews of her past films.
Larry Chappelle
6556 Swope Pkwy.
Kansas City, Mo.

... I am a seventeen-year-old Japanese girl. My hobbies are sports and drawing. I wish to learn English and some of your country's ways of living.
Michie Taniguti
30 Mikiai-cho
Nishinari-Ku
Osaka, Japan

... My hobby is collecting picture postcards. Would like readers all over the world to send and exchange postcards with me.
Peggy East
2722 Lindsay Ave.
Louisville 6, Ky.

... I'm nineteen years old and a real hag on stamp collecting and would like to exchange stamps with someone from a foreign country.
Gary Schilinski
1990 Brookfield
Livonia, Mich.

... If you're interested in supporting a very versatile and talented personality such as Jayne Meadows, please write me for information on joining her fan club.
Melodie Aschy
1044 Byron St.
Chicago, Ill.

... We'd like to invite all admirers of Jean Pierre Aumont, in the United States and Canada, to discover what fun film clubbing can be. All potential "Aumonters" write to me:
Cay McGowan
7502 Ridge Blvd.
Brooklyn 9, N.Y.

... Does anybody want to be my pen pal? I'm seventeen and I'm interested in nearly everything.
Barbro Jansson
Vasterlanggatan 10 A
Vansbro, Sweden

... Like to join the King-ton Trio fan club? You'll receive a membership card, journals, snapshots and info that cannot be obtained elsewhere. All this for $1.50.
Eva Bessie
1210 Stanyan St.
San Francisco, Calif.

Need members for our fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.
“Win a Phone Call” Contest

My girlfriends and I entered your “Win a Five Minute Phone Call” contest. I guess we didn’t win since we didn’t receive a call from a star on Christmas day, but who did win?

JOAN FIELDS
New York, N.Y.

Glad you asked—we were just about to announce it anyway! The winners: Martha Eades, of Marietta, Ga., was the lucky girl to receive a call from Fabian; Janice Anderson, of Sierra Madra, Calif., received one from Edd Byrnes; Elaine Potts, from Springfield, Ill., received a call from Rock Hudson; and the lucky winner of Elss’ call—Mary Ann Allen, from Pittsburgh, Pa.—was thoughtful enough to give her prize away as a gift to her friend, Mary Ann Cole, also from Pittsburgh, Pa. That’s what we call a real friend! So many of our readers entered this contest that the Board of Judges really had a hard time choosing the winners. So congratulations to all you lucky gals from all of us at Photoplay.—Ed.

Hair Styles

I wish you would run some pages on hair styles. I know lots of women admire some of the stars’ hairdos and would like to copy them.

MRS. HIGGINS
Candler, N.C.

Good idea. Turn to page 51.—Ed.

Songs Famous People Might Sing

“I’m Gonna Get Married” by Liz Taylor
“I Cried a Tear” by Debbie Reynolds
“Why Don’t They Understand” by Eddie Fisher
“God Bless America” by Khursheev
“I Go Ape” by King Kong
“Beer Barrel Polka” by Dean Martin
“We Got Love” by Frankenstein and Vampire
“Teenager in Love” by Boris Karloff
“Skinny Minny” by Fats Domino
“I’m a Man” by Jayne Mansfield
“Teachers Pet” by The Creature From the Black Lagoon
“Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb” by Brigitte Bardot

SANDRA K. & MERVIN G.
Lancaster, Pa.

Future Motion Picture

I have just finished reading the great novel “Dragonwyck” by Anya Seton. This novel, I feel, has great potential as a future motion picture. Either Rock Hudson or Richard Burton would do justice to the part of Nicholas Van Ryn. Since Marilyn Monroe has expressed the desire to play a dramatic role, I feel that she would be perfect as Miranda Wells. What a perfectly marvelous motion picture this would be.

STEPHANIE RODGERS
Roanoke, Ala.

20th Century-Fox thought it would make a good picture too. So in 1946, “Dragonwyck” was released starring Gene Tierney and Vincent Price.—Ed.
On The Sets: All done up in Old Testament glory for his role of Mahlon in “The Story of Ruth,” Tom Tryon greeted me with a wide grin and a warm hug. “Betty is visiting the set, too,” he said. Betty being, of course, that cute redhead Betty Lynn, who co-stars with Tom in the “Texas John Slaughter” series. I watched a dramatic scene between Tom and the delicately lovely Elana Eden of Israel and I agreed with Twentieth that these two young people are good. Very good. In fact, when Stephen Boyd turned down the starring role of “Boaz” in the picture, the studio offered it to Tom, who politely turned it down, too. “Thank you,” said Tom, “but the role calls for too much riding and I just got off a horse for my TV series. I’ll keep my feet on the ground as Mahlon if you don’t mind.” The studio didn’t mind at all. Not when talented Stuart Whitman took over the role. And by the way, that romance between Tom and Betty Lynn looks very serious to me. So don’t be surprised if something comes of it. Something like wedding bells. . . . From my mailbox, I’d say Stephen Boyd is becoming the next big interest with femme fans. And I can tell them right now—“No, Stephen is not married.” And to all you wonderful readers who recently showered me with cards and notes, a big warm thank you.

Roundup: Elvis Presley has a surprise for Hollywood producers who plan to shove him into one routine musical after another. E1 has been gathering applause acting in the Army post shows in Germany, playing straight roles and doing them well. “And that’s the kind of acting I expect to do in Hollywood,” he told a pal. “After my first picture for Hal Wallis, it’s the non-musicals for me.” Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby do great in movies without having to sing, so why not Elvis? . . . Little Janet Lennon of the Lennon Sisters, hopes sister Dianne will wed Dick Gass, a paratrooper at Ft. Bragg, in a formal church wedding. Janet has visions of herself walking down the aisle in a long, lovely bridesmaid dress. A dream that could come true. . . . English star Dirk Bogarde and Ava Gardner, co-starring in the movie “Temptation” in Rome, have become the closest of friends. Dirk acts as sort of mentor and guide to Ava, which is one of the best things that could happen to the unhappy star who needs a true friend at this time. . . . Bob Stack’s one of the few people who are happy with their new TV series. . . . Poor Marilyn Monroe. With half a dozen stars nixing her “Let’s Make Love” movie, Universal studios added to her woes by refusing to lend her Rock Hudson. Finally, French star Yves Montand took the role.
This and That: You wonderful Photoplay readers really showed your good taste in voting for Rock Hudson as your favorite actor and Doris Day as your favorite actress, along with the delightful “Pillow Talk,” produced by young Ross Hunter, as your favorite movie of the year. And I certainly agree with your choice of Troy Donahue and Millie Perkins as your Gold Medal newcomers of the year. . . . May Britt and Gardner McKay seldom see each other at their mutual studio, Twentieth. But at Malibu Beach, where each has a home, that mile-long telephone wire between them, is the hottest thing in town. . . . Those daring young men on the flying trapeze are David and Ricky Nelson who have worked up quite a clever aerial act. Their performance at the Western Livestock Show had even the bulls spellbound. And the boys, who are friends as well as brothers, have bought adjoining hilltop lots where they plan to build their future homes, side by side. . . . Saw the Bob Hopes. Not only is Mrs. Hope lovely to look at, but you should see their kids. . . . The Barry Coes are still on “Cloud 9” . . . The Efrem Zimbalists were off and then on, recently. Our prediction is that a marriage this rocky cannot endure. No one seems to know how it will turn out.

Street Scene: Alexis Smith stood at the cashier’s counter in a Beverly Hills market with two women customers directly behind her. “I wish that woman would hurry,” one woman said to the other, with a nod toward Alexis. “This is ‘Peter Gunn’ night and I’ve simply got to get dinner over in time to see him. He’s my favorite.” Alexis smiled to herself for, of course, he’s her favorite, too. Her favorite husband Craig Stevens, that is.

Street Scene, Act Two: She stood by the drugstore newsstand in Hollywood glancing at the magazine covers ablaze with young movie stars. Two teenagers, standing by, were eagerly thumbing through their recently purchased Photoplay. “My mother says none of these beauties today can touch Garbo,” said one to the other. “She must have been something.” With a quick start, the woman in the slouch hat hurriedly moved away. For, you see, she was Garbo, still beautiful, still mysterious and, well, still Garbo—that’s for sure.

Feeling better, Bob has a family party at the Stork Club.

Fun On The Run: My friend, producer-director Mervyn LeRoy, had me in stitches on the “Wake Me When It’s Over” set with stories of Ernie Kovacs, Dick Shawn and Don Knotts of the Steve Allen show. “This is a funny movie,” Mervyn explained, “so I cast real comics in the roles. But never did I expect anything like this!” And did I imagine it, or was Ernie’s cigar giving out with heart-shaped smoke rings, what with all those beautiful Oriental girls roaming the set? And why were half the male workers on the Twentieth lot loitering about?

Feudin’ And Fussin’: That blowup among the Crosby Boys wasn’t entirely unexpected. Gary hasn’t been happy for a long time and won’t be until a lot of things are cleared up between him and his dad, Bing. In case Gary doesn’t rejoin the act, the other three boys, Lindsay, Phil, and Dennis, are auditioning girl vocalists to appear with them at London’s Palladium. The boys always were so close, I can’t imagine them parting permanently.

(Continued)
Love Is Swell: “She thinks with her heart,” a studio executive said of Joan Collins, who steadfastly refused to take off for London and the movie “Sons and Lovers,” despite a suspension. Nothing would budge Joan from the side of her true love in New York, actor Warren Beatty, who’s Shirley MacLaine’s brother. . . . And Shirley’s devotion to her husband Steve Parker apparently knows no limits. When Steve telephoned from Japan, over the last holidays, that he was lonely without their small daughter Steffi, Shirley flew to Seattle, placed little Steffi aboard a Tokyo plane in the care of friends, and returned to her own lonely home in Hollywood. And that my friends, is what I call true and selfless love.

In My Opinion: Janet Leigh is the most beautiful “motherly” star in Hollywood. All through her co-starring stunt with Tony Perkins in “Psycho,” Janet watched over Tony like a mother hen, especially at lunch time when Tony’s diet came in for special attention. Lots of proteins and all that. No wonder husband Tony Curtis is crazy about the girl. . . . I believe Troy Donahue is the most promising young actor in Hollywood. But Troy isn’t making any promises of his own. At least not the wedding bells type of promises. . . . It’s my opinion Edd Byrnes is weary of his strike against Warner Brothers for more money. And it’s my guess he will be right back in his role of Kookie, come what may. And all we want is the best for Edd, who is both a good actor and good friend. . . . I have every hope Fabian will be a smash hit in his next film “High Time” with Bing Crosby. I don’t think a more likeable boy ever set foot in Hollywood.

People You Like: “I’ve had letters about you,” I told Robert Denver on the “Do- bie Gillis” set. “Fans want to know if that’s your own chin adornment or is it pasted on?” Bob assured me it was his own home-grown beard. “The only trouble is the beatniks around town mistake me for one of them and I can’t make out a word they’re talking about,” he groaned. “Man, they’re really way out. Like wow.” Young Denver, who is a bachelor, lives all alone with a non-talking Myna bird and I’m told gets mighty lonesome. . . . Cary Grant pantomimed a message to me across a crowded preview theater recently and, goodie for me, I understood him right off. Incidentally, Cary, who is another “loner,” was all by himself at the preview. It’s a mystery to me how that handsome charmer avoids “The Tender Trap” set by some of the town’s designing females. . . . Ran into Sandra Dee pushing her own grocery cart at McDaniel’s market—her hair a becoming halo of blond curls. And Sandra tells me she may be off to Honolulu for another “Gidget” movie before she makes “Romanoff and Juliet” in Europe.

Janet has her eye on two Tony’s, and you can’t blame her. But who’s watching Millie?

Hot Box Corner: During their recent vacation, Debbie Reynolds, Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher passed each other on Palm Springs’ crowded Main Street. And what happened? Nothing. Liz was gazing in a shop window and failed to see Debbie. If Eddie saw her he gave no sign. And neither did Debbie. Passersby who spotted the famous threesome merely gave a quick look and passed on. Yesterday’s news, I guess. . . . And don’t let those occasional Debbie-Glenn Ford dates fool you. I hear on the best authority, Glenn regards Debbie as an amusing cut-up whose antics cheer his gloomy heart. Glenn is missing his ex-wife Ellie and his son these days. . . . The ceiling is the object Roger Smith will hit first when he learns wife Vici Shaw may be slated for another location jaunt in the spring. Roger, who fused and fumed all through Vici’s stay in Germany for “I Aim at the Stars,” wants his Vici with him. I really can’t blame him.
I Look Back: Her popularity blossomed overnight. Before the year 1939 and the movie, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," few movie fans had ever heard of Greer Garson. After "Pride and Prejudice" and "Blossoms in the Dust" all America knew her. In no time, her "Mrs. Miniver" had the movie-going world Greer Garson-conscious, and the green-eyed actress with the flaming red hair became an established star. But Greer, who was born in County Down, Ireland, and toured the provinces to gain stage experience, never quite became a part of Hollywood's merry-go-round circle. With her beloved mother Nina, whose recent death is mourned by Greer, she lived a quiet life. Her marriage to Richard Ney, who played her son in "Mrs. Miniver," ended in divorce and several years later Greer married Texas oil-man Buddy Fogelson and went into semi-retirement. Her fling in the Broadway production of "Auntie Mame," as Roz Russell's replacement, and her recent TV appearance in a "General Electric" show, give hope to her many loyal fans that in the new year they may see more and more of Greer Garson.

Lunch with the Smiths: Vic Shaw and her handsome husband Roger Smith, had me in hysterics with the story of their outing to Lake Arrowhead with Dorothy Provine and Edd Byrnes. Packing along their water-skis and borrowing their agent's air-conditioned car, the foursome set out early in the morning. Well, right from the start, everything happened. The car smoked, caught on fire and all but blew up every ten blocks. Finally, it let up with a blast spraying Roger with a brown liquid that burned through his shirt to the skin. "I'll be scared for life," Roger groaned. Anyway, the weary foursome arrived at the Lake, that afternoon around four o'clock, only to be met with a downpour of rain. And all this time, Edd was frantically trying to reach Asa Maynor by telephone, knowing full well he'd never make it back in time for their date. And he didn't. Missing the highway back, the weary group, lost and quite forlorn, bumped along the back roads home vowing never to go water-skiiing again. And who can blame them? They'll never forget that day, that's for sure. They call it "The day of the seventeen horrors!" I couldn't stop laughing!

(Continued)
Dinah and George seem so happy now. Bet Harry Karl wishes he knew the secret.

**Cal York's Jottings:** Annette Funicello sued Walt Disney and lost her case. Although Disney brought Annette to fame in his TV "Mouskeeteers" series, she sued to be free of the contract that has two more years to run. Incidentally, her newest record, "First Name Initial," is still going up like a high fever. . . It's a pleasure to see such a happily married couple as Dinah Shore and George Montgomery. . . Connie Stevens wonders what happened to her gold platter for "Kookie Lend Me Your Comb." Edd Byrnes received his award for their best selling record and Connie, who dueted with Edd, wants one, too. . . Gary Crosby is beaming lovely Nancy Sinatra around town these winter evenings, with Bing's and Frank's full approval. Second generation romance, no less. . . Audrey Hepburn bowed out of her Paramount picture deal to prepare for motherhood. Happy Audrey and husband Mel Ferrer expect their baby next July right here in the good old USA. . . The Katy Jurado-Ernie Borgnine marriage finally took place—in Mexico. . . The car accident that hospitalized Lee Remick's husband, TV producer Bill Colleran, happened in the exact spot in the road on which Montgomery Clift all but lost his life two years ago. Lee flew in from her "Wild River" location to be with her husband. . . Suzy Parker in Paris cabled producer Jerry Wald in Hollywood when her baby daughter Georgia, was born, "Now I really have the Best of Everything." . . It's my opinion the Kingston Trio, whose act I recently caught in Kansas City, is one of the best singing groups today. And my escort, Tony Oppenheimer, thought so too. And so did the hundreds who jammed the place.
Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see... a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes!

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

Is it true... blondes have more fun?

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

*®T. M. @1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada*
hard-worked hands

heal twice as fast

with new heavy-duty TRUSHAY® with silicones

TRUSHAY... the heavy-duty lotion for hard-worked hands

A. Du Barry’s “Tru-Tint” creates vivid head-lights, washes lasting color into the hair, adds sheen, softness. In ten shades, tint and creme developer, $2

B. Revlon’s “Living Curl” Hair Spray gently rules the waves, holds hair in line softly. Special Formula for tinted hair conditions, adds lustre, $1.50

C. Sunbeam shimmer or moonlight glimmer can be rinsed in (and out just as easily) of your hair when you use Nestlé Colorinse. Package of six, 35¢

D. Charles of the Ritz introduces new Hand Cream Ritz, a creamy pink froth handily held in a pink plastic tube. Fragrant and light in texture, $2.00

E. Snowdrops of sterile white cotton. Red Cross Cotton Balls moistened with cologne freshen a hairdo, make warm oil appliers. Johnson & Johnson, 39¢

*plus tax

18
I'm coming home!

CONTEST:
will you be the girl to welcome El back?
Win a day at the studio with Elvis. Send him this welcome message

Dear Elvis—
Welcome home! I missed you. I am

My name is: __________________________
Age: ________________________________
I live at: ____________________________

CONTEST RULES

1. Fill in your Photoplay greeting, telling Elvis about yourself and about why you'd like to spend a day at the Paramount Studio with him.

2. Send as many special Photoplay greetings as you like.

3. Mail to: Welcome Elvis Home Contest
Photoplay
321 South Beverly Drive
Beverly Hills, Calif.

4. Your greetings must be received by March 15, 1960.

5. A committee of judges from the offices of Photoplay and Hal Wallis Productions will select the winner. Their decision is final.

6. All of your greetings will then be sent to Elvis, so he can read them personally.
February 1, 1960
Bad Nauheim, Germany

Dear Fans—

It won't be long now, before I'm home again, and when you've been away two years, it's something very wonderful to look forward to. It seems so long since that day in August, when I boarded the ship for Germany—almost a lifetime ago. Everyone was waving and wishing me well. And there was a crowd to greet me in Germany, too.

So much has happened since then. I've done many things, seen many new places, learned a lot about living with people, about getting along with other guys. Some people say the Army's tough—but it's a lot tougher if you try to fight it instead of making the most of your two years. I've tried to make the most of mine, and I think I've benefited by it. Sure, I had my share of troubles, like the time I put a tank in reverse gear by mistake (it's completely different from a car) and crashed it. And the time I was thrown out of an officers' club one night—seems there was a commotion due to my being there. Yet, I didn't find Army life half as bad as I'd thought it would be.

I made a lot of friends I would never have met otherwise. Of course, I've been homesick at times, but so are thousands of other guys. I dated different girls over there but never had a steady. And I saw Paris, which was just wonderful.

There were rumors that I lost a lot of weight at the beginning. Sure, I lost a little weight—but, then, I was starting to use muscles I didn't even know I had! Even the food surprised me—it was so much better than I'd expected after all the jokes the guys back home used to tell.

A lot must have happened to my friends back home, too. I hope, though, that they haven't changed, that they still remember me as I remember them, that we'll still be able to have the same old laughs together, the same old good times, that we'll still (Continued on page 73)

Love,

Elvis Presley
why Liz had to leave the party before it was over
A going-away party had been arranged in Liz' honor and many of the guests who had been invited were distinguished members of American and European society. When she walked in, just a little late, Liz looked so beautiful she made almost everyone's head turn. She had on a simple, smartly-cut dress, a magnificent diamond necklace at her throat and an exquisite set of matching bracelet and earrings.

It was obvious she had taken great care to dress well for the occasion. So, it was quite a surprise for me to notice that, instead of looking radiant and happy, she seemed tense and worried.

Eddie, on the other hand, seemed relaxed and cheerful and chatted easily with everyone there. Liz kept close by his side, unusually quiet and hardly speaking a word. She looked lost, almost as though she felt uncomfortably out of place. She did not once venture an opinion on anything that was said, and even when she was spoken to directly, she was evasive and even, I thought, a little self-conscious. (Continued on page 62)

by MARK ADAMS
take a hint from the boys who say:

If you gab and blab, blow off and show off...

wiggle
Then, chum, you'll become someone's Comic Valentine as acted out by Debbie Reynolds

and giggle...
WHY DO YOU LOVE ME?  

Vici Shaw to Roger Smith

Only a few moments ago, Vici came into the room, leaned over me, and asked softly, “Roger—why do you love me?” She asks this sometimes, for reassurance I think, because the question always comes up at times when we’ve both been busy, and not had too much time for each other.

I didn’t have an answer for her, not a real answer, although I told her how very much I do love her. I could only give her a few mumbled sentences which finally trailed off into silence. But now, as I look at her picking up an ashtray beside me, a whole flood of things seem to come to mind. And I find I cannot concentrate on the script in my lap at all.

Why does a man love a woman? How can I put it into words? It’s like asking why do you breathe? Why do you like the feel of wind in your face? Why do you believe in God?

(Continued on page 80)
We had a date to meet—Tuesday and I—at her Hollywood Hills home at six, around the time she got back from the studio. Yet, although I was early, it seemed only a matter of minutes before I saw Tuesday, in her brand new Lark convertible, negotiating the sharp curves which lead up to the house. Watching the car as it came nearer, gradually slowing to a halt, I waved “hi” to her and walked over and opened the door. It was the first time I had seen the car—a birthday present from her mother—and I admired it and congratulated her on it.

“Thank you,” she smiled and said, and, tossing back her long hair, she hurriedly picked up her things from the seat beside her. As she got out, I noticed she seemed unusually flustered. “I’m sorry you had to wait,” she apologized, “but I got caught up in heavy traffic on the way here.”

“That’s okay. I was early,” I told her, matter-of-factly. And we went into the house.

“My mother lives up here,” she explained as she led me through a warm, spacious living room into a small dining area that stood between the kitchen and the living room. “My part of the house is downstairs. (Continued on page 64)
FABIAN:

“I don't know just how to tell you, but I've got to say goodbye”
Fame and success, they mean a lot to me... but I found more important things.

The minute Fabian opened his eyes, that morning, he felt that something was wrong. The bright sunlight shining into his bedroom should have reassured him, but it didn’t. For a moment, he just lay in bed, blinking sleepily, trying to figure out what was the matter. But he couldn’t.

Getting out of bed, he ran across the hall into the shower and then dressed in his old faded blue denims, red wool shirt, and battered white bucks. He (Continued on page 82)

by JIM HOFFMAN
He'd been in Hollywood making a movie and he'd made public appearances in lots of other places. Everywhere he went, the kids made him feel welcome. But this is where he really belonged, Fabian thought, as he walked through South Philadelphia High. These are the guys and girls I grew up with.

Fabe tried to catch up on the things that he'd been missing. It was hard to think that his friends had been going to class, getting together after school, making plans for parties — and all without him. Now they were full of new plans, new doings. And how about him? Would he be around to be part of all this?

He loved sports, but there was so little time for that sort of thing now. Still, it was fun to stop at the gym for a workout with his pals.
When I was little, I was a monster. If any little kid bothered me, I bit him. Once I even shot off a cap-pistol in a sissy girl’s ear, when she was playing in our backyard. She ran and told her mother and they caught me down the block, halfway up a tree. I spent practically the whole first grade standing in a corner, and I hardly ever listened to my mom. When she’d say, “Finish those carrots, young lady, or there’ll be no movie for you on Saturday,” I’d sort of hang my head, swing my foot against the table leg— (Continued on page 70)
The day the undertaker called for me
The day began like any other day for Jerry Lewis. That is, he thought it did. He was in his dressing room, on the Paramount lot, putting on his makeup for his new picture "Cinderfella," when suddenly he leaned over and grinned into the mirror. "Oh, you handsome, healthy fellow" he mumbled. "What wonders makeup can do!" He started to dress, then the phone rang. "Yeh," he shouted into it, hanging the receiver on the lid of his derby to light a cigar. The voice came over, low and

(Continued)
mellow. "This is the Happy Hill," the voice said soothingly. "We wonder when it would be convenient to remove Mr. Lewis. That is to remove him from the lot."

"Over his dead body," Jerry protested—nobody was going to remove him from anywhere, let alone his own picture. "Who do you think you are, buster?" he yelled into the phone, puffing excitedly on his cigar. The voice answered calmly, "Why, I'm the Director."
Jerry grabbed the receiver from his derby and yelled once more. "The director—the director of WHAT?" "Why," said the voice still quite calm, "the director of the Happy Hill Funeral Home, of course." Jerry looked at himself in the mirror and dropped the phone. Even his makeup had turned green. His eyes were bloodshot. But that could be a good sign, he thought, it could mean he still had blood. Then, as

(Continued on page 67)
Why do you make yourself so mysterious, Yul? Why did you tell one reporter you were born in Japan and then, on the same day, tell another you were born in Russia? When still another reporter said, "I thought you were born in the States?" why did you just smile, not even moving an eyelash?

And about that story that your father was a Manchurian and your mother a gypsy? You just let it float, sometimes retelling it, sometimes denying it.

What kind of (Continued on page 84)
SEW A SPRING WARDROBE

Carol Lynley:
“Honest, you can dress like a movie star, too”

THE BOLERO: Simplicity 3357
BEAUTY TIPS: An expert with make-up, Carol prefers (wisely) to look as natural as possible. She wears pink or rosy-toned lipsticks to light up palely pink foundation. Lashes are whisked with brown mascara; petroleum jelly adds lustre to her eyelids.

BEAUTY TIPS: "Know your type," Carol Lynley told us when we asked her for fashion advice. "I'm five-feet-five, so I shy away from large prints, diagonal stripes or too bold checks or plaids. I love white, pastels, most of all blue. "I adore costume jewelry," Carol says, "but I've learned to use restraint. I like large pocketbooks, but not so large as to overpower me, and I love berets—don't you? —or just a hint of a hat. Shoes? I prefer flats, but for dates, parties, church, I always wear medium-heels. I sew—you get more clothes for your money that way—and it saves on alterations too.

"You've got to adapt styles to your own type," Carol says. "I can wear a check suit, if I set it off with a white blouse." And she found when she tried a tunic in thin vertical stripes, it even made her look taller. For this spring, Carol chose a whole wardrobe in black-and-white—because it's easier to accessorize and coordinate. She can wear her bordered, wool check suit skirt (page 42) with the blouson blouse (page 45). Her dance dress (page 44) looks pretty with or without its black-embroidered apron. White shortie gloves—Carol's favorite accessory—complete all her outfits, and her jewelry's versatile, too.

"I try to keep my clothes in good order," Carol says. "Part of looking nice is looking fresh."

Be sure to see Carol in 20th Century-Fox's "Hound Dog Man" and "Daddy-O."
“Guess what?
All these new spring clothes were made from Simplicity Patterns”

THE OVERSKIRT: Simplicity 3262
THE TUNIC: Simplicity 3349

THE BLOUSON: Simplicity 2896

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON CAROL LYNLEY'S NEW SPRING BLACK-AND-WHITE WARDROBE, TURN TO PAGE 75
FOR SINGLE GIRLS ONLY

Have you ever sat across the table from a man and wondered, “Is he the right one for me?”

It’s a serious problem. Far too serious, we believe, to be left to luck or fate. What happens if fate makes a mistake? What happens if you marry the wrong man? Disaster.

It’s obvious that for best results the whole matter must be approached scientifically.

And here’s how to do it. . . . While it has never actually been proven that there’s only one man for one woman, it is true that there is a type most suited to you. And, since we’ve found from experience that men can be classified as simply as apples, let’s see what these types are.

On the following pages, we’ve listed the eight different types of men—eight Hollywood bachelors—and on page 50 is a quiz, which, when you’ve answered all the questions, will tell you which type of fellow is for you. Found him? Then act now!

Many girls don’t marry because they wait too long.

And, since it’s Leap Year, when you find him you can pop the question yourself. But a warning: Don’t cheat on the quiz. If your answers aren’t honest, you’ll misfire on your score and start looking for the wrong guy. And who wants to do that? And be careful. Surveys have proved that only girls who genuinely want to marry, do marry.

Now turn the page and see who will be your valentine.
CARY GRANT—Debonair: This name has come to stand for Sophistication in our time. All over the civilized world, twentieth-century woman knows that even if she can never be sure what he'll do next, it will always, somehow, turn out to be the right thing. Even if he should decide, at a formal affair, to take a dip, fully clothed, he'd still come out of it with both cutaway and dignity impeccably dry. The secret is rumored to have something to do with the science of hypnosis (he's an avid follower), but what it really has everything to do with is Charm. His habitat is wherever particular people gather—the best resorts at the most fashionable hours; his weaknesses are pretty nonexistent, but he'll look twice if you're a vividly costumed lady with a grand manner about you—the grander the better. But don't let all that dignity get the best of you.

(Continued on page 87)
CAUTION

DION
of the BELMONTS
(young & rare)

SLOW DOWN CURVES AHEAD

FRANK SINATRA
(devil-may-care)

BEWARE

ROCK HUDSON
(strong & soothing)
a leap year quiz

1. On a long bus ride, you'd be more likely to
   a) talk  
   b) look and listen  d) read

2. You'd rather have
   a) $100  
   b) 2 $50 dresses  d) 4 $25 dresses

3. You'd rather resemble
   a) Marilyn  c) Garbo
   b) Debbie  d) Bergman

4. If you could win a 6-month trip, you'd choose
   a) Moscow  c) Bali
   b) Paris  d) Tokyo

5. You'd travel by
   a) jet  c) regular plane
   b) passenger ship  d) cargo ship

6. You're more stimulated by
   a) competition  c) pride
   b) love  d) praise

7. You'd rather watch
   a) horse-racing  c) hockey
   b) baseball  d) tennis

8. You'd give your boyfriend
   a) jewelry  c) homemade socks
   b) skis  d) books

9. For your most expensive suit, you'd choose
   a) white  e) red
   b) blue  d) black

10. On a first date, you'd like to go
    a) night-clubbing  c) to the theater
    b) to the movies  d) for a walk

11. You'd rather dance to the music of
    a) George Gershwin  c) Cole Porter
    b) Benny Goodman  d) Duke Ellington

12. To get dressed in the morning, it takes you
    a) an hour  c) hours
    b) ten minutes  d) half an hour

13. At a traffic light, you're likely to
    a) run across  c) fidget from
    b) stop  d) wait in the curb to gutter

14. You like clothes that make you feel
    a) self-confident  c) dignified
    b) easy-going  d) unobtrusive

15. Flowers from a man you hardly know would
    make you feel
    a) self-confident  c) delighted
    b) embarrassed  d) sentimental

16. On a rainy afternoon, you'd like to read
    a) Lolita  c) Memoirs of Casanova
    b) Wuthering Heights  d) War and Peace

17. When it comes to foreign movies, you prefer the
    a) Italian  c) Swedish
    b) French  d) Japanese

18. At the movies, you prefer
    a) comedies  e) musicals
    b) westerns  d) dramas

19. You'd love a man to give you
    a) furs  e) diamonds
    b) love-letters  d) flowers

20. In fabrics, you'd choose
    a) satin  c) silk chiffon
    b) velvet  d) wool

(an extra) Your best physical feature is your
    a) figure  e) mouth
    b) eyes  d) hair

IF YOUR TOTAL IS:  YOUR TYPE IS:

2,000 to 2,500.............Dwayne Hickman
2,500 to 3,000.............Frank Sinatra
3,000 to 3,500.............Dion of the Belmonts
3,500 to 4,000.............Andy Williams
4,000 to 5,000.............Bob Evans
5,000 to 6,000.............Cary Grant
6,000 to 7,000.............Troy Donahue
7,000 to 8,000.............Rock Hudson

how to score yourself

For every time you chose letter “a” score 100 points;
“b” score 200 points; “c” score 300 points; “d” score
400 points. This is a compatibility test. Add up your
score to see which type would fall for you. Then turn
back, after adding, and check your type on page 48.
I read a survey the other day that asked men what was the first thing they noticed about a woman. Believe it or not, most men said it was her hair. And that's really true, it's the first thing I see.

I used to go with a girl who had long hair. She'd ask me if she should cut it and I always told her no. Well, finally, she did cut it. And it looked great! I guess fellows sometimes are too conservative.
**Eva Marie Saint**

wears her hair in a simple long bob. Like most blondes her hair is fine, so she takes advantage of the home permanents made especially for her type of hair. The effect is loose and natural and only needs to be put up twice a week to keep it perfectly groomed. She uses the fattest-size rollers, set in two rows of vertical curls. The results: curving wave and soft, gently upturned ends.

---

**Janet Leigh** has one of the most casual, attractive hairdos in Hollywood. Her hair is cut short in shaggy petals which she sets quickly and easily in rows of pincurls. To add height to her hair, she rolls the top and sides on small rollers (under, as for a pageboy, and tight to her head). When she takes out the pins and curlers she brushes like mad, then “finger-combs” her hair into its soft-looking, tousled pattern.
**Doris Day's** short pouffed style is easy to care for. Straight across the brow she puts a row of medium-size rollers, all rolled under and in the same direction. When it is brushed out, this will give her the high effect she wants. She sets the rest in pin-curls—curled toward the face in front, in a double row across the back (reverse the direction of bottom row).

**Christine Carere's** hair is long in back and short in front, so all she needs to set is the front. She does it with a combination of pincurls and small rollers. She feathers a frill of bangs across her forehead for a romantic touch and often secures her back hair with specially designed jeweled clasps that hold her hair smoothly in place. An end permanent gives the body and control needed for hair worn this way. Hair spray keeps wisps in control.

**Debbie Reynolds'** hair almost touches her shoulders—a very versatile length since she can wear it in a pageboy or, as here, in a French knot. Before she rolls the back section for a French knot, she hair-sprays the front. Before the spray dries, she combs her bangs into place and presses the side wave into shape, by using the back of the comb.
Dorothy Provine: Dorothy Provine has beautiful long blond hair, and so can you if you try new hair colorings for added hair loveliness. Dorothy doesn't have to set her hair, but she uses a natural-bristle hairbrush as a setting tool, brushing her hair until it is as smooth as silk, which makes it easier to twist into her special French knot—tightly to her head and secured with a minimum of hair pins. The end hair is wrapped into a flat coil on top of her head. If your hair isn't long enough, use a hairpiece. Shampoo plus egg adds luster.

Carol Lynley divides her hair in sections—one in front of each ear, three across the back, and, to be sure of the softness she wants, she places a strip of cleansing tissue over the hair strand, just the way you use end papers to wind a home permanent. Then she rolls the strand up on big rollers, secures them with clips, leaving it set for just as long as it takes her to shower and make-up. Then a quick brush-through, a sweep through the bangs, and there's her casual look. Extra gloss is from a smoothing of creme or lotion hair dressing.
Loretta Young's soft and wavy hairdo, is a perfect frame for her face. To get the deeply waved effect at the sides, Loretta uses medium-size rollers, one wound under, at each side, three rollers wound under again from front to crown of head. The rest is pin-curlcd in medium sized strands, each row taking a different direction. The shine on her hair comes from a creme rinse used after shampoo.

Annette Funicello laughingly calls her hair style "split level," says that she likes short hair in front to frame her face and long hair in back. Annette puts her hair up split-level style, too, by using both rollers and pin-curls. She rolls the middle section under on rollers, the side hair under on one row of rollers, the rest in pin-curls. A home permanent gives this hairdo resiliency, insures its crisp line and eliminates frequent setting.
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Justine & Bob

It was on June 15, 1957, that they first met—on Dick Clark's Bandstand, in New York. She, Justine Correlli, was fourteen, and he, Bob Clayton, was eighteen. She was dancing with another boy when he first came into the huge room, "Yet," she says, thinking back, "I can even remember the white jacket and black pants he was wearing." He just stood by the door staring at her. Later he told her it was because he (Continued on page 74)

Justine never thought that she and Bob would ever be together again, especially after what had happened. But she couldn't help wishing, over her birthday candles, that somehow it could be like old times again.
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ROCK HUDSON
the most popular stars of the year
DORIS DAY
Most of you are probably too young to remember, but, believe it or not, there are some Photoplay readers who have been voting for their movie favorites for 39 years. That's how many years the Photoplay Gold Medal has been awarded. And that's why the Gold Medal awards are so very special—because they come straight from you. This year, you voted for:

**ROCK HUDSON**: Rock, who won two Gold Medals for dramatic roles, wins his third for his way with comedy—and song!—in “Pillow Talk.” He’s serious again in “Day of the Gun” for U-I.

**DORIS DAY**: Doris Kappelhoff and Roy Fitzgerald (Rock) started in movies at the same time, but “Pillow Talk” is their first picture together. It wins Doris her second Gold Medal. Her next: “Please Don’t Eat the Daisies” for M-G-M (based on the best-seller).

**“PILLOW TALK”**: This U-I comedy bubbled its way to three awards for its stars and itself. For the bright-hearted, light-handed touch, thank producers Ross Hunter and Martin Melcher (Doris’ husband) and director Michael Gordon. Watch for their next films.

**TROY DONAHUE**: A six-foot-three New Yorker, Troy won your votes when you saw him with last year’s top newcomer, Sandra Dee, in Warners’ “A Summer Place.” You’ll see Troy, 23, next in Warners’ “The Crowded Sky.”

**MILLIE PERKINS**: Your votes show director George Stevens he was right in picking Millie out of 10,225 girls for the lead role in 20th’s “Diary of Anne Frank.” Millie, 21, started as a model.
LIZ AND EDDIE

Continued from page 23

Suddenly I noticed Liz get up from her seat and whisper something to Eddie. He got up, steered her across the dance floor and through the crowded room.

Liz had whispered so softly that not even the people right next to them had managed to hear what she said to Eddie. And no one there could figure out why they had left the dance floor behind them.

Some thought it was because she and Eddie had a row. There'd been rumors that Eddie had been gambling, that he was losing money, and had taken all of her jewelry to pay for their trips.

But I know this wasn't true, because one of the maids at the hotel in Spain where we were all staying—one who had helped Liz dress—told me she had "thousands of diamonds" in a large jewel box. And, the maid added, from the way Liz looked after them, she obviously had no intention of selling them.

I didn't know, then, why Liz left the party—not until much later. It was funny, the way I found out. But I think, to explain properly, I'll have to start from the beginning, from the first time I saw them, when this last began.

My wife and I were sitting out on the patio of the hotel in Spain, where we were staying for our summer vacation, when Elizabeth and Eddie happened to arrive there too.

At first sight, my wife and I disagreed on Liz's looks. My wife thought she was stunning; I only thought her intriguing. But we both agreed that some of the things we had read about her appearance were not true; there was no gray whatsoever in her hair, and she didn't look overweight. There were circles under her eyes, though, and she seemed tired. In fact, she always looked tired, every time we saw her after that, and she seemed to be in the strain from all the trouble she has with her back.

Eddie was a surprise. We had always thought of him as being sort of nervous and shy. But he didn't seem like that at all. Even though he was in a foreign country and knew only a few words of the language, he was able to direct the porters, who were getting the luggage out of the car, and tell them exactly what he and Liz needed first. What they could bring up later, and so on. He had an air of authority I would have never expected.

Later, during their stay, we were often near them at the beach, and sometimes even went to the beach with them. We were able to get a lot of impressions.

Eddie went on being a pleasant surprise. He was very quiet, but likeable. We saw him once, on the beach, and his manner was very plain and simple. Every morning, while Liz was working on her movie ("Suddenly Last Summer"), he would read the papers on the towel near first, while the afternoon, he would take Chris and Mike down to the beach.

Our conversation first got started when I remarked on what a wonderful place the beach was, and how much I loved it. Yes, it was. We talked a while about Chris and Mike, and I wondered if Eddie would say anything about his own little ones. But all he said was, "You know, my children are very beautiful. Maybe I would have gone on, but a porter came down from the hotel, just then, to tell him that "Senora Fisher" had come back. Immediately, he got up, called to the boys, and went. He seemed to be very much in love, and didn't want to be away from her for an unnecessary moment.

The more we saw of Eddie, we must admit, the better we liked him. But Liz—well, she was puzzling. From everything we had read about her, she was a passionate, exciting woman—a woman who was always gay, always the center of attention.

Yet I hardly ever saw her laugh, though, she did smile. She didn't seem moody, but she was always withdrawn, always quiet. When she spoke, her speech was slow and deliberate, and not very common—always the same sound words, never sparkling or gay. Sometimes, while she spoke, she would touch her ears or her earrings when she wore any. Otherwise, her hands just lay quietly in her lap. Only once did she do anything with them.

Did I know that she was little more than a little more lively. Once, when some photographers discovered her and Eddie on the beach and started to take pictures, she very sharply asked a man with them who was evidently her press agent, to stand in front of her and block the view.

The other time was when Eddie took her to a bull fight. She gotadder andadder as it went on, and twice she screamed. Not the excitement, but with horror. "How can they kill dumb animals like that?" she said. Then she hid her eyes. I remember hearing that, as a little girl, she had loved animals very much. But that's gone, I'm sure.

But Liz wasn't like this. She always had a good word for everybody, but she seldom did anything. And I don't mean just to strangers.

She was cold to Eddie, too.

And she was a little cold to her kids—at least it seemed that way to us.

She never once showed Eddie any affection. She didn't kiss him, or caress him, or even look at him. If he went over to her and kissed her, she didn't seem to mind, but she didn't respond, either. And she often kept him waiting. Sometimes for as long as an hour, I'd see him wandering around in the lobby, while their car waited outside. Finally the elevator doors would open and Liz would go out, not hurrying, not apologizing, just waving a little smile of hers. Once Eddie told her off because there were other people waiting for her too. But mostly he just shook his head and was off. Or he'd kiss her—he was always affectionate to her—and then they'd go out.

With the children it was the same thing, although she was always quick to see that they were all right. But once, we went into the water too long. But she seemed so impersonal about it. I never saw her hug them the way Eddie did, suddenly and spontaneously. And yet I don't see how she could have been such cute kids. Little Mike is so grave all the time, and Christopher is always asking questions and the little girl, Liza, has a lot of charm. Eddie was obviously crazy about them. And Liz never showed them any real warmth.

So, as we saw more and more of them in Spain, I said to my wife, "Well, to me, she's a woman to look at, but not to marry. I don't know if you know Eddie, after seeing her so often, I don't think she's beautiful any more. Pretty, yes. But not beautiful."

Maybe one reason Eddie was so good with the kids was that he was trying to make up for Liz's remoteness. Anyway, he was exceptionally patient.

I remember one morning particularly well. Eddie was reading the paper on the terrace. Mike, started rocking Eddie's beach chair rather hard. Eddie told him to quit. Mike stopped for a minute, and then began again, this time upsetting the chair. Down onto the grass went Eddie, all tangled up in the canvas. Naturally everyone on the terrace was laughing. But Eddie looked furious, although he controlled himself very well, just scolding Mike quietly and telling him that he has nothing to do with that Eddie, he said. Then he explained to Mike that simple accidents like this can really hurt someone, and he asked Mike if he wanted to hurt anyone. Mike said no, he didn't, and that he was just trying to be a good boy.

And then Eddie, untangled at last, said very softly that it was okay—and with a little rush. Mike grabbed him and kissed him and then ran off to find his brother. And, as he walked off, I thought, wondering if Eddie would have kissed his mother in public that way. Afterward, Eddie dusted himself off, laughed and just said, "Yes, Boys will be boys, I guess."

It was very much the same with warmth on his side—so much coldness on Liz's.

Other people felt it, too. Liz and Eddie had an interpreter with them most of the time, to help them shop, straighten out bills and so on. He told me some interesting stories. One day he said, while he and Eddie were downtown shopping, a woman had come up to them in the street and asked the interpreter if that was really Eddie Fisher. To be honest, it was. So the woman reached out and touched Eddie's arm. She said in Spanish, "That's better than an autograph." Then she quietly left. The Spaniards are like that. I used to think of anyone touching Liz. She might have had a hands-off sign.

As I said, all this seemed very strange to us, and we'd keep wondering, "Why..."
why, why? What's changed her so much?"

Then, one evening, we saw something that
gave us a clue at last. We were sitting in
the lobby when Eddie and Liz came down,
dressed up to go out. They stopped at the
desk and Eddie mentioned they were go-
ing to a little night club in town. The
clerk looked startled for a moment when
he heard the name and then said some-
thing about it not being a place for “ladies.”
Eddie just laughed and turned to go, but
Liz didn't move. She seemed to flush and
her eyes began to snap. Another moment
passed then she turned on her heels and
walked back into the elevator. Eddie
stared for a minute and then he shrugged
and shook his head as if confused.

Well, that was it as far as we were con-
cerned. Everything fell into place, then,
like a jigsaw puzzle. It explained the
soft voice, the coldness—and everything.
I believe Liz Taylor would give almost
anything to be considered a lady. And
that's what Liz has been trying to be.

Only she’s making a mistake a lot of
people make when they try to imitate high
society. They think being upper class
means having your nose in the air and
wearing a look of cool haughtiness in
court—even going as far as Liz went
toward her own husband and children.

Whereas a real lady can be the warmest,
most down-to-earth person in the world.
In quieting down her clothes and manners,
Liz also tossed away her warm heart.

And so that’s why she must have left
the party. She had tried to look so well
for the occasion, so much like a lady, but
instead had failed. She was the only one
who had had so much jewelry on—even
the most socially prominent woman wore
just a wedding ring and a pearl bracelet.
And also, unlike the rest of the women,
she had never been able to make
and the subjects an aristocratic, well-educated
lady usually knows about. Liz has just
never had this kind of education. And I
think she’s very conscious of it.

Before we had much chance to confirm
or deny this theory, Liz and Eddie and
the kids packed up and left for England.
We forgot all about it, until a few months
later when I happened to read a piece by
their English chauffeur.

Liz had evidently told him: “I want the
boys to be little gentlemen. Make sure
they always say ‘please’ and ‘thank you.’
Don't let them argue with you.” It fitted
perfectly.

And the chauffeur told a sad little story,
too, about how Mike Wilding, Liz second
husband and father of her sons, was
invited to dinner with her and Eddie, be-
cause there was the “civilized” thing to do.
Nobody relaxed (for a minute that evening,
he said, including the kids, who were
hustled in and out, allowed just to shake
hands with their own father, and then
pushed off before their company manners
could disappear!

And all the papers went on saying how
soberly Liz was beginning to dress. When
she got back to New York, we read that
Liz refused the part she was given in
“Butterfield 8” because it was “too much
like a prostitute.” A friend of ours saw the
script before and after it was rewritten
for Liz and told us the part had really
been much better before. “If she’s so wild
to get an Oscar,” he said, “as she says she
is, she might remember that for every
Oscar won for playing a saint, three go to
those who play bad girls! Don’t understand
that woman,” he added. We figured we
did, though. It was Liz, still trying to be a
real lady.

The End

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PARTIAL CONTENTS (MARCH ISSUE)

BOYS AGREE

GIRLS RUIN THEIR OWN REPUTATIONS!

GIRLS DEMAND TOO MUCH

GIRLS AREN'T GIRLS ENOUGH

GIRLS AGREE

KEEP HIM ON A LONG CHAIN

I'M 16 AND I KNOW I'M IN LOVE!

COLLEGE SURE IS DIFFERENT!

BOYS AREN'T BOYS ENOUGH

FELLOWS AND GIRLS ARE...

LISTENING TO,
LOOKING AT,
AND READING...

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I'd like you to see it, but it's such a mess. I haven't had a chance to straighten it out myself, and we only have a maid once a week—on Saturdays.

I sat on a stool while Tuesday poured some orange juice. There was so much to talk about. Tuesday's reputation, for instance, had been mushrooming, making her into a barefoot 16-year-old sort of beatnik with too much cheek, who dated older men, smoked, took an after-dinner cocktail and said just about anything that came into her head.

I'd known Tuesday from the time she'd first come to Hollywood—frightened but not dull. She was fifteen and had come out to play Comfort Goodpasture in "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" I couldn't believe she'd changed so much.

As Tuesday set the glass of orange juice before me, she opened a flip-top box and withdrew a filter-tipped cigarette. There was nothing furtive or self-conscious about the gesture. "Whatever made you start smoking?" I asked her.

She looked thoughtful.

"I started smoking actually because I wanted to learn how to smoke," she replied with the simple candor I had learned to expect of her. She was quick to admit that she was no less susceptible to pressures of conformity than most other teenagers. "I thought it was terribly chic. I had an older girlfriend who smoked. So I just went around with her and try smoking, too. She and everyone else would go into hysterics because I didn't know how."

"That's great," I smiled. "I just made up my mind that I was going to be the best smoker in town. I sat down, one night, for three hours, and my girlfriend taught me how. She taught me how to hold the cigarette, how to light it, how to flick the ashes—everything."

"That doesn't make me a freak or anything unusual!" she exclaimed suddenly. "Fifty thousand people in this part of the hill smoke. Everyone smokes. And I don't think it gives any insight at all into my personality, which is something I've heard people say. It doesn't say I'm smart and it doesn't say I'm stupid. It doesn't even say I'm normal, which I've heard told, too. All it says is that I smoke."

There was a moment's intermission as the phone rang. Tuesday listened, then politely told the caller that her mother would be in later. She turned back to me.

"The way it seems to me," she said, not forgetting what she had been talking about, "if a girl's old enough to get married, she should be old enough to smoke."

She seemed so sophisticated but I wondered because, in unguarded moments, Tuesday often seemed to wear the wilderized expression of a little girl. Maybe it was this little girl, rather than the sophisticate, that made her gravitate so much toward older men.

I thought about this for a moment, then asked her about the "older men." Did she date them because subconsciously she might be looking for the father she never had—for protection?

Tuesday spread her face in a thoughtful expression. "I'm sure it's not because I like to be protected," she said emphatically, "because I feel I can protect myself."

And then she got up and led me over to a portrait of her father on the wall of her mother's bedroom. It had been done when he was thirty-two.

"Wasn't he handsome?" she said wistfully.

He was. He had a lean, sensitive face, bright, penetrating eyes, and a faint expression of scorn. He'd been a stockbroker and gentleman farmer in Cape Cod, but had given it up because of ill-health just before Tuesday had been born. He died when she was only three.

"I remember one thing about him," Tuesday sighed. "I remember one night it was raining and he came into the house dripping wet and was tall—six-feet-four. He took off his hat and raincoat and squatted right down and opened up his arms for me to come to him. I don't remember what he said. I just remember him squating down and opening his arms to me."

She turned away a second. "That's a lovely memory," she said softly. "Isn't it?"

She evidently didn't want it to appear that she found it painful to think of her father. She said only once had anyone reminded her of him.

"It was about a year ago," she recalled. "I was in New York, and a boy brought me home from Trinity Church. He was a thin, blond boy, well-dressed and well-mannered. He was tall and elegant. For some strange reason, he reminded me of my father. I don't know why, I didn't see him squatting and opening his arms to me."

Tuesday tried to explain why older men appealed to her. "There's more security with them," she maintained. "Older people just have more confidence in themselves. They have assurance. When you're just around them or talking to them, it gives you a more confident feeling. That's why I can open up more with older people than with younger people. But I'm surprised that all young people don't feel that way."

Her critics had implied, many times, that Tuesday was merely seeking thrills—and publicity—by dating men twice her age. They have particularly belabored her for seeing a 16-year-old Irish boy. Tuesday frowned helplessly when I mentioned that.

"John and I are only friends," she said. "We get along and I don't want to talk about. I have a neighbor who's about sixty. I see him every once in a while. I talk to him. There are older men who are grips at the studios, and I talk to them. I find it interesting. There's some kind of communication."

And only at this point, during the whole evening, did Tuesday's attitude of detachment give way to irritation. And I noticed she was moving an ash tray around, nervously.

"It doesn't mean just because I've been seen at some party with John Ireland, or in some group with him, that we're having a normal and that, very night, she implied, "This is presumptuous, to say the least. I think it's very ignorant of people. It shows how small-minded they are."

As far as Tuesday is concerned, her friendship with John Ireland has been utterly beyond reproach.

"We're usually with friends, when we see each other," she pointed out. "He knows my mother well. Besides, I don't think there's any friendship relationship based on age alone. It's putting a definite schedule on mental development. It's saying you cannot like or talk to anyone over such and such an age. It's saying you have to be shut off at that age and—and because he's six years older than you are. Why? What if you want to see someone who is an older person, who you already know and have been with? It's saying you're not the way you are, too," she cried. "I'm not a freak! I know plenty of kids and get along very well with them. I don't practice any class distinction according to age. It's other people who have to have to be shut off at that age and that age. That's why they're shut off. I stick up for the teenagers because I think we've taken a bad beating!"

And then she explained about her barefoot appearance on an hour-long television show. She was accused of blatant exhibitionism.

"I was just back from a weekend in New York, and I'd just completed a Dobie Gillis show," she explained. "I was trying to tell me exactly what had happened. 'I'd been working very hard and when I returned home I was exhausted. I'd lost about 15 pounds, can you believe it? I was just about at an end and that very night, I was supposed to do this show. All I really wanted to do was to go to sleep.'"

An hour before she was due at the studio, she dozed off and didn't wake up until ten minutes before she was supposed to do the show.

"I could have died. I threw on my dress, grabbed my pocketbook and ran. By the time I reached the studio, I was so late that, in my rush, I somehow tripped getting out the door and my heel snapped right off and I just wanted to cry. There wasn't time to go home and get another pair. So, I thought, instead of hobbling—it'd look funny—just to wear those shoes since I was sure they weren't going to photograph my feet!"

But they did. And, when the interviewer inquired if her bare feet represented a
device to get attention, Tuesday jokingly tried to pass it off with: "No, I'm a beatnik."

"I would have taken six weeks to explain why, finally," she told me, and then she paused. "I don't know whether I'm a beatnik or not. There are 50,000 definitions and explanations of the word. I think I'm a young girl who is doing her best to avoid it.

She seemed really hurt and suddenly said, again, "I'm not a freak!"

Then she looked sad. And I asked if she ever cried.

"I cry pretty well," Tuesday smiled, pushing back a lock of hair that had strayed across her cheek. "I hold off most emotion until the time comes where it is so built up, I explode. Then I cry for a week. When I start crying, you can't stop me."

So it has been all her life—the mask of aloof worldliness behind which lay hidden hurts.

Less than a fortnight earlier it had happened again. Some friends were at the house, and Tuesday volunteered to get some food at the Gately Delicatessen on Sunset Strip.

I had been supposed to be back in a couple of minutes, but I was gone more than an hour," she confessed. "I got about $10 worth of food, just about everything they had—fudge, cold cuts, pickles, olives, sandwiches, doughnuts—just everything. I grabbed all the stuff. But, when I got home, everyone was quite disgust with my lack of consideration."

Tuesday didn't blame them, either, but the approach was more than she could bear.

"I lost my appetite completely, threw down my food, and cried," she said, "because I was hurt."

And then suddenly she started talking about her childhood, about a time when she was around three or four, and her favorite plaything was a battered old beanbag her grandmother had given her.

"I got attached to a little beanbag the shape of an egg, like Humpty Dumpty," she said. "It had little crocheted legs and arms attached to it. This was my little doll. All the other little girls in the neighborhood had Jane Cries dolls. I didn't have a real doll, so I grabbed what I saw to make them cry. I'd rather cuddle my mother's nail polish or Jacob."

"The real reason I didn't like the dolls," she tried to explain, "was because when the dolls cried they weren't real. I just didn't like the idea of filling the dolls with water and then pouring them out to make them cry."

But the look on the faces of the other children, she told me, was one of ridicule and scorn.

"They always made fun of me and my beanbag. One day, they just grabbed it away from me and threw it in the street. They put him in the gutter where it was muddy and dirty. They said how silly it was to act as if Jacob was a real doll, and they had a real laugh over it."

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She stopped for a second, then finished.
"I gave him a bath and he was fine the next day. But I cried for a week."

And she remembered how, while the other children were playing, she was already working in a child's mode. A friend of her mother's, who was a designer and buyer for a department store in New York, had seen Tuesday's photograph in a family scrapbook and remarked what a good model she would make. Times were hard and Tuesday convinced her mother it would be fun. So her mother agreed, and soon she became one of the most popular young models in town.

Yet, just a few years later, she had to stop because, she remembered, she became unpleasingly plump—something which gave her friends another opportunity to laugh.

And so her mother continued to struggle alone, to bring up Tuesday, her sister Sally and her brother David.

How far has Tuesday traveled emotionally from the loneliness and unintentional non-conformity of her childhood? Hollywood has found her a colorful personality, but popularity has not erased those early times of difference and struggle.

Tuesday has been depicted as a fun-obsessed, temperamental teenage partygoer. Yet, I learned, she would rather go from a party than to one.

"One of my favorite things," she insisted, "is to be alone. When I'm alone, I can think."

She leaned forward, put her elbows on the table, and cupped her face in her hands.

"Sometimes I like to be alone for a couple of days at a time," she said, "just thinking, writing, reading, drawing or maybe just cleaning the dishes. Or driving up a new street that I never drove on.

"When I go to a party, where a lot of people sit around gossiping," she said, "I leave and I feel kind of empty. So why waste time going to a party when you could have started what you really wanted to do a lot earlier?"

Unbidden, Tuesday burst out laughing.
"I had a wild passion, the other night," she squealed joyously, "to go out and get a box of crayons! Isn't that funny—I wanted crayons and a coloring book! I just wanted to do something simple and fun."

"Tuesday never talks about love," her mother once told me. "She's had little crushes, yes, puppy love crushes that lasted two or three weeks, but never anything more serious."

"But I'm lonely," Tuesday said. The words were like a forlorn echo. "I'm always lonely—for people. I like the warmth of people. Some people don't generate any warmth. There are very few who actually do. I'm always seeking that kind of person. This, of course, is when I want to be with people."

I told her I understood what she meant.

Then, there was a silence and, looking down at my watch, I noticed it was getting late. "I must be going now," I said.

"But thank you for talking with me."
And she smiled and then led me across the wide, green-carpeted room, past a beautiful fireplace, and on to the front door.

"Goodnight," she said quietly, then added, "But do you think the whispers about me will ever stop?"

"I hope so," I said. "I really didn't know...."

—WILLIAM TUSHER

SEE TUESDAY IN U-L'S "THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE" AND "BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG" FOR COL. SHE'S ON CBS-CTV, TUES., 8:30-9 P.M. EST, "THE MARY LOVES OF DORIS GILLIS." SEE HER IN U-L'S "SURVEY: THE TEENAGER" AND "SEXPOT GOES TO COLLEGE" FOR A.A.
though he was trying to reassure himself, he said out loud: "I don't think I'm dead. And I think I should know. After all, somebody oughta ask me about it. But then," he added, "how could you tell you were dead? This is exactly the kind of thing even your best friend wouldn't tell you."

He finished dressing (somehow a body looks better that way), and decided to call Patti. She'd tell him the truth. He dialed. The line was busy, so he sat down to wait. Being dead, he realized, was enough to start a guy thinking. Like what if he weren't dead but nobody would believe him? He could see himself in a hospital. The waiting room was crowded and the nurse wouldn't pay any attention to him. He kept yelling, "But I've got to see a doctor. I've got to see a doctor. Can't you see I'm dead?"

But the nurse wasn't impressed; she just kept putting her fingers up to her lips, and with a shh pointed to the SILENCE sign that hung over her desk.

Then the scene changed; he saw himself on a long slim board that looked like an operating table. A doctor, with a long beard, leaned over him while another one, with a big carving knife, shook his head sadly. Obviously, they were getting ready for the autopsy.

"Yes, yes, he is dead," everybody agreed; everybody, that is, but him. Every time he tried to tell them, he could tell that, like the nurse outside, they didn't believe him. Finally, he jumped off the table, getting away from their clutches, and ran all the way down the corridor just as fast as his feet could carry him. The doctors and nurse followed him; he couldn't find a door to escape and then...

The phone rang. He jumped up from his chair. Was he dreaming? He couldn't tell.

He picked up the telephone. Someone calling from the Paramount publicity department. Would he talk to the members of the press? Nobody would believe them, he was sure, but why would he believe that Jerry Lewis was alive. The telephone board was overloaded with calls.

"Jerry Lewis is alive," he heard one of the secretaries at the other end of the phone insist to a magazine editor. "In fact," he heard her say, "he's talking to us over the phone right now. Unless he's plugged in from way out, he's alive."

"See what I mean?" he complained to the publicist man. "Nobody believes us. We've had over three hundred calls in the last half-hour. We don't even know how the rumor started."

"Probably this morning at that meeting, when I didn't say anything for three minutes, everybody thought I was dead," Jerry gaggled.

"Will you take some calls?" the man asked. "There's someone who says he's a friend of yours calling now."

"Sure," said Jerry. It was a newspapercolumnist friend calling from New York. He was speaking very solemnly. "Let's hear what the matter?"

Jerry yelled: "What's the matter? You're talking so nice to me . . . is it because you think I'm dead? Well, if you want to know the truth, I don't think I am."

"But you must be," the fri xsd insisted. "It came over the Dow-Jones teletype from the West Coast and was announced on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange that you died of a heart attack."

"See, what did I tell you?" Jer told himself. "Nobody'll believe you. The doctor didn't believe you, neither did the nurse, but the nurse wasn't impressed; she just kept putting her fingers up to her lips, and with a shh pointed to the SILENCE sign that hung over her desk.

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"See, what did I tell you?" Jer told himself. "Nobody'll believe you. The doctor didn't believe you, neither did the nurse,
Jerry looked around the room. "Fellas," Jerry said, "You've got yourselves a scoop. The first exclusive interview with a talking corpse.

With the same tenor, Jerry gave his interview to KMPC newsmen, Chet Casselman, and it was recorded and broadcast over disc jockey Dick Whittinghill's KMPC program, less than forty-five minutes after the event. "A sudden emergency squad rushed in and the actor was removed and continued to work, but undoubtedly, the strain was more serious than reported. The actor succumbed today. He was only 38.

Jerry was interviewed in a studio. He said, "It was a wonderful surprise. I was really touched by the way that day had begun. The alarm clock didn't go off until 4:30—that should have an omen—then he got up and stubbed his toe and let out a shriek that woke up the baby. And by the time he reached the bathroom, to shower, nine-year-old Ronnie had already locked himself in and was reciting "Gunja Din" under water. He banged on the door. Ronnie didn't hear him but Gary, fourteen, did. Jerry didn't avoid Gary for three days. He was not going to be talked into installing a fourth telephone. Gary was too young for a private telephone. The phone he used was his coming down the halls to the office and talking on the telephone. Jerry slipped into the linen closet and sat on the floor, waiting till he passed. Gary must have seen him, though, why else would he have slammed the door, come in and sat on the floor of the linen closet, too? Jerry didn't stop to ask him, but stumbled out, leaving Gary two telephone breaths behind.

He was dressed when he got back to his room. There hadn't been one word about a telephone, and he closed the door with a sigh.

"Hi, Pop?" asked a voice from his bed. It was a four-year-old Scottie; he was reading a picture magazine. Jerry finally got him out of the room, by reinstating Scottie's TV privileges. They'd been taken away when he ganged up on Chris, two, Scottie, four, and Jerry had been avoiding Gary with his mother's good perfume. Later that morning, Patti called and told him that Scottie insisted this didn't mean he couldn't hit Chris at all.

Leon Bennett, Jerry's valet, had breakfast ready in his room, but by the time he sat down to eat, the orange juice was warm. If there was anything he hated it was warm orange juice, so he poked it on his egg and toast and left the house earlier than usual— at 5:15 instead of 5:30.

It was still dark out, and the nine-mile ride from the house to the studio cleared his nerves. He so avoided telephone talk. Leon was with him. Leon had been working for him for two-and-a-half years. He had six kids, one more than Jerry. They made small talk. Jerry usually drove and Leon usually took the train. "I've been about two years—two years and a half—that we've been doing this together," he said to Leon, enjoying a little sentimental.

Leon nodded and said, "You know, I was thinking the other day. I've learned one specific thing since working for you. One thing I'd pay you. Not necessarily the money you can stay awake and long how can you go without food? After you've passed these, anything else you give the job is a plus.

As he drove along, Jerry couldn't figure out if that was a compliment or a gripe. When they arrived at the office on the lot, Rita was already there waiting with a hot cup of coffee and the latest hours of dictates. They settled down.

At the first take, director Frank Tashlin called for the take. "How should I greet you this morning?" he said with his usual fondness. "Should I pay you, show you to the set as producer, or could I treat you as the idiot?"

As though he had to ask," Jerry flipped back. They went into the first scene. Then, around noon time, Rita came with the news. The rest of the day turned into a shamble.

What he didn't know, but would find out much later, was that the rumors had been flying that Patti and the children's day would be a shamble. Too. His family was hit hard. Particularly Patti.

She was driving alone, on her way home from the market, when she turned on the car radio. The announcement was just being broadcast: "Jerry Lewis is reported to have died suddenly. She didn't realize that she had just lived through the loss of her father without an accident, sitting there, stunned for about five minutes, before driving on to the nearest service station. From there, she called the studio. All the lines were tied up. She drove alone. She was still trying to reach her—unsuccessfully—at home. By the time they got connected, Patti was hysterical.

"What's the news? Have they heard?" asked Jerry. She left the station and drove home, arriving just in time to get a call from Gary who was at school.

"I'm calling from the principal's office, Mom," Gary said. "I'll be home in about an hour. You were on the playground, I heard that Dad was dead. Is it true?"

"I'm not sure anything, but that night, when Jerry came home from work, he was in a state. He'd been standing there and clung to him without explaining why. Patti, who cooks most of their meals, had made him his special dish—Italian-style chicken. Jerry didn't say a word about the things. I think he was so taken aback when he gave up his TV privileges and agreed that under no circumstances would he hit Chris again.

"I was almost worth it all," Jerry kidded.

The house was quiet; the dinner, serene. The kids even went to bed without being told. "I must have made heaven, Patti," he said.

When only he and Patti were left at the dinner table, he said, thinking of his family and the thousands of wires and phone calls, "It's a wonderful feeling to know that there are so many people who are concerned about us. When I thought about it, he added: "But you know what? Now, when I do die, do you think anybody'll believe it?"

Patti just smiled, and blew out the candles on her cake.

"Wow, what a day," he said, and blew out the candles nearest him. "Do you mind if I turn in early?" he asked, slumping down into his chair for a few seconds. "I'm dead." Jerry crossed the length of the table. Jerry jumped up.

"What's the matter?"

"Don't you ever say that word again?"

THE END

DON'T MISS JERRY IN PARAMOUNT'S "VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET" AND IN "CINDERELLA. LISTEN TO HIM TONIGHT ON THE DECCA LABEL!!
in Hollywood, only it happened in N. Y. We're wandering through Memory Lane, and a nice lane it can be when it's on the M-G-M lot, near the fig tree outside of Greta Garbo's old dressing room. After a day's shooting, when Garbo was in a good mood, she'd reach up, grab a fig, and chew it as she climbed the wooden stairs to her room. You don't see things like this these days because neither the fig tree nor Garbo are at M-G-M. (I wonder if Greta took the tree with her.) And along the Lane you could see Marlene Dietrich hiding her famous legs in men's trousers. What a sensation Dietrich caused! She had her suits made especially for her by a prominent men's tailor. A card in his shop window read: "Be a Well-Dressed Man, Wear a Suit Like Marlene Dietrich." Then Hollywood Boulevard was a place where you could bump into movie stars; a place where on a summer-hot December 25th, the streets were sprinkled with artificial snow to help the movie stars dream of a White Christmas.

Hollywood was white, clean, small-screened and romantic. Clark Gable was romancing Carole Lombard; Tony Martin and Alice Faye were singing to each other; Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were riding habits and little Mickey Rooney adored Ava Gardner to be his wife. Little did the Mick realize that Ava was to head a long list of wives. I'll always be fond of Rooney. He heads my list of favorite child actors. You can have all the others. Mickey's the only child star who was considerate enough not to outgrow me.

I remember Zsa Zsa Gabor when she wasn't a blonde as if it were yesterday. Maybe it was. . . . I remember The Trocadero, the greatest of all Hollywood nightclubs. Any night at the Troc you'd find the dance floor crowded with such couples as Tyrone Power and Janet Gaynor, George Raft and Virginia Pine, Lucille Ball and Alexander Hall, Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Errol Flynn and, well you name them. . . . The Troc is now time-worn, termite-ridden and stands on the new Sunset Strip, empty; just a ghost of yesterday. . . . There was a night club—Victor Hugo's—in Beverly Hills, which is part of the night history of the town. Victor Hugo's didn't last long. Somehow they couldn't make a go of it, although the attraction was Harry James and his Orchestra, featuring singer Frank Sinatra. But that was years ago, about the time Prince Mike Romanoff went into exile in Hollywood, giving the town, as Jimmy Cagney put it, its only honest play. . . .

I remember, I remember young Bob Hope singing "Thanks for the Memory," long before he had a world-wide collection of memories. Jimmy Stewart was dating Rosalind Russell. The three most popular movie stars were Snow White, Charlie McCarthy and Shirley Temple. A child, a cartoon, a dummy. . . . Billboards announced that Simone Simon was an actress who used the same name twice. A foreign diplomat visiting Hollywood asked, What is a Lana Turner? . . . Yes, I remember all this and more. . . . I remember F. Scott Fitzgerald before he had even one book written about him; when Myrna Loy was the perfect wife on the screen; and Clark Gable didn't want to play Rhett Butler in "Gone With the Wind." But best of all, I remember being told I should have been in Hollywood in the good old days. I've learned something I wish you could remember: the present is always the good old days. Wait and see. The End

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DIANE BAKER

Continued from page 35

or any other leg that was handy—and carefully spread the carrots around the plate with my fork, so they wouldn't lie there in a heap. But I couldn't help feeling that I'd left them all, I never ate them.

Food wasn't the only thing I was stubborn about. I wouldn't practice the piano either. Mom even tried tying me to the stool one time, I'm sorry to say, but my idea was that I didn't want to be tied up in such a way. I wasn't the least bit sorry now. There's nothing so romantic as playing a piano by candlelight, especially when you're with the boy you like. I guess what I'm trying to say is that, looking back, I can see how my mom was about a lot of things and I wish I'd listened to her, but I guess everybody has to learn for themselves.

I think I'm an adult now. Sometimes it seems like it, and sometimes I feel I couldn't possibly be twenty-one and suddenly then I was. I've thought a lot about what I want from life and I guess—well, I've found what I think I want, but there are still times of confusion and scared-terribly scared. Like the time I was sitting on a train—we were on a publicity tour—and although things seemed to be working out well around me, and everything seemed to be going well, I was myself saying, "Be careful, Diane, this is it." And I began to get filled with all kinds of fears—like maybe I have no talent. I got to thinking that maybe, that although some of us kids are getting by okay now, where will be ten years from now? Will people say, "She looked promising but she didn't move an inch?" The palms of my hands get clammy and I started working very hard after that.

I don't know if I'm making myself clear. It's like something inside that warns you. It's like a conscience. At those times I suddenly think I'm not really getting any place and that I have to start being some place. I realize that I'm worrying about material things when instead I need to get away back to the old tap room classes—get some polish. I get that old feeling that I have a lot to learn. It's just like Mom always told me.

My trouble is, maybe I'm not really a woman yet. I used to feel lazy. I tend to let myself down and then feel terrible about it. That's when I get those pans and feel a need to start all over. You can't waste time just thinking about what you want to do—you have to do it. People, today, spend too much time analyzing. You learn through trying. So, whether I'm doing a television show or making a movie, I try to throw myself right into it.

I want to be a good actress. I don't know if I have it in me to be great, although I'm never satisfied and I can look at my work objectively and see an awful lot of mistakes. But when I look at photos—

I love making pictures. I love my life in Hollywood. When I'm free, I enjoy leaping into a pounding surf and feeling like I'm a part of the sea. I love beach parties and I take along my little ukulele. I love the feel of warm sand, the tang of a good hot dog, the look of a healthy tan and a sun-burned nose. I love getting into my car at night, especially if I'm troubled, and I free my hair. I love the San Diego and Malibu. I get some classical music on the radio, roll all the windows down for a good strong breeze, put my foot on the accelerator of my Hillman-Minx and I go.

It's a freedom that I think gives me such a wonderful sense of freedom. With it, I suddenly have wings. My mind races as the telephone poles fly by, like so many wooden soldiers in the moonlight. I have a favorite spot off Sunset Boulevard—a rock that juts out into the ocean. I often park there, leave the headlights on, and sit on my rock all alone. There, with the moonlight on the water, the breeze blowing in from the sea, the pounding of the surf, solutions to any problem I might have come to me. Maybe it's a funny trait—liking to be alone. I'm not what you'd call a mixer or a party-goer. I can get along with people on a big scale, but I prefer to have just a few close friends. I don't know if I can explain what I mean. Like on the lot at Twentieth, you greet everyone, hug them, ask them about their day, but then no one is possessive. No one holds on. You can go to your room any time you like and be alone. I like that.

I'm so lucky that Denny understands. Dennis Powers is my dearest, closest friend. He's a third-year student at the University of Southern California. He's also a very talented artist. Many of his paintings are hanging in my apartment, I adore them. He seems to present a spiritual story in everything he does. We met each other in high school—was five years ago and long before I started acting.

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I'll never forget how we met. It was a warm September day, the kind that makes you push damp strands of hair back from your forehead impatiently, and I was sitting at a table in the school cafeteria discussing a test that I was coming up next period. I hadn't studied for it and I was feeling rather dejected. I was wearing my yellow sweater and I kept toying with the strand of pearls around my neck. Suddenly, I was conscious of someone staring at me from across the room. I looked up from my chicken-salad sandwich and there was Denny—tall, good-looking, with strong, straight hair. It was one of those crew-cut and looked more like a Brillo pad than hair, but he was adorable. He had an honest look about him.

For a week, all we did was sort of flirt across the room. The minute I'd enter the cafeteria, my eyes darted everywhere until they'd find him. I'd drop my books onto a chair and dash for the line at the steam table. Once, I was standing right behind him as he ran out to get a piece of ordered clam chowder—which I can't stand and I heard myself saying, "Clam chowder, please." I forgot the butter for my rolls and he noticed! He put down his tray, right away, and got me a pat of butter, dropped it on the plate with my rolls, paid his check and joined his friends at their usual table. He was real casual, like this was the sort of thing he always did. People know which side their bread is buttered. But I found out later that, that afternoon, he'd asked a mutual friend who I was. There was a school dance coming up, so I asked this same boy to ask Dennis if he'd like to go with me. His reply was, "I'd love to." That night, after dinner, he phoned and we were all set.

We had so much fun at the dance. All the other girls were so envious because Denny danced only with me. They all kind of fell for him 'cause he was so handsome. And when I'd say, "I've never seen a great football player," we'd all look over to the table, at the far end of the dance floor, and drink punch. We had so much fun that night.

We discovered that we both adored sports. There was great shit at football and track. Besides going to all the school activities, he introduced me to skiing—even helped me choose my outfit piece by piece. I went to his skiing club and I was soon a pro.

I guess, at the time, I was a fairly normal teenager. I did my share of sitting around the drugstore sipping Cokes, flipping through movie magazines, discussing current events. Of course, I had my moods when I felt that something bigger and more exciting was going to happen to me and all this was kind of silly and unimportant.

Sometimes, I'd close myself in my room at home, fling myself across the bed, turn the radio on, close my eyes and dream about New York. I'd dream way out in Laguna Beach, California. I'd dream of dancing in a big ballroom in a beautiful gown. I was always smiling, charming and poised—something I don't feel I've really attached. But I'd love to go to big Broadway theaters and see all the shows, hear an opera at the Met, visit the United Nations. Actually, I didn't know too much about New York. It was just a dream place to me. I was confident that I would go there one day and that my dream would be fulfilled.

Denny was sweet and understanding when I'd tell him about my dream. But he always had time to talk and to sit and talk. We go to a neighborhood movie. We don't dance much, but we do like to drive in the car and listen to records. We both love classical music but we also enjoy Broadway shows. We enjoy things like "My Fair Lady" and "Sound of Music" and "Gypsy." Recently, I took up sculpture. I've been working on a head and I'd like to be an artist. But it's my apartment and helps me. Sometimes, he brings his college homework and studies while I sculpt—to music, of course. Giuseppe Di Stefano, the Met tenor, is my favorite singer. I don't mind to tell you. I love the soft, sexy, sensual thing about him. I enjoy the young pop singers, too, but I don't get obsessed by them. Denny and I both like to read, too. Right now, I enjoy books on acting, and I adore letters—like Tennessee Williams' letters. I buy a lot of letters and read them. You feel that you really know them.

Sometimes, people ask me why I don't go to many of the big parties. I guess it's because my favorite kinds of parties are the ones I go to with Denny. We just talk quietly together. And I like a mixed group that is interested in many different things. I've disliked a lot of big parties because I've found you can't speak to everyone. Then I'd talk to any one person for very long.

I love to cook. I really do. I have a new recipe for a tuna casserole that I'm trying to try. I adore making big salads with the shellfish. I get a kick out of reading the menus. I love the celery, onions and tomatoes like crazy. I'm mad for seasonings. I enjoy most foods, but hate caviar. Next to eating, I like...
sleeping. I always have the windows open wide, no matter what the weather. I love the outdoor sounds. Especially the wind.

I've always chosen my own clothes. I like simple dresses with full skirts. I can be quite content in a blouse and skirt, or a turtle-neck sweater, but I go to the other extreme, too. I love to dress up. In heels I feel ready for anything, but I like flats for comfort. I started wearing lipstick, very lightly, when I was thirteen. I still only use very little. I like hats—only on other people. Some girls wear them to add height. I don't need to do this since I'm over five-foot-six (and weigh 118 pounds). I am rather indifferent to jewelry. I have a favorite necklace of pearls and antique gold that I always wear when I dress up, but my dearest possession is an amethyst ring that belonged to my great-great-grandmother. It's too large for me to wear and I'm not really superstitious but, somehow, I always carry it for luck, along with a silver dollar that was given to me when I was very young.

Sometimes very young seems so long ago. And when I do remember those days, I get to thinking how I was born during the great Los Angeles flood and wondering if there's any significance in it—because I love water.

I was a very positive person when I was little. Maybe stubborn or strong-willed are better words. Anyway, my mother tells how, when I was three, I had a tantrum right on the ground floor of the May Company—that's a big department store in Los Angeles. I kicked my heels and banged my head against the counter and the clerks and lady shoppers were horrified. My mother didn't spank me or try to coax me out of it or anything. She just disappeared behind a post, warning everybody to leave me alone. When I finally realized she was gone I was frantic. I leaped up, wild-eyed, screaming, "Mommy! Mommy!" I was sobbing so hard I could scarcely breathe. I thought I was lost, deserted, forsaken! Boy, I never did that again. My mother acted cleverly, I decided later.

I was brought up with my two younger sisters, Patricia and Cheryl. We lived in a house in San Fernando Valley which had a big yard full of slides and swings and we had a boxer dog named King. Daddy's an automobile dealer who was a former USC basketball and football player, and Mom was at Paramount for a while. She danced in the chorus of some of their big musicals and had bit parts in several Groucho Marx pictures. I think she looks just like Rita Hayworth.

When I was eight, I befriended a little neighborhood gang, all kids about my own age. We had a clubhouse of our own and we were quite exclusive. Sometimes we'd meet as early as seven in the morning; I can still hear those kids calling, "Diamont! Diamont!" in a stage whisper under the window of my bedroom so my mother wouldn't hear. Then I'd sneak out a window and join them.

I loved playing games and was forever writing letters to Santa Claus asking for more. I remember some of the kids and I went through what we later termed our "foreign intrigue" period, which consisted of skulking behind trees and hedges and lamp posts. The idea was to try to get through the block without being seen by an adult. Once, we collected all the old Christmas trees in the neighborhood and made them into a big city in my backyard with forts and everything. I also loved roller-skating and playing volleyball but didn't care much about dolls.

Sometimes we kids put on shows in the backyard and charge a penny admission but I don't remember any great burning desire to be an actress. My only great

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A teenage dream was to see New York, and that became a reality the summer I graduated from high school. It was my part in a beauty contest that finally brought me to New York. And it was all I hoped it would be. I remembered, one night, going to Radio City. For a while I just stood outside, admiring the skyscrapers with their blue shades of sparkling lights, set against the background of a black sky, looking like something straight out of Cinerama. Then I noticed two ballet dancers—at least, that's what I thought they were—coming out of the stage door of the Music Hall and walking briskly down the street, their feet turned out like twenty minutes to four. A mounted policeman looked down from his horse and smiled at them and suddenly felt an overwhelming love for everything and everybody in the city.

For two months, I stayed in New York, with Helen and Melvyn Douglas, friends of the Larks, and Barbara Boudreau. I went to the Coast—back to the University of Southern California where I had enrolled. There, I began to take drama lessons after school, with Ellice Harman, a man I had many different hopes and desires at that point. One minute I was going to do something in the religious field, the next in political science. I was, and still am, so interested with their pay-sands of way to conventions and sometimes have my own voice. One year, I was one of the delegates at the California Federation of Democrats. I remember I got up and spoke. Boy, did that take courage! I was so afraid I'd make a fool of myself. Fear. I guess that's one of my problems—with acting, with everything. I'm afraid. But I did speak.

All this time, I missed New York terribly and my next vacation found me flying East again. New York had won me completely. This time, I planned to stay much longer. I got a modeling job, took an apartment, and Carl Houd, a handsome young actress, and enrolled in ballet and drama classes. Life was exciting. Sometimes Carla and I talked half the night about acting, plays, problems. And my interest grew. My parents and how they wrote that they didn't really want me to be an actress. I couldn't blame them. I had never been consistent about anything, but could they be sure that this wasn't just another whim? A career I was embarking on was costly, and I needed their financial help. They wanted me to finish college and do something practical. I worried about that a lot. Was I really doing the right thing? My heart told me yes, but I'd continue to toss and turn at night, wondering about so many things.

How do kids finally find their role in life? So many of us are so mixed up, so insecure. I've always been attracted to the things that are going on. And then I thought: Is there a way out; to hold on to. I believe I have God, which is within myself, but those who have lost their faith need someone.

There is a cult today known as beatniks. I think that's where the world means but I can't define it. These kids are criticized and satirized but, frankly, I think that they are doing more than some people with ordinary jobs. At least they are creating. And they go in for deep discussions. They're thinking. Many kids don't know how to think any more. That word should be painted on every blackboard in every school—think!

Although I loved visiting the United Nations, one of the most thrilling things about New York was the theater. I saw Julia the second time. "The Girl in the Red Shoes" on Broadway, and in the film "East of Eden." I adored her. As a matter of fact, it was a scene I re-enacted from that very picture months later, that resulted in my being reg. They had no idea of what to do in school—think!

About three weeks after I'd seen "The Lark," I saw the play "The Diary of Anne Frank." And I thought how I would love to play Anne on the screen. I had a sort of a premonition about that picture. I couldn't get it out of my mind. I just knew, somehow, that I was going to be involved in it.

I remember sitting in the Stage Delicatessen one rainy night, about this time of year, with a young doctor friend. I was eating a ham sandwich when suddenly I couldn't stand it any longer—that feeling that something was about to happen. I pushed my sandwich, pulled back my Coke, and announced, dramatically, "I've got to go back to the Coast!"

My friend choked on a mouthful of coffee. "You don't mean right now?"

"Yes, tomorrow—tonight. As soon as possible!" I cried. When I'm excited my voice goes higher and I must have sounded like an LP set at the wrong speed. The doctor touched my forehead with the back of his hand.

"I'm not feverish, I feel fine!" I insisted. "I've just got to get back to Hollywood to do The Diary of Anne Frank." Poor man, he must have really thought I'd flipped my lid.

But I did. I went back to the Coast and I did make "Diary." I didn't play Anne; Millie Perkins did that. But I did get the part of her sister. On the plane, going back, I had read that George Stevens was looking for someone to play the lead in a picture. So I wrote him a letter. It was the only letter, he told me later, that he got. Mine was a small role but I loved it. I was in movies. I was on my way.

Even today I'm scared and nervous when I make a picture and when I'm nervous it shows. I strain, become tense. I clenched my fists. I thought about the picture: "The Killers" on TV—that was nerve-wracking. I wasn't tense I was hunched over. Bent double. I remember that while we were filming "Journey to the Center of the Earth," I'd always go out for a walk before we'd shoot—to calm down. I'd try to get away from people. Some place where it was quiet, and maybe just sit. A good way to calm your nerves is to examine something closely. A flower or a book. You think, "Isn't that interesting? You examine the quality of it, the size of the type. Or you try to absorb yourself in an object. It takes you out of yourself. I learned this by going to a show. I saw a Japanese shrine, and they told me about the religion known as Shinto. When the Japanese have guests, the head of the house will bring in something beautiful—a vase or a vase and flowerpots, and so on. They spent a lot of time and money on it—just to show that they were hospitable. And to thank the guests for coming. I found that out.

There are a lot of things I wish others would try. Instead of depending so much on cocktails and tranquilizers, I wish people would have stimulating discussions, give love, and care what really happens to one another. I think it's the people who think they know everything, who turn a deaf ear to other people's troubles. It causes a lot of trouble in all the stalemates in the world. I guess they just never grew up. Never learned to listen to their moms—to other people. Instead of pushing carrots around on their plate and saying, "Eat those, you're getting scrawny," they're having tantrums on the floor of the May Company, they have them on the floor of the U.N. And talking to mothers, I thought I should mention that my parents and I are very close, and it often wish it had been this way always. They're so proud of me and they tell me so and it makes me feel all warm and glowing inside.

Like recently, when I was in New York in December to help promote "Journey to the Center of the Earth," which I made with James Mason and Pat Boone, my dad assured me he would take care of everything. It caused me worry. I was in the midst of giving up my apartment, out there, and looking for a new one. Dad called me and said, "You just do what you have to do in New York and Mom and I will take care of things out here." It made me feel good and . . . well—loved. As I hung up the phone, I wished I could have hugged Mom and Dad. I thought, "Maybe I really am a father's girl like my parents. My parents are so wise and understanding—that's what I think really being an adult means. I guess they've always been that way but I didn't really know it till now. Maybe it takes one adult to know another."

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### WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

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The features I like best in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are:

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Name: ____________________________ Age: ________

P Paste this ballot on a postcard and send it to Reader's Poll, Box 1374, Central Station, New York 17, N.Y.
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 alone to a doctor or druggist.

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

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

It's time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand ... "working in the dark" ... is practically a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

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

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to delicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

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

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

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**MONUMENTS**

Monuments—Markers—Direct to you Satisfaction or money back—Lowest Prices—Freight Paid. Free Catalog. ROCKFORD MONUMENT CO., Dept. 167, JULET, ILL.
thought she looked so pretty, whirling around in a cute blue cotton dress. She told him she'd also admired her soft, blond hair and big blue eyes. A little while later, he walked over and asked her to dance. He had shed some of his shyness—he hadn't been sure what she'd say.

She wanted to accept—to dance with him—but her dances, that day, had already been promised to another boy, one she'd become best friends with the show within a few weeks. But he didn't give up, she remembered, smiling to herself. He'd asked her the next show ... and the next ... and finally she said, "Yes, I'd love to have you, but I'm ..." but he was happy and that they danced beautifully and easily together. In fact, they danced so beautifully that viewers started noticing them and looking out each day for them.

It was the neighborhood—neighbors—she'd found around for rings. She felt so happy. She began to feel as if she were together. About a month later, Bob asked her to go steady. She didn't say yes right away, she was afraid—she'd never gone steady with a boy before. But three weeks later she agreed and August the eight—she'd always remember that date—Bob gave her a ring.

It was a warm, clear summer’s day with just a hint of a breeze in the air, and they decided to take a walk. They were strolling along, hand in hand, laughing and joking with each other, when suddenly Bob edged Justine over toward a jewelry store. She felt happy and being together. About a month later, Bob asked her to go steady. She didn't say yes right away, she was afraid—she’d never gone steady with a boy before. But three weeks later she agreed and August the eight—she'd always remember that date—Bob gave her a ring.

Justine and Bob

Continued from page 57

She felt so happy. She began to feel as if she were together. About a month later, Bob asked her to go steady. She didn’t say yes right away, she was afraid—she’d never gone steady with a boy before. But three weeks later she agreed and August the eight—she’d always remember that date—Bob gave her a ring.

And so, in October of ’58, Justine Correlli and Bob Clayton disappeared from the television screen. "Look!" he said, pointing to a tray of rings. "Guess you’d like to have one of those one day?"

"No," she said, a curious smile spreading over his face as though he had a secret.

And with that, he clutched her hand and walked over to the store and said, "Come on, pick out any ring you want—even one!"

She was so excited she couldn't move or speak but was just able to move one finger enough to point to a gorgeous diamond. "No!" she thought of the counter. Bob asked the assistant for the ring, and, as he carefully put it on her finger, she noticed his hand was shaking a little. And, at that moment, she felt so happy that she knew they'd always be this happy. Then, when he kissed her, right in the middle of the store, the wondering turned to fright, an inexplicable, illogical fright. It was her mother who lied about her decision to go steady. They liked Bob and welcomed him into their home. Soon, he began to go over there almost every day. He and Justine would sit around and talk or play records or even raid the refrigerator. Often, her mother would stay with them a while. She seemed to get along so well with Bob. Then, they'd go off to the show. Sometimes, though, Bob would ask Justine to his house because his folks liked her, too, and they had a beautiful neighborhood. Soothing neighborhood. She was so happy. She felt so happy. She began to feel as if she were together. About a month later, Bob asked her to go steady. She didn't say yes right away, she was afraid—she'd never gone steady with a boy before. But three weeks later she agreed and August the eight—she'd always remember that date—Bob gave her a ring.

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home right away. I want to go home.”

And so they went home.

But going home didn't solve the problem. Justine's a shy, sweet girl who can be easily hurt and she refused to have anything more to do with the tour, the record, or even the Bandstand. Bob took the opposite attitude. He shrugged the whole thing off, saying it was just a silly rumor that would fade with the wind. But she couldn't forget. She finally reached a point where she was so miserable, she told Bob not to come over to the house any more. She didn't want to see him—ever again. She wouldn't even talk to him on the telephone. Somehow, she felt, he never would understand how hurt and humiliated she was. Maybe a boy can't understand these things.

And so they parted. Then Photoplay heard about their separation and decided to do something about it. We found out it was soon to be Justine's seventeenth birthday and that her mother was planning a party, inviting all of Justine's close friends. Immediately, we called Mrs. Correlli and asked if Photoplay might attend, since we were planning a special surprise for Justine.

"I'd love to have you," came the reply. "And don't forget...it's Friday at nine o'clock."

Friday came...

Justine was so nervous (even though she knew nothing about the surprise). In fifteen minutes, she thought, they'll all be here—all her friends. Was her hair in place? Lipstick on? Seams straight? She ran down to the living room to make sure everything was ready. As she sat on the floor, hunting through her records, trying to make a selection, she came across "Drive-In Movie." A little pang went through her heart and she couldn't resist the temptation of placing it on the turntable. "No, I mustn't think about Bob now," she told herself firmly. "I can't be miserable on my birthday—it's not fair to Mom or my friends."

But, as she sat listening to the record, she just couldn't think of anything else... anything except Bob and the show and all their wonderful times together. Nothing, she was sure, would ever be the same.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, interrupting her thoughts. "Golly, it's nine o'clock already!" she cried. "Have I been sitting here long?" She jumped up, shut off the record player and, taking a fast peek in the mirror, to make sure she looked all right, she ran to the door. Before she could even open it, all her friends were chusing, "Happy Birthday!" And, one by one, they filed into the living room, piling all the gifts on the desk chair.

She became so busy, started to have such fun, that she didn't hear the doorbell ringing until her mother, who was preparing more food in the kitchen, called out, "Open the door, Justine. Someone keeps ringing."

She didn't know about her Photoplay surprise.

And, as she went to the door, she wondered who it could be. "I'm sure everyone's here," she thought to herself.

Then, when she opened the door, she just stood there, dumfounded, unable to say a word. There with a Photoplay escort, stood Bob Clayton. She couldn't believe her eyes. She gave herself a little pinch to make sure she wasn't dreaming. And Bob laughed. Then he walked in, kissed her very gently on the cheek and handed her the gift he'd brought.

"This really is a happy birthday for me now," Justine whispered, as she squeezed Bob's hand tightly and led him into the living room.

**Photoplay Fashions**

Honest, you can dress like a movie star, too

Simplicity Printed Patterns shown on pages 42-45 are available at local stores everywhere, or, to order by mail, send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. P.H., 200 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

**The Bolero** Simplicity 3357; Junior Misses' and Misses' sizes 11-18, 60¢, Crestwood, 60-69, 100% wool, 54" wide.

**The Overskirt** Simplicity 3362; Junior Misses' and Misses' sizes 11-18, 60¢, Dress: Stoffel organdy, Qual. 252, white, 35/36" wide. Overskirt: Stoffel cotton batiste, Qual. 4109, black, 39" wide.

**The Tunic** Simplicity 3349; Junior Misses' and Misses' sizes 11-18, 60¢. Andover, Sharkskin Prints, Patt. 738, H. 41/42" wide.

**The Blouson** Simplicity 2806; Junior Misses' and Misses' sizes 11-18, 50¢, Heller Jersey, "Oralee," white—80% Orlon/20% wool, 52/54" wide.

**ACCESSORIES**

The following merchandise shown on pages 42 to 45 can be purchased at most better stores across the country. For further buying information, write the addresses listed below:

**The Bolero:**

HAT: Happy Star, 128 West 39th Street, New York, N.Y.

GLOVES: West, 216 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

JEWELRY: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

**The Overskirt:**

GLOVES: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

JEWELRY: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

**The Tunic:**

GLOVES: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

JEWELRY: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

**The Blouson:**

BAG: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

JEWELRY: West, 224 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

**Kleinert's**

**Kleinert's**

WAIST-IN

Gently yet firmly will whittle your waist. Tuck in tummy too. White breathable feathernap—adjustable supporters. Sizes 22-36, $2.95.
Suddenly, Last Summer

If you enjoy shivering at the movies, but the regulation kind of chiller seems a little bit childish, then here's a high-brow horror picture for you. Its monster looks like a bright, charming blue-blooded lady, but the way Katharine Hepburn plays her she's a monster for sure. Or maybe you belong to the "Liz Taylor can't act" school? Then you'll be surprised at the emotional power Liz puts into another traditional horror-movie character, the heroine who is in terrible danger and who has been put into a mental hospital because she insists on telling a fantastic story about the death of Katherine’s son. Now we need a hero to try rescuing the girl—Liz—and this is Montgomery Clift, a neuro-surgeon who isn't so sure his beautiful patient is insane (at left, top). Both the stars and the director, Joseph L. Mankiewicz, have a very difficult job in adapting this Tennessee Williams play, but do it well. The real climax—and it's a shocker—is the story of what really happened last summer. It must be brought out in talk, and that throws the burden on the two leading actresses. Liz bears up nobly, though she isn't quite in Katie’s league.

Journey to the Center of the Earth

The delightful adventure yarns of Jules Verne, the science-fiction pioneer, make wonderful movie material and this one, done in the same tongue-in-cheek, all-in-fun manner as "Around the World in 80 Days," is fun. In fact, James Mason, Pat Boone and their fellow adventurers are the only people likely to be completely serious about their expedition. The 19th-Century atmosphere is kept up very properly and quaintly while the geology professor and his earnest young student get ready for their junket down the crater of an extinct volcano and through the earth's insides. Yes, there are four songs for Pat, and there's a love interest for each hero. Diane Baker's the sweet, pert girl Pat leaves behind, and Arlene Dahl’s the sprightly Scandinavian lady who insists on going along. And you can’t blame her, considering all the excitement we find. The settings are really wild!—caves, tunnels, rivers, even an underground ocean.

Who Was That Lady?

Probably no husband, who was caught kissing the wrong lady, ever offered his wife such a crazy explanation as the one Tony Curtis gives Janet Leigh. But then, the results of the family fight usually aren't as funny as all the excitement that Tony’s fib gets him into. To do him justice, it’s actually his over-imaginative pal, Dean Martin (at left, bottom, with Tony and Janet), who dreams up the story that Tony isn’t merely an assistant professor at Columbia University in New York; he’s an undercover agent for the F.B.I.! It’s a pleasure to see how Tony's all-around talents blossom with each picture he makes. He has really turned into a sharp comedian. But Janet keeps step with him nicely. And the movie figures that it has license—the genuine Curtis marriage license, that is—to make the love scenes extra-warm.
Our Man in Havana
COLUMBIA
Now it’s spy melodramas that are in for some kidding, and here’s a cast of real experts to do the job. Alec Guinness is head man, a mild English salesman with a modest job in Cuba and a teen-aged daughter (Jo Morrow) to support. So he agrees to work for the British Secret Service—a madly inefficient outfit, according to this movie. Noel Coward is hilariously dead-pan as the agent who hires Alec, and Ernie Kovacs is a hool. But the picture just hasn’t the sock you’d expect, with what that cast.

The Bridal Path
KINGSLEY-UNION
A couple of years back, husky and good-looking Bill Travers made a hit in “Wee Geordie,” and now he follows through in another British comedy with a Scottish setting. On the island where farmer Bill lives, eligible girls are scarce, but his wife-hunting expedition on the mainland brings him nothing but trouble, with the whole police force after him. Any time the story starts trying too hard for its laughs, you can always look at the backgrounds. The islands and Highlands of Scotland are perfectly beautiful, in a wild sort of way.

The Gene Krupa Story
COLUMBIA
Chief points of interest in this biography-with-music are: (1) plenty of lively jazz, mostly swing or Chicago style; (2) a chance to check up on young players’ progress. Nothing sensational is done with the familiar obscurity-success-disaster-comeback plot. Acting away earnestly, Sal Mineo looks more mature than ever before—but still not old enough for this tough role. Jimmy Darren comes off better, drawing your sympathy as the ever-loyal pal, and we wondered why Susan Kohner didn’t give up on Mineo and settle for Darren.

The Bramble Bush
WARNERS
Tsk-tsk—those naughty New England towns! Doctor Richard Burton’s pretty seaside home town is a statistical marvel. In just a few weeks, he encounters: abortion, adultery, alcoholism, barbiturates addiction, blackmail, dirty photographs, illegitimacy, mercy killing... well, maybe we skipped a few. This beats the “Peyton Place” record in quantity—but not quality. Barbara Rush and Tom Drake, Angie Dickinson and Jack Carson are mixed up in things, too.

Jack the Ripper
PARAMOUNT
An old horror movie pal is back again—the mysterious fiend who actually did prowl around London in the 1880’s, carving up fancy ladies. While this version of the familiar old story is clumsy and amateurish in places, it does offer lots of bloodsood and some nice, creepy gaslight-era atmosphere. We found Lee Patterson an attractive newcomer, even though he has to play the part of a New York cop and is dragged into things rather implausibly.

Solomon and Sheba
U.A.; TECHNIRAMA, TECHNICOLOR
When you see that title, you take it for granted that the big screen’s going to be jammed with color and action, romance and religious sentiment. And you’re not disappointed, either in the battle between the Israelites and the Egyptians, or in the love scenes between Yul Brynner and Gina Lollobrigida. Yul, who stepped into the role of King Solomon after Tyrone Power’s death, is one of the few actors who looks right at home in costume. And Gina—wow!

Behind the Great Wall
CONTINENTAL; TOTALSCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR, AROMARAMA
On a fascinating trip to China, you see more than just scenery, though most of that is breath-taking. Without going in for political comments, the movie looks into the lives of the people and points out the contrast between the old ways and the new spirit of Red China. The AromaRama process, wafting different smells through the theater, doesn’t really contribute very much.

The Gazebo
M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE
Murder-suspect tales take a gentle ribbing in this rattle-brained farce, all about a nervous TV writer-director with a killing on his conscience—and a body buried in his backyard. As our frenzied hero, Glenn Ford happily teams up again with Debbie Reynolds. She’s the wife whose good name was threat-

(Continued)
ENED by the dead blackmailer. And it's her idea to put up the little pavilion (yep, that's the gazebo) in the backyard. The story was on the stage first, so you might find it a little gabby, but it's good for a bunch of laughs, too.

**MOVIES (Continued)**

**Tiger Bay**

When it comes to suspense, nobody can beat the Brits, if they really set their minds to it. So, go out of your way to see this tingling item. Hayley Mills is completely unself-conscious and utterly charming as the eleven-year-old tomboy of Tiger Bay, a waterfront slum section in Wales. Through tricky but still believable plot twists, she becomes the loyal friend of a wanted murderer. He's Horst Buchholz, brooding and intense in the Brando-Newman-Dean manner, but handsomer than all three. As a baffled police superintendent, John Mills has an awful time wringing the truth out of his real-life daughter.

**The Story on Page One**

Realistic writing (by Clifford Odets), who doubles as director, and several good performances make this a rousing courtroom drama. Rita Hayworth, who's forgotten all about being exotic, is fine as a housewife accused of killing her husband. Gig Young cuts out his usual comedy to do a sympathetic job as Rita's lover and co-defendant, and Anthony Franciosa's the young lawyer who takes on seemingly hopeless case. But the character you'll remember (and enjoy hating) is Mildred Dunnock, as Gig's mother. Like Katharine Hepburn in "Suddenly, Last Summer," she acts very genteel and devoted, yet Tony describes her quite accurately as a "monster."

**Cash McCall**

In spite of some grim details, Frank Sinatra gives us a pretty romantic picture of modern warfare, while he's swashbuckling around the Burma jungle with a lot of colorful pals, including (below, left) Gina Lollobrigida, who doesn't exactly seem to be a very good girl. Frank's the tough commander of an American-British-Burmese guerrilla force that's outnumbered by the better-equipped Japanese. Taking time out from his TV-western chores, Steve McQueen makes a nice impression as a sassy jeep-driver who thinks the army's a breeze after life in Brooklyn. And Dean Jones, when he's not hiding behind bushes, is spectacularly handsome.

**Cast ofcurrent Pictures**

BRAMBLE BUSH - THE - Warners. Directed by Daniel Petrie. Guy, Richard Burton; Mo, Barbara Rush; Bert, Jack Carson; Franc, Angie Dickinson; Steve Schofield, James Dunn; Porter, Enos McCarthy; Larry, Tom Drake; Mrs. Frank Corey; Sam McFar, Carl Benton Reid.

BRIDAL PATH - THE - Kingsley. Directed by Frank Lauder. Enos McQuar; Bill, Traverson; Rottie, Fana Clyne; Stina, Bernadette O'Farrell; Isabel, Dilys Laye; Sergeant Bruce, George Coke; Constable Alex, Gordon Jackson; Neil, Vincent Winter; Kirsty, Elizabeth Campbell.


GENE KRUPA STORY, THE - Columbia. Directed by Don Weiss. Gene Krupa, Sam Medina; Eddie Egan, Susan Kohner; Gloria Correggio, Yvonne Craig; Doris Day, Bev. Peter, Rogers; Count Sagunzus, Thayer David; Prof. Gwett; Ivan Triscinta; Sakunzus's Groom, Robert Adler.

NEVER SO FEW - MGM. Directed by John Sturges. Capt. Tom Reynolds, Frank Sinatra; Carla Varsi, Gina Lollobrigida; Capt. Grey Travis, Peter Lawford; Wiffie Riggs, Frank McCann; Capt. Danny De Martimer, Richard John son; Nilsa Reyes, Peter Ustinov; Lena, Noah; Brian Donlevy; Sgt. Jim Norby, Dean Jones; Sat., John Dunford, Charles Bronson; Vantong, Phil Collins; Private, John Lay; Robert Milton; Margaret Fitch, Kipp Hamilton; Col. Reed, John Hayworth; Capt. John Russell, Alec Guinness; John Lond, Richard Lupino; Blandings, Aki Aleon.

OUR MAN IN HAVANA - Columbia. Directed by Carol Reed. James Cagney, Alec Guinness; Mike, Jo Morrow; Haworth, Joel McCrea; Dr. Hasselbacher, Burt Ives; Captain Seguro, Ernie Kovacs; "C," Ralph Richardson; Beatrice, Marilyn O'Hara.

SOLONOH AND SHERA - UA. Directed by King Vidor. Solomon, Yul Brynner; Mogu, Queen of Sheba, Gina Lollobrigida; Adonis, George Sanders; Abilah, Mariva Pavan.

STORY ON PAGE ONE - THE - 20th. Directed by Clifford Odets. Jo Morris, Rita Hayworth; Larry Ellis, Gig Young; Victor Santini, Anthony Franciosa; Edward Ritter, Bill Eliot; Mrs. Brown, Katherine Squire; Mrs. Ellis, Mildred Dunnock; Mike Martin, Al Ryder; Alex, Carol Seffinger; Stanley, Sanford Meisner; Norden, Robert Burton; Alice, Myrna Fahey; Judge Carey, Raymond Greenleaf; Judge Nelson, Hugh Griffith; Detective Kelly, Tom Greenway; Morris Guett, Leo Penn.

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER - MGM. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz. Catherine Hol ly, Elizabeth Taylor; Mrs. Venable, Katharine Hepburn; Dr. Cohnwies, Montgomery Clift; Dr. Hatzlnder, Albert Dekker; Mrs. Holly, Merce des McCambridge; George Holly, Gary Raymond.


WHO WAS THAT LADY? - Columbia. Directed by George Sidney. David Winton, Tony Curtis; Michael Honeys, Dean Martin; Ann Wilson, Janet Leigh; Harry Powell, James Whit more; Bob Doyle, John McIntire; Gloria Coogan, Barbara Nichols; Patsy, Larry Keating; Orense, Larry Storch; Betha, Simon Oakland; Florence Coogan, Jol Lansing; Tattoo Artist, Sush Pollard.
NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 76. (A—ADULT F.—FAMILY)

BELIEVED INFIDEL,—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Cast as novelist F. Scott Fitzgerald and coauthor Shelaith Graham: Gregory Peck and Deborah Kerr are most touching when the film becomes just a simple story of a girl who loves a drunk. Greg's fine! (A) February

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

FLYING FONTAINES, THE—Columbia: New young players Michael Callan, Eve Norlund and Rian Garrick brighten a mild circus yarn, all about the tangled love lives of the boys and girls on the flying trapeze. (F) February

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY—U.A.: David Niven's hilarious as a fictional TV-hater, but the chief joke of this thin comedy is less funny, as he endures his twelve-year marriage to Mitzi Gaynor by hollering about their courtship. (A) January

HOUND-DOG MAN—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Easygoing, country-style story introduces Fabian to films, as a hero-worshipper. Carol Lynley thinks she can get Fab's idol, footloose Stuart Whitman, to settle down. Dodie Stevens is Fab's gal. (F) December

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN HAWKS, THE—M-G-M: Real Dutch backgrounds make the mysterious goings-on extra interesting. As a tough American adventurer, Robert Taylor is on the prowl for lost Nazi loot. (F) January

JAYEAWKERS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Pre-Civil War Western finds Jeff Chandler plotting to be king of Kansas, with Fess Parker's help. The action bogs down in too many gags. (F) December

LAST ANGRY MAN, THE—Columbia: Excellent, fast-paced version of the bestselling Paul Muni's just right as the old doctor in a Brooklyn slum. So's David Wayne as a producer who wants to put Muni on TV. (F) December

LIL ABNER—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Big, bouncy musical, done with lots of style and color, brings you that crazy gang from Dogpatch. Some are strictly from comiesville; some are real good-looking—like Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Julie Newmar. (F) January

MIRACLE, THE—Warner; Technirama, Technicolor: Sweeping romance of 19th Century Spain gives Carroll Baker a dream role as a postulant who leaves the convent, finds adventure—and men. The part calls for an old-fashioned glamour queen. Carroll isn't. (F) January

MOUSE THAT ROARED, THE—Columbia, Eastman Color: Why would a tiny (imaginary) European country declare war on the U. S.? The answer's full of fun. Peter Sellers juggling three roles, one of them opposite Joan Seberg, who's a pretty American. (F) December

ODDS AGAINST TOMORROW—U.A.: In this skillfully made but routinely plotted thriller, Harry Belafonte, Robert Ryan. Ed Begley lend excitement to the story of a bank robbery bungled through race prejudice. (A) December

ON THE BEACH—U.A.: Frighteningly realistic picture of 1964, intended to scare us into thinking—and action. In Australia, Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins. Donna Anderson await the radio-active doom that's hit everyone else. (F) January

1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS—UPA, Columbia; Technicolor: Pleasing, if a bit talky, cartoon feature finds Magoo in old Baghdad. Jim Backus provides his voice; Kathy Grant, Dwayne Hickman speak for the young lovers. (F) January

OPERATION PETTICOAT—U-I, Eastman Color: Upright officer Cary Grant and slick operator Tony Curtis team up for laughs, on a World War II sub that takes aboard nurses Dina Merrill, Joan O'Brien. (F) January

PILOT TALK—U-I: CinemaScope, Eastman Color: In a slick, bright, thoroughly winning comedy, the New York phone company gets two subscribers (Doris Day, Rock Hudson) together by putting them on a party line. With songs, Tony Randall,Thelma Ritter. (A) November

SUMMER PLACE, A—Warners, Technicolor: Sandra Dee and Troy Donahue make highly appealing young lovers, battling their parents' problems. Big emotional scenes and sex discussions; handsone settings. (A) December

TAKE A GIANT STEP—U.A.: In a splendid acting debut, singer Johnny Nash is a boy of sixteen, a Negro in a white town, still facing universal troubles as he takes the step from adolescence to maturity. (A) October

THEY CAME TO CORDURA—Columbia; CinemaScope, Eastman Color: Different sort of film that happens to have a western setting, on the Mexican-American border back in 1916. When the story's tensions separate the men from the boys, Gary Cooper sees Van Heflin as a brute, Tab Hunter a caretaker. Ignoring glamour, Rita Hayworth's great. (F) October

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Exhilarating yarn about mountain-climbing finds James MacArthur doing a Swiss peak never scaled before, with Janet Munro to cheer him on. (F) December

—30— Warners: The title is newspaperese for "the end," but the movie isn't quite that good. Jack Webb's tried to make a believable newspaper story. He's managing editor, David Nelson is copy boy. (F) December

TOUCH OF LARCENY, A—Paramount: Good fun springs from British navy officer James Mason's quick-money scheme. He'll frame himself for treason, sue the newspapers for libel and win Vera Miles from rich, stuffy George Sanders. Pretty clever—maybe. (F) February

TRECK OF THE MARY DEARE, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In a solidly entertaining seagoing thriller, Charlton Heston climbs aboard an "abandoned" freighter to come across Gary Cooper—and a sinister mystery. It all has a fine, salty flavor. (F) February

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ROGER SMITH

Continued from page 26

A man loves a woman because of her beauty . . . not only for the way she looks, but the way she moves, and the sound of her voice and her laughter. And a beauty, too, that seems to come from deep within her eyes when she looks at him. It is an individual beauty that seems to grow as she gets to know her.

There seemed to be a beauty about Vici right from the very first time I saw her. It was November—November, 1955—and she was walking across the lot of Columbia. Even at that moment, I thought, “You are lovely. You have a grace and charm about your walk, about the way you hold your head, a charm that I’ve never seen in anyone else.” She had long silky auburn hair and a cute, turned-up nose. I wanted to go over and speak to her but I was scared. I thought, “What chance do I have? There must be a dozen men pursuing her right now.” So I just let her walk by.

I felt a new beauty in her the first time I kissed her—just one month later. It was a beauty of manner, of poise, and even though it was a stage kiss it somehow didn’t affect me. I didn’t know this . . . she didn’t even know how much I’d admired her. And yet she had a way of smiling, of looking at me, out of those magnificent emerald eyes, which made me feel that she was getting to know me. We were not so different from the Vici I’d imagined.

I wasn’t sure what she would say when I suggested we rehearse some of the scenes along the beach real of the film—on the beach. I guess I was a little surprised when she answered softly, “I’d love to go to the beach. What time would you pick me up?”

We didn’t go to the beach, we wound up at the beach, after I rang her doorbell the next day and saw her standing before me, dressed so simply in slacks and a blouse and flat sandals—and a towel and a bathing suit tucked under her arm—I began to see another Vici that I love—an honest real Vici. There was no falseness about her, just a wonderful simplicity that made me want to say, “I’m glad you could come.”

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I kept the conversation on other things—on our parts in the scene we were supposed to have been rehearsing, on her, on her life in Australia where she was born, just before I reached her house when I said, “Vici, how about having dinner with me sometime this week?”

And she said, quite simply, “Yes, I’d like that.” And that evening, I knew I was in love.

Loving someone is believing in them, and all through our courtship Vici was the honest, real person I’d begun to know, that day at Disneyland. There was never anything about her that I didn’t feel strongly about this. When Vici couldn’t do a thing, she’d say so . . . like the time we went fishing. I’d never forget her standing in the doorway, waiting for me to pick her up that morning. She was dressed in high rubber boots and a tight-fitting jacket and she looked so cute I told her she was beautiful . . . beauty isn’t necessarily when a girl’s dressed up for a party, or in her best bathing suit.
just how very much I love her.

And when, at times like the beginning of our marriage, when I came home once to find the dinner burned, Vici looked so helpless, so forlorn, that all of a sudden my anger melted into a feeling of tremendous affection for her. She looked so much like a little girl who was expecting her mother to scold her about having a muddy dress—and with not a word to say in her eyes or on her face.

Who else would store my cufflinks in a hat box? Get all upset because I didn’t like that strip of feather she called a hat? Or, in the space of a single day, be a rational, collected husband and yet not be able to stand up to the temptation of a “Marked Down” tag on a dress... splurge on gifts for me and the babies and yet, should a crisis arise, be amazingly shrewd and calculating.

How often have we sat talking together and suddenly, the deep pensive look on Vici’s face has seemed so profoundly solemn, so deeply serious, that for the moment I can’t think about our conversation any more, but only smile in amusement at her expression, and think how lovely she looks with eyes wide and her lips pouting slightly, and then suddenly I want to say, “Vici, I love you.”

I guess part of love is knowing she cares for me, too. Because I’ll always remember the radiance about her face and the sudden warm feeling in my heart the first time I told her that I loved her. And I thank her a million times for answering softly, “Roger, I love you, too.” At that moment I don’t think there was a happier man in the world.

It’s funny how the words, “I love you,” can be the easiest or the hardest a man can ever say. Words of love flow effortlessly when they are meant without a serious intention—just casual, social words—and yet why do those words, those very same words stick uncomfortably in your throat when they are meant for the girl you want to marry, to take care of and be all the things you need her to be.

Love is understanding how a man feels. So many times, when I’m feeling a little depressed or unhappy about something which might have gone wrong during the day, she has a way of knowing—of putting her arms around me and kissing me softly and gently and telling me she loves me.

It is also making a man feel rather special. Can I really explain the feeling of great warmth I get when she approaches me with an almost childlike faith in my ability to solve her problem of the moment? Or how I feel when she cocks her head a little to one side and says, “I knew you’d know just what to do. You’re wonderful.” And goes away with a new light to her step?

Yet, are there reasons to explain the way I feel when I see the delicate, misty tearful look that comes over her face when she expresses her unspoken love to me—though it meant so much to her? Or the way I feel when I tell her that I love her and she blushes slightly and lowers her pretty little head and scolds, playfully, “Oh—Roger.”

I believe love grows from those special moments you have shared together. I remember, particularly, one Valentine’s Day when I’d arranged to have a cake made in the shape of a heart for Vici. I had the words, “I Love You,” scrawled on icing in the top. And when I brought it home and showed it to her... she cried. She just stood there and cried.

For a moment I didn’t know what to do and I just looked at her sheepishly, watching the tears run down her face. And then I suddenly felt a great surge of love and I went over to her and kissed her gently. It may sound a little odd, but I think it was the best “thank you” she could have ever given me. A woman’s tears can melt a man—when they’re honest. Make him feel he’s needed and strong.

She was still crying, her head on my shoulder, when I slipped a tiny box into her hand. She looked down and began untying the wrapping. Then, when she saw what was inside—a bracelet with a charm inscribed “Nunca me olvides” (Spanish for “Never Forget Me”)—she blinked and whispered, “Oh—Roger... you’re... you’re too good to me.”

These are ways of love—things which say why does a man love a woman? Do they make sense? Maybe not. But then, does love?

I thank Vici for all that she is, all that she is doing all that we’ve shared together and the memories, which have somehow become blurred together in a crazy, wonderful pattern and which, now, as I think of them, make we want to get up from my chair and go out to her and kiss her.

—ROGER SMITH

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liked to dress like this on days when he didn’t have anywhere special to go.

He hurried downstairs into the kitchen, but no one was there. A note was taped on the refrigerator from his mom: “Have gone downtown with Bobby, Tommy and Dad to do last-minute shopping. Won’t be back til late this afternoon. Make yourself breakfast. Also, D.D. and Foggy called. Meet them at the club at two.”

For a second he felt as if he had been first woken up — if something was wrong. His mother always told him the night before if she was going to be out all day. But he shrugged it off — probably she had just forgotten about it.

He tried putting the uneasy feeling out of his mind as he made himself a full breakfast of orange juice, cereal with bananas, eggs and bacon, toast and marmalade and a glass of milk.

Then he remembered. Of course he felt uneasy. Today was Friday the thirteenth, and sometimes he thinks that his date had always lived up to its reputation. Thinking of a moment, what he had planned to do that day, he chuckled. One, he thought. This one’s going to take the prize. Not one pleasant thing in view.

So he fiddled about the house for a while, putting off his first assignment which was at the local high school. He emptied the garbage out the back, although it hardly needed emptying, he washed his father’s ear, although it didn’t need washing, then he went into the house again and watched TV for a while even though the program was dull.

Then, looking at his watch, he decided he’d just have to start out for the school — FABIAN.

As soon as he stepped inside the door of the high school he wanted to walk right out again. But he didn’t.

Classes were changing and he went over to a bunch of his friends.

Before he could quite realize what was happening, they were firing questions at him and he was answering them as fast as possible.

“...Yes, this is my last day here. We’re going to have a farewell party down in Jersey... Haddonfield, New Jersey.... Oh, it’s a bigger house than we have now and a much nicer one... Nothing fancy though, just more room inside... and outside of course. And if you need a special solution for me, I’ll have my own room, that’s all.”

“What will you do about school, Fabe?” asked his friend Paul, coming over to the group.

“I’m gonna do my best to graduate with you — with my class — in 1961. Until then, while I’m in Hollywood, I’ll be attending the studio school but otherwise Miss Schwartz will tutor me in algebra and chemistry... I mean, I can’t take math with English and history. I’ll be getting the same assignments you do. And if I’m lucky...”

The warning bell for the next class broke up the crowd. Paul grabbed Fabian’s arm and said, “Come on to class with me — for the last time.”

“Aw, I’d feel funny,” Fabian said, but he allowed himself to be pulled along. He didn’t want to tell his friends what he was feeling, but this was his last day. Tomorrow he was moving, leaving this town, this school, these friends. He had to say goodbye.

They entered a door at the back of the room, and Fabian saw that his old desk was empty. He slid into the seat. Students waved to him, others smiled his way, and a fellow in the next seat bent toward him to talk. Then the teacher, a young woman, entered the room and the room became quiet.

Fabian heard her begin to discuss the next day’s assignment, but that’s about all he saw and heard, because, as he traced his fingers over the familiar desk top and laughed and waved under the desk until they found their usual, most comfortable position, his thoughts began to wander. He didn’t want to leave his friends and all the things he’d grown up with. Suddenly, New Jersey seemed a million miles away to him, a strange, unknown planet. Would he be able to find friends there — good friends like Paul and D.D.? Or would he be the outsider, not one of the gang because he hadn’t grown up there or gone to school there — or even planned to go to school there. He felt empty and a little scared.

At the end of the lesson, he slipped quietly out of the door into the hall. Paul followed right after him.

“Mind if I tag along?” his friend asked.

“Besides, with all that mob in the hall, just before class, I just didn’t have a chance to really say goodbye.”

“Sure,” said Fabian, “although I have no idea where I’m going.”

He knew where he wanted to go though. Hollywood. Where he wouldn’t have to tell anybody goodbye. Home. Where he wouldn’t feel confused and he’d be alone.

But there were people he just had to say goodbye to. So he strolled slowly through the halls, now and then stopping to chat to some of his teachers and some more of his schoolmates; to the principal, Mr. Rossi, who had presented him with a special summer baseball cap, to the history teacher, Mr. Brown, who said, June, when he’d put on a benefit performance for the summer football training camp and helped raise $4,000; to Miss Schwartz, his algebra teacher, who said, “FABIAN, you could have been a star.”

But he didn’t laugh and didn’t say, “Yes, it’s a bigger house than we have now and a much nicer one... Nothing fancy though, just more room inside... and outside of course. And if you need a special solution for me, I’ll have my own room, that’s all.”

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Then he started to put his hand to Paul's, felt silly, pulled back his hand, then thrust it out again to cuff his friend on the shoulder "See you," he said and walked out fast.

He fouled Fabian (Anthony Carrazza) and Foggy (Joe Palentino) standing on the steps of the South Philadelphia Boys Club. "Well, hello," said D.D., bowing low from the waist.

"Hit," chimed in Foggy. "How's your last day?"

"Fine," he lied. "Got your phone message and I'm here to say goodbye."

"Feel like going into the gym?" D.D. asked.

"Just what I need," Fabian answered, glad of the chance to do something besides talking. And they went inside.

So, for the next hour or so Fabian and his buddies bounced around the gym. He had to admit (only to himself, of course) that he was a little out of shape, but it was a great feeling just running and jumping and wrestling and doing stuff. He had a steak at lunch. He found his gym stuff in his old locker and it still fit him. For their final contest, he and D.D. climbed hand-over-hand up ropes to the ceiling. Foggy sported off top them.

Then, all the way into the showers, they sang together at the tops of their voices. It's really like old times, Fabian thought, ducking his head under the steaming water. And suddenly he stopped singing, it was as though he was beginning to be hard leaving D.D. and Foggy and all his other friends in the neighborhood.

"What's the matter?" Foggy shouted from the shower's wall.

"Nope—I've got soap in my mouth," Fabian said, thinking quickly. He began to sing again with them, but somehow it wasn't like before.

The same empty, churning feeling he'd had all day was still there, when the three of them walked across the street to Politanos' candy store just a few minutes later. Then as he walked his friends joking together, he suddenly became aware of the real reason why he was feeling this way. It wasn't just because it was his last day in Philly. It was something more. D.D. and even Paul had been acting strangely. They seemed unusually matter-of-fact about his going away. Didn't anyone care? But then he shrugged the whole thing off . . .

"Hey, should we stop for a drive?" asked Bob Groberman that Fabian dropped in to say goodbye. I'm leaving town. Tell him I just wanted to check if the bicarbonate of soda had fallen off the shelf . . .

Still laughing, Fabian left the bewildered clerk and went out of the store. Bob would remember . . . Part of Fabian's errand boy's job had been checking stock. In the process, he'd broken a lot of things. Then, one night, he'd left a shelf, when a one-pound box of bicarbonate of soda had fallen on his head, dousing him in powder. While he was sweeping it up, Bob had looked at him, shook his head and said, "Put a little in a glass for me. After watching you juggle stock, I need some."

Fabian walked on past Frankie Avalon's old place, past the open lot where he'd played football past the building where he'd dropped bags filled with water.
To mothers, that cry means that there’s another cut, scratch, scrape, or burn. It also means she should get iodine—but she often doesn’t, because iodine burns and stings affected youngsters. Here’s good news. Science has discovered a new kind of iodine that stops infection best yet doesn’t burn or sting. It’s polyvinylpyrrolidone-iodine®, found only in new ISODINE® ANTISEPTIC. Where other types of antiseptics may kill only 1, 2, or 3 types of germs, ISODINE® kills all types—even virus and fungus. And up to 40 times faster. Get painless ISODINE ANTISEPTIC. Money-back guarantee.

PRIVATE TO WOMEN

Thousands of women find speedy relief from the physical distress of irregular, scanty painful menses due to functional disorders by taking HUMPHREYS “11”®—safe, gentle, non-habit forming, the most completely tested birth control drug. At all drugstores. No prescription needed.

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The brightly lit faces, the music, the smell of the animals—it seemed a wonderful world and you wished you were part of it. Then, one of the trapeze artists came over to greet Marcello and he introduced you. "You a flyer, too?" he asked.

"Sure," you said. You couldn't let him know you didn't know what he was talking about. "And when you say that, if you wanted to, you could work out on the high trapeze, you had to carry through your blues.

Hand over hand, you climbed the rope to the take-off platform. It was just big enough to stand on and it was fifty feet above the ground. When you looked down, everything swam before your eyes and you almost fainted. So you just didn't look down again.

You took a deep gulp of air, grabbed hold of the trapeze and swung out into space. You swung back and forth, terrified. Then, suddenly, you realized you were so startled that you obeyed. By some miracle, you dropped back on the platform.

It had been a trick, an old joke that the flyers play on someone they suspect of being a greenhorn. An experienced flyer wouldn't let go just because someone yelled at him, but, out of fright and inexperience, you may have done.

When you slid down the rope to the ground, they were roaring with laughter at you. You started to walk off, but Marcello ran after you and clapping you on the back, "You got the idea, didn't you? I think you could be a flyer." You thought he was just trying to make you feel better, but he offered, "I'll train you, and you can be one of the best in the world." After that, you were at the circus every day. Time and again, you would climb to your place on the platform, and, at Marcello's signal, leap into empty space to grip his outstretched hands, and, during those three years, you learned concentration and discipline, physical and mental. It helped you, later, when you had to face death.

You were seventeen and you had learned your trade well. This night you were at your usual place, the powerful kleig lights pinpointing your wiry body, the muffled crescendo of drums echoing below you. The grandstand was full. Everyone's eyes were on you. People craned their necks back to see, just as you had on that day. Then the drums stopped and everyone was quiet, waiting. You leaped. Your fingers grasped his outstretched hands, and all you felt was a great nothingness. The crowd gasped as you plummeted down. You fell into the net, bounced back into the air, and fell again, this time tumbling down... right down to the hard ground. You knew defeat.

That night, the doctors were emphatic. "Your entire left side is fractured," they said. "You will be a cripple for life." You held back your tears and looked down at your foot. You knew you had only yourself to count on. After a moment, you told the doctors, "I will walk again." And you did. It was your will, your iron con to match a trapeze artist's body, that made you better. But when the reporter said you had used a mysterious, oriental technique, you just smiled and encouraged him.

Years later, as you whipped a movie set on a horse, the horse to the frenzy of excitement that would match your character in "The Brothers Karamazov," you were thrown to the ground again. You tried to get up, but a pain went through you. You lay there stunned, unable to move, until the ambulance came. At the hospital, you knew, from the doctor's palsied face, that it was bad. But you fought for his verdict, waited almost as if this was something you had already lived through.

"Your back is broken," the doctor told you. "You'll have to wear a metal brace. And you must have complete rest for many, many weeks."

Benny Thau, the studio boss, was standing in front of you. He pulled out a hundred-dollar bill and almost pressed it into your hands. Then, shouting down at you, he said, "Well, we'll just have to close down the set, that's all."

He lit a cigarette and handed it to you and then took a long drag on it. Then you said, "No, it isn't necessary. I'll be there tomorrow."

Benny protested and so did the doctor. They tried to talk you out of it. "I went through the: war," you said. "I'll be there, on the set, the next day. You had learned the power of will many years before. Wearing the braces the doctor had insisted on, you walked over the thinnest of ampoules, being careful, you putted him on the nose, and said, "Well, you won the first round."

Y ou wore the braces for eight weeks and then, one warm, clear day, you closed the book you were reading and turned to your son, Rocky. "Let's go water-skiing," you said. "I think I can manage." And you could be one of the best in the world.

He simply drove out to Malibu with you and climbed into a boat. Then you slid into the water, shivering, a little, at the first shock of it, and then slipped on the skis. You did his outside turn, and, with his hand, backed you, down over the bow line to you. Holding on to it, like a trapeze, really, you felt yourself being pulled up out of the water and then you were skimming along the surface. The path that had held you for all the weeks, was mostly gone and through there was a straining, as you held on, you felt confident again in your own body.

After a while, you let the tow line go and rode the waves in to the beach. With one gesture, you tore the brace off and threw it down on the sand. "This is the end of you," you said. You never wore it again.

"You said, "There is no limit to what a human being is capable of doing if he exercises his will power. Most people worry instead of doing. They create obstacles that needn't be there."

It is the intention that counts. If I intend to do something, I do it. I don't bother to plan. Luck is nothing but a certain harmony. Once there is harmony, everything emerges and falls into place just as it will. That is the way it is, but once you run into a streak you should play it for all it's worth, like in roulette.

But, then, you believe in fate; you believe in nothing, yet you believe in everything. To you, it's logical, too natural to need explaining. But to others, your attitude seems like nonchalance. Like the night you entered the roulette room at the Deauville Casino in France and walked quite carelessly past a knot of women who were looking at you awe-struck. They all longed to meet you. But you just put your hands in your pockets and passed them with the air of someone who didn't even notice them.

Suddenly, a little above the whisper of the crowd, a woman's voice could be heard saying, "I make you." "I make you." It was not a mere analysis of his charm. It's got nothing to do with his eyes or his build or his voice, or anything you've been talking about. If
New! Luster-Tone Glamour Satin Finish
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LEAF YEAR GUIDE

Continued from page 48

Go ahead—flirt, be warm. Violins will play, you'll think everything he says is fascinating...and you'll be right.

BOB EVANS—Hard-to-Snare: A moody matador with a talent for success that defies explanation. The more simple his life becomes, the more complicated he makes it. Right now he is radiant sunshine, the next—storm clouds. And yet, the difficult he does immediately (the impossible takes a little longer). There's no guessing where or how to get to him without making him envious of any relationship, and what he's determined to bring to it, has very little to do with the time, the place or the trappings. The word to remember is honesty—and you'll have to be able to take it (and give it) whether it's beautiful or brutal. While on the surface, his need may not seem to be marriage, if you can manage to stay your own sweet, candid, unpredictable self, you might get a chance to change his mind.

ROCK HUDSON—Strong and Soothing: What's in a name? This time, lots, for he's made a stronger bond than the one in the slab you cornered yourself in. Connecticut for smile, puff chance little Columbia's made you—there's no tomorrow. The female who gets through to him gets there fast but often doesn't stay too long. If you've got what it takes to wear a solid gold gown, fly a plane and drive a hard bargain, then you're his kind of girl. Only don't go crying home to mamma if you never really get to understand him.

DWAYNE HICKMAN—No Square: If you've a yen for a wise-guy, then you've trouble, girl. You never know which card is up, the ace or the Joker. And no matter which, it always seems like the laugh's on you in the end. He's so good at peeling back the onion, dumb, you just know he must be smart as a whip, and you're right. This one, believe it or not, is an author of sorts on Victorian literature, but sometimes he acts like to him: funny. The Funnies are al-lege. And if you're for him, you'll want it that way, because the second-best thing you like is to laugh—even at yourself. And as for the first-best thing, to be loved, you may be lucky enough to discover that the soul of a clown is very, very serious.

ANDY WILLIAMS—Fine and Fair: The most wholesome thing to come out of Iowa since corn-on-the-cob, here's a tonic you don't have to make a face to take. A refuge for the lonely, the perplexed, the fright-ened, he'll always find you a double silver lining with a few rainbows thrown in for good measure. He'd see it, in that quiet, gentle, easy way of his, that you'd never be hurt or uncomfortable or em-barrassed by anything. Because his mis-credibility is so plausible with such happy, never forgetting an anniversary or how you take your coffee, commenting on a new dress, singing to you at the drop of a lace hanky. If you're right for him, you won't have to prove it in any way—he'll just know. And you'll find out that one of the most "forever" kinds of love can start out by seeming brotherly.

DION OF THE BELMONTs Young and Rare: A singer who likes to work in the comfortable confines of a trio is slowly but reasonably beginning to emerge as a solo. The shy type, he's awkward with girls, but can be easy to them. Well, if you've meant for him, there's no prob-lem, for you're a warm girl, a wise and understanding girl who makes him feel ten feet tall, because you always know just when he needs a smile, a compliment, a joke. And maybe, if time isn't short, and your patience is long, you'll wait to be both the first and the last love of his life.

How did you do on the quiz page 50? Just a little reminder, there is no such thing as a "high" or "low" score, so if your answers aren't as honest as you can make them, you're only cheating yourself. No bachelor is best, worst—or easy, but all are fair game when you know your own special target.—Ed.

SEE CARY GRANT IN U.S.'S "OPERATION PETTICOAT." RICK HUDSON CAN BE SEEN IN "PILLOW TALK" FOR U.S. DON'T MISS TROY DONAHUE IN "A SUMMER PLACE" AND "THE CROWDED SKY." FOR WARNER'S, BE SURE TO SEE BOB EVANS IN "THE CLIFF." SEE DWAYNE HICKMAN EVERY TUESDAY ON CBS-TV: 8:30-9:00 P.M. EST, APPEARING "IN THE MANY LOVES OF DORIS GILLIS," HIS VOICE CAN BE HEARD IN COLUMBIA'S "2001" ARABIAN NIGHTS." LISTEN TO ANDY WILLIAMS FOR CADDENCE RECORDS, DION AND THE BELMONTs FOR LAURIE, AND HEAR FRANK SINATRA ON CAPITOL. DON'T MISS FRANK IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S "CAN-CAN," HE'S ALSO IN "JESUS F" FOR METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER. DON'T MISS FRANK'S SPECIAL, FEBRUARY 15TH, ON THE ABC-TV NETWORK, 9:30-10:30 P.M. EST.
PHOTOPLAY MAKES AN ALBUM

Have you ever browsed through a record store and wondered, "Gee, wouldn't it be great to make one big album with all my own movie favorites on it?" We have.

In fact, we liked the idea so much that we went ahead. That's it above. At first, there was such a storm in the office because everyone wanted to include their own particular favorites. Finally, we narrowed it down to twelve—six on a side—of what we think are the top love themes from the top motion pictures.

The Warner Brothers recording executives liked them, too. So suddenly, there we were, making our own record. It was tremendous fun! We finally included themes from "Gone With the Wind," "Picnic," "The Razor's Edge," "Hurricane," "An Affair to Remember," "Sabrina," "Laura," "Love in the Afternoon," "Around the World in 80 Days," "Lili," "Three Coins in the Fountain" and "To the Victor."

Anyway, as soon as we could, we all crowded into a studio to hear the "master"—that's the record all the others are made from. It sounded great! We found we had everything from the full symphonic scope of Muir Mathieson conducting the Sinfonia of London to the exotic Hawaiian style of "The Outriggers." It was good having so many selections instead of just one type of music or artist.

Almost every top music composer is included—Rodgers and Hart, Frank Loesser, Victor Young, Sammy Cahn and others. Hope you enjoy it.

What They're Playing: Johnny Mathis' great album, "Heavenly" (Columbia). . . . "Sixty Years of Music America Loves Best" (RCA), a roundup of music-making from Caruso to Belafonte. . . . "Let's All Sing With The Chipmunks" (Liberty), featuring Simon, Theodore— and Alvin, natch. . . . "50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong" (RCA), the second volume of El's golden records. . . . "Swingin' on a Rainbow" (Chancellor), with Frankie Shy-Guy Avalon. . . . "Connie Francis Sings Italian Favorites" (M-G-M), which will probably be a classic. . . . Andy Williams' "Lonely Street" album (Cadence), probably Andy's best!

What They're Doing: Gary Crosby's dating Frank Sinatra's pretty daughter, Nancy. . . . Just look into Paul Anka's blue eyes and you'll know why he's written all of Annette's songs for the album she'll be bringing out real soon. . . . Everybody's watching Johnny Preston's recording of "Running Bear" climb the charts. . . . Cliff Richard (his big hit's "Livin' Doll") is seventeen-years-old, lives in London and wants, more than anything, to come to the States and meet his fans. But his folks say no to a visit till he turns eighteen. . . . Those Kookie Coasters! What do you think of their "What About Us"? It was (Continued)
Santo Farina is twenty-one and plays the steel guitar; Johnny is nineteen and plays the electric guitar. And in my opinion, their new record, "Teardrop," and their album, "Santo and Johnny," make them the year's most promising instrumentalists.

The brothers live at home, love to shop for sports clothes and are both wild about lasagna. Santo's favorite hobby, besides playing the guitar, is looking after the 350 pigeons he keeps on the roof of their Brooklyn apartment house. Santo says, "You learn so much about life watching those pigeons live—honest. You never have a dull moment."

Johnny has quite a few pets to look after, too: two dogs—a German shepherd and a small terrier; a hamster; two ducks named Tom and Jerry; his tropical fish; three parakeets; two turtles and a cat.

**PARTY TALK**

February's a month of holidays—good excuses for a party. So polish up on your party talk.

What makes a good conversationalist? First of all enthusiasm for what you're talking about. But what can two people, suddenly meeting each other for the first time, discuss? A new movie or book or record, a nice tie a fellow has on, or school doings.

Remember to add specifics. Don't just say, "I saw a good movie." But add, "Pat Boone really looked scared when he descended into the earth...."

To help get a guy started in conversation—if he's shy—try being patient and listening—and ask questions.

If you're not sure of what you want to say, then let the other person ride the talk-pedal. And if you talk too fast, look out—or you'll end up talking only to yourself.
What's in the Stars?

Were you born between January 21st and February 19th? Then you belong to the eleventh sign of zodiac, Aquarius. Other Aquarians are Donna Reed (Jan. 27), Dorothy Malone and David Wayne (Jan. 30), Fabian (Feb. 6), Jack Lemmon and Lana Turner (Feb. 8), Carol Lynley and Kim Novak (Feb. 13), Dodie Stevens (Feb. 17), Dane Clark (Feb. 18).

The clue to your personality is your generosity. You like giving help, time and gifts to friends and acquaintances, but are occasionally hurt when they aren't thought of you and your needs. Yet there's nothing you can do about this because you're not happy unless you're helping others, whether they hurt you or not.

When it comes to romance, you have such high ideals that you're often disappointed. You must remember that love can never be perfect; so try to strike a happy medium between a "dream love" and a "real love."

You're excellent with details, a leader with determination and you have a talent for acting.

You have a funny tendency to hold back from saying the things you believe, because you don't want people to think you're "different." You shouldn't be afraid to express yourself. Aquarians usually make good sense about what they believe because they've mulled it all over in their minds for days.

You like tradition, would prefer a comfortable old-fashioned kitchen to a gadgety modern one. Your lucky number is four.

Shari's Corner

Continued

for the pool. He looked great in his white trunks and blue terry-cloth shirt. "Last one in's a chicken," Bobby shouted. I didn't have to worry, though, because when Bobby dove in, he pulled me with him. And talk about a fish in the water. I was just trying to catch my breath when Bobby swam underwater. Catching me by the legs, he picked me up, then tossed me over his head. As we were driving home, later on, Bobby told me he had no steady girl but that, like his new record, "I dig girls."

Then, turning a corner, Bobby just missed a bus. "Almost hit that little bus," he laughed. "Little!" I gasped, still trying to catch my breath.

The rumors are flying that Rick Nelson may change his recording style to pop. I saw Rick, driving about in his new red sports car, and asked him about it. "I've been thinking about it," he said. "A change is good for everyone." I told him I liked the powder blue sweater he was wearing and he said he'd just bought it that day. "For a special date?" I asked. "No," he said. "I'm still playing the field."

Looks like Edd Byrnes is altar-bound with Asa Maynor. I got this information from Kookie's close friend, actor John Ashley. Good luck, Kookie!

Boy, talk about a ginchy date. The Four Preps have a system they call the Jet Age Romance. Glen Larson, one of the Preps, phoned me and told me how he picked up his date at 5:30 in the afternoon in Los Angeles and had dinner with her in San Francisco an hour later. Can you imagine the surprised look on the face of Carol Garley, an Arcadia High student, when she asked "Where are we going?" and Glen told her? "But I had her home by her 12 o'clock curfew," Glen added.

See you next month, gang. And till then, please be good and do behave.

—Shari Sheeley
There are three Breck shampoos for three different hair conditions

A mild, gentle shampoo may be used as often as desired to help keep hair looking its best. A Breck Shampoo cleans thoroughly, leaving the hair soft and easy to arrange. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. Select the correct Breck Shampoo to bring out the natural beauty and lustre of your hair.

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For the most beautiful wave you have ever had... in half the time... with half the work... get Salon-Tested Fashion ‘Quick’.

Guaranteed to take! Guaranteed to last!

New Fashion ‘Quick’ Home Permanent

by RICHARD HUDNUT
vis' own story:
DIDN'T KNOW
GROWN MAN
OULD CRY

anne Lennon:
OW I KNEW
' WAS LOVE

z Taylor:
DIES GOD
WAYS PUNISH?
I dreamed I was a medieval maiden in my *maidenform® bra*

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SIGNE HASSO says: "So often a woman’s personal elegance depends on the deodorant she uses. That’s why most of my friends throughout Europe choose Odo-ro-no—never a possibility of offending."

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did you know ODO·RO·NO is the leading deodorant in Europe?
I wonder if Tuesday Weld thinks Beverly Aadland is a wild kid. . . .
"Suddenly, Last Summer" is the only movie I know that qualifies to be on
the Diners Club. If you don't understand this joke, see the movie. . . .
I'll say there's nothing small about Tina Louise except her first name. . . .

Intense is the word for Tony Perkins. . . . I know of no actress I'd rather
watch on the screen than Simone Signoret; I know of no actress I'd
rather listen to in the living room than Simone Signoret. . . . If the
Academy doesn't award Signoret the Oscar, they didn't give it for the Best
Performance by an actress. . . . Who ever believed that Mamie Van Doren
would wind up better than Charlie?

. . . Gloria Grahame has returned to the Hollywood scene. She is as sexy
as ever, although she manages to speak as if her upper lip is novo-
cained. . . . I thought Cyd Charisse on TV was foolish to be glamorous
one minute and the next minute have husband Tony Martin ask if she sent
his shirts to the laundry. . . . I'd say that Cary Grant has come closer than
Ponce de Leon to discovering the Fountain of Youth. . . . Shirley Mac-
Laine is becoming less pixie and more organized. . . . Sometimes Tommy
Sands gives the impression that Elvis is listening to him sing. . . . Starlet
Roberta Tennes tells me you can never tell what a fellow has in mind
when he asks for a date in this town.
He may be thinking of romance, or he may just want to get his name in the papers.

Eddie likes Liz plump. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor has the faculty of making a stranger feel he's an intimate friend, which may be why she has so many. . . . I wonder if Grace Kelly acts like a princess, now that she actually is one. . . . Robert Mitchum is said to sleep with his eyes wide-open. . . . Since actors became producers, there are more movie heroes. . . . I caught

Somebody special listens to Tommy.

Marilyn Monroe actually reading an Arthur Miller play. . . . All rock 'n' roll music sounds to me as if it were written by the same man. . . . Barbara Nichols, after attending the wedding of an actress-friend: "I hope she doesn't spill anything on her wedding gown. She's only worn it once."

I insist Jayne Mansfield is the girl-next-door to someone. . . . Marriage hasn't fattened up Vera-Ellen. . . . What's the difference (Continued)
between a Frank Sinatra TV special with guests Bing Crosby and Dean Martin and a Dean Martin TV special with guests Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby? Answer: The commercials. I don't understand people who pan Marlon Brando for spending so much time and money on "One-Eyed Jacks." These people should be interested only in, "Is it a good movie?" Steve McQueen insists he doesn't talk mumbly: people listen mumbly. Nothing makes an actress feel more like an actress than a fur coat. As new evidence for this remark, I cite Carolyn Jones, who has six fur coats, and Joan Collins, who practically sleeps in hers. Wouldn't you like to see Peter Gunn hiring Richard Diamond or Perry Mason to solve a personal problem? Julie London is as honest as she is shy. Nick Adams works hard at being sincere. Sinatra believes one is hip or one is square, and that's all there is to it. By the way, putting things IN and OUT is now considered OUT. I wonder what Norma Shearer honestly thinks of today's movie stars. And I wonder if today's movie stars (Carol Lynley, France Nuyen, Pat Wayne, etc.) ever heard of Norma Shearer.

Rhonda Fleming always seems on the point of hitting it big. Sophia Loren wears a man's wristwatch. I've visited Shelley Winters on sets and, personally, I've never found her to be temperamental. Although I've watched her being temperamental. Barrie Chase can't watch a dancer without moving her toes. On the credit side of the Hollywood ledger you've got to list that it always improves Jack Paar's shows. I wish The Clan would officially elect officers and collect dues. I believe Sal Mineo designs his own suits. Who else? Lenny Bruce says that after they cleaned up "The Gene Krupa Story" Sal Mineo found out he was portraying Lawrence Welk.

I believe Tab Hunter would have been tabbed a better actor if he hadn't been named Tab. Jerry Lewis had a bad dream the other night. He dreamed Dean Martin left him, went on his own, and was a bigger hit. Then Jerry woke up out of a cold sweat to realize it was true. Kim Novak is now more pre-occupied with her acting than her looks, which hinders her acting. Hollywood is a place where a schoolteacher made David Ladd, because he didn't do his homework, write on the blackboard a hundred times—"I don't deserve to be a star." That's Hollywood For You.
**Casts**

**OF CURRENT PICTURES**

BABETTE GOES TO WAR—Columbia. Directed by Christian-Jaque: Babette, Brigitte Bardot; Gerard, Jacques Charrier; Von Aremberg, Haenen Messemier; Captain Darcy, Yves Vincent; Fitzpatrick, Ronald Howard; Schultz, Francis Blanche; Louis, Rene Harvard.

CHANCE MEETING—Paramount. Directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz: Jan Van Rygen, Hardy Kruger; Inspector Morgan, Stanley Baker; Jacqueline Caustan, Micheline Presle; Inspector Weatser; John Van Eyssen; Sergeant; Gordon Jackson; Sir Brian Lewis, Robert Flemnlg.

DOG OF FLANDERS, A—20th. Directed by James B. Clark; Nello, David Ladd; Daas, Donald Craig; Piet, Theodore Ikkel; Mr. Cogen, Max Croiset; Corrie, Monique Ahrens.

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND—Warners. Directed by Robert D. Webb: Jim Hadley, Alan Ladd; Laura Riley, Jeanne Crain; Monte Welker, Gilbert Roland; Bert Harvey, Frankie Avalon; Clay Bell, Lyle Bettger; Blanche, Noah Beery; Ann Sarah, Verna Felton; Jane Peterson, Alana Ladd; Sheriff Taylor, Regis Toomey.

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER—U-I. Directed by George Sherman: Clay Santell, Audie Murphy; Janet Gilford, Felicia Farr; Harry Daubetz; Stephen McNally; Amos, Robert Middleton; Moon, Ray Fulton; Trouven, Jan Merlin; Nate Perrich, Herbert Badley; Old Ben, John Quinlan.

HOME FROM THE HILL—M-G-M. Directed by Vincente Minnelli: Capt., Wade Hnancutt, Robert Mitchum; Hannah Hnancutt, Eleanor Parker; Shafe Capley, George Pappard; Theron, George Hamilton; Albert Halstead, Everett Sloane; Libby Halstead, Patsy Techniques; Sarah Halstead, Anne Seymour; Opal Bixby, Constance Ford; Chauncey, Ken Renady; Dr. Renen Baker, Ray Teal.


ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING—Columbia. Directed by Stanley Donen: Victor Fabian, Yul Brynner; Dolly Fabian, Kay Kendall; Maxwell Archer, Gregory Ratoff; Dr. Hillard, Geoffrey Toone; Mr. Wilber, T., Mervyn Johns.

RISE AND FALL OF LEGS DIAMOND, THE—Warners. Directed by Budd Boetticher: Legs Diamond, Ray Danton; Ace, Karen Steele; Monica, Elaine Stewart; Lee Bremer, Jesse White; Lt. Moody, Simon Oakland; Arnold, Robert Lowery; Fatw Walsh, Johnk Pratt; Eddie Diamond, Warren Oates; Chairman, Frank Dovana; Sgt. Caskidy, Gordon Jones; Matt Moran, Joseph Russkin; Dixie, Diane Cannon; Vance Coll, Richard Gardner.

SEVEN THIEVES—20th. Directed by Henry Hathaway: Theo Williams, Edward G. Robinson; Paul, Ralph Steiner; Melinda, Joan Collins; Pancho, Eli Wallach; Raymond Le Mayo, Alexander Scourby; Louis, Michael Dante; Hugo Bamer, Berry Kroeger.

SINK THE BISMARCK!—20th. Directed by Lewis Gilbert: Captain Shepard, Kenneth More; Anne Davis, Dana Wynter; Captain Lindemann, Carl Mabie; First Sea Lord, Laurence Naismith; A.C.N.S., Geoffrey Keen; Admiral Lutzen, Karel Stepianek.

SWAN LAKE—Columbia. Directed by Z. Tu-lyuhova O'Sita, Ondrej Piseka; The Prince, Nicolai Fadeychev; The Evil Spirit, Vladimir Laevash; The Jester, V. Khomjakov.

THIRD VOICE, THE—20th. Directed by Humbert Carneanl: Voice, Edmond O'Brien; Marian Forbes, Laraine Day; Carter; Scott; London: Harris Chapman, Ralph Brooks; Carlos, Eddie Le Baron; Carver's Secretary, Shirley O'Hara; Blonde, Olga San Juan.

TOBY TYLER—20th Century Fox. Directed by Charles Barton: Toby Tyler, Kevin Corcoran; Ben Carter, Henry Calvin; Sam True, Gene Sheldon; Harry Tupper, Bob Sweeney; Joe, Sam Castle, Richard Estham; Jim Weaver, James Bratty; Madame Jeannette, Barbara Bread; Monsieur Ajar, Dennis Joel; Aunt Olive, Edith Evanson; Uncle Daniel, Tom Fadden; Bandleader, Ollie Wallace.

WORLD OF APU, THE—Harrison. Directed by Satyajit Ray: Apu, Somitra Chatterjee; Aparna, Sarmistha Tose; Kajal, Smo. Alok Chakravorty; Pitu, Swagato Mukherji.

**The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration**

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

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."

Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands — and it causes the most offensive odor.

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

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.

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

A. Because of Persper*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ACOND CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

**Why be only Half Safe?**

use **ARRID** to be sure!

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

*Cartier Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.*
PERIODIC PAIN

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

“WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW” is a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dept B-40, Box 280. New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper)

NOW PLAYING

For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 18. (—Adult f—Family)

BEN-HUR—M-G-M; Camera 65, Technicolor: This epic of Roman imperialism, Jewish patriotism and Christianity’s beginnings is the best of the big pictures about Bible days. Charlton Heston and Haya Harareet as Jesus, Susan Boyd and Jack Hawkins as the people involved. (A) March

BRAMBLE BUSH—THE—WARNERS: Those naughty New England towns! In his home burg, doctor Richard Barton finds an amazing (if unconvincing) variety of scandals, Barbara Rush and Angie Dickinson are two of the people involved. (A) March

CASH McCALL—WARNERS, Technicolor: Jim Garner plays it light even on Wall Street, as a tycoon scheming for more money and Natalie Wood. Nina Foch schemes for Jim. (F) March

FLYING FONTAINES, THE—Columbia: New young players Michael Callan, Eva Northend and Rian Carrick brighten a mild circus yarn, all about the tangled love lives of the boys and girls on the flying trapeze. (F) February

GAZEBO, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Gabby but funny farce. Glenn Ford decides to plant a dead blackmailer under the little back yard pavilion (yep, the gazebo) wife Debbie Reynolds bought. (F) March

GENE KRUPA STORY, THE—Columbia: Plentiful jazz and eager young players live up on a routine biography. Sal Mineo works hard as Krupa, but Jimmy Darren comes off better as his pal. Susan Kohner’s the gal. (A) March

HAPPY ANNIVERSARY—U.A.: David Niven’s hilarious as a fanatical TV-hater, but the chief joke of this thin comedy is less funny, as he endangers his twelve-year marriage to Mitzi Gaynor by babbling about their courtship. (A) January

JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF THE EARTH—20th: CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Delightful, tongue-in-cheek version of Jules Verne’s adventure yarn. James Mason, Pat Boone and Arlene Dahl are underground explorers; Diane Baker is Pat’s back-home girl. (F) March

LIL ABNER—PARAMOUNT; VistaVision, Technicolor: Big, honky musical, done with lots of style and color, brings you that crazy gang from Dogpatch. Some are strictly from cartoons, some are real-good-looking—like Peter Palmer, Leslie Parrish, Julie Newmar. (F) January

MIRACLE, THE—WARNERS; Technirama, Technicolor: Sweeping romance of 19th Century Spain gives Carroll Baker a dream role as a postulant who leaves the convent. finds adventure—and men. The part calls for an old-fashioned glamour queen. Carroll isn’t. (F) January

NEVER SO FEW—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Guerrilla commander Frank Sinatra swashbuckles around the Burma jungle fighting the Japanese. His colorful pals include Gina Lollobrigida, Steve McQueen, Peter Lawford. (A) March

ON THE BEACH—U.A.: Frighteningly realistic picture of 1964, intended to scare us into thinking—and action. In Australia, Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins, Donna Anderson await the radio-active doom that’s hit everyone else. (F) January

1001 ARABIAN NIGHTS—UPA, Columbia; Technicolor: Pelling, if too talky, cartoon feature finds Mazou in old Baghdad. Jim Backus provides his voice; Kathy Grant, Dwayne Hickman speak for the young lovers. (F) January

OPERATION PETTICOAT—U.A., Eastman Color: Upright officer Cary Grant and slick operator Tony Curtis team up for laughs, on a World War II sub that takes aboard nurses Diana Merrill, Joan O’Brien. (F) January

OUR MAN IN HAVANA—Columbia, CinemaScope: Spy melodramas and the British Secret Service are kiddled by such experts as Noel Coward (an agent) and Alec Guinness (the mild salesman drafted to nurse). (F) March

SOLOMON AND SHEBA—U.A.; Technirama, Technicolor: Israeli-Egyptian battles and Bryan Lollobrigida love scenes keep the big screen jammed with color and action, romance and religious sentiment. (A) March

STORY ON PAGE ONE, THE—20th, CinemaScope: Realistic courtroom drama, well-acted by Rita Hayworth, Gig Young (on trial for murder), Tony Franciosa (their lawyer), Mildred Dun江淮 ( Gig’s Mom). (A) March

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER—Columbia: Highbrow horror movie gives Liz Taylor a powerful role as a girl put into a mental hospital for knowing too much about Katharine Hepburn’s dead son. Director Monty Clift slowly unearths the shocking truth. (A) March

TAKE A GIANT STEP—U.A.: In a splendid acting debut, soner Johnny Nash is a boy of sixteen, a Negro in a white town, still facing universal troubles as he takes the step from adolescence to maturity. (A) October

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Exhilarating yarn about mountain-climbing finds James MacArthur during a Swiss peak never sealed before, with Janet Munro to cheer him on. (F) December

TIGER BAY—Continental: Tingling English suspense hit introduces eleven-year-old charmer Hayley Mills, as a clown tomboy who trails along with handsomc Horst Buchholz in his flight from a murder rap. (F) March

TOUCH OF LARCENY, A—PARAMOUNT: Good fun springs from British navy officer James Mason’s quick-money scheme. He’ll frame himself for treason, sue the newspapers for libel and win Vera Miles from rich, stuffy George Sanders. Pretty clever!—maybe. (F) February

WHO WAS THAT LADY?—Columbia: Wacky excitement follows the fib (dreamed up by Dean Martin) that Tony Curtis tells Janet Leigh, his undercover wife, too. Tony claims to be an undercover FBI agent! (F) March

WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In a solidly entertaining sea-going thriller, Charlton Heston climbs aboard an “abandoned” freighter to come across Gary Cooper—and a sinister mystery. It all has a fine, salty flavor, (F) February
AT ACADEMY AWARD TIME...

Lustre-Creme Shampoo salutes these beautiful stars who have made this the greatest movie season ever!

SANDRA DEE, co-starring in “Imitation of Life” A Universal-International Picture

LANA TURNER, starring in “Imitation of Life” A Universal-International Picture

SUSAN KOMNER, co-starring in “Imitation of Life” A Universal-International Picture

BARBARA RUSH, co-starring in “The Young Philadelphians” A Warner Bros. Picture

MILLIE PERKINS, starring in “The Diary of Anne Frank” A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MARSHA HYER, co-starring in “The Big Fisherman” A Rowland V. Lee Production

SIMONE SIGNORET, starring in “Room at the Top,” Released through Continental Distributing, Inc

DORIS DAY, starring in “Pillow Talk” An Arwin Production A Universal-International Picture

AUDREY HEPBURN, starring in “The Nun’s Story” A Warner Bros. Picture

SHIRLEY MacLANE, co-starring in “Career” A Hal Wallis Production A Paramount Picture

ELIZABETH TAYLOR, starring in Horizon-American Pictures’ “Suddenly Last Summer” A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release

JOANNE WOODWARD, starring in “The Sound and the Fury” A 20th Century-Fox Picture

LEE REMICK, co-starring in “Anatomy of a Murder,” Carl Fore Productions A Columbia Pictures Corp. Release

VERA MILES, co-starring in “The FBI Story” A Warner Bros. Picture

DEBORAH KERR, starring in Jerry Wald’s Production “Beloved Infidel” Released by 20th Century-Fox

HAYA HARAREET, co-starring in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s “Ben-Hur”

Glamorous Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo because it leaves hair shinier, easier-to-manage, makes any hair style easy to set. Try Hollywood’s favorite shampoo, New Lustre-Creme —now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

For the most beautiful hair in the world 4 out of 5 top movie stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo!
if this isn’t love... it must be

Angel Touch
by POND’S

new liquid makeup... gives you the glow of a girl in love!

How long since you’ve had this heavenly glow? (When the Real Thing happens, your heart knows it and your face shows it!) But it doesn’t need to start from your heart—it can start today with ANGEL TOUCH! For Pond’s has created a makeup that gives your skin the luminous look, the tempting texture, the tender color that lights up the face of a girl in love! Discover new ANGEL TOUCH today. Just touch it on—smooth it in—and look (it’s almost like falling in love!)

In 9 soft-and-subtle shades, $1. Also available in purse-size plastic bottle, 59¢. (All prices plus tax.)
DEAR MISS PAIN:

What do boys think of girls who always have their girlfriends with them? I've just moved into a new town and it seems that the girls go everywhere together. We pick each other up on the way to school in the morning and walk home together at night and even meet between classes. I don't see how a boy ever gets a chance to talk to a girl alone.

Alison
Alexandria, La.

Dear Alison:
This sort of togetherness only leads to solitary Saturday nights, so arrange to take a few solo walks. But do it tactfully. Girlfriends are important, too.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

Help! The spring dance is coming up and I've got a date for it. (I'm fourteen and it's my first big dance, so it's real important.) My problem is that two other boys asked me to go, too. Wouldn't you know it? I probably won't get asked to another one all year. Anyway, when I said I'd already been invited they wanted to know if I'd dance with them that night. Now what I want to know is, can I say yes? Or should I tell them to talk to my date?

Betty
Nanticoke, Pa.

Dear Betty:
Just say you'd love to and you'll see them at the dance. That's when they should ask permission of you and your date—either during intermission or when they cut in on the dance floor.

DEAR EVELYN:

I have a problem that's making me miserable. There's some hair growing on my face, right above my lip, and because I have very black hair it's awfully noticeable. In fact, at school, boys shout out, "Hey, get a shave." My mother says it doesn't look that bad and I shouldn't mind what they say, but I do and it makes me cry when they say it. Is there anything I can possibly do about this?

End
Freeport, Ill.

Dear End:
Lots of girls have this problem but, you're right, it is more noticeable on brunettes. Hair that is dark, but neither coarse nor thick, can be made less conspicuous by bleaching. You can find hair lighteners at cosmetic counters. Coarser, more noticeable hair can be creamed away with a gentle hair remover especially designed for the sensitive skin of the face. Don't be tempted to shave facial hair. It's the sliced off tip that makes regrowth briskly. Cream depilatories dissolve hair a little below the surface of the skin, so it reappears more slowly and with soft tapered ends. No tweezing, please. Hair that's pulled out may stay away longer, but roots are strengthened and a heavier regrowth encouraged. Often, inconspicuous fuzz is tweezed along with noticeable hairs and it, too, may become coarsened.

DEAR EVELYN:

I am fourteen years old and very much in love with Dave. I know he really loves me too, but he doesn't want anyone to know, not even his own brother. What am I to do? String along or ask him if he does really love me even though it is his place to tell me. Please publish this letter. It means so much to me.

R. G.
Chillicothe, Ohio

Dear Ruth:
There's an old saying—give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself . . . or declare his intentions. So string along until he does. And since it is his place to tell you how he feels, you'd be wise to keep your heart in its right place—and that's not on your sleeve.

DEAR MISS PAIN:

I have been going steady with this one boy for over a year, but all winter he has not paid any attention to me at all. I like him very much. What should I do?

Heartbroken
California

Dear Heartbroken:
It takes two to go steady and you lost your partner three months ago. So face the fact and start mending that broken heart by dating some boys who will pay attention to you.

DEAR EVELYN:

Every boy I meet keeps saying that I look like Brigitte Bardot. I get deeply embarrassed because my girlfriends disagree and they start an argument. Although I disagree also, I just thank them, but the girls say I'm conceited about it. I lose my best friends just over a little thing like this. What can I do about this?

Claudia
Canada

Dear BB:
Try calling them names, like Marilyn, Jayne, Diana. That should do the trick!

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry we can't answer them personally.

Continued on page 16
Add it up. A beauty parlor permanent takes a large bite out of a gal's wallet. But with Toni—you get a dream of a wave and have leftover loot to boot. What's more—you have leftover time! (Fidgeting under a dryer is out!)

But here's the best part—Toni gives you a wonderful wave with "Hidden Body." It's soft, shape-able—holds any hairdo, curly or smooth. "Hidden Body" is exclusively Toni's. You won't find it at any price—in any other permanent—home or beauty shop.

Blew it all on pearls!

A snap to give—that's new No-Mix Toni! No splashing around with powder and water—the double-rich neutralizer's already mixed. Just snip the tip off the plastic bottle. Then squeeze. Satiny drops slide through your curls, lock "Hidden Body" in—and there you are. The softest, most set-able wave in the world!

Try a Toni. You'll never bother with beauty shop permanents again. (Don't forget—Toni also makes Tonette for children and Silver Curl for gray hair.)
Naked eyes are out!

The 'Eye Makers' used here... Brown Eyebrow Pencil, Lavender Eye Shadow, Frosted Black Liquid Liner, Black 'Roll-On Mascara'. Her other Revlon make-up: 'Touch-and-Glow' in Misty Rose, Raspberry Icing Lipstick, Frosted Violet Nail Enamel.
"THE LOOK" is in!

Fashion's new way to play up your eyes—brighter in color...bolder in shape!

Give in to your divine restlessness with every 'Look' in the book! Now, for the first time, the color, shape and size of your eyes are absolutely up to you!

A whole new world of tantalizing fashion colors to play with—to turn your eyes from baby blue...to jungle green...to glittery gold...and back again. That's 'The Look'!

Scads of devastating new ideas to shape your eyes to your fancy at a moment's notice. That's 'The Look'!


That's 'The Look'! It's the wizard of fashion...your entrée to excitement!

'eye makers à la carte'

by Revlon
confidentially...

...I'm 20 years old and write lyrics and poems to music. I'd like to write to any- one who likes to sing or write tunes. Rock 'n' roll's my favorite. A/2C JAMES L. CAMPBELL AF 1657676 Box 45 63rd AC&W Sqn'd New York, N. Y.


...I'm 21, love the States, show business. Photoplay and Kookie. Would someone around my age like to write to me on these subjects? ISABEL PAQUETRua Maria Angelica, 510 Jardim, Botanico Rio de Janeiro Brazil

...I'm a Finnish girl of 13. I would love to correspond with boys and girls all over the world. I write in English and German. I'm interested in rock 'n' roll and films. BIRGITTA RUSSETSKY Pentbygatan 6 Karis Finland

...I have hundreds of pics of stars which I will gladly trade for any pics of Gail Davis and Gene Autry. BERTY MESSER 101 Montana Ave. W. Ashville, N. C.

...We've just started a fan club for Annette. Those kids who live east of the Mississippi, and want to join write to: VIC CUSTOZO, JR. P.O. Box 1233 Rochester 3, N. Y. and those who live west of the Mississippi, write to: ROYAL MACKENZIE, JR. 1553 West Grand Beloit, Wis.

...I would like very much to corre- spond with girls and boys from all over the world. My hobbies are learning about other countries, traveling and film stars. I will correspond in English or French. HUMAY AZEK Harkhiye, Kayabatum sk 21/4 Istanbul, Turkey

...I would love to have pen pals from the U.S.A. as well as anywhere in the world. I decided to write in as soon as I saw my sister's mail box getting filled with piles of letters. So I too, would like my mail box to be filled. I'm 13½, have black hair and eyes, and my hobbies are football, singing, Cha-Cha. LEONARD SOH P.W.D. 21 Princes Rd. Kuala Lumpur Selangor, Malaya

...Thank you for publishing my letter in Photoplay. I've received 209 letters and I'm trying very hard to reply to every one of them. So if those who have not heard from me yet, please be a little patient and I promise you what you'll hear from me sooner or later. BENTILY SOH P.W.D. 21 Princes Rd. Kuala Lumpur Selangor, Malaya

...The new official fan club for Edward Byrnes: MARCIE STAPLETON, Pres. P.O. Box 1550 Hollywood 28, Calif.

...How about joining a fan club for Frank Sinatra? Dues are only $1.25 a year for which you receive a bulletin and map every two months, membership card and snapshot. Get with it—join a real "gasser" of a club. BETTY BROWN 5036 Haverford Ave. Philadelphia 39, Pa.

...I am very fond of pen pals. So much so, that sometimes the whole of my pocketmoney goes for it. But I still desire to make more friends from different countries. ABDUL MAVIN KHAN 72/6 Fatima Simnah Colony M. A. Simnah Rd. Karachi 5, Pakistan

...We are twins living on a tea estate in India and find it very difficult to obtain film stars' pictures. So if anyone is giving away pictures of Tony Curtis or Tony Perkins, we would be extremely grateful to receive them. MAUREEN & TERRY YEARSLEY Devonkhat Estate Munnar P.O., High Range, Kerala South India

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fods? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

Family Man

When Jerry Lewis was on location, not too long ago, he was staying at one of the large hotel-motel type places in Yuma, Arizona. Jerry's family came with him—his children, wife Patti and their maid. We hotel maids would stick our heads out and watch with curiosity as Jerry came tramp- ing in around four o'clock every afternoon after shooting. I guess, and he would take the baby, pitch him up and down and sit by the pool and hold him on his lap.

Occasionally, we would see Jerry and Patti straighten out a fight between the other boys—just like any other normal American family.

The new baby, Anthony Joseph, born October fifteenth, is a lucky boy. Hats off to Jerry Lewis and his wonderful little family.

LEWIS JACOBY Cathedral City, Calif.

Wonderful Guy

I want to tell everyone about a wonderful guy. His name is Mark Damon and he is the sweetest, most adorable person you could ever want to meet. I was one of the lucky girls who met Mark when he was in New York a while ago. He even gave me the label from his shirt!

MARY CARINO Greenwich, Conn.

Think Manfred looks like Elvis?

Manfred is a classmate of mine and I and all my friends think that he looks somewhat like Elvis Presley.

HEIDE BENTSTEM Germany

Parody

"It Started With a Kiss," when "Gidget" made "Love in the Afternoon" to the "Man Who Knew Too Much." She looked like a "Blue Angel" when she climbed into her "Blue Denim" to go with her man to see "The Big Circus." "Marjorie Morningstar" was there with "Yellowstone Kelly" and "Bess," of course, was with "Porgy." After lunch, "Gidget" felt a "Touch of Evil" and agreed she had "Too Much, Too Soon." All in all, it was such a "Holiday for Lovers" that they didn't get home until "The Middle of the Night."

D. DAVIS St. Louis, Mo

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fun clubs or write stars, contact their studios.
YOUR NEEDLEWORK

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Now that she's married, Margaret O'Brien's glad she can sew. She's in Par.'s "Heller in Pink Tights."

7131—"Paint" a picture in vivid cross-stitch panels. Transfers 8 x 21", color chart, directions.

572—For sun fun, jiffy wrap halters. Pattern pieces, transfer, Misses' sizes small, medium, large included.

564—Trim a sunsuit for a boy or girl. Embroidery transfers for both, pattern pieces for sizes 1-4 years.

577—Lunch or buffet set. Directions to crochet 16 x 24" centerpiece; 15 x 18", 5 x 9" doilies in No. 30 cotton.

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scents, smooths, clings
more lovingly, more lastingly
than costly cologne

No cologne prolongs and protects your daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Never evaporates. Never dries your skin. Leaves you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over. Make Cashmere Bouquet . . . pure, imported Italian Talc . . . your all day Veil of Fragrance.

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the fragrance men love
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TOTAL RELIEF
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FEMICIN
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Hospital-tested, prescription-type formula provides total treatment in a single tablet!

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

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

For samples and information booklet, "What You Should Know About Yourself As a Woman!", send 10c for postage and handling. Box 225, Dept. T56, Church St. Sta., N.Y.8, N.Y.

THROUGH RESEARCH...A BETTER PRODUCT

get more out of life—
go out to a movie

What's on tonight?
You've got to go out to see the best! Look for these new pictures at your favorite theater.
Home From the Hill

Unless all the fiction writers are in a conspiracy to fool us, it certainly seems as if families in the South have the strangest way of getting themselves all tangled up. It takes young George Hamilton at least half the picture to figure out dad Robert Mitchum's complicated affairs (left, at bottom). His discovery comes as a shock, and the situation it sets up is unusual and loaded with emotion. Mitchum's character is an odd one: a feudal type stranded in the present day; a huntin', shootin' gentleman who owns most of the town and surrounding territory—and thinks he owns the women, too, at least temporarily. That attitude hasn't endeared him to George's possessive mother (Eleanor Parker). This Hamilton boy, intense and darkly handsome, is a fascinating newcomer. But the real hit of the picture is scored by another George. You'll like blond, husky George Peppard as the young mystery man, a sort of grown-up Huck Finn, who's been on his own since he was a little boy nobody wanted. Luana Patten's a young girl who's involved with both Georges in a very strange and pathetic triangle.

Guns of the Timberland

Guess you'd call this a western; except the good guys and the bad guys are fighting over trees rather than cows. Rancher Jeanne Crain says, "Spare those trees!" But Alan Ladd and Gilbert Roland never heard of conservation; they have a permit to cut timber, and they're a-gonna cut it. So tempers explode, and the gunfire and dynamite blasts start, too. It's a lively enough action yarn, but younger moviegoers will be interested in it mostly as the movie debut picture for Frankie Avalon and Alana Ladd. In spite of her Hollywood upbringing, Alan's pretty daughter isn't as much at ease as Frankie, who cuts quite a pleasing figure up there on the big, colorful screen, acting away and singing two songs.

The World of Apu

Nobody who merely visited India (no matter for how long) could see it as clearly as Satyajit Ray does, with his loving yet honest eyes. This is the director's third chapter in his story of Apu, who was a small country boy in "Pather Panchali" and a big-city youth in "Aparajito." Now the young man, whose home ties and family ties are broken, tries to build a family of his own—and becomes a wanderer, looking desperately for his place in the world. The sensitive writer (that's the grown-up Apu's calling) is pretty familiar in fiction everywhere, so this picture hasn't quite the freshness of the first two. But director Ray still gives us the most careful and searching view of modern life on any screen.

A Dog of Flanders

Well, it seems David Ladd was no flash in the pan. If you thought Alan... (Continued)
Ladd’s boy was appealing in “The Proud Rebel,” you’ll like him even better in his very own movie. David’s a fine juvenile hero, sturdy and natural. If the film’s title rings a bell, that’s because Ouida’s book has been a fixture on the children’s shelf for a few generations back. And nobody’s tried to jazz it up. It still has the flavor of more than half-a-century ago, when it seems the world was full of poor orphan boys bravely making their own way (usually in the snow). When grandpa Donald Crisp is gone, David’s only friends are his big, loyal cart dog and an outspoken, slightly Bohemian painter. As the artist, Theodore Bikel adds a welcome dash of salt to the sugar, and Monique Ahrens is mighty pretty as his model. Seeing the wide sweep of the Lowlands and the quaint Dutch houses, you’ll agree the location trip was worthwhile.

**Toby Tyler**

For a wonder, here’s a second good whole-family picture in one month! David Ladd has a rival in chunky Kevin Corcoran (you remember him as the kid brother of “The Shaggy Dog”). Kevin’s a 19th Century orphan, too—an American farm boy who slips off to work for a circus, which is probably one of the smallest shows on earth. Like its young star, the movie has a delightfully matter-of-fact manner; Kevin finds this circus is no dream-come-true, but a hard-working outfit where nearly everybody talks tough. (Only one guy acts that way, though.) This is nearly unique among Disney pictures—no scary stuff! The small fry won’t have nightmares, though they may wail over the danger to Mr. Stubb (he’s Kevin’s pal, a mischievous chimp).

**Chance Meeting**

Here’s a slick, smart guessing game in the neatest British tradition. Even though detective Stanley Baker has a miserable, unglamorous cold in the head, the case he’s on is a stylish one. Germany’s good-looking Hardy Kruger, as a poor young Dutch painter, is accused of murdering Micheline Presle, his sophisticated mistress. Flashbacks show the lady was a cool customer, anxious to preserve her comfortable marriage to a very important Englishman. But there’s a surprise on the way! For a fillip of realism, a class-prejudice angle is tossed in. Seems the detective is personally sensitive on that subject.

**Seven Thieves**

“The perfect crime” is with us again, a fascinating idea to most meek, usually law-abiding characters. This time it’s Edward G. Robinson, as a mild old ex-professor, who dreams it up, and it’s a beauty. He wants to clean out the vault at the Monte Carlo Casino, and he’s lined up a shady crew to pull the job, with Rod Steiger in command. Most decorative of the thieves is Joan Collins, who shows off a considerable amount of a shape that’s just about perfect. The crime isn’t, but it’s generally entertaining, if not very credible (luckily for that nice ruling family of Monaco).

**Once More, With Feeling**

Each time this nutty comedy starts sagging into too much talk, two dazzling personalities come to the rescue and put the bounce back into it. The first is Yul Brynner as a long-haired conductor—now there’s a piece of casting! But Yul sticks to his usual hairdo (except for one scene) and throws the most awe-inspiring fits of temperament you ever saw. Mostly you’ll want to see the picture because it’s the last made by the late Kay Kendall, who plays Yul’s wife. Her rare gift for clowning seems extraprecious now. And her beauty is more remarkable because she appears to be so unconscious of it (even in a series of very striking outfits by Givenchy).

**Sink the Bismarck!**

Just to give us the feeling that we’re watching an actual news event, Edward R. Murrow comes on, playing his younger self, and introduces this sea epic of World War II. It’s all about the desperate British effort to find and destroy Nazi Germany’s
newest and mightiest ship, before she can sneak out and attack convoys. A few fictitious characters have been slipped in, like Kenneth More as the Royal Navy officer who plans the operation and Dana Wynter as the pretty Wren who assists him. Otherwise, it's all true—and so suspenseful you almost forget, while you're watching it, who won that war. Funny thing, though—it's sort of nostalgic, too. With all the super-weapons poised over our heads nowadays, these fighting ships might as well be picturesque square-riggers.

**Swan Lake**

*Columbia; Eastman Color*

Thanks to the U.S. cultural-exchange agreement with the U.S.S.R., we're invited to a performance of Tchaikovsky's fairytale suite at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow. It's a delight as long as we can concentrate on ballerina Maya Plisetskaya; every miraculously controlled motion of her whole body is pure poetry. But her work is chopped up by clumsy close-ups; the sound track is a far cry from hi-fi; and there are too many shots of the theater and especially the audience. You feel like hollering at those faraway fans, "Down in front!"

**Hell Bent for Leather**

*U-1; Cinemascope, Eastman Color*

If you're mad for westerns, you'll be satisfied with this modest Audie Murphy item. It puts Audie in the familiar fix of the innocent traveler who's mistaken for a desperado. Felicia Farr is the usual expert character-reader, smarter than the would-be lynch mob. In the past, you could rely on most of Audie's horse operas for a nice humorous slant. All you get this time is one grimly amusing scene with good actor Robert Middleton.

**The Rise and Fall of Legs Diamond**

*Warner*

There's some grim humor at the beginning of this old-time-gangster saga, too. Ray Danton's behavior in the title role is so outrageous, it's funny. But then the picture settles down to standard shoot-'em-up stuff; the mere fact that a lot of real names are thrown around doesn't make it much more interesting. The heroine of this one (Karen Steele) isn't such an expert character-reader; it takes her most of the movie to recognize the true nature of the monster she loves.

**Babette Goes to War**

*Columbia; Cinemascope, Eastman Color; Dialogue in French, Titles in English*

It's hard to make a funny picture on a serious subject, but Bardot & Co. have happily managed to do just that. Brigitte is not only fully dressed at all times, but she plays a nice girl, a lovable little character who blunders into the French underground, while the Nazis think she's working for them. Jacques Charrier (who's her off-screen husband) is a handsome Free French officer, and Ronald Howard's the eccentric Englishman who master-minds Brigitte's adventure into Occupied France, where Francis Blanche actually gets a lot of laughs as a Gestapo chief. In fact, the picture's a neat job all around, a smart suspense comedy. Brigitte herself doesn't do anything shocking, but there are a few spicy situations. They're handled very discreetly, but we'd still better call this . . .

**The 3rd Voice**

*20th; Cinemascope*

Right at the beginning of this picture, Laraine Day shoots her faithless lover dead, and then she leaves his body on the living-room floor and goes calmly into the bedroom to put some polish on her nails—with a steady hand, too. That'll give you a good idea of what a cool customer she is, and what an ironically tough movie this is. As her partner in the plot, Edmond O'Brien is a match for her. She has carefully trained him for the risky job of impersonating the murdered man, who was a financial big shot, and . . . Well, it all gets wildly complicated, but it isn't hard to follow, because the story is told so smoothly. About the only sympathetic character in sight is Julie London, a girl O'Brien very easily picks up in a hotel bar. If you're on your toes, you may spot some giveaway clues, but the finish is more likely to be a real surprise.
Bits and Pieces: A long and amusing letter accompanied Tony Randall’s gift to me of his new platter, “Bits and Pieces.” I wonder if Tony didn’t snatch that title from me, after all. I’ve been using that heading for a long, long time. . . . Charlton Heston feels people who live in glass houses should never move to New York. Charlton had no sooner taken possession of his glass house, atop a California mountain, than he took off for Broadway and the play “The Tumbler.” And there stands that beautiful California vista with no one to view it. . . . The feeling is that Anna Kashfi Brando was badly advised by well-meaning friends in her arguments with Marlon over visitation rights to their son Chris. But Superior Court Judge Allen T. Lynch finally took care of that ugly mess and now Marlon is permitted to have the boy he adores for short periods twice a week. . . . Liz Taylor, in establishing a trust fund for her three children—“those grave, those quiet, those questioning children” as someone termed them—made a wise move. These serious little ones seem to need all sorts of security—financial and emotional. Understand Liz’s son Chris imitates Eddie Fisher’s singing, gestures and all.

Close-ups: John Saxon is quietly dating other girls. “Vicki and I were never married,” he now confesses, “and she’s free to date, too.” . . . Jack Lemmon would have had a stroke had he known how frantically Glenn Ford tried to date his best girl, Felicia Farr, before he left for England. On the other hand, it may have jolted Jack into realizing what a prize he has in Felicia. . . . Millie Perkins took off for London to visit her best beau, Dean Stockwell, without a word to anyone. Dean is making a movie in England and Millie couldn’t bear the separation. . . . Doris Day is all ablaze since Rex Harrison agreed to co-star in her “Matilda Shouted Fire.” Rex is one of the best in the acting business and Doris is thrilled to the absolute bursting point. . . . Peter Lawford hustled over to furrier, Abe Lipsey, and ordered a full length, broadtail coat as a gift to his wife the day her brother, Senator John Kennedy, became a presidential nominee. And should Senator Kennedy win the presidency, won’t it seem strange to have Peter and his pals, Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr., roaming around the White House? . . . Judi Meredith’s romance with Barry Coe may have ended in disappointment but you couldn’t tell it from Judi these days. The town’s bachelors are really giving Miss Meredith a whirl.

John Saxon tells me the real truth about rumors on him and Vicki Thal.

The Charlton Hestons are sorry. Judy’s happier. Anything to do with Jim Mitchum?
Mail Box Corner: Letters and greetings poured in this month. Among them, one from my friend Van Johnson, now living in Switzerland. I remember so well when Van’s popularity among fans equaled that of Elvis today. Unfortunately, his marriage to Evy Wynn, divorced wife of his best friend Keenan Wynn, spelled doom to the big freckled-faced redhead and today his few movies are usually made in Europe. . . . Will Marilyn Gavran please send me her address once again. I seem to have mislaid it and so many readers want to join the Nelson Eddy fan club. . . . Marlene Schultz of Mayville, Wisconsin, is a real Earl Holliman fan and would love an autographed picture of her idol. Earl—please oblige. . . . Vivian Nelson of Helena, Montana, is so grateful for the mention of those former screen idols and hopes we keep stressing “those stars of yesterday.” . . . Anna Van Haansen of Paterson, New Jersey, writes that hers is the only National Fan Club for Robert Fuller of the “Laramie” TV series and tells how devoted Robert is to the club. . . . M. A. Pearce writes to ask “Who is Ralph Meeker?” Let’s say he’s that handsome and virile actor of stage and screen who has been woefully neglected by Hollywood, but may soon appear in a TV series. . . . And to Bobby Jean of Mississippi, start right where you are to act in school plays and little theaters and one day, my dear, you may be discovered. I do hope so.

Fads and Foibles: It’s chic to wear red satin slippers with pink evening dresses. At Johnny Mathis’ opening at the Cocoanut Grove, Zsa Zsa Gabor trotted from table to table to show off her red slippers. “It’s Dior’s idea, dollink,” she enthused. A few evenings previous, Zsa Zsa showed up at an elegant party all done up in white chiffon edged with ostrich feathers. After she leaned over to kiss me, I combed ostrich fuzz out of my hair for a week. A beautiful and amusing woman this Zsa Zsa. . . .

Babies, Babies Everywhere: “I want a child of my own,” confided Ava Gardner some time ago. “I will never be lonely again if only I can have a child.” Ava’s dream is now about to come true and adoption papers may be taken out any day now. . . . Steve Lawrence tore up from his Army post at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey, to be with his wife, singer Eydie Gorme, when their son was born at Doctor’s Hospital in New York. . . . Papa Jacques Charrier greeted the crowds outside his Paris apartment with a big happy grin. “It’s a boy,” he called. “We call him Nicolas Jacques.” And so Brigitte Bardot Charrier had her first child, while in a cafe nearby Jacques ordered champagne for all. . . . And if Loretta Young isn’t just about the youngest and happiest grandmother that ever so gracefully swung through an open TV door, then I give up. Loretta’s daughter’s baby girl is, of course, its grandmother’s pride and joy.

A Line or Two: Ask those seasoned men who drive stars around studio lots who their favorite is, and they come up with one answer—Barbara Stanwyck. “She’s the greatest, the most thoughtful, the most human,” they claim. I decided she was also the handsomest woman in town, with her natural grey hair and trim figure. . . . Steve Boyd, the Messala of “Ben-Hur,” seems to me one of the loneliest souls in town. “I’m alone, but not lonely,” he confided. I can tell him if Connie Francis had her way, Steve’s life would be a happy one. . . . If “The Alaskans” TV series folds, as rumored, maybe Dorothy Provine will respond to Buddy Bregman’s wooing, and Roger Moore will play the lead in Errol Flynn’s story, “My Wicked Wicked Ways.” (Continued)
A Day at the Studio: Bob Horton sat at the table behind me and Ward Bond two tables away, at lunch in the dining room of Universal studios. Even with his arch enemy, Ward Bond, nearby, Bob seemed more relaxed than usual, it seemed to me. I wonder why? . . . John Ireland, David Wayne, Venetia Stevenson, cowboys, Indians, agents and writers, were all milling about discussing their favorite subject—television. But over on Stage 26, Kirk Douglas was still making love to Jean Simmons, for that ever lovin’, ever livin’ movie “Spartacus” that goes on and on and on. And on Stage 13, producer Ross Hunter’s “Portrait in Black” was in full bloom with Lana Turner and Sandra Dee in the midst of a heavy, dramatic scene. And what two beauties they are, again playing mother and daughter as in “Imitation of Life.” As I watched Lana through the scene, I suddenly recalled a prediction she’d mentioned to me all of ten years ago. It seems an astrologer had told her that no matter how glaring the headlines, the scandals, the tragedies that lay ahead, her career would go right on zooming upward. And how right he proved to be. . . . Later, in her dressing room, Sandra Dee had me drooling over the Jean Louis wardrobe she wears in the movie and which the studio gave her outright as a gift. And what a figure for those dreamy, dreamy clothes! It’s a fact her waist measures 19”! But oh those clothes! Grey tweed suit and coat, green chiffon with ermine-trimmed green velvet coat, a brown tweed with beaver trim and a beaver hat. Sandra’s mother was all excited about an original painting Ross Hunter had given her and Sandra for their new house. Sandra has another “Gidget” movie after “Portrait” and then she flies to Europe for “Romanoff and Juliet.” . . . On a Monday, I stood chatting away with Jeanne Crain on Rodeo Drive, and the following day, Jeanne and Paul Brinkman became the parents of little Mary Jo, their sixth child.

George isn’t saying much yet, but it looks to me as if he’s “taken.”

Young Set: George Hamilton and Susan Kohner played brother and sister in “All the Fine Young Cannibals,” but off-screen, they date like crazy. George, in his Ivy League tux, and Susan, in her Sophia original, step high, wide and handsome. After the release of “Home From the Hill,” M-G-M expects young Hamilton to emerge “your favorite.” . . . It’s The Thing to get away from curls and swirls and wear one’s hair in a smooth sweep. Sandra Dee calls hers the “Dee Sideswipe” and naturally on her it’s divine. . . . It’s smart these days out here to wear three shades of eye shadow, one above the other—black next to the lashes, with a line of green above and finally topped by a thin line of blue. So mysterious. . . . It’s elegant, too, to wear jeweled chokers but it’s more fun to wear fake ones, gobs and gobs of them. . . . And if Gloria Swanson is a living example (and she is) of health food diets—organic vegetables and estrogen free meats—then it’s sensible to get on the wheat germ bandwagon. What a beauty this Swanson! And at her age, yet.

(Continued)

I Look Back: I saw her first in the year 1926 and decided, then, that despite the plump figure and foreign clothes, this unknown woman was the most beautiful I had ever seen. When later I saw her on the screen in “The Torrent,” I realized, along with M-G-M, this Greta Garbo was also a great artist. The studio hadn’t really wanted her and accepted her only as part of their contract bargain with Swedish director Maurice Stiller. But Stiller, who proved a failure, returned to Sweden to die of a broken heart and Garbo, slim and chic in her Adrian clothes, went on to make history in those passionate silent films with the current rage, John Gilbert. When talkies arrived, Gilbert failed to make the grade, despite Garbo’s kindness and help. And the forgotten idol, who loved Garbo so desperately, finally succumbed to the pain of bitter disappointment. The death of these two men who loved her, drove Garbo to a deeper inner seclusion and her “I want to be alone” became a byword. With the laughter of her “Ninotchka” and the tragedy of her beautiful “Camille,” Garbo became a legend in her own life, an actress conceded to be the greatest, yet one who was never given an Oscar. Now retired, Garbo roams the world still alone and never yet equaled in the greatness of her talent.
Looking wonderful and knowing it is the secret of a woman's self-confidence. It's the way you feel when candlelight bathes your face ... soft, warm, glowing. It's the way you look when your make-up is 'Touch-and-Glow' by Revlon. For this is the make-up that captures the fabulous flattery of candlelight on your complexion ... in any light! No wonder more smart women wear 'Touch-and-Glow' than any other liquid make-up. Shouldn't you?

When it's important to look your very best

'Touch-and-Glow' is the make-up for you

Revlon
Around Town: Debbie Reynolds arrived home from the day’s shooting on “Pleasure of His Company” with a story for little Carrie. “Today I wore a beautiful dress that one day will be yours,” she told Carrie. “It’s a bride’s dress made of wonderful old lace and I’m putting it away for the time when you grow up, fall in love and become a bride.” “Will it be tomorrow?” Carrie asked. “No, not tomorrow,” Debbie assured her. “But someday.” After Debbie’s name appeared on the worst-dressed poll, Paramount gave Debbie the Edith Head wardrobe she wears in this particular movie—the wedding dress among them. . . . When Kay Gable’s children “Bunker” and Joanie had their tonsils removed, the kids insisted Clark and Kay stay overnight in the hospital. “For a minute there I was afraid I’d have to promise to have my tonsils out too,” Clark grinned. He’s so crazy about those two children it really wouldn’t have surprised me at all if he did have them removed. The Gables had just moved bag and baggage into their new Palm Springs house only a few weeks before, and had to return to town because of this tonsil business.

Orange Blossoms: The bride wore a plain silk dress and a temperature of 103 when Julie London married her long-time suitor, Bobby Troup, in her home—just before a group of guests were due to arrive. “I have the flu and I’m married,” Julie greeted her friends who weren’t sure whether to shower the bride with rice or aspirin. . . . “The courtship is now over,” Darryl Hickman assured Pamela Lincoln after fifteen months of wooing. “Now we get married,” Darryl said. “Yes dear,” sighed Pamela as Darryl led his lady love to the marriage license bureau. . . . “It’s almost spring and now Lance and I will be married as we told you.” Jill St. John said. Which is wonderful with me, as I’m fond of both Jill and the handsome Lance Reventlow. “And I worked out the problem of Lance’s sport car racing,” Jill added. “I won’t go to see him race and then I won’t get so nervous about it.” And Lance’s mother, the fabulous Barbara Hutton, has given her approval of the bride, I’m told. . . . Fess Parker took his secretary Marcy Rinehart as his ever-loving bride in the town of Santa Barbara where the couple will make their home. Fess will commute to Hollywood in his own helicopter, if you please, and Mrs. Parker will continue as her husband’s business partner in his record company and various other enterprises. Which makes it cozy. . . . Hollywood, it seems, has its eye on a young beauty called Juliet Prowse. But so has Frank Sinatra. Juliet and Frank made “Can Can” together and now they are both constantly in each other’s company. Wonder if anything will come from this.

Unbelievable: Marilyn Monroe’s invite, to meet her co-star Yves Montand, was handwritten and, surprisingly, Marilyn was on time for the party and couldn’t have been more gracious or more lovely in her pale chiffon. A few evenings before, Marilyn was scarcely recognizable in Chasen’s restaurant, with overdone eye makeup, the lowest possible cut top with odd slacks and her hair piled on top of her head, on which rested a pair of dark glasses. She sat as close as possible to husband Arthur Miller, whom she fed huge forkfuls of marinated herring. The contrast between this Marilyn, so unbecomingly dowdy, and the gracious hostess at the Montand cocktail party, was almost unbelievable.
Van and Vicki fooled their friends.

**Cal York's Jottings:**
The whole town mourned along with Joe Cotten, whose wife died quite suddenly in Rome. The Cottens had been one of Hollywood's happiest and most constant couples. . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson sold their Mandeville Canyon home for a half-million dollars in favor of a smaller house in town and perhaps an extra one in that flourishing suburb of Newport, near Balboa. . . . David Ladd, who has been offered the "Tom Sawyer" TV series, may find it too strenuous, along with his school work. David, by the way, is a sensation in "A Dog of Flanders." And the movie's young producer, Robert Radnitz, thinks beauteous Margo Moore, the only girl in the world. . . . That Mt. Kenya Safari Club in East Africa is the talk of the town, with owners Bill Holden and Ray Ryan rather snooty over its memberships. Bill Holden, by the way, is building a house on a Hong Kong hilltop, so dear knows when we'll ever see him again. . . . Good luck Van Williams and Vicki Taylor, who surprised most of their friends when they were married on December 31, 1959, at 9:15 a.m. in the Wayfarers' Chapel in Palos Verdes, California. The couple originally had planned to wed next February in San Francisco, but a short break in the production schedule of Warner Bros.' "Bourbon Street Beat," in which Van co-stars, enabled the couple to move up the date. It was a lovely wedding.

**Van and Vicki Williams**

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**TRUSHAY**...the heavy-duty lotion for hard-worked hands
Now these Sears Kenmore washers add Sta-Puf automatically

To Make Your Wash Cloud Soft!

Your rinsing is just as complete as your washing with these Kenmore machines. They’re Simply Wonderful, the easiest-to-use automatic washers in the world. Besides having washing cycles for all fabrics, they have dispensers which automatically add Sta-Puf to the final rinse of your wash. You just pour Sta-Puf® Rinse into the dispenser, set the simplified control, and wonderful things happen. Towels fluff up almost half again as thick (tests on Sears Harmony House Towels prove it). Diapers are soft, smooth . . . helps prevent diaper rash. Nylon slips rinse static free, don’t cling. Enjoy a “cloud-soft,” Sta-Puf wash automatically with a Kenmore washer sold only by Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Free! — See a demonstration of the new Kenmore washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse absolutely free!

A. E. Staley Manufacturing Co., Decatur, Illinois

World’s Largest Seller of Home Laundry Appliances . . . nationwide service.

a. Space-saving 9-lb., 24” 7-cycle automatic washer
b. 10-lb., 29” 12-cycle automatic washer
c. Lady Kenmore combination washer-dryer
d. Lady Kenmore 14-cycle automatic washer with reservoir dispenser
where's Kookie going?
“Look, it’s Kookie!” Debbie cried.
“Gee, we didn’t wear shoes.”

“A gas leak,” Edd decided.

“Hold onto my shoulders, Deb,”
Edd said. “Susie’s tall.
So she gets the rumble seat.”
The day was sunny and warm, a perfect Saturday, but Bonnie Marshall, Debra Olson and Susie Grinel hardly noticed as they walked along the road, kicking pebbles with their bare feet. "Just because we're only ten," Bonnie complained to Debra as she rolled the sleeves of her shirt higher, "they don't have to treat us like children." Her friend, Susie, who was thirteen, nodded. None of the older girls had to walk home from the beach, she thought. They always got rides. Suddenly, a motorscooter sputtered up the road behind them and came to a stop. Deb was the first to turn. "It's Kookie," she gasped, "where's he going?" and grabbed Bonnie's arm. They stood and watched as he pushed his scooter to the side of the road and (Continued on page 87)
SANDRA DEE:

Read at your own risk!

She sits hugging her knees, for a minute, and then she changes, digs her feet deeper into the sand and laughs. Her poodle looks up, startled. She seems younger than she is. She looks thirteen. It’s because she doesn’t usually wear makeup when she’s loafing, but she always wears nail polish—“Pink’s my favorite.”

Her face looks sad one moment, and the next, she’s running around the beach after her dog. Suddenly she stops and says, “Do people really believe all those things that are written about (Continued on page 74)

by NANCY ANDERSON
The question was asked in a whisper,

yet the words seemed to grow louder and louder

and more insistent—

does God always punish?

(Continued on page 88)
The first year of marriage can be the wackiest...

One night, just a few months after their wedding, Nick came home, only to find Carol in tears.

"What's wrong, honey?" he asked. "Whatever's the matter? Did something happen to you?"

"Nothing... nothing's wrong," she replied, whimpering, and she disappeared into the kitchen to prepare dinner, leaving Nick standing there.

"But honey," he said, following her. "I know something's wrong. Please tell me, what is it?"

"Oh, now, you know very well what's wrong."

"Well... gee, no... I sure don't think I do."

"Discount clothes for our little baby, indeed!"

"Oh," he said, finally understanding it all.

Just that morning he'd mentioned to her over the telephone that, on his way to the studio, he'd passed a discount house which was selling cute baby things. He'd sug- (Continued on page 76)
the children
everybody stares at
Ingrid tries to protect them

Newsmen never leave them . . . little Robertino, nine, and his twin sisters, Isobella and Isotta, six. Not since Mama and Papa quarreled and got a divorce two years ago. Then, even more than before, people stared at them wherever they went. When these pictures were taken, they were arriving in Paris with Mama, from Italy where they’d been staying with Papa. But it’s been the same everywhere . . . rushing away from cameras. Sometimes they’d ask, Why do people stare? Mama (Continued)
“I wish I’d paid for it alone, but
my children are paying for it too."

would look troubled, but promise she’d protect them. Recently she said, "Now I’m happy, but I wish I’d paid for it alone. My children are paying, too." For three little ones, it’s become a frightening world. The price is paid. It’s time Ingrid and her children were left alone.
Hi, I'm coming home!

but first, please read my story.

I want you to understand WHY I'VE CHANGED
"I didn't know a grown man could cry"
I remember, as a small boy I often went hungry. I remember standing outside our two-room shack in the little cotton factory town of Tupelo, looking up toward the huge, red Mississippi sun, and shouting, “Oh, God. Please . . . I don’t want to stay here forever like this.”

I remember my father, who is a man above all else, sobbing because he couldn’t pay all our bills. I remember my mother—who died nearly two years ago—sacrificing her health by (Continued on page 82)

SPECIAL: written by Elvis Presley
#2 IN A SERIES

**Waltz**

learn how with
Annette and Paul

put your best foot forward...put your best foot

Glove leather slip-in
by Trio, $8.00.

Mesh and patent leather
by Velvet Step, $10.00.
The most graceful and romantic of all the dances is the waltz. Yet it's easy to learn, too. Just follow these step patterns. (Your left foot's white, right foot black—to tell them apart.)

1. Step back on right foot
2. Step to the side on left foot
3. Step together on right foot
4. Step forward on left foot
5. Step to the side on right foot
6. Step together on left foot

The girl begins the Box Step backwards on her right foot (step #1) and the man begins the Box Step forward on his left foot (step #4).

Both partners should turn gradually to the left while doing the Box Step.

**BALANCE STEPS**

**FORWARD AND BACKWARD**

To do this easy break in the waltz:
1. Step back on right foot
2. Step together on ball of left foot
3. Hold (no movement) balance
4. Step forward on left foot
5. Step together on ball of right foot
6. Hold (no movement) balance

The girl begins the Balance Step backward on her right foot (step #1) and the man begins forward on his left foot (step #4).

---

The basic box step diagram:

Start Here

Feet Together

1. Step back on right foot
2. Step to the side on left foot
3. Step together on right foot
4. Step forward on left foot
5. Step to the side on right foot
6. Step together on left foot

---

Step patterns by Fred Astaire Dance Studios.

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FOR MORE INFORMATION, TURN TO PAGE 77
WISE GUY

"Hey, kid! Hide this!"...From his tenement stoop in the Bronx, Bobby Cassatto stared at the knife that clattered on the steps by his feet. His black eyes seemed to grow as big and round as eight-balls. There was blood on the blade. Bobby didn't want to have anything to do with it—nor with the hoodlum who commanded (Continued on page 90)
...we knew

Dianne

isn’t
even

she

that

that

50
it was love

Lennon says it always easy to tell, though she confesses proposed to Dick Gass the second time she ever met him. But she admits now she didn’t actually fall in love with him until years later.

Confusing? (Continued on page 71)
FROM: Sara Hamilton—Hollywood

TO: New York office

SUBJECT: Cary Grant

I didn't get the story you wanted on Cary Grant. In fact, I didn't get any story at all. You see, what happened so threw me off base and into some sort of funny breaking-out spells, I never got around to it. But I thought I'd better send these notes on to you, since I hear Cary may be leaving Hollywood for good.

Anyway, it all began when I telephoned Cary's own Granart Production Company, expecting, as one always does, to go through various channels, stone-deaf secretaries, vice presidents in charge of utter frustration, and what-not. And, although Cary is a friend and not like anyone else in the whole world, I know

(More to come, see page 85)
Debbie said:

“COME ON IN, THE PARTY’S FOR YOU”

by SUSAN STURIES
Debbie’s Fan Club President
(I’m the one in the middy blouse)
Hi,” Debbie greeted as she opened the door for me. “Come on in.” I was so nervous I could hardly say hello. You see, my name is Susan Sturies and I was Debbie’s first official fan-club president. I’ve been president for ten years. And this year, when I wrote and said I was coming out to Hollywood (I live in Spirit Lake, Iowa), Debbie wrote back: “Let me give you a party!” She had a chocolate cake for me, with icing that read: “Welcome Susan from the L.A. Debbie Reynolds Fan Club.” Debbie looked great. When I told her so, she laughed. “It’s my favorite dress,” she said, “even though my mother made it over four years ago.” We all listened to some of her new records. I like “Summer Romance” the best, though “Tammy’s” still my favorite picture. Someone called and asked her to do a TV show. Debbie polled us on who we’d like to appear with her. Elvis won, of course, with Fabian next. Then we ate. The food was so great, I asked Debbie for her menu. (See right.)

Afterward, we went outside to have our picture taken, but I was still so excited I didn’t get everyone’s name.

I sat right next to Debbie when she served us punch in her very best silver cups. Then she played records for us.
DINAH SHORE:

"Can you ever get over a broken heart?" asked Dinah Shore, speaking slowly and looking thoughtfully over toward her husband, George Montgomery, as they sat relaxing in the garden of their home. "Missy will be asking me soon and I'll need an answer for her. Haven't you noticed how much she's grown lately? She'll be having boyfriends before very long and then . . . One day her heart will be broken. It must happen. It happens to every girl. And when the hurt is over, she'll be glad she had the same mistake I did. (Continued on page 93)
Eyebrows were raised when Joan Collins announced plans to marry Warren Beatty...but Joan says:

“Nothing matters when you’re in love”
A new white convertible stopped in front of the entrance to an elegant apartment building on Shoreham Drive in Hollywood. It was after midnight, and the street lamp shone softly on the brown-haired girl behind the wheel. She parked the car, stepped out, locked it and walked into the building alone. She hunted for her key and, finding it, unlocked the door and turned on the lights in the apartment. Everything was so still.

In the quiet of her bedroom, Joan Collins looked at herself in the mirror above her dresser. "You even look unhappy," she finally said out loud. And she wished, more than anything, that she could cry. She wished she could fling herself across the bed and sob. But she couldn't. Something held her back. Instead, she loosened the clasp to her pearls and started to remove them slowly—very slowly.

She’d just returned from another evening of watching television with friends. "You’re . . . you’re unhappy," something inside of her seemed to insist, "because you’ve made a mess of your personal life. You made a mess of one marriage, and you’ve been trying to make up for it ever since. . . . And all you’ve managed to prove (Continued on page 79)

by GEORGE CHRISTY
DIANE BAKER SHOWS:
THE HOLLYWOOD WAY TO IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE

FIGURE TYPE: Small Bosom, Large Hips—"The first day I went to the costume department at Twentieth," says Diane Baker, "I learned that clothes are more than clothes—they can camouflage, too." For large hips, Hollywood experts suggest bouffant skirts, like Diane's dress by Junior Theme, and vertical stripes which will slim you, too. Jewelry—like the new big pins—and interesting blouse detail can draw attention away from the hips. But watch out for too much fullness above the waist. It can make you look heavy all over. In separates, choose a skirt that's darker than the blouse. Wear dark hose and shoes.

UNDERGARMENTS
• If your bosom's too small, it will look larger because of the uplift it can get from a bra like this one that uses nylon-satin on the under-bust part of the cup for support. Jantzen. $3.95.
• A long-leg pantie girdle will reshape and slenderize hips that are too prominent. This one has a split-hip design and side panels of dull-elastic that give you moderate control and insure good comfort. Jantzen. $10.95.
• For the bouffant look that's so flattering to your type figure, wear this red, corded petticoat of nylon tricot that's specially treated to make it sparkle. Kayser Lingerie. $8.95.
FIGURE TYPE: Large Bosom, Small Hips—The trick is to play up the good features, play down the bad. Low-cut bouffant formals, with skirts to balance a large bosom, are good. So are the over-blouse, loosely-fitted suit or jacket-dress. Padded shoulders are not for you, but V necks, open-shirt collars and narrow square necklines are. Keep away from glitter jewelry or buttons—they accent the bust. When you're mixing separates, wear a blouse darker than the skirt. Here, Diane wears a red-and-white striped shortie jacket with a white sheath, by Amour. The fashion trick: it shows off slim hips, yet minimizes the bust.

Continued

UNDERGARMENTS
- If your bosom is large, you'll get roundness and control from circular spoke-stitching on the cups of this nylon-lace bandeau. Maidenform. $3.50.
- For maximum control, try a full-length bra with double-track stitching on the cups. This one's of cotton broadcloth, with a full elastic midriff and cross-cross elastic back so you can move around easily. Maidenform. A, B or C cup, $4.95; D cup, $5.95.
- To eliminate the tummy roll that's created when you need a bra with extra control, wear a pantie girdle that has a plunging waistband that won't bind you. Maidenform. $6.50.
from the bottom up

FIGURE TYPE: Too Slim—Don’t fret; with a proper bra and girdle, you can round out your figure, and with these few Hollywood fashion tips, wear almost anything. Good for you are: full skirts, pastels, white, bright colors and bold-patterned fabrics. So are wide belts and cummerbunds, necklines filled in with soft scarves or costume jewelry, light colored hose and shoes, twin sweaters. Diane’s dress by Junior Theme shows you can look good in a formal that’s not all-covered-up.

• To add form to your bosom, you need a bra with soft contour padding, like this one that also has an elastic release and a cotton back. Formfit, $3.00.

• Don’t be afraid of a strapless formal. Wear a strapless bra with rubber padding for naturalness, like this one of nylon tricot. Plastic stays are welded into the padding (so there are no wires to cut into you) and an elastic back insures a good and permanent fit. Formfit, $5.95.

• You can add shape to your figure and look good in straight skirts, too, with this pantie girdle that has a back foam-rubber contour panel covered with rayon jersey. Formfit, $12.50.
FIGURE TYPE: Overweight—Your fashion boners are too large buttons and belts that call attention, too much fullness, bulky fabrics, big collars and fancy cuffs. Try for simplicity, like the Darlyn Junior sheath Diane’s wearing here with simple Coro beads. Also good for you: two-piece dresses, suits, sleeved overblouses. (The new tunic is marvelous for you.) Remember, your clothes should fit easily, and subtle prints, darker shades and tiny waist pleats make you look slimmer.

Continued

• A fuller figure needs the control of a long bra. For good separation, this one has a criss-cross elastic front and, for control, circular stitched cotton cups, bias-cut elastic side panels and elastic back. Bestform. $5.00.

• To look slim from the waist down, you need a longer girdle, like this pantie girdle which goes almost to the knee. So it won’t ride up or down, there’s a one-inch elastic band at top and bottom and, for extra comfort, a nylon taffeta front panel and power-net elastic sides and back. Garters are inside for smooth fit. Bestform. $3.95.
from the bottom up

FIGURE TYPE: Well-Balanced—You're lucky, you can wear almost anything. But, if you're short, add to your height by wearing one color at a time, small prints or vertical lines. Stay away from padding; fullness or detail at the shoulders; wide, full skirts; tunics or over-size accessories. (They overwhelm a small figure.) If you're tall, you can wear flared, softly pleated and gored skirts, wide belts, bulky jewelry and big bags. But if you want to break your height, wear two-toned color schemes (like the Irene Ricky white tunic Diane wears here over Capezio's black tights), two-piece outfits, tunics, hip and finger-length coats, contrasting belts.

• You can wear a wide variety of clothes, so be sure your wardrobe includes at least one bra that can be worn with or without straps, like this one that also has a complete lastex band for good fit. Lovable, $2.00.

• Even the best figure needs some control. You can get it with comfort with this power-net pantie girdle that comes boxed with a supply of disposable inner liners, to save washing the girdle every night. Lovable, $5.00.

All jewelry by Coro
See Diane in 20th's "Journey to the Center of the Earth."
EXCLUSIVE
EXCITING
EXPLOSIVE
SHADES!

NEW HI-FASHION SWIVEL CASES

12 EXCLUSIVE EXCITING EXPLOSIVE SHADES!

Tangee cosmetics also available in Canada
A pretty lady used to come to see me every six months or so... they told me that she was my mother,

BUT TO ME SHE WAS A STRANGER

“I've got to go now, dear. You just stay in line with the other children and pretty soon the teacher will take you inside.”... Little Concetta Ingolia, who was only six, nodded at her aunt’s words, held herself proudly and tried to smile confidently, as she stood in the grey stone schoolyard. Her Aunt Francie waved (Continued)
goodbye and went away. It was Concetta Ingolia’s first day in school—Public School 75 in the Ridgewood section of Brooklyn—and her heart beat with excitement and curiosity. Around her, other children of her age stood waiting, and she noticed that some looked scared.

In a few minutes, a bell rang and it was time for all parents to leave. Connie, herself, was aware of feeling a little funny, but she was surprised when the other children started to cry. She couldn’t understand. She didn’t feel like crying at all. Going to school might be different, she thought, but not as different as all that.

Then, turning around, she suddenly recognized the little girl who was standing next to her... a small child with glasses and tight banana-like blond curls. She was Phyllis, and Connie often played with her on the block. Phyllis’ mouth began to pucker and tears started to well up in her eyes as soon as her mother left.

“Don’t cry,” she told Phyllis gently. “I’ll take care of you.”

And she did. She took Phyllis by the hand, and led her into the classroom.

It was no phenomenon that Concetta Ingolia—who was to grow into lovely Connie Stevens, singing star of TV’s “Hawaiian Eye” series—displayed such uncommon self-reliance on her first day at school.

Most of the other children had never before left their mothers, but Connie, at the early age of six, was used to being on her own. She had already been separated from her mother for a number of years. In fact, she couldn’t remember a time when her mother had not been away, because her parents were divorced and she lived with her grandparents.

“I was so used to it,” Connie explains, “that I could look forward to telling the other children when my mother was coming to see me. But she wasn’t someone I really knew. To me she was a stranger—just a pretty lady coming to see me, someone who smelled good and looked good, and brought me presents.”

Those shadowy visits which took place perhaps once every six months left no mark on Connie.

I was much closer to my grandmother,” she explains, thinking back to the earlier, happier years of her childhood. “If I didn’t see my grandmother for a while, I would certainly feel the difference. When my mother left, I would just go back to playing with my toys.

“The house was always full and lively,” she recalls. “We were a very large family—there were a great many aunts and uncles—and I didn’t miss my mother because I guess I didn’t really know what a mother was. I was raised by my grandparents until I was nine. And, in a way, I felt I had even more than other children in the neighborhood. You see, in our family, Grandpa was called Papa and Grandma, Mama. So when the other kids talked about their mamas, I could talk about mine too. And, if I was ever questioned very closely, which wasn’t often, I would simply say my mother was away. I was very proud because I had a mama and I had a mother also. I’d tell the other children, ‘She’s prettier than yours, too.’”

Connie’s mother, Eleanor McGinley, was a beautiful young singer of Irish, English and Indian extraction. Her father, a bass player, was an American of Italian ancestry. They had married in teenage haste, stayed together just long enough to have Connie and her brother Charles, who is six years older.

“I knew they were divorced before I was two,” Connie says, “but I don’t recall ever wondering about it until later. Even then, I never asked why. I figured they must have been too young. I liked living with my grandmother.”

But then, one day when she was nine, Connie came home from school to be met at the front door by one of her uncles. “Connie,” he said softly, and she noticed he had a funny look on his face. “Come with me... come into the living room.”

“What’s the matter?” she asked, surprised.

And she let him lead her into the living room, her coat still on and books still under her arm.

“Connie,” he began, first motioning her to sit down in an arm chair. “I don’t... I...”

“It’s Mama,” Connie interrupted, with an almost second sense.

“Yes. She collapsed this morning... her’s...”

Connie didn’t have to hear his last word. She knew it. Suddenly, it felt as though someone had drained her of all the happiness, all the self-confidence she ever had. She twisted around and buried her head in the cushion and cried uncontrollably.

Her uncle slipped quietly out of the room. He didn’t know what to say.

“When my grandmother died,” Connie says today, “I knew that my brother, then in his teens, was at an age when he wouldn’t want to be bothered with a baby sister. All my aunts and uncles—my grandmother’s children—were growing up, marrying, and moving to homes of their own. They didn’t have time for me. I was not their child. I felt left out and confused.”

H er devoted Aunt Francie did her best to look after her but she had her limitations, also.

“After all, Aunt Francie was married and had her own life,” Connie acknowledges sensitively. “She couldn’t possibly give me as much attention as she might have wished. Her place was with her husband, as it should be. So many times he would get angry with her for doing our wash, our clothes and making sure we acted correctly.”

(continued)
Finally, her father, whom she adored more than anyone on earth, returned from tour to discover that the problem of Connie's care had become acute. He was away too often to offer her a home so, with a heavy heart, he entered Connie in the ... made a big fuss over nothing," Connie shrugs, "but I realize it was right for her. I must have done the same thing in her place, probably, but at that time I was furious.

The big blowup came when Connie's stepmother slapped her.

One day," Connie explains, "we were all out together and I was sitting on a stool in a restaurant, talking to another girl and a busboy about some records. Someone behind me started laughing when my stepmother came by.

"Let's stop this now once and for all," her stepmother snapped, "And stop laughing at me. You're driving me crazy!

"I wasn't laughing," Connie insists plaintively. "But still she slapped my face, and I nearly fell off the stool. It was the only time anyone had ever hit me, and I don't think I deserved it...I was extremely hurt and embarrassed.

For the rest of the day Connie sank into a sullen silence. As soon as they got home she disappeared into her room and even the pleadings of her father did not change her mood. For years she had longed for the pleasure of having a mother and now, now that she had one, things were not turning out at all as she had dreamed they would be. At that moment, she felt that her own mother could have been there...but she knew that her mother had another life, another home which she could never truly share.

"I think a girl needs a mother most when she's a teenager," Connie says. "It was hard because there was just no common ground between my stepmother and me."

Later, they patched things up, but when Connie had an offer to go on tour with a dancing group called The Three Dubs, she grabbed at the chance—not only because it promised to advance her career, but because it presented a graceful way of leaving home.

"I figured that by leaving I could eliminate trouble and give my dad a little happiness," Connie says earnestly. "I just decided if I wasn't around, they'd be happier and everything would be all right. But evidently it wasn't meant to be. About a year afterward, while I was away on the road, Dad wrote and told me they'd broken up. But there are no hard feelings. My stepmother and I are friends now.

For all her trials and tribulations, Connie Stevens is a joyful and compassionate girl. It is to be expected that she would have won her stepmother's caution—by now, twenty-one years, and she does. Some of that caution—inspired by the knowledge of what happened when her own parents married young—has made her somewhat more circumspect. When her mother, without coyness, that she is in love with handsome young singer Gary Clark, she says she is in no hurry to marry him.

"I want to go to school on her childhood or even look back to it. But, when she does, it is to say, "Please don't feel sorry for me. There are people with far worse troubles than I have. And one thing I have happens to people who feel sorry for themselves."  

\*\*\*  

Connie is in "Hawaiian Eye" Wed., ABC-TV, 9-10 P.M. EST. She sings for Warner Bros
ward while putting on and closing your bra, to keep from injuring breast glands with improper pressure. Don't buy a bra that's too binding or that has gaping sides or too-tight straps.

For your girdle size, measure your waist. Girdles come in inch-sizes or are marked Extra-Small (under 24"), Small (24-26"), Medium (26-28"), Large (28-31"), Extra-Large (over 31"). The length of your girdle should match your measurement from waist to thigh and you should choose the style according to your hip development (the difference between your hip and waist measurements). Don't be shy when you're invited to the fitting room. The saleslady is trained to fit you with the proper bra and girdle.

### how to improve your figure

- Girdles are more comfortable because of today's miracle fibers, like the newest one, Lycrea. Here, it's used in a pantie girdle that has satin lashex panels in front and back for control, a 2 1/2 inch hand to slim your waist and an open-ovall crotch opening. Perma-Lift. $10.00.

- You'll feel prettier and be surer of yourself if your clothes are fun and feminine—from the bottom up. Like this corselet of nylon power net with nylon net panels. Designed for any figure, its all-in-one control gives you a smooth line under even a figure-hugging sheath. Olga. $45.00.

### how to get the most out of your undergarments

Bras and girdles can do wonderful things for your figure, but only if you get the right size. To find out what size bra you need, draw a tape measure around your body just under the bust. If you measure under 33 inches, add 5; over 33, add 3. That's your size. For your cup size, measure around the fullest part of the bust. If it's the same or smaller than your ribline measurement, you need an A cup. If it's an inch larger, you wear a B; 1 1/2 to 2 inches larger is a C; more than that's a D.

Whatever your size, lean for-
DIANNE LENNON

Continued from page 51

It all really began as long as thirteen years ago when seven-year-old Dianne Lennon was in the third grade of grammar school in Venice, California. She was visiting her grandmother who lived down the street, one day, when a boy from her class, Michael Gass, asked if she'd like to shoot marbles. Michael was a pretty good shot, and she really had to concentrate to stay even with him.

Suddenly, as she was kneeling in the center of the shooting circle, carefully aiming her marble more than a foot away, a shadow fell across the ground just as she shot. She missed. She groaned, glaring up at the boy who had made the shadow.

"What's my brother," said Michael, pointing to the intruder.

"Hi," Dianne grunted, unimpressed, and turned her attention back to the marbles.

That was her first—and brief—introduction to Dick Gass.

It wasn't until she was a freshman at St. Monica High that Dianne saw Dick again, although since the day he'd made her miss a marble-shot, she'd certainly heard a lot about him from Mike. During this time, Dick had gone away to study to be a priest, and then one day Mike told her that Dick had changed his mind. "Dick's coming home!" was the way Mike put it.

"Oh, that's nice," Dianne thought to herself, unconcerned. And she put the whole thing out of her mind.

Then one afternoon soon after, in the school yard at St. Monica's, she met Dick. It was Gail Armstrong, a senior, who brought them together, during a freshman initiation Dianne was going through which included doing stunt, foolish things that upperclassmen ordered.

Gail said, "Do you see that cute boy over there?" Dianne nodded as she pointed to a good-looking fellow on the other side of the yard.

Dianne gulped as Gail continued. "Well, he's Dick Gass . . . already a V.I.P. in the Junior class . . . now, can you guess what I want you to do?"

Dianne shook her head.

"I want you to walk over to him," Gail said, "get down on your hands and knees, and ask him to marry you. And make it real good. From the heart. Or I'll make you do it over again."

Somehow Dianne, blushing already, got across the schoolyard to where Dick was standing. She got down on her knees in front of him, closed her eyes tight, and blurted out, "My name is Dianne Lennon. I love you very much. I can't live without you. Will you marry me?"

"What?" Dick asked, somewhat astonished.

She opened her eyes slowly and looked into Dick's bewildered face. She actually felt her cheeks turning beet red. Then, slowly and timidly, she repeated, "My name is Dianne Lennon. I love you very much. I can't live without you. Will you marry me?" When she reached the words "marry me," she choked.

Dick reached down to help her to her feet, but she was too embarrassed to take his outstretched hand. All she wanted to do was to disappear into thin air. So she scrambled to her feet by herself and ran across the schoolyard into an empty closet room, peeking over her shoulder only once to see if Dick was looking. She saw that he was still shaking his head in bewilderment.

She wasn't aware of purposely avoiding Dick Gass after that, but somehow they never managed to run into each other.
So she was completely surprised in June, 1957, when Dick—who had by this time graduated from school and become a cable-splicer for the telephone company—called her and asked for a date.

She was already singing on the Lawrence Welk show by this time and had a busy rehearsal schedule that week. So she turned him down, convincing herself the old embarrassment when she’d been a freshman had had nothing at all to do with it.

She didn’t hear from him again all summer and had practically forgotten he existed, when one day her phone rang. It was Dick again. He’d been away, he told her, travelling all over the United States. Now that he was back, he wondered if they might go out on a date.

For her, it was another tight week of rehearsals, but there was something attractive about his voice. "Yes," she heard herself saying. "When?"

"How about next Saturday?" he asked. "Pick you up right after lunch. Want to go someplace special?" Dick asked.

"No, wherever you want. It’s up to you." As she put the phone back on the hook, she suddenly wondered if she’d recognize him when he came to the house. For all that, the two times she’d met him, so far, she’d been down on her knees and the only things she knew about Dick Gass were his shoes!

Saturday rehearsal didn’t go too well. She kept wondering if she’d be home and ready when Dick arrived. She hated to keep a boy waiting, especially on a first date. And then her sister, Peggy, wasn’t much help. Peggy was all excited. She had a date for the St. Monica homecoming football game and dance, and every time there was a break between numbers she kept chattering about it. A couple of times she hugged Dianne and said, "Wouldn’t it be great if you and Dick came along to the game and dance?" And they did.

Dianne wanted to say that she really didn’t want to go, but Peggy just chattered on all the way home, not letting her get a word in edgewise. From this time on, Bill Lennon, got the idea that Dianne and Dick planned to go to the game and the dance, too.

Dianne was upstairs dressing when she heard a car pull up in front of their house. As Dick walked toward the door, she saw, from her upstairs window, that he was good-looking.

Dianne’s father let Dick in, shook his hand, and said, "I hear you and Dianne are going to the football game and dance."

Dick blinked for a moment, and then smiled and nodded. "Yes." He hadn’t planned to go, but if that’s what Dianne wanted…

At this point, Dianne came downstairs and joined them. "Let’s hurry," Dick said to her, "or we’ll be late for the game." She didn’t really want to go to the game and dance, but if that’s what Dick wanted…

When they got outside, Dick opened the car door for her and she started to step in. She just took it for granted that there was a running board and didn’t bother looking down. But there wasn’t, and she stepped down into a large mud-puddle at the curb. Her shoe, her stocking, and the bottom of her skirt were covered with mud. She was so embarrassed.

It was too late to go back to the house and change. So they drove on.

St. Monica won the football game but neither Dianne nor Dick really cared. They tried to make small talk, but in their hearts they both knew their date was a miserable failure.

At the dance, Dianne wanted to fade into the background. Even though she’d done her best to make the necessary repairs to her clothes, she felt awful.

The music started, a fast, snappy number, and Dick turned toward her, ready to think, "It’s a good song for a jitterbug," he said.

"I don’t know how to jitterbug," she answered.

So he just shrugged and went off and danced with his sister who was also there. Dick danced a lot with his sister, that night, because somehow the band seemed to play mostly fast numbers. He didn’t offer to teach Dianne to jitterbug; he’d just listen to the first few bars of the song, shake his head if it was a fast number, and leave her to dance with his sister. She just couldn’t wait to get home.

She wouldn’t have minded at all if Dick had never wanted to see her again, but during the week it seemed he decided every time he tried to phone her and asked her to go to a movie Saturday. She found herself saying "Yes" once again. On Saturday, she woke up with a terrible sore throat and had to cancel the date.

It was pouring rain when they finally went out together again, and she found herself shlogging through puddles in her galoshes to reach his car. This time he not only held open the door for her, but he also helped her into the car, and for the first time they both laughed. During the next few hours, it seemed that everything they did made them laugh. She could hardly believe the change.

It was a crazy date. It had been raining for days and the streets were flooded. The telephone company had been called upon to make many repairs all over Venice and the service men had been busy. So Dick drove Dianne out to Ocean Park, in the middle of Highway 101, to say hello to his friends down in the manholes—the fellows doing emergency repairs.

They found there were many more fun dates. And whenever Dick was working for the phone company near Dianne’s house, he’d attach his test phone to the test line and call her.

By the time he called around, the date of her eighteenth birthday, they knew each other well enough for Dianne to ask Dick to be with her on that special occasion, the school prom, the senior prom.

Unlike that time at the St. Monica victory dance, the music was all sweet and slow, and Dick and Dianne danced almost every dance together. He’d given her a very bashful goodbye. And she’d jokingly slipped a carrot on his plate at the table—he loved carrots.

The slow, haunting melody of “My Funny Valentine” sent Dianne into a mellow illusion, and, as they danced, Dick’s lips brushed her cheek. She kept her eyes closed tightly, wanting to hold on to that precious moment forever.

They went everywhere together, after that, but their favorite date was just riding the little open-air tram from Venice to Ocean Park to Santa Monica and back.

Gradually, Dianne felt she was falling in love. "It didn’t happen any one special day," she explained. "Trumpets didn’t blow and drums didn’t rattle." It was just slowly that Dianne realized Dick was the only one for her.

"I think it had something to do with the fact that he felt the same way about so many of the same things," she said. "He’s also deep, religious, and we both found we enjoyed so much together, like listening to records and going for long walks by the sea. He also wants lots of children, like I do, so I think that would make me laugh at so many little things that happened. Perhaps, also, it was because he conveniently forgot that first time he proposed to hitch his star to Dianne’s work and the way she dreamed a home should be. And," she added laughingly, "I loved him just because he was crazy about Dianne!"

On the night of February 28, 1958, Dick proposed. He parked in front of her house, late that night, and asked her to sit with him a while. The moon, which had been hiding behind the clouds, suddenly popped out in full view. This seemed to be some sort of omen or cue for Dick, because suddenly he said softly: "Died?" He called her by the pet name he alone used. "Died?" It was, he knew, it’s kind of soon because we haven’t been going out long. But Died, you know…you must know how much I love you." Then he paused and added, "You must want me?" Then he looked down, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes," Dianne whispered as she leaned toward him. "Yes, yes, yes!" And they kissed, very gently and softly.

They wanted to rush into the house and tell her folks and then hurry over to his house and tell his family. Instead, they sat in the car and tried to talk rationally and make plans. They wouldn’t tell any one, they decided. Their stocking contract had at least two years more to run, and they couldn’t marry until those two years were over. After all, he was deter-
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on TV and Radio

*SPECIAL AWARDS ISSUE*

TV RADIO MIRROR

Look for April TV RADIO MIRROR on sale at all newsstands
Yesterday Jim brought me roses

I thought I was a good wife and mother... but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned... and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.
gested to Carol that she might look there. Their baby was due in the spring. "But what's wrong with that... why the tears?"

"Because... because it means you don't love me any more. You can't love me any more if you can make such a cheap suggestion for our baby. And only yesterday you said this noting, no anything in the world, would ever be too good for me. Men are so unpredictable," she finished.

"Husbands especially."

Nick looked startled, then for a moment they just stood staring at each other, not saying a word.

Suddenly Nick blurted out, "No kid of mine is going to wear fancy clothes when all he'll do at the beginning is run around and wear them out anyhow!"

Another silence followed. "Maybe I never really knew you," she said quietly.

"You're so sensitive," Nick grumbled. "I only suggested..."

There was a knock at the door. Nick went over to answer it. It was a neighbor from across the hall who was standing holding a little pink cup in her hand. "Could you spare a little coffee?" she asked. "I'm completely out."

Carol hung her head, hoping the neighbor wouldn't see her red eyes. Then, as Nick went into the kitchen, the neighbor, who fumbled in her pocket for a handkerchief and began blowing her nose vigorously, as though she had a heavy cold, "I can't let her see I've been crying," Carol thought, embarrassed.

"Hay fever?" asked the neighbor.

"Oh... yes," Carol answered. "I've suffered a lot this year."

"That's a shame," said the neighbor.

And, seeing Nick, added, "Your poor wife.

"Poor wife?" repeated Nick, looking puzzled.

"Yes... her hay fever."

"Hay fever?"

"Yes, darling," said Carol thinking very quickly, and deciding how slow men can be to catch on at times. "You know how I suffer."

Then, turning to the neighbor, she added, "He's been so sweet about it. Keeps insisting I take pills although I know they do no good."

The woman took the coffee from Nick, thanked them, started to leave, then turned and said casually, "You two certainly have fixed your place up grand. You are really lucky kids. Yes, you sure are lucky... my daughter's been married eight years next March. She and her husband haven't been able to have a child yet. Oh, they don't say anything, but you can tell they feel something's missing in their lives -- well, I hope I haven't bothered you..."

As soon as the door closed, they looked at each other sheepishly.

"Hay fever," scolded Nick, playfully.

"Only my wife could think of something like that.

"I guess she's right, Nick. We are lucky."

And she ran over to Nick to kiss him. "I'm sorry I shouted," she said. "It's all my fault."

"No, it was mine," Nick insisted. "And for the moment, everything was quiet again. Then they both roared and Nick grabbed her, lifted her up and dumped her on the sofa. "It was my fault," he insisted, threatening to tickle her if she didn't agree. She nodded yes because she was laughing too hard to answer.

"Remember," she asked, when finally she caught her breath. "Remember we said, the night we were going to honeymoon, 'Our first one on our honeymoon. And she smiled as she pushed back his hair gently...

She and Nick had been sitting close together on an old-fashioned love seat in front of a crackling, red-orange fire. It had felt cozy and warm, just as she'd dreamed it would be. Outside, the wind was howling, gently, making a whistling sound as it rushed past the trees.

They'd been married just forty-eight hours and were spending their honeymoon in a white-frame cottage, nestled between trees, and overlooking a big blue lake. The resort, Lake Arrowhead, only a few hours drive from Hollywood, was nearly deserted at that time of year, so Nick, and Nick had almost an entire mountain to themselves. It was beautiful and quiet; a perfect place, she had thought, for two people in love who are all involved with the newness of each other. They had sat silently, for a while, holding hands and then suddenly they began talking about the future, about all the things they were going to do together. Then, almost together, they got onto the question of the past, learning all the little things about each other that they hadn't had time to discuss during their very brief courtship.

In fact, they'd only met a month before —

when they'd gone separately, to a big Hollywood party and, they later decided, were drawn to each other by some magnetic-like force that was neither explainable nor logical. He'd asked her name. They'd begun to chat. He'd taken her home. They'd sat parked in his car in front of her house talking until the first rays of the sun came up. Later that day, they'd gone out to dinner. Twenty-one days later, Nick had slipped a diamond ring on her finger and, after an eight day engagement, they'd flown to Las Vegas, along with her parents and sisters and a half dozen friends of Nick, to be married. Then they'd flown right back to Hollywood, spent their wedding night in Nick's bachelor apartment and, since he had only two days free before starting a TV show, they'd left early the next morning for the lake.

"Nick," she'd said silently, "When— when we have children, what would you like us to call them?"

"Children!" Nick quipped. "Sounds like you have a whole brood in mind."

"No... not really. Just maybe two... or three."

Nick had been silent for a moment.

"Reb's a good name for a boy," he said at length. "But it's a long way off."

"Reb? Reb?" she'd repeated. "It's strong. Or Mark?"

"Mmm," said Nick, not so convinced.

"Bet you'll be a strict father," she'd teased.

"And what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing," she'd laughed at his stern expression. "It's good... as long as you're not too strict."

Well, I don't believe in sparing the rod," he'd said. "And I also think a kid should learn by his own mistakes!... by his own mistakes! That's an awful way to treat a child!" she'd said.

And suddenly, they were having their first argument—about how to raise children and about how to raise their children's honeymoon. And they learned something. When you're deeply in love, when you're learning to live together, when you want to be perfect, you learn something important. And when everything is important, as Nick would laugh many times, you're sure to argue.

"It's because I love you so much that every thing is so important," had said, when two seconds later, they had made up and were appalled that they should have shouted at each other. And she had agreed.

"Sometimes it's hard to understand the person fully when you're so caught up with the newness of marriage," Carol says today. Now she knows why Nick feels this way about bringing up children. What's more, she agrees.

It was because they'd been raised differently. She'd always been sheltered, surrounded not only by close family ties but by economic security. She'd never known hunger or want. She was used to scrounging for a living or how it felt to want something so much you could almost taste it. But Nick did.

He'd been raised in a hard working family who'd never had more than basic necessities—something he wanted his children to know about so they could appreciate all that they had.

After their two-day honeymoon, they'd come back to town, found a nice apartment and moved right in. Nick had teased her and insisted she'd only wanted the place because of its big kitchen.

And she'd laughed and admitted that maybe this was true. And they'd gone to look for furniture and had fun picking out the pieces they wanted. It had all been so wonderful setting up their new home.

She had promised herself that she was.
Put Your Best Foot Forward

The shoes shown on pages 46 and 47 are available at good stores across the country. For further information, write to the manufacturers listed below:

Glove leather slip-in by Trio:
International Shoe Co.
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Patent leather flat by Connie:
Wald Shoe Co.
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Patterned sweet kid by Jolene:
Tober-Saifer Shoe Mfg. Co.
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just opened. Before she realized what had happened, the day had flown by and it was already six o'clock. She had rushed into the nearest supermarket, bought a quick TV dinner and a carton of ice cream and arrived home just a few minutes before Nick.

When he got in he seemed tired and, taking off his coat, had said, "Boy, what a day I've had. The only thing that kept me going was the thought of you ... and the wonderful dinner that would be wait-
ing for me. And am I hungry! You know I'm a lucky guy. I've told everybody what a great little cook I married."

She didn't know what to do. She just began servants the TV dinner.

"I was out shopping and I met a gir-
friend. I guess I must have forgotten about the time ... I am sorry," she said quietly.

Nick looked up. "What do you mean? This is exactly what I wanted."

She could have hugged him. Instead, the next day, she especially telephoned him at the studio to ask him what she'd like for dinner that night, apologizing for what seemed to be the hundredth time—for the night before.

"What would you like, Nick," she'd asked. "Name anything."

For a moment there had been silence, then he said, How about a chicken TV dinner. You know, I kind of like them."

And there had been so many wonder-
ful things, too, that they'd shared during their early wacky months of marriage.

Sometimes, Carol felt, she loved Nick so much she could never show him how much. They had so much happiness. Then, when the doctor told her what she had hoped might be true—that she was to have a baby—she felt that it all couldn't be possible.

The first time she put on her maternity clothes, Nick had laughed happily and joked, "You look just like a kid playing at dressing up."

And in a way she felt that, too. She was only five feet tall and she looked like a little girl who'd stuffed herself with a pillow. But she was wonder-
fully healthy, and if pregnancy disrup-
ted the household, it was only because Nick had food cravings.

A

around that same time they'd gone house-hunting because the apartment they had wasn't big enough for three and they hoped to move into a home of place sitting on a hillside. It was round and made of attractive flagstone and it had two bedrooms as well as a guest room. There was a big kitchen, a dining room, and a place off the master bedroom to be turned into a nursery. The living room was large and in the center was a fireplace that reached to the ceiling, and from anywhere in the place, you could look through the glass roof and see the sky.

Then Nick came home one night to tell her he'd sold his idea for a TV series and on top of that Mercury had asked him to record "Born a Rebel" and "Bull RB."

"You've brought me luck," he'd said, hug-
ging her tightly. "You know that the...

everything good has happened to me since I met you. And you're the most precious. I love you, Carol, very much."

She wanted to tell him exactly how she felt, but all she could say, shyly, was "Me too." Somehow, he seemed to understand because he said, "I know."

Nick had to work seven days a week after the series started filming. She hardly
ever saw him, and she began to worry as thousands of other new brides have, "If he loved me, he'd come home—no matter what."

Then one night she couldn't stand it any longer. When Nick came home, she didn't meet him at the door and when he finally found her, she asked quietly, "Nick, why . . . why are you away so much? Is there that much to do? Is everything else more important than me?" The words just seemed to flood. She couldn't stop them.

Nick didn't answer. He just paced up and down. "I," he began, then stopped and paced a little more. "It's like this . . ."

He tried again. And he stopped a second time.

"You don't love me any more. Is that what you're trying to say?" Carol shouted.

"No, Carol. No," he said, with anger in his voice. "I love you more than anything else in this world . . ."

She bent her head on his shoulder. She was no ashamed to let him feel so safe to herself, she could only say over and over, like a broken record, "I'm so sorry, so sorry, Nick."

They were learning all the time.

G

gradually, Nick became more mellow and Carol a little stronger. They argued but she didn't collapse into tears and he didn't clam up. She still missed him and maybe he couldn't call her five times a day from the studio, but he still called twice. And when he came home late at night and more of his weekends were crowded with publicity tours and appearances, no matter how busy he was, they still found time for being together. Daily, their understanding grew. They became more natural with each other and felt more sure of their marriage, more contented. They were growing sure of each other's love.

And then, one Friday night, Nick came home to find a roast beef dinner waiting for him. There was a pink cloth on the table and candles lit and music playing and all their best china and silver neatly ar-

ranged. Carol's hair was combed back and she had on her best black maternity skirt and a frilly white lace top.

After the meal, Nick put a few logs on the fire and Carol curled up on the sofa. Nick sat beside her and they talked quietly.

"About she'd discovered a wonderful "cook-By" type of place sitting on a hillside. It was round and made of attractive flagstone and it had two bedrooms as well as a guest room. There was a big kitchen, a dining room, and a place off the master bedroom to be turned into a nursery. The living room was large and in the center was a fireplace that reached to the ceiling, and from anywhere in the place, you could look through the glass roof and see the sky.

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is that you’re getting nowhere fast. You run to parties and good times, dating millionaire actors and handsome princes—but have they made you happy?

She took a warm bath to relax and, later, as she turned off the light, she stretched back and prayed that sometime this year some change would come, some change for the better. And as she prayed, she thought back over her life and what it was she really wanted.

Did she want marriage? She was afraid, worried that she might marry on the run the way she did when she was seventeen, only to have it end in misery. But years had passed since then. Hadn’t she grown up? Hadn’t she developed a sense of responsibility about life? Then what sort of man was for her? She pondered these questions over and over, tossing restlessly, wishing she could fall into a deep sleep.

One August night, soon after, she accepted an invitation of her friends, Herb and Barbara Viner, who had asked her to join them for dinner at an intimate restaurant in Hollywood. Joan, arriving a little early at the restaurant, waited in the lobby. While standing there, she suddenly sensed she was being stared at by someone. She looked around and finally her eyes settled on a young man, sitting with a lovely tall and suntanned girl opposite him.

Was she imagining things—or was he looking at her? He definitely was, she decided, a few minutes later.

Embarrassed, she went to wait for Herb and Barb at the doorway. When they arrived she told them about the man. “I have had the queerest feeling,” Joan said, “of being stared at. Don’t look now but I think it’s that young man over there. Isn’t that awful? A man flirting with another girl when he’s out with a date?”

Barb, looking over Joan’s shoulder, interrupted her. “That’s Warren Beatty,” she whispered. “You couldn’t mean him. He’s Shirley MacLaine’s brother.”

They walked on toward their table, and Joan forgot about him, not knowing, at the time, that he was the man she would some day want to marry.

She was to see him again just a few days later. That Saturday, Joan’s good friend, John Foreman, called, and suggested they go to a party that evening at Debbie Power Loew’s.

“But I don’t feel like dressing,” Joan complained.

“Come on,” John coaxed. “It’ll do you good. You don’t go out much any more, and it’ll be fun. There’ll be lots of people there and they’ll pick up your spirits.”

No sooner did she arrive at the crowded party than she spotted Warren—with another date. He didn’t say hello to her.

Dressed in a dark flannel suit, Warren was sitting at the grand piano in the living room, playing free and easy jazz that blended softly with the babble of voices. His date stood close by him.

All evening he and Joan didn’t acknowledge each other. She waited for him to nod, or smile, but he didn’t. And she realized she felt hurt. Finally, as the party began to break up, Joan invited a few of the guests to her apartment for coffee. Then someone suggested, “Why don’t you ask Warren Beatty and his date? He seems lonely. Just got into town a couple of weeks ago.”

Joan, startled, yet trying to maintain her composure, replied, “I really don’t know Warren very well. But if you want to ask him—and his girl—that’s fine with me.”

“She’s not his girl,” the fellow explained. “Only a blind date.”

He went over to the piano, spoke to Warren and handed him a piece of paper with Joan’s address and telephone number. Back at Joan’s apartment, the crowd played records, danced, ate and drank coffee. By two o’clock when everyone had left, Joan was alone again. She had hoped Warren would come. But he never did.

The next morning she got up early and drove to the beach at Santa Monica. Returning home, late that afternoon, she dialed her telephone-answering service to check if there were any messages left for her.

Warren Beatty had called six times! No sooner did she put down the receiver than the telephone rang.

“Hello,” Joan said.

“Joan?” A slow, drawling voice at the other end of the line spoke. “This is . . . Warren, Warren Beatty.”

“Hi,” Joan said. “I just got home from the beach and found your messages.”

“Are you busy for dinner?”

She paused. She just didn’t know what to say. He’d acted so strangely—right from the first time in the restaurant.

Suddenly, she found herself agreeing to meet him in fifteen minutes. Was it curiosity?

She dressed more quickly than she’d ever dressed in her life: a pastel rose blouse, a burgundy skirt, a gold bracelet and small gold hoop earrings.

He arrived and suggested they dine at a little Mexican restaurant. She liked the authority with which he suggested the

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place, not waiting for her to dilly-dally. At first, it seemed difficult to talk. She found herself staring into his blue eyes that were mysterious and deep. "Do you like Hollywood?" she ventured.

She saw him swallow. "Uh-huh," he replied, non-committally, reaching over to light her cigarette.

Finally, unable to hold back the question any longer, she put down her fork, looked into his eyes, and asked him directly, "Warren, may I ask, why did you call memosery but didn't speak to me on Saturday?"

After a pause, longer than an eternity, he explained, "I was very depressed on Saturday and when they asked me to come over to your apartment I didn't want you to see me in such a blue mood.

She closed her eyes; somehow she believed what he said, although she couldn't understand why. Maybe, she thought, he looked straight at her when he spoke. He didn't seem like the same man who'd stared at her in the restaurant.

He continued, "I...I was so happy tonight when you met me for dinner, that I went out and childishly had an ice cream cone to celebrate! I'd been wanting to meet you since I first came to Hollywood."

Looking up at her eyes, she suddenly wanted to cry. But why?

Their conversation flown. They found they had so much to talk about, that they couldn't stop. They discussed books they liked, their parents in California. It was hard to believe the two of them could be sitting in this small, inconsequential restaurant, enjoying each other's company so much. Many of the men Joan had dated demanded constant attention and flattery. And to them it was imperative they be seen in the "right places" with her, while she was expected to wear French gowns and pose like a magazine queen for newspaper photographers. Now, all of a sudden, she realized the deep happiness of sitting across the table from someone who seemed to like her just for being herself.

She told him a great deal about herself: her childhood days in England, the student years at the Royal Academy in London. Her dad, a vaudeville booking agent, had been too busy to get into show business, but she loved it because she grew up with it. How did she get her first break? Warren wanted to know.

Through my modeling," she confessed. "Someday we will talk about that."

"Some agents suggested I tested for the lead in 'Lady Godiva Rides Again,' and was turned down. But I did get a bit part."

She listened intently to what Warren told her about himself: his childhood in Virginia where his dad was a college professor. Warren laughed over how he and his sister, Sharon, hassled over who would have the car on weekends. He was crazy about basketball, track and baseball. Northwestern offered him a football scholarship, and he accepted it for a year. Then he decided to go on his own to New York to study acting.

Sipping iced tea and water, they sat at the table for hours. On the way home, he asked her for a date for the following night. She accepted, but asked for another date. And they began dating every night, dining or taking cool rides, or just sitting at her home talking.

"You know what?" Joan confided one evening. "Since I've moved, I used to always go into large, well-known restaurants. Now, I don't care about such things. Just as long as I'm with you. It's being with someone that brings happiness and being somewhere. And you make me feel like a lady wherever we are."

True, he was gentlemanly, his family had given him a love for manners. He always lit her cigarettes, held a door open for her, stood up the moment she came into a room.

Then, one day, Warren was cast in the Broadway play, "A Loss of Roses," and they found themselves separated. After just a few days, Joan, unable to bear being away from him, flew to New York. While he rehearsed, they never went out. They stayed in his apartment while she helped him memorize his lines, meeting during the day just for quick meals together. She wanted him to be a success, and she wanted to help him in the study of his role.

In such a short time, it was hard to believe what had happened to her. As though she were another person; or was it just that she never before had allowed her natural self to emerge? Had she kept her real self hidden from the world, afraid she might want and poke fun at her for not being a runabout—what was expected of a movie star?

Now, she was hardly making any demands. Instead, she was learning the lines, giving him a confidence to prove to himself that he was a good actor, and she waited patiently with him through all the difficult weeks of rehearsal and then waited to see what the critics would say.

The critics raved. She was happy. And a week later, after Warren's show opened on Broadway, she refused to go to London for the filming of " Sons and Lovers." New York is her home, she explained, because she didn't want to leave Warren. Was it true?

That evening, as the newspapers carried the news, she was with Warren after the show. As she walked to the theater, she alone knew why she had turned down the role, and it was not for the reason they had suggested. Much as she loved Warren, much as she hated to be away from him, she didn't turn it down because of that. She had turned down the role because of a new confidence in herself. A confidence Warren's love had given her. A confidence she only take roles she really wanted. And live a life which she herself really wished. Not one just filled with outer glamour which now seemed empty.

"Warren has given me strength," Joan said later. "But then all lovers give each other strength, don't they? And the more we get to know each other, the greater our stronger we grow."

Alas, Joan, marriage! Already, for instance, there are people who are casting little barbs at us. But I don't pay any attention to them. They say Warren's younger than I. He's only a year older than me, they say. We'll get ahead, to find some security. He doesn't take me to smart places. He can't afford them. But all these things don't matter, somehow. Nothing matters when you're in love, have deep-rooted belief in each other. That's what's enriching.

We're not officially engaged yet. But that's all right. It doesn't matter either, you see."

"Like every woman, I needed love to bring me back to life. Do you know that line by the poet, Rilke? It sums up my feelings about love and life."

"Love consists in these two solitudes: that you protect and touch, and greet each other. That's what I believe."

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Handwriting does not lie...
ELVIS PRESLEY

Continued from page 45

working so we could keep going through the rough times.

These are the symbols I keep before me. I don't forget those early days now that I have so much. I don't forget that I've been lucky. Thousands live like we used to live. I'm lucky that millions of people all over the world wanted exactly what I had to offer—that I now have every material thing I want.

I thank God for all that. But there were those early days when we seemed to have no clothes, no beds, no homes, and no one to help us. I don't know if you knew my mother and father were both orphans. They married when Mom was seventeen and Dad a year or so older.

I was one of twins, born in the little shack at Tupelo. My twin brother Aaron died when he was just a few months old and I was given the name Aaron after my first name.

My brother's death hit my parents hard, but they say when one twin dies the other grows up with all the qualities of the other. I did that, and if I were lucky it may have been very tough, but I didn't know it then since I had no other kind of life to compare it with.

I know that when I was four or five I looked forward to was Sundays when we all went to sing at our church. We were members of the Fundamentalist Assemblies of God.

I loved the music and sang as loud as I could. We borrowed the style of our psalm singing from that of the early Negro—a rolling, rhythmic style, with everybody clapping his hands. It was the only singing training I ever had. I never had lessons. Probably, this early revivalist type of singing had an effect on my style today.

I don't honestly know. As I got older I used to sing solos, and my ambition as a young teenager was to be a quartette gospel singer.

I loved the old church filled with sunlight and my mother and father singing beside me. We forgot our problems.

Then when I was fourteen, my parents could forget them no longer. They decided to go to a bigger town so Dad could get more work.

We left the shack in Tupelo and headed for the big town of Memphis in Tennessee, where we had another two-room home on Alabama Street. Here, Dad found work. He got a fairly good job in a paint factory, but my mother had to go out to work to keep us going.

They sent me to the Memphis high school and clothed me as well as any of the other kids, although it cost them a lot. After school, I worked nights as a movie attendant. That brought in another $14 a week.

Weekends, I mowed lawns with Negro laborers at a half-dollar an hour. It depended on the size of the lawn.

I was strong and liked working hard. At school, I spent two years in the cadet corps they ran there, but after the first year I wasn't doing as well as I hoped and my interest dropped. After I graduated, I went to work in a factory, getting up at 3 a.m. for my shift.

After that I drove a truck. I felt I was growing into a man, and our finances, for once, weren't so bad.

Then came more trouble when I was about eighteen. My father injured his back, slipping a disc. He came home in great pain one night. He went to the hospital for about two weeks and had to lie still. When he finally came home, he couldn't work for weeks.

This put a big strain on my mother who had got a job at the hospital, a job she didn't leave for two years. She bathed patients, made beds, scrubbed floors, and worked harder than she'd ever done before.

Her health began to fail. But she kept it at it and came home every evening to cook supper, do the housework and mend our clothes.

I used to tell her, "Mom, you shouldn't have to work so hard." And she would smile and say, "I love you both so much. I'd sooner work for you than anything in this world."

In the evenings, I tried to cheer them up by playing tunes I'd made up on a guitar either had bought me for my birthday. It cost him eight dollars and that meant he had to go without smokes for weeks.

But I never realized our position was getting serious until one night when I came home. My father was sitting on his bed with his head in his hands. I thought he was thinking hard.

"What's up, Dad?" he looked away but he had tears in his eyes. I'd never seen my father cry. I didn't know a full-grown man could cry.

There had been times when he had been washed up when he may have been too easy, but he was my father and to see him like that made me scared inside.

As I stood there, it was as though something snapped inside of me. I was a young boy then, the only other man suffer. That made me grow up. Looking back, I believe it even changed my whole life.

I knew his injury was worse than he'd told us. He was going to be out of work for a while.

He turned to me and said: "Look son, it's time you knew the truth. My back is worse than I thought and there may be long periods when I can't work at all. "I'm going to have a tough time paying all our bills."

I didn't know what to say when he went on: "I never expected to be the greatest man in the world, but I wanted to be a good husband to your mother and a good father to you."

"Now it seems we're in for some real hard times."

When he finished talking, I went away feeling helpless. I was eighteen. What could I do? I did the first thing that came to my mind. I got down on my knees and prayed to God to show me some way to help my parents. It was my turn to help them now.

One day I was driving down the Memphs main street when I remembered it was Mother's birthday. I thought I could do something to cheer her up.

I was idling along when I saw a sign which read: "Sun Records Inc. Memphis Recording Services." I had my guitar in the truck so I stopped and went in.

The owner, Sam Phillips, and his secretary were sitting at a desk. They said it would cost me four dollars to make a record, so I paid and went into a booth. I sang the first two songs I thought of—"My Happiness" and "Heartache Begins"—and I remember feeling very silly in there
all on my own, singing only to myself. When I came out, Sam Phillips said: "You got a fair voice, I'll call you some day. We'll try out a number or two." He called just one year later.

Well, we tried a few slow ballads for a couple of hours, then, during a coffee break, I tried to make a few pals laugh by singing a fast rhythm and blues number.

They got to clapping, then Mr. Phillips suddenly yelled loud and bounded over. "Boy, that's great! That’s how you gotta sing. Let it go. Sing up a storm."

I made five more records for Sun Records after that, all of which were played on the local radio station.

Then came the day I was invited to make a personal appearance. It was in an outdoor theater in the town.

The main performers were opera stars. When I went on, I made myself forget me. I sang "That’s All Right Mama" and gave it all I had.

Suddenly the teenagers at the back of the audience started screaming.

I finished—and they screamed louder and louder. I was scared. I didn’t understand it.

But, when I knew they were screaming for me, I felt something big and wonderful had begun.

I slept badly that night. I had nightmares full of screaming people, but they weren’t frightening dreams because I knew that those screams meant the end of money worries for Mom and Dad.

The poverty we’d known all our lives and had come to accept, was going to end. For years my mother had ruined her health suffering for me and for Dad while he was out of work with an injured back. Now my chance to help had arrived.

First, I was signed up by showman Col. Tom Parker, one of the shrewdest managers in the business. He got my contract with the small Memphis record company taken up by RCA Victor.

My first record for them was "Heartbreak Hotel." It hit the top and was my first record to sell over a million.

For the first time in his life, Elvis Aaron Presley and his parents had money to spare. I went kind of mad.

I bought one Cadillac, then another. I moved my folks from the two-room shack on Alabama St., Memphis, to a $30,000 mansion, then to our $100,000 home just outside the town.

I went on long tours. Everywhere, the kids went crazy. Police at every town were reinforced when I sang. I never liked that kind of fuss, but there was little I could do about it.

Church leaders said my style was immoral, I didn't and still don't see any harm in my style. Soon the fuss died down.

Then, in Wichita Falls, Texas, fans broke every window in my car and kept the broken glass. In San Francisco girls covered my car with their phone numbers written in lipstick. It was the same everywhere we went.

One day, I drove my car into a filling station.

Fans trapped my car. I couldn’t drive away, so I just chatted, asking them to let me go.

The garage man hit me on the back of my head and said: "Move on, son."

I got mad. I clapped him as he had clipped me. A fight started, police broke it up and he and I appeared in court. But the charges of assault against me were dismissed.

The next month, a nineteen-year-old boy called Louis Balint came up and attacked me. He said he was jealous because his wife always carried my photo in her jacket. He was fined $8 for that. Later,
he said someone connected with me had told him to do it to get me publicity. It's possible someone did play a joke on him, but I was not present with him to told him to do that. That sort of publicity can only do harm. We've never rigged anything.

All the attacks being made on me upset my mother. She went out less and less. I told her the attacks would stop if I lived properly. Now, of course, they have. I never thought my style was wicked. I just started to sing and didn't know what happens to me. Maybe it's the music, the song, the crowds or something deep in me, but to the rock 'n roll beat I just have to move my hands, feet, knees, legs—everything.

Because some young guy has his hair done in my style, then commits a crime, who gets the blame? Elvis Presley.

If the kids want to yell at my neighbors, well, I don't know where they have any part of the world together in a group and they won't sit like statues.

Wicked? I don't even smoke or drink. I was never at any of the parties that go on this type of TV show. I sang "Shake, Rattle and Roll" and "Blue Suede Shoes" and, again, just let go with the music. There again were attacks in the papers, but I felt couldn't do anything. That it was a dream. It was like a dream. Every show I did they screamed louder and louder.

Our years of poverty were over. I now had a way to repay my mother and father for all the things I made for me.

In this business, life goes so fast that important things (like remembering your parents) can slip by. I made it not to let that happen.

When Carl Forester told me 20th Century-Fox wanted me to co-star with a film with Debra Paget and Richard Egan, I was overwhelmed. They called the film "Love is the Tender," and wrote in three songs for me.

Looking back, I don't think it was the right part for me. A great deal of people wrote saying they were disappointed.

Many critics said I was a great actor—that was praise I wanted.

Then I got my draft notice for the Army. I was stationed for twenty-two weeks basic training, and then, of course, I did my fifteen-mile forced marches with a sixty-five-pound pack on my back, same as the other guys.

The person who felt it the most was, when I was packing the person who gets hurt first in every happy family—my mother. Her health had been failing. She came to see me but on the way home, she had a bad heart attack in the train.

She was taken to the hospital where she spoke to me by phone every day when I came off duty. All I wanted to do then was live, but I went in for emergency leave and got it.

My father met me and took me to the hospital. I remember his face was white and strained, and when I smiled he knew I didn't think he was handsome.

He just said, "She keeps asking to see you, Son." I went in to see her. I'd never seen her look so bad, but she was happy. She held my hand for about as long as the doctors would let us.

I kissed my mother goodnight and promised to return first thing next day. Then I went to our bodies. I didn't hear.

When we picked it up, my father said: "Son, she's gone... she's gone." I pulled some clothes and raced to the hospital. I can't talk about this, I can't describe the feeling of desolation that she died when we were going to have so much, after so little.

But all I wanted was for her to be alive, alive, so I saw the good things that were coming our way and not the sad things.

Then I resolved I'd never let my father—or my mother—who lived with us—be alone. As long as they wanted me, I'd be there.

I knew I would soon be shipped to Germany. We decided to close up our Memphis home and my father and grandmother joined me in Germany, where I was stationed. I wasn't going to have them moving along, alone, without me at home.

I still take advice from Dad. I was a little younger—teenager—though my folks were only trying to have fun. But I passed that stage pretty quickly.

I soon found out that, because they have experienced the stage of life you are really going through, you have another life. I think Dad got a bit bored with life out here in Germany when I wasn't with him.

But I was like any other private in the Army. It's the only way to be. The boys thought Private Ely. A. ASN 53310761 would stay by himself, not having anything to do with anyone, and not be friendly.

But I was never standoffish. I like people and don't like to be alone.

I didn't consider myself a special soldier. If any one man says the Army's wrong and it's right for the other, I've been asked a lot of questions. Asked if I wanted to go to war. I didn't want to go to war. I didn't want to fight for any reason. People who say I am a good actor—that is praise I wanted.

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how busy these producer-actors are and so, at best, I hoped for an interview come next May Day.

Nothing of the sort happened, though. Cary came right on the telephone when he heard my name and literally surprised me into idiotic mutterings. "Hello, Sara dear," he asked, not actually as Cary. "How are you?" I asked him. I also told him the idea for the story.

"Come and see me," he said.

Now, if all this seems routine and normal for Hollywood truth, there is no other star of Cary Grant's magnitude—and that's way out there, daddy-o—who can be reached by telephone and by personal contact as Cary. By those who know him, I mean. And I've known Cary for, oh, at least 25 good years.

So we sat in his dressing room talking, when Cary suddenly revealed his hopes. "I want children," he confessed. "I want children, a home, a wife and fatherhood to fulfill my life."

Perhaps those weren't his exact words, but almost precisely. And there, looking at this friend I so greatly admire, I realized this man was starving—literally starving—for the things other men, in less glamorous professions, take for granted. I want children, a home and who will fill his life to overflowing.

And bear in mind, Cary is far from the off-with-the-old-love-on-with-the-new type.

He was devastated when actress Virginia Cherrill called a halt to their marriage of less than two years, and later moved on to become the Countess of Jersey. He poured his heart out to close friends when Barbara Hutton walked out to become a baroness and to learn, too late, that Cary was the best husband she ever had and the only one who wanted nothing from her. Cary, himself, was earning a fabulous salary for those, times, and wanted only to give.

He still hasn't completely let go of Betsy Drake, even though the formal annulment of their marriage is now history. In fact, it was Betsy who met Cary at the airport when he returned from that trip to New York.

But, you see, each of Cary's three wives filled a need in his life whether he realized it or not. Virginia Cherrill gave him his first home after years of roaming an insecure world as a bachelor and struggling performer. He emerged from the Barbara Hutton marriage a polished man of the world and also one well aware of the pitfalls of an idle, glittering existence. And Betsy Drake came into Cary's life during the most important period—the transitional era. He had begun, by this time, to seek, to probe, to search within himself, to find out about himself. And such a thorough, honest probing can be a frightening deal. And how many people do you know in this world, who take time to find themselves? Especially successful and famous people, such as Cary Grant?

When it was all over, Cary made a discovery. He had come full circle in his life and now finds himself at familiar crossroads where he stands as lonely as the man he often considered as his model, Frank Craven. In the movie, "North By Northwest," a man just waiting. Just waiting for his life to be fulfilled by the one right woman.

From all signs and omens, Cary really believes the girl he'll choose will be as young as springtime, as delightfully surprising as violets in February and as home-loving, family-raising as any man could want. But maybe I'm just wishing on a star for my very old friend.

He adored Betsy. Pride in her intelligence fairly oozed from him. So who's to say what he'll bring about their separation a year or two later? Personally, I think it was merely the simple process of evolution. They emerged from their studies and pursuits of hypnosis, Yoga and philosophy, only to find themselves two separate individuals, heading toward opposite poles.

Betsy's life is one of books, of painting, of study, of writing. I'm told she's the star of the film "Gentle Storm," in which Cary and Sophia Loren starred. One day, with great pride Cary read me a paragraph or two from a letter Betsy had written him recently. It was filled with warmth and beauty. "Why, these two are the deepest of friends," I remember thinking at the time.

I believe her shattering experience on the ship the night that storm, the one with the GermanSt. Andrew's Doria, was a nightmare that stripped them both of any other pretenses, revealing themselves to each other as two people destined only for a lifelong friendship. For, just as after that Betsy's life took a turn to the creative, Cary's took a sudden swerve to the domestic. Toward the craving for home and children. Toward that lonely crossroad where he stands today. Waiting.

I can't remember the exact year I first met Cary—sometime in the early thirties, perhaps. It was in the old publicity building on the Paramount lot. Three tall young men were standing talking together, at the end of the hallway, and a publicity girl, who was with one of them.

"I want you to meet these newcomers who will certainly become stars," she said, introducing me to all, three, one of whom was Cary. And this is just awful, but I can't seem to remember who the other two were.

But I remember Cary well. Tall, dark, handsome, with a voice a little like a set of chipped dishes, Spode china of course, and I noticed that he approached everything like a debutante at the Grand Ball. He still does in movies, if you'll notice. It's part of his charm, I think.

I was amused when he was given the role of the Magic Turtle—the character in the fantasy "Alice in Wonderland." And I was intrigued when he became the young man of Mae West's invitation—Come up and see me sometime. It was a created a sensation in such comedies as "The Awful Truth," "Bringing Up Baby" and "The Philadelphia Story," that I ran into him again. Look," he said to me, "bring Sally (my teenage daughter) over to the set and we'll have a laugh and a cup of coffee later." He was making a picture, with Ginger Rogers at the time on the RKO lot, and, frankly, I was a bit skeptical.

Ginger, in those days, was far from friendly toward any visitor—press or otherwise.

Anyway, Cary had seen on to our passes and a publicist was walking at the gate to escort us to the set. Cary, a delightful and eager host, came forward immediately and found us comfortable seats. But, during a talk, I must have dozed a few minutes later and orders came for us to leave the set immedi-

ately. Miss Rogers, I was assured, appreciated no visitors. In vain, I protested, explaining I was a member of the press and a personal guest of Mr. Grant's. She was no go. "Out" was the word from Miss Rogers and, in order not to create a commotion, my daughter and I rose quietly and left the studio.

Cary caught up with us at the publicity department. He'd run every step of the way, in makeup and out of breath, just to apologize. There was nothing to be said.
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of course, but I think the incident perhaps more firmly established our friendship. He was such a gentleman—so sincere in his ways.

A few years later, at a party at the Jules Steins’ (he’s head of MCA so it was a star-studded affair), Cary, the late John Garfield and I found ourselves a theme somewhat the path. For some reason, I’ll never understand, I suddenly started telling a funny story that I realize now, in thinking back, wasn’t terribly funny at all, but nearly everybody laughed at Cary. I remember him wiping away the tears of laughter, and I thought to myself—this person wants so very much to laugh, to enjoy himself.

In each instance, you see, I was learning more and more about him. His kindliness, his thoughtfulness, his eagerness for enjoyment, all helping to make me understand his heart longing.

He was moving right along in the world of glitter and gold and by then, already a firm friend of the fabulously wealthy Howard Hughes of the New York and Hollywood short films. He’d progressed from what I believe to be the best light comedies ever made, bar none, to such compelling dramas as “Suspicion,” “None But the Lonely Heart” and “Notorious.” Pictures that, for reasons none and none, won Academy Award nominations but the star himself. The man who only contributed to their greatness.

He was deeply immersed in romances, from time to time, and oddly enough the girls he fell in love with were mostly of a type. Blond beauties. And heavens above, how they fell for Grant! And no wonder. For all his charm there was still something basic about him that was terribly endearing, and yet he couldn’t seem to hold onto marriage.

I recall the preview of his picture, “The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer” at the Academy Theater, when Cary came in unexpectedly and requested the person in the seat next to me to move over. “I want to sit next to Suzy!”

They tell me it was a good movie. I wouldn’t know. I was so fascinated with Cary’s almost naive enjoyment of the proceedings, that I couldn’t concentrate on the movie. Cary and Hollywood hussie, charm there was still something basic about him that was terribly endearing, and yet he couldn’t seem to hold onto marriage.

But let me hasten to add there is that side of him, too. The sophisticate—I ran head-on into it one day when he was making his way down the hall to his dressing room for coffee. Only Cary took Sanka with vitamin A—or was it C-pills?

Anyway, Suzy Parker was in the throes of trying a new film, and not doing too well. So, in typical Grant fashion, Cary had invited her in for a chat. A chat? It was a verbal onslaught with Cary suddenly feeling the need to “explain” Suzy’s situation. She’s “rubbish,” he said by way of introduction. “But she does know a lot about penguins. She really does.”

I slowly digested this highly fascinating piece of information while Suzy, who never paused for a breath, went right on talking through Cary’s conversation.

“She has a facade like Grace,” Cary observed, more to himself than me, but I referred to his close friend Grace Kelly, Princess of Monaco. “But,” he continued, “she’s innately honest, like Ingrid.” All the while, Suzy talked on. “But half her face.”

Suddenly, it was as if Hades had broken loose. With his robe over his costume, Cary was at the door, belaboring a dumb struck worker who had dropped a chewing-gun wrapper outside Cary dressing room door.

“Pick it up,” he ordered. “I can’t stand litter.”

“This happen often?” I asked, when order had once again been restored.

“All the time,” he admitted. “I even lean out car windows to yell at people who throw things on the street. Just can’t stand it.”

In view of later developments, I never quite got the nerve to ask Cary who he thought of Suzy’s “innate honesty” now. Suzy, who, had at that time, denied the existence of a husband.

Oh well, it’s up to each Sanka under the bridge as far as Cary’s concerned, I’m sure.

At the time of their get-together, I learned that Betsy was making a film in London and Cary, who had just finished “An Affair to Remember,” with Deborah Kerr, had brought his wife a gift. Deborah was leaving London shortly, had agreed to take the globe. “Do you think this note is all right?” Cary asked, handing me the message he’d written Deborah.

The note was a charming, warm gesture to a warm and loyal friend.

I think, too, Cary falls a little in love with each of his leading ladies. Which I natural. In each, he finds something to admire. In a few, he finds and gives standing loyalty.

It could be my imagination, of course, but with Cary I sense, lately, a letting down of the bars. He’s taken to mingling moments with Suzy and all the inner circles of Hollywood but with the workers, the doers, the earther. As if he were slowly but surely coming home again. Which, I think, is somehow a good omen.

It’s odd, too, but in Cary people have a way of seeing the reflection of their own images. Right now. I’m wishing to bet there are a dozen different Grants in existence each with his personal imagination.

The adoration and hero-worship lavished on Grant by Tony Curtis is, of course, well known. His walk, his talk, his clothes are, to Tony, the living end. In fact, it was Cary who helped through part of his sensational movie “Some Like It Hot.”

Many men regard Cary as a model of fashion with impeccable taste in clothes. A model after, of course, had extended hours a week on a waistcoat and scarf Car wore in “To Catch a Thief.” “What waistcoat and what scarf was that!” I finally asked, to the lad’s complete and utter disgust.

All I know about him and the clothes for which he is famous, is that in his white tie and tails—as he steps out onto the stage of the Academy Awards Theater—he outshines every male within miles.

I see Cary in an altogether light. Incongruous as it seems, I find him the friend who, above all others, I can go to with some problem and complete understanding. I can tell him what is in my heart, and he responds. I can confide, hopes and receive encouragement.

In return, I clearly understand his yearning to have a complete life in a home, in a settled happy marriage and above all, in parenthesis and may be—it’s just a hopeful hunch, but somehow I feel these sentences are just around the corner for Cary Grant. Perhaps, for all we might know, in the year 2060.

And wouldn’t that be a happy day to all who wish him well? Eh?—Best, Sue
lifted the hood that covered the engine. "I didn't think he was so tall," Deb said and looked down at her bare feet and cried, "Oh, I look so awful."

"Me, too," Susie moaned, "my hair's a mess," and she tried to smooth it down with her fingers.

As Edd reached for a tool, he saw them and smiled.

"Maybe he needs help," Bonnie whispered, "Should we help?"

Edd looked up as they joined him. "It's not too serious," he said. "I'll have it fixed in a few minutes."

They stood in a circle and watched. Edd told them he had just moved into a new house and he didn't have much furniture yet. When they asked him where he lived, they discovered that it wasn't far from where Debbie and Bonnie lived on Bowmont Drive. "I guess that makes us neighbors, doesn't it?" Edd said. And when he smiled, Bonnie noticed it was a soft, shy smile. He looked just like he did on TV.

"Do you talk 'kookie'?," Susie asked. "Nope," Edd answered, "I don't go in for it too much except on the program." Then he laughed. "I bet you don't know what 'the skizziest' means?"

Everyone shook their heads no. "'Skizziest' means more than 'ginchiest.'"


"Go ahead," Edd said.

"Ask me what?" Edd grinned. Both Susie and Bonnie blushed. Finally, Bonnie said, "Do you know Sandra Dee? She's our favorite actress." "Well, to tell you the real truth," Edd paused—then added, 'she's the skizziest!'

When the scooter was fixed, he asked: Would you like a lift home? I've never ridden four on a scooter before, but I'm sure we could do it.

Since Susie was tallest, Edd suggested she take the rear seat. Debbie was next tallest so she sat behind Edd and held onto his shoulders real tight. "His shirt's the same blue as his eyes," she whispered to Susie while Edd was helping Bonnie onto her seat in front. Finally, they were all set and Edd called: "Hold tight, everyone, we're going."

And they started up the road, slowly at first. "Boy, oh, boy," Susie whispered to Deb, "wait 'till we tell the kids who gave us a ride home." And she knew they'd talk about how hip Edd was this morning."

Answers to Last Month's Puzzle


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To mothers, that cry means that there's another cut, scratch, scrape, or burn. It also means she should get iodine—but she often doesn't, because iodine burns and stings, upsets youngsters. Here's good news. Science has discovered a new kind of iodine that stops infection best yet doesn't burn or sting. It's polyvinylpyrrolidone-iodine*, found only in new ISODINE® ANTISEPTIC. Where other types of antiseptics may kill only 1, 2, or 3 types of germs, ISODINE kills all types—even virus and fungus. And up to 40 times faster. Get painless ISODINE ANTISEPTIC. Money-back guarantee.


MARVEL NAILS, Dept. MW-4
5249 W. Harrison St. Chicago 44, Ill.
LIZ TAYLOR
Continued from page 34

The lovely young dark-haired woman, coming down the staircase into one of Las Vegas's smartest gambling rooms, seemed to be in trouble. "I should have known better," she said. "But I just can't help thinking of the words, spoken by someone at the table. But she did not stop. She walked right on... seemingly unusually thoughtful.

"Wonder what she's thinking," remarked a bystander as she passed. "Her husband just lost $100,000..."

"I'm not surprised," her companion said. "He's been down here four or five hours already. And last night longer. Losing all the time. Wish I had that kind of money to throw away.

"Oh, but they do for it. I hear she's not crazy about his gambling. There'll be plenty of trouble in paradise."

"Trouble in paradise?" his companion repeated, then laughed. "You mean trouble in a pair-of-dice, don't you?"

"Maybe I do," he laughed, then added, "But maybe that's the price. Nothing's free," he said, thoughtfully.

Even if the warhead had overheard part of their conversation she evidently wasn't going to let them know, for she walked on past and into the room with her head erect and staring straight forward.

The woman left the floor.

Gambling seems the one thing in the world Liz Taylor has never been able to conquer; the one thing with which she has never been able to reckon. This is especially after the breakup of her first marriage. Is it now creeping in to cause trouble in her fourth?

Men seem to leave Liz for a gambling table.

Nicky Hilton did on their honeymoon. A young teenage bride at the time, Liz was left alone in hotel bedrooms in the South of France but she later went to the casino to gamble through the night. For months she had planned and dreamed that her honeymoon would be the most romantic any girl could ever have, picturing them dancing together in the moonlight, dining at intimate, candle-lit restaurants by the Mediterranean... yet they were but dreams. For in reality she spent her honeymoon nights alone, pacing her rooms, watching other couples from her window, wondering desperately what had gone wrong. It left a deep wound.

In Las Vegas, it is reported Eddie gambles long. She sits alone and waits. It is said she cannot plead, as Debbie once did, "Eddie, you lost enough last night to put our children through college. It's got to stop. It's got to stop." For it was Debbie. Liz won him, surely, by being something very different. But what must she be to keep him?

If sometimes she wants to cry, she must have to cry alone.

Yet, if a wife worries about her husband's gambling, how must she feel if she is partly responsible for the loss of his success?

Any woman likes to see her husband a success, to feel that she's part of the reason for his success. Yet right from the start, as the divorce negotiations have proceeded, Liz worked so closely with Eddie that it is hard to keep him and her分开. She not only compared the losses at his Las Vegas show just to watch Liz in the audience.

It must have been a difficult day, that day he broke the news to her about the sponsor. Maybe it was partly to get away from this string that they decided definitely to go to Europe the very moment they were man and wife? Perhaps Europe would be kinder.

But was it?

Eddie's reported "appearances" while Liz worked in England on "Suddenly Last Summer" dwindled to a mere handful of TV appearances and a few recording sessions. After Eddie had done, they had all the papers brought into the dining room in the English castle they'd rented. They divided the stack and flipped quickly to the TV pages. Finally when she had let the last paper drop to the floor, Liz looked wordlessly across the table to Eddie. It must have been difficult to know what to say. The reviews had been kinder.

There must have been that same helpless feeling, that same struggle to find the right words that summer when Liz would have to come home, tired and frustrated after a hectic day at the studio. To find Eddie awaiting for her, knowing he was not working, knowing that he had spent the day just passing the time by playing with his three children on the wide lawns in front of their country home or in one of the large reception rooms inside the house.

It is not easy for a wife to enjoy a flower arranging while her husband stays at home. It's hard to squelch their own little triumphs so that comparisons don't come up. For the husband, it's even harder not to feel a loss of pride.

Some husbands, quick to point to "Tammy," Debbie's hit record, which was supposed to have cost Eddie, who hadn't had a hit in a year, some hard knocking, to work so hard to help Eddie make his Waldorf a success. Others say it is all part of Liz's plan to quit acting and depend upon her husband for her future.

Back in New York, it was reported that Liz pleaded with her studio for a part for Eddie in "Butterfield 8."

And one evening, soon after, a reporter, who was listening to an recording and remarking about the film, was told by Eddie, "I'm going to play a piano player named Eddie. I never acted before but I'm in the hands of a good director... my wife." Liz was starring in the picture.

Children pay a price, too.

For Liz, her children must concern her more than anything else. She rarely smile in public today, and who will soon be old enough to read the papers.

The chauffeur who served Eddie and Liz while they were in England got to know them well enough to know how to penetrate their shyness. And one of the strongest memories he has is of the evening when the boys' real father, Michael Wilding, came to dinner with their present wife, Susan.

"It was one of the most strained evenings I have ever witnessed," the chauffeur remarked, telling about it.

All through dinner Eddie and Mike exchanged only the vaguest of pleasantnesses. Liz and Susan spoke very carefully. And when they went into the living room the atmosphere became decidedly uncomfortable.

For it was time for the boys to be brought in to say hello to their father. Downstairs they ran, in their pajamas, and knowing that their parents always advanced solemnly and seriously towards their father. They shook hands shyly, stood around awkwardly until Liz took the initiative by calling "Hi to bed."

Still more sensitive to her children than Liz, she said. She must know how a child feels for she is even concerned about those that are not her own...

On another trip to England, when she was leaving the home to take Liza and...
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 things freely and openly. But—even now—many women don’t realize what is involved in treating the "delicate zone.

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

It’s time to talk frankly about internal cleanliness. Using anything that comes to hand . . . "working in the dark" is actually a crime against yourself, in this modern day and age.

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

This preparation is far more effective in antiseptic and germicidal action than old-fashioned homemade solutions. It is far safer to dedicate tissues than other liquid antiseptics for the douche. It cleanses, freshens, eliminates odor, guards against chafing, promotes confidence as nothing else can.

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

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WISE GUY

Continued from page 49

knew him—a bad egg in the neighborhood just out of a correction school. But he also knew the code of that neighborhood. So he picked up the weapon, took it inside and hid it under the stair well. Then he climbed the four flights up to his flat and slipped quietly into his room—with a sick foreboding of trouble.

Sure enough, his big sister, Nina, soon whistled him out of his room. Two plain-clothes cops were standing beside his mother in the living room. "Okay, son," one demanded, "you've got the knife."

"I got no knife."

The man stepped threateningly toward him. Bobby's mother held up her hand. "Don't go near my son. I'll handle this. Bobby, where is it?" she asked.

"It's downstairs. I'll get it." He couldn't lie to her. Anyway, they were bound to find it sooner or later.

Later, they found out he'd been framed in the stabbing and let him go. But each time a thing like that happened, a cloud he hated and feared seemed to settle lower over Bobby Cassotto's head. Each time the meaning, ignorance, grading poverty, tension in and trouble of the slums grew and threatened to engulf him. Each time he told his mother, "I've got to get out of here, somehow, some way. I've got to get away."

Sometimes, although young in years, he already sounded like a man.

And each time she nodded confidently.

"You will."

At that point, the odds seemed hopelessly long against him: he was sickly, homely, dirt poor and had no father. But Bobby Cassotto finally got out—way out. Today he's Bobby Darin, the hottest new personality in the city.

Bobby has had six hit records in a row. Right now he's booked tight in the nation's top clubs until August. Recently, he signed a million-dollar contract with Paramount Records. And curiously, his biggest boost to all this was a song he recorded about a slasher from the same sort of slum jungle that Bobby fled. "Mack the Knife" was written before Bobby Darin was born, but no one has ever sung it quite like him.

When he belts out "Mack the Knife," or anything else, and wherever he goes, Bobby goes all out. As a result, some people tab Bobby a cocky, egotistical wise guy. "He comes on too strong," they criticize. "He's always too eager, too brash, too much drive."

Recently a Hollywood columnist took him apart. "Bobby Darin looked at his clippings," he axed, "and said, 'If I'm this good now—what will I be when I'm Sinatra's age?'"

Bobby didn't say that. What he said, anxiously, was, "The way they write about me now scares me. How can I keep it up like Sinatra does? Will they be writing about me when I'm his age?"

That's a very different thing, and back of it lies the specter that still haunts Bobby—the specter of poverty in the slums. He lives by driving himself self desperately. He's still riding on that drive. He doesn't dare let up. Because what he pulled out of is too close behind him.

Today, Bobby owns an array of suits, shoes, socks, ties and shirts. His laundry bill averages $50 a week. But there was a time when he had just one pair of frayed pants to his name and couldn't afford to keep them cleaned. Only too recently he could claim nothing more valuable than the clothes on his back, a toothbrush, a razor and the little wooden cross he goes as an altar boy.

Tragedy struck Bobby Darin and his mother, Polly, even before he was born. Twenty-four years ago this May 14, in New York's drab Harlem district. Right after conceiving his son, Bobby's dad, Sam Cassotto, was shot down. Sam had been everything to Polly. For him she had renounced a comfortable world of wealth and social position. Polly never regretted her choice, but the struggle was hard. A man without a name and a job, a cab driver and cabinet maker, Polly bore him four children. The eldest, Nina, was almost grown when Bobby arrived. Three other in between had died.

Depleted, sick and late in life for child bearing, Polly Cassotto rallied her frail strength after the shock of Sam's death to survive a precarious pregnancy and birth. Bobby is named for her, for her, for her, for her. Sam was coming back through me. She was one-man woman—and I became that on man. She lived to make something goo out of it. And I knew I had to succeed. I just for her sake alone."

From the start, it was Bobby and his mom, together against the world, a hostile world.

An undertaking shark had gobbled all Sam's meager insurance. It needed an expensive funeral. For a while, Polly tried to work, but anemia, varicose veins an arthritis kept her too often in bed. Finally she went on Home Relief to survive. Nin years ago, after Bobby moved to a dark "railroad flat" in the teeming Bronx, almost under the shadow of the Triborough Bridge. And, for a long time, little Bobby lived under a mon shadow—death.

Right after he was born, he shriveled up like a raisin. "Probably," Bobby Darin cracks, "from the fresh air." Bobby hardly a child. But he most hard as a bite. At any rate, he was so weak that all he could keep down was goat's milk imported from Belgium, which Polly sometimes skipped her own meals to buy for him. And she wheeled him out on the sidewalk for some sun, people would be down at the wizened face—all burnin black eyes, it seemed, in a patch of blue skin—and shake their heads.

"That kid's gonna die," they told Polly rudely. "What you knockin' yourself for?"

"He won't die," she came back fiercely, "I won't let him."

From, of course, she didn't. Although always he was sickly. Later, he suffered four straight attacks 1 pneumatic fever and acquired a double heart murmur which rates Bobby Darin A-P for the Service today.

Back then, in her struggle, Bobby mother had no place to turn for help. She neither asked, received, nor expected lift from her own family. To them it was enough that they were away from home to sing and dance. But to marry an Italian immigrant's son was the end. Polly was promptly divorced and cut off. But she never forgot that she was Pauline Walden. She remarried her son Walden Robert Cassotto. And, when he grew up, she told him who he was.

You hear a proud name and an old one. The Waldens have been in America for 35 years. They helped settle Massachusetts and New England. Their pond was named after them. They're related to the first families who came over on the Mayflower. "What gook's all that junk?" Bobby fire back. "What does it mean to us, to me here?"

"You'll understand when you grow up, she'd tell him. "And you won't always sta
Even today, Bobby Darin's not sure he understands what, if anything, it means to be a Walden. He's yet to meet a relative on his mother's side, and doesn't go there. But he always felt that somehow he was different, as was his mother, from the polyglot thousands who swarmed around him. Someday he'd get out, just like she said. She believed so strongly in him he knew he just couldn't let her down.

Sam Cassatto's relatives had spurred them too, when Sam died. They'd always disliked Polly, her old "foreign," a mistake Sam had made. Once widowed, they let her and her kids alone. So, Bobby Cassatto grew up sensing, acutely, that he was out of place and wondering—especially in his parents' eyes.

Polly couldn't tell him that. All she could do was set an example of gentleness, courage and pride to help him face and meet the rude world of the Bronx tenements.

Bobby's playground was the asphalt jungle. He dodged trucks playing stickball, cooled off in sweltering summers at the swimming baths, played with unlit cops scattered the ragged batters. He romped with all colors and creeds, saw some steal, others mutilate their enemies and run in fear.

Although Polly's railroad flat on 135th Street was as poor as the next one, it was neat as a pin. The Cassattos lived on Relief throughout Bobby's boyhood, helped out when they could. The Tenement House for Charlie Maffia, moved in. Still, there were always books that somehow Polly had collected. Sick or not, Polly sang around the house, and made a happy home. Toys miraculously appeared; a Christmas tree had even once a battered bike. The scratchy radio was always tuned in to good music and good dramas. Sundays, Bobby served the altar at the Episcopal church. "I guess you'd say I had nothing but insecurity," muses Bobby. "But I never felt that way. At home, I had the security of thoughts and knowledge. And, above all, love, warmth and lightness."

He watched kids around him get swatted by their parents, screamed at and cursed. Yet, he doesn't remember his mother lifting a hand against him all his boyhood, or even raising her voice, and she had plenty of provocations.

Once, when he was only six, and his mother was sick in bed, Bobby ventured out of the flat and got a bleacher and dangled perilously from his knees four stories above the pavement. His mother saw it all, but, even though her heart seemed to stop, she kept quiet until he crawled back in and she didn't say a word or do that again. Another time, she caught Bobby in the kitchen industriously rolling eggs off the table to splash on the floor—"bombing Japs." Eggs were a Relief surplus, and Bobby ate them by the dozen—family breakfasts for a month—before she stopped him. But his mother quietly cleaned up the mess, and her silence must have been a longer torture.

Because his skinny body seemed to harbor every germ that invaded the Bronx, Bobby was kept out of school until he was almost eight. But he was buried in a book from the library, he was four. The day Polly finally took him to P.S. 43, the teacher frowned.

"You're too old for kindergarten," she pondered. "But you obviously can't do first grade work. These children are already beginning to read."

"Try him," suggested Polly.

Bobby piped a familiar volume on the teacher's desk, which she had been scanning for her own pleasure. He'd been reading that book since he was five. He flipped it to Julius Caesar and rattled through Shakespeare's play as if it were "Mother Goose."

"You're a very unusual boy," gasped the teacher. She placed him in 1-A. He skipped half-grades five times. When he moved on to junior high, Bobby Cassatto was valedictorian of his class.

"It wasn't such a feat," debunks Bobby today. "I had no competition."

Of course, that wasn't entirely true. Dog fight competition was the law of life in the Bronx. And a kid like Bobby Cassatto was strictly a short-ender in the things that seemed important. He was no hero because he was smart in school. The kids derisively called him "Dictionary," "Wise Guy," "Genius" and, of course, "Teacher's Pet."

They roughed up his puny frame at school and chased him home afterward. He was shipped big league baseball, but at sports he was nothing. When he looked in the mirror, Bobby saw only a bony nose, pinched, drawn cheeks and black eyes like coal holes. He told himself he was ugly. Sometimes, he didn't have to tell himself.

There had always been girls on Bobby Cassatto's mind—on his mind and rubbing his sensitive emotions raw. There was Eleanor in P.S. 43, a pretty blonde, but she wouldn't even talk to him. Then there was Gloria right on the block, a hopeless crush who never knew he existed or cared. And Mary, whom he tried to impress by eating grass and match books. Shrewdly, she played hard to get. That far, he got a hunk out of a street repair job, swallowed it and was deathly sick while she giggled.

All these rebuffs, torments and persecutions Bobby confided to his mother. "I was no mama's boy," he hastens to explain. "No silver cord or anything like that. We were just very close. She was both a father and a mother."

At such times, Polly consoled him. "Never mind. When you grow up you'll have it all over these kids. They won't know what to do with their lives and you will. He believed his mother's idea was a long way off to be a boy just entering adolescence. Bobby wanted to be popular now, wanted to belong.

"I knew I didn't belong where I lived and that I never would," he recalls. "But when you're breaking into your teens you sure don't want to be an isolationist!"

At P.S. 37, in junior high, he began looking around for a weapon. Pretty soon he found he could make people laugh. "I studied the kids," he says, "and I realized that if I made them laugh I could control them. So I deliberately turned myself into a clown."

He practiced goofs, jokes, wisecracks. He became, his plain face into comical shapes, hummed up and mimicked everything. It got results: The tough guys liked to have a jester. Even the girls said, "You are the best looking, but you're the most fun."

That was the beginning of Bobby Darin, entertainer. CLOWNING around desperately, he first glimpsed a slit of light in an escape hatch in the Bronx slums. "I noticed a change in myself about then," Bobby reports. "I began to drive. I figured business of some sort was my best and fastest hitch out."

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"I nearly itched to death for 7 1/2 years. Then I discovered a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles.

T he best advice given to me, and the best advice I ever received, was to use LANACANE. I suffered with vaginal itching for 7 1/2 years..."

It is to earn $50, $60, $70 regularly, in spare time! Rush your name and address today for FREE money-making information. We'll send you an amazing kit that will start you off immediately. Write today: Sales Agents, Photokey, 205 E. 42 St., N.Y. 17, N.Y. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

They let me read for things but never do them. I lost interest in school. I had to get going.

Two weeks after Bobby quit school he spotted an ad in a show business sheet. "WANTED: Actors or Teens to join Children's Theater Group." Bobby hustled down to an office off Broadway, came out with a job. For the next seven weeks he performed in elementary school auditoriums around the East Coast. He played a wicked Indian chief and kids kicked him in the shins as he came out of school buildings. But he drew $45 a week; he was an actor, he knew it. He couldn't kid himself long.

They laughed at him. Hungry, he took a job as an office boy, hoping to exist until summer when he could go up again to the Catskills. And all the while, at the back of his mind, he yearned for his mother in their Bronx slum—an image which kept him going.

That summer proved the turning-point of his career. In the Catskills, he met Don Kirchner, an ambitious young college boy who also wrote songs. Don became very fond of Bobby's work and that friendship was to mean a lot to him. The agent liked Bobby's voice better than his songs and at first Bobby began to record only other people's music.

He made more than fifteen jobs and sang a song for the agent's mother. Then one day, the agent agreed to publish the record. But the first thing Bobby did was to buy a house for his mother in Lake Haithwa, New Jersey, out in the fresh air, away from the Bronx. And with that money, the agent introduced him to an agent. The agent liked Bobby's voice better than his songs and at first Bobby began to record only other people's music.

One night, last year, he was watching his good friend Jerry Lewis, at a club in Hollywood, when a call from New Jersey came for him backstage. No one there knew where he was, so he didn't find out about it until late that night. He called home with an unexplained chill around his heart.

"Bobby, Mommy's in the hospital," said Nina. "She's had a bad stroke. Maybe you'd better come.

He couldn't get a plane until morning. While he waited, he arrived at home. They all said that right before Polly Cassatto died she kept repeating her son's name.

At the funeral Bobby Darin stood a long time before the flower banked over. He couldn't believe she was gone. He thought of the things he should have done, and hadn't, he consoled himself that before she died, her mother knew of some that he had. The things yet undone, he'd better get about doing.

He went home and into his room alone. Very softly, he began to cry. His mother had meant so much to him. If it weren't for his mother, his encouragement, he wouldn't have stuck it out this long. They were so close. Then he stopped crying, dried his eyes, lifted the phone receiver and put in a call to Hollywood:

"Steve, Bobby. Where do I meet you?"

"Are you sure you're ready?"

"Yes," said Bobby. That night he took a plane out and the next night he was singing again with the group. "That's the way she would have wanted it," says Bobby.

—KIRTLEY BASKETTE

HEAR BOBBY SING ON THE ATCO LABEL AND THE TITLE SONG IN WARNER'S "TALL STORY."
experience. I know I was. But I also remember how awful it was at the time. So what can I tell her? How can I explain she’s gained, she didn’t lose? How can I explain to her why I hope she makes the mistake I did?"

Dinah was silent a moment and then continued, “Every time you think you love somebody, you feel enriched. But when he doesn’t love back, it hurts. I know now that every bitter experience makes the sweet one so much better, but do you think a girl who cries herself to sleep at night can believe it?”

It’s an old story. The phone that rings every day for a while, and then doesn’t ring any more . . . the letters from military academy or Scout camp or college that arrive with less and less frequency, and then stop coming entirely . . . the boy who used to wait after school, every afternoon, to walk you part of the way home and then passes with an indifferent nod . . . the girl who dreads every new morning and each new, lonely night more and more, because these things have happened. The story’s familiar to Dinah Shore. It’s been her story more than once, and now she says she’s glad it was, because each time she learned a new lesson in love that helped her, finally, to choose the right man to be her husband—that helped her to be happy.

For Dinah, young love—first heartbreaks—began in the tall, gray building that was Hume Fogg High School, across the street from the Customs House, in Nashville, Tennessee.

“Come on, Dinah,” the girl at the next locker said, “who do you like? You’re bound to like somebody. I know you do.”

Rummaging in the recesses of her locker, the girl took out a collage bag.

“Here,” she said, hospitably holding it out, “have a dried apricot. They’re good. And you might as well tell me how you like her.”

Dinah hung up her raincoat and reached for her Latin book.

“No, thanks. I don’t want any apricots,” she said. “And as for who I like—I like lots of boys, nobody special.”

“I’ll bet you do, too,” her neighbor insisted. “I’ll tell you who I like if you tell me who you like.”

The bell rang and their chatter was drowned in the noise of students hurrying down the hall.

“I’ve got to rush,” Dinah shouted. “I’m late for Latin class now.”

Yet, as she said the words, her heart began to churn. She gulped and breathed deeply. Who would believe going to Latin class could be so exciting? she asked herself. But could she believe there was a boy in the world like Alec? It would be impossible to tell anybody what he was like—not that she’d try. And would she ever have dared believe, last semester, that he’d like her better than any other girl in school? Or, at least, that’s what she’d said.

Panting a little, she ran up the stairs to the second floor. She wanted to get to Latin class before Alec took his seat.

When she got upstairs, she noticed he was standing in the door. She recognized his silhouette long before she was near enough for his features to come clearly through the darkness of the hall. And she knew, too, when she’d be close enough, he’d smell like wintergreen chewing gum.

“Hey, girl,” he said and winked.

“Hi,” she said. Little chills playing along her backbone.

She wanted to touch him, and yet she didn’t want to. She’d never really felt this way before in her life.

Alec looked at her smilingly, as though he knew what she was thinking. Then he took her by the arm and led her to her desk.

“How are you going to ride the streetcar home today?” he wanted to know. “Because if you do, I will. Suppose I meet you on the corner of Eighth Avenue by the drugstore after school? Okay?”

Smiling, Dinah nodded.

Could this be true? Could it really be happening to her? Alec, football star, big man in school, wanted to be with her.

Yes, it was true. Happily, she allowed herself to believe in the telepathic powers of the drugstore on the corner, a dowy, red-brick building, going to be a little bit of heaven.

All through school, she was conscious of Alec’s presence across the aisle. When he looked at her, her hand shook until she nearly dropped her pencil. His clean, blond good looks had sent more than one girl into a spin.

True to his word, Alec was waiting for her by the drugstore when she got out of school. And she felt so proud as he took her hand and together they passed the other students into the street, all noticing, all seeming together. She knew the other girls were jealous, and had to admit, to herself, that this made their relationship extra special.

“Let me carry your books?”

Carefully, she handed them to him. He was so thoughtful. And when the streetcar came along, he jumped on first, especially to help her up.

Then, when he put his arm around her as they sat down in a double seat, she felt a tingle of excitement. “How’s my girl today?” he said.

“Wonderful . . . absolutely wonderful,” she told him.

“What’s so special?”

“Oh . . . just sprig,” she lied. “And the

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National Library Week
April 3-9, 1960

Reading can open wonderful new worlds — of challenging ideas, of creative adventure, of quiet contemplation. National Library Week is a good time to start your personal reading program . . . to expand your personal horizons.

Wake up and read!
thought of an evening without hardly any homework to do."

"Well, if you're free and I'm free too, maybe we could take in an early movie?"

"Mother doesn't usually like me going out during the week. But she likes you... and if it's early, I'm sure she won't mind." Dinah tried hard to explain how thrilled she was with the invitation. Yet, it had been one of many such invitations. So many, that soon she began to think of Alec as exclusively hers. He was always the first she thought about and all she believed she was living for. It would be Alec and her forever... for always.

But it wasn't. And he broke it off so cruelly that for a long while she felt lost and hopeless.

Dinah's agony was to begin shortly after she heard about the luncheon. A club, to which Alec belonged, was entertaining and members were inviting their mothers and their girls. At first, she took it for granted she would be his guest. After all, she was his girl, wasn't she?

Maybe he didn't ride home on the streetcar with her quite so often as before. Maybe he was in a hurry after Latin class and didn't have time to talk. But of a romance in big man in school. He had other things on his mind besides girls.

But, as the luncheon date approached, and he still didn't mention it, a sick fear replaced vague uncertainty. Slowly truth overpowered her hope, until one day she found out the truth.

"I guess that girl Jill Peabody really has Alex's heart," Dinah's friend at the next locker confided. "She's kinda cute, too. I saw them last night at Hillsboro Pharmacy. And my brother said that Alec's talking to her too."

Locker doors all around were banging as students grabbed books for first period class. Blindly, Dinah reached for hers, but her hands felt stiff and icy.

She wondered whether she looked different to the other girls. Did her expression give her away?

Being honest with herself, she admitted she'd wondered something like this was going to happen. But Alec had almost convinced herself that it wasn't so.

"Well," she said with effort, "that's interesting. But I've got to hurry to Latin class.

And blinking back tears, she marched down the hall.

When she reached the room, Alec was already at his desk looking out toward the hallway. She walked over to him.

"Hello, Alec," she made herself say. This was hard—speaking to him naturally—but she had to be sure, right now, that she could do it. Dinah looked at him to see whether she knew about the luncheon—or cared.

"Oh, hello," he answered.

In her heart, she wanted to scream at him, ask him why, why had he done this thing to her. She couldn't. The worst was still ahead. It came after dinner, that night, while Dinah was pinning up her hair. Her mouth was full of pins when the telephone shrilled.

"Dinah," her mother called, "the phone. I think it's Alec."

Dinah dropped the pins on the dresser and scrambled for the phone. Her hands were trembling. So everything was all right with him. She had only one family friend, and he was calling to explain. Had he behaved so strangely, lately, because he was afraid she wouldn't understand? She should have known her better.

Shakily, she lifted the receiver and leaned her head against the wall for support.

"Is that you, Alec?" she whispered.

"Yes. I called because I think it's best for you to understand right now that everything's off between us. I don't think we really had anything in common. So I guess we won't see each other again—except in class, of course."

For a minute, Dinah couldn't say a word, then, speaking carefully, she told him, "I'd like to try to say the same thing next time we had a chance to talk. I felt that way, too."

I t took a long time to get over that," Dinah remembers, "I was hurt, terribly hurt, and I felt like crawling into a shell and staying there forever. But I didn't, and I'm glad I didn't. Because in a few weeks I'd met someone else. I liked and, oddly enough, had far more in common with.

Sometimes, a broken heart is mostly just broken pride. But it took a painful experience before I learned this.

"I was about fifteen when I broke up with Alec and for weeks I couldn't eat or sleep. My family pretended not to notice what was wrong with me, but they worried. I thought that if I just turned out to be just one of a string of unrequited loves. Always, it seemed, if I liked somebody a lot, he didn't like me. Or, if he liked me at all, he'd soon drop me. Eventually. I found out that I liked one end of the world. Either the one I wanted would come back, or I'd meet somebody else I liked better."

"It really fell in love," Dinah continued, "while I was growing up, the boys somehow seemed to lack something."

But, she says, today, when she met George, he was all the things she'd wanted rolled into one. She knew I'd known that he was wonderful, too, it was wonderful bountiful. She'd ever imagined.

"That's why I believe unhappy teenage romances are so important. They give you experience so you can recognize and appreciate the real love of your life."

"Missy's only twelve, but she's already interested in boys. And she's so pretty, I know they'll be interested in her. I wasn't pretty and didn't think that there was any love for her, too, it was wonderful bountiful anything she'd ever imagined.

But she must be careful. A girl's heart is too precious to be squandered carelessly.

"I want Missy to be in love, or to think she's in love, more than once. Every experience when part of the fairy tale is the personality. The love you give without return can be a big, ugly, burnt hole in the blanket, or beautifully trimming. It depends on how you let it affect you."

"Each time I think only I believe I learned a little more about living. Such as what's like to be a guitarist (from a guitar player), or something of political science (from a study). I used to work on how to swim (from a boy who was an Olympic swimmer)."

"But seriously," she finished, "I want Missy to get hurt so that she can go on to meet there in the world to meet and like. And by doing so, I think she will learn, as I did, to recognize the right man when he comes along. By the time I met George, I could tell he was right because I was able to compare him to. I was able to appreciate his qualities for all that they are. Yes, I hope Missy makes the mistake I did."

—ARLENE JOHNSON

DON'T MISS "THE DINAH SHORE CHEVY SHOW" SUNDAYS FROM 9:00-10:00 P.M. EST, OVER NBC-TV. HEAR HER SING ON CAPTION LABEL.
NEW TREND—THE BALLAD RETURNS

New for the 'sixties. A trend back to ballads from rock 'n' roll. Newest singer on the ballad bandwagon is Jeanne Sommers, eighteen, seen here with Edd. She sang with him in "Kookie's Love Song." has also appeared on "77 Sunset Strip." Her first album, just out, is romantic and called "Positively the Most!" How did she like working with Edd? "It was really great," she said. But she would not tell me any more—except give a sigh.

What They're Playing: The brand new Photoplay album by Warner Bros. "Photoplay Picks the Great Love Themes of Hollywood." . . . "RFD Tab Hunter" (Warner Bros.) —niftyville music with a country and western beat . . . "The Magic of Sarah Vaughan" (Mercury). Sassy's come a long way since her amateur hour days at the Apollo (where lots of today's singers are getting their start) . . . "Teensville" (RCA). If you ask me, Chet Atkins' guitar is hard to beat . . . "Latin a la Lee" (Capitol). Peggy belts out Broadway hits, adds an irresistible Afro-Cuban beat . . . "Somebody Loves Me" (Capitol). Dinah Shore singing oldies but goodies . . . "Bobby Scott Plays the Music of Leonard Bernstein" (Verve). These are Bernstein's show tunes and they've never sounded better (at least that's what Bernstein said in a letter to Bobby) . . . "Opera For People Who Hate Opera." For short hairs who'd like to grow a few long strands. The most amusing cover of the month (RCA). . . . "American Waltzes" by the Fred Astaire Dance Studio Orch. (RCA Camden). As a bonus, you get a booklet of dance instructions.

What They're Talking About: Sal Mineo and Ina Balin, an every-night-out twosome . . . Susan Kohner's favorite date: George Hamilton . . . Latest rumor from Bennington, Vermont: Diane Varsi's returning to California to live the life of a beatnik . . . Singer Johnny Cash has collapsed twice from overwork . . . Reports that Rod Lauren, the new teen singer, will be the find of the year . . . Bound to be lots of happy teen gals in North Carolina where Fabulous Fabe is filming his new movie, "High Time." Fabe's new leading lady? Tuesday Weld . . . Romance bust-ups of the month: Bobbex Goodman and Burt Reynolds; Kathy Nolan and Bob Fuller (called the "kooks" for going parachuting on dates).

Off-The-Cuff Comments picked up from the stars at ABC studio where my radio program, "Teen Town," is aired. "Now that I have money," says Dwayne Hickman. "I'm so busy working I don't have time to spend it." . . . Says Frankie Avalon. "I believe in teens having idols. For that matter, everybody should look up to somebody. I idolized Louis Armstrong. Still do." . . . Annette Funicello: "I miss Elvis very much. When I was in Memphis, Wink Martindale and I went to visit E1's mansion. It's great."

Joke of the Month

Joey Bishop, a talented young comedian, told me this. Hope you like it too! It's all for your dieters. A woman I know went to a diet specialist in Hollywood who was famous for his near-miraculous results. "I've heard so much about you," she said to the specialist, "that now I'm prepared to place myself completely in your hands. Only tell me this, Doctor, what is the secret of your success?" The doctor smiled pleasantly. "Eat whatever you want," he explained. "Only don't swallow it."
What's in the Stars?

Were you born between February 20th and March 20th? Then you belong to the twelfth sign of the zodiac—Pisces. The Fish—like Gordon MacRae (Mar. 12), Dean Stockwell (Mar. 5), Betty Hutton (Feb. 26), David Niven and Dinah Shore (Mar. 1), Liz Taylor (Feb. 27), Desi Arnaz (Mar. 2).

You are an idealist and look at the world the way you wish it were—rather than the way it is.

You have wonderful intuition, and more often than not, your feelings are right—plus a keen insight into other people. If they lie, you can usually tell.

Sometimes, you shy away from the world and like to be left alone, to re-evaluate your life and consider the future.

Try to choose friends that are sensitive, because mutual understanding is very important in all of your relationships.

You love mysteries; have a wonderful imagination, a leaning for semi-classical music and you can enjoy fine art.

Your fine imagination can be used to great advantage in all artistic work.

Some of the greatest painters, musicians and artists are born under your sign. These qualities also make you superb in such lines of work as staging and directing in the theater.

You have a strong tendency to adapt yourself to surrounding conditions. This is so definite with you, that if you're around someone who is ill or upset you promptly take that condition upon yourself. Shun dark, depressing places and moody thoughts in order to avoid any unpleasantness because of this condition. Generally, your hunches are excellent.

You want to be helpful and you can help others a great deal. But you must remember, no one individual is able to solve the problems of the world.

Your lucky number? 7.

PUZZLE

ACROSS
1. Dee Clark's "——— About That"
2. An oldie Dion and the Belmonts have made a hit
3. A style all his own has Johnny
4. The divorce capital
5. Jimmy Clanton's record label
6. Commanding officer (abbrev.)
7. There are four of them
8. Contraction for I am
9. The way Dominico Modugno says yes
10. A singer who's made the grade
11. The way Dominico Modugno says yes
12. Rural Delivery (abbrev.)
14. Last year in high school (abbrev.)
16. The "Lonely Blue Boy"
17. Smith or Wayne
18. Measurement (abbrev.)
19. Little Anthony's record label
20. Her's is the popular "The Big Hurt"
21. "——— Pase"
22. Photoplay's singer of the month (pictured)

DOWN
1. "Teen Angel"
2. "We Got Love" is his
3. Clamming fast is his "Teen Angel"
4. "It's Time ——— Cry"
5. Fast transportation from East to West Coast

Can You Guess This Star's Name?

Fad Alley

Hollywood's latest rage; lots of beads.

All the rage in Hollywood these days are beads—chokers and strings of all kinds. So I went along with Tommy Sands when he went out shopping the other day for a gift. There were so many styles that—nYou guessed it—we ended up with NOTHING. Which started us wondering? What jewelry do you like?

1. Do you prefer:
   - single strand of pearls
   - many-strand choker with jewel detail
   - combining several necklaces and ropes for a bunched or high look
   - a locket

2. Do you prefer:
   - a single small pin
   - a large pin
   - scatter pins

3. Do you prefer:
   - charm bracelet:
     - bangles:
     - chunky
     - delicate charms
   - gold
   - silver
   - your own collection
   - color
   - Do you wear: one at a time
   - mixed beads
   - watch bracelet
   - identification bracelet

After you've checked your answers, mail (along with your age) to "Monthly Record," Photoplay, Dept. CO, 205 East 42nd St., New York, N.Y. And to the first 12 answers every Monday between March 7 and 28, we'll send a piece of jewelry from Coro's collection (below).
New... The Most Trustworthy Napkin Ever Created

- New... a magic channel of protection you can trust
- New... a discreet deodorant you can trust

Modess... because
today's loveliest look...beauty only baby-mildness gives your skin

Snow-babies sparkle with That Ivory Look. Use Ivory Soap every day, and you'll have that soft, fresh loveliness, too. Now that blustery winds are blowing, your complexion needs gentleness more than ever. Ivory is the kindest possible soap for cold-weather care...gentle enough for a baby's skin. Mild in its white, pure color, mild in its clean, pure scent, 99 4/100% pure...it floats. More doctors recommend Ivory for babies' skin and yours than any other soap.
FRANKIE AVALON won't talk about his secret wife.

AMES DARREN: A man talks about his wedding day.

SIDE STUFF:

Did you know-
Liz phones Debbie 4 times a day.

JANET and TONY
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More doctors advise Ivory than any other soap for babies' skin and yours. Those doctors include skin specialists. They know the milder your beauty soap the prettier your skin. You know it, too, if you've tried Ivory.

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Listerine stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste!

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Every time you brush your teeth, reach for Listerine
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INTERNATIONAL

MAY, 1960

PHOTOPLAY

Cover: Portrait of Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh by Nat Dallinger—Gilson Photo Agency

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Please Don't Eat The Daisies

Co-Starring

Janis Paige / Spring Byington / Richard Haydn
...and the four little monsters!

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart / Based on the Book by Jean Kerr / Associate Producer Martin Melcher / Directed by Charles Walters

Produced by Joe Pasternak / CinemaScope and Metrocolor

Metro Goldwyn Mayer presents Doris Day

The uproarious movie from the big best-seller!

Hear Doris Sing!
"Please Don't Eat The Daisies"
"Anyway The Wind Blows"

Tune in to the Oscar Show on April 4. See local newspapers for time and station.
I wonder if Fabian would have made good if he had talent... Know what Zsa Zsa Gabor is going to be like when she's older? Jolie!... On meeting Gina Lollobrigida for the first time, you're surprised to find she's not as tall or as big as she appears on the screen. I'm for letting Diane Varsi do what she wants to do. ... Remember when Martin and Lewis were a team and everyone thought Lewis was the funny one? ... Marilyn Monroe has a way of making all her imitators look phony. ... Is it because Sandra Dee and Tuesday Weld were raised on different movie lots that they're lots different? ... Sophia Loren wears a man's watch, and I'd say this is the only thing masculine about her. ... I wish someone would tell me if they ever saw Brigitte Bardot with her hair combed. ... Difficult task: Going out on a date with Kim Novak unnoticed. ... Hollywood is a place where Barrie Chase goes to the movies alone, paying her own freight. ... I'm not going to try to solve what happened with Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell. If you must know, hire Perry Mason!...

Just when I knew Jeff Hunter from Tab Hunter, along came Connie Stevens and Dodie Stevens and Inger Stevens to confuse me. ... I'm for individuals like Simone Signoret, whom there's no other individual like. ... Bob Mitchum characterized a popular movie star as, "Deep down, he's shallow."

Debbie Reynolds doesn't need an alarm clock. ... Nick Adams should play "What Makes Sammy Run?" if and when it becomes a movie. ... You may not believe it, but I saw Buddy Bregman out alone. He wasn't with May Britt or Stella Stevens or Judi Meredith or Susan Kohner. He was alone! ... Don't forget France Nuyen was a character long before she met Marlon Brando. In fact this may be why Marlon digs her. ... Hollywood is a place where pillows and dreams are made of mink. ... I keep reading about James Darren, but I've yet to see him in a picture. ... "Love." Mort Sahl mumbled to me, "is the delusion that one woman differs from another."

Now that Elvis is a civilian again, don't you feel the country is safer? ... Pat Boone threw away those white sneakers and no one missed them: not even Pat Boone. ... I never believe for a moment that Efrem Zimbalist Jr. is a Private Eye, but I do accept Edd Byrnes' Kookie. ... I admit I sometimes become a bit confused about Margaret O'Brien, Joan O'Brien, Virginia O'Brien, and Erin O'Brien. ... I wish they'd name all the young players after days of the week, à la Tuesday, and the older group after the months of the year. It might make it easier to keep tab on them. ... The closest the screen has come to capturing Joan Collins as Joan Collins is in "Seven Thieves." Someday she'll get the right role and be a big star. ... Hollywood is a place where you can read people like a book, but you can't shut them up as easily. ... If Janet Leigh wanted to campaign, she could be a leading sexpot. ... Isn't it about time for Millie Perkins to be in another movie? ... I know a fellow who thinks the girl-next-door is different. He has the apartment next to Tina Louise. ... I'm weary of TV programs that are The Wonderful World of somebody or An Evening With somebody. ... Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward believe they have acting roles in "From the Terrace" because they play a married couple who are always quarreling. ... I'll wager it was a surprise to Doris Day when she discovered she was the typical American girl type. ... Googie Schwab about an- (Continued)
Is it a bird... a rocket... a plane? No, it's JERRY LEWIS saucer	
ing down to Earth from outer space for a Visit to a Small Planet.

The Broadway hit—now the screen's craziest lark!

Joan Blackman • Earl Holliman • Fred Clark

Directed by Norman Taurog • Screenplay by Edmund Beloin and Henry Garson • Based on the play by Gore Vidal • A Paramount Picture
TAN WITH  
SEA & SKI  

POSITIVELY PREVENTS SUNBURN!  
(OR YOUR MONEY BACK)

That wonderful Sea and Ski tan—it goes deeper, stays smoother, lasts longer! And all the while—your skin looks its best, feels its best. There's no burning, no peeling, no drying when you tan with Sea and Ski.

Take Sea and Ski wherever you go—it's as great as all outdoors!

Hollywood

continued

other's starlet said, "She'll go out with anybody as long as he's a somebody."
I'll admit I never confuse Ingrid Bergman with Ingmar Bergman. . . It's amazing, but Gardner McKay is learning how to actually perform in front of 20-million people every week. This is part of our bewildering times. . . . It's a time when cool means hot, when a person who is a square is something to avoid, and mother is a dirty word. . . . Hollywood is a place where Jane Mansfield has trouble with a dress if it stays on. . . . Frank Sinatra claims the art of getting along with a woman is to under-

Only her family's not surprised by Gina.
STUDENTS: If you want to go to college don't let your parents see this picture!

...that college girl who can't help lovin' tall boys...

He makes the great ones!
Sayonara!
Bus Stop!
Picnic!
South Pacific!

That experiment in Japanese kissing!
That babysitting romance!
That girl in the boys locker room!
Those pom-pom girls!...and that cool cool shower!

Here's Everything and everybody that made Broadway blush at the howling stage smash!
(at $7 per seat)

From WARNER BROS. starring anthony Perkins and Jane Fonda...
...the fabulous new young star!

co-starring RAY WALSTON · MARC CONNELLY
MURRAY HAMILTON · ANNE JACKSON
Screenplay by JULIUS J. EPSTEIN
Produced and Directed by JOSHUA LOGAN

Based on the stage play by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE: Produced on the stage by EMMETT ROGERS and ROBERT WEINER

WARNER BROS. First in Motion Pictures, Television, Music and Records
Tommy Sands Shocks His Fans; Bobby Darin Looks In Love; Rod Lauren’s Secret Gets Out

On Vine, I spotted the little red beany hat, and that’s how I knew, even from far away, that it was Tommy Sands. I asked him how he liked the service and, when he told me he wasn’t in, I flipped. “It’s just a rumor,” he smiled. “I have at least another year to go.”

I ran into Bobby Darin with his date, Judy Meredith, and they sure looked starry-eyed and happy. . . . I found out Rod Lauren’s secret. When nobody’s looking, he wears glasses. And looks great in them!

The Crickets are teaching Johnny O’Keeffe, Australia’s “Wild One,” how to play Monopoly. Then a call came from Phil Everly in Nashville. When I asked what was new, Phil said, “Monopoly!” And I hear Rick Nelson is on a card kick and Eddy Byrnes is Perkuaeyday! Crazy!

The hobby of the month is horses. The Everly Brothers bought two beautiful black ones. Rick has a brown one he calls Tinker, and Tab Hunter has a couple. . . . Eddie Cochran called from Scotland to say he met a family with the same name. They made him very welcome and even presented him with a family coat of arms. What next?

Thought for the month:
Blind is the successful man
Who cannot truly see
Someone gave a helping hand
Bigger than you and me.
—Shari Sheeley

have you heard...

They’re red-hot—
Dion, 19, of the
Brons; Jimmy
Clanton, 19, of
Baton Rouge; and
Bobby Rydell, just
18 this month, of
Philly (like Fabe).

RECOMMENDED ALBUMS

/YYYY So Much—Jackie Wilson (Brunswick) So great, it’s too much.
/YYYY Bobby Rydell (Cameo) Talent, talent, talent!
/YYYY This Is Bobby Darin (Atco) Bobby’s just recorded three more, and we love all we hear.
/YYYY Joni James At Carnegie Hall (MGM) Most of Joni’s big hits recorded live. See how many you can guess from the overture.
/YYYY The Explosive Freddie Cannon (Swan) An A-plus in musical geography . . . album includes “Tallahassee Lassie,” “Kansas City” and “Boston.”
/YYYY The Rocking 50’s.—(Atlantic) The past decade’s best.
/YYYY The Twangs The Thang—Duane Eddy (Jamie) Duane’s guitar is his voice—and when he speaks, America dances.
/YYYY The Chopin Ballades—Artur Rubinstein (RCA Victor) All the ballades on one LP
/YYYY Beethoven Eroica—Toscanini (RCA Victor) From the NBC broadcast, Dec. 6, 1953.

—Paul Drew, WGST, Atlanta
if this isn’t love... it must be

Angel Touch

by POND’S

new liquid makeup...
gives you the glow of a girl in love!

When the Real Thing happens, your heart knows it and your face shows it! But it doesn’t need to start from your heart—it can start today with ANGEL TOUCH—the makeup that gives your skin the luminous look, the tempting texture, the tender color that lights up the face of a girl in love! Discover new ANGEL TOUCH today. Just touch it on—smooth it in—and look (it’s almost like falling in love!)

In 9 soft-and-subtle shades, $1. Also in purse-size plastic bottle, 50¢.
Angel Touch Face Powder in matching shades: $1, 50¢, 25¢.
All prices plus tax.

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What's in the Stars?

Were you born between March 21st and April 19th? Then you belong to Aries, the first sign of the zodiac. Other Arians are Joan Crawford (March 23), Diane Jergens (March 31), Debbie Reynolds (April 1), Alec Guinness (April 21), Doris Day and Marlon Brando (April 3), Tony Perkins (April 4), Ward Bond (April 8), James Garner and William Holden (April 17), Jayne Mansfield (April 19).

What kind of a person are you? You are the pioneer, the first to do something new, the leader of your crowd. But look out! You're inclined to try new ventures without completing past commitments.

You often listen to what other people say, but then you turn around and do just as you please, anyway.

You are active and energetic and freedom-loving, so try to work at things which allow you freedom. Because of your energy, you usually aren't too anxious to spend much time at home.

You're young in spirit and you really enjoy life. It's a funny thing, though, you usually pick partners and friends who are more serious and down-to-earth.

You like to go off on jaunts and trips to meet new people. You're always the first in line when new fields are open, and because of your wonderful magnetism—which always impresses others—you have little trouble persuading others to go along with any plans you might have. You never let anything block your way.—ERIAL
COLORS • CLEANS • CONDITIONS • Imagine a shampoo that makes blonde hair blonder, adds shimmering lovelights to brunettes, blends in greying strands, guarantees younger-looking hair!
A shampoo that makes yellow streaks disappear from grey hair; replaces fading red hair with cascades of brilliance. And hair always looks natural, never artificial.

WASH 'N TINT does all this—and more! The protein in it adds body, lustre, makes hair more manageable.

WASH 'N TINT—greatest, safest, easiest, cleanest way to color your hair! So marvelous, you have to see it to believe it!

A shade for every woman: Natural Blonde, Brown, Black, Auburn, Silver.
"Win a Phone Call" Contest Winners:

... I was more than proud to be the winner of a phone call from Elvis, but my heart is overflowing with happiness to know that I have been able to give my friend, Mary Ann Cole, this gift. I've given her many treasured gifts throughout the years of our friendship, but it was through your kindness that she received one of the greatest gifts of all. You have made Mary Ann extremely happy—perhaps the richest girl in the world—by permitting me to present her with this gift.

Mary Ann Allen
Pittsburgh, Pa.

... Being awarded the winner of a phone call from Edd Byrnes made my Christmas a perfect one.

I was too excited to ask him all the questions I'd hoped to, but here are some answers to the questions I did ask:

Q. "What's the first thing you notice about a girl?"
A. "That she isn't a boy!"
Q. "If by magic you could have just one wish, what would it be?"
A. "Two wishes!"

I know I'm the most envied girl in the neighborhood thanks to Photoplay and its editors.

Janice Anderson
Sierra Madre, Calif.

... Occasionally, I'd wonder what it would be like to talk to a celebrity on the phone. I hadn't expected a call from Fabian! The conversation I had with Fabian was great. Fabian has a low, soft-spoken voice. He spoke about girls, the draft, and his new movie "High Time." I didn't think any star could be that human, but you know what? He's the kind of a fellow you'd like to date.

Martha Eades
Marietta, Ga.

A Big Thank You

A great big thanks to Nick Adams, Kathy Nolan, Peter Breck, and Bess Myerson for helping the people of Milwaukee, Wis, raise over 80 thousand dollars for the 1960 March of Dimes.

There are many such wonderful stars who give up their time for such needy organizations.

Donna Schintzler
Mukwonago, Wis.

That's why James Darren is taking time out to remind you to join the fight against cancer by supporting the 1960 Crusade of the American Cancer Society.—Ed.

continued

Write to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 295 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. We regret we cannot answer or return unpublished letters. To start fan clubs or write stars, contact their studios.
All at once your eyes are unforgettable

MAX FACTOR eye colors are truer... newer... never smear!
Over 2,000 dazzling color combinations!

Look how easy! Only MAX FACTOR gives you such foolproof eye make-ups... in colors that mix-and-match in so many exciting ways that are perfect for your eyes!
... I'm an 18-year-old Swedish girl who wonders if there's anyone interested in corresponding with me in English or German.

Elisabet Linde
Pdr. 11
O.D. Sweden

... Is there a girl or boy who would like to be my correspondent? I'd like that so, I am 16 years old.

Pedro Berger
Rivera 1930—Apt 7
Montevideo, Uruguay
South America

... I just love Annette Funicello and would like any pix or info on her.

Caren Pearson
9543 Meadowglen
Houston, Texas

... Will exchange movie magazine pictures of Fabian, Ricky, Dick Clark or just about any star from books of 2½ years old. Want pictures of Scott Brady, Audie Murphy and John Bromfield in return.

Mrs. Margaret Ellis
RT. 1 Box 46
Rock, W.Va.

... I'd like to hear from anyone who has any pictures of Deborah Kerr, particularly from "The King and I" or before that.

Janie M. Lamb
1322 Idaho Ave.
Cape May, N. J.

... Are there any of you as crazy about pen pals as I am? If so, I'm looking forward to hearing from you.

I'm a teenager of 16, an Elvis fan and a hot rock 'n' roller from the plains of Hindustan.

Gladys Fernandes
Barawes High School
Deolali, Nashik (Dist!) India

... I have just started a Frankie Avalon Fan Club. If any of you ever met him, please write and tell me all about him.

Miss Ali Mallinen
Kirkakatu 47
Oulu—Finland

... I am an Elvis fan as well as a Connie Francis fan. I'd like very much to exchange photos of these two fabulons singers.

Stephen Ewing
80 Waterloo Rd.
Kowloon,
Hong Kong

... Several months ago, I started collecting pictures and articles on the late Mario Lanza. If any reader has pictures or articles on him, I would be willing to trade any pictures I have of their favorite stars.

Mady Schatz
5108 W. Waveland Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

... Now there is an official Three Stooges Fan Club of America. Dues are 50c a year. You'll receive a membership card and two autographed pictures of the very wonderful Three Stooges.

Sharon Harp
R. #1
Abrey, Texas

... Edd Jones is my name. What's yours? Anyone interested in writing me? I'm 5'11" and I weigh 170 pounds and would love a pen pal.

Edd Jones
809 North Beech
Roswell, N. M.

... We'd like to have some new members for our Bing Crosby fan club. It's now going into its 24th year and we're very, very proud of this.

Rena Albanesi
128 Kimball Terrace
Yonkers 4, N. Y.

... I would like to write to someone who is interested in Phyllis Kirk, Christopher Lee and acting in general. I'm 14 and a freshman in Jr. High School.

Donna Blankenship
2364 St. James Ave.
Cincinnati 6, Ohio

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

Sharon Deinmsta
Hainesburg, N. J.

... I am 19 years old and would like to correspond with any girls from 17 to 19, especially those interested in pop music, radio and television and Photoplay magazine.

Loh Boon Leng
13 Bangkor Lane
City of Georgetown
Penang, Malay.

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.

EVENING IN PARIS COLOGNE & PERFUME BOTH FOR ONLY $1

Price of the Cologne Alone

You become the woman of your most secret desires (his too) when you surround yourself with Evening in Paris, the fragrance that keeps him falling in love with you again and again! And you'll fall in love with this almost unbelievable bargain! Made in Paris • Made by Boucheron in U.S.A.
don't spend a cent on summer till you see the

BIGGEST BRIGHTEST FASHION SHOW EVER PUT BETWEEN COVERS

For women who sew, used to sew, might be tempted to sew again
It's the ALL-NEW digest-size SIMPLICITY MAGAZINE with
150 marvelous new ways to look this summer, and
every one yours for the making. It's the thickest
fashion magazine you've ever seen, about 200 full
pages, with the most complete panorama of
everything new for the whole season. Hundreds of
full-color pictures... ideas for dressing your whole
family every minute of a busy summer... clothes
for vacation, patio living, parties, lounging, shopping,
working and, of course, for summer weddings.
The new biggest-ever summer issue of
SIMPLICITY MAGAZINE goes on sale April 15th at
newstands everywhere or anywhere patterns are
sold. DON'T MISS IT! Play safe and reserve
your copy now by sending in the coupon below.

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Simplicity

the fashion magazine for women who sew

SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER:
A full year of the biggest, brightest fashion show ever put between covers (three issues
at 50¢ each) for only $1.00. You pay for only
two, your first issue is FREE!
Dept. A, SIMPLICITY MAGAZINE
200 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
Rush me the new Summer issue, I attach $1.00.
Name__________________________
Street_________________________
City___________________________ State_________________________
This offer expires July 15, 1960
Is it true... blondes have more fun?

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

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

Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is

INSTANT WHIP® Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener

*T M ©1960 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada.
DEAR MISS PAIN:
I tried to hold off writing you, but I just couldn't wait any longer. My problem is a guy named Bob. I would like to know if he likes me, but I sure don't want to ask him. Bob is one of the most popular boys in school so you can imagine my surprise when he came up to me and introduced himself. From then on, he kept talking to me and saying "Hi." Just this last week, he has been coming to each of my classes and walking down the hall with me. When you're reading this, would you try to figure out if he likes me? Thank you.

CAROL
Detroit, Mich.

DEAR CAROL:
You're just modest!

DEAR EDITOR:
I went steady with a very nice boy for six months and we broke up to see what freedom would be like. He asks me out occasionally but I'd like to know how I could get him to ask me to go steady again. I've had enough of freedom!

HOPING
Southwick, Mass.

Dear Hoping:
Ask him if he has!

DEAR MISS PAIN:
I am fourteen and I like a boy who is twenty. He works next door and I think he likes me. I'm dying to go to our school football game with him. I'm not allowed to go out in a car with a boy but I am allowed to meet them there. What can I do to get him to ask me?

LYNDA
Youngstown, Ohio

Dear Lynda:
Not much. It's up to him.

DEAR EDITOR:
I don't know what to do. Three boys have asked me to be their tennis partners at the club this summer. One of them is a very good friend, but asked me last. Another is lots of fun and the other is real cute. I'd be most grateful if you could tell me which one to choose.

KATHY
San Diego

Dear Kathy:
First come, first served.

P.S. Look for your letters here every month. We're sorry they can't be answered personally.
NOW-TOTAL RELIEF FROM PERIODIC DISTRESS

NEW FEMICIN TABLETS

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

ACTS INSTANTLY TO
- STOP CRAMPS
- OVERCOME DEPRESSION
- CALM JUMPY NERVES
- ELIMINATE ACHES & PAINS
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FEMALE PARENTS: So effective—yet no prescription needed!

Worked even when others failed!

Now, through a revolutionary discovery of medical science, a new, prescription-type tablet provides total relief from periodic complaints. When cramps and pains strike, FEMICIN’S exclusive ingredients act instantly to end your suffering and give you back a sense of well-being. If taken before pain starts—at those first signs of heaviness and distress—further discomforts may never develop.

For samples and information booklet, “What You Should Know About Yourself As a Woman!”, send 10c for postage and handling.

For full review, see Photograph for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 29. (A—ADULT F—FAMILY)

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

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

BRAPPLE BUSH—6—Warners: Those naughty New England towns! In his home burg, doctor Richard Burton finds an amazing (if unconvincing) variety of scandals. Barbara Rush and Angie Dickinson are two of the people involved. (A) March

CHANGE MEETING—Paramount: Slick-guess game in the neat British tradition finds detective Stanley Baker checking on an artist (Hardy Kruger) accused of murdering his mistress (Micheline Presle). (A) April

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

GABZEO, THE—M-G-M, CinemaScope: Gabby but funny fare. Glenn Ford decides to plant a dead blackmaileur under the little backyard pavilion (yep, the gabzeo) wife Debbie Reynolds bought. (A) March

GENE KRUPA STORY, THE—Columbia: Plentiful jazz and eager young players liven up a routine biography. Sal Mineo works hard as krupa, but Jimmy Durante comes off better as his pal. Susan Kohner’s the gal. (A) March

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND—Warners. Technicolor: Frankie Avalon makes a pleasing movie debut opposite Alana Ladd in a lively action yarn about rancher Jeanne Crain’s war with bigger Alain Ladd. (F) April


LAST VOYAGE. THE—M-G-M. Metrocolor: Tension so taut you can hardly stand it! As Bob Stark tries to free Dorothy Malone from week-age on a sinking ship, Captain George C. Scott fumbles his job. (F) April

ON THE BEACH—U.A.: Frightening realistic picture of 1964, intended to scare us into thinking—and action. In Australia, Ava Gardner, Gregory Peck, Fred Astaire, Tony Perkins, Donna Anderson await the radio-active doom that’s hit everyone else. (F) January

ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING—Columbia. Technicolor: Nifty comedy rescued from its talking by two dazzling personalities. Yul Brynner’s a madly temperamental orchestra conductor—long hair!—and the late Kay Kendall is entrancing as his wife. (A) April

OPERATION PETTICOAT—U—Eastman Color; Upright officer Cary Grant and sleek operator Tony Curtis team up for laughs, on a World War II sub that takes aboard nurses Dina Merrill, Joan O’Brien. (F) January

OUR MAN IN HAVANA—Columbia, CinemaScope: Spy melodramas and the British Secret Service are kidded by such experts as Noel Coward (in a cameo as Alan Gosnell (the mild sandleman drafted to snoop). (F) March

RISE AND FALL OF LEGS DIAMOND, THE—6—Warner’s: Ray Damont’s behavior as the old-time gangster is so outrageous that at first it’s funny. Then the picture settles down to standard shoot-em-up stuff. (A) April

SEVEN THIEVES—20th, CinemaScope: Fascinating “perfect crime” tale. Mild-mannered Edward G. Robinson plans to rob the vault at the Monte Carlo Casino, with Rod Steiger and Joan Collins in his shady crew. (A) April

SINK THE BISMARCK—20th, CinemaScope: Suspenseful, fact-based story of the desperate British effort to find and destroy the Nazis’ mightiest ship. Navy officer Kenneth More guides the operation from headquarters, with Wren Dana Wynter. (F) April

STORY ON PAGE ONE. THE—20th, CinemaScope: Realistic courtroom drama, well-acted by Rita Hayworth, Gig Young (on trial for murder), Tony Franciosa (their lawyer), Mil- dred Dunnock (Gig’s Mom). (A) March

SUDDENLY, LAST SUMMER—Columbia: Highbrow horror movie gives Liz Taylor a powerful role as an evil plot into a mental hospital for knowing too much about Katherine Hepburn’s dead son. Doctor Monty Clift slowly uncovers the shocking truth. (A) March

TAKE A GIANT STEP—U.A.: In a splendid acting debut, singer Johnny Nash is a boy of sixteen, a Negro in a white town, still facing universal troubles as he takes the step from adolescence to maturity. (A) October


TIGER BAY—Continental: Tingling English suspense hit introduces eleven-year-old charmer Ray Milland as a slum tomboy who tries, along with handsome Horst Buchholz in his flight from a murder rap. (F) March

TOBY TYLER—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Chubby the Kitten is a curious farm boy who runs away with a small circus, back in the 1880’s, and discovers show biz is hard work, as well as fun. (F) April

WHO WAS THAT LADY?—Columbia: Wacky excitement follows the fbi (dreamed up by Dean Martin) that Tony Curtis tells Janet Leigh, his onscreen wife, too. Tony claims to be an undercover FBI agent! (F) March
Clever you—saving a dozen dollars (or more) every time you have a Toni! Beauty shop bills and tips, goodbye. Beauty shop dates and waits, good riddance. With Toni—you get the prettiest permanent of your life. And no more dryer-fidgets!

But the thing you’ll love—is Toni’s “Hidden Body.” Everyone’s wide-eyed at the way it adapts. Set it satiny smooth, or curly as a chrysanthemum—”Hidden Body” holds! Exclusively Toni’s—you won’t find it at any price—in any other permanent.

And here’s some happy news! Toni’s neutralizer is already mixed. Just snip the tip off the plastic bottle—then squeeze. Creamy drops slide through your curls—lock “Hidden Body” in. So neat—not a drop dribbles down your face or neck.

Wonderful way to have a wonderful permanent! So, give beauty shops the “go by” and go buy a New, No Mix Toni. You’ll never bother with a beauty shop permanent again! (Don’t forget—Toni also makes Tonette for children and Silver Curl for gray hair.)
Please Don’t Eat the Daisies

Let’s drop in on some nice people, just the kind of family you’d want for next-door neighbors . . . well, maybe. Doris Day’s a darling, as good-looking and good-humored as she was in the “Pillow Talk” performance that won her Photoplay’s Gold Medal. But those three angel-faced little boys! Daisy-eating is only the mildest of the stunts they think up. And David Niven, as their father, seems to be a decent sort (look how comfy he and Doris are at left top picture)—unless you happened to be in show business, then you’d call him a monster, for he’s a New York theater critic. The picture’s title comes from the best-seller in which Jean Kerr told all about her life with critic Walter and their children. She may not recognize herself and her family in this movie frolic, especially when David’s feud with Janis Paige, a curvy actress, turns into a romantic chase. But Mrs. Kerr couldn’t help joining the rest of us in chuckling.

Scent of Mystery

Sniff or don’t sniff, as you please. Whether or not you catch all the scents wafted into the theater air by “Glorious Smell-O-Vision!,” you’ll enjoy every minute of this gorgeous, cheerful whodunit. Mike Todd Jr. is trying the same contradictory trick that his late father pulled off in “Around the World in 80 Days”: making a big spectacle that nobody’s supposed to take too seriously. Junior’s version is a little more modest; we’re just going around Spain in a couple of days, but the scenery’s overwhelming, and there’s a laugh a mile. Instead of Niven and Cantinflas, we have another very proper young Englishman (Denholm Elliott) and his rowdy taxi-driver (Peter Lorre), trying to save a blond heiress from getting murdered. And this is one picture where the warning, “Don’t tell the ending,” goes double. It’s a real surprise, just see for yourself.

Heller With a Gun

Believe it or not, here’s something new in westerns. An adventure yarn with fine flashes of humor, it tells what it was like to be part of a traveling theatrical troupe in those wide-open days. Anthony Quinn bosses the troupe—and what a troupe! Sophia Loren, as the European star with a roving eye, gives one of her best performances so far, and Margaret O’Brien, as the ingenue, will surprise you with her flair for comedy. Eileen Heckart, as Margaret’s actress-mother, and Steve Forrest, as a trigger-happy badman, help make this a movie you’ll really applaud. (See Margaret, Eileen, Tony and Sophia at left, bottom.) And while you’re at it, don’t forget director George Cukor. He’s the man responsible for the stunning color photography and for the many details that make this one of the most authentic westerns ever.

(continued)
I dreamed I played in an all-girl orchestra in my *maidenform* bra

All I want is Maidenform and music, music, music! SWEET MUSIC* is number one on my hit parade! (Listen to this dreamy arrangement: spoke-stitched cups for smooth figure emphasis keep my curves always on the upbeat!) A, B and C cups, 2.50. And, for the same marvelous shape and support, (with cool elastic all around): SWEET MUSIC ELASTIC, $3; SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, the cups lightly pre-shaped with foam rubber, 3.95. And, for the ultimate in figure control, smooth midriff-molding SWEET MUSIC LONG LINE, 3.95.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1960 MAIDEN FORM BRASIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.
Tall Story

When Tony Perkins stands there, tall, crewcut and skinny, in his baseball uniform, his Adam's-apple gulping and his heart pounding at the man-trap he's caught in, there's not much a girl can do but melt.

Jane Fonda (Henry's real-life daughter) makes her debut as the coed who's set the trap, and watch out! She should have the same effect on your date. But don't worry about his paying too much attention to her. Both of you will be too busy laughing at Ray Walston and Marc Connelly, a pair of pros with the old-fashioned notion that getting an education is almost as important as winning the season's big basketball game. Tony and Jane have some good chances at comedy, too, especially during a zany love scene in a shower.

Man on a String

Don't go to this movie alone or you may feel a little uneasy, as though someone was watching you, walking home. And if you turn around, your won't be able to see him—at least not this kind of spy, because you've just found out how many ways they really are to spy on someone—closed circuit TV, for instance. And if this look at the ins-and-outs of espionage seems almost unbelievable, it's also true. The movie's based in large part on the real-life experiences of Boris Morros, a movie producer who, for ten years, was a double-agent for the U.S. and the Russians. Ernest Borgnine, as the man on a string, and Colleen Dewhurst, as a charming but deadly spy, are excellent at building this terrific suspense film.

The Big Chief

They've added laughs that even the author didn't know were there, just by moving O. Henry's famous story "The Ransom of Red Chief" across the ocean to France. And what's even better, the fun in what you see rather than in what you read in the subtitles. As a pair of amateur kidnappers, Fernandel and Gino Cervi have the kind of faces that we think, even look funny when they're at sleep, but when they start twist-
Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont says: "More and more of my friends—in fact, most smart, sophisticated Parisiennes—depend on Odo-ro-no's lasting protection to keep themselves personally sweet and fresh."

In Paris, as in most world fashion capitals, Odo-ro-no is the largest selling deodorant. With good reason. Sure, safe Odo-ro-no acts instantly to check perspiration dampness and odor. And new Odo-ro-no is so gentle to your skin... so safe for delicate fabrics. Discover the excellence of Odo-ro-no yourself—in cream, stick or spray.

Mrs. Jean Pierre Aumont, world-famous beauty and leading figure of Paris social circles—professionally known as movie star Marisa Pavan.

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WHOEVER YOU ARE
YOU'RE IN THIS PICTURE!

Because this tells of youth's challenge to grown-ups who don't understand!

IT'S DICK CLARK'S FIRST BIG MOVIE ROLE...as a high school teacher in love and in trouble. It's the story of youth...every girl's fears and hopes...every boy's dreams and drives...every parent's joys and panics!

Columbia Pictures presents

"BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG"

Michael Callan - Tuesday Weld and Victoria Shaw

with Warren Berlinger - Roberta Shore

Screenplay by James Gunn - Based on a novel by John Farris
Produced by Jerry Brestler - Directed by Paul Wendkos
A Drexel Production

GUEST STARS
James Darren - Duane Eddy and the Rebels

Hear James Darren sing the title song "Because They're Young"
Available on Colpix Records

Don't miss the Academy Awards TV show April 4th. Check your local newspaper for time and station.

MOVIES continued

on them and so are their parents, and it seems, for them, that the only way out, maybe, is the abortionist. Well-told and well-photographed, the picture was produced, directed and co-written by Richard Rush, who didn't have much money but made talent a marvelous substitute.

Expresso Bongo CONTINENTAL

Pretty fresh, those British! They've taken a standard rock 'n' roll movie plot, put it in a London setting and then kidded it to pieces. You know, like the tough manager who isn't really such a bad guy. Or is he? Anyhow, now he's Laurence Harvey, very brash and dashing, in spite of a confusing Cockney-Yiddisli-Oxford accent. His long-suffering girlfriend is Sylvia Syms, as a soft-hearted stripper. And the wonder boy that Laurence discovers could move right in and give Rick and Bobby some competition. Dreamy-faced Cliff Richard, an English disc star who's still in his teens, has all the singing mannerisms down pat. He can act, too! His movie success story is fast, flashy and funny. If it sometimes tries too hard for yocks—well, it gets plenty.

The Snow Queen UI EASTMAN COLOR

Russian movie-makers have been caught in a mellow mood with this Hans Christian Andersen fairytale, told in animated cartoons that are sometimes pretty creaky and sometimes charming. For its release in this country (under our government's cultural-exchange agreement with the U.S.S.R.), it has been fitted out with an American sound track. You'll hear the voices of Sandra Dee and Tommy Kirk as the little sweethearts, and Patty McCormack speaks for a rowdy bandit girl who's the cutest character in the lot. Like our artists here, the Soviet cartoonists seem to have some trouble making the pretty people pretty, but the funny and grotesque characters are pretty convincing! Like the title's scary Queen, in her Far North ice palace, who is a most remarkable female menace.

Masters of the Congo Jungle 20TH: CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

Special invitation to people who (continued)
New PACE gives you the most perfect permanent possible—or money back

Now, for the first time, you can wave your hair as it should be waved—from inside out—for soft, springy curls... deep, natural-looking crown waves that last.

Only Procter & Gamble’s new Pace puts the lotion in the waving papers to put controlled waving power in the heart of the curl. Roll hair up as usual, wet thoroughly with plain water. Pace’s waving papers concentrate lotion where it’s needed most—in the end curls—while measuring out just the right amount for lovely crown waves.

No stragglers, no strays, no first-week frizz. Pace gives you the most perfect permanent possible—automatically. Money back if you don’t agree.
Obviously, the lady doesn’t know...

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Pantie Style #3837—You’ll love the feather-light, firm control of this gossamer sheer Pantie, designed of miracle “LYCRA”. $10.95

Bra #110—“Self-Fitting” bra conforms to your exact cup size. $2.50

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**Kidnapped**

If adventure’s your dish, Walt Disney knows just how to serve it up. For this one, he’s picked Robert Stevenson (a for-real descendent of the author of this classic) to direct a first-rate cast in a tale that rambles all over the grand, forbidding scenery of the Scottish Highlands. Looks as if James McArthur will come into his own as a grownup actor—he’s that good as a sturdy youngster who’s being cheated out of his inheritance. But it’s Peter Finch’s swashbuckling that’ll win you. Backing the lost cause of the Stuart kings, he’s a fightin’ fool—and sometimes the accent goes on the second half of that phrase, as Jim (below) discovers. Even the villains have that nice touch of the unexpected, mixing up romance with humorous realism.
20th Century-Fox presents
ELIA KAZAN's
SMOULDERING STORY OF THE SOUTH!

Wild River

You can't hold back...
A WILD RIVER...
A DEEP LONGING...
A SUDDEN LOVE!

starring
MONTGOMERY CLIFT / LEE REMICK / JO VAN FLEET

Produced and Directed by ELIA KAZAN
Screenplay by PAUL OSBORN
CINEMASCOPE COLOR by DE LUXE
If you owned three cars... you couldn't buy finer fit!

Wear it off the shoulder — on the shoulder — strapless. That's one joy of this convertible corselette! Another joy: a zipper that zips in front! Also, there's the chic of a plunged back, the subtle deception of padded cups. Sound expensive? Actual cost is just $12.50. So even on a no-car income you can afford CAPRI by BESTFORM.

Trouble for Connie: "I'm moving! I'm selling my house and moving." Connie Stevens stormed on the "Hawaiian Eye" set. After Connie had calmed down a bit, I learned the unhappiness was brought on because neighbors complained about her two larger dogs. "What's a little barking and snapping at people, anyway?" Connie demanded. At any rate, I received no such treatment from "Hui," her little Yorkshire dog, when the two of us sat down to get acquainted. And with Connie and "Hui" wearing the same hairdo, they do come in for their share of attention.

Mailbox Corner: A card from Marilyn Monroe promises I'll be seeing more of her in the future. I can tell Marilyn her studio would be thrilled to see more of her right now. The way this one is holding up production on "Let's Make Love" is ulcer-making. Fabian writes from his "High Time" location in Stockton, California: "Dear Miss Hamilton: Just a few lines to thank you for the wonderful mention in your column. I called you when I was in Los Angeles but you weren't in. I hope to see you when I get back. Love, Fabian." Fabe always writes his notes in longhand on grey paper with a red banner in the corner. On the banner is a huge F. In my case it could stand for Fan... Incidentally, I was so impressed with Joanne Rabali's tribute to Fabe in her recent letter, I think he should know about it. So hold everything, Joanne... Vivian Nilan and June Poirier ask for more stories and pictures of yesterday's stars. "I urge your editors to aim their articles toward women over the teenage level," writes Miss Poirier. How do you feel about it???
Lunch at the Studio: Roger Smith ambled over to my table in Warner Brothers’ Green Room and, with his slow, easy smile, asked, “Mind if I join you for lunch?” He seemed unconcerned over those legal suits and counter-suits involving his recent accident. Next came Tony Eisley of the “Hawaiian Eye” show to join our table, which suddenly became a lively gathering place for the great and famous of TV. Both “Maverick” boys, Jack Kelly and James Garner, stopped by for a chat. Kelly, a truly big, handsome man, looked a bit sheepish when I teased him about loitering near the cookie counter at McDaniels’ Market. “You caught me,” he grinned. “You know, I spend half my free time there.” Roger Moore, in his “Alaskan” furs, invited me to visit his set later on. Since Warners’ announced that Roger may inherit Errol Flynn’s swashbuckling roles, the handsome Englishman has been kidded to death about “the new Errol Flynn” bit…. And quite the happiest bridegroom I ever met is handsome Van Williams of the “Bourbon Street” series. “I really have a wonderful girl,” he beamed. And guess where he met his Vicki Richards? On the beach near Santa Monica, no less. Van, by the way, is the lad who has those priceless locker room scenes with Jane Fonda and Tony Perkins in “Tall Story.” . . . And, of course, the entire dining room let out a whoop of laughter when Ty Hardin was paged with the message, “Ty Hardin, please report to your ‘Bronco’ set.” It seems the studio is forever losing Ty, who wanders off the set between scenes to play cards on a neighboring sound stage or ride his horse around the lot.

Here Comes the Bride: “Just the person I need,” Jill St. John greeted me as I walked into Amelia Grey’s exclusive Beverly Hills shop. “I’m trousseau shopping and I can’t decide between these two coats. This one I’ve wanted for a long time,” said Jill, posing in a reversible brown wool. “It was too expensive before but now it’s been reduced to half price.” Well, the upshot was that Jill—yep, you guessed it—bought both coats.

Snapper: That “Ocean’s 11” cast, including Pete Lawford, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr., were rather surprised at Frank Sinatra’s serious crush on Juliette Prowse, who visited the actor on their Las Vegas location. One member of the cast tells me Frank has really flipped for her. “It’s his biggest crush since Ava Gardner,” I was told.

Photoplay Gives Your Awards: Troy Donahue took everything in stride at the Photoplay Award session on the Bob Hope TV show, but Millie Perkins, as usual, seemed shy. Both Troy and Millie were just thrilled at being voted the Most Promising Newcomers. Producer Ross Hunter, whose “Pillow Talk” was your favorite picture, flew in from New York especially for this. Tony Randall, cited for his work in “Pillow Talk,” had us in stitches. Gina Lollobrigida, the Most Popular Foreign Star, was just lovely. (Continued)
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This-And-That: One couple I can't make out is Tony Franciosa and Shelley Winters. One minute Tony is reportedly shouting at Shelley over a set telephone to keep out of his life and, that same evening, they're out, arm in arm, house-hunting together. Frankly, it's too much for me. . . . Elvis' return, promises to be the event of the year. And with the decline of rock 'n' roll, I have no doubt he'll adjust to the new era of ballads.

These Fine Young Americans: No one can tell me the majority of young people in show business aren't the best. And the most thoughtful. For instance, Johnny Mathis has followed the footsteps of Sal Mineo, Bobby Darin, Fabian and Paul Anka, in buying a home for his parents. And on his mother's birthday, Fabian gathered his pals to help him sing "Happy Birthday" over the telephone. Mrs. Forte couldn't have been more thrilled. . . . A letter from Mrs. Kirk Johnson Jr. of Midland, Texas, tells me of the wonderful work done by our own Ben Cooper and his fiancée Pamela Raymond, along with such young hopefuls as Beverly Garland, Eddie Platt and Eddie Carroll, in their charity drive down there. "They worked seventeen hours straight—for free," writes the lovely Mrs. Johnson, "and raised close to $30,000. All West Texas fell madly in love with them." So, let's give a big hand to Hollywood's young people. To my notion, they deserve it. . . . That art-objects shop Tab Hunter proposes to open soon, should be the best patronized shop in town. Especially by feminine fans of the handsome Tab. On his recent tour of the Orient, the actor picked up hundreds of beautiful art accessories to stock his shelves. I wonder if Tab will take time off from his beloved horses to do a little selling himself? If so, I'm his first customer! . . . Kim Novak flew to the carnival in Rio and, according to reports, set the Brazilians on their ear.

Good News Department: The Efrem Zimbalists celebrated their fourth wedding anniversary. Friends hope they make it to their forty-fourth—still together . . . Russ Tamblyn, out of the Army, now raring to go ahead with his career. . . . Saw Dana Wynter's little baby, Mark Regan Bautzer. What a boy! Don't know who he looks like, though, Dana or his proud pop, Greg Bautzer. When Dana left the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, ready to take the baby home, waiting outside for her was a brand new station wagon—a gift from Greg. She was so excited, she almost dropped the baby. Little Mark Regan is the couple's first child.

Shelley and Tony made up—again.

Marlon's spending most of his time with France, but doesn't look too happy about it.

The Brando Ring-A-Ding: To be in love with Marlon Brando can be anything but a man-splendored thing, as France Nuyen discovered. Seems France, who was co-starring with Bill Holden in "The World of Susie Wong," located in Hong Kong and London, heard rumors of Marlon's attentions to Barbara Luna in Hollywood and went on a "compulsive eating" jag. Result—producer Ray Stark took one look at the added poundage and boom!—France was out and on her way to Marlon, who looked anything but hysterically happy. To add to the three-ring circus of love, Miss Luna, also an Eurasian beauty, announced to the newspapers, "I'm not in love with Marlon, even though he's the most charming man I ever met." In the meantime, ex-wife Anna Kashfi took off to a hospital, emotionally and physically spent. Oh well, that's love.
In My Opinion: It's about time to leave off those slam-bang attacks against Liz Taylor. The constant rumors suggesting growing friction between her and Eddie Fisher must be awfully hard to bear. So let's give the two a chance to live their own lives and mind our own stores, shall we? . . . Those printed statements decrying Ava Gardner's loss of beauty in the movie "On the Beach" were needlessly cruel. After all, as Ava says, she was playing the role of an alcoholic and deliberately tried to look the part. So, let's be kind enough to reserve judgment and give the gal a break. . . . In my opinion, Deborah Kerr may be paying too high a price for love. After hearing a first hand report of Deborah's recent loving reunion with her two daughters in London, both wards of the British crown, I wonder if marriage to Peter Viertel can make up for this loss? In the long run, that is? ? ? I honestly believe we'll be talking about a whole new group of stars within the year. Among them will be Juliette Greco, Angie Dickenson, Jane Fonda, Yves Montand, Luana Patten, George Hamilton, George Peppard and Troy Donahue. And what's more, I believe Sandra Dee will reach top stardom as a star with the beauty of Turner and glamour of Crawford.

Love And Things: It was a dreary Monday morning when the phone rang and a familiar voice said, "Sara Hamilton, this is George." "George who?" I asked. "George Hamilton," he said. And the sensational young star of "Home From the Hill" talked freely of his crush on Susan Kohner. He'd met Susan on their "All the Fine Young Cannibals" movie and liked her at once. "She's the most wonderful girl I ever met," he confided. "She's difficult to get to know, which I like in a girl. She may be emotional and high strung, too, but Susan is not all on the surface." He gave a rather shy little laugh. "I guess you can see I'm crazy about her." . . . Chatted with Cornel Wilde and his wife Jean Wallace at the Joan Fontaine cocktail party and re-discovered how happy this handsome couple is in their seven-year marriage. Quite frankly, they both admitted to hot tempers. "But beneath our every argument," Cornel said, "there's always the underlying awareness that Jean prefers me to any other man." . . . The Gregory Pecks were so relaxed and amusing at the farewell dinner given them by Alan and Sue Ladd, I regretted their departure to Greece for the movie "Guns of Navarone." And when both Greg and Veronique said, "Goodbye Sara, we'll see you in September," I realized how deeply our town will miss the handsome Pecks. . . . And at the Screen Directors Guild dinner, I saw such happily married couples as the Fred MacMurrays (she's June Haver), the Robert Youngs and Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald.
INSIDE STUFF
continued

Cal York's Jottings:

Terry Moore may retire from the screen after the birth of her first child next August. Terry is very happy these days as Mrs. Stuart Kramer. . . They call 20th the "Paradise" lot with such contract players as Elena Eden, Chana Eden, Barbara Eden and Eve Eden roaming the lot. Too bad they's no "Adam" under contract. . . Dorothy Provine walked out on her escort Gustavo Rojo when the Spanish actor persisted in table hopping at Ciro's. Weary of sitting alone, Dorothy called a cab and went home. OLE!! The Keenan Wynn's welcomed their third daughter, Miss Emily; the Jean Pierre Aumonts greeted their little son, Patrick; and the Rod Steigers were thrilled with their beautiful Ann Justine. . . Rumors still have Yul Brynner wedding the youthful Doris Kliner after his divorce from Virginia Gilmore. Yul and Doris were seen everywhere in Europe. . . Little did Anne Francis realize the attractive man peering into her aching tooth would one day be her husband. On a spur-of-the-moment decision Anne and Dr. Robert Abeloff decided to become man and wife and have been happy ever since. . . Before Anne Baxter took off for that Australian sheep ranch with her bridegroom, Randolph Galt, she directed a few well chosen barbs at actors who have become too involved with the money-end of the business. "Sometimes, on a movie set, I have the feeling I'm the only person there who cares what happens." It's my opinion Anne was never the same after her divorce from John Hodiak, who died so soon after with a heart seizure. That divorce, I believe, Anne very much regretted. Perhaps Fate has now given her a new chance for happiness. I certainly hope so. The Crosby clan gathered together at Bing and Kathy's home for the wedding reception of Lindsay and his bride. Barbara Fredrickson, and the following day, gathered again for the birthday of Kate Crosby, mother of Bing and Bob and grandmother of the boys, Bing, proud as punch, came downstairs carrying his small daughter, Mary Frances, in his arms. "Isn't she a beauty?" he beamed. "Notice her dainty hands." And the way Bing looked at his first daughter, was really touching. Anyway, now that peace has been established among the Crosbys, let's hope that harmony prevails, for a while, at least. . . Dick Powell sat in his comfortable living room watching TV, one recent Sunday afternoon, when firemen suddenly appeared trailing a bedraggled Ricky by the hand. Seems the Powells' nine-year-old son had climbed down a steep hillside near their Canyon home and found himself trapped on a ledge. Both firemen and policemen came to his rescue while Dick sat on, unaware of the furor outside. June Allyson all but fainted when she heard the news of her son's escapade. . . Ernie Kovacs tells of the young fan who met up with him in Disneyland. Thrusting her camera into the hands of a passerby, the fan begged the stranger to snap her picture with the famous Kovacs. "And don't you want his picture, too?" Ernie asked, "Naw, he's nobody," the fan said. "I just want you." And the "Mr. Nobody," who was only Walt Disney himself, obligingly snapped the picture and, with a wink at Ernie, strolled away.

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J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. P-10, 216 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.
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FREE Please send me "WEDDING GUIDE FOR BRIDE AND GROOM"—a guide to wedding etiquette with valuable tips on ring buying. Also send name of nearest authorized ARTCARVED jeweler.

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J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc., Dept. P-10, 216 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.
GOOD COMPANY

Just try to dream up a guest list to match this one! The warm humor of Arthur Godfrey, the witty conversation of Art Linkletter and Garry Moore, the songs of Bing Crosby and Rosemary Clooney. You can have them drop in every weekday—on CBS Radio—for the friendliest two hours in town. Make it a habit to brighten your day, every day, with the most enjoyable personalities in all radio. It's the kind of entertaining good company you find only on your CBS Radio Station. Check your local newspaper for time and station.

CBS RADIO
come along with us to-

THE PARTY HOLLYWOOD WILL NEVER FORGET

Martha Hyer to Ross Hunter: "The invitation did say tonight, didn't it?"
This was just about the gassiest party Hollywood has seen yet, with Cadillacs and motor scooters lining Sunset, stars galore crowding the sidewalks, trying to get in. A strictly standing-room only affair. . . . Zsa Zsa Gabor came running over to my table. “Fabian and I are just friends, darling,” she whispered. “There’s no wedding date set.” . . . And speaking of Fabian, producer Jerry Wald told me he’s thinking of starring Fabe in his next big budget film, “The Brothers Karamazov Meet Gidget.” . . . Heard Pat Boone’s up for a picture opposite Brigitte Bardot. Pat promised me he won’t look. . . . I found out it isn’t true that Kookie’s writing his autobiography, “Warners Byrnes Me Up.” Nor is it true Warners is planning a new series with Efrem Zimbalist and Roger Smith, to be called, “That’s the Way the Kookie Crumbles.” . . . Carol Lynley arrived late; she said she learned a lot about Ireland from Tuesday Weld. . . . For some reason, nobody could find Loretta Young after her blue chiffon dress caught in the revolv-
Mel Ferrer: “So that's what a purple people eater looks like!”

Lucille Ball to Danny Thomas: CENSORED CENSORED CENSORED

Paul Newman to wife Joanne: “I hate ostentation, don't you, old chap?”

Waved to Joan Crawford, who was busily sipping a Coke—no, it must have been a Pepsi. . . . Peter Lawford told me that pal Dean Martin's platter, “I Get Along Without You Very Well,” dedicated to you know who, is hitting high on the top ten. . . . Frankie Avalon startled all of us when he admitted he couldn't sing a note. The voice you hear really belongs to Frank Sinatra, who travels with him and stays hidden behind the curtain. . . . I understand, after the embarrassment of losing three court trials in a row on the “Perry Mason Show,” Raymond Burr is now taking night courses in law under the fictitious name of “Jerry Geisler.” . . . I couldn't figure out what Janet and Tony were whispering about. But just as I was going to ask them, someone asked me, in a whisper, “Did you know Liz calls Debbie 4 times a day?”

For my exclusive interview with Debbie, turn to page 71
to think... I didn’t want the baby
BRIGITTE BARDOT reached out for her son Nicolas. "To think I didn't want him," she said to herself. She had been so afraid...

Heavy storm clouds had gathered that afternoon, almost as a warning. Brigitte couldn't help feeling, of things to come. They had swept angrily across the sky bringing subzero temperatures and ice to the narrow Parisian street beneath the duplex apartment where she sat with her husband, Jacques, both of them nervous and apprehensive about the coming birth of their first child.

Awkwardly perched on a dark green couch in one corner of their living room, (Continued on page 86)
"C'mon, Sal—

you just called her 5

Sal Mineo opened the door of the phone booth, just a crack, so he could hear what his sister Sarina was calling out to him from the motor scooter.

"Be through in a sec," he told her and then, closing the door, he went back to his call. But, by the time he finally left the phone booth, Sal had dug into his pockets twice for the extra nickels the operator asked for. Sarina shook her head at him. "You're not at all like the rest of our family," she teased.

"Michael doesn't spend that long on the phone, and he's older than you. And Victor (Continued on page 100)

by BARBARA HARRIS
I used to think that, if the men from Mars landed, they couldn’t be any harder to understand than earth men. That’s how it used to be. But not now. No more moans, no more groans, no more silent telephones for me. (Continued on page 77)

by ANNETTE FUNICELLO
as told to CHARLOTTE BARCLAY
JAMES DARREN marries EVY NORLUND
The wedding went beautifully...yet something seemed horribly wrong

- James Darren stood next to his brother, Johnny, by the tapestry-covered altar and waited in the hushed stillness of Our Lady Chapel in St. Patrick’s Cathedral on New York’s Fifth Avenue. He was aware that, behind him, in the oak pews, were his mother and grandfather and a few of his close friends. Although he appeared outwardly calm, his heart was pounding with fear. He felt tense and nervous, for, in the quiet of the chapel, he suddenly became acutely aware of the great step he was taking. Up until then, he had been quite confident of himself, and yet...

Suddenly the rich full notes of organ music started to swell through the church and, from behind him, without turning, he could hear the shuffle of feet as the guests stood up. Then he heard a murmur and he knew Evy must have entered the chapel. Turning around, just slightly, to see his bride, he found himself gasping, for she seemed more beautiful than ever before in her ivory silk wedding dress, her lace cap veil and the palest makeup. She was walking along on the arm of his father. Her own father was in Denmark and so they had asked his to give her away. Slowly, her dress rustling just slightly as she walked, she made (Continued on page 96)

by GEORGE CHRISTY
EXCLUSIVE
FRANKIE AVALON

WHY FRANKIE WOULDN'T TALK ABOUT HIS SECRET BRIDE

the pictures you've never seen 'til now→
FRANKIE'S SECRET BRIDE
Thirty-six hours before the ceremony, it looked as if Frankie might not even get to the wedding. The Avallone family, in Philadelphia, tried to pretend to each other that the disappointment didn’t matter, but it was no use. If Frankie were really going to be delayed in California, then what would they say to the guests? One by one, the family was drawn to Frankie’s big front bedroom, as if they couldn’t believe he wasn’t there. They stood silently, in the doorway, staring at Frankie’s white (Continued on page 98)

by JIM HOFFMAN
The gang—Dolores Hart, Molly Bee, Darryl and Dwayne
“It’s true,” laughed Dolores Hart. “Every word of it.” Darryl Hickman just grinned sheepishly as the woman read his handwriting. For once, his brother Dwayne was silent. He was next.

“Wait till we tell Pamela,” Molly Bee teased, and Darryl wondered what his new bride would think. Could someone learn all those secrets just from handwriting? The answer’s yes.

What makes Tuesday act that way? Is Fabian heading for trouble? What does Debbie really feel? “It’s all in the way they write,” says graphologist Rosa Rosella. Turn the page and see.
If you write like Sandra Dee, says Miss Rosella, you have a developed mind, a disciplined and mature personality far beyond your years. Sandra’s small regular script reflects her quick mind and also her power of concentration. The even base line shows emotional balance. The regularity and forward slant reveal the consistent effort and reliability which she applies to her work and to all responsibilities. She should overcome her shyness and her insecurity because she (Continued on page 76)
Is your handwriting—or your boyfriend’s—like any of the stars? Write six lines—with a regular pen—and then read on. You’ll be surprised!

**PRESSURE:** Heavy broad strokes (like Kim’s and Frankie’s) are a sign of strength but also a warning to restrain your emotions and think twice. You have great vitality and energy to help you through difficulty. Light pressure (like Debbie’s) shows a strong sense of delicacy and refinement and a spirited approach to life.

**BASE LINE:** An even base (horizontal) line (like Debbie’s) shows you are emotionally stable and rarely lose control of a situation. Your problem is learning to relax and be yourself. But your demand for perfection often frustrates friends. If your lines are wavy (like Kim’s and Fabian’s), your emotions are changeable. Be careful not to waste your talents by lack of direction. You are impulsive, so don’t act on first impressions.

**SLANT:** A backward slant (like Tuesday’s) means you have strong inhibitions and feel the world is hostile to you. In self-protection, you withdraw yourself and are then accused of being aloof or secretive. Actually, you are extremely shy. A forward slant shows confidence in the future. You have the initiative and determination to achieve success. You are an extrovert and, in cases of extreme forward slant, very sensitive. If your letters are vertical, you are always in complete control of yourself. Your mind dominates your emotions. You keep your life tidy and pride yourself upon your self-sufficiency. But you are so jealous of your independence that you might by-pass love if it threatens your freedom.

**CONNECTED LETTERS:** If you write five or more letters in a word without a break, you have a logical and analytical mind. Emotion rarely wins an argument. Frequent disconnections between letters show social charm and intuition. Important decisions may be delayed for days while you wait for inspiration (the source of your talent) to strike and guide you.

**SPACING:** Writing that flows smoothly with equal spaces between letters and words (like Sandra’s) describes a logical, precise person with maturity and social poise. Uneven spacing shows you can be unpredictable, act without thought, and have difficulty concentrating.

**LINE DIRECTION:** Lines sloping gently uphill, shows confidence in facing new challenges and high goals. Lines that go up sharply reflect an almost fanatical determination to succeed. Lines going down at the end indicate you’re a person who is easily discouraged, with little confidence in your abilities.

**LOOPS:** Long, slender loops on strokes above the line show you are an idealist who believes that only intellectual and spiritual things are important. Full-blown lower loops mean you are romantic, but practical. You have a good business mind but can lack the imagination to make the most of opportunities.

**THE T-BAR:** Crossing your T (T-bar) firmly on the stem represents strength. You are forceful and have absolute self-control which, coupled with talent, can only mean success. Arching the bar downward means you take life too seriously. A bar floating above the stem (see Tuesday’s) shows imagination and talent. The little hooks on the ends of Tuesday’s bar indicate tenacity and a determination to get your own way. But be careful of tantrums. A bar above the stem that is arched downward symbolizes a desire for protection.

**MARGINS:** Even margins indicate culture, good taste, great social tact, poise and a strong regard for neatness and order. Narrow or irregular margins might mean a poor sense of proportion but could also show great enthusiasm, as if you’re so absorbed in what you’re doing that you disregard form.
The Efrem Zimbalists look

so happy now—but they looked the same way

just before Efrem walked out on Steffi

It seemed to Efrem, as he flung his two old, battered suitcases into the rear of his prized black 1931 Packard, that everything had gone wrong that day. It was no use going over the same things, over and over again, with Steffi. Besides, he was angry. And he could never get anything straightened out when he was mad. So, instead of going back into the living room where he’d left his wife, he took one quick look at the house, climbed dejectedly behind the steering wheel and started the engine. The tires screeched as the car rounded the driveway, a mournful sound in the stillness of the late afternoon, and then he drove on, out into the bustle of the main street traffic.

He had no intention of coming back, he told himself, staring blankly ahead. Then, a lonely, heart-sickening realization of what he had done hit him . . . and he felt like a character in a television script. As if it were not he, but Stu Bailey of “77 Sunset Strip” who was saying out loud, “I love my wife . . . but I’m leaving her.” (Continued on page 83)

wife ever be sure?

by ANITA ALLEN
Susan Kohner whispered to George Hamilton:

"CAN YOU KEEP MY SECRET?"

"If you cross your heart and hope to die, I'll tell you the secret I've never told anyone before."

continued
Susan Kohner tucked her tan coat under her and sat down on the soft mound of freshly cut grass the gardener had left to be raked up later. She could, hidden by the big trees and thick shrubs, wait, without being seen, for the car to reach the front entrance of their home. Ever since she was a child, she could remember coming to this secret place in the garden. When she sat there, she used to think that she was high enough to nearly reach heaven. Sometimes she wrote poetry; other times she’d watch her brother Poncho and his friends, hollering and whooping and carrying on and she’d wonder, don’t boys ever get tired of playing cowboys and Indians and taking turns falling down dead?

She had forgotten about the poems until this week when, for some reason, she took her notebooks down from the closet shelf and began to read through them. There was a poem she had written ten years before—when she was twelve. It read:

“When I have felt the beating of an anxious heart
When I have found the meaning of a fond embrace
When I have gained the inner beauty of the soul
Then I shall know what love is . . .”

Was she in love? She pushed the thought out of her mind, trying to concentrate, instead, on the script by her side. She liked her part in it.

She heard the car approach even before she could see it. It was funny—she thought—the first thing she knew about George was that he drove around in a big Rolls Royce. Someone had told her that it once belonged to the King of (Continued on page 101)
GO HOLLYWOOD

7 PAGE VACATION GUIDE

- Skolsky's Hollywood Beat
- what to see
- what to wear
SKOLSKY'S LOWDOWN
ON OFFBEAT HOLLYWOOD

It started in Schwab's, where most things seem to start, so Shirley MacLaine really should have been more careful. After all, everyone's always hanging around Schwab's— including me. It's the best place to start if you're covering the Hollywood beat and have...
6 days to play!
How many of these places can you guess. Score under 100? Read on!
For what to see and what to wear—where flip the page. Then follow me to page 8.
how to be **IN** when you go **OUT** in

**WHAT TO WEAR TO:** an offbeat club like The Roaring 20's; a beauty spree; TV city; Grauman's Chinese.

**THE WAY TO LOOK:** Natural—as if you were. Vici Shaw and had husband Roger Smith to please. Vici wears printed separates (they match reversible side of suit jacket, page 59), dresses them up with hat, gloves.

**WHAT TO WEAR TO:** Wil Wright’s ice-cream parlor; shopping Olvera St.; sightseeing the stars’ homes.

**THE WAY TO LOOK:** Casual—as if you hadn’t spent days looking for a straw hat to match your shoes. Here, over suit skirt, a blouse looks different because it’s worn out and belted. (Unbelted, it doubles as beach jacket.)
Hollywood—with an $87.41 wardrobe

WHAT TO WEAR TO: Dinner at Romanoff's; stargazing at Dino's; dancing at Moulin Rouge; premiering.

THE WAY TO LOOK: Elegantly simple—as if you planned that he notice you and not your dress. You'll always be right in chiffon, like Vic'i's skirt, teamed here with a silk blouse. For glamor: jet-black jewelry.

WHAT TO WEAR TO: Farmers Market; Disneyland; the pool at Beverly Hills Hotel; Aware Inn for yogurt.

THE WAY TO LOOK: Tailored—as if it's no accident your shorts fit well and not obvious at all that your sweater shows off your figure. For fun: desert boots.

FOR WHERE TO BUY THESE FASHIONS, TURN TO PAGE 95

SEE ROGER SMITH IN "77 SUNSET STRIP," OVER ABC-TV. VICTORIA SHAW IS IN COLUMBIA'S "BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG" AND "I AIM AT THE STARS."
I'd go out of my way to learn from those I admire

"if I were 17 again"

Doris Day has been my favorite movie star ever since I was eight years old, and I bet I've seen every one of her pictures at least four times. And yet, when I finally got to meet Doris in person, the look on her face scared me half to death. It was so unlike anything I'd expected from her. (Continued on page 93)
LITTLE CHERRY EXPLAINS TO HER FATHER, PAT BOONE:

when God waked me up the night of the fire, I asked him-
"Dear God, could you please speak a little louder-
I can't hear you"

(Continued on page 91)
An Easter Story
OF A CHILD'S FAITH
New! Now more than ever

Kotex is confidence

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

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

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
Debbie wasn’t at the party. She’d told me she’d be working late that night, so she’d finish her new record, the theme song from “Suddenly, Last Summer,” in time. But see what happened when I checked the rumor with her. Then turn page for more news.

Is it true that Liz calls you four times a day?

How do you really feel about marriage?

What’s your formula for getting a man?

What do you think about boys?

What do you wear to bed at night?
...in love with a wonderful buy!

Wings bras

Wings does wonderful things... keeps everything under control, including your budget. And stays so fresh and lovely, washing after washing. So treat yourself to a wardrobe of Wings. Every bra on this page gives you so much luxury, costs so little.

At favorite department, apparel and specialty stores everywhere or write to Wings Bras, 180 Madison Avenue. New York 16, N. Y.

$1.50

Word's out that Yul Brynner's developed a bad case of dandruff. . . . Jimmy Durante wants me to tell everyone that it isn't true he's having a nose job. The rumor started when Jimmy became angry at having to pay double admission to see smell-o-vision. . . . Kim Novak, who was first with last year's fad, lavender hair, looked striking in this year's style—no hair at all. . . . Barrie Chase sat down next to me for a moment and, sighing, slipped off her shoes. "If Fred Astaire steps on my foot one more time," she said, "I'll scream." . . . Garbo got mad at the photographers again. They ran out of film before they could take enough pictures of her. . . . Cary Grant explained why he flies all the way to Hong Kong to see his tailor. "I'm a sloppy eater," he told me, "and he's the only one who knows how to get soy sauce stains out." . . . Saw Eddie Fisher at the Farmers Market, buying the record "Tammy." . . . Ingrid Bergman's calling ex-husband Rossellini by his nickname again. And they said this divorce wouldn't last! . . . The party ended in an uproar when, no matter how he screamed and begged, they wouldn't let Jack Benny pay the check.—Sara

Wardrobe Bra with Six-Way Straps...a complete bra wardrobe in itself, with air-bam-.
lined cups, $1.50

X-Band Bra...fine embroidered cotton with lastex overlay at sides and all-lastex back, $1.50

Beauty Bra...sheer embroidered nylon, all-lastex back and sides. White, blue, pink, black, $1.50

Continued
Treasure of the deep for your fingertips

**CUTEX** pearl polishes

Made with essence of pearl! Fathoms deep down in the ocean, Nature produces the precious nacre for Cutex pearl polishes. Along Fifth Avenue and the rue du Faubourg St. Honoré its pearly sheen gives a whole new look to smart hands. Because Cutex pearl polishes have a subtle excitement that makes other polishes seem dim and lifeless by comparison. Whether you prefer a vivid pink or an offbeat green or orchid, Cutex pearl colors have a special radiance all their own. Turn your fingertips into gleaming jewels...with Cutex long-lasting pearl polishes!
again and again the thoughts return to Joan Caulfield... the day of the divorce... the doctor who told her, weeks later,

"You are pregnant"... the letter she wrote her husband:

"Can a baby save our marriage?"—and his reply... and then the awful loneliness and haunting fears... the feeling nobody loved her or the baby

(Continued on page 89)
has a natural, cheerful, outgoing nature. The long lower loops denote warm emotions, physical activity, and also good, practical common sense regarding material values. They also indicate a growing awareness of her womanhood and the beginning of her desire to control. She is physically conscious due to the self-consciousness and shyness in her relationships with others. Her personal pronoun "I" is very tiny. She is extremely modest, and though she has real merits, not because of an inflated ego, she must overcome this modesty and have greater confidence in her own talent if she is to achieve the success she could have. Her handwriting starts with a loop and a "spring-board" stroke which means she is tenacious and will drive forward with animation and energy to success.

FABIAN: His handwriting is imaginative, lively, animated, and has a personal rhythm that does not conform to rules. It slants far to the right and is very irregular. He is emotional, impulsive, sensitive, and has varying periods of excess energy. However, through public performance his tensions are released and he is able to release excess energy and have an outlet for his youthful exhibitionism. His lower loops are narrow and pointed, indicating a desire for recognition. He is full of nervous energy and has a restless drive. His writing is a good example of offbeat rhythm and expresses the moods and passions of many of men. The "t" and "d" indicate that he will carefully guard his inner life with reticence. The middle zone is small and narrow in comparison with the over-all size and here the final strokes are missing. He is still emotionally immature, which is natural at his age, as are inhibitions, shyness and some self-consciousness. In direct social relationships he may experience a certain insecurity. However, through public performance his tensions are released and he is able to release excess energy and have an outlet for his youthful exhibitionism.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS: No circumstance in life can completely overwhelm her for she retains an inner balance and poise which enables her to withstand deeply disturbing emotional experiences, shown by her handwriting which is regular, well-connected with moderate spacing. The horizontal line is also even, expressing her aesthetic sense and her tenacity. However, her lack of punctuation indicates she can be careless of other people's feelings and forget important details.

Your lower loops are long and, with the even spacing, she shows a strong physical coordination. She is rhythmic and musical and has a fine sense of timing. Her medium-light pressure shows an elastic, buoyant nature and fine spirit, and her language connections express her adaptability and responsiveness. The moderately-forward slant shows a natural and spontaneous approach to life. She is fundamentally an extrovert.

Her handwriting still adheres somewhat to the school form with a few initial strokes, showing she has a strong respect for her family and her upbringing and that she is basically conventional. While she appears to be reserved, the very wide spaces between words and lines reveal a certain detachment and isolation. She must not carry her desire for privacy to the extreme of refusing sincere friendships. Her tightly closed "o" combined with the encircling movement of her capitals indicate a reticence about her personal life and a refusal to give too much of herself to others.

The large, graceful encircling capitals in her signature ending in a long down stroke reveal the importance she attaches to her public life. Her determination to succeed as an actress is so strong that she must guard against letting her career dominate her life. Her personal pronoun "I" is vertical, denoting personal independence, self-control and objectivity. Her graceful, well-proportioned upper loops disclose idealism and imagination.

TUESDAY WELD: Her large script reveals her desire to express her personality before the public, to achieve recognition and acclaim.

The back slant, combined with sharp angular forms and long triangular loops indicates a non-conformist, rebellious phase through which she is passing because of her desire to express herself in her own way. Combined with long initial strokes, this indicates a long-standing family conflict, growing out of her desire for more freedom and independence.

Her "i" and "d" stems are looped, indicating great sensitivity. The personal pronoun "I" is large, showing a strong ego drive. In contrast to this, her signature is small, printed and quite unassuming, and in good taste. Possibly she feels protected and really would like more quiet and privacy. Her spacing is excellent and the writing very legible and beautifully rhythmic. She shows a strong sense of artistic ability, taste and talent.

She has a good mind. Her "n" and "m" are sharply pointed which show she is very discerning. The back slant of these angular forms indicates her strong antagonism to control. She has great talent which will be wasted unless she overcomes her rebelliousness. She should use her fine intelligence to gain insight into her nature and be able to reach full expression of her rich talents.

FRANKIE AVONAL: His writing has great natural charm and discloses a warm, unassuming personality. He is emotionally sensitive, and his style is animated, with a quick, right-slanted script which is quite graceful and original. His pressure is heavy and shaded, revealing his desire for originality and a tendency to music, and his intensity. His simplified capital "F" has the large, very full loop so characteristic of musicians. His imagination and talent can be seen in his graceful, original capitals.

KIM NOVAK: The overall size is large and is slanted forward. The pressure is heavy. Her lower loops are very full and long, showing many emotional impulses, physical vitality, energy and warmth, and has a strong sense of rhythm. The base line is wavy and uneven and the smaller letters are size. She must watch her impulsiveness and emotions. She should try to find some intellectual interest. The large size and forward slant indicate that she wants to express herself through her personality. This is a good indication that she sees recognition and achievement. Her angular "m" and "n" reveal her sharp insight and perceptivity and her passion and determination in overcoming the difficulties. Her pressure reveals her love of the physical pleasures of life, of luxury and good living and also her responses to color and beautiful clothes. She is intrigued by the mysterious, the unusual, the exotic and displays an underlying gentleness.

Her large, stylized, connected and angular signature reveals her forcefulness, her initiative, her obstinacy and her uncompromising determination to reach the heights in her profession. But she must not let emotionalism interfere with this success. A pronounced change in her writing in past years indicates a growing strength in her personality and greater control and deliberation.

DOLORES HART: She has a keen mind, strength of character, emotional balance and physical coordination. Her base line and forward slant are large and regular and show reliability. Her powers of concentration and her mental maturity are indicated by the small size of her letters. She places so much emphasis on technical perfection that is shown by the angular forms, the sharp, precise strokes and the regularity, that she restricts her creative imagination. Her initiative is shown by the forward slant. Her capitals are simple and well-proportioned, showing she has refinement, taste and artistic talent. The personal pronoun "I" is small. She is modest but firm and wastes no time. It is important that she learn how to relax and not drive herself too hard. She should be more yielding and responsive with people. Her final strokes are abrupt at the line. Her fine sense of timing, music and rhythm are shown in her even spacing. The long lower loops portray her physical activity, her dancing, and her...
warmth of feeling. She is methodical, moral and controlled. ROSA ROSELLA

WATCH FOR SANDRA DEE IN U.I.'S "RO-

MANOFF AND JULIET" AND ALSO "POR-

TRAIT IN BLACK." HEAR HER VOICE

IN U.I.'S "THE SNOW QUEEN." SHE RE-

CORDS FOR DECCA. "WATCH FOR

FABIAN IN 20TH'S "HIGH TIME." HE RE-

CORDS ON THE CHANCELLOR LABEL.

SEE DEBBIE REYNOLDS IN PAR'S "THE

BAT RACE" AND "PLEASURE OF HIS COM-

PANY." SHE RECORDS FOR DOT. DON'T

MISS HER SPECIALS ON ABC-TV...

WATCH FOR TUESDAY WEDL IN 20TH'S

"HIGH TIME." SEE HER IN U.I.'S "THE

PRIVATE LIVES OF ADAM AND EVE" AND

"BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG" FOR COL.

SHE'S ALSO ON CBS-TV, TUES., 8:30-9 P.M.

EST, IN "THE MANY LOVES OF DOBIE

GILLIS." ... FRANKIE AVALON CAN BE

SEEN IN U.A.'S "THE ALAMO" AND WARS-

NERS "GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND." HE

SINGS FOR CHANCELLOR. ... WATCH FOR

KIM NOVAK IN COL.'S "STRANGERS WHEN

WE MEET." ... WATCH FOR DOLORES

HART IN "THE CHILDS OF SUMMER"

PAR. ... SEE DWAYNE HICKMAN ON CBS-

TV, TUES., 8:30-9 P.M. EST, IN "THE MANY

LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS." ... SEE DARRYL

HICKMAN IN "TEXAS JUD GEORGE SLAUGHTER"

ON THE "WALT DISNEY PRESENTS" SHOW,

EVERY FRI., 7:30-8:30 P.M. EST, ON ABC-TV.

ANNETTE

Continued from page 43

You see, something happened last Mon-

day which made me realize that they're

really as simple to understand as A, B, C.

It all started when I went out on a date

with Tommy Cole (that's him in the pic-

tures). Remember him? We were Mouse-

keteers together. I hadn't dated him for

ages—not since he asked me out once

years ago, on what must have been one of

my very first dates. We had fun that time

but, well, things weren't quite like they

were last Monday. I wasn't nearly so at

ease and I remember that I didn't know

really what to talk about. But now I do.

Anyway, going out with him, again, sort

of made me think; made me realize how

much I'd learned about boys since that

very first time we went out together.

Things which make me able to enjoy

dates, really enjoy them.

First of all, I think a girl should try to

understand a boy's problems. Try to put

herself in his shoes and imagine how she

would feel if she were in his position. Like

one date when I went out with a friend

of my brother's whom I'd known for two

months. He was the umpire for the Little

League baseball team, and he was very

shy. He was awfully nice but he couldn't

strike up a conversation with anybody.

Fortunately, it was a double date and he

wasn't as ill at ease as he might have been.

We went to the opening of Ice Capades

in Hollywood. I had appeared on the Disney

show for three years and sometimes they

would recognize me and ask for an auto-

graph. They did, that night, and this boy

stood to one side while the crowd closed

in around me, feeling really left out. I un-

derstood and tried to be extra attentive to

him to make up for it. I think a boy appreci-

ates this.

I remember I was wearing my first high

heels and I was scared stiff. I had trou-

ble walking in them. They must have

been too small or something because my

feet were killing me and, when we reached

our seats, I took those miserable shoes off.

Then my feet swelled up and I had trouble

getting the shoes back on! I was wearing a

party dress—I forget the color—and my

mother's coat which was white and had a

mink collar. We had hot fudge sundaes

afterward and I never ate a sundae so fast.

...
Only
20 minutes
more than
last night's
pin-up...
the kids were so friendly and such fun they helped me tremendously. Until I was thirteen, I didn't care about boys or how I looked or anything.

To this day, I'm still kind of shy when I meet somebody new. Of course, if he's in the business it's easy because we have so much in common.

My advice to kids going out on their first date would be—just try to relax, and before you leave have everything planned that you're going to say. Then you won't have any trouble and won't get stuck for words. Always be yourself and don't worry about making an impression. That's where so many boys go wrong. They think they have to be fresh to make an impression. I hate that type. The best thing to do with a wolf is to let him know exactly where he stands before you even go out. A girl lets a boy know how far he can go. It's all up to the girl. Some girls will kiss a boy on the first date, some won't. As far as I'm concerned, if you really like the boy and he likes you, I think it's fine.

Boys do lots of things that make you mad—like bragging about other girls they know. This does nothing for them but lower them in your estimation. Some boys look at other girls constantly. Especially if you're in a car. It's very annoying but I never say anything. It's best not to if that's the way they want to be. But it shows they're not very mature. And the practical jokers! They are awful. They're never serious. Always clowning around. At a party you can't talk to them. They won't take anything seriously. It's very exasperating. And at every party you find some character who wants to spike the punch. They're such bores. They want the crowd to think they're big shots, but they just prove how infantile they are.

Another type I can't stand is the fast driver. They're not only obnoxious, they're downright dangerous. I was on my way to a hamburger stand, one night, with a boy who had little sports car. He was going way over the speed limit and cutting corners sharp. I just said, "My girlfriend lives down the block. You can let me out right here."

It's not that I'm a sissy. I think speed is fine—at the race track. I know one boy who has a racing car. I have a Thunderbird. I seem to have gotten off the track (no pun intended). I was talking about things boys do that make me mad. I don't think any boy has the right to tell a girl how to use makeup or how to wear her hair. Only a girl knows these things. As far as clothes are concerned, though, I do think a boy has the right to say, "Gee, I'd love to see you in a pretty red dress." But they shouldn't tell you how to dress.

I notice what a boy is wearing immediately. Especially socks. I love to see if they match his shirt or sweater. What I love most, on a boy, are red socks, loafers, gray pants and bulky red sweaters. I hate sloppy dressers. It can be very uncomforatable. Especially if you're going some place real nice and they're dressed all wrong. There's no such thing as a gentle hint for getting around a situation like that. It would be too embarrassing. What do you say? "Wash up, would you?" Their manners will probably match their dress and they won't even know enough to open a door for you and let you enter first. On a casual date, I don't think it's important for a boy to rush around opening car doors but, when you go out formal, little things like that are important.

Another thing I wish boys would understand is that when a girl is in show business she sometimes has to break a date for an interview or pictures or something. Some boys get furious. They think it's an act—that you're trying to show off or, worse yet, avoid them. That's why it's difficult for me to go with boys who are not in the business. They just don't understand.

I have one friend who does—Paul Anka. He understands my problems and I understand his. We hit it off beautifully from the moment we met. His manager was at our house, one night, and asked if I'd like to meet Paul. I said yes, so he arranged a dinner. And Paul and I took to each other right away

Some people ask whether we're in love. Well, we do have wonderful times together. But are we in love? That's another story.

Last minute calls by boys annoy me. I like to be called by the middle of the week for a Friday or Saturday date. It's much more considerate. Boys who call at the last minute, make a big mistake. Sometimes it just makes you think they couldn't find anyone else. Of course, if it's a last minute inspiration, that's different. Like when somebody says, "Hey, let's have a party." Sometimes that's more fun than something you've looked forward to for weeks.

The having fun part is really important and it isn't so hard, though some kids seem to think so. I've had letters from teenagers asking me how you get to understand boys and how you can be sure that a date will be a success. Well, I'd say all you have to know about boys is maybe they're human, too. And this, I think, was the most important thing that I discovered when I started to think about boys last Monday. That they're really just human and so often they feel just the same way girls do. Honest!

—THE END

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home or beauty shop!
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HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 63

Let me tell you about what happened at Schwab's. It might explain the place and me—and Hollywood.

Because I get mail, messages, phone calls and visitors at Schwab's, they have supplied me with an office. It's a way of keeping my mail, messages, phone calls, visitors and me from getting mixed up with the prescriptions, perfumes, cosmetics, etc. This office is at the extreme rear of the store, and is perched on a ledge about a flight of stairs above the main floor of the store.

What's really important is the fourth wall, which isn't really a wall. It's a large glass window. This glass window is the prize of the office, because it overlooks the entire store. People in the store who look up see only the attractive gray-cloth curtains. They don't know there is an office behind those curtains, and that often in this office I'm behind these curtains, unseen, watching them.

It's a wonderful feeling. I watch the floor show at Schwab's nightly. The cast of characters changes hourly. And what a cast! The minute you enter the store you're part of the floor show. I was sitting up in my office when the pharmacist downstairs buzzed me and then said to me on the phone, "There's a Shirley MacLaine down here asking if you're around. What will I tell her?"

I took a quick peep. Sure enough—"a Shirley MacLaine" was the MacLaine, as if there could be another. "Send her up," I said.

Shirley had a Japanese woman friend with her and was showing her the sights of Hollywood, meaning, Shirley hastened to explain, Schwab's and the office—not me. After some polite laughter and pleasant remarks, I decided to entertain Shirley and her guest. I told them about the informally-looking grey curtains and allowed them to stand in front of them and look down at the store and the people. Shirley and her friend watched the guys and dolls reading the magazines, spraying themselves with the sample perfume, etc.

"This is great fun!" declared the Japanese woman. "It is better than standing in the footprints at Grauman's Chinese Theatre.

Besides, I could not find a pair to fit.

"My size isn't there either," wowed Shirley.

Later, Shirley MacLaine and her friend left. Shirley asking if she could come back another night for the floor show. From force of habit, I peered from behind the grey curtains. The cast of the floor show now included Shirley MacLaine and the Japanese woman, spraying themselves with the sample perfume.

And that's how the rumor started. The next day, everyone was asking me if it was true; if I knew what Shirley was up to. Of course, the perfume she chose was "My Sin."

Schwab's closes at midnight. The cast of characters moves onward and upward to join other characters. I mean, they have a right to do so onto the famous Sunset Strip and one of the many coffee houses which reveal The Strip after dark.

The Strip is a unique stretch of road (1.8 mile railing Hollywood to Beverly Hills) where the swank restaurant, LaRue's (where Gary Grant or Donny Day may be dining) rubs elbows with a coffee house (Unicorn) or an all-night short-order restaurant (where Ricky Nelson or Judi Meredith can be waiting for the group). People used to sneed on The Strip to get from Beverly Hills to Hollywood at times. Today, The Strip, with its swank shops to take a table and drink, has given them a place to meet. The coffee house is just another form of the Lonely Hearts Club. People, young and old, become lonely and they like to gather and chat. There comes that hour of the day when people and not another TV program.

Everyone was whispering about Shirley, to discover that "77 Sunset Strip" is not actually next door to Dino's, and that the exact number of windows next door is 8532. The building next door is not the home of those never-failing private eyes, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. and Roger Smith, but of another type agency—the Mary Webb Danes.

There are some things for real in this supposed make-believe town that both tourist and resident should take in if he or she hopes to know the town well. First, there are the simple museums in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater. Those footprints now cost $150 to be firmly imprinted there in cement. It is suggested that one of the best ways of trying to stand in the footprints of the mighty and try them on for size—regardless of how corny this hip IN people might say it is. So go ahead and do it, if you feel like it.

I know this story to be true. It happened a few years ago when, after making "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield both put their footprints into the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater. A few nights later, after the cement had dried and hardened, Marilyn made a trip to Grauman's Chinese. Hollywood Boulevard was deserted, except for a few slim-haired chaps cruising in their sports cars. It was about two in the morning when Marilyn parked her car, walked over to her own footprints, and stood in them.

"I waited a long time to get them there. I wanted the thrill of standing in my own footprints," said Marilyn.

Then, she got back into her car and drove to the studio for a few hours of sleep. Of the contented. How do I know this? The lady told me so herself the next day when, as usual, I was hitch-hiking.

I don't drive. I am chauffeured to one of the studios by my wife, Estelle, deposed, and left on my own. From now on, and sometimes it goes on until two or three in the morning. I am on my own. In the few years I have covered the Hollywood Beat, I can't drive. And don't tell me how easy and simple it is! All the improvements of the auto manufacturers haven't solved the driving problem. I have to have my chauffeur drive them and thank them for keeping on trying.

I seldom take taxis—only when real stuck—because I feel that is something akin to cheating. Anyone can phone for a cab (except the wealthy) and have them come. I don't drive. And I have come to know the departing time and the direction the various actors, actresses, secretaries, etc. will be going. It has worked out very well, and there have been only a few times that I've been left stranded in the chill night air.

This not-driving—a-car, I have found to be an asset, although it was not planned this way. It is the way I obtain any stop-the-press scoops from my celebrity chauffeurs, but I often hear some interesting chatter. More important, I gain "background knowledge" I acquire from my chauffeurs without there being nothing like riding with a movie star to know a movie star, well—almost nothing like it.

I have given a lift by Gary Cooper when he drove a streamlined sports car and liked to feel the breeze push against his face. Gary, let me tell you, had more than "Yup" to say to other drivers on the road. Today, speed-boats is Steve McQueen and he gets a charge when he charges that motor.
Steve does drive carefully and, to my knowledge, he hasn't received a ticket. But I will say he gets to Schwab's faster than anyone else. I remember, once, when Marlene Dietrich was my chauffeur, and suddenly I asked her to stop on Wilshire, near Rodeo. I spotted a friend who was waiting for a cab. He got into Dietrich's car and Marlene merely said, "I've got a hitch-hiker who picks up hitch-hikers!"

For quite some time, Marilyn Monroe was my chauffeur. Marilyn is an individual while driving a car, as she is with everything. For a while, I was concerned, because Marilyn would be looking into the mirror at herself or memorizing some lines, her eyes blinking closed for a brief second. "Marilyn! I'm about to shout, "why don't you look where you're going? Why don't you look at the other cars?" Marilyn would reply, "I don't have to look at the other cars. They're looking at me."

I don't have to tell you. They were! And Marilyn is one of the best and safest chauffeurs I ever had. I'm telling you all this, dear people, so that if you ever see me standing outside of a studio or on Sunset Boulevard, you might offer me a ride. Especially if you're going in the direction of Schwab's, my headquarters.

I don't care what anyone says is happening to the movies. The hundreds of daily visitors to Hollywood want to see a movie studio. And by see it, they mean get into a studio, onto a set, and stand close enough to a movie star to whisper "Hello" and be heard.

I know what it means getting into a studio, because, although I'm a columnist, I'm basically a visitor. I can get into a studio okay; my problem is staying there. You see, I'm a columnist who likes to do his work (writing the column added) from a studio office—when I'm not at Schwab's. And these offices, even empty, are reserved for employees of the studio. Several times I have gone to great lengths, such as producing movies ("The Jolson Story," "The Eddie Cantor Story"), to secure an office-within-a-studio to write my column. Therefore, I don't believe I have to say any more to assure you that I know how much it means to you to crash a studio.

I'm with you, and I'll admit the studios should be better organized and have better arrangements to take care of the many people who want to visit their glamor factories. The only advice I can give you is to phone the studio you want to visit (after you arrive in town, of course). Several studios have their own guided tours, while others have made arrangements with bus companies for a tour of the studios. All of the TV studios have guided tours, too, and when you call about these, you can ask for tickets to your favorite show at the same time.

The tour won't be as complete or individualistic as if you were a relative of M-G-M's Sol C. Siegel, but at least it's getting in—and that's something!

There's nothing I like better than to walk and browse in the shops, and I do this whenever I'm a little in front of my work or I have a visitor in town. Then I travel the streets of Beverly Hills, from little Santa Monica to Wilshire, which I call Schlep Row, and look into the markets, the galleries, the book stores. On these streets, dressed for lunch in the latest fashion or in slacks, you can bump into some of your favorite movie actresses—acting like wives—doing the shopping, the marketing. I have met Janet Leigh, Barbara Rush, and even May Britt selecting vegetables and books.

The two most popular book stores in Beverly, I'd say, are Martindale's and Marian Hunter's. I have known Marian Hunter and her husband, Dick Kilpatrick, for years and must introduce them to you to include in our cast of characters

Marian is one of the founders of the original Hollywood Studio Club (where Kim Novak lived when she was just getting started) and will tell you great stories of those pioneer days in movietown. She recalls how ZaSu Pitts eloped. "Not that she had to. We all knew she was going to get married. We even put the ladder next to her window so she could climb down and make her getaway," Dick Kilpatrick will tell you about the trade winds that blow in across the Pacific from the islands. "And if you arrange the windows and doors in your house right, the place will be cool and you'll never need an air-conditioning system." There must be something in what Kilpatrick says, because the Marian Hunter bookshop is always comfortable on the hottest day. Oh yes, if Kilpatrick is really your friend, he's apt to lean over and whisper to you: "I wouldn't buy that book. I read it. You won't like it." He's that kind of a bookseller.

And at Martindale's, you're apt to run into Groucho Marx, Art Linkletter, or any of the other actor-authors who are browsing around to see how their books are selling. And in Hollywood books do sell. I'm told that one of the first charge accounts Kim Novak opened was at a bookstore. I won't name too many things in particular that you should see and do while in Hollywood. This you can get by sending away for the special booklet that's offered on the Photoplay coupon at the end of this story. And be like me on the Hollywood Beat. Know what you do know and play the rest by ear. Improve. It's more fun.

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V$^95
But be certain that you know the movie stars when you see them. Plenty of people mistake movie stars for tourists, and visitors for movie stars. It was only the other day that Paul Newman came into Schwab's. The clerk who waited on him was terribly excited, and, before the sale had been made, asked Paul if he could have an autograph. Paul pleasantly obliged. Then the purchase was made and Paul Newman wrote out a check for a little more than the purchase, because he wanted to have a little cash with him. The same clerk, who had just pocketed the autograph, looked at the check, looked at Paul Newman, and then politely asked: "Have you any identification with you, sir?"

And don't forget me if you're driving along Wilshire, Sunset or Hollywood Boulevard. I'm the fellow who is looking for a ride, thank you.

6 DAYS WITH PLAY

How many of the places on pages 62 and 63, did you guess? Here are the answers, by column (or day), going from the top down:

FIRST DAY

Getting there is fun: You can find out all about the different ways to get to Hollywood by sending for the booklet on Photoplay's cover. If you take the train, for instance, it lands you right across from colorful Olerua Street, the Spanish-Mexican village. I must be truthful and tell you that I've never been to Olvera Street or Chinatown either, which is also in downtown Los Angeles. I've been told they're great and plenty of fun. But from my very beginning in Hollywood, I tried to pass as a native until seldom got below Western Avenue. However, don't be a dope like me. You go, and then tell me about it. A few more sales talks and I'm going to turn tourist. You people have more fun.

SECOND DAY

Disneyland: It's 45 minutes from Hollywood, just by placing your car on the Santa Ana Freeway and allowing it to follow the other cars. You can go by bus or helicopter, too. This place takes the Barker and the gypo out of the amusement center and leaves you with honest, clean, and entertaining Walt Disney feature alive. General Admission's $1.00 if you're between 12 and 17, another quarter if you're older. But Annette Funiceio recommends getting one of the special Ticket Books that combine general admission and a number of attractions all for one price. She told me you can do Disneyland for about $5.00 and never even notice you're on a budget.

Farmers Market: Definitely a must, it can be found on Fairfax and Third St., by TV City, which keeps its CBS eye on it. Here you can eat, outdoors, any type of food; you can shop for anything from a silver to an antique; you can have your shoes repaired while you wait, or have a facial, also while you wait; you can buy vegetables and fruit and carry them in a covered early that very morning. The prices are fairly reasonable. The one drawback: the place is always crowded. If it's too crowded, you can cross the street—be careful—and go to the Town and Country Market, which grew and is growing and takes care of the overflow from Farmers.

THIRD DAY

Grauman's Chinese: If you don't know all about this place, you probably don't go to the movies often enough. Other famous movie theaters out here are the Pantages, at Hollywood and Vine, where they give out the Oscars, and the Egyptian Theater on Hollywood Blvd., a real showplace.

Dancing: Try the Moulin Rouge or, for a great view of the town, the Star on the Roof, at the Beverly Hilton. And while you're in an elegant mood, visit my favorite hotel, the Beverly Hills Hotel. I sit in front of the fireplace in the lobby and watch the movie stars go by into the Polo Lounge. I wish I had the dough that's merely discussed over the tables in this lounge. If I did, I could afford to register.

Brown Derby: I must tell you about the Derby, probably the first Hollywood restaurant to become nationally famous. The original Brown Derby is on Wilshire Blvd., near the Ambassador Hotel, and is the only one still in the shape of a brown derby. The others are on Vine St., in Beverly Hills on Video Dr. and Wilshire, and on Las Feliz Blvd. If you don't want to look like a tourist, enter the Vine St. Derby by the side entrance, near the parking lot. TV celebrities do this. It makes them feel IN.

Trader Vic's: They've got food from the 49th state, so go ahead and try it. Don't be a sissy and end up ordering from the ham-and-eggs side of the menu.

FOURTH DAY

77 Sunset Strip: See what it really says on the canopy.

TV City: This is where CBS beams its shows from. NBC calls its hangout Television Center. Call either place for tickets.

Wil Wright's: If you want various shades of ice cream, done up fancier and sweeter than you've ever tasted, drop in at one of the Wil Wright ice-cream parlors, scattered throughout the town. Molly Bee and other younger stars like the branches on Sunset Strip or South Beverly Dr. The same gang haunts the branch of Hamburger Hamlet that's right near the Photoplay office. If you're an organic food fan and like ending your dinner with Tiger's Milk or Dandelion Coffee, you can get a table at the Aware Inn, right next to Gardner McKay, Joan Collins, Mark Damon or Nick Adams. I was introduced to this place by Mari Blanchard; and often you'll be surprised who's now on a health food kick. I am.

FIFTH DAY

Swimming: I'm not much in a bathing suit, but Paul Anka tells me the best beaches are at Santa Monica, Malibu, Zuma, Hermosa, Laguna, Balboa and Newport.

Tennis: There are a couple of courts right next to the Sand and Pool Club at the Beverly Hills Hotel. I'm strictly a spectator, which can be rugged, too. For instance, I have a stiff neck for days after I watch Efrem Zimbalist or Bob Evans play.

EGHEDS: By now, everyone knows where Edward G. Robinson, Martha Hyer and Rock Hudson put their money—in paintings. Actually anything from $34,000 of it, and you can see the stars looking over future investments at such art galleries as Hatfield Dalzell's, Paul Kantor's Perreau-Saussine or Esther Robles'.

That's Hollywood for you.

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[ ] Package Tours  
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NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE
Continued from page 55

Just ahead, the traffic light was changing to red on Ventura Boulevard. He jammed on the brakes and the big car skidded to a sudden halt.

“Hey, Zimmy,” someone yelled from the open window of a car which had pulled up beside his. “Where are you going in such a hurry?”

He looked around. It was one of his and Steffi’s friends. A nice guy—a reporter on one of the local papers. Somehow he felt like a kid caught playing hooky from school. Before he realized what he was doing, he was saying sheepishly, “Steffi and I—we’ve had a misunderstanding. I’ll call you about it later. That’s a promise.”

The reporter looked startled and suddenly Efrem realized the full implications of what he had said. “I must have been feeling really guilty about the whole thing to blurt it all out so quickly,” he thought. “Say . . .” began the reporter.

“Will you do me a favor?” interrupted Efrem. “Don’t say anything about this to anyone . . . not even at the paper. I’ll call and tell you the real story later. Okay?”

“I don’t want false rumors floating around.”

At that moment, the lights changed. Efrem put his foot quickly down onto the accelerator and roared off. He drove on for what seemed like endless hours, finally checking into a motel just two blocks away from the Warner Brothers studio.

The motel room was simple. Just a bed—with a well-worn spread—a dresser marred with cigarette burns, a couple of chairs and a television set. Feeling depressed, Efrem closed the door behind him. He suddenly realized how alone he was. He hated being alone . . . had hated it ever since his first wife, Emily McNair, had died ten years before and he’d been left by himself to bring up their two children.

He sat down dejectedly on the bed and then lay back. It was odd, he thought, how situations that aren’t connected at all can bring to mind old memories. Those
years had been terrible and it was not until he met Steffi, in 1955, that life had seemed worth living again. With understanding and patience, she’d gently brought him out of the melancholy he’d been living in and given him a new sense of purpose and happiness that he’d never thought to find again.

Together, the two of them had come out to California from his old home in New York—Steffi had settled down to raise his two children and they had even had a child of their own a year later. Efrem had begun on a promising film career and now their age difference—she was in her early twenties and he, already in his middle thirties—seemed no barrier to their love. Though hadn’t stayed that way. Yet even so, Efrem was already feeling a little sorry for his hasty action.

He was thinking about his new daughter, Steffi Jr., when, a few moments later, he set up the telephone for the reading lamp beside his bed. The shadows of dusk were beginning to form, and usually, at this time, he’d go up to her room to kiss her goodnight.

Earlier that day, he’d put his two eldest children on a plane for Philadelphia so that they might stay with his parents until some decision about the future of his marriage could be made. Little Steffi had remained at home with his other memories. Suddenly, he remembered his promise to the reporter. He picked up the receiver of the telephone beside the bed.

“It’s a trial separation,” he told the man a few years ago. Had he really? He’d been thinking for years about ironing out our problems. No, we’re not planning a divorce at this time.”

“Then what are the problems?” asked the man.

“Just some misunderstandings,” was the reply. He hardly knew himself.

The breakup of his marriage deeply puzzled him. What had gone wrong? It wasn’t one major issue. It was several small things, all of which had been happening for years. If there had been one thing wrong—like falling in love with another person—it would be easier to condemn or forgive. But that wasn’t the case. It was more a buildup of all the little, petty misunderstandings which had finally come to a peak.

I felt a little guilty about bringing Steffi to California, Efrem once told a friend. “She had a lot of friends in the East and knew no one in Hollywood. But she didn’t seem to mind.”

“We moved into the home that Eddie Fisher and Debbie Reynolds lived in before their divorce. We kidded each other that the house might be jinxed.” Could this have played on their minds?

In recent months, he and Steffi had begun drifting more and more apart. Until then, everything had seemed to be running smoothly. But suddenly, he became swamped with work. He would sometimes have to spend fourteen hours a day before the cameras, and he seldom got a day off. As with most TV stars, he’d come home late at night, have dinner, study his lines for the next day’s shooting, and fall into bed exhausted. Often, they didn’t have a chance to talk to each other for days on end. Many times, she’d be sleeping when he would arrive home, and then he’d have to get up before dawn for an early set call the next morning. And they began to lose the closeness they’d once shared.

“You just can’t expect a marriage to last on this basis,” one of their close friends pointed out. “You’ll be strangers soon. Don’t be blind. Don’t take each other too much for granted.”

It didn’t help matters, either, he remembered, when a Hollywood gossip columnist started printing items that the marriage was on the rocks.

“I was mad enough to punch the writer in the nose,” Efrem recalled, “because there wasn’t anything wrong at the time. People kept calling the house to inquire about the items. Both Steffi and I were driving each other nuts.”

Apparently the columnist either had a crystal ball or knew what the Zimbablists may have been afraid to admit to themselves. Somehow, in recent weeks, it had become apparent that the marriage was in trouble. He realized he’d have to do something to try to save what was left in his marriage. So he and Steffi set up a new room for themselves and closed the door. Even his makeup man could hardly get him to say “good morning.” Then, one of the crew, arriving just a little late, remarked to a pal, “Seen Efrem’s car this morning? It’s covered with dirt and mud. That’s not like him— he always keeps it spotlessly clean.”

“There’s been some trouble between him and his wife,” the friend told him. “I’ve heard about it.”

The day was miserable for Efrem. He didn’t know whether or not to call home. Maybe it was all a nightmare? But no. He had left and that was there. There was no way he could back out now.

That night, a woman friend took Steffi out to dinner. She tried to patch things up but Steffi, too, was moody. She didn’t even want to talk about it. Watching her, Efrem remarked, “She’d seemed so happy just a few weeks ago.” The woman thought, “Can any wife ever be sure of her marriage?” Steffi had hardly touched her dinner and, as soon as the meal was over, apologized to her friend and went home.

The next evening, Efrem was feeling moody too. He could stand the separation no longer. Somehow, from the loneliness, a little anger had started to grow and he wanted to go back to the old ways of Hollywood, where there seemed to be more parties and less fighting. He called home from the set, hardly knowing what to say, and a little afraid she would not speak to him. But she did come to the telephone, although the conversation was short and brief.

They agreed to spend Christmas day together with little Steffi.

The moment Efrem put the receiver down, he knew he was pleased with what had happened. He then asked someone to come after him, and he asked him later what made him call Steffi. He just smiled. But it was Christmas...

Christmas had always meant something special to the two of them, ever since their first one together. Then it had looked as though they were going to be apart—he’d been out in Hollywood arranging a Warners’ contract while she’d been back in New York, tiding up their affairs there so he could leave Hollywood mostly in Hollywood. At the time, he remembered, he’d dreaded the thought of spending Christmas away from Steffi and his children, Nancy and Skipper. But there seemed no solution.

Then, the night before Christmas, as he was finishing up for the day at the studio and feeling really like a lost soul, a set hand had called him to the telephone. “Call for you, Mr. Zimbablist,” the man had said.

Call? He hadn’t been expecting any calls. He went over to the telephone. “Look here,” the voice at the other end had said. “I think you’d better have a chance to speak.” I rented you a house from January but it seems a package has al-

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He arrived in the den. He pushed open the door with one hand and was halfway into the room before he realized what had happened. There, in the middle of the floor, was a big Christmas tree all decorated with balls and lights and with Christmas packages heaped under it. He just stood and stared until he heard a giggle and then, turning around, he saw Steffi and Nancy and Skippie.

"Surprise! Surprise!" they all shouted. And then Steffi, between tears and laughter, told him how their old landlord had rented their New York apartment almost immediately and how their furniture had been unpacked in just a few days so that they could all be together at Christmas.

After that, she'd always had wonderful surprises for him and he felt he could never tell her how much her love really meant.

After his call to Steffi, the days passed slowly until Christmas, and when it arrived, he felt like Santa Claus. He had bought a doll and other presents for his daughter... even had his car washed. And it was as though he had never been away from home when he rolled his car to a stop in front of his house. Steffi, holding the little girl, was standing by the door, and, as he climbed out, his daughter ran over to kiss him.

"Daddy, Daddy," she cried. "Where have you been?"

Efrem didn't answer for a moment. He just smiled and looked up at his wife.

"He's been busy," she said. "Working very hard. Come on, let's all go inside."

And that day it seemed as though nothing had ever gone wrong. Although neither of them said anything, they both knew the other wanted things to stay that way. All the time, he kept remembering the wonderful things about their relationship that had made it so dear to him.

The first time Steffi had met his children, it was in a restaurant and she had somehow, by her warm smile and gentle ways, made them feel so comfortable, so natural with her, that they'd come to accept her as a mother immediately.

The night little Steffi had been born and they'd decided to move into this house because the other was getting too small. The night, the day, all the nights and days in fact, which now, as he remembered, seemed so wonderful he could hardly realize how they had ever fought.

"Right then I knew the marriage had to be saved," he recalled. "It was a fun day. Our thoughts were only of Christmas. We were so busy with the baby that we didn't have much of a chance to talk. But we agreed it would be best if we remained apart another month."

Undoubtedly, Efrem felt like making it up right then. Steffi felt the same. However, that night the big car returned to the motel. Back to the same dreary room.

The month's trial separation had been agreed upon and they did not think they should change it. But Efrem's calls home became more and more frequent. Instead of short conversations he'd spend long periods talking to Steffi. She would even call him. Actually they hadn't talked so much in months.

Soon, they were even able to talk about the breakup, realizing it had mostly been caused because they'd selfishly been spending too much time with their individual interests and not enough with each other. So, without the harmony of good times together, petty disputes had developed into major ones. There was the time that Steffi bought an interest in a race horse. Efrem had been saving the money to buy a cabin cruiser. And now he couldn't.

It was now just a couple of days before New Year's Eve. Efrem made a special call to his wife to ask her for a date. "Are you busy that night?" he asked in a very small voice. "If not, perhaps we could spend it together."

And they did. They spent the evening quietly at home.

"And that evening," said Efrem, "we talked everything over. We decided we had too much at stake to let petty grievances ruin what we had built in our marriage. It was worth saving for so many reasons. I love my wife. We love each other and have three wonderful children."

The decision sent Efrem racing back to his motel to pack his bags again. But this time he was packing them to return home. He flung the suitcases back into the car. "Problems would still crop up," he thought, as he drove home. But this time he firmly believed they would know how to cope with them and not let them slide.

They were two people who had learned that marriage can never be taken for granted. They had realized that you can never be sure of love. It needs hard work and a great deal of care to build and keep it lasting.

SEE EFREM ZIMBALIST IN WARNER BROTHERS' "THE CROWDED SKY." HE'S ALSO ON ABC-TV IN "77 SUNSET STRIP," FRI., 9-10 P.M. EST.
BRIGITTE BARDOT

Continued from page 39

Brigitte was trying desperately to concentrate on the television screen before her. But it was impossible. Every time she looked down at her body, she thought how proud she'd always been of her figure. She wondered if she would get it back.

"How much longer?" asked Brigitte, looking up at Jacques. But he could not answer her. He only knew what she already knew—that it would be soon.

Nervously, Brigitte reached for a magazine which lay beside her but, flipping quickly through the pages, she could find nothing to hold her interest.

"Lie down for a while," suggested Jacques. "Try to sleep."

"I can't sleep," she said, sounding defeated. "It is so difficult . . . like this." And, as she spoke, she looked over at him with a look that seemed to say. "Do you really understand . . . do you really care?"

Because, for several months now, they'd realized a rift had been growing, separating them—ever since Jacques had had to go into the army. From that time last fall, when he'd been called for duty, he'd become moody. "If we separate, I shall lose you," he'd insisted.

She tried watching television again. But the only program on, was about a woman who struggled through the pains of childbirth without the aids of modern medicine.

There was fright in her eyes. Was this an omen? The thought kept racing around and around in her mind. She couldn't stop it. Was she going to die?

"What if . . . what if my baby comes and there's no one here," she said, "like a case of ...? He was so terrible upset by the recent, sudden death of their good friend, actor Henri Vidal.

The news of the death had been on the minds of both of them, no only in Vidal had been a close friend, but because it had come so swiftly after the death of another friend—Gerard Philippe.

Two deaths . . . counted Brigitte. They always came in threes," she said.

The words seemed to hang in the air. At seven o'clock, their cook, Yvonne, brought in a smat for Brigitte: coffee and a roll with butter. She did not want anything else. She was still feeling uncomfortable. But it was important that she eat.

But feeling unwell was not unusual for Brigitte. Her nine months of pregnancy had not been easy, for physical pain had been mixed with emotional difficulty. Almost immediately after her secret marriage, near her vacation home in the picturesque southern French village of St. Tropez, newsmen had hounded them with rumors that she was pregnant. But, in her 5-60, it seemed, rumors which so disturbed and upset both of them that finally, when she found out she was, in fact, pregnant, she could not feel the elation she should have. And that was not all that disturbed their love, their laughter and fun in that little village by the sea. Jacques suddenly complained of violent palms and had to be rushed to the hospital for an emergency appendectomy. Jacques had also started to feel the difficulties of being married to a very jealous man.

Then, as the warm, careless, summer days drifted into fall and they came back to Paris, she had had to face more troubles: a skin ailment covered her face and she was so embarrassed, she did not go out in public and worried, too, that her husband should start behaving that way. At the same time, the government pressed for back taxes and, as if they didn't have enough trouble, a letter arrived, one morning, from her Paris apartment.

The moment she had seen the official stamp on the envelope, she had sensed that it might contain what she feared most—a draft notice for Jacques. They both lived in the draft, almost every able-bodied was called to fight. They had seen so many of their friends. She'd sent a letter to Jacques, who was eating breakfast, and stood next to him as he opened it.

He looked up at her. "I'll have to go," he said flatly, after looking the paper over. "And," he added, pointing to a line toward the end of the page, "it seems right now." They had given him just a few days to prepare.

With Jacques away, she found herself becoming short-tempered and unhappy. One day, when she was alone in her Paris apartment, she'd agreed to see a reporter.

"Are you pleased about the coming birth?" he'd asked.

"She'd been so upset, she'd complained, "I don't find it much of a joke and I will never have a child!"

And then, all through those crisp autumn days, at a time when she should have been happiest, she had to fight—fight what seemed like a losing battle. Jacques had died of an illness soon after he went into the army. Somehow, she couldn't help feeling responsible. Part of the trouble was simply that he was married to her, that his bunk-mates' leaguing had been more than any man could take. His transfer to a hospital and apparent lack of sense of duty, had been so sharply criticized by nearly everyone in France, that she had felt it up to her to show people that he wasn't a shirker, that he really was ill and could not serve. But was the turmoil good for her? For her life? She seemed that her pregnancy had been doomed from the start.

Her mind kept going back to that terrible day from which it seemed, her faith in the success of the marriage was already floundering. On the day when she'd heard that, while in the army, Jacques had tried to slash his wrists. Yet, on that day, it had suddenly all seemed to make sense. Maybe he'd been unsure of himself, she thought from the start, of the marriage. Hadn't he had endless battles, all summer and fall, against the intrusion of newsmen, of anyone connected with her career (was

WHO DO YOU WANT TO READ ABOUT?

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

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Name: ___________________________ Age: ______

Address: ___________________________

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

We'll send a copy of our record album, "Photoplay Picks the Great Love Themes From Hollywood," to the first 25 people who answer. So hurry up and be one of the first.
he frightened, perhaps, that his own brief movie career might be over? Often, he'd pleaded with her to give up acting and for them to live quietly together in the south of France.

The weeks of battling with the army and even with questions asked in the French National Assembly, seemed, to Brigitte, to last forever. But finally they won... won a medical deferment for Jacques for at least a year. Maybe now, things would change.

With Jacques home, life, for a few weeks, became more pleasant again. They even decided upon names for the baby: Nicolas if it was a boy—since the birth would come soon after Christmas—and Marie-Noel for a girl: Marie, because Brigitte had always adored the name, and Noel... well, also because it was Christmas. But their own relationship soon falterer again, becoming worse as the weeks went by.

Did she want a baby now?...

Soon after Brigitte finished her coffee, she looked up from her reading and said softly, "I'm going home now... I'm a little tired. But if anything happens, you can be sure I'll be back."

"I'll see you tomorrow," Brigitte answered.

That evening, Jacques read to Brigitte—a few chapters from "For Whom the Bell Tolls" by Ernest Hemingway—to pass away the time and to make her forget her fears. Yet, instead of easing the tension of the story—a story about a group of men doomed to die—only seemed to add to it. Even mention of violence and pain seemed to affect Brigitte.

At one point she shuddered violently. To her, at that moment, it seemed everything that had happened that day was a portent of something horrible that was to come, until she had worked herself to a point of panic.

Jacques, noticing her frightened look, put down the book. "Why don't you go to bed early," he said kindly. "And please don't worry so much—please."

"All right," she agreed, smiling weakly. And Jacques helped her up and walked with her to the bedroom.

Then, just as he was on his way back to the living room, he heard a scream. He ran back, pushed open the door and saw that Brigitte was standing by the bed, clutching onto the wooden end for support, her face screwed up in anguish. 

"Jacques," she gasped. "I think... I think it is time."

Without even stopping to answer, Jacques hurried over to the telephone by the bed to call the doctor. His words were brief and to the point. Then, running back toward the door, he called Moussia, who was to be the new baby's nurse, to come to Brigitte.

Within what seemed like minutes, a car had pulled up at the door. In it were Dr. Boisnet, who was to make the delivery, with a midwife and the anesthetist. After them came another doctor and yet a third, all of whom were to help with the birth.

Gently, the nurse, with Jacques' help, took Brigitte down to the delivery room, down the tiny private staircase between the two floors of the apartment. All the while, she was trying to smile, to look confident and yet it was almost impossible. "I'll be fine," she whispered to Jacques as she sat her down on a couch by the door of the room. But her face betrayed her real feelings.

It was just after midnight.

Since he wanted to be present at the birth, they dressed Jacques in a white coat.

Then they explained to Brigitte just how she could help them... and help herself.

Then they left, closing the door quietly. Jacques, who had promised to be beside her all the time, came toward the...
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Luana Patten has a tip for other brides: sew-it-yourself. See her in M-G-M's "Home From the Hill."

956—Heirloom lace cloth is easy to crochet. Directions for 55" cloth in string; smaller in No. 30 cotton.

7289—Be hostess-pretty in an apron with wide, non-slip straps and catch-all pockets. Make it of plaid and plain remnants. Directions and cutting chart.

7405—Use bright odds and ends or print-and-plaid combination for an old-fashioned butterfly quilt. Charts, patch pattern, directions.

953—Knitting worsted makes a casual, smart skirt and stole. Directions for waist-sizes 20-22; 24-26; 28-30 inches included.

table, too, and held her hand. Yet, as he watched his wife's agony, beads of sweat began to form on his forehead. He stayed by her just long enough to watch them give her a sniff of chloroform and see one of the doctors take a pair of forceps in his hand.

Then Jacques disappeared from beside the table.

He spent the rest of the time sitting on the couch by the door.

Suddenly, there was the sound of a baby crying. It brought Jacques sharply back to reality. He got up to walk over and see his new baby. But, before he got there, one of the doctors put a hand on his shoulder. "You have a fine son," he told him. And Jacques smiled proudly.

Together, they peeped over the midwife's shoulder as she gave the tiny child his first bath and watched as she put him into a specially prepared oxygen tent as a precaution for a little while.

Jacques, fighting back tears, walked over to Brigitte who was still sleepy from the anesthetic. "It's a boy," he whispered. "A fine, wonderful boy!"

"Please, I want to see him," she said weakly. "Bring him here."

And they brought the baby to her; a tiny boy with deep blue eyes and black hair.

"He's strong," she said, as the baby clutched her finger. And she smiled a happy, radiant smile of a woman who has just become a mother. Then, gently, they took the baby from her and she fell asleep.

Early the next morning, Jacques walked into the bedroom and sat down quietly, on the edge of his wife's bed, watching her as she lay asleep between crisp, clean, violet-patterned sheets. She had on a delicate nightgown of pale blue lace and, as she slept, he thought that he had never seen her look more peaceful or lovely than she did then.

She seemed to sense that he was there and, blinking a few times, she moved around and then opened her eyes. "Hello," she said sleepily.

"Bring the baby," he called to the nurse. "Sitting up in bed, the sunlight just catching her light auburn hair, she held her arms out for their baby and, smiling to it, her eyes sparkling with a warmth and softness he had never seen before, he felt a tremendous happiness he could see she shared too.

"And to think I was afraid to have a baby," she said, looking over at Jacques. He handed her a magnificent bouquet of violets which, earlier, he had placed on a table by the bed—her favorite flower.

And, at that moment, it seemed as though their marriage could be saved. "Let's get away for a while—just alone together," suggested Jacques. Brigitte smiled and nodded her head in agreement.

So they went up to a little mountain resort in the French Alps, to try to recapture the romance of their honeymoon. But it didn't seem to do any good. Brigitte hated the cold and the snow. She did not ski and so, with time on their hands, they found themselves arguing again ... and still mainly about her career. She was due to report for a new picture and Jacques was not at all pleased about it. He was still very jealous and Brigitte became impatient. There was a rumor that she had insisted on doing the picture because she felt that now, with Jacques' career somewhat at a standstill, she was responsible for supporting their child.

Still fighting, they returned home to Nicolas. But once home, it seemed even little Nicolas might not be able to save their marriage. . . . —ELAINE BLAKE
again, she relives the agony... She remembers the day she clenched her hands tightly around the wheel of the car. The wind was parched and dusty in the heat of the afternoon, stretched endlessly before her. There seemed, along with the vastness, an aloneness in driving that road, and if it weren't the very same road that she drove to a friend of hers, sitting next to her, she knew she would have been afraid.

Slowly, she put her foot further down on the accelerator, then gain speed, taking one hand off the wheel, just for a second, to brush away a wispy of hair that had blown in her face. Then she slowed down... she realized she was in the car, getting nowhere. But as she did, she heard Elaine cry out, "Joan! Look out! Look out!"

Frantically, she tried to peer through the dust that whirled across the road. What she saw made her gasp. Another car, not twenty feet away, was headed straight for them. She swung her car as far to the side as she could, trying to avoid an impact. But it was too late. The other car demolished, but, by some twist of fate, the driver, who was later found to be drunk, came out uninjured. Joan and Elaine were rushed to a hospital.

For days, Joan was in a state of shock. Everything seemed even worse for she realized then, that she had no one to turn to. It was her last hope.

Throughout her life, she had always had someone to cling to at times when trouble arrived—first her mother and father, and then her husband, producer Frank Ross. Yet, now, far from home and very recently divorced, Joan Caulfield was having her first taste of real loneliness. She was frightened, and, as the days progressed, her loneliness became far worse.

Her injuries didn't heal as fast as the doctors had originally predicted, and, as soon as she was able, she put her body in a cold sweat, having dreamed about the accident; reliving that second of terror all over again. And when she was fully awake she'd feel even deeper pain that was more than just physical, her body in a cold sweat, having dreamed about the accident; reliving that second of terror all over again. And when she was fully awake she'd feel even deeper pain that was more than just physical.

But the pain would not be relieved by hospital bills. Joan then began developing an enormous appetite, I developed jealousy. I made life miserable for Frank whenever we met. I would repeat the stories I'd read in the newspapers about Frank and New York women. Naturally, he'd get angry and we'd always end up knowing it was better for us not to see each other again.

Joan's jealousy prompted her, one day, to arrange for one of Frank's friends, Jack Ellis, for the premiere of "Porgy and Bess." But the evening only made her more unhappy. "It was a complete failure," she said later. "I was really upset, as it was obviously very pregnant. I couldn't dance. I couldn't do anything. How can a pregnant woman go out on dates? We both had a miserable time."

The last few weeks were the most terrifying. "I was so heavy, I could scarcely get around," she says. "Time seemed indecipherable. She began to wonder more and more about the child that she was bringing into the world. The child who would grow up without a father.

One evening, after going to bed, she sat down at her desk in the corner of the room, and wrote a letter to Frank. She tried to avoid the true reason for writing, but then, drawing a deep breath, she finally wrote the words that had been bothering her for almost five months. "I am really in love with Frank," she wrote. "That now, with the baby coming, we should go through with the final divorce? Can a baby save our marriage?"

It was the closest she ever came to asking him to come back to her.

Hurriedly, before she had time to change her mind, she sealed the letter and walked down to the mailbox at the corner of the street. Then she went back home to wait for his reply.

The next day came and went without an answer. So did the next, and the one after that.

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Then, one morning, just as she was making breakfast, she heard footsteps outside her door. She peered through a front window and saw it was the mailman with a letter.

She felt her hands shake as a few moments later she ripped it open. Her eyes skimmed over the page. One line in particular jumped out at her and the rest: "...and so you only want me back because of loneliness, Joan, not love."

And she knew, deep down, it was true. She couldn't cling to something past as an escape from a problem... an escape from loneliness... an escape from fear. The past was over. She had to find the answer to her question right then and there. She and Frank, their marriage was in the past. They had met rather casually, in 1953, at the Bel-Air golf club, at a time when she was just beginning to make films. Frank had starred in a few movies for many years and he was a well-known, successful producer.

"I was never much interested in her," Frank recalled later. "She looked too healthy... too much like a member of the 4H Club."

Then they met again at a party at Romanoff's. Perhaps she had looked more mature, more sophisticated... anyway, Frank asked her out. They spent the evening together. He went to bed early, and she stayed up. He was the better-heeled match, even though Frank had sold his house and moved to New York City without her. He was secure and prosperous as a producer, having just finished making "The Robe." She, at the time, was starring in "Favorite Husband," which was making a hit. They both had a common interest... yet.

Yet, it seemed that it was this common interest that was to be their big problem. As their marriage began, they did a TV series together. It was called "Sally," but it seemed ill-fated from the very start.

"We were in a state of continuous irritation..." the doctor began. "I took Frank, as producer of the show, for all its shortcomings. He had to prepare scripts ahead, but I never had time to read them until the Sunday before I'd start shooting. I'd see them when I got home and he'd say why didn't I read them sooner. I couldn't just have too much to do.

"We worked holidays and all around the clock. We couldn't eat together, because her work schedule always arrived at eight. When we did see each other, it was usually to bring up some complaint or other.

"I was half-owner of the show and I felt I should be treated accordingly. I wanted the recognition. I needed it. Frank treated me like a child and, the more he did, the more I acted like one. I know many actors suffer from over-emotionalism, but I was totally upset by it."

When the show was finally dropped by the sponsor, Frank and Joan decided to take a vacation in Hawaii to try to heal the hurt. But the arguing continued and they seemed to drift apart. Even on their one common interest, they didn't seem to agree.

Eventually, Frank began spending more time at the golf course, and after a while, they came home, and withdrew into a shell. She ratted around the huge house... the house she hated. Frank had built it while she was busy with "My Favorite Husband," without even consulting her. Nothing had been done to her liking. He hadn't even confided in her on this.

"It was too big and cold," she recalls. "Even when we were both at home, we'd

seem to lose each other. If I thought of something to say to Frank, I'd have to walk over a mile of marble to find him. So, instead, I'd just skip telling him. It was just no good."

And so, early in 1959, they both decided on a divorce. Neither was happy. She remembered Frank saying, "I'd like to... to just think... to just think..."

"With pleasure!"

Looking back on her nine years of marriage, she now thought the whole thing was wrong from the very beginning. "Frank, I was, those days... adviser... she recalls, and I was terribly dependent upon him. Somehow, my problems seemed bigger than his. I needed him, but I don't think he ever needed me. A woman must feel she's needed, I think. or she feels something's missing—as though her life isn't being fulfilled."

And so they went to court as man and wife, got the symbolic divorce, and came out to find separate worlds. Frank went off to Europe and she decided to go down to the desert for a rest and try to forget.

It was then that the accident occurred and she found out from the doctor that she was pregnant. Frantic, she thought of a reconciliation, for the baby's sake, but, today, she realizes it would never have been the 4 1/2.

All her mental distress must have had an effect upon her physical condition, because the baby failed to arrive on time. She waited one week, then two and finally, by the third week of July, she decided to enter the hospital. Late one night, a few days afterward, she began suffering acute labor pains. She tried to control herself, but the pain was too great. She began screaming and her voice echoed down the hospital corridor and brought nurses scurrying to her room. They found her frantic with pain. Two surgical nurses were waiting for the baby induction, for eight long and terrifying hours that she struggled against the pulsating pain.

Finally, when her energy seemed spent, the doctors decided to deliver the baby by cesarean section. It was successful. The baby was delivered, a fine healthy boy but, because of complications, she wasn't the fine healthy mother she'd expected to be.

"Frank thought she had a blocked colon and she told them to tell her her expressions that her condition was now critical.

Frank was a nightmare for the next four days. A tube was inserted through her nose to drain her stomach. It remained there day and night, making her every move a sharp stab of pain.

Throughout each day, she knew the hurt of injections to feed her intravenously:

But, worst of all, she knew she was alone and that she mattered to no one. There was no husband at her side to comfort her, no anxious new father peering through the glass partition in the nursery, proudly looking at the baby son, no one waiting for her to get well. Although Frank had come to the hospital, he now seemed a stranger. They had been divorced more than ten years.

Joan had gone through the long months of pregnancy by herself, but she had never known such loneliness as now, as she watched her husband close the door of her hospital room and walk away. She saw no future. She was completely alone.

"Somewhere, till then, ridiculous though it was, she knew she'd been holding on to Frank for the answer to her problems. Now lying there, she realized finally, in no one clean desperate moment, that Frank could never help her.

As she heard his footsteps fade down the quiet hospital corridor, she thought, she thought of all her fear, "Please, please help me." But then a strange thing happened...

"Something inside seemed to say, "Climbing onto someone else won't help you. You must find the strength within yourself." She lay back against the pillow, and began looking up at the darts of light that the moon was throwing across the ceiling. She remembered something from the Bible, something about helping yourself, and almost without realizing it, she began to pray. She didn't remember how long she'd been praying, but she knew that, in a short while later she felt tired, very tired, and yet peaceful and she fell off to sleep.

Suddenly, she felt a gentle hand on her shoulder. She hadn't heard anyone come into the room. Looking up, she saw it was her doctor. 'Don't be afraid," he said softly. 'I'll try to explain it all to you. You must understand, after all, that I'm afraid we'll have to operate tomorrow. It's nothing to worry about, though. You'll be all right.'

"I'm not afraid anymore, doctor," Joan answered. "I don't know why, but I know I'm going to well. I believe it with all my heart."

The doctor nodded, smile widened, and left the room. And she fell asleep once again into a deep and restful sleep. And she knew that by a miracle, her condition suddenly made startling changes. By morning, she was told she wouldn't need an operation after all. Without any signs of care and rest, she'd be all right.

"By praying," Joan recalls today, "I didn't feel alone any more. Loneliness and fear left me, and my pain seemed to ease.

"Yes, I believe miracles can happen. What's more, I began to feel a real peace such as I had never known before. I cleared my conscience of all the jealousies and pettiness in the 'self-pity I'd built up. And more important, I wasn't afraid of raising my baby any more."

I knew, then, I would be able to give my child a deeper love, a mature love, a love I wanted but couldn't find before.

"I used to let loneliness rule my life," she continues. "But now I realize how destructive it can be. It brings suffering where suffering need not be. I wish I could tell other women who know loneliness, how I've learned to overcome it."

"Prayer is within the reach of everyone. It can solve loneliness. It can make you feel thankful for the things you have. Once you start feeling lonely, again... because you've found the answer and the peace within."

—BOB THOMAS

ANNETTE and PAUL

June Wedding?

read Annette's own story in JUNE PHOTOPLAY

on sale May 3rd
"Daddy, do you remember the night of the fire when God woke me up and whispered he might have woken up your father as she leaned out through the open window of the car and looked up at him. "I kept saying: 'I can't hear you, God. Could you please talk so louder?' Why did he speak so softly, Daddy?" she repeated in a puzzled voice. "Why couldn't I hear him?"

She wasn't sure—even now when she was trying so hard—that she remembered everything about that night but, just thinking about it, she got a funny twitching feeling inside her stomach.

She almost never woke up during the night. Her husband, who was really their friend, always teased her and said the roof could fall down and Cherry wouldn't wake up! That's what made her wonder what had waked her up that night. Nobody else in the house was awake. At first she wondered. Then she guessed it must have been God. He must have reached down and shaken her by the shoulder and said wake up, because she did. She was dreaming she was way out in the woods and it was fun until the wind blew a great puff of smoke in her face and she began to choke. That's when she woke. But the dream seemed to stay right with her.

"I smell a funny smell," she said aloud to four-year-old Lindy who was sleeping in the other room, bed, but Lindy didn't answer. She sniffed a couple of more times before sliding down under the blankets and pulling the pink-and-white candy-striped sheet way over her head. But the smoke smell followed under the covers and tickled her nose and hurt her eyes. She rubbed them hard with her fists and that seemed to help but, when she stuck her head out again, the hurt came right back. She tried to decide what kind of smell it was. It wasn't like the marsh-mallow roomy roasted marshmallows and the leaves Daddy burned in the backyard. It was something from side to side on her pillow, "it isn't like any smell I've ever smelled before."

But something else was wrong—something she hadn't noticed till now—that made her forget all about the smoke. "What's happened to my nightlight?" she asked herself, sitting up straight in her bed and trying to see around the room that was too dark to see out the windows. She couldn't understand—Mommy had turned the light on when she said goodnight, just like always. "Why did it go out?" she wondered and sat so still, she didn't even blink her eyes.

The house was so quiet. All she could hear were the little breathing noises Lindy was making and they reminded her of what Daddy had said:

Lindy had, fallen and scraped her knee while they were playing tag and Daddy had said in a serious voice. "You're the oldest girl. Be a good example, Cherry, and you've got to watch out for your sisters and protect them." That made her feel big—too big to bother Mommy and Daddy in the middle of the night. That was something only babies did. It was up to her after all she was 5½ years old—to find out what was wrong. She slid her legs over the side of the bed until her toes touched the fuzzy blue carpet that had smiling kittens' heads embroidered on it.

She gave her sagging pink pajamas a sharp tug at the back and started to feel her way over to the table that held the nightlamp. She finally found the lamp and then the switch and, squeezing her eyes shut tight because the light can hurt them after you've been in the dark too long, she turned it... but the light didn't come on. She tried again and again but nothing happened, just loud clicks in the quiet room. So she turned around and tip-toed past the toy chest, past Lindy's bed—wishing a minute to make sure she was still sleeping—to the door where the wall switch was. She noticed the strip of light that usually shone beneath the door was missing and wondered who had turned the hall lights out.

Slowly her hand dropped from the wall and she stood—feeling so much alone—in the center of the darkness, rubbing one bare foot against the other pajama leg. "Oh, well," she finally decided, "Daddy will take care of everything. He always does," and started toward her bed.

But, then she remembered Daddy had come home early that night because he was sick and later, when they were going upstairs to bed, Mommy had said: "Now be nice and quiet, Daddy doesn't feel well and he took a pill to make him sleep."

"Maybe he's sleeping too hard to wake up," she thought now and, for the first time, she began to feel frightened until she remembered that Mommy and Daddy had always said: "If ever you're scared or don't know what to do, Cherry, just say a little prayer and God will help you." "You'll help me," she said, looking up above, as though she could see God. And, kneeling down beside her bed, she buried her face in her hands. "Please God, tell me what to do," she prayed. "My nightlight won't go on and I keep smelling a funny smell. I think something's wrong." She tilted her head to one side and listened hard, but she didn't hear anything. "I can't hear you, God," she said finally. "Please, please, God, talk louder." She knew He must want to tell her something because, after all, hadn't He wakened her?

She sat back on her heels and waited but all she heard was the sound of Lindy coughing in her sleep. "Maybe the smoke is hurting her nose, too," she thought and, suddenly she knew what she must do. She had to get help and the nearest person was Eva. Eva had taken care of them ever since Mommy was a little girl and she knew about everything. Besides, she always kept a flashlight by her bed. When they asked her why, she'd said: "Oh, just in case..."

She got to the door without stumbling once and pulled it open. The hall smelled so smoky and was so black and mysterious, that she wanted to run right back to bed and hide under the covers—but she didn't. Instead, she carefully closed the door behind her and started across the hall to where Eva slept.

Eva," she called, realizing nothing at all. Then, when Eva didn't answer, she tried again, "Eva, Eva," and her voice grew strong. "Eva, wake up!"

She heard the rustle of sheets and a loud yawn and then a familiar voice said sleepy-like, "Whafs the matter, honey, don't you feel well?"

"Oh, Eva," she said, "something's the
becoming attractions

A. New from Kurlash: "Stop Sign" covers under-eye shadows. circles. Light, medium or dark tones match skin, help to tranquil-eyes. $1.50

B. Dial Shampoo with hexachlorophene is a bubbly boon to many a head in need of frequent lathering to keep hair looking bright. 7 oz. $1.00

C. Bonne Bell's new "Treatment Trio" includes "1006" Cleanser, Medi-Masque and Medicated Make-up, plus a recorded chart on skin care. $3.95

D. Germaine Monteil introduces "Royal Secret" Bath Perfume, vibrant with flowers and herbs, concentrated to linger luxuriously afterward. $5.00

E. Newest smooth operator. "Bain D'Or" Moisturizing Lotion satins skin and restores suppleness. Non-greasy, flows freely. By Lenthalic. $1.75*

*plus tax

matter. The lights are all out and there's a funny smell. . . ." By this time Eva's flashlight had found her and soon she felt strong arms around her, protecting her.

"Everything's all right, Cherry," Eva crooned soothingly and led her toward the door for, by now, she had smelled the smoke too. "Come on, we'll find out what's wrong." They went out into the hall and it was then that Eva saw the smoke.

"We stay with Lindy in case she wakes up," Eva said, helping her back to her room, "I'll get your Mommy and Daddy and then we'll be right back for you." She lay on her bed, she could hear Eva's voice calling down the hall: "Shirley! Shirley! Pat!" and almost immediately the door of her parents' room opened and there was the jumble of ladies' voices talking quickly and then someone—she thought it was Eva—started coughing.

"We'd better hurry," her mother said in a loud, calm voice, that made everything seem all right. "Eva, you take Laurie and Debbie. Be sure they have their slippers on. Better take some extra blankets, too. I'll wake Pat," and her voice trailed off as she went back into the bedroom, "and we'll get Cherry and Lindy."

Minutes later, her mother came running into their room, woke Lindy and wrapped her up in blankets from the bed. Lindy was so sleepy she didn't even ask what was happening. Then, Mommy came over and rolled her up in blankets, too, and lifted them both—like two roly-poly bears, she thought.

"Press your faces against my shoulder so the smoke won't hurt you," Mommy told them. The smoke was so bad, her eyes were crying.

Everybody was up by now. Down the hall, in the nursery, Laurie was crying because of all the excitement and Debbie was asking Eva questions in a high, sleepy voice. Their voices grew louder and she knew that meant Eva was carrying them out of the nursery and toward the safe place.

"Then she heard Daddy calling in the dark. "Shir, Shir, where are you?" and Mommy answered and soon she felt herself lifted up in the air and into Daddy's arms. "Are you all right?" she asked anxiously, putting his face against hers, and when he was sure that Mommy and Laurie were all right, too, he led them along the hall, down the stairs and through the living room. It was so smoky, they probably couldn't have seen even if the lights were working.

Daddy unlocked the front door and soon they were all safely outside on the front steps and Daddy was telling them to breathe deep to get rid of the bad smoke in their lungs. At first, it hurt her chest but soon she felt better.

Daddy left her with Eva while he went to the garage to get the car, and Mommy went next door to the people's house to call the police. By the time she got back, Daddy had them all bundled up in their blankets in the car with the heater going.

But the night began to fill up pretty fast as the policemen and firemen came clanging up to the house. Nobody knew then, what was wrong so Daddy decided it'd be safer if they all went down to the police station while he stayed behind to help.

She whispered a quick prayer as they drove along the quiet streets. Please, God, take care of my daddy for me. I had to leave him behind," and she felt better. She'd never been in a police station before—she didn't tell anyone but she was scared a little—but it turned out to be very nice.

They made a party for them—of course Laurie fell asleep and missed it all—with milk and chocolate bars and even some toys for Lindy and Debbie to play with.

After everything that had happened that night, she felt too old for toys so instead she talked to the dark-haired man who sat behind the high desk and answered the phones. "Lots of people must be in trouble tonight," he decided, because the phones kept ringing.

Daddy came in later and started talking to Mommy. She went over to hear. "It's all over now," he was saying. "It seems something happened to the heating unit and the smoke and fumes were blown into the air-conditioning pipe that's right next to it. The Fire Chief said the smoke must have blown into every air-conditioning vents in all the rooms. But it's all right now and we can go back home."

Mommy," she said, rubbing her head against her mother's side, "if I hadn't waked up, then would everybody have kept on sleeping?"

Her mother knelt down and put her arms around her and nodded yes. "Well then," she'd asked, "does that mean I saved everybody?"

"Yes, Cherry," her mother answered softly, "you did. I think God saw fit to wake you up so that you could save all of us."

Then Daddy said, "Time to go home, Cherry," and he and Mommy went over to wake up Laurie.

She remembered thinking, on the ride home, "It was God who turned out the lights so I'd known something was wrong," but she fell off to sleep before she could tell Daddy.

But, the next day, she told him and she asked, why did God talk so soft that she couldn't hear Him?

At first he didn't answer, then he said: "But you did hear Him, Cherry, didn't you? How else would you have awakened and known what to do?"

"You know, Cherry, God doesn't speak to us in a loud voice that we can actually hear, like you hear Mommy and me. He speaks to us from inside ourselves, and sometimes we just know things without realizing that He's guiding us."

She leaned back against his shoulder and twisted the little button that was coming loose on the sleeve of his jacket, and thought about what he'd said. She turned her head to one side so she could look up at him without moving from inside his arm, she asked: "But why couldn't I see Him either?"

Gently, with one finger, he smoothed back a stray lock of hair that had fallen across her forehead and answered: "Well, honey girl. It's just the way you can't see love although you know you love Mommy and me. It's something you feel and that's how we know about God and that He's with us." His hand lay still on her head and he was silent for a few minutes, then he asked: "Remember the time we were all flying home from California, Cherry, and the plane almost went down? We were puffy white clouds? And you said if only you could reach out and put your hand through one of those clouds you knew you would touch God?"

"It was only that one way of seeing God and feeling that He's watching over us. If we're good and try hard to live the way He wants us to, He'll always be there for us. Just like He was on the night of the fire. Do you understand, Cherry? If you know how to look, you can see something of God in all the beautiful things He's put into this world."

She nodded her head. She understood.

LEE SILVIAN
SEE THE "PAT BOONE CHEVY SHOWROOM" THURS., 9-9:30 P.M., EST. PAT SINGS ON TOP.
I had never dreamed I'd ever get to meet Doris in person. After all, when you're only 15, you think of Hollywood as an enchanted land. I'm sure you've heard that Doris Day was due to come to a nearby town on location, and then, without telling me anything about it, she had written to a friend in Hollywood, asking him how much I admired Doris and asking if he could arrange for us to meet when Doris was in town. Not only did Doris say yes, but she set an appointment right then and there through the friend.

I was so excited, I walked around in a daze for weeks.

Getting dressed the morning we were due to meet was a real problem, because I wanted to wear something she'd like and I just couldn't seem to make up my mind. I'd read she likes tailored clothes but not low-cut necklines or chunky jewelry. So, finally, I settled on a simple skirt and blouse. And wouldn't you know it? My hair just simply refused to behave! I had also read that Doris was a real stickler for personal neatness, so I brushed and brushed and sprayed and sprayed until I was sure every strand was in place.

Then I took a bus to the next town where we had our appointment.

The movie was set up in a scene in the town square where I arrived, and I looked around for Doris Day.

"Can you help me, miss?" said a voice suddenly.

It was a man standing near me on the set, so I thought he must be connected with the picture. I told him who I was and why I was there.

"Oh, suey," he said. "Doris told us all to be on the lookout for you. She's very anxious to meet you. Come on, you can watch her do a scene and then I'll take you down to see her."

The man told me his name was Eddie and he was the still photographer assigned to the picture.

He introduced me to director Richard Quine the director that day. "But where's Doris Day?" I asked, "I don't see her."

"She's parked around the corner in a station wagon," Eddie explained. "She's supposed to be there about filming them. They had looked so bright and fresh and sunny in the florist's window that they reminded me instantly of her."

"And what's this?" she asked as she opened the second small box she had brought. "Homemade fudge! I haven't had homemade fudge in ages, and I adore it!" She popped a piece into her mouth. "Mmm! This is fabulous," she said.

Then Doris stood me over to her dressing room for a coke. "So we can sit down and talk without being interrupted, and get to know each other better," she told me.

The dressing room turned out to be just a big, blue trailer and I was surprised. I told her I had expected her to have a real fancy dressing room.

"Well, I have kind of a fancy one back at the studio," she said. "But, anyway, this trailer certainly beats the very first dressing room I ever had."

She told me that, when she was just about my age—seventeen—and got her first job in a night club, near her hometown of Cincinnati, Ohio, she and her mother carried her gown all the way from home, thinking she was supposed to dress there.

When they asked the bandleader where her dressing room was, he said, "There's no such thing. We all dress before we get
here. A dressing room!” He was startled. So Doris had to put her gown on in the tiny powder room, which had just been freshly painted and still had a lot of paint cans and brushes around. At least all my good points and do my best to emphasize them. As for my bad points, what I couldn’t succeed, I’d try to improve, by watching the people I admire—like movie stars—and copy the way they walk or speak or dress.

“went, one of the happy faces I’ve seen around the set, and all the laughter I heard, and of Doris Day, herself, looking glad just to be alive.

And you’ll be surprised when what you give comes back to you in many different ways,” she continued. “By all means, become a model—and I hope you’ll become a famous and clever model, but don’t give up the most important years of your life for success. Be happy now, try making others happy now, and make as many friends as you can. Don’t let your success be lonely one.”

I wondered if she might be referring to her own life because, before her present marriage to Marty Melcher, I’m sure she had felt happy, I think she had had a difficult time. I’d read that she was one of the three marriages which both ended in divorce, and has devoted a great deal of her energy to that as a career, which, I guess, can get lonely fighting for something all alone. And something she once told a reporter came to mind as she spoke. She’d said, “If I had stayed in Cincinnati, everything in life might have been nothing but one long smile.” But if Doris has problems, she certainly doesn’t let them shut them.

I asked her about her son, who I know is about the same age as I. “Oh, he’s fine,” she laughed. “But he wouldn’t have been so proud of his mother’s driving if he’d seen me the last day I came in.”

I asked her to tell me about herself... the things she likes, what she doesn’t like. She said, “Okay. I think the first thing is the outdoors. I’ve got a long walks, play tennis or volleyball. And I love trees. Does that sound strange? Late at night I love to lie in bed and gaze at the sycamore tree that sweeps past my bedroom window. I know that my thoughts are an hundred years old and I think how beautiful it is and what a perfect pattern there is in the shape of its leaves and branches.”

“I remember last year, I used to love to love the visits we made to a farm owned by a relative in Trenton, Ohio. I guess I’m a country girl at heart. There was an old couple who lived next door in a tiny house, who worked on the farm, and I used to peek in their windows to spy on them. Wasn’t that awful? But their way of life appealed to me so.

“Do you like to see movies? I don’t like wearing makeup. Really, And telephones. But Marty says that for somebody who claims to dislike phones, I certainly spend a lot of time talking on them!”

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH’S PUZZLE

HOW K R
HACE
PRESTON K R
RHO
FE E I M
PROSI
S K R D S R
TWITTY
JOHN Y D
EFEND
TONI EL
RIDER

"But I do love ice cream and we’ve got a soda bar at our new home in Beverly Hills instead of a regular one!”

Laughed.

Do you feel winning again, that big, beautiful smile.

"You know," she said, "I wouldn’t mind being a model myself. Just think of all the things you can do with a wardrobe like that!"

"You get to wear those pretty fancy clothes, you know," I said, "I could tell you haven’t a thing to wear!" And I put the magazine that was just out on the clothes. I’m going to have the biggest, juiciest wardrobe you’ve ever laid eyes on.

"And you’ll tell me you haven’t a thing to wear!" said her husband, Martin Melcher, who was standing in the doorway. He was tall and very good looking.

He came over and kissed her on the cheek. Then Doris introduced me to him, and said, "I’d love to have a room with you. Wish I were asked me if I had really seen all his wife’s pictures four times. You could tell, from the way he looked at her, that he loved her very much and was awfully proud of her.

"They want you back on the set, Dodo," he told her.

She put her arm around me as we left the trailer and, while we walked back to the town square, she was munching on another piece of my fudge.

"You know, she said, "You’ve simply get along with me and I wish I were tasting anything so good. Why don’t you come out again tomorrow and bring it with you?"

"I guess I’ll have to mail it," I told her. "I’m leaving for my grandmother’s farm in Maine in the morning for sure.

"Hey, does your grandmother have a real, honest-to-goodness farm?" Doris asked excitedly. And I remembered her statement of the previous day, that she was going to work with you. Maybe sometime, when you’re going again, you’d let me go along, too.

"Would I!"

And I know everyone would love her, too, because she’s so friendly and nice. I thought, no matter where she went, she’d fit right in and make it a happier place just by being there.

When we got back to the general store, Doris Eddie, the photographer, to take some pictures of the two of us.

"Now, don’t look right at the camera," she told me: "If you’re going to have a good trick for you to learn. See those soup cans over in the corner? Look at them, instead. Photos always come out better if you’re not looking at the camera.

Then I told her the thing I had been saving for last.

"When I do become a model," I said, "I’m going to change my name to ‘Julie,’ because that was my favorite Doris Day movie.

She stared at me for a long, long time and her eyes got kind of misty looking—and then she hugged me.

"That’s just the nicest compliment I’ve ever received!"

And then I had to say goodbye... vowing I’d see her pictures six times from now on.

The End

SEE DORIS DAY IN “DON’T EAT THE BABIES” for M-G-M. She sings for COL. WATCH FOR HER IN U.L.’s "MIDNIGHT LACE."
WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Blue Mist 4-Piece Mix-And-Match Set

FABRIC: Dacron and cotton blend. Skirts and jacket have body and weight of men's suiting.

CARE: Washable, requires only a light touch of the travel iron.

OTHER WAYS TO WEAR: Jacket reversed to print side and worn with print skirt for second suit. Solid skirt and jacket, without blouse, worn buttoned, with a necklace or scarf at the neck.

PRICES:
- Solid skirt: $9.95
- Crop top jacket: $12.95
- Print blouse: $5.95
- Print skirt: $8.95

WHERE TO PURCHASE:
- Philadelphia, Pa.: John Wanamaker
- Houston, Tex.: Foley's (Jacket and solid skirt only)

or write to:
- White Stag, 67 West Burnside St., Portland, Ore.

Blue and Grey Overblouse

FABRIC: Satin-stripe Touch 'n Go Cotton.

CARE: Washable with touch-up ironing.

OTHER WAYS TO WEAR: Tucked into walking shorts, with or without the sweater. Shirt tails worn in with solid skirt and jacket as an extra suit blouse.

PRICE:
- Overblouse: $2.98

WHERE TO PURCHASE:
- Portland, Ore.: P. A. Bergner & Co.

or write to:
- Ship 'n Shore, 1150 Broadway, New York, New York

Clock Print Blouse and Chiffon Skirt

FABRIC: Pure silk blouse. Silk chiffon skirt.

CARE: Dry cleaning recommended but can be washed in mild soap, lukewarm water.

OTHER WAYS TO WEAR: Blouse buttoned to the top with bow tie added. Tie (not pictured) comes with the blouse. Blouse may be worn as a suit blouse, too, but Vici suggests saving it for gala nights with the chiffon skirt.

Vici Shaw's $87.41 Vacation Wardrobe

as shown on pages 64 and 65

PRICES:
- Blouse: $7.98
- Skirt: $10.75
- $18.73

WHERE TO PURCHASE:
- Blouse:
  - Atlanta, Ga.: Rich's
  - Baltimore, Md.: The Hecht Company
  - Brooklyn, N. Y.: Abraham & Straus
  - New York, N. Y.: Gumbel Bros.

  or write to:

- Skirt:
  -.Write to:
  - Mr. Mort, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York

White Pullover Sweater and Newport Walkers

FABRIC: Sweater: All fine gauge virgin wool. Shorts: Grey flannel

CARE: Dry cleaning recommended but sweater may be washed in cold-water soap.

OTHER WAYS TO WEAR: Sweater tucked in and belted with scarf at neck. Sweater worn over solid skirt with white gloves, pumps, bag and grey straw sun-shade hat for a less formal look.

PRICES:
- Sweater: $14.95
- Newport Walkers: $12.95
- $27.90

WHERE TO PURCHASE:
- New York, N. Y.: Wallach's

or write to:
- Pendleton Woolen Mills, 218 Southwest Jefferson St., Portland, Ore.

ACCESSORIES

BLACK JET BRACELETS ....... Caloro Jewels
- 389 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

WHITE BANGLE BRACELETS, GOLD PIN, WHITE EARRINGS ...........Coro, Inc.
- 17 West 34th St., New York, N. Y.

STRAW AND LEATHER HANDBAG ..........Calderon Belts and Bags, Inc.
- 389 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

CLUTCH BAGS ............... Femme Bags, Inc.
- 1 East 33rd St., New York, N. Y.

STRAW HATS ............... Madcaps Co.
- 28 West 39th St., New York, N. Y.

WHITE BELT ............... Elegant Belt Creations
- 6 East 32nd St., New York, N. Y.

SHOES ............... J. Miller and Sons, Inc.
- 305 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

LUGGAGE BY SAMSONITE .......Shwayder Bros., Inc.
- 1850 South Broadway, Denver 9, Colo.

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Write for Free Booklet 'Facts You Should Know About Transistors'
JAMES DARREN

Continued from page 46

her way up the narrow aisle to where he stood, and, as she reached him, her head turned in his direction and she gave him a full, warm smile. Then, in a gesture of simple modesty, she lowered her head again, just a little and looked toward the altar.

The service had begun. Around them, in the pews, the guests had settled down. It had become still again and even though Evy was now by his side and holding tightly onto his hand, he felt as though he were in a little world all of his own... apart from everyone there. He felt a numbness, a reaction to the situation which seemed to cut him off from anything else that had happened that day. He tried to listen to the words of the priest but he found it impossible. He couldn't concentrate. They were being married, finally; it was all he could think of. So many good people had said it would never come to pass. So many friends had advised them against the marriage.

The priest motioned for them to kneel and, as he and Evy knelt in prayer before the altar banked with white gladiolus, with the February sunlight streaming through the tall, stained-glass windows of the chapel, he asked God, with all his heart, to make their marriage last. It had to last. Then he turned his head slightly to look at Evy. Everything seemed so still, so holy. She knelt motionless, deep in prayer. Her eyes filled with tears...

Like the first time he'd noticed her on the Columbia lot, the day she had been asked to talk about her Danish background, as an exercise in front of the drama class. She'd faltered, stumbling over words because she was so unsure of her English. The other students had become bored and shuffled around in their seats until Evy could try no more. She stopped short, finally asking the teacher to let her sit down. He had felt so sorry for her that, after class, he'd gone up to ask her if she'd like to take a look at his sports car.

Her eyes had filled with tears. His interest had been so unexpected. And his thoughtfulness had almost made her cry, she told him later.

And that had been the start of it all. But they had had problems right from the beginning; too: problems which now, as he stood at the altar, made him realize that this day should be a very serious and thoughtful one for him.

For one, Evy had broken off the breakup of his first marriage. He'd left behind him a wife and a baby son. He still had responsibilities toward them. And he couldn't wait to marry Evy for a man and a woman, even when there was love. For it had been too much love which had partly destroyed his first marriage—marriage which had been rushed into in the haste of teenage years. When it broke up, he'd said, "We were both very young and insecure and we depended and leaned on each other so much that our love became desperate. We were afraid of standing alone and this can be a dangerous thing." In that marriage he'd come to know, too, that love and sincerity are not enough. He and Gloria had both wanted the marriage to last but finally it had become impossible. Growing up, they had grown apart. They had given in to each other so much that they had begun to lose their individuality. They had both felt bewildered, lost.

Would it happen again? Friends had speculated, concerned that Jim had perhaps not given himself enough time because of his other serious relationship. And when other people are so skeptical, it is often hard to remain sure of oneself.

And if this wasn't enough, the studio had also been against Evy—but for different reasons. They did not want them to be seen publicly together because executives had wanted each of them free for personal appearances and specially pre-arranged publicity dates. They had to see each other secretly, in out-of-the-way places where they wouldn't be recognized.

With all these things. They wanted to keep the idea of marriage very private, between them. But it had begun to feel funny, strange, is he if he were doing something wrong. But was it wrong to see someone you loved, someone whose smile made you forget all the rough spots of the past, someone whose hand you wanted to touch? Because it made you feel alive?

One day, without telling Evy and feeling fed up, he decided to tell the executives, outright, about the way he felt.

A secretary ushered him into a pine-paneled office, but then, as he stood by the door, he didn't know if he could go through with what he intended. But he was determined to try. So he walked over and sat down in front of the vice-presi...

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dented and blurted out quickly, "I just want to say that I'm deeply in love with Evy Norlund, and that I intend to marry her, and that I can't hold back my feelings in public any longer."

 Expecting aignant, really, he'd been shocked by the man's calm, understanding manner.

 "We don't want to tell you how to run your life, Jim," he said. "If you and Evy feel so strongly about each other, then we have no right to tell you not to see each other. But, please do me one favor. And I'm talking to you now like a father. Don't rush into marriage, especially when you're not sure it's the right thing to do."

 "I know, Father. Who am I to judge each other. Marriage will come—in time. But don't be hasty about something that's sacred, something that's a lifetime thing..."

 Yet, another person was warning him.

 For richer or poorer, for better or worse, The priest's voice sounded loud and clear, "If you and Evy heard a cat—it was his father. He remembered a time, not so long ago, when he'd been ashamed to take Evy to meet his father and his family. In this, he'd anticipated more trouble.

 He'd been afraid and ashamed because Evy had traveled to so many places, seen so much of the world as Miss Denmark in the 1937 France Film Festival. When the time had come for her to meet a simple, down-to-earth Italian family who lived on a sidestreet in South Philadelphia, he'd been scared as to how she might react...

 He was so afraid they all wouldn't like each other, that he had Evy wait in the car that Saturday morning when he brought her to the house. When he told them about Evy's family, they said nothing, but Evy's colored walls and dark-wood furniture, he and Evy talked with the Father about marriage. He told them, "Evy is a spirited girl, and there may be hundreds of times when you'll have to give her more than you think you can. Do everything you can, to lift each other up an human beings while you're living together."

 "What's the secret to making your marriage live perfect? Marriage will help you grow as people and the Good Lord bless your home with happy children..."

 The marriage ceremony ended, and Jim turned and kissed his bride lightly on the lips. The organ music played and the two of them turned and looked at the marble madonna above the altar. For a moment, nothing remained, then they turned again and began walking up the narrow aisle of the chapel.

 Looking into Evy's face, he couldn't help but take another deep breath. Evy had won her as his bride. She was lovely. Yet, as they walked outside and down the steps of the church, smiling for the dozens of eumereans who stood waiting, Evy realized it was real and strange again. And, as though Evy sensed his feelings, she turned and said, "Do you feel as odd as I do? As though something went wrong?"

 "Yes, I guess I do," he admitted.

 "It's the seriousness of what just happened to us, I think," she told him. "I began to feel it inside the chapel..."

 "And then, I'm completely different at all how I expected I would feel."

 He held her tightly. That had been exactly how he'd felt, too. The End

KNELING again, before the priest in the chapel it seemed to the biggest obstacle he and Evy had had to overcome—their different religions—was settled the easiest. Evy was a Lutheran and he was a Catholic.

 Evy wanted to keep her faith, and he respected this. She did believe, however, that the children of a family should take the father's religion, and all," she said, "if they're going to take his name, they should take his religion, too.

 So Evy had taken instruction from a priest recommended by Father Gillioy, who had attended the Evy family at the Church of the Epiphany in Philadelphia. He went with Evy all the week of her week of instruction, and, at the end of the week, they visited Father Gillioy.

 "They say that she's married and..."

 The marriage ceremony ended, and Jim turned and kissed his bride lightly on the lips. The organ music played and the two of them turned and looked at the father above the altar. For a moment, nothing remained, then they turned again and began walking down the narrow aisle of the chapel.

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 "And then, I'm completely different at all how I expected I would feel."

 He held her tightly. That had been exactly how he'd felt, too. The End..."
SECRET BRIDE

Continued from page 49

linen jacket, the white shirt he'd had especially made for the wedding, the new black dress-shoes at the foot of the bed. And when Mrs. Avallone walked over to straighten the jacket on its hanger, sister Teresa couldn't hide her feelings any longer. She burst into tears.

She was still crying when the phone rang. "It's probably the man from the caterer's," mom said, "expecting her hands in a gesture of helplessness. "What shall I tell him?" She hesitated a moment, then picked up the phone. "Hello?" she said. She listened, for a moment, then said softly, "He hasn't forgotten the flowers is always near the telephone table. "Who? Where are you?" And hardly waiting for an answer, she turned to the family.

"He's at Idaho Falls, New York," she said excitedly. "It's Frankie!"

"Talk into the telephone, Mommma," Teresa said, smiling now. "Talk to Frankie, ma to us."

"He'll be here!" Mrs. Avallone screamed. "He came by jee... all the way from California. He says he'll be here before I can say Jack Robinson."

When she hung up, the other Avallones went wild with excitement. Frankie uncle picked the dress-shoes off the floor and held them up to the light. He could see her reflection in the polished patent leather. No one will believe it," he laughed. "Everyone will expect Frankie to come to the church in white bucks!"

Only Frankie's mother didn't laugh. She shook her head in bewilderment and asked, "Jack Robinson? Who's Jack Robinson?"

But Teresa answered all her questions in kisses. Frankie was on his way home.

When Frankie slipped quietly into the house, early in the morning, he tiptoed upstairs to a small bedroom where his wedding clothes had been moved. The large bedroom, his usual one, was to be reserved for the bride. That's where she'd be waiting for him.

Frankie thought he'd be too excited to sleep, but he was too tired after the long trip, didn't wake up until after ten the next morning. He started to dress, but all he could picture was a woman waking from the large bedroom down the hall. He recognized his mother's voice, the voices of some of the bridesmaids and the sweet, familiar voice of his sister Teresa. He couldn't consider the curiosity any longer; he had to see the bride.

He walked down the hall and, knocking on the door, said, "It's Frankie. Let me in." From inside he could hear screams and squeals. "No. No. No now. Not yet."

"He waited patiently at the door. And then, suddenly, he realized he was only wearing his tuxedo pants, his black socks and his underwear. He had been sleeping so late it was too late to retreat. At that moment, the door opened. It didn't really matter though because as he looked at the bride, any embarrassment he might have felt had been forgotten, and awe. She was beautiful.

And suddenly, Frankie realized his hands were trembling with what am I so nervous about? he thought to himself. "This isn't my wedding day."

But he couldn't help it. His sister Teresa, the sister he knew so well, was suddenly different. She looked like a dazzling princess out of a fairy tale. She was wearing a wedding gown with yards and yards of organza and, atop her dark hair, she had on a pearl tiara from which the filmy tulle floated down over her shoulders. But the change in her was more than her clothes. It was not that she had some secret knowledge, as though she and Tom Belmore had found out about something he didn't know anything about.

His friend Tom was certainly a lucky guy. Frankie thought. He couldn't help thinking of what his own wedding day might be like.

"Frankie," Teresa inquired with a smile, "Frankie, aren't you going to say anything?"

He wanted to tell her how proud he was to be the best man at her wedding. He wanted to compliment her, to tell her how much she meant to him. But his throat felt dry, and he just stood there, shifting from one foot to the other. He guile, and when the words finally came out, they made the bridesmaids and his ma laugh: "Teresa, please help me tie my tie.

And then, looking down, he remembered he didn't even have his shirt on, so how could she tie it? Yet, he could see his sister's eyes getting misty and he knew she understood.

"You remembered," she said.

"Yes," he replied, "I remembered. I'll be right back."

A few seconds later, he returned with his shirt on, and carefully, smiling affectionately at him, she tied his tie. He had remembered. It was something they'd agreed on. Frankie had promised that if they'd first started dating and she'd helped him with his tie when he was going to a formal affair. No matter which one of them got married, if Frankie pledged, she'd fix his tie on the wedding day or his. A little token, somehow, that marriage would never spoil the love and affection they'd always felt for each other. "Thank you," he whispered. "Aren't you nervous at all?"

"Terribly," she whispered back, "but please don't tell anybody. If people knew I was nervous, then I'd really break down."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm okay," he whispered back. "It's just hard to realize. It seems like just yesterday we were roller-skating and playing tag, you know? You're getting married." He hugged her, carefully, just to muss her gown. He held her hand tight in his for a few seconds, then left the room.

As he finished dressing, Frankie thought how nice it would be to have a sister. They'd had such great times together when they were kids and then, as they grew up, they'd taught him a lot about girls. Not so much by what she said but just by being there for him to watch.

Like the way she looked. She was always so natural. Sometimes, though, he knew she'd been in her room for hours getting ready for a date, she'd come down stairs looking almost as if she didn't have any makeup on at all, yet she always looked great. He liked that in a girl. He didn't think there was much makeup a girl was wearing, just as long as it wasn't obvious and he didn't particularly notice she was using it.

Teresa was sure how to dress, too, he thought, making a face at himself in the mirror as he remembered one date he'd gone on where the girl had been all fuss and frills. If a girl wears the right thing for the occasion, he thought, that's really all I ask.

She doesn't even have to be what you'd call pretty. He often found that he was attracted to a girl that other fellows didn't go for at all. But if a girl's not neat, if her dress doesn't look fresh and her hair's all out-of-place, then he'd never give her a second look. But, otherwise, it didn't even matter what color her hair was...
outside, a horn honked. It was his friend's signal; they were to drive over to the Stella Maris Church together. Frankie checked himself in the mirror, tugged his bowtie a little straighter and went downstairs.

It was a beautiful day for a wedding—just the kind he'd have ordered for Teresa if he could. Everybody seemed to be outdoors that day and, as they passed, Frankie waved to a neighbor trimming a hedge and to an old school chum who was polishing his car.

Later, when the procession had marched slowly down the aisle and they all stood before the altar—Teresa and Tom, the bridesmaids, Frankie and the other ushers—the bright afternoon sunlight flooded down on them from the huge stained-glass windows. Turning his head a little, so he could see them better, Frankie watched his sister and her bridegroom. It was hard to describe, exactly, but he thought they looked so blissful, kind of out-of-the-world and, at the same time, really in the world.

Frankie had always said that he wouldn't get married until he was twenty-five. But now, looking over at Teresa and Tom, he felt, for the first time in his life, that he was missing something great. Maybe he wouldn't wait till he was twenty-five, after all. Maybe he'd just wait till he met the right girl. He hoped it would be soon.

What would she be like? he wondered. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine her, but he didn't really have any picture of how she'd look except that, like Teresa, she'd look natural—and act that way, too. She'd have to be willing to put up with his zany sense of humor, he thought, and she couldn't be too aggressive or forward. He liked a girl to be a girl. Still, he'd want to be able to talk to her seriously about all kinds of things, and he'd want her to think for herself. He wouldn't like it if she agreed with everything he said just because he was saying it.

He hoped she'd be a homebody, someone who could make the same kind of home his mother had made for her family, a place full of warmth and love, where people laughed a lot and where even a stranger felt at home right away.

No, he thought, she definitely wouldn't be in show business. Singers and actresses are usually too sophisticated, he decided, to stick on themselves to relax and be natural. His girl wouldn't be like that. She'd rather go out bowling than to a night club and she could have just as much fun dancing to a jukebox or a phonograph as to a big name-band. And she'd sure love to dance. He wouldn't mind if she wasn't a good dancer, just as long as she was willing to learn. With the right girl, it'd be great fun to teach her.

Frankie was smiling, just at the thought of it, when the organ began to fill the church, again, with its deep, solemn sounds, and they began the procession back up the aisle. Teresa had her arm in Tom's and Frankie walked just behind them, careful not to step on the long, trailing white skirt. At the door of the church, everybody began to crowd around the couple, kissing Teresa, shaking Tom's hand up and down, wishing them both all the happiness in the world. Tom bent over to whisper something in Teresa's ear and she laughed softly. But Frankie thought her eyes looked shiny, as though any minute the tears would spill over with the happiness and wonder of this day. So Frankie helped her and Tom make their way through the crush of people and, with the bridesmaids, they all piled into cars and headed for the nearby park.

"It'll be a great place to take some pictures," he told them.

They walked across the park, the girls all carefully holding up the hems of their skirts and, then, Teresa and Tom posed with the six bridesmaids in front of the lake. They'd posed for a few pictures and then Teresa stepped out of the group, for a minute, to fluff out her skirt.

Frankie walked over to her. He wanted to tell her thanks for being his sister, for showing him how swell a girl could be. But, instead, he just leaned over and kissed her.

"Just then, someone snapped a picture, the picture was circulated—and," Frankie says, "... that's how the rumor must have started." It spread quickly. Letters began coming into the Photoplay office. "Frankie Avalon's married," one of them said. "Why didn't he tell us?" "Doesn't he trust his fans?" another girl wrote. "We still like him, even if he is married. Only why can't Frank talk about his secret bride?"

It was hard to believe. It didn't sound at all like a thing Frankie would do. But, when the letters kept coming, we decided to ask him about it. We called his house in New Jersey, but he wasn't there. Then, the next day, the phone rang and it was Frankie. He'd been getting letters, too, and he told us the whole story which we've just told you. And he said, just before hanging up, to tell everybody: "One of these days I will be kissing my own bride. Only I won't keep it a secret. I'd want everybody to know!" The End

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He felt so close to her this day. Frankie hoped that it would always be this way.
SAL MINEO
Continued from page 40

never did, either, before he was married.”
Sal grinned at her. He climbed on the scooter, revved up the motor and they started off. Where do you two find so much time to talk about?” Christina shouted over the roar of the motor. Sal shook his head, pretending that the noise and wind had carried her words away. He grinned to himself.

He hadn’t always been like this. His first date with Jane, several weeks before, had almost been a failure.

He was first introduced to Jane at a friend’s house. He was impressed by her warm, happy smile, her pretty face and the gentle tone of her voice and, the next day, he’d called her friend especially to ask for her telephone number. When he asked her out for the following Saturday night, she said yes right away.

That evening, he’d decided to take her for dinner at a small Italian restaurant on East 53rd Street in Manhattan—one of his favorites. And he’d been so very proud that night as he led her to a table in the corner, because he couldn’t help but notice all the other men staring at tables. She was tall, slim and had lovely long, silky blonde hair.

As soon as they sat down, a waiter brought over two menus and, for a moment, they sat reading them in silence.

He toyed with the corner of his and then asked her what she would like. After the waiter had taken their order, he sat back in his chair, looked at her and began talking. He wanted so much for them to get along well together.

“Tell me a little about yourself,” he said.

“How have you always lived in New York?”

No, he learned, she hadn’t. She was almost a stranger to the city—her family had moved to Manhattan from Pennsylvania. Unlike himself, she also had older brothers and was interested in acting, although she’d finally decided to take up modeling.

Then he told her that he’d been brought up in the same house as she—in the Bronx. And that his father was a basket-maker and carpenter. He told her a little about his own ambition to act, and about his family who were from Italy.

They were the same facts a boy and girl usually exchange when they first meet.

Then, remembering how, when he’d called her, he’d noticed an unusually long bookcase lining one side of the living room in her home, he said, “By the way, who likes to read in your family? You have so many books.”

“Oh, my father mostly. And my eldest brother. I do when I have time.”

“So which one of you enjoys Hemingway?” he asked, mentioning one of his own favorite writers and knew you practically all that he’s ever written.”

“My father,” she laughed.

“You have read any?”

“A few. I’ve enjoyed what I have read.”

She mentioned one title to Sal and yet, as he began chatting about the book, joking about certain passages in it and talking casually about the writer, he noticed that somehow she continually avoided offering an opinion of her own. For a while, after a while, he suddenly found himself saying, “May I ask you something?”

“Oh, of course,” she smiled.

“Well, if you’re interested in something... something like this book

why are you so afraid to give an opinion or just to talk about it? It can be so much fun exchanging ideas.”

She was silent for a moment and then said thoughtfully, “I guess I just don’t know enough about it.”

And that seemed to be so nearly everything he tried to talk to her about during the evening, although, at this moment, he didn’t really notice. He found himself being a good listener—like that conversation—even small talk—seemed to fall flat. Later that evening, while he was driving home, after dropping her at her door, he pondered the conversation... thinking... why hadn’t they had fun? What had gone wrong? She was sweet, pleasant, and really good to look at, he thought. But was beginning to wonder... where had she gone?

What had made it so different from other evenings when he’d found himself laughing, sharing a joke with his date, an opinion and even another date?

The following weekend, he decided to shorten his date later, is if she has something to talk about. Finding you both share the same interest... a hobby, a book, a piece of music. And exchanging ideas about it. That’s good. But, he thought, if she doesn’t know much about anything?

But then, he decided that night, I can’t really condemn Jane. I was a little like her. Was afraid to speak because I was worried that I didn’t know too much. And I guess, at the time, that made me a little dull, too.

Sal’s association with formal education ended abruptly in his early teens when he was picked for a role in "The Rose Tattoo." He had already been taking drama lessons and had always had ambitions to go into acting. So, with his parent’s consent, he accepted the part and continued his education with a tutor. Yet it didn’t mean he wasn’t interested in academic learning. On the contrary. Through his formal association with older people, he soon realized how very important it is... how it can give you a fuller life, make you a more interesting and confident person. Make you feel like somebody.

So, even though a thriving career prevented him from going to school full time, at that stage of his life, he began studying by himself. He’d spend hours each day from his busy schedule in show business, to learn about other things.

Sal began his studies with literature, something he has always loved and also, because it’s so closely connected with acting and with writing—which is another one of his ambitions. On his own, he made a comparison of how four well-known playwrights, their works and was surprised when he found out later, at a party, that he could talk with theater-people about this with a confidence he never knew he had. He wondered if some of the writers he took from finding out and creating the opinions for himself. Mentioning it to a friend, a few days later, the friend had joked. "Well, professor, that’s great. You don’t have to go to college to be educated, you know."

It sounded good.

And he’d also been proud of his knowledge of such a seemingly offbeat subject as bullfighting—something way outside of the formal realm of academic study. One day he even convinced some executives at the studio that this was a great material for a movie, even though, before he started talking, they told him they disagreed. He’d always been intrigued by the sport and had been reading a lot about it and finally, when he was through explaining why,
they admitted that they now saw the subject in a completely different light. And, later, he had the knowledge, and knew he'd gained respect for it.

“It’s good to be educated,” thought Sal that night when he drove home from Jane’s house. “It’s done so much for me personally, although one day I’d like to have the experience of really going to college.”

And, as he turned the car into the drive of his home, he got his first shock and share it all with Jane, not be impatient because she hadn’t been able to find very much to say.

Tomorrow, he decided, as he locked the car, went into the house and upstairs to bed, he would call her and ask her out again. Usually he just forgot about the girl when a date had been as unexciting as the one they had just had the night. But perhaps he could show Jane, teach her how to be interesting, the way he’d learned.

It’s so much nice when a girl has something to talk about, you thought. It makes a fellow want to call her again. I guess I’m not a great talker and it’s good when a girl can start off a conversation.

And, so, gradually he found out what Jane liked. She didn’t have to be afraid to speak, showed her how easy it is to learn, simply by getting a book out of the library or following the path she walked art—Sal had first become interested when he had had nothing to do backstage night after night, during the time he was an understudy in “The King and I.” And she had always enjoyed sketching. So, one evening, they even went to a sculpture class together in Greenwich Village and it turned out more like fun than serious study.

And he started to give her books to read.

“Hey,” Sarina called out, “we’re almost home!”

Sal guided the scooter toward the center of the road to turn left at the next junction and into a left-lit street with the four dining tables. The whole family always had dinner together on Sundays and tonight it was an old-fashioned Italian feast of manicotti, one of Sal’s favorites.

Later that night, right after his brother, Victor, and his wife had gone home, Sal announced that he thought he’d turn in early. He went upstairs and, just before getting into bed, he picked up a book from his shelf. It was the far corner of the room. He propped up the pillows, smiling as he opened the book and read the inscription. “To Sal. My first one to you. Hope you like it,” read a newspaper clipping. He read for a while before switching off the light and, as he fell asleep, Sal was thinking of Jane.

THE END

SEE SAL IN COLUMBIA’S “THE GENE KRUPPA STORY.” HE ALSO RECORDS FOR EPIC RECORDS.

She remembered thinking. I hope George doesn’t give him more than that because I’m sure the man thinks we’re doing it because we’re sorry for him. And then how deeply she felt when the girl ran through the three separate dollar bills and handed them to the man.

The man looked at the bills and, as George was walking around to his side, the god-forsaken man called out, “Oh, Merry Christmas, folks—and thanks... thanks a lot.”

They drove off to the party. Neither of them dared to look at the President; they didn’t have to because they knew they both had understood.

She looked up at him now, at his little-boy grin, and suddenly she smiled, too. “Let’s put the pots into water before they die,” she said.

They ran around to the back door, into the kitchen of the low rambling Spanish-style home that had been her home since she was born.

“Something smells good,” George sniffed. “Cook’s baking some gingerbread,” she laughed, “...my favorite.”

And they started something, something she’d never told anyone before. “Can you keep my secret?” she asked, looking so mischievous that George kissed her on the nose and said, “Love to.”

“Come here,” she coaxed, “but you have to get down on your knees. Look through here,” she pointed at the partition between the dining room and the kitchen. “Can you see the dining room table? If you look low, you can see it.”

“Imp,” answered George.

“I found, when I was ten, if I looked in through here, I could see my mother’s friends—all the friends she’d known since she was a young actress in Mexico—and my dad’s business friends, too. I never knew what an agent was, but I knew that Daddy had to see lots of movie stars. I used to come down here and watch. One
CASTS
OF CURRENT PICTURES


EXPRESSO BONGO—Continental, Directed by Val Guest—Johnny Jackson, Laurence Harvey; Mme. Elizabeth Caine, Charles B. Fitz, Tiziana, Luciana Donlan; Bongo Herbert, Cliff Richard; Mayer, Mere Techner, Lady Rosamund, Ambrose; Mme. Marie Louise Pohol, John, Pierre Dray; Hard, Himself; Penelope, Hermione Baddeley; Ray, Ray Price; Mallory, David Lodge; Mme. Free; Rudge, Wilfrid Lawson; Kathy, Martin Miller; Mrs. Rudge, Avis Bunnage; Edna Rudge, Susan Brown.

HELDER WITH A GUN—Paramount, Directed by George Cukor—Angela Rosetti, Sophia Loren; Tom de Vito, Anthony Quinn, Tino Roni, Blanche O'Brien; Mabry, Steve Forrest; Lynn Hawthorne, David O'Neal, Frank Cady, Mark Damon, John Cassavetes, Finlay Currie; Colin Ray Campbell, Andrew Cruikshank.

KIDNAPPED—Buena Vista, Directed by Robert Stevenson—David Burke, James MacArthur; Arnold Stang, Stevie Finch; Elvezia Bianco, John Laurie; Captain Horace, Bernard Lee; Tani, Herbert, Finlay Currie; Chris Acosta, Donald Morgan; Finlay Currie, Colleen Ray Campbell, Andrew Cruikshank.

MAY, A STRING—Columbia, Directed by Anthony de Toth—Boris Moritz, Ernestine Hell; Bob Avery, Kern Mathias; Helen Benson, Colle; Jack Larson, Bud Geary; John Blake, William Tabbert; Josephine, Lisa St. Clair; James Brown; Audrey Farnsworth; Laura Lee; Richard Forsberg; Mary Adele; by; Frank Sanford, Glenn Corbett; Pup, Vladimir Kulichok; Nikola Chinen, Friedrich Joloff; Inspector Rich, Richard Kendig.


PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES—M-G-M Directed by David Swift—Sandy Van Dyke, David Niven; Kate, Dori Day; David, Charles Herbert; Mrs. James, Gail Patrick; Easter, William Tabbert; Harry, Nigel Patrick; Squirrel, Flip Mark; Adam, Larry Gellett; Kate’s mother, Spring Byington; Magpie, Patsy Kelly; Alfred Noyes, Deborah Taran; Maria, Janis Paige; Moma James, Margaret Lindsay.

SCENT OF MYSTERY—Told, Directed by Jack Cardiff—The Scrutable Englishman, Donald O’Connor; The Sodden Devilet, Liam Reddy; The Walls of Burning, Charles Chawes; Peter Lorre; An Devil of an Advocate, Peter Lorre; A Dark and Glowing Gentleman, Paul Lukas; A Blanket Played to a Laurel, Leigh Whipper, The Akianeto, Leo McKern; An Evil Lucky Opera, Tyrone Power, Tina Louise; The Rain Dance, Maurice Marsac; A Cansy Dance, Diana Dors; A Not So-Canal Dance, Judith Furse; The Blanket Played to a Laurel, Bea Lillie, wearing, Herring, Billie Miller; A Vintage Aviator, Mitch Travers.

SNOW QUEEN, THE—U-I, Cartoons, Animation and Screenplay by Sooyzumnuf Motion Pictures, Voices of: Gordy, Sandra Dee, Karen, Tommy Kirk, Angel, Peggy McCormack, The Snow Queen, Louise Arthur; Of Dreamy, Paul Frees; The Seabird, Van Johnson; The Circus, Nabu; Foray; The Princess, Joyce Tery; The Prince, Richard Beals; Granny, Lilian Blauy.

TALL STOPS—Warner, Directed by Joshua Logan—Ray Blue, Anthony Perkins; Jane Ryder, Jane Fonda; Leo Sullivan, Walter Gaszow; Charley, Jules Magus; Laurel, Anne Jackson; Coach Hendy, Murray Hamilton; Peter, Franklin Pangborn; D.A. Weeks, Pat Burns; I.D.A. Man, KARL Kull; Connie, Elizabeth Patterson; Fred Jenks, Tom Laughlin; Fog, Ira Juron.

TOO SOON TO LOVE—U-I, Directed by Richard Rush—Cathy Taylor, Jennifer West; Jim Miller, John Davidson; Barbra, Tami, Parker; Hughe Wineman, Ralph Mauna; Buddy, Jack Nicholson; Irene, Jacqueline Schwab; Mrs. John Davidson, William Tabbert; Delman, Anne Jackson.

VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET—Paramount, Directed by Norman Taurog—Kresten, Jerry Llewellyn, Walter Llewellyn, Tami, Parker; Hughie Wineman, Ralph Mauna; Buddy, Jack Nicholson; Irene, Jacqueline Schwab; Mrs. John Davidson, William Tabbert; Delman, Anne Jackson.


Dinner, I remember, there was Gregory Peck, Tyrone Power, Dana Turner, and Marlene Dietrich. Mother used to let Poncho and me come in, if we didn’t 100% put it on, or if it was funny. We’d look at pictures of him in movie magazines.

She was just about eleven when she got a mad crush on Tyrone Power. It was no bad that one evening when he came for dinner she could hardly look at him across the table. She was sure he would go through the menu for a night out. Her mother and dad about the book he had just written. Suddenly, he stopped and looked at her. She didn’t know what to say; she turned around, and glanced at what he had written. Finally, he said, “You know, Susan, if they ever make my book into a picture, you’re going to play the girl.”

And she blushes and stammered and felt all funny inside. She said something about “wanting to be a writer,” and about the sixth-grade newsletter, Chatterbox, which she’d started when she began at her new school. She had no idea her mother and father knew she was flustered because the part of the girl was a romantic one.

After that evening, dinner on Audie got even bigger. Before long, part of the evening was the evening. Years and years later, a movie studio did buy Audie’s book about his life. It was called “To Hell and Back,” and they did film it and she was the part of the girl.

She really didn’t want to be an actress. Not even when she saw more and more of her mother’s pictures, the ones she made when she was Lupita Loyar and called The Blue Dahlia, which she saw, “I want my daughter’s half-pint” and it bothered her so much that she talked her mother into taking her to a doctor so he could tell her positively that she’d grow up big. They’d called her “the bratty little girl”

But then one day, when she was almost sixteen, something happened that was to change her whole life.

One day, her mother and her father went to a small Little Theater production. The name of the play was “Susan Slept Here,” and she thought that she had never seen such a marvelous play. When intermission came, she didn’t want to leave her seat. She told her parents she’d rather stay.

Her mother and father walked to the rear of the theater. After standing there, the director of the play—a friend of her father’s—saw them and came over to talk. He told them of his new play, “The Girl on the Via Flaminia,” and how he was having trouble finding the right girl for one of the parts.

Her dad, trying to be helpful, asked: “What type are you looking for?”

The director paused for a moment, her eyes on her. He then excitedly pointed to a girl sitting alone in the row of empty seats. “Why, I want someone exactly like that girl sitting there out of the blue—like a star—a girl he had been pointing at was her.”

Her dad laughed goodnaturedly. “Oh, no, you don’t,” he said. “That girl happens to be my daughter.”

“Why didn’t you let her for the part?” the director begged.

“No, definitely not. She’s going to high school,” her father had said, “and that’s where she belongs.”

The next morning, her mother had come into her room and told her what the director had said. “Would you like to read for the part?” her mother asked.

The afternoon she was to read, as they got into the car to go to the theater, her mother, taking her hand, had pressed something into it and said, “Here, Monkey, keep this, it’s a keepsake.”

She opened her palm and looked at a flat oval-shaped silver medal. It had been her mother’s good luck keepsake ever since she was a child.

She had read for the part, holding the medal tightly in her hand, and she got it—the role of a young Italian girl. For two months, she played the part, going to school and playing, and then off to the theater (Daddy finally agreed) with her textbooks so she could study until she heard her cue to go on.

What’s more, she graduated valedictorian of her class and, to please her father, she almost finished her second year of college. She would have, if one afternoon, during class, she hadn’t been summoned to the principal’s office. The principal said, “There was a call—remember the part you read for—the one that Ty Power suggested?”

Susie nodded—how could she forget? And she said yes, and the principal voice say excitedly, “Tyrone just called from New York. There’s a good chance you can still get the part.”

The next day she and her mother flew to New York.

She got her part, and in a wave of hysterical joy, she flew back home and quit the university. All she could think of was “The Girl on the Via Flaminia . . . Broadway play.” She was in heaven.

Then “A Quiet Place” played out of town. It traveled to six cities. And, in Washington, D.C., it closed to bad reviews. The reviews were not good. She returned home with good notices and no job.

Do you like working on television?” she suddenly asked George.

“It’s good experience, I think,” he answered. “Why?”

“I don’t know,” she said, “I think I’m happiest in movies. I loved playing Sara Jane.”

George laughed. “Of course you did. Your old school didn’t help much. And when I did have a date, you know what my father used to do? He would go out to the park to his car in the driveway for three evenings in a row, and then Dad would take us both to where we were going and pick us up at the end of the evening! Isn’t that awful? I used to come home and cry about it. I never thought I’d fall in love!”

“And did you?” George asked.

And she thought, “Why am I always stumped when he smiles at me? Why I seemed as if he were saying, I know about you, everything about you. You can’t fool me.”

“Did you? Have you fallen in love?” he repeated. Then he laughed and touched the tip of her nose.

She looked up, feeling his eyes intent upon her. “Had she?” she asked herself. “Can he tell?” Then, trying not to show her feelings, she said, gaily, “Ah, there’s a secret, isn’t it? You bring in my secret to my secrets in one day.”

The soup came in. “Want some gingerbread?” she asked. And George forgot all about the secret.

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Men trembled before the fury of his naked strength...women hungered for the embrace of his powerful arms.
I don't believe Debbie Reynolds is going to rush into marriage. . . . Marilyn Monroe waves her wrists to relax before going into a scene. I didn't think it meant anything until MM made me do it. I did feel more relaxed, although I wasn't about to play a scene. . . . Marlon Brando continues to pick girls who are exotic and exciting. . . . Luciana Paluzzi would be more popular if she had a name easier to pronounce. How about her married name, Luciana Halsey? . . . I think it would be an error if Brigitte Bardot came to this country to make a movie. . . . Is Jayne Mansfield for real or has her act become for real? . . . I don't understand Vic Damone and his many romances. He should return to the street on which he lived. . . . Starlet Googie Schwab said, "Oh I don't want to be an actress. I just want to be movie star. . . . Hollywood is a place where a star sends you a telegram to explain why he hasn't answered your letter. Barbara Rush continues to improve with every picture. . . . I think Peggy Lee is real sexy when she's selling a sexy song. . . . Nothing Deborah Kerr could do could surprise me anymore. . . . Although I admit I was surprised when Greer (Mrs. Miniver) Garson was cast to play Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt in "Sunrise at Campobello." . . . The movies are going to confuse future historians. Paul Muni is both Pasteur and Zola; Don Ameche not only invented the telephone but wrote all the songs for Stephen Foster. . . . Hollywood is a place (Continued)
JOHN FORD TOPS ALL THE GREATNESS
THAT WON HIM 4 ACADEMY AWARDS!
(the only director in history to win this many)

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Written by JAMES WARNER BELLAH and WILLIS GOLDBECK

Produced by WILLIS GOLDBECK and PATRICK FORD, Directed by JOHN FORD

We've said it before—but never, never for such a surprising reason!

NO SEATING LAST TEN MINUTES
which is aptly described as a circus for grown-up children.

I can't understand why Anita Ekberg isn't more important. She is a better construction job than many actresses who pass as sexy. . . . I'd hate to eat some of those meals prepared by heroines in the movies, wouldn't you? . . . Doris Day has eliminated the jive talk and all that jazz since she became the All-American girl. . . . I always await Ava Gardner's return to Hollywood, regardless of how brief the visit may be. . . . A starlet is a girl who knows how to play tennis, golf, piano—and dumb. . . . I'm always certain Judi Meredith will find a new romance. . . . Nick Adams impresses me as the type who thoroughly enjoys the Nick Adams TV show. . . . I saw the Bing Crosby program with guest Perry Como and the Perry Como program with guest Bing Crosby, and I can't decide who's the more relaxed. . . . Beverly Aadland has gone with so many show business personalities that she now considers herself a part of show business. . . . I'm almost as pleased as Neile Adams that Steve McQueen gave up auto racing and that motorcycle. . . . I can't tolerate singers who change the well-planned lyrics of Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Oscar Hammerstein and Ira Gershwin. . . . I admit, though, that when Frank Sinatra does it, it doesn't bother me half as much as the others. . . . Hollywood is a place where you can have a good time without enjoying it.

Edel Byrnes should be allowed to keep the royalties on all combs he sells until he becomes bald. . . . I've never seen a fixed TV show, but I've seen a lot that could have used some repairs. . . . I'm still trying to find out what Pat Boone did with those white bucks. . . . As of this writing, I think Tuesday Weld is reforming. But Tuesday reformed is more of a character than many of the younger set making a desperate effort to be characters. . . . Hollywood is a place where after a person is a success, he can't afford not to be a success always.

I believe John Saxon is going to develop into another Tony Curtis. . . . Of all the performers who have won Oscars, the actor who resembles his prize most is Alec Guinness. . . . I wonder if Rock Hudson would have been as big a star under his correct name, Roy Fitzpatrick. I think so. . . . How about Ingrid Bergman in a movie directed by Ingmar Bergman, for an all Bergman movie? . . . Also. I'd like to see Tab Hunter and Kim Novak in a movie together, in order to decide who registers the blondest. . . . Hollywood is a place that is divided into two parts: those people who are struggling to become famous and those people who are struggling to stay famous. And That's Hollywood For You.
I dreamed I played in
an all-girl orchestra
in my *maidenform* bra

All I want is Maidenform and music, music, music! SWEET MUSIC* is number one on my hit parade! (Listen to this dreamy arrangement: spoke-stitched cups for smooth figure emphasis keep my curves always on the upbeat!) A, B and C cups, 2.50. And, for the same marvelous shape and support, (with cool elastic all around): SWEET MUSIC ELASTIC, $3; SWEET MUSIC CONTOUR, the cups lightly pre-shaped with foam rubber, 3.95. And, for the ultimate in figure control, smooth midriff-molding SWEET MUSIC LONG LINE, 3.95.
DEAR EDITOR:
I am thirteen years old. I have been in love with a boy for four years. I have grown up with Bill and just can't stop liking him. My best girlfriend is throwing herself at him (just to make her own boyfriend jealous), and Bill likes it. She is going to break his heart when he finds out what she's doing. Could you help me? What should I do?
LOYAL READER
Redrock, Okla.

Dear Loyal Reader:
You've already given him one-quarter of your life. It's time to cash in this Bill for a new one.

DEAR EDITOR:
Can you help me solve a big problem? I have been dating the same boy for about three weeks, while dating other boys occasionally. He's asked me to go steady about four times. I like him a lot, but I've explained to him that my parents don't approve of going steady and that I enjoy playing the field after having gone steady, once, for a year. He's terribly jealous and now he doesn't want to date me anymore unless I go steady with him. Please tell me, what can I do?
JUDY
Bridgeport, Conn.

Dear Judy:
Beware of any boy who won't take "no" for an answer—especially when it's been repeated four times in three weeks. Remember, there's safety in numbers, so keep on playing the field.

DEAR EDITOR:
There's this boy I like very much and he seems to be interested in me. He's very shy and every time I catch him staring at me and try to smile, he turns the other way. I know he has other girlfriends but he's not going steady. So what can I do? I tried almost everything but it doesn't work.
MARY
Michigan

Dear Mary:
Stop trying. He seems able to look other girls in the eye long enough to ask them for a date.

DEAR EDITOR:
I'm fifteen and have been living in this place for a year. When boys started really noticing me, and taking me out, I had a ball. Well, I was stupid and started going steady. I didn't like it and broke up after one month. Now, the boys still think I'm going steady, or else they are by now. I don't go anywhere except with girls. I almost wish I could see my ex-steady walking up to my door on weekends. This way, I don't see any boy doing it. How do I get out of this rut?
PAT
Silver Springs, Md.

Dear Pat:
Throwing a "record party" might be a good way of getting back into the swing of dating, but be sure your guest list includes boys who are also "at liberty."

DEAR EDITOR:
I like a boy in school but I don't know him personally. I don't have any classes with him and I hardly see him in the halls. I know his sister very slightly. How can I get to meet him?
SYLVIA
Tampa, Fla.

Dear Sylvia:
Make a slight detour via his sister.

DEAR EDITOR:
Would you mind answering my question? Why is "making out" and "petting" life to my boy and girl friends around school? Maybe I'm a little mixed up or maybe I'm just a square, but we're only in the eighth grade and we've got plenty of time to grow up. Besides, it's kind of disgusting and silly to go to a party with dancing and "real fun" in mind, and end up dancing one dance and then somebody saying, "Let's put out the lights and have some fun." Now, as I said, I may be square but don't you think it's kind of stupid? If so, do you have any ideas I could try out next party? Things we might do to avoid "putting the lights out?" Thanks loads.
SHARIN
Morristown, N. J.

Dear Sharin:
There's nothing square about knowing that heavy necking and petting—at any age—is dangerous and foolish and I'm sure all girls feel the same way but are afraid of not being popular. What a girl must realize is that to be really popular, you must be respected and this is one way not to get respect. I think your parents are your best solution. Once your friends know Dad is in the house (and eighth-grade parties should be chaperoned), you'll have no trouble keeping the lights up and the necking down.

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

Now Write About Reb—Huh?

Thanks a million for the article and the cute picture of Nick and Carol Adams in the April issue of Photoplay. Now that little Reb is here, you can write all about him.

JANE JESKE
Akron, Ohio

Sorry to disappoint you, but we can't write about little Reb since he isn't here, but we can write about little Allyson—she is! See page 44.—Ed.

My Idol

Clint Eastwood is by far, My favorite cowboy star. As Rowdy he is better known, On "Rawhide" he is shown. With a grin like heaven, And talent here to stay, Clear the way for Rowdy, Born a start this day. Whenever I look into his eyes, I start to feel like I'm hypnotized. My stomach flips and my head spins, But in the end, Rowdy always wins.

JEANNE SIMBER
Hillsboro, Wis.

Hooray!!

Hooray for Tuesday Weld. She is so refreshing. That spunky gal has my backing all the way.

KRISTAL ANDERSON
Virginia, Minn.

We think so too. Turn to page 42.—Ed.

I Tried Them All

In the March issue, you had hair styles. I really enjoyed it and I tried them all. I think you should print hair styles every month.

JOAN GURESKI
Trenton, N.J.

How do the rest of you readers feel about this suggestion?—Ed.

Golden Voice

One night while passing a juke-box machine, I heard a voice singing to "Bernardine," Tho' the words, at first, enraptured me, That golden voice never did let me go free. My favorites are not Elvis or Rick, Among all, it's Pat that I pick. Now I don't jump to a voice so fine, For I do dig Pat Boone's smooth, easy line.

ANIL ARORA
Kanpur, India

Wonderful Movie

I have just finished reading the book "Rebecca." I think it would make a wonderful movie. I think the following stars would be absolutely excellent for the following parts:

Rebecca—Liz Taylor
Maxim de Winter—Jeff Chandler
Maxim's second wife—Audrey Hepburn
Mrs. Danvers—Agnes Moorhead

SANDRA DUNCAN
Plattsburg, N.Y.

This was a wonderful 1940 movie. It starred Laurence Olivier, Joan Fontaine and Judith Anderson.—Ed.
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MAX FACTOR matches hi-society lipstick cases and Creme Puff make-up compacts for a stunning new look in accessories. Designed to match and accent all your fashions and accessories—from casual to elegant!
Who Played What?

... I have been arguing with this girl that I work with for a month now as to who played Marilyn Maxwell’s sister in the Jerry Lewis picture, “Rock-A-Bye Baby.” I say Connie Stevens and she disagrees with me. Could you please settle this argument so we can be friends again?

JOYCE WITICKI
Willowick, Ohio

Connie Stevens is right. If you’ll recall, she played Sandy Naples, Carla’s younger sister. Now you and your co-worker can be friends again—right?—Ed.

... Was “Great Expectations,” by Charles Dickens, ever made into a movie? If so, who starred?

MRS. S. SCOFFERI, JR.
Marshalltown, Iowa

Yes: This wonderful picture, released in 1947, starred John Mills, Valerie Hobson and Joan Simmons.—Ed.

... My sister and I had an argument as to who played in “Salome.” Was it Susan Hayward or Rita Hayworth?

SARAH BYRN
Houston, Texas

Their names may sound alike, but it was Rita Hayworth who played the part of the beautiful Salome. Don’t forget to tell us who won—you or your sister.—Ed.

... Recently I bought the book, “Don’t Go Near the Water” by William Brinkley. It has been quite a while since I saw the movie and I can’t remember which stars played what. Can you help me?

RENEE TAMM
Langley, B.C.

Lt. Max Siegel—Glenn Ford
Melora—Gia Scala
Adam Garrett—Earl Holliman
Lt. Alice Tomlin—Anne Francis
Gordon Ripwell—Keanan Wynn
Lt. Comdr. Clinton T. Nash—Fred Clark
Deborah Aldrich—Eva Gabor
Farragut Jones—Mickey Shaughnessy
Okay?—Ed.

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

confidentially...

... Our Marilyn Monroe fan club is open for members all over the U.S.A. Annual dues are $1.50. Members receive membership cards and, also, an 11 x 14 photo of Marilyn.

RAY HELMERS
230 Juniper
Park Forest, Ill.

... I am a recent patient to a T.B. hospital and enjoy writing and receiving mail.

BETTY OHR
Southwestern Mich., T.B. Sanatorium
1500 Blakeslee St.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

... I am a sixteen-year-old country girl, living in the big city. It gets mighty lonesome and I would love to have all you boys and girls who live on farms in the western states write to me.

BONNIE LYNNE BOES
7647 N. Ashland Ave.
Chicago 26, Ill.

... Anyone crazy about horses? We’ve started a Horse Lovers Club. Want to join? For full info, write me:

NANCY RENSHAW
39025 Juniper Tree Rd.
Palmdale, Calif.

... I am a boy of seventeen and I would like to have an American girl pen pal. I dig Elvis and Carol Lynley.

CLAUDE S. LOUTFI
235, Street El Horeya
Alexandria, Egypt (R.A.U.)

... I’m terribly lonesome and would sure appreciate guys and gals from 16 to 21 penning me a few lines.

CHRISTINE SIMON
140 Wewona Dr.
Toronto, Ontario

... Anyone wanting to join a real swinging club for Mitzi Gaynor, here is your chance. Dues are only $1.50 per year. This entitles you to an 8 x 10 autographed picture of Mitzi, 2 journals a year, 4 bulletins per year and a membership card. Don’t miss out on all the fun and surprises connected with this club.

JEANNE MARIE SCHULZ
164 Long Meadow Dr.
Rochester 21, N. Y.

... I am a boy of nineteen who desires a pen-pal in the U.S. and South America. I have black eyes and hair. My hobbies are films, records and writing to friends.

GABRIEL STEPHEN
Training Dept.,
I.P.C. Ltd.,
Kirkuk, Iraq

... I am a 22-year-old boy whose great desire is to have a pen friend.

SHERIFF ARDULRAZAK
52, Chapel Rd.
Bandra
Bombay 50, India

... Join the: PAUL ANKA FAN CLUB
Brenda Ehrl
203 St. John St.
Concord, N.C.

... My hobby is stamp collecting and I would like to exchange stamps with someone from a foreign country.

ROBERT SZARO
24 Alan St.
Tiverton, R. I.

... I am interested in writing to people who are interested in Claudette Colbert. I would be willing to trade other star’s pictures for pictures of Miss Colbert. I am also interested in obtaining old movie books especially those of the 30’s and 40’s.

BEVERLY TINKHAM
583 Main St.
So, Meriden, Conn.

... I would like to purchase any pictures, newspaper or magazine clippings of Carol Lynley or Brandon de Wilde.

RUTH BROWNING
1404 Walnut St.
Greensboro, N.C.

... I have quite a good collection of pictures of Ricky Nelson, Fabian, Pat Boone and Connie Francis. So all you wonderful guys and dolls who wish to own them, write to me with pictures of my idol, Elvis.

DAYA ELVIS TILAKSHI
50/3 Garib Boad
Colombo 3, Ceylon

... Come on, everyone, and join the Anne Tunicello fan club. You’ll get a membership card and all it costs is 50c a year.

KAREN MERCER
R.P.D. #1
Madison, Maine

... My name is Nicole Rolland and I am French. Do you think I could find a correspondent among all your readers to complete my English? I am 22 years old.

NICOLE ROLLAND
62 Rue d’Amsterdam
Paris, France

... Anyone interested in helping me start a Connie Stevens fan club? Then write to:

SARA BOSSERT
568 Paramus Rd.
Paramus, N.J.

Need members for a fan club? Want a pen pal? Like to exchange fads? Write: Confidentially, Photoplay, 205 E 42nd St., New York 17, N.Y.
Frankie Avalon Is Surprised; Bobby Darin Gives Himself Away; Ray Bryant "Double-Crosses" Us

Went to a surprise party for Frankie Avalon the other evening, given by Eddie Donno, who's a boyhood pal of Frankie's. Boy howdy, talk about surprised! You should have seen Frankie's face when he walked in and found half the cast from his movie, "The Alamo." All he could do was gulp!

One night a couple of weeks ago, Will Hutchins took me to the Cloister, to dig the cool sounds of our old friend, Jerry Wallace, and boy what a show this guy puts on. I spotted Bobby Darin there, sitting all alone, way in back. Bobby wouldn't say much about him and Jo-Ann Campbell, but the look in his eyes, at the mention of her name, told all.

Ran into Johnny O'Keefe, Australia's "wild one," and he told me that the first things that attracted him to his wife were her loose-fitting sweater and her nice legs. . . . When I told the editors how much the booklet, "You're Entertaining," helped me on the last party I gave, they arranged for you to get it for free. Write: Dept. PH. Home Service Center, Scott Paper Co., Chester, Pa.

I've just about practically worn out my Columbia record of "Madison Time," by the Ray Bryant combo, learning to do the new dance, "The Madison." That's the basic step, at left, but the record also comes with diagrams of variations like the "Double Cross."—SHARI SHEELEY

have you heard...

Connie Francis

Andy Williams

Freddy Cannon

RECOMMENDED ALBUMS

How About That (Abner) A new Dee Clark, sensitive and swinging.

Fats Domino Sings Million Record Hits (Imperial) Mr. Showman.

It's Magic (Decca) Earl Grant with a lush collection of ballads.

Oldies But Goodies, Vol. II (Original Sound) As potent as Vol. I.

Teen Angel (M-G-M) From a musical family of nine, Mark Dinning emerges as a great new talent.

Can-Can (Capitol) Original movie soundtrack stars Sinatra, Jourdan, Chevalier.

Moonglow (Dot) Pat Boone styles standards in keepsake album.

Down By The Station (Capitol) The Four Preps chug along with a collection of their big hits.

I Remember Hank Williams (Top Rank) Jack Scott brings back the hits of that legendary folk singer.

History Of Music In Sound, Vol. III (RCA) The Age of Beethoven, as recorded by top artists on a 3-disk set. A must for serious students of music.

—PAUL DREW, WGST, ATLANTA
"WHY DIDN'T SOMEONE TELL ME SOONER?"

Sooner or later ... this story is bound to reach all women. Here are the facts of how a Boston doctor solved one of woman's most intimate problems.

by Mary Morgan

I
t is the natural thing to do—for a daughter to grow up learning from her mother. She learns not only such niceties as good manners and gracious ways, but she also learns how to cope with the intimate problems of life. And that is how it should be.

But when a girl becomes a woman, she begins to learn things for herself. And it is then that she sometimes finds that Mother's way—though it may have been the best in "her day"—is not necessarily the best way today.

So it is, that many women today are learning about a better method of sanitary protection than the older generation ever had. A method made possible by a Boston doctor who saw the need for a daintier, easier way.

Herein lies the story of the invention of a tiny, new, more absorbent tampon that needs no cardboard applicator.

Pondering the problem of sanitary protection some years ago, the late Dr. Arthur B. Donovan decided that the first step toward the development of a better, simpler method was to examine the kinds of sanitary protection then available.

The most commonly used form of protection, at the time, was disposable sanitary napkins. These were introduced just after World War I and, of course, were recognized by the doctor as an improvement over the homemade pads women had used for generations.

Still newer than this method, however, was that of internal sanitary protection. Applicator-type tampons (introduced about a decade after disposable napkins) did away with such problems as chafing and odor.

This, Dr. Donovan decided, was the method he ought to pursue. Like a great many physicians, Dr. Donovan had, for years, employed "tamponage" in his practice. This medical principle of internal absorption, he knew, was sound.

Internal absorption not only eliminated chafing and odor, it was completely invisible. What's more, it had already proved to be a dainty kind of sanitary protection. Dr. Donovan's task was to design an ideal tampon which would be small, comfortable, easy to use. One that would provide women with napkin absorbency, and would do away with the applicator. No simple undertaking!

In the years of research that followed, Dr. Donovan, a stern perfectionist, determined not to give up until he had accomplished what he set out to do. Countless hours were spent in experimenting, testing, questioning—until one day, simple logic suddenly gave him the answer. Why not, he reasoned, develop a tampon with a tapered tip to assure comfortable insertion.

This he did. And then Dr. Donovan made another discovery. A newly developed and absolutely safe, clear coating was applied to the tip which made correct placement of the tampon still easier, gentler. This harmless coating, which acted as a prelubricant, entirely eliminated the need for a cardboard applicator.

Dr. Donovan achieved a dainty, compact tampon, by designing it to be compressed to one-sixth the size of its original absorptive material. Upon contact with moisture, it gradually expanded sideways—not lengthwise to exert uncomfortable pressure—the secret of why it fits without being felt. Thus, the tampon adapted its shape to the individual, the rate of absorbency being governed by each woman's needs.

Applicator-type tampons were made in three sizes. Dr. Donovan's discovery simplified this problem with one size no larger than a lipstick—one absorbency that would meet the needs of all women.

Tests with doctors, hospitals, women of all ages brought a response that exceeded the doctor's fondest hopes. Teenage girls raved about the tampon's compactness—married women praised its absorbency.

As further proof of this new tampon's effectiveness, a study recently made at a leading Chicago university revealed this tiny tampon to be as much as 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons now on the market.

The Campaña Corporation was chosen to market this new product which has earned the Good Housekeeping Seal of Guaranty. (Wherever this Seal appears, it means that replacement or refund of money is guaranteed by Good Housekeeping if not as advertised therein.) Today, the tampon is sold in drugstores everywhere under the name of "Pursettes." Any druggist who doesn't have Pursettes yet will gladly accommodate you if you ask him to order them for you. A whole box of "Pursettes"—smaller than a deck of playing cards—fits into a tiny purse.

If you would like to try "Pursettes," just send 10¢ to me, Mary Morgan, Box TS-16, Batavia, Illinois, and a trial supply will be sent to you.

As one married woman said: "I am thirty-four and 'Pursettes' are the first tampons I have ever been able to wear."

And a mother wrote: "I'd been trying to get my daughter to use tampons but with no results. Finally, I took a chance and bought 'Pursettes' and she's thrilled."

Thus it is that some women hear about Pursettes earlier—others later. But as more and more discover its wonderful new comfort, an ever-increasing number are known to say: "Why didn't someone tell me sooner?"
What's in the Stars?

Were you born between April 20th and May 20th? Then you belong to the second sign of the zodiac—Taurus—like Mark Danon (April 22), Sandra Dee (April 23), Shirley MacLaine (April 24), Glenn Ford and Harry Belafonte (May 1), Bing Crosby (May 2), Audrey Hepburn (May 4), Stewart Granger (May 6), Anne Baxter and Gary Cooper (May 7), Rick Nelson (May 8), Anna Maria Alberghetti (May 15), Henry Fonda (May 16), James Stewart (May 20).

What's the key to your personality? A wonderful, magnetic charm. You have patience, a mind for detail and more self-control than any other sign. But there is a limit to your self-control. When your patience runs out—look out!

You have quite a little temper! You love perfumes, good music, good food, art—anything of beauty... anything that gives you pleasure.

You are a determined person and once your mind is made up, only a truly convincing argument will make you change it.

You have great understanding and sympathy toward those you love or are fond of. You make loyal friends and are satisfied with your present comforts in life.

You are one of those fortunate people who know just how to handle money.

In personal relationships, you have great loyalty and devotion to the other person. But beware! Once you get tired or fed up with the relationship, you never resume it again. It's over.

Your lucky number is 3. —ERIAL
ATTENTION!
SUN-TAN LOVERS!
Now! A Golden Tan Guaranteed With or Without Sun!

Amusing New Sun-Tan Lotion Gives You The Tan You Want ...In Hours ...Anywhere, Any Weather...Or Money Back!

New sun-tan discovery! At last—amazing new lotion that gives you a suntan look with...or without sun! Called Positan, its remarkable action is due to a startling new, safe discovery, Protosol, that starts to work on contact with the top layers of human skin. Apply Positan and in four to six hours you'll notice your new tan appearance...in or out of the sun! Just follow the simple directions—the more you apply, the deeper, your tan looks.

Tans while you sleep! Use Positan tonight...Look tan tomorrow! No need for sun, sunlamps or solariums. Enjoy the look of a rich, golden, natural tan—the more Positan you apply, the deeper the tan looks! It's so safe and easy to use.

For sun bathers...at the beach! If you like the sun, Positan is for you. It contains a screening ingredient that helps prevent sunburn, peeling and sun-dried skin...and exposure to sun with Positan hastens and deepens your tan. After sunning and showering, use Positan to even your tan on legs, thighs, neckline.

Blondes? Redheads? All skin types! Even if you're a blonde or redhead, Positan gives you the suntanned look you want. You stay looking tan and healthy any time of year, even without exposing yourself to the sun.

In laboratory and clinical tests, Positan's "tanning" ingredients were demonstrated safe for all types of normal skin on the face or body. Thousands of men, women and children are satisfied users of Positan. Not only, greasy or sticky, Positan is not a paint, stain or make-up. The tan won't come off with ordinary washing or showering.

Available in most areas at better drug and department stores. If not available in your area, mail coupon below for immediate delivery by return mail.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
Used as directed, Positan is guaranteed to give you a smooth, even tan appearance wherever you use it—rain or shine, indoors or out, summer or winter! With regular application, it helps prevent sunburning, peeling or drying out. The tan will not come off with ordinary washing or showering. Guaranteed to give you the even, glamorous tan look you expect, or money back!

At all Toiletry Counters
POSITAN
CLEAR LOTION in plastic squeeze bottle or CREAM LOTION in glass bottle $3.00 and $5.00 (both plus Fed. Tax)

Columbia Research Corp., Dept. 15
369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Please rush me a supply of Positan to try at your risk. It must give me a smooth, even tan used as directed, or you'll refund my money by return mail.

Name________________________Address________________________
City________________________Zone________________________State________________________

$1.00 $1.50 $2.00
COD. $3.30

□ $5.50 $5.00 $4.50 $4.00 $3.50 $3.00 $2.50 $2.00 $1.50 $1.00
□ $1.00 $0.50 $0.25

□ I will pay postage $3.00 plus 30c Fed. Tax, plus C.0.D. postage for 4 oz. introductory size.
□ I will pay postage $5.00 plus 50c Fed. Tax, plus C.0.D. postage for 8 oz. size and save $1.00
□ cash □ check □ M.0. for $3.30 or $5.50

To save postage and C.0.D. charges, I am enclosing

□ cash □ check □ M.O. for $3.30 or $5.50
Conspiracy of Hearts

Get set for movie suspense that turns into more than just a game. You'll find yourself on the edge of your seat, really worrying about the people whose lives are in danger, for every breathless minute of this picture. Its heroines are the nuns of a convent in Italy, during World War II. Nearby is a concentration camp for Jewish children, and the sisters, under the leadership of their Mother Superior (Lilli Palmer), have been smuggling the little prisoners out and on the way to freedom, in small groups. But what's going to happen after a tough German shows up to take command of the wavering Italian military force? Lilli Palmer draws a lovely portrait of a woman who is charming, quick-witted and dedicated, whether she's trying to outmaneuver the pompous Nazi (Albert Lieven) or wondering what the pretty novice (Sylvia Syms) really thinks of the young Italian officer (Ronald Lewis).

Can-Can

Here's a movie feast—lots of star talent and Cole Porter music and picturesque Parisian sets and gorgeous Gay Nineties clothes. Frank Sinatra and Shirley MacLaine start the fun, pretending to be a lazy lawyer and his off-and-on sweetheart, the frisky owner of a Montmartre night spot. They may not be exactly the most French types you ever met, but never mind. France is handsomely represented by Louis Jourdan, who comes quietly onto the scene and nearly steals the picture. In fact, he's so attractive that you may not agree with Shirley in her final choice. Maurice Chevalier's around, too (at left, top, with Frank and Shirley), making sly comments on the proceedings, and Juliet Prowse shows off limber legs and a sexy, saucy face. The plot's a simple one; the gendarmes just keep raiding Shirley's joint each time her girls go into the can-can. Seems the law of those days disapproved of the dance as strongly as Khrushchev did when he paid that historic visit to the set.

Because They're Young

The oldsters may want to stay home and watch TV, while we younger moviegoers enjoy a picture made especially for us (though not for our kid brothers and sisters). In his movie debut, Dick Clark's his familiar, likable self, as a high-school teacher who's been under fire for taking too much interest in his students' personal problems. But the hit of the show is Michael Callan, as a boy with a perpetual chip on his shoulder and a persistent case on Tuesday Weld, who's had enough and too much of him. There's more good acting by Warren Berlinger and Roberta Shore (remember them in "Blue Denim"?) and Doug McClure (who's in "The Unforgiven," too). Victoria Shaw takes care of the over-twenty romance, along with Dick (at left, bottom), while Jimmy Darren steps in with a song to add to the musical trimmings. One item for the complaint box, though: Most of the parents in the story are nowhere—
either they are drunks or flirts or just plain thick-headed. Please, fellas! Parents are people, too.

**Jazz on a Summer’s Day**

Some like it hot, some like it cool. Whatever your taste in jazz, you'll like this beautiful movie-ballad of 1958's Newport Jazz Festival. The soundtrack throbs with great live music, from Louis Armstrong's good old Dixieland to Chico Hamilton's haunting explorations 'way out on the progressive side. A rousing r'n'r number by Chuck Berry, Anita O'Day's vocal improvising—there's too much music to list. It's better to go and listen and look, while producer-director Bert Stern, who also manned a camera for most of the footage, takes us all around the Rhode Island resort, to watch artists and fans and even get an eyeful of the America Yacht Cup races offshore. Editor Aram A. Avakian rates a bow, too, for cutting all the wonderful shots with a beat that turns the movie into jazz you can see, as well as hear.

**The Gallant Hours**

Robert Montgomery has pulled off the neatest trick of the month—he's produced and directed a war picture without letting the audience see a single shot being fired. Instead, he keeps the cameras behind the lines, at the high-strategy headquarters of the American and Japanese brass during the battles of Guadalcanal. As Admiral “Ball” Halsey, the man who master-minds this turning point in the war for the U.S., James Cagney is just right—even to being an amazing look-alike to the cocky, down-to-earth hero. Dennis Weaver does well as Cagney's aide, once you manage to forget he's also Chester of TV's “Gunsmoke.” But a background chorus and narration are distracting rather than helpful, and somehow you can't help wondering just why they didn't dip into the Navy's newsreel treasures of the actual battle.

(Continued)
A Lesson in Love

Capitalizing on the recent success of Ingmar Bergman pictures, Sweden sends us one of its top director's earlier films—and catches him in a surprisingly gay mood. He's making a frivolous experiment with the flashback style that he later used so poetically in "Wild Strawberries." This time, the man taking the backward look is Gunnar Bjornstrand, as a successful physician who is a pretty stuffy fellow (and knows it), but still can't see where his marriage went wrong. The doc has been playing around, and his wife (Eva Dahlbeck) has taken up with an old boyfriend of her bygone bohemian days. It's all lightly cynical and brightly amusing, except for the touching sequences involving gawky young Harriet Andersson, who's so upset by her parents' quarrel that she simply hates the idea of growing up—especially to become a woman.

MOVIES continued

Wake Me When It's Over

Life in the U.S. armed forces is all one big laugh—according to recent movies, anyhow. Here's this month's crazy service comedy, with Ernie Kovacs as a wild man running a forgotten Air Force base on a Pacific Island, and Dick Shawn as a reluctant re-draftee, who dreams up a dandy idea for relieving the general boredom. Presently, all hands are busy building a fancy resort hotel, dodging neatly around the regulations. Margo Moore, as an Air Force girl out to reform Ernie, and Nobu McCarthy, as a gentle Japanese, add the feminine touch and go along with the cheerful gags. One catch: the movie rambles on a bit long: it could have used a tough sergeant to bawl, "On the double!"

The Great War

In English; Cinemascope; Dialogue in Italian, Titles in English

It's kind of ironic and sad to realize now that the title once meant little old World War I. But that conflict was big and tragic to the people whose lives it ended or wrecked, and Italy has made an ambitious affecting film about its own role. The characters are realistic enough, but pretty familiar: Vittorio Gassman and Al-
berto Sordi, goofing-off experts who will (you're sure) wind up heroes after all; Silvana Mangano, town tramp who's a good girl at heart; Folco Lulli, old soldier who's a solid family man. Most countries have made such pictures, which seem to have power in wartime, but to lose some of their edge afterward.

**Sergeant Rutledge**

John Ford latched on to an interesting idea here, but the result doesn't measure up to the director's own high standard in westerns. Seems there actually were Negro cavalrymen on the frontier right after the Civil War, and Woody Strode cuts a splendid figure as a mighty man among them. But his story is told in clumsy flashbacks from a court-martial scene, as he's tried for an atrocious rape-murder. Jeffrey Hunter, arguing the prisoner's case, and Constance Towers, a defense witness, are both made to seem rather dull types.

**Private Property!**

A very strange movie, this: part cheap sensationalism; part searching honesty; and all turned out in brilliantly imaginative style by director-writer Leslie Stevens. He's picked a thoroughly unpleasant subject, in the plot that two young degenerates (Corey Allen, Warren Oates) launch against a luscious housewife (Kate Manx) who's left unsatisfied by her business-mad husband (Robert Wark). All four newcomers, especially Corey and Kate, do creditable acting jobs, but they certainly have a weird "cross-section" of humanity to work with: two creeps, one moron, one stuffed shirt.

**Othello**

Along comes another of the cultural-exchange movies from the U.S.S.R. this time on a classical theme. Let's face it—the story of wicked Iago and the noble but lambrained Moor and his unjustly suspected bride is one of Shakespeare's shakier plots. It's hard to tell how well the Russian actors are doing, (Continued)
because their dialogue has all been dubbed in, in English. There’s no other way to handle it: you couldn’t chop up Shakespearean lines into superimposed subtitles. At least, the picture is handsome to look at, shot on a Black Sea location with magnificent old castles and ruins.

The Would-Be Gentleman
Kingsley-Union; Eastman Color; Dialogue in French, Titles in English

France sends us a reverent movie version of another classic, and it, too, is beautifully mounted but mostly of interest to earnest students. The Molière comedy of almost three centuries ago is still good for some laughs, as its bumbling businessman tries to climb several social notches all at once. Expert players of the Comédie Française, in their first film appearance as a group, go through their antics with delightful formality.

When Comedy Was King 20th

Ever get tired of hearing Grandma and Grandpa go on about the “good old days” of Hollywood? Well, here’s your chance to see what all that yacking’s about. It’s a bunch of uproarious clips from silent shorts, vintage 1916 to the flapper era, with great clowns like Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton and Harry Langdon. Yep, there’s a Mack Sennett chase, too, complete with Keystone Kops. All put together slickly, with lively music and a sensible commentary, it shows that good slapstick was a real art, like dancing—or like music, with recurrent themes. Like that ice-cream-cone bit—funnee!

Crack in the Mirror 20th, CineScope

Show-offs! That’s what you might call Orson Welles, Juliette Greco (below right) and Bradford Dillman, each tackling two roles apiece. But they have genuine talent to show off, and there’s a reason for the trickery. The three play the principals in a gutter triangle that ends in murder and the Paris courts. And they also play an old lawyer, an expensively kept woman and a young lawyer—with the same ugly emotions hidden behind an elegant front. In the story’s let’s-pretend, nobody notices that the two sets of characters look alike. Smoothly done, with suspense.

The Unforgiven Panavision, Technicolor

This big, beautiful western is determined to be different, and it has a fine cast to help it along. Everything revolves around the big question: Is Audrey Hepburn an Indian, or isn’t she? In Indian-hating territory, that argument’s a mighty explosive one. Only trouble is, the whole picture seems wildly romantic, with people like Audrey and Burt Lancaster (below, left) up there on the wide screen in glorious color. And yet director John Huston is obviously trying to be dead-serious about it all. It’s hard to take it that way, except when Audie Murphy’s around. He seems to fit into those faraway times. As for John Saxon, he almost gets lost in an unimportant role.

Kleinert's
Sani-Scants

Strategic seep-and-see-proof panel gives full protection. Second-skin fit assures minimum detection. All-acetate tricot; White, Pink, $1.50.
Woman’s ‘Difficult Days’ and Her Perspiration Problems

Doctors tell why her underarm perspiration problems increase during monthly cycle.

What can be done about it?

Science has now discovered that a thing called “emotional perspiration” is closely linked to a woman’s “difficult days.” So much so that during this monthly cycle her underarm perspiration problems are not only greater but more embarrassing.

You see, “emotional perspiration” is caused by special glands. They’re bigger and more powerful. And when they’re stimulated they literally pour out perspiration. It is this kind of perspiration that causes the most offensive odor.

New Scientific Discovery

Science has found that a woman needs a special deodorant to counteract this “emotional perspiration” and stop offensive stains and odor. And now it’s here . . . a deodorant with an exclusive ingredient specifically formulated to maintain effectiveness even at those times of tense emotion . . . during “difficult days” when she is more likely to offend.

It’s wonderful new ARRID CREAM Deodorant, now fortified with amazing Perstop® the most remarkable antiperspirant ever developed! So effective, yet so gentle.

Used daily, ARRID with Perstop® penetrates deep into the pores and stops “emotional perspiration” stains and odor . . . stops it as no roll-on, spray or stick could ever do!

You rub ARRID CREAM in . . . you rub perspiration out. Rub ARRID CREAM in . . . rub odor out.

Twice as effective as roll-ons

Doctors have proved ARRID is more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested. And yet ARRID CREAM Deodorant is so gentle, antiseptic, non-irritating . . . completely safe for normal underarm skin.

So . . . to be sure you are free of the embarrassment of “emotional perspiration,” use this special kind of cream deodorant. ARRID with Perstop® stops perspiration stains . . . stops odor too, not only during the “difficult days” but every day.

• Remember, nothing protects you like a cream, and no cream protects you like ARRID. So don’t be half safe. Be completely safe. Use ARRID CREAM Deodorant with Perstop® to be sure. Buy a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter. Only 49¢ plus tax.
SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED. Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type scientific medication especially for pimples. In tube or new lotion squeeze-bottle, CLEARASIL gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST

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LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

VICKI HESS, Senior, Marion-Franklin High School, Columbus, Ohio, says:

"When blemishes broke out on my face, I became terribly self-conscious. Special skin creams and lotions didn't seem to help much, so my mother suggested CLEARASIL. Now my complexion is really clear again!"

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For fuller reviews see Photoplay for the months indicated. For full reviews this month, see page 18. (A—ADULT F—FAMILY)

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

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

CHANCE MEETING—Paramount: Nick gessing game in the neat British tradition finds Detective Stanley Bickler (on assignment) (Hardy Kruger) accused of murdering his mistress (Micheline Presle). (A) April

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

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

GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND—Warners, Technicolor: Frankie Avalon makes a pleasing movie debut opposite Alana Ladd in a lively action yarn about rancher Jeanne Crain's war with logger Alan Ladd. (F) April

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

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

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

LAST VOYAGE, THE—MGM; Metrocolor: Tension so taut you can hardly stand it! As Bob Stark tries to free Dorothy Malone from wreck-age on a sinking liner, captain George Sanders funnies his job. (F) April

MAN ON A STRING—Columbia: Creepy spy story puts Ernest Borgnine through an ordeal suggested by the real-life story of Buris Morros, double agent in the cold war. (F) May

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

ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING—Columbia, Technicolor: Nutty comedy rescued from its talkiness by two dazzling personalities. Yul Brynner's a madly temperamental orchestra conductor—long-hair!—and the late Kay Kendall is entrancing as his wife. (A) April

OUR MAN IN HAVANA—Columbia, CinemaScope: Spy melodrama and the British Secret Service are kidstock by such experts as Noel Coward (an agent) and Alec Guinness (the mild salesman drafted to snoo). (F) March

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES—MGM: CinemaScope, Metrocolor: In a hilarious dom-estic comedy, Doris Day's a darling, as she copes with a theater-rite husband (David Niven), three uproarious little boys and an actress 'rival' (Janis Paige). (F) May

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

SINK THE BISMARCK!—20th, CinemaScope: Suspenseful, fast-paced story of the desperate British effort to find and destroy the Nazis' mightiest ship. Navy officer Kenneth More guides the operation from headquarters, with Wren Dams Wymter. (F) April

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

TALL STORY—Warner: College comedy goes after laughs as eagerly as crook Jule Fonda chases basketball star Tony Perkins. Profs Ray Walston and Marc Connelly think some-body should read a book occasionally. (A) May


TOBY TYLER—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Chunky Kevin Kovers as a charmer as a farm boy who keeps running away with a small circus, back in the 1890's, and discovers show biz is hard work, as well as fun. (F) April

TOO SOON TO LOVE—U-I: In an inexpensive but well-made film, Jennifer West and Richard Evans are a touching pair of teenagers in trouble, finding the law and their parents equally harsh. (A) May

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

NOW PLAYING

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becoming attractions

A. Chanel No. 5 duo, spray cologne and purse perfume in ebony and gold flacons that measure a mist of that favored fragrance at a touch. $10.00

B. News for nails: Pacquin’s “Mani Magic” creams away cuticles, brings moons into view, whisks stains off smudged fingers. In plastic tube, $9.00

C. Smooth gift for June grads, vacationers, the new “Lady Ronson Superbe” electric shaver, prettily packaged in a mirrored velvet case. $16.50

D. Newest look under the sun. Max Factor’s Hi-Fi lipstick in dazzle-hued California Sun Colors: Pink Sunshine, Coral Sun, Orchids in the Sun. $1.00

E. From DuBarry, a new and luxurious night cream abundant with skin-pampering properties to moisturize, vitalize. “Creme Paradox,” from $2.50.

*Splus tax

—

Spend 5 minutes with this new booklet

and you may spend the rest of your life without glasses!

New 16-page illustrated booklet gives you all the facts about contact lenses. Tells you how Vent-Air* exclusively designed contact lenses open up a new way of life! How Vent-Air—“the lens that breathes” never touches the eye, lets you look better, possibly even see better. Write for your copy today and for the address of the Vent-Air office nearest you.

*Patent pending

BE SURE TO READ what a prominent authority, Dr. L. Lewison, says about Vent-Air contact lenses as a means of modern sight correction in his just published book, “YOU AND YOUR EYES”, available at your bookseller or in our offices.
Heads Up: Something has gone to Hollywood's head! The hairdos these glamour gals are wearing these evenings are too, too much. Some had no part, like Kookie's date, Donna Brooks. Sandra Dee had a sweep cap. Vici Shaw, the busy mother-actress-homemaker and wife of Roger Smith, must have hand-sawed her hair into those clipped short terraces, each layer on a different level and ending in a tiny crop on top, similar to Steve McQueen's wife, Neile Adams' hairdo. "Easy to take care of." Vici shrugs. And on them it looks wonderful. ... Jayne Mansfield's long-on-the-sides and short-in-the-back arrangement reminds one of Civil War belles who affected a curl over each shoulder. But never in platinum shades, I hope. And even Debbie Reynolds' evening coiffure suggests an 1865 influence with her brown hair drawn over the ears from a center part with a huge diamond pin adorning the top. But weirdest of all, is Barbara Rush's oriental-haremish effect with baubles and beads hanging free from a chignon (so did Connie Stevens') plus two long chiffon streamers emerging from the back and reaching the floor. A real show-stopping performance. And the dresses the girls are wearing! Susan Kohner and Dana Wynter both turned up with exotic Chinese looks. Judging by Jeanne Crain and Dinah Shore, elegance is back.

Around Town: Sandra Dee is wearing a sweet and tender smile these days. Reason—a secret romance in her life. And, probe as one may, Sandra just won't talk. It's always amusing to me how strictly parental producer Ross Hunter can be to Sandra, the youngster he propelled to fame in "Imitation of Life." An actress reports how carefully Ross supervised Sandra's make-up during the filming of "Portrait in Black." "Take that goo off Sandra's face," he'd demand. "I want that fresh young look to come through." And Sandra, who had secretly applied the extra make-up herself, would obediently wipe it off. ... I wonder if the only reason Annette Funicello was Bobby Rydell's date, at his own party, was Paul Anka's out-of-town engagement? Bobby, a young singer who is climbing faster than Jack's beanstalk, was thrilled with his guests Jack Kelly, Keely Smith who brought along her own young protege Kim Charney, Mike Dante, Steve Rowland, Connie Stevens and Jim Franciscus. A nice party for a talented lad, and Photoplay wishes him well. ... The mysterious blond woman who got off the train in Memphis with Elvis and his dad was Mrs. Davada Elliott, whom Vernon Presley met in Germany and plans to marry. Divorced, she has three sons. ... Jacques Bergerac and wife, Dot Malone, called their new arrival "Mimi."
Funny Men: Tony Randall, as emcee, had us in stitches at the Foreign Press Awards with his pretended (?) jealousy of Jack Lemmon, who won a Golden Globe for his work in "Some Like It Hot." But even in Hollywood, and among the famous, life’s little frustrations creep up. For instance, all through Tony’s caustically funny praise of Lemmon, as “the greatest young comedian” in the business, Jack’s best girl, Felicia Farr, was in the powder room and missed it all. And you should have seen her eyes pop when she returned and beheld Jack’s Globe at his place. “You didn’t hear what he said,” Lemmon sighed. “And he was wonderful.” On one of her very rare appearances, Marilyn Monroe slithered up to the dais, swathed to the chin line in furs, accepted her Globe for “Some Like It Hot,” and slithered right out the door and home again. And as “international stars of tomorrow,” members of the Foreign Press chose Barrie Coe, Angie Dickinson, George Hamilton, Janet Munro, James Shigata, Troy Donahue, Stella Stevens and Tuesday Weld. How does their choice compare with yours?

I Believe: Sal Mineo took on more than he could handle in the “Gene Krupa Story.” I sincerely hope he redeems himself in “Exodus.” Sal is now a part of that star-laden cast shooting in Israel. . . . I think Rock Hudson’s taste runs to type. The girl on his arm, these evenings, is Pat McCallum, George Nader’s present secretary. The girl he married, Phyllis, was also a secretary, if you remember. . . . I think Rick Nelson is trying to get around the decline in rock ‘n’ roll by concentrating on the acting end of his career. And I truly believe he and brother David will form a twosome to tour the country this fall. What a sell-out!!!! I am fearful that Tony Curtis’ ambitions are romping ahead of his talents. If he actually goes through with his plans to co-star with Academy Award winner Simone Signoret in “Cheri,” I, for one, will take to my tree-house and refuse to come down until it’s over. . . . I’m of the opinion Brigitte Bardot’s demands for making a movie in Hollywood, as to salary, cast and condition, are too ridiculous to really bother about. . . . Yul Brynner looking happy with his bride Doris Kleiner whom he married in Mexico. He announced it April 1st—the day of the wedding. . . . Diane McBain is one of the prettiest girls in town. And Angus Duncan, her best beau, is the luckiest—because Diane prefers him to all others.

Those Separation Blues: I saw it coming—that separation between Hope Lange and Don Murray. The signs were obvious but the denials were firm. Because of their two very small children, I kept hoping for the best and said nothing. But Don has now moved from the home he shared with his family and will devote his future leisure to his refugee project on the island of Sardinia. The tip-off to their incompatibility was the contrast in Hope’s attitude with Don and without him. For instance, I noted how happy and relaxed Hope was on the set of “Best of Everything,” off in a corner dancing with Steve Boyd or chatting with Brian Aherne. Several weeks later, I saw the Murrays dining with friends at Chasen’s and their air of dejection, perhaps rejection, contrasted strangely with the gay chatter around them. Friends feel Hope’s sudden leap to stardom this past year may have brought about the break. . . . Marie McDonald, “The Body Beautiful” who twice wed Harry Karl and twice divorced him, has filed for divorce against her last husband, agent Lou Bass, whom she married only a year ago. Marie’s life, it seems, is filled with one tempestuous event after another. . . . And once again those rift rumors between Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger are floating about, and once again they’re denying them. . . . No denials, though, from Audie Murphy. Sad to say, the stories of the end of his marriage are true. The couple have two children. (Continued)
Twosomes: The old rumors, once again, had Kim Novak wedding Richard Quine during her visit to London, where Quine is now directing “The World Of Suzie Wong.” But it’s a funny thing. I kept remembering Kim’s words at the time of her romance with Mac Krim. “If it doesn’t happen right off, it never will.” And Kim has known Quine, lo, these many years... Audiences, at that night club in Las Vegas, were thrilled to see Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin together on the same stage and, once again, going through their old routines. But, rest assured, each has been successful on his own and each will continue to go his separate way—professionally. But it’s nice to know most of the bitterness is gone.... I hope Debra Paget’s marriage to producer-director Budd Boetticher brings more happiness than her first one did.

Wonder how long Dean and Jerry will keep their new trace?

This and That: Friends have said that Eddie Fisher and Liz Taylor have bought a plot of land in Jamaica on which to build a dream house. By the way, happy first anniversary to these two... Pat Boone’s success has brought him everything he wants—except one thing. The privilege of living and raising his children in California. And I’m of the opinion, sponsor or no sponsor, a man has a right to live where he chooses.... Heads shake, these days, over the new Shirley MacLaine, a member of “The Clan” who has the earmarks of taking herself and her success too big.

Mail Box Corner: Good News! You many readers who asked about the Nelson Eddy fan club or the Nelson Eddy Music Club, may now write to Mrs. Marilyn Gavran, 129 Howland Ave., River Edge, New Jersey. So happy to have this news for you... Stephen Boyd ran away with top honors this month, with dozens of fans wanting to know more and more about the wonderful Messala of “Ben-Hur.” It’s that Irish smile that beguiles the ladies (and me, too), I do believe. Lately, Steve has been beaming Elana Eden and Dolores Hart around town. His divorce from Mariella di Saracena, to whom he was married a few short weeks, became final the day his ex-wife suddenly arrived in Hollywood—much to Steve’s embarrassment.... To my amazement, Doug Moore of 2605 Angus Blvd., Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, telephoned the news he’s starting a Sara Hamilton fan club, of all things! I couldn’t be more flattered.... Mrs. Fay Spieler would like to know more about her favorite actor, Earl Cameron. News, anyone??? Mr. Chow Mawk of Staunton, Ill., Box 30, wants you to know about his new type of fan club for Elvis. Each member receives a booklet about Elvis!!! And guess who I love? You correspondents who don’t ask for the home address of a star, which I can’t reveal. And you wonderful people who do enclose a stamped envelope.

Purely Personal: “Cary Grant calling,” the voice on the telephone announced and sure enough, there was my friend Cary, enthused over the story I’d written about him in Photoplay. He was happy, too, and full of plans for his movie, “The Grass Is Greener,” which is now filming in London. “We have a wonderful cast, Sara—Deborah Kerr, Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum and Trevor Howard. And here’s the plan,” he added. “You’re to come to England while I’m shooting and visit me on the set.” Happy days and will I ever???? It was the biggest and loveliest bouquet possible. As the delivery boy carried it in, I reached for the card and thrilled to the moment. Here were my favorite blooms from “The Man I Love”—David Ladd, that young star of “A Dog of Flanders,” “Dear Miss Hamilton,” he wrote. “Thank you for what you wrote about my picture. It was really wonderful. Do hope you’ll come see us soon. Love David.” And love to you, David... Now that they are married, Jill St. John feels she’s a little too feminine to take up her husband’s hobby—car racing. And devoted hubby, Lance Reventlow, adds: “They don’t make overalls her color anyway....” Joy in the Lee J. Cobb household. Lee excitedly called to say a baby son arrived. (Continued)
if this isn't love ... it must be

Angel Touch
by POND'S

new liquid makeup... gives you the glow of a girl in love!

How long since you've had this heavenly glow? (It doesn't need to start from your heart—it can start today with ANGEL TOUCH!) One touch of ANGEL TOUCH—and a light from within seems to glow through your skin! Just fingerstroke it on—and look—it's almost like falling in love!

In 9 soft-and-subtle shades, $1. Also available in purse-size plastic bottle, 50¢.
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All prices plus tax.

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Do You Remember: Jane Withers, the plump, plain child actress who walked in the shadow of Shirley Temple's footsteps at 20th Century-Fox studios? All too well, I recall the famous feud between Jane and Shirley, with Shirley's mother alert to Jane's every move. Today, Jane is happily married to Ken Errair and a mother, herself, of five happy children. . . Do you remember Myrna Loy as a slinky Oriental siren on the screen who later became a charming comedienne and Bill Powell's wife in "The Thin Man" movies? Today, Myrna is back in Hollywood, free, happy and preparing for her biggest role in a long time, in "Midnight Lace". . . And do you remember the shining brunette beauty of Olivia de Havilland in those early Warner Brothers movies with Errol Flynn, with Fredric March and George Brent? Well, Olivia is visiting Hollywood, again, the wife of Pierre Galante of Paris, the mother of two beautiful children and she's absolutely as lovely as ever. Well now, do you remember? As for me, I can't forget them.

Heartbreak: They wrote the final chapter to the Lanza story with the sudden death of Betty Lanza, Mario's devoted wife. Five months after Mario's golden voice was forever stilled by death in Rome, his wife quietly lay down one afternoon in her Beverly Hills home and died. "I can find no physical reason for Mrs. Lanza's death," the doctor said. But those close to Betty, knew a heart had broken in despair, in loss, and sorrow. The four Lanza children—Colleen, 10, Elisa, 8, Damon, 6, and Mark, 4—who adored their parents and were adored in turn, were taken back East by Betty's parents and the end of a Hollywood chapter was written. The Lanzas were a troubled, yet strongly united couple, tossed by the forces that propelled them into a life of agitation, fame, let-downs and uplifts. "Mario could take failure," a friend says of him, "but not success." He became strangely agitated and provoked by the demands that confound many great artists. And Mario was one of the greatest. But always with abject devotion, Betty followed his lead. They met when Mario visited Hollywood during a furlough from his Texas Army camp, and from that day on, there was none other for Betty Hicks. And none other for Mario Lanza. After the services in the Hollywood Blessed Sacrament Church, Mrs. Lanza was placed beside the husband she loved in the family crypt at Calvary Mausoleum. A tragic loss for Hollywood.

Cal York's Jottings: James Garner is still another Warner Brothers' star trying to ooze out of his contract. Jim is using the writers' strike as a loophole. . . If that romance between Jeff Chandler and Esther Williams is really serious, we'll soon know it. Jeff's divorce is final. And so is Esther's. . . It took one blind date for Sterling Hayden to know Mrs. Catherine McConnell of New York was the one for him. A month later, Sterling provided his brood with a new mother—Ingrid Bergman, who has battled ex-husband Rossellini through the courts of Rome for her children, is having another child. Husband Lars Schmidt is delighted. . . Gina LOLLOBRIGIDA and husband, Mike Skofic, may become citizens of Canada, where Gina's husband hopes to practice medicine. . . The Lennon family are firm believers in the adage "cheaper by the dozen." Those four lovely girls who grace the Lawrence Welk show are now part of a family of 12—7 girls and 5 boys. . . Leo Durocher struck out in his marriage to Laraine Day, who has applied for a divorce. Now perhaps Leo will return to the profession he really loves—baseball. . . And Chuck Connors, who recently won an Award for his work in "Rifleman," is the happiest ex-ball player in town. It's every man to his profession, I guess. . . On his trip to New York, Fabian's steady companion was lovely Joan Wynne—Ed Wynne's daughter. I figure there must be something serious between those two, because Fabio took her to the Opera, along with Frankie Avalon and Judi Meredith—and you can guess how he feels about opera!
These 9 lovely hairstyles* came out of this one bottle of protein waving shampoo

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The greatest discovery since the home permanent!

*FREE booklet of these easy-to-do hairstyles by Enrico Caruso with each bottle of WASH 'N CURL.
Get away from it all—to Tahiti, Bali, or Napoli—with adventure-loving Streamlite Luggage. Triple-strength construction and scuff-resistant vinyl coverings make Streamlite good for thousands of miles. Streamlite saves you money, too: from $14.95! Saddle Tan, Rawhide Finish, Colorado Brown, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue. 7 spirited styles for women, 4 for men—in the classic design that never goes out of style.

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NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES!
AT THE PREMIERE THE PHOTOGRAPHER YELLED:

"Debbie, you're free now—when's the wedding?"

*Debbie and Harry Karl, caught by photographers at the "Ben-Hur" premiere.

DEBBIE continued
"did you ever see her look so happy?"

"is Debbie weakening?"

"if Harry has anything to do about it, Debbie will be Mrs. Karl by 1961"

continued
Only a very few late, late diners remained in Lucey's New Orleans House in Hollywood. It was past midnight. Two waiters stood idly talking together around the end of the bar, one yawning noticeably in anticipation of closing time.

In a secluded part of the restaurant (an area reserved for those who want privacy), sat a very attractive woman and her stately-mannered escort—both seemingly unaware of the late hour. They were barely visible in the soft light from the candles on the table as they talked in low, serious tones. Once, the bespectacled gentleman bent over to whisper in her ear. The words brought a smile to her face and she whispered something back into his ear.

Finally, one of the waiters, carrying a pitcher of water, approached the booth in which Debbie Reynolds and Harry Karl snuggled as if they had been hit by cupid's arrow. They looked up, startled by the realization (Continued on page 76)
Tommy watched the cigarette burn, knowing that when this was finished, he couldn’t put it off any longer. He and Nancy would have to leave the restaurant and walk over to the ABC studio where her dad, Frank Sinatra, was rehearsing his show. Nancy knew he was scared. That’s why she was so quiet as they sat waiting for the check. Tommy had known Nancy

(Continued on page 88)
TOMMY SANDS VOWS:

I’m going to marry Nancy Sinatra (NO MATTER WHAT)
this is
a secret that
can only be whispered

COME
CLOSER

ROGER SMITH has lied, carried on, deceived his wife and confused his children almost every day of his working life. And they know it.

"Roger, it's seven-fifteen," Vici will say, as soon as she wakes up in the morning, nudging her sleeping spouse. And still sound asleep, with his eyes wide open, he'll make up a whopper like, "I forgot to tell you. I don't have to go to the studio today."

From long experience, Vici gets up without another word, to telephone the studio to check this wild statement. For she knows that if she asks Roger again, she will only get the same answer. And almost (Continued on page 78)

by SARA HAMILTON
for years, the kids wouldn’t let me be friends...

TUESDAY WELD
Almost all my life, I’ve been an outsider, desperately wanting to fit in but never quite able to make it. For as long as I can remember, there has always seemed to be barriers between me and other people. I was always standing on the edges of a crowd, so near I could reach out and touch them, yet never a part of them, because I didn’t have their

(Continued on page 86)
"My name is

ALLYSON

ADAMS

My dad is Nick Adams and I was born on February 23. I may be only two months old, but if my dad thinks I’m wearing that baseball uniform he bought—

my dad has a lot to learn about girls"
"My daughter’s not kidding, girls are different from boys."

by NICK ADAMS
as told to MARTIN COHEN

It was nine months to the day, so I took Carol to the doctor’s. I guess I was naive. I just figured this was the day and that she’d go into the hospital and the baby would be born in the afternoon exactly on schedule. The doctor explained that the baby didn’t have to arrive like a scheduled flight but could come that day or any day during the next week. So I took her home.

That night Carol woke me.

"Stop talking in your sleep," she said.

"How far did I get?" I asked.

I should explain that some nights, when I’m particularly tired, I talk in my sleep and I always go over the shooting script for that day and so I asked Carol, "How far did I get?"

"You were saying, ‘I’m Johnny Yuma but I won’t use my gun unless you force me.’"

I told her, "Don’t worry then. The scene is almost over," and I went back to sleep. An hour later she woke me again.

"Call the doctor," she said.

"That’s not in the script."

"I mean it’s time for the baby to come."

I sat up on the side of the bed and turned on the light and looked at the clock. I said, "Honey, you can’t wake up a doctor this time of the night. You’ll have to wait until morning."

"Maybe the baby won’t wait."

I got the doctor on the phone and he spoke to Carol. He told her to time the muscular contractions and when they (Continued on page 90)
Right off, Allyson out-smarted me. First, she was supposed to be a boy. Who ever heard of a girl arriving on time?

After I make the formula and empty the diaper bin, the baby and I have long talks. It's more fun than baseball!
A sudden ray of sunlight streamed through the tall, high windows of the Santa Monica courtroom and down into the shadowed center, just catching the highlights of Lana Turner's blond hair as she sat, her head bent low, listening to the probation officer. There was a wistful look on her face as she heard his words, spoken in low, legal terms.... “So we feel the girl needs a vacation from home,” he was saying, “and that she will have a better (Continued on page 95)
Elvis, did your kiss mean anything at all?

Before I knew what was happening, El put his arm around me.

I wondered how Elvis felt when he finally got home. I wondered if he'd remember me. I'm Patricia Willert and I'm the first girl that Elvis hugged and kissed when he got back to the United States. Boy, I still can't believe it.
I'll never forget it! It's all very confusing, though. Let me tell you about it...

It all started when I read that Elvis was to land at McGuire Air Force Base. Since I live only 25 miles away in New Jersey, I planned to be there for his homecoming. A photographer-friend of my family, from a Trenton newspaper, offered to take me with him.

On Thursday morning, at four o'clock, my alarm sounded, waking me up. I jumped out of bed and hurriedly washed and dressed. It had taken days for me to decide upon the pink sheath dress that I finally wore. The snow was already six inches deep, when we arrived at McGuire at six-thirty that morning. One hour later, Elvis finally arrived. One poor girl was so flustered that she fainted. I'm surprised that I didn't. Two other teenagers managed to get in and, when they discovered that I had already seen Elvis for a moment as he got off the plane, they began asking me questions about him. "Was he cute?" they whispered. "What happened to his crewcut?"

Pretty soon a crowd of people were gathered around listening. I told them he was much cuter than in his pictures, and had (Continued on page 92)
sad . . . what’s happening to you?”

“I’ll see you again,” he told me. I waited at the gate, hoping he’d wave to me as he headed for the train, but he didn’t look back.”

“Later, I read it was like old times when El got to Memphis, that there was such a crowd he had to go home in a police car. But I knew a lot had changed for him and I wondered how he felt.”

continued on next page
"It’s hard for a girl to call up a boy

He peered out the window of the car, looking for familiar landmarks.

At home, a new car was waiting for Elvis

Comin’ into Memphis, folks. Can I brush you off, Mr. Presley?" Elvis grinned, squared his shoulders for the whisking, and fished in his pocket for a tip. . . . “Comin’ into Memphis.” . . . Comin’ home. . . . Feeling the train jerk beneath him, hearing it sigh and creak as it backed and pushed into the railroad yard, he was full of the same excitement and expectancy that had made him unable to eat breakfast when he’d come to Memphis as a little boy. Then, Memphis had been the (Continued on page 74)

He was grateful for the Christmas tree they’d saved.
"...so Photoplay called you for me."

Fans were waiting, too, and, at home, his favorite meal of black-eyed peas. Yet somehow, the house had a strange, empty look.

"You haven't changed, Elvis," they all told him. But when, finally, he was alone, he knew that they were wrong.
Lucille Ball cleared her throat and said, "I’m filing for divorce from Desi." Instantly the assembled faces assumed expressions of shock. At this, Lucille smiled, slightly, and shook her head. "This is no surprise to anyone," she said. "Every columnist in the country has hinted at this for months." Someone asked: "Anything else, Lucy?" Lucille shut her eyes. Anything else? She weighed the words. "I have tried—so hard—to be fair and solve our problems. But now I find it is impossible." She stopped. But one more thing remained to be said, one sentence not weighed, one cry that burst out on a note of anguish. Lucille Ball said: "I’ve had it—I just can’t take any more!" Few could look back, as they left, to see if Lucille Ball was weeping. They were so sure she was. They walked out quietly.

Why should Lucy and Desi get a divorce—with two kids, nineteen years of marriage behind them and a million dollar business empire they’ve built together? Everyone was asking that question. Together, they’re great. Apart, what have they got? A couple of unhappy children. A good chance their careers will skid. Besides, Desi’s Catholic—he’ll never marry again—and Lucy’s pushing fifty; that’s a little late to start all over with somebody else. And there’s one other thing people who know them feel. That they’re (Continued on page 92)

by CHARLOTTE DINTER
...our hero, Dion, faces a perturbing plight: Which beauty should he chooseth?
So he went to ponder alone on a rock ...
Which girl fashioned this pulsating passion in me?

Can you make Dion's temperature rise?

- You don't wait for an introduction to be friendly and say "Hi."
- You'd say no if a strange boy wanted to take you home.
- You'd watch his budget and pack the lunch.
- Your make-up looks natural.
- You act natural—no airs.
- You look trim in a bathing suit. (Exercise?)
- You bring your own comb, towel, sun lotion.
- You expect him to carry your beach bag.
- You don't flirt—or talk about other boys.
- You know how to show that you like him.
- You like books, records, movies.
- On your first date, you insist that he pick you up at home.
- You can take a joke.

How would you rate with Dion? In red pencil, fill in 10 points on the thermometer for every yes answer. For which girl won Dion's heart—and for where to buy bathing suits—see page 96.
what happened to those WEDDING BELLS?
Paul is eighteen. Paul Anka, that is. And I’m seventeen. I know I’m still very young but already I’ve learned a lot about love. And when I say love—I do love Paul. And he loves me. We’ve known each other for over a year now. We met at a dinner one night and right away we got along well together. I think we’ve grown up a lot in that year, but in a way we’re still kids, I know. I think maybe men are always boys and perhaps it’s the girl who has to be more mature. Like the day when Paul’s dark eyes were dancing with—well, sort of mischief, as I finished my song one afternoon recently on the Dick Clark tour.

“Annette,” he said, leading me off into a corner of the dark stage, “I have a wonderful idea. Let’s go shopping for a snake.”

Paul is completely unpredictable and full (Continued on page 84)
They were looking for a place to sun, in complete privacy—away from the hustle and bustle, so they traveled an extra half hour to the private Zuma Beach. They chose a spot where they could watch the waves break silently against the shore, washing the different colored shells up onto the beach.

Then, as they lay quietly, not moving or talking, a sea gull, with wings spread wide, flew overhead. It caught the eye of the handsome young man with the bronze body, blond hair and blue eyes, as he lay on the sand with his back to the warm sun.

“Hey look at that,” Troy Donahue exclaimed, as the gull flew overhead with the ease of movement that can come only with a lifetime of experience.

Dorothy Provine lifted her big straw hat which had fallen down over her eyes. She squinted and, for a moment, she and Troy watched the bird fly out to sea till it was just a dot on the horizon.

“It’s mild and peaceful here, huh?” Troy asked, waiting for Dotty’s reaction. “Kind of reminds me when Evy and I would go down to the docks in Bayport and sit for hours (Continued on page 82)

by RONA BARRETT
"May I cut in?" a soft voice asked her partner, and the next second Natalie Trundy was in Charles Hirshon's arms for the first time. His fingers, when they closed around her left hand, were gentle yet firm; and the pressure of his right hand against the small of her back, as he led her up and down the crowded college dance floor, was reassuring.

**The first meeting**

"I'm Charles Hirshon," he said. "But that sounds formal... my friends all call me Charlie."

"And my name's Natalie Trundy," she answered. Charlie, Charlie, Charlie, she kept saying to herself, immediately liking the feel of his name.

"I know," he said. "I found out who you were exactly three minutes and twenty-two seconds after I first saw you." And he told her he had seen her in "The Monte Carlo Story." Then he blushed a little bit and looked over her shoulder, but a moment..."
later he was gazing at her face again, shyly, yet with an expression that suddenly made her feel that she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

The spell was broken

The music stopped and the spell was broken. She was just an 18-year-old Briarcliff College co-ed again, and he was just another boy—someone she didn’t know—who had cut in on her at a dance. But, as she circled the floor with her next partner, whom she did know, she kept waiting for a soft voice, Charlie’s soft voice, to interrupt and say, “May I cut in?” She didn’t hear his voice, and she didn’t see him on the dance floor or on the sidelines, and all at once she just wanted to go home.

At the end of that number, she told her next partner-to-be that she had a headache and was leaving. Then she took one of her girlfriends aside and asked her to make her apologies to the others. Quickly, she put on her wrap and slipped out a side door.

She found him again

A cigarette glowed in the darkness. It was Charles Hirshon, Charlie, sitting on the steps. “You’re not . . . not going?” he asked. “Yes . . . no . . . what happened to you?” she replied. “Well . . .” he began and, again, he gazed over her shoulder in embarrassment as he had back on the dance floor, “it was a ‘No Cut-In’ number . . . and I didn’t want to dance with anyone else . . . and you had a partner . . .”

A romance begins

In the weeks and months that followed, Natalie Trundy and Charles Hirshon were inseparable: bowling and fancy-dress balls, baseball, tea at the Plaza, hot-dogs and horse shows. She’d been a New Yorker since she was six, but Charlie, a recent arrival from Tahiti, introduced her to pleasures and places she didn’t know existed: jazz concerts at Nick’s in the Village, ferry rides to Staten Island, row-boating in Central Park, old-time laugh movies on Forty-Second Street.

Most fun of all, was just walking and talking. They’d both do the walking but she’d do most of the talking. She found it easy to talk to Charlie—about her hopes, her fears, her past, her plans, her family, her friends. He’d listen, really listen, and that was great. A boy she could really talk to.

And the list of eligible men who courted Natalie—from Arthur MacArthur, General Douglas MacArthur’s son, to the nephew of the Shah of Iran and the son of General Batista—was reduced to just one: Charles Hirshon.

He didn’t really know her

When Charles Hirshon asked Natalie Trundy to marry him, he knew very little about her.

He did know about her sister Beverly, whom she adored, and her father who could waltz better than anyone (Continued on page 80)
PHOTOPLAY HELPS
3 HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS
COPY THE LOOKS OF A FAVORITE STAR
COPY

BRIGITTE BARDOT

"I LOVE SOFT LACE TRIMMINGS, GENTLE BOUFFANT SKIRTS AND GINGHAM CHECKS."

Opposite: Jean in demure ruffles on pink gingham, so typically Brigitte, sewn from Simplicity Pattern 3444. Brigitte sometimes adds a white apron, a tiny matching kerchief and pearls. Other Bardot trademarks are rickrack trim and tailored blouses with rows of lace. Her billowy skirts are set over full, lace-trimmed petticoats.

All dresses sewn from Simplicity Patterns.

For accessory and fabric news turn to page 73.

For the stars' beauty secrets, just turn the page.

COPY

DORIS DAY

"I LOVE SOFT CLASSIC SUITS, TAILORED SHIRTS, AND CAPRI PANTS."

Above: Mimi's sleeveless cardigan cotton suit, with neat braid trim, is Simplicity Pattern 2854. Doris might add a tiny knotted kerchief at the neck, large gold hoop earrings, gold bangle bracelets, and white flatties. Or, she might take off her jacket, add a wide leather belt and make a tailored dress. Other Doris Day trademarks are short white gloves and large leather bags.

COPY

KIM NOVAK

"I LOVE ELEGANCE"

Left: Simm's lavender voile dance dress is Simplicity Pattern 3445. Kim would accessorize it to the hilt with bag, gloves, pumps and, often, even pearl necklaces, in the same shade of lavender. Pendant necklaces and earclips are other Novak trademarks.
Jean's brilliant blue eyes are widened, à la Brigitte, with a band of brown eyeliner, brushed on the lashline by Beauty Editor June Clark.

To lengthen and arch eyebrows from Simm-shape to Kim-curve, gray and brown pencils are used. Opaque make-up stick under brow gives sweeping look.

To make Mimi's bright smile look even more like Doris', a really red lipstick is brushed slightly below curve in lower lip, carried to lip corners for balance.

Only 20 minutes more than last night's pin-up...
Tall, lithesome Jean Willet breezed into the studio from her dancing class, brought enough vitality along with her to perk up weary editors and photographer. Interested in everything, she was most intrigued with the silky fake lashes that were added to her own. (Result: giggles, together with the kitten-eyed BB look). Ivory foundation was used for Jean, with a slightly darker tone applied just above the jawline to create the hollow of BB’s bone structure. Deep blue shadow, brushed on and blended up and out toward eye corners, gave depth and density. Her brows were perfect. Lips outlined a trifle beyond natural shape in deep pink, filled in paler tone, for “pout.”

With some of the aloofness of Kim Novak, Simm detached herself from goings-on to worry over her lines in an upcoming school play. Biggest make-up problem: eyebrows. (Beauty Editor June suggested some artful tweezing to simulate Kim’s graceful arc). Cream base make-up was used in a blush tone. The upper lip was carefully drawn into a well-defined cupid’s bow with a brush dipped in violet-pink lipstick. Eye make-up here was heavy: black liquid liner was used on upper and lower lashes, winging straight out at corners; a line of soft blue shadow followed and, over all, a blur of misty silver-gray. Lashes were powdered, swirled with black waterproof mascara.

Together with Doris Day’s ingratiating smile, Mimi Berger has her warm friendliness too. But not as many freckles! Taking a tip from Doris, Mimi neatly veiled her few freckles with cake make-up, chosen in the shade of the freckles themselves. To give height and boldness to her eyebrows (especially at inner corner), light brown pencil was applied in feathery, hair-like strokes. A touch of amber-brown shadow brought out her eyes nicely, a bit of petroleum jelly added sheen, brown mascara lengthened her lashes. Her own high spirits colored her cheeks, and just a slight widening of her mouth gave her The Look. Her hair was spray-set in curving tendrils.

with a permanent!

Only new Bobbi waves while you sleep
... brushes into a softly feminine, lasting hairstyle!

If you can put up your hair in pin curls, you can give yourself a Bobbi—the easy pin curl permanent. It takes only twenty minutes more than your regular setting! Then, the wave “takes” while you sleep because Bobbi is self-neutralizing. In the morning you wake up with a permanent that brushes into a soft, finished hairstyle with the lasting body only a permanent gives to make your hair-do hold. Complete kit with curlers, only $2.00. Refill, $1.50.

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Kotex is confidence

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

And the Kimlon center provides far better, longer-lasting protection.
COPY THE LOOKS OF A FAVORITE STAR

WHERE TO BUY PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Simplicity Printed Patterns shown on pages 68-69 are available at local stores everywhere, or, to order by mail, send money, size and pattern number to Simplicity Pattern Co., Inc., Dept. PH, 200 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y. For where to buy accessories, write to addresses listed below.

Copy Brigitte Bardot's feminine accessories.
Pink and white gingham check stylized sandal: Pappagallo, 122 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Pink and white gingham check "sporty hood": Glentex Scarfs, 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
26" French Baroque 13-millimeter pearl rope: Richelieu Pearls, 393 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Blond real hair ponytail: Joseph Fleischer, 12 West 27th St., N. Y., N. Y.
The dress: Simplicity 3414; Junior and Misses' sizes 11-18, 60c. Dan River Virginia Checks, 99102, color 69-pink cotton, 35-36" wide.
See Brigitte in "Babette Goes to War" (Col.).

Copy Kim Novok's elegant accessories.
Lavender wig à la Kim Novak (page 69): Joseph Fleischer, 12 W. 27th St., N. Y., N. Y.
Copan blue chiffon scarf with violet fringe: Glentex Scarfs, 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Orchid and blue imported French head bag: Eugenie Buchner, 347 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Simulated pearl and rhine-tone pendant necklace and matching earclips: Imperial Pearl Syndicate, 681 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
Foam blue leather pump: Pappagallo, 122 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
The dress: Simplicity 3445; Junior and Misses' sizes 11-18, 60c. Dumari Lovely Lady voile, quality 3600, 37/38" wide, color 16N.
Kim stars in "Strangers When We Meet" (Col.).

Copy Doris Day's tailored accessories.
Black cotton Capri slacks: Simplicity 3257.
Gold hoop earrings and gold bangle bracelets: Coro, 47 West 34th Street, N. Y., N. Y.
White and navy geometric calf spectator flats: Pappagallo, 122 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
White calf shoulder-strap mail pouch with enamel heraldic key: Lona Handbags, Inc., 136 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
18" pure silk navy and white polka dot square: Glentex Scarfs, 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
One Button white cotton shortie gloves: Wear-Right, 244 Madison Ave., N. Y., N. Y.
The suit; Simplicity 2854: Junior Misses' and Misses' sizes 11-18, 50c. Fuller Sailtone 38/39" wide. Blouse: Omega, 55% dacron polyester 45% avron rayon, 41/45" wide.
See Doris in M-G-M's "Please Don't Eat the Daisies" and U-F's "Midnight Lace." Be sure to hear Doris as she sings on the Columbia label.
biggest town he could ever imagine. It was bigger than Tupelo. It was even bigger than Corinth, Miss. It had dime stores with basements. It had a zoo and Clar- ence Saunders, in whose marbles store that opened to the public after its grocery- magnate builder lost the property.

Pressing his forehead against the train window, Elvis felt the magic of Memphis sink in.

As a child, in East Tupelo, he didn't travel much. His mother liked to keep him near her.

"I never saw a woman keep better track of a boy," neighbors said.

And, besides, there wasn't much for traveling.

Playing in front of the white house in which he was born, he never did think much about the strange world of cities.

Sometimes, he'd follow the narrow road in front of his house around two bends to the highway that ran from Memphis to Birmingham.

"Which do you reckon is bigger?" one of his cousins asked, one day.

"Dunno," he replied. "Memphis, I guess."

Now, as his train chugged to a stop, thinking of all these things, he felt a moment of panic.

"Maybe I shouldn't even get off," he thought. "Gosh, I've seen so many places, been gone so long. Maybe everything has changed and I can't stand being let down."

"Memphis, all off for Memphis," the conductor called.

Butting his coat against the outside of the cab, Elvis mounted the steps.

There was a big crowd waiting for him at the station, and, to help him get through them and get home more quickly, they arranged for him to drive home in a police squad car.

He smiled and waved at the crowd, grateful to them for being there, and for not forgetting him. And then the car started on its way toward home.

Home meant many things

When he had gone off to the Army, home had meant many things. It meant his mother, the quiet, proud woman whom he called "Mom," the center of the entire family's affection. She'd died before he left for Germany, but she'd seen him off to the Army.

It had meant the great, square redbrick house on the edge of town with his own image wrought in the costly iron fence. He knew some people thought the fence an affectation, but he'd put it up as a symbol. Not many young men of his age, from such humble beginnings, could buy such a big house with such a fancy fence for their parents.

The fence had been an extra gift to Mom and Dad. At the time he'd ordered it, it had seemed a waste.

And Memphis, of course, meant the gang of fellows with whom he'd gone to school... Saturday nights at the White Castle hamburger stand... cruising down side streets... talking about girls... swapping jokes... hanging around in front of the picture show with a sack of popcorn in one hand and an eye out for a pretty girl.

"Home was just as before he went into the Army, sleeping late. "I'll sleep 'til noon tomorrow," he said to himself.

That was part of being home.

When he awoke the next day, he couldn't remember where he was. He'd been sleeping heavily, dreaming—what was it?

something about Friedberg and Col. Park- er and the Hollywood sound stage. None of it was clear.

Rubbing his eyes, stretching, he tried to orient himself. Time and place were confu-

Then, sitting up, he saw the huge wall-to-wall mirror reflecting the room and the placard on one wall that read: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, also believe in Me."

In another corner stood a Christmas tree with a lot of toy Teddy bears and other gifts.

Sure, now he knew where he was. He was home.

Sleepily, groggily, he let his mind wander.

Thoughts were out of order.

Probably Mom was already seeing about his lunch. Everything seemed awfully quiet, though.

But the idea entered his mind, reason dispelled it. He remembered, now.

The house was filled with memories of Mom. He would never sell this house or move. He'd rather die.

Elvis flopped back onto the pillow and rolled over to look at the bedside clock.

Five o'clock.

Five o'clock! Surely he hadn't slept all night. He shook his head to clear it better.

Downstairs, a noise at the back door sounded like the milkman.

Five o'clock. He'd awakened at 5 A.M. Army time! And was he hungry. He was so hungry he didn't want to eat for most of the day. It was hard to believe he was really home.

Being home, didn't necessarily mean sleeping late, it seemed. How long would it be before he got fed? If he had not been able to eat for most of the day, he wondered. She'd been through old habits abandoned two years before?

Looking back

Later, after the town was awake, he drove to the city. About a mile from the square, he stopped at Poyntz Hill Cemetery to visit Mom's grave. Whenever he was home, he'd always go there at least once a week.

Snow, dirty because it was several days old, sat like a blanket on the cemetery's lawn, and lay in disconnected patches on lawns.

Back in home territory, snow reminded him of things he'd almost forgotten, things that snow in Germany and New York hadn't reminded him of.

In Mississippi, when he was little, they'd had an ice-box that drained in a tub by the back door. He could tell how cold the dog was, by looking out at the ice in the drain tub. Sometimes on cold, cold days, Mom would make boiled custard and set it out on the back steps in a fruit jar. It would freeze just a little bit. Nothing taste better.

Then, when it snowed, he'd make snow-ice cream.

"Add a little sugar and vanilla," his grandmother directed.

That was grandma's secret.

Braking in front of a hamburger stand, he began, for the first time since he got off the train, to feel really at home. How many times had he swung through the pungent smoke of the burning waxes in his pocket and feeling proud because it was his. The first week he'd been paid as a truck driver, he'd stopped here for coffee.

He'd sat on the high stool, sipping hot java, and how broad, the fellow next to him had noticed.

"What are you so happy about, son?" the fellow had said.

"I'm happy," he said, "because I'm working. I just go home. I feel good. I may even eat two hamburgers."

This morning, his first day at home, he sat at the same lunch counter and felt good again—but not quite so good as he had with his new truck driver's pay.

"I had all the confidence in the world, that morning," he reflected. "I was working. I was a big man. There was nothing to worry about."

"Today I'm not sure how everything is going to turn out.

"I wonder if I'll ever feel as sure of myself again as I did when I was picking up my first pay check."

He felt saddened for all the unfri ended boys everywhere who hadn't found out, yet, their own weaknesses.

Out on the sidewalk, he strode along the main streets of Memphis and looked at the buildings.

"It's strange," he thought, "I always remembered the main street as wider—all the time I was in Germany. And I thought the buildings were taller."

His folks

People passing on the street sounded funny. To him, brought up among Southern accents, a Southern accent sounded surprisingly novel. Now. But, oh, how precious!

A cheerleader stopped him.

"Beg your pardon, suh, but do you know what time it is?"

"Going on nine."

"Thank you, suh."

The cheerleader crossed under the block. What was it about that contact that gave him a twinge? He knew. It was the "suh." The little boy had spoken in the way he'd been taught to speak as a child.

"Elvis," his grandfather had said, "as far as you're concerned, 'Yes, sir' is one word when you're addressing your elders. And, "Ain't, ain't."

The familiar accents, the little boy who addressed him as "suh," conjured memories that hadn't occurred in years. He was swept by a wave of affection for everything southern.

When he was tiny, he'd been introduced to cousins thrice removed, to aunts by marriage, to cousin aunts, to myriad family connections, and he'd asked just what they were and why they existed. The answer, the usual one, was, "You, Elvis, you're some of your father's folks."

It didn't take him long to realize that being some of his folks didn't always mean they were close relatives. There was a pattern to country life that was simply a common bond of understanding, culture, heritage based on a remote tie.

But genuine concern for one another was the cement that held the vast, loosely related clan together.

The people he passed on the streets, were from his home town. They, too, had eaten at the same hamburger stands, maybe gone to the same high school, swatted the same mosquitoes as he had.

They soft accents were those of his East Tupelo cousins. He loved them all. They were his "foks." He'd never understand the word.

Without realizing it, he had taken the direction toward the Mississippi river. Shops and office buildings were giving way to warehouses. When a truck groaned out at the back of the cab, he waved to the driver. The driver waved back and, again, he felt a kinship.

Truck drivers were friendly people—especially Memphis truck drivers. He was proud of having been one of the fraternity.

The mighty Mississippi

He could smell the Mississippi now, and he remembered the first time he'd seen it.

His fifth grade teacher, Mrs. Grimes, had
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75

said to the class, "Elvis was in Memphis last weekend, and I'll bet he saw the Mississippi river. Did you, Elvis? Would you like to tell the class about it?"

He was still living in East Tupelo at the time, and his geography class had been studying the Mississippi and its tributaries.

He had memorized the names of the tributaries and learned to spell them.

"Tell the class how the Mississippi looked," Mrs. Grimes suggested.

"Well," he hesitated, "it looked like a river.

He didn't want to tell the truth about it.

How would it sound to say, "To me the Mississippi doesn't look very big. It's not as big as the Tennessee.

Nobody would believe that. The class wouldn't even believe he'd seen it. But that's how his first look at the river had affected him.

Because the class had been studying the river, he'd asked his father to drive him across it the first time when they got to Memphis.

As they mounted the long approach to the river bridge, he had craned his neck, straining for a glimpse of the flood. There'd be more water in a minute, he thought, than he could imagine.

But, when the river came into view, he was disappointed.

"Is that the Mississippi, sure enough?" "You bet.

"It doesn't look so special to me," he said, almost whispering.

Today, though, as he came in sight of the water, it seemed bigger than he'd remembered. No, maybe it wasn't bigger. But it was different.

He looked at the Mississippi with an emotion he couldn't analyze.

"Say," a man on the river front said, approaching him, "aren't you Elvis Presley?"

"Yes, sir, I am.

"Well, I hear you been in Germany," the man said. "Guess you're mighty glad to get home. Guess it's pretty good to see that river again.

"I know how it is. When I got home from France, first thing I wanted to do was see the river. Whatever else might have changed, I knew the Mississippi hadn't.

He nodded. He was trying to figure out why he felt differently about the river, today; why it looked bigger.

"Ain't the size of the river that makes it so great," the old man continued. "It's what she stands for. She's the very heart of the country.

"There's nothing more American.

"You're right, I expect," he said. "I never thought of that before.

Walking back, toward town and his car, he wondered at himself.

"Everything's the same, but it looks different. I never realized, before, how important some things are.

When he turned into the gates at Graceland, he didn't even glance at the fancy fence. Sure, he was glad he'd been able to buy a beautiful home before Mom died, but his pride in ability to buy, wasn't the same.

"Baby," he whispered, "I guess you know my Army record was good enough. I hope so. Maybe I owe some things to good luck, but whatever I am as a man, I owe to you.

That night, he went out with his friends; the same crowd he'd introduced to Nick Adams, four years ago, when Nick visited him in Memphis.

When he stopped by their homes to get them, he was surprised at how modest some of the houses were. He'd never thought of them as cramped. But the welcome he got from his friends and their parents, made him want to stay.

"Hey, El," one of the boys shouted, "tell us about the German girls.

"Well," he began, "it was kinda funny when they couldn't speak English. We would just sit and make funny signs at each other, or wave and giggle.

"Could they dance rock 'n' roll?" his friend asked.

"I guess so," he answered. "But, you know, I can't. I can slow dance a little, but I never bothered to learn to bop or anything like that.

"Did you leave any girls behind?" someone else asked.

"No, not any specific ones," he said.

"There was one little girl, whose father was in the Air Force. I was seeing quite a lot of her, but there was no romance. The papers pictured her as the girl I left behind, but that wasn't quite right.

"Elvis," everyone said, "we're glad to see you. We've missed you.

This was great, because he knew they were welcoming him as a boy they'd watched grow up, not as a famous personality. The welcome would have been the same for any old, valued friend just back from the Army.

"El, I thought maybe you would have changed, but you haven't... not one bit. You're just the same guy who went away. Isn't that right, fellows? Isn't that the same old El?"

"Oh, now," he remonstrated, "everyone changes some.

"No siree, you're just the same.

But he knew it wasn't so.

"I'll never again," he thought, "be the boy they used to know. They aren't the boys I knew. We're men. Today, I'm beginning to find out the kind of a man I am."

—NANCY ANDERSON
DEBBIE REYNOLDS
Continued from page 36

that the place was nearly empty. Debbie rose hurriedly, carefully adjusting her mink stole around her bare shoulders while Karl signed the check. Her low-cut bouffant gown shimmered in the flickering light, and it was no surprise that the actress was in a beautiful, goddess-like elegance.

Both appeared to be engrossed in serious thought as they walked past the store clerks of the remaining patrons, to the door. Karl reached for and arm affectionately around Debbie’s waist as he pushed the door open. They exchanged tender smiles.

“Now come in,” the waiter yawned again. “Always the same booth; they just sit and talk. You know what? I’d be willing to bet that they get married one of these days.”

The waiter certainly wasn’t talking through his hat, either. From the bistro chatter buzzing around town, the past few months, and the way Harry and Debbie had been acting together, it could happen any time.

As one leading Hollywood columnist put it: “Someone very close to Debbie believes that she’ll marry Karl, who has been in love for the longest time.”

With that news item, there was renewed speculation that Debbie might marry the shoe tycoon, now that she is free to wed under California law. Will she? Nobody really knows all of Debbie’s reasons.

“Right now, marriage is the farthest thing from my mind,” she says. “I don’t even think about it. I’m not saying I will never marry. I can’t even predict that? If marriage does come, it will be because I believe it is the best thing for myself and my children.”

It has always been Debbie’s philosophy that if it is for the best or the worst, depending on what you make of it. “I think I’m having a great time now,” she told an interviewer recently, “and I think I’ll keep on doing that... Inside, I’m happy. I really am. But it has taken time to acquire that philosophy.

As for Harry Karl, he comments: “He is a very kind man, a very generous man. He has a very generous heart. I have ever known, and I don’t mean just in gifts. I mean in the open-hearted way he deals with people and their problems.

“She’s also fun to be with. People think of Harry as being very dignified, and he does have dignity. But he also has a quiet wit and a very way of looking at things.”

**Strictly business**

At first, Karl had never been considered a top contender for Debbie’s affections. Many thought he was running a poor third to D’Amelio. But, Karl, a well-built six-footer, first met Debbie five years ago in connection with the Thalians, a charity organization that aids hospital patients. She had been an active participant in the work and Karl, throughout the years, has been one of its chief advisors and benefactors.

On April 23rd, of last year, Debbie and Harry dined alone at a Sunset Strip restaurant. After his brief marriage to Joan Cohn, he began calling on Debbie. Their dates became more frequent and his attentions more notable. Last Christmas, for example, he gave her an emerald necklace, earrings, and the actress was in a beautiful, goddess-like elegance.

Lately, she has been seeing Harry two and three times a week, and it is very obvious that “some of the business” at hand was romance. As Debbie, herself, said in a recent interview, “Before I was married I dated, but I never dated just to sweet-talk. Harry is different in that I really liked, or not go out at all.”

After her divorce, Debbie felt the same way. She was selective about the men she dated. When friends invited her out, either because he had a man from out of town and wanted to line up a date for him.

Debbie would agree to go. But she was always careful to go in her own car and come home in her own car. They ran into problems. “That way the evening is easy for me,” she explained. “If I want to go home early, I can go home early. I don’t have to take anybody out of his way. If I’m not doing anything else—I didn’t like the way a man behaved, if she thought he was drinking too much, for example, she was always free to go home— and if I want to go home.”

What possible reason could Debbie have for seeing so much of Harry? That was the question asked by many. Here was a man more than twenty years older than her, with a reputation like the carefree, party-loving Bob Neal, who was then her leading admirer. Certainly Karl couldn’t be a match for the dashing director Glenn Ford, who came into the picture after Karl. But Karl insisted both of them and Walter Troutman (an Eastern admirer) as well.

After her divorce, Debbie found herself more independent, and she is a woman who doesn’t like to waste time. "I get many different kinds of conversations," she told a reporter, “and although I find them all amusing, I don’t believe a word they say. Not a word.” But though she have broken to business and the “lines” of the men she dated were handing her, she never grew cynical about the men themselves. “Once you grow cynical toward the other sex in general," she said, "you lose your interest in them.”

Debbie was asked, in an interview, whether the fact that she’s a divorced woman means men make more passes at her than they do at single women.

“Verbal passes, yes,” she answered. “Not physical passes. It’s like a football game, I keep wondering who’s going to throw the longest pass.”

“I toss it right back,” she added, “as if it were a hot potato. But it’s stimulating. I have to be alert.”

And Debbie also added that when, finally, she meets the man of her dreams and is honest with her, she will be able to know that he is being honest. Perhaps, her friends speculate, it is Karl’s honesty that has put him out in front of the others.

“Karl is the only one of his kind. He is different from other formal Hollywood events. They even go bowling together, if you can imagine that. But the thing that they like to do best, is see movies. Debbie admits to being a movie fan and that her life. Harry often picks her up at the house and they head for the new movie in town, watching it rapely as they munch on popcorn.

She sees more movies than any other man, and it is apparent that he is the Number One man in her life in all respects. This is not amazing to those who know Karl. Almost the fact that rarely has a good photograph ever been taken of him. In nearly every picture, the gray-haired millionaire appears to be out of place, looking harsh and an ill-fitting suit. But his well-groomed appearance, however, make him quite a lady’s man. He’s one of the best dressed men in town. He even has his own tailor. His overwhelming attractiveness and his frequent appearances on dates, is beyond reproach. Harry always has been surrounded by beautiful women.

Nearly everyone—his ex-wives excluded—agrees that he is a very likable fellow. Debbie always has been able to converse on many topics. Furthermore, Debbie has developed more and more respect for men since her divorce. The city was a major factor in destroying their marriage. She doesn’t want to make the same mistake again.

Debbie would never have to consider that Harry would marry her for her money. She is on her way to being a millionaire, but he has dealt in millions for many years. Security would be assured. It is the future that worries her.

To speculate whether this fast friendship will lead to true love and a marriage, requires some knowledge of Harry Karl and his background. Most people know little about him except for rumors of his marriages (sometimes synonymous).

**About Karl**

Three times Karl married and all three ended in stormy divorces. His first wife was Ruth Winters. The only satisfaction Karl gained out of this union, was becoming the father of his son, Judie. She was married to him now 21-years-old. She’s married and a mother, making Harry a proud grandfather.

His second marriage was to Marie (commonly known as “The Body”), McDonald. This wife to the story of them all. They too were wed, unved and re-wed. Their domestic brawls became periodic headlines in the newspapers. Two children were adopted. Afterwards, he sold his fortune and efforts to salvage things. Shortly after that, Marie became pregnant—nine months later making Harry the father of another daughter. All this didn’t help, however. Finally, on April 10, 1959, he divorced her (at their vows). Karl divorced the actress for the third and final time. It was a year after they had reconciled, again, following the mysterious (still unsolved) kidnapping of “The Body.” The final parting, surprisingly enough, was not a bitter one.

“Marie has a wonderful career ahead of her,” Harry declared to the newspapers.

“She is very much a woman of her own, and there is no longer any affection between us.”

Debbie and Harry continued their so-called “business” dates up until last summer, when he was engaged to Joan. Their dating stopped and it was Bob Neal, who, again, moved into Debbie’s life. They doted on the Coast and in New York. His gift of a diamond brooch started off rumors that he was going to propose. Joan, Harry Karl? He was in a romance, but not with Debbie.

Harry suddenly began courting Joan Cohn, the lovely widow of Harry Cohn, who was killed in a plane crash in his pictures. One of Karl’s associates claimed his sudden new interest was “to forget Debbie.” But whatever the reason was, it led to murder. The first—another and another marital downfall for Karl.

Joan sued him for divorce after being married for only twenty three days, charging he treated her with “extreme cruelty and indignity and some form of ‘imprisoning.’” No one in Hollywood has been able to determine what ended the marriage so swiftly. But they were apparently twenty- four years of marriage. Joan claims the marriage had cost her $54,000—what she lost in monthly inheritance payments under her deceased husband’s will—and requested a total alimony sum of $110,000. Harry denied the三维后, and Harry was back in Debbie’s life.

Always conscious of appearances, Debbie
would not date Harry until Mrs. Cohn had sued for divorce. But once the suit was filed, they became steady companions. Harry often calls at the house, bringing gifts for young Todd and Carrie as well as for Debbie.

One of the family

Bob Neal slowly became Debbie’s second date choice. While they were making “It Started With a Kiss” and “Gazebo,” Debbie and Glenn Ford became good friends. They dated, but it was only Harry Karl who managed to have her out twice as many times. True, Glenn put on his tuxedo and took Debbie to the Foreign Press Awards. That night, Karl was deathless at the Moulin Rouge and Debbie saw him again with Debbie dining at La Rue’s. It’s also true Debbie had dinner with Glenn three nights in a row, but people who knew the story have said that with Todd this didn’t change anything. Karl was still number one on her list.

“I think Debbie likes Harry,” one of her friends told this writer. “She doesn’t seem to have known him so long that he’s kind of like a member of the family. She feels secure with him ... more relaxed.”

And Karl is practically a member of the family, too. He should be took-like by both Debbie’s mother and father. Debbie’s brother, Bill Reynolds, recently married a twenty-year-old Glendale secretary, Jean Amtsman. None other interested in the wedding. At the reception, in the home of the bride’s mother, Debbie and Harry chatted merrily with the guests. It was a small wedding (about 150 guests) and just close friends were invited. Debbie’s mother even designed and made the wedding gown for Joan, who is cute enough to be in the movies, herself.

Both Debbie and Harry appeared extremely happy for Bill, who had been living at Debbie’s two-story English-style brick home in Holmby Hills. With Eddie Fisher gone and Debbie had been lonely about staying in the place without the protection of a male. Bill had set up housekeeping in a room that the former owners built as a bombshelter.

Not only did Harry attend the ceremony, but he and Debbie drove the newly-weds to Squaw Valley, during the Winter Olympics week, for their honeymoon. The trip was made-up.

Over the past six months, Debbie has maintained that she would marry, again, when the right man comes along.

“I’m not looking for any particular type of man,” Debbie told a reporter at the El Morocco in New York. “I wasn’t looking for any specific type before my marriage to Eddie, and here I am now.”

However, the day her divorce was filed against Eddie, she was understandably bitter.

“I’m not interested in men at the moment. If I go out at all it will be with old friends, just to have an escort. I don’t make new associations easily.”

Yet Debbie has always liked people. She’s been known to have a quick wit and that, also, she is very sensitive to the impressions she’s making on others. She can tell, almost immediately, whether people like her or not. After the divorce, Debbie built a wall around herself, to keep from being hurt by people. In the past few months, dating almost from the time that she and Todd announced their engagement, she’s put together so much, that the wall has started to come down. “I started to feel alive again,” Debbie said.

The day she received her final divorce papers (one year after she filed), Debbie cautiously continued to be noncommittal about her romantic status. Queried about the rumors that she would wed Harry Karl, she sternly stated in her dressing room at Paramount (she was making “The Pleasure of His Company”): “Harry Karl is my best friend. I think very highly of him. As for marriage, we never talked about it.

“My main concerns are for my children and my career. Todd just turned ten yesterday. Mrs. and Mr. Karl are three-and-a-half. They’re not infants anymore, and they need a lot more love.”

As Debbie spoke, she kept glancing at a near-by room off the dressing room. The house looks older than his age. His features are more like Debbie’s and resembles Eddie Fisher only a little more completely. Mr. Karl’s home has inherited many of the crooner’s characteristics. Lately, Debbie has managed, despite a heavy work load, to spend more time with the children.

When Eddie Fisher was permitted to visit the children in Las Vegas, for a weekend, Debbie was apprehensive. She gave careful instructions to the nurse not to let any of the other children’s girlfriends claimed that Debbie was nervous and on edge during all the time that they were away. Debbie even canceled a fun trip to Mexico, because she didn’t think it was right for the children and her doctor advised her against taking them South of the Border.

Debbie’s conflict

Now that Debbie’s brother Bill is married and not living with her anymore, her fears about being without protection, at night, are back. Even while her brother lived with her, Debbie kept a loaded gun beside her bed. Now, alone, she said at that time, “I’ll be miserable.” Therefore, many feel that this could hasten any marriage plans. However, any decision to re-marry is not an easy one. I imagine that Debbie feels she must see herself on the pros and cons of such a decision. Of course, only she can come up with the answers, and the questions are numerous. Can she handle a child? Is Harry Karl the right man for her? Has life without a partner, for more than a year, made her too independent to be able to adjust to another marriage? Will she remarry? Let’s not speculate.

Above all, there is one thing Debbie may fear if she becomes Mrs. Harry Karl or Mrs. Anybody Else—the day one of her children marries. Will Debbie, or Mommie, will I have to call that man Daddy?”

Both Todd and Carrie love to see “Uncle Harry” when he comes to the house. In Palm Springs, where Debbie owns a home, which she and Todd once shared as man and wife, Karl spent a weekend just playing with the children and showing them the sites around town in his spotless limousine.  

The last year, has been hard on Debbie in more ways than one. She tried to be both a mother and father. At times, this brought her close to emotional breakdown. Carl appeared to confirm this, although Debbie had 6 a.m. calls that week, on “The Rat Race,” she took care of Carrie for three nights in a row, getting hardly any sleep. He left a note beside Debbie, so she could comfort her.

And then, at the end of March, little Todd required an operation. It was a minor operation, the doctors told Debbie, but still it was a shock. Carl flew to the city and Harry Karl flew in. Together so much, that wall has started to come down. “I started to feel alive again,” Debbie said.

In many ways, Debbie appears over-protective of her children. She takes no chances when it comes to the children. Her stand-in, Donna Leary, nearly scared Debbie to death. Donna’s six-year-old son, one morning, decided that he would smoke—just like Mommy. While Donna was asleep, in the bedroom of their apartment, he turned on a cigarette lighter and lighted into the closet. Moments later, flames were racing through the house.

Debbie was so upset about the near tragedy, that she gave Trevor to her children. But then she left them alone even for one single minute during the day. All the matches and lighters in the Reynolds household were hidden.

When Debbie’s father was permitted to visit the children in Las Vegas, for a weekend, Debbie was apprehensive. She gave careful instructions to the nurse not to let any of the other children’s girlfriends claimed that Debbie was nervous and on edge during all the time that they were away. Debbie even canceled a fun trip to Mexico, because she didn’t think it was right for the children and her doctor advised her against taking them South of the Border.

Everything but a husband

So, the one big thing missing in Debbie’s life is a husband. And, up until recently, that hadn’t seemed to bother her. She once reported to this writer: “I’m still like to have a happy marriage. The trick is to have one. You have to be careful. Particularly the second time.”

There has never been in every single thing—everything beyond what I ever dreamed of years ago. I always wanted to have children. I have my family. I have a lovely home. I have a good job. I’m able to help people.

But, now, things have changed. In reality, Debbie probably knows she doesn’t have everything, but may soon gain the things she’s been lacking. Harry Karl is her number-one choice. And he certainly has been persistent. Besides the $40,000 worth of jewelry he gave her for Christmas, some of his other gifts have been a mink coat and a red electric golf cart (they cost $1,900).

Another plus, is Karl’s position. He is outside the entertainment business, so there will be no question of competition of their careers, an element that entered into Debbie’s and Eddie’s problems. Yet, Harry has been in and around show business for years, so he understands a movie star’s life.

They made quite a hit at the recent Thailians’ Mardi Gras costume ball for new members. Debbie borrowed May Murray’s 35-year-old rhinestone dress from the silent picture version of “The Merry Widow,” out of the M-G-M wardrobe department. Karl wore top hat and tails. Debbie managed to make her face with the help of their faces made-up in blackface and Pat Morris brought up the rear as their slave in chains. One of the new members was Bob Neal, but he never showed. It developed that he was away, but he was completely out of Debbie’s life.

The man to watch is Harry Karl. His divorce from Joan Cohn won’t be final until a few weeks, but no one is certain when that doesn’t mean he would have to wait that long in order to re-marry. As in the case of Eddie Fisher, Karl could obtain a divorce in Nevada in six weeks time.

Carl, however, when asked to confirm that if she does say “yes” to Karl, the wedding won’t take place until October, but the big question in this writer’s mind is this: will Harry Karl be the right man for her children to call Daddy?”

—ROBERT DEAN
always, the studio reports: "You're darned right he's expected. He's in every scene. Get him here!"

Meanwhile, daughter Tracy, aged 3, and son Jody, aged 2, stare at Daddy under the covers until Mommy returns and rounds him up. Not until he is bathed, shaved and reasonably drenched in coffee does he remember any of his wild morning deceptions. But once awakened fully at 7:31, he is a live wire and ready for work. Work is at Warner Brothers studio.

Five mornings a week, at 7:45, with the help of his wife, two children and the neighborhood dog, Roger Smith drives through Warner Brothers' studio gate, parks his car, takes out his lunch pile and reports to the set of "77 Sunset Strip," where he turns into detective Jeff Spencer. Because he's "a misplacer," his wife has printed on his lunch pile, "This kit belongs to Roger Smith." As a result, since last August, he hasn't lost a single pile, although people from all over constantly track him down with, "This your lunchbox, Roger?"

His lunch from home is always the same. The contents include a correct calorie-counted apple or banana, one apple, one banana and one cookie. It is his wife's way of keeping him out of the studio dining room, where, if he does go on occasion, he overeats considerably, which he doesn't want to do.

He should, but he doesn't watch his diet. On the evenings they go out to dinner, Roger will invariably head for a Mexican restaurant, stuff himself with tamales and then go home to be sick.

"Why do you do it, Roger?" Vici would question. "You know it always makes you sick."

But the very next week, there is Roger, sick all over again, on tamales. And the worst of it is, it goes on and on. He can't understand it himself.

On the set, if a problem comes up, he simply falls asleep. He can sleep in his chair for one or two hours while all around him is clamor, din and confusion.

All his life, he's retreated into sleep the minute unpleasantness comes up. It saves him, he claims; he can then go on and tear the nerves. When free from work and home fixing problems—like how to build an addition on to the addition on to the garage—he can and does sleep fourteen to sixteen hours a night; it's easy and relaxed, although he can be lulled into well-being with Vici's words concerning family arguments.

He doesn't feel married

"Why quarrel?" she says. "We know we're not going to separate, so why make ourselves miserable about it?"

He's got himself one girl in a million and he knows it. It's fantastic, but for that matter, so is his marriage. But there are times, he confesses, he feels as if he were living in-exaggeratedly but sort of premarital, romantic glow. He's that crazy about the woman who so wisely has remained a sort of unfathomable enigma to her husband.

He said, "I don't know Vici," he says. "I don't feel married, because I can't outguess her. She keeps me guessing. I learn new things about her every day. All the other girls I dated, before Vici, I knew like a book in a few weeks. We've been married four years now and I'm still learning new things about my wife."

Nevertheless, he can be a frustrating husband at times. He'll never dish-dry and make beds, but helps with the cleaning. And while he'll uncomplainingly put up with his wife's cold feet, he has the nasty habit of falling asleep right in the midst of an soul-satisfying argument—and any wife knows nothing can be more upsetting.

In the beginning, the Smiths were definitely disorganized—financially. With both Vici and Roger in old-closet careers, they gave no thought for tomorrow. If Roger decided he needed a new power-saw, he'd buy one, regardless of cost. Or, if they wanted new luggage for the car, he'd buy it, regardless of whether they needed it.

They learned better, in time. Today, they operate under a business manager and, like most careful young couples, they stick to the budget, all over. The problem of the intellectual basis than intellectual.

Vici, quietly listening to this dissertation, permits the remark to pass by without comment.

"Is there an attraction visually to women, he goes on, "but it's the opposite with women. Men are usually drawn to beauty in the opposite sex. Women aren't. Not always. Men admire a voluptuous woman. Most women are repelled by a man with over-developed muscles that make him seem a modern Goliath."

"Like any male animal, men are stimulated by a go-go girl and they thrill to the soft, musical voice of a woman. And when she cunningly uses perfume, a man thinks to himself—he's trying to attract me."

"Is that why you never buy me any?" Vici interrupts. He ignores her. "Now take another sound—music. Music is a woman's weapon," he continues. When she plans to go dancing, she tells him to put on, self, sweet music and a man, who sees through her, thinks to himself—she's trying to please me."

"Is that why you run from the house every night?—I play a violin concerto recording?" Vici innocently demands, hiding her smile.

He eventually gives up.

He had trouble with women

No one can ever say that mild-mannered, gentlemanly Roger, would argue with a lady! Although he insists, despite the expletives, he's not happy, with green eyes and handsome young years (he's 27 now), that he has always had trouble with women.

In fact, at the time he met Vici, he was being considered by the Paramount and the picketers, too. One girl, in particular, had stood him up and Roger was burning, "Why don't you ask Vici Shaw for a date just to get even?" a friend suggested. Roger had had broken in love, triumphed over an upturned nose, who came from Australia. To Roger, who'd been impressed with her performance in "The Eddie Duchin Story," it was a long shot and a very unusual sensation was comparable to asking out Garbo.

But, finally, he screwed up his courage, took her to Disneyland ("It cost me $12," he moans), and what happened? She turned him down.

At no time did he ask Vici to marry him. She asked him. Twice, too, before he got her. The first time that she happened to, "When we get married," Roger said, "No, no, this isn't the time. I'm going married." The second time Vici brought up the subject, he came back with a snappy, "Now, just a minute."

This didn't bother Vici in the least. Whether lovable old Roger acknowledged it or not, she knew he loved her and had been in love for weeks and they were getting married.

"My reluctance was due to the fact I had no money saved and was making little," he admits. "But, frankly, I was crazy about the idea."

The things that happened at their wedding should have tipped off Roger to his life ahead.

Their crises go all the way back to the wedding. Without a hitch they got through the ceremony, but disaster struck at the reception. They'd all bought a friend's house, and were all ready to depart for their honeymoon when Vici, changing her gown upstairs, made a discovery.

"I'd forgotten my strapless bra. She'd packed them all and the luggage was outside in the car. And, very clearly, she made it understood that under no circumstances was she going anywhere with and without a bra."

A woman friend was dispatched to fetch one from the luggage. But along the way, the friend stopped to chat with first one group and then another, and the time droned on while Vici grew more and more restless.

"Have a glass of champagne while you're waiting," a friend urged, but Vici, who saw time flying, refused.

"Well, a little," the friend urged again, "you're getting nervous."

So Vici sipped some champagne. The friend returned; Vici had finished dressing, and Headington, rode in to do a problem—had to descend the stairs, when, with a sudden whoop, she decided to toss the bouquet—and tossed it backwards, knocking off the hat and eyelashes of the star girl.

The bouquet was retrieved and retosse by the blushing bride in the right direction, although slightly off center, and the Smiths drove off to their tiny apartment with one of the prizes, to what Roger calls today, "perpetual crises."

His silly superstitions

Is he superstitious about all this? He says no, he's given up superstitions, since he feels he can no longer cope with the consequences.

He used to be superstitious. In fact, when he played baseball, football, and School in Nogales, New Mexico, he drove everyone crazy on the team. Not that he wasn't a good athlete and a top player. He was, but somewhere he picked up this irrepressible habit. For instance, he used to be sure to turn the ball over twice in his hands. The team nearly went crazy waiting for him.

And when he played baseball, he simply had to touch first base before going into action. This time was when the umpire and the pitcher holl, old Roger would have to touch the base first.

"It was all," he shakes his head and smiles a sheepish grin, "just one of those silly superstitions that have been seized with and I could do nothing about." But it's all part of the past—his superstitions—he explains seriously, today, while Knocking on the wall of his guest room.

It was his guitar that brought him all his good fortune. He took it up at the University of Arizona and strummed and sang so well, that he won first place on "The Grand Ole Opry Show" and the "Camp Mack Original Amateur Hour." His guitar brought him good luck in Hawaii when, as a member of the Naval R.O.T.C., he gave performances in little clubs when he was on leave. It even saved the life of a lady named Bob Shayne, now with the Kingston Trio.
"Look," a man approached him and said, one evening, after his performance, "I don't often say this, but with your looks and talent, kid, you should try Hollywood." The man was Jimmy Cagney and, three months after his discharge, Roger followed his advice about Hollywood.

Vici has the answer

But he's never played the guitar in a film, although he estimates that he, along with Efrem Zimbalist, average about 30 full-length movies a year—a tough working schedule.

"Once he gets out of bed," laughs Vici, "he's a hard worker.

Which is true. He seldom works for less than ten to twelve hours daily, and after that, on weekends, he finds he can never turn down a request from a fan or for a public appearance.

He can't say no. He knows how he'd have felt, as a kid growing up in Southgate, California, if one of his movie idols had given him an autograph or made a visit to his town. And so he feels deeply about his fans.

He feels deeply about intolerance, too. "Racial intolerance," he says, "is instinctively planted in the minds of children even before birth." And, undoubtedly, he is recalling prejudice he found when he moved, at twelve years of age, to Nogales, New Mexico, and found himself the only "blond-haired" kid in the school.

"Intolerance," he'll explain seriously, losing, for a rare moment, his easygoing manner, "is passed along through generation to generation and can only be eliminated when people cease passing such ideas mentaly to each new generation."

And Vici will say, at this point: "What you and I need, Roger, is more children. I keep saying it over and over."

And she means it. She wants no part of the actress-star bit. It's a bore. She wants only to be Mr. Smith's wife. She wants only the demands of her spouse, as he suddenly shouts downstairs, "I haven't any clean shirts—" "Why in heaven's name do you hang up your soiled shirts among the clean ones? Who knows they're there?"

She shouts back.

And he'll smile as she goes looking for a clean one for him and show her, later that day when he returns from work, that he appreciates her, by having her favorite snapshot, the one he took of her and the kids, enlarged as a surprise.

And he won't stop off, that evening, at the hardware store and get lost among the household repair gadgets, but drive directly home to their nice-middle-class neighborhood. And, after parking the car in the garage, he may stop to admire and inspect his own landscaping around their house, then dash inside, calling, "Vici?"

And she'll come running down the steps to meet him and he'll say, "No bitters in the meatloaf, tonight?" And she'll shake her head, no.

"No ice cakes with sour cream?" he'll tease. And she'll shake her head, no. And then he shouts the door and softly whispers, "I love you, Vici," and she murmurs back, "I love you, too, Roger."

And then, Roger Smith knows he has it made—until, that is, 7:15 the next morning, when Vici nudge him, "Do you have to go to work early today, Roger?" And then, for some reason, unknown even to himself, he finds himself carrying on and deceiving his wife and confusing his children as he hears himself answer back: "No, not today, Vici."

SEE ROGER ON ABC-TV, FRI., 9-10 P.M. EDT, IN "77 SUNDAY STRIP." VICI CAN BE SEEN IN "BECAUSE THEY'RE YOUNG" AND ALSO IN "I AM AT THE STARS." BOTH FOR COLUMBIA PICTURES.

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and her mom who’d been the one who insisted Natalie give up show business for at least two years to spend a couple of “normal” years in college and to make her social debut, before resuming a movie career. And he’d been that little Charlie she was about: she’d gotten that first part of a 16-year-old girl, when she was only 13, by forcing her feet into high heels, padding herself in the proper places, putting on a pair of glasses and fending the producer she could play the role; she liked the bubbly feeling of champagne but couldn’t stand hard liquor; she loved ice cream and spaghetti and hamburgers and loathed cottage cheese; she’d practiced the piano for three years and hated it; she had seventy-nine pairs of shoes and $300 worth of gloves; and she had a little more than 10,022 freckles.

This last thing he was pretty sure of. After all, he’d spent hours, one afternoon, counting them, seriously and with a straight face. When Natalie had finally stopped her diggings, in the manner of a child whoclar e she was starved and refused to sit still another minute and be “counted,” he solemnly announced that he had finished anyhow. A smart businessman like himself didn’t want any evidence freckles. One-fourth of her face, 2,566 freckles, was sufficient, he declared; now all he had to do was multiply by four.

A lot of freckles, but not really very much—this was something else he’d learned—to know about the girl you want to be your wife. But Charles was hopelessly in love. That was enough for him.

And when Natalie replied, “Yes, Charlie, I’d marry you, but I’d hate to be—” she knew even less about him than he did about her. Most of the time, she talked and he listened. That was one thing she was sure of: she was the one who thought, and listened. And when he looked at her in that special way, she felt she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

But “love”—about that, Natalie wasn’t sure. Excellent girls, she supposed, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frances Canama, opposed the marriage (not because Charles was of a different religion, as some of the columnists claimed, but because her father and mother knew how fast she was on a career and also because she was too young); but “love”—perhaps. When her parents finally gave in and gave them their blessings and officially announced the engagement, Charles was even less sure of love than before.

Two weeks before she married Charles Hirshon, Natalie confided to a close friend that she didn’t love him, and claimed that “Charlie’s love, a couple of years ago, was the better of him.” That same day she broke the engagement, and the fact was duly reported in the New York newspapers.

The next morning, Charlie and Natalie were seen walking hand-in-hand down Fifth Avenue. The engagement was “on again.” Two weeks later, the young couple eloped to Baltimore, Maryland, and were married by Pastor Hans Wagner at Zion Lutheran Church. Natalie wore a simple plain gold band. But Charlie’s wedding gift to his bride was far from simple; a yacht “between 80 and 100 feet long” (the groom was so excited he couldn’t remember her craft’s dimensions, when questioned by reporters after the ceremony) and a white Alfa Romeo automobile with red upholstery. The bride said she was “very happy.”

Charles wanted to take his bride to Paris and then home to Tahiti. But Natalie’s TV commitments, in New York, forced them both to stay there for over a month. Natalie was intent on carving out a career for herself in Hollywood. “I want to be a great actress,” she told an interviewer—whereas Charles begged her to forget about making a name for herself in pictures. But she’s the one who’s going to try to carve a career, wait till she knew more of the world, but it didn’t seem necessary then.

Charles owned almost half of the island of Tahiti, but the money was tied up in a trust fund by his father and he received only one check a month—and not a very large one at that. Not that they starved. On their anniversary, Charlie gave her a wedding band every month, but she wore neither the original ring nor any of the others.

They began to pick at each other, and then one or the other would sulk for hours. They were such strangers that they didn’t even know how to fight, to get what was bothering them out in the open, to clear the air. They were young. Very young.

Then, Natalie, whose career had been at low tide—got the break she’d waited for, a call from Hollywood for a featured role in the film “Excitement.” It was billed, and the TV series. Charlie couldn’t get away from New York, on such short notice, so Natalie went out to the Coast by plane, alone.

At Idlewild airport, in New York, she met Vic Damone and his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Farinon of Brooklyn, who were all on the way to California. Natalie knew Vic casually, but her mother and her parents went on the plane. Vic invited her to be a guest at his hotel, as long as his parents were there, until her husband came out, and gratefully she accepted.

Marriage isn’t all sweet music
A week later, when Charlie was able to break away from his business in New York, he flew to Hollywood, and he and Natalie rented a modest apartment.

Marriage, the young Hirshons learned, wasn’t champagne and soft lights and sweet music. It was bills, and disagreements, and washing dishes after supper. It was squabbling and quarreling over little things and big things—over whether or not Natalie should continue her career, and whether she should put the garbage in the incinerator.

Then, one night, came the biggest fight of all. Neither of them knew just what started it, but this time they didn’t just stick at each other in controlled voices; this time they screamed at each other, and having had no experience in screaming, of really letting off steam, they were both shattered by the experience.

“Well, Natalie,” Charlie said, after they’d both pulled themselves together, “we’re both very unhappy. Don’t you think we ought to separate for a while?”

Natalie agreed, and the next day Charlie packed up a few of his things in a box and moved into the relatively inexpensive Montecito Hotel at 6650 Franklin Avenue. As he was leaving, he said, “I’ll have the telephone disconnected.”

Exactly what happened in the next day or so, is a little confusing (it depends on whom you talk to, Natalie or Charlie), but she claims that she returned home from work that day. The following day she called her husband and asked, “Charles, why?” And, according to Natalie, he told her the phone was in his name. “Now it’s your business, he must have said. “If you want another, get it.”

Natalie also claims that a few days later, when he came by to pick up her mail, she asked him, “Charlie, shall I buy myself a car?” He had brought her a new car, a Dual-Ghia, but he hadn’t given it to her.

According to Natalie, Charlie answered, “I think you’ll like it. But, I’ll tell you what. I’ll sell it to you.”

Some observers say that Charles was increasingly jealous of Natalie, not only of her career but also of the man she’d married. One of the Hirshons’ closest friends, Gustavo Rojo, who was dark, suave, and handsome. Whether this is true or not, it is known that everyone who knew him, that Charles was extremely depressed by the break-up.

One last call
A little more than two weeks after Charles Hirshon walked out on his wife, he picked up the telephone in his hotel apartment and made a call to Natalie’s man friend Gustavo Rojo, of Beverly Hills, the other to New York City. Just before he put through the call to New York, he told the switchboard operator, Miss Eva Shinn, to tell Natalie, “If she wants to get a telephone service disconnected after he made “one last call.” Something in the tone of his voice alarmed the operator, and she told him, “Mr. Winston.” Charles had called a Mr. Winston, and instantly become agitated. He told her to listen in on the New York call, and she heard Charles Hirshon say that he’d taken an overdose of sedative tablets. The manager immediately called the police.

The police broke into his apartment and found him unconscious. In his hands, he was clutching a photograph of his wife, Natalie. There were two notes; one saying that his five-month-old marriage was breaking up; the other, addressed to Gustavo Rojo, which read: “Please don’t let them take me to a hospital ward. You know that I am sane. I just got so weak that I gave up. You have the best of friends, Charlie. P.S. Please just put me in bed, floor or on a couch at your house.”

Charles Hirshon was rushed to the Hollywood Receiving Hospital, where he was given artificial respiration. It was discovered that he had taken twenty-five sedent tablets. Later, still unconscious, he was transferred to Beth Israel Hospital. Ironically, Natalie’s phone still wasn’t working when Natalie Charles tried to commit suicide. She learned of the situation when she received a telegram from Gustavo Rojo.

New York gossip columnists speculated as to whom Charles had called in New York, just before he lost consciousness, and most agreed that it was Wendy Van-
They blamed Natalie

Shortly after the near-tragedy, front page stories, throughout the United States, reported that the cause of Charles Hirshon's suicide was a friend's infatuation for singer Vic Damone. Vic immediately declared, from location on Okinawa: "There's nothing to it. Ridiculous. I just told him to be nice to the girl. She stayed at my home for about six days and then moved out when her husband came. No, I don't have any feeling for the girl. She's not my type. I got burned once by an actress. I make it a point not to date them. I never took Natalie out."

A less serious, but nevertheless irritating charge, was also leveled against Natalie by the press, as she was accused of not even bothering to visit or call her husband during the four days he was in the hospital, until just before he checked out. During the first couple of days when he was slowly returning to consciousness, his only visitors, the newspapers said, were his sister Joan and his cousin Mari- anne Benson, and his wife Ray.

Natalie, finally told reporters her side of the story: "After all," she said, "if you're going to commit suicide, you don't call up Wendy Vanderbilt in Manhattan. . . She's a friend of his. She's twenty."

Then she switched to the charge made against her that she hadn't attempted to contact her husband in the hospital. "I called and asked, 'Charles, how are you?' He said, 'No comment.' That's exactly what he said. Then he asked did he have any mail. I said two letters. He said drop them by the hospital tomorrow between ten and eleven. It's the only time I have free to see you."

"The next day Charles appeared at the apartment. He had his cousin, Mrs. Ray Benson, with him. I said, 'Charles, how are you?' He said, 'No comment.' Then he told him he wasn't allowed to talk to me."

Less than ten days after her husband tried to take his own life, Natalie Trundy Hirshon announced that she was seeing her lawyer and would get a divorce. She surmised that her husband had already seen hers.

For his part, Charles Hirshon moved in with his cousin and his husband after checking out of the hospital. He talks of going to Tahiti for an indefinite period to "forget about Natalie and the whole episode." He also insists that she won't get a cent of his family's estate.

Less than one year after Natalie Trundy and Charles Hirshon hurried into marriage, against her parents' advice, they are split so wide apart that only a miracle can reunite them. The soft-voiced boy who'd asked at the dance, "May I cut in?" and the freckle-faced girl who'd whispered to herself, "Charles, Charlie, Charlie, Charlie" are together no more.

One can't help wonder—how much tragedy might have been avoided—if they had given love some time to be tested and given their youthful years some time to be matured before rushing to marry. The End
in the sun, waiting for a fish to bite.

"Evy?" Dorothy asked. She'd been letting the sand trickle through her fingers into a little mound and now she began to pat it into shape, though Troy couldn't tell if that was what she was being asked to do. He wondered, from the way she asked that question, if maybe she was jealous. He'd seen Dorothy in the Warner Brothers' commissary, lots of times, and finally he muttered, "Sure, I'll go. I'll go, Evy. I won't do anything."

Now, this was the fourth time they'd been to the beach together.

Troy laughed at her question and explained, "Evy's my kid sister. We used to sit on the dock, with nobody else around, and it seemed as though our thoughts could be heard for miles around... Evy was like my sounding board. She was only six, at the time, but she was very bright. I could talk to her about almost anything. I still can. Sometimes she thought I was crazy when I told her I wanted to be an actor. She liked the idea of wearing a uniform and hoped, just like my mom did, that I got the part. But, at times, she could get excited over my living in Hollywood and her coming out to visit me when I would be working with people like Marilyn Monroe and John Wayne.

Always in trouble

"I have a kid sister, too," Dorothy said. "Did I ever tell you about her?" Troy's theory was that Dorothy had started her remembering things she almost thought she'd forgotten. "Patti was the aggressive one. I always liked what she did, because she had the nerve to do anything. Me? I was afraid someone could come and bite me if I opened my mouth.

"I followed Patti—no matter what she suggested. My poor Mom. She even had to call the cops one day. Patti and I had disappeared. She searched high and low, and in the end found us. We made some peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, a box of Granny's peanut brittle cookies and hid in our tree house waiting for the stars to fall down to the ground. You see, I had this dream the night my parents were away. I swam three miles in Haller Lake, and we were somewhere out in a never never land when Patti got tired and started dropping underwater. I was expected, and I could barely keep myself above water, too. Somehow, I managed to hold Patti up and, for about two miles I did a crawl—and I mean crawl—back to land. I really thought we were going to drown.

"Don't worry," Troy said, "I can take care of you. I was on the swimming team at the New York Military Academy—really. I'll protect you if you like!"

"Oh!" said Dorothy. Dorothy laughed, and with that, Troy picked her up and running toward the water, he threw her in.

Several minutes later, they popped back up with their faces still laughing. Dorothy's hair was wet and straggly. She took out her brush and some pins and began fixing her hair.

"Sometimes I want to cut all my hair off. I don't mind it if every hair is in place!" she laughed.

"Then why don't you?" Troy queried.

He was Juliet!

"Guess, because I'm sentimental. I've always had long hair. Then it's an advantage, when I have to play different parts too." And she turned and laughed gaily. "You know, one day, when I was a kid and we were swimming in the river near our grandmother's cookies... People always intrigued me. I don't know why but you know, even today I have the strangest group of friends.

"I always like being by myself whenever I could," Troy admitted. "Even though I played football in school and participated in school functions and was always surrounded by kids.

"Can you believe it, people used to tell me their problems. It's funny, I got tagged a 'PLP'..."

"What's a 'PLP'?" Dorothy asked. "You oughta know that," Troy said. "I've been a Phi Beta Kappa... It's Public Leaning Post!" Troy answered. "It seems, something you have inside, just draws people with problems to you. Some kids, I'm sure, never realized I had my own headaches. You know, when my dad died, I was only fourteen and the head of our household. It was hard for a while. I used to go and sit by myself. Funny, I liked being alone. It gave me a chance to think, and I'd like to write short stories some day."

"Hey, me too," Dorothy said. "When Patti was out courting by herself, I liked to stay home reading. My mother thought I'd be a spinster. Ha! I don't even wear glasses!" she laughed.

The sun seemed to be directly overhead. Dorothy removed her straw hat, "Whew! It's hot," she said. "It feels good to have my hair on my back. Let's go swimming and cool off?" she suggested. "I'd rather not," Dorothy answered, drawing back a little.

"Oh, c'mon. It's so warm. We'll cool off," Troy asked, "for a brief moment of apprehension shown in Dorothy's eyes. 'What's the matter?' Troy teased softly. 'Afraid?' 'Heck! It's just...'"

"Just what?" Troy asked, concerned.

"Well, it's the idea that every time I see water can you believe it, I can't forget the time Patti and I almost drowned?"

"You kidding," Troy laughed.

"No. I'm not! Honest. Patti and I always liked to prove who was better than the other. I told her I could swim better than Florence Chadwick. She said she could—but we set out to prove it. I was taking my time, but Patti was out. We swam three miles in Haller Lake, and we were somewhere out in a never never land when Patti got tired and started dropping underwater. I was ex-hausted, and I could hardly keep myself above water, too. Somehow, I managed to hold Patti up and, for about two miles I did a crawl—and I mean crawl—back to land. I really thought we were going to drown.

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"Wish it had been that easy for me," she sighed. "For a couple of years, I walked New York's pavements till my soles were worn out. But that was the same old story. Everyone wanted someone with experience... Need I say more? Dorothy shook her head to show she understood. Troy continued. Finally, a friend of my play was a real nice person. He took me under his wing, and I've dropped for the best company, and I jumped at it. Left New York and headed for California. Knocked around for another year or so there, but couldn't even get arrested. Wow! What luck! And I've got a job. I looked good and I got this offer to do a screen test for Columbia Pictures. I got into a car accident and wound up on an operating table instead of on the set!"

"Were you in love?"

A long, low whistle interrupted his trend of thought. Dorothy, immediately, looked up from under her hat. A hand...
some young, bronze-skinned man was staring at her. She turned as red as a beet.

"I hate when men do that!"

"Ah, c'mon. You know every girl loves it?" Troy chided.

"Oh no they don't! And, besides, I'm not like every girl. Sometimes I think I'm still afraid of men. I didn't even start dating till I was seventeen. I just couldn't get along with boys. I always had secret crushes, but I never did anything about it. When my girlfriends would ask me to double or triple date with them, I'd always accept. It seemed to be more fun going out in a group, than being by yourself. The boys I went out with, never seemed to understand. They didn't know why I wanted a career. They thought a girl's place was in the home... There seemed to be nothing to talk about. I guess that's why I stayed by myself so much."

"Were you ever in love, Dorothy?" Troy asked, interested.

"Oh, there were boys here and there, but no one serious. I was kind of skinny and strangely-looking when I was a kid in high school. My mother didn't think makeup was good enough for the skin, so I couldn't use it. Most of my friends did and looked very attractive. Guess boys didn't find me too exciting... Were you ever in love, Troy?" she asked suddenly.

"Who ever knows when love really hits you? I've always found I needed a girl to help me. When I was young, it was my mother. Then it was my kid sister Evy. There was a girl in high school I had a crush on, when I came to California, there was Judi Meredith. Gee, she was lots of fun. I've sort of gone steady lots of times. I even asked Nan Morris to marry me. We're kind of still seeing each other, but somehow I just can't make the marriage scene... Sometimes I wish I were a farmer in a midwestern state. I'd probably get married tomorrow, and raise a half dozen kids. But, getting married before I've made it, well... I don't know, Dorothy, it's kind of scary. I'm really confused. Guess that's why I come out to the beach. I feel all alone and so peaceful here. It's the only place where I can come and think clearly."

Let's do it again

"Me, too." Dorothy added. "It's kind of like being on your own private island, with you as master and creator of whatever you want." She paused for a long moment. "But, you know something, Troy?" she said looking up at the sky, still wondering if perhaps there was any truth to her childhood theory about where the stars went. "When I come out to the beach, because I want to be alone, I love thinking about the future, wondering what it's going to be like, building castles in the sand."

Troy picked his head up from her lap. The waves were getting higher and higher and the tide was moving closer to where they lay.

"Build enough today?" he asked.

Dorothy laughed. She stretched lazily to reach over to her beach bag and fish around in it for her watch. "Gosh, it's five o'clock," she exclaimed. She smoothed the sand castle with her toes. "We don't want anyone else moving into it," she laughed. She stood up and brushed off the sand. "I didn't realize I'd been talking for so long.

"Guess that's a woman's prerogative," Troy teased. "It's been great fun though, honestly. Let's do it again." The End

SEE TROY IN WARNERS "THE CROWDED SKY." DOROTHY CAN BE SEEN SUNNYS, ON ABC-TV IN "THE ALASKANS." 9:30-10:30 P.M. EST.
of surprises. But this time I knew exactly what he had in mind and the two of us giggled so loud we had to be shushed.

I forget the name of the town we were in. Our tour with Dick had gone on for two months and one city flowed into another. But this time we started out on our errand together, still laughing.

Ever shop for a snake? A snappy rubber one that has plenty of bounce? It's not easy to carry home, but finally we found one in a novelty store that was just right.

All through the evening show, I kept thinking of that rubber snake and almost laughed out loud during my song. And later I thought, "I saw it through the curtains of my berth, I saw Paul tiptoe down the aisle and carefully slip our purchase near the feet of my substitute tutor, who'd been pretty strict."

Suddenly she leaped from her berth with a yell like a Comanche on the warpath and went tearing down the train aisle screaming her head off. My mother, who was in the berth next to mine, thought Jesse James had come back for another holdup.

I just lay there and laughed, stuffing the sheet in my mouth so no one could hear.

And then, as the train wheels ground out past the lights of passing towns flashed through my window I stopped laughing. I had realized something I hadn't thought about before—men can be little boys all their lives.

Well, I've learned to adjust to his moods, I admit it takes a lot of understanding.

**Doubts and troubled waters**

He'll telephone me from New York and we'll talk and talk, as happy as can be.

A few evenings later, when he telephones, I'll say—and mean it with all my heart—"You mustn't forget you'll be my boy."

"I'll bet you do," he'll come back, and suddenly we're back in our old routine of doubts and troubled waters again. Or maybe he'll call and say, "Okay, Who have you got now? I know the type who grows up to be a brat."

"But I'll be happy to try to be a brat," Paul answers.

"I'll bet you do," he'll come back, and suddenly we're back in our old routine of doubts and troubled waters again. Or maybe he'll call and say, "Okay, Who have you got now? I know the type who grows up to be a brat."

"But I'll be happy to try to be a brat," Paul answers.

**A little-boy-lost**

I've come to think that his problem is lack of assurance—or a kind of insecurity. And I don't know why. It isn't that he hasn't had appreciation and affection at home. His family is thrilled at his success. Of course, he had to make it on his own, but he's not the kind.

Sometimes I think Paul became a success too young in life. Did you know, he was only fourteen when his song "Donna Reed" made him famous? When he's been almost around the world on concert tours, singing the songs he wrote.

I remember one young actor telling about Paul's aggressiveness in undertaking the life of a celebrity. And I think it might be part of his confusion. I didn't say anything, but I was thinking of Paul's telephone call from Rome a few days before. "Annette, I don't think I can finish this tour," he had said. And we knew, he meant it. It was like a little-boy-lost that I could have wept.

And they say Paul Anka is forward.

I've learned some men, even more than women, need constant assurance. Especially the shy, the quiet. I'm not ashamed to say that I keep telling Paul how very much I care for him. I write him twice every week when we're apart and, knowing how he honestly cares for me, it's not in his deep affection with honest sincerity.

I would no more think of playing a cat-and-mouse game with a boy like Paul than flying. It would destroy him, I know. When his defenses are down, he's not always even with me. One day he called me from New York with news. And I could tell from his voice he wondered how I'd react.

"Annette," he said, and he spoke almost hesitatingly. "I've had my nose changed."

"Oh wonderful," I said, and I was really happy for him.

"I'm glad, Paul. I think I'll have mine done, too, so I can be beautiful for you."

And then it came. That sudden mood that can hurt so deeply. "You mean you so can look like a big movie star and be made up to look like twenty-one," he snapped. I think he knew how I felt at that moment, because he added softly, "I didn't mean to hurt you or make you cry."

What can you do with a boy like that except try to understand and remember only the wonderful, truly wonderful, things about him?

So many hours he tucks my kid brother into bed at night and spends an hour or two reading him stories.

The pleasure he gets in showering me with presents. A small gold heart with a curl and a little gold chain on a chain around my neck. The stuffed animals from every country he's visited on tours. The bulky sweater he wore one evening and later sent me because I had admitted I was cold. Two weeks ago he gave me the West Indian beads which he really thinks about me wherever he goes.

The times he visited me during my school hours on the Clark tour, when he knew how busy I was with the way things were. And he'd sit there just to lend me moral support.

The times we'd slip up to the ballroom of whatever hotel we were in and, together at the piano, play out a song.

With Paul at the keyboard, he'd say "Think of the words, Annette, Say what comes to your mind. I'll fit the music to it. Together we worked out the song we're to sing on our next tour. And I believe care-fully he wrote every song for me in my new album "Annette Sings Anka."

How can you forget these things? Or the way he loves surprises? I remember the time he decided to drive to the Los Angeles airport to meet Mr. Feld, Paul's agent. The evening before, when Paul telephoned, I said how much I wished he were coming, too.

"Yes, I wish it were, too," he said, "but this time I can't make it."

Paul, who was born in Canada, now lives in the house he bought for his parents in New Jersey and his own music company, "Spanka," keeps him busy.

Anyway my father and I met Mr. Feld and after his luggage was finally claimed, we drove off. A block from the airport my father's car was stopped. We heard a noise. "We walked out of that gas station but Paul!"

I swooned. I positively swooned. With my mouth wide open in surprise, I just sat there and stared. Later, I learned my father telephoned Mr. Feld at the Los Angeles airport and arranged to pick him up. And Paul was worried where he was and, while Mr. Feld and I saw to the luggage, he had driven Paul on to the gas station.

Of course they had planned this whole thing together, but they never thought it got Paul to see me so knocked out with surprise and delight—well, I learned then that men love to surprise the one they love and see the look of real joy and happiness it brings.

**So different from Frankie**

When I met Paul, the humbleness of this famous person was so refreshing to me.

I met Paul and Frankie Avalon together one night at dinner. Mr. Feld had arranged it and I never met two boys so entirely different. Paul sat there most of the evening telling his life history to his new secretary, but he never once let Paul to see me so knocked out with surprise and delight—well, I learned then that men love to surprise the one they love and see the look of real joy and happiness it brings.

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price of admission—conformity. I was always considered different. Nobody knew the kind of person I was. Nobody sensed my longing for acceptance, the frustration, the hurt.

I began to create a world of my own. In this world, I could pretend that I was happy, loved, warm, secure, untroubled. I guess the reason for the things that happened, all the worst things that happened, was that I was so isolated. I was alone. I had no family. I had no money. I had to go to work to support myself. When I was three, I went to work, too, as a model. I had pretty dresses and shiny patent leather shoes and a warm coat and a handbag and a pair of tiny white gloves. I had to look nice when Mother took me on the rest of the agencies and advertisers, department stores and magazines. Everything I learned, that was left over from my bare living expenses, was spent on clothes. I was poor, like the other kids, only I didn’t look it!

So the other kids would gang up on me and tease me. The boys would crowd around, push me, and tear the black ribbon bows off my shiny Mary Janes. They used to follow me down the street, yelling things. I couldn’t understand why—I was just like them. Many times, on purpose, I’d rub dirt on myself and run outside and stand there hoping they would make me go. Sometimes they did. I was good at playing games that required make-believe. One of the favorite games of the girls, on the block, was playing movie star and, when they let me play, I was so happy I really put on a performance. I’d be Mrs. Carly Grant and we’d pretend we had just come home from the fancy party. I’d make up talk as I went along, and the others would follow me. It was wonderful, while it lasted, but as soon as the game was over they would leave me alone.

School was worse
When I started school, things got even worse. In the first grade, the kids in class used to tease me and call me teacher’s pet. I wasn’t. It’s just that I had permission to be absent when I got a modeling job, but the kids thought that meant the teacher liked me better.

When I was eight, we moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida. I started going to public school and made my family promise they wouldn’t tell anybody I had been a model. But I was still an outsider. I entered a fifth-grade class where everybody knew everybody but me. Besides, I’d been in and out of school so much, going on various escapades, my parents couldn’t expect me to learn as much as children my age. When I had to get up in front of the class to read, it was torture. I’d stumble over the simplest words, and everybody would laugh.

I kept looking for a way to belong. Most of the girls in my class were Brownies, so I joined the troop. I called myself a Brownie but I wasn’t one, really. We used to get together and cook things, only I didn’t know how. I’d never been taught. They laughed at my clumsy attempts until, on one day, I ran home from a meeting and never went back.

When I was nine, something happened which set me further apart from the rest of the kids my age. Before, it had been my clothes. Now it was a case of Mother playing games—I put on weight, my skin broke out in those red bumps that other kids didn’t get till they’re 13 or 14. I was a mess—a real mess. I never knew, till a few months ago, but my mother had been dying. I had been running on and that was one of the reasons why she had taken me away from New York.

The turning point
I was ten and a half when we went back to live on the lower East Side, in the very same tenement we’d left two years before. I registered with the model agency again, but I could tell they weren’t too anxious to have me. They kept sending me out on jobs but I was always too heavy, or too short, or too thin, or something or other. I began to feel even more miserable.

But I kept making the rounds. A year went by and my skin cleared up and my figure lost its fat lumpiness. I looked at least fifteen—or so I thought.

I joined a little-theater group and met lots of people with whom I had things in common. We all had a desire to act or be, in some way, in show business. I met this group a few months before my fourteenth birthday. I was determined that, this time, nothing would stop me from being accepted, so I decided to tell them I was sixteen. They were all older and I knew they wouldn’t want a 12-year-old around.

I began to wear heavy make-up, piled my hair on top of my head, put on high heels and tight skirts. I changed myself on the outside in order to be like the rest of the group. Kids my own age didn’t seem to like me, so I tried to find acceptance in an older world.

This was a turning point in my life. I began to live a lie. I began to deceive myself. I tried to be somebody I wasn’t. By this time, we had been able to afford to move from the old neighborhood, so I could have had some of my friends over without being ashamed of them. But I was afraid they’d meet my family and find out I wasn’t all I said I was.

I felt my real life was dull and uninteresting, so I began making up stories. I had been born in England, that I lived half the year with my family in a swanky apartment, and the rest of the year I had my own place. I told them I was going abroad. There had been a lot of talk about traveling, and still found it fascinating. You can’t imagine the stories I told and, miraculously, my new friends believed me. They liked me. I was "in." Everyone listened to me when I told them interesting things to say, so I kept making up more and more lies until I was in so deep, I just couldn’t get out. It finally got to the point where I had to lie about the things I had said in the past, and things I told people, so I wouldn’t forget.

Besides wearing lots of make-up and older clothes, I looked for affectations I thought would help me seem even older. I started to smoke. I hated it. I literally forced myself to light a cigarette and puff nonchalantly. And somehow I even convinced myself that I was really like the imaginary girl I had created. I know, now, I was just a lonely, desperate child trying too hard to belong.

The road to unhappiness
Two years passed. I was in the thick of things; running around with a group of people, most of whom were twice my age. I was beginning to think I’d had a little bit of success and I lived from day to day, suppressing any thoughts of the tomorrows. I had no idea that I had started down a road that would lead me to tremendous unhappiness.

In April of 1958, a few months before my fifteenth birthday, I arrived in Hollywood. All we could afford was a tiny cubbyhole of an apartment. Then, as I began to get work, we kept moving from one place to another. Still it seemed that every time I finished unpacking, we were out looking for another apartment.

I didn’t know a soul in town. All I did was work, come home, sleep, and read. I got depressed. In California, it isn’t easy to get places unless you have a car. In New York, I could hop on the subway or catch a bus and be with friends, but not now.

The first person I talked to, and was happy, was Tab Hunter. I tried to act very sophisticated when I was with him and I had no idea he’d found out my real age, because this was before all the publicity began. He took me to see my first premier. When we got there, we were interviewed. The man didn’t know me, so Tab introduced me and the man asked me to tell a little bit about myself. "How old are you?" he asked. I smiled and said, "I’m eighteen." without batting an eyelash. When we walked away, Tab said, "Oh, Tuesday, you know you’re only fourteen, so why don’t you admit it? You should be proud to be young and have had so much."

(That’s what my mother kept telling me but, at that time, I couldn’t see it that way.) I was so embarrassed, I started an argument with Tab and told him that I
real was eighteen and that he had been misinformed.

Tab was pretty busy so I didn’t see him too often. Somehow, I drifted in with a crowd that resembled, at least on the surface, the one I had left in New York. There was a lot of new business in one way or another. From the beginning, they seemed to like me. I guess they’re what’s considered a “wild” group. But, at the time, I didn’t feel that all the people I knew had changed enough to make it worth my while. I didn’t realize it then, but we were all pretty much mixed up for one reason or another.

My mother thought if I enrolled in high school and met kids of my own age, it would help me. I didn’t think it would, but I was willing to try. I enrolled at Holly-wood Preparatory School.

The first day of school, I had an appointment for a job interview at 4 o’clock. I had to be dressed up and since school wasn’t over until 3:15, I knew I wouldn’t have the chance to change clothes. So, I went to school dressed in “business clothes”—a black sheath, high heels and stockings. My hair was piled on top of my head, I had on makeup and carried books and more books in a big black tote bag. I also wore black gloves, which were not part of the outfit, but which also made it easier to carry the heavy tote bag.

When I walked into my first class, I could feel every eye on me. Then they began to whisper. I wanted to sink through the floor. Between classes, when I walked down the hall, I could see the children point at me and some began teasing and saying awful things. I couldn’t imagine why or what I had done. That afternoon, one of the teachers called me up after class and told me that my outfit was bad enough that sitting in class with gloves was causing a big disturbance. I had started out in the morning wearing gloves and for some reason I hadn’t noticed it. I didn’t want to go home without even being aware of it. But when I was criticized for something I considered harmless, I had to fight back. When the teacher asked me what I thought, I took a deep breath and told her I had worn them because I had a contagious rash on my hands; that if I removed them, the whole school would catch my disease! She asked me what kind of disease I had, since she it was called lacer and that I had picked it up in Mexico. Of course, I’d never even been to Mexico and, as far as I knew, there was no such word but, by this time, I didn’t care what she said that pointed at me and some began teasing and saying awful things.

I stayed at that school for a week. Naturally, once I’d made up my story, I was stuck with it, so I wore the black gloves every day. I very much appreciated the attention that pleased and wore heels, my hair up and clothes usually reserved for business appointments. The kids kept staring and the teachers kept picking on me, telling me I was crazy. One day, they finally told me she didn’t believe I had a rash and she took the gloves immedi-
ately, I refused, The principal sent for me. She told me I was not to come to school anymore. She told me that wasn’t right. Then she asked me what I couldn’t be like everybody else. Inside, my stomach felt like a butter churn. I wanted to cry and, before she came to see me, I tried to find out the answer to that question. I ‘d been a child. Instead, I just looked at her and said I couldn’t be like everyone else because I was me. It turned into a real battle of wills. I felt as if I were the target for her hatred. I had gone there hoping they’d like me, wanting to belong—but I couldn’t. I still didn’t understand why the other kids wouldn’t let me be friends.

Fortunately, I was able to leave and go to school. I was only a pupil in the 20th school, until Fabian came out to make a picture. I didn’t care about being alone in a classroom. It was heaven after what I’d been through!

Her worst enemy
Then the publicity started. Every time I read something about me that wasn’t true, I’d get to the point where I felt that if people were going to write such things about me and hurt me, then I’d go ahead and do just what I wanted to, even if some people did “care” about me. I thought, by doing this, I would show them I didn’t care, but actually all I did was hurt myself.

Then I made “Because They’re Young” at the Hollywood Preparatory School and had a running part in the “Dodie Gillis” TV series. I didn’t have any time off, but the work turned out to be a blessing in disguise. After a day of school and work, I went home. I began staying home more and more. Home, was now a two-level house that we owned. For the first time in my life, I had roots—a place where I really belonged. I began writing myself, and I discovered I didn’t always have to be running away.

I still went out with the group, occasionally, but now, after I’d been with them on my own, I didn’t feel I was doing myself what I was doing there. I never had a good reason, so I’d get up and leave.

I began picking up hobbies and reading more. I enrolled in a modern dance class and I realized that I needed something to do that was more than just that my outfit was bad enough that sitting in class with gloves was causing a big disturbance. I had started out in the morning wearing gloves and for some reason I hadn’t noticed it. I didn’t want to go home without even being aware of it. But when I was criticized for something I considered harmless, I had to fight back. When the teacher asked me what I thought, I took a deep breath and told her I had worn them because I had a contagious rash on my hands; that if I removed them, the whole school would catch my disease! She asked me what kind of disease I had, since she it was called lacer and that I had picked it up in Mexico. Of course, I’d never even been to Mexico and, as far as I knew, there was no such word but, by this time, I didn’t care what she said that pointed at me and some began teasing and saying awful things.

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for just over a year and he'd been going steady with her since Thanksgiving, but he'd never really met her father.

Once, a friend who knew both of them, had introduced Tommy and Frank, but it was so quiet that Tommy hadn't had a chance to say more than hello. Since then, they nodded when they passed each other in a restaurant or there'd be a brief handshake at some social Hollywood party. But never more than that.

And now, Tommy wanted to marry, Frank Sinatra's daughter. He had a tight, nervous feeling deep in his stomach, and his hands were trembling a little, even though he had a small stack of money, for their dinner, down on the little tray the waiter had brought with the check.

Nancy reached over and touched his arm lightly, and it helped, the way it always did. "I'm going to marry her, no matter what," Tommy told himself. . .

No Bells Rang

And yet their first meeting had been so casual. No bells had rung and there'd been no blinding flash of love—at first-sight. A year ago, Christmas, some friends had been invited to a wealthy man's house. And then, last August, when he'd opened at the Coconut Grove, she'd come backstage with a group of friends and they'd met again.

It was a Saturday night and lots of people went to the club. In the crowd, Tommy said, there'd been time for her to say, "I really like the way you sing, Tommy," and he'd taken her hand and held it for a moment. Afterward, Tony turned to a friend and said, "I wonder if she'll go out with me."

"Not a chance," his friend answered, shaking his head. "She's taken. Everyone says she's looking for someone to get married." Tommy said "oh," and thought to himself that it was always like that, that it was too bad the way the cutest girls always got snatched up so fast. But he was promised that Frank Sinatra's daughter had come backstage to congratulate him. When he was getting ready for his opening, he had spent the day before playing Sinatra records to himself for hours.

When he arrived home, Frank told him that Tommy had heard that Nancy and Jack had split up. He called two of his friends, Eddie Goldstone and Bill Belasco, and they got Nancy's phone number for him. Then he called her and she remembered the time they'd met. She said, yes, she'd go to a party with him.

Driving to the party and for a while after they'd arrived, Tommy and Nancy were both rather quiet. Tommy doesn't open up with people until he's known them for a while and Nancy, too, has a kind of shy reserve at first meeting. After a while, they talked about the songs he was doing in a corner alone. They were listening to the record player when Nancy started to talk about music. She told Tommy she'd even thought about a singing career for herself. She said that her father and mother couldn't decide between the two. Tommy told her about the songs he wanted to write, about how his father wrote songs, too, but how his were safer and easier. By the time he pulled his car up in front of Nancy's house and they said goodnight, they were talking more easily with each other.

A few days later, they had their second date . . .

Marry.

Frank knew that was true. He also knew that Frank had always kept his eye on his daughter and had told him that somehow her dad always knew when she'd stayed out too late on a date and that he always called her the next morning to see about it.

Frank hadn't objected to that second date. But still, now that he was to meet Nancy's dad, Tommy had an awful sinking feeling. Now that it was a question of money, Frank might feel a whole lot different.

Lying in bed, the night before, Tommy tried to think what Frank would say when they met and he knew that, then he could have his answer prepared. But when he shut his eyes, he couldn't seem to hear Frank saying anything. He couldn't sleep, so he'd gotten out of bed and played the radio, switching to a small table lamp and began pacing back and forth. He was often restless like this—particularly before an opening—and lots of times he'd have trouble sleeping. He'd never play the bongos and that would relax him.

But this night, he'd just slouched down in the armchair, and lighting a cigarette, tried to think. Some people had compared him to Sinatra.

We Both Needed A Friend

Frank was an only child, just as he was, and he'd been frail as a kid, too.

But Tommy hadn't been poor and that had bothered him a lot when he got to high school. The other kids weren't exactly friendly, but they'd have fun with him and Frank. Tommy did. He didn't have the right clothes and he didn't have money to buy a girl a soda or take her to the movies. He didn't feel bitter about it, but he was always a little feller.

He'd needed friends, especially in his teens, when his mother and father were divorced. Tommy understood when his father knew that he'd grow up and be away from them for long months at a time. That was show business and he understood. He'd been in show business himself, since the time he was eight, playing in his neighborhood. Of course, the separations were harder and harder, and eventually there was the divorce.

Not having money then, hurt even more for some reason. His mother had to work hard to get it. It was always a little hard. He'd always hesitate about asking her for money even for things he really needed like carfare or lunch money. And when I'd found out she was doing without new clothes to buy me one out lunch for herself, he'd question: 'Well what does a guy say to his mother when he finds out she's going hungry for him?" He thought he had the answer. Just before he was supposed to graduate from high school, he'd quit school to take a job on radio. Later, he was sorry.

Tommy had read stories that Frank was spending $150 a week for 'her,' but that Frank said that wasn't true. Frank's neighborhood, in Hoboken, was more or less a middle-class section and Frank, like the kid Tommy used to feel so uncomfortable with. He'd been rent. Tommy was an only child and his parents bought him everything he needed. Even though his mother, Dolly, was busy in local politics, Frank had had someone to look after him—his grandmother. He was one of seven kids. The kid's nickname was "Slacksey O'Brien" because he had so many different pairs of pants.

The "O'Brien" was because his father used to try to raise fight under the name of Marty O'Brien. Marty had taught Frank how to use his fists, too, and that had helped him to be accepted by some of the tougher kids in the neighborhood, even if he was skinny. Tommy had heard that, even today, Frank liked tough men around him.

Would He Understand?

His thoughts still whirling, Tommy left the armchair and began pacing up and down again. Without even knowing what he was thinking, he raised his hand and knocked on one of the buttons on his pajama top. When the button came off in his hand, he looked at it, surprised.

If only he knew what Frank would say to Tommy. Tommy didn't think he'd pick on the question of their religions—at least not right away. Nancy was a practicing Catholic, and Tommy had been raised as a Methodist, his mother's religion, and his father was Jewish. Nancy, herself, had said this difference was "touchy," but Tommy was sure they could find a way to solve it. He didn't know how Frank felt about inter-marriages, but he knew they were prejudiced in any way. The neighbor who helped look after him, when his grandmother died, had been Jewish and Tommy had also read of how Frank had walked out on his wife when the priest started to object to his having a Jewish godfather.

Tommy thought, too, that Frank would understand about his having belonged to the Clan, and he'd appreciate the stand about a guy wanting to belong to something.

The Raiders were all young actors and singers and they were slim and tall and town together. Tommy hoped Frank wouldn't remember the time Lindsay Crosby, who was their chief, had told a newspaper reporter that Frank Sinatra and his friends had "guaranteed they'd squeeze a guy if you stand about a guy wanting to belong to something."

Loyalty was important to Frank; that's what people who knew him said. Someone had said of Tommy that he was fourteen. His allowance was larger than the other kids' and he had bought a season's pass to the Palisades swimming pool. The other kids didn't have passes, but Frank would sometimes slip one past to them, one by one, so they could get in, too. One day, the guard caught them at it. His friends ran away, but the guard managed to grab Frank and beat him up. "I got those guys into the swimming pool," Frank said, "but, when I was getting clobbered, not one of them came to help me. They just—scrambled."

Were They Too Young?

Tommy looked at the picture of Nancy, on his dresser, and then at the little clock next to it. He saw it was getting late. Without so much as he ran his fingers nervously through his hair, he knew he still wouldn't be able to sleep.

Were he and Nancy too young? He was 22 and Nancy was 19, just about the same.
He remembered their last separation, when he'd had to go on tour to sing for two weeks. That's when he knew, for sure, that he loved her. He'd called her long distance and asked her to marry him. They got married that way. The way Nancy had dreamed it would be, he thought now, but anyway she'd said yes. She felt the way he did, too, about getting married as soon as they could. They even talked about eloping. But then, Nancy laughed and said, "I don't think we could ever get away with it." Finally they decided to marry around December. Remembering that phone call, remembering that she'd finally asked him to flick off the light and fall into a sound sleep.

...And Then He Laughed

Nancy had been quiet on the way to her father at the ABC studio and Tommy smiled at her now, gratefully. She always seemed to be able to smile him and him; the right thing to help him out of them. He pushed open the outside door and let her go in ahead of him. Once inside the big building, he looked more the big man and Nancy sat and told him the story which might tell him which way to turn, but, then, Nancy took his arm. "This way," she said softly. Somehow, her being sure of even such a little thing, made him feel.

Inside the studio, the big cameras were dollying around to find the best angles and men with earphones on were shouting instructions they'd gotten from the glass control room. Nancy and Tommy said carefully over the cables that stretched in every direction on the floor. When Frank spotted them, he waved and began to walk over to meet them. Tommy felt a moment of panic. He tried to think carefully what he wanted to tell Frank, but now he couldn't think of a thing to say to him.

Frank gave Nancy a hug and then he showed her the studio. Nancy would usually tell, just by looking at her father's eyes, what he was thinking. But she couldn't read the expression in them now as he said, "Come on over here, Tommy. We can talk..."

She watched them walk over to one side of the big barn-like rehearsal studio. Nobody could hear what they were saying, not even Nancy.

A friend on the TV crew, started to talk to her and she had to turn toward him and smile and be polite. She longed to turn around again, to try to catch a glimpse of her father's face. One look, she wanted, all she needed to tell him what she thought of Tommy. But the man kept talking. She hardly knew what he was saying, she was praying so hard inside.

Then she heard her father's laugh boom out. It was his good laugh, the one that meant everything was all right. Nancy smiled at the man, but now she really meant it.

Tommy was smiling, too, and Frank's arm was around his shoulder as they walked back to where they'd left Nancy. "I'm very happy about the whole thing," Frank said. He squeezed his hand in a gesture that took in all the cameras and lights and microphones and, laughing, said so that everybody could hear him now, "I'm glad there'll be another singer in the family, because I'm getting tired!"

—MILT JOHNSON

HEAR FRANK SINATRA AND TOMMY SANDS SING ON THE CAPITOL LABEL. DON’T MISS FRANK AS HE APPEARS IN WARNER’S 'OCEAN'S ELEVEN' AND SEE HIM IN 20TH’S 'CAN-CAN.' BE SURE TO WATCH AND ENJOY HIS SPECIALS OVER ABC-TV.
were coming regularly, about ten or twelve minutes apart, to phone him and then go to the hospital. So we got out a pad of paper and a stopwatch, cigarettes, chipped bread, cheese, and butter, but, when our glass roof lit up with dawn, the muscular contractions were still irregular.

I had to be at the studio, as usual, and so Carol dressed and got her bag. We paused as we crossed the moat that surrounds our house. I felt like King Arthur with Rowena. Carol waved to the fish and turned to me. "Don't forget to feed the sharks." I drove her to the hospital and then went on. I won't say I was nervous because that would be the understatement of the year. I don't remember what we were going for after breakfast except that I got finished by 12:30 and rushed back to the hospital. Carol was then in the labor room and the muscular contractions were strong. I stood there holding her hand and waving my hand. That's when it got me and I forgot about everything, even the baby, and prayed, "Dear God, bring my wife back alive!" And then Carol squeezed my hand and spoke to me. "Nick, this is the worst pain I've had yet." And I'll never forget that one, because her face got all screwed up and my stomach got tied into a big knot and just then two young nurses stepped out and told her to breastfeed. It was a tense situation and I was scared.

Real scared. This was no studio but an actual hospital. The doctor had come in wearing his white gown, and now it was the way it is always in our house: clothes filled with worry over me. She said, "Please don't cry, Nick. It's going to be all right."

And I thought, Now it's going to happen. Those doors at the far end of the room will swing open and this slab of a table with tiny wheels will be rolled into there. The doctor put a comforting hand on Carol's shoulder and turned to me. "Mr. Adams. Your husband will pull through. You know," he went on, adding that old bromide we men hear so often, "you know we haven't lost a father yet."

"That will be right, honey," I told Carol, "after all, you're the one who's having the baby. Not me."

The doctor signaled the attendants to wheel Carol into the delivery room, then he turned to me and said, "Mr. Adams, we could put you in an oxygen tent, but I think if you just go downstairs to the reception room and smoke a cigarette or two and read a magazine, everything will turn out fine."

And that's the way it was in the labor room. I really did cry and Carol looked up and said, "Please don't worry so or I'll be worrying about you." The next day, she told me she had drawn comfort from my sudden tears--"you know, that's the way I cried. I knew, when I went into the delivery room, that you really loved me. That you really cared." Then she grinned and said, "I don't feel like I was puzzled for a while. I don't think the doctor was sure whether it was you or me who was to have the baby."

Well, when I got to crying, the doctor kicked me out. I went down to the waiting room. Carol was mother there and I said, "Pretty soon now, and I'll be seeing my little boy."

She said, "Now, Nick, you may as well be realistic. No one knows whether it's going to be a boy or a girl."

I said, "It's definitely now. They've de-
Home sweet home

In the sixth month of Carol's pregnancy, everything changed. I mean, from then on we had just the greatest relationship. I had such a tremendous responsibility for her. I wanted her to feel she was with me all the way. And when Christmas came, I thought that if ever I was to buy her anything nice, this was the time to buy it. I gave her a beautiful, expensive gold watch and she was absolutely thrilled, and then I startled her by giving her a silver mint-jacket. And in our sixth month, we moved from our apartment up to Outpost and into one of the most far-out pads you've ever seen. It was Birdland. I mean, it could be a show window. The house itself is circular. It has to be. I mean you couldn't have a square moat because there are live fish in the moat, and it wouldn't be fair to make them turn corners.

And there is a room in the house which is just great if you're a bird watcher, but if you don't want to get blind from the glare, you have to wear sunglasses at breakfast. And the shower looks ordinary, but if you slide back and forth, you kind of step down into a basin and while the shower is coming down at you a hidden inlet below begins to fill with sunken water. This is the only shower I've ever seen where you have to wear both a shower cap and hip-length boots. But it's different anyway.

Because the house is round, everything is built out of the wall. We slept in the bedroom only two nights. The beds coming out of the wall looked like tombstones, so we cleared the playroom and bought an old-fashioned double-bed. And nearly everything was built against the wall, and a hidden panel opens on a closet. You press a button and the dishwasher pops up and shakes your hand. We never could make friends with the refrigerator.

Perhaps the refrigerator got annoyed because I would come out in the middle of the night to wake it up to get ice for Carol. Anyway, there is this automatic ice-cube maker that keeps making cubes and dumping them unless it's turned off. I remember the morning I was shaving and Carol went to the kitchen to make juice and coffee. I heard a scream and then a crash, and then I heard the glass生于 a cabinet in. I ran to the kitchen and there was Carol with the refrigerator door open and some three or four hundred ice floes around her and she looked at me and said, "Anyone for skating?"

The last months were murder for Carol. She was very uncomfortable. We tried a movie, once, but she just couldn't sit long. Weekends, we passed up invitations to parties and picnics. When I was working, we were together. We sat together in front of the television set even if one of us didn't care for the show, and I never once, in all that time, turned in The Three Stooges.

And then it happened

And, then, it was nine months to the day, and I was sleeping in the waiting room, waiting to become a father. I don't know how long I slept before I heard this voice coming at me, "Mr. Adams, you have a lovely baby daughter. Congratulations."

I wasn't disappointed. Not for one split second. When I got off the elevator, a nurse was holding the most beautiful baby I'd ever seen. I heard all those stories about how babies look like wrinkled prunes, but not Allyson. She was beautiful, with wavy blond hair, fine features and smooth skin. I followed the nurse to the glass-paneled room where they keep babies, and then they let me see Carol.

"Honey," I told her, "she's the most wonderful baby and now I've got two beautiful girls to love."

Then I let her go to sleep and, when I came back in the evening, the only relatives were there. None of mine, because mine live in the East, and wasn't that a little mad. Carol mother said something like, "You know, all of the babies in our family are beautiful."

And then a friend of Carol's came in and said, "Carol, the baby looks just like you, and then I heard that the baby had Uncle Jack's nose, Cousin Suzie's eyes and Grandma Moses' chin. Finally, I reared up and said, "What about me? Don't you people know about the birds and bees? It takes more than just a woman to make a baby."

It was awful being alone in the house. How often I'd said to myself, "Would it be wonderful just to get a night's sleep uninterrupted, and there I was alone. Carol and the baby were fine. Nothing to worry about, but I couldn't sleep. And then I would get to thinking that they might make a mistake at the hospital. They might get my beautiful baby mixed up with another and I would bring the wrong baby home.

A week later, Carol came home. Carol's recovery was normal but the dole was very careful. He said that she would have to stay in bed for another week and insisted that she come home in an ambulance. I got to the hospital to hear noon and, for the first time in years, I didn't hold the baby. It was funny. I'd never held a baby before. Not even in an acting part, but it felt so natural. I wasn't afraid and I was so proud. I bought the baby a uniform but she just cried when she saw it. Then I called Allyson to the ambulance and they wheeled Carol in and the three of us were closed in with an attendant who dressed all in white.

I remember the attendant told me he was a "Rebel" fan and how much he had enjoyed Sunday's show and I said, "Look, I think I smell gasoline fumes here. That's not for a farm racket."

"Tell me about the episode that's coming up next week," and I said, "Now, look, that driver should take it easy on the bump."

And then we were back at that kookie bouncer and the mother and sister and my two secretaries and a nurse and the two attendants and it was like a small mob scene—but we were home. And that was it.

The baby is wonderful. She sleeps right through the night and everything is just about back to normal. I've gotten so I can make formula and empty the diaper bin. Carol, who weighed eighty-nine when I met her, looks as if she hadn't gained an ounce. Those middle-of-the-night-hunger-pains are gone now and Carol has lost all desire for melted mozzarella. Now we're talking about getting out to a different neighborhood, where Allyson will have safe streets to play in, and we're even beginning to talk about our next baby. I'd like to have at least two more, but I hope it'll be easier this time. I just can't stand thinking that I may have to go through that morning sickness again.

\textit{The End}
LUCY AND DESI

Continued from page 56

still very much in love with each other.

It was back in 1951. The cast and crew of "I love Lucy" were working late. They were hot and tired, but they were laughing. Some were bringing their hands together in delighted applause.

"Lucy, that was great!"

"This'll be the best show yet!"

"Does anyone know what time it is? Boy, am I tired—"

From the floor on which she lay sprawled, legs out, a paint can on her head, a ladder tilted against her back, Lucille Ball managed a weary grin.

"You were tremendous, Lucy. You were—"

"Through the babble of voices, another voice cut. It spoke softly, yet it seemed to slash a path of sound through the air. "Okay—let's take it once more," the voice said.

There was silence. A dozen people looked at each other. Then the voices rose in protest:

"Aw, Desi—"

"Desi, for Pete's sake, we've been here for five hours without a breather!"

"Give us a break, Desi! We're only human.

"Listen, Lucy's done that bit seven times already. She must be ready to drop. Give her a break!"

Silence. The faces turned from Desi to Lucy. The eyes watched the grin fading over the wide mouth, took note of the tired circles under the eyes.

Desi's voice again: "What you say, Lucy—P Are you too tired? Can you do it jus' once more?"

A moment's pause. And then Lucille Ball removed the paint can, eased away the ladder, climbed warily to her feet. "Sure," her voice said, determinedly bright. "I'm fine. Let's go. What—what did I do wrong?"

It had happened so often, it became a regular occurrence. The long rehearsals. The repeats and repeats. The worried question: "You okay, Lucy?" The exhaused answer: "Sure. I'm fine."

Why? Why did she let Desi demand what seemed impossible?

The answer was complex, but not hard to find. It dated back to the day when Lucille met Desi Arnaz, a Cuban band-leader who was to work in one of her movies. She was a star, then, and comparatively, he was no one—but he wore like a garment the Cuban air of being a man among men, of male pride, of calm, masculine assurance. In his home, one knew at a glance, there would be no question of who ruled: the man did. Gently, of course, kindly, loving, indulgently—but unquestionably.

To Lucille, this was very wonderful. She had something the world had not, in which the woman, the big star, dominated the home. She herself had worked since she was a young girl, had had to fight her way to the top with every bit of strength and endurance she had. But, with a man like Desi, a woman could build a real love, a real marriage, secure in the knowledge that her man would take care of her, and do it well.

There were those who said that Lucille Ball didn't know what she was doing when she married Desi Arnaz. But they were wrong. She knew exactly what she was doing.

She was taking her rightful place in the scheme of things.

. . . But she was in love

There was no reason to give up her career. Desi, for all his comparative obscurity, had a flourishing career of his own, made almost $100,000 a year—but had to be on the road with his band a great deal. While he was gone, she would work. She had earned her success, her fame. She'd worked hard for it. And since Desi didn't object—

So Desi went back on tour with his band. Lucy went back to making movies. They tried to provide some money. They made so much, they could easily afford the thousands of dollars spent on phone calls keeping in touch with each other, because they were never—literally never—separated.

It was very profitable, but it was not a marriage.

After a while, they knew it wasn't working. Finally, Lucy took a desperate step: She went back to school. She worked her way through. She was awarded a degree. For a few weeks, she held on, telling herself that she had done the right thing, the only thing. Then, she went back to Desi.

"You know, Desi, I love you more than ever, and very determined to make our marriage work. By now, they knew how it had to be done. One of them would have to give up a career."

"It would have been easy for Desi to give it up. He could have become Lucy's manager. Or gotten, through her, parts in her movies. Or refused to accept anything but California dates for his band. In most movie-star homes, that would have been the solution.

Not in Lucy's. Without making headlines about it, she quietly gave up most of her own work. It was, people said, a mad thing to do. She went through a period of worry. And what would they live on? The demand for South American music was not what it had once been.

"We'll manage," Lucy said. "I'm not retiring altogether. I'll do a radio show—or something. She smiled.
She was happy. That's all that mattered. One of the predictions did come true. South American music was on its way out. The Arnaz income dwindled greatly.

Lucy went right on being happy. She and Desi were together; all was right with the world.

And then she woke up to the fact that, although she had not wanted out of life, her husband did not.

Desi Arnaz was, as she knew, a strong man. It began to be clear to her that he needed far more scope for his strength than a failing band provided.

He needed work worthy of his talents.

So, when he came to her one day and said, "I have an idea. A situation comedy for television. I want to do it together, and I will also have a hand in producing, directing. Who do you think, honey?"

She looked at his eyes, alive with eagerness, she heard the hope and confidence in his voice.

"Sounds good," she said.

It meant giving up so much. Their privacy. Their hard-earned hours together. It meant risking their diminishing money and their reputations on one throw of the dice.

She would have risked much more than that to give Desi his chance. But there was one thing, as they went ahead with "I Love Lucy," that she hadn't counted on. She had not completely realized how extraordinary Desi really was.

Other people thought of him as only a glorified bongo-player. Lucy knew his talent for attending to details, the agility of his mind in a tight spot, his originality, his perfectionism when it counted most.

She did not know to what extent Desi's wife was a living example of his powers, saving money, diligence, ambition. Desi, behind a camera, saw what other trained eyes missed, and set out to correct it mercilessly. Desi, at a script conference, red-lined after line at which other people giggled—till he found the one that made them roar. Desi, at rehearsals, switched from actor to director on camera, with unflagging energy, taking no breaks, pausing for nothing, sparing himself for not a moment. What he didn't already know, he learned. What he learned, he mastered.

Those who had laughed at him, now looked at him with awe.

Lucy's own admiration increased. But, of course, all of Desi's incredible activity would be wasted unless the star of the show also met his exacting standards.

The star was Lucy.

She would meet them. She would not let him down.

Only.

She had never known she could be so tired.

That there could be so few hours in a day.

So little time to rest. Sometimes, no time. Of course, that couldn't be helped now. But later, when everything had really jelled, then, surely, Desi would relax. Soon—very soon—

"You okay for one more run-through, honey?"

"Of course, Desi. Let's go."

The end of a beginning

It had all come true.

All the dreams. All the hopes. All the risks, schemes, plans had worked.

The world had learned that Desi Arnaz was someone very special. Someone who had had name ideas made into fame.

He had insisted on investing their money in the insane extravagance of filming their show, instead of doing it all. He had asked, in return, was the rights to any profits from later reruns of those films.

Everyone knew that would come to nothing.

Now those reruns are being shown all over the world.

He had invested thousands, and made millions.

He had risked catastrophe by plunging them into debt to buy the studio for which they had once worked—RKO. Everyone knew it was foolish to own and rent studios to other people, when you were getting along fine being a tenant yourself.

Now Off companies of all sorts were asking—and paying—for the use of the Desilu facilities.

He had invested millions, and made multi-millions.

He had developed new camera techniques for filming his shows.

His directorial skills were famous.

His judgment of audience response was phenomenal.

His professional opinion was sought by such old pros as Arthur Godfrey.

It had all come true. Only—

Somehow, they didn't seem to have slowed down.

Rehearsals still lasted till late at night. Lucy still did her scenes over and over, till they were not merely as good as last week's, but better.

And, though he was much too busy to sit back and enjoy his success,

There were the nights when Lucy went home, alone, because Desi was busy at the studio. And they sat, listening with the writers—or directing the set construction.

There were the days when he was at RKO from breakfast till dinner, making sure that the sound-stages were ready for other people's shows.

The lunches with sponsors and ad men. The dinners with people who needed his advice.

The evenings with business acquaintances.

And, somehow, never just the two of them alone.

"Desi, let's call and say we can't go tonight. I'll fix dinner for us, and we'll just stay home with the kids."

"Aw, sweetheart, you know we can do that. They're friends. They'll be disappointed."

"They're business, not friends!"

"You don't like them? But I thought you like them so much!"

"I do like them. But—I love you. I want to stay home with you."

"I love you too, honey. And tomorrow night we'll stay home—just you and me. It will be wonderful, huh? But tonight, we go out—just this once more—"

"All right. I know. All right."

They went out.

And when the movie night came, there was an emergency on stage three. The night after that, rehearsals. Then the
The "Lucy" shows went on, still popular. The awards poured in. Money poured in. Desilu boomed.
At home, night after night, Lucille sat and wondered where the joy, she should have felt in these things, had gone.
One night after night, Desi tried to forget that in gaining the world, he had somehow lost his marriage.
Which of them suffered more, no one knew.
No one knew much about the situation at all.
They were such expert comedians, the Arnazes, that it was no great problem to play one last joke, to say there was nothing wrong, to smile brightly for the cameras.
But there were slips.
There was Lucy, saying to a reporter, "I think Desi plans to go to Europe this fall."
I think—?
There was Desi, photographed at Las Vegas for the dozenth time, without Lucy—caught looking somehow lost and alone, a little less than happy.
There was the night a friend phoned Lucille and heard her say wistfully, "It sounds like you have people over there—"
"I do. Just a few friends. We're going to fix dinner."
"You are? It sounds it sounds wonderful."
"Lucy—would you like to come over? We'd love to have you—I had no idea you weren't doing anything."
"Could fifteen minutes be too soon?"
asked Lucille Ball.
She was there in ten. She brought an apron and helped with the cooking; she chatted and laughed, and if her eyes never smiled, at least her lips did. Hours later, someone said: "For heavens sake, your show is on, Lucy!"
She looked up sharply, the smile gone. Is it? Oh, Wal—
There was an embarrassed pause."
Would you . . . should we turn it on?"
The pause lengthened. "I . . . yes. Desi asked me to watch it, so—"
They put it on. It was a good show. Everybody laughed a lot. Everybody, except Lucille.
At the door, her hostess said goodnight. "I'm so sorry you missed the first half of your show—"
Lucille looked at her. "Don't be. I'm not. Sometimes—"
"Sometimes?"
"No," she said, "I had a very good time. Thank you."
And she was gone.

Too many rumors

The joke was almost over.
There were too many rumors now. Still, sometimes they tried to stop them.
When they heard that they had not "appeared together in public for almost a year," they took the children and went out to dinner together. The columnists dutifully reported that the Arnaz family sat heartily and smiled a lot.
When Desi, alone in Europe, heard that he was not expected to go back to Lucille, he told newsmen it was nonsense; of course he was going home. The reporters told their readers that Desi had bought tons of toys for the children, gallons of perfume for Lucy.

When Lucy, in Hollywood alone, went to a premiere with an escort who was not her husband, photographers stated, firmly, that he was an old friend of the family, subbing for Desi.

When word spread that Desilu was up for sale, Lucy met someone one of her fame-wide-mouthed smiles. "I'm sure it's not true. I don't know much about the business end, but I am a vice-president. I think they'd have to tell me if they were selling.
Barely tries, all.
But there were some stories there was no use denying.

One said that they had been secretly living together for a year. True? This story only depended on what you meant by "apart." Another said that Lucy was going to do a Broadway show—and that Desi would not go East with her.
Still another said that the cast and crew had went at the last filming of an "I Love Lucy" show—because they knew that more than a great television legend was coming to an end.
The rumors stopped on the day when Lucy cried out to the reporters: "I just couldn't take any more!"
Now, there were facts—not rumors.

The fact that the divorce would be "amicable," with no acrimony of mental cruelty a legal normality.

The fact that the children would not be made victims of a custody battle, but would be in joint custody of both parents, with Desi able to see them any time he wished.

"Lucy and I had a difficult time explaining our divorce to our children," Desi said. "Finally I said: A r'vorce is like getting a piece of paper from a judge." Little Desi was silent, then came up with: "Well, when you get it, can you give the divorce back?"
That was a child's question. Everything else was a fact.

The fact that Lucy had rented a huge New York apartment in the hope of a Broadway hit.
The fact that Desilu was not for sale, and was still in the talented hands of Desi.

The fact that the marriage was over.

"Why?" the reporter asked again. "What is it she can't take any more? They're still in love with each other. They're not even angry.
No, they were not angry. How could you be angry at something that was nobody's fault? At a dream-come-true—gone wrong? At a man who had too much talent, too much energy? You don't get angry at such things.
You don't even fall out of love.
The only thing that happens is that a marriage ends.
It happens when, at last, someone can't take any more.

The End

BE SURE TO CATCH LUCY AND DESI in the "I Love Lucy" reruns on your local station. SEE THE "DESI LU PLAYHOUSE" once a month on FRIDAYS, FROM 9-10 P.M. EDT, OVER CBS-TV.

Watch TRUE STORY on your NBC-affiliated television station Saturdays
See your local paper for time and station. Exciting stories of actual events and people, straight from the files of TRUE STORY Magazine—narrated by Kathi Norris.

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Kathi Norris

In June TRUE STORY Magazine
The Woman's Guide to Better Living
Now at Your Newsstand
chance to adjust there," he explained.

Lana knew only too well what he meant.

He was speaking of her daughter Cheryl of a girl's home she had visited just the day before. Located deep in the San Fernando Valley and cut off from society by high walls and closed gates, it was a place where teenage girls who are troubled and need guidance can get help to work out their problems. Even though the teachers had seemed kind and had promised to look after Cheryl, she couldn't help remembering how she had shuddered, just a little, as she had seen the high walls. "Almost prison-like," she had whispered to herself and had shuddered again.

Lana broke away from her thoughts, looked up and across at the probation officer who had just finished speaking. Next to him was Cheryl, her only daughter.

Cheryl, seemingly so calm, yet not once looking in her direction. Her white gloved hands clasped together on her lap, she nodded, without a smile, with a calm almost pristinely—underneath the chair. She had such an innocent, peaceful look on her face that it made the whole session seem rather a charade.

Watching the probation officer as he talked quietly with the judge and with another officer of the children's court, Lana wondered if he—if any of the serious-faced, pensive men in that room really knew the suffering that surrounded them.

She looked down, sighing so heavily, that it sounded like a sigh of failure. The sight of a woman who perhaps is just admitting to herself, for the first time, the full implications of what has taken place. For what she had just consented to, was like saying, I have failed in my duty as mother. I need the help of the state. I no longer know how to control my child, how to bring her up to be a mature adult.

She twisted around in her seat, her eyes hardly noticing the now familiar dreariness of the plain wooden chairs and tables in that conference room court. For she had been there so many many times in the past weeks, talking things over, explaining and then explaining again.

But can you really explain what it feels to be a mother ... a mother who is distraught, a mother who night after night, turns iratic in her bed? And finally comes to the only decision she could make?

She looked back at Cheryl ... it was so difficult to tell Cheryl—Cheryl who had given her everything.

She was never alone

"But I've never let her be alone," Lana said almost to herself. But immediately after she had said the words, she was aware of the feeling somewhere, at sometime, they'd been said before.

They had. The day they'd all been in court, in the same court, just two years ago, fighting off a serious charge against Cheryl. They had lost. And then the sad realization that this was only the beginning of the end of Cheryl's troubles. And maybe one day, if you're lucky, something serious happens to you, like a heart attack or a stroke, or a brain tumor, and then it's all over.

Cheryl's only hope was to go to prison and wait for the judges to decide whether or not she was guilty of what she had been accused of. It was the only way she could see to get her daughter out of the trouble she was in.

But Cheryl had never been alone before. She had been turned over to grandmother, or to a friend of the family, or to an exclusive girls' school, whenever Lana was working—or getting married, or engaged with a current romance, or merely living it up at some pleasure resort. But had the mere physical presence of someone to watch over Cheryl been enough to prevent the psychological ravages of loneliness in a young girl's life?

Lana looked, again, at her daughter, at the face she knew so very well. "Have I left her alone, in the one important way ... and is this the result?" she questioned.

She could not find the answer, for another greater question was burning in her mind. She was allowing the state to take away the daughter who had killed to protect her. The daughter who so loved her mother that she had taken up a knife and stabbed the other. The daughter who loved her mother, who knew that her mother would never let her be alone, would never let her be alone in the one important way.

Will Cheryl ever understand why I am allowing what is happening today? Perhaps that was the hardest question of all to answer.

And, yet, it had been inevitable. "Cheryl had become unmanageable"—the words hurt when she first heard them. "Too much to handle." What did that mean? She saw her often—even though she lived with her grandmother for the past two years. Yet she still saw her at night, after her grandmother had seen her safely to bed, to go out on a date or to a party's friend. Other girls did this, but Cheryl was different.

As Lana sat in the court, her thoughts went back to her own teenage years. Because, in an ironic twist of history, Cheryl seemed about to take the same drastic step she had taken in her teens. And one of the severest blows for any mother is to see her daughter make the same mistakes she did; a blow so hard she will do anything to prevent it.

"Please Cheryl. Look out. Be careful," she tried to warn her. "Don't marry in haste and foolishness as I did." But, as Cheryl had stood before her, eloquent in mind, she could almost see herself at Cheryl's age (or was it just a few months later?)—indignant, and hurt. That Cheryl could ever do this to her—hurt her, perhaps, to what was real and what was not. Most people are able to lead normal, happy lives in Hollywood, but Lana had never seemed to be

Despite denials, the rumors persisted: Cheryl and Marty were planning to elope.

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one of these people. Neither had Cheryl. She’d always said she didn’t like Hollywood, that she wanted to leave it. She’d been happy when her father had promised that, when she was seventeen, he planned to take her away from there, to live in New York.

Lana wanted to warn her daughter that running away wouldn’t help, that rushing into a hasty young love wasn’t the answer, either.

Could Cheryl now, at sixteen, and her emotions already strained, really understand this plea? Is there ever understanding between a parent and a child?

Cheryl’s romance

The gentle romance of Cheryl and Marty began about a year ago in quite a natural way. Cheryl had been invited out for a drive, one evening, by a group of kids at her school—Bevery Hills High—and they had pulled in at a drive-in restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard where Marty happened to be the night fountain runner.

“I was on a break, at that particular moment,” Marty had explained to Lana. “Somehow Cheryl and I got to talking. She seemed like a wonderful girl—of course, I didn’t know then, she was your daughter—and I asked her for a date. We must have really started dating about two weeks later.”

And that had been the start of it all. From then on, they would see each other quite often, going to a movie or maybe just to have a hamburger or a soda... always laughing, always having fun.

One day, Cheryl had asked her proudly, “Would you run away with me, Marty?” For, as Cheryl lived with her grandmother, she had had no opportunity of meeting him.

She’d said, “I’d love to.”

The first meetings were strained. For here, meeting Cheryl’s new experience but she tried to be friendly.

Marty seemed a little awed and Cheryl somewhat awkward, but finally it seemed as though Marty was accepted.

“Marty’s a real catch and a friend afterward.” He came to dinner and I like him very much. Of course, Cheryl dates others as well.”

At about this time, the papers were full of rumors that Lana was after to marry again. She and Fred May, a businessman, were seen everywhere together, and her friends said that Lana was her old self again, that a new love had helped her to forget the Tragedy. Forgetting, Cheryl, seeing the answer her mother had found, had wanted love for herself, too, despite her young years.

But, at the time, there was no mention of such a serious step, as elopement or marriage, something which was to shock Lana so much, that she was finally to deny, publicly, that it had ever been put to her. In fact, she remembered, when she first found out about it, she immediately contacted Cheryl’s father, Steve Crane, with the thought of sending Cheryl to a private school.

“Not may Cheryl will run away from a school,” Steve replied earnest.

She had done just that when she was only twelve, her first act of real rebellion...

The spring of ’57

It was the spring of 1957, she remembered. Cheryl had been attending the Sacred Heart Academy at Flintridge, near Los Angeles. She had been doing well with her studies but spent a lot of time with the other girls.

Lana heard later, had been teasing her about her mother’s marriages. At the time, Lana was just breaking up with her fourth husband, Lex Barker, and ugly rumors were floating around about her new boyfriends.

And so, by the time Lana came to take her for a weekend in Palm Springs, Cheryl had an idea in her head. As soon as she put Cheryl into a taxi—she was told the next day—with another school friend, Maggie Douglas, on their return to the school early on the Sunday evening, Cheryl had turned to Maggie with a glint in her eyes. “I’m not going back to school, Maggie,” she said. “I don’t like it there.” Then, leaning over a little further she’d added in a whisper, “I’m going to run away.”

Sitting up straight, Cheryl had then put on a sophisticated tone and said to the driver, “Could you please step at the drugstore on the corner. I need something.”

Four hours later, Cheryl was walking along a busy Los Angeles’ Skid Row area, a suitcase in hand. It was very early or very late, she didn’t end up in trouble. Noticing the attractive young girl wandering jauntily down the street, three sleazy characters outside of a puritanic suit. Cheryl, glancing around, saw them and became frightened and ran to a motorist parked in a nearby car.

“Please help me,” she cried frantically, “This is my mother.”

She told the driver she had come from a broken home in Palm Springs, needed a cheap hotel room for the night and would start looking for a job in the morning. Looking closely at Cheryl and seeing she couldn’t have been more than thirteen years old, he’d sensed the story was not true and drove her to a police station on the pretense he was taking her to a place to spend the night.

No, Cheryl couldn’t be trusted in an ordinary school, Lana thought as she sat in the courtroom. I guess this is the only solution.

Would she understand?

Yet, could she commit her own daughter? The daughter who, in thanks for all she had done for her, had arranged a surprise party only last spring?

She would never forget that night. The night she’d gone with Cheryl to the Lanu restaurant in Beverly Hills, expecting her to spend the night with her daughter quietly, but instead, had suddenly come into the restaurant to find a dozen voices singing “Happy Birthday,” and Cheryl saying softly, “I wanted to surprise you, Mother. I wanted to give you a party.”

Would Cheryl, who seemed to love her so much, understand that what was happening was for her own good? That she was not sending her away because she did not love her anywhere, or want her, but because she thought that she needed the guidance? Would she understand that her mother knew the wild, in stunts things she had been doing had really been the result of shock, the shock of the stabbing, and not of ill will, and a shock that the professional guidance at the school could help them?

She stood up, as everyone stood up. For the session was over. Cheryl, she noticed, still never looked at her. It hurt. But it must have hurt Cheryl too.

Perhaps, one day, she sighed, as she watched her daughter walk slowly out through another door, accompanied by the probation officer, she will understand truly what is happening; she will really believe that these days done for her hurt and might have a better chance in life; a better chance for happiness. Perhaps, one day, when she is grown up and married and has children of her own, she will understand that it is too late, for us to make this decision...
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